

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

she use worthy such a letter? How did she behave herself?"—"Why truly, sir," answered Sancho, "when I offered her the letter, she was very busy handling her sieve; 'and, pr'ythee honest friend,' said she, 'do so much as lay that letter down upon that sack there; I cannot read it till I have winnowed out what is in my hands.'"—"O unparalleled discretion!" cried Don Quixote; "she knew that a perusal required leisure, and therefore deferred it, for her more pleasing and private hours. But oh! my squire, while she was thus employed, what conference passed? What did she ask about her knight, and what did you reply? Say all, say all, my dearest Sancho, let not the smallest circumstance escape the tongue; speak all that thought can frame, or pen describe."—"Her questions were easily answered, sir," said Sancho, "for she asked me none at all: I told her indeed, in what a sad pickle I had left you for her sake, naked to the waist; that you eat and slept like the brute beasts; that you would let a razor as soon touch your throat as your beard; that you were still blubbering and crying, or swearing and cursing your fortune."—"There you mistook," replied Don Quixote, "I rather bless my fortune, and always shall, while life affords me breath, since I am thought to merit the esteem

of so high a lady as Dulcinea del Toboso."—"There you hit it," said Sancho; "she is a high lady indeed, sir, for she is taller than I am by a foot and half."*—"Why, how now, Sancho," said the knight, "hast thou measured with her?"—"Ah marry did I, sir," said the squire; "for you must know that she desired me to lend her a hand in lifting a sack of wheat on an ass; so we buckled about it, and I came so close to her, that I found she was taller than I by a full span at least."—"Right," answered Don Quixote; "but thou art also conscious that the uncommon stature of her person is adorned with innumerable graces and endowments of soul. But, Sancho, when you approached the charming she, did not an aromatic smell strike thy sense, a scent so odoriferous, pleasing and sweet, that I want a name for it; sweet as—you understand me, as the richest fragrancy diffused around a perfumer's magazine of odours? This, at least, you must grant me."—"I did indeed feel a sort of scent a little unsavoury," said Sancho, "somewhat vigorous or so; for I suppose she had wrought hard, and sweat somewhat plentifully."—"It is false," answered the knight,

* *Coto* in Spanish, which Sobrino says is but a handful, so says Stevens in his Dictionary, though he translates it in this place a cubit. Oudin says, it is the breadth of four fingers, and the height of the thumb when raised up in clenching the fist.

“thy smelling has been debauched by thy own scent, or some canker in thy nose: if thou could’st tell the scent of opening roses, fragrant lilies, or the choicest amber, then thou might’st guess at hers.”—“Cry mercy, sir,” said Sancho; “it may be so indeed, for I remember that I myself have smelt very oft just as Madam Dulcinea did then; and that she should smell like me, is no such wondrous thing neither, since there is never a barrel the better herring of us.”—“But now,” said the knight, “supposing the corn winnowed and despatched to the mill, what did she after she had read my letter?”—“Your letter, sir,” answered Sancho, “your letter was not read at all, sir; as for her part, she said, she could neither read nor write, and she would trust nobody else, lest they should tell tales, and so she cunningly tore your letter. She said, that what I told her by word of mouth of your love and penance was enough: to make short now, she gave her service to you, and said she had rather see you than hear from you; and she prayed you, if ever you loved her, upon sight of me, forthwith to leave your madness among the bushes here, and come straight to Toboso (if you be at leisure), for she has something to say to you, and has a huge mind to see you: she had like to burst with laughing

when I called you the Knight of the Woeful Figure. She told me the Biscayan whom you mauled so was there, and that he was a very honest fellow; but that she heard no news at all of the galley-slaves.”

