THE HISTORY AND ADVENTURES OF THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR's LIFE.

BY

DR. SMOLLETT.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

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TO

HIS EXCELLENCY

DON RICARDO WALL,

PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE TO HIS MOST CATHOLICK MAJESTY,
LIEUTENANT GENERAL OF THE ARMIES OF SPAIN,
COMMENDARY OF PENAUZENDE IN THE ORDER OF SAINT JAGO, &c.
AND HERETOFORE AMBASSADOR
AND PLENIPOTENTIARY AT THE COURT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

SIR,

THE Permiſſion I obtained to inſcribe the following Tranſlation of Don Quixote to your Excellency, while you reſided in this Capital, affords me a double Pleaſure; as it not only gives me an Opportunity of expreſſing that profound Reſpect and Veneration with which I contemplate your Excellency's Character, but alſo implies your Approbation, which cannot fail to influence the Publick in behalf of the Performance.

I have the Honour to be,

Sir,

Your Excellency's moſt obedient

Humble Servant,

T. SMOLLETT.

London,
Feb. 7. 1755.

THE LIFE OF CERVANTES.

MIGUEL De Cervantes Saavedra was at once the glory and reproach of Spain; for, if his admirable genius and heroic ſpirit conduced to the honour of his country, the diſtreſs and obſcurity which attended his old age, as effectually redounded to her diſgrace. Had he lived amidſt Gothic darkneſs and barbarity, where no records were uſed, and letters altogether unknown, we might have expected to derive from tradition a number of particulars relating to the family and fortune of a man ſo remarkably admired even in his own time. But one would imagine pains had been taken to throw a veil of oblivion over the perſonal concerns of this excellent author. No enquiry has as yet been able to aſcertain the place of his nativity; and, although in his works he has declared himſelf a gentleman by birth, no houſe has hitherto laid claim to ſuch an illuſtrious deſcendant.

One author ſays he was born at Eſquivias;* but offers no argument in ſupport of his aſſertion: and probably the conjecture was founded upon the encomiums which Cervantes himſelf beſtows on that place, to which he gives the epithet of renowned, in his preface to Perſiles and Sigiſmunda. Others affirm that he firſt drew breath in Lucena, grounding their opinion upon a vague tradition which there prevails; and a third ſet take it for granted that he was a native of Seville, becauſe there are families in that city known by the names of Cervantes and Saavedra;† and our author mentions his having, in his early youth, ſeen plays acted by Lope Rueda, who was a Sevilian. Theſe, indeed, are preſumptions that deſerve ſome regard, though far from implying certain information; they ſcarce even amount to probable conjecture; nay, theſe very circumſtances ſeem to diſprove the ſuppoſition; for, had he been actually deſcended from thoſe families, they would in all likelihood have preſerved ſome memo-

rials

* Thomas Tamayo De Vargas. † Don Nicholas Antonio.

rials of his birth, which Don Nicholas Antonio would have recorded, in ſpeaking of his fellow-citizen. All theſe pretenſions are now generally ſet aſide in favour of Madrid, which claims the honour of having produced Cervantes, and builds her title on an expreſſion in his Voyage to Parnaſſus,* which, in my opinion, is altogether equivocal and inconcluſive.

In the midſt of ſuch undecided contention, if I may be allowed to hazard a conjecture, I would ſuppoſe that there was ſomething myſterious in his extraction, which he had no inclination to explain, and that his family had domeſtic reaſons for maintaining the like reſerve. Without admitting ſome ſuch motive, we can hardly account for his ſilence on a ſubject that would have afforded him an opportunity to indulge that ſelf-reſpect which he ſo honeſtly diſplays in the courſe of his writings. Unleſs we conclude that he was inſtigated to renounce all connection with his kindred and allies, by ſome contemptuous ſlight, mortifying repulſe, or real injury he had ſuſtained; a ſuppoſition which, I own, is not at all improbable, conſidering the jealous ſenſibility of the Spaniards in general, and the warmth of reſentment peculiar to our author, which glows through his productions, unreſtrained by all the fears of poverty, and all the maxims of old age and experience.

Whatever may have been the place of his nativity, we gather from the preface to his novels, that he was born in the year 1549: and his writings declare that his education was by no means neglected; for, over and above a natural fund of humour and invention, he appears to have poſſeſſed a valuable ſtock of acquired knowledge: we find him intimately acquainted with the Latin claſſics, well read in the hiſtory of nations, verſed in the philoſophy, rhetoric, and divinity of the ſchools, tinctured with aſtrology and geography, converſant with the beſt Italian authors, and perfectly maſter of his own Caſtilian language. His genius, which

* He deſcribes his departure from Madrid in theſe words:
'Out of my country and myſelf I go!'

which was too delicate and volatile to engage in the severer studies, directed his attention to the productions of taste and polite literature; which, while they amused his fancy, enlarged, augmented, and improved his ideas, and taught him to set proper bounds to the excursions of his imagination.

Thus qualified, he could not fail to make pertinent observations in his commerce with mankind: the peculiarities of character could not escape his penetration; whatever he saw became familiar to his judgment and understanding; and every scene he exhibits is a just well drawn characteristic picture of human life.

How he exercised these talents in his youth, and in what manner the first years of his manhood were employed, we are not able to explain, because history and tradition are altogether silent on the subject; unless we admit the authority of one author,* who says he was secretary to the Duke of Alva, without alledging any one fact or argument in support of his assertion. Had he actually enjoyed a post of such importance, we should not, in all probability, have wanted materials to supply this chasm in his life; nor should we find him afterwards in the station of a common soldier.

Others imagine that he served as a volunteer in Flanders, where he was raised to the rank of ensign in the company commanded by Don Diego de Urbina; grounding this belief on the supposition that the history of the captive related in the first part of Don Quixote, is a literal detail of his own adventures. But this notion is rejected by those who consider that Cervantes would hardly have contented himself with the humble appellation of a Soldier, which, in speaking of himself, he constantly assumes, had he ever appeared in any superior station of a military character. In a word, we have very little information touching the transactions of his life, but what he himself is pleased to give through the course of his writings; and from this we learn, that he was chamberlain to Cardinal Aquaviva in Rome, and followed the profession of a soldier for some years,

* Nicholas Antonio, biblioth, Hisp.

in the army commanded by Marco Antonio Colona;* who was, by Pope Pius V. appointed general of the eccleſiaſtical forces employed againſt the Turks, and received the conſecrated ſtandard from the hands of his holineſs, in the church of St. Peter.

Under this celebrated captain, Cervantes embarked in the Chriſtian fleet commanded by Don John of Auſtria, who obtained over the Turks the glorious victory of Lepanto, where our author loſt his left-hand by the ſhot of an arquebus. This mutilation, which redounded ſo much to his honour, he has taken care to record on divers occaſions: and, indeed, it is very natural to ſuppoſe his imagination would dwell upon ſuch an adventure, as the favourite incident of his life. I wiſh he had told us what recompence he received for his ſervices, and what conſolation he enjoyed for the loſs of his limb; which muſt have effectually diſqualified him for the office of a common ſoldier, and reduced him to the neceſſity of exerciſing ſome other employment.

Perhaps it was at this period he entered into the ſervice of Cardinal Aquaviva, to whoſe protection he was entitled by his gallantry and misfortune; and now, in all likelihood, he had leiſure and opportunity to proſecute his favourite ſtudies, to cultivate the muſe, and render himſelf conſpicuous by the productions of his genius; which was known and admired by ſeveral authors of diſtinction, even before his captivity; for Louis Galvez De Montalvo, in his poem prefixed to Galatea, ſays, 'The world lamented his misfortune in tears, and the muſe expreſſed a widow's grief at his abſence." I will even venture to ſuppoſe, that, in this interval, his ſituation was ſuch as enabled him to raiſe an independent fortune; for we find him afterwards relieving the wants of his fellow-captives in Barbary, with ſuch liberality as denoted the affluence of his own circumſtances; and, in his Voyage to Parnaſſus, which was publiſhed in his old age, Apollo upbraids him with want of œconomy; and reminds him of his having once made his own fortune, which in the ſequel he ſquandered away. I make

* His Dedication to Galatea.

I make no doubt but this was the moſt fortunate period of Saavedra's life; during which, he reformed and improved the Spaniſh theatre, and uſhered into the world a number of dramatic performances, which were acted with univerſal applauſe. He tells us that he had ſeen plays acted by the great Lope De Rueda,* who was a native of Seville, and originally a gold-beater. When this genius firſt appeared, the Spaniſh drama was in its infancy: one large ſack or bag contained all the furniture and dreſs of the theatre, conſiſting of four ſheep-ſkin jackets with the wool on, trimmed with gilt leather; four beards and perriwigs, and the ſame number of paſtoral crooks. The piece was no other than a dialogue or eclogue between two or three ſwains and a ſhepherdeſs, ſeaſoned with comic interludes, or rather low buffoonery, exhibited in the characters of a black-moor, a bravo, a fool, and a Biſcayan. The ſtage itſelf was compoſed of a few boards, raiſed about three feet from the ground, upon four benches or foarms. There was no other ſcenery than a blanket or horſe-cloth ſtretched acroſs, behind which the muſicians ſung old ballads, unaccompanied by any ſort of inſtrument. Lope De Rueda not only compoſed theatrical pieces, but alſo acted in every character with great reputation; in which he was ſucceeded by Naharro, a Toledan, who improved and augmented the decorations; brought the muſic from behind the blanket, and placed it forwards to the audience; deprived the actors of their counterfeit beards, without which no man's part had been hitherto performed; invented machines, clouds, thunder, and lightning; and introduced challenges and combats with incredible ſucceſs. But ſtill the drama was rude, unpoliſhed, and irregular; and the fable, though divided into five acts, was almoſt altogether deſtitute of manners, propriety, and invention.

From this uncultivated ſtate of ignorance and barbarity, Cervantes raiſed the Spaniſh theatre to dignity and eſteem, by enriching his dramatic productions with

* In the preface to his plays.

moral ſentiments, regularity of plan, and propriety of character; together with the graces of poetry, and the beauties of imagination. He publiſhed thirty pieces, which were repreſented at Madrid with univerſal applauſe; ſo that he may be juſtly deemed the patriarch of the Spaniſh drama; and, in this particular, revered above Lope de Vega himſelf, who did not appear until he had left off writing for the ſtage.

In the year 1574, he was unfortunately taken by a Barbary corſair, and conveyed to Algiers, where he was ſold to a Moor, and remained a ſlave for the ſpace of five years and a half: during which, he exhibited repeated proofs of the moſt enterprizing genius and heroic generoſity. Though we know not on what occaſion he fell into the hands of the Barbarians, he himſelf gives us to underſtand, in the ſtory of the Captive, that he reſided at Algiers in the reign of Haſſan Aga, a ruffian renegado, whoſe cruelty he deſcribes in theſe terms. 'He was every day hanging one, impaling another, maiming a third, upon ſuch ſlight occaſions, frequently without any cauſe aſſigned, that the Turks themſelves owned he acted thus out of mere wantonneſs and barbarity, as being naturally of a ſavage diſpoſition, and an inveterate enemy to the whole human race. The perſon who uſed the greateſt freedom with him, was one Saavedra, a Spaniſh ſoldier; who, though he did many things which thoſe people will not ſoon forget, in attempting to regain his liberty, he never gave him one blow, nor ordered him once to be chaſtiſed, nor even chid him with one haſty word; and yet the leaſt of all his pranks was ſufficient, as we thought, to bring him to the ſtake; nay, he himſelf was more than once afraid of being impaled alive. If time would permit, I could here recount ſome of that ſoldier's actions, which perhaps might entertain and ſurprize you more than the relation of my own ſtory.'

Thus Cervantes aſcertains the time of his own ſlavery, delineates with great exactneſs the character of that inhuman tyrant, who is recorded in hiſtory as a monſter of cruelty and avarice; and proves to demonſtration,

ſtration, that his own ſtory was quite different from that which the Captive related of himſelf. Saavedra's adventures at Algiers were truly ſurprizing; and though we cannot favour the public with a ſubſtantial detail of every incident, we have found means to learn ſuch particulars of his conduct, as cannot fail to reflect an additional luſtre on a character which has been long the object of admiration.

We are informed by a reſpectable hiſtorian,* who was his fellow-ſlave, and an eye-witneſs of the tranſaction, that Don Miguel de Cervantes, a gallant, enterprizing, Spaniſh cavalier, who, though he never wanted money, could not obtain his releaſe without paying an exorbitant ranſom, contrived a ſcheme for ſetting himſelf free, together with fourteen unhappy gentlemen of his own country, who were all in the like circumſtances of thraldom under different patrons. His firſt ſtep was to redeem one Viana, a bold Mayorcan mariner, in whom he could confide, and with whom he ſent letters to the governor of that iſland, deſiring, in the name of himſelf and the other gentlemen captives, that he would ſend over a brigantine under the direction of Viana, who had undertaken, at an appointed time, to touch upon a certain part of the coaſt, where he ſhould find them ready to embark. In conſequence of this agreement, they withdrew themſelves from their reſpective maſters, and privately repaired to a garden near the ſea-ſide, belonging to a renegado Greek, whoſe name was Al-Caid Haſſan; where they were concealed in a cave, and carefully ſcreened from the knowledge of the owner, by his gardener, who was a Chriſtian captive. Viana punctually performed his promiſe, and returned in a veſſel, with which he was ſupplied by the governor of Mayorca; but ſome Moors chancing to paſs juſt as he anchored at the appointed place, the coaſt was inſtantly alarmed, and he found himſelf obliged to relinquiſh the enterprize. Meanwhile, the captives, being ignorant of this accident, remained in the ca-

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* F. Diego Da Haedo.

vern, which they never quitted except in the night, and were maintained by the liberality of Cervantes for the ſpace of ſeven months; during which the neceſſaries of life were brought to them by a Spaniſh ſlave, known by the appellation of El Dorador, or the Gilder. No wonder that their hope and patience began to fail, and their conſtitutions to be affected by the dampneſs of the place, and the grief of their diſappointment, which Don Miguel endeavoured to alleviate by the exerciſe of his reaſon, good humour, and humanity; till at laſt their perveyor turned traitor; and, allured by the hope of receiving a conſiderable reward, diſcovered the whole affair to Haſſan Baſha. This tyrant, tranſported with joy at the information, immediately ordered the guardian Baſha, with a body of armed men, to follow the perfidious wretch, who conducted them to the cave, where they ſeized thoſe unhappy fugitives, together with their faithful gardener, and forthwith carried the whole number to the public bagnio, except Cervantes, touching whoſe perſon they had received particular directions from Haſſan, who knew his character, and had been long deſirous of poſſeſſing ſuch a notable ſlave. At preſent, however, his intention was to perſuade Don Miguel to accuſe Oliver, one of the fathers of the redemption then at Algiers, as an accomplice in the ſcheme they had projected, that he might, on this pretence, extort from the friar, by way of compoſition, the greateſt part of the money which had been collected for the ranſom of Chriſtian ſlaves. Accordingly, he endeavoured to inveigle Saavedra with artful promiſes, and to intimidate him with dreadful threats and imprecations, into the confeſſion or impeachment on which he wanted to lay hold: but that generous Spaniard, with a reſolution peculiar to himſelf, rejected all his offers, and deſpiſing the terrors of his menaces, perſiſted in affirming that he had no aſſociate in the plan of their eſcape, which was purely the reſult of his own reflection.

After having in vain tampered with his integrity, in repeated trials that laſted for ſeveral days, he reſtored him

him and his companions to their reſpective patrons, notwithſtanding the remonſtrances of Al-Caid Haſſan, owner of the garden in which they had been apprehended; who, probably with a view to manifeſt his own innocence, ſtrenuouſly exhorted the Baſha to inflict the moſt exemplary puniſhment on the offenders, and actually put his own gardener to death. Cervantes had ſo often ſignalized his genius, courage, and activity, that Haſſan reſolved to make him his own, and purchaſed him from his maſter for five hundred ducats: then he was heard to ſay, 'While I hold that maimed Spaniard in ſafe cuſtody, my veſſels, ſlaves, and even my whole city, are ſecure.' For he had not only concerted a number of ſchemes for the deliverance of his fellow-captives, but his deſigns had even aſpired to the conqueſt of Algiers, and he was at four different times on the point of being impaled, hooked, or burned alive. Any ſingle attempt of that kind would have been deemed a capital offence, under the mildeſt government that ever ſubſiſted among the Moors; but there was ſomething in the character or perſonal deportment of Cervantes, which commanded reſpect from barbarity itſelf; for we find that Haſſan Baſha treated him with incredible lenity, and his redemption was afterwards effected by the interceſſion of a trinitarian father for a thouſand ducats.*

From this account of his behaviour in Barbary, it appears that he acted a far more important part than that of

* To this adventure he doubtleſs alludes, in the ſtory of the captive; who ſays, that when he and his fellow-ſlaves were deliberating about ranſoming one of their number, who ſhould go to Valencia and Mayorca, and procure a veſſel with which he might return and fetch off the reſt, the renegado who was of their council oppoſed the ſcheme, obſerving, that thoſe who are once delivered ſeldom think of performing the promiſes they have made in captivity: as a confirmation of the truth of what he alledged, he briefly recounted a caſe which had lately happened to ſome Chriſtian gentlemen, attended with the ſtrangeſt circumſtances ever known, even in thoſe parts, where the moſt uncommon and ſurprizing events occur almoſt every day.

of a poor mutilated ſoldier: he is dignified with the appellation of Don Miguel De Cervantes, and repreſented as a cavalier whoſe affluent fortune enabled him to gratify the benevolence and liberality of his diſpoſition. We muſt therefore take it for granted, that he acquired this wealth after the battle of Lepanto, where he ſurely would not have fought as a private ſoldier, could he have commanded either money or intereſt to procure a more conſpicuous ſtation in the ſervice. Be that as it will, his conduct at Algiers reflects honour upon his country; and while we applaud him as an author, we ought to revere him as a man; nor will his modeſty be leſs the object of our admiration, if we conſider that he has, upon this occaſion, neglected the faireſt opportunity a man could poſſibly enjoy, of diſplaying his own character to the greateſt advantage, and indulging that ſelf complacency which is ſo natural to the human heart.

As he returned to his own country with thoſe principles by which he had been diſtinguiſhed in his exile, and an heart entendered and exerciſed in ſympathiſing with his fellow creatures in diſtreſs; we may ſuppoſe he could not advert to the leſſons of Oeconomy, which a warm imagination ſeldom or never retains; but that his heart glowed with all the enthuſiaſm of friendſhip, and that his bounty extended to every object of compaſſion which fell within his view.

Notwithſtanding all the ſhafts of ridicule which he hath ſo ſucceſsfully levelled againſt the abſurdities of the Spaniſh romance, we can plainly perceive from his own writings, that he himſelf had a turn for chivalry: his life was a chain of extraordinary adventures, his temper was altogether heroic, and his actions were, without doubt, influenced by the moſt romantic notions of honour.

Spain has produced a greater number of theſe characters than we meet with upon record in any other nation; and whether ſuch ſingularity be the effect of natural or moral cauſes, or of both combined, I ſhall not pretend to determine. Let us only affirm, that this

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diſpoſition is not confined to any particular people or period of time: even in our own country, and in theſe degenerate days, we ſometimes find individuals whom nature ſeems to have intended for members of thoſe ideal ſocieties which never did, and perhaps never can exiſt, but in imagination; and who remind us of the characters deſcribed by Homer and Plutarch, as patriots ſacrificing their lives for their country, and heroes encountering danger, not with indifference and contempt, but with all the rapture and impetuoſity of a paſſionate admirer.

If we conſider Cervantes as a man inſpired by ſuch ſentiments, and actuated by ſuch motives; and at the ſame time, from his known ſenſibility and natural complexion, ſuppoſe him to have been addicted to pleaſure and the amuſements of gallantry; we cannot be ſurprized to find his finances in a little time exhauſted, and the face of his affairs totally reverſed. It was probably in the decline of his fortune, that he reſolved to reappear in the character of an author, and ſtand candidate for the public favour, which would be a certain reſource in the day of trouble; he therefore compoſed his Galatea, in ſix books, which was publiſhed in the year 1584, dedicated to Aſcanio Colonna, at that time abbot of St. Sophia, and afterwards cardinal of the holy croſs of Jeruſalem.

The rich vein of invention, the tenderneſs of paſſion, the delicacy of ſentiment, the power and purity of diction, diſplayed in this performance, are celebrated by Don Louis De Vargas Manrique, in a commendatory ſonnet, which is a very elegant and honourable teſtimony of our author's ſucceſs. Nevertheleſs, the production has been cenſured for the irregularity of its ſtile, the incorrectneſs of its verſification, and the multiplicity of its incidents, which incumber and perplex the principal narration; and, over and above theſe objections, the deſign is not brought to a concluſion, ſo that the plan appears meagre and defective. He himſelf pleads guilty to ſome part of the charge, in the ſentence pronounced by the curate in the firſt part of Don Quixote; who

who, when the barber takes up the Galatea of Miguel De Cervantes, 'That ſame Cervantes,' ſays he, 'has been an intimate friend of mine theſe many years; and is, to my certain knowledge, more converſant with misfortunes than with 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.'

Whether the ſucceſs of Galatea encouraged our author to oblige the world with ſome of thoſe theatrical pieces, which we have already mentioned as the firſt regular productions of the Spaniſh drama, or the whole number of theſe was wrtten and acted before his captivity, I have not been able to determine; but, in all probability, his firſt eſſays of that kind were exhibited in the interval between the battle of Lepanto and the commencement of his ſlavery, and the reſt publiſhed after his redemption.

Unleſs we ſuppoſe him to have been employed at Madrid in this manner for his ſubſiſtence, we muſt paſs over two and twenty years, which afford us no particular information touching the life of Saavedra; though, in that period, he married Donna Cataline De Salazar, diſſipated the remains of his fortune, experienced the ingratitude of thoſe he had befriended in his proſperity, and, after having ſuſtained a ſeries of mortifications and diſtreſs, was committed to priſon in conſequence of the debts he had contracted.

In this diſmal ſituation, he compoſed that performance which is the delight and admiration of all Europe: I mean, the firſt part of Don Quixote, which he wrote with a view to ridicule and diſcredit thoſe abſurd romances, filled with the moſt nauſeous improbability and unnatural extravagance, which had debauched the taſte of mankind, and were indeed a diſgrace to common ſenſe and reaſon. Not that Cervantes had any intention to combat the ſpirit of knight-errantry, ſo prevalent among the Spaniards; on the contrary, I am perſuaded, he would have been the firſt man in the nation to

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ſtand up for the honour and defence of chivalry; which, when reſtrained within due bounds, was an excellent inſtitution, that inſpired the moſt heroic ſentiments of courage and patriotiſm, and on many occaſions conduced to the peace and ſafety of the commonwealth. In the character of Don Quixote, he exhibits a good underſtanding perverted by reading romantic ſtories, which had no foundation in nature or in fact. His intellects are not ſuppoſed to have been damaged by the peruſal of authentic hiſtories, which recount the exploits of knights and heroes who really exiſted; but his madneſs ſeems to have flowed from his credulity, and a certain wildneſs of imagination, which was captivated by the marvellous repreſentation of dwarfs, giants, necromancers, and other preternatural extravagance. From theſe legends he formed his whole plan of conduct; and though nothing can be more ridiculous than the terms upon which he is deſcribed to have commenced knight-errant, at a time when the regulations of ſociety had rendered the profeſſion unneceſſary, and indeed illegal; the criterion of his frenzy conſiſts in that ſtrange faculty of miſtaking and confounding the moſt familiar objects with the fantaſtical illuſions which thoſe romances had engendered in his fancy. So that our author did not enter the liſts againſt the memory of the real ſubſtantial chivalry, which he held in veneration; but with deſign to expel an hideous phantom that poſſeſſed the brains of the people, waging perpetual war with true genius and invention.

The ſucceſs of this undertaking muſt have exceeded his moſt ſanguine hopes. Don Quixote no ſooner made his appearance, than the old romances vaniſhed like miſt before the ſun. The ridicule was ſo ſtriking, that even the warmeſt admirers of Amadis and his poſterity ſeemed to awake from a dream, and reflected with amazement upon their former infatuation. Every diſpaſſionate reader was charmed with the humorous characters of the knight and ſquire, who ſtraight became the favourites of his fancy; he was delighted with the variety of entertaining incidents, and conſidered the

author's good ſenſe and purity of ſtile with admiration and applauſe.

He informs us, by the mouth of the batchelor Sampſon Carraſco, that even before the publication of the ſecond part, twelve thouſand copies of the firſt were already in print, beſides a new impreſſion then working off at Antwerp. 'The very children,' ſays he, 'handle it, boys read it, men underſtand, and old people applaud the performance. It it no ſooner laid down by one, than another takes it up, ſome ſtruggling, and ſome entreating for a ſight of it; in fine, this hiſtory is the moſt delightful and leaſt prejudicial entertainment that ever was ſeen; for, in the whole book, there is not the leaſt ſhadow of a diſhonourable word, nor one thought unworthy of a good catholic.'

Nor was this applauſe confined to the kingdoms and territories of Spain. The fame of Don Quixote diffuſed itſelf through all the civilized countries of Europe; and the work was ſo much admired in France, that ſome gentlemen, who attended the French ambaſſador to Madrid, in a converſation with the licenciate Marques Torres, chaplain to the archbiſhop of Toledo, expreſſed their ſurprize that Cervantes was not maintained from the public treaſury, as the honour and pride of the Spaniſh nation. Nay, this work, which was firſt publiſhed at Madrid in the year 1605, had the good fortune to extort the approbation of royalty itſelf: Philip III. ſtanding in a balcony of his palace, and ſurveying the adjacent country, perceived a ſtudent on the bank of the Manzanares, reading a book, and every now and then ſtriking his forehead, and burſting out into loud fits of laughter. His majeſty having obſerved his emotions for ſome time, 'That ſtudent,' ſaid he, 'is either mad, or reading Don Quixote.' Some of the courtiers in attendance, had the curioſity to go out and enquire, and actually found the ſcholar engaged in the adventures of our Manchegan.

As the book was dedicated to the Duke de Bejar, we may naturally ſuppoſe that nobleman, either by his purſe or intereſt, obtained the author's diſcharge from priſon;

priſon; for he congratulates himſelf upon the protection of ſuch a patron, in certain verſes prefixed to the book, and ſuppoſed to be written by Urganda the unknown. He afterwards attracted the notice of the Count de Lemos, who ſeems to have been his chief and favourite benefactor; and even enjoyed a ſmall ſhare of the countenance of the cardinal archbiſhop of Toledo: ſo that we cannot, with any probability, eſpouſe the opinion of thoſe who believe his Don Quixote was intended as a ſatire upon the adminiſtration of that nobleman. Nor is there the leaſt plauſible reaſon for thinking his aim was to ridicule the conduct of Charles V. whoſe name he never mentions without expreſſions of the utmoſt reverence and regard. Indeed, his own indigence was a more ſevere ſatire than any thing he could have invented againſt the miniſtry of Philip III. for, though their protection kept him from ſtarving, it did not exempt him from the difficulties and mortifications of want; and no man of taſte and humanity can reflect upon his character and circumſtances, without being ſhocked at the barbarous indifference of his patrons. What he obtained was not the offering of liberality and taſte, but the ſcanted alms of compaſſion: he was not reſpected as a genius, but relieved as a beggar.

One would hardly imagine that an author could languiſh in the ſhade of poverty and contempt, while his works afforded entertainment and delight to whole nations, and even ſovereigns were found in the number of his admirers; but Cervantes had the misfortune to write in the reign of a prince whoſe diſpoſition was ſordid, and whoſe talents, naturally mean, had received no manner of cultivation; ſo that his head was altogether untinctured with ſcience, and his heart an utter ſtranger to the virtues of beneficence. Nor did the liberal arts derive the leaſt encouragement from his miniſtry, which was ever weak and wavering. The Duke De Lerma ſeems to have been a proud, irreſolute, ſhallow-brained politician, whoſe whole attention was employed in preſerving the good graces of his maſter; though, notwithſtanding all his efforts, he ſtill fluctua-

ted between favour and diſgrace, and at laſt was fain to ſhelter himſelf under the hat of a cardinal. As for the Count de Lemos, who had ſome ſhare in the adminiſtration, he affected to patronize men of genius, though he had hardly penetration enough to diſtinguiſh merit; and the little taſte he poſſeſſed was ſo much warped by vanity and ſelf-conceit, that there was no other avenue to his friendſhip but the road of adulation and panegyric: we need not, therefore, wonder that his bounty was ſo ſparingly beſtowed upon Cervantes, whoſe conſcious worth and ſpirit would not ſuffer him to practiſe ſuch ſervility of proſtration.

Rather than ſtoop ſo far beneath the dignity of his own character, he reſolved to endure the ſevereſt ſtings of fortune; and, for a ſeries of years, wreſtled with inconceivable vexation and diſtreſs. Even in this low ſituation, he was not exempted from the ill offices of thoſe who envied his talents and his fame. The bad writers vilified his genius, and cenſured his morals; they conſtrued Don Quixote into an impertinent libel, and endeavoured to depreciate his Exemplary Novels, which were publiſhed at Madrid, in the year 1613. This performance is ſuch as might be expected from the invention and elegance of Cervantes, and was accordingly approved by the beſt judges of his time. Indeed, it muſt have been a great conſolation to him, in the midſt of his misfortunes, to ſee himſelf celebrated by the choiceſt wits of Spain; and, among the reſt, by the renowned Lope de Vega, prince of the Spaniſh theatre, who, both during the life and after the death of our author, mentioned him in the moſt reſpectful terms of admiration *.

But, of all the inſults to which he was expoſed from the malevolence of mankind, nothing provoked him ſo much, as the outrage he ſuſtained, from the inſolence and knavery of an author, who, while he was preparing the ſecond part of Don Quixote for the preſs, in the year 1614, publiſhed a performance, intitled, The ſecond Volume of the ſage Hidalgo Don Quixote de La

* Laurèl de Apollo Selva 8.

Mancha,

Mancha, containing his third Sally. Compoſed by the licentiate Alonzo Fernandez De Avellaneda, a native of Tordeſillas; dedicated to the alcalde, regidors, and gentlemen, of the noble town of Argamaſilla, the happy country of Don Quixote de La Mancha. This impoſtor, not contented with having robbed Cervantes of his plan, and, as ſome people believe, of a good part of his copy, attacked him perſonally, in his preface, in the moſt virulent manner; accuſing him of envy, malice, peeviſhneſs, and rancour; reproaching him with his poverty, and taxing him with having abuſed his cotemporary writers, particularly Lope De Vega, under the ſhadow of whoſe reputation this ſpurious writer takes ſhelter, pretending to have been laſhed, together with that great genius, in ſome of our author's critical reflections.

In ſpite of the diſguiſe he aſſumed, Cervantes diſcovered him to be an Arragonian; and in all probability knew his real name, which, however, he did not think proper to tranſmit to poſterity; and his ſilence in this particular was the reſult either of diſcretion or contempt. If he was a perſon of conſequence, as ſome people ſuppoſe, it was undoubtedly prudent in Cervantes to pretend ignorance of his true name and quality; becauſe, under the ſhadow of that pretence, he could the more ſecurely chaſtiſe him for his dullneſs, ſcurrility, and preſumption: but if he knew him to be a man of no character or eſtimation in life, he ought to have deemed him altogether unworthy of his reſentment; for his production was ſuch as could not poſſibly prejudice our author's intereſt or reputation. It is altogether void of invention and propriety; the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho are flattened into the moſt inſipid abſurdity; the adventures are unentertaining and improbable; and the ſtyle barbarous, ſwoln, and pedantic.

Howſoever Saavedra's fortune might have been affected by this fraudulent anticipation, I am perſuaded, from the conſideration of his magnanimity, that he would have looked upon the attempt with ſilent diſdain had the fictitious Avellaneda abſtained from perſonal,

abuſe; but finding himſelf ſo injuriouſly upbraided with crimes which his ſoul abhorred, he gave a looſe to his indignation and ridicule, which appear through the preface and ſecond part of Don Quixote, in a variety of animadverſions equally witty and ſevere. Indeed, the genuine continuation, which was publiſhed in the year 1615, convinced the world that no other perſon could compleat the plan of the original projector. It was received with univerſal joy and approbation; and in a very little time tranſlated into the languages of Italy, France, England, and other countries, where, though the knight appeared to diſadvantage, he was treated as a noble ſtranger of ſuperlative merit and diſtinction.

In the year after the publication of his novels, Cervantes uſhered into the world a poem called, A Voyage to Parnaſſus, dedicated to Don Rodrigo De Tapia, knight of St. Jago. This performance is an ironical ſatire on the Spaniſh poets of his time, written in imitation of Cæſar Caporali, who laſhed his contemporaries of Italy under the ſame title; though Saavedra ſeems to have had alſo another ſcope, namely, to complain of the little regard that was paid to his own age and talents. Thoſe who will not allow this piece to be an excellent poem, cannot help owning that it abounds with wit and manly ſatire; and that nothing could be a more keen reproach upon the taſte and patronage of the times, than the dialogue that paſſes between him and Apollo; to whom, after having made a bold, yet juſt recapitulation of his own ſucceſs in writing, he pathetically complains, that he was denied a ſeat among his brethren; and takes occaſion to obſerve, that rewards were not beſtowed according to merit, but in conſequence of intereſt and favour.

He has, upon other occaſions, made ſevere remarks upon the ſcarcity of patrons among the nobility of Spain, and even aimed the ſhafts of his ſatire at the throne itſelf. In his dedication of the ſecond part of Don Quixote, to the Count De Lemos, he proceeds in this ironical ſtrain: 'But no perſon expreſſes a greater deſire of ſeeing my Don Quixote, than the mighty Emperor of China, who, about

about a month ago, ſent me a letter by an expreſs, deſiring, or rather beſeeching me, to ſupply him with a copy of that performance, as he intended to build and endow a college for teaching the Spaniſh language from my book, and was reſolved to make me rector or principal teacher. I aſked if his majeſty had ſent me any thing towards defraying the charges; and, when he anſwered in the negative, "Why, then, friend," ſaid I, "you may return to China as ſoon as you pleaſe: for my own part, I am not in a ſtate of health to undertake ſuch a long journey: beſides, I am not only weak in body, but ſtill weaker in purſe; and ſo I am the emperor's moſt humble ſervant." In ſhort, emperor for emperor, and monarch for monarch, to take one with the other, and ſet the hare's head againſt the gooſe giblets, there is the noble Count De Lemos, at Naples, who, without any rectorſhips, ſupports, protects, and favours me, to my heart's content.'

This facetious paragraph certainly alludes to ſome unſubſtantial promiſe he had received from the court. At the ſame time I cannot help obſerving, that his gratitude and acknowledgment to the Count De Lemos, ſeem to have greatly exceeded the obligation; for, at this very time, while he is extolling his generoſity, he gives us to underſtand that his circumſtances were extremely indigent.

At the very time of this dedication, the poverty of Cervantes had increaſed to ſuch a degree of diſtreſs, that he was fain to ſell eight plays, and as many interludes, to Juan Villaroel, becauſe he had neither means nor credit for printing them at his own expence. Theſe theatrical pieces, which were publiſhed at Madrid in the year 1615, though counted inferior to many productions of Lope De Vaga, have nevertheleſs merit enough to perſuade the diſcerning reader that they would have ſucceeded in the repreſentation; but he was no favourite with the players, who have always arrogated to themſelves the prerogative of judging and rejecting the productions of the drama; and, as they forebore to offer, he diſdained to ſolicit their acceptance. The truth is,

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he conſidered actors as the ſervants of the publick, who, though entitled to a certain degree of favour and encouragement for the entertainment they afforded, ought ever to demean themſelves with modeſty and reſpect for their benefactors; and he had often profeſſed himſelf an enemy to the ſelf-ſufficiency, inſolence, and outrageous behaviour, of the king's company; ſome of whom had been guilty of the moſt flagrant crimes, and even committed murder with impunity.

It is ſometimes in the power of the moſt inconſiderable wretch to mortify a character of the higheſt dignity. Cervantes, notwithſtanding his contempt of ſuch petty criticks, could not help feeling the petulance of a puny player, who preſumed to depreciate the talents of this venerable father of the ſtage. 'Some years ago*,' ſays he, 'I had recourſe again to my old amuſement; and, on the ſuppoſition that the times were not altered ſince my name was in ſome eſtimation, I compoſed a few pieces for the ſtage; but found no birds in laſt year's neſts: my meaning is, I could find no player who would aſk for my performances, though the whole company knew they were finiſhed; ſo that I threw them aſide, and condemned them to perpetual ſilence. About this time, a certain bookſeller told me he would have purchaſed my plays, had he not been prevented by an actor, who ſaid, that from my proſe much might be expected, but nothing from my verſe. I confeſs, I was nor a little chagrined at hearing this declaration; and ſaid to myſelf, "Either I am quite altered, or the times are greatly improved, contrary to common obſervation, by which the paſt is always preferred to the preſent." I reviſed my comedies, together with ſome interludes which had lain ſome time in a corner, and I did not think them ſo wretched, but that they might appeal from the muddy brain of this player, to the clearer perception of other actors leſs ſcrupulous and more judicious. Being quite out of humour, I parted with the copy to a bookſeller, who offered me a tolerable price: I took his money, without giving myſelf any farther trouble about the

* In his preface to his plays.

the actors, and he printed them as you see. I could wish they were the best in the world; or, at least, possessed of some merit. Gentle reader, thou wilt soon see how they are, and if thou canst find any thing to thy liking, and afterwards should happen to meet with my backbiting actor, desire him, from me, to take care and mend himself; for I offend no man: as for the plays, thou mayest tell him, they contain no glaring nonsense, no palpable absurdities.'

The source of this indifference towards Cervantes, we can easily explain, by observing that Lope De Vaga had, by this time, engrossed the theatre, and the favour of the publick, to such a degree as ensured success to all his performances; so that the players would not run any risk of miscarriage, in exhibiting the productions of an old neglected veteran, who had neither inclination nor ability to support his theatrical pieces by dint of interest and cabal. Far from being able to raise factions in his favour, he could hardly subsist in the most parsimonious manner, and in all probability would have actually starved, had not the charity of the Count De Lemos enabled him barely to breathe.

