

find in myself ability sufficient to govern it, as well as the best he that ever governed an island in the world." To which Don Quixote answered; "Consider, brother Sancho, that this adventure, and others of this nature, are not adventures of islands, but of cross-ways, in which nothing is to be gotten but a broken head, or the loss of an ear. Have patience: for adventures will offer, whereby I may not only make thee a governor, but something better." Sancho returned him abundance of thanks, and, kissing his hand again, and the skirt of his coat of mail, he helped him to get upon Rozinante, and himself mounting his ass began to follow his master; who going off at a round rate without taking his leave, or speaking to those of the coach, entered into a wood, that was hard by.

Sancho followed him as fast as his beast could trot; but Rozinante made such way, that, seeing himself like to be left behind, he was forced to call aloud to his master to stay for him. Don Quixote did so, checking Rozinante by the bridle, until his weary squire overtook him; who, as soon as he came near, said to him: "Methinks, Sir, it would not be amiss to retire to some church; for considering in what condition you have left your adversary, it is not improbable they may give notice of the fact to the holy Brotherhood<sup>33</sup>, and they may apprehend us: and in faith, if they do, before we get out of

their clutches we may chance to sweat for it.”—  
“Peace,” quoth Don Quixote; “for where have you ever seen or read of a Knight-errant’s being brought before a court of justice, let him have committed never so many homicides?”—“I know nothing of your Omecils,” answered Sancho, “nor in my life have I ever concerned myself about them: only this I know, that the holy Brotherhood have something to say to those, who fight in the fields; and as to this other matter, I intermeddle not in it.”—“Set your heart at rest, friend,” answered Don Quixote; “for I should deliver you out of the hands of the Chaldeans: how much more out of those of the holy Brotherhood? But tell me, on your life, have you ever seen a more valorous Knight than I, upon the whole face of the known earth? Have you read in story of any other, who has, or ever had, more bravery in assailing, more breath in holding out, more dexterity in wounding, or more address in giving a fall?”—“The truth is,” answered Sancho, “that I never read any history at all; for I can neither read, nor write: but what I dare affirm is, that I never served a bolder master than your Worship, in all the days of my life; and pray God we be not called to an account for these darings, where I just now said. What I beg of your Worship, is, that you would let your wound be dressed, for there comes a great deal of blood from that ear: and I have here

some lint, and a little white ointment, in my wallet.”—“All this would have been needless,” answered Don Quixote, “if I had bethought myself of making a phial of the balsam of Fierabras; for, with one single drop of that, we might have saved both time and medicines.”—“What phial, and what balsam is that?” said Sancho Panza. “It is a balsam,” answered Don Quixote, “of which I have the receipt by heart; and he, that has it, need not fear death, nor so much as think of dying by any wound. And therefore, when I shall have made it, and given it you, all you will have to do is, when you see me in some battle cleft asunder, as it frequently happens, to take up fair and softly that part of my body which shall fall to the ground, and, with the greatest nicety, before the blood is congealed, place it upon the other half, that shall remain in the saddle, taking especial care to make them tally exactly. Then must you immediately give me to drink only two draughts of the balsam aforesaid, and then will you see me become sounder than any apple.”—“If this be so,” said Sancho, “I renounce from henceforward the government of the promised island, and desire no other thing, in payment of my many and good services, but only that your Worship will give me the receipt of this extraordinary liquor; for I dare say it will any where fetch more than two reals an ounce, and I want no more to pass this

life creditably and comfortably. But I should be glad to know, whether it will cost much in the making?"—"For less than three reals one may make nine pints," answered Don Quixote. "Sinner that I am," replied Sancho, "why then does your Worship delay to make it, and to teach it me?"—"Peace, friend," answered Don Quixote; "for I intend to teach thee greater secrets, and to do thee greater kindnesses: and for the present let us see about the cure; for my ear pains me more than I could wish."

