

supplied with matter to discourse on, from the story of Marcella and Chrysostome, and Don Quixote's follies. As for him, he resolved to find out the shepherdess Marcella, if possible, to offer her his service to protect her to the utmost of his power; but he happened to be crossed in his designs, as you shall hear in the sequel of this true history; for here ends the Second Book.

BOOK III

CHAPTER I

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF DON QUIXOTE'S UNFORTUNATE
RENCOUNTER WITH CERTAIN BLOODY-MINDED AND
WICKED YANGUESIAN * CARRIERS

THE sage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, that when Don Quixote had taken leave of all those that were at Chrysostome's funeral, he and his squire went after Marcella into the wood; and having ranged it above two hours without being able to find her, they came at last to a meadow, whose springing green, watered with a delightful and refreshing rivulet, invited, or rather pleasantly forced them, to alight and give way to the heat of the day, which began to be very violent: so leaving the ass and Rozinante to graze at large, they ransacked the wallet; and without ceremony the master and the man fell to, and fed lovingly on what they found. Now Sancho had not taken care to tie up Rozinante, knowing him to be a horse of that sobriety and

* Carriers of the kingdom of Galicia, commonly so called.

chastity, that all the mares in the pastures of Cordova could not have raised him to attempt an indecent thing. But either fortune, or the devil, who seldom sleeps, so ordered it, that a good number of Galician mares, belonging to some Yanguesian carriers, were then feeding in the same valley, it being the custom of those men, about the hottest time of the day, to stop wherever they met with grass and water to refresh their cattle; nor could they have found a fitter place than that where Don Quixote was. Rozinante, as I said before, was chaste and modest; however, he was flesh and blood; so that as soon as he had smelt the mares, forsaking his natural gravity and reservedness, without asking his master's leave, away he trots it briskly to make them sensible of his little necessities; but they, who it seems had more mind to feed than to be merry, received their gallant so rudely, with their heels and teeth, that in a trice they broke his girths and threw down his saddle, and left him disrobed of all his equipage. And for an addition to his misery, the carriers perceiving the violence that was offered to their mares, flew to their relief with poles and pack-staves, and so belaboured poor Rozinante, that he soon sunk to the ground under the weight of their unmerciful blows.

Don Quixote and Sancho, perceiving at a distance the ill-usage of Rozinante, ran with all speed to his rescue; and as they came near the place, panting, and almost out of breath, "Friend Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "I perceive these are no knights, but only a pack of scoundrels, and fellows of the lowest rank; I say it, because thou mayest lawfully help me to revenge the injury they have done Rozinante before our faces."—"What a devil do you talk of revenge?" quoth Sancho; "we are likely to revenge ourselves finely! you see they are above twenty, and we are but two; nay, perhaps but one-and-a-half."—"I alone am worth a hundred," replied Don Quixote; and then, without any more words, he drew his sword, and flew upon the Yanguesians. Sancho, encouraged by his master's example, did the like; and with the first blow which Don Quixote gave one of them, he cut through his leathern doublet, and gave him a deep slash in the shoulder. The Yanguesians, seeing themselves thus rudely handled, betook themselves to their levers and pack-staves, and then all at once surrounding the valiant knight and his trusty squire, they charged them and laid on with great fury. At the second round, down they settled poor Sancho, and then Don Quixote

himself, who, as chance would have it, fell at the feet of Rozinante, that had not yet recovered his legs; neither could the knight's courage nor his skill avail against the fury of a number of rustical fellows armed with pack-staves. The Yanguesians, fearing the ill consequences of the mischief they had done, made all the haste they could to be gone, leaving our two adventurers in a woeful condition. The first that came to himself was Sancho Pança, who, finding himself near his master, called to him thus, with a weak and doleful voice: "Ah master! master! Sir, Sir Knight!"—"What is the matter, friend Sancho?" asked the knight in the same feeble and lamenting tone. "I could wish," replied Sancho, "that your worship would help me to two good draughts of the liquor you talk on, if you have any by you; perhaps it is as good to cure broken bones, as it is to heal outward wounds."—"Oh! that I had some of it here now," cried Don Quixote; "we could not then be said to want anything: but I swear to thee, honest Sancho, by the faith of a knight-errant, within these two days (if no other disaster prevent me) I will have some of it at my disposal, or it shall hardly escape my hands."—"Two days, sir!" replied Sancho; "why, pray how many days do you think it

will be before we are able to stir our feet?"—"As for myself," answered the bruised Don Quixote, "I must own I cannot set a term to the days of our recovery; but it is I who am the fatal cause of all this mischief; for I ought not to have drawn my sword against a company of fellows, upon whom the honour of knighthood was never conferred; and I do not doubt but that the Lord of hosts suffered this punishment to befall me for transgressing thus the laws of chivalry. Therefore, friend Sancho, observe what I am going to tell thee, for it is a thing that highly concerns the welfare of us both: it is that for the future, whenever thou perceivest us to be any ways abused by such inferior fellows, thou art not to expect I should offer to draw my sword against them; for I will not do it in the least; no, do thou then draw and chastise them as thou thinkest fit: but if any knights come to take their parts, then will I be sure to step between thee and danger, and assault them with the utmost vigour and intrepidity. Thou hast already had a thousand proofs of the greatness of my valour, and the prevailing strength of my most dreadful arm;" (so arrogant the knight was grown since his victory over the bold Biscayan).

