

“Do you not take notice, friend, what this boy has said, ‘You shall never see it more, while you live?’”—“Well,” answered Sancho, “what signifies it, if the boy did say so?”—“What!” replied Don Quixote, “do you not perceive, that, applying these words to my purpose, the meaning is, I shall never see Dulcinea more?” Sancho would have answered, but was prevented by seeing a hare come running cross the field, pursued by abundance of dogs and sportsmen; which, frightened, came for shelter, and squatted between Dapple’s feet. Sancho took her up alive, and presented her to Don Quixote, who cried, “*Malum signum, malum signum!* A hare flies; dogs pursue her; Dulcinea appears not.”—“Your Worship is a strange man,” quoth Sancho: “let us suppose now, that this hare is Dulcinea del Toboso, and these dogs, that pursue her, those wicked enchanters, who transformed her into a country wench: she flies, I catch her, and put her into your Worship’s hands, who have her in your arms, and make much of her: what bad sign is this, or what ill omen can you draw from hence?” The two contending boys came up to look at the hare, and Sancho asked one of them, what they were quarrelling about? And answer was made by him, who had said, “You shall never see it more while you live;” that he had taken a cage full of crickets from the other boy, which he never intended to restore to

him, while he lived. Sancho drew four quarter-maravedis⁴⁴ out of his pocket, and gave it the boy for his cage, which he put into Don Quixote's hands, and said: "Behold, Sir, all your omens broken, and come to nothing; and they have no more to do with our adventures, in my judgment, a dunce as I am, than last year's clouds; and, if I remember right, I have heard the Priest of our village say, that good Christians, and wise people, ought not to regard these fooleries: and your Worship's own self told me as much a few days ago, giving me to understand, that all such Christians as minded presages, were fools: so there is no need of troubling ourselves any farther about them, but let us go on, and get home to our village."

The hunters came up, and demanded their hare, and Don Quixote gave it them. They went on their way, and at the entrance of the village, in a little meadow, they found the Priest, and the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, repeating their breviary. Now, you must know, that Sancho Panza had thrown the buckram robe, painted with flames of fire, which he had worn at the Duke's castle, the night he brought Altisidora to life again, instead of a sumpter-cloth, over the bundle of armour upon his ass. He had likewise clapped the mitre on Dapple's head; inso-much that never was an ass so metamorphosed and adorned. The Priest and the Bachelor pre-

sently knew them both, and came running to them with open arms. Don Quixote alighted, and embraced them closely; and the boys, who are as sharp-sighted as lynxes, espying the ass's mitre, flocked to view him, and said one to another: "Come, boys, and you shall see Sancho Panza's ass finer than Mingo⁴⁵, and Don Quixote's beast leaner than ever." Finally, surrounded with boys, and accompanied by the Priest and the Bachelor, they entered the village, and took the way to Don Quixote's house, where they found at the door the Housekeeper and the Niece, who had already heard the news of his arrival. It had likewise reached the ears of Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, who, half naked, with her hair about her ears, and dragging Sanchica after her, ran to see her husband: and, seeing him not so well equipped as she imagined a governor ought to be, she said: "What makes you come thus, dear husband? Methinks you come afoot, and foundered, and look more like a misgoverned person, than a governor."—"Peace, Teresa," answered Sancho; "for there is not always bacon, where there are pins to hang it on; and let us go to our house, where you shall hear wonders. Money I bring with me (which is the main business), got by my own industry, and without damage to any body."—"Bring but money, my good husband," cried Teresa, "and let it be got this way or that way: for, get it how you will,

you will have brought up no new custom in the world." Sanchica embraced her father, and asked, if he had brought her any thing; for she had been wishing for him, as people do for rain in May: and, she taking hold of his belt on one side, and his wife taking him by the hand on the other, Sanchica pulling Dapple after her, they went home to their house, leaving Don Quixote in his, in the power of his Niece and the House-keeper, and in the company of the Priest and the Bachelor.