Sancho took some lint and ointment out of his wallet; but, when Don Quixote perceived that his helmet was broken, he was ready to run stark mad; and, laying his hand on his sword, and lifting up his eyes to Heaven, he said: "I swear, by the Creator of all things, and by all that is contained in the four holy evangelists, to lead the life that the great Marquis of Mantua led, when he vowed to revenge the death of his nephew Valdovinos; which was, not to eat bread on a table-cloth, nor solace himself with his wife, and other things, which, though I do not now remember, I allow here for expressed, until I am fully revenged on him, who hath done me this outrage." Sancho hearing this, said to him: "Pray consider, Signor Don Quixote, that, if the Knight has performed what was enjoined him, namely, to go and present himself before my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will then have



done his duty, and deserves no new punishment, unless he commits a new crime.”—“ You have spoken and remarked very justly,” answered Don Quixote, “ and I annul the oath, so far as concerns the taking a fresh revenge ; but I make it, and confirm it anew, as to leading the life I have mentioned, until I shall take by force such another helmet, or one as good, from some other Knight. And think not, Sancho, I undertake this lightly, or make a smoke of straw : I know what example I follow therein ; for the same thing happened exactly with regard to Mambriño’s helmet, which cost Sacripante so dear <sup>34</sup>.”—“ Good Sir,” replied Sancho, “ give such oaths to the devil ; for they are very detrimental to health, and prejudicial to the conscience. Besides, pray tell me, if perchance in many days we should not light upon a man armed with a helmet, what must we do then ; must the oath be kept, in spite of so many difficulties and inconveniences, such as sleeping in your clothes, and not sleeping in any inhabited place, and a thousand other penances, contained in the oath of that mad old fellow the Marquis of Mantua, which you, Sir, would now revive ? Consider well, that none of these roads are frequented by armed men, and that here are only carriers and carters, who are so far from wearing helmets, that, perhaps, they never heard them so much as named in all the days of their lives.”—“ You

are mistaken in this," said Don Quixote; "for we shall not be two hours in these cross-ways, before we shall see more armed men than came to the siege of Albraca<sup>35</sup>, to carry off Angelica the fair."—"Well then, be it so," quoth Sancho; "and God grant us good success, and that we may speedily win this island, which costs me so dear; and then no matter how soon I die."—"I have already told you, Sancho, to be in no pain upon that account; for if an island cannot be had, there is the kingdom of Denmark, or that of Sobradisa<sup>36</sup>, which will fit you like a ring to your finger; and moreover, being upon Terra Firma<sup>37</sup>, you should rejoice the more. But let us leave this to its own time, and see if you have any thing for us to eat in your wallet; and we will go presently in quest of some castle, where we may lodge this night, and make the balsam, that I told you of; for I vow to God, my ear pains me very much."—"I have here an onion, and a piece of cheese, and I know not how many crusts of bread," said Sancho; "but they are not eatables fit for so valiant a Knight as your Worship."—"How ill you understand this matter!" answered Don Quixote: "you must know, Sancho, that it is an honour to Knights-errant not to eat in a month: and, if they do eat, it must be of what comes next in hand: and, if you had read as many histories as I have done, you would have known this: for though I have perused a great

## DON QUIXOTE.

many, I never yet found any account given in them, that ever Knights-errant did eat, unless it were by chance, and at certain sumptuous banquets made on purpose for them; and the rest of their days they lived, as it were, upon their smelling. And though it is to be presumed, they could not subsist without eating, and without satisfying all other natural wants, it must likewise be supposed, that, as they passed most part of their lives in wandering through forests and deserts, and without a cook, their most usual diet must consist of rustic viands, such as those you now offer me. So that, friend Sancho, let not that trouble you, which gives me pleasure; nor endeavour to make a new world, or to throw Knight-errantry off its hinges.”—“Pardon me, Sir,” said Sancho; “for, as I can neither read nor write, as I told you before, I am entirely unacquainted with the rules of the knightly profession; and from henceforward I will furnish my wallet with all sorts of dried fruits for your Worship, who are a Knight: and for myself, who am none, I will supply it with poultry, and other things of more substance.”—“I do not say, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “that Knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing but dried fruit, as you say; but that their most usual sustenance was of that kind, and of certain herbs, they found up and down in the fields, which they very well knew; and so do I.”—“It is a happiness to know

these same herbs," answered Sancho ; " for I am inclined to think, we shall one day have occasion to make use of that knowledge."

