

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

## CHAPTER V

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF OUR KNIGHT'S  
MISFORTUNES

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

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter V.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter V.

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

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

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter V.

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 4, Chapter V.

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

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 5, Chapter V.

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