

## CHAP. XLII.

OF THE ARRIVAL OF CLAVILENO<sup>s</sup>, WITH THE CONCLUSION OF THIS PROLIX ADVENTURE.

IN the mean while night came on, and with it the point of time fixed for the arrival of the famous horse Clavileno; whose stay perplexed Don Quixote very much; thinking that, since Malambruno delayed sending him, either he was not the Knight, for whom this adventure was reserved, or Malambruno durst not encounter him in single combat. But, behold, on a sudden, four savages entered the garden, all clad in green ivy, and bearing on their shoulders a large wooden horse. They set him upon his legs on the ground, and one of the savages said: "Let him, who has courage to do it, mount this machine."—"Not I," quoth Sancho; "for neither have I courage, nor am I a Knight:" and the savage proceeded, saying; "And let the squire, if he has one, get up behind, and trust the valorous Malambruno; for no other body's sword or malice shall hurt him: and there is no more to do, but to screw the pin he has in his forehead, and he will bear them through the air to the place, where Malambruno expects them: but lest the height and sublimity of the way should make their heads swim, their eyes must be covered, till the horse neighs, which is to be the signal of his being ar-

rived at his journey's end." This said, leaving Clavileno, with courteous demeanour they returned by the way they came.

As soon as the Afflicted espied the horse, almost with tears, she said to Don Quixote: "Valorous Knight, Malambruno has kept his word; here is the horse; our beards are increasing, and every one of us, with every hair of them, beseech you to shave and shear us, since there is no more for you to do, but to mount, with your squire behind you, and so give a happy beginning in your new journey."—"That I will, with all my heart, and most willingly, Madam Trifaldi," said Don Quixote, "without staying to procure a cushion, or put on my spurs, to avoid delay; so great is the desire I have to see your Ladyship and all these duennas shaven and clean."—"That will not I," quoth Sancho, "with a bad or a good will, or any wise; and, if this shaving cannot be performed without my riding behind, let my master seek some other squire to bear him company, and these Madams some other way of smoothing their faces; for I am no wizard to delight in travelling through the air: besides, what will my islanders say, when they hear, that their governor is taking the air upon the wings of the wind? And another thing; it being three thousand leagues from hence to Candaya, if the horse should tire, or the giant be out of humour, we shall be half a dozen years in coming back,

and by that time I shall have neither island nor islanders in the world, that will know me: and, since it is a common saying, that, the danger lies in the delay, and, when they give you a heifer, make haste with the halter, these gentlewomen's beards must excuse me: Saint Peter is well at Rome; I mean, that I am very well in this house, where they make much of me, and from the master of which I expect so great a benefit as to be made a governor." To which the Duke said: "Friend Sancho, the island I have promised you is not a floating one, nor will it run away: it is so fast rooted in the abyss of the earth, that it cannot be plucked up, nor stirred from the place, where it is, at three pulls: and since you know, there is no kind of office of any considerable value, but is procured by some kind of bribe, more or less, what I expect for this government, is, that you go with your master Don Quixote, to accomplish and put an end to this memorable adventure; and, whether you return upon Clavileno with the expedition his speed promises, or the contrary fortune betides you, and you come back on foot, turned pilgrim, from house to house, and from inn to inn, return when you will, you will find your island where you left it, and your islanders, with the same desire to receive you for their governor; and my good-will shall be always the same: and to doubt this truth, Signor Sancho, would be doing a

notorious injury to the inclination I have to serve you.”—“No more, good Sir,” quoth Sancho; “I am a poor squire, and cannot carry so much courtesy upon my back: let my master get up; let these eyes of mine be hoodwinked, and commend me to God; and pray tell me, when we are in our altitudes, may I not pray to God, and invoke the angels to protect me?” To which the Trifaldi answered: “You may pray to God, Sancho, or to whom you will; for though Malambruno be an enchanter, he is a Christian, and performs his enchantments with much sagacity, great precaution, and without disturbing any body.”—“Come on then,” quoth Sancho; “God and the most holy Trinity of Gaeta<sup>6</sup> help me!”—“Since the memorable adventure of the fulling-mills,” said Don Quixote, “I never saw Sancho in so much fear as now; and were I as superstitious as other people, his pusillanimity would a little discourage me: but, come hither, Sancho; for, with the leave of these noble persons, I would have a word or two with you in private.”

