

ing a word, untied his boy. Don Quixote asked the lad, how much his master owed him; who answered, "Nine months wages, at seven reals<sup>12</sup> a month." Don Quixote computed it, and found, that it amounted to sixty-three reals; and he bade the countryman instantly disburse them, otherwise he must expect to die for it. The fellow in a fright answered, that on the word of a dying man, and upon the oath he had taken, though by the way he had taken no oath, it was not so much; for he must deduct the price of three pair of shoes, he had given him upon account, and a real for two blood-lettings, when he was not well. "All this is very right," said Don Quixote: "but set the shoes and the blood-lettings against the stripes you have given him undeservedly; for if he tore the leather of the shoes you paid for, you have torn his skin; and if the barber-surgeon drew blood from him, when he was sick, you have drawn blood from him, when he is well; so that upon these accounts he owes you nothing."—"The mischief is, Signor Cavalier," quoth the Countryman, "that I have no money about me; but let Andres go home with me, and I will pay him all, real by real."—"I go with him!" said the lad; "the devil a bit: no, Sir, I design no such thing; for when he has me alone, he will flay me like any Saint Bartholomew<sup>13</sup>."—"He will not do so," replied Don Quixote; "it is sufficient to keep him in awe,

that I lay my commands upon him; and upon condition he swears to me, by the order of Knighthood, which he has received, I will let him go free, and will be bound for the payment.” —“Take heed, good Sir, what you say,” quoth the boy; “for my master is no Knight, nor ever received any order of Knighthood: he is John Aldudo the Rich, of the neighbourhood of Quintanar.” —“That is little to the purpose,” answered Don Quixote; “there may be Knights of the family of the Aldudos, and the rather, since every man is the son of his own works.” —“That’s true,” quoth Andres; “but what works is my master the son of, who refuses me the wages of my sweat and labour?” —“I do not refuse thee, friend Andres,” replied the countryman; “and be so kind to go with me; for I swear, by all the orders of Knighthood, that are in the world, to pay thee, as I have said, every penny down, and perfumed<sup>14</sup> into the bargain.” —“As to the perfuming, I thank you for that,” said Don Quixote; “give it him in reals, and I shall be satisfied: and see that you perform what you have sworn; else I swear to you by the same oath, to return, to find you out, and chastise you; for I shall find you out, though you should hide yourself closer than a lizard. And if you would know who it is that commands you this, that you may be the more strictly obliged to perform your promise, know, that I am the valorous Don Quixote de la

Mancha, the redresser of wrongs and abuses ; and so farewell, and do not forget what you have promised and sworn, on pain of the penalties aforesaid." And so saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and was soon got a good way off.

The countryman followed him with all the eyes he had ; and, when he found he was quite past the wood, and out of sight, he turned to his man Andres, and said : " Come hither, child ; I am resolved to pay thee what I owe thee, as that redresser of wrongs commanded me."—" And I swear so you shall," quoth Andres ; " and you will do well to perform, what that honest gentleman has commanded, whom God grant to live a thousand years, and who is so brave a man, and so just a judge, that, truly, if you do not pay me, he will come back and execute, what he has threatened."—" And I swear so too," quoth the countryman ; " but to show thee how much I love thee, I am resolved to augment the debt, to increase the payment : " and taking him by the arm, he tied him again to the tree, where he gave him so many stripes, that he left him for dead. " Now, master Andres, call upon that redresser of wrongs ; thou wilt find he will hardly redress this, though I believe I have not quite done with thee yet ; for I have a good mind to flay thee alive, as thou didst fear just now." But at length he untied him, and gave him leave to go in quest of his judge, to execute the sentence he had pro-

nounced. Andres went away in dudgeon, swearing he would find out the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and tell him all that had passed, and that he should pay for it sevenfold. Notwithstanding all this, away he went weeping, and his master staid behind laughing.

In this manner the valorous Don Quixote redressed this wrong; and overjoyed at his success, as thinking he had given a most fortunate and glorious beginning to his Knight-errantry, he went on towards his village, entirely satisfied with himself, and saying in a low voice: "Well mayest thou deem thyself happy, above all women living on the earth, O Dulcinea del Toboso, beauteous above the most beautiful, since it has been thy lot to have subject and obedient to thy whole will and pleasure so valiant and renowned a Knight, as is, and ever shall be, Don Quixote de la Mancha; who, as all the world knows, received, but yesterday, the order of Knighthood, and to-day has redressed the greatest injury and grievance, that injustice could invent, and cruelty commit: to-day hath he wrested the scourge out of the hand of that pitiless enemy, who so undeservedly lashed that tender stripling."

