

King of Micomicon; only he was troubled to think, that the kingdom was in the land of the Negroes, and that the people, who were to be his subjects, were all blacks: but he presently bethought himself of a special remedy, and said to himself: "What care I, if my subjects be blacks? What have I to do, but to ship them off, and bring them over to Spain, where I may sell them for ready money; with which money I may buy some title or employment, on which I may live, at my ease, all the days of my life? No! sleep on, and have neither sense nor capacity to manage matters, nor to sell thirty or ten thousand slaves in the turn of a hand. Before God, I will make them fly, little and big, or as I can: and, let them be never so black, I will transform them into white and yellow: let me alone to lick my own fingers." With these conceits he went on, so busied, and so satisfied, that he forgot the pain of travelling on foot.

All this Cardenio and the Priest beheld from behind the bushes, and did not know how to contrive to join companies: but the Priest, who was a grand schemer, soon hit upon an expedient; which was, that with a pair of scissars, which he carried in a case, he should whip off Cardenio's beard in an instant; then put him on a grey capouch, and gave him his own black cloak, himself remaining in his breeches and doublet: and now Cardenio made so different a

figure from what he did before, that he would not have known himself, though he had looked in a glass. This being done, though the others were got a good way before them, while they were thus disguising themselves, they easily got first into the high road; for the ruggedness and narrowness of the way would not permit those on horseback to go on so fast as those on foot. In short, they got into the plain at the foot of the mountain; and, when Don Quixote and his company came out, the Priest set himself to gaze at him very earnestly for some time, giving signs as if he began to know him: and after he had stood a pretty while viewing him, he ran to him with open arms, crying aloud: "In an happy hour are you met, Mirror of Chivalry, my noble countryman Don Quixote de la Mancha, the flower and cream of gentility, the shelter and relief of the needy, the quintessence of Knights-errant!" And, in saying this, he embraced Don Quixote by the knee of his left leg; who being amazed at what he saw and heard, set himself to consider him attentively: at length he knew him, and was surprised to see him, and made no small effort to alight; but the Priest would not suffer it: whereupon Don Quixote said: "Permit me, Signor Licentiate, to alight; for it is not fit I should be on horseback, and so reverend a person as your Worship on foot."—"I will by no means consent to it," said the Priest; "let

your Greatness continue on horseback ; for on horseback you achieve the greatest exploits and adventures, that our age hath beheld : as for me, who am a Priest, though unworthy, it will suffice me to get up behind some one of these Gentlemen, who travel with you, if it be not too troublesome to them ; and I shall fancy myself mounted on Pegasus, or on a Cebra⁴, or the sprightly courser bestridden by the famous Moor Muzaraque, who lies to this day enchanted in the great mountain Zulema, not far distant from the grand Compluto⁵.”—“ I did not think of that, dear Signor Licentiate,” said Don Quixote ; “ and I know, my Lady the Princess will, for my sake, order her squire to accommodate you with the saddle of his mule ; and he may ride behind, if the beast will carry double.”—“ I believe she will,” answered the Princess ; “ and I know it will be needless to lay my commands upon my squire ; for he is so courteous and well-bred, that he will not suffer an Ecclesiastic to go on foot, when he may ride.”—“ Very true,” answered the Barber : and alighting in an instant, he complimented the Priest with the saddle, which he accepted of without much entreaty. But it unluckily happened, that as the Barber was getting up behind, the mule, which was no other than an hackney, and consequently a vicious jade, flung up her hind legs twice or thrice into the air ; and had they met with Master Ni-

cholas's breast or head, he would have given his coming for Don Quixote to the devil. However, he was so frightened, that he tumbled to the ground, with so little heed of his beard, that it fell off: and perceiving himself without it, he had no other shift but to cover his face with both hands, and to cry out that his jaw-bone was broke. Don Quixote, seeing that bundle of beard, without jaws, and without blood, lying at a distance from the face of the fallen squire, said: "On my life, this is very wonderful; no barber could have shaved off his beard more clean and smooth." The Priest, who saw the danger their project was in of being discovered, immediately picked up the beard, and ran with it to Master Nicholas, who still lay bemoaning himself; and holding his head close to his breast, at one jerk he fixed it on again, muttering over him some words, which he said were a specific charm for fastening on beards, as they should soon see; and when all was adjusted, he left him, and the squire remained as well bearded, and as whole, as before. At seeing this, Don Quixote marvelled greatly, and desired the Priest, when he had leisure, to teach him that charm; for he was of opinion, that its virtue must extend farther than to the fastening on of beards, since it was clear, that where the beard was torn off, the flesh must be left wounded and bloody, and since it wrought a perfect cure, it must be good for other things.

besides beards."—"It is so," said the Priest, and promised to teach it him the very first opportunity. They now agreed, that the Priest should get up first, and that they should all three ride by turns, until they came to the inn, which was about two leagues off.

