



Arthur del.

Milton scul.

The Quarrel between Don Quixote & the Goatherd.



the redresser of injuries, the righter of wrongs, the relief of maidens, the dread of giants, and the conqueror of battles?"—"This," said the goatherd, "is like what we read of in the books of Knights-errant, who did all, that you tell me of this man; though, as I take it, either your Worship is in jest, or the apartments in this gentleman's skull are unfurnished."—"You are a very great rascal," said Don Quixote at this instant, "and you are the empty-skulled and the shallow-brained; for I am fuller than ever was the whoreson drab that bore thee:" and, so saying, and muttering on, he snatched up a loaf that was near him, and with it struck the goatherd, full in the face, with so much fury, that he laid his nose flat. The goatherd, who did not understand raillery, perceiving how much in earnest he was treated, without any respect to the carpet or table-cloth, or to the company that sat about it, leaped upon Don Quixote, and, griping him by the throat with both hands, would doubtless have strangled him, had not Sancho Panza come up in that instant, and, taking him by the shoulders, thrown him back on the table, breaking the dishes and platters, and spilling and overturning all that was upon it. Don Quixote, finding himself loose, ran at the goatherd, who, being kicked and trampled upon by Sancho, and his face all over blood, was feeling about, upon all four, for some knife or other to take a bloody

revenge: but the Canon and the Priest prevented him; and the Barber contrived it so, that the goatherd got Don Quixote under him, on whom he poured such a shower of buffets, that there rained as much blood from the visage of the poor Knight as there did from his own. The Canon and the Priest were ready to burst with laughter; the troopers of the holy Brotherhood danced and capered for joy; and they stood hallooing them on, as people do dogs, when they are fighting: only Sancho was at his wits end, not being able to get loose from one of the Canon's servants, who held him from going to assist his master. In short, while all were in high joy and merriment, excepting the two combatants, who were still worrying one another, on a sudden they heard the sound of a trumpet, so dismal, that it made them turn their faces towards the way, from whence they fancied the sound came: but he, who was most surprised at hearing it, was Don Quixote, who, though he was under the goatherd, sorely against his will, and more than indifferently mauled, said to him: "Brother devil (for it is impossible you should be any thing else, since you have had the valour and strength to subdue mine), truce, I beseech you, for one hour; for the dolorous sound of that trumpet, which reaches our ears, seems to summon me to some new adventure." The goatherd, who by this time was pretty well weary of mauling and

being mauled, immediately let him go, and Don Quixote, getting upon his legs, turned his face toward the place whence the sound came, and presently saw several people descending from a rising ground arrayed in white, after the manner of disciplinants⁴⁷.

The case was, that the clouds, that year, had failed to refresh the earth with seasonable showers, and throughout all the villages of that district they made processions, disciplines, and public prayers, beseeching God to open the hands of his mercy, and send them rain: and for this purpose the people of a town hard by were coming in procession to a devout hermitage, built upon the side of a hill bordering upon that valley. Don Quixote perceiving the strange attire of the disciplinants, without recollecting how often he must have seen the like before, imagined it was some adventure, and that it belonged to him alone, as a Knight-errant, to undertake it: and he was the more confirmed in this fancy by thinking, that an image they had with them, covered with black⁴⁸, was some lady of note, whom those miscreants and discourteous ruffians were forcing away. And no sooner had he taken this into his head, than he ran with great agility to Rozinante, who was grazing about; and taking the bridle and buckler from the pommel of the saddle, he bridled him in a trice, and, demanding from Sancho his sword, he mounted

Rozinante, and braced his target, and with a loud voice said to all, that were present: "Now, my worthy Companions, you shall see of what consequence it is, that there are in the world such as profess the order of chivalry: now, I say, you shall see, by my restoring liberty to that good lady, who is carried captive yonder, whether Knights-errant are to be valued or not." And so saying, he laid legs to Rozinante, for spurs he had none, and on a hand-gallop, for we no where read, in all this faithful history, that ever Rozinante went full-speed, he ran to encounter the disciplinants; the Priest, the Canon, and the Barber in vain endeavouring to stop him; and in vain did Sancho cry out, saying; "Whither go you, Signor Don Quixote? What devils are in you, that instigate you to assault the Catholic faith? Consider, a curse on me! that this is a procession of disciplinants, and that the lady carried upon the bier, is an image of the blessed and immaculate Virgin: have a care what you do; for this once I am sure you do not know." Sancho wearied himself to no purpose; for his master was so bent upon encountering the men in white, and delivering the mourning lady, that he heard not a word, and, if he had, would not have come back, though the King himself had commanded him.