Just as he had done speaking, he came to the centre of four roads, and presently it came into his imagination, that the Knights-errant, when they came to these cross-ways, set themselves to consider, which of the roads they should take:



and, to imitate them, he stood still awhile, and, at last, after mature consideration, he let go the reins, submitting his own will to be guided by that of his horse, who, following his first motion, took the direct road towards his stable. And having gone about two miles, Don Quixote discovered a company of people, who, as it afterwards appeared, were certain merchants of Toledo, going to buy silks in Murcia. There were six of them, and they came with their umbrellas, and four servants on horseback, and three muleteers on foot. Scarce had Don Quixote espied them, when he imagined it must be some new adventure: and, to imitate, as near as possibly he could, the passages he had read in his books, he fancied this to be cut out on purpose for him to achieve. And so, with a graceful deportment and intrepidity, he settled himself firm in the stirrups, grasped his lance, covered his breast with his target, and, posting himself in the midst of the highway, stood waiting the coming up of those Knights-errant; for such he already judged them to be: and when they were come so near as to be seen and heard, Don Quixote raised his voice, and, with an arrogant air, cried out: "Let the whole world stand, if the whole world does not confess, that there is not in the whole world a damsel more beautiful than the Empress of la Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso." The merchants stopped at the sound of these words,

and to behold the strange figure of him, who pronounced them; and by one and the other they soon perceived the madness of the speaker: but they had a mind to stay and see what that confession meant, which he required of them; and one of them, who was somewhat of a wag, but withal very discreet, said to him: "Signor Cavalier, we do not know, who this good lady, you mention, may be; let us but see her, and, if she is of so great beauty as you intimate, we will, with all our hearts, and without any constraint, confess that truth, you demand from us."—"Should I show her to you," replied Don Quixote, "where would be the merit in confessing a truth so notorious? The business is, that, without seeing her, you believe, confess, affirm, swear, and maintain it; and if not, I challenge you all to battle, proud and monstrous as you are; and, whether you come on one by one, as the laws of chivalry require, or all together, as is the custom and wicked practice of those of your stamp, here I wait for you, confiding in the justice of my cause."—"Signor Cavalier," replied the merchant, "I beseech your Worship, in the name of all the princes here present, that we may not lay a burden upon our consciences, by confessing a thing we never saw nor heard, and especially what is so much to the prejudice of the Empresses and Queens of Alcarria and Estremadura, that your Worship would be pleased to show us some

picture<sup>15</sup> of this lady, though no bigger than a barleycorn; for we shall guess at the clue by the thread; and herewith we shall rest satisfied and safe, and your Worship remain contented and pleased: nay, I verily believe we are already so far inclined to your side, that, though her picture should represent her squinting with one eye, and distilling vermilion and brimstone from the other, notwithstanding all this, to oblige you, we will say whatever you please in her favour.”—“There distils not, base scoundrels,” answered Don Quixote, burning with rage, “there distils not from her what you say, but rather ambergris and civet among cotton<sup>16</sup>; neither is she crooked, nor humpbacked, but as straight as a spindle of Guadarrama<sup>17</sup>: but you shall pay for the horrid blasphemy you have uttered against so transcendent a beauty as my mistress.”

And so saying, with his lance couched, he ran at him, who had spoken, with so much fury and rage, that, if good fortune had not ordered it, that Rozinante stumbled and fell in the midst of his career, it had gone hard with the daring merchant. Rozinante fell, and his master lay rolling about the field a good while, and endeavouring to rise, but in vain, so encumbered was he with his lance, target, spurs, and helmet, and with the weight of his antique armour. And while he was thus struggling to get up, and could not, he continued calling out: “Fly not, ye dastardly