The three being mounted, that is to say, Don Quixote, the Princess, and the Priest; and the other three on foot, namely, Cardenio, the Barber, and Sancho Panza; Don Quixote said to the damsel: "Your Grandeur, Madam, will be pleased to lead on which way, you like best." And before she could reply, the Licentiate said: "Toward what kingdom would your Ladyship go, toward that of Micomico, I presume? For it must be thither, or I know little of kingdoms." She, being perfect in her lesson, knew very well she was to answer *Yes*, and therefore said: "Yes, Signor, my way lies toward that kingdom."—"If it be so," said the Priest, "we must pass through our village; and from thence you must go straight to Cartagena, where, with God's permission, you may take shipping; and, if you have a fair wind, a smooth sea, and no storms, in little less than nine years, you may get sight of the great lake Meona, I mean Meotis, which is little more than an hundred days journey on this side of your Highness's kingdom."—"You are mistaken, good Sir," said she; "for it is not two years, since I left it;

and though, in truth, I had very bad weather during the whole passage, I am already got hither, and behold with my eyes, what I so much longed for; namely, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, the fame of whose valour reached my ears, the moment I set foot in Spain; and put me upon finding him out, that I might recommend myself to his courtesy, and commit the justice of my cause to the valour of his invincible arm.”—“No more; cease your compliments,” said Don Quixote; “for I am an enemy to all sort of flattery; and though this be not such, still my chaste ears are offended at this kind of discourse. What I can say, dear Madam, is, that whether I have valour or not, what I have, or have not, shall be employed in your service, even to the loss of my life: and so, leaving these things to a proper time, I desire, that Signor the Licentiate would tell me, what has brought him into these parts, so alone, so unattended, and so lightly clad, that I am surprised at it.”—“To this I shall answer briefly,” replied the Priest. “Your Worship, then, is to know, Signor Don Quixote, that I, and Master Nicholas our friend and Barber, were going to Seville to receive some monies, which a relation of mine, who went many years ago to the Indies, had sent me: and it was no inconsiderable sum; for it was above sixty thousand pieces of eight, all of due weight, which is no trivial matter; and passing yesterday through these parts, we were

set upon by four highway robbers, who stripped us of all we had, to our very beards, and in such a manner, that the Barber thought it expedient to put on a counterfeit one: and as for this youth here (pointing to Cardenio), you see how they have transformed his. And the best of the story is, that it is publicly reported hereabouts, that the persons, who robbed us, were certain galley-slaves, who, they say, were set at liberty near this very place, by a man so valiant, that, in spite of the commissary and all his guards, he let them all loose: and without all doubt, he must needs have been out of his senses, or as great a rogue as they, or one void of all conscience and humanity, that could let loose the wolf among the sheep, the fox among the hens, and the wasps among the honey. He has defrauded justice of her due, and has set himself up against his King and natural Lord, by acting against his lawful authority: he has, I say, disabled the gallies of their hands, and disturbed the many years repose of the holy Brotherhood: in a word, he has done a deed, whereby he may lose his soul, and not gain his body." Sancho had related to the Priest and the Barber the adventure of the galley-slaves, achieved with so much glory by his master; and therefore the Priest laid it on thick in the relation, to see what Don Quixote would do, or say, whose colour changed at every word; and yet he durst not own, that he had been the

deliverer of those worthy gentlemen. "These," said the Priest, "were the persons that robbed us: and God of his mercy pardon him, who prevented their being carried to the punishment they so richly deserved."

CHAP. XXX.

WHICH TREATS OF THE PLEASANT AND INGENIOUS
METHOD OF DRAWING OUR ENAMOURED KNIGHT
FROM THE VERY RIGOROUS PENANCE HE HAD IM-
POSED ON HIMSELF.