Then going aside with Sancho among some trees in the garden, and taking hold of both his hands, he said to him: “You see, brother Sancho, the long journey we are going to undertake, and God knows, when we shall return, or what convenience and leisure business will afford us; and therefore my desire is, that you retire to your

chamber, as if to fetch something necessary for the road, and, in a twinkling, give yourself if it be but five hundred lashes, in part of the three thousand and three hundred you stand engaged for; for, well begun is half ended.”—“Before God,” quoth Sancho, “your Worship is stark mad: this is just the saying; ‘You see I am in haste, and you charge me with a maidenhead:’ now that I am just going to sit down upon a bare board, would you have me gall my —— Verily, verily, your Worship is in the wrong; let us now go, and trim these duennas, and, at my return, I promise you I will make such dispatch to get out of debt, that your Worship shall be contented, and I say no more.” Don Quixote answered: “With this promise then, honest Sancho, I am somewhat comforted, and believe you will perform it; for, though you are not over-wise, you are true-blue.”—“I am not blue, but brown,” quoth Sancho; “but, though I were a mixture of both, I would make good my promise.”

Upon this they came back, in order to mount Clavileno; and at getting up, Don Quixote said: “Sancho, hoodwink yourself, and get up; for whoever he be, that sends for us from countries so remote, he cannot surely intend to deceive us, considering the little glory he will get by deceiving those, who confide in him; but, suppose the very reverse of what we imagine should happen, no malice can obscure the glory

of having attempted the exploit."—"Let us be gone, Sir," quoth Sancho; "for the beards and tears of these ladies have pierced my heart, and I shall not eat a bit to do me good, till I see them restored to their former smoothness. Mount you, Sir, and hoodwink first; for, if I am to ride behind, it is plain, that he, who is to be in the saddle, must get up first."—"That is true," replied Don Quixote; and pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket, he desired the Afflicted to cover his eyes close: which being done, he uncovered them again, and said: "If I remember right, I have read in Virgil that story of the Palladium of Troy, which was a wooden horse, dedicated by the Greeks to the goddess Pallas, and filled with armed Knights, who afterwards proved the final destruction of Troy; and therefore it will not be amiss to see first what Clavileno has in his belly."—"There is no need of that," said the Afflicted; "for I am confident, that Malambruno has nothing of the trickster or traitor in him: your Worship, Signor Don Quixote, may mount without fear, and upon me be it, if any harm happens to you." Don Quixote considered, that to talk any more of his security would be a reflection upon his courage; and so, without farther contest, he mounted Clavileno, and tried the pin, which screwed about very easily: and having no stirrups, and his legs dangling down, he looked like a figure in a Roman triumph,

Painted or woven in some antique piece of Flemish tapestry.

By little and little, and much against his will, Sancho got up behind, adjusting himself the best he could upon the crupper; which he found not over-soft, and begged the Duke, if it were possible, to accommodate him with some pillow or cushion, though it were from the Dutchess's state sofa, and from one of the pages beds; the horse's crupper seeming rather to be of marble than of wood. To this the Trifaldi replied, that Clavileno would not endure any kind of furniture upon him; but that he might sit sideways like a woman, and then he would not be so sensible of the hardness. Sancho did so, and, bidding adieu, he suffered his eyes to be blindfolded. But, soon, putting by the bandage, and looking sorrowfully and with tears upon all the folks in the garden, he begged them to assist him, in that danger, with two pater-nosters, and as many ave-maries, as they wished God might provide somebody to do the like good office for them in the like extremity. To which Don Quixote said: "Thief, are you upon the gallows, or at the last gasp, that you have recourse to such doleful prayers? Are you not, poor-spirited and dastardly creature, in the same place, which the fair Magalona occupied, and from which she descended, not to the grave, but to be Queen of France, if histories lie not? And I, who sit by you, may I

not vie with the valorous Peter, who pressed this very seat, that I now press? Cover, cover your eyes, heartless animal, and suffer not your fear to escape out of your mouth, at least in my presence.”—“Hoodwink me then,” answered Sancho, “and, since you have no mind I should commend myself to God, nor that others do it for me, what wonder is it, that I am afraid, lest some legion of devils may be lurking hereabouts, to hang us first, and try us afterwards?”