rabble; stay, ye race of slaves; for it is through my horse's fault, and not my own, that I lie here extended." A muleteer of the company, not over good-natured, hearing the poor fallen gentleman vent such arrogancies, could not bear it without returning him an answer on his ribs; and, coming to him, he took the lance, and, after he had broken it to pieces, with one of the splinters he so belaboured Don Quixote, that, in spite of his armour, he threshed him to chaff. His masters cried out, not to beat him so much, and to leave him: but the muleteer was provoked, and would not quit the game, until he had quite spent the remainder of his choler: and running for the other pieces of the lance, he finished the breaking them upon the poor fallen Knight; who, notwithstanding the tempest of blows, that rained upon him, never shut his mouth, threatening Heaven and earth, and those assassins, for such they seemed to him. At length the fellow was tired, and the merchants went on their way, sufficiently furnished with matter of discourse concerning the poor belaboured Knight; who, when he found himself alone, tried again to raise himself; but if he could not do it, when whole and well, how should he, when bruised and almost battered to pieces? Yet still he thought himself a happy man, looking upon this as a misfortune peculiar to Knights-errant, and imputing the whole to his horse's fault; nor was it possible

for him to raise himself up, his whole body was so horribly bruised.

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### CHAP. V.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE NARRATION OF OUR  
KNIGHT'S MISFORTUNE.

**B**UT finding that he was really not able to stir, he bethought himself of having recourse to his usual remedy, which was to recollect some passage of his books; and his frenzy instantly presented to his remembrance that of Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded on the mountain; a story known to children, not unknown to youth, commended and credited by old men, and, for all that, no truer than the miracles of Mahomet. Now this example seemed to him, as if it had been cast in a mould to fit the distress, he was in: and so, with signs of great bodily pain, he began to roll himself on the ground, and said, with a faint tone, what was said by the wounded Knight of the Wood:

If my sorrows do not grieve you,  
Lovely Mistress of my heart,  
False and frail I must believe you,  
Or unconscious of their smart.

And in this manner he went on with the romance, until he came to where it is said;

O Mantua's noble Marquis, hear!  
My honour'd Lord and kinsman dear!

And it so happened, that, just as he came to that verse, there passed by a countryman of his own village, and his near neighbour, who had been carrying a load of wheat to the mill: who, seeing a man lying stretched on the earth, came up, and asked him, who he was, and what ailed him, that he made such a doleful lamentation? Don Quixote believed he must certainly be the Marquis of Mantua, his uncle, and so returned him no answer, but went on with his romance, giving an account of his misfortune, and of the amours of the Emperor's son with his wife, just in the same manner as it is there recounted. The peasant stood confounded at hearing such extravagancies; and, taking off his visor, which was beaten all to pieces, he wiped his face, which was covered with dust; and the moment he had done wiping it, he knew him, and said, "Ah! Signor Quixada," for so he was called, before he had lost his senses, and was transformed from a sober gentleman to a Knight-errant, "how came your Worship in this condition?" But he answered out of his romance to whatever question he asked him.

The good man, seeing this, made a shift to take off his back and breast piece, to see, if he had received any wound: but he saw no blood, nor sign of any hurt. Then he endeavoured to raise him from the ground, and with much ado set him upon his ass, as being the beast of easier



carriage. He gathered together all the arms, not excepting the broken pieces of the lance, and tied them upon Rozinante; and so taking him by the bridle, and his ass by the halter, he went on towards his village, full of reflection at hearing the extravagancies, which Don Quixote uttered; and no less thoughtful was the Knight, who, through the mere force of bruises and bangs, could scarce keep himself upon the ass, and ever and anon sent forth such groans as seemed to pierce the skies; insomuch that the peasant was again forced to ask him, what ailed him. And sure nothing, but the devil himself, could furnish his memory with stories so suited to what had befallen him; for at that instant, forgetting Valdovinos, he bethought himself of the Moor Abindarraez, at the time, when the Governor of Antequera, Roderigo of Narvaez, had taken him prisoner, and conveyed him to his castle. So that, when the peasant asked him again how he did, he answered him in the very same words and expressions, in which the prisoner Abindarraez answered Roderigo of Narvaez, according as he had read the story in the "Diana" of George of Montemayor, applying it so patly to his own case, that the peasant went on cursing himself to the devil, to hear such a monstrous heap of nonsense: from whence he collected, that his neighbour was run mad, and therefore made what haste he could to reach the village, to free him-