The last work he finished was a novel, intitled, The Troubles of Persiles and Sigismunda; which, however, he did not live to see in print. This child of his old age he mentions in the warmest terms of paternal affection, † preferring it to all the rest of his productions; a compliment which every author pays to the youngest offspring of his genius; for, whatever sentence the world may pronounce, every man thinks he daily improves in experience and understanding; and that, in refusing the pre-eminence to his last effort, he would fairly own the decay and degeneracy of his own talents.

We must not, however, impute the encomiums which Cervantes bestows upon his last performance to this fond partiality alone; because the book has indubitable merit; and, as he himself says, may presume to vie with the celebrated romance of Holiodorus, ‡ in elegance of diction,

† Preface to his novels. Dedication of the last part of Don Quixote.

‡ The loves of Theagnes and Chariclea.

tion, entertaining incidents, and fecundity of invention. Before this novel saw the light, our author was seized with a dropsy, which gradually conveyed him to his grave; and nothing could give a more advantageous idea of his character, than the fortitude and good humour which he appears to have maintained to the last moment of his life, overwhelmed as he was with misery, old age, and an incurable distemper.

The preface and dedication of his Persiles and Sigismunda contain a journal of his last stage, by which we are enabled to guess at the precise time of his decease. 'Loving reader,' said he, 'as two of my friends and myself were coming from the famous town of Esquivias; famous, I say, on a thousand accounts; first, for it's illustrious families, and secondly, for it's more illustrious wines, &c. I heard somebody galloping after us, with intent, as I imagined, to join our company; and, indeed, he soon justified my conjecture, by calling out to us to ride more softly. We accordingly waited for this stranger; who riding up to us upon a she ass, appeared to be a grey student; for he was cloathed in grey, with country buskins, such as peasants wear to defend their legs in harvest-time, round-toed shoes, a sword, provided, as it happened, with a tolerable chape, a starched band, and an even number of three-thread bredes; for the truth is, he had but two; and, as his band would every now and then shift to one side, he took incredible pains to adjust it again.' "Gentlemen," said he, "you are going belike to solicit some post or pension at court: his eminence of Toledo must be there, to be sure, or the king at least, by your making such haste. In good faith I could hardly overtake you, though my ass hath been more than once applauded for a tolerable ambler." To this address one of my companions replied, "We are obliged to set on at a good rate, to keep up with that there mettlesome nag, belonging to Signior Miguel De Cervantes." 'Scarce had the student heard my name, when, springing from the back of his ass, whilst his pannell fell one way, and his wallet another, he ran towards me, and taking hold of my stirrup," "Aye, aye,"

aye," cried he, " this is the ſound cripple! the renowned, the merry writer; in a word, the darling of the muſes!" ' In order to make ſome return to theſe high compliments, I threw my arms about his neck, ſo as that he loſt his band, by the eagerneſs of my embraces; and told him that he was miſtaken, like many of my well wiſhers.' " I am, indeed, Cervantes," ſaid I; " but not the darling of the muſes, or in any ſhape deſerving of thoſe encomiums you have beſtowed: be pleaſed, therefore, good Signior, to remount your beaſt, and let us travel together like friends the reſt of the way." ' The courteous ſtudent took my advice; and, as we jogged on ſoftly together, the converſation happening to turn on the ſubject of my illneſs, the ſtranger ſoon pronounced my doom, by aſſuring me that my diſtemper was a dropſy, which all the water of the ocean, although it were not ſalt, would never be able to quench. " Therefore, Signior Cervantes," added the ſtudent, " you muſt totally abſtain from drink; but do not forget to eat heartily: and this regimen will effect your recovery without phyſick." " I have received the ſame advice from other people," anſwered I; " but I cannot help drinking, as if I had been born to do nothing elſe but drink. My life is drawing to a period; and, by the daily journal of my pulſe, which I find will have finiſhed it's courſe by next Sunday at fartheſt, I ſhall alſo have finiſhed my career; ſo that you come in the very nick of time to be acquainted with me, though I ſhall have no opportunity of ſhewing how much I am obliged to you for your good will." ' By this time we had reached the Toledo Bridge; where, finding we muſt part, I embraced my ſtudent once more, and he having returned the compliment with great cordiality, ſpurred up his beaſt; and left me as ill-diſpoſed on my horſe as he was ill-mounted on his aſs; although my pen itched to be writing ſome humorous deſcription of his equipage: but, adieu my merry friends all; for I am going to die, and I hope to meet you again in the other world, as happy as heart can wiſh.'

After this adventure, which he ſo pleaſantly relates, (nay, even in his laſt moments) he dictated a moſt affectionate dedication to his patron, the Count De Lemos, who was at that ſame time preſident of the Supreme Council in Italy. He begins facetiouſly with a quotation from an old ballad; then proceeds to tell his excellency, that he had received extreme unction, and was on the brink of eternity; yet he wiſhed he could live to ſee the count's return, and even to finiſh the Weeks of the Garden, and the ſecond part of Galatea, in which he had made ſome progreſs.

This dedication was dated April 19, 1617; and, in all probability, the author died the very next day, as the ceremony of the unction is never performed until the patient is ſuppoſed to be in extremity: certain it is, he did not long ſurvive this period; for, in September, a licence was granted to Donna Catalina De Salazar, widow of Miguel De Cervantes Saavedra, to print the Troubles of Perſiles and Sigiſmunda, a northern hiſtory; which was accordingly publiſhed at Madrid, and afterwards tranſlated into Italian.

Thus have I collected and related all the material circumſtances mentioned by hiſtory and tradition, concerning the life of Cervantes; which I ſhall conclude with the portrait of his perſon, drawn by his own pen, in the preface to his novels. His viſage was ſharp and aquiline, his hair of a cheſnut colour, his forehead ſmooth and high, his noſe hookiſh or hawkiſh, his eyes briſk and chearful, his mouth little, his beard originally of a golden hue, his upper-lip furniſhed with large muſtachios, his complexion fair, his ſtature of the middling ſize: and he tells us, moreover, that he was thick in the ſhoulders, and not very light of foot.

In a word, Cervantes, whether conſidered as a writer or a man, will be found worthy of univerſal approbation and eſteem; and we cannot help applauding that fortitude and courage, which no difficulty could diſturb, and no danger diſmay; while we admire that delightful ſtream of humour and invention, which flowed ſo plenteous and ſo pure, ſurmounting all the mounds of malice and adverſity.

THE Tranſlator's aim, in this undertaking, was to maintain that ludicrous ſolemnity and ſelf-importance by which the inimitable Cervantes has diſtinguiſhed the character of Don Quixote, without raiſing him to the inſipid rank of a dry philoſopher, or debaſing him to the melancholy circumſtances and unentertaining caprice of an ordinary madman; and to preſerve the native humour of Sancho Panza from degenerating into mere proverbial phlegm, or affected buffoonery.

He has endeavoured to retain the ſpirit and ideas, without ſervilely adhering to the literal expreſſion of the original; from which, however, he has not ſo far deviated, as to deſtroy that formality of idiom, ſo peculiar to the Spaniards, and ſo eſſential to the character of the work.

The ſatire and propriety of many alluſions, which had been loſt in the change of cuſtom and lapſe of time, are reſtored in explanatory notes; and the whole is conducted with that care and circumſpection, which ought to be exerted by every author, who, in attempting to improve upon a taſk already performed, ſubjects himſelf to the moſt invidious compariſon.

PREFACE
TO THE READER.

IDLE reader, without an oath thou mayeſt believe, that I wiſh this book, as the child of my underſtanding, were the moſt beautiful, ſprightly, and diſcreet production, that ever was conceived. But it was not in my power to contravene the order of nature: in conſequence of which, every creature procreates its own reſemblance. What, therefore, could be engendered in my barren, ill cultivated genius, but a dry, meagre offspring, wayward, capricious, and full of whimſical notions peculiar to my own imagination, as if produced in a priſon, which is the ſeat of inconvenience, and the habitation of every diſmal ſound *. Quiet ſolitude, pleaſant fields, ſerene weather, purling ſtreams, and tranquillity of mind, contribute ſo much to the fecundity even of the moſt barren genius, that it will bring forth productions ſo fair as to awaken the admiration and delight of mankind.

A man who is ſo unfortunate as to have an ugly child, deſtitute of every grace and favourable endowment, may be ſo hood-winked by paternal tenderneſs, that he cannot perceive his defects; but, on the contrary, looks upon every blemiſh as a beauty, and recounts to his friends every inſtance of his folly as a ſample of his wit: but I, who, though ſeemingly the parent, am no other than the ſtep-father of Don Quixote, will not ſail with the ſtream of cuſtom; nor, like ſome others, ſupplicate thee, gentle reader, with the tears in my eyes, to pardon or conceal the faults which thou mayeſt ſpy in this production. Thou art neither its father nor kinſman; haſt thy own ſoul in thy own body, and a will as free as the fineſt; thou art in thine own houſe, of which I hold

 thee

* This is a ſtrong preſumption that the firſt part of Don Quixote was actually written in a gaol.

thee as abſolute maſter as the king of his revenue; and thou knoweſt the common ſaying, "Under my cloak the king is a joke." Theſe conſiderations free and exempt thee from all manner of reſtraint and obligation; ſo that thou mayeſt fully and frankly declare thy opinion of this hiſtory, without fear of calumny for thy cenſure, and without hope of recompence for thy approbation.

I wiſhed only to preſent thee with the performance, clean, neat, and naked, without the ornament of a preface, and unincumbered with an innumerable catalogue of ſuch ſonnets, epigrams, and commendatory verſes, as are generally prefixed to the productions of the preſent age; for I can aſſure thee, that although the compoſition of the book hath coſt me ſome trouble, I have found more difficulty in writing this preface, which is now under thy inſpection: divers and ſundry times did I ſeize the pen, and as often laid it aſide, for want of knowing what to ſay; and during this uneaſy ſtate of ſuſpence, while I was one day ruminating on the ſubject, with the paper before me, the quill behind my ear, my elbow fixed on the table, and my cheek leaning on my hand, a friend of mine, who poſſeſſes a great fund of humour and an excellent underſtanding, ſuddenly entered the apartment, and finding me in this muſing poſture, aſked the cauſe of my being ſo contemplative. As I had no occaſion to conceal the nature of my perplexity, I told him I was ſtudying a Preface for the Hiſtory of Don Quixote; a taſk which I found ſo difficult, that I was reſolved to deſiſt, and even ſuppreſs the adventures of ſuch a noble cavalier: for you may eaſily ſuppoſe how much I muſt be confounded at the animadverſions of that ancient law-giver the vulgar, when it ſhall ſee me, after ſo many years that I have ſlept in ſilence and oblivion, produce, in my old age, a performance as dry as a ruſh, barren of invention, meagre in ſtile, beggarly in conceit, and utterly deſtitute of wit and erudition; without quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end, as we ſee in other books, let them

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be never so fabulous and profane: indeed, they are generally so stuffed with apothegms from Aristotle, Plato, and the whole body of philosophers, that they excite the admiration of the readers, who look upon such authors as men of unbounded knowledge, eloquence, and erudition. When they bring a citation from the Holy Scripture, one would take them for so many Saint Thomas's, and other doctors of the church; herein observing such ingenious decorum, that in one line they will represent a frantick lover, and in the very next begin with a godly sermon, from which the Christian readers, and even the hearers, receive much comfort and edification. Now, my book must appear without all these advantages; for I can neither quote in the margin, nor note in the end: nor do I know what authors I have imitated, that I may, like the rest of my brethren, prefix them to the work in alphabetical order, beginning with Aristotle, and ending in Xenophon, Zoilus, or Zeuxis, though one was a back-biter, and the other a painter. My history must likewise be published without poems at the beginning, at least without sonnets written by dukes, marquisses, counts, bishops, ladies, and celebrated poets: although, should I make the demand, I know two or three good-natur'd friends, who would oblige me with such verses as should not be equalled by the most famous poetry in Spain.

"In a word, my good friend," said I, "Signior Don Quixote shall be buried in the archives of La Mancha, until Heaven shall provide some person to adorn him with those decorations he seems to want; for I find myself altogether unequal to the task, through insufficiency and want of learning; and because I am naturally too bashful and indolent to go in quest of authors to say what I myself can say as well without their assistance. Hence arose my thoughtfulness and meditation, which you will not wonder at, now that you have heard the cause." My friend having listened attentively to my remonstrances, slapped his forehead with the palm of his hand, and, bursting into a loud laugh, "'Fore God!

God! brother," ſaid he, "I am now undeceived of an error, in which I have lived during the whole term of our acquaintance; for I always looked upon you as a perſon of prudence and diſcretion; but now, I ſee, you are as far from that character as Heaven is diſtant from the earth. What! is it poſſible that ſuch a trifling inconvenience, ſo eaſily remedied, ſhould have power to mortify and perplex a genius like yours, brought to ſuch maturity, and ſo well calculated to demoliſh and ſurmount much greater difficulties? In good faith, this does not proceed from want of ability, but from exceſſive indolence, that impedes the exerciſe of reaſon. If you would be convinced of the truth of what I alledge, give me the hearing, and, in the twinkling of an eye, all your difficulties ſhall vaniſh, and a remedy be preſcribed for all thoſe defects which, you ſay, perplex your underſtanding, and deter you from uſhering to the light your hiſtory of the renowned Don Quixote, the luminary and ſole mirror of knight-errantry." Hearing this declaration, I deſired he would tell me in what manner he propoſed to fill up the vacuity of my apprehenſion, to diffuſe light, and reduce to order the chaos of my confuſion: and he replied, "Your firſt objection, namely, the want of ſonnets, epigrams, and commendatory verſes, from perſons of rank and gravity, may be obviated, by your taking the trouble to compoſe them yourſelf, and then you may chriſten them by any name you ſhall think proper to chuſe, fathering them upon Preſtor John of the Indies, or the Emperor of Trebiſond; who, I am well informed, were very famous poets: and even ſhould this intelligence be untrue, and a few pedants and bachelors of arts ſhould backbite and grumble at your conduct, you need not value them three farthings; for although they convict you of a lye, they cannot cut off the hand that wrote it*.

With regard to the practice of quoting in the margin, ſuch books and authors as have furniſhed you with ſentences and ſayings for the embelliſhment of your hiſtory, you

* Alluding to the loſs of his hand in the battle of Lepanto.

you have nothing to do, but to ſeaſon the work with ſome Latin maxims, which your own memory will ſuggeſt, or a little induſtry in ſearching eaſily obtain: for example, in treating of freedom and captivity, you may ſay, *Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro*; and quote Horace, or whom you pleaſe, in the margin. If the power of death happens to be your ſubject, you have at hand, *Pallida mors æquo pulſat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres*. And expatiating upon that love and friendſhip which God commands us to entertain even for our enemies, you may have recourſe to the Holy Scripture, though you ſhould have never ſo little curioſity, and ſay, in the very words of God himſelf, *Ego autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos veſtros*. In explaining the nature of malevolence, you may again extract from the Goſpel, *De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ*. And the inſtability of friends may be aptly illuſtrated by this diſtich of Cato, *Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos; tempora ſi fuerint nubila, ſolus eris*. By theſe, and other ſuch ſcraps of Latin, you may paſs for an able grammarian; a character of no ſmall honour and advantage in theſe days. And as to the annotations at the end of the book, you may ſafely furniſh them in this manner: when you chance to write about giants, be ſure to mention Goliah; and this name alone, which coſts you nothing, will afford a grand annotation, couched in theſe words; "The giant Golias, or Goliat, was a Philiſtine, whom the ſhepherd David ſlew with a ſtone from a ſling, in the valley of Terebinthus, as it is written in ſuch a chapter of the book of Kings."

If you have a mind to diſplay your erudition and knowledge of coſmography, take an opportunity to introduce the River Tagus into your hiſtory, and this will ſupply you with another famous annotation, thus expreſſed; "The River Tagus, ſo called from a king of Spain, takes its riſe in ſuch a place, and is loſt in the ſea, after having kiſſed the walls of the famous city of Liſbon; and is ſaid to have golden ſands, &c." If you treat of robbers, I will relate

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the ſtory of Cacus, which I have by rote. If of harlots, the Biſhop of Mondoneda will lend you a Lamai, a Lais, and a Flora; and ſuch a note will greatly redound to your credit. When you write of cruelty, Ovid will ſurrender his Medea. When you mention wizzards and inchanters, you will find a Calypſo in Homer, and a Circe in Virgil. If you have occaſion to ſpeak of valiant captains, Julius Cæſar ſtands ready drawn in his own Commentaries; and from Plutarch you may extract a thouſand Alexanders. If your theme be love, and you have but two ounces of the Tuſcan tongue, you will light upon Leon Hebreo, who will fill up the meaſure of your deſire: and if you do not chuſe to travel into foreign countries, you have at home Fonſeca's Treatiſe on the Love of God, in which all that you, or the moſt ingenious critick can deſire, is fully decyphered and diſcuſſed. In a word, there is nothing more to be done, than to procure a number of theſe names, and hint at their particular ſtories in your text; and to leave me the taſk of making annotations and quotations, with which I will engage, on pain of death, to fill up all the margins, beſides four whole ſheets at the end of the book. Let us now proceed to the citation of authors, ſo frequent in other books, and ſo little uſed in your performance: the remedy is obvious and eaſy; take the trouble to find a book that quotes the whole tribe alphabetically, as you obſerved, from Alpha to Omega, and transfer them into your book; and though the abſurdity ſhould appear never ſo glaring, as there is no neceſſity for uſing ſuch names, it will ſignify nothing. Nay, perhaps, ſome reader will be weak enough to believe you have actually availed yourſelf of all thoſe authors, in the ſimple and ſincere hiſtory you have compoſed; and, if ſuch a large catalogue of writers ſhould anſwer no other purpoſe, it may ſerve at firſt ſight to give ſome authority to the production: nor will any perſon take the trouble to examine, whether you have or have not followed thoſe originals, becauſe he can reap no benefit from his labour. But, if I am not miſtaken, your book needs none of

thoſe

thoſe embelliſhments in which you ſay it is defective: for it is one continued ſatire upon books of chivalry; a ſubject which Ariſtotle never inveſtigated, St. Baſil never mentioned, and Cicero never explained. The punctuality of truth, and the obſervations of aſtrology, fall not within the fabulous relation of our adventures; to the deſcription of which, neither the proportions of geometry, nor the confirmation of rhetorical arguments, are of the leaſt importance: nor hath it any connection with preaching, or mingling divine truths with human imagination; a mixture which no Chriſtian's fancy ſhould conceive. It only ſeeks to avail itſelf of imitation; and the more perfect this is, the more entertaining the book will be. Now, as as your ſole aim in writing, is to invalidate the authority, and ridicule the abſurdity, of thoſe books of chivalry, which have, as it were, faſcinated the eyes and judgment of the world, and in particular of the vulgar, you have no occaſion to go a begging maxims from philoſophers, exhortations from Holy Writ, fables from poets, ſpeeches from orators, or miracles from ſaints; your buſineſs is, with plain, ſignificant, well choſen, and elegant words, to render your periods ſonorous, and your ſtile entertaining; to give ſpirit and expreſſion to all your deſcriptions, and communicate your ideas without obſcurity and confuſion. You muſt endeavour to write in ſuch a manner as to convert melancholy into mirth, increaſe good-humour, entertain the ignorant, excite the admiration of the learned, eſcape the contempt of gravity, and attract applauſe from perſons of ingenuity and taſte. Finally, let your aim be levelled againſt that ill-founded bulwark of idle books of chivalry, abhorred by many, but applauded by more; which if you can batter down, you will have atchieved no inconſiderable exploit."

I liſtened to my friend's advice in profound ſilence, and his remarks made ſuch impreſſion upon my mind, that I admitted them without heſitation or diſpute, and reſolved that they ſhould appear inſtead of a Preface. Thou wilt therefore, gentle reader, perceive his diſcretion, and my good luck in finding ſuch a counſeller in ſuch an

emergency; nor wilt thou be ſorry to receive, thus genuine and undiſguiſed, the Hiſtory of the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, who, in the opinion of all the people that live in the diſtrict of Montiel, was the moſt virtuous and valiant knight who had appeared for many years in that neighbourhood. I ſhall not pretend to enhance the merit of having introduced thee to ſuch a famous and honourable cavalier; but I expect thanks for having made thee acquainted with Sancho Panza, in whom I think are united all the ſquiriſh graces which we find ſcattered through the whole tribe of vain books written on the ſubject of chivalry. So, praying God will give thee health, without forgetting ſuch an humble creature as me, I bid thee heartily farewel.

THE

ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

DON QUIXOTE.

PART I. BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

Of the Quality and Amuſements of the renowned Don Quixote de La Mancha.

IN a certain corner of La Mancha, the name of which I do not chuſe to remember, there lately lived one of thoſe country gentlemen, who adorn their halls with a ruſty lance and a worm-eaten target, and ride forth on the ſkeleton of a horſe, to courſe with a ſort of a ſtarved greyhound.

Three-fourths of his income were ſcarce ſufficient to afford a diſh of hodge-podge, in which the mutton bore no proportion to the beef*, for dinner; a plate of ſalmagundy, commonly at ſupper†; gripes and grumblings on Saturdays‡, lentils on Fridays, and the addition

* Mutton in Spain is counted greatly preferable to beef.

† *Salpicon*, which is the word in the original, is no other than cold beef ſliced, and eaten with oil, vinegar, and pepper.

‡ Gripes and grumblings, in Spaniſh *duelos y quebrantos*; the true meaning of which the former tranſlators have been at great pains to inveſtigate, as the importance of the ſubject (no doubt) required. But their labours have, unhappily, ended in nothing elſe but conjectures, which, for the entertainment and inſtruction of our readers, we beg leave to repeat. One interprets the phraſe into collops and eggs; 'Being,' ſaith he, 'a very ſorry diſh.' In this deciſion, however, he is contradicted by another commentator, who affirms, 'It is a meſs too good to mortify withal:' neither can this virtuoſo agree with a late editor, who tranſlates the paſſage

dition of a pigeon, or ſome ſuch thing, on the Lord's day. The remaining part of his revenue was conſumed in the purchaſe of a fine black ſuit, with velvet breeches, and ſlippers of the ſame, for holidays; and a coat of home-ſpun, which he wore in honour of his country during the reſt of the week.

He maintained a female houſekeeper turned of forty, a niece of about half that age, and a truſty young fellow, fit for field and market, who could turn his hand to any thing, either to ſaddle the horſe or handle the hough*.

Our ſquire, who bordered upon fifty, was of a tough conſtitution, extremely meagre and hard featured, an early riſer, and, in point of exerciſe, another Nimrod†. He is ſaid to have gone by the name of Quixada, or Queſada, (for in this particular the authors who mention that circumſtance diſagree;) though, from the moſt probable conjectures, we may conclude that he was called by the ſignificant name of Quixada‡; but this is of ſmall importance to the hiſtory, in the courſe of which it will be ſufficient if we ſwerve not a tittle from the truth.

* *Podadera* literally ſignifies a pruning-hook.

† In the original, a lover of hunting.

‡ *Quixada* ſignifies jaws, of which our knight had an extraordinary proviſion.

paſſage in queſtion into an amlet; but takes occaſion to fall out with Boyer for his deſcription of that diſh, which he moſt ſagaciouſly underſtands to be a 'bacon froize,' or 'rather fryze, from it's being fried, from *frit* in French;' and concludes with this judicious query; 'After all theſe learned diſquiſitions, who knows but the author means a diſh of nichils?' If this was his meaning, indeed, ſurely we may venture to conclude, that faſting was very expenſive in La Mancha; for the author mentions the *duelos y quebrantos* among thoſe articles that conſumed three-fourths of the knight's income.

Having conſidered this momentous affair with all the deliberation it deſerves, we, in our turn, preſent the reader with

DON QUIXOTE,
meditating his exploits in Chivalry.
Vide Book I. Chap. I. Page 4.

R. Corbould del. Printed for C. Cooke, July 2. 1796. C. Warren, sculp.

Be it known, therefore, that this ſaid honeſt gentleman, at his leiſure hours, which engroſſed the greateſt part of the year, addicted himſelf to the reading of books of chivalry, which he peruſed with ſuch rapture and application, that he not only forgot the pleaſures of the chace, but alſo utterly neglected the management of his eſtate: nay, to ſuch a paſs did his curioſity and madneſs in this particular drive him, that he ſold many good acres of Terra Firma, to purchaſe books of knight-errantry, with which he furniſhed his library to the utmoſt of his power; but none of them pleaſed him ſo much as thoſe that were written by the famous Feliciano De Silva, whom he admired as the pearl of all authors, for the brilliancy of his proſe, and the beautiful perplexity of his expreſſion. How was he tranſported, when he read thoſe amorous complaints, and doughty challenges, that ſo often occur in his works!

'The reaſon of the unreaſonable uſage my reaſon has met with, ſo unreaſons my reaſon, that I have reaſon to complain of your beauty!' And how did he enjoy the following flower of compoſition! 'The high heaven of your divinity, which with ſtars divinely fortifies your beauty, and renders you meritorious of that merit, which by your highneſs is merited.'

The poor gentleman loſt his ſenſes in poring over, and attempting to diſcover the meaning of theſe and other ſuch rhapſodies, which Ariſtotle himſelf would not be able to unravel, were he to riſe from the dead for that purpoſe only. He could not comprehend the probability of thoſe direful wounds, given and received

with cucumbers, greens, or peaſe-porridge, as the fruit of our induſtrious reſearches; being thereunto determined by the literal ſignification of the text, which is not 'grumblings and groanings,' as the laſt-mentioned ingenious annotator ſeems to think, but rather pains and breakings; and evidently points at ſuch eatables as generate and expel wind; qualities (as every body knows) eminently inherent in thoſe vegetables we have mentioned as our hero's Saturday's repaſt.

by Don Bellianis, whoſe face and whoſe carcaſe muſt have remained quite covered with marks and ſcars, even allowing him to have been cured by the moſt expert ſurgeons of the age in which he lived.

He, notwithſtanding, beſtowed great commendations on the author, who concludes his book with the promiſe of finiſhing that interminable adventure; and was more than once inclined to ſeize the quill, with a view of performing what was left undone: nay, he would have actually accompliſhed the affair, and publiſhed it accordingly, had not reflections of greater moment employed his imagination, and diverted him from the execution of that deſign.

Divers and obſtinate were the diſputes he maintained againſt the parſon of the pariſh, (a man of ſome learning, who had taken his degrees at Siguenza*,) on that puzzling queſtion, whether Palmerin of England, or Amadis De Gaul, was the moſt illuſtrious knight-errant: but maſter Nicholas, who acted as barber to the village, affirmed, that none of them equalled the knight of the ſun, or indeed could be compared to him in any degree, except Don Galaor, brother of Amadis De Gaul; for his diſpoſition was adapted to all emergencies; he was neither ſuch a preciſe, nor ſuch a puling coxcomb, as his brother; and in point of valour, his equal at leaſt.

So eager and entangled was our hidalgo† in this kind of hiſtory, that he would often read from morning to night, and from night to morning again, without interruption; till at laſt the moiſture of his brain being quite exhauſted with indefatigable watching and ſtudy, he fairly loſt his wits; all that he read of quarrels, inchantments, battles, challenges, wounds, tortures, amorous complaints, and other improbable conceits, took full

* Siguenza, a town ſituated on the banks of the Henares, in New Caſtile, in which there is a ſmall univerſity.

† Hidalgo has much the ſame application in Spain as ſquire in England; though it literally ſignifies the ſon of ſomething, in contradiſtinction to thoſe who are the ſons of nothing.

poſſeſſion of his fancy; and he believed all thoſe romantick exploits ſo implicitly, that, in his own opinion, the Holy Scripture was not more true. He obſerved that Cid Ruydias was an excellent knight; but not equal to the lord of the flaming ſword, who with one back-ſtroke had cut two fierce and monſtrous giants through the middle. He had ſtill a better opinion of Bernardo Del Carpio; who, at the battle of Roncevalles, put the inchanted Orlando to death*, by the ſame means that Hercules uſed when he ſtrangled the earth-born Anteus. Neither was he ſilent in the praiſe of Morgante; who, though of that gigantick race which is noted for inſolence and incivility, was perfectly affable and well bred. But his chief favourite was Reynaldo of Montalban, whom he hugely admired for his proweſs, in ſallying from his caſtle to rob travellers; and, above all things, for his dexterity in ſtealing that idol of the impoſtor Mahomet, which, according to the hiſtory, was of ſolid gold. For an opportunity of pummelling the traitor Galalon†, he would willingly have given his houſekeeper, body and ſoul; nay, and his niece into the bargain. In ſhort, his underſtanding being quite perverted, he was ſeized with the ſtrangeſt whim that ever entered the brain of a madman: this was no other than a full perſuaſion, that it was highly expedient and neceſſary, not only for his own honour, but alſo for the good of the publick, that he ſhould profeſs knight-errantry, and ride through the world in arms, to ſeek adventures, and conform in all points to the practice of thoſe itinerant heroes whoſe exploits he had read; redreſſing all manner of grievances, and courting all occaſions of expoſing

* Orlando, the ſuppoſed nephew of Charlemagne, and poetical hero of Boiardo and Arioſto, is ſaid to have been invulnerable in all parts of his body, except the ſoles of his feet, which he therefore took care to ſecure with double plates of armour.

† Galalon is ſaid to have betrayed Charlemagne's army at Roncevalles, where it was roughly handled by the Moors, in his retreat from Spain.

expoſing himſelf to ſuch dangers, as in the event would entitle him to everlaſting renown. This poor lunatick looked upon himſelf already as good as ſeated, by his own ſingle valour, on the throne of Trebiſond; and, intoxicated with theſe agreeable vapours of his unaccountable folly, reſolved to put his deſign in practice forthwith.

In the firſt place he cleaned an old ſuit of armour, which had belonged to ſome of his anceſtors, and which he found in his garret, where it had lain for ſeveral ages, quite covered over with mouldineſs and ruſt; but having ſcowered and put it to rights, as well as he could, he perceived, that inſtead of a compleat helmet, there was only a ſimple head-piece without a beaver. This unlucky defect, however, his induſtry ſupplied by a vizor, which he made of paſte-board, and fixed ſo artificially to the morrion, that it looked like an entire helmet. True it is, that in order to try if it was ſtrong enough to riſk his jaws in, he unſheathed his ſword, and beſtowed upon it two hearty ſtrokes, the firſt of which in a twinkling undid his whole week's labour He did not at all approve of the facility with which he hewed it in pieces; and therefore, to ſecure himſelf from any ſuch danger for the future, went to work anew. He faced it with a plate of iron, in ſuch a manner as that he remained ſatisfied of it's ſtrength without putting it to a ſecond trial, and looked upon it as a moſt finiſhed piece of armour.

He next viſited his horſe, which (though he had more corners than a rial*, being as lean as Goneka's, that *tantum pellis et oſſa fuit*) nevertheleſs, in his eye, appeared infinitely preferable to Alexander's Bucephalus, or the Cid's Babieca. Four days he conſumed in inventing a name for this remarkable ſteed; ſuggeſting to himſelf what an impropriety it would be if an horſe of his qualities, belonging to ſuch a renowned knight, ſhould

* This is a joke upon the knight's ſteed, which was ſo meagre, that his bones ſtuck out like the corners of a Spaniſh rial, a coin of very irregular ſhape, not unlike the figure in geometry called a trapezium.

ſhould go without ſome ſounding and ſignificant appellation: he therefore reſolved to accommodate him with one that ſhould not only declare his paſt, but alſo his preſent capacity; for he thought it but reaſonable, that ſince his maſter had altered his condition, he ſhould alſo change his horſe's name, and inveſt him with ſome ſublime and ſonorous epithet, ſuitable to the new order and employment he profeſſed. Accordingly, after having choſen, rejected, amended, tortured, and revolved, a world of names in his imagination, he fixed upon Rozinante*, an appellation, in his opinion, lofty, ſonorous, and expreſſive, not only of his former, but likewiſe of his preſent ſituation, which entitled him to the preference over all other horſes under the ſun. Having thus denominated his horſe, ſo much to his own ſatisfaction, he was deſirous of doing himſelf the like juſtice; and, after eight days ſtudy, actually aſſumed the title of Don Quixote: from whence, as hath been obſerved, the authors of this authentic hiſtory concluded, that his former name muſt have been Quixada, or Queſada, as others are pleaſed to affirm. But recollecting that the valiant Amadis, not ſatisfied with that ſimple appellation, added to it that of his country, and, in order to dignify the place of his nativity, called himſelf Amadis De Gaul, he reſolved, like a worthy knight, to follow ſuch an illuſtrious example, and aſſume the name of Don Quixote de La Mancha; which, in his opinion, fully expreſſed his generation, and at the ſame time reflected infinite honour on his fortunate country.

Accordingly, his armour being ſcowered, his beaver fitted to his head-piece, his ſteed accommodated with a name, and his own dignified with theſe additions, he reflected, that nothing elſe was wanting but a lady to inſpire him with love; for a knight-errant without a miſtreſs, would be like a tree deſtitute of leaves and fruit,

* Rozinante implies that which was formerly an ordinary horſe, though the *ante* ſeems to have been intended by the knight as a badge of diſtinction, by which he was ranked before all other horſes.

fruit, or a body without a ſoul. " If," ſaid he, ' for my ſins, or rather for my honour, I ſhould engage with ſome giant, an adventure common in knight errantry, and overthrow him in the field, by cleaving him in twain, or, in ſhort, diſarm and ſubdue him; will it not be highly proper that I ſhould have a miſtreſs, to whom I may ſend my conquered foe; who, coming into the preſence of the charming fair, will fall upon his knees, and ſay, in an humble and ſubmiſſive tone, " Incomparable princeſs, I am the giant Carculiambro, lord of the iſland Malindrania, who being vanquiſhed in ſingle combat by the invincible knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, am commanded by him to preſent myſelf before your beauty, that I may be diſpoſed of, according to the pleaſure of your highneſs?" How did the heart of our worthy knight dance with joy when he uttered this addreſs; and ſtill more, when he found a lady worthy of his affection! This, they ſay, was an hale, buxom country wench, called Aldonza Lorenço, who lived in the neigbourhood, and with whom he had formerly been in love; though, by all accounts, ſhe never knew, nor gave herſelf the leaſt concern about the matter. Her he looked upon as one qualified, in all reſpects, to be the queen of his inclinations; and putting his invention again to the rack for a name that ſhould bear ſome affinity with her own, and at the ſame time become a princeſs or lady of quality, he determined to call her Dulcinea del Toboſo, ſhe being a native of that place; a name, in his opinion, muſical, romantick, and expreſſive, like the reſt which he had appropriated to himſelf and his concerns.

CHAPTER II.

Of the ſage Don Quixote's firſt Sally from his own Habitation.

THESE preparations being made, he could no longer reſiſt the deſire of executing his deſign; reflecting with impatience on the injury his delay occaſioned in the world, where there was abundance of grievances to be redreſſed,

redreſſed, wrongs to be rectified, errors to be amended, abuſes to be reformed, and doubts to be removed; he therefore, without communicating his intention to any body, or being ſeen by a living ſoul, one morning before day, in the ſcorching month of July, put on his armour, mounted Rozinante, buckled his ill-contrived helmet, braced his target, ſeized his lance, and through the back door of his yard ſallied into the fields in a rapture of joy, occaſioned by this eaſy and ſucceſsful beginning of his admirable undertaking: but ſcarce was he clear of the village, when he was aſſaulted by ſuch a terrible objection, as had well-nigh induced our hero to abandon his enterprize directly; for he recollected that he had never been knighted; and, therefore, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could or ought to enter the liſts with any antagoniſts of that degree; nay, even granting he had received that mark of diſtinction, it was his duty to wear white armour, like a new knight, without any device on his ſhield, until ſuch time as his valour ſhould entitle him to that honour.*

Theſe cogitations made him waver a little in his plan; but his madneſs prevailing over every other conſideration, ſuggeſted that he might be dubbed by the firſt perſon he ſhould meet, after the example of many others who had fallen upon the ſame expedient; as he had read in thoſe miſchievous books which had diſordered his imagination.† With reſpect to the white armour, he propoſed, with the firſt opportunity, to ſcower his own, until it ſhould be fairer than ermine: and having ſatiſfied his conſcience in this manner, he purſued his deſign, without following any other road than that which his horſe

* According to the ancient rules of chivalry, no man was entitled to the rank and degree of knighthood, until he had been in actual battle, and taken a priſoner with his own hand.

† It was common for one knight to dub another. Francis I King of France, was knighted, at his own deſire, by the Chevalier Bayard, who was looked upon as the flower of chivalry.

horſe was pleaſed to chuſe; being perſuaded that, in ſo doing, he manifeſted the true ſpirit of adventure. Thus proceeded our flaming adventurer, while he uttered the following ſoliloquy.

'Doubtleſs, in future ages, when the true hiſtory of my famed exploits ſhall come to light, the ſage author, when he recounts my firſt and early ſally, will expreſs himſelf in this manner: "Scarce had ruddy Phœbus, o'er this wide and ſpacious earth, diſplayed the golden threads of his refulgent hair; and ſcarce the little painted warblers with their forky tongues, in ſoft, melliſluous harmony, had hailed the approach of roſy winged Aurora, who, ſtealing from her jealous huſband's couch, through the balconies and aërial gates of Mancha's bright horizon, ſtood confeſſed to wondering mortals; when lo! the illuſtrious knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, up-ſpringing from the lazy down, beſtrode famed Rozinante, his unrivalled ſteed! and through Monteil's ancient, well-known field," which was really the caſe, "purſued his way." Then he added, 'O fortunate age! O happy times! in which ſhall be made publick my incomparable atchievements, worthy to be engraved in braſs, on marble ſculptured, and in painting ſhewn, as great examples to futurity! And O! thou ſage enchanter, whoſoever thou may'ſt be, doomed to record the wondrous ſtory, forget not, I beſeech thee, my truſty Rozinante, the firm companion of my various fate!' Then making a ſudden tranſition, he exclaimed, as if he had been actually in love, 'O Dulcinea, ſovereign princeſs of this captive heart, what dire affliction haſt thou made me ſuffer, thus baniſhed from thy preſence with reproach, and fettered by thy rigorous command, not to appear again before thy beauteous face! Deign, princeſs, to remember this thy faithful ſlave, who now endures ſuch miſery for love of thee!' Theſe, and other ſuch rhapſodies, he ſtrung together; imitating, as much as in him lay, the ſtile of thoſe ridiculous books which he had read; and jogging along, in ſpite of the ſun, which beamed upon him ſo intenſely

hot, that ſurely his brains, if any had remained, would have been fried in his ſkull: that whole day did he travel without encountering any thing worth mentioning; a circumſtance that grieved him ſorely, for he had expected to find ſome object on which he could try the proweſs of his valiant arm*.

