

have you go and see him laid in his grave to-morrow; which I believe will be worth your while, for he had many friends, and it is not half a league to the place where it was his will to be buried."—"I intend to be there," answered Don Quixote, "and in the meantime I return thee many thanks for the extraordinary satisfaction this story has afforded me."—"Alas! Sir Knight," replied the goat-herd, "I have not told you half the mischiefs this proud creature hath done here, but to-morrow mayhap we shall meet some shepherd by the way that will be able to tell you more. Meanwhile it won't be amiss for you to take your rest in one of the huts; for the open air is not good for your wound, though what I've put to it is so special a medicine that there's not much need to fear but 'twill do well enough." Sancho, who was quite out of patience with the goat-herd's long story, and wished him at the devil for his pains, at last prevailed with him to lie down in Peter's hut, where Don Quixote, in imitation of Marcella's lovers, devoted the remainder of the night to amorous expostulations with his dear Dulcinea. As for Sancho, he laid himself down between Rozinante and his ass, and slept it out, not like a disconsolate lover, but like a man that had been soundly kicked and bruised in the morning.

CHAPTER V

A CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF MARCELLA

SCARCE had day begun to appear from the balconies of the east, when five of the goat-herds got up, and having waked Don Quixote, asked him if he held his resolution of going to the funeral, whither they were ready to bear him company. Thereupon the knight, who desired nothing more, presently arose, and ordered Sancho to get Rozinante and the ass ready immediately; which he did with all expedition, and then they set forwards. They had not gone yet a quarter of a league, before they saw advancing towards them, out of a cross path, six shepherds clad in black skins, their heads crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter rose-bay-tree, with long holly-staves in their hands. Two gentlemen on horseback, attended by three young lads on foot, came immediately after them: as they drew near, they saluted one another civilly, and after the usual question,—“Which way d'ye travel?” they found they were all going the same way,

to see the funeral; and so they all joined company. "I fancy, Senior Vivaldo," said one of the gentlemen, addressing himself to the other, "we shall not think our time misspent in going to see this famous funeral, for it must of necessity be very extraordinary, according to the account which these men have given us of the dead shepherd and his murdering mistress."—"I am so far of your opinion," answered Vivaldo, "that I would not stay one day, but a whole week, rather than miss the sight." This gave Don Quixote occasion to ask them what they had heard concerning Chrysostome and Marcella? One of the gentlemen made answer, That having met that morning with these shepherds, they could not forbear enquiring of them, why they wore such a mournful dress? whereupon one of them acquainted them with the sad occasion, by relating the story of a certain shepherdess, named Marcella, no less lovely than cruel, whose coyness and disdain had made a world of unfortunate lovers, and caused the death of that Chrysostome, to whose funeral they were going. In short, he repeated to Don Quixote all that Peter had told him the night before. After this, Vivaldo asked the knight why he travelled so completely armed in so peaceable a country? "My profession,"

answered the champion, "does not permit me to ride otherwise. Luxurious feasts, sumptuous dresses, and downy ease, were invented for effeminate courtiers; but labour, vigilance, and arms, are the portion of those whom the world calls knights-errant, of which number I have the honour to be one, though the most unworthy, and the meanest of the fraternity." He needed to say no more to satisfy them his brains were out of order; however, that they might the better understand the nature of his folly, Vivaldo asked him, what he meant by a knight-errant? "Have you not read then," cried Don Quixote, "the Annals and History of Britain, where are recorded the famous deeds of King Arthur, who, according to an ancient tradition in that kingdom, never died, but was turned into a crow by enchantment, and shall one day resume his former shape, and recover his kingdom again? For which reason, since that time, the people of Great Britain dare not offer to kill a crow.¹ In this good king's time, the most noble order of the Knights of the Round Table was first instituted, and then also the amours between Sir Lancelot of the Lake and Queen Guinever were really transacted, as that history relates; they being managed and

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

carried on by the mediation of that honourable matron the Lady Quintaniona. Which produced that excellent history in verse so sung and celebrated here in Spain—

