quarrelsome; and his brother with being a whimperer. So that, Sancho, amidst so many calumnies, cast on the worthy, mine may very well pass, if they are no more than those you have mentioned."—"Body of my father! there is the jest," replied Sancho. "What then, is there more yet behind?" said Don Quixote. "The tail remains still to be flayed," quoth Sancho; "all hitherto has been tarts and cheesecakes: but if your Worship has a mind to know the very bottom of these calumnies people bestow upon you, I will bring one hither presently, who shall tell you them all, without missing a tittle: for last night arrived the son of Bartholomew Carrasco, who comes from studying at Salamanca, having taken the degree of bachelor; and when I went to bid him welcome home, he told me, that the history of your Worship is already printed in books, under the title of the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha; and he says, it mentions me too by my very name of Sancho Panza, and the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and several other things, which passed between us two only; insomuch that I crossed myself out of pure amazement, to think how the historian, who wrote it, could come to know them."—"Depend upon it, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that the author of this our history must be some sage enchanter; for nothing is hidden from them, that they have a mind to write."—"A sage, and an

enchanter!" quoth Sancho; "why, the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco (for that is his name) says, the author of this history is called Cid Hamete Berengena."—"This is a Moorish name," answered Don Quixote. "It may be so," replied Sancho; "for I have heard, that your Moors, for the most part, are lovers of Berengena's[5]."—"Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you must mistake the surname of that same *Cid*, which in Arabic signifies *a lord*[6]."—"It may be so," answered Sancho: "but if your Worship wishes me to bring him hither, I will fly to fetch him."—"You will do me a singular pleasure, friend," said Don Quixote; "for I am surprised at what you have told me, and I shall not eat a bit that will do me good, till I am informed of all."—"Then I am going for him," answered Sancho; and leaving his master, he went to seek the Bachelor, with whom he returned soon after: and between them there passed a most pleasant conversation.

CHAP. III.

OF THE PLEASANT CONVERSATION WHICH PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO PANZA, AND THE BACHELOR SAMPSON CARRASCO.

Don Quixote remained over and above thoughtful, expecting the coming of the Bachelor Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear some accounts of himself, printed in a book, as Sancho had

told him; and could not persuade himself, that such a history could be extant, since the blood of the enemies he had slain was still reeking on his sword blade; and could people expect his high feats of arms should be already in print? However, at last he concluded that some sage, either friend or enemy, by art magic had sent him to the press: if a friend, to aggrandize and extol them above the most signal achievements of any Knight-errant; if an enemy, to annihilate and sink them below the meanest, that ever were written, of any squire: "Although" (he said to himself) "the feats of squires never were written. But if it should prove true, that such a history was really extant, since it was the history of a Knight-errant, it must of necessity be sublime, lofty, illustrious, magnificent, and true." This thought afforded him some comfort: but he lost it again upon considering that the author was a Moor, as was plain from the name of Cid, and that no truth could be expected from the Moors, who were all impostors, liars, and visionaries. He was apprehensive, he might treat of his love with some indecency, which might redound to the disparagement and prejudice of the modesty of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso. He wished, he might find a faithful representation of his own constancy, and the decorum he had always inviolably preserved towards her, slighting for her sake, Queens, Empresses, and damsels of all

degrees, and bridling the violent impulses of natural desire. Tossed and perplexed with these and a thousand other imaginations, Sancho and Carrasco found him; and Don Quixote received the Bachelor with much courtesy.

This Bachelor, though his name was Sampson, was none of the biggest, but an arch wag; of a wan complexion, but of a very good understanding. He was about twenty-four years of age, round-faced, flat-nosed, and wide-mouthed: all signs of his being of a waggish disposition, and a lover of wit and humour; as he made appear at seeing Don Quixote, before whom he threw himself upon his knees, and said to him: "Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, let me have the honour of kissing your Grandeur's hand; for, by the habit of St. Peter, which I wear, though I have yet taken no other degrees towards holy orders but the four first, your Worship is one of the most famous Knights-errant that have been or shall be, upon the whole circumference of the earth. A blessing light on Cid Hamete Benengeli, who has left us the history of your mighty deeds; and blessings upon blessings light on that virtuoso, who took care to have them translated out of Arabic into our vulgar Castilian, for the universal entertainment of all sorts of people!" Don Quixote made him rise, and said: "It seems, then, it is true, that my history is really extant, and that he who composed it, was a Moor