But Sancho was not so well pleased with his

master's admonitions, but that he thought fit to answer him. "Sir," says he, "I am a peaceful man, a harmless quiet fellow, d'ye see; I can make shift to pass by an injury as well as any man, as having a wife to maintain, and children to bring up; and therefore pray take this from me by the way of advice (for I will not offer to command my master) that I will not in any wise draw my sword neither against knight nor clown, not I. I freely forgive all mankind, high and low, rich and poor, lords and beggars, whatever wrongs they ever did or may do me, without the least exception."—"Sancho," said his master, hearing this, "I heartily wish I had breath enough to answer thee effectually, or that the pain which I feel in one of my short ribs would leave me but for so long as might serve to convince thee of thy error. Come, suppose, thou silly wretch, that the gale of fortune, which has hitherto been so contrary to us, should at last turn favourable, swelling the sails of our desires, so that we might with as much security as ease arrive at some of those islands which I have promised thee; what would become of thee, if, after I had conquered one of them, I were to make thee lord of it? Thou wouldst certainly be found not duly qualified for that dignity, as

having abjured all knighthood, all thoughts of honour, and all intention to revenge injuries, and defend thy own dominions. For thou must understand, that in kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the hearts and minds of the inhabitants are never so thoroughly subdued, or wedded to the interests of their new sovereign, but that there is reason to fear, they will endeavour to raise some commotions to change the face of affairs, and, as men say, once more try their fortune. Therefore it is necessary that the new possessor have not only understanding to govern, but also valour to attack his enemies, and defend himself on all occasions."—"I would I had had that understanding and valour you talk of," quoth Sancho; "but now, sir, I must be free to tell you, I have more need of a surgeon, than of a preacher. Pray try whether you can rise, and we will help Rozinante, though he does not deserve it; for he is the chief cause of all this beating. For my part, I could never have believed the like of him before, for I always took him for as chaste and sober a person as myself. In short, it is a true saying, that a man must eat a peck of salt with his friend, before he knows him; and I find there is nothing sure in this world: for, who would

have thought, after the dreadful slashes you gave to that knight-errant, such a terrible shower of bastinadoes would so soon have fallen upon our shoulders?"—"As for thine," replied Don Quixote, "I doubt they are used to endure such sort of showers; but mine, that were nursed in soft linen, will most certainly be longer sensible of this misfortune; and were it not that I imagine, (but why do I say imagine?) were it not that I am positively sure, that all these inconveniences are inseparable from the profession of chivalry, I would abandon myself to grief, and die of mere despair on this very spot."—"I beseech you, sir," quoth Sancho, "since these rubs are the vails of your trade of knighthood, tell me whether they use to come often, or whether we may look for them at set times? for, I fancy, if we meet but with two such harvests more, we shall never be able to reap the third, unless God of his infinite mercy assist us."

"Know, friend Sancho," returned Don Quixote, "that the life of knights-errant is subject to a thousand hazards and misfortunes: but on the other side, they may at any time suddenly become kings and emperors, as experience has demonstrated in many knights, of whose histories I have a perfect knowledge.

And I could tell thee now (would my pain suffer me) of some of them who have raised themselves to those high dignities only by the valour of their arm; and those very knights, both before and after their advancement, were involved in many calamities: for, the valorous Amadis de Gaul saw himself in the power of his mortal enemy Archelaus the enchanter, of whom it is credibly reported, that when he held him prisoner, he gave him above two hundred stripes with his horse bridle, after he had tied him to a pillar in the court-yard of his house. There is also a secret author of no little credit relates, that the Knight of the Sun being taken in a trap in a certain castle, was hurried to a deep dungeon, where, after they had bound him hand and foot, they forcibly gave him a clyster of snow-water and sand, which would probably have cost him his life, had he not been assisted in that distress by a wise magician, his particular friend. Thus I may well bear my misfortune patiently, since those which so many greater persons have endured may be said to outdo it: for, I would have thee to know, that those wounds that are given with the instruments and tools which a man happens to have in his hand, do not really disgrace the person struck. We read it ex-

pressly in the law of duels,¹ 'That if a shoemaker strikes another man with his last which he held in his hand, though it be of wood, as a cudgel is, yet the party who was struck with it shall not be said to have been cudgelled.' I tell thee this, that thou mayest not think we are in the least dishonoured, though we have been horribly beaten in this rencounter; for the weapons which those men used were but instruments of their profession, and not one of them, as I very well remember, had either tuck, or sword, or dagger."—"They gave me no leisure," quoth Sancho, "to examine things so narrowly; for I had no sooner laid my hand on my cutlass,* but they crossed my shoulders with such a wooden blessing, as settled me on the ground without sense or motion, where you see me lie, and where I don't trouble my head whether it be a disgrace to be mauled with cudgels or with pack-staves; let them be what they will, I am only vexed to feel them so heavy on my shoulders, where I am afraid they are imprinted as deep as they are on my mind."—"For all this," replied Don Quixote, "I must inform thee, friend Sancho, that there is no remembrance which

¹See Appendix, Note 1, Book III., Chapter I.

