

find him; whose insulting head, by the help of heaven, and my own invincible arm, I am resolved to cut off, with the edge of this (I will not say good) sword; a curse on Gines de Passamonte, who took away my own!" This he spoke murmuring to himself, and then prosecuted his discourse in this manner: "And after I have divided it from the body, and left you quietly possessed of your throne, it shall be left at your own choice to dispose of your person, as you shall think convenient: for as long as I shall have my memory full of her image, my will captivated, and my understanding wholly subjected to her, whom I now forbear to name, it is impossible I should in the least deviate from the affection I bear to her, or be induced to think of marrying, though it were a Phoenix."

The close of Don Quixote's speech, which related to his not marrying, touched Sancho so to the quick, that he could not forbear bawling out his resentments: "Body o' me, Sir Don Quixote," cried he, "you are certainly out of your wits, or how is it possible you should stick at striking a bargain with so great a lady as this? Do you think, sir, fortune will put such dainty bits in your way at every corner? Is my lady Dulcinea handsomer, do you think? No,

marry, is she not half so handsome: I could almost say she is not worthy to tie this lady's shoe-latchets. I am likely, indeed, to get the earldom I have fed myself with hopes of, if you spend your time in fishing for mushrooms in the bottom of the sea. Marry, marry out of hand, or Old Nick take you for me. Lay hold of the kingdom which is ready to leap into your hands; and as soon as you are a king, e'en make me a marquis, or a peer of the land, and afterwards, let things go at sixes and sevens, it will be all a case to Sancho."—Don Quixote, quite divested of all patience, at the blasphemies which were spoken against his lady Dulcinea, could bear with him no longer; and therefore, without so much as a word to give him notice of his displeasure, gave him two such blows with his lance, that poor Sancho measured his length on the ground, and had certainly there breathed his last, had not the knight desisted, through the persuasions of Dorothea. "Thinkest thou," said he, after a considerable pause, "most infamous peasant, that I shall always have leisure and disposition to put up with thy affronts; and that thy whole business shall be to study new offences, and mine to give thee new pardons? Dost thou not know, excommunicated traitor (for certainly excommuni-

cation is the least punishment can fall upon thee after such profanations of the peerless Dulcinea's name), and art thou not assured, vile slave and ignominious vagabond, that I should not have strength sufficient to kill a flea, did not she give strength to my nerves, and infuse vigour into my sinews? Speak, thou villain with the viper's tongue; who dost thou imagine has restored the queen to her kingdom, cut off the head of a giant, and made thee a marquis (for I count all this as done already), but the power of Dulcinea, who makes use of my arm as the instrument of her act in me? She fights and overcomes in me, and I live and breathe in her, holding life and being from her. Thou base-born wretch! art thou not possessed of the utmost ingratitude, thou who seest thyself exalted from the very dregs of the earth, to nobility and honour, and yet dost repay so great a benefit with obloquies against the person of thy benefactress."

Sancho was not so mightily hurt, but he could hear what his master said well enough; wherefore, getting upon his legs in all haste, he ran for shelter behind Dorothea's palfrey, and being got thither, "Hark you, sir," cried he to him, "if you have no thought of marrying this same lady, it is a clear case that the

kingdom will never be yours; and if it be not, what good can you be able to do me? Then let any one judge whether I have not cause to complain. Therefore, good your worship, marry her once for all, now we have her rained down, as it were, from heaven to us, and you may after keep company with my lady Dulcinea; for I guess you will not be the only king in the world that has kept a miss or two in a corner. As for beauty, do you see, I'll not meddle nor make; for (if I must say the truth), I like both the gentlewomen well enough in conscience; though now I think on it, I have never seen the lady Dulcinea."—"How, not seen her, blasphemous traitor!" replied Don Quixote; "when just now thou broughtest me a message from her!"—"I say," answered Sancho, "I have not seen her so leisurely as to take notice of her features and good parts one by one; but yet, as I saw them at a blush, and all at once, methought I had no reason to find fault with them."—"Well, I pardon thee now," quoth Don Quixote, "and thou must excuse me for what I have done to thee; for the first motions are not in our power."—"I perceive that well enough," said Sancho, "and that is the reason my first motions are always in my tongue;