“Thus far all goes well,” said Don Quixote; “but tell me, pray, what jewel did she present you at your departure, as a reward for the news you brought? for it is a custom of ancient standing among knights and ladies errand, to bestow on squires, dwarfs, or damsels, who bring them good news of their ladies or servants, some precious jewel as a grateful reward of their welcome tidings.”—“Ah! sir,” said Sancho, “that was the fashion in the days of yore, and a very good fashion, I take it: but all the jewels Sancho got was a luncheon of bread and a piece of cheese, which she handed to me over the wall, when I was taking my leave, by the same token (I hope there’s no ill luck in it), the cheese was made of sheep’s milk.”—“It is strange,” said Don Quixote, “for she is liberal, even to profuseness; and if she presented thee not a jewel, she had certainly none about her at that time; but what is deferred is not lost, sleeves are good after Easter.* I shall see her,

* A proverbial expression, signifying that a good thing is always seasonable.

and matters shall be accommodated. Knowest thou, Sancho, what raises my astonishment? it is thy sudden return; for, proportioning thy short absence to the length of thy journey, Toboso being, at least, thirty leagues distant, thou must have ridden on the wind. Certainly the sagacious enchanter, who is my guardian and friend (for doubtless such a one there is and ought to be, or I should not be a true knight-errant); certainly, I say, that wise magician has furthered thee on thy journey unawares; for there are sages of such incredible power, as to take up a knight-errant sleeping in his bed, and waken him next morning a thousand leagues from the place where he fell asleep. By this power knights-errant succour one another in their most dangerous exigents, when and where they please. For instance, suppose me fighting in the mountains of Armenia, with some hellish monster, some dreadful sprite, or fierce gigantic knight, where perhaps I am like to be worsted (such a thing may happen), when just in the very crisis of my fate, when I least expect it, I behold on the top of a flying cloud, or riding in a flaming chariot, another knight, my friend, who, but a minute before, was in England perhaps—he sustains me, delivers me from death, and returns that night to his own lodging,

where he sups with a very good appetite after his journey, having rid you two or three thousand leagues that day; and all this performed by the industry and wisdom of these knowing magicians, whose only business and charge is glorious knight-errantry. Some such expeditious power, I believe, Sancho, though hidden from you, has promoted so great a despatch in your late journey.”—“I believe, indeed,” answered Sancho, “that there was witchcraft in the case, for Rozinante went without spur all the way, and was as mettlesome as though he had been a gipsy’s ass, with quicksilver in his ears.”—“Quicksilver! you coxcomb,” said the knight, “ay, and a troop of devils besides; and they are the best horse-courers in nature, you must know, for they must needs go whom the devil drives; but no more of that. What is thy advice as to my lady’s commands to visit her? I know her power should regulate my will. But then my honour, Sancho, my solemn promise has engaged me to the princess’s service that comes with us, and the law of arms confines me to my word. Love draws me one, and glory t’other way: on this side Dulcinea’s strict commands, on the other my promised faith; but—it is resolved. I’ll travel night and day, cut off this giant’s head, and, having settled

the princess in her dominions, will presently return to see that sun which enlightens my senses. She will easily condescend to excuse my absence, when I convince her it was for her fame and glory; since the past, present, and future success of my victorious arms, depends wholly on the gracious influences of her favour, and the honour of being her knight."—"Oh sad! oh sad!" said Sancho; "I doubt your worship's head is much the worse for wearing. Are you mad, sir, to take so long a voyage for nothing? why don't you catch at this preferment that now offers, where a fine kingdom is the portion, twenty thousand leagues round, they say; nay, bigger than Portugal and Castile both together. Good your worship, hold your tongue, I wonder you are not ashamed. Take a fool's counsel for once, marry her by the first priest you meet; here is our own curate can do the job most curiously.* Come, master, I have hair enough in my beard to make a counsellor, and my advice is as fit for you as your shoe for your foot:—a bird in hand is worth two in the bush, and

He that will not when he may,
When he would, he shall have nay."

* As if it was done with pearl, in the original: *lo hara de parlas*, i.e., to a nicety.

