

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,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* A fictitious kingdom in Amadis de Gaul.

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

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

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

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

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