They were now hoodwinked, and Don Quixote, perceiving he was fixed as he should be, began to turn the peg; and scarcely had he put his fingers to it, when all the duennas and the standers-by lifted up their voices, saying; “God be your guide, valorous Knight; God be with you, intrepid squire: now, now, you mount into the air, breaking it with more swiftness than an arrow; now you begin to surprise and astonish all, who behold you upon the earth: sit fast, valorous Sancho; for you totter: beware lest you fall; for your fall will be worse than that of the daring youth, who aspired to rule the chariot of his father, the sun.” Sancho heard the voices, and, nestling closer to his master, and embracing him with his arms, said: “How can they say, Sir, we are got so high, when their voices reach us, and they seem to be talking here hard by us?”—“Never mind that, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “for, as these matters, and these flights,



are out of the ordinary course, you may see and hear any thing a thousand leagues off: but do not squeeze me so hard; for you will tumble me down: and, to say the truth, I do not see, why you are so disturbed, and frightened: for I can safely swear, I never was upon the back of an easier-paced steed in all the days of my life: methinks we do not so much as stir from our place. Banish fear, friend; for, in short, the business goes as it should, and we have the wind in our poop.”—“That is true,” answered Sancho; “for, on this side, the wind blows so strong, that a thousand pair of bellows seem to be fanning me.” And indeed it was so; for they were airing him with several huge pair of bellows; and so well was this adventure concerted by the Duke, the Dutchess, and the steward, that nothing was wanting to make it complete. Don Quixote now, feeling the wind, said: “Without all doubt, Sancho, we must by this time have reached the second region of the air, where the hail and snows are formed: thunder and lightning are engendered in the third region; and if we go on mounting at this rate, we shall soon reach the region of fire; and I know not how to manage this peg, so as not to mount where we shall be scorched.”

While they were thus discoursing, some flax, set on fire at the end of a long cane at some distance, began to warm their faces. Sancho,

feeling the heat, said: "May I be hanged, if we are not already at that same fire-place, or very near it; for it has singed a great part of my beard; and, Sir, I am just going to peep out, and see whereabouts we are."—"By no means," answered Don Quixote: "remember the true story of the licentiate Torralva, whom the devils carried through the air, riding on a cane, with his eyes shut; and in twelve hours he arrived at Rome, and alighted on the tower of Nona, which is a street of that city, and saw all the tumult, assault, and death of the Constable of Bourbon; and the next morning he returned to Madrid, where he gave an account of all he had seen. He said likewise, that during his passage through the air, the devil bid him open his eyes; and so he did, and found himself, to his thinking, so near the body of the moon, that he could have laid hold of it with his hand; and that he durst not look down towards the earth for fear of being giddy. So that, Sancho, we must not uncover our faces; for he who has taken upon him the charge of us, will give an account of us; and perhaps we are now making a point, and soaring aloft to a certain height, to come souse down upon the kingdom of Candaya, like a hawk upon a heron. And though to us it does not seem more than half an hour, since we left the garden, believe me, we must have made a great deal of way."—"I know nothing as to that," answered

Sancho Panza; "I can only say, that if Madam Magallanes or Magalona was contented to ride upon this crupper, her flesh must not have been of the tenderest."

All this discourse of the two heroes was overheard by the Duke and Dutchess, and all, that were in the garden; with which they were extremely delighted: and being now willing to put an end to this strange and well-concerted adventure, they clapped some lighted flax to Clavileno's tail; and in that instant he, being full of squibs and crackers, blew up with a strange noise, and threw to the ground Don Quixote and Sancho, half singed. By this time the Trifaldi with the whole bearded squadron of duennas, were vanished, and all that remained in the garden, counterfeiting a trance, lay flat upon the ground. Don Quixote and Sancho got up in but indifferent plight, and, looking about them on all sides, were amazed to find themselves in the same garden, from whence they set out, and to see such a number of folks stretched upon the ground. But their wonder was increased, when on one side of the garden, they perceived a great lance sticking in the earth, and a smooth piece of white parchment hanging to it by two green silken strings; upon which was written, in large letters of gold, what follows:

"The renowned Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha has finished and achieved the adventure

of the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Afflicted Matron, and company, only by attempting it. Malambruno is entirely satisfied, and desires no more; the chins of the duennas are smooth and clean, and Don Clavijo and Antonomasia have recovered their pristine estate: and when the squirely whipping shall be accomplished, the white dove shall be delivered from the cruel pounces of the hawks that pursue her, and shall find herself in the arms of her beloved turtle: for so it is ordained by the sage Merlin, the prince of enchanters."

