CHAPTER IV

OF THE DISCOURSE BETWEEN THE KNIGHT AND THE SQUIRE, WITH OTHER MATTERS WORTH RELATING

SANCHO overtook his master, but so pale, so dead-hearted, and so mortified, that he was hardly able to sit his ass. "My dear Sancho," said Don Quixote, seeing him in that condition, "I am now fully convinced that this castle, or inn, is enchanted; for what could they be that made themselves such barbarous sport with thee, but spirits and people of the other world? and I the rather believe this, seeing, that when I looked over the wall, and saw thee thus abused, I strove to get over it, but could not stir, nor by any means alight from Rozinante. For, by my honour, could I either have got over the wall, or dismounted, I would have revenged thee so effectually on those discourteous wretches, that they should never have forgot the severity of their punishment, though for once I had infringed the laws of chivalry; which, as I have often informed thee,

do not permit any knight to lay hands on one that is not knighted, unless it be in his own defence, and in case of great necessity."— "Nay," quoth Sancho, "I would have paid them home myself, whether knight or no knight, but it was not in my power; and yet I dare say, those that made themselves so merry with my carcase were neither spirits nor enchanted folks, as you will have it, but mere flesh and blood as we be. I am sure they called one another by their Christian names and sirnames, while they made me vault and frisk in the air: one was called Pedro Martinez, the other Tenorio Hernandez; and as for our dog of an host, I heard them call him Juan Palomeque the left-handed. Then pray don't you fancy, that your not being able to get over the wall, nor to alight, was some enchanter's trick. It is a folly to make many words; it is as plain as the nose in a man's face, that these same adventures which we hunt for up and down, are like to bring us at last into a peck of troubles, and such a plaguy deal of mischief, that we shan't be able to set one foot afore the other. The short and the long is, I take it to be the wisest course to jog home and look after our harvest, and not to run rambling from

Ceca* to Meca, lest we leap out of the frying-pan into the fire, or, out of God's blessing into the warm sun."—

"Poor Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "how ignorant thou art in matters of chivalry! Come, say no more, and have patience: a day will come when thou shalt be convinced how honourable a thing it is to follow this employment. For, tell me, what satisfaction in this world, what pleasure, can equal that of vanquishing and triumphing over one's enemy? None, without doubt."—"It may be so for aught I know," quoth Sancho, "though I know nothing of the matter. However, this I may venture to say, that ever since we have turned knights-errant, your worship I mean, for it is not for such scrubs as myself to be named the same day with such folk, the devil of any fight you have had the better in, unless it be that with the Biscayan; and in that too you came off with the loss of one ear and the vizor of your helmet. And what have we got ever since, pray, but blows, and more blows; bruises, and more bruises? besides this tossing in a blanket, which fell all to my share, and

* Ceca was a place of devotion among the Moors, in the city of Cordova, to which they used to go on pilgrimage from other places, as Meca is among the Turks: whence the proverb comes to signify, sauntering about to no purpose. A banter upon Popish pilgrimages.

for which I cannot be revenged because they were hobgoblins that served me so forsooth, though I hugely long to be even with them, that I may know the pleasure you say there is in vanquishing one's enemy."—"I find, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "thou and I are both sick of the same disease; but I will endeavour with all speed to get me a sword made with so much art, that no sort of enchantment shall be able to hurt whosoever shall wear it; and perhaps fortune may put into my hand that which Amadis de Gaul wore when he styled himself, The Knight of the Burning Sword, which was one of the best blades that ever was drawn by knight: for, besides the virtue I now mentioned, it had an edge like a razor, and would enter the strongest armour that ever was tempered or enchanted."—"I will lay anything," quoth Sancho, "when you have found this sword, it will prove just such another help to me as your balsam; that is to say, it will stand nobody in any stead but your dubbed knights, let the poor devil of a squire shift how he can." —"Fear no such thing," replied Don Quixote; "heaven will be more propitious to thee than thou imaginest."