Some authors ſay, his firſt adventure was that of the paſs of Lapice; but others affirm, that the windmills had the maidenhead of his valour: all that I can aver of the matter, in conſequence of what I found recorded in the annals of La Mancha, is, that having travelled the whole day, is horſe and he, about twilight, found themſelves exceſſively wearied, and half dead with hunger; and that looking around for ſome caſtle or ſheep-cote, in which he might allay the cravings of nature, by repoſe and refreſhment, he deſcried, not far from the road, an inn, which he looked upon as the ſtar that would guide him to the porch, if not the palace, of his redemption: in this hope, he put ſpurs to his horſe, and juſt in the twilight reached the gate, where at that time there happened to be two ladies of the game; who, being on their journey to Seville, with the carriers, had chanced to take up their night's lodging in this place.

As our hero's imagination converted whatſoever he ſaw, heard, or conſidered, into ſomething of which he had read in books of chivalry, he no ſooner perceived the inn, than his fancy repreſented it as a ſtately caſtle, with it's four towers and pinnacles of ſhining ſilver, accommodated with a draw-bridge, deep moat, and all other conveniencies that are deſcribed as belonging to buildings of that kind.

When he was within a ſmall diſtance of this inn, which to him ſeemed a caſtle, he drew bridle, and ſtopped Rozinante, in hope that ſome dwarf would appear

* He might have imitated the young knight deſcribed in Perce Foreſt, who having been dubbed by King Alexander, rode into a wood, and attacked the trees with ſuch fury and addreſs, that the king and his whole court were convinced of his proweſs and dexterity.

upon the battlements, and ſignify his arrival by ſound of trumpet: but as this ceremony was not performed ſo ſoon as he expected, and his ſteed expreſſed great eagerneſs to be in the ſtable, he rode up to the gate, and obſerving the battered wenches before mentioned, miſtook them for two beautiful maidens, or agreeable ladies, enjoying the cool breeze at the caſtle gate. At that inſtant, a ſwine-herd, who, in a field hard by, was tending a drove of hogs, (with leave be it ſpoken) chanced to blow his horn, in order to collect his ſcattered ſubjects: immediately the knight's expectation was fulfilled, and concluding that now the dwarf had given the ſignal of his approach, he rode towards the inn with infinite ſatisfaction. The ladies no ſooner perceived ſuch a ſtrange figure, armed with lance and target, than they were ſeized with conſternation, and ran affrighted to the gate; but Don Quixote, gueſſing their terror by their flight, lifted up his paſte-board vizor, and diſcovering his meagre, lanthorn-jaws beſmeared with duſt, addreſſed them thus with gentle voice and courteous demeanor: 'Fly me not, ladies; nor dread the leaſt affront; for it belongs not to the order of knighthood, which I profeſs, to injure any mortal, much leſs ſuch high-born damſels as your appearance declares you to be.'

The wenches, who ſtared at him with all their curioſity, in order to diſcover his face, which the ſorry beaver concealed, hearing themſelves ſtiled HIGH-BORN DAMSELS, an epithet ſo foreign to their profeſſion, could contain themſelves no longer, but burſt out into ſuch a fit of laughter, that Don Quixote, being offended, rebuked them in theſe words: 'Nothing is more commendable in beautiful women than modeſty; and nothing more ridiculous than laughter proceeding from a ſlight cauſe; but this I mention not as a reproach, by which I may incur your indignation; on the contrary, my intention is only to do you ſervice.'

This addreſs, which was wholly unintelligible to the ladies, together with the ludicrous appearance of him who pronounced it, increaſed their mirth; which kindled

the knight's anger, and he began to wax wroth; when luckily the landlord interpoſed. This inn-keeper, who, by reaſon of his unwieldy belly, was of a pacific diſpoſition, no ſooner beheld the prepoſterous figure of our hero, equipped with ſuch ill-ſuited accoutrements as his bridle, lance, target, and corſlet compoſed, than he was ſeized with an inclination to join the nymphs in their unſeaſonable merriment; but being juſtly afraid of incenſing the owner of ſuch unaccountable furniture, he reſolved to behave civilly, and accordingly accoſted him in theſe words: 'Sir knight, if your worſhip wants lodging, you may be accommodated in this inn with every thing in great abundance, except a bed; for at preſent we have not one unengaged.' Don Quixote perceiving the humility of the governor of the caſtle, for ſuch he ſuppoſed the landlord to be, anſwered, 'For me, Signior Caſtellano, any thing will ſuffice; my dreſs is armour, battles my repoſe, &c.' Mine hoſt imagining that he called him Caſtellano* becauſe he looked like a hypocritical rogue, though, indeed, he was an Andaluſian, born on the coaſt of St. Lucar, as great a thief as Cacus, and more miſchievous than a collegian or a page, replied with a ſneer, 'If that be the caſe, I ſuppoſe your worſhip's couch is no other than the flinty rock, and your ſleep perpetual waking; ſo that you may alight with the comfortable aſſurance, that you will find, in this manſion, continual opportunities of defying ſleep, not only for one night, but for a whole year, if you pleaſe to try the experiment.' With theſe words, he laid hold of the ſtirrup of Don Quixote; who, diſmounting with infinite pain and difficulty, occaſioned by his having travelled all day long without any refreſhment, bade the landlord take ſpecial care of his ſteed; for, he obſerved, a better piece of horſe fleſh had never broke bread.

The innkeeper, though with all his penetration he could not diſcern any qualities in Rozinante ſufficient to juſtify one half of what was ſaid in his praiſe, led him

* *Sana de Caſtella* ſignifies a crafty knave.

civilly into the ſtable; and having done the honours of the place, returned to receive the commands of his other gueſt, whom he found in the hands of the high-born damſels; who having by this time reconciled themſelves to him, were buſied in taking off his armour: they had already diſincumbered him of his back and breaſt-plates, but could fall upon no method of diſengaging his head and neck from his ill-contrived helmet and gorget, which were faſt tied with green ribbands, the Gordian knots of which no human hands could looſe, and he would by no means allow them to be cut; ſo that he remained all night armed from the throat upwards, and afforded as odd and comical a ſpectacle as ever was ſeen †. While theſe kind harridans, whom he ſuppoſed to be the conſtable's lady and daughter, were employed in this hoſpitable office, he ſaid to them with a ſmile of inconceivable pleaſure, 'Never was knight ſo honoured by the ſervice of ladies as Don Quixote, when he firſt uſhered himſelf into the world; ladies miniſtered unto him, and princeſſes took charge of his Rozinante. O Rozinante! (for that, fair ladies, is the name of my ſteed, and Don Quixote de la Mancha the appellation of his maſter;) not that I intended to have diſcloſed myſelf until the deeds atchieved in your ſervice ſhould have made me known; but, in order to accommodate my preſent ſituation to that venerable romance of Sir Lancelot, I am obliged to diſcover my name a little prematurely; yet the time will come, when your highneſſes ſhall command, and I will obey, and the valour of this arm teſtify the deſire I feel of being your ſlave.'

The

† This circumſtance of the ladies diſarming the knight, is exactly conformable to the practice of chivalry; though his refuſing to lay aſide his helmet is no great argument of his courteſy or attachment to the laws and cuſtoms of his profeſſion; for, among knights, it was looked upon as an indiſpenſible mark of reſpect, to appear without the helmet in church, and in preſence of ladies, or reſpectable perſonages; and, indeed, in thoſe iron times, this was conſidered as a neceſſary mark and proof of peaceable intention: hence we derive the cuſtom of uncovering the head in ſalutation.

The charmers, whom nature never deſired to expoſe to ſuch extraordinary compliments, anſwered not a ſyllable, but aſked if he choſe to have any thing for ſupper. To which kind queſtion Don Quixote replied, that from the information of his bowels, he belived nothing eatable could come amiſs. As it was unluckily a meagre day, the inn afforded no other fare than ſome bundles of that fiſh which is called abadexo in Caſtile, baccalao in Andaluſia, curadillo in ſome parts of Spain, and truchuela in others; ſo that they inquired if his worſhip could eat truchuela; for there was no other fiſh to be had. 'A number of troutlings,' anſwered the knight, 'will pleaſe me as much as one trout; for, in my opinion, eight ſingle rials are equivalent to one piece of eight; beſides, thoſe troutlings may be as much preferable to trouts, as veal is to beef, or lamb to mutton *: be that as it will, let the fiſh be immediately produced; for the toil and burden of arms are not to be borne without ſatisfying the cravings of the ſtomach.' A table being therefore covered at the inn-door, for the benefit of the cool air, mine hoſt brought out a cut of baccalao, wretchedly watered, and villainouſly cooked, with a loaf as black and greaſy as his gueſt's own armour: but his manner of eating afforded infinite ſubject for mirth; for, his head being incloſed in his helmet, and the beaver lifted up, his own hands could be of no ſervice in reaching the food to his mouth; and therefore one of the ladies undertook to perform that office: but they found it impoſſible to convey drink in the ſame manner; and our hero muſt have made an uncomfortable meal, if the landlord had not bored a cane, and putting one end of it in his mouth, poured ſome wine into the other; an operation he endured with patience, rather than ſuffer the ribbands of his helmet to be deſtroyed.

While they were thus employed, a ſow-gelder happened to arrive at the inn, and winding three or four blaſts with his horn, confirmed Don Quixote in his opinion, that he ſat in ſome ſtately caſtle, entertained with

* In the original, or kid to he-goat.

muſick during his repaſt, which conſiſted of delicate troutling and bread of the fineſt flour, was ſerved up, not by a brace of harlots and a thieviſh innkeeper, but by the fair hands of two beautiful ladies, and the courteous governor of the place. This conceit juſtified his undertaking, and rendered him very happy in the ſucceſs of his firſt ſally: but he was mortified when he recollected that he was not as yet knighted; becauſe he thought he could not lawfully atchieve any adventure without having been firſt inveſted with that honourable order.

CHAPTER III.

The diverting Expedient Don Quixote falls upon in order to be Knighted.

HARASSED by this reflection, he abridged his ſorry meal, and called for the landlord; with whom having ſhut himſelf up in the ſtable, he fell upon his knees, and addreſſed the ſuppoſed conſtable in theſe words:—'Never will I riſe from this ſuppliant poſture, thrice valiant knight, until your courteſy ſhall grant the boon I mean to beg; a boon that will not only redound to your particular praiſe, but alſo to the ineſtimable benefit of mankind in general!†.' The innkeeper, hearing ſuch diſcourſe proceed from the mouth of his gueſt, who kneeled before him, was aſtoniſhed, and gazed at our hero, without knowing what to ſay or do: at length, however, he intreated him to riſe; but this requeſt was abſolutely refuſed, until he aſſured him that his boon ſhould be granted. 'Signior,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'I could expect no leſs from the courteſy of your magnificence; I will now therefore tell you, that the boon which I have begged, and obtained from your generoſity, is, that you will, to-morrow morning, vouchſafe to confer upon me the honour of knighthood. This night will

† This requeſt was a little premature, inaſmuch as the practice of chivalry did not authorize the ſuppliant to aſk a boon of his godfather until he was dubbed, and then he had a right to demand it.

will I watch my arms in the chapel of your caſtle; that the morning, as I ſaid, may fulfil my eager deſire, and enable me, as I ought, to traverſe the four corners of the world, in ſearch of adventures for the relief of the diſtreſſed, according to the duty and office of chivalry, and of thoſe knights-errant, in imitation of whom my genius is ſtrongly addicted to ſuch atchievements.'

The landlord, who, as we have already obſerved, was a ſort of a wag, and had, from the beginning, ſuſpected that his lodger's brain was none of the ſoundeſt, having heard him to an end, no longer entertained any doubts about the matter; and, in order to regale himſelf and the reſt of his gueſts with a diſh of mirth, reſolved to humour him in his extravagance. With this view, he told him, that nothing could be more juſt and reaſonable than his requeſt, his conceptions being extremely well-ſuited, and natural to ſuch a peerleſs knight as his commanding preſence and gallant demeanour demonſtrated him to be; that he himſelf had, in his youth, exerciſed the honourable profeſſion of errantry, ſtrolling from place to place in queſt of adventures, in the courſe of which he did not fail to viſit the ſuburbs of Malaga, the iſles of Riaran, the booths of Seville, the market-place of Segovia, the olive gardens of Valencia, the little tower of Grenada, the bay of St. Lucar, the ſpout of Cordova*, the public-houſes of Toledo, and many other places, in which he had exerciſed the dexterity of his hands as well as the lightneſs of his heels, doing infinite miſchief; courting widows without number, debauching damſels, ruining heirs, and, in ſhort, making himſelf known at the bar of every tribunal in Spain: that, at length, he had retired to the caſtle, where he lived on his own means, together with thoſe of other people; accommodating knights-errant of every quality and degree, ſolely on account of the affection he bore to them, and to the coin which they parted with in return for his hoſpitality.

* Literally, the colt of Cordova, becauſe the water guſhes out of a fountain reſembling an horſe's mouth. Theſe are places of reſort frequented by thieves and ſharpers.

hoſpitality. He, moreover, informed him, that there was no chapel in the caſtle at preſent, where he could watch his armour, it having been demoliſhed in order to be rebuilt; but that, in caſe of neceſſity, as he very well knew, he might chuſe any other place; that the court-yard of the caſtle would very well ſerve the purpoſe; where, when the knight ſhould have watched all night, he, the hoſt, would in the morning, with God's permiſſion, perform all the other ceremonies required, and create him not only a knight, but ſuch a one as ſhould not have his fellow in the whole univerſe.

He then aſked, if he carried any money about with him: and the knight replied that he had not a ſous; for he had never read in the hiſtory of knights-errant, that they had ever troubled themſelves with any ſuch incumbrance. The innkeeper aſſured him, that he was very much miſtaken; for that though no ſuch circumſtance was to be found in thoſe hiſtories, the authors having thought it ſuperfluous to mention things that were ſo plainly neceſſary as money and clean ſhirts, it was not to be ſuppoſed that their heroes travelled without ſupplies of both: he might, therefore, take it for granted and uncontrovertible, that all thoſe knights, whoſe actions are ſo voluminouſly recorded, never rode without their purſes well lined in caſes of emergency †; not forgetting to carry a ſtock of linen, with 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 deſarts; unleſs they were befriended by ſome ſage enchanter,

† Here the landlord was more ſelfiſh than obſervant of the cuſtoms of chivalry; for knights were actually exempted from all expence whatever; except when damages were awarded againſt them in a court of juſtice; and in that caſe they paid for their rank. This they looked upon as a mark of their pre-eminence; in conſequence of which, at the ſiege of Don le Roy, in the year 1411, each knight was ordered to carry eight faſcines, while the ſquire was quit for half the number.

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 assistance 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 on the brink of being his godson, he might command him, never thenceforward to travel without money, and those other indispensible 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

* 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.

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 noviciate was diſtinctly perceived by all preſent. At this inſtant, a carrier, who lodged in 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 ejaculation, 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

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 tranſcendant 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. The inkeeper 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 though 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 honour 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

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 tranquillity.

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, though 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

then ordering him to kneel before him, mumbled in his manual, as if he had been putting up some very devout 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 Tobosa, 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 Tobosa. 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 Molinera; and that her father was an honourable miller of Antequera. Don Quixote entreated her also to enoble her name with the

* The slap on the shoulders, and the box on the ear being bestowed, the godfather pronounced, 'in the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, I dub thee knight: be worthy, bold, and loyal.'

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, though ſomething more laconic, and let him march off in a happy hour, without demanding one farthing for his lodging.

CHAPTER IV.

Of what befel our Knight, when he ſallied from the Inn.

IT 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 girth 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 this office he fixed, in his own mind, upon a poor ploughman who lived in his neighbourhood, 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. 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'

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 tied 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 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 tied,) 'and I will 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, though, upon my conscience, and as I shall answer to God, he tells a lie.'—'How! a lie, before me, base catiff!' cried Don Quixote; 'by the sun that enlightens this globe, I have a good mind to thrust this lance through thy body! Pay

the young man his wages ſtraight, 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, untied 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, though, 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 worn 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 flay me like another Saint 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 let 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,

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 honours 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 though 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 farewel. 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 order of that redresser of wrongs.' —And adad,' said Andrew, 'you had best not neglect the 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,

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 flayed 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 of which would certainly induce him to pay the countryman ſeventy-fold.

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 ſatisfaction, pronouncing 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. He who, as all the world knows, but yeſterday received the honour 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 ſtraight 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,

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 Toleda, going to buy ſilks at Mercia, 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 propoſed atchievement.

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. When they were near enough to hear him, he 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, though 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

ing, acknowledging, and 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, though 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 obyed to your heart's content; for I believe we are already so prepossessed in her favour, that though 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 straight 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 incumbered 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 catiffs: not through any fault of my own, but of my horſe, am I thus diſcomfitted.' 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 though the fellow's maſter called him to forbear, he was ſo incenſed, that he could not leave off the game, until he had exhauſted the whole of his choler. Gathering the other pieces of the lance, he reduced them all to ſhivers, one after another, on the miſerable carcaſe of the Don, who, notwithſtanding the ſtorm of blows, which deſcended on him, never cloſed his mouth, but continued threatening heaven and earth, and thoſe banditti, 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.

CHAP.

CHAPTER V.

In which the Story of our Knight's Misfortune is continued.

FINDING 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 body 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. 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!'

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 the amour betwixt

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. 'Signior 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 groans, as obliged the peaſant to aſk again what was the matter with him. 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 into 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 Abindar-raez to the ſaid Rodrigo de Narvaez, as may be ſeen

in

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 harrangue 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 fame 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 Signior 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

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 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 the wounds he had received in battle; then he would drink of 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 inchanter and friend of his; but I take the whole blame to myſelf, for not having informed your worſhip of my dear uncle's extravagancies, 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

* 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 watching his armour.

path which I am afraid my good friend has taken.' Every syllable of this conversation was overheard by Don Quixote and his guide, which last 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 Abindar-raez, 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 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

* The name of a good-natured inchantress 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 Perce Foreſt 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 afterwards reduced his arm, which was dislocated.

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.

CHAPTER VI.

Of the diverting and minute Scrutiny performed by the Curate and the Barber, in the Library of our ſagacious Hero.

WHILE the knight was aſleep, his friends came and demanded of his niece the key of the cloſet in which theſe books, the authors of his misfortune, were kept; and ſhe delivering it with great chearfulneſs, they went into it in a body, houſekeeper and all, and found upwards of a 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 hyſop, ſaying—'Here, Maſter Licentiate, pray take and ſprinkle the cloſet, leſt ſome one of the many inchanters 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,

plicity, 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 nobody.' 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 it's 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 atchievements 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, Mrs. 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 threatened. 'Proceed,' cried the curate. 'This

that

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 Pintiquinieſtra, and the ſhepherd Darinel with his eclogues, together with the unintelligible and bedeviled 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 Hircania.'—'What, Signior 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, Mrs. 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 de-'ſerves the leaſt regard, he muſt e'en keep the reſt com-'pany.' He was accordingly doomed to the flames, without farther queſtion. The next book they opened was intituled, 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 Signior Rinaldo 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

tion 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 enquiry."

'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 houſekeeper to diſmiſs all the large books into the yard.

This direction was not given to a perſon who was either doating or deaf, but to one who was much more inclined

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 God-a-mercy* of Mont-alban, and his brother Thomas of Mont-alban, and the knight Fonſeca; as alſo 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 gallies 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 Montemajor, and taking it for granted that all the reſt were of the ſame kind, ſaid, 'Theſe books do not deſerve to be

* In the original, *Quirielyſon*, from the two Greek words κύριε ἐλέησον, ſignifying, Lord have mercy.

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-major, I am of opinion that we ſhould not burn him, but only expunge what relates to the ſage Felicia, and the inchanted 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 Loſraſco, 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 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;

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it gives me more pleasure to have found this, than if I had received a cassock of Florence silk.'

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 housekeeper; 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 heroick 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 inchanted. 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

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 Ruso Jurado de Cordova, and the Monserrato of Christoval de Virues, a Valentian poet.'—'These three books,' said the curate, 'are the best epick 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 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 it's 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.'

CHAPTER VII.

The second Sally of our worthy Knight Don Quixote De La Mancha.

WHILE they were busied in this manner, Don Quixote began to cry alond, '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 Louis D'Avila; which were, doubtless, among those committed to the fire; though, perhaps, had the curate seen them, they would not have undergone so severe a sentence.

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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 re-conveyed 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 mere 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 inchantments! Meanwhile, 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*

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fer 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 inquiry, they ſhould tell him an inchanter 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 inquired 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 inchanter 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 through 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 conjuror 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 houſekeeper, 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 inchanter is one of my greateſt enemies; who bears me a grudge, becauſe he knows, by the myſtery of his art, that the 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 the 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 chuſe 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

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

With regard to the aſs, Don Quixote demurred a little, endeavouring to recollect ſome knight-errant who had entertained a ſquire mounted on an aſs; 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 aſs 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 through the field of Montiel, over which he now paſſed with much leſs pains 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 until 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

your worſhip mentions, my duck Juana Gutierez 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 though it were to rain kingdoms upon the earth, not one of them would ſit ſeemly on the head of Mary Gutierez*: 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.'

CHAPTER VIII.

Of the happy Succeſs of the valiant Don Quixote, and the dreadful and inconceivable Adventure of the Windmills, with other Incidents worthy to be recorded by the moſt able Hiſtorian.

IN the midſt of this their converſation, they diſcovered thirty or forty windmills 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

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

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 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, though 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

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!'—'Pr'ythee, 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 Vargos, who, having broke 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 Vargos and Machuca. This circumſtance I mention to thee, becauſe, from the firſt aſh or oak that I meet with, I am reſolved to rend as large and ſtout a bough as that, with which I expect, 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

ed 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 though their bowels ſhould come out of their bodies.'—'If that be the 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 had paſſed many ſleepleſs

nights

nights in woods and deſarts, 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 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 it's defect. Don Quixote refuſing to breakfaſt, becauſe, as we have already ſaid, he regaled himſelf with the ſavoury 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 our elbows in what is called adventure; but take notice, although 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 licenſed, by the laws of chivalry, to give me the leaſt ſuccour, until thou thyſelf haſt received the honour of knighthood*.'—

* Here Don Quixote ſeems to have been too ſcrupulous: for though 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 Saint Severin met with the ſame fate in warding off the blows that were aimed at Francis I. of France, in the battle of Pavia.

'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 friars (who, though 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 inchanters, who are carrying off in that coach ſome princeſs they have ſtolen; and there is a neceſſity for my exerting my whole power in redreſſing her wrongs.'—'This will be worſe than the windmills,' cried Sancho: 'for the love of God! Sir, conſider that theſe are Benedictine friars; 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

So saying, he rode forward, and placed himself in the middle of the highway through which the friars 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 friars 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 fawing 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 friar 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 threw the field even swifter than the wind.

Sancho Panza seeing the friar 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 knew any thing of spoils and battles, seeing Don Quixote at a good distance, talking with the lady 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,

Then, with the utmoſt diſpatch, the friar mounted, as pale as a ſheet, and almoſt frightened to death; and 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 lies 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 unparalleled 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, cavilier! go to the devil, I zay! vor, by the God that made her, 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 zee which be

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 expreſſions, 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 ſhould 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 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.'

† The behaviour of Don Quixote was exactly conformable to the rules of chivalry; which, though 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.

ceſſive 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 ſuſpence, excuſing himſelf, that he could find no other account of Don Quixote's exploits, but what has already been related. True it is, that this 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.

PART

PART I. BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

The Concluſion and Conſequence of the ſtupendous Combat between the gallant Biſcayan, and the valiant Knight of La Mancha.

IN 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 pomegrantes; 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 necromancers, on purpoſe to record not only his atchievements, 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.

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, though 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 mirror 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; though 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: the manner of my finding it I will now recount.

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, though I knew the characters, I looked about for some Portuguese Moor who should understand

ſtand it; and, indeed, though 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 to have had the beſt hand at ſalting pork of any woman in La Mancha."

Not a little ſurprized at hearing Dulcinea del Toboſo mentioned, I immediately conjectured that the bundle actually contained the hiſtory of Don Quixote. Poſſeſſed with this notion, I bade him, with great eagerneſs, read the title-page, which having peruſed, 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 maſter, I immediately bought in the lump for half a rial; though, 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 through the cloiſters 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 raiſins, 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 brandiſhed 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 there 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 called indiſcriminately by the names of Panza* and Zancas; for by both theſe ſurnames is he ſometimes mentioned in hiſtory.

There were divers other minute circumſtances to be obſerved, but all of them of ſmall importance and concern to the truth of the hiſtory, though, 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 falſhood, though, 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

* Panza, in Caſtilian, ſignifies Paunch; and Zancas, Spindle-ſhanks.

such an illustrious knight, he seems to be industriously silent on the subject; a circumstance very little to his commendation; for an historian ought to be punctual, candid, and dispassionate, that neither interest, rancour, fear, or affection, may mislead him from the road of Truth, whose mother is History, that rival of Time, that repository 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 it's 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 cholerick Biscayan, who struck with such force and fury, that if the blade had not returned 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 though it fell upon his left shoulder, it did no other damage than disarm that whole side, slicing off in it's 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,

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 ſat obſerving him with great tranquility, 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, bade 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 ſtateline ſs 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 ſtraight to Toboſo, and preſent himſelf in my behalf, before the unparalleled 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, though he has richly deſerved it at my hand.'

CHAPTER II.

Of what farther happened between Don Quixote and the Biſcayan.

ALL this time Sancho Panza having got up, though very roughly handled by the lacquies of the friars, 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 governs an iſland in this world.'' To this requeſt Don Quixote replied, 'You muſt know, brother Sancho, that ſuch as theſe are not adventures of iſlands, but frays that happen in bye-roads, 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

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, it is 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 will 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 have

* 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 phial of the balsam of Fierabras, one single drop of which would save abundance of time and trouble.'—'What sort of a phial 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 through 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 as 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, though 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,' 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,

* Theſe ridiculous oaths or vows are not confined to romances. Philip, the good Duke of Burgundy, at a publick 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, liſted themſelves under the ſame vow, and incurred voluntary penance until it ſhould be accompliſhed. Some ſwore they would never lie 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.

† Geoffroi de Rancon, having been injured by the Count de la Marche, ſwore by the ſaints that he would wear his buſkin

'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 lie 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 the 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

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 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.

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 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 knight's-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 though 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 through woods and deserts, without any cook or caterer, their ordinary diet was no other than such rustick 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,

* We read in Perce Forest, 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 roe-buck, pressed the blood out of it upon one of these tables by the help of another smooth stone, and then eat it with some salt and spices, which they carried along with them for that purpose. This diet is called in the French romances, *Chevraux ae presse, nourreture des heraux.*

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 theſe 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 eat 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 goatherd'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.

CHAPTER III.

Of what happened to Don Quixote while he remained with the Goatherds.

HE 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

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* Volatile, in the original, ſignifies any things that fly; and therefore Sancho may be ſuppoſed to mean, he would provide himſelf with game or poultry; but the blunder which we have made him commit ſeems to be more in character.

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-ſkins upon the ground, ſet out their ruſtick 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 may'ſt ſee, Sancho,' ſaid he, 'the benefit which is concentered 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 may'ſt 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 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

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 were then 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 ruſtick 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 her. Then did the ſimple and beautiful ſhepherdeſſes rove from hill to hill, and dale to dale, bare-headed in their braided locks, 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 court ladies 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

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 barricadoed 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 ſuſpence 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-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

read and write, and play upon the rebeck*, that it will delight you to hear him.' Scarce had the goatherd pronounced these words, when their ears were saluted with a 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 musick. 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 entreaty, 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.

YOU 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,
Tho' 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 ſcower'd and mended,
With which I wont to honour Sunday.

IX.

As love delights in finery,
And women oft are won 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 Tereſa of the hill
Beneath all notice would have ſunk ye:
'You think Olalla angel ſtill,'
Said ſhe, 'but others ſcorn the monkey.

XIII.

'Thanks to her beads of glittering glaſs,
'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 ſoundly 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 ſilken 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 liar!
Never to quit this deſart drear,
Except in form of hooded friar*.

Thus

* The reader will perceive that I have endeavoured to adapt the verſification 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

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 musick.'—'They agreed with us all very well, blessed be God!' replied Sancho. 'I do not deny it,' said the knight; 'and thou mayest 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, bade 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.

CHAPTER

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

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.'

CHAPTER IV.

What was related by a Goatherd, who chanced to come into the Hut.

IN the mean time, another 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 Chrysostom 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 shepherdess.'—'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 Chrysostom 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,

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 ſhepherdeſs 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 cliple 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 great 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 fel-

low-ſtudent at college. I forgot to tell you that Chryſoſtom 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, they were tip-top. When the people of the village ſaw the two ſcholars ſo ſuddenly cloathed like ſhepherds, they were ſurpriſed, and could not gueſs their reaſon for ſuch an odd change. About that time the father of this Chryſoſtom 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 Chryſoſtom 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 the 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

* 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.

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 again.'

'Well, then, my good maſter,' ſaid the goatherd,' 'there lived in our village a farmer, ſtill richer than Chryſoſtom'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 her's, 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 village. The girl grew up with ſo much beauty, that ſhe put us in mind of her mother, who had a great ſhare, and yet it was thought it would be ſurpaſſed by the daughter's. It happened accordingly; for, when ſhe came to the age of fourteen or fifteen, nobody could behold her without bleſſing God, for having made ſo beautiful a creature; and every body almoſt grew deſperately in love with her. Her uncle kept her up with great care; but, for all that, the fame of her exceeding beauty ſpread in ſuch a manner, that both for her perſon and her fortune, not only the richeſt people in our town, but likewiſe in many leagues about, came to aſk her in marriage of her uncle, with much importunity and ſolicitation. But he, who, to give him his due, was a good chriſtian, although he wanted to diſpoſe of her as ſoon as ſhe came to the age fit for matrimony, would not give her away without her own conſent; neither had he a view in deferring her marriage, to the gain and advantage which he might enjoy in managing the girl's fortune. And truly I have heard this ſpoken in more companies than one, very much to the praiſe of the honeſt prieſt. For I would have you know, Sir traveller,

that in these small towns people intermeddle and grumble about every thing. And this you may take for certain, as I know it to be so, that a clergyman must be excessively good indeed, if he can oblige his flock to speak well of him, especially in country villages.'— 'You are certainly in the right,' said Don Quixote; 'and pray go on, for your story is very entertaining; and you, honest Pedro, relate it with a good grace.'— 'May I never want God's grace!' said the shepherd; 'for that is the main chance; and you must know, moreover, that though the uncle proposed to his niece, and described the good qualities of each in particular who asked her in marriage, desiring her to give her hand to some one or other, and chuse for herself; she never would give him any other answer, but that she did not chuse to marry, for that she was too young to bear the burden of matrimony. On account of these excuses, which seemed to have some reason in them, her uncle forbore to importune her, and waited till she should have more years and discernment to make choice of her own company; for he said, and to be sure it was well said, that parents should never dispose of their children against their own inclinations. But behold, when we least thought of it, the timorous Marcella one day appeared in the habit of a shepherdess; and without imparting her design to her uncle, or any body in the village, for fear they might have dissuaded her from it, she took to the field with her own flock, in company of the other damsels of the village. As she now appeared in public, and her beauty was exposed to the eyes of every body, you cannot conceive what a number of rich youths, gentlemen, and farmers, immediately took the garb of Chrysostom, and went wooing her through the fields. One of these suitors, as you have heard, was the deceased, who, they say, left off loving to adore her; and you must not think, that because Marcella took to this free and unconfined way of living, she brought the least disparagement upon her chastity and good name; on the contrary, such is the vigilance with which she guards her

her honour, that of all thoſe who ſerve and ſolicit her, not one has boaſted, nor indeed can boaſt with any truth, that ſhe has given him the ſmalleſt hope of accompliſhing his deſire; for though ſhe neither flies or avoids the company and converſation of the ſhepherds, but treats them in a courteous and friendly manner, whenever any one of them comes to diſcloſe his intention, let it be ever ſo juſt and holy, even marriage itſelf, ſhe throws him from her like a ſtone from a ſling: and being of this diſpoſition, does more damage in this country, than if a peſtilence had ſeized it; for her affability and beauty allures all the hearts of thoſe that converſe with her to ſerve and love her, but her coyneſs and plain dealing drives them even to the borders of deſpair; therefore they know not what to ſay, but upbraid her with cruelty and ingratitude, and give her a great many ſuch titles, as plainly ſhew the nature of her diſpoſition: and if your worſhip was but to ſtay here one day, you would here theſe hills and dales reſound with the lamentations of her rejected followers. Not far from this place there is a tuft of about a dozen of tall beeches, upon every one of which you may read engraved the name of Marcella, and over ſome a crown cut out in the bark, as if her lover would have declared, that Marcella wears, and deſerves to wear, the crown of all earthly beauty. Here one ſhepherd ſighs, there another complains; in one place you may hear amorous ditties, in another the dirges of deſpair: one lover ſits muſing through all the hours of the night, at the foot of ſome tall aſh or rugged rock, and there, without having cloſed his weeping eyes, ſhrunk up as it were, and entranced in his own reflections, he is found by the riſing ſun; a ſecond, without giving reſpite or truce to his ſighs, expoſed to the heat of the moſt ſultry ſummer's ſun, lies ſtretched upon the burning ſand, breathing his complaints to pitying heaven; and over this and that, and theſe and thoſe, the free, the unconcerned, the fair Marcella triumphs. We who are acquainted with her diſpoſition, wait with impatience to ſee the end of all this

diſdain, and long to know what happy man will tame ſuch an unſociable humour, and enjoy ſuch exceeding beauty. As every thing that I have recounted is true to a tittle, I have no reaſon to doubt the truth of what our comrade ſaid concerning the cauſe of Chryſoſtom's death; and therefore I adviſe you, Sir, not to fail being to-morrow at his burial, which will be well worth ſeeing; for Chryſoſtom had a great many friends, and the ſpot in which he ordered himſelf to be buried is not more than half a league from hence.'

'I will take care to be preſent,' ſaid the knight, 'and thank you heartily for the pleaſure you have given me in relating ſuch an intereſting ſtory.'—'Oh! as for that,' cried the goatherd, 'I do not know one half of what has happened to the lovers of Marcella: but to-morrow, perhaps, we may light upon ſome ſhepherd on the road, who is better acquainted with them. In the mean time you will do well to go to ſleep under ſome cover, for the cold night air may not agree with the hurt your jaws have received, though the remedy I have applied is ſuch, that you have nothing elſe to fear.'

Sancho Panza, who wiſhed the goatherd's loquacity at the devil, earneſtly intreated his maſter to go to ſleep in Pedro's hut. This requeſt the knight complied with, and ſpent the greateſt part of the night in thinking of his Lady Dulcinea, in imitation of Marcella's lovers; while Sancho Panza, taking up his lodging betwixt Rozinante and his aſs, ſlept ſoundly, not like a diſcarded lover, but like one who had been battered and bruiſed the day before.

CHAPTER V.

The Concluſion of the Story of the Shepherdeſs Marcella, and other Incidents.

SCARCE had Aurora diſcloſed herſelf through the balconies of the Eaſt, when five of the ſix goatherds ariſing, went to waken Don Quixote, and told him, that

that if he continued in his reſolution of going to ſee the famous funeral of Chryſoſtom, they would keep him company. The knight, who deſired nothing better, aroſe, and commanded Sancho to ſaddle his horſe and pannel his aſs immediately. This order was executed with great diſpatch, and they ſet out without loſs of time. They had not travelled more than a quarter of a league, when, upon croſſing a path, they ſaw coming towards them ſix ſhepherds, cloathed in jackets of black ſheep ſkin, and crowned with garlands of cypreſs and bitter-bay, each having a club of holly in his hand. Along with them came alſo two gentlemen on horſe-back, very well equipped for travel, accompanied by three young men on foot.

When they advanced they ſaluted one another; and underſtanding, upon inquiry, that they were all bound to the place of interment, they joined company, and travelled together. One of the horſemen ſaid to his companion, 'Signior Vivaldo, we ſhall not have reaſon to grudge our tarrying to ſee this famous funeral, which muſt certainly be very extraordinary, by the ſtrange account we have received from theſe people, of the dead ſhepherd, and the murderous ſhepherdeſs.'—'I am of the ſame opinion,' anſwered Vivaldo; 'and would not only tarry one day, but even four or five, on purpoſe to ſee it.' Don Quixote aſking what they had heard of Marcella and Chryſoſtom, the traveller replied, that early in the morning they had met with theſe ſhepherds, of whom inquiring the cauſe of their being cloathed in ſuch melancholy weeds, they had been informed of the coyneſs and beauty of a certain ſhepherdeſs called Marcella, and the hapleſs love of many who courted her, together with the death of that ſame Chryſoſtom to whoſe funeral they were going. In ſhort, he recounted every circumſtance of what Pedro had told Don Quixote before.