and I cannot for my life help speaking what comes uppermost."—"However, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou hadst best think before thou speakest; for the pitcher never goes so oft to the well—I need say no more."—"Well, what must be must be," answered Sancho; "there is somebody above who sees all, and will one day judge which has most to answer for, whether I for speaking amiss or you for doing so."—"No more of this, Sancho," said Dorothea; "but run and kiss your lord's hands, and beg his pardon; and, for the time to come, be more advised and cautious how you run into the praise or dispraise of any person; but especially take care you do not speak ill of that lady of Toboso, whom I do not know, though I am ready to do her any service; and for your own part, trust in heaven; for you shall infallibly have a lordship, which shall enable you to live like a prince." Sancho shrugged up his shoulders, and in a sneaking posture went and asked his master for his hand, which he held out to him with a grave countenance; and after the squire had kissed the back of it, the knight gave him his blessing, and told him he had a word or two with him, bidding him come nearer, that he might have the better convenience of speaking to

him. Sancho did as his master commanded, and going a little from the company with him; "Since thy return," said Don Quixote, applying himself to him, "I have neither had time nor opportunity to inquire into the particulars of thy embassy, and the answer thou hast brought; and therefore, since fortune has now befriended us with convenience and leisure, deny me not the satisfaction thou mayest give me by the rehearsal of thy news."—"Ask what you will," cried Sancho, "and you shall not want for an answer; but, good your worship, for the time to come, I beseech you, do not be too hasty."—"What occasion hast thou, Sancho, to make this request?" replied Don Quixote.—"Reason good enough truly," said Sancho; "for the blows you gave me even now, were rather given me on account of the quarrel which the devil stirred up between your worship and me the other night, than for your dislike of anything which was spoken against my lady Dulcinea."—"Pr'ythee, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "be careful of falling again into such irreverent expressions; for they provoke me to anger, and are highly offensive. I pardoned thee then for being a delinquent, but thou art sensible that a new offence must be attended with a new punishment."

As they were going on in such discourse as this, they saw at a distance a person riding up to them on an ass, who, as he came near enough to be distinguished, seemed to be a gipsy by his habit. But Sancho Panza, who, whenever he got sight of any asses, followed them with his eyes and his heart, as one whose thoughts were ever fixed on his own, had scarce given him half an eye, but he knew him to be Gines de Passamonte, and by the looks of the gipsy found out the visage of his ass; as really it was the very same which Gines had got under him; who, to conceal himself from the knowledge of the public, and have the better opportunity of making a good market of his beast, had clothed himself like a gipsy;<sup>1</sup> the cant of that sort of people, as well as the languages of other countries, being as natural and familiar to them as their own. Sancho saw him and knew him; and scarce had he seen and taken notice of him, when he cried out as loud as his tongue would permit him: "Ah! thou thief, Genesillo, leave my goods and chattels behind thee: get off from the back of my own dear life: thou hast nothing to do with my poor beast, without whom I cannot enjoy a moment's ease: away from my Dapple, away from my

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter III., Book IV.

comfort; take to thy heels, thou villain; hence thou hedge bird, leave what is none of thine!" He had no occasion to use so many words; for Gines dismounted as soon as he heard him speak, and taking to his heels, got from them, and was out of sight in an instant. Sancho ran immediately to his ass, and embraced him: "How hast thou done," cried he, "since I saw thee, my darling and treasure, my dear Dapple, the delight of my eyes, and my dearest companion?" And then he stroked and slabbered him with kisses, as if the beast had been a rational creature. The ass, for his part, was as silent as could be, and gave Sancho the liberty of as many kisses as he pleased, without the return of so much as one word to the many questions he had put to him. At sight of this the rest of the company came up with him, and paid their compliments of congratulation to Sancho, for the recovery of his ass, especially Don Quixote, who told him, that though he had found his ass again, yet would he revoke the warrant he had given him for three asses; for which favour Sancho returned him a multitude of thanks.