And so saying, he took out what he had provided, and they ate together in a very peaceable and friendly manner. But, being desirous to seek out some place to lodge in that night, they soon finished their poor and dry commons. They presently mounted, and made what haste they could to get to some inhabited place before night: but both the sun, and their hopes, failed them near the huts of certain goatherds ; and so they determined to take up their lodging there: but, if Sancho was grieved, that they could not reach some habitation, his master was as much rejoiced to lie in the open air, making account that, every time this befel him, he was doing an act possessive, or such an act as gave a fresh evidence of his title to chivalry.

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## CHAP. XI.

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE WITH CERTAIN  
GOATHERDS.

**H**E was kindly received by the goatherds ; and Sancho, having accommodated Rozinante and his ass the best he could, followed the scent of certain pieces of goat's flesh, that were boiling in a kettle on the fire ; and though he would willingly, at that instant, have tried, whether

they were fit to be translated from the kettle to the stomach, he forbore doing it; for the goat-herds themselves took them off the fire, and, spreading some sheep-skins on the ground, very speedily served up their rural mess, and invited them both, with show of much good-will, to take share of what they had. Six of them, that belonged to the fold, sat down round about the skins, having first, with rustic compliments, desired Don Quixote to seat himself upon a trough with the bottom upwards, placed on purpose for him. Don Quixote sat down, and Sancho remained standing to serve the cup, which was made of horn. His master seeing him standing, said to him: "That you may see, Sancho, the intrinsic worth of Knight-errantry, and how fair a prospect its meanest retainers have of speedily gaining the respect and esteem of the world, I desire, that you sit here by my side, in company with these good folks, and that you be one and the same thing with me, who am your master and natural lord; that you eat from off my plate, and drink of the same cup, in which I drink: for the same may be said of Knight-errantry, which is said of love, that it makes all things equal."—"I give you a great many thanks, Sir," said Sancho; "but let me tell your Worship, that, provided I have victuals enough, I can eat as well or better standing, and alone by myself, than if I were seated close by an Emperor. And

farther, to tell you the truth, what I eat in my corner, without compliments or ceremonies, though it were nothing but bread and an onion, relishes better than turkies at other folk's tables, where I am forced to chew leisurely, drink little, wipe my mouth often, neither sneeze nor cough when I have a mind, nor do other things, which follow the being alone and at liberty. So that, good Sir, as to these honours your Worship is pleased to confer upon me, as a menial servant, and hanger-on of Knight-errantry, being squire to your Worship, be pleased to convert them into something of more use and profit to me: for, though I place them to account, as received in full, I renounce them from this time forward to the end of the world."—"Notwithstanding all this," said Don Quixote, "you shall sit down; for whosoever humbleth himself, God doth exalt;" and, pulling him by the arm, he forced him to sit down next him. The goatherds did not understand this jargon of squires and Knights-errant, and did nothing but eat, and listen, and stare at their guests, who, with much cheerfulness and appetite, swallowed down pieces as big as one's fist. The service of flesh being finished, they spread upon the skins a great quantity of acorns, together with half a cheese, harder than if it had been made of plaster of Paris. The horn stood not idle all this while; for it went round so often, now full, now empty, like the bucket

of a well, that they presently emptied one of the two wine-bags, that hung in view. After Don Quixote had satisfied his hunger, he took up an handful of acorns, and, looking on them attentively, gave utterance to expressions like these :

“Happy times, and happy ages! those, to which the ancients gave the name of golden, not because gold, which, in this, our iron age, is so much esteemed, was to be had, in that fortunate period, without toil and labour; but because they, who then lived, were ignorant of these two words, *Meum* and *Tuum*. In that age of innocence, all things were in common: no one needed to take any other pains for his ordinary sustenance, than to lift up his hands and take it from the sturdy oaks, which stood inviting him liberally to taste of their sweet and relishing fruit. The limpid fountains, and running streams, offered them, in magnificent abundance, their delicious and transparent waters. In the clefts of rocks, and in the hollow of trees, did the industrious and provident bees form their commonwealths, offering to every hand, without usury, the fertile produce of their most delicious toil. The stout cork-trees, without any other inducement than that of their own courtesy, divested themselves of their light and expanded bark; with which men began to cover their houses, supported by rough poles, only for a defence against the inclemency of the seasons. All then



