

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

## BOOK II

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### CHAPTER I

#### THE EVENT OF THE MOST STUPENDOUS COMBAT BETWEEN THE BRAVE BISCAYAN AND THE VALOR- OUS DON QUIXOTE

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

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

\* A second-rate knight in Palmerin of England.

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

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

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

\* An exchange; a place full of shops.

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

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 1, Book II., Chapter I.

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

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

\* An arroba is about 32 lbs. weight.

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

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

\* Paunch.

† Haunches, or thigh-bones.

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

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

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

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

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

## CHAPTER II

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

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