SCARCELY had the Priest done speaking, when Sancho said: "By my troth, Signor Licentiate, it was my Master, who did this feat: not but that I gave him fair warning, and advised him to beware what he did, and said it was a sin to set them at liberty, for that they were all going to the gallies for being most notorious villains."—"Blockhead," said Don Quixote, "Knight-errants have nothing to do, nor does it concern them, to inquire, whether the afflicted, enchained, and oppressed, whom they meet upon the road, are reduced to those circumstances, or that distress, by their faults, or their misfortunes: they are bound to assist them merely as being in distress, and to regard their sufferings alone, and not their crimes. I lighted on a bead-roll and string of miserable wretches, and did by them what my

profession requires of me; and for the rest I care not: and whoever takes it amiss, saving the holy dignity of Signor the Licentiate, and his honourable person, I say, he knows little of the principles of chivalry, and lies like a base-born son of a whore: and this I will make good with my sword in the most ample manner." This he said, setting himself in his stirrups, and clapping down the vizor of his helmet; for the Barber's basin, which, in his account, was Mambrino's helmet, hung at his saddle-bow, until it could be repaired of the damages it had received from the galley-slaves.

Dorothea, who was of a witty and pleasant disposition, already perceiving Don Quixote's frenzy, and that every body, except Sancho Panza, made a jest of him, resolved not to be behindhand with the rest; and seeing him in such a heat, said to him: "Sir Knight, be pleased to remember the boon, you have promised me, and that you are thereby engaged not to intermeddle in any other adventure, be it ever so urgent: therefore assuage your wrath; for if Signor the Licentiate had known, that the galley-slaves were freed by that invincible arm, he would sooner have sewed up his mouth with three stitches, and thrice have bit his tongue, than he would have said a word, that might redound to the disparagement of your Worship."—"I would so, I swear," said the Priest, "and even sooner

have pulled off a mustachio.”—“I will say no more, Madam,” said Don Quixote; “and I will repress that just indignation raised in my breast, and will go on peaceably and quietly, until I have accomplished for you the promised boon. But, in requital of this good intention, I beseech you to tell me, if it be not too much trouble, what is your grievance, and who, how many, and of what sort, are the persons, on whom I must take due, satisfactory, and complete revenge.”—“That I will do, with all my heart,” answered Dorothea, “if it will not prove tedious and irksome to you to hear nothing but afflictions and misfortunes.”—“Not at all, dear Madam,” answered Don Quixote. To which Dorothea replied: “Since it is so, pray favour me with your attention.” She had no sooner said this, but Cardenio and the Barber placed themselves on each side of her, to hear what kind of story the ingenious Dorothea would invent. The same did Sancho, who was as much deceived about her as his Master. And she, after settling herself well in her saddle, with a hem or two, and the like preparatory airs, began, with much good humour, in the manner following.

“In the first place, you must know, Gentlemen, that my name is—” here she stopped short, having forgotten the name the Priest had given her: but he presently helped her out; for he knew

what she stopped at, and said, "It is no wonder, Madam, that your Grandeur should be disturbed, and in some confusion, at recounting your misfortunes; for they are often of such a nature, as to deprive us of our memory, and make us forget our very names; as they have now done by your high Ladyship, who have forgotten, that you are called the Princess Micomicona, rightful heiress of the great kingdom of Micomicon: and with this intimation your Grandeur may easily bring back to your doleful remembrance, whatever you have a mind to relate."—"You are in the right," answered Dorothea, "and henceforward I believe it will be needless to give me any more hints; for I shall be able to conduct my true history to a conclusion without them.

"My father, who was called Tinacrio the Wise, was very learned in what they call art magic; and knew, by his science, that my mother, who was called Queen Xaramilla, should die before him, and that he himself must, soon after, depart this life, and I be left an orphan, deprived both of father and mother. But this, he used to say, did not trouble him so much, as the certain foreknowledge he had, that a monstrous giant, lord of a great island, almost bordering upon our kingdom, called Pandafilando of the gloomy Aspect; for it is averred, that though his eyes stand right, and in their proper place, he always looks askew, as if he squinted; and this he does

out of pure malignity, to scare and frighten those, he looks at: I say, he knew that this giant would take the advantage of my being an orphan, and invade my kingdom with a mighty force, and take it all from me, without leaving me the smallest village to hide my head in: but that it was in my power to avoid all this ruin and misfortune, by marrying him: though, as far as he could understand, he never believed I would hearken to so unequal a match: and in this he said the truth, for it never entered into my head to marry this giant, nor any other, though never so huge and unmeasurable. My father said also, that, after his death, when I should find Pandafilando begin to invade my kingdom, he advised me not to stay to make any defence, for that would be my ruin; but, if I would avoid death, and prevent the total destruction of my faithful and loyal subjects, my best way was, freely to leave the kingdom to him without opposition, since it would not be possible for me to defend myself against the hellish power of the giant; and immediately to set out, with a few attendants, for Spain, where I should find a remedy for my distress, by meeting with a Knight-errant, whose fame, about that time, should extend itself all over this kingdom, and whose name, if I remember right, was to be Don Azote, or Don Gigote⁶.”—“Don Quixote, you would say, Madam,” quoth Sancho Panza, “or as others call

him, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure. "You are in the right," added Dorothea. "And he said farther, that he was to be tall and thin visaged, and that, on his right side, under the left shoulder, or thereabouts, he was to have a grey mole, with hair-like bristles."