Don Quixote, without standing upon times or seasons, in that very instant went apart with the Bachelor and the Priest, and related to them, in few words, how he was vanquished, and the obligation he lay under, not to stir from his village in a year; which he intended punctually to observe, without transgressing a tittle, as became a true Knight-errant, obliged by the strict precepts of chivalry. He also told them how he had resolved to turn shepherd for that year, and to pass his time in the solitude of the fields, where he might give the reins to his amorous thoughts, exercising himself in that pastoral and virtuous employment; beseeching them, if they had leisure, and were not engaged in business of greater consequence, to bear him company; telling them, he would purchase sheep, and stock sufficient to give them the name of shepherds; acquainting them also, that the principal part of

the business was already done, he having chosen for them names as fit, as if they had been cast in a mould. The Priest desired him to repeat them. Don Quixote answered, that he himself was to be called the shepherd Quixotiz; the Bachelor, the shepherd Carrascon; the Priest, the shepherd Curiambro; and Sancho Panza, the shepherd Panzino. They were astonished at this new madness of Don Quixote: but, to prevent his rambling once more from his village, and resuming his chivalries, and in hopes he might be cured in that year, they fell in with his new project, and applauded his folly as an high piece of discretion, offering to be his companions in that exercise. "Besides," said Sampson Carrasco, "I, as every body knows, am an excellent poet, and shall be composing, at every turn, pastoral or courtly verses, or such as shall be most for my purpose, to amuse and divert us as we range the fields. But, Gentlemen, the first and chief thing necessary, is, that each of us choose the name of the shepherdess he intends to celebrate in his verses, and we will not leave a tree, be it never so hard, in whose bark we will not inscribe and grave her name, as is the fashion and custom of enamoured shepherds."—"That is very right," answered Don Quixote; "though I need not trouble myself to look for a feigned name, having the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the glory of these banks, the ornament of these meads, the

support of beauty, the cream of good humour, and, lastly, the worthy subject of all praise, be it never so hyperbolical.”—“That is true,” said the Priest; “but, as for us, we must look out for shepherdesses of an inferior stamp, who, if they do not square, may corner with us.” To which Sampson Carrasco added: “And, when we are at a loss, we will give them the names we find in print, of which the world is full, as, Phillises, Amarillises, Dianas, Floridas, Galateas, and Belisardas: for, since they are sold in the market, we may lawfully buy, and make use of them as our own. If my mistress, or, to speak more properly, my shepherdess, is called Anna, I will celebrate her under the name of Anarda, and, if Frances, I will call her Francesina, and, if Lucy, Lucinda; and so of the rest. And Sancho Panza, if he is to be one of this brotherhood, may celebrate his wife Teresa Panza by the name of Teresaina.” Don Quixote smiled at the application of the names, and the Priest highly applauded his virtuous and honourable resolution, and again offered to bear him company, all the time he could spare from attending the duties of his function. With this they took their leave of him, desiring and entreating him to take care of his health, and make much of himself with good heartening things.

Now fortune would have it, that his Niece and Housekeeper overheard their conversation;

and, as soon as these two were gone, they both came in to Don Quixote; and the Niece said; "What is the meaning of this, Uncle? Now that we thought your Worship was returned with a resolution to stay at home, and live a quiet and decent life, you have a mind to involve yourself in new labyrinths, by turning shepherd. In truth, the straw is too hard to make pipes of." To which the Housekeeper added: "And can your Worship bear, in the fields, the summer's sultry heat, the winter's pinching cold, and the howling of the wolves? No, certainly; for this is the business of robust fellows, tanned and bred to such employment, as it were from their cradles and swaddling-clothes. And, of the two evils, it is better to be a Knight-errant, than a shepherd. Look you, Sir, take my advice, which is not given by one full of bread and wine, but fasting, and with fifty years over my head: stay at home, look after your estate, go often to confession, and relieve the poor; and if any ill comes of it, let it lie at my door."—"Peace, daughters," answered Don Quixote; "for I know perfectly what I have to do. Lead me to bed: for, methinks, I am not very well; and assure yourselves, that whether I am a Knight-errant, or a wandering shepherd, I will not fail to provide for you, as you shall find by experience." The two good women (for doubtless such they were),

the Housekeeper and Niece, carried him to bed, where they gave him to eat, and made as much of him as possible.

CHAP. LXXIV.

HOW DON QUIXOTE FELL SICK, MADE HIS WILL, AND DIED.