Feing now come up to the procession, he checked Rozinante, who already had a desire to

rest a little, and, with a disordered and hoarse voice, said: "You there, who cover your faces, for no good I suppose, stop, and give ear to what I shall say." The first who stopped were they, who carried the image; and one of the four ecclesiastics, who sung the litanies, observing the strange figure of Don Quixote, the leanness of Rozinante, and other ridiculous circumstances attending the Knight, answered him, saying: "Good brother, if you have any thing to say to us, say it quickly: for these our brethren are tearing their flesh to pieces, and we cannot, nor is it reasonable we should, stop to hear any thing, unless it be so short, that it may be said in two words."—"I will say it in one," replied Don Quixote, "and it is this; that you immediately set at liberty that fair lady, whose tears and sorrowful countenance are evident tokens of her being carried away against her will, and that you have done her some notorious injury; and I, who was born into the world on purpose to redress such wrongs, will not suffer you to proceed one step farther, until you have given her the liberty she desires and deserves." By these expressions, all that heard them gathered, that Don Quixote must be some madman; upon which they fell a-laughing very heartily; which was adding fuel to the fire of Don Quixote's choler: for, without saying a word more, he drew his sword, and attacked the bearers; one

of whom, leaving the burden to his comrades, stept forward to encounter Don Quixote, brandishing a pole on which he rested the bier, when they made a stand: and receiving on it a huge stroke, which the Knight let fly at him, and which broke it in two, with what remained of it he gave Don Quixote such a blow on the shoulder of his sword-arm, that, his target not being able to ward off so furious an assault, poor Don Quixote fell to the ground in evil plight. Sancho Panza, who came puffing close after him, perceiving him fallen, called out to his adversary not to strike him again, for he was a poor enchanted Knight, who never had done any body harm in all the days of his life. But that, which made the rustic forbear, was not Sancho's crying out, but his seeing that Don Quixote stirred neither hand nor foot; and so, believing he had killed him, in all haste he tucked up his frock under his girdle, and began to fly away over the field as nimble as a buck.

By this time all Don Quixote's company was come up, and the processioners, seeing them running toward them, and with them the troopers of the holy Brotherhood with their cross-bows, began to fear some ill accident, and drew up in a circle round the image; and, lifting up their hoods⁴⁹, and grasping their whips, as the ecclesiastics did their tapers, they stood expecting the assault, determined to defend themselves, and,

if they could, to offend their aggressors. But fortune ordered it better than they imagined: for all that Sancho did was to throw himself upon the body of his master, and to pour forth the most dolorous and ridiculous lamentation in the world, believing verily that he was dead. The Priest was known by another, who came in the procession, and their being acquainted dissipated the fear of the two squadrons. The first Priest gave the second an account in two words who Don Quixote was; upon which he and the whole rout of disciplinants went to see, whether the poor Knight was dead or not, and they overheard Sancho Panza say, with tears in his eyes: "O flower of chivalry, who by one single thwack hast finished the career of thy well-spent life! O glory of thy race, credit and renown of La Mancha, yea of the whole world, which, by wanting thee, will be over-run with evil doers, who will no longer fear the being chastised for their iniquities! O liberal above all Alexanders, seeing that, for eight months service only, thou hast given me the best island the sea doth compass or surround! O thou, that wert humble with the haughty, and arrogant with the humble, undertaker of dangers, sufferer of affronts, in love without cause, imitator of the good, scourge of the wicked, enemy of the base; in a word, Knight-errant, which is all that can be said^{50!}" At Sancho's cries and lamentations Don Quixote