Thus they went on discoursing, when Don

Quixote, perceiving a thick cloud of dust arise right before them in the road, "The day is come," said he, turning to the squire, "the day is come, Sancho, that shall usher in the happiness which fortune has reserved for me: this day shall the strength of my arm be signalized by such exploits as shall be transmitted even to the latest posterity. See'st thou that cloud of dust, Sancho? it is raised by a prodigious army marching this way, and composed of an infinite number of nations."—"Why then, at this rate," quoth Sancho, "there should be two armies; for yonder is as great a dust on the other side." With that Don Quixote looked, and was transported with joy at the sight, firmly believing that two vast armies were ready to engage each other in that plain: for his imagination was so crowded with those battles, enchantments, surprising adventures, amorous thoughts, and other whimsies which he had read of in romances, that his strong fancy changed everything he saw into what he desired to see; and thus he could not conceive that the dust was only raised by two large flocks of sheep that were going the same road from different parts, and could not be discerned till they were very near: he was so positive that they were two armies, that Sancho firmly be-

lieved him at last. "Well, sir," quoth the squire, "what are we to do, I beseech you?"—"What shall we do," replied Don Quixote, "but assist the weaker and injured side? for know, Sancho, that the army which now moves towards us is commanded by the great Alifanfaron, emperor of the vast island of Taprobana:[1] the other that advances behind us is his enemy, the King of the Garamantians, Pentapolin with the naked arm; so called, because he always enters into the battle with his right arm bare."—"Pray, sir," quoth Sancho, "why are these two great men going together by the ears?"—"The occasion of their quarrel is this," answered Don Quixote. "Alifanfaron, a strong Pagan, is in love with Pentapolin's daughter, a very beautiful lady and a Christian: now her father refuses to give her in marriage to the heathen prince, unless he abjure his false belief and embrace the Christian religion."—"Burn my beard," said Sancho, "if Pentapolin be not in the right on it; I will stand by him, and help him all I may."—"I commend thy resolution," replied Don Quixote, "it is not only lawful, but requisite; for there is no need of being a knight to fight in such battles."—"I guessed as much," quoth Sancho; "but where shall we leave my

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Book III., Chapter IV.

ass in the meantime, that I may be sure to find him again after the battle; for I fancy you never heard of any man that ever charged upon such a beast."—"It is true," answered Don Quixote, "and therefore I would have thee turn him loose, though thou wert sure never to find him again; for we shall have so many horses after we have got the day, that even Rozinante himself will be in danger of being changed for another." Then mounting to the top of a hillock, whence they might have seen both the flocks, had not the dust obstructed their sight, "Look yonder, Sancho!" cried Don Quixote; "that knight whom thou seest in the gilded arms, bearing in his shield a crowned lion couchant at the feet of a lady, is the valiant Laurealco, lord of the silver bridge. He in the armour powdered with flowers of gold, bearing three crows Argent in a field Azure, is the formidable Micocolembo, great Duke of Quiracia. That other of a gigantic size that marches on his right, is the undaunted Brandabarbaran of Boliche, sovereign of the three Arabias; he is arrayed in a serpent's skin, and carries instead of a shield a huge gate, which they say belonged to the temple which Samson pulled down at his death, when he revenged himself upon his enemies. But cast thy eyes on this side, Sancho,

and at the head of the other army see the victorious Timonel of Carcaiona, Prince of New Biscay, whose armour is quartered Azure, Vert, Or, and Argent, and who bears in his shield a cat Or, in a field Gules, with these four letters, MIAU, for a motto, being the beginning of his mistress's name, the beautiful Miaulina, daughter to Alpheniquen, Duke of Algarva. That other monstrous load upon the back of yonder wild horse, with arms as white as snow, and a shield without any device, is a Frenchman, now created knight, called Pierre Papin, Baron of Utrique: he whom you see pricking that pyed courser's flanks with his armed heels, is the mighty Duke of Nervia, Espartafilardo of the wood, bearing in his shield a field of pure Azure, powdered with Asparagus (*Esparrago**) with the motto in Castilian, *Restrea mi suerte; Thus trails, or drags my fortune."* And thus he went on, naming a great number of others in both armies, to every one of whom his fertile imagination assigned arms, colours, impresses and

* The jingle between the duke's name *Espartafilardo* and *Esparago* (his arms) is a ridicule upon the foolish quibbles so frequent in heraldry; and probably this whole catalogue is a satire upon several great names and sounding titles in Spain, whose owners were arrant beggars. The *trailing* of his fortune may allude to the word *Esparto*, a sort of rush they make ropes with. Or perhaps he was without a mistress, to which the sparagrass may allude: for in Spain they have a proverb, *Solo comes el Esparago:* As solitary as sparagrass, because every one of them springs up by itself.