and a sage."—"So true it is, Sir," said Sampson, "that I verily believe, there are, this very day, above twelve thousand books published of that history: witness Portugal, Barcelona, and Valentia, where they have been printed; and there is a rumour, that it is now printing at Antwerp; and I foresee, that no nation or language will be without a translation of it." Here Don Quixote said: "One of the things, which ought to afford the highest satisfaction to a virtuous and eminent man, is, to find, while he is living, his good name published and in print, in every body's mouth, and in every body's hand: I say, his good name; for if it be the contrary, no death can equal it."—"If fame and a good name are to carry it," said the Bachelor, "your Worship alone bears away the palm from all Knights-errant: for the Moor in his language, and the Castilian in his, have taken care to paint to the life that gallant deportment of your Worship, that greatness of soul in confronting dangers, that constancy in adversity, and patient enduring of mischances, that modesty and continence in love, so very platonic, as that between your Worship and my Lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso."

Sancho here said: "I never heard my Lady Dulcinea called Donna before, but only plain Dulcinea del Toboso; so that here the history is already mistaken."—"That objection is of no

importance," answered Carrasco. "No, certainly," replied Don Quixote: "but, pray tell me, Signor Bachelor, which of my exploits are most esteemed in this same history?"—"As to that," answered the Bachelor, "there are different opinions, as there are different tastes. Some are for the adventure of the wind-mills, which your Worship took for so many Briareus's and giants: others adhere to that of the fulling-hammers: these to the description of the two armies, which afterwards fell out to be two flocks of sheep: another cries up that of the dead body, which was carrying to be interred at Segovia: one says, the setting the galley-slaves at liberty was beyond them all: another, that none can be compared to that of the two Benedictine giants, with the combat of the valorous Biscainer."—"Pray, tell me, Signor Bachelor," quoth Sancho, "is there among the rest the adventure of the Yangueses, when our good Rozinante had a longing after the forbidden fruit?"—"The sage," answered Sampson, "has left nothing at the bottom of the inkhorn; he inserts and remarks every thing, even to the capers Sancho cut in the blanket."—"I cut no capers in the blanket," answered Sancho: "in the air I own I did, and more than I desired."—"In my opinion," said Don Quixote, "there is no history in the world, that has not its ups and downs, especially those which treat of chivalry; for such can never be

altogether filled with prosperous events."—" For all that," replied the Bachelor, "some, who have read the history, say, they should have been better pleased, if the authors thereof had forgotten some of those numberless drubbings given to Signor Don Quixote in different encounters."—" Therein," quoth Sancho, " consists the truth of the history."—" They might indeed as well have omitted them," said Don Quixote, " since there is no necessity of recording those actions, which do not change nor alter the truth of the story, and especially if they redound to the discredit to the hero. In good faith, Æneas was not altogether so pious as Virgil paints him, nor Ulysses so prudent as Homer describes him."—" It is true," replied Sampson; " but it is one thing to write as a poet, and another to write as an historian. The poet may say, or sing, not as things were, but as they ought to have been; but the historian must pen them, not as they ought to have been, but as they really were, without adding to or diminishing any thing from the truth."—" Well, if it be so, that Signor Moor is in a vein of telling truth," quoth Sancho, " there is no doubt, but, among my master's rib-roastings, mine are to be found also: for they never took measure of his Worship's shoulders, but at the same time they took the dimensions of my whole body: but why should I wonder at that, since, as the self-same master of mine says, the mem-

bers must partake of the ailments of the head:" —"Sancho, you are a sly wag," answered Don Quixote: "in faith, you want not for a memory, when you have a mind to have one."—"Though I had never so much a mind to forget the drubs I have received," quoth Sancho, "the tokens, that are still fresh on my ribs, would not let me."