This converſation being ended, another began by Vivaldo's aſking Don Quixote why he travelled thus in armour in a peaceable country. To this queſtion the knight

knight replied, 'The exercise of my profession will not permit or allow me to go in any other manner. Revels, feasting, and repose, were invented by effeminate courtiers; but toil, anxiety, and arms, are peculiar to those whom the world calls knights-errant, of which order I, though unworthy, and the least, am one.' He had no sooner pronounced these words, than all present took him for a madman; but, in order to confirm their opinion, and discover what kind of madness it was, Vivaldo desired to know what he meant by knights-errant. 'What!' said Don Quixote, 'have you never read the annals and history of England, which treat of the famous exploits of Arthur, who, at present, in our Castilian language, is called King Artus, and of whom there is an ancient tradition, generally believed all over Great Britain, that he did not die, but was, by the art of inchantment, metamorphosed into a raven; and that the time will come when he shall return, and recover his sceptre and throne; for which reason it cannot be proved, that from that period to this, any Englishman has killed a raven. In the reign of that excellent king was instituted that famous order of chivalry, called the Knights of the Round Table; and those amours punctually happened, which are recounted of Don Lancelot of the Lake, with Queen Ginebra, by the help and mediation of that sage and venerable duenna Quitaniona, from whence that delightful ballad, so much sung in Spain, took its rise:

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

'With the rest of that most relishing and delicious account of his amours and valiant exploits. From that time the order of knight-errantry was extended, as it were, from hand to hand, and spread through divers and sundry parts of the world, producing, among many other worthies celebrated for their atchievements, the valiant Amadis de Gaul, with all his sons and nephews, even

even to the fifth generation; the courageous Floriſmarte of Hicarnia; the never-enough to be commended Tirante the White; and he whom, in this our age, we have as it were ſeen, heard, and converſed with, the invincible and valorous knight Don Belianis of Greece. This, gentlemen, is what I meant by knights-errant; and ſuch as I have deſcribed is the order of chivalry, which, as I have already told you, I, though a ſinner, have profeſſed; and the very ſame which thoſe knights I mentioned profeſſed, I profeſs alſo. On which account I am found in theſe deſarts and ſolitudes, in queſt of adventures, fully determined to lift my arm, and expoſe my perſon, to the greateſt danger that my deſtiny ſhall decree, in behalf of the needy and oppreſſed.'

By this declaration, the travellers were convinced that the knight had loſt his wits, and eaſily perceived the ſpecies of folly which had taken poſſeſſion of his brain, and which ſtruck them with the ſame ſurpriſe that always ſeized thoſe who became acquainted with our knight. Vivaldo, who was a perſon of diſcretion, and a great deal of archneſs, in order to travel agreeably the reſt of the road which they had to go till they ſhould come to the place of interment, wanted to give him an opportunity of proceeding in his extravagance, and in that view ſaid to him, 'Sir knight-errant, methinks your worſhip profeſſes one of the ſtricteſt orders upon earth; nay, I will affirm, more ſtrict than that of the Carthuſian friars.'

'The order of the Carthuſians,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'may be as ſtrict; but, that it is as beneficial to mankind, I am within a hair's breadth of doubting; for, to be plain with you, the ſoldier, who executes his captain's command, is no leſs valuable than the captain who gave the order. I mean that the monks pray to God for their fellow-creatures in peace and ſafety; but we ſoldiers and knights put in execution that for which they pray, by the valour of our arms, and the edge of our ſwords; living under no other cover than the cope of heaven; ſet up in a manner as marks for the intole-

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rable heat of the sun in summer, and the chilly breath of frosty winter; we are therefore God's ministers, and the arms by which he executes his justice upon earth; and as the circumstances of war, and what has the least affinity and concern with it, cannot be accomplished without sweat, anxiety, and fatigue; it follows, that those who profess it, are doubtless more subject to toil, than those who in rest and security implore the favour of God for persons who can do nothing for themselves: not that I would be thought to say or imagine, the condition of a knight-errant is equal to that of a recluse monk; I would only infer from what we suffer, that it is without doubt more troublesome, more battered, more famished, more miserable, ragged, and lousy; for the knights-errant of past times certainly underwent numberless misfortunes in the course of their lives. And if some of them came to be emperors by the valour of their arms, considering the blood and sweat it cost them, in faith it was a dear purchase; and if those who attained such a supreme station, had been without their sage inchanters to assist them, they might have been defrauded by their desires, and grievously baulked of their expectations.'

'I am very much of your opinion,' answered the traveller: 'but there is one thing among you knights-errant, that I cannot approve of, and that is, when any great and dangerous adventure occurs, in which you run a manifest risk of losing your lives, in the instant of an engagement, you never think of recommending your souls to God, as every Christian ought to do on such occasions; but, on the contrary, put up your petitions to your mistresses, with as much fervour and devotion as if they were your deities; a circumstance which, in my opinion, smells strong of paganism.'—'Sir,' replied Don Quixote, 'that practice must in no degree be altered; and woe be to that knight-errant who should do otherwise; for, according to the practice and custom of chivalry, every knight, when he is upon the point of atchieving some great feat, must call

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up the idea of his miſtreſs, and turning his eyes upon her with all the gentleneſs of love, implore, as it were, by his looks, her favour and protection in the doubtful dilemma in which he is about to involve himſelf: nay, even though nobody ſhould hear him, he is obliged to mutter between his teeth an ejaculation, by which he heartily and confidently recommends himſelf to her good wiſhes; and of this practice we have innumerable examples in hiſtory; but I would not have you think, that we are to forbear recommending ourſelves to God alſo; there will be time and opportunity enough for that duty in the courſe of action.'

'But, nevertheleſs,' ſaid the traveller, 'I have ſtill one ſcruple remaining; which is, that I have often read of a diſpute between two knights, which proceeding to rage from one word to another, they have turned about their ſteeds, to gain ground for a good career; and then, without any more ceremony, returned to the encounter at full gallop, recommending themſelves to their miſtreſſes by the way; and the common iſſue of ſuch an engagement is, that one of them is thrown down by his horſe's crupper, ſtruck through and through with his adverſary's lance, while the other, with difficulty, avoids a fall by laying hold of his horſe's mane: now, I cannot comprehend how the dead man could have time to recommend himſelf to God, in the courſe of ſo ſudden an attack; ſurely it would have been better for his ſoul, if, inſtead of the words he uttered in his career, he had put up a petition to Heaven, according to the duty and obligation of every Chriſtian; eſpecially, as I take it for granted, that every knight-errant has not a miſtreſs; for all of them cannot be in love.'—'That's impoſſible,' anſwered Don Quixote. 'I affirm, that there never could be a knight-errant without a miſtreſs; for to be in love is as natural and peculiar to them, as the ſtars are to the heavens. I am very certain that you never read an hiſtory that gives an account of a knight-errant without an amour; for he that has never been in love, would not be held as a legitimate

gitimate member, but ſome adulterate brood, who had got into the fortreſs of chivalry, not through the gate, but over the walls, like a thief in the night.'

'Yet, notwithſtanding,' ſaid the traveller, 'I have read that Don Galaor, brother of the valiant Amadis de Gaul, never had any known miſtreſs to whom he could recommend himſelf; and he was not diſregarded, but looked upon as a very valiant and famous knight.'—'Signior,' anſwered our hero, Don Quixote, 'one ſwallow makes not a ſummer; beſides, to my certain knowledge, that knight was privately very much in love; indeed, he made love to every handſome woman who came in his way; for that was his natural diſpoſition, which he by no means could reſiſt: in ſhort, it is very well atteſted, that he had one miſtreſs, whom he enthroned as ſovereign of his heart, and to whom he recommended himſelf with great caution and privacy, becauſe he piqued himſelf upon being a ſecret knight.'

'Since, then, it is eſſential to every knight to be in love, we may conclude that your worſhip, being of that profeſſion, is no ſtranger to that paſſion: and if you do not value yourſelf upon being as ſecret a knight as Don Galaor, I earneſtly entreat you, in behalf of myſelf, and the reſt of the company, to tell us the name, country, ſtation, and qualities of your miſtreſs; who muſt think herſelf extremely happy in reflecting, that all the world knows how much ſhe is beloved and adored by ſo valiant a knight as your worſhip appears to be.'

Here Don Quixote uttered a grievous ſigh, ſaying, 'I am not poſitively certain, whether or not that beauteous enemy of mine takes pleaſure in the world's knowing I am her ſlave; this only I can ſay, in anſwer to the queſtion you aſked with ſo much civility, that her name is Dulcinea; her native country, a certain part of La Mancha called Toboſo: her ſtation muſt at leaſt be that of a princeſs, ſince ſhe is queen and lady of my ſoul; her beauty ſupernatural, in that it juſtifies all thoſe impoſſible and chimerical attributes of excellence, which the poets beſtow upon their nymphs; her hair is

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of gold, her forehead the Elyſian Fields, her eye-brows heavenly arches, her eyes themſelves ſuns, her cheeks roſes, her lips of coral, her teeth of pearl, her neck alabaſter, her breaſt marble, her hands ivory, her ſkin whiter than ſnow; and thoſe parts which decency conceals from human view, are ſuch, according to my belief and apprehenſion, as diſcretion ought to enhance above all compariſon.'

'I wiſh we knew her lineage, race, and family,' replied Vivaldo. To this hint the knight anſwered, 'She is not deſcended of the ancient Caii, Curtii, and Scipios of Rome, nor of the modern Colonas and Orſini, nor of the Moncades and Requeſnes of Catalonia, much leſs of the Rebellas and Villanovas of Valencia; or the Palafaxes, Newcas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Fozes and Gurreas of Arragon; or the Cerdas, Manriquez, Mendozas and Guſmans of Caſtile; or the Alencaſtros, Pallas and Meneſis of Portugal: but ſhe ſprung from the family of Toboſo de La Mancha: a lineage which, though modern, may give a noble riſe to the moſt illuſtrious families of future ages: and let no man contradict what I ſay, except upon the conditions expreſſed in that inſcription placed by Cerbino under the trophy of Orlando's arms!

"That knight alone theſe arms ſhall move,
"Who dares Orlando's proweſs prove*."

'Although

* When a knight challenged the whole world, he wore an emprize, conſiſting of a gold chain, or ſome other badge of love and chivalry; and ſometimes this emprize was fixed in a public place, to attract the attention of ſtrangers. When any perſon accepted the challenge for a trial of chivalry, called the combat of courteſy, he touched this emprize; but if he tore it away, it was conſidered as a reſolution to fight the owner to extremity or outrance. The combat of courteſy is ſtill practiſed by our prize-fighters and boxers, who ſhake hands before the engagement, in token of love.

But no defiance of this kind could be either publiſhed or accepted without the permiſſion of the prince at whoſe court

'Although I myself am descended from the Cachopines of Loredo*,' said the traveller, 'I won't presume to compare with that of Toboso de La Mancha; though, to be plain with you, I never before heard of any such generation.'—'How, not heard!' replied Don Quixote. The rest of the company jogged on, listening with great attention to this discourse, and all of them, even the goatherds, by this time were convinced, that our knight's judgment was grievously impaired. Sancho alone believed that every thing his master said was true, because he knew his family, and had been acquainted with himself from his cradle. The only doubt that he entertained was of this same beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso; for never had such a name or such a princess come within the sphere of his observation, although he lived in the neighbourhood of that place.

While they travelled along, conversing in this manner, they perceived about twenty shepherds descend through a cleft made by two high mountains. They were all clad in jackets of black sheep-skin, and each of them crowned with a garland, which was composed, as we afterwards learned, partly of cypress, and partly of yew; six of the foremost carried a bier, upon which they had strewed a variety of branches and flowers. And this was no sooner perceived by one of the goatherds,

the combatants chanced to be. Accordingly, we are told by Oliver de La Marche, that the lord of Ternant having published a defiance at the court of Burgundy, in the year 1445, Galiot asked the duke's permission to touch the challenger's emprize; which being granted, he advanced and touched it, saying to the bearer, while he bowed very low, 'Noble knight, I touch your emprize; and, with God's permission, will do my utmost to fulfil your desire, either on horseback, or on foot.' The lord of Ternant humbly thanked him for his condescension, said he was extremely welcome, and promised to send him that same day a cartel, mentioning the arms they should use.

* Cachopines is the name given to the Europeans by the Indians of Mexico.

herds, than he ſaid, 'Theſe are the people who carry the corpſe of Chryſoſtom, and the foot of that mountain is the place where he ordered himſelf to be interred.'

Upon this information they made haſte, and came up juſt at the time that the bearers, having laid down the body, began to dig the grave with pick-axes on one ſide of a flinty rock. They received our travellers with great courteſy; and Don Quixote, with his company, went towards the bier to look at the dead body, which was covered with flowers, clad in ſhepherds' weeds, and ſeemingly thirty years old. Notwithſtanding he was dead, they could plainly perceive that he had been a man of an engaging aſpect, and genteel ſtature; and could not help wondering at the ſight of a great many papers, both ſealed and looſe, that lay round him in the coffin.

While the new comers were obſerving this phænomenon, and the ſhepherds buſied in digging a grave, a wonderful and univerſal ſilence prevailed, till ſuch time as one of the bearers ſaid to another, 'Conſider, Ambroſio, if this be the very ſpot which Chryſoſtom mentioned, that his laſt will may be punctually fulfilled.'—'This,' anſwered Ambroſio, 'is the very place in which my unhappy friend has often recounted to me the ſtory of his misfortunes. Here it was he firſt beheld that mortal enemy of the human race; here alſo did he firſt declare his amorous and honourable intention; and here, at laſt, did Marcella ſignify her diſguſt and diſdain, which put an end to the tragedy of his wretched life; and in this place, as a monument of his miſhap, did he deſire to be depoſited in the bowels of eternal oblivion.'

Then addreſſing himſelf to Don Quixote and the travellers, he thus proceeded: 'This corpſe, gentlemen, which you behold with compaſſionate eyes, was the habitation of a ſoul which poſſeſſed an infinite ſhare of the riches of Heaven: this is the body of Chryſoſtom, who was a man of unparalleled genius, the pink of courteſy

and kindneſs; in friendſhip a very phœnix, liberal without bounds, grave without arrogance, gay without meanneſs, and in ſhort ſecond to none in every thing that was good, and without ſecond in all that was unfortunate. He loved, and was abhorred; he adored, and was diſdained; he implored a ſavage; he importuned a ſtatue; he hunted the wind; cried aloud to the deſart; he was a ſlave to the moſt ungrateful of women; and the fruit of his ſervitude was death, which overtook him in the middle of his career: in ſhort, he periſhed by the cruelty of a ſhepherdeſs, whom he has eternized in the memory of all the people in this country; as theſe papers which you gaze at would ſhew, if he had not ordered me to commit them to the flames as ſoon as his body ſhall be depoſited in the earth.'

'You will uſe them, then, with more cruelty and rigour,' ſaid Vivaldo, 'than that of the author himſelf; ſeeing it is neither juſt nor convenient to fulfil the will of any man, provided it be unreaſonable. Auguſtus Cæſar would have been in the wrong, had he conſented to the execution of what the divine Mantuan ordered on his death-bed. Wherefore, Signior Ambroſio, while you commit the body of your friend to the earth, you ought not likewiſe to conſign his writings to oblivion; nor perform indiſcreetly what he in his affliction ordained; on the contrary, by publiſhing theſe papers, you ought to immortalize the cruelty of Marcella, that it may ſerve as an example, in time to come, and warn young men to ſhun and avoid ſuch dangerous precipices; for I, and the reſt of this company, already know the hiſtory of that enamoured and unhappy friend, the nature of your friendſhip, the occaſion of his death, together with the orders that he left upon his death-bed: from which lamentable ſtory, it is eaſy to conclude how exceſſive muſt have been the cruelty of Marcella, the love of Chryſoſtom, the faith of your friendſhip, and the check which thoſe receive, who precipitately run through the path exhibited to them by idle and miſchievous love. Laſt night, we underſtood the death of Chryſoſtom,

Chryſoſtom, who, we are informed, was to be buried in this place; and therefore, out of curioſity and concern, have turned out of our way, reſolving to come and ſee with our eyes, what had affected us ſo much in the hearing; and in return for that concern, and the deſire we felt in remedying it, if it had been in our power, we entreat thee, O diſcreet Ambroſio! at leaſt, for my own part, I beg of thee, not to burn theſe papers, but allow me to preſerve ſome of them.'

Accordingly, without ſtaying for an anſwer, he reached out his hand, and took ſome of thoſe that were neareſt him; which Ambroſio perceiving, ſaid, 'Out of civility, Signior, I will conſent to your keeping what you have taken up; but to think that I will fail to burn the reſt, is a vain ſuppoſition.' Vivaldo being deſirous of ſeeing the contents, immediately opened one, intitled, A Song of Deſpair; which Ambroſio hearing, ſaid, 'That is the laſt poem my unhappy friend compoſed; and that you may ſee, Signior, to what a paſs his misfortunes had reduced him, read it aloud, and you'll have time enough to finiſh it before the grave be made!'—'That I will do with all my heart,' ſaid Vivaldo; and every body preſent being ſeized with the ſame deſire, they ſtood around him in a circle, and he read what follows, with an audible voice.

A SONG OF DESPAIR.

I.

SINCE then thy pleaſure, cruel maid,
Is, that thy rigour and diſdain
Should be from clime to clime convey'd,
All hell ſhall aid me to complain!
The torments of my heart to tell,
And thy atchievements to record,
My voice ſhall raiſe a dreadful yell,
My bowels burſt at every word:
Then liſten to the baleful ſound
That iſſues from my throbbing breaſt;
Thy pride, perhaps, it may confound,
And yield my madd'ning ſoul ſome reſt.

II.

Let the ſnake's hiſs and wolf's dire howl,
The bull's harſh note, the lion's roar,
The boding crow, and ſcreeching owl,
The tempeſt rattling on the ſhore,
The monſter's ſcream, the turtle's moan,
The ſhrieks of the infernal crew,
Be mingled with my dying groan,
A concert terrible and new!
The hearer's ſenſes to appal,
And Reaſon from her throne depoſe;
Such melody will ſuit the gall
That from my burning liver flows!

III.

Old Tagus with his yellow hair,
And Betis with her olive wreath,
Shall never echo ſuch deſpair,
Or liſten to ſuch notes of death,
As here I'll utter and repeat,
From hill to dale, from rock to cave,
In wilds untrod by human feet,
In dungeons dreary as the grave.
The beaſts of prey, that ſcour the plain,
Shall thy more ſavage nature know,
The ſpacious earth reſound my ſtrain;
Such is the privilege of woe!

IV.

Diſdain is death, and doubt o'erturns
The patience of the firmeſt mind;
But jealouſy ſtill fiercer burns,
Like all the flames of hell combin'd!
The horrors of that curſed fiend,
In abſence to diſtraction rage,
And all the ſuccour hope can lend,
The direful pangs will not aſſuage.
Such agonies will ſurely kill;
Yet ſpite of abſence, doubts and ſcorn,
I live a miracle, and ſtill
Thoſe deadly flames within me burn!

V.

Hope's ſhadow ne'er refreſh'd my view,
Deſpair attends with wakeful ſtrife;
The firſt let happier ſwains purſue,
The laſt my conſort is for life.
Can hope and fear at once prevail,
When fear on certainty is fed?
To ſhut mine eyes will nought avail,
When thunder burſts around my head,
When cold diſdain in native dye
Appears, and falſhood's cunning lore
Perverts the tale of Truth, ſhall I
Againſt Deſpondence ſhut the door?

VI.

O jealouſy! love's tyrant lord,
And thou, ſoul-chilling, dire diſdain!
Lend me the dagger and the cord,
To ſtab remembrance, ſtrangle pain.
I die bereft of hope in death,
Yet ſtill thoſe are the freeſt ſouls
(I'll vouch it with my lateſt breath)
Whom love's old tyranny controuls.
My fatal enemy is fair,
In body and in mind, I'll ſay,
And I have earn'd the woes I bear:
By rigour love maintains the ſway.

VII.

With this opinion let me fall
A prey to unrelenting ſcorn;
No fun'ral pomp ſhall grace my pall,
No laurel my pale corpſe adorn.
O thou! whoſe cruelty and hate
The tortures of my breaſt proclaim,
Behold how willingly to fate
I offer this devoted frame.
If thou, when I am paſt all pain,
Should'ſt think my fall deſerves a tear,
Let not one ſingle drop diſtain
Thoſe eyes ſo killing and ſo clear.

VIII.

No! rather let thy mirth display
The joys that in thy bosom flow;
Ah! need I bid that heart be gay
Which always triumph'd in my woe!
Come then, for ever barr'd of bliss,
Ye, who with ceaseless torment dwell,
And agonizing, howl and hiss
In the profoundest shades of hell:
Come, Tantalus, with raging thirst,
Bring, Syfiphus, thy rolling stone,
Come, Titius, with thy vulture curst,
Nor leave Ixion rack'd alone.

IX.

The toiling fifters too fhall join,
And my fad, folemn dirge repeat,
When to the grave my friends confign
Thefe limbs deny'd a winding-fheet;
Fierce Cerberus fhall clank his chain,
In chorus with chimæras dire:
What other pomp, what other ftrain,
Should he who dies of love require?
Be hufh'd, my fong, complain no more
Of her whofe pleafure gave thee birth;
But let the forrows I deplore
Sleep with me in the filent earth.

This ditty of Chryfoftom was approved by all the hearers; but he who read it obferved, that it did not feem to agree with the report he had heard of Marcella's virtue and circumfpection; inafmuch as the author complained of jealoufy, abfence, and fufpicion, which tended to the prejudice of her morals and reputation. To this objection, Ambrofio, as one that was acquainted with the moft fecret fentiments of his friend, anfwered, 'Signior, for your fatisfaction in this point, it is neceffary you fhould know, that the forlorn fhepherd compofed this fong in the abfence of Marcella, from whofe prefence he had gone into voluntary exile, in order to try if he could reap the ufual fruits of abfence, and forget the caufe of his defpair; and as one in that

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situation is apt to be fretted by every circumstance, and invaded by every apprehension, poor Chrysostom was harrassed by groundless jealousy and imaginary fears, which tormented him as much as if they had been real; for which reason, this circumstance ought not to invalidate the fame of Marcella's virtue, against which, exclusive of her cruelty, arrogance, and disdain, envy itself hath not been able to lay the least imputation.'

'That may be very true,' replied Vivaldo; who, being about to read another of the papers he had saved from the flames, was diverted from his purpose by a wonderful vision, for such it seemed, that all of a sudden presented itself to their eyes. This was no other than the shepherdess Marcella, who appeared upon the top of the rock, just above the grave they were digging, so beautiful that she surpassed all report. Those who had never seen her before, gazed with silent admiration; nor were the rest, who had been accustomed to see her, less astonished at her appearance. But no sooner did Ambrosio perceive her, than, with indignation in his looks, he cried—

'Comest thou hither, fierce basilisk of these mountains! to see if the wounds of this unhappy youth, whom thy cruelty hath slain, will bleed at thy approach? or art thou come to rejoice in the exploits of thy barbarity, and from the top of that mountain behold, like another Nero, the flames which thy impiety hath kindled? or inhumanly to trample upon this unfortunate corpse, as the unnatural daughter insulted the dead body of her father Tarquin? Tell us at once the cause of thy approach, and deign to signify thy pleasure, that I, who know how devoutly Chrysostom obeyed thee, when alive, may, now that he is dead, dispose his friends to yield the same obedience.'

'I come not,' answered Marcella, 'for any of the purposes you have mentioned, Ambrosio; but rather personally to demonstrate how unreasonably people blame me for their own affliction, as well as for the death and sufferings of Chrysostom. I beg, therefore, that

that all preſent will give me the hearing, as it will be unneceſſary to ſpend much time, or waſte many words, to convince thoſe that are unprejudiced of the truth. Heaven, you ſay, hath given me beauty, nay, ſuch a ſhare of it, as compels you to love me, in ſpite of your reſolutions to the contrary; from whence you draw this inference, and inſiſt upon it, that it is my duty to return your paſſion. By the help of that ſmall capacity which nature has beſtowed upon me, I know that which is beautiful is lovely; but I can by no means conceive, why the object which is beloved for being beautiful, is bound to be enamoured of its admirer; more eſpecially, as it may happen that this ſame admirer is an object of diſguſt and abhorrence; in which caſe, would it be reaſonable in him to ſay, "I love thee becauſe thou art beautiful, and thou muſt favour my paſſion, although I am deformed?" But granting the beauty equal on both ſides, it does not follow that the deſires ought to be mutual; for all ſorts of beauty do not equally affect the ſpectator; ſome, for example, delighting the eye only, without captivating the heart. And well it is for mankind, that things are thus diſpoſed; otherwiſe there would be a ſtrange perplexity and confuſion of deſires, without power of diſtinguiſhing and chuſing particular objects; for beauty being infinitely diverſified, the inclination would be infinitely divided: and I have heard, that true love muſt be undivided and unconſtrained: if this be the caſe, as I believe it is, why ſhould I conſtrain my inclination, when I am under no other obligation ſo to do, but your ſaying that you are in love with me? Otherwiſe tell me, if Heaven, that made me handſome, had created me a monſter of deformity, ſhould I have had cauſe to complain of you for not loving me? Beſides, you are to conſider, that I did not chuſe the beauty I poſſeſs; ſuch as it is, God was pleaſed of his own free will and favour to beſtow it upon me, without any ſolicitation on my part. Therefore, as the viper deſerves no blame for its ſting, although it be mortal, becauſe it is the gift of nature; neither

neither ought I to be reviled for being beautiful: for beauty in a virtuous woman, is like a diſtant flame and a ſharp ſword afar off, which prove fatal to none but thoſe who approach too near them. Honour and virtue are the ornaments of the ſoul; without which the body, though never ſo handſome, ought to ſeem ugly. If chaſtity then be one of the virtues which chiefly adorns and beautifies both body and ſoul, why ſhould ſhe that is beloved loſe that jewel for which ſhe is chiefly beloved, merely to ſatisfy the appetite of one who, for his own ſelfiſh enjoyment, employs his whole care and induſtry to deſtroy it? I was born free; and to enjoy that freedom, have I choſen the ſolitude of theſe fields. The trees on theſe mountains are my companions; and I have no other mirror than the limpid ſtreams of theſe cryſtal brooks. With the trees and the ſtreams I ſhare my contemplation and my beauty; I am a diſtant flame, and a ſword afar off; thoſe whom my eyes have captivated, my tongue has undeceived; and if hope be the food of deſire, as I gave none to Chryſoſtom, or to any other perſon, ſo neither can his death, nor that of any other of my admirers, be juſtly imputed to my cruelty, but rather to their own obſtinate deſpair. To thoſe who obſerve that his intentions were honourable, and that therefore I was bound to comply with them, I anſwer, when he declared the honeſty of his deſigns in that very ſpot where now his grave is digging, I told him, my purpoſe was to live in perpetual ſolitude, and let the earth alone enjoy the fruits of my retirement, and the ſpoils of my beauty: wherefore, if he, notwithſtanding this my explanation, perſevered without hope, and failed againſt the wind, it is no wonder that he was overwhelmed in the gulph of his raſhneſs. Had I cajoled him, I ſhould have been perfidious; had I gratified his inclination, I ſhould have acted contrary to my own reaſon and reſolution. But becauſe he perſiſted after I had explained myſelf, and deſpaired before he had cauſe to think I abhorred him, I leave you to judge whether or not it be reaſonable to lay his misfortune at

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my door. Let him whom I have deceived complain, and let him deſpair to whom I have broke my promiſe; if I call upon any man, he may depend upon me; if I admit of his addreſſes, he may rejoice in his ſucceſs: but why ſhould I be ſtiled a barbarous homicide by him whom I never ſoothed, deceived, called, or admitted? Hitherto Heaven has not thought fit that I ſhould love by deſtiny; and the world muſt excuſe me from loving by election. Let this general declaration ſerve as an anſwer to all thoſe who ſolicit me in particular, and henceforward give them to underſtand, that whoſoever dies for me, periſhes not by jealouſy or diſdain, for ſhe who never gave her love can never give juſt cauſe of jealouſy; neither ought her plain-dealing to be interpreted into diſdain. Let him who terms me a fierce baſiliſk, ſhun me as an evil being; if any man thinks me ungrateful, let him refuſe his ſervices when I aſk them. If I have diſowned any one, let him renounce me in his turn; and let him who has found me cruel, abandon me in my diſtreſs; this fierce baſiliſk, this ungrateful, cruel, ſupercilious wretch, will neither ſeek, ſerve, own, nor follow you, in any ſhape whatever. If Chryſoſtom periſhed by the impatience of his own extravagant deſire, why ſhould my innocent reſerve be inveighed againſt? If I have preſerved my virginity in theſe deſarts, why ſhould he that loves me with to ſee me loſe it among mankind! I have riches of my own, as you all know, and covet no man's wealth. I am free, and will not be ſubjected; I neither love nor hate any man; I do not cajole this one, nor teaze that, nor do I joke with one, or diſcourſe with another; but amuſe myſelf with the care of my goats, and the innocent converſation of the ſhepherdeſſes belonging to the neighbouring villages. My deſires are bounded by theſe mountains; or if my meditation ſurpaſſes theſe bounds, it is only to contemplate the beauty of the heavens, thoſe ſteps by which the ſoul aſcends to its original manſion.' So ſaying, without waiting for any reply, ſhe turned her back, and vaniſhed into a thicket on a neighbouring mountain,

mountain, leaving all that were preſent equally ſurprized with her beauty and diſcretion.

Some of the by-ſtanders being wounded by the powerful ſhafts that were darted from her fair eyes, manifeſted an inclination to follow her, without availing themſelves of the ingenuous declaration they had heard; which being perceived by Don Quixote, who thought this a proper occaſion for exerciſing his chivalry in defence of diſtreſſed damſels, he laid his hand upon the hilt of his ſword, and in a lofty and audible voice pronounced, 'Let no perſon, of whatſoever rank or degree, preſume to follow the beautiful Marcella, on pain of incurring my moſt furious indignation. She has demonſtrated, by clear and undeniable arguments, how little, if at all, ſhe is to be blamed for the death of Chryſoſtom; and how averſe ſhe is to comply with the deſires of any of her admirers; for which reaſon, inſtead of being purſued and perſecuted, ſhe ought to be honoured and eſteemed by all virtuous men, as the only perſon in the univerſe who lives in ſuch a chaſte and laudable intention.' Whether it was owing to theſe menaces of the knight, or to the advice of Ambroſio, who deſired them to perform the laſt office to their deceaſed friend, not one of the ſhepherds attempted to ſtir from the ſpot, until the grave being finiſhed, and the papers burnt, the body of poor Chryſoſtom was interred, not without abundance of tears ſhed by his ſurviving companions. The grave was ſecured by a large fragment of the rock which they rolled upon it, till ſuch time as a tomb-ſtone could be made, under the direction of Ambroſio, who was reſolved to have the following epitaph engraved upon it.

The body of a wretched ſwain,
Kill'd by a cruel maid's diſdain,
In this cold bed neglected lies.
He liv'd, fond hapleſs youth! to prove,
Th' inhuman tyranny of love,
Exerted in Marcella's eyes.

Having ſtrewed the place with a profuſion of flowers and branches, every body preſent condoled, and took leave of the afflicted executor; and Don Quixote bade farewel to his kind landlords, as well as to the travellers, who would have perſuaded him to accompany them to Seville, which they ſaid was a city ſo well adapted for adventures, that they occurred in every ſtreet, nay, at the corner of every blind alley. Our hero thanked them moſt courteouſly for their advice, and the inclination they expreſſed to give him pleaſure; but aſſured them, he neither could nor would ſet out for Seville, until he ſhould have cleared theſe deſarts of the robbers and banditti, of whom they were reported to be full.

The travellers ſeeing him thus laudably determined, importuned him no farther, but, taking leave of him anew, purſued their journey, during which they did not fail to diſcuſs the ſtory of Marcella and Chryſoſtom, as well as the madneſs of Don Quixote; who, on his part, reſolved to go in queſt of the ſhepherdeſs, and offer her all the ſervice in his power: but this ſcheme did not turn out according to his expectation, as will be related in the courſe of this faithful hiſtory, the ſecond book of which is here concluded.

PART I. BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

Wherein is recounted the unlucky Adventure which happened to Don Quixote, in meeting with certain unmerciful Yanguesians.

THE ſage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, that Don Quixote, having bid adieu to his entertainers, and to all who were preſent at the funeral of the ſhepherd Chryſoſtom, entered, with his ſquire, the ſame wood to which Marcella had retreated; where, when they had wandered about upwards of two hours, without ſeeing her, they chanced to find themſelves in a delightful

a delightful ſpot, overgrown with verdant graſs, and watered by a cool and pleaſant ſtream; which was ſo inviting as to induce them to ſtay in it during the heat of the day, that now began to be very ſultry; the knight and ſquire, therefore, diſmounting, and leaving the aſs and Rozinante at pleaſure to regale themſelves with the rich paſture, emptied their knapſack; and, without any ceremony, attacked the contents, which they eat together like good friends, laying aſide all vain diſtinction of maſter and man.

Sancho had been at no pains to tether Rozinante; ſecure, as he thought, in knowing him to be ſo meek and peaceable, that all the mares in the meadows of Cordova could not provoke his concupiſcence. Chance, however, or the devil, who is not often found napping, ordered it ſo, as that a drove of Gallician fillies, belonging to certain Yangueſian carriers, happened, at that very inſtant, to be feeding in the ſame valley: for, it being the cuſtom of theſe people to halt and refreſh themſelves and their beaſts in places where there is plenty of water and graſs, they could not have lighted on a more convenient ſpot than that where Don Quixote chanced to be. It was then that Rozinante, ſeized with an inclination to ſolace himſelf with ſome of thoſe ſkittiſh females, no ſooner had them in the wind, than deviating from his natural diſpoſition and accuſtomed deliberation, without aſking leave of his lord and maſter, he went off at a ſmall trot, to communicate his occaſions to the objects of his deſire. But they, it ſeems, more fond of their paſture than of his addreſſes, received him ſo uncivilly with their hoofs and teeth, that, in a twinkling, his girth was broke, his ſaddle kicked off, and he himſelf remained in cuerpo. But what he chiefly ſuffered was from the carriers, who, ſeeing violence offered to their mares, ran to their aſſiſtance with long ſtaves, which they exerciſed upon him ſo unmercifully, that he fell proſtrate to the ground, almoſt battered to death. The

The knight and Sancho ſeeing their ſteed thus baſtinadoed, made all the haſte they could to his reſcue; the former addreſſing the latter in this manner: 'I perceive, friend Sancho, that theſe are no knights, but fellows of a low degree and infamous deſcent: this particular I mention, becauſe thou mayeſt now aſſiſt me in taking juſt vengeance upon them, for the injury they have done to Rozinante before my face.'—'What a devil of vengeance can we pretend to take,' anſwered the ſquire, 'when they are more than twenty, and we but two? Nay, I believe, if it was put to the trial, no better than one and a half.'—'I myſelf am worth an hundred of ſuch vagabonds!' cried Don Quixote: and without uttering another ſyllable, he unſheathed his ſword, and aſſaulted the Yangueſians, being ſeconded by Sancho, who ſuffered himſelf to be rouzed and encouraged by the example of his maſter; and, indeed, the knight lent the firſt he met with ſuch a hearty ſtroke, as laid open a leathern jacket he wore, together with a large portion of his ſhoulder.

The carriers ſeeing themſelves thus maltreated by two men only, took the benefit of their numbers, and ran to ſuſtain one another with their ſtaves; then ſurrounding the two aſſailants, began to drum upon their carcaſes with infinite eagerneſs and dexterity. True it is, at the ſecond application, Sancho fell to the earth; a misfortune that alſo happened to his maſter; who, in ſpite of all his own addreſs, together with the aſſiſtance of his good friend, ſoon found himſelf ſtretched at the feet of Rozinante, who had not as yet been able to riſe: from whence we may learn what furious execution is often done by pack-ſtaves, when managed by the hands of ſuch enraged clowns.

The carriers perceiving the havock they had made, thought proper to load again with all diſpatch, and purſue their journey, leaving our adventurers in miſerable plight and doleful dilemma. The firſt that recovered the uſe of his ſenſes was Sancho Panza; who, finding himſelf laid along by the ſide of his maſter, pronounced

nounced, with a weak and lamentable voice, 'Sir Don Quixote! ah, Sir Don Quixote!'—'What wouldſt thou have, brother Sancho?' replied the knight, in the ſame feeble and complaining tone. 'I wiſh,' reſumed Sancho, 'your worſhip would, if it be poſſible, comfort me with a couple of gulps of that ſame balſam made by fairy Blas, if you have got any of it about you: perhaps it may be ſerviceable in bruiſes and broken bones, as well as in wounds and running ſores.'—'Would to God I had it here, unfortunate wight that I am!' cried Don Quixote; 'but I ſwear to thee, Sancho, on the faith of a knight-errant, that ere two days paſs, if ſome miſchievous accident does not intervene, I will have it in my poſſeſſion, if my hands do not very much miſgive me.'—'In how many days does your worſhip think we ſhall be able to move our feet?' ſaid the ſquire. 'With regard to myſelf,' anſwered the battered knight, 'I really cannot fix any number of days; but this I know, that I alone am to blame for what has happened, in condeſcending to uſe my ſword againſt antagoniſts who were not dubbed and knighted like myſelf. I therefore firmly believe, that, as a puniſhment for having tranſgreſſed the laws of chivalry, the God of battles hath permitted me to receive this diſgraceful chaſtiſement; for which reaſon, brother Sancho, it is proper that thou ſhouldſt be apprized of what I am going to ſay, as it may be of great importance to the ſafety of us both: whenever thou ſhalt ſee us inſulted or aggrieved for the future, by ſuch raſcally ſcum, thou ſhalt not wait for my drawing upon them; for I will in no ſhape meddle with ſuch unworthy foes; but lay thy hand upon thy ſword, and with thy own arm chaſtiſe them to thy heart's content; but ſhould any knights make up to their defence and aſſiſtance, then ſhall I know how to protect thee, and aſſault them with all my might; and thou art already convinced, by a thouſand amazing proofs, how far extends the valour of this my invincible arm.' So arrogant was the poor knight become by his victory over the valiant Biſcayan.

This wholesome advice, however, was not so much relished by Sancho, but that he replied, 'Sir, I am a quiet, meek, peaceable man, and can digest any injury, be it never so hard; for I have a wife and small children to maintain and bring up: wherefore, let me also apprize (since I cannot lay my commands upon) your worship, that I will in no shape whatever use my sword against either knight or knave; and that henceforward, in the sight of God, I forgive all injuries, past, present, or to come, which I have already received, at this present time suffer, or may hereafter undergo, from any person whatsoever, high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, without exception to rank or circumstance.'