self from the vexation of Don Quixote's tiresome and impertinent speeches; who in conclusion said: "Be it known to your Worship, Signor Don Roderigo de Narvaez, that this beauteous Xarifa, whom I mentioned, is now the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, for whom I have done, do, and will do, the most famous exploits of chivalry, that have been, are, or shall be seen in the world." To this the peasant answered: "Look you, Sir, as I am a sinner, I am not Don Roderigo de Narvaez, nor the Marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonso your neighbour: neither is your Worship Valdovinos, nor Abindarraez, but the worthy gentleman Signor Quixada."—"I know who I am," answered Don Quixote; "and I know too that I am not only capable of being those I have mentioned, but all the twelve Peers of France, yea, and the nine Worthies, since my exploits will far exceed all that they have, jointly or separately, achieved."

With these and the like discourses, they reached the village about sunset; but the peasant staid until the night was a little advanced, that the people might not see the poor battered gentleman so scurvily mounted. When the hour, he thought convenient, was come, he entered the village, and arrived at Don Quixote's house, which he found all in an uproar. The Priest and the Barber<sup>18</sup> of the place, who were Don Quixote's great friends, happened to be there; and the Housekeeper was saying to them aloud: "What

is your opinion, Signor Licentiate Pero Perez," for that was the Priest's name, "of my master's misfortune? For neither he, nor his horse, nor the target, nor the lance, nor the armour, have been seen these six days past. Woe is me! I am verily persuaded, and it is as certainly true, as I was born to die, that these cursed books of Knight-errantry, which he keeps, and is so often reading, have turned his brain; and now I think of it, I have often heard him say, talking to himself, that he would turn Knight-errant, and go about the world in quest of adventures. The devil and Barabbas take all such books, that have thus spoiled the finest understanding in all la Mancha." The Niece joined with her, and said moreover: "Know, master Nicholas," for that was the Barber's name, "that it has often happened, that my honoured uncle has continued poring on these confounded books of disventures two whole days and nights; and then, throwing the book out of his hand, he would draw his sword and fence, back-stroke and fore-stroke, with the walls; and when he was heartily tired, would say, he had killed four giants as tall as so many steeples, and that the sweat, which ran from him, when weary, was the blood of the wounds, he had received in the fight: and then he would presently drink off a large jug of cold water, and be as quiet and well as ever, telling us, that the water was a most precious liquor, brought him by

the sage Esquife<sup>19</sup>, a great enchanter, and his friend. But I take the blame of all this to myself, that I did not advertise you, Gentlemen, of my dear uncle's extravagancies, before they were come to the height they now are, that you might have prevented them, by burning all those cursed books, of which he has so great store, and which as justly deserve to be committed to the flames, as if they were heretical."—"I say the same," quoth the Priest; "and in faith to-morrow shall not pass, without holding a public inquisition against them, and condemning them to the fire, that they may no more minister occasion to those, who read them, to do what, I fear my good friend has done."

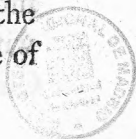
All this the peasant and Don Quixote overheard, and it confirmed the countryman in the belief of his neighbour's infirmity; and so he began to cry aloud: "Open the doors, Gentlemen, to Signor Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, who comes dangerously wounded, and to Signor Abindarraez the Moor, whom the valorous Roderigo de Narvaez, Governor of Antequera, brings as his prisoner." At hearing this they all came out; and, as some knew their friends, and others their master and uncle, they all ran to embrace him, who was not yet alighted from the ass, for indeed he could not. "Forbear all of you," he cried, "for I am sorely wounded through my horse's fault: carry me to my bed; and if it be possible, send for the sage Urganda<sup>20</sup>, to search

and heal my wounds.”—“Look ye, in the devil’s name,” said the Housekeeper immediately, “if my heart did not tell me right, on which leg my master halted. Get up stairs, in God’s name; for, without the help of that same Urganda, we shall find a way to cure you ourselves. Cursed, say I again, and a hundred times cursed, be those books of Knight-errantry, that have brought your Worship to this pass.” They carried him presently to his chamber, and searching for his wounds, they found none at all: and he told them, he was only bruised by a great fall he got with his horse Rozinante, as he was fighting with ten of the most prodigious and audacious giants, that were to be found on the earth. “Ho, ho!” says the Priest, “what, there are giants too in the dance<sup>21</sup>: by my faith, I shall set fire to them all before to-morrow night.” They asked Don Quixote a thousand questions, and he would answer nothing, but only desired something to eat, and that they would let him sleep, which was what he stood most in need of. They did so, and the Priest inquired particularly of the countryman, in what condition he had found Don Quixote; who gave him an account of the whole, with the extravagancies, he had uttered, both at the time of finding him, and all the way home; which increased the Licentiate’s desire to do what he did the next day; which was to call on his friend master Nicholas the Barber, with whom he came to Don Quixote’s house.