Don Quixote, having read the inscription on the parchment, understood plainly, that it spoke of the disenchantment of Dulcinea; and, giving abundance of thanks to Heaven for his having achieved so great an exploit, with so little danger, reducing thereby the venerable faces of the duennas to their former complexion, he went, where the Duke and Dutchess lay, being not yet come to themselves; and pulling the Duke by the arm, he said: "Courage, courage, my good Lord; the adventure is over without damage to the bars, as yon register plainly shows." The Duke, by little and little, like one awaking out of a sound sleep, came to himself, and in like manner the Dutchess, and all that were in the garden, with such show of wonder and affright, that what they had so well acted in jest, seemed almost to themselves to have happened in earnest.

The Duke read the scroll with his eyes half shut, and presently, with open arms, embraced Don Quixote, assuring him he was the bravest Knight, that ever lived. Sancho looked up and down for the Afflicted, to see what kind of face she had now she was beardless, and whether she was as handsome without it, as her gallant presence seemed to promise: but he was told, that as Clavileno came flaming down through the air, and tumbled upon the ground, the whole squadron of duennas, with the Trifaldi, disappeared, and their beards vanished, roots and all.

The Dutchess inquired of Sancho how it fared with him in that long voyage? To which Sancho answered: "I perceived, Madam, as my master told me, that we were passing by the region of fire, and I had a mighty mind to peep a little: and, though my master, whose leave I asked, would not consent to it, I, who have I know not what spice of curiosity, and a desire of knowing what is forbidden and denied me, softly, and without being perceived by any body, shoved up the handkerchief near my nostrils, and thence looked down towards the earth; and methought it was no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed, and the men that walked upon it, little bigger than hazel-nuts: judge you, Madam, how high we must have been then." To this answered the Dutchess: "Take care, friend Sancho, what you say; for it is plain you saw not the earth, but the

men only that walked upon it; for, if the earth appeared but like a grain of mustard-seed, and each man like a hazel-nut, one man alone must needs cover the whole earth.”—“ That is true,” quoth Sancho, “ but, for all that, I had a side view of it, and saw it all.”—“ Take heed, Sancho,” said the Dutchess; “ for, by a side view, one does not see the whole of what one looks at.”—“ I do not understand these kind of views,” replied Sancho: “ I only know, it is fit your Ladyship should understand, that, since we flew by enchantment, by enchantment I might see the whole earth, and all the men, whichever way I looked: and, if you do not believe this, neither will your Ladyship believe me, when I tell you that, thrusting up the kerchief close to my eye-brows, I found myself so near to Heaven, that from me to it was not above a span and a half; and I can take my oath, Madam, that it is huge big: and it so fell out, that we passed by where the seven little she-goats are<sup>7</sup>, and, upon my conscience and soul, having been in my childhood a goatherd in my own country, I no sooner saw them, but I had a longing desire to divert myself with them a while, and, had I not done it, I verily think I should have burst. Well, then, what do I? Why, without saying a word to any body, not even to my master, I slipped down fair and softly from Clavileno, and played with those she-goats, which are like so many violets,

about the space of three quarters of an hour; and all the while Clavileno moved not from the place, nor stirred a foot.”—“And while honest Sancho was diverting himself with the goats,” said the Duke, “how did Signor Don Quixote amuse himself?” To which Don Quixote answered: “As these and the like accidents are out of the order of nature, no wonder Sancho says what he does: for my own part, I can say, I neither looked up nor down, and saw neither Heaven nor earth, nor sea nor sands: it is very true, I was sensible, that I passed through the region of the air, and even touched upon that of fire; but, that we passed beyond it, I cannot believe: for the fiery region being between the sphere of the moon, and the utmost region of the air, we could not reach that Heaven, where the seven goats, Sancho speaks of, are, without being burnt; and, since we were not burnt, either Sancho lies, or Sancho dreams.”—“I neither lie, nor dream,” answered Sancho; “do but ask me the marks of those same goats, and by them you may guess, whether I speak the truth or not.”—“Tell us them, Sancho,” said the Dutchess. “They are,” replied Sancho, “two of them green, two carnation, two blue, and one motley-coloured.”—“A new kind of goats those same,” replied the Duke: “in our region of the earth we have no such colours, I mean, goats of such colours.”—“The reason is plain,” quoth