His master hearing this declaration, answered, 'I wish the grievous pain I feel in this rib would abate a little, so as that I could speak for a few moments with ease, and convince thee of thy damnable error, Panza. Hark ye me, sinner! suppose the gale of fortune, which hath been hitherto so adverse, should change in our favour; and, swelling the sails of our desire, conduct us safely, without the least impediment, into the haven of some one of those islands which I have promised thee: what would become of thy wretched affairs, if, after I had won and given it into thy possession, thou shouldst frustrate my intention, by thy lack of knighthood, ambition, valour and courage, to revenge thy wrongs, or defend thy government? for I would have thee to know, that in all new-conquered kingdoms or provinces, the friends of their natural masters are never so quiet or reconciled to their new sovereign, as to dispel all fear of some fresh insurrection, to alter the government again, and, as the saying is, try fortune once more: it is therefore requisite that the new possessor should have understanding to govern, resolution to punish, and valour to defend himself, in case of any such accident.'

'In this last accident which hath befallen us,' said Sancho, 'I wish the Lord had pleased to give me that same understanding and valour your worship mentions: but

but I proteſt, upon the word of a poor ſinner, that I am at preſent more fit for a ſearcloth than ſuch converſation. See if your worſhip can make ſhift to riſe, and then we will give ſome aſſiſtance to Rozinante, though it be more than he deſerves; for he was the principal cauſe of all this plaguy-rib-roaſting: never could I believe ſuch a thing of Rozinante, who I always thought was as chaſte and ſober a perſon as myſelf; but this verifies the common remark, that you muſt keep company a long time with a man before you know him thoroughly; and that there is nothing certain in this life. Who could have thought that thoſe huge back-ſtrokes your worſhip dealt ſo heartily to the unlucky traveller, would be followed, as it were poſt-haſte, by ſuch a mighty tempeſt of blows, as juſt now diſcharged itſelf upon our ſhoulders!'—'Thy carcaſe, Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'was formed for enduring ſuch rough weather; but my limbs were tenderly nurſed in ſoft wool and fine linen; and therefore muſt feel more ſenſibly the pain of this diſcomfiture; and if I did not believe (believe, ſaid I, if I were not certain) that all theſe inconveniencies are inſeparably annexed to the exerciſe of arms, I would lie ſtill where I am, and die with pure vexation.'

To this proteſtation the ſquire replied, 'Seeing theſe misfortunes are the natural crops of chivalry, pray good your worſhip, do they happen at all times of the year, or only fall at an appointed ſeaſon; becauſe, in my ſimple conjecture, two ſuch harveſts will leave us altogether incapable of reaping a third, if God, of his infinite mercy, will not be pleaſed to ſend us extraordinary ſuccour.'—'Thou muſt know, friend Sancho,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'that the life of a knight-errant is ſubject to a thouſand dangers and miſhaps; but then he enjoys the ſelf-ſame chance of being a king or emperor, as experience demonſtrates to have been the caſe of divers and ſundry knights; the hiſtory of whoſe lives I am perfectly well acquainted with; and I could now relate, if this pain would give me leave, the fortunes of ſome, who, by their valour alone, have riſen to that

ſupreme

ſupreme degree: and thoſe very perſons, both before and after their ſucceſs, have undergone various calamities and affliction; witneſs the valiant Amadis de Gaul, who ſaw himſelf in the power of his mortal enemy Arcalaus the inchanter, of whom it is poſitively affirmed, that while the knight was his priſoner, he cauſed him to be bound to a pillar in his court-yard, and gave him two hundred ſtripes with the reins of his horſe's bridle. There is likewiſe a certain ſecret author of no ſmall credit, who relates that the knight of the ſun was caught in a trap in a certain caſtle, and falling, found himſelf tied hand and foot in a deep dungeon below ground, where was adminiſtered unto him one of thoſe things they call clyſters, compoſed of ſand and water, which had well nigh coſt him his life; and if he had not been ſuccoured in that perilous conjuncture, by a ſage who was his good friend, the poor knight would have fared very ill. Wherefore what hath happened to me, may eaſily paſs unheeded among thoſe much greater affronts that ſuch worthy people have undergone: beſides, I would have thee know, Sancho, that it is never reckoned an affront to be wounded by thoſe inſtruments which are caſually in the hands of our enemies; for it is expreſsly mentioned in the laws of duelling, that if a ſhoemaker beats a man with a laſt he has by accident in his hand, the man cannot properly be ſaid to be cudgelled, although the ſaid laſt was made of wood. This particular I mention, that thou mayeſt not ſuppoſe us affronted, although we have been mauled in this unlucky fray; for the weapons with which thoſe men threſhed us ſo ſeverely, were no other than their own pack-ſtaves; and ſo far as I can remember, there was neither tuck, poignard, nor ſword, among them.'

'They did not give me time,' anſwered Sancho, 'to make any ſuch obſervation: for ſcarce had I laid my fingers upon my Toledo*, when there rained a ſhower of

* Tizona, which is the word in the original, is a romantick name given to the ſword that belonged to Roderick Dias de Bivar, the famous Spaniſh general againſt the Moors.

of cudgels upon my poor ſhoulders, that baniſhed the light from my eyes, and ſtrength from my feet, and laid me flat upon the ſpot where I now lie, not ſo much concerned about thinking whether this drubbing be an affront or not, as about the intolerable pain of the blows, which remain imprinted upon my memory as well as upon my carcaſe.'—'Notwithſtanding all this complaining,' ſaid the knight, 'I aver, brother Sancho, that there is no remembrance which time does not efface, nor pain that death does not remove.'—'And pray, what greater misfortune can there be,' anſwered Sancho, 'than that which nothing but time can remove, or death put a ſtop to? If this miſhap of ours were ſuch a one as might be cured with a couple of ſhips of ſearcloth, it would not be altogether ſo vexatious; but ſo far as I can ſee, all the plaiſter of an hoſpital will not be ſufficient to ſet us cleverly on our legs again.'

'Truce with thy reflections,' replied Don Quixote, 'and collecting ſtrength out of weakneſs, as I will endeavour to do, let us riſe and examine Rozinante's caſe; for, in all appearance, the poor beaſt hath not ſuffered the leaſt part of the misfortune.'—'That is not to be wondered at,' ſaid the ſquire, 'he being a knight-errant alſo; but what ſurprizes me moſt is, that my dapple ſhould get off without paying his ſcore, when we are ſcored all over.'—'Deſtiny, when one door is ſhut always leaves another open, is a reſource in all calamities,' ſaid Don Quixote: 'this I obſerve, becauſe thy aſs will now ſupply the place of Rozinante, and carry me from hence to ſome caſtle, where my wounds may be cured: more eſpecially as ſuch carriage will be no diſhonour to chivalry; for I remember to have read, that the good old Silenus, tutor and companion to the jolly god of mirth and wine, entered the city of the hundred gates, lolling at his eaſe upon a moſt comely aſs.'—'It may be very true that he rode upon an aſs,' replied Sancho; 'but there is ſome difference, I apprehend, between riding, and lying acroſs the beaſt like a bag

bag of dirt.' To this obſervation the knight anſwered, 'Thoſe wounds which are received in battle, may well give, but can never deprive one of honour: therefore, friend Sancho, do as I bid thee, without farther reply; get up as well as thou canſt, and lay me upon dapple juſt as thou ſhalt find moſt convenient, that we may be gone before night comes to ſurprize us in this unfrequented place.'

'And yet,' ſaid Sancho, 'I have heard your worſhip remark, that it is uſual for knights-errant to ſleep upon commons and heaths the greateſt part of the year; aye, and to be thankful for their good fortune in being able ſo to do.'—'Yes,' ſaid the knight, 'when they can do no better, or are in love; and this is ſo true, that there was a knight who lay upon a bare rock, expoſed to the ſultry noon and midnight damps, with all the inclemencies of the weather, during two whole years, before his miſtreſs knew any thing of the matter: this was no other than Amadis, who, aſſuming the name of Beltenebros, took up his quarters upon the naked rock for the ſpace of either eight years, or eight months, I really do not remember which; only that he remained doing penance in that place, for ſome diſguſt ſhewn to him by his dame Oriana: but truce with this converſation, Sancho, and make haſte, before ſuch another accident can happen to thy beaſt, as that which hath already befallen Rozinante.'

'Ods my life! that would be the devil indeed,' cried Sancho, who uttering thirty ah's and ſixty oh's! together with a hundred and fifty ola's! and curſes upon him who had brought him to that paſs, raiſed himſelf up, though he could not for his ſoul ſtand upright, but, in ſpite of all his efforts, remained bent like a Turkiſh bow; and in that attitude, with infinite labour, made ſhift to equip his aſs, which had alſo gone a little aſtray, preſuming upon the exceſſive licence of the time: he then lifted up Rozinante, who, could he have found a tongue to complain with, would certainly have ſurpaſſed both his maſter and Sancho in lamentation:

tion: in ſhort, the ſquire diſpoſed of Don Quixote upon the aſs, to whoſe tail Rozinante was tied; then taking his own dapple by the halter, jogged on, ſometimes faſter, ſometimes ſlower, towards the place where he conjectured the high road to lie; and, indeed, they had not exceeded a ſhort league, when by good luck, which now ſeemed to take the management of their affairs, they arrived at the highway, and diſcovered an inn, which, to Sancho's great grief, was miſtaken for a caſtle by the joyful knight. This difference of opinion begat an obſtinate diſpute, that laſted until they arrived at the place, into which Sancho immediately conveyed his cargo, without farther expoſtulation.

CHAPTER II.

The Adventure that happened to this ſagacious Knight at the Inn, which he miſtook for a Caſtle.

THE innkeeper ſeeing Don Quixote laid athwart the aſs, aſked what was the matter? to which interrogation Sancho replied, 'Nothing but a few bruiſes which my maſter has received in a fall from a rock in this neighbourhood.' The landlady, who differed in diſpoſition from moſt of your inn-keepers wives, being naturally charitable, and ſympathiſing with the calamities of her fellow-creatures, came running to the relief of the battered knight, and brought her daughter, who was a very handſome girl, to aſſiſt in taking care of her gueſt. There was in the ſame houſe a ſervant-maid from the Aſturias, remarkable for her capacious countenance, beetle-brow'd, flat-noſed, blind of one eye, and bleared in the other: true it is, the gentility of her ſhape made amends for her other defects; ſhe was ſomething ſhort of ſeven hands from head to foot, and moreover incumbered ſo much by her ſhoulders, that ſhe was obliged to contemplate the duſt beneath her feet oftener than ſhe could have wiſhed.

This comely creature, with the aſſiſtance of the other damſel, made up a ſort of ſorry bed for our hero in a garret; which gave evident tokens of having formerly been

been an hay-loft, and in which at that time a certain carrier had taken up his quarters, in a bed of his own making, a little on one side our knight's: and though his couch was composed of the pannels and furniture of his mules, it had greatly the advantage over Don Quixote's, which consisted only of four rough boards, supported on two benches of unequal height, covered by a mattras, so thin it might have passed for a quilt, and full of knots so hard as to be mistaken for pebble stones, had not the wooll appeared through divers openings; with a couple of sheets made of bull's hide; and a blanket so bare, that you might have counted every thread.

In this wretched bed, Don Quixote having laid himself down, was anointed from head to foot by the good woman and her daughter, while Maritornes (that was the Asturian's name) stood hard by holding a light. The landlady, in the course of her application, perceiving the knight's whole body black and blue, observed that those marks seemed rather the effects of drubbing than of a fall; but Sancho affirmed she was mistaken, and that the marks in question were occasioned by the knobs and corners of the rocks among which he fell. 'And now I think of it,' said he, 'pray, Madam, manage matters so as to leave a little of your ointment, for it will be needed, I'll assure you; my own loins are none of the soundest at present.'—'What did you fall too?' said she. 'I can't say I did,' answered the squire, 'but I was so infected by seeing my master tumble, that my whole body aches as much as if I had been cudgelled without mercy.'—'That may very easily happen,' cried the daughter: 'I myself have often dreamed that I was falling from a high tower, without ever coming to the ground; and, upon waking, have found myself bruised and battered, as if I had actually got a great fall.'—'Ah, mistress!' replied the squire, 'here is the point; I, without dreaming at all, but on the contrary, being as broad awake as I am this precious minute, found almost as many marks upon my own shoulders, as you have observed upon those of my master

Don Quixote.'—'What is the name of that knight?' ſaid the Aſturian. 'Don Quixote de La Mancha,' anſwered the ſquire: 'he is a knight-adventurer, and one of the greateſt and moſt valiant that have been ſeen in this world for many ages.'—'And what is a knight-adventurer?' reſumed the wench. 'Are you ſuch a ſuckling as not to know that?' cried Sancho: 'well, I'll tell you, miſtreſs of mine; a knight-adventurer is a thing, that before you count a couple, may be kicked and be crowned: to-day he is the moſt deſpicable and beggarly wretch upon earth, and to-morrow he will have a brace of kingdoms to beſtow upon his ſquires.'—'Methinks,' ſaid the landlady, 'ſeeing you appertain to ſuch a great man, you ought to be a count at leaſt.'—'All in good time,' replied Sancho; 'we have not been out a month in ſearch of adventures, and have found none worth naming; beſides, people ſometimes go in queſt of one thing, and meet with another: indeed, if my maſter Don Quixote gets well of this drubbing (fall I mean) and I myſelf eſcape without being crippled, I won't barter my hopes for the beſt lordſhip in Spain.'

The knight having liſtened attentively to this whole converſation, ſat up in his bed as well as he could, and taking his landlady by the hand, 'Believe me, beautiful lady,' ſaid he, 'you may count yourſelf extremely happy in having within your caſtle my perſon as your gueſt; ſuch a gueſt, that if I praiſe him not, it is on account of the common ſaying, that ſelf-commendation is in effect ſelf-diſpraiſe. My ſquire, however, will intimate who I am; while I content myſelf with aſſuring you, that I will, to all eternity, preſerve engraven upon the tables of my memory the benevolence you this day vouchſafed unto me, that I may be grateful for the favour as long as life ſhall remain. And, oh! that it pleaſed you, Heaven ſupreme, that love had not ſo vanquiſhed and enſlaved my heart to the triumphant eyes of the beautiful ingrate whom I now mention between my teeth, but that the charms of this amiable young lady could be the authors of my freedom.'

The good woman, her daughter, and the gentle Maritornes, were aſtoniſhed at this rhapſody, which they underſtood as much as if it had been delivered in Greek; though they could eaſily comprehend, that the whole of it tended to compliment and proffers of ſervice: as they were therefore altogether unaccuſtomed to ſuch language, they gazed at him with admiration, as a perſon of a different ſpecies from other men; and having thanked him for his courteſy, left him to his repoſe; while the Aſturian Maritornes adminiſtered to Sancho, who had as much need of aſſiſtance as his maſter.

She and the carrier had made an aſſignation to divert themſelves that night; nay, ſhe had given her word that as ſoon as the company ſhould be quiet, and her maſter and miſtreſs aſleep, ſhe would viſit him in the dark, and give him all the ſatisfaction he deſired; and indeed it is recorded, for the honour of this good creature, that ſhe never failed to perform her promiſes of that kind punctually, although they had been made in the midſt of a heath, and out of the hearing of all evidence: for ſhe valued herſelf much upon her gentility, and did not look upon it as any affront to be ſervant at an inn, becauſe, ſhe obſerved, diſappointments and misfortunes had reduced her to that condition.

The bed of Don Quixote, which we have deſcribed ſo hard, ſo narrow, crazy, and uncomfortable, ſtood foremoſt, and exactly in the middle of this ruinous hay-loft; hard by had Sancho taken up his quarters upon a ruſh-mat, covered with a rug, which ſeemed to be manufactured of hemp, rather than wool; and laſt of all was the carrier's couch, compoſed, as we have already ſaid, of the pannels and furniture of his two beſt mules; for he had no leſs than twelve plump, ſleek, and notable beaſts, being one of the richeſt carriers in Arevalo, according to the report of the author of this hiſtory, who makes particular mention of him, and ſays he knew him perfectly well; nay, ſome go ſo far as to affirm, that he was his diſtant relation: be this as it will, Cid Hamet Benengeli was a moſt curi-

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ous hiſtorian, and punctual to admiration, as appears from what had been related, which, though in itſelf mean and trivial, he would by no means paſs over in ſilence. This ought to ſerve as an example to thoſe important and weighty hiſtorians, who recount events ſo ſuccinctly and ſuperficially, that the reader can ſcarce get a ſmack of them; while the moſt ſubſtantial circumſtances are left, as it were, in the ink-horn, through careleſſneſs, ignorance, and malice. A thouſand times bleſſed be the authors of Tablante and Ricamonte, and he that compiled that other book, in which are recounted the atchievements of Count Tomillas! How punctually have they deſcribed the moſt minute particular!—But, to return to our ſtory.

The carrier having viſited his cattle, and given them their night's allowance, ſtretch'd himſelf upon his pannels, in expectation of the moſt faithful Maritornes; while Sancho, plaiſtered all over, and huddled up in his kennel, endeavoured with all his might to ſleep; but the aching of his ribs would by no means allow him to enjoy that ſatisfaction; and Don Quixote, for the ſame uncomfortable reaſon, lay like a hare, with his eyes wide open. A profound ſilence reigned throughout the whole houſe, in which there was no other light than a lamp ſtuck up in the paſſage; and this wonderful quiet, together with thoſe reflections which always occurred to our knight, relating to the events continually recorded in the books of chivalry, that firſt diſordered his underſtanding; I ſay thoſe reflections ſuggeſted to his fancy one of the ſtrangeſt whims that ever entered a man's imagination. This was no other than a full perſuaſion that he was arrived at ſome famous caſtle; for, as we have before obſerved, all the inns he lodged at ſeemed caſtles to him; and that the landlord's daughter was the governor's only child, who, captivated by his genteel appearance, was become deeply enamoured of him, and had actually promiſed to come, without the knowledge of her parents, and paſs the beſt part of the night in bed with him. Believing,

therefore, this chimera (which was the work of his own brain) to be a firm and undoubted fact, he began to reflect with extreme anxiety upon the dangerous dilemma into which his virtue was like to be drawn; and resolved in his heart to commit no treason against his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, even though Queen Ginebra herself, and the lady Quintaniona, should make him a tender of their favours.

While his mind was engrossed by these extravagant fancies, the hour of assignation arrived, and an unlucky hour it was for him, when the kind Asturian, barefoot and in her smock, having her hair tucked up under a fustian night-cap, entered the apartment in which the three guests were lodged, and with silence and caution directed her steps towards the nest of her beloved carrier. But scarce had she got within the door, when her approach was perceived by our knight, who sitting up in his bed, in spite of his plaisters and the aching of his ribs, stretched forth his arms to receive this beautiful young lady, who, on her part, holding in her breath, moved softly on her tiptoes, groping her way with her hands before her.

While she thus crept along, in quest of her lover, she chanced to come within arm's-length of Don Quixote, who laid fast hold of her by the wrist, and, without her daring to speak a syllable, pulled her towards him, and made her sit down upon the bed: he then felt her smock, which, though made of the coarsest canvas, to him seemed a shift of the finest and softest lawn; the string of glass beads she wore about her wrist, in his apprehensions out-shone the brightest oriental pearl: her hair, which bore some resemblance to a horse's mane, he mistook for threads of pure Arabian gold, that even eclipsed the splendor of the sun; and her breath, which doubtless smelt strong of broken meat and garlick, his fancy converted into an aromatick flavour, proceeding from her delicate mouth: in short, his imagination represented her in the same form and situation with that of a certain princess, recorded in one

of

of his books, who came to visit a wounded knight of whom she was enamoured; with all the other embellishments there described. Nay, such was the infatuation of this poor gentleman, that he was not to be undeceived, either by the touch, the breath, or any other circumstance of this honest wench, though they were powerful enough to discompose the stomach of any body but a rampant carrier.

But our knight believed he folded in his arms the goddess of beauty, straining her in his embrace, began to pronounce, in a soft and amorous tone, 'Would to Heaven! I were so circumstanced, beautiful and high-born lady! as to be able to pay the transcendant favour bestowed upon me, in the contemplation of your amazing charms; but it hath pleased fortune, that never ceased to persecute the virtuous, to lay me upon this bed, so bruised and battered, that even if it was my desire to gratify yours, I should find it utterly impossible; how much more so, when that impossibility is linked to another still greater? I mean the plighted faith I have vowed to the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole mistress of my most hidden thoughts: did not that consideration interpose, I should not be such a simple knight, as to let slip this happy occasion which your benevolence hath tendered to my choice.'

Maritornes, sweating with vexation to find herself thus pinioned, as it were, by the knight, whose discourse she neither heeded nor understood; endeavoured, without answering a syllable, to disengage herself from his embrace: while the honest carrier, whose lewd desires kept him awake, and made him perceive his doxy from the moment she entered, listened attentively to every thing that Don Quixote said; and being jealous that the Asturian had broke her promise to him, in order to keep it with another, crept nearer the bed of his rival, to wait the issue of this rhapsody, the meaning of which he could not comprehend; observing, however, that the wench struggled to get loose, and that the knight endeavoured to detain her, he could not relish

the joke, but lifting his arm on high, discharged such a terrible blow on the lanthorn jaws of the enamoured Don, as bathed his whole countenance in blood; and, not satisfied with this application, jumped upon his ribs, and travelled over his whole carcase, at a pace somewhat exceeding that of a brisk trot, until the bed, which was none of the strongest, either in materials or foundation, unable to sustain the additional weight, sunk to the ground with both; and made such a hideous noise in its fall, as waked the inn-keeper, who immediately concluded that Maritornes was concerned in the adventure, because she made no answer when he called.

On this supposition he arose, and lighting a candle, went directly to the place where he had heard the scuffle: meanwhile, the poor wench, confused and affrighted at the approach of her master, who was a fellow of a most savage disposition, retreated to the kennel of Sancho Panza, who slept in spite of all this din, and nestling in beside him, wound herself up like a ball, and lay snug. The landlord now entered the apartment, and crying with a loud voice, 'Where have you got, strumpet? to be sure these must be your jade's tricks, with a vengeance!' Sancho started, and feeling a prodigious weight upon him, thought he was labouring under the knight-mare, and beginning to lay about him on all sides, chanced, in course of his efforts, to bestow divers cuffs on Maritornes, who feeling herself thus belaboured, forgot the care of her reputation, and returned the squire's compliments so heartily, that sleep forsook him whether he would or not: without knowing the person who treated him so roughly, he raised himself up, as well as he could, and going to loggerheads with Maritornes, a most furious and diverting skirmish ensued.

By this time, the carrier perceiving by the light the situation of his mistress, ran to her assistance; and the landlord followed the same course, though with a very different intention, namely, to chastise the maid; being fully persuaded, that she was the sole cause of all this uproar; and so, as the saying is, the cat to the rat, the

the rat to the rope, the rope to the gallows. The carrier drummed upon Sancho, Sancho ſtruck at the maid, the maid pummelled him, the inn-keeper diſciplined her; all of them exerting themſelves with ſuch eagerneſs, that there was not one moment's pauſe. But, to crown the joke, the landlord's candle went out, and the combatants being left in the dark, ſuch a circulation of blows enſued, that whereſoever the fiſt fell, there the patient was diſabled.

There chanced to lodge at the inn that night, a trooper belonging to the ancient holy brotherhood of Toledo, who alſo hearing the ſtrange noiſe of this fray, aroſe, and ſeizing his tipſtaff, together with the tin box that contained his commiſſion, entered the apartment in the dark, calling aloud—'Keep the peace, in the king's name; keep the peace, in the name of the holy brotherhood.' The firſt he countered was the forlorn Don Quixote, who lay inſenſible on his demoliſhed bed, with his face uppermoſt; ſo that groping about, he happened to lay hold of his beard, and cried—'Aſſiſt, I charge you, the officers of juſtice:' but perceiving that the perſon he held neither ſtirred nor ſpoke, he concluded that he muſt be dead, and that the people within were the aſſaſſins. In this perſuaſion he raiſed his voice, crying—Shut the gates of the inn, that none may eſcape; for here is a man murdered.' This exclamation, which aſtoniſhed them all, was no ſooner heard, than every one quitted his ſhare in the battle; the landlord retreated to his own chamber, the carrier ſneaked to his panniers, and the damſel to her ſtraw: whilethe unfortunate knight and ſquire were left on the ſpot, unable to move from the places where they lay. The trooper letting go the beard of Don Quixote, went out for a light to ſearch for and apprehend the delinquents; but in this deſign he was diſappointed; the landlord having purpoſely extinguiſhed the lamp when he retired to his apartment: ſo that he was obliged to have recourſe to the embers, at which, with great induſtry and time, he made ſhift to light another candle.

CHAPTER.

CHAPTER III.

Containing the Sequel of those incredible Grievances which the valiant Don Quixote, and his trusty Squire Sancho Panza, underwent at the Inn, which for their Misfortune the Knight mistook for a Castle.

ABOUT this time, Don Quixote, recovering the use of his tongue, began to call in the same feeble tone with which he spoke the preceding day, when he lay stretched in the pack-staff valley—'Art thou asleep, friend Sancho? friend Sancho, art thou asleep?'—'God's my life!' replied Sancho, full of peevishness and pain, 'how should I be asleep, seeing all the devils in hell have been upon me this whole night?'——'That thou mayest assure thyself of,' answered the knight: 'for either I understand nothing at all, or this castle is inchanted. Thou must know, Sancho, (but what I am going to disclose to thee, thou shalt swear to keep secret till after my death.)—'I do swear,' said Sancho. 'This secrecy I insist upon,' replied his master, 'because I would by no means take away the reputation of any person.'—'Well then,' cried the squire, 'I swear to keep it secret till the days of your worship be past and gone; and God grant that I may be at liberty to reveal it to-morrow.'—'Have I done you so much mischief, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'that you wish to see me dead so soon?'—'It is not for that,' replied the squire, 'but because I am an enemy to all secrets, and would not have any thing rot in my keeping.'—'Be that as it may,' said the knight, 'I will trust greater things to thy love and fidelity. Know, therefore, that this very night I have been engaged in a most rare and wonderful adventure; which, that I may briefly relate, take notice, that a little while ago, I was visited by the constable's daughter, than whom a more beautiful and gracious young lady is scarce to be found on this terraqueous globe. How shall I paint to thee the comliness of her person? how delineate the acuteness of her understanding? or, how shall I describe those mysterious charms

which,

which, that I may preſerve the fealty I have ſworn to my own ſovereign miſtreſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, I muſt paſs over in ſacred ſilence? I ſhall only tell thee, that Heaven itſelf was jealous of the happineſs which fortune had put into my power; or, perhaps, which is more probable, this caſtle, as I have already obſerved, is inchanted: for, while I was engaged with her in a moſt delightful and amorous converſation, an unſeen hand, belonging, doubtleſs, to the arm of ſome monſtrous giant, deſcended, I know not whence, upon my jaws, leaving my whole face bathed in gore: and afterwards bruiſed me in ſuch a manner, that I am infinitely worſe than I was yeſterday, when the carriers maltreated us, as thou knoweſt, for the exceſſes of Rozinante; from whence I conjecture, that the treaſure of this fair damſel's beauty is guarded by ſome inchanted Moor, and not deſtined for my poſſeſſion,'—'Nor for mine neither,' cried Sancho; 'for I have been drubbed by five hundred Moors, ſo unmercifully, that the pack-ſtave threſhing was but cakes and gingerbread to what I now feel: ſo that I ſee no great cauſe you have to brag of that rare adventure, which has left us in this comfortable pickle. Indeed, your worſhip was not ſo badly off, becauſe you had that ſame incomparable beauty in your arms; but what had I, except the hardeſt knocks, which, I hope, I ſhall ever feel in my born days! Curſed am I, and the mother that bore me; for though I neither am knight-errant, nor ever deſign to be one, the greateſt part of the miſchief that betides us for ever falls to my ſhare.'—'It ſeems, then, thou haſt ſuffered too,' ſaid Don Quixote. 'Woe be unto me and my whole pedigree!' cried Sancho; 'have I not been telling you ſo all this time?'—'Give thyſelf no concern about that matter,' anſwered the knight; 'for now I am determined to prepare that precious balſam, which will cure us both in the twinkling of an eye.'

About this time the officer of the holy brotherhood, having made ſhift to light his candle, came back to examine the perſon whom he ſuppoſed murdered; and Sancho,

cho, seeing him approach in his shirt and woollen night-cap, with a very unfavourable aspect, and a light in his hand, said to his master, 'Pray, Sir, is this the inchanted Moor returned to spend the last drop of his vengeance upon us*?'—'That cannot be the Moor,' answered Don Quixote, 'for inchanters never suffer themselves to be seen.'—'If they won't allow themselves to be seen,' cried the squire, 'they make no bones of letting themselves be felt; that my shoulders can testify.'—'And mine too,' said the knight; 'but we have no sufficient reason to believe that he whom we now see is the inchanted Moor.'

Meanwhile, the trooper drawing near, and hearing them talk so deliberately, remained some time in suspence; then observing Don Quixote, who still lay on his back, unable to stir, on account of his bruises and plaisters, he went up to him, saying, 'How do'st do, honest friend?'—'I would speak more submissively,' answered the knight, 'were I such a plebeian as you. Is that the language used in this country to knights-errant, you blockhead?' The officer finding himself treated with so little ceremony, by such a miserable wight, could not bear the reproach, but lifting up his lamp, oil and all, discharged it upon Don Quixote's pate, which suffered greatly in the encounter; and the light being again extinguished, slipped away in the dark. Things being in this situation, 'Sir,' said Sancho Panza, 'without doubt, that was the inchanted Moor, who keeps the treasure for other people, and the fifty-cuffs and lamp-leavings for us.'—'It must be so,' replied the knight; but we must not mind those affairs of inchantment so much, as to let them ruffle or inflame us; because, they being invisible and fantastical, do what we can, we shall never be able to take vengeance upon the authors of them: get up, therefore, Sancho, if thou canst, and desire the constable of this castle to supply me with some oil, wine, salt, and rosemary; that I may prepare the salutiferous balsam, which, really, I believe, I stand in great

* Literally, what is left in the bottom of his inkhorn.

great need of at preſent, for the wound which the phantom hath given me bleeds apace.'

Accordingly the ſquire made ſhift to riſe, notwithſtanding the intolerable aching of his bones; and creeping in the dark towards the innkeeper's bed-chamber, happened to meet with the trooper, who ſtood liſtening, to know the intention of his adverſary. 'Signior,' cried he, 'whoſoever you are, do us the benefit and favour to aſſiſt us with ſome roſemary, ſalt, wine, and oil; in order to cure one of the moſt mighty knights-errant upon earth, who lies in that bed, deſperately wounded by the hands of an inchanted Moor that frequents this inn.' The officer hearing ſuch an addreſs, concluded that the man had loſt his ſenſes; and it being by this time dawn, opened the inn gate, and calling to the landlord, told him what this honeſt man wanted. The innkeeper having provided Sancho with the ingredients, he immediately carried them to his maſter; who lay holding his head between his two hands, and complaining very much of the effect of the lamp; which, however, had done no farther damage than that of raiſing a couple of large tumours upon his pate; that which he took for blood being no other than ſweat forced out by the anguiſh and pain he had undergone. In ſhort, he made a compoſition, by mixing the materials together, and boiling them a good while, until he found he had brought the whole to a due conſiſtence: then he aſked for a phial to contain the balſam; but as there was none in the houſe, he reſolved to cork it up in a tin oil-flaſk, of which the landlord made him a preſent. Which being done, he repeated over it more than fourſcore pater-noſters, with the like number of ave-maria's, ſalve's and credo's, accompanying every word with the ſign of the croſs, by way of benediction: and this whole ceremony was performed in preſence of Sancho, the innkeeper, and officer; the carrier having very quietly gone to take care of his beaſts.

This precious balſam being thus compoſed, the knight was determined to make inſtant trial of the efficacy

efficacy with which he imagined it endued; and accordingly ſwallowed about a pint and a half of what remained in the pot, after the oil-flaſk was full; which had ſcarce got down his throat, when he began to vomit in ſuch a manner, as left nothing in his ſtomach; and a moſt copious ſweat breaking out upon him, in conſequence of the violent operation, he deſired they would wrap him up warm, and leave him to his repoſe. They complied with his requeſt, and he fell into a profound ſleep that laſted three hours; at the end of which awaking, he found himſelf exceedingly refreſhed, and ſo well recovered of his bruiſes, that he ſeemed perfectly well; and implicitly believed that he had now made ſure of the balſam of Fierabras; which, while he poſſeſſed, he might, with the utmoſt confidence and ſafety, engage in the moſt perilous quarrels, combats, and havock, that could poſſibly happen.

Sancho Panza ſeeing his maſter recovered to a miracle, begged he would beſtow upon him the ſediment of the pot, which was no ſmall quantity: and his requeſt being granted, he laid hold of it with both hands, and ſetting it to his head, drank off, with ſtrong faith and eager inclination, almoſt as much as his maſter had ſwallowed before. But the poor ſquire's ſtomach chanced to be not quite ſo delicate as that of the knight; and therefore, before he could diſcharge a drop, he ſuffered ſuch pangs and reachings, ſuch qualms and cold ſweats, that he verily believed his laſt hour was come; and in the midſt of his wamblings and affliction curſed the balſam and the miſcreant that made it. Don Quixote perceiving his ſituation, ſaid, 'I believe that all this miſchief happens to thee, Sancho, becauſe thou art not a knight; for I am perſuaded, that this liquor will be of ſervice to none but ſuch as are of the order of knighthood.'—'If your worſhip knew ſo much,' cried Sancho, 'woe be unto me and my whole generation! why did you allow me to taſte it?' At this inſtant the potion began to operate, and the poor ſquire to unload at both ends with ſuch fury, that the mat upon which he had

had thrown himself, and the sheet that covered him, were soon in a woeful pickle: he sweated and shivered with such violent motions and fits, that not only he himself, but every body present, thought he would have given up the ghost.

This tempest of evacuation lasted near two hours; at the expiration of which, he found himself far from being relieved like his master, but, on the contrary, so much fatigued that he was not able to stand. The knight, as we have already observed, finding himself in good health and excellent spirits, longed fervently to depart in quest of adventures, thinking every minute he spent in that place was an injury to the world in general, and to those miserable objects who wanted his favour and protection; especially as he was now in possession of the certain means of safety and confidence, in that efficacious balsam he had made. Prompted by these suggestions, he himself saddled Rozinante, and with his own hands put the pannel upon the beast of the squire, whom he assisted also in getting on his cloaths, and mounting his ass. He then bestrode his own steed; and laying hold of a pitchfork that stood in the corner of the yard, appropriated it to the use of a lance; while all the people in the house, exceeding twenty persons, beheld him with admiration: the landlord's daughter being among the spectators, he fixed his eyes upon her, and from time to time uttered a profound sigh, which seemed to be heaved from the very bottom of his bowels; and which, in the opinion of all those who had seen him anointed over night, was occasioned by the aching of his bones.

He and his squire being by this time mounted, he halted at the gate, and calling to the innkeeper, pronounced, in a grave and solemn tone, 'Numerous and mighty are the favours, Sir Constable, which I have received in this castle of yours; and I shall think myself under the highest obligation to retain a grateful remembrance of your courtesy all the days of my life. If I can make you any return, in taking vengeance on some insolent adversary, who hath, perhaps, aggrieved you;

know, that it is my province and profeſſion to aſſiſt the helpleſs, avenge the injured, and chaſtiſe the falſe: recollect, therefore; and if you have any boon of that ſort to aſk, ſpeak the word; I promiſe, by the order of knighthood which I have received, that you ſhall be righted and redreſſed to your heart's content.'—'Sir knight,' replied the innkeeper, with the ſame deliberation, 'I have no occaſion for your worſhip's aſſiſtance, to redreſs any grievance of mine; for I know how to revenge my own wrongs when I ſuffer any: all I deſire is, that you will pay the ſcore you have run up in this inn, for provender to your cattle, and food and lodging to yourſelf and ſervant.'—'It ſeems, then, this is an inn,' anſwered the knight. 'Aye, and a well-reſpected one,' ſaid the landlord. 'I have been in a miſtake all this time,' reſumed Don Quixote, 'for I really thought it was a caſtle; and that none of the meaneſt neither: but ſince it is no other than a houſe of publick entertainment, you have nothing to do but excuſe me from paying a farthing; for I can by no means tranſgreſs the cuſtom of knights errant, who, I am ſure, as having read nothing to the contrary *, never paid for lodging, nor any thing elſe, in any inn or houſe whatſoever, becauſe they had a right and title to the beſt of entertainment, in recompence for the intolerable ſufferings they underwent, in ſeeking adventures by night and by day, in winter as well as ſummer, on foot

* Don Quixote ſeems in this place to have forgot one adventure of his great pattern, Orlando, who, while he accompanied Angelica in her flight from Albracca, happened to intrude upon the king of the Leſtrigons, as he ſat at dinner in a valley; and being in great want of victuals, accoſted his moſt ſavage majeſty in theſe words, recorded by Boyardo, or rather Berni, in his poem intitled Orlando Innamorato.

Perchè fortuna a queſt'ora ne mena
Da voi, vi prego, che non vi diſpiaccia,
O pe' noſtri danari o in corteſia,
Che noi cenium con voi di campagnia.

Thus humbly requeſting, that he would either for love or money give them a bone to pick.

and on horſeback, expoſed to hunger and thirſt, to heat and cold, and to all the inclemencies of heaven, as well as the inconveniencies of earth.'—'All this is nothing to my purpoſe,' ſaid the innkeeper; 'pay me what you owe, and ſave all your idle tales of knight-errantry for thoſe who will be amuſed with them; for my own part, I mind no tale but that of the money I take.'—'You are a ſaucy publican, and a blockhead to boot,' cried Don Quixote; who, putting ſpurs to Rozinante, and brandiſhing his pitchfork, ſallied out of the inn without oppoſition; and was a good way off before he looked behind to ſee if he was followed by his ſquire.

The landlord, ſeeing the knight depart without paying, ran up to ſeize Sancho; who told him, that ſince his maſter had refuſed to diſcharge the bill, he muſt not expect any money from him, who being the ſquire of a knight-errant, was, as well as his maſter, bound by the ſame laws to pay for nothing in taverns and inns. The publican, irritated at this anſwer, threatened, if he would not pay him, to indemnify himſelf in a manner that ſhould not be ſo much to the ſquire's liking: but Panza ſwore by the laws of chivalry his maſter profeſſed, that he would not pay a doit, though it ſhould coſt him his life; for he was reſolved that the honourable and ancient cuſtoms of knight-errantry ſhould not be loſt thro' his miſbehaviour; neither ſhould thoſe ſquires, who were to come into the world after him, have occaſion to complain of his conduct, or reproach him with the breach of ſo juſt a privilege.