revived, and the first word he said was: "He, who lives absented from thee, sweetest Dulcinea, is subject to greater miseries than these. Help, friend Sancho, to lay me upon the enchanted car; for I am no longer in a condition to press the saddle of Rozinante, all this shoulder being mashed to pieces."—"That I will do with all my heart, dear Sir," answered Sancho; "and let us return home in company of these gentlemen, who wish you well, and there we will give order about another sally, that may prove of more profit and renown."—"You say well, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and it will be great prudence in us to wait until the evil influence of the stars, which now reigns, is overpassed⁵¹." The Canon, the Priest, and the Barber, told him, they approved his resolution; and so, having received a great deal of pleasure from the simplicities of Sancho Panza, they placed Don Quixote in the waggon, as before.

The procession resumed its former order, and went on its way. The goatherd bid them all farewell. The troopers would go no farther, and the Priest paid them what they had agreed for. The Canon desired the Priest to give him advice of what befell Don Quixote, and whether his madness was cured or continued, and so took leave, and pursued his journey. In short, they all parted, and took their several ways, leaving the Priest, the Barber, Don Quixote, and San-

cho, with good Rozinante, who bore all accidents as patiently as his master. The waggoner yoked his oxen, and accommodated Don Quixote on a truss of hay, and with his accustomed pace jogged on the way the Priest directed. On the sixth day they arrived at Don Quixote's village, and entered it about noon; and it being Sunday, all the people were standing in the market-place, through the midst of which Don Quixote's car must of necessity pass. Every body ran to see, who was in the waggon, and, when they found it was their townsman, they were greatly surprised, and a boy ran full speed to acquaint the housekeeper and niece, that their uncle and master was coming home, weak and pale, and stretched upon a truss of hay, in a waggon drawn by oxen. It was piteous to hear the outcries the two good women raised, to see the buffets they gave themselves, and how they cursed afresh the damned books of chivalry; and all this was renewed by seeing Don Quixote coming in at the gate.

Upon the news of Don Quixote's arrival, Sancho Panza's wife, who knew her husband was gone with him to serve him as his squire, repaired thither; and as soon as she saw Sancho, the first thing she asked him was, whether the ass was come home well. Sancho answered he was, and in a better condition than his master. "The Lord be praised," replied she, "for

so great a mercy to me. But tell me, friend, what good have you got by your squireship? What petticoat do you bring home to me, and what shoes to your children?"—"I bring nothing of all this, dear wife," quoth Sancho; "but I bring other things of greater moment and consequence."—"I am very glad of that," answered the wife: "pray, show me these things of greater moment and consequence, my friend; for I would fain see them, to rejoice this heart of mine, which has been so sad and discontented all the long time of your absence."—"You shall see them at home, wife," quoth Sancho, "and be satisfied at present; for if it please God, that we make another sally in quest of adventures, you will soon see me an earl or governor of an island, and not an ordinary one neither, but one of the best that is to be had."—"Grant Heaven it may be so, husband," said the wife, "for we have need enough of it. But pray tell me what you mean by islands; for I do not understand you."—"Honey is not for the mouth of an ass," answered Sancho: "in good time you shall see, wife, yea, and admire to hear yourself stiled Ladyship by all your vassals."—"What do you mean, Sancho, by ladyship, islands, and vassals?" answered Teresa Panza; for that was Sancho's wife's name, though they were not of kin, but because it is the custom in La Mancha for the wife to take the husband's name. "Be

not in so much haste, Teresa, to know all this," said Sancho: "let it suffice, that I tell you the truth, and sew up your mouth. But for the present know, that there is nothing in the world so pleasant to an honest man, as to be squire to a Knight-errant, and seeker of adventures. It is true, indeed, most of them are not so much to a man's mind as he could wish; for ninety-nine of a hundred one meets with fall out cross and unlucky. This I know by experience; for I have sometimes come off tossed in a blanket, and sometimes well cudgelled. Yet for all that it is a fine thing to be in expectation of accidents, traversing mountains, searching woods, marching over rocks, visiting castles, lodging in inns, all at discretion, and the devil a farthing to pay."