Don Quixote, hearing this, said to his squire: "Here, son Sancho, help me to strip: I would know, whether I am the Knight prophesied of by that wise king."—"Why would you pull off your clothes, Sir?" said Dorothea. "To see whether I have the mole, your father spoke of," answered Don Quixote. "You need not strip," said Sancho: "I know you have a mole with those same marks on the ridge of your back, which is a sign of being a strong man?"—"It is enough," said Dorothea; "for, among friends, we must not stand upon trifles: and, whether it be on the shoulder or on the back-bone, imports little: it is sufficient, that there is a mole, let it be where it will, since it is all the same flesh: and doubtless my good father hit right in every thing, and I have not aimed amiss in recommending myself to Signor Don Quixote; for he must be the Knight, of whom my father spoke, since the features of his face correspond exactly with the great fame he has acquired, not only in Spain, but in all la Mancha: for I was hardly landed in Ossuna, before I heard so many exploits

of his recounted, that my mind immediately gave me, that he must be the very person I came to seek."—"But, dear Madam, how came you to land at Ossuna," answered Don Quixote, "since it is no sea-port town?" But before Dorothea could reply, the Priest, interposing, said: "Doubtless the Princess meant to say, that, after she had landed at Malaga, the first place, where she heard news of your Worship, was Ossuna."—"That was my meaning," said Dorothea. "It is very likely," replied the Priest; "please your Majesty to proceed."—"I have little more to add," replied Dorothea, "but that, having, at last, had the good fortune to meet with Signor Don Quixote, I already look upon myself as Queen and mistress of my whole kingdom, since he, out of his courtesy and generosity, has promised, in compliance with my request, to go with me, wherever I please to carry him; which shall be only where he may have a sight of Pandafilando of the Gloomy Aspect, that he may slay him, and restore to me what is so unjustly usurped from me: for all this is to come about with the greatest ease, according to the prophecy of Tinacrio the Wise, my good father; who, moreover, left it written in letters Chaldean or Greek, for I cannot read them, that, if this Knight of the prophecy, after he has cut off the giant's head, should have a mind to marry me, I should im-

mediately submit to be his lawful wife, without any reply, and give him possession of my kingdom, together with my person⁹."

"What think you now, friend Sancho?" said Don Quixote: "do you not hear what passes? Did not I tell you so? See, whether we have not now a kingdom to command, and a queen to marry?"—"I swear it is so," quoth Sancho, "and pox take him for a son of a whore, who will not marry as soon as Signor Pandafilando's weason is cut. About it then: her Majesty's a dainty bit; I wish all the fleas in my bed were no worse." And so saying, he cut a couple of capers, with signs of very great joy; and presently laying hold of the reins of Dorothea's mule, and making her stop, he fell down upon his knees before her, beseeching her to give him her hand to kiss, in token, that he acknowledged her for his Queen and mistress. Which of the by-standers could forbear laughing, to see the madness of the master, and the simplicity of the man? In short, Dorothea held out her hand to him, and promised to make him a great lord in her kingdom, when Heaven should be so propitious, as to put her again in possession of it. Sancho returned her thanks in such expressions, as set the company again a-laughing.

"This, Gentlemen," continued Dorothea, "is my history: it remains only to tell you, that, of all the attendants I brought with me out of

my kingdom, I have none left but this honest squire with the long beard; for the rest were all drowned in a violent storm, which overtook us in sight of the port. He and I got ashore on a couple of planks, as it were by a miracle; and indeed the whole progress of my life is miracle and mystery, as you may have observed. And, if I have exceeded in any thing, or not been so exact as I ought to have been, let it be imputed to what Signor the Licentiate said, at the beginning of my story, that continual and extraordinary troubles deprive the sufferers of their very memory.”—“ I will preserve mine, oh high and worthy Lady,” said Don Quixote, “ under the greatest, that can befall me in your service; and so I again confirm the promise I have made you, and I swear to bear you company to the end of the world, until I come to grapple with that fierce enemy of yours, whose proud head I intend, by the help of God, and of this my arm, to cut off, with the edge of this, I will not say good, sword; thanks to Gines de Passamonte, who carried off my own.” This he muttered between his teeth, and went on saying: “ And, after having cut it off, and put you into peaceable possession of your dominions, it shall be left to your own will to dispose of your person as you shall think proper; since, while my memory is taken up, my will enthralled, and my understanding subjected, to her—I say no more, it is

impossible I should prevail upon myself so much as to think of marrying, though it were a phoenix."