"Hold your peace, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and do not interrupt Signor Bachelor, whom I entreat to go on, and tell me what is farther said of me in the aforesaid history."—"And of me too," quoth Sancho; "for I hear that I am one of the principal parsons in it."—"Persons, not parsons, friend Sancho," said Sampson. "What! another corrector of hard words!" quoth Sancho: "if this be the trade, we shall never have done."—"Let me die, Sancho," answered the Bachelor, "if you are not the second person of the history: nay, there are some, who would rather hear you talk than the finest fellow of them all: though there are also some, who say you was a little too credulous in the matter of the government of that island, promised you by Signor Don Quixote here present."—"There is still sunshine on the wall," said Don Quixote; "and, when Sancho is more advanced in age, with the experience that years give, he will be better qualified to be a governor than he is now."—"Before God, Sir," quoth Sancho, "if I am not fit to govern an island at these years, I shall

not know how to govern it at the age of Methusalem. The mischief of it is, that the said island sticks I know not where, and not in my want of a head-piece to govern it."—"Recommend it to God, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for all will be well, and perhaps better than you think; for a leaf stirs not on the tree without the will of God."—"That is true," replied Sampson, "and, if it pleases God, Sancho will not want a thousand islands to govern, much less one."—"I have seen governors ere now," quoth Sancho, "who, in my opinion, do not come up to the sole of my shoe; and yet they are called Your Lordship, and are served on plate."—"Those are not governors of islands," replied Sampson, "but of other governments more manageable; for those, who govern islands, must at least understand grammar."—"Gramercy for that," quoth Sancho; "it is all Greek to me, for I know nothing of the matter[7]. But let us leave the business of governments in the hands of God, and let him dispose of me so as I may be most instrumental in his service: I say, Signor Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, I am infinitely pleased, that the author of the history has spoken of me in such a manner, that what he says of me is not at all tiresome; for, upon the faith of a trusty squire, had he said any thing of me unbecoming an old Christian, as I am, the deaf should have heard it."—"That would be working miracles," answered Sampson,

"Miracles, or no miracles," quoth Sancho, "let every one take heed how they talk, or write of people, and not set down at random the first thing, that comes into their imagination."

"One of the faults people charge upon that history," said the Bachelor, "is, that the author has insert d in it a novel, intitled, *The Curious Impertinent;* not that it is bad in itself, or ill written, but for having no relation to that place, nor any thing to do with the story of his Worship Signor Don Quixote."—"I will lay a wager," replied Sancho, "the son of a bitch has made a jumble of fish and flesh together."—"I aver then," said Don Quixote, "that the author of my history could not be a sage, but some ignorant pretender, who, at random, and without any judgment, has set himself to write it, come of it what would: like Orbaneja, the painter of Ubeda, who, being asked what he painted, answered, 'As it may hit.' Sometimes he would paint a cock after such a guise, and so preposterously designed, that he was forced to write under it in Gothic characters, This is a cock: and thus it will fare with my history; it will stand in need of a comment to make it intelligible."—"Not at all," answered Sampson; "for it is so plain, that there is no difficulty in it: children thumb it, boys read it, men understand it, and old folks commend it; in short, it is so tossed about, so conned, and so thoroughly known by

all sorts of people, that they no sooner espy a lean scrub-horse, than they cry, 'Yonder goes Rozinante.' But none are so much addicted to reading it as your pages: there is not a nobleman's anti-chamber, in which you will not find a Don Quixote: if one lays it down, another takes it up: one asks for it, another snatches it: in short, this history is the most pleasing and least prejudicial entertainment hitherto published: for there is not so much as the appearance of an immodest word in it, nor a thought that is not entirely Catholic."—"To write otherwise," said Don Quixote, "had not been to write truths, but lies; and historians, who are fond of venting falsehoods, should be burnt, like coiners of false money. For my part I cannot imagine what moved the author to introduce novels, or foreign relations, my own story affording matter enough: but without doubt we may apply the proverb, *With hay or with straw* [8], &c. for verily, had he confined himself to the publishing my thoughts, my sighs, my tears, my good wishes, and my achievements alone, he might have compiled a volume as big, or bigger than all the works of Tostatus [9]. In short, Signor Bachelor, what I mean is, that, in order to the compiling histories, or books of any kind whatever, a man had need of a great deal of judgment, and a mature understanding: to talk wittily, and write pleasantly, are the talents of a great genius only. The most

difficult character in comedy is that of the fool, and he must be no simpleton, who plays that part. History is a sacred kind of writing, because truth is essential to it; and where truth is, there God himself is, so far as truth is concerned; notwithstanding which, there are those, who compose books, and toss them out into the world like fritters."