All this discourse passed between Sancho Panza, and his wife Teresa Panza, while the housekeeper and the niece received Don Quixote, and, having pulled off his clothes, laid him in his old bed. He looked at them with eyes askew, not knowing perfectly where he was. The Priest charged the niece to take great care, and make much of her uncle, and to keep a watchful eye over him, lest he should once more give them the slip, telling her what difficulty they had to get him home to his house. Here the two women exclaimed afresh, and renewed their execrations against all books of chivalry, begging of Heaven to confound to the centre of the abyss the authors

of so many lies and absurdities. Lastly, they remained full of trouble and fear, lest they should lose their uncle and master, as soon as ever he found himself a little better: and it fell out as they imagined. But the author of this history, though he applied himself, with the utmost curiosity and diligence, to trace the exploits Don Quixote performed in his third sally, could get no account of them, at least from any authentic writings. Only fame has preserved in the memoirs of La Mancha, that Don Quixote, the third time he sallied from home, went to Saragossa⁵², where he was present at a famous tournament in that city, and that there befell him things worthy of his valour and good understanding. Nor should we have learned any thing at all concerning his death, if a lucky accident⁵³ had not brought him acquainted with an aged physician, who had in his custody a leaden box, found, as he said, under the ruins of an ancient hermitage then rebuilding: in which box was found a manuscript of parchment written in Gothic characters, but in Castilian verse, containing many of his exploits, and giving an account of the beauty of Dulcinea del Toboso, the figure of Rozinante, the fidelity of Sancho Panza, and the burial of Don Quixote himself, with several epitaphs and eulogies on his life and manners. All, that could be read, and perfectly made out, were those inserted here by the faithful

author of this strange and never-before-seen history: which author desires no other reward from those, who shall read it, in recompense of the vast pains it has cost him to inquire into and search all the archives of La Mancha to bring it to light, but that they would afford him the same credit, that ingenious people give to books of Knight-errantry, which are so well received in the world; and herewith he will reckon himself well paid, and will rest satisfied; and will moreover be encouraged to seek and find out others, if not as true, at least of as much invention and entertainment. The first words, written in the parchment which was found in the leaden box, were these:

THE ACADEMICIANS OF ARGAMASILLA, A TOWN OF LA MANCHA, ON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, WROTE THIS:

Monicongo, Academician of Argamasilla, on the Sepulture of Don Quixote.

EPITAPH.

HE, whose wild valour to La Mancha bore
 More spoils than Jason to the Cretan shore;
 Whose wit, more quick than any weather-cock,
 Led him through hair-breadth 'scapes, and scrapes un-
 ceasing;
 Whose arm, its native force by rage increasing,
 At once Gaeta and Cathay could shock;

Whose vein poetic could each muse surpass,
 That ever wrote on adamant or glass ;
 He, who for gallant deeds and speeches courteous
 The Amadis left at distance far ;
 More brave than noble Galaor in war ;
 Than Belianis more discreet and virtuous ;
 Who round the world on Rozinante hurried,
 He, even he, beneath this stone lies buried !!!

*Paniaguado, Academician of Argamisilla, in Praise of
 Dulcinea del Toboso.*

SONNET.

She, whom you see, the nymph with ruddy face,
 Full-swelling bosom, and large rolling eye,
 Is Dulcinea, fair Toboso's grace,
 To whom great Quixote pour'd th' enamour'd sigh.
 For love of her he travell'd sad and weary,
 Backward and forward many a mile in vain,
 Through the Black Mountain's wilds and deserts dreary,
 Montiel's fam'd field, and Aranjuez' plain.
 Why didst thou suffer that renown'd commander,
 O Rozinante, thus on foot to wander ?
 And oh ! sad fortune, that Death's wintry touches
 Should blast the beauties of so bright a maiden !
 Oh ! that the Knight, this tomb of marble laid in,
 Should thus be trapp'd in crafty Cupid's clutches !

*Caprichoso, a most ingenious Academician of Argamasilla,
 in Praise of Don Quixote's Horse, Rozinante.*

SONNET.

Where Mars had fixt his adamantine throne,
 At once the dread and glory of the sky,
 The mad Manchegan dar'd advance alone,
 And plant his spear, and wave his banner high.