## CHAP. VI.

OF THE PLEASANT AND GRAND SCRUTINY MADE BY  
THE PRIEST AND THE BARBER IN OUR INGENIOUS  
GENTLEMAN'S LIBRARY.

WHILST Don Quixote still slept on, the Priest asked the Niece for the keys of the chamber, where the books were, those authors of the mischief; and she delivered them with a very good will. They all went in, and the Housekeeper with them. They found above a hundred volumes in folio, very well bound, besides a great many small ones. And no sooner did the Housekeeper see them, than she ran out of the room in great haste, and immediately returned with a pot of holy water, and a bunch of hyssop, and said: "Signor Licentiate, take this, and sprinkle the room, lest some enchanter, of the many these books abound with, enchant us, in revenge for what we intend to do, in banishing them out of the world." The Priest smiled at the Housekeeper's simplicity, and ordered the Barber to reach him the books, one by one, that they might see what they treated of; for, perhaps, they might find some, that might not deserve to be chastised by fire. "No," said the Niece, "there is no reason why any of them should be spared; for they have all been mischief-makers: it will be best to fling them out of the window into the court-yard, and make a pile of





them, and set fire to it, or else carry them into the back-yard, and there make a bonfire of them, and the smoke will offend nobody." The Housekeeper said the same; so eagerly did they both thirst for the death of those innocents. But the Priest would not agree to that without first reading the titles at least.

The first, that master Nicholas put into his hands, was *Amadis de Gaul* in four parts; and the Priest said, "There seems to be some mystery in this; for, as I have heard say, this was the first book of chivalry printed in Spain, and all the rest have had their foundation and rise from it; and, therefore, I think, as head of so pernicious a sect, we ought to condemn him to the fire without mercy."—"Not so, Sir," said the Barber; "for I have heard also, that it is the best of all the books of this kind; and therefore, as being singular in his art, he ought to be spared."—"It is true," said the Priest, "and for that reason his life is granted him for the present. Let us see the other, which stands next him."—"It is," said the Barber, "the *Adventures of Esplandian*, the legitimate son of *Amadis de Gaul*."—"Verily," said the Priest, "the goodness of the father shall avail the son nothing; take him, mistress Housekeeper; open yon casement, and throw him into the yard, and let him give a beginning to the pile for the intended bonfire." The Housekeeper did so, with much satisfaction, and honest *Esplandian*

was sent flying into the yard, there to wait with patience for the fire with which he was threatened. "Proceed," said the Priest. "The next," said the Barber, "is Amadis of Greece: yea, and all these on this side, I believe, are of the lineage of Amadis."—"Then into the yard with them all," quoth the Priest; "for rather than not burn Queen Pintiquiestra<sup>22</sup>, and the shepherd Darinel<sup>23</sup>, with his eclogues, and the devilish intricate discourses of its author, I would burn the father who begot me, did I meet him in the garb of a Knight-errant."—"Of the same opinion am I," said the Barber; "and I too," added the Niece. "Since it is so," said the Housekeeper, "away with them all into the yard." They handed them to her; and, there being great numbers of them; to save herself the trouble of the stairs, she threw them all, the shortest way, out of the window.