"There are few books so bad," said the Bachelor, "but there is something good in them."—"There is no doubt of that," replied Don Quixote; "but it often happens, that they, who have deservedly acquired a good share of reputation by their writings, lessen or lose it entirely by committing them to the press."—"The reason of that," said Sampson, "is, that printed works being examined at leisure, the faults thereof are the more easily discovered; and the greater the fame of the author is, the more strict and severe is the scrutiny. Men famous for their parts, great poets, and celebrated historians, are always envied by those, who take a pleasure, and make it their particular entertainment, to censure other men's writings, without ever having published any of their own."—"That is not to be wondered at," said Don Quixote; "for there are many divines, who make no figure in the pulpit, and yet are excellent at espying the defects or superfluities of preachers."—"All this is very true, Signor Don Quixote," said Carrasco; "but I

wish such critics would be more merciful, and less nice, and not dwell so much upon the motes of that bright sun, the work they censure. For, though *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, they ought to consider how much he was awake, to give his work as much light, and leave as little shade, as he could: and perhaps those very parts, which some men do not taste, are like moles, which sometimes add to the beauty of the face that has them. And therefore I say, that whoever prints a book runs a very great risk, it being of all impossibilities the most impossible to write such an one, as shall satisfy and please all kinds of readers."—"That, which treats of me," said Don Quixote, "has pleased but a few."—"On the contrary," replied the Bachelor, "as *stultorum infinitus est numerus*, so infinite is the number of those, who have been delighted with that history; though some have taxed the author's memory as faulty or treacherous, in forgetting to tell us, who the thief was, that stole Sancho's Dapple [10]; which is not related, but only inferred from what is there written, that he was stolen; and in a very short time after we find him mounted upon the self-same beast, without hearing how Dapple appeared again. It is also objected, that he has omitted to mention, what Sancho did with the hundred crowns he found in the portmanteau upon the Sable Mountain; for he never speaks of them more, and many persons would be glad to

learn what he did with them, or how he spent them: for that is one of the most substantial points wanting in the work." Sancho answered: "Master Sampson, I am not now in a condition to tell tales, or make up accounts; for I have a qualm come over my stomach, and shall be upon the rack, till I have removed it with a couple of draughts of stale. I have it at home, and my chuck stays for me. As soon as I have dined I will come back and satisfy your Worship, and the whole world, in whatever they are pleased to ask me, both concerning the loss of Dapple, and what became of the hundred crowns." So, without waiting for an answer, or speaking a word more, he went to his own house. Don Quixote pressed and entreated the Bachelor to stay, and do penance with him. The Bachelor accepted of the invitation, and staid. Two pigeons were added to the usual commons, and the conversation at table fell upon the subject of chivalry. Carrasco carried on the humour: the banquet was ended: they slept out the heat of the day: Sancho came back, and the former discourse was resumed.

CHAP. IV.

WHEREIN SANCHO PANZA ANSWERS THE BACHELOR SAMPSON CARRASCO'S DOUBTS AND QUESTIONS, WITH OTHER INCIDENTS WORTHY TO BE KNOWN AND RECITED.

SANCHO came back to Don Quixote's house, and, resuming the former discourse, in answer to what the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco desired to be informed of, namely, by whom, when, and how the ass was stolen, he said: "That very night, when, flying from the holy Brotherhood, we entered into the Sable Mountain, after the unlucky adventure of the galley-slaves, and of the dead body that was carrying to Segovia, my master and I got into a thicket, where, he leaning upon his lance, and I sitting upon Dapple, being both of us mauled and fatigued by our late skirmishes, we fell asleep as soundly, as if we had had four feather-beds under us: especially I for my part slept so fast, that the thief, whoever he was, had leisure enough to suspend me on four stakes, which he planted under the four corners of the pannel, and in this manner, leaving me mounted thereon, got Dapple from under me, without my feeling it."—"That is an easy matter, and no new accident," said Don Quixote: "for the like happened to Sacripante at the siege of Albraca, where that famous robber Brunelo,

by this self-same invention, stole his horse from between his legs."—"The dawn appeared," continued Sancho, "and scarcely had I stretched myself, when, the stakes giving way, down came I with a confounded squelch to the ground. I looked about for my ass, but saw him not: the tears came into my eyes, and I made such a lamentation, that, if the author of our history has not set it down, he may reckon that he has omitted an excellent thing. At the end of I know not how many days, as I was accompanying the Princess Micomicona, I saw and knew my ass again, and upon him came, in the garb of a gipsy, that cunning rogue, and notorious malefactor, Gines de Passamonte, whom my master and I freed from the galley-chain."—"The mistake does not lie in this," replied Sampson, "but in the author's making Sancho still ride upon the very same beast, before he gives us any account of his being found again."—"To this," said Sancho, "I know not what to answer, unless it be, that the historian was mistaken; or it might be an oversight of the printer."—"It must be so without doubt," said Sampson: "but what became of the hundred crowns; were they sunk?"—"I laid them out," quoth Sancho, "for the use and behoof of my own person, and those of my wife and children; and they have been the cause of my wife's bearing patiently the journies and rambles I have taken in the ser-