There, cas'd in coat of glitt'ring mail, he strode,
 Hacking and slashing round with looks so furious,
 That mortal speech wants terms concise and curious
 To tell the terror of the trembling God.
 No longer in thy Amadis, O Gaul,
 Exult ; nor glory in thy famous Paladins,
 O Greece, who beat their Solymans and Saladins ;
 Lo, matchless Quixote has excell'd them all ;
 Crown'd of Bellona's tree the topmost branch-a,
 And talk'd of far and near through all La Mancha !
 Eke shall the fame of Rozinante soar
 Above Bayardo bright, or beauteous Briigliador.

*Burlador, the little Academician of Argamasilla, on
 Sancho Panza.*

SONNET.

This Sancho Panza was of stature little,
 But yet a miracle of valour rare ;
 Of craft and cunning not a single tittle
 Possess'd he ever, I can safely swear.
 Most certain sure an earldom he had gotten,
 But that this envious age, in virtue rotten,
 Conspir'd to rob of its reward his merit ;
 Wrongs such as these had surely rous'd the spirit
 E'en of the patient ass our squire bestrode.
 Meek animal ! methinks I see thee amble,
 Sober and slow along the rugged road,
 Wherever Rozinante chose to ramble.
 Fruitless, alas ! your toils, O gentle pair,
 For all your hopes are—castles in the air !

*Cachidiablo, Academician of Argamasilla, on the Sepulture
of Don Quixote.*

EPITAPH.

A luckless Errant-Knight lies here,
 A brave unyielding cavalier,
 Though often drubb'd full sore,
 Him Rozinante, fam'd in story,
 O'er plains, and hills, and mountains, bore
 In search of glory.
 And by him, in the arms of death,
 Like dagger rusted in its sheath,
 A worthy squire is laid;
 For sure since squireship first began,
 If any understood the trade,
 He was the man!

*Tiquitoc, Academician of Argamasilla, on the Sepulture
of Dulcinea del Toboso.*

EPITAPH.

Hic jacet heav'nly Dulcinea;
 Alas! how mournful the idea,
 That flesh more tender, fat, and plump,
 Than breast of goose, or capon's rump,
 Should thus be turn'd to dust and cinders!
 Thy blow, grim Death, no beauty hinders;
 For she was sure of race divine,
 Descended in unbroken line:
 Her blazing charms scorch'd up the soul
 Of am'rous Quixote to a coal,
 Spread through the universe her fame,
 And set Toboso all in flame.

These were all the verses, that could be read: the rest, the characters being worm-eaten, were consigned to one of the Academicians, to find out their meaning by conjectures. We are informed he has done it, after many lucubrations, and much pains, and that he designs to publish them, giving us hopes of Don Quixote's third sally.

“Forsi altro cantarà con miglior plectro.”

There were all the verses that could be said
 the rest the clowns being worn-out years
 consigned to one of the Academicians to find
 out their meaning by conjectures. He is in-
 formed he has done it, after many incubations
 and much pains, and that he desires to publish
 them, giving us hopes of Don Quixote's third
 ally.

Then also certain connumerations
 were made with the assistance of
 the Academy, and the result was
 that the third part of the book
 was found to be the most excellent
 and the most worthy of praise
 and that the author should be
 rewarded accordingly. The
 Academicians were of opinion
 that the book should be
 published in its original form
 and that the author should be
 allowed to make such alterations
 as he might think fit. The
 result of all this was that
 the book was published in
 its original form, and the
 author was rewarded
 accordingly.

NOTES.

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- 1 — 7 “VELLIDO.” He murdered Sancho, King of Castile, when he was at the siege of Camora.
- 2 — 7 “Galalon.” He betrayed the French army at Roncesvalles.
- 3 — 7 “Rusty Christians.” That is, original Spaniards, without mixture of Moor, or Jew, for several generations; such only being qualified for titles of honour.
- 4 — 39 “A Cebra.” A native of Africa, something like a mule, and very swift.
- 5 — 39 “Grand Compluto.” The name of this university is now changed to Alcala de Henares.
- 6 — 48 “Don Azote, or Don Gigote.” That is, *Don Horse-whip* or *Don Mincemeat*.
- 7 — 49 “A strong man.” Esplandian had seven red letters on his shoulder, which Urganda, the enchantress, interpreted to signify, that his heart should be inflamed with violent love. Amadis de Gaul, Book iii. Ch. 31.
- The same Knight strips off his shirt in the company of Kings, Emperors, and Princes, to show the characters he was born with. *Ibid.* Ch. 54.
- 8 — 50 “No sea port town.” This geographical error is probably a satire upon the historian Mariana, who relates, that Quintus Fabius, the consul,