As the unfortunate Sancho's evil genius would have it, there were among the company that lodged that night in the houſe, four clothiers of Segovia, three pin-makers from the great ſquare of Cordova, and a couple of ſhop-keepers from the market-place of Seville; all of them briſk jolly fellows, and miſchievous wags. Theſe companions, as if they had been inſpired and inſtigated by the ſame ſpirit, came up to the ſquire, and pulled him from his aſs; then, one of them fetching a blanket from the landlord's bed, they put Sancho into it, and lifting

up their eyes, perceived the roof was too low for their purpoſe; therefore determined to carry him out into the yard, which had no other cieling than the ſky: there placing Panza in the middle of the blanket, they began to toſs him on high, and divert themſelves with his capers, as the mob do with dogs at Shrove-tide. The cries uttered by this miſerable vaulter, were ſo piercing as to reach the ears of his maſter, who halting to liſten the more attentively, believed that ſome new adventure was approaching, until he clearly recognized the ſhrieks of his ſquire: he immediately turned his horſe, and with infinite ſtraining, made ſhift to gallop back to the inn; but finding the gate ſhut, rode round in ſearch of ſome other entrance; and when he approached the yard wall, which was not very high, perceived the diſagreeable joke they were practiſing upon his ſquire, who roſe in the air, and ſunk again with ſuch grace and celerity, that if his indignation would have allowed him, I verily believe the knight himſelf would have laughed at the occaſion. He attempted to ſtep from his horſe upon the wall, but was ſo bruiſed and battered, that he could not move from his ſeat; and therefore, ſituated as he was, began to vent ſuch a torrent of reproachful and opprobrious language againſt Sancho's executioners, that it is impoſſible to repeat the half of what he ſaid. This, however, neither interrupted their mirth nor their diverſion, nor gave the leaſt truce to the lamentations of Sancho, who prayed and threatened by turns, as he flew. Indeed, nothing of this ſort either could or did avail him, until leaving off, out of pure wearineſs, they thought fit to wrap him up in his great coat, and ſet him on his aſs again. The compaſſionate Maritornes ſeeing him ſo much fatigued, thought he would be the better for a draught of water, which, that it might be the cooler, ſhe fetched from the well; and Sancho had juſt put the mug to his lips, when his draught was retarded by the voice of his maſter, who cried aloud, 'Son Sancho, drink not water, drink not that which will be the occaſion of thy death, my ſon; behold this moſt ſacred balſam,' holding up the

the cruſe of potion in his hand, 'two drops of which will effectually cure thee.' At theſe words the ſquire eyed him, as it were, aſkance, and in a tone ſtill more vociferous, replied, 'Perchance your worſhip has forgot that I am no knight; or may be, you want to ſee me vomit up all the entrails I have left, after laſt night's quandary. Keep the liquor for yourſelf, and may all the devils in hell give you joy of it; and leave me to my own diſcretion!' He had no ſooner pronounced theſe words than he began to ſwallow; and perceiving at the firſt draught, that the cordial was no other than water, he did not chuſe to repeat it; but deſired Maritornes to bring him ſome wine. This requeſt ſhe complied with very chearfully, and paid for it with her own money; for it was reported of her, that although ſhe was reduced to that low degree in life, ſhe actually retained ſome faint ſketches and ſhadows of the Chriſtian.

Sancho, having finiſhed his draught, clapped heels to his aſs, and the inn-gate being thrown wide open, ſallied forth very well ſatisfied with having got off without paying any thing, although he had ſucceeded at the expence of his ſhoulders, which were indeed his uſual ſureties. True it is, the landlord had detained his bags for the reckoning; but theſe Sancho did not miſs in the confuſion of his retreat. As ſoon as he was clear of the houſe, the innkeeper would have barricadoed the gate, had he not been prevented by the blanket companions, who were of that ſort of people, that would not have valued Don Quixote a farthing, even if he had been actually one of the knights of the round-table.

CHAPTER IV.

In which is recounted the Diſcourſe that paſſed between Sancho Panza and his Maſter Don Quixote; with other Adventures worthy of record.

SANCHO made ſhift to overtake his maſter, ſo haggard and diſmayed, that he was ſcarce able to manage his beaſt: and when the knight perceived his melancholy ſituation, 'Honeſt Sancho,' ſaid he, 'I am

now convinced, beyond all doubt, that this caſtle or inn is inchanted; for thoſe who made ſuch a barbarous paſtime of thy ſufferings, could be no other than phantoms and beings belonging to the other world. I am confirmed in this opinion, from having found, that while I was by the wall of the yard, a ſpectator of the acts of thy mournful tragedy, I could neither climb over to thy aſſiſtance, nor indeed move from Rozinante, but was fixed in the ſaddle by the power of inchantment; for I ſwear to thee, by the faith of my character! if I could have alighted from my ſteed, and ſurmounted the wall, I would have revenged thy wrongs in ſuch a manner, that thoſe idle miſcreants ſhould have remembered the jeſt to their dying day: although I know, that in ſo doing, I ſhould have tranſgreſſed the laws of chivalry, which, I have often told thee, do not allow a knight to lift his arm againſt any perſon of an inferior degree, except in defence of his own life and limbs, or in caſes of the moſt preſſing neceſſity.'—'So would I have revenged myſelf,' ſaid Sancho, 'knighted or not knighted; but it was not in my power; though I am very well ſatisfied that thoſe who diverted themſelves at my coſt were no phantoms, nor inchanted beings, as your worſhip imagines, but men made of fleſh and bones, as we are; and all of them have Chriſtian names, which I heard repeated, while they toſſed me in the blanket; one, for example, is called Pedro Martinez, another Tenorio Harnandez, and the innkeeper goes by the name of Juan Palameque the Left-handed; and therefore, Signior, your being diſabled from alighting and getting over the wall, muſt have been owing to ſomething elſe than inchantment. What I can clearly diſcern from the whole is, that theſe adventures we go in ſearch of, will, at the long run, bring us into ſuch miſventures, that we ſhall not know our right hands from our left; and therefore, in my ſmall judgment, the beſt and wholeſomeſt thing we can do, will be to jog back again to our own habitation now, while the harveſt is going on, to take care of our crops,

and

and leave off sauntering from post to pillar *, and falling out of the frying-pan into the fire, as the saying is.'

'How little art thou acquainted, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'with the pretensions of chivalry! hold thy tongue and have patience; for the day will soon arrive on which thy own eyes shall judge what an honourable profession it is: Pray, tell me, now, what greater satisfaction can there be in this world, or what pleasure can equal that of a conqueror, who triumphs over his adversary in battle? None, sure!'—'That may be,' answered the squire, 'though I know nothing of the matter. This only I know, that since we have taken up the trade of knights-errant (your worship I mean, for as to my own part I have no manner of title to be reckoned in such an honourable list) we have not gained one battle, except that with the Biscayan; and even there your worship came off with half an ear, and the loss of one side of your helmet: from that day to this good hour, our lot hath been nothing but cudgelling upon cudgelling, pummelling upon pummelling; except the advantage I have had over your worship, in being tossed in a blanket by inchanted Moors, whom I cannot be revenged of, in order to know how pleasant a pastime it is to overcome one's enemy, as your worship observes.'—That is the very grievance, Sancho, under which both you and I labour', said Don Quixote: 'but, for the future, I will endeavour to procure a sword tempered with such masterly skill, that he who wears it shall be subject to no kind of inchantment; and who knows but accident may furnish me with that which Amadis possessed, when he styled himself the knight of the flaming sword; and truly it was one of the most excellent blades that ever a warrior unsheathed; for, besides that sovereign virtue it contained, it cut keen as a razor; and no armour, though ever so strong or inchanted, could stand before it's edge.'—'I am so devilishly lucky,' said Sancho,

* In the original, from Ceca to Meeca; a phrase derived from the customs of the Moors, who used to go in pilgrimage to these two places. Ceca was in the city of Cordova.

Sancho, 'that if the caſe was really ſo, and your worſhip ſhould light on that ſame ſword, it would, like the precious balſam, be of no ſervice or ſecurity to any but your true knights; and we that are ſquires might ſing for ſorrow.'—'Thou muſt not be afraid of that,' replied the knight; 'Heaven will ſurely deal more mercifully with thee.'

In ſuch converſation, Don Quixote and his ſquire jogged along, when the former deſcrying on the road in which they travelled, a large and thick cloud of duſt rolling towards them, turned to Sancho, ſaying, 'This, O Sancho, is the day that ſhall manifeſt the great things which fortune hath in ſtore for me! This, I ſay, is the day on which the valour of this arm ſhall be diſplayed as much as upon any other occaſion; and on which I am reſolved to perform deeds that ſhall remain engraven on the leaves of fame to all poſterity! Seeſt thou that cloud of duſt before us? The whole of it is raiſed by a vaſt army, compoſed of various and innumerable nations that are marching this way.'—'By that way of reckoning there muſt be two,' ſaid Sancho, 'for right over againſt it there is juſt ſuch an another.' Don Quixote immediately turned his eyes, and perceiving Sancho's information to be true, was rejoiced beyond meaſure; firmly believing that what he ſaw were two armies in full march to attack each other, and engage in the middle of that ſpacious plain; for every hour and minute of the day his imagination was engroſſed by thoſe battles, inchantments, dreadful incidents, extravagant amours, and rhodomontades, which are recorded in the books of chivalry; and indeed every thing he thought, ſaid, or did, had a tendency that way.

As for the duſt he now ſaw, it was raiſed by two flocks of ſheep which chanced to be driven from different parts into the ſame road, and were ſo much involved in this cloud of their own making, that it was impoſſible to diſcern them until they were very near. The knight affirmed they were armies with ſuch aſſurance, that

Sancho

Sancho actually believed it, and said to his master, 'And pray now, good your worship, what must we do?—'What,' answered Don Quixote, 'but assist and support that side which is weak and discomfited? Thou must know, Sancho, that yonder host which fronts us, is led and commanded by the mighty Emperor Alifanfaron, sovereign of the great island of Trapoban; and that other behind us belongs to his mortal enemy, the king of the Garamanteans, known by the name Pentapolin with the naked arm, because he always goes to battle with the sleeve of his right arm tucked up.'—But why are those chieftains so mischievously inclined towards each other?' said Sancho. 'The cause of their enmity,' replied the knight, 'is this: Alifanfaron, who is a most outrageous Pagan, is enamoured of Pentapolin's daughter, a most beautiful and courteous lady, who being a Christian, her father will by no means betroth her to the infidel prince, unless he shall first renounce the law of his false prophet Mahomet, and become a convert to the true faith.'—'Now, by my whiskers!' cried Sancho, 'King Pentapolin is an honest man, and I am resolved to give him all the assistance in my power.'—'In so doing thou wilt perform thy duty, Sancho,' said his master; 'for to engage in such battles as these, it is not necessary to be dubbed a knight.'—'That I can easily comprehend,' replied the other; but where shall we secure the ass, that we may be sure of finding him after the fray is over; for I believe it is not the fashion now-a-days to go to battle on such a beast.'—'True,' said the knight; 'and I think the best way will be to leave him to his chance, whether he be lost or not; for we shall have such choice of steeds, when once we have gained the victory, that Rozinante himself will run some risk of being exchanged for another: but observe and listen attentively; I will now give thee a detail of the principal knights that serve in these two armies; and that thou may'st see and mark them the better, let us retire to you rising ground, from whence we can distinctly view the line of battle in both.' They accordingly

accordingly placed themſelves upon a hillock, whence they could eaſily have diſcerned the two flocks of ſheep which Don Quixote metamorphoſed into armies, had not the duſt they raiſed confounded and obſcured the view; but nevertheleſs, beholding in his imagination that which could not otherwiſe be ſeen, becauſe it did not exiſt, he began to pronounce with an audible voice--

'That knight whom thou ſeeſt with yellow armour, bearing in his ſhield a lion crowned, and crouching at the feet of a young lady, is the gallant Laucalco, lord of the ſilver bridge; that other beſide him, who wears armour powdered with flowers of gold, and bears for his device three crowns argent in a field azure, is the amorous Micocolembo, Grand Duke of Quiracia; and he upon his right-hand, with theſe gigantick limbs, is the never to be daunted Brandabarbaran de Boliche, ſovereign of the three Arabias, who comes armed with a ſerpent's ſkin, and, inſtead of a ſhield, brandiſhes a huge gate, which, it is ſaid, belonged to the temple that Samſon overthrew, when he avenged himſelf of his enemies at his death: but turn thine eyes, and behold in the front of this other army, the ever-conquering and never-conquered Timonel de Carcajona, prince of New-Biſcay, whoſe arms are quartered azure, vert, argent, and or; and the device in his ſhield, a cat or, in a field gules, with the letters Miau, which conſtitute the beginning of his lady's name; and ſhe, they ſay, is the peerleſs Miaulina, daughter of Alfeniquen, Duke of Algarve; the other, who loads and oppreſſes the loins of that fiery Arabian ſteed, with armour white as ſnow, and a ſhield without a device, is a noviciate knight of the French nation, called Pierre Papin, Baron of Utrique; the third, who ſtrikes his iron rowels into the flanks of that ſpotted nimble zebra*, is the potent Duke of Nerbia, eſparta-ſilardo of the wood, who bears in his ſhield for a device, a bunch of aſparagus, with an inſcription ſignifying, "By deſtiny I am dogged."

In

* Zebra is a beautiful creature, native of Arabia, vulgarly called the wild aſs.

In this manner did he invent names for a great many knights in either army, to all of whom also he gave arms, colours, mottos, and devices, without the least hesitation, being incredibly inspired by the fumes of a distempered fancy; nay, he proceeded without any pause, saying, 'That squadron forming in our front is composed of people of divers nations: there be those who drink the delicious waters of the celebrated Xanthus, with the mountaineers who tread the Masicilican plains; and those who sift the purest golden ore of Arabia Felix: there also may be seen the people who sport upon the cool and famous banks of the transluscent Thermodonte; and those who conduct the yellow Pactolus in many a winding stream; the promise-breaking Numidians; the Persians for their archery renowned; the Parthians and the Medes who combat as they fly; the Arabians famed for shifting habitations; the Scythians cruel as they are fair; the thick-lipped race of Ethiopia; and an infinite variety of other nations, whose looks I know, and can discern, though I cannot recollect their names. In that other squadron march those men who lave in the crystal current of the olive-bearing Betis; those whose villages are cleaned and polished with the limpid wave of the ever rich and golden Tagus; those who delight in the salutiferous draughts of Genil the divine; those who scour the Tartesian fields that with fat pasture teem; those who make merry in the Elysian meads of Herezan; the rich Manchegans crowned with ruddy ears of corn; those cloathed in steel, the bold remains of ancient Gothick blood; those who bathe in Pasuerga, famous for its gentle current; those who feed their flocks upon the spacious meads of the meandring Gaudiana, celebrated for its secret course: those who shiver with the chill blasts of the woody Pyrenees; and those who feel the snowy flakes of lofty Appenine: in fine, whatever nation Europe imbosoms and contains.'

Heaven preserve us! what provinces did he mention! what nations did he name! bestowing, with wonderful facility, those attributes that belonged to each; being all

all the while abſorpt, and, as it were, immerſed in the contents of his deceitful books. Sancho Panza liſtened attentively to his maſter, without uttering one ſyllable: and from time to time turned his eyes from one ſide to another, to ſee if he could diſcern thoſe knights and giants who were thus deſcribed: but not being able to diſcover one of them, 'Sir,' ſaid he, 'your worſhip may ſay what you pleaſe, but the devil a man, giant, or knight, that you have mentioned, is there; at leaſt I can ſee none: perhaps, indeed, the whole is inchantment, like the phantoms of laſt night.'—'How ſay'ſt thou?' replied Don Quixote: 'doſt thou not hear the neighing of ſteeds, the ſound of clarions, and noiſe of drums?'—I hear nothing,' anſwered Sancho, 'but abundance of bleating of ewes and lambs.' And truly that was the caſe; for by this time the two flocks were pretty near them. 'Thy fear,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'hinders thee from ſeeing and hearing aright: for one effect of terror is to diſturb the ſenſes, and make objects appear otherwiſe than they are: if thou art therefore under ſuch conſternation, retire on one ſide, and leave me alone; for I myſelf am ſufficient to beſtow victory on that cauſe which I eſpouſe.' So ſaying, he clapped ſpurs to Rozinante, and putting his lance in the reſt, darted down from the hillock like lightning. In vain did Sancho bellow forth, 'Turn Signior Don Quixote: good your worſhip, turn! ſo help me God, thoſe are ewes and lambs you are going to attack! Woe be to the father that begat me! Will you not turn? What madneſs poſſeſſes you! Conſider, here are no giants, nor knights, nor cats, nor arms, nor ſhields quartered or whole, nor inverted azures, and the devil knows what: was there ever ſuch diſtraction? ſinner that I am!'

The knight, however, did not regard this exclamation: on the contrary, he rode on, bawling aloud, 'Soho, knights! you that attend and ſerve under the banners of the valiant Emperor Pantapolin, with the naked arm, follow me in a body, and you ſhall behold how eaſily I will avenge him on his adverſary

Alifanfaron, of Trapoban.' Having uttered theſe words, he ruſhed into the thickeſt of the ſquadron of ſheep, and began to lay about him, with as much eagerneſs and fury, as if he had been actually engaged with his mortal enemies. The herdſmen and ſhepherds, who were driving the flock, called to him to forbear; but finding their admonition had no effect, they ungirded their ſlings, and began to ſalute his ears with ſtones, the leaſt of which was as large as an ordinary fiſt; but he, far from minding their miſſiles, rode about the field, crying, 'Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron? face me if thou dareſt; I am but a ſingle knight, who want to prove thy proweſs hand to hand, and ſacrifice thy life for the injury thou haſt done to Pentapolin Garamanta.' Juſt as he pronounced theſe words, he received a pebble on his ſide, that ſeemed to have buried a couple of his ribs in his belly; and gave him ſuch a rude ſhock, that he believed himſelf either dead or deſperately wounded; then remembering his ſpecifick, he pulled out the cruſe, and ſetting it to his mouth, began to ſwallow the balſam; but before he had drank what he thought a ſufficient doſe, there came another ſuch almond, ſo plump upon his hand and cruſe, that, after having ſhivered the pot to pieces, it carried off in it's way three or four of his grinders, and ſhattered two of his fingers in a grievous manner: in ſhort, ſo irreſiſtible were both the applications, that the poor knight could not help tumbling from his horſe. The ſhepherds immediately came up, and believing him actually dead, gathered together their flock with all imaginable diſpatch; and taking their dead, which might be about ſeven in number, upon their ſhoulders, made off without any farther inquiry.

All this time Sancho remained upon the hill, beholding, with amazement, the madneſs of his maſter, tearing his beard, and curſing the hour and minute on which it was his fate to know him: and now ſeeing him fallen, and the ſhepherds gone, he deſcended to his aſſtance, when finding him ſtill ſenſible, though in a miſerable

ferable situation, 'Did not I warn you, Signior Don Quixote,' said he, 'to turn; and assure you that those you went to attack were no armies, but flocks of innocent sheep?'—'How strangely can that miscreant inchanter, who is my enemy, transmography things to thwart me? Know, Sancho, that it is a very easy matter for necromancers to make us assume what shapes they please; and the malicious wretch who persecutes me, envying the glory I should have gained in this battle, had doubtless metamorphosed the squadrons of the foe into flocks of sheep: but thou shalt do one thing, I intreat thee, Sancho, in order to be undeceived and convinced of the truth; mount thy ass, and follow them fair and softly; and when they are at a convenient distance from hence, thou wilt see them return to their former shapes, and ceasing to be sheep, become men again, right and tight as I at first described them; but do not go at present, for I have occasion for thy service and assistance: come hither, and see how many teeth I have lost; methinks there is not one left in my whole jaw.'

Sancho accordingly approached so near as to thrust his eyes into his master's mouth, just at the time when the balsam began to operate in his stomach, which, with the force of a culverin, discharged its contents full in the beard of the compassionate squire. 'Holy Virgin!' cried Sancho, 'what is this that hath befallen me? Without doubt, this poor sinner is mortally wounded, since he vomits blood.' But considering the case more maturely, he found by the colour, taste, and smell, that it was not blood, but the balsam he had seen him drink: and such was the loathing he conceived at this recognition, that his stomach turned, and he emptied his bowels upon his master; so that both of them remained in a handsome pickle. Sancho ran to his ass, for a towel to clean them, and some application for his master's hurt; but when he missed his bags, he had well nigh lost his senses; he cursed his fate again, and determined with himself to leave the knight, and return to his habitation, even though he should lose his wages for the

time

time he had already ſerved, as well as his hopes of governing the Iſland of Promiſe.

At this juncture Don Quixote aroſe, and clapping his left-hand to his cheek, in order to prevent his teeth from falling out, with the right laid hold of the bridle of Rozinante; who, like a faithful and affectionate ſervant, had never ſtirred from his maſter's ſide; and went up to the place where his ſquire ſtood, leaning upon his aſs, with one hand applied to his jaw, in the poſture of a perſon who is exceedingly penſive: the knight perceiving him in this ſituation, with manifeſt ſigns of melancholy in his countenance, 'Know, Sancho,' ſaid he, 'that one man is no more than another, unleſs he can do more than another. All thoſe hurricanes that have happened to us prognoſticate that we ſoon ſhall have fair weather, and that every thing will ſucceed to our wiſh: for it is impoſſible that either good or bad fortune ſhould be eternal; and therefore it follows, that our adverſity having laſted ſo long, our proſperity muſt be now at hand. Be not grieved then, at the misfortunes that happen to me, ſince no part of them falls to thy ſhare.'—'Not to my ſhare!' anſwered Sancho: 'may-hap, then, he whom they toſſed in the blanket yeſterday was not the ſon of my father; and the bags that are loſt to-day, with all the goods in them, belonged to ſome other perſon.'—'What, haſt thou loſt the bags, Sancho!' cried Don Quixote. 'Yes, ſure,' ſaid the other. 'At that rate, then, we have no victuals to eat,' reſumed the knight. 'That would certainly be the caſe,' anſwered the ſquire, 'if the meadows did not furniſh thoſe herbs you ſay you know with which unfortunate knights like your worſhip are wont to make up ſuch loſſes.'—'Yes, but for all that,' replied Don Quixote, 'I could at preſent reliſh a luncheon of brown bread, or a loaf, with a couple of red herrings, better than all the herbs deſcribed by Dioſcorides, even with the annotations of Doctor Laguna; but, nevertheleſs, mount thy beaſt, honeſt Sancho, and follow me. God, who provides all things, will not be wanting to us;

more especially as we are employed in his immediate service: he faileth not to provide for the gnats of the air, the insects of the earth, the spawn of the sea; and is so beneficent, as to cause the sun to shine upon the good and bad, and send rain to the wicked as well as the righteous.'—'Your worship,' said Sancho, 'is more fit to be a preacher than a knight-errant.'—'Knights-errant,' replied his master, 'ever had, and ought to have, some knowledge of every thing: nay, some there have been in times past, who would stop to make a sermon or discourse upon the highway, with as much eloquence as if they had taken their degrees at the university of Paris: from whence it may be inferred, that the lance was never blunted by the pen, nor the quill impeded by the lance.'—'What your worship observes may be very true,' said Sancho; 'but, in the mean time, let us leave this place, and endeavour to get a night's lodging in some house or other, where, God grant there may be neither blankets nor blanketeers, nor phantoms, nor inchanted Moors; else, may the devil confound both hook and crook!'

'Implore the protection of God, my son,' answered the knight, 'and lead me where thou wilt: for this once, I leave our lodging to thy care; but reach hither thy hand, and feel with thy finger how many teeth I have lost on this right side of my upper jaw, which is the place that gives me the greatest pain.' Sancho introduced his fingers, and having carefully examined his gums, 'How many teeth,' said he, 'was your worship wont to have in this place?'—'Four, besides the dog-tooth,' answered Don Quixote, 'all of them sound and whole.'—'Consider what your worship says,' replied Sancho. 'I say, four, if not five,' resumed the knight; 'for, in all my life, I never lost tooth or fang, either by worm, rheum, or scurvy.'—'At present,' said the squire, 'in that part of the lower jaw, your worship has but two grinders and a half; and above, neither half nor whole; all is smooth as the palm of my hand.'—'Cruel fortune!' cried Don Quixote, hearing this melancholy

lancholy piece of news; 'would they had rather demoliſhed a limb, ſo it had not been the ſword-arm; for I would have thee to know, Sancho, that a mouth without grinders, is like a mill without a mill-ſtone; and a tooth is worth a treaſure*; but ſuch miſchances always attend us who profeſs the ſtrict order of chivalry. Get up, friend, and lead the way, and I will follow at thy own pace.' Sancho complied with his deſire, and took the way that ſeemed moſt likely to lead to ſome accommodation, without quitting the high road, which was thereabouts very much frequented. While they jogged on ſoftly, becauſe the pain in Don Quixote's jaws would not ſuffer him to be quiet, or exert himſelf in puſhing forward, Sancho, being deſirous of entertaining and diverting him with his diſcourſe, ſaid, among other things, what will be rehearſed in the following chapter.

CHAPTER V.

An Account of the ſage Diſcourſe that paſſed between Sancho and his Maſter—The ſucceeding Adventure of the Corpſe—With other remarkable Events.

'IN my opinion, my good maſter, all the miſventures, which have this day happened to us, are deſigned as a puniſhment for the ſins committed by your worſhip, in neglecting to fulfil the oath you took, not to eat off a table-cloth, nor ſolace yourſelf with the queen; together with all the reſt that follows, which your worſhip ſwore to obſerve, until ſuch time as you could carry off that helmet of Malandrino, or how d'ye call the Moor? for I don't remember his right name.'—'Thou art very much in the right,' ſaid Don Quixote. 'To deal ingenuouſly with thee, Sancho, that affair had actually ſlipt out of my remembrance; and thou mayeſt depend upon it, that affair of the blanketting happened to thee, for the fault thou waſt guilty of, in omitting to put me

* I have endeavoured to preſerve an alliteration in tooth and treaſure, after the example of Cervantes, who ſeems to have intended it, in the words *diente* and *diamante*.

in mind of it in time: but I will make an atonement; for there are methods for compounding every thing in the order of chivalry.'—'Did I ſwear any thing?' replied Sancho. 'Your not having ſworn is of no importance,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'it is enough that I know you to be concerned as an acceſſary; and whether that be the caſe or not, it will not be amiſs to provide a remedy.'—'Well, then,' replied the ſquire, 'I hope your worſhip will not forget this, as you did the oath: perhaps the phantoms may take it in their heads again to divert themſelves with me, and even with your worſhip, if they find you obſtinate.'

In this and other ſuch diſcourſe, night overtook them in the midſt of their journey, before they could light on or diſcover any houſe where they could procure lodging; and what was worſe, they were almoſt famiſhed; for in their bags they had loſt their whole buttery and proviſion: nay, to crown their misfortune, an adventure happened to them, that, without any exaggeration, might have actually paſſed for ſomething preternatural. Though the night ſhut in very dark, they continued travelling; Sancho believing, that, as they were in the king's highway, they ſhould probably find an inn at the diſtance of a league or two.

Jogging on, therefore, under cloud of night, the ſquire exceeding hungry, and the maſter very well diſpoſed to eat, they deſcried upon the road before them a vaſt number of lights, that ſeemed like moving ſtars, approaching them. Sancho was confounded at the ſight, the meaning of which even Don Quixote could not comprehend: the one checked his aſs, the other pulled in his horſe's bridle, and both halted, in order to gaze attentively at the apparition of the lights, which ſeemed to increaſe the nearer they came. This being perceived by the ſquire, he began to quake like quickſilver; and the hair briſtled up on Don Quixote's head: nevertheleſs, recollecting himſelf a little, 'Without doubt, Sancho,' ſaid he, 'this muſt be a vaſt and perilous adventure, in which I ſhall be obliged to exert my whole

ſtrength

ſtrength and proweſs.'—'Woe is me!' cried Sancho, 'if perchance this ſhould be an adventure of phantoms, as I am afraid it is; where ſhall I find ribs for the occaſion?'—'Phantoms, or not phantoms,' ſaid the knight, 'I will not ſuffer them to touch a thread of thy cloaths: if they made merry at thy expence before, it was owing to my incapacity to climb over the yard wall: but at preſent we are in an open field, where I can manage my ſword as I pleaſe.'—'But if they ſhould benumb and bewitch you, as they did in the morning,' ſaid the ſquire, 'what benefit ſhall I receive from being in the open field?'—'Be that as it will,' replied Don Quixote, 'I beſeech thee, Sancho, be of good courage, and thou ſhalt ſoon know by experience how much I am maſter of that virtue.' Sancho accordingly promiſed to do his beſt, with God's aſſiſtance. Then they both ſtepped to one ſide of the road, and began to gaze again with great attention. While they were thus endeavouring to diſcern the meaning of the lights, they perceived a great number of perſons in white; which dreadful viſion entirely extinguiſhed the courage of Sancho Panza, whoſe teeth began to chatter as if he had been in the cold fit of an ague; and this agitation and chattering increaſed, when they ſaw them more diſtinctly; for, firſt and foremoſt appeared about twenty perſons on horſeback, all of them cloathed in white, with each a lighted flambeau in his hand, muttering in a low and plaintive tone. Behind them came a litter covered with black, followed by ſix mounted cavaliers in deep mourning, that trailed at the very heels of their mules, which were eaſily diſtinguiſhed from horſes, by the ſlowneſs of their pace.

This ſtrange viſion, at ſuch an hour, and in ſuch a deſart place, was ſurely ſufficient to ſmite the heart of Sancho with fear, and even make an impreſſion upon his maſter; and this would have been the caſe, had he been any other than Don Quixote; as for the ſquire, his whole ſtock of reſolution went to wreck. It was not ſo with his maſter, whoſe imagination clearly repreſented

to

to him, that this was exactly an adventure of the same kind with those he had read in books of chivalry; that the close litter was a bier, in which was carried some dead or wounded knight, the revenge of whose wrongs was reserved for him alone: wherefore, without canvassing the matter any farther, he set his lance in the rest, fixed himself in his seat, and with the most genteel and gallant deportment, placing himself in the middle of the road, through which they were indispensably obliged to pass, he raised his voice, and called to them as they approached—

'Halt, knights, whosoever ye are, and give an account of yourselves: whence come ye? whither go ye? and what are you carrying off in that bier? for, in all appearance, you have either done or received an injury; and it is necessary and convenient that I should know it, in order to chastise you for what you are now doing, or revenge the wrong you have already done.'—'We are at present in a hurry,' replied one of the phantoms in white; 'the inn we intend to lodge at is far off, and we cannot stay to give such a tedious account as you desire.' So saying, he spurred on his mule; while Don Quixote, mightily incensed at this reply, laid hold of his bridle, saying, 'Stand, and answer the questions I 'have asked with more civility; otherwise I will give battle to you all.'

The mule being skittish, was frighted in such a manner, at being seized by the bridle, that rearing on her hind feet, she fell back upon her rider; and a servant on foot, seeing his master fall, began to revile Don Quixote, whose choler being already provoked, he couched his lance, and without hesitation attacked one of the mourners, who soon fell to the ground, most miserably mauled; then wheeling about upon the rest, it was surprizing to see with what dispatch he assaulted and put them to the rout! while Rozinante acted with such agility and fury, that one would have sworn, at that instant, a pair of wings had sprung from his back. All the squadron arrayed in white, was composed of timorous

rous and unarmed people, who were fain to get out of the fray as ſoon as poſſible, and began to fly acroſs the plain, with their lighted torches, like ſo many maſkers in carnival time. The mourners being involved and intangled in their long robes, could not ſtir out of the way; ſo that Don Quixote, without running any riſk, drubbed them all round, and obliged them at length to quit the field, much againſt their inclination; for they actually believed he was no man, but a devil incarnate, who lay in wait to carry off the dead body that was in the litter.

All this while Sancho ſtood beholding with admiration the courage and intrepidity of the knight; ſaying within himſelf, 'This maſter of mine is certainly as ſtrong and valiant as he pretends to be.'

Meanwhile, Don Quixote, by the light of a torch that lay burning on the ground, perceiving the firſt whom the mule overthrew, rode up to him, and clapping the point of his lance to the poor man's throat, commanded him to yield, otherwiſe he would put him to death. To this declaration the other anſwered, 'Methinks I am already ſufficiently quiet; for one of my legs is broke, ſo that I cannot ſtir: I beſeech your worſhip, therefore, if you be a Chriſtian, not to kill me, as in ſo doing you will commit the horrid ſin of ſacrilege; for I am a licentiate, and have taken holy orders.'—'If you are an eccleſiaſtick, what the devil brought you here?' cried Don Quixote. 'The devil, indeed, I think it was,' anſwered the overthrown prieſt. 'You will have to do with worſe than the devil,' ſaid the knight, 'if you refuſe the ſatisfaction I at firſt demanded.'—'That is eaſily granted,' replied the other; 'and in the firſt place your worſhip muſt know, that though I juſt now called myſelf a licentiate, I am no more than a batchelor: my name is Alonzo Lopez; I was born at Alcovendas; and now came from the city of Baeça, in company with eleven other prieſts, who are thoſe who fled with the torches: we are conveying to Segovia that litter, which contains the corpſe of a gentleman

gentleman who died at Baeça, where it was depoſited till now, (as I was ſaying), that we are carrying his bones to be interred at Segovia, which was the place of his nativity.'—'And who killed him?' ſaid Don Quixote. 'God himſelf,' replied the batchelor, 'by means of a peſtilential calenture that ſeized him!'—'At that rate,' reſumed the knight, 'the Lord hath ſaved me the trouble of avenging his death, as I would have done, had he been ſlain by any mortal arm; but, conſidering how he died, there is nothing to be done, except to ſhrug up our ſhoulders in ſilence; for this is all that could happen, even if I myſelf ſhould fall by the ſame hand; and I deſire your reverence would take notice, that I am a knight of La Mancha, called Don Quixote, whoſe office and exerciſe is to travel through the world, redreſſing grievances and righting wrongs*.'—'I do not know how you can call this behaviour righting wrongs,' ſaid the batchelor: 'I am ſure you have changed my right into wrong, by breaking my leg, which will never be ſet to rights again ſo long as I live; and the grievances you have redreſſed for me, have been to aggrieve me in ſuch a manner, as that I ſhall never ceaſe to grieve at my miſventure, in meeting with you, while you was in ſearch of adventures.'—'All things do not equally ſucceed,' obſerved the knight: it was the misfortune of you and your companions, Mr. Batchelor Alonzo Lopez, to travel in the night, with theſe ſurplices and lighted flambeaus, ſinging all the way, before people clad in deep mourning, ſo that you ſeemed a company of ghoſts broke from the other world, therefore I could not help performing my duty in attacking you; and I would have behaved in the ſame manner, had I actually known you to be really and truly the inhabitants of hell; for ſuch indeed I thought you were.'—'Since my hard fate would have it ſo,' ſaid the batchelor,

* Knights engaged themſelves, by oath, to protect the widow and the orphan, to redreſs all injuries; and, in a ſpecial manner, to defend the characters of ladies by force of arms.

chelor, 'I entreat your worſhip, Sir knight-errant, who have been the cauſe of an unlucky errand to me, to help me from getting under the mule, which keeps one of my legs faſt jammed between the ſtirrup and the ſaddle.'—'I might have talked on till morning,' ſaid the knight; 'why did not you inform me of your diſtreſs ſooner?'

He then called aloud to Sancho, who was in no hurry to hear him, but buſy in rummaging a ſumpter-mule which thoſe honeſt prieſts brought along with them, well furniſhed with proviſions. Having made a bag of his great coat, into which he crammed as much of their victuals as it would hold, he loaded his aſs with the bundle, and then running up to his maſter, helped to free Mr. Batchelor from the oppreſſion of his mule, on which having mounted him, with a torch in his hand, Don Quixote adviſed him to follow the route of his companions; and deſired him to beg their pardon in his name, for the injury he had done them, as it was not in his power to avoid it. Sancho likewiſe interpoſing, ſaid, 'If in caſe the gentleman ſhould want to know who the valiant hero is who put them to flight, your worſhip may tell them, that he is the famous Don Quixote de La Mancha, otherwiſe ſurnamed the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'

Thus diſmiſſed, the batchelor purſued his way; and the knight aſked what had induced Sancho, now, rather than at any other time, to ſtile him the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. 'Truly,' anſwered Sancho, 'I have been looking at you ſome time by the light of that torch the unfortunate traveller held in his hand; and in good faith, your worſhip cuts the moſt diſmal figure I have almoſt ever ſeen; and it muſt certainly be occaſioned either by the fatigue you have undergone in this battle, or by the want of your teeth.'—'That is not the caſe,' replied his maſter; 'but the ſage who is deſtined to write the hiſtory of my exploits, hath thought proper that I ſhould aſſume ſome appellation, by the example of former knights, one of whom took the title

of

of the Flaming Sword; another of the Unicorn; a third of the Ladies; a fourth of the Phœnix; a fifth of the Griffin; a sixth called himself the Knight of Death; and by these epithets and symbols they were known all over the face of the earth; and therefore I say, that the forementioned sage hath now put it into thy thoughts, and directed thy tongue to call me the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; an appellation that henceforward I adopt: and that it may suit me the better, I am resolved to have a most woeful figure painted upon my shield, with the first opportunity'.—'There is no occasion,' said Sancho, 'to throw away time and money on such a device; your worship has nothing more to do but uncover your face; and I'll warrant those who behold it will call it a rueful one, without your having recourse to pictures and shields to explain your meaning; and you may believe I tell you nothing but the truth, when I maintain, though it be but in jest, that hunger and want of teeth makes your worship look so ill-favouredly, that we may very well save the expence of a rueful picture.'