vice of my master, Don Quixote: for had I returned, after so long a time, pennyless, and without my ass, black would have been my luck. If you would know any thing more of me, here am I, ready to answer the King himself in person: and nobody has any thing to meddle or make, whether I brought or brought not, whether I spent or spent not; for if the blows, that have been given me in these sallies, were to be paid for in ready money, though rated only at four maravedis apiece, another hundred crowns would not pay for half of them: and let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and let him not be judging white for black, nor black for white; for every one is, as God has made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse."

"I will take care," said Carrasco, "to inform the author of the history, that, if he reprints the book, he shall not forget what honest Sancho has told us, which will make the book as good again." —"Is there any thing else to be corrected in that legend, Signor Bachelor?" added Don Quixote. "There may be others," answered Carrasco, "but none of equal importance with those already mentioned."—"And, peradventure," said Don Quixote, "the author promises a second part." —"He does," answered Sampson, "but says he has not met with it, nor can learn, who has it; and therefore we are in doubt, whether it will appear or no: and as well for this reason, as be-

cause some people say, that second parts are never good for any thing; and others, that as there is enough of Don Quixote already, it is believed, there will be no second part; though some, who are more jovial than saturnine, cry, *Let us have more Quixotades; let Don Quixote encounter, and Sancho Panza talk; and, be the rest what it will, we shall be contented.*"—"And pray, how stands the author affected?" demanded Don Quixote. "How!" answered Sampson; "why, as soon as ever he can find the history he is looking for with extraordinary diligence, he will immediately send it to the press, being prompted thereto more by interest than by any motive of praise whatever." To which Sancho said: "Does the author aim at money and profit? It will be a wonder then, if he succeeds, since he will only stitch it away in great haste, like a taylor on Easter eve; for works, that are done hastily, are never finished with that perfection they require. I wish this same Signor Moor would consider a little what he is about: for I and my master will furnish him so abundantly with lime and mortar in matter of adventures and variety of accidents, that he may not only compile a second part, but an hundred. The good man thinks, without doubt, that we lie sleeping here in straw; but let him hold up the foot while the smith is shoeing, and he will see on which we halt. What I can say is, that if this master of mine had taken my counsel, we

had ere now been in the field, redressing grievances, and righting wrongs, as is the practice and usage of good Knights-errant."

Sancho had scarcely finished this discourse, when the neighings of Rozinante reached their ears; which Don Quixote took for a most happy omen, and resolved to make another sally within three or four days; and declaring his intention to the Bachelor, he asked his advice which way he should begin his journey. The Bachelor replied, he was of opinion that he should go directly to the kingdom of Arragon, and the city of Saragossa, where in a few days there was to be held a most solemn tournament, in honour of the festival of Saint George, in which he might acquire renown above all the Arragonian Knights, which would be the same thing as acquiring it above all the Knights in the world. He commended his resolution as most honourable and most valorous, and gave him a hint to be more wary in encountering dangers, because his life was not his own, but theirs, who stood in need of his aid and succour in their distresses. "This is what I renounce, Signor Sampson," quoth Sancho; "for my master makes no more of attacking an hundred armed men, than a greedy boy would do half a dozen melons. Body of the world! Signor Bachelor, yes, there must be a time to attack, and a time to retreat; and it must not be always, *Saint Jago, and charge, Spain*". And farther I