What Don Quixote said last, about not marrying, was so displeasing to Sancho, that in a great fury he said, raising his voice: "I vow and swear, Signor Don Quixote, your Worship cannot be in your right senses: how else is it possible you should scruple to marry so high a Princess as this Lady is? Think you, fortune is to offer you, at every turn, such good luck as she now offers? Is my Lady Dulcinea more beautiful? No indeed, not by half: nay, I could almost say, she is not worthy to tie this lady's shoe-string. I am like, indeed, to get the earldom I expect, if your Worship stands fishing for mushrooms in the bottom of the sea! Marry, marry out of hand, in the devil's name, and take this kingdom, that is ready to drop into your mouth; and, when you are a King, make me a marquis, or a lord-lieutenant, and then the devil take all the rest, if he will." Don Quixote, hearing such blasphemies against his Lady Dulcinea, could not bear it, and, lifting up his lance, without speaking a word to Sancho, or giving him the least warning, gave him two such blows, that he laid him flat on the ground; and, had not Dorothea called out to him to hold his hand, doubtless he had killed him there upon the spot. "Thinkest thou," said he to him, after some pause, "pitiful

Scoundrel, that I am always to stand with my hands in my pockets, and that there is nothing to be done, but transgressing on thy side, and pardoning on mine? Never think it, excommunicated varlet; for so doubtless thou art, since thou hast dared to speak ill of the peerless Dulcinea. Knowest thou not, rustic, slave, beggar, that, were it not for the force she infuses into my arm, I should not have enough to kill a flea? Tell me, envenomed scoffer, who, thinkest thou, has gained this kingdom, and cut off the head of this giant, and made thee a marquis, for all this I look upon as already done, but the valour of Dulcinea, employing my arm as the instrument of her exploits? She fights in me, and overcomes in me; and in her I live and breathe, and of her I hold my life and being. Oh, whoreson Villain! what ingratitude! when thou seest thyself exalted from the dust of the earth to the title of a lord, to make so base a return for so great a benefit, as to speak contemptuously of the hand, that raised thee!" Sancho was not so much hurt, but he heard all his Master said to him; and, getting up pretty nimbly, he ran behind Dorothea's palfrey, and from thence said to his Master: "Pray, Sir, tell me; if you are resolved not to marry this Princess, it is plain the kingdom will not be yours, and then what favours will you be able to bestow on me? This is what I complain of. Marry her, Sir, once for all, now we have her,

as it were, rained down upon us from Heaven, and afterwards you may converse with my Lady Dulcinea; for, I think, it is no new thing for Kings to keep misses. As to the matter of beauty, I have nothing to say to that; for, if I must speak the truth, I really think them both very well to pass, though I never saw the Lady Dulcinea.”—“How! never saw her, blasphemous Traitor!” said Don Quixote: “have you not just brought me a message from her?”—“I say, I did not see her so leisurely,” said Sancho, “as to take particular notice of her beauty, and her features, piece by piece; but, take her altogether, she looks well enough.”—“Now I excuse you,” said Don Quixote, “and pardon me the displeasure I have given you; for the first motions are not in our own power.”—“I have found it so,” answered Sancho; “and so, in me, the desire of talking is always a first motion, and I cannot forbear uttering, for once at least, whatever comes to my tongue’s end.”—“For all that,” said Don Quixote, “take heed, Sancho, what it is you utter; for the pitcher that goes so often to the well—I say no more.”—“Well then,” answered Sancho, “God, who is in Heaven, and sees all guiles, shall be judge, who does most harm, I, in not speaking well, or your Worship, in not doing so.”—“Let there be no more of this,” said Dorothea: “run, Sancho, and kiss your Master’s hand, and ask him for-