"What tun of an author is that?" said the Priest. "This is," answered the Barber, "Don Olivante de Laura."—"The author of that book," said the Priest, "was the same, who composed the Garden of Flowers; and in good truth I know not, which of the two books is the truest, or rather the least lying; I can only say, that this goes to the yard for his arrogance and absurdity."—"This that follows is Florismarte of Hyrcania," said the Barber. "What! is Signor Florismarte there?" replied the Priest; "now, in good faith, he shall soon make his appearance in the yard,

notwithstanding his strange birth and chimerical adventures; for the harshness and dryness of his style will admit of no excuse. To the yard with him, and this other, mistress Housekeeper.”—“With all my heart, dear Sir,” answered she; and with much joy executed what she was commanded. “This is the Knight Platir,” said the Barber. “That,” said the Priest, “is an ancient book, and I find nothing in him deserving pardon: let him keep the rest company without more words.” And it was accordingly done. They opened another book, and found it entitled the Knight of the Cross. “So religious a title,” quoth the Priest, “might, one would think, atone for the ignorance of the author; but it is a common saying, *The devil lurks behind the cross: so to the fire with him.*” The Barber, taking down another book, said, “This is the Mirror of Chivalry.”—“Oh! I know his Worship very well,” quoth the Priest. “Here comes Signor Reynaldos de Montalvan, with his friends and companions, greater thieves than Cacus; and the twelve peers, with the faithful historiographer Turpin. However, I am only for condemning them to perpetual banishment, because they contain some things of the famous Mateo Boyardo’s<sup>24</sup> invention; from whom, also, the Christian poet Ludovico Ariosto spun his web: but if I find even him here, and speaking any other language than his own, I will show him no respect; but,

if he speaks in his own tongue, I will put him upon my head."—"I have him in Italian," said the Barber, "but I do not understand him."—"Neither is it any great matter, whether you understand him or not," answered the Priest: "and we would willingly have excused the good captain from bringing him into Spain, and making him a Castilian; for he has deprived him of a great deal of his native value: and this is the misfortune of all those, who undertake to translate books of verse into other languages; for, with all their care and skill, they can never raise them to the pitch they were at in their first production. I pronounce, in short, that this, and all other books that shall be found, treating of French matters, be thrown aside, and deposited in some dry vault, until we can determine, with more deliberation, what is to be done with them; excepting Bernardo del Carpio, and another called Roncesvalles, who, if they fall into my hands, shall pass into the Housekeeper's, and thence into the fire, without any remission." The Barber confirmed the sentence, and held it for good, and a matter well determined, knowing, that the Priest was so good a Christian, and so much a friend to truth, that he would not utter a falsehood for all the world.

And so opening another book, he saw it was Palmerin de Oliva, and next it another, called Palmerin of England; which the Licentiate spy-

ing, said: "Let this Oliva be torn to pieces and burnt, that not so much as the ashes may remain; but let Palmerin of England be preserved, and kept, as a singular piece; and let such another case be made for it, as that, which Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, and appropriated to preserve the works of the poet Homer. This book, Brother, is considerable upon two accounts; the one, that it is very good in itself; and the other, because there is a tradition, that it was written by an ingenious King of Portugal. All the adventures of the castle of Miraguarda are most excellent, and artificial; the dialogue courtly and clear; and the decorum preserved in all the characters, with great judgment and propriety. Therefore, master Nicholas, saving your better judgment, let this, and Amadis de Gaul, be exempted from the fire, and let all the rest perish without any farther inquiry."—"Not so, Brother," replied the Barber; "for this, that I have here, is the renowned Don Belianis." The Priest replied, "This, with the second, third, and fourth parts, wants a little rhubarb to purge away its excessive choler: besides, we must remove all, that relates to the castle of Fame, and other impertinences of greater consequence; wherefore let them have the benefit of transportation, and, as they show signs of amendment, they shall be treated with mercy or justice: in the mean time, Neighbour, give them room in your house; but let nobody read them."—"With all my heart," quoth the Barber;

and, without tiring himself any farther in turning over books of chivalry, he bid the Housekeeper take all the great ones, and throw them into the yard. This was not spoken to one stupid or deaf, but to one, who had a greater mind to be burning them, than weaving the finest and largest web. And, therefore, laying hold of seven or eight at once, she tost them out at the window.