having sent fifteen thousand men against Viriatus, they were landed at a city called Orsuna, or Ossuna, in Andaluzia, when in fact this city is many leagues from the coast.

- 9 — 51 “With my person.” Thus Arlanda, Princess of Thrace, desiring Don Florisel of Niquea to revenge the death of her brother, offers to make him master of her crown and person. Amadis de Gaul, B. ix. Ch. 14.

The giant Gudulfo, resolving to marry the infanta of the Cytherea islands, whether she will or no, is killed by the Knight of the Green Armour, to whom the lady makes an offer of her dominions, as a reward of his service. Ibid. Ch. 36.

- 10 — 65 “Sleeves are good after Easter.” This is a sort of proverbial expression, signifying that a good thing is always seasonable. The Spaniards, for the sake of warmth, wear sleeves in winter, until about Easter; but, if the weather continues cold, sleeves may be proper after Easter.

- 11 — 68 “As I said before.” Sancho had not in fact told Don Quixote what he intended to do with his negroes, but had only settled it with himself. Cervantes probably introduced it to show how much Sancho was absorbed in this adventure.

- 12 — 74 “From her kingdom.” Thus the stranger Knight in Amadis de Gaul (B. ix. Ch. 24.), fighting with Florisel, in order to carry off Sylvia from him, is interrupted in the combat by a damsel, who reminds the stranger, that he cannot undertake any new adventure, till he has performed his promise to her.—This is common in the old romances.

- 13 — 81 “Puppet friars.” Children in Spain make little

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- figures out of bean-cods, by breaking as much of the upper end as discovers part of the first bean, which represents the bald head; and letting the broken part hang back to represent the cowl.
- 14 — 86 “The Curious Impertinent.” This is the literal meaning of “Curioso Impertinente.” But perhaps it ought to be “The Impertinently Curious:” since it was the *curiosity* and not the *impertinence* of Anselmo, which is the subject of this novel.
- 15 — 99 “Tears of St. Peter.” This is translated into Spanish, from the Italian, by Juan Sedeno.
- 16 — 99 “The Poet.” Ariosto in Orlando Furioso.
- 17 — 109 “His own folly.” In the original it is “supo tan bien fingir lo necesidad, ò necedad de su ausencia, &c. :” that is, *he knew so well how to feign the necessity, or rather folly, of his absence, &c.* But as it was impossible to retain the play upon “necesidad” and “necedad,” the sentence has been turned differently.—It is entirely omitted in other translations.
- 18 — 109 “The couch.” Estrado is a space in the visiting rooms of ladies, raised about a foot above the floor, and covered with carpets or mats, on which they sit with cushions.
- 19 — 127 “The four S'S.” As if we should say: “He was sightly, sprightly, secret, and sincere.”
- 20 — 127 “Judge right.” It is impossible to translate this accurately, as it was necessary to follow the initials in the translation.
- 21 — 151 “Finished the adventure.” See a similar one in Amadis de Gaul, B. viii. Ch. 31.
- 22 — 152 “Here are the bulls.” Alluding to the joy of the mob in Spain, when they see the bulls coming.
- 23 — 162 “A la Gineta.” A mode of riding with very short stirrups, which the Spaniards took from