“There never was on earth a knight
So waited on by ladies fair,
As once was he Sir Lancelot hight,
When first he left his country dear:”

And the rest, which gives so delightful an account both of his loves and feats of arms. From that time the order of knight-errantry began by degrees to dilate and extend itself into most parts of the world. Then did the great Amadis de Gaul signalize himself by heroic exploits, and so did his offspring to the fifth generation. The valorous Felixmart of Hyrcania then got immortal fame, and that undaunted knight Tirante the White, who never can be applauded to his worth. Nay, had we but lived a little sooner, we might have been blessed with the conversation of that invincible knight of our modern times, the valorous Don Belianis of Greece. And this, gentlemen, is that order of chivalry, which, as much a sinner as I am, I profess, with a due observance of the laws which those brave knights observed before me; and for that reason I choose to wander through these solitary deserts, seeking

adventures, fully resolved to expose my person to the most formidable dangers which fortune can obtrude on me, that by the strength of my arm I may relieve the weak and the distressed.”

After all this stuff, you may be sure the travellers were sufficiently convinced of Don Quixote's frenzy. Nor were they less surprised than were all those who had hitherto discovered so unaccountable a distraction in one who seemed a rational creature. However, Vivaldo, who was of a gay disposition, had no sooner made the discovery, but he resolved to make the best advantage of it, that the shortness of the way would allow him.

Therefore, to give him further occasion to divert them with his whimsies, “Methinks, Sir Knight-errant,” said he to him, “you have taken up one of the strictest and most mortifying professions in the world. I don't think but that a Carthusian friar has a better time on't than you have.”—“Perhaps,” answered Don Quixote, “the profession of a Carthusian may be as austere, but I am within two fingers breadth of doubting, whether it may be as beneficial to the world as ours. For, if we must speak the truth, the soldier, who puts his captain's command in execution, may be

said to do as much at least as the captain who commanded him. The application is easy: for, while those religious men have nothing to do, but with all quietness and security to say their prayers for the prosperity of the world, we knights, like soldiers, execute what they do but pray for, and procure those benefits to mankind, by the strength of our arms, and at the hazard of our lives, for which they only intercede. Nor do we do this sheltered from the injuries of the air, but under no other roof than that of the wide heavens, exposed to summer's scorching heat, and winter's pinching cold. So that we may justly style ourselves the ministers of heaven, and the instruments of its justice upon earth; and as the business of war is not to be compassed without vast toil and labour, so the religious soldier must undoubtedly be preferred before the religious monk, who, living still quiet and at ease, has nothing to do but to pray for the afflicted and distressed. However, gentlemen, do not imagine I would insinuate as if the profession of a knight-errant was a state of perfection equal to that of a holy recluse: I would only infer from what I have said, and what I myself endure, that ours without question is more laborious, more subject to the discipline of heavy blows, to maceration, to

the penance of hunger and thirst, and, in a word, to rags, to want, and misery. For if you find that some knights-errant have at last by their valour been raised to thrones and empires,¹ you may be sure it has been still at the expense of much sweat and blood. And had even those happier knights been deprived of those assisting sages and enchanters, who helped them in all emergencies, they would have been strangely disappointed of their mighty expectations."—"I am of the same opinion," replied Vivaldo. "But one thing among many others, which I can by no means approve in your profession, is, that when you are just going to engage in some very hazardous adventure, where your lives are evidently to be much endangered, you never once remember to commend yourselves to God,² as every good Christian ought to do on such occasions, but only recommend yourselves to your mistresses, and that with as great zeal and devotion as if you worshipped no other deity; a thing which, in my opinion, strongly relishes of Paganism."