have heard say (and, if I remember right, from my master himself), that the mean of true valour lies between the extremes of cowardice and rashness: and if this be so, I would not have him run away, when there is no need of it; nor would I have him fall on, when the too great superiority requires quite another thing; but above all things, I would let my master know, that, if he will take me with him, it must be upon condition, that he shall battle it all himself, and that I will not be obliged to any other thing, but to look after his clothes and his diet; to which purposes I will fetch and carry like an spaniel: but to imagine that I will lay hand to my sword, though it be against rascally wood-cutters with hooks and hatchets, is to be very much mistaken. I, Signor Sampson, do not set up for the fame of being valiant, but for that of being the best and faithfullest squire, that ever served a Knight-errant: and if my Lord Don Quixote, in consideration of my many and good services, has a mind to bestow on me some one island of the many his Worship says he shall light upon, I shall be much beholden to him for the favour; and though he should not give me one, born I am, and we must not rely upon one another, but upon God: and perhaps the bread I shall eat without the government may go down more savourily than that I should eat with it: and how do I know but the devil, in one of these governments, may provide me some

stumbling-block, that I may fall, and dash out my grinders? Sancho I was born, and Sancho I intend to die: yet for all that, if, fairly and squarely, without much solicitude or much danger, Heaven should chance to throw an island, or some such thing, in my way, I am not such a fool neither as to refuse it; for it is a saying, *When they give you a heifer, make haste with the rope: and when good fortune comes, be sure take her in.*"

"Brother Sancho," said Carrasco, "you have spoken like any professor: nevertheless trust in God, and Signor Don Quixote, that he will give you, not only an island, but even a kingdom."—"One as likely as the other," answered Sancho; "though I could tell Signor Carrasco, that my master will not throw the kingdom, he gives me, into a bag without a bottom: for I have felt my own pulse, and find myself in health enough to rule kingdoms and govern islands, and so much I have signified before now to my Lord."—"Look you, Sancho," said Sampson, "honours change manners; and it may come to pass, when you are a governor, that you may not know the very mother that bore you."—"That," answered Sancho, "may be the case with those, that are born among the mallows, but not with those whose souls, like mine, are covered four inches thick with grease of the old Christian: no, consider my disposition, whether it is likely to be

ungrateful to any body."—" God grant it," said Don Quixote, " and we shall see, when the government comes; for methinks I have it already in my eye."

This said, he desired the Bachelor, if he were a poet, that he would do him the favour to compose for him some verses by way of a farewell to his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and that he would place a letter of her name at the beginning of each verse, in such manner, that, at the end of the verses, the first letters taken together might make Dulcinea del Toboso. The Bachelor answered, though he was not of the famous poets of Spain, who were said to be but three and a half[12], he would not fail to compose those verses; though he was sensible it would be no easy task, the name consisting of seventeen letters; for if he made four stanzas of four verses each, there would be a letter too much, and if he made them of five, which they call decimas or redondillas, there would be three letters wanting: nevertheless he would endeavour to sink a letter as well as he could, so as that the name of Dulcinea del Toboso should be included in the four stanzas. " Let it be so by all means," said Don Quixote; " for if the name be not plain and manifest, no woman will believe the rhymes were made for her." They agreed upon this, and that they should set out eight days after. Don Quixote enjoined the Bachelor to keep it secret, es-

pecially from the Priest, and master Nicholas, and from his Niece and Housekeeper, that they might not obstruct his honourable and valorous purpose. All which Carrasco promised, and took his leave, charging Don Quixote to give him advice of his good or ill success, as opportunity offered: and so they again bid each other farewell, and Sancho went to provide and put in order what was necessary for the expedition.

CHAP. V.

OF THE WISE AND PLEASANT DISCOURSE, WHICH PASSED BETWEEN SANCHO PANZA AND HIS WIFE TERESA PANZA.

The translator of this history, coming to write this fifth chapter, says, he takes it to be apocryphal, because in it Sancho talks in another style than could be expected from his shallow understanding, and says such subtile things, that he reckons it impossible that he should know them: nevertheless, he would not omit translating them, to comply with the duty of his office, and so went on, saying:

Sancho came home so gay and so merry, that his wife perceived his joy a bow-shot off, insomuch that she could not but ask him: "What is the matter, friend Sancho, you are so merry?" To which he answered: "Dear wife, if it were