As all human things, especially the lives of men, are transitory, incessantly declining from their beginning, till they arrive at their final period; and as that of Don Quixote had no peculiar privilege from Heaven, to exempt it from the common fate, his end and dissolution came, when he least thought of it. For, whether it proceeded from the melancholy occasioned by finding himself vanquished, or from the disposition of Heaven so decreeing it, he was seized with a fever, which confined him six days to his bed, in which time he was frequently visited by the Priest, the Bachelor, and the Barber, his friends; his trusty squire Sancho Panza never stirring from his bed-side. They, supposing that his grief at being vanquished, and the disappointment of his wishes as to the restoration and disenchantment of Dulcinea, had reduced him to this state, endeavoured by all imaginable ways to revive his spirits. The Bachelor bid him be of good courage, and rise from bed, to enter upon his pas-

toral exercise; he having already composed an eclogue to that purpose, not inferior to any written by Sannazarius; telling him besides, that he had already bought with his own money of a herdsman of Quintanar, two excellent dogs, to guard the flock, the one called Barcino, and the other Butron. But for all this, Don Quixote's melancholy continued. His friends sent for a physician, who felt his pulse, and did not much like it, and said, come what would, it would not be amiss for him to look to his soul's health, that of his body being in danger. Don Quixote heard it with composure of mind: but not so did his Housekeeper, his Niece, and his squire, who all began to weep most bitterly, as if he were already dead, and laid out before their faces. It was the doctor's opinion, that melancholy and disappointment had brought him to his end. Don Quixote desired they would leave him, for he was inclined to sleep a little.

They did so, and he slept at a stretch, as the saying is, above six hours, insomuch that the Housekeeper and the Niece thought he would never awake more. But awake he did at the end of that time, and, with a loud voice, said: "Blessed be Almighty God, who has vouchsafed me so great a good: in short, his mercies have no bounds, and the sins of men can neither lessen nor obstruct them." The Niece listened attentively to her uncle's words, and she thought

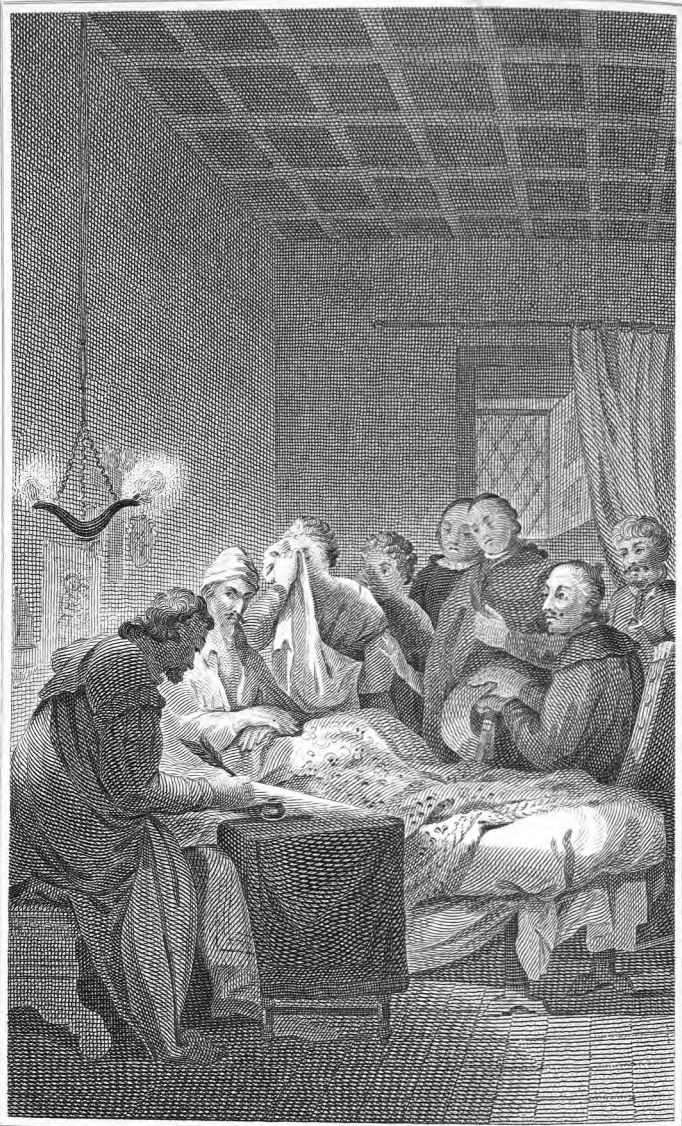
there was more sense in them than usual, at least since his sickness, and she said to him: "What is it you say, Sir? Has any thing extraordinary happened? What mercies, and what sins do you speak of?" — "Niece," answered Don Quixote, "the mercies, I mean, are those, God has been pleased, notwithstanding my sins, to vouchsafe me at this instant. My judgment is now undisturbed, and free from those dark clouds of ignorance, with which my eager and continual reading of those detestable books of chivalry had obscured it. Now I perceive the absurdity and delusion of them, and am only sorry I am undeceived so late, that I have no time left to make some amends, by reading others that might help to enlighten my soul. I feel myself, Niece, at the point of death, and I would fain so order it, as not to leave the imputation of madness upon my memory; for, though I must confess I have been a madman, I would not confirm the truth of it at my death. Dear child, call hither my good friends, the Priest, the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the barber; for I would make my confession and my will." But this trouble was saved the Niece by the coming of all three.