"Thou advisest me thus," answered Don Quixote, "that I may be able to promote thee according to my promise; but that I can do without marrying this lady; for I shall make this the condition of entering into battle, that after my victory, without marrying the princess, she shall leave part of her kingdom at my disposal, to gratify whom I please; and who can claim any such gratuity but thyself?"—"That's plain," answered Sancho; "but pray, sir, take care that you reserve some part near the seaside for me; that if the air does not agree with me, I may transport my black slaves, make my profit of them, and go live somewhere else; so that I would have you resolve upon it presently, leave the lady Dulcinea for the present, and go kill this same giant, and make an end of that business first; for I dare swear it will yield you a good market."—"I am fixed in thy opinion," said Don Quixote; "but I admonish thee not to whisper to any person the least hint of our conference; for since Dulcinea is so cautious and secret, it is proper that I and mine should follow her example."—"Why the devil then," said Sancho, "should you send every body you overcome, packing to Madam Dulcinea, to fall down before her, and tell her, they came from you to pay their obedience, when this tells all

the world that she is your mistress, as much as if they had it under your own hand?"—"How dull of apprehension and stupid thou art," said the knight; "hast thou not sense to find that all this redounds to her greater glory? Know, that in proceedings of chivalry, a lady's honour is calculated from the number of her servants, whose services must not tend to any reward but the favour of her acceptance, and the pure honour of performing them for her sake, and being called her servants."—"I have heard our curate," answered Sancho, "preach up this doctrine of loving for love's sake, and that we ought to love our Maker so for his own sake, without either hope of good, or fear of pain: though, for my part, I would love and serve him for what I could get."—"Thou art an unaccountable fellow," cried Don Quixote; "thou talkest sometimes with so much sense, that one would imagine thee to be something of a scholar."—"A scholar, sir?" answered Sancho, "lack-a-day, I do not know, as I am an honest man, a letter in the book."

Master Nicholas, seeing them so deep in discourse, called to them to stop and drink at a little fountain by the road. Don Quixote halted, and Sancho was very glad of the interruption, his stock of lies being almost spent,

and he stood in danger besides of being trapped in his words, for he had never seen Dulcinea, though he knew she lived at Toboso. Cardenio by this had changed his clothes¹ for those Dorothea wore when they found her in the mountains; and though they made but an ordinary figure, they looked much better than those he had put off.* They all stopped at the fountain, and fell aboard the curate's provision, which was but a snap among so many, for they were all very hungry. While they sat refreshing themselves, a young lad, travelling that way, observed them, and, looking earnestly on the whole company, ran suddenly and fell down before Don Quixote, addressing him in a very doleful manner. "Alas! good sir," said he, "don't you know me? don't you remember poor Andrew, whom you caused to be untied from the tree?" With that the knight knew him; and, raising him up, turned to the company: "That you may all know," said he, "of how great importance, to the redressing of injuries, punishing vice, and the universal benefit of mankind, the business of knight-errantry may be, you must understand, that, riding through a desert some days ago, I heard certain

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter IV., Book IV.

* These must be the ragged apparel Cardenio wore before he was dressed in the priest's short cassock and cloak.

lamentable shrieks and outcries. Prompted by the misery of the afflicted, and borne away by the zeal of my profession, I followed the voice, and found this boy, whom you all see, bound to a great oak: I am glad he is present, because he can attest the truth of my relation. I found him, as I told you, bound to an oak; naked from the waist upwards, and a bloody-minded peasant scourging his back unmercifully with the reins of a bridle. I presently demanded the cause of his severe chastisement. The rude fellow answered, that he had liberty to punish his own servant, whom he thus used for some faults that argued him more knave than fool. 'Good sir,' said the boy, 'he can lay nothing to my charge, but demanding my wages.' His master made some reply, which I would not allow as a just excuse, and ordered him immediately to unbind the youth, and took his oath that he would take him home, and pay him all his wages upon the nail, in good and lawful coin. Is not this literally true, Andrew? did you not mark, besides, with what face of authority I commanded, and with how much humility he promised to obey all I imposed, commanded and desired? Answer me, boy; and tell boldly all that passed to this worthy company, that it may appear how

necessary the vocation of knights-errant is up and down the high roads."