While they were travelling together, and discoursing after this manner, the curate addressed himself to Dorothea, and gave her to

understand, that she had excellently discharged herself of what she had undertaken, as well in the management of the history itself, as in her brevity, and adapting her style to the particular terms made use of in books of knight-errantry. She returned for answer, that she had frequently conversed with such romances, but that she was ignorant of the situation of the provinces, and the sea-ports, which occasioned the blunder she had made, by saying that she landed at Ossuna. "I perceived it," replied the curate, "and therefore I put in what you heard, which brought matters to rights again. But is it not an amazing thing, to see how ready this unfortunate gentleman is to give credit to these fictitious reports, only because they have the air of the extravagant stories in books of knight-errantry?" Cardenio said, "that he thought this so strange a madness, that he did not believe the wit of man, with all the liberty of invention and fiction, capable of hitting so extraordinary a character."—"The gentleman," replied the curate, "has some qualities in him, even as surprising in a madman, as his unparalleled frenzy: for, take him but off his romantic humour, discourse with him of any other subject, you will find him to handle it with a great deal of reason, and show himself,

by his conversation, to have very clear and entertaining conceptions: insomuch, that if knight-errantry bears no relation to his discourse, there is no man but will esteem him for his vivacity of wit, and strength of judgment." While they were thus discoursing, Don Quixote, prosecuting his converse with his squire "Sancho," said he, "let us lay aside all manner of animosity; let us forget and forgive injuries;\* and answer me as speedily as thou canst, without any remains of thy last displeasure, how, when, and where didst thou find my lady Dulcinea? What was she doing when thou first paid'st thy respects to her? How didst thou express thyself to her? What answer was she pleased to make thee? What countenance did she put on at the perusal of my letter? Who transcribed it fairly for thee? And every thing else which has any relation to this affair, without addition, lies or flattery. On the other side, take care thou lovest not a tittle of the whole matter, by abbreviating it, lest thou rob me of part of that delight, which I propose to myself from it."—"Sir," answered Sancho, "if I must speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, nobody copied out the letter for me; for I carried none at all."—"That's

\* In the original Spanish it is,—*Echemos pelillos a la mar*: i.e. literally, let us throw small little hairs into the sea.

right," cried Don Quixote, "for I found the pocket-book, in which it was written, two days after thy departure, which occasioned exceeding grief in me, because I knew not what thou could'st do, when thou found'st thyself without the letter; and I could not but be induced to believe that thou would'st have returned, in order to take it with thee."—"I had certainly done so," replied Sancho, "were it not for this head of mine, which kept it in remembrance ever since your worship read it to me, and helped me to say it over to a parish-clerk, who writ it out for me word for word so purely, that he swore, though he had written out many a letter of excommunication in his time, he never in all the days of his life had read or seen any thing so well spoken as it was."—"And dost thou still retain the memory of it, my dear Sancho?" cried Don Quixote.—"Not I," quoth Sancho; "for as soon as I had given it her, and your turn was served, I was very willing to forget it. But if I remember any thing, it is what was on the top; and it was thus: High and subterrene, I would say, sovereign lady: and at the bottom, yours until death, the Knight of the Woeful Figure; and I put between these two things, three hundred souls and lives and pigsnyes."

## CHAPTER IV

THE PLEASANT DIALOGUE BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE, CONTINUED, WITH OTHER ADVENTURES

"ALL this is mighty well," said Don Quixote; "proceed therefore; you arrived, and how was that queen of beauty then employed? On my conscience, thou found'st her stringing of orient pearls, or embroidering some curious device in gold for me her captive knight; was it not so, my Sancho?"—"No faith," answered the squire, "I found her winnowing a parcel of wheat very seriously in the back-yard."—"Then," said the Don, "you may rest assured, that every corn of that wheat was a grain of pearl, since she did it the honour of touching it with her divine hand. Didst thou observe the quality of the wheat, was it not of the finest sort?"—"Very indifferent, I thought," said the squire.—"Well, this, at least, you must allow; it must make the finest whitest bread, if sifted by her white hands. But go on; when you delivered my letter, did she kiss it? Did she treasure it in her bosom, or what ceremony did