Scarcely had Don Quixote set his eyes on them, when he cried out: "Give me joy, good Gentlemen, that I am now no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonzo Quixano, for his

virtues surnamed the Good. I am now an utter enemy to Amadis de Gaul, and the innumerable rabble of his descendants: now all the histories of Knight-errantry are to me odious and profane: I am now sensible of my folly, and of the danger I was led into by reading them; and now, through the mercy of God, and my own dear-bought experience, I detest and abhor them." When his three friends heard him speak thus, they believed for certain, that some new frenzy had possessed him; and Sampson said to him: "What! Signor Don Quixote, now that we have news of the Lady Dulcinea's being disenchanted, do you talk at this rate? and, now that we are just upon the point of becoming shepherds, to lead our lives singing, and like any princes, would you turn hermit?"—"Peace, I conjure you," replied Don Quixote; "recollect yourself, and leave idle stories: those, which have hitherto done me so much real hurt, my repentance, by the assistance of Heaven, shall convert to my good. I feel, Gentlemen, the quick approach of death: let us be serious, and bring me a confessor, and a notary to draw my will; for, in such circumstances as these, a man must not trifle with his soul: and therefore I beseech you, while my friend the Priest is taking my confession, let the notary be fetched." They stared at one another, wondering at Don Quixote's expressions, and, though still in some

doubt, they resolved to believe him: and one of the signs, by which they conjectured he was dying, was, his passing, by so easy and sudden a transition, from mad to sober. To the words he had already spoken he added others, so proper, so rational, and so Christian, that their doubt was quite removed, and they verily believed him in his perfect senses. The Priest made every body leave the room, and staid with him alone, and confessed him. The Bachelor went for the notary, and presently returned with him, and with Sancho Panza, who having learned from the Bachelor in what condition his master was, besides finding the Housekeeper and the Niece in tears, began to pucker up his face, and to fall a-blubbering. The confession ended, the Priest came out of the room, saying: "Good Alonzo Quixano is just expiring, and certainly in his right mind: let us all go in, that he may make his will." This news opened the sluices of the swollen eyes of the Housekeeper, the Niece, and Sancho Panza, his trusty squire, in such wise, that it forced a torrent of tears from their eyes, and a thousand groans from their breasts: for, in truth, as has been said before, both while he was plain Alonzo Quixano, and while he was Don Quixote de la Mancha, he was ever of an amiable disposition, and affable behaviour, and was therefore beloved, not only by those of his own family, but by all that knew him.





F. Thomson sculp.

Don Quixote making his Will



The notary now entered the room with the others; and the preamble of the will being made, and Don Quixote having disposed of his soul, with all the Christian circumstances required, coming to the legacies, he said: "Item, it is my will, that, in respect to certain monies, which Sancho Panza, whom, in my madness, I made my squire, has in his hands, there being between him and me some reckonings, receipts, and disbursements, he shall not be charged with them, nor called to any account for them; but if, after he has paid himself, there be any overplus, which will be but very little, it shall be his own, and much good may it do him: and if, as, during my madness, I was the occasion of procuring for him the government of an island, I could, now that I am in my senses, procure him that of a kingdom, I would readily do it; for the sincerity of his heart, and the fidelity of his dealings, deserve it:" and, turning to Sancho, he said: "Forgive me, friend, for making you a madman, by persuading you to believe, as I did myself, that there have been formerly, and are now, Knights-errants in the world."—"Alas!" answered Sancho sobbing, "dear Sir, do not die; but take my counsel, and live many years; for the greatest madness, a man can commit in this life, is to suffer himself to die, without any body's killing him, or being brought to his end by any other hand than that of melancholy. Be not