- the Arabs: and it is still used in Africa and some eastern nations.
- 24 — 162 “Black masks on their faces.” The original word is “Antifaces.” “Antifez” means a piece of thin black silk, which they wear in Spain when travelling, not for disguise, but to avoid the sun and dust. Therefore they are not strictly masks.
- 25 — 184 “In the frying of the eggs.” This means, the disaster will be discovered, when the wine is wanted to be drunk. As eggs are not known to be good or bad, till they are broken.
- 26 — 195 “The sleeves.” This passage is translated literally. The original is “porque de faldas (que no quiero dezir de mangas), &c.” The author’s meaning is not very obvious. It is, perhaps, as we might express it, *who from the lawyer’s (judge’s) gown, (to say nothing of the lawn sleeves), &c.*
- 27 — 197 “Cavalier.” This is a sort of mound, raised on, or near, any fortification, which is situated in the neighbourhood of any rising ground, whence an enemy might overlook the works. A cavalier is to prevent this. Or perhaps a sort of battery to play upon such rising ground.
- 28 — 208 “The poop.” Literally the “Estanterol,” which is a pillar near the poop, to which the awning is affixed.
- 29 — 212 “Arnaut.” The name of a trooper of Epirus, Dalmatia, or some of the adjacent countries.
- 30 — 213 “Such a one de Saavedra.” Cervantes most probably here alludes to himself.
- 31 — 219 “Ten reals.” Equal to about a crown.
- 32 — 233 “The Zala.” This a religious ceremony of the Moors.
- 33 — 251 “Caya.” She was the daughter of Count Ju-

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- Iran, and the cause of the Moors settling in Spain.
- 34 — 279 “Lattice window.” The casements are made of canvass in winter, and lattice-work in summer, like our Venetian blinds, which admit the air, and exclude the sun and light.
- 35 — 310 “Agramante’s camp.” Agramante, in Ariosto, is king of the infidels at the siege of Paris.
- 36 — 311 “Sobrino.” This is another in the “Orlando Furioso.”
- 37 — 327 “Mentironiana.” This is a ludicrous word derived from “mentira,” *a lie*.
- 38 — 334 “Rinconete and Cortadillo.” Cervantes wrote this novel.
- 39 — 342 “Marcus Paulus.” He travelled over Syria, Persia, and India, in the thirteenth century.
- 40 — 347 “For my pains.” It is literally thus: “I should have been like the tailor at the street corner.” The whole of the proverb is, “Ser como el sastre de la encrucixada, que cosia de valde, y ponía el hilo de su casa.” *To be like the tailor of the cross way, who sewed for nothing, and found himself thread.*
- 41 — 349 “Four acts.” The Spanish plays then consisted of but three acts. Cervantes had himself set the example of confining them within that space. They were called, “jornadas,” *days*.
- 42 — 351 “Some of them.” Cervantes here means Lope de Vega. The latter, in his work called “The new Art of making Comedies,” mentions only six plays, which he had quite perfected. A very small number out of four hundred and eighty-three, which he says he wrote.
- 43 — 365 “St. Grial—and Queen Iseo.” They should have been written “Graal” and “Isatta.”
- 44 — 366 “Monseigneur.” This is written “Mosen,” in

- Spanish : probably an abbreviation of *Monseigneur*.
- 45 — 366 “Messire.” The Spanish term is “Micer.”
- 46 — 366 “Suero de Quinones of the Pass.” It was the custom of Knights-errant to remain at certain passes; or passages in the mountains or roads, and to compel all that came that way to break a lance with them in honour of their mistresses. Hence perhaps the origin of tilts and tournaments.
- 47 — 391 “Disciplinants.” These are persons, who freely, or for hire, march in procession, and whip themselves as a sort of public penance.
- 48 — 391 “Covered with black.” These images are usually made of wood as large as life, and being often used, at length, by the smoke of the torches, become black.
- 49 — 394 “Their hoods.” The disciplinants wear hoods with holes to see through, that they may not be known.
- 50 — 395 “Can be said.” See *Amadis de Gaul*, B. iii. Ch. 9.
- 51 — 396 “Is overpassed.” See also *Amadis de Gaul*, B. v. Ch. 18.
- 52 — 400 “Saragossa.” Hence Avellaneda, the fictitious name of the author of the spurious second part, took the hint to send Don Quixote to Saragossa.
- 53 — 400 “Lucky accident.” In this passage, Cervantes follows the manner of most of the old romance-writers, who pretend always to have found an ancient copy of their work in some hidden place.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