mottoes, as readily as if they had really been that moment extant before his eyes. And then proceeding without the least hesitation: "That vast body," said he, "that is just opposite to us, is composed of several nations. There you see those who drink the pleasant stream of the famous Xanthus: there the mountaineers that till the Massilian fields: those that sift the pure gold of Arabia Felix: those that inhabit the renowned and delightful banks of Thermodoon. Yonder, those who so many ways sluice and drain the golden Pactolus for its precious sand. The Numidians, unsteady and careless of their promises. The Persians, excellent archers. The Medes and Parthians, who fight flying. The Arabs, who have no fixed habitations. The Scythians, cruel and savage, though fair-complexioned. The sooty Ethiopians, that bore their lips; and a thousand other nations whose countenances I know, though I have forgotten their names. On the other side, come those whose country is watered with the crystal streams of Betis, shaded with olive-trees. Those who bathe their limbs in the rich flood of the golden Tagus. Those whose mansions are laved by the profitable stream of the divine Genile. Those who range the verdant Tartesian meadows. Those who indulge their

luxurious temper in the delicious pastures of Xerez. The wealthy inhabitants of Mancha, crowned with golden ears of corn. The ancient offspring of the Goths, cased in iron. Those who wanton in the lazy current of Pisverga. Those who feed their numerous flocks in the ample plains where the Guadiana, so celebrated for its hidden course, pursues its wandering race. Those who shiver with extremity of cold, on the woody Pyrenean hills, or on the hoary tops of the snowy Apennine. In a word, all that Europe includes within its spacious bounds, half a world in a army." It is scarce to be imagined how many countries he had ran over, how many nations he enumerated, distinguishing every one by what is peculiar to them, with an incredible vivacity of mind, and that still in the puffy style of his fabulous books.

Sancho listened to all this romantic muster-roll as mute as a fish, with amazement; all that he could do was now and then to turn his head on this side and t'other side, to see if he could discern the knights and giants whom his master named. But at length, not being able to discover any, "Why," cried he, "you had as good tell me it snows; the devil of any knight, giant, or man, can I see, of all those you talk of now; who knows but all this may be witchcraft and spirits, like yesternight?"—"How," replied Don Quixote; "dost thou not hear their horses neigh, their trumpets sound, and their drums beat?"—"Not I," quoth Sancho, "I prick up my ears like a sow in the beans, and yet I can hear nothing but the bleating of sheep." Sancho might justly say so indeed, for by this time the two flocks were got very near them. "Thy fear disturbs thy senses," said Don Quixote, "and hinders thee from hearing and seeing right: but it is no matter; withdraw to some place of safety, since thou art so terrified; for I alone am sufficient to give the victory to that side which I shall favour with my assistance." With that he couched his lance, clapped spurs to Rozinante, and rushed like a thunder-bolt from the hillock into the plain. Sancho bawled after him as loud as he could; "Hold, sir!" cried Sancho; "for heaven's sake come back! What do you mean? as sure as I am a sinner those you are going to maul are nothing but poor harmless sheep. Come back, I say. Woe to him that begot me! Are you mad, sir? there are no giants, no knights, no cats, no asparagus-gardens, no golden quarters nor what d'ye call thems. Does the devil possess you? you are leaping over the hedge before you come at