* *Tizona*: The romantic name of the sword, which the Spanish general, Roderick Diaz de Bivar, used against the Moors.

time will not efface, nor no pain to which death will not put a period."—"Thank you for nothing!" quoth Sancho; "what worse can befall us, than to have only death to trust to? were our affliction to be cured with a plaister or two, a man might have some patience; but for aught I see, all the salves in an hospital won't set us on our best legs again."—"Come, no more of this," cried Don Quixote; "take courage, and make a virtue of necessity; for it is what I am resolved to do. Let us see how it fares with Rozinante; for if I am not mistaken, the poor creature has not been the least sufferer in this adventure."—"No wonder at that," quoth Sancho, "seeing he's a knight-errant too; I rather wonder how my ass has escaped so well, while we have fared so ill."—"In our disasters," returned Don Quixote, "fortune leaves always some door open to come at a remedy. I say it, Sancho, because that little beast may now supply the want of Rozinante, to carry me to some castle, where I may get cured of my wounds. Nor do I esteem this kind of riding dishonourable, for I remember that the good old Silenus, tutor and governor to the jovial god of wine, rode very fairly on a goodly ass, when he made his entry into the city with a

hundred gates.”—“Ay,” quoth Sancho, “it will do well enough, could you ride as fairly on your ass as he did on his; but there is a deal of difference between riding, and being laid cross the pannel like a pack of rubbish.”—“The wounds which are received in combat,” said Don Quixote, “rather add to our honour, than deprive us of it: therefore, good Sancho, trouble me with no more replies, but, as I said, endeavour to get up, and lay me as thou pleasest upon thy ass, that we may leave this place ere night steal upon us.”—“But, sir,” cried Sancho, “I have heard you say, that it is a common thing among you knight-errants to sleep in the fields and deserts the best part of the year, and that you look upon it to be a very happy kind of life.”—“That is to say,” replied Don Quixote, “when we can do no better, or when we are in love; and this is so true, that there have been knights who have dwelt on rocks, exposed to the sun, and other inclemencies of the sky, for the space of two years, without their lady’s knowledge: one of those was Amadis, when, assuming the name of The Lovely Obscure, he inhabited the bare rock, either eight years or eight months, I can’t now punctually tell which of the two, for I don’t thoroughly remember the passage. Let

it suffice that there he dwelt, doing penance, for I don’t know what unkindness his lady, Oriana, had shewed him. But setting these discourses aside, pr’ythee dispatch, lest some mischief befall the ass, as it has done Rozi-nante.”—“That would be the devil indeed,” replied Sancho; and so, breathing out some thirty lamentations, threescore sighs, and a hundred and twenty plagues and poxes on those that had decoyed him thither, he at last got upon his legs, yet not so but that he went stooping, with his body bent like a Turk’s bow, not being able to stand upright. Yet in this crooked posture he made a shift to harness his ass, who had not forgot to take his share of licentiousness that day. After this, he helped up Rozinante, who, could his tongue have expressed his sorrows, would certainly not have been behind-hand with Sancho and his master. After many bitter oh’s, and screwed faces, Sancho laid Don Quixote on the ass, tied Rozi-nante to its tail, and then, leading the ass by the halter, he took the nearest way that he could guess to the high road; to which he luckily came, before he had travelled a short league, and then he discovered an inn; which, in spite of all he could say, Don Quixote was pleased to mistake for a castle. Sancho swore

bloodily it was an inn, and his master was as positive of the contrary. In short, their dispute lasted so long, that before they could decide it they reached the inn door, where Sancho straight went in, with all his train, without troubling himself any further about the matter.

CHAPTER II

WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE IN THE INN
WHICH HE TOOK FOR A CASTLE

THE innkeeper, seeing Don Quixote lying quite athwart the ass, asked Sancho what ailed him? Sancho answered it was nothing, only his master had got a fall from the top of a rock to the bottom, and had bruised his sides a little. The innkeeper had a wife, very different from the common sort of hostesses, for she was of a charitable nature, and very compassionate of her neighbour's affliction; which made her immediately take care of Don Quixote, and call her daughter (a good handsome girl) to set her helping-hand to his cure. One of the servants in the inn was an Asturian wench, a broad-faced, flat-headed, saddle-nosed dowdy; blind of one eye, and the other almost out: however, the activity of her body supplied all other defects. She was not above three feet high from her heels to her head; and her shoulders, which somewhat loaded her, as having too much flesh upon them, made her look downwards oftener than she could have wished. This