Sancho: "there must be a difference between the goats of Heaven, and those of earth."—"Pr'ythee, Sancho," said the Duke, "was there ever a he-goat<sup>s</sup> among them?"—"No, Sir," answered Sancho; "for, they told me, none pass beyond the horns of the moon." They would not ask Sancho any more questions about his journey, perceiving he was in a humour of rambling all over the Heavens, and giving an account of what passed there, without stirring from the garden.

In short, this was the conclusion of the adventure of the afflicted matron, which furnished the Duke and Dutchess with matter of laughter, not only at that time, but for their whole lives, and Sancho something to relate for ages, had he lived so long: and Don Quixote, coming to Sancho, whispered him in the ear, saying; "Sancho, since you would have us believe all you have seen in Heaven, I expect you should believe what I saw in Montesinos's cave; I say no more."



## CHAP. XLII.

OF THE INSTRUCTIONS DON QUIXOTE GAVE SANCHE PANZA, BEFORE HE WENT TO GOVERN THE ISLAND; WITH OTHER MATTERS WELL CONSIDERED.

THE Duke and Dutchess were so satisfied with the happy and glorious success of the adventure of the Afflicted, that they resolved to carry the



jest still farther, seeing how fit a subject they had to pass it on for earnest: and so, having projected the scheme, and given the necessary orders to their servants and vassals, how they were to behave to Sancho in his government of the promised island, the day following Clavileno's flight, the Duke bid Sancho prepare, and get himself in readiness to go to be a governor; for his islanders already wished for him, as for rain in May. Sancho made his bow, and said: "Ever since my descent from Heaven, and since from its lofty summit I beheld the earth, and observed it to be so small, the great desire I had of being a governor is, in part, cooled: for what grandeur is it to command on a grain of mustard-seed, or what dignity or dominion is there in governing half a dozen men no bigger than hazel-nuts? for methought the whole earth was nothing more. If your Lordship would be pleased to give me but some small portion of Heaven, though it were no more than half a league, I would accept it with a better will, than the biggest island in the world."—"Look you, friend Sancho," answered the Duke, "I can give away no part of Heaven, though no bigger than one's nail; for God has reserved the disposal of those favours and graces in his power. But what I can give you, I give you; and that is an island ready made, round and sound, and well proportioned, and above measure fruitful and

abundant, where, if you manage dexterously, you may, with the riches of the earth, purchase the treasures of Heaven.”—“Well then,” answered Sancho, “let this island come; for it shall go hard, but I will be such a governor, that, in spite of rogues, I shall go to Heaven: and think not it is out of covetousness, that I forsake my humble cottage, and aspire to greater things, but for the desire I have to taste, how it relishes to be a governor.”—“If once you taste it, Sancho,” said the Duke, “you will eat your fingers after it, so very sweet a thing it is to command, and be obeyed. Sure I am, when your master comes to be an Emperor (for doubtless he will be one, in the way his affairs are), no one will be able to wrest it from him, and it will grieve and vex him to the heart, to have been so long a time without being one.”—“Sir,” replied Sancho, “I am of opinion, it is good to command, though it be but a flock of sheep.”—“Let me be buried with you, Sancho, for you know something of every thing,” answered the Duke, “and I doubt not, you will prove such a governor as your wit seems to promise. Let this suffice for the present; and take notice, that, to-morrow, without fail, you shall depart for the government of the island, and this evening you shall be fitted with a convenient garb, and with all things necessary for your departure.”—“Let them dress me,” quoth Sancho, “how they

will; for, howsoever I go clad, I shall still be Sancho Panza.”—“That is true,” said the Duke; “but our dress must be suitable to the employment, or dignity, we are in: for it would be posterosus for a lawyer to be habited like a soldier, or a soldier like a priest. You, Sancho, must go dressed partly like a scholar, and partly like a captain; for, in the island I give you, arms are as necessary as letters, and letters as arms.”—“Letters,” answered Sancho, “I know but little of; for I can scarcely say the A, B, C: but it is sufficient to have the Christus<sup>9</sup> to be a good governor; and, as to arms, I shall handle such as are given me, till I fall, and God be my guide.”—“With so good a memory,” added the Duke, “Sancho can never err.”