giveness; and henceforward go more warily to work with your praises and dispraises; and speak no ill of that Lady Toboso, whom I do not know any otherwise than as I am her humble servant; and put your trust in God, for there will not be wanting an estate for you to live upon like a prince." Sancho went hanging his head, and begged his Master's hand, which he gave him with great gravity; and, when he had kissed it, Don Quixote gave Sancho his blessing, and told him he would have him get on a little before, for he had some questions to put to him, and wanted to talk with him about some matters of great consequence. Sancho did so; and, when they had got a little before the rest, Don Quixote said: "Since your return, I have had neither opportunity nor leisure to inquire after many particulars concerning the message you carried, and the answer you brought back; and now, that fortune affords us time and leisure, do not deny me the satisfaction you may give me by such good news."—"Ask me what questions you please, Sir," answered Sancho: "I warrant I shall get out as well as I got in. But I beseech your Worship, dear Sir, not to be so very revengeful for the future."—"Why do you press that, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "Because," replied Sancho, "the blows, you were pleased to bestow on me, even now, were rather on account of the quarrel the devil raised between us the other

night, than for what I said against my Lady Dulcinea, whom I love and reverence, like any relic, though she be not one, only as she belongs to your Worship.”—“No more of these discourses, Sancho, on your life,” said Don Quixote; “for they offend me: I forgave you before, and you know the common saying, a new sin a new penance.”

While they were thus talking, they saw coming along the same road, in which they were going, a man riding upon an ass; and, when he came near, he seemed to be a gipsy; but Sancho Panza, who, wherever he saw an ass, had his eyes and his soul fixed there, had scarce seen the man, when he knew him to be Gines de Passamonte, and, by the clue of the gipsy, found the bottom of his ass: for it was really Dapple, upon which Passamonte rode; who, that he might not be known, and that he might sell the ass the better, had put himself into the garb of a gipsy, whose language, as well as several others, he could speak as readily, as if they were his own native tongues. Sancho saw and knew him; and scarcely had he seen and known him, when he cried out to him aloud: “Ah, rogue Ginesillo! leave my Darling, let go my Life, rob me not of my repose, quit my ass, leave my Delight; fly, whoreson! get you gone, thief! and relinquish what is not your own.” There needed not so many words, nor so much railing: for, at the

first word, Gines nimbly dismounted, and, taking to his heels, as if it had been a race, was gone in an instant, and out of reach of them all. Sancho ran to his Dapple, and, embracing him, said: "How hast thou done, my dearest Dapple, delight of my eyes, my sweet companion?" And then he kissed and caressed him, as if he had been a human creature. The ass held his peace, and suffered himself to be kissed and caressed by Sancho, without answering him one word. They all came up, and wished him joy of the finding his Dapple; especially Don Quixote, who assured him, that he did not, for all this, revoke the order for the three colts. Sancho thanked him heartily.

While this passed, the Priest told Dorothea that she had performed her part very ingeniously, as well in the contrivance of the story, as in its brevity, and the resemblance it bore to the narration in books of chivalry. She said, she had often amused herself with reading such kind of books, but that she did not know the situation of provinces or of sea-ports, and therefore had said, at a venture, that she landed at Ossuna. "I found it was so," said the Priest; "and therefore I immediately said what you heard, which set all to rights. But is it not strange to see how readily this unhappy gentleman believes all these inventions and lies, only because they resemble the style and manner of his foolish books?"—"It is,

indeed," said Cardenio ; " and something so rare, and unseen before, that I much question, whether, if one had a mind to dress up a fiction like it, any genius could be found capable of succeeding in it."—" There is another thing remarkable in it," said the Priest, " which is, that, setting aside the follies this honest gentleman utters in every thing relating to his madness, he can discourse very sensibly upon other points, and seems to have a clear and settled judgment in all things; insomuch that, if you do not touch him upon the subject of chivalries, you would never suspect but that he had a sound understanding."

While the rest went on in this conversation, Don Quixote proceeded in his, and said to Sancho : " Friend Panza, let us forget what is past; and tell me now, all rancour and animosity apart, where, how, and when, did you find Dulcinea? What was she doing? What did you say to her? What answer did she return? How did she look, when she read my letter? Who transcribed it for you? And tell me besides whatever else, in this case, is worth knowing, inquiring after, or being satisfied in : inform me of all, without adding or diminishing to give me pleasure, or curtailing ought to deprive me of any satisfaction."—" Sir," answered Sancho, " if I must tell the truth, nobody transcribed the letter for me ; for I carried no letter at all."—" It is as you say," replied Don Quixote ; " for I found the pocket-book, I