"All you have said is true enough," answered Andrew; "but the business did not end after that manner you and I hoped it would."—"How!" said the knight, "has not the peasant paid you?"—"Ay, he has paid me with a vengeance," said the boy; "for no sooner was your back turned, but he tied me again to the same tree, and lashed me so cursedly, that I looked like St Bartholomew flay'd alive; and at every blow he had some joke or another to laugh at you; and had he not laid me on as he did, I fancy I could not have helped laughing myself. At last he left me in so pitiful a case, that I was forced to crawl to an hospital, where I have lain ever since to get cured, so wofully the tyrant had lashed me. And now, I may thank you for this, for had you rid on your journey, and neither meddled nor made, seeing nobody sent for you, and it was none of your business, my master, perhaps, had been satisfied with giving me ten or twenty lashes, and after that would have paid me what he owed me; but you was so huffy, and called him so many names, that it made him mad, and so he vented all his spite against you upon my poor back, as soon as

yours was turned, insomuch that I fear I shall never be mine own man again.”—“The miscarriage,” answered the knight, “is only chargeable on my departure before I saw my orders executed; for I might by experience have remembered, that the word of a peasant is regulated, not by honour, but by profit. But you remember, Andrew, how I swore, if he disobeyed, that I would return and seek him through the universe, and find him, though hid in a whale’s belly.”—“Ah! sir,” answered Andrew, “but that’s no cure for my sore shoulders.”—“You shall be redressed,” answered the knight, starting fiercely up, and commanding Sancho immediately to bridle Rozinante, who was baiting as fast as the rest of the company. Dorothea asked what he intended to do: he answered, that he intended to find out the villain, and punish him severely for his crimes, then force him to pay Andrew his wages to the last maravedi,* in spite of all the peasants in the universe. She then desired him to remember his engagements to her, which withheld him from any new achievement till that was finished; that he must therefore suspend his resentments till his return from her kingdom. “It is but just and reasonable,” said the knight;

* Near the value of a farthing.

“and therefore Andrew must wait with patience my return: but when I do return, I do hereby ratify my former oath and promise, never to rest till he be fully satisfied and paid.”—“I dare not trust to that,” answered Andrew; “but if you will bestow on me as much money as will bear my charges to Seville, I shall thank your worship more than for all the revenge you tell me of. Give me a snap to eat, and a bit in my pocket, and so heaven be with you and all other knights-errant, and may they prove as arrant fools in their own business as they have been in mine.”

Sancho took a crust of bread and a slice of cheese, and, reaching it to Andrew, “There, friend,” said he, “there is something for thee; on my word, we have all of us a share of thy mischance.”—“What share?” said Andrew;—“Why, the curst mischance of parting with this bread and cheese to thee; for my head to a half-penny, I may live to want it; for thou must know, friend of mine, that we, the squires of knights-errant, often pick our teeth without a dinner, and are subject to many other things, which are better felt than told.” Andrew snatched at the provender, and, seeing no likelihood of any more, he made his leg and marched off. But, looking over his shoulder at

Don Quixote, "Hark ye, you Sir Knight-errant," cried he, "if ever you meet me again in your travels, which I hope you never shall, though I were torn to pieces, do not trouble me with your plaguy help, but mind your own business; and so fare you well, with a curse upon you and all the knights-errant that ever were born." The knight thought to chastise him, but the lad was too nimble for any there, and his heels carried him off, leaving Don Quixote highly incensed at his story, which moved the company to hold their laughter, lest they should raise his anger to a dangerous height.

CHAPTER V

WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE AND HIS COMPANY AT
THE INN

WHEN they had eaten plentifully, they left that place, and travelled all that day and the next, without meeting any thing worth notice, till they came to the inn, which was so frightful a sight to poor Sancho, that he would willingly not have gone in, but could by no means avoid it. The inn-keeper, the hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes, met Don Quixote and his squire with a very hearty welcome. The knight received them with a face of gravity and approbation, bidding them prepare him a better bed than their last entertainment afforded him. "Sir," said the hostess, "pay us better than you did then, and you shall have a bed for a prince." And upon the knight's promise that he would, she promised him a tolerable bed, in the large room where he lay before. He presently undressed, and being heartily crazed in body as well as in mind, he went to bed. He was scarcely got to his chamber, when the hostess flew suddenly