By this time Don Quixote came up, and, learning what had passed, and how suddenly Sancho was to depart to his government, with the Duke's leave, he took him by the hand, and carried him with him to his chamber, proposing to give him advice how to behave himself in his employment. Being come into the apartment, he shut the door after him, and, almost by force, made Sancho sit down by him, and, with a composed voice, said to him: “Infinite thanks give I to Heaven, friend Sancho, that, first, and before I have met with any good luck myself, good fortune has gone forth to meet and receive you. I, who had made over my future good

success for the payment of your past services, find myself still at the beginning of my advancement, whilst you, before the due time, and against all rule of reasonable expectation, find yourself in full possession of your wishes. Others bribe, importune, solicit, attend early, pray, persist, and yet do not obtain what they aim at: another comes, and, without knowing how, or which way, carries that employment, or office, against all other pretenders. And this makes good the saying; In pretensions luck is all. You, who, in respect to me, without doubt are a blockhead, without rising early, or sitting up late, and without taking any pains at all, by the air alone of Knight-errantry breathing on you, see yourself, without more ado, governor of an island, as if it were a matter of nothing. All this I say, O Sancho, that you may not ascribe the favour done you to your own merit, but give thanks, first to Heaven, which disposes things so sweetly, and, in the next place, to the grandeur inherent in the profession of Knight-errantry. Now, your heart being disposed to believe what I have been saying, be attentive, son, to me, your Cato, who will be your counsellor, your north star and guide, to conduct and steer you safe into port, out of that tempestuous sea, wherein you are going to be ingulfed; for offices and great employments are nothing else but a profound gulf of confusions.

“First, my son, fear God; for, to fear him is wisdom, and, being wise, you cannot err.

“Secondly, consider who you were, and endeavour to know yourself, which is the most difficult point of knowledge imaginable. The knowledge of yourself will keep you from puffing yourself up, like the frog, who strove to equal herself to the ox; for the consideration of your having been a swineherd in your own country will be, to the wheel of your fortune, like the peacock’s ugly feet.”—“True,” answered Sancho: “when I was a boy, I kept swine; but afterwards, when I grew towards man, I looked after geese, and not after hogs. But this, methinks, is nothing to the purpose; for all governors are not descended from the loins of kings.”—“Granted,” replied Don Quixote; “and therefore those, who are not of noble descent, should accompany the gravity of the office they bear with a kind of gentle sweetness, which, guided by prudence, exempts them from that ill-natured murmuring, which no state of life can well escape.

“Value yourself, Sancho, upon the meanness of your family, and be not ashamed to own you descend from peasants; for when people see, that you yourself are not ashamed, nobody else will endeavour to make you so; and think it greater merit to be a virtuous mean man, than a proud sinner: infinite is the number of those, who, born of low extraction, have risen to the

highest dignities, both papal and imperial; and of this truth I could produce examples enough to tire you.

“Look you, Sancho, if you take virtue for a mean, and value yourself upon doing virtuous actions, you need not envy Lords and Princes; for blood is inherited, but virtue acquired; and virtue has an intrinsic worth, which blood has not.

“This being so, as it really is, if by chance one of your kindred comes to see you, when you are in your island, do not despise nor affront him, but receive, cherish, and make much of him; for, in so doing, you will please God, who will have nobody despise his workmanship; and you will act agreeable to nature well disposed.

“If you take your wife along with you (and it is not proper for those, who govern, to be long without one), teach, instruct, and polish her from her natural rudeness; for, many times, all that a discreet governor can acquire, is dissipated and lost by an ill-bred and foolish woman.