was peace, all amity, all concord. As yet the heavy coulter of the crooked plough had not dared to force open, and search into, the tender bowels of our first mother, who, unconstrained, offered, from every part of her fertile and spacious bosom, whatever might feed, sustain, and delight those her children, who then had her in possession. Then did the simple and beauteous young shepherdesses trip it from dale to dale, and from hill to hill, their tresses sometimes plaited, sometimes loosely flowing, with no more clothing than was necessary modestly to cover, what modesty has always required to be concealed: nor were their ornaments then like those now in fashion, to which the Tyrian purple and the so-many-ways martyred silk give a value; but composed of green dock-leaves and ivy, interwoven; with which, perhaps, they went as splendidly and elegantly decked, as our court-ladies do now, with all those rare and foreign inventions, which idle curiosity hath taught them. Then were the amorous conceptions of the soul clothed in simple and sincere expressions, in the same way and manner they were conceived, without seeking artificial phrases to set them off. Nor as yet were fraud, deceit, and malice, intermixed with truth and plain-dealing. Justice kept within her proper bounds; favour and interest, which now so much depreciate, confound, and persecute her, not daring then to dis-

turb or offend her. As yet the judge did not make his own will the measure of justice; for then there was neither cause nor person to be judged. Maidens and modesty, as I said before, went about alone and mistress of themselves, without fear of any danger from the unbridled freedom and lewd designs of others; and, if they were undone, it was entirely owing to their own natural inclination and will. But now, in these detestable ages of ours, no damsel is secure, though she were hidden and locked up in another labyrinth, like that of Crete; for even there, through some cranny, or through the air, by the zeal of cursed importunity, the amorous pestilence finds entrance, and they miscarry in spite of their closest retreat. For the security of whom, as times grew worse, and wickedness increased, the order of Knight-errantry was instituted, to defend maidens, to protect widows, and to relieve orphans and persons distressed. Of this order am I, brother goatherds, from whom I take kindly the good cheer and civil reception you have given me and my squire: for though, by the law of nature, every one living is obliged to favour Knights-errant, yet knowing that, without your being acquainted with this obligation, you have entertained and regaled me, it is but reason, that, with all possible good-will towards you, I should acknowledge yours to me."

Our Knight made this tedious discourse, which might very well have been spared, because the acorns they had given him put him in mind of the golden age, and inspired him with an eager desire to make this strange harangue to the goatherds; who stood in amaze, gaping and listening, without answering him a word. Sancho himself was silent, stuffing himself with the acorns, and often visiting the second wine-bag, which, that the wine might be cool, was kept hung upon a cork-tree.

Don Quixote spent more time in talking than in eating; and, supper being over, one of the goatherds said: "That your Worship, Signor Knight-errant, may the more truly say, that we entertain you with a ready good-will, we will give you some diversion and amusement, by making one of our comrades sing, who will soon be here: he is a very intelligent lad, and deeply enamoured; and, above all, can read and write, and plays upon the rebeck<sup>33</sup> to your heart's content." The goatherd had scarce said this, when the sound of the rebeck reached their ears, and, presently after, came he that played on it, who was a youth of about two-and-twenty, and of a very good mien. His comrades asked him, if he had supped; and he answering, Yes; "Then Antonio," said he, who had made the offer, "you may afford us the pleasure of hearing you sing a little, that this gentleman, our guest, may see we have here, among

the mountains and woods, some, that understand music. We have told him your good qualities, and would have you show them, and make good, what we have said; and therefore I entreat you to sit down, and sing the ditty of your loves, which your uncle, the Prebendary, composed for you, and which was so well liked in our village.”—  
 “With all my heart,” replied the youth; and, without farther entreaty, he sat down upon the trunk of an old oak, and, tuning his rebeck, after a while, with a singular good grace, he began to sing as follows.

## ANTONIO.

Olalia, in that breast there lies  
 A flame, in vain conceal'd,  
 Though never by your tell-tale eyes,  
 Love's silent tongues! reveal'd.

Yes, e'en your prudence, gentle Maid,  
 Assures me you are kind;  
 For love once known, how'er delay'd,  
 A sure reward will find.

True, you have often made me feel,  
 By proofs too plainly shown,  
 Your cold obdurate heart is steel,  
 Your snow-white bosom stone.

But yet amid those looks unkind,  
 Beneath that alter'd mien,  
 Hope, gentle Goddess, lurk'd behind,  
 Her garment's hem was seen.