Don Quixote could not help laughing at the pleasantry of Sancho, though he actually determined to assume that name, and have his shield and target painted according to his fancy. 'I know, Sancho,' said he, 'that I have incurred the sentence of excommunication, for having laid violent hands on consecrated things, according to the canon, "*Si quis suadente diabolo, &c.*" yet you know I touched them not with my hands, but with my lance; and even then never dreamed of injuring priests, or of giving the smallest offence to the church, which I respect and adore, like a faithful Catholick and Christian as I am; but, on the contrary, took them for phantoms and beings of another world: but the case being as it is, I remember what happened to the Cid Ruy Diaz, who broke to pieces the chair of a certain king's ambassador, in presence of his holiness the pope; for which outrage he was excommunicated; and

that

that very day the worthy Rodrigo de Vivar behaved like a valiant and honourable knight.'

The batchelor being gone, as we have obſerved, without anſwering one word, Don Quixote expreſſed a deſire of examining the litter, to ſee if it really contained a corpſe; but Sancho would by no means conſent to this enquiry, ſaying, 'Your worſhip has already finiſhed this perilous adventure with leſs damage to yourſelf than I have ſeen you receive in any other; but the people whom you have conquered and overthrown, may chance to recollect that they were vanquiſhed by a ſingle man, and be ſo much aſhamed and confounded at their own cowardice as to rally, and, if they find us, give us our belly-full. Dapple is at preſent very comfortably furniſhed; there is an uninhabited mountain hard by, hunger is craving, we have nothing to do but retreat thither at a gentle trot; and, as the ſaying is, "The dead to the bier, and the living to good cheer."' With theſe words he took the lead with his aſs, and the knight thinking there was a great deal of reaſon in what he ſaid, followed him very peaceably, without making any reply.

When they had travelled a little way between two hills, they found themſelves in a ſpacious and retired valley, where they alighted. Sancho unloaded the aſs, they ſat down on the green turf, and, with hunger for their ſauce, diſpatched their breakfaſt, dinner, afternoon's luncheon, and ſupper, at one meal; ſolacing their ſtomachs out of more than one baſket, which the eccleſiaſtical attendants of the defunct, who ſeldom neglect theſe things, had brought along with them on their ſumpter-mule: but another misfortune befel them, which, in Sancho's opinion, was the worſt that could happen: they had not one drop of wine to drink, nor indeed of water to cool their throats, ſo that they were parched with thirſt; then the ſquire, perceiving the meadow where they ſat was overgrown with green and tender graſs, made the propoſal which may be ſeen in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

Of the unſeen and unheard of Adventure atchieved by the valiant Don Quixote de La Mancha, with leſs Hazard than ever attended any Exploit performed by the moſt renowned Knight on Earth.

'THIS graſs, my good maſter, proves beyond all contradiction, that there muſt be ſome ſpring or rivulet hereabouts by which it is watered; and therefore we had better proceed a little farther, until we find wherewith to allay this terrible thirſt, which is more painful and fatiguing than hunger alone.' This advice appearing rational to Don Quixote, he took hold of Rozinante's bridle, and Sancho leading Dapple by the halter, after he had loaded him again with the fragments of their ſupper, they began to move farther into the meadow, at a venture; for the night was ſo dark, they could not diſtinguiſh one object from another: but they had not gone two hundred paces, when their ears were ſaluted with a prodigious noiſe of water, that ſeemed to ruſh down from ſome huge and lofty rocks: they were infinitely rejoiced at the ſound, when halting to liſten, that they might know whence it came, they were all of a ſudden ſurprized with another kind of noiſe, that ſoon damped the pleaſure occaſioned by the water, eſpecially in Sancho, who was naturally fearful and faint-hearted; I ſay they heard the ſound of regular ſtrokes, accompanied with ſtrange clanking of iron chains, which, added to the dreadful din of the cataract, would have ſmote the heart of any other but Don Quixote with fear and conſternation.

The night, as we have already obſerved, was dark; our travellers happened at this time to be in a grove of tall trees, whoſe leaves, moving gently by the wind, yielded a ſort of dreary whiſper: ſo that the ſolitude of the place, the darkneſs of the night, the noiſe of the water, and ruſtling of the leaves, concurred to inſpire them with horror and diſmay; the more ſo, as the ſtrokes were continued, the wind ſighed on, and the

morning was far off; and all these circumstances were aggravated by their ignorance of the place in which they were. But Don Quixote, encouraged by his own intrepid heart, mounted Rozinante, braced his shield, and brandishing his lance, 'Friend Sancho,' cried he, 'know that I was born by Heaven's appointment in these iron times to revive the age of gold, or, as it is usually called, the golden age. I am he for whom strange perils, valiant deeds, and vast adventures, are reserved! I am he, I say, ordained to re-establish the Knights of the Round table, the Twelve Peers of France, with the Nine Worthies! He whose feats shall bury in oblivion the Platirs, Tablantes, Olivantes, and Tirantes, the Febuses and Belianises, together with the whole tribe of knights-errant who lived in former times; performing such mighty and amazing deeds of arms, as will eclipse their most renowned acts! Consider well, thou true and loyal squire, the darkness and the solemn stillness of this night, the indistinct and hollow whispering of these trees, the dreadful din of the water we came to seek, which seems to rush and rumble down from the lofty mountains of the moon; together with these incessant strokes that strike and wound our ears: all these circumstances united, or each singly by itself, is sufficient to infuse fear, terror, and dismay, into the breast of Mars himself; much more in him who is altogether unaccustomed to such adventures and events. Yet all I have described are only incentives that awaken my courage, and already cause my heart to rebound within my breast, with desire to atchieve this adventure, howsoever difficult it may appear to be! Therefore straiten Rozinante's girth, recommend thyself to God, and wait for me in this place, three days at farthest; within which time, if I come not back, thou mayest return to our village; and, as the last favour and service done to me, go from thence to Toboso, and inform my incomparable mistress, Dulcinea, that her captive knight died in attempting things that might render him worthy to be called her lover.' When

When Sancho heard these last words of his master, he began to blubber with incredible tenderness. 'I cannot conceive,' said he, 'why your worship should attempt such a terrible adventure: it is now dark, and nobody sees us; therefore we may turn out of this road, and avoid the danger, though we should not taste liquor these three days; and if nobody sees us, we run no risque of being accused of cowardice; besides, I have heard the curate of our town, whom your worship knows very well, remark in his preaching, "He that seeketh danger perisheth therein;" therefore it must be a sin to tempt God by engaging in this rash exploit, from whence there is no escaping without a miracle; and Heaven hath wrought enow of them already, in preserving you from being blanketed as I was, and bringing you off conqueror, and sound wind and limb, from the midst of so many adversaries as accompanied the dead man: and if all this will not move you, nor soften your rugged heart, sure you will relent, when you consider and are assured that your worship will be scarce gone from hence, when I shall through pure fear yield my life to any thing that may chuse to take it. I left my habitation, wife and children, to come and serve your worship, believing it would be the better, not the worse, for me so to do; but as greediness bursts the bag, so is the bag of my hopes bursten; for when they are at the highest pitch, in expectation of that curst unlucky island your worship has promised me so often, I find in lieu of that, you want to make me amends by leaving me in this desart, removed from all human footsteps: for the love of God, dear master, do me not such wrong; or, if your worship is resolved to attempt this atchievement at any rate, at least delay it till morning, which, according to the signs I learned when I was a shepherd, will appear in less than three hours; for the muzzle of the bear is at the top of his head*, and

* In Castilian, *bocina* signifies a cornet, or hunting-horn, to which the Spaniards suppose the constellation of Ursa Minor bears some resemblance.

and ſhews to us midnight in the line of the left paw.'

'How canſt thou perceive, ſaid Don Quixote, 'that line, or head, or muzzle, thou talkeſt of, when the night is ſo dark that there is not a ſtar to be ſeen?'—'It is ſo,' anſwered Sancho; 'but fear hath many eyes; and I can at preſent behold things that are hid within the bowels of the earth; much more thoſe that appear in the firmament above: a man of ſound judgment, like me, can eaſily foretel that it will ſoon be day.'—'Let it come when it will,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'it ſhall not be ſaid of me, either now or at any other time, that I was diverted by tears and intreaties from doing what I owed to the cuſtoms of chivalry; I therefore beſeech thee, Sancho, to hold thy peace; for God, who hath put it in my heart to attempt this dreadful and unſeen adventure, will doubtleſs take care of my ſafety, and comfort thee in thy affliction: thy buſineſs at preſent is to gird faſt Rozinante, and remain in this place, for dead or alive I will ſoon return.'

Sancho finding this was the final reſolution of his maſter, and how little all his tears, advice, and intreaties availed, determined to make uſe of ſtratagem to detain the knight, if poſſible, till morning: with this purpoſe, under pretence of adjuſting the girth of Rozinante, he fair and ſoftly, without being perceived, tied two of the horſe's feet together with the halter of his aſs, in ſuch a manner, that when Don Quixote attempted to depart, he found it impoſſible, becauſe his ſteed could move no otherwiſe than by leaps. The ſquire perceiving the ſucceſs of his invention, 'Sir,' ſaid he, 'you may ſee that Heaven, melted by my tears and prayers, hath ordained that Rozinante ſhall not ſtir; and if you obſtinately perſiſt in ſpurring and driving him on, you will only give offence to Providence, and, as the ſaying is, "Kick againſt the pricks."'

The knight actually deſpaired of making him go forward, becauſe the more he goaded his horſe, the leſs was he inclined to ſtir; and therefore, without gueſſing

a tittle of the ligature, thought proper to ſubmit and wait with patience, either till morning, or ſuch time as Rozinante ſhould recover the uſe of his limbs; believing for certain, that his diſappointment was owing to another cauſe than the craft of his ſquire, to whom he ſaid, 'Since Rozinante is incapable of moving, I am content to wait for the dawn, though I cannot help lamenting it's delay.'—'You ſhall have no cauſe for lamentation,' anſwered Sancho: 'I will entertain your worſhip with telling ſtories till day, unleſs you chuſe to alight, and take a nap on the ſoft graſs, according to the cuſtom of knights-errant, that you may find yourſelf refreſhed when day breaks, and ready to undertake the unconſcionable adventure that awaits you.'—'Talk not to me of alighting or ſleeping,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'doſt thou imagine me to be one of thoſe knights who ſeek their repoſe in times of danger? Sleep thou who waſt born to ſleep, or follow thine own inclinations; for my own part, I will behave as becomes a perſon of my pretenſions.'—'Let not your worſhip be offended; for that was not my intention when I ſpoke;' anſwered Sancho; who coming cloſe to him, laid hold of the ſaddle before and behind, and ſtood embracing his maſter's left thigh, without daring to ſtir a finger's breadth from the ſpot; ſuch was his conſternation, inſpired by the ſtrokes, which all this time ſounded alternately in his ears.

Then Don Quixote claiming his promiſe of entertaining him with ſome ſtory; 'would with all my heart,' ſaid Sancho, 'if the dread of what I hear would allow me; but nevertheleſs I will try to force out one ſtory, which, if I hit aright, without letting it ſlip through my hands, is the beſt tale that ever was told; therefore I would have your worſhip be attentive, for thus I begin:

'There was, ſo there was; the good that ſhall fall, betide us all; and he that ſeeks evil, may he meet with the devil. Your worſhip may take notice, that the beginning of ancient tales is not juſt what came into the head of the teller; no, they always began with ſome

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ſaying of Cato the cenſor of Rome, like this of, "He that ſeeks evil, may he meet with the devil." And truly it comes as pat to the purpoſe as the ring to my finger, in order to perſuade your worſhip to remain where you are, without going in ſearch of evil in any manner of way; or elſe to turn into another road, ſince we are not bound to follow this in which we have been ſurprized with fear and terror.'—'Follow thy ſtory, Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'and as to the road we have to follow, leave the care of that to me.'—'To proceed, then,' ſaid Sancho: 'in a certain village of Eſtremadura there lived a certain goat-ſhepherd; I mean, one that kept goats; and this ſhepherd, or goatherd, as the ſtory goes, was called Lope Ruyz; and it came to paſs, that this Lope Ruyz fell in love with a ſhepherdeſs whoſe name was Torralva; which ſhepherdeſs, whoſe name was Torralva, was the daughter of a rich herdſman; and this rich herdſman—'

'If thou telleſt thy tale in this manner,' cried Don Quixote, 'repeating every circumſtance twice over, it will not be finiſhed theſe two days: proceed therefore connectedly, and rehearſe it like a man of underſtanding; otherwiſe thou hadſt better hold thy tongue.'—'In my country,' anſwered Sancho, 'all the old ſtories are told in this manner; neither can I tell it in any other; nor is it civil in your worſhip to deſire I ſhould change the cuſtom.'—'Take thy own way,' ſaid the knight; 'and ſince it is the will of fate that I ſhould hear thee, pray go on.'

'Well, then, good maſter of mine,' proceeded Sancho, 'that ſame ſhepherd, as I have already remarked, fell in love with the ſhepherdeſs Torralva, who was a thick brawny wench, a little coy, and ſomewhat maſculine; for ſhe wore a ſort of muſtachios: methinks I ſee her now for all the world.'—'Then thou kneweſt her?' ſaid the knight. 'Not I,' anſwered the ſquire; 'but the perſon who told me the ſtory, ſaid it was ſo true and certain, that if ever I ſhould chance to tell it again, I might affirm upon oath that I had ſeen it with

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my own eyes.—And ſo, in proceſs of time, the devil, who never ſleeps, but wants to have a finger in every pye, managed matters in ſuch a manner, that the ſhepherd's love for the ſhepherdeſs was turned into malice and deadly hate: and the cauſe, according to evil tongues, was a certain quantity of ſmall jealouſies ſhe gave him, exceeding all bounds of meaſure. And ſuch was the abhorrence the ſhepherd conceived for her, from that good day forward, that, in order to avoid the ſight of her, he reſolved to abſent himſelf from his own country, and go where he ſhould never ſet eyes on her again. Torralva, finding herſelf deſpiſed by Lope, began to love him more than ever.'—'That is the natural diſpoſition of the ſex,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'to diſdain thoſe who adore them, and love thoſe by whom they are abhorred: but proceed, Sancho.'

'It ſo fell out,' ſaid Sancho, 'that the ſhepherd put his reſolution in practice, and driving his goats before him, travelled through the plains of Eſtremadura, towards Portugal. Torrolva, having got an inkling of his deſign, was ſoon at his heels, following him on foot, aye, and barefoot too, with a pilgrim's ſtaff in her hand, and a wallet at her back, in which, as the report goes, ſhe carried a bit of a looking-glaſs, a broken comb, and a kind of phial of waſh for her complexion: but howſomever, whether ſhe carried theſe things or not, I ſhall not take upon me at preſent to aver; but only ſay what is recorded, that the ſhepherd came with his flock to the river Guadinia, which at that time was very high, having almoſt forſaken it's channel; and finding at the place neither boat nor bark to carry himſelf and his flock to the other ſide, he was very much in the dumps; becauſe he ſaw Torralva behind him; and knew what he muſt ſuffer from her tears and complaints: but looking about he at laſt perceived hard by him a fiſherman in a boat, that was ſo ſmall as to contain only one perſon and one goat: nevertheleſs, they ſtruck up a bargain, by which the man was to ferry over the ſhepherd with his three hundred goats. Accordingly the fiſherman took one goat

goat into the boat, and carried it over; then he returned and carried over another, then he returned again to fetch another. Pray, good your worſhip, keep an exact account of the goats, as the fiſherman ferried them over; for, if one only ſhould be loſt in the reckoning, the ſtory will break off, and it will be impoſſible for me to relate one word more. To be ſhort, then, I ſay, the landing-place on the other ſide being full of mud and ſlippery, was a great hinderance to the fiſherman in his going and coming; but however he returned for the other goat, and then for ſome more, and then for another.'

'Suppoſe them all paſſed over at once,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'for if thou goeſt backwards and forwards in this manner, thou wilt not have them ferried over in a year.'—'How many have already paſſed?' ſaid the ſquire. 'How the devil ſhould I know?' anſwered the knight. 'Did not I tell you to keep a good account?' ſaid Sancho; 'now, before God, the tale is ended, and it is impoſſible to proceed!'—'How can that be?' replied Don Quixote; 'is it ſo eſſential to the ſtory to know the number of goats as they paſſed, ſo preciſely, that if I miſreckon one, thou canſt not proceed?'—'Certainly, Sir,' ſaid Sancho, 'I can proceed in no manner of way: for when I deſired your worſhip to tell me what number of goats had paſſed, and you anſwered you did not know; at that inſtant the whole of the ſtory that remained untold, vaniſhed from my remembrance; and, upon my conſcience! it was very curious and entertaining.'—'At that rate, then, the ſtory is at an end?' ſaid Don Quixote. 'As much at an end,' replied the ſquire, 'as the mother that bore me.'

'In good ſooth,' reſumed the knight, 'thou haſt related the ſtrangeſt fable, tale, or ſtory, that ever was invented; and finiſhed thy relation in ſuch a manner as never was or will be heard again in this world; but nothing elſe was to be expected from thy ſound judgment; and indeed it is a matter of no admiration with me,

me, becauſe I take it for granted, that theſe inceſſant ſtrokes have diſordered thy underſtanding.'—' Not unlikely,' ſaid Sancho; 'but this I know, that there is no more to be ſaid of the tale, which ended in that place where the miſtake began about the paſſage of the goats.' —' In good time end it according to thy own pleaſure,' replied the knight; 'and now let us ſee if Rozinante will move.' So ſaying, he began again to ſpur, and the horſe to leap without moving from his ſtation, ſo effectually had Sancho fettered him.

About this time, whether it was owing to the coolneſs of the morning that approached, or to his having ſupped upon ſomething that was laxative; or, which is more probable, to the operation of nature; Sancho was ſeized with an inclination and deſire of doing that which could not be performed by proxy; but ſuch was the terror that had taken poſſeſſion of his ſoul, that he durſt not move the breadth of a nail-paring from his maſter's ſide; at the ſame time it was as impoſſible for him to reſiſt the motion of his bowels; and therefore, to compromiſe the matter, he ſlipped his right-hand from the hinder part of the ſaddle, and without any noiſe ſoftly undid the ſlip knot by which his breeches were kept up; upon which they of themſelves fell down to his heels, where they remained like a pair of ſhackles: he then gathered up his ſhirt behind as well as he could, and expoſed his poſteriors, which were none of the ſmalleſt, to the open air: this being done, and he imagined it was the chief ſtep he could take to deliver himſelf from the preſſing occaſion and dilemma in which he was, another difficulty ſtill greater occurred, namely, that he ſhould not be able to diſincumber himſelf without noiſe: he therefore began to fix his teeth cloſe, ſhrug up his ſhoulders, and hold in his breath with all his might. But, notwithſtanding theſe precautions, he was ſo unlucky in the iſſue, as to produce a rumbling ſound very different from that which had terrified him ſo much. It did not eſcape the ears of Don Quixote, who immediately

immediately cried, 'What noiſe is that, Sancho?—'I know not, Sir,' ſaid the ſquire; 'it muſt be ſome new affair, for adventures and miſventures never begin with trifles.' He tried his fortune a ſecond time; and, without any more noiſe or diſorder, freed himſelf from the load that had given him ſo much uneaſineſs. But as Don Quixote's ſenſe of ſmelling was altogether as acute as that of his hearing, and Sancho ſtood ſo cloſe to him that the vapours aſcended towards him almoſt in a direct line, he could not exclude ſome of them from paying a viſit to his noſe. No ſooner was he ſenſible of the firſt ſalutation, than, in his own defence, he preſſed his noſe between his finger and thumb, and, in a ſnuffling tone, pronounced, 'Sancho, thou ſeemeſt to be in great fear.'—'I am ſo,' anſwered the ſquire; but how comes your worſhip to perceive my fears now more than ever?'—'Becauſe at preſent thou ſmelleſt more than ever, and that not of amber,' replied the knight. 'That may be,' ſaid Sancho; 'but I am not ſo much to blame as your worſhip, who drags me at ſuch unſeaſonable hours into theſe uninhabited places.'—'Retire three or four ſteps farther off, friend,' reſumed Don Quixote, ſtopping his noſe all the time, 'and henceforth take more heed of thy own perſon, and remember what thou oweſt to mine; for I find the frequent converſation I maintain with thee, hath engendered this diſreſpect.'—'I'll lay a wager,' replied Sancho, 'that your worſhip thinks I have been doing ſomething I ought not to have done.'—'The more you ſtir it, friend Sancho,' ſaid the knight, 'the more it will ſtink.'

In this and other ſuch diſcourſe, the maſter and his ſquire paſſed the night; but Sancho perceiving the day begin to break apace, with great care and ſecrecy unbound Rozinante, and tied up his breeches. The beaſt, which was naturally none of the briſkeſt, ſeemed to rejoice at his freedom, and began to paw the ground; for as to curvetting, with his leave be it ſpoken, he knew nothing of the matter. Don Quixote, finding him ſo mettleſome, conceived a good omen from his eagerneſs,

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believing it a certain preſage of his ſucceſs in the dreadful adventure he was about to atchieve. Aurora now diſcloſed herſelf, and objects appearing diſtinctly, Don Quixote found himſelf in a grove of tall cheſnut-trees, which formed a very thick ſhade. The ſtrokes ſtill continuing, though he could not conceive the meaning of them, he, without farther delay, made Rozinante feel the ſpur; then turning to take leave of Sancho, commanded him to wait three days at fartheſt, as he had directed before; and if he ſhould not return before that time was expired, he might take it for granted that God had been pleaſed to put a period to his life in that perilous adventure: he again recommended to him the embaſſy and meſſage he ſhould carry from him to his miſtreſs Dulcinea, and bade him give himſelf no uneaſineſs about his wages; for he had made a will before he quitted his family, in which he ſhould find his ſervices repaid, by a ſalary proportioned to the time of his attendance: but if Heaven ſhould be pleaſed to bring him off from that danger, ſafe, ſound, and free, he might, beyond all queſtion, lay his account with the government of the iſland he had promiſed him. Sancho hearing theſe diſmal expreſſions of his worthy maſter repeated, began to blubber afreſh, and reſolved not to leave him until the laſt circumſtance and iſſue of the affair.

From theſe tears, and this honourable determination of Sancho Panza, the author of this hiſtory concludes, that he muſt haven been a gentleman born, or an old Chriſtian at leaſt. His maſter himſelf was melted a little at this teſtimony of his affection, but not ſo much as to diſcover the leaſt weakneſs: on the contrary, diſguiſing his ſentiments, he rode forward towards the place from whence the noiſe of the ſtrokes and water ſeemed to come. Sancho followed on foot, and, according to cuſtom, leading by the halter his aſs, which was the conſtant companion of his good and evil fortune. Having travelled a good way among thoſe ſhady cheſnut-trees, they arrived in a ſmall meadow lying at the

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foot of a huge rock, over which a ſtream of water ruſhed down with vaſt impetuoſity. Below appeared a few wretched huts, that looked more like ruins than houſes; and they obſerved that from them proceeded the horrible din of the ſtrokes, which had not yet ceaſed.

Rozinante being ſtartled at the dreadful noiſe of the ſtrokes and water, Don Quixote endeavoured to ſoothe him, and advanced by little and little towards the huts, recommending himſelf in the moſt earneſt manner to his miſtreſs, whoſe favour he implored in the atchievement of that fearful enterprize: neither did he omit praying to God for his protection. Sancho, who never ſtirred from his ſide, thruſt his neck as far as he could betwixt the legs of Rozinante, in order to diſcover the objects that kept him in ſuch terror and ſuſpence; and when they had proceeded about a hundred paces farther, at the doubling of a corner, ſtood fully diſcloſed to view the very individual and undoubted cauſe of this tremendous ſound and terrible noiſe, which had filled them with ſuch doubts and conſternation all night long.

This was no other (be not offended, gentle reader) than ſix fulling-hammers, which, by their alternate ſtrokes, produced that amazing din. Don Quixote was ſtruck dumb with aſtoniſhment at the ſight; Sancho looked at him, and found his head hanging down upon his breaſt, and other manifeſt ſigns of his being out of countenance. The knight, in his turn, looked at the ſquire, and ſaw his mouth ſhut, his cheeks puffed up, with other ſymptoms of his being ready to burſt with laughing. This comical ſituation of the ſquire, in ſpite of all his own melancholy, obliged the maſter to begin; and Sancho no ſooner beheld the ſeverity of the knight's features relaxed, than he opened the flood-gates of his mirth, which broke forth with ſuch violence, that he was under the neceſſity of ſupporting his ſides with both fiſts, that they might not be rent to pieces by the convulſion. Four times did he exhauſt, and as often renew, the laugh with the ſame impetuoſity as at firſt; for

which Don Quixote already wished him at the devil, more especially when he heard him pronounce, by way of sneer, 'Know, friend Sancho, that I was born by Heaven's appointment, in these iron times, to revive the age of gold, or the Golden Age! I am he for whom strange perils, valiant deeds, and vast adventures, are reserved!' And in this manner he proceeded, repeating all, or the greater part, of the knight's exclamation, when they first heard the terrible noise.

Don Quixote finding that Sancho made a jest of him, was so much ashamed and provoked, that, lifting up his lance, he bestowed upon him two or three thwacks, which, had they fallen upon his head, as they lighted on his shoulders, would have saved his master the trouble of paying his salary, unless it might be to his heirs. Sancho feeling his joke turned into such disagreeable earnest, which he was afraid might not be as yet over, addressed himself to his master with great humility, saying, 'Good your worship, forbear; before God, I was only in jest.'—'Though you was in jest,' answered Don Quixote, 'I was not quite so merrily disposed: Come hither, Mr. Joker; don't you think, that if, instead of fulling-hammers, these had been some very dangerous adventure, I have shewn courage enough to undertake and atchieve it? Am I, who am a knight, obliged, forsooth, to distinguish sounds, and know which proceed from fulling-mills, and which do not? especially as it may be the case, and it really is so, that I never saw one before; though it is otherwise with thee, base plebeian as thou art, who was born and bred up among them: but see if thou canst metamorphose these six hammers into so many giants, and bring them within arm's length of me, one by one, or all together; and if I don't make them lie with their heels uppermost, make a jest of me as much as you please.'

'Enough, dear master,' replied Sancho. 'I confess I have exceeded a little in my pleasantry; but, pray tell me now, that we are at peace again, as God shall deliver your worship from all succeeding adventures as safe

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and ſound as you have been extricated from this, is not the terror with which we were ſeized, a thing to be laughed at and repeated? I mean, my own terror; for, as to your worſhip, I know you are an utter ſtranger to terror and diſmay!'—'I do not deny,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'that what hath happened to us is ridiculous enough; but, nevertheleſs, it ought not to be repeated; becauſe every body has not diſcretion to take things by the right handle.'—'I am ſure,' replied Sancho, 'that your worſhip knows how to handle your lance, with which, while you wanted to handle my head, you happened to ſalute my ſhoulders; thanks be to God, and my own activity, in avoiding the blow: but all that, when it is dry, will rub out; and I have often heard it ſaid, He that loves thee well, will often make thee cry. Nay, it is a common thing for your gentry, when they have ſaid a harſh thing to a ſervant, to make it up with him by giving him a pair of caſt breeches; though I don't know what they uſed to give after having beaten him unleſs it be the practice of knights-errant, after blows, to give iſlands, or kingdoms on the main land.'

'Who knows,' ſaid Don Quixote, but the dice may run that way, and all that thou haſt mentioned come to paſs? I aſk pardon for what is paſt, ſince you are reſolved to be more diſcreet for the future; and as the firſt emotions are not in a man's own power, I muſt apprize thee henceforward to be more reſerved, and abſtain from ſpeaking ſo freely to me; for in all the books of chivalry I have read, and they are almoſt infinite, I never found that any ſquire talked ſo much to his maſter as thou haſt talked to thine: and really both you and I are very much to blame; thou, in regarding me ſo little; and I, in not making myſelf regarded more. Was not Gandalin, ſquire of Amadis de Gaul, count of the Firm Iſland? and yet we read of him, that he always ſpoke to his maſter cap in hand, with an inclination of his head, and his body bent in the Turkiſh manner. What need I mention Gaſabal, ſquire to Don Galaor, who was

ſo reſerved, that, in order to expreſs the excellence of his ſurprizing ſilence, his name is mentioned but once in the whole courſe of that equally vaſt and true hiſtory. From what I have ſaid, Sancho, thou art to draw this inference, that there is a neceſſity for maintaining ſome diſtinction between the maſter and his man, the gentleman and his ſervant, and the knight and his ſquire; wherefore, from this day forward, we are to be treated with more reſpect and leſs provocation; for if ever I am incenſed by you again, in any ſhape whatever, the pitcher will pay for all. The favours and benefits I have promiſed will come in due time; and if they ſhould fail, your wages at leaſt will be forthcoming, as I have already informed you.'

'All that your worſhip obſerves is very juſt,' ſaid Sancho; 'but I ſhould be glad to know, ſince if the benefits come not in time, I muſt be fain to put up with the wages, what was the hire of a knight-errant's ſquire in thoſe days; and whether they agreed by the month or the day, like common labourers?'—'I do not believe,' anſwered Don Quixote, 'that they were retained for hire, but depended altogether on favour; and though I have bequeathed a ſum to thee in my will, which I have left ſigned and ſealed at home, it was done in caſe of the worſt; for one does not know how chivalry may ſucceed in theſe calamitous times; and I would not have my ſoul puniſhed in the other world for ſo ſmall a matter; for, let me tell thee, Sancho, in this world there is not a more dangerous courſe than that of adventures.'—'That I know to be true,' anſwered the ſquire, 'ſince the noiſe of a fulling-mill could daunt and diſturb the heart of ſuch a valiant knight-errant as your worſhip: but this I aſſure you of, that from this good hour, my lips ſhall never give umbrage to your worſhip in turning your affairs to jeſt again; but, on the contrary, honour you as my natural lord and maſter.'—'In ſo doing,' replied Don Quixote, 'thou ſhalt live long upon the face of the earth; for, after your father and mother, you ought to reſpect your maſter as another parent.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER VII.

Of the sublime Adventure and shining Acquisition of Mambrino's Helmet—with other Accidents that happened to our invincible Knight.

ABOUT this time some rain beginning to fall, Sancho proposed that they should shelter themselves in the fulling-mill; but Don Quixote had conceived such abhorrence for it on account of what was past, that he would by no means set foot within its walls; wherefore, turning to the right-hand, they chanced to fall in with a road different from that in which they had travelled the day before: they had not gone far, when the knight discovered a man riding with something on his head, that glittered like polished gold; and scarce had he descried this phænomenon, when turning to Sancho, 'I find,' said he, 'that every proverb is strictly true; indeed all of them are apothegms dictated by Experience herself, the mother of all science; more especially that which says, "Shut one door, and another will soon open:" this I mention, because if last night Fortune shut against us the door we sought to enter, by deceiving us with the fulling-hammers; to-day another stands wide open, in proffering to us another greater and more certain adventure, by which if I fail to enter, it shall be my own fault, and not imputed to my ignorance of fulling-mills, or the darkness of the night. This I take upon me to say, because, if I am not egregiously mistaken, the person who comes towards us, wears upon his head the very helmet of Mambrino, about which I swore the oath which thou mayest remember.' 'Consider well what your worship says, and better still what you do!' said Sancho. 'I should not chuse to meet with more fulling-mills, to mill us and maul us altogether out of our senses.'—'The devil take the fellow,' cried Don Quixote: 'what affinity is there between a fulling-mill and a helmet?'—'Truly, I know not,' answered the squire; 'but in good faith, if I were permitted to speak freely, as usual, I could perhaps

haps give such reasons as would convince your worship, that you are mistaken in what you say.'—'How can I be mistaken, scrupulous traitor?' replied Don Quixote: 'seest thou not yonder knight, who rides this way upon a dapple steed, with a golden helmet on his head?'—'What I perceive and discern,' said Sancho, 'is no other than a man upon a grey ass, like my own, with something that glitters on his head.'—'And that is the very helmet of Mambrino,' replied the knight: 'stand aside, and leave me alone to deal with him; thou shalt see, that without speaking a syllable, in order to spare time, this adventure will be concluded by my acquisition of the helmet I have longed for so much.'—'Yes, I will take care to get out of the way,' answered Sancho; 'and God grant,' cried he, as he went off, 'that this may turn out a melon rather than a milling*.'—'I have already warned thee, brother,' said the knight, 'not to mention, nor even so much as think of the mill again: else, by Heaven! I'll say no more, but mill the soul out of thy body.'

Sancho was fain to hold his tongue, dreading the performance of his master's oath, which had already struck him all of a heap. The whole affair of the helmet, steed, and knight, which Don Quixote saw, was no more than this: in that neighbourhood were two villages, one of them so poor and small, that it had neither shop nor barber: for which reason, the trimmer of the larger that was hard by, served the lesser also, in which, at that time, there was a sick person to be blooded, and another to be shaved; so that this barber was going thither with his brass bason under his arm; but, as it chanced to rain while he was on the road, that he might not spoil his hat, which probably was a new one, he sheltered his head under the bason, which being clean scoured, made a flaming appearance, at the distance of half a league: and as Sancho had observed, he rode upon

* *Oreganо*, in the original, signifies sweet marjoram; as if Sancho had wished his master might find a nosegay, rather than a bloody nose.

on a grey aſs, which gave occaſion to Don Quixote to believe he was ſome knight with a helmet of gold, mounted upon a dapple ſteed; for he accommodated every thing he ſaw with incredible facility to the extravagant ravings of his diſordered judgment. When he, therefore, ſaw this unlucky knight approach, without the leaſt expoſtulation, he put Rozinante to full ſpeed, and couching his lance in the reſt, reſolved to run him through the body at once; but, when he was almoſt up with him, without checking the impetuoſity of his career, he cried aloud, 'Defend thyſelf, wretched caitiff, or voluntarily yield what ſo juſtly belongs to me.'

The poor barber, who neither dreaded nor dreamed of any ſuch demand, ſeeing this phantom coming full ſpeed upon him, could find no other means to defend himſelf from the ſtroke of the lance, than to throw himſelf down over the buttocks of his aſs: then getting up, before he had ſcarce touched the ground, with the nimbleneſs of a ſtag, he began to fly acroſs the plain ſo ſwift, that the wind itſelf could not overtake him: but he left his baſon upon the ſpot, with which Don Quixote was ſatisfied, ſaying, 'The pagan hath acted with diſcretion, in imitating the beaver, which, ſeeing itſelf chaced by the hunters, tears off with its teeth, by natural inſtinct, thoſe parts for which it is purſued.' Then he ordered Sancho to take up the helmet, which the ſquire having examined all round, 'Egad' ſaid he, 'it is a ſpecial good baſon, well worth a piece of eight, if it be worth a farthing!' and gave it to his maſter, who putting it on his head, and turning it round and round, without being able to find the vizor, ſaid, 'Without doubt, the pagan for whom this renowned helmet was firſt forged, muſt have had a moſt capacious head: but the worſt of it is, that one half is wanting.'

When Sancho heard him call the baſon a helmet, he could not refrain from laughing; but, remembering the indignation of his maſter, checked his mirth all of a ſudden; and when Don Quixote aſked what he laughed

at,

at, replied, 'I cannot help laughing when I think of the huge head of the pagan who owned that helmet, which looks for all the world like a barber's baſon.'—'Why, truly, Sancho,' ſaid he, 'I imagine that this very individual inchanted helmet, by ſome ſtrange accident or other, muſt have fallen into the hands of ſomebody who did not know its ineſtimable value, but ſeeing it was made of the pureſt gold, melted down one half of it for ſale, and left the other in this ſhape, reſembling, as thou ſayeſt, a barber's baſon: but be that as it may, ſince I am ſatisfied of its real worth and identity, the tranſmutation is of ſmall conſequence; for I will order it to be repaired in the firſt village where we can find a blackſmith, in ſuch a manner as to be unexcelled, nay even unequalled, by that which Vulcan forged and finiſhed for the god of war; meanwhile, I will wear it in this manner, for it is ſtill better than nothing at all, and will be ſufficient to defend me from any ſhower of ſtones that may chance to fall.'

'Yes, if they come not out of ſlings, as was the caſe in the ſkirmiſh between the two armies, when they demoliſhed your worſhip's grinders, and broke the cruſe which contained that bleſſed balſam, which made me vomit up my liver and lights!'—'That loſs gives me not much uneaſineſs,' anſwered the knight, 'becauſe thou knoweſt, Sancho, I retain the receipt of it in my memory.'—'So do I,' replied the ſquire. 'But, Lord, let me never ſtir from the place where I now ſtand, if ever I either make or meddle with it for the future; eſpecially as I hope I never ſhall have occaſion for it again, being reſolved, with the aſſiſtance of my five ſenſes, to avoid being hurt myſelf, and alſo to refrain from hurting any perſon whatſoever. As to another bout of blanketing, I have little to ſay: ſuch misfortunes are not eaſily prevented; but when they happen, there is nothing elſe to be done, but to ſhrug up our ſhoulders, hold in our breath, ſhut our eyes, and leave ourſelves to the determination of chance and the blanket.'

Thou

'Thou art a bad Chriſtian, Sancho,' ſaid Don Quixote, when he heard theſe words; 'for once you receive an injury, you never forget it; but know it is peculiar to noble and generous minds to overlook ſuch trifles: haſt thou got a leg lamed, a rib fractured, or thy head broke, in the proſecution of that jeſt, that thou canſt not forget it? for the affair, when duly conſidered, was no more than jeſt and paſtime; had I not underſtood it ſo, I ſhould have returned ere now, and done more miſchief in revenging thy quarrel, than the Grecians did for the rape of Helen, who, if ſhe had lived in this age, or if my Dulcinea had flouriſhed in her time, would not have been ſo renowned for beauty.'—Here he fetched a profound ſigh, and ſent it to the clouds. 'Let it paſs, then, for a joke,' ſaid Sancho, 'ſince there is no likelihood of its being revenged in earneſt: but I know what ſort of jokes and earneſts thoſe are; and I believe they will ſcarce ſlip out of my memory, while they remain engraven on my ſhoulders. But, ſetting this aſide, I wiſh your worſhip would tell me what I ſhall do with this dapple ſteed ſo like a grey aſs, which was abandoned by that caitiff, whom your worſhip overthrew; for, by the ſwiftneſs of his heels, when he ran away, he ſeems to have no thoughts of returning; and by my whiſkers 'tis an excellent beaſt!'