lazy, Sir, but get out of bed, and let us be going to the field, dressed like shepherds, as we agreed to do; and who knows, but behind some bush or other we may find the Lady Dulcinea disenchanted as fine as heart could wish? If you die for grief of being vanquished, lay the blame upon me, and say you were unhorsed by my not having girted Rozinante's saddle as it ought to have been: besides, your Worship must have read in your books of chivalries, that it is a common thing for one Knight to unhorse another, and him, who is vanquished to-day, to become conqueror to-morrow."—"It is so," said Sampson, "and honest Sancho is very much in the right."—"Gentlemen," replied Don Quixote, "let us proceed fair and softly. Look not for this year's birds in last year's nests. I was mad; I am now sober: I was Don Quixote de la Mancha; I am now, as I have said, the good Alonzo Quixano: and may my unfeigned repentance, and my sincerity, restore me to the esteem you once had for me: and let the notary proceed."

"Item, I bequeath to Antonia Quixano, my Niece, here present, all my estate real and personal, after the payment of all my debts and legacies: and the first to be discharged shall be, the wages due to my Housekeeper, for the time she has been in my service, and twenty ducats besides for mourning. I appoint for my executors

Signor the Priest, and Signor Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, here present. Item, it is my will, that, if Antonia Quixano my Niece is inclined to marry, it shall be with a man, who, upon the strictest inquiry, shall be found to know nothing of books of chivalry; and, in case it shall appear he is acquainted with them, and my Niece notwithstanding will and does marry him, she shall forfeit all I have bequeathed her, which my executors may dispose of in pious uses, as they think proper. Item, I beseech the said Gentlemen, my executors, that, if good fortune should bring them acquainted with the author, who is said to have written a history handed about, and entitled, THE SECOND PART OF THE EXPLOITS OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, they will, in my name, most earnestly entreat him to pardon the occasion I have unwittingly given him of writing so many and so great absurdities as he there has done: for I depart this life with a burden upon my conscience for having furnished him with a motive for so doing." With this the will was closed, and, a fainting-fit seizing him, he stretched himself out at full length in the bed. They were all alarmed, and ran to his assistance; and, in three days that he survived the making his will, he fainted away very often. The house was all in confusion: however, the Niece ate, the Housekeeper drank, and Sancho Panza made much of himself; for this business

of legacies effaces, or moderates, the grief, that is naturally due to the deceased.

In short, after receiving all the sacraments, and expressing his abhorrence, in strong and pathetic terms, of all the books of chivalry, Don Quixote's last hour came. The notary was present, and protested he had never read in any books of chivalry, that ever any Knight-errant had died in his bed in so composed and Christian a manner, as Don Quixote; who, amidst the complaints and tears of the by-standers, resigned his breath, I mean, died. Which the Priest seeing, he desired the notary to draw up a certificate, that Alonzo Quixano, commonly called Don Quixote de la Mancha, was departed this life, and died a natural death: and he insisted upon his testimonial, lest any other author, besides Cid Hamete Bengeli, should raise him from the dead, and write endless stories of his exploits.

This was the end of the ingenious gentleman of La Mancha, the place of whose birth Cid Hamete would not expressly name, that all the towns and villages of La Mancha might contend among themselves, and each adopt him for their own, as the seven cities of Greece contended for Homer. We omit the lamentations of Sancho, the Niece, and the Housekeeper, with the new epitaphs upon his tomb, excepting this by Sampson Carrasco.

Here lies the flow'r of Chivalry,
 The Knight of courage ample;
 In soul and arms so great was he,
 Death could not quell his bravery,
 Nor on his laurels trample.

He in short time extended wide
 Through all the world his glory:
 In madness with Orlando vied,
 But like a sober Christian died—
 And so concludes his story.

And the sagacious Cid Hamete, addressing himself to his pen, said: "Here, O my slender quill, whether well or ill cut I know not, here, suspended by this brass wire, shalt thou hang upon this spit-rack, and live many long ages, if presumptuous or wicked historians do not take thee down, to profane thee. But, before they offer to touch thee, give them this warning in the best manner thou canst:

Beware, ye Poet-thieves, beware;
 Nor steal a single line;
 For Fate has made this work its care,
 And guaranteed it mine.