the stile. You are taking the wrong sow by the ear. Oh that I was ever born to see this day!" But Don Quixote still riding on, deaf and lost to good advice, out-roared his expostulating squire. "Courage, brave knights!" cried he; "march up, fall on, all you who fight under the standard of the valiant Pentapolin with the naked arm: follow me, and you shall see how easily I will revenge him on that infidel Alifanfaron of Taprobana;" and so saying, he charged the squadron of sheep with that gallantry and resolution, that he pierced, broke and put it to flight in an instant, charging through and through, not without a great slaughter of his mortal enemies, whom he laid at his feet, biting the ground and wallowing in their blood. The shepherds seeing their sheep go to wrack, called out to him; till finding fair means ineffectual, they unloosed their slings, and began to ply him with stones as big as their fists. But the champion disdaining such a distant war, spite of their showers of stones, rushed among the routed sheep, trampling both the living and the slain in a most terrible manner, impatient to meet the general of the enemy, and end the war at once. "Where, where art thou," cried he, "proud Alifanfaron? Appear! see here a single knight who seeks thee everywhere, to try now, hand to hand, the boasted force of thy strenuous arm, and deprive thee of life, as a due punishment for the unjust war which thou hast audaciously waged with the valiant Pentapolin." Just as he had said this, while the stones flew about his ears, one unluckily hit upon his small ribs, and had like to have buried two of the shortest deep in the middle of his body. The knight thought himself slain, or at least desperately wounded; and therefore calling to mind his precious balsam, and pulling out his earthen jug, he clapped it to his mouth: but before he had swallowed a sufficient dose, souse comes another of those bitter almonds, that spoiled his draught, and hit him so pat upon the jug, hand, and teeth, that it broke the first, maimed the second, and struck out three or four of the last. These two blows were so violent, that the boisterous knight, falling from his horse, lay upon the ground as quiet as the slain; so that the shepherds, fearing he was killed, got their flock together with all speed, and carrying away their dead, which were no less than seven sheep, they made what haste they could out of harm's way, without looking any farther into the matter.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hill,

where he was mortified upon the sight of this mad adventure. There he stamped and swore, and banned his master to the bottomless pit; he tore his beard for madness, and cursed the moment he first knew him: but seeing him at last knocked down, and settled, the shepherds being scampered, he thought he might venture to come down; and found him in a very ill plight, though not altogether senseless. "Ah! master," quoth he, "this comes of not taking my counsel. Did I not tell you it was a flock of sheep, and no army?"—"Friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "know, it is an easy matter for necromancers to change the shapes of things as they please: thus that malicious enchanter, who is my inveterate enemy, to deprive me of the glory which he saw me ready to acquire, while I was reaping a full harvest of laurels, transformed in a moment the routed squadrons into sheep. If thou wilt not believe me, Sancho, yet do one thing for my sake; do but take thy ass, and follow those supposed sheep at a distance, and I dare engage thou shalt soon see them resume their former shapes, and appear such as I described them. But stay, do not go yet, for I want thy assistance: draw near, and see how many cheek-teeth and others I want, for by the dreadful pain in my jaws and gums, I fear there is a total dilapidation in my mouth." With that the knight opened his mouth as wide as he could, while the squire gaped to tell his grinders, with his snout almost in his chaps; but, just in that fatal moment, the balsam, that lay wambling and fretting in Don Quixote's stomach, came up with an unlucky hickup; and with the same violence that the powder flies out of a gun, all that he had in his stomach discharged itself upon the beard, face, eyes, and mouth, of the officious squire. "Santa Maria," cried poor Sancho, "what will become of me! my master is a dead man! he is vomiting his very heart's blood!" But he had hardly said this, when the colour, smell, and taste, soon undeceived him; and, finding it to be his master's loathsome drench, it caused such a sudden rumbling in his maw, that, before he could turn his head, he unladed the whole cargo of his stomach full in his master's face, and put him in as delicate a pickle as he was himself. Sancho having thus paid him in his own coin, half blinded as he was, ran to his ass, to take out something to clean himself and his master: but when he came to look for his wallet, and found it missing, not remembering till then that he had unhappily left it in the

inn, he was ready to run quite out of his wits: he stormed and stamped, and cursed him worse than before, and resolved with himself to let his master go to the devil, and e'en trudge home by himself, though he was sure to lose his wages, and his hopes of being governor of the promised island.

Thereupon Don Quixote got up with much ado, and clapping his left hand before his mouth, that the rest of his loose teeth might not drop out, he laid his right hand on Rozinante's bridle (for such was the good nature of the creature, that he had not budged a foot from his master), then he crept along to Squire Sancho, that stood lolling on his ass's pannel, with his face in the hollow of both his hands, in a doleful moody melancholy fit.— "Friend Sancho," said he, seeing him thus abandoned to sorrow, "learn of me, that one man is no more than another, if he do no more than what another does. All these storms and hurricanes are but arguments of the approaching calm; better success will soon follow our past calamities: good and bad fortune have their vicissitudes; and it is a maxim, that nothing violent can last long: and therefore we may well promise ourselves a speedy change in our fortune, since our afflictions have ex-