By her taking so many together, there fell one at the Barber's feet; who had a mind to see what it was, and found it to be, The History of the renowned Knight, Tirante the White. "God save me!" quoth the Priest, with a loud voice, "is Tirante the White there? Give me him here, Neighbour; for I make account I have found in him a treasure of delight, and a mine of entertainment. Here we have Don Kyrieleison of Montalvan, a valorous Knight, and his brother Thomas of Montalvan, and the Knight Fonseca, and the combat, which the valiant Detriante fought with Alano, and the smart conceits of the Damsel Placerdemivida, with the amours and artifices of the widow Reposada; and the Empress in love with her squire Hypolito. Verily, Neighbour, in its way, it is the best book in the world; here the Knights eat, and sleep, and die in their beds, and make their wills before their deaths; with several things, which are wanting in all other books of this kind. Notwithstanding all this, I tell you, the author deserved, for writing so many foolish



things seriously, to be sent to the gallies for all the days of his life ; carry it home, and read it, and you will find all, I say of him, to be true.”—  
“ I will do so,” answered the Barber : “ but what shall we do with these little books, that remain ? ”  
—“ These,” said the Priest, “ are, probably, not books of chivalry, but of poetry : ” and opening one, he found it was Diana of George of Montemayor, and said, believing all the rest to be of the same kind, “ These do not deserve to be burnt like the rest ; for they cannot do the mischief, that those of chivalry have done : they are works of genius and fancy, and do nobody any hurt.”—  
“ O Sir,” said the Niece, “ pray order these to be burnt with the rest ; for should my uncle be cured of this distemper of chivalry, he may possibly, by reading these books, take it into his head to turn shepherd, and wander through the woods and fields, singing and playing on a pipe ; and, what would be still worse, to turn poet, which, they say, is an incurable and contagious disease.”—“ The damsel says true,” quoth the Priest, “ and it will not be amiss to remove this stumbling-block and occasion out of our friend’s way. And since we begin with Diana of Montemayor, I am of opinion not to burn it, but to take away all, that treats of the sage Felicia, and of the enchanted fountain, and almost all the longer poems ; and leave him the prose in God’s name, and the honour of being the first in that kind of writing.”—“ This that fol-

lows," said the Barber, "is Diana called the second, by Salmantino; and another of the same name, whose author is Gil Polo."—"The Salmantinian," answered the Priest, "may accompany and increase the number of the condemned; to the yard with him: but let that of Gil Polo be preserved, as if it were written by Apollo himself. Proceed, Neighbour, and let us dispatch; for it grows late."

"This," said the Barber, opening another, "is the Ten Books of the Fortune of Love, composed by Antonio de Lofraso, a Sardinian poet."—"By the holy orders I have received," said the Priest, "since Apollo was Apollo, the muses muses, and the poets poets, so humorous and so whimsical a book as this was never written; it is the best, and most singular of the kind, that ever appeared in the world; and he, who has not read it, may reckon, that he never read any thing of taste: give it me here, Brother; for I value the finding it more, than if I had been presented with a cassock of Florence satin." He laid it aside with exceeding pleasure, and the Barber proceeded, saying: "These, that follow, are the Shepherd of Iberia, the Nymphs of Enares, and the Cures of Jealousy."—"There is no more to be done," said the Priest, "but to deliver them up to the secular arm<sup>25</sup> of the Housekeeper; and ask me not why, for then we should never have done."—"This, that comes next, is the Shepherd of Fi-

lida."—"He is no Shepherd," said the Priest, "but an ingenious courtier; let him be preserved, and laid up as a precious jewel."—"This bulky volume here," said the Barber, "is entitled *The Treasure of divers Poems*."—"Had they been fewer," replied the Priest, "they would have been more esteemed: it is necessary, this book should be weeded and cleared of all the low things, interspersed among its sublimities: let it be preserved, both as the author is my friend, and out of regard to other more heroic and exalted pieces of his writing."—"This," pursued the Barber, "is a book of Songs by Lopez Maldonado."—"The author of this book also," replied the Priest, "is a great friend of mine: his verses, sung by himself, raise admiration in the hearers; and such is the sweetness of his voice in singing them, that they perfectly enchant. He is a little too prolix in his eclogues; but there can never be too much of what is really good: let it be kept with the select."