"Sir," replied Don Quixote, "there is no altering that method; for should a knight-errant do otherwise, he would too much de-

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

² See Appendix, Note 3, Book II., Chapter V.

viate from the ancient and established customs of knight-errantry, which inviolably oblige him just in the moment when he is rushing on, and giving birth to some dubious achievement, to have his mistress still before his eyes, still present to his mind, by a strong and lively imagination, and with soft, amorous, and energetic looks, imploring her favour and protection in that perilous circumstance. Nay, if nobody can overhear him, he is obliged to whisper, or speak between his teeth, some short ejaculations, to recommend himself with all the fervency imaginable to the lady of his wishes, and of this we have innumerable examples in history. Nor are you for all this to imagine that knights-errant omit recommending themselves to heaven, for they have leisure enough to do it even in the midst of the combat."

"Sir," replied Vivaldo, "you must give me leave to tell you, I am not yet thoroughly satisfied in this point: for I have often observed in my reading, that two knights-errant, having first talked a little together, have fallen out presently, and been so highly provoked, that, having turned their horses' heads to gain room for the career, they have wheeled about, and then with all speed run full tilt at one another,

hastily recommending themselves to their mistresses in the midst of their career; and the next thing has commonly been, that one of them has been thrown to the ground over the crupper of his horse, fairly run through and through with his enemy's lance; and the other forced to catch hold of his horse's mane to keep himself from falling. Now I cannot apprehend how the knight that was slain had any time to recommend himself to heaven, when his business was done so suddenly. Methinks those hasty invocations, which in his career were directed to his mistress, should have been directed to heaven, as every good Christian would have done. Besides, I fancy every knight-errant has not a mistress to invoke, nor is every one of them in love."—"Your conjecture is wrong," replied Don Quixote; "a knight-errant cannot be without a mistress; 'tis not more essential for the skies to have stars, than 'tis to us to be in love. Insomuch, that I dare affirm, that no history ever made mention of any knight-errant, that was not a lover; for were any knight free from the impulses of that generous passion, he would not be allowed to be a lawful knight; but a misborn intruder, and one who was not admitted within the pale of knighthood at the door, but leaped the fence, and stole in like a

robber and a thief."—"Yet, sir," replied the other, "I am much mistaken, or I have read that Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis, never had any certain mistress to recommend himself to, and yet for all that he was not the less esteemed."

"One swallow never makes a summer," answered Don Quixote. "Besides, I know that knight was privately very much in love; and as for his making his addresses, wherever he met with beauty, this was an effect of his natural inclination, which he could not easily restrain. But after all, 'tis an undeniable truth, that he had a favourite lady, whom he had crowned empress of his will; and to her he frequently recommended himself in private, for he did not a little value himself upon his discretion and secrecy in love."—"Then, sir," said Vivaldo, "since 'tis so much the being of knight-errantry to be in love, I presume you, who are of that profession, cannot be without a mistress. And therefore, if you do not set up for secrecy as much as Don Galaor did, give me leave to beg of you, in the name of all the company, that you will be pleased so far to oblige us, as to let us know the name and quality of your mistress, the place of her birth, and the charms of her person. For, without doubt, the lady

cannot but esteem herself happy in being known to all the world to be the object of the wishes of a knight so accomplished as yourself." With that Don Quixote, breathing out a deep sigh, "I cannot tell," said he, "whether this lovely enemy of my repose, is the least affected with the world's being informed of her power over my heart; all I dare say, in compliance with your request, is, that her name is Dulcinea, her country La Mancha, and Toboso the happy place which she honours with her residence. As for her quality, it cannot be less than princess, seeing she is my mistress and my queen. Her beauty transcends all the united charms of her whole sex; even those chimerical perfections, which the hyperbolical imaginations of poets in love have assigned to their mistresses, cease to be incredible descriptions when applied to her, in whom all those miraculous endowments are most divinely centred. The curling locks of her bright flowing hair are purest gold; her smooth forehead the Elysian Plain; her brows are two celestial bows; her eyes two glorious suns; her cheeks two beds of roses; her lips are coral; her teeth are pearl; her neck is alabaster; her breasts marble; her hands ivory; and snow would lose its whiteness near her bosom. Then for the parts which modesty has veiled,