God's will, I should be very glad not to be so well pleased as I appear to be."—" Husband," replied she, " I understand you not, and know not what you mean by saying, you should be glad, if it were God's will, you were not so much pleased: now, silly as I am, I cannot guess how one can take pleasure in not being pleased."—" Look you, Teresa," answered Sancho, " I am thus merry, because I am resolved to return to the service of my master Don Quixote, who is determined to make a third sally in quest of adventures; and I am to accompany him, for so my necessity will have it: besides, I am pleased with the hopes of finding the other hundred crowns, like those we have spent: though it grieves me, that I must part from you and my children; and if God would be pleased to give me bread, dryshod and at home, without dragging me over rough and smooth, and through thick and thin, which he might do at a small expense, and by only willing it so, it is plain, my joy would be more firm and solid, since it is now mingled with sorrow for leaving you: so that I said right, when I said I should be glad, if it were God's will, I were not so well pleased."—" Look you, Sancho," replied Teresa, " ever since you have been a member of a Knight-errant, you talk in such a roundabout manner, that there is nobody understands you."—" It is enough that God understands me, wife," an-

swered Sancho; "for he is the understander of all things; and so much for that: and do you hear, sister, it is convenient you should take more than ordinary care of Dapple these three days, that he may be in a condition to bear arms; double his allowance, and get the pack-saddle in order, and the rest of his tackling; for we are not going to a wedding, but to roam about the world, and to have now and then a bout at *give and take* with giants, fiery dragons, and goblins, and to hear hissings, roarings, bellowings, and bleatings: all which would be but flowers of lavender, if we had not to do with Yangueses and enchanted Moors."—"I believe indeed, husband," replied Teresa, "that your squires-errant do not eat their bread for nothing, and therefore I shall not fail to beseech our Lord to deliver you speedily from so much evil hap."—"I tell you, wife," answered Sancho, "that, did I not expect ere long to see myself a governor of an island, I should drop down dead upon the spot."—"Not so, my dear husband," answered Teresa. "Let the hen live, though it be with the pip. Live you, and the devil take all the governments in the world. Without a government came you from your mother's womb; without a government have you lived hitherto; and without a government will you go, or be carried, to your grave, whenever it shall please God. How many folks are there in the world, that have not a government;

and yet they live for all that, and are reckoned in the number of the people? The best sauce in the world is hunger, and, as that is never wanting to the poor, they always eat with a relish. But if, perchance, Sancho, you should get a government, do not forget me, and your children. Consider, that little Sancho is just fifteen years old, and it is fit he should go to school, if so be his uncle the abbot means to breed him up to the church. Consider also, that Mary Sancha your daughter will not break her heart, if we marry her; for I am mistaken, if she has not as much mind to a husband as you have to a government: and indeed, indeed, better a daughter but indifferently married, than well kept."

"In good faith," answered Sancho, "if God be so good to me, that I get any thing like a government, dear wife, I will match Mary Sancha so highly, that there will be no coming near her without calling her Your Ladyship."—"Not so, Sancho," answered Teresa; "the best way is to marry her to her equal; for if, instead of pattens, you put her on clogs, and, instead of her russet petticoat of fourteen-penny stuff, you give her a farthingale and petticoats of silk, and, instead of plain Molly and You, she be called My Lady such-a-one, and Your Ladyship, the girl will not know where she is, and will fall into a thousand mistakes at every step, discovering the coarse thread of her home-spun country-stuff."--"Peace,

fool," quoth Sancho; "for all the business is to practise two or three years, and after that the ladyship and the gravity will sit upon her as if they were made for her; and, if not, what matters it? Let her be a lady, and come what will of it." — "Measure yourself by your condition, Sancho," answered Teresa; "seek not to raise yourself higher, and remember the proverb, *Wipe your neighbour's son's nose, and take him into your house*[13]. It would be a pretty business truly to marry our Mary to some great Count or Knight, who, when the fancy takes him, would look upon her as some strange thing, and be calling her country-wench, clod-breaker's brat, and I know not what: not while I live, husband; I have not brought up my child to be so used: do you provide money, Sancho, and leave the matching of her to my care; for there is Lope Tocho, John Tocho's son, a lusty hale young man, whom we know, and I am sure he has a sneaking kindness for the girl: she will be very well married to him, considering he is our equal, and will always be under our eye; and we shall be all as one, parents and children, grandsons and sons-in-law, and so the peace and blessing of God will be among us all: and do not you pretend to be marrying her now at your courts and great palaces, where they will neither understand her, nor she understand herself."—"Hark you, beast, and wife for Barabbas," replied Sancho, "why

would you now, without rhyme or reason, hinder me from marrying my daughter with one, who may bring me grandchildren, that may be styled Your Lordships? Look you, Teresa, I have always heard my betters say, He that will not when he may, when he will he shall have nay: and it would be very wrong, now that fortune is knocking at our door, to shut it against her: let us spread our sails to the favourable gale, that now blows." This kind of language, and what Sancho says farther below, made the translator of this history say, he takes this chapter to be apocryphal.