"But what book is that next to it?"—"The *Galatea* of Michael de Cervantes," said the Barber. "That Cervantes has been a great friend of mine these many years, and I know, that he is better acquainted with misfortunes than with poetry. His book has somewhat of good invention in it; he proposes something, but concludes nothing; we must wait for the second part, which he promises; perhaps, on his amendment,

he may obtain that entire pardon, which is now denied him; in the mean time, Neighbour, keep him a recluse in your chamber.”—“With all my heart,” answered the Barber: “and here come three together; The Araucana of Don Alonso de Ercilla, the Austriada of John Rufo, a magistrate of Cordova, and the Monserrato of Christoval de Virues, a poet of Valencia.”—“These three books,” said the Priest, “are the best, that are written, in heroic verse, in the Castilian tongue, and may stand in competition with the most famous of Italy: let them be preserved as the best performances in poetry, Spain can boast of.” The Priest grew tired of looking over so many books, and so, inside and contents unknown, he would have all the rest burnt. But the Barber had already opened one, called the Tears of Angelica. “I should have shed tears myself,” said the Priest, hearing the name, “had I ordered that book to be burnt; for its author was one of the most famous poets, not of Spain only, but of the whole world, and translated some fables of Ovid with great success.”

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## CHAP. VII.

OF THE SECOND SALLY OF OUR GOOD KNIGHT DON  
QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

WHILE they were thus employed, Don Quixote began to call out aloud, saying: “Here, here,

valorous Knights, here ye must exert the force of your valiant arms; for the courtiers begin to get the better of the tournament." This noise and outcry, to which they all ran, put a stop to all farther scrutiny of the books, that remained; and, therefore, it is believed, that to the fire, without being seen, or heard, went the Carolea, and Leon of Spain, with the Acts of the Emperor, composed by Don Louis de Avila, which, without doubt, must have been among those, that were left: and perhaps had the Priest seen them, they had not undergone so rigorous a sentence. When they came to Don Quixote, he was already got out of bed, and continued his outcries and ravings, with his drawn sword laying furiously about him, back-stroke and fore-stroke, being as broad awake, as if he had never been asleep. They closed in with him, and laid him upon his bed by main force; and, after he was a little composed, turning himself to talk to the Priest, he said: "Certainly, my Lord Archbishop Turpin, it is a great disgrace to us, who call ourselves the twelve peers, to let the Knights-courtiers<sup>26</sup> carry off the victory without more opposition, after we, the adventurers, had gained the prize in the three preceding days."—"Say no more, good Brother," said the Priest; "it may be God's will to change our fortune, and what is lost to-day may be won to-morrow: mind your health for the present; for I think you must needs be extremely fatigued,

if not sorely wounded.”—“Wounded! no,” said Don Quixote; “but bruised and battered I am for certain: for that bastard, Don Roldan, has pounded me to mash with the trunk of an oak, and all out of mere envy, because he sees, that I am the sole rival of his prowess. But let me never more be called Rinaldo of Montauban, if, as soon as I am able to rise from this bed, I do not make him pay dear for it, in spite of all his enchantments: but, at present, bring me some breakfast, for I know nothing will do me so much good, and let me alone to revenge myself.” They did so; they gave him some victuals, and he fell fast asleep again, and left them in fresh admiration at his madness.

That night the Housekeeper set fire to, and burnt, all the books, that were in the yard, and in the house too: and some must have perished, that deserved to be treasured up in perpetual archives; but their fate, and the laziness of the scrutineer, would not permit it; and in them was fulfilled the saying, “that the just sometimes suffer for the unjust.” One of the remedies, which the Priest and Barber prescribed at that time for their friend’s malady, was, to alter his apartment, and wall up the room, where the books had been, that, when he got up, he might not find them; in hopes that, the cause being removed, the effect might cease; and that they should pretend, that an enchanter had carried



them away, room and all; which was presently done accordingly. Within two days after, Don Quixote got up, and the first thing, he did, was to visit his books; and, not finding the room, where he left it, he went up and down looking for it; he came to the place, where the door used to be; and he felt with his hands, and stared about every way without speaking a word: but after some time he asked the Housekeeper, whereabouts the room stood, where his books were. She, who was already well tutored what to answer, said to him: "What room, or what nothing, does your Worship look for? There is neither room, nor books, in this house; for the devil himself has carried all away."—"It was not the devil," said the Niece, "but an enchanter, who came one night upon a cloud, the day after your departure hence, and alighting from a serpent, on which he rode<sup>27</sup>, entered into the room; and I know not what he did there, but after some little time out he came, flying through the roof, and left the house full of smoke; and when we went to see what he had been doing, we saw neither books nor room; only we very well remember, both myself and mistress Housekeeper here, that, when the old thief went away, he said with a loud voice, that for a secret enmity he bore to the owner of those books and of the room, he had done a mischief in this house, which should soon be manifest: he told us also,