“If you chance to become a widower (a thing which may happen), and your station entitles you to a better match, seek not such an one as may serve you for an hook and angling rod, or a friar's hood to receive alms in: for, believe me, whatever the judge's wife receives, the husband must account for at the general judgment, and shall

pay fourfold after death for what he made no reckoning of in his life.

“ Be not governed by the law of your own will, which is wont to bear much sway with the ignorant, who presume upon being discerning.

“ Let the tears of the poor find more compassion, but not more justice, from you, than the informations of the rich.

“ Endeavour to sift out the truth amidst the presents and promises of the rich, as well as among the sighs and importunities of the poor.

“ When equity can, and ought, to take place, lay not the whole rigour of the law upon the delinquent; for the reputation of the rigorous judge is not better than that of the compassionate one.

“ If perchance the rod of justice be warped a little, let it not be by the weight of a gift, but that of mercy.

“ If it happens, that the cause of your enemy comes before you, fix not your mind on the injury done you, but upon the merits of the case.

“ Let not private affection blind you in another man's cause; for the errors you shall commit thereby are often without remedy, and, if there should be one, it will be at the expense both of your reputation and fortune.

“ If a beautiful woman comes to demand justice, turn away your eyes from her tears, and your ears from her sighs, and consider at leisure the substance of her request, unless you have a

mind your reason should be drowned in her tears, and your integrity in her sighs.

“Him you are to punish with deeds, do not evil-treat with words: for the pain of the punishment is enough for the wretch to bear, without the addition of ill language.

“In the criminal, who falls under your jurisdiction, consider the miserable man, subject to the condition of our depraved nature; and, as much as in you lies, without injuring the contrary party, show pity and clemency; for, though the attributes of God are all equal, that of his mercy is more pleasing and attractive in our eyes, than that of his justice.

“If, Sancho, you observe these precepts and these rules, your days will be long and your fame eternal, your recompense full, and your felicity unspeakable. You shall match your children as you please; they, and your grandchildren, shall inherit titles; you shall live in peace, and in favour with all men; and, at the end of your life, death shall find you in a sweet and mature old age, and your eyes shall be closed by the tender and pious hands of your grandchildren’s children.

“What I have hitherto taught you, Sancho, are documents for the adorning your mind; listen now to those, which concern the adornments of the body.”



## CHAP. XLIII.

OF THE SECOND INSTRUCTIONS DON QUIXOTE GAVE  
SANCHO PANZA.

WHO, that had heard the foregoing discourse of Don Quixote's, but would have taken him for a prudent and intelligent person? But, as it has been often said in the progress of this grand history, he talked foolishly only, when chivalry was the subject, and in the rest of his conversation showed himself master of a clear and agreeable understanding; insomuch that his actions perpetually betrayed his judgment, and his judgment his actions. But, in these second instructions given to Sancho, he showed a great deal of pleasantry, and pushed his discretion and his madness to an high pitch.

Sancho listened to him most attentively, endeavouring to preserve his instructions in memory, like one, that intended to observe them: and, by their means, he hoped to be safely delivered of the pregnancy of his government. Don Quixote proceeded, saying:

“As to what concerns the government of your own person and family, Sancho, in the first place, I enjoin you to be cleanly, and to pare your nails, and not let them grow, as some do, whose ignorance has made them believe, that long nails

beautify the hands; as if that excrement and ex-  
crescence were a nail, whereas it is rather the  
talon of a lizard-hunting kestrel; a swinish and  
monstrous abuse!

“Go not loose and unbuttoned, Sancho; for  
a slovenly dress betokens a careless mind, unless  
the discomposure and negligence fall under the  
article of cunning and design, as was judged to  
be the case of Julius Cæsar.

“Feel with discretion, the pulse of what your  
office may be worth, and, if it will afford you  
giving liveries to your servants, give them such as  
are decent and useful, rather than showy and mo-  
dish: and divide between your servants and the  
poor; I mean if you can keep six pages, clothe  
but three, and three of the poor; and thus you  
will have pages for heaven and for earth too; a  
new way of giving liveries, which the vain-glo-  
rious never thought of.

“Eat neither garlick nor onion, lest people  
guess, by the smell, at your peasantry. Walk  
leisurely and speak deliberately; but not so as to  
seem to be hearkening to yourself; for all affec-  
tation is bad.