'It is never my cuſtom,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'to plunder thoſe I overcome; neither is it according to the laws of chivalry, to take from them their horſes, and leave them on foot, unleſs the conqueror hath loſt his own during the engagement; in which caſe we are allowed to take the horſe of the vanquiſhed as the lawful ſpoils of war: wherefore, Sancho, leave that horſe or aſs, what thou wilt, where he now ſtands, and perhaps his maſter, perceiving we are gone, will return and find him.'—'God is my witneſs,' anſwered Sancho, 'I ſhould be glad to carry him off, or at leaſt exchange him for my own, which ſeems to be the worſt of the two: truly the laws of chivalry are too confined; and ſince they do not extend to the exchange of one aſs for another,

another, I would fain know if they allow me to change the furniture of the one for that of the other?—'I am not quite clear in that particular,' replied the knight; 'and in ſuch a dubious caſe, till ſuch time as we can get better information, I think thou mayeſt exchange the furniture, if the neceſſity for ſo doing be extreme.'—'It is ſo extreme,' ſaid Sancho, 'that if it were for my own particular wearing, I could not want it more.' Thus provided with a licence, he made the exchange of capariſons, and equipped his beaſt with ſuch finery, that he looked ten per cent. the better.

This exploit being performed, they went to breakfaſt on the remains of what they had plundered from the ſumpter-mule, and quenched their thirſt with the water from the fulling-mills, without turning their heads that way, ſo much did they abhor them on account of the dread which they had inſpired. The rage of hunger and anxiety being thus appeaſed, they mounted, and, without following any determined courſe, (for it is the practice of true knights-errant to keep no certain road,) they left the choice of their route to the will and pleaſure of Rozinante, which was always a rule to his maſter, as well as to the aſs, that followed whitherſoever he led, like a truſty friend and companion. In conſequence, therefore, of his determination, they returned into the high-road, in which they travelled at random without any particular ſcheme.

While they thus jogged on, 'Sir,' ſaid Sancho to his maſter, 'I wiſh your worſhip would allow me to confer a little with you; for, ſince you impoſed that ſevere command of ſilence upon me, divers things have periſhed in my ſtomach; and this moment I have ſomewhat at my tongue's end, which I would not for the world have miſcarry.'—'Speak then,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'and be conciſe in thy diſcourſe; for nothing that is prolix can reliſh well.'—'I ſay, Sir,' anſwered Sancho, 'that for ſome days paſt I have been conſidering how little is to be got and ſaved by going in queſt of thoſe adventures your worſhip hunts after, through theſe croſs-paths and deſarts,

deſarts, where, though you conquer and atchieve the moſt perilous exploits, there is nobody preſent to be witneſs of your prowefs; ſo that it may remain in everlaſting ſilence, contrary to the intention, and prejudicial to the merits, of your worſhip; wherefore, in my opinion, with ſubmiſſion to your better judgment, our wiſeſt courſe would be to go into the ſervice of ſome emperor or great prince, who hath a war upon his hands, in whoſe ſervice your worſhip may have occaſion to ſhew your perſonal valour, your great ſtrength, and greater underſtanding; which being perceived by the king we ſerve, he cannot chuſe, but reward each of us according to his deſerts; neither will there be wanting ſome perſon to write the hiſtory of your worſhip's exploits, for a perpetual memorial: I ſhall not mention my own, becauſe they cannot exceed the bounds of a ſquire's province; though this I will venture to ſay, that if it was cuſtomary in chivalry to recount the atchievements of our fraternity, I don't think but mine might be inſerted between the lines of the book.'

'Thou art not much in the wrong,' replied Don Quixote; 'but before it comes to that iſſue, a knight muſt travel up and down the world as a probationer in queſt of adventures, until by his repeated atchievements he ſhall have acquired a ſufficient ſtock of fame; ſo that when he arrives at the court of ſome mighty monarch, he may be immediately known by his works. In that caſe, as ſoon as he ſhall be ſeen to enter the gates of the city, all the boys will ſurround and follow him, ſhouting and crying, "Behold the knight of the ſun," or the ſerpent, or of any other badge under which he hath performed his great exploits. "Behold," they will ſay, "the man who vanquiſhed in ſingle combat the mighty giant Brocarbruno, and delivered the great Mamaluke of Perſia from the ſtrange inchantment that prevailed over him for the ſpace of nine hundred years." Thus ſhall they proceed, recounting his exploits from mouth to mouth; until, ſurprized at the noiſe of the children and populace, the king of that country ſhall appear at

one of the palace windows; and no sooner behold the knight, than knowing him immediately by his armour, or the device upon his shield, he will certainly exclaim, "So ho, there! let all the knights belonging to my court go forth and receive the flower of chivalry that comes yonder."

'At this command all of them will come out, and the king himself advance to meet him on the middle of the stair-case, where he will embrace him most affectionately, giving him the kiss of friendship and welcome; then taking him by the hand, he will conduct him to the queen's closet, where he will find her majesty with the princess her daughter, who is one of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies that ever was seen in the known world. In this interview she will immediately fix her eyes upon the knight, who at that instant shall be gazing at her, and each will appear to the other something supernatural; without knowing how or wherefore, they will find themselves presently caught and entangled in the inextricable net of love, and be infinitely concerned because they have no opportunity of conversing together, and of disclosing the reciprocal anxiety of their thoughts. After this audience, he will, doubtless, be carried to some apartment of the palace richly furnished, where, after they shall have taken off his armour, they will clothe him in a rich scarlet robe brought for the purpose; and if he made a fine appearance in armour, he will look infinitely more genteel in his doublet. At night he will sup at the same table with the king, queen, and infanta, upon whom he will fix his eyes as often as he can, without being perceived by the by-standers; while she will practise the same expedient with equal sagacity: for, as I have already observed, she must be a young lady of vast discretion.

'The table being uncovered, there will enter at midnight through the hall-door, a little deformed dwarf, followed by a beautiful lady, guarded by two giants; and he will propose a certain adventure, contrived by a most ancient sage, which, whosoever shall finish, will

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be deemed the moſt valiant knight in the whole world: then the king will order every warrior in waiting to attempt it; but all of them ſhall fail, except the ſtrange knight, who will perform and accompliſh it very much to his own credit, as well as to the ſatisfaction of the princeſs, who will think herſelf extremely happy, and well requited, for having placed her affections ſo worthily. What is better ſtill, this king or prince, or whatever he is, being at that time engaged in a moſt obſtinate war with a potentate of equal ſtrength, his gueſt, after having ſtaid a few days at court, begs leave to go and ſerve him in the field; and the king granting his requeſt with pleaſure, the knight moſt politely kiſſes his hand for the great honour he hath done him. That ſame night he goes to take his leave of his miſtreſs the infanta, through the rails of a garden adjoining to the chamber in which ſhe lies; where they have already at different times enjoyed each other's converſation, by the means of a damſel, who being the infanta's confidante, is privy to the whole amour: on this occaſion he will ſigh moſt piteouſly, ſhe will actually faint away; the damſel will run for water, and the knight will be extremely concerned, becauſe the day begins to break, and he would not for the world be diſcovered to the prejudice of the lady's reputation. In fine, the princeſs recovers, and reaches her fair hand through the rails to the knight, who kiſſes it a thouſand times, and bathes it with his tears; then is concerted between them ſome method by which he is to inform her of his good or bad ſucceſs, and the infanta intreats him to return as ſoon as poſſible: he ſwears ſolemnly to comply with her requeſt, kiſſes her hand again, and bids her farewel with ſuch affliction as well nigh deprived him of life: from thence he retreats to his chamber, throws himſelf upon the bed, but cannot ſleep, ſo grieved is he at parting; he riſes early in the morning, goes to take leave of the king, queen, and infanta; their majeſties accordingly bid him farewel, after having informed him that the princeſs is indiſpoſed, and cannot ſee company; the

knight imputing her diſorder to her ſorrow for his departure, is pierced to the ſoul, and well-nigh betrays his own anxiety. The confidante being preſent all the while, takes notice of every circumſtance, which ſhe imparts to her lady, who liſtens with tears in her eyes, and obſerves that nothing gives ſo much uneaſineſs as her ignorance of the knight's pedigree, and her impatience to know whether or not he is of royal extraction: the damſel aſſures her, that ſo much politeneſs, gentility, and valour as he poſſeſſed, could never be united except in a dignified and royal diſpoſition; the afflicted infanta conſoles herſelf with this obſervation, and endeavouring to regain her ſerenity, that ſhe may not give cauſe of ſuſpicion to her parents, in two days appears again in publick.

'The knight having ſet out for the army, comes to battle, overcomes the king's adverſary, takes many towns, makes divers conqueſts, returns to court, viſits his miſtreſs in the uſual manner, and the affair being concerted between them, demands her in marriage, as the reward of his ſervice; her father refuſes to grant the boon, on pretence of not knowing who this hero is; but, nevertheleſs, either by ſtealth, or ſome other way, the infanta becomes his wife: and at laſt the king is overjoyed at his good fortune, when this knight proves to be the ſon of a valiant monarch of ſome unknown country, for I ſuppoſe it could not be found in the map. The father dies, the infanta ſucceeds, and in two words the knight becomes king; this, then, is the time to reward his ſquire, and all thoſe who helped him to aſcend the throne. The ſquire accordingly is married to a damſel belonging to the infanta, who doubtleſs muſt be ſhe that was privy to her amour, and daughter of ſome powerful duke.'

'This is what I want,' cried Sancho, and what with fair play I ſhall obtain; for all that you have mentioned will exactly happen to your worſhip, under the title of The Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'—'Never doubt it, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote; 'for in the ſame manner, and by the ſame ſteps I have recounted, knights-

errant

errant riſe, and have riſen to the rank of kings and emperors. Our only buſineſs now is to look out for ſome Chriſtian or Pagan king who is at war, and hath a beautiful daughter; but there will be time to think of that, ſince, as I have already told thee, renown muſt be acquired elſewhere, before we repair to court; nay, another difficulty occurs, namely, that though we ſhould find a king at war who has a beautiful daughter, after I ſhall have acquired incredible glory through the whole univerſe, I do not know how it can be proved that I am of royal extraction, or even ſecond couſin to an emperor; and no king will grant his daughter to me in marriage, until he is firſt thoroughly ſatisfied in that particular, though my famous exploits ſhould merit a much more valuable reward; wherefore, on account of this defect, I am afraid I ſhall loſe that which the proweſs of my arm may well deſerve. True it is, I am a gentleman of an ancient and honourable family, not without property, poſſeſſion, and a title to the revenge of the five hundred ſueldos *; and it is not impoſſible, that the ſage ordained to write my hiſtory, may furbiſh up my parentage and pedigree in ſuch a manner, as to prove me deſcended in the fifteenth or ſixteenth generation from a king; for I muſt tell thee, Sancho, there are two ſorts of pedigree in the world; one that brings and derives it's original from princes and monarchs, which time hath defaced by little and little, till at laſt it ends in a point like a pyramid; the other owes it's beginning to people of mean degree, and increaſes gradually to nobility and power; ſo that the difference is, the one was once ſomething, but is now nothing; and the other was once nothing, but is now ſomething! perhaps, therefore, I may be one of the firſt mentioned diviſion; and my origin, upon enquiry,

* The Spaniards of old paid a tribute of five hundred ſueldos, or pieces of coin, to the Moors, until they were delivered from this impoſition by the gallantry of the gentlemen or people of rank, from which exploit a Caſtilian of family uſed to expreſs the nobility and worth of his extraction, by ſaying he was of the revenge of the Sueldos.

quiry, be found high and mighty; a circumſtance that ought to ſatisfy the king, who is to be my father-in-law; and if it ſhould not have that effect, the infanta will be ſo enamoured of me, that, in ſpite of her father, ſhe will receive me as her lord and huſband, even though ſhe were certain of my being the ſon of a porter; but ſhould ſhe be ſhy, then is the time to carry her away by force, to any corner of the earth I ſhall chuſe for my reſidence, until time or death ſhall put an end to the reſentment of her parents.'

'And here,' cried Sancho, 'nothing can be more pat to the purpoſe, than what ſome of your unconſcionable fellows often ſay, "Who would beg a beniſon, that for the taking may have veniſon*?" though it would ſtill be more proper, if they had ſaid, "Better thieve than grieve†." This I obſerve, that in caſe the king, your worſhip's father-in-law, ſhould not prevail upon himſelf to give you the infanta his daughter, you may, as your worſhip ſays, ſteal and convey her off by main force; but the misfortune is, that while the peace is on the anvil, and before you come to the peaceable enjoyment of your kingdom, the poor ſquire may chew his cud in expectation of his recompence, unleſs that confidante damſel, who is to be his ſpouſe, ſhould make her eſcape with the princeſs, and be content to join her evil fortune to his, until ſuch time as Heaven ſhall ordain it otherwiſe; for I believe his maſter may very ſafely give her away in lawful marriage.'—'That thou mayeſt depend upon,' ſaid Don Quixote. 'Since it is ſo, then,' anſwered Sancho, 'we have nothing to do but recommend ourſelves to God, and let fortune take it's own courſe.'—'The Lord conduct it,' replied the knight, according to my deſires and thy neceſſity; and ſmall be his grace, who counts himſelf baſe.'—'A God's name be it ſo,' ſaid Sancho: 'for my own part I am an old Chriſtian, and therefore fit to be a lord.'—'Aye,'

* Literally, 'Never beg when you can take.'

† In the original, 'A ſnatch from behind a buſh is better than the prayer of good men,'

'Aye, to be greater than a lord,' anſwered Don Quixote: 'and even if thou waſt not ſo well qualified, it would be of no ſignification *, becauſe I being king, can confer nobility upon thee, without putting thee to the expence of purchaſing, or of ſubjecting thyſelf to any kind of ſervitude; for, in creating thee an earl, behold thou art a gentleman at once; and let people ſay what they will, in good faith, they muſt call thee your lordſhip, if it ſhould make their hearts ache.'—'And do you reckon that I ſhould not know how to give authority to the portent?' ſaid the ſquire. 'Patent, thou wouldſt ſay, and not portent,' replied the knight. 'It may be ſo,' anſwered Sancho; 'but I inſiſt upon it, that I ſhould demean myſelf very decently; for once in my life-time I was beadle of a corporation, and the gown became me ſo well, that every body ſaid I had the preſence of a warden: then what ſhall I be when I am clothed in a ducal robe, all glittering with pearls like a foreign count? Upon my conſcience, I believe people will come an hundred leagues on purpoſe to ſee me.'—'You will make a very good appearance,' ſaid Don Quixote; 'but thou muſt take care to keep thy beard cloſe ſhaved; for it is ſo thick, matted, and unſeemly, that unleſs thou haſt recourſe to the razor, every ſecond day at leaſt, they will ſee what thou art a gun-ſhot off.' 'What elſe have I to do,' ſaid the ſquire, 'but to hire a barber, and keep him conſtantly in the houſe; and if I find occaſion for it, even make him follow me as a maſter of the horſe follows one of your grandees?'

'How do'ſt thou know,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'that our grandees are attended by their maſters of horſe?'—'That you ſhall be ſatisfied in,' anſwered the ſquire: 'heretofore I was a whole month at court, where I ſaw a very little gentleman, who they told me was a very great lord, paſſing to and fro, and a man following him a horſe-back, turning ever and anon as he turned, as if he

* This ſeems to have been intended as a ſtroke of ſatire againſt thoſe princes who ſell nobility to the higheſt bidder, without any regard to the merit of the purchaſer.

he had been the nobleman's own tail: when I asked why the man did not overtake the other, but always kept behind him, they answered, that he was his master of horse, and that it was a fashion among the great, for each to be attended by an officer of that name. Ever since that time I have remembered their office so distinctly, that I believe I shall never forget it.'—'I think thou art much in the right,' said Don Quixote, 'in resolving to carry thy barber along with thee; for customs come not all together, because they were not invented all at once; therefore thou mayest be the first earl that ever went attended by a shaver; and truly it is an office of greater confidence to trim the beard than to saddle the horse.'—'Leave that affair of the barber to my management,' said Sancho, 'and be it your care to make yourself a king, and me an earl, with all convenient speed.' 'That shall be done,' replied the knight; who lifting up his eyes, perceived that which shall be recounted in the succeeding chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Don Quixote sets at Liberty a Number of unfortunate People, who, much against their Wills, were going a Journey that was not all to their liking.

CID Hamet Benengeli, the Arabian and Manchegan author, recounts in this solemn, sublime, minute, pleasant, and fanciful history, that the conversation between the renowned Don Quixote, and his squire Sancho Panza, as related in the foregoing chapter, was no sooner concluded, than the knight lifting up his eyes, beheld upon the road before him about twelve men on foot, strung together like beads, with a great iron chain fastened to their necks, and he perceived shackles upon the arms of each. They were conducted by two men on horseback, and the like number on foot: the horsemen armed with firelocks, and the foot with javelins and swords. Sancho seeing them advance, 'That,' said he, 'is the chain of slaves compelled by the king to work in the gallies.'—'How compelled!' cried the knight;

'is

'is it poſſible the king compels people into his ſervice?' —'I don't ſay ſo,' anſwered Sancho; 'thoſe people are condemned for their crimes to ſerve in the king's gallies on compulſion.'—'In ſhort,' replied Don Quixote, 'be that as it will, they go not voluntarily, but are driven by force.'—'Certainly,' ſaid Sancho. 'Since that is the caſe,' reſumed his maſter, 'here the execution of my office is concerned, to annul force, and bring ſuccour to the miſerable.'—'Pray, good your worſhip, take notice that juſtice, which is the king himſelf, never uſes violence nor ſeverity to ſuch people, except as a puniſhment for their crimes.'

By this time the chain of galley-ſlaves being come up, Don Quixote, with much courteſy, deſired the guards would be pleaſed to inform him of the cauſe or cauſes for which thoſe people were treated in that manner: one of the horſemen replied, that they were ſlaves belonging to his majeſty going to the gallies, and that was all he could ſay, or the enquirer had occaſion to know, of the matter. 'Nevertheleſs,' reſumed the knight, 'I am deſirous of knowing from each in particular the occaſion of his misfortune.' To theſe he added other ſuch courteous entreaties to induce them to ſatisfy his deſire, that the other man on horſeback ſaid, 'Though we have got along with us the regiſter and certificate of the ſentence of each of thoſe malefactors, we have no time at preſent to take it out and give you the reading of it; but if you have a mind to go and queſtion themſelves, they will anſwer every thing you aſk, to the beſt of their knowledge; for they are a ſet of miſcreants, who delight in recounting as well as acting their roguery.'

With this permiſſion, which he would have taken if they had not granted it, Don Quixote approached the chain, and aſked of the foremoſt, for what offence he travelled in that equipage' 'Only for being in love,' anſwered the criminal. 'For that only!' replied the knight. 'If they condemn people for being in love, I might have been tugging in the gallies long ago.'—

'But

'But my love," anſwered the ſlave, was quite different from what your worſhip imagines. I fell deeply in love with a baſket crammed full of white linen, and locked it ſo faſt in my embrace, that if juſtice had not tore it from my arms by force, I ſhould not have quitted it willingly to this good hour: the thing being flagrant, there was no room for putting me to the torture, and therefore the cauſe was ſoon diſcuſſed; my ſhoulders were accommodated with a cool hundred, I was adviſed to divert myſelf three years in the gurapas, and ſo the buſineſs ended.'—'Pray what are the gurapas?' ſaid Don Quixote. 'The gurapas are the gallies,' anſwered the thief; who was a young fellow, about twenty years of age, and ſaid he was a native of Piedrahita.

The knight put the ſame queſtion to the ſecond, who ſeemed ſo overwhelmed with grief and melancholy, that he could not anſwer one word; but the firſt ſaved him the trouble, by ſaying, 'This man, Sir, goes to the gallies for being a canary bird; I mean, for his ſkill in vocal muſick.'—'What! ſaid the knight, 'are people ſentenced to the gallies for their ſkill in muſick?'—'Yes, Sir,' anſwered the other, 'for nothing is worſe than to ſing in the heart-ache.'—On the contrary,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'I have always heard it obſerved, that muſick and play will fright ſorrow away.'—'But here,' replied the ſlave, 'the caſe is quite different, for he that ſings but once will have cauſe to weep for ever.' Don Quixote ſaying he could not comprehend his meaning, one of the guards explained it. 'Sir,' ſaid he, 'to ſing in the heart-ache, is a term uſed by theſe miſcreants to expreſs a criminal who confeſſes under the torture; and it hath been applied to that delinquent: he owned his crime, which was horſe-ſtealing; accordingly, having received two hundred laſhes, he was condemned for ſix years to the gallies, and he appears always penſive and ſad, becauſe his brother rogues, who keep him company, continually maltreat, upbraid, deſpiſe, and ſcoff at him, for having confeſſed out of pure puſillanimity.

nimity. 'For,' say they, 'No contains as many letters as Ay: an offender is very lucky, when his life or death depends upon his own tongue, and not upon the evidence of witnesses;' and truly I think they are not far mistaken.'

'I am of the same opinion,' said Don Quixote; and passing on, repeated his former question to the third, who, with great readiness and alacrity, answered, 'I am going to pay a visit of five years to Lady Gurapa, for having wanted ten ducats.'—'I will give twenty with all my soul,' replied the knight, 'to ease you of your misfortune.'—'That,' resumed the slave, is like giving money to a man perishing with hunger at sea, where there is no food to be bought. I say this, because had I been master in time of those twenty ducats your worship now offers, I would have anointed the secretary's pen, and quickened my lawyer's invention with them, to so good purpose, that I should be now standing at liberty in the square of Zocodover in Toledo, and not dragging like a hound to the gallies; but Heaven is above—Patience and—that is enough.'

Don Quixote then advanced to the fourth, who was a man of a venerable aspect, with a long white beard hanging down to his girdle; and he no sooner heard the knight ask the cause of his being in that situation, than he began to weep bitterly, without answering one word; but the fifth criminal lent him his tongue, saying, 'That honourable gentleman is going to the gallies for four years, after having made his public appearance on horseback with great solemnity.'—'That is, I suppose,' said Sancho, 'after having been exposed to public shame *'—'Even so, replied the slave; 'and that punishment was inflicted on him for being an ear-broker, or rather a broker for the whole body; to be plain with you, the gentleman was convicted of pimping, and giving

* A crime that is punished by the pillory in England, is in Spain expiated by the convict's being mounted upon an ass, in a particular dress, and led through the streets by a crier, who proclaims the transgression.

giving himſelf out for a conjuror.'—'Were it not for the addition of his conjuring ſcheme,' ſaid Don Quixote, 'he is ſo far from deſerving to row in the gallies for pure pimping, that it rather intitles him to the command of them * as general in chief; for if the office of a pander was well regulated, it would be a moſt honourable and neceſſary employment in a well-ordered commonwealth, reſerved for people of birth and talents, and like the other places of truſt, laid under the inſpection of proper comptrollers, and limited to a certain number, like the brokers of merchandize: ſuch a regulation would prevent many miſchiefs, which are now occaſioned by that employment's being in the hands of idiots or ſimple wretches, ſuch as ſilly women, pages, and buffoons, without either age or experience; who, upon the moſt urgent occaſions, when there is need of the moſt important contrivance, let the morſel freeze between the diſh and the mouth, and can ſcarce diſtinguiſh betwixt their right hands and their left. I could proceed and advance many arguments to prove how advantageous it would be in a commonwealth to make proper diſtinctions in the choice of thoſe who exerciſe ſuch a neceſſary employment; but this is no place to ſettle that affair in; and one day I may chance to recommend it to the conſideration of thoſe who can both diſcern and provide a ſuitable remedy for this defect. I ſhall only at preſent obſerve, that the compaſſion I feel at the ſight of theſe grey hairs, and that venerable countenance in diſtreſs for having been a pander, is extinguiſhed by the additional crime of ſorcery; though I am well apprized there are no conjurors in the world, who can force or alter the will, as ſome weak-minded people imagine: for the inclination is free, and not to be enſlaved by any incantation whatſoever. The practice of ſome ſimple women, and knaviſh impoſtors, is to compoſe poiſonous mixtures, to deprive people of their ſenſes, under pretence of cauſing them to be beloved; it being a thing impoſſible, as I have ſaid, to compel the will.'

* This is a good hint for a reforming legiſlature.

will.'—'What your honour ſays is very true,' replied the good old man; 'and really, Sir, as to the affair of conjuring, I am not guilty; though I cannot deny that I have been a pimp; but I never thought I was to blame in that capacity, becauſe my whole intention was, that all the world ſhould enjoy themſelves, and live in peace and quiet without quarrels and anxiety. Yet the uprightneſs of my intention was of no ſervice in preventing my being ſent to a place from which I ſhall never return, oppreſſed as I am with years and a violent ſtrangury, that will not allow me a moment's reſt.' So ſaying, he began to weep again, as before; and his tears raiſed the pity of Sancho to ſuch a degree, that he took a rial out of his boſom, and gave it in charity to the diſtreſſed ſenior.

Then Don Quixote addreſſed himſelf to the next, who anſwered his queſtion, not with leſs, but infinitely more, vivacity than that of the former; ſaying, 'I trudge in this manner, for having jeſted a little extravagantly with two of my female couſins; and with two more, who, though not related to me, were in the ſame degree of blood to each other: in ſhort, I jeſted with them ſo long, that in the end there was ſuch an intricate increaſe of kindred as no caſuiſt could unravel. Every thing was proved againſt me, I had neither intereſt nor money, and ran ſome riſk of having my windpipe ſtopped; but they only condemned me for ſix years to the gallies; I ſubmitted to the ſentence, as the puniſhment of my crime: youth is on my ſide, life may be long, and time brings every thing to bear; if your worſhip, Sir knight, will part with any ſmall matter for the comfort of poor wretches like us, God will requite you in heaven, and we upon earth will take care to petition him for long life and health to your worſhip, that you may be as happy as by your goodly appearance you deſerve to be.' The perſon who ſpoke in this manner appeared in the dreſs of a ſtudent, and one of the guards ſaid he was a great orator and excellent Latin ſcholar.

After

After all these came a man of a good mien, about thirty years of age, who squinted so horribly, that his eyes seemed to look at each other: he was equipped in a very different manner from the rest; his foot being loaded with a huge chain that went round his whole body, and his neck adorned with two iron rings, to one of which the chain was fastened; and the other was called a keep-friend, or friend's-foot; from which descended to his middle a couple of iron bolts fitted with a pair of manacles for his arms, secured by a large padlock, in such a fashion, as to hinder him from lifting up his hands to his mouth, and to disable him from bending his head to his hands. Don Quixote enquiring why that man was more fettered than all the rest, one of the guard answered, 'Because he is a greater rogue than all the rest put together, and so daring a villain, that although he is shackled in that manner, we are under some apprehension that he will give us the slip.'—'What crime has he committed,' said the knight, 'that deserves no greater punishment than that of going to the gallies?'—'He goes for ten years,' replied the guard, 'which is a kind of civil death; but you need not enquire any farther, when you know that this honest gentleman is the famous Gines de Passamonte, alias Genisello de Parapilla.'—'Softly, Mr. Commissary,' said the slave, hearing these words, don't transmography names and surnames in that manner. Gines is my name, and not Genesello, and Passamonte the title of my family; not Parapilla, as your worship says: let every body turn about and look at home, and he will have business enough.'—'Speak with less insolence, Mr. Thief above sterling,' replied the commissary, 'or else I shall make you hold your peace with a vengeance.'—It appears by this oppression,' answered the galley slave, 'that God's will must be done; but one day somebody shall know whether or not my name is Genesello de Parapilla.'—'An't you called so, you lying vagabond?' said the guard. 'Yes, yes, I am so called,' answered Gines; 'but I will make them change that name, or their skins

shall

ſhall pay for it, if ever I meet them in a place I don't chuſe at preſent to name.—Sir knight, if you have any thing to beſtow, pray let us have it, and the Lord be with you, for you only tire us with enquiring about other people's affairs; if you want to be informed of my hiſtory, know, I am that Gines de Paſſamonte, whoſe life is written by theſe ten fingers.'

'He tells nothing but the truth,' ſaid the commiſſary; 'for he has actually written his own hiſtory, as well as could be deſired, and pawned the manuſcript in gaol for two hundred rials.'—'Aye, and I ſhall redeem it,' ſaid Gines, 'if it were for as many ducats.'—'What! is it ſo entertaining?' ſaid Don Quixote. 'Yes,' anſwered Gines, 'it is ſo entertaining, that woe be unto Lazarillo de Tormes, and all who have written or ſhall write in that manner. What I can affirm of mine is, that it contains truths, and ſuch ingenious and ſavoury truths as no fiction can equal.'—'And what is the title of your book?' ſaid the knight. 'The Life of Gines de Paſſamonte,' replied the other. 'Is it finiſhed?' ſaid Don Quixote. 'How can it be finiſhed,' anſwered the author, 'when my natural life is not yet concluded? I have already written my whole hiſtory from my birth till the laſt time I was ſent to the gallies.'—'You have viſited them before now then?' ſaid the knight. 'For the ſervice of God, and the good of my country, I have already ſerved in them during the ſpace of four years, and know the difference between the biſcuit and the bull's pizzle,' anſwered the thief; 'and my journey to them now gives me no great pain, for there I ſhall have time to finiſh my book, and ſet down a great many things I have to ſay; there being ſpare time enough in the gallies of Spain for that purpoſe, which does not require much leiſure, as I have every circumſtance by heart.'—'You ſeem to be an ingenious fellow,' ſaid Don Quixote. 'And unfortunate,' anſwered Gines; 'for genius is always attended by evil fortune.'—'Evil fortune ought to attend villains like you,' ſaid the guard. 'I have already deſired you,

Mr. Commiſſary, to proceed fair and ſoftly,' anſwered Paſſamonte; 'your ſuperiors did not give you that rod to maltreat us poor wretches, but to conduct and carry us to the place of our deſtination, according to his majeſty's command: and by the life of—but 'tis no matter. The ſpots we received in the inn, may one day be rubbed out in waſhing. Mum's the word. Let us live while we can, ſpeak while we may, and at preſent purſue our journey; for this joke has already laſted too long.'

The commiſſary lifted up his rod, in order to give a proper reply to the threats of Paſſamonte; but Don Quixote interpoſing, begged he would not chaſtiſe him; becauſe it was not to be wondered at, if one whoſe limbs were ſo ſhackled, ſhould take ſuch liberties with his tongue; then addreſſing himſelf to the priſoners, 'From all that you have told me, dear brethren,' ſaid he, 'I clearly perceive, that although you ought to be chaſtiſed for your crimes, the puniſhment you are going to ſuffer is not much to your liking; on the contrary, you make this journey very much againſt your inclination; and perhaps, the puſillanimity of one of you under the torture, this man's want of money, and that other's ſcarcity of friends, and laſt of all, the partiality of the judge, may have been the cauſe of your perdition, in depriving you of that juſtice your ſeveral caſes entitled you to. Which conſideration now operates within me, ſuggeſting, perſuading, and even compelling me to ſhew in your behalf, the end and aim for which Heaven ſent me into this world, and made me profeſs the order of knight-errantry, by which I am bound by oath to ſuccour the needy and oppreſſed; but becauſe I know that one maxim of prudence is, not to do that by foul means which can be accompliſhed by fair, I beſeech Mr. Commiſſary and the guards to unchain and let you depart in peace. The king will not want people to ſerve him on better occaſions; and I think it is very hard to enſlave thoſe whom God and nature have made free. Beſides, gentlemen ſoldiers,' added the knight, 'thoſe poor people

ple have committed no offence againſt you: and every body hath ſins to anſwer for. There is a God in heaven, who will take care to chaſtiſe the wicked and reward the righteous: and it is not ſeemly, that honeſt men ſhould be the executioners of their fellow-creatures, on account of matters with which they have no concern. This favour I entreat in a mild and peaceable manner; and if you grant my requeſt, will thank you heartily: whereas, if you refuſe to do quietly what I deſire, this lance and ſword, with the valour of my invincible arm, ſhall make you do it on compulſion.'

'A fine joke, truly!' replied the commiſſary; 'he has brought his harangue to a very merry concluſion; deſiring us to ſet at liberty the king's priſoners, as if we had authority to grant, or he to demand, their diſcharge. I wiſh your worſhip would go about your buſineſs, and ſet to rights that baſon on your ſkull, without going in queſt of a cat with three feet.'—'You are a cat, and a rat, and a ſcoundrel to boot!' replied the knight, attacking him with ſuch wonderful diſpatch, that he had not time to put himſelf in a poſture of defence, ſo was thrown from his horſe, dangerouſly wounded by a thruſt of the knight's lance. And it happened luckily that this was one of the two who had firelocks. The reſt of the guard were at firſt aſtoniſhed and confounded at this unexpected aſſault; but they ſoon recollected themſelves, and the horſemen drawing their ſwords, while thoſe on foot handled their javelins, ſet upon Don Quixote in their turn, who waited for them with vaſt compoſure; and doubtleſs he would have fared ill, if the galley-ſlaves, ſeeing a fair occaſion offered of gaining their liberty, had not made ſhift to obtain it, by breaking the chain with which they were fettered. Such was the confuſion, that the guards, between their endeavours to detain the ſlaves that were unbound, and their efforts againſt Don Quixote who aſſaulted them, could do nothing at all effectual. Sancho, for his part, aſſiſted in diſengaging Gines de Paſſamonte, who being the firſt that leaped free and diſencumbered on the plain,

attacked the wounded commiſſary, and robbed him of his ſword and muſket, with which, pointing at one, and taking aim at another, without firing, however, in a trice there was not one of the guards to be ſeen; for they made the beſt of their way, not only from Paſſamonte's firelock, but alſo from the ſhower of ſtones which was rained upon them by the reſt of the ſlaves, who had by this time diſengaged themſelves.

Sancho was infinitely grieved at this event, repreſenting to himſelf, that thoſe who fled would inſtantly give notice of the affair to the holy brotherhood, which, upon the tolling of a bell, would immediately ſally forth in ſearch of the delinquents. This ſuppoſition he ſuggeſted to his maſter, whom he entreated to depart forthwith, and conceal himſelf ſomewhere in the neighbouring mountain. 'That may be a very good expedient,' ſaid the knight; 'but I know what is proper for me to do at preſent.' He then called to the ſlaves, who were all in confuſion, and after they had plundered and ſtripped the commiſſary to the ſkin, they aſſembled round him in a circle in order to receive his commands, and he accoſted them in this manner: 'It is the duty of honeſt men to be thankful for benefits received: and one of the ſins that gives the greateſt offence to God, is ingratitude. This truth I obſerve, gentlemen, becauſe you muſt be ſenſible, by manifeſt experience, of that which you have received from me; as an acknowledgment for which, it is my will and pleaſure, that you ſet out immediately, loaded with that chain from which I have delivered your neck, and repairing to the city of Toboſo, there preſent yourſelves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, and tell her that her Knight of the Rueful Countenance hath ſent you to her with his hearty commendations. You ſhall alſo punctually recount to her every circumſtance of this famous adventure, even to the granting you that liberty you ſo ardently wiſhed for: and this duty being performed, you may go a God's name whitherſoever ye liſt.'

To

To this command Gines de Paſſamonte, in the name of all the reſt, anſwered, 'What your worſhip commands, moſt worthy deliverer, is of all impoſſibilities the moſt impoſſible to fulfil. For we muſt by no means travel in a body, but ſingle and divided, and each by himſelf endeavour to abſcond within the bowels of the earth, in order to avoid the holy brotherhood, which will doubtleſs come out in ſearch of us. But your worſhip may, and it is but juſtice you ſhould, change that ſervice and tribute intended for my lady Dulcinea del Toboſo, into a certain number of Ave-marias and Credos, which we will ſay for your proſperity; and this is a duty we can fulfil by night as well as by day, in motion and at reſt, and in peace as well as in war: but to ſuppoſe that we will now return to the fleſh-pots of Egypt, I mean to the carriage of our chain, and take the road to Toboſo, is to ſuppoſe that it is now midnight, though it wants little more than two hours of noon; and indeed, to expect this condecenſion of us, is like expecting pears from an elm.'

'Then, by heavens!' ſaid Don Quixote in a rage, 'Don Son of a Whore, Don Gineſello de Parapilla, or whatſoever is thy name, you ſhall go alone, with your tail between your legs, and carry the whole chain upon your own ſhoulders. Paſſamonte, who was none of the moſt paſſive people in the world, having already ſmoaked the knight's weak ſide, from the mad action he had committed in giving them their freedom, and finding himſelf treated by him in this haughty manner, tipped the wink to his companions; who retiring with him at a little diſtance, began to ſhower forth ſuch a number of ſtones upon their deliverer, that he could not contrive how to cover himſelf with his ſhield; and poor Rozinante minded the ſpur no more than if he had been made of braſs. Sancho retired behind his aſs, which ſheltered him from the ſtorm of hail that deſcended on them both; but his maſter could not ſcreen himſelf ſo well, as to avoid an infinite number of pebble-ſhot which took place upon different parts of his body, ſome of them

with

with such force, that he came tumbling to the ground; and no sooner was he fallen, than the student set upon him, and snatching the bason from his head, made a most furious application of it to the knight's shoulders, and then dashed it upon the ground with such force, that it went into a thousand pieces. They likewise stripped him of a jacket* he wore above his armour; and would even have taken his hose, had not his greaves been in the way: they plundered Sancho of his great coat, leaving him in his doublet and hose; and dividing the spoils of the battle among them, each took his own separate route, more anxious to escape the holy-brotherhood, which they dreaded, than to load themselves with the chain again, and go to present themselves before the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

The ass and Rozinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, were the only persons remaining on the field. Dapple, with his head hanging down in a pensive attitude, and every now and then shaking his ears, as if he imagined the hurricane of stones that whizzed about them was not yet over; Rozinante lying stretched upon the ground, to which, like his master, he was humbled by a pebble; Sancho, in his doublet, terrified at the thoughts of the holy brotherhood; and Don Quixote excessively out of humour, at seeing himself so ill requited by those people whom he had served in such an essential manner.

* It was the custom of knights to wear a coat of arms made of some rich stuff figured in a particular manner. The Duke of Brabant being called in a hurry to the battle of Agincourt, took a trumpeter's banner, and making a hole through the middle, put it over his head, and wore it as his coat of arms.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.