had written it in, two days after your departure; which troubled me exceedingly, not knowing what you would do, when you should find you had no letter; and I still believed you would come back, as soon as you should miss it.”—“ So I should have done,” answered Sancho, “ had I not got it by heart, when your Worship read it to me, and so perfectly, that I repeated it to a parish-clerk, who wrote it down, as I dictated it, so exactly, that he said, though he had read many letters of excommunication, he had never seen or read so pretty a letter as that in all the days of his life.”—“ And have you it still by heart, Sancho?” said Don Quixote. “ No, Sir,” answered Sancho: “ for, after I had delivered it, seeing it was to be of no farther use, I forgot it on purpose; and if I remember aught of it, it is that of *high and subterrane*, I mean *sovereign Lady*, and the conclusion, *thine, until death, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure*: and, between these two things, I put above three hundred *souls* and *lives*, and *dear eyes*.”

CHAP. XXXI.

OF THE RELISHING CONVERSATION, WHICH PASSED
BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE SANCHE
PANZA, WITH OTHER ACCIDENTS.

“ALL this does not displease me; go on,” said Don Quixote. “You arrived; and what was that Queen of beauty doing? Without doubt, you found her stringing pearls, or embroidering some device with threads of gold for this her captive Knight.”—“No, I did not,” answered Sancho, “but I found her winnowing two bushels of wheat in a back yard of her house.”—“Then make account,” said Don Quixote, “that the grains of that wheat were so many grains of pearl, when touched by her hands. And did you take notice, friend, whether the wheat was fine, or the ordinary sort?”—“It was neither,” answered Sancho, “but of the reddish kind.”—“Be assured, however,” said Don Quixote, “that, when winnowed by her hands, it certainly made the finest manchet bread; but go on. When you gave her my letter, did she kiss it? Did she put it upon her head? Did she use any ceremony worthy of such a letter? Or what did she do?”—“When I was going to give it her,” answered Sancho, “she was very busy in winnowing a good sieve-full of the wheat; and she said to me: ‘Lay the letter, friend, upon that sack; for I cannot read it, until I have done winnowing all

that is here.'"—“Discreet Lady!” said Don Quixote; “this was, to be sure, that she might read it, and entertain herself with it, at leisure. Proceed, Sancho: while she was thus employed, what discourse had she with you? What did she inquire of you concerning me? And what did you answer? Make an end: tell it me all; leave nothing at the bottom of the ink-horn.”—

“She asked me nothing,” said Sancho; “but I told her how your Worship was doing penance, for her service, among these rocks, naked from the waist upwards, as if you were a savage, sleeping on the ground, not eating bread on a napkin, nor combing your beard, weeping and cursing your fortune.”—“In saying, that I cursed my fortune, you said amiss,” replied Don Quixote: “I rather bless it, and shall bless it all the days of my life, for having made me worthy to love so high a lady as Dulcinea del Toboso.”

—“So high, indeed,” answered Sancho, “that, in good faith, she is a handful taller than I am.”

—“Why, how, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “have you measured with her?”—“I measured thus,” answered Sancho: “as I was helping her to put a sack of wheat upon an ass, we stood so close, that I perceived she was taller than I by more than a full span.”—“If it be so,” replied Don Quixote, “does she not accompany and set off this stature of body with a thousand millions of graces of the mind?”

"But, Sancho, conceal not one thing from me: when you stood so near her, did you not perceive a Sabeian odour, an aromatic fragrancy, and something so sweet, that I know not what name to give it? I say, a scent, a smell, as if you were in some curious glover's shop?"—"All I can say is," quoth Sancho, "that I perceived somewhat of a mannish smell, which must have proceeded from her being in a dripping sweat with over-much pains-taking."—"It could not be so," answered Don Quixote: "you must either have had a cold in your head, or have smelt your own self; for I very well know the scent of that rose among thorns, that lily of the valley, that liquid amber."—"All that may be," answered Sancho; "for the same smell often comes from me, as, methought, then came from my Lady Dulcinea; but where's the wonder, that one devil should be like another?"—"Well, then," continued Don Quixote, "she has now done winnowing, and the corn is sent to the mill. What did she do, when she had read the letter?"—"The letter," quoth Sancho, "she did not read; for she told me, she could neither read nor write: on the contrary, she tore it to pieces, saying, she would not give it to any body to read, that her secrets might not be known in the village; and that what I had told her by word of mouth, concerning the love your Worship bore her, and the extraordinary penance you were