A firm unalter'd faith, the while,  
My equal thoughts maintain,  
Nor rais'd by flatt'ry's fav'ring smile,  
Nor blasted by disdain.

If love with courtesy agree ;  
By that which you possess,  
The lot, which waits my hopes and me,  
Must sure be happiness.

Or if submissive service claim  
Aught from a heart benign,  
I shall not feed a hopeless flame ;  
That claim is surely mine.

Have you not mark'd how spruce and neat,  
In token of respect,  
I oft in Sunday suit complete,  
On working-days am deck'd ?

And dress, they say, will sometimes prove  
A mirror of the mind ;  
Then, sure, in mine the marks of love  
You easily may find.

For you the dance have I forsworn,  
Forsworn the tuneful lay,  
Which you have heard from break of morn,  
Till close of summer's day.

Why should I all the praise recite  
Which to your charms I've paid ;  
Praise justly due, yet heard with spite  
By many an envious maid !

'T was thus Teresa wont to rave,  
(That nymph of Berrocal,)

“ Thou deem'st thyself an angel's slave,  
“ And to an ape art thrall,

" False is her jewels' glittering glare,  
 " Her artificial tresses !  
 " And feign'd that hypocritic air ;  
 " Those parasite caresses !"

Enrag'd I told the nymph she lied,  
 Regardless of good-breeding :  
 Her Champion Cousin too defied,  
 His martial skill unheeding.

Mine is no low unworthy suit,  
 No base ignoble fire,  
 Of lurking avarice the fruit,  
 Or shameless bold desire.

Soft is the Church's silken chain,  
 Her bonds I'd gladly wear ;  
 Oh wouldst thou, dear Olalia, deign  
 Those bonds with me to share !

Else hear my vow, ye saints above,  
 In heav'nly bliss who dwell !  
 Ne'er from these mountains will I rove,  
 But to the monkish cell.

Here ended the goatherd's song, and, though Don Quixote desired him to sing something else, Sancho Panza was of another mind, being more disposed to sleep, than to hear ballads ; and therefore he said to his master : " Sir, you had better consider, where you are to lie to-night ; for the pains these honest men take all day will not suffer them to pass the nights in singing."—" I understand you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote ; " for I see plainly, that the visits to the wine-bag

require to be paid rather with sleep than music.” —“It relished well with us all, blessed be God,” answered Sancho. “I do not deny it,” replied Don Quixote; “but lie down, where you will, for it better becomes those of my profession to watch than to sleep. However, it would not be amiss, Sancho, if you would dress this ear again; for it pains me more than it should.” Sancho did what he was commanded; and one of the goat-herds, seeing the hurt, bid him not to be uneasy, for he would apply such a remedy as should quickly heal it. And taking some rosemary leaves, of which there was plenty thereabouts, he chewed them, and mixed them with a little salt, and, laying them to the ear, bound them on very fast, assuring him, he would want no other salve; and so it proved.



## CHAP. XII.

WHAT A CERTAIN GOATHERD RELATED TO THOSE, THAT WERE WITH DON QUIXOTE.

WHILE this passed, there came another of those young lads, who brought them their provisions from the village, and said; “Comrades, do you know what passes in the village?” — “How should we know?” answered one of them. “Know then,” continued the youth, “that this morning died that famous shepherd, and scholar, Chrysostom; and it is whispered, that he died



for love of that devilish untoward lass Marcela, daughter of William the Rich; she, who rambles about these woods and fields, in the dress of a shepherdess.”—“For Marcela, say you?” quoth one. “For her, I say,” answered the goatherd: “and the best of it is, he has ordered by his will, that they should bury him in the fields, as if he had been a Moor, and that it should be at the foot of the rock by the cork-tree fountain; for, according to report, and what, they say, he himself declared, that was the very place, where he first saw her. He ordered also other things so extravagant, that the clergy say they must not be performed; nor is it fit they should, for they seem to be heathenish. To all which that great friend of his, Ambrosio the Student, who accompanied him likewise, in the dress of a shepherd, answers, that the whole must be fulfilled, without omitting any thing, as Chrysostom enjoined; and upon this the village is all in an uproar: but, by what I can learn, they will at last do what Ambrosio, and all the shepherd’s friends, require; and to-morrow they come to inter him, with great solemnity, in the place, I have already told you of. And I am opinion, it will be very well worth seeing; at least, I will not fail to go, though I knew, I should not return to-morrow to the village.”—“We will do so too,” answered the goatherds, “and let us cast lots to determine who shall stay behind, to look after all our goats.”