For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I for him: he knew how to act, and I how to write: we were destined for each other, maugre and in despite of that scribbling impostor of Tordesillas, who has dared, or shall dare, with his gross and ill-cut ostrich quill, to describe

the exploits of my valorous Knight; a burden too weighty for his shoulders, and an undertaking above his cold and frozen genius. And warn him, if perchance he falls in thy way, to suffer the wearied and now mouldering bones of Don Quixote to repose in the grave: nor endeavour, in contradiction to all the ancient usages and customs of death, to carry him into Old Castile, making him rise out of the vault, in which he really and truly lies at full length, totally unable to attempt a third expedition, or a new sally: for the two he has already made, with such success, and so much to the general satisfaction, as well of the people of these kingdoms of Spain, as of foreign countries, are sufficient to ridicule all, that have been made by other Knights-errant. And thus shalt thou comply with the duty of thy Christian profession, giving good advice to those, who wish thee ill; and I shall rest satisfied, and proud to have been the first, who enjoyed entire the fruits of his writings: for my only desire was to bring into public abhorrence the fabulous and absurd histories of Knight-errantry, which, by means of that of my true and genuine Don Quixote, begin already to totter, and will doubtless fall, never to rise again.—Farewell.”

NOTES.

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1 — 7 “GREEK commentator.” We cannot discover whom Cervantes alludes to. Shelton translates it, “though they be more than Malleras.”

2 — 8 “Lelilies.” This Moorish cry seems to be nothing more than a quick and frequent repetition of the word “Alla,” which signifies *God*.

3 — 13 “Penitent of the light.” *Disciplinante de luz*. “A penitent of the light,” says the Royal Dictionary, “they call in Germany him, who is to be exposed in a public manner, by being led through the streets, or set in the pillory.” Thus far the Royal Dictionary. In England, a white sheet, and a candle or torch in hand, was called doing penance; and, under the same appearance of white and a torch, the “*amende honorable*” is performed in France.

N. B. By mistake No. 4 was omitted.

3 — 59 “Clavileno.” A name derived from two Spanish words; *clave*, a *nail* or *pin*, and *lena*, *wood*.

6 — 62 “Gaeta.” This is the name of a church in Spain, dedicated to the Holy Trinity.

7 — 72 “Seven little she-goats.” The Pleiades are vulgarly called thus in Spain.

8 — 74 “A he-goat.” In Spanish, “*cabron*” means either

- a *he-goat* or a *cuckold*. Hence the play upon the word by Sancho.
- 9 — 77 “The Christus.” The cross put at the beginning of the A, B, C; from thence called the Christ-cross-row.
- 10 — 86 “Over the hills and far away.” In the original it means, “By the rocks of Ubeda,” which is the beginning of an old popular song.
- 11 — 89 “To the rack.” The original is, “draughts of the rack.” It alludes to a particular kind of torture in Spain, namely, a thin piece of gauze moistened and put to the lips of a person dying with thirst, who swallows it down by degrees, and then it is pulled up again by the end the executioner holds in his hand.
- 89 “Pears in a pannier.” In the month of March they send great quantities of pears from Doraca to Madrid; and they must be carefully packed to prevent them from bruising.
- 89 “Called Sancho.” The true proverb is, “to keep silence well is called “santo,” *holy*: but Sancho changes it to his own name.
- 14 — 95 “A la Gineta.” That is, with short stirrups.
- 15 — 106 “Enchanted Moor.” This alludes to the story of Maritornes and the carrier in the former part of this work.
- 16 — 107 “Wine-cooling bottles.” The Spanish word is, “Cantimplora.” A sort of bottle for keeping wine cool, with a very long neck, and very broad and flat below, that the ice may lie conveniently upon it in the pail, and a broad cork fitted to the pail, with a hole in the middle, to let the neck of the bottle through.
- 17 — 107 “So cheap a rate.” In Spanish, “barato” means *cheap*.