doing for her sake, was enough : lastly, she bid me tell your Worship, that she kissed your hands, and that she remained with greater desire to see you, than to write to you ; and therefore she humbly entreated, and commanded you, at sight hereof, to quit these brakes and bushes, and leave off these foolish extravagancies, and set out immediately for Toboso, if some other business of greater importance did not intervene ; for she had a mighty mind to see your Worship. She laughed heartily, when I told her how you called yourself the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure. I asked her, whether the Biscainer of t'other day had been there with her : she told me, he had, and that he was a very honest fellow : I asked her also after the galley-slaves ; but she told me she had not yet seen any of them.”—“ All goes well, as yet,” said Don Quixote. “ But, tell me what jewel did she give you at your departure, for the news you had brought her of me ? For it is an usual and ancient custom among Knights, and Ladies-errant, to bestow some rich jewel on the squires, damsels, or dwarfs, who bring them news of their mistresses or servants, as a reward or acknowledgment for their welcome news.”—“ Very likely,” quoth Sancho, “ and a very good custom it was ; but it must have been in days of yore ; for, now-a-days, the custom is, to give only a piece of bread and cheese : for that was what my Lady Dulcinea gave me, over the pales

of the yard, when she dismissed me; by the same token that the cheese was made of sheep's-milk."

—"She is extremely generous," said Don Quixote; "and if she did not give you a jewel of gold, it must be, because she had not one about her: but sleeves are good after Easter¹⁰. I shall see her, and all shall be set to rights.

"But, do you know, Sancho, what I am surprised at? It is, that you must have gone and come through the air; for you have been little more than three days in going and coming, between this and Toboso, though it is more than thirty leagues from hence thither: from whence I conclude, that the sage enchanter, who has the superintendence of my affairs, and is my friend, for such a one there is, and must of necessity be, otherwise I should be no true Knight-errant; I say, this same enchanter must have assisted you in travelling, without your perceiving it: for there are sages, who will take you up a Knight-errant sleeping in his bed; and, without his knowing how, or in what manner, he awakes the next day above a thousand leagues from the place, where he fell asleep. And, were it not for this, the Knights-errant could not succour one another in their dangers, as they now do at every turn. For a Knight happens to be fighting, in the mountains of Armenia, with some dreadful monster, or fierce goblin, or some other Knight, and has the worst of the combat, and is just upon

the point of being killed; and, when he least expects it, there appears upon a cloud, or in a chariot of fire, another Knight, his friend, who just before was in England; who succours him, and delivers him from death: and that night he finds himself in his own chamber, supping with a very good appetite, though there be the distance of two or three thousand leagues between the two countries. And all this is brought about by the industry and skill of those sage enchanters, who undertake the care of those valorous Knights. So that, friend Sancho, I make no difficulty in believing, that you went and came, in so short a time, between this place and Toboso, since, as I have already said, some sage, our friend, must have expedited your journey, without your being sensible of it.”—“It may be so,” quoth Sancho, “for, in good faith, Rozinante went like any gipsy’s ass with quicksilver in his ears.”—“With quicksilver!” said Don Quixote, “ay, and with a legion of devils to boot; a sort of cattle, that travel, and make others travel, as fast as they please, without being tired.

“But, setting this aside, what would you advise me to do now, as to what my Lady commands me, about going to see her? For, though I know I am bound to obey her commands, I find myself, at present, under an impossibility of doing it, on account of the boon I have promised to grant the Princess, who is now with us; and

the laws of chivalry oblige me to comply with my word, rather than indulge my pleasure. On the one hand, the desire of seeing my Lady persecutes and perplexes me: on the other, I am incited and called by my promised faith, and the glory I shall acquire in this enterprise. But what I propose to do, is, to travel fast, and get quickly to the place, where this giant is, and presently after my arrival, to cut off his head, and settle the Princess peaceably in her kingdom, and that instant return and see that sun, which enlightens my senses; to whom I will make such an excuse, that she shall allow my delay was necessary; for she will perceive, that all redounds to the increase of her glory and fame, since what I have won, do win, or shall win, by force of arms, in this life, proceeds wholly from the succour she affords me, and from my being hers.”—“ Ah!” quoth Sancho, “how is your Worship disordered in your head! Pray tell me, Sir, do you intend to take this journey for nothing? And will you let slip so considerable a match as this, when the dowry is a kingdom, which, as I have heard say, is above twenty thousand leagues in circumference, and abounding in all things necessary for the support of human life, and bigger than Portugal and Castile together? For the love of God say no more, and take shame to yourself for what you have said already: follow my advice, and par-