"Do you not think, animal," continued Sancho, "that it would be well for me to be really possessed of some beneficial government, that may lift us out of the dirt, and enable me to match Mary Sancha to whom I pleased? You will then see how people will call you Donna Teresa Panza, and you will sit in the church with velvet cushions, carpets, and tapestries, in spite of the best gentlewomen of the parish. Continue as you are, and be always the same thing, without being increased or diminished, like a figure in the hangings! No, no, let us have no more of this, pray; for little Sancha shall be a Countess, in spite of your teeth."—"For all that, husband," answered Teresa, "I am afraid this countessship will be my daughter's undoing. But, what you please: make her a Dut-

chess or a Princess; but I can tell you, it shall never be with my good will or consent. I was always a lover of equality, and cannot abide to see folks taking state upon themselves. Teresa my parents named me at the font, a plain simple name, without the additions, laces, or garnitures of Dons or Donnas. My father's name was Cascajo; and I, by being your wife, am called Teresa Panza, though indeed by good right I should be called Teresa Cascajo. But the laws follow still the Prince's will. I am contented with this name, without the additional weight of Donna, to make it so heavy, that I shall not be able to carry it; and I would not have people, when they see me decked out like any little countess or governess, immediately say, *Look, how stately Madam Hog-feeder moves! Yesterday she toiled at her distaff from morning to night, and went to mass with the tail of her petticoat over her head, instead of a veil; and to-day, forsooth, she goes with her farthingale, her embroideries, and with an air as if we did not know her.* God keep me in my seven, or my five senses, or as many as I have; for I do not intend to expose myself after this manner. Go you, Brother, to your governing and islanding, and puff yourself up as you please: as for my girl and I, by the life of my mother, we will neither of us stir a step from our own town. *The honest woman, like her whose leg is broken, is always at home, and the virtuous damsel*

loves to be employed. Go you with your Don Quixote to your adventures, and leave us with our ill fortunes: God will better them for us, if we deserve it: and truly I cannot imagine, who made him a Don, a title which neither his father nor his grandfather ever had."—"Certainly," replied Sancho, "you must have some familiar in that body of yours; Heavens bless thee, Woman! what a parcel of things have you been stringing one upon another, without either head or tail! What has Cascajo, the embroideries, or the proverbs to do with what I am saying? Hark you, fool, and ignorant, for so I may call you, since you understand not what I say, and are flying from good fortune, had I told you, that our daughter was to throw herself headlong from some high tower, or go strolling about the world, as did the Infanta Donna Urraca, you would be in the right not to come into my opinion: but if, in two turns of a hand, and less than one twinkling of an eye, I can equip her with a Don and Your Ladyship, and raise from the straw, to sit under a canopy of state, and upon a sofa with more velvet cushions than all the Almohadas [14] of Morocco had Moors in their lineage, why will you not consent, and desire what I do?"—"Would you know why, husband?" answered Teresa. "It is because of the proverb, which says, *He that covers thee, discovers thee.* All glance their eyes hastily over the poor man, and

fix them upon the rich; and if that rich man was once poor, then there is work for your murmurers and backbiters, who swarm every where like bees." —"Look you, Teresa," answered Sancho, "and listen to what I am going to say to you; perhaps you have never heard it in all the days of your life; and I do not now speak of my own head; for all that I intend to say are sentences of that good father, the Preacher, who held forth to us last Lent in this village; who, if I remember right, said, that all the things present, which our eyes behold, do appear and exist in our minds much better, and with greater force, than things past."——All these reasonings of Sancho still more incline the translator to think, that this chapter is apocryphal, as exceeding the capacity of Sancho, who went on, saying:

"From hence it proceeds, that, when we see any person finely dressed, and set off with rich apparel, and with a train of servants, we are, as it were, compelled to show him respect, although the memory, in that instant, recalls to our thoughts some mean circumstances, under which we have seen him; which meanness, whether it be of poverty or descent, being already past, no longer exists, and there remains only what we see present before our eyes. And if this person, whom fortune has raised from the obscurity of his native meanness, proves well-behaved, liberal, and courteous to every body, and