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- 18 — 118 "Shoulder-belt." Here his belt, according to the true signification of Tahali, is one hung on his shoulders: At Diego de Miranda's it seemed to be a belt girded about his loins, and was made of a skin proper for the weakness he was supposed to have in them.
- 19 — 125 "Fruit before him." Both the Spaniards and Italians used to begin their dinner with some kind of fruit, as we end it.
- 20 — 127 "Olla-podrida." An olla-podrida is a dish, consisting of a great number of ingredients, as flesh, fowl, &c. all stewed together. "Podrida" is usually interpreted *rotten*, as if the stewing them together was supposed to have the same effect, as to making them tender, as rottenness would have. But Covarruvias, in his etymologies, derives it from "*poteroso*," *powerful*, because all the ingredients are substantial and nourishing. And this is confirmed by Sancho's adding, "the stronger they are the better," when he mentions them in p. 152.
- 21 — 128 "Ossuna." This is entirely fictitious. "Regio de Aguero" means *positive of the omen*, and "Tirteafuera," *take yourself away*.
- 22 — 128 "Pedro Rezio de Aguero." In the original, Sancho calls him "Rezio de *mal* Aguero," *Doctor Positive of the ill omen*. This is lost in the translation.
- 23 — 131 "Grateful bread." In Spanish it is "Pan agradecido." When the country people would define an honest good-natured man, they say, "He is as good as bread itself."
- 24 — 152 "The stronger the better." See note 20.
- 25 — 156 "The benevolence." "Barato" originally means

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- cheap*; but, among gamesters, "*dar barato*" is, when a gamester, by way of courtesy, or in return for deciding in his favour, gives something to a stander-by. And this in Spain is a common practice among all ranks of people, and many get their living by it.
- 26 — 176 "Trunk hose." These are something similar to our pantaloons. "*Calzas atacadas*" are breeches and stockings all in one, clasped or tied to the girdle.
- 27 — 213 "Poor porridge." It is called "*Gazpacho*," and is made of oil, vinegar, water, salt, and spice, with bread.
- 28 — 214 "Hempen sandals." These are a sort of flat sandal, or shoe, made of hemp, or of bulrushes, artfully platted, and fitted to the foot, worn by the poor people in Spain and Italy.
- 29 — 217 "Guelte." This in Dutch means money.
- 30 — 231 "Galiana." A beautiful palace of a Moorish princess, now in ruins, near Toboso, is called by that name.
- 31 — 242 "Lacqueian." This word "*lacayuna*" is made for the purpose.
- 32 — 259 "Hagarene squadrons." There is a tradition still believed in Spain, that the Moors are descended from Hagar.
- 33 — 269 "Xarama." The bulls of Xarama are supposed to be the fiercest in all Spain.
- 34 — 310 "Escotillo." Cervantes means Michael Scotus, who, being more knowing in natural and experimental philosophy, than was common in the dark ages of ignorance, passed for a magician: as friar Bacon and Albert the Great did: of the first of whom (Friar Bacon) a like story of a brazen head is told.

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- 35 — 315 "The shoe-jig." This was a peculiar sort of dance, in which the soles of the shoe were struck by the palm of the hand, at certain intervals, keeping regular time.
- 36 — 325 "Every hog." About the feast of St. Martin was the time for killing hogs for bacon.
- 37 — 359 "Twenty-three stone." This is about eleven arrobas: the arroba is a quarter of a hundred, or twenty-five pounds: eleven of them make two hundred and seventy-five pounds.
- 38 — 360 "To feed a cat." This is an allusion to the custom in Spain of an old or disabled soldier's carrying offals of tripe, or liver, about the streets to feed the cats.
- 39 — 363 "Why ought." Here is a double meaning and play upon the word "deve," which means either *must*, the sign of a mood, or relates to *owing* a debt.
- 40 — 368 "Nemoroso." This has the same meaning, as if in English we should say, "Mr. *Wood* called himself Mr. *Grove*."
- 41 — 370 "The points and collar of a poet." Formerly, in Spain, the men of quality wore loose coats, sloped down before and unbuttoned, under which appeared the rich waistcoat, and its collar terminating in two points.
- 42 — 394 "Seem the longer." It was considered so strange and impudent a sight in Spain, for women, or even men, to show their naked wrists, or arms, that Cervantes makes the devils dress so.
- 43 — 396 "Poor Jack." There is a fish in Spain, called "bacalloo," or *poor-jack*.
- 44 — 418 "Quarter maravedi." These are about a half-penny each.

NOTE PAGE

45 — 419 "Mingo." This is the name of a very tedious and verbose poet, cotemporary with our Author, and probably somewhat fantastical in his dress.

THE END.

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