—“ You say well, Pedro,” quoth another: “ but it will be needless to make use of this expedient, for I will stay for you all; and do not attribute this to virtue, or want of curiosity in me, but to the thorn which struck into my foot the other day, and hinders me from walking.”—“ We are obliged to you however,” answered Pedro.

Don Quixote desired Pedro to tell him, who the deceased was, and who that shepherdess. To which Pedro answered, that all he knew was, that the deceased was a wealthy gentleman, of a neighbouring village, among the hills thereabout, who had studied many years in Salamanca; at the end of which time he returned home, with the character of a very knowing and well-read person; particularly, it was said, he understood the science of the stars, and what the sun and moon are doing in the sky: for he told us punctually the clipse of the sun and moon.”--“ Friend,” quoth Don Quixote, “ the obscuration of those two greater luminaries is called an Eclipse, and not a Clipse.” But Pedro, not regarding niceties, went on with his story, saying: “ He also foretold, when the year would be plentiful, or estril.”—“ Steril, you would say, friend,” quoth Don Quixote. “ Steril or estril,” answered Pedro, “ comes all to the same thing. And, as I was saying, his father and friends, who gave credit to his words, became very rich thereby; for they followed his advice in every thing. This

year, he would say, sow barley, and not wheat : in this you may sow vetches, and not barley : the next year there will be plenty of oil : the three following there will not be a drop.”—“ This science they call Astrology,” said Don Quixote. “ I know not how it is called,” replied Pedro ; “ but I know, that he knew all this, and more too. In short, not many months after he came from Salamanca, on a certain day he appeared dressed like a shepherd, with his crook, and sheep-skin jacket, having thrown aside his scholar’s gown ; and with him another, a great friend of his, called Ambrosio, who had been his fellow-student, and now put himself into the same dress of a shepherd. I forgot to tell you, how the deceased Chrysostom was a great man at making verses ; insomuch that he made the carols for Christmas-eve, and the religious plays for Corpus Christi, which the boys of our village represented ; and every body said they were most excellent. When the people of the village saw the two scholars so suddenly habited like shepherds, they were amazed, and could not guess at the cause, that induced them to make that strange alteration in their dress. About this time the father of Chrysostom died, and he inherited a large estate, in lands and goods, flocks, herds, and money ; of all which the youth remained dissolute master ; and indeed he deserved it all, for he was a very good companion, a charitable man, and a friend to those, that were good,

and had a face like any blessing. Afterwards it came to be known, that he changed his habit, for no other purpose, but that he might wander about those desert places after that shepherdess Marcela, whom our lad told you of before, and with whom the poor deceased Chrysostom was in love. And I will now tell you, for it is fit you should know, who this young slut is; for perhaps, and even without a perhaps, you may never have heard the like in all the days of your life, though you were as old as the Itch."—"Say, as old as Sarah," replied Don Quixote, not being able to endure the goatherd's mistaking words. "The Itch is old enough," answered Pedro, "and, Sir, if you must at every turn be correcting my words, we shall not have done this twelvemonth."—"Pardon me, friend," said Don Quixote; "I told you of it, because there is a wide difference between the Itch and Sarah<sup>39</sup>: and so go on with your story; for I will interrupt you no more."

"I say then, dearest Sir," quoth the goatherd, "that, in our village, there was a farmer richer than the father of Chrysostom, called William; on whom God bestowed, besides much and great wealth, a daughter of whom her mother died in childbed, and she was the most respected woman of all our country. I cannot help thinking I see her now, with that presence, looking as if she had the sun on one side of her, and the moon on the other: and above all, she was

a notable housewife, and a friend to the poor: for which I believe her soul is at this very moment enjoying God in the other world. Her husband, William, died for grief at the death of so good a woman, leaving his daughter Marcela, young and rich, under the care of an uncle, a Priest, and beneficed in our village. The girl grew up with so much beauty, that it put us in mind of her mother's, who had a great share; and for all that it was judged that her daughter's would surpass hers. And so it fell out; for, when she came to be fourteen or fifteen years of age, nobody beheld her without blessing God for making her so handsome, and most men were in love with, and undone for, her. Her uncle kept her very carefully and very close: notwithstanding which, the fame of her extraordinary beauty spread itself so, that, partly for her person, partly for her great riches, her uncle was applied to, solicited, and importuned, not only by those of our own village, but by many others, and those the better sort too, for several leagues round, to dispose of her in marriage. But he, who, to do him justice, is a good Christian, though he was desirous to dispose of her as soon as she was marriageable, yet would not do it without her consent, having no eye to the benefit and advantage, he might have made of the girl's estate by deferring her marriage. And, in good truth, this has been told in praise of the good Priest, in more com-

panies than one in our village. For I would have you to know, Sir-errant, that, in these little places, every thing is talked of and every thing censured. And, my life for yours, that Clergyman must be over and above good, who obliges his parishioners to speak well of him, especially in country towns."

"It is true," said Don Quixote; "and proceed: for the story is excellent, and, honest Pedro, you tell it with a good grace."—"May the grace of the Lord never fail me, which is most to the purpose. And farther know," quoth Pedro, "that, though the uncle proposed to his niece, and acquainted her with the qualities of every one in particular of the many, who sought her in marriage, advising her to marry, and choose to her liking, she never returned any other answer, but that she was not disposed to marry at present, and that, being so young, she did not find herself able to bear the burden of matrimony. Her uncle, satisfied with these seemingly just excuses, ceased to importune her, and waited, till she was grown a little older, and knew how to choose a companion to her taste. For, said he, and he said very well, parents ought not to settle their children against their will. But behold! when we least imagined it, on a certain day the coy Marcela appears a shepherdess, and, without the consent of her uncle, and against the persuasions of all the neighbours, would needs go into the fields, with the

other country-lasses, and tend her own flock. And now that she appeared in public, and her beauty was exposed to all beholders, it is impossible to tell you how many wealthy youths, gentlemen, and farmers, have taken Chrysostom's dress, and go up and down these plains, making their suit to her: one of whom, as is said already, was the deceased, of whom it is said, that he rather adored than loved her. But think not, that, because Marcela has given herself up to this free and unconfined way of life, and that with so little, or rather no reserve, she has any the least colour of suspicion to the prejudice of her modesty and discretion: no, rather so great and strict is the watch she keeps over her honour, that of all those, who serve and solicit her, no one has boasted, or can boast with truth, that she has given him the least hope of obtaining his desire. For though she does not fly nor shun the company and conversation of the shepherds, but treats them with courtesy, and in a friendly manner, yet upon any one's beginning to discover his intention, though it be as just and holy as that of marriage, she casts him from her as out of a stone-bow. And by this sort of behaviour she does more mischief in this country, than if she carried the plague about with her; for her affability and beauty attract the hearts of those, who converse with her, to serve and love her; but her disdain and frank dealing drive them to terms of despair: and so they know



not what to say to her, and can only exclaim against her, calling her cruel and ungrateful, with such other titles, as plainly denote her character. And were you to abide here, Sir, a while, you would hear these mountains and vallies resound with the complaints of those undeceived wretches, that yet follow her. There is a place not far from hence, where there are about two dozen of tall beeches, and not one of them but has the name of Marcela written and engraved on its smooth bark; and over some of them is a crown carved in the same tree, as if the lover would more clearly express, that Marcela bears away the crown, and deserves it above all human beauty. Here sighs one shepherd; there complains another: here are heard amorous sonnets, there despairing ditties. You shall have one pass all the hours of the night, seated at the foot of some oak or rock; and there, without closing his weeping eyes, wrapped up and transported in his thoughts, the sun finds him in the morning. You shall have another, without cessation or truce to his sighs, in the midst of the most irksome noon-day heat of the summer, extended on the burning sand, and sending up his complaints to all-pitying Heaven. In the mean time, the beautiful Marcela, free and unconcerned, triumphs over them all. We, who know her, wait with impatience to see what her haughtiness will come to, and who is to be the happy man, that shall subdue so intractable a

disposition, and enjoy so incomparable a beauty. All, that I have recounted, being so assured a truth, I the more easily believe what our companion told us concerning the cause of Chrysostom's death. And, therefore, I advise you, Sir, that you do not fail to-morrow to be at his funeral, which will be very well worth seeing: for Chrysostom has a great many friends; and it is not half a league from this place to that, where he ordered himself to be buried."

"I will certainly be there," said Don Quixote, "and I thank you for the pleasure, you have given me by the recital of so entertaining a story."—"Oh," replied the goatherd, "I do not yet know half the adventures, that have happened to Marcela's lovers; but to-morrow, perhaps, we shall meet by the way with some shepherd, who may tell us more: at present it will not be amiss, that you get to sleep under some roof; for the cold dew of the night may do your wound harm, though the salve I have put to it is such, that you need not fear any cross accident." Sancho Panza, who, for his part, gave this long-winded tale of the goatherd's to the devil, pressed his master to lay himself down to sleep in Pedro's hut. He did so, and passed the rest of the night in remembrances of his Lady Dulcinea, in imitation of Marcela's lovers. Sancho Panza took up his lodging between Rozinante and his ass, and slept it out, not like a discarded lover, but like a person well rib-roasted.

## CHAP. XIII.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF THE SHEPHERDESSE  
MARCELA, WITH OTHER INCIDENTS.

**B**UT scarce had the day begun to discover itself through the balconies of the east, when five of the six goatherds got up, and went to awake Don Quixote, and asked him, whether he continued in his resolution of going to see the famous funeral of Chrysostom; for they would bear him company. Don Quixote, who desired nothing more, got up, and bid Sancho saddle and pannel immediately; which he did with great expedition: and, with the same dispatch, they all presently set out on their way.

They had not gone a quarter of a league, when, upon crossing a path-way, they saw six shepherds making towards them, clad in black sheep-skin jerkins, and their heads crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter rosemary. Each of them had a thick holly-club in his hand. There came, also, with them two cavaliers on horseback, in very handsome riding-habits, attended by three lacqueys on foot. When they had joined companies, they saluted each other courteously; and asking one another whither they were going, they found, they were all going to the place of burial; and so they began to travel in company.

One of those on horseback, speaking to his companion, said : “ I fancy, Signor Vivaldo, we shall not think the time mispent in staying to see this famous funeral : for it cannot choose but be extraordinary, considering the strange things these shepherds have recounted, as well of the deceased shepherd, as of the murdering shepherdess.”—“ I think so too,” answered Vivaldo; “ and I do not only think much of spending one day, but I would even stay four to see it.” Don Quixote asked them, what it was, they had heard of Marcela and Chrysostom? The traveller said, they had met those shepherds early that morning, and that, seeing them in that mournful dress, they had asked the occasion of their going clad in that manner; and that one of them had related the story, telling them of the beauty, and unaccountable humour, of a certain shepherdess called Marcela, and the loves of many, that wooed her; with the death of Chrysostom, to whose burial they were going. In short, he related all, that Pedro had told to Don Quixote.

This discourse ceased, and another began : he, who was called Vivaldo, asking Don Quixote, what might be the reason, that induced him to go armed in that manner, through a country so peaceable? To which Don Quixote answered : “ The profession I follow will not allow, or suffer, me to go in any other manner. The dance, the banquet, and the bed of down, were

invented for soft and effeminate courtiers; but toil, disquietude, and arms, were designed for those, whom the world calls Knights-errant, of which number I, though unworthy, am the least." Scarcely had they heard this, when they all concluded, he was a madman. And, for the more certainty, and to try what kind of madness his was, Vivaldo asked him, what he meant by Knights-errant? "Have you not read, Sir," answered Don Quixote, "the annals and histories of England, wherein are recorded the famous exploits of King Arthur, whom in our Castilian tongue we perpetually call King Artus; of whom there goes an old tradition, and a common one all over that kingdom of Great Britain, that this King did not die, but that, by magic art, he was turned into a raven; and that, in process of time, he shall reign again, and recover his kingdom and sceptre: for which reason it cannot be proved, that, from that time to this, any Englishman hath killed a raven. Now, in this good King's time, was instituted that famous order of the Knights of the Round Table: and the amours therein related, of Sir Lancelot of the Lake with the Queen Ginebra, passed exactly as they are recorded; that honourable Duenna Quintaniona being their go-between and confidante: which gave birth to that well-known ballad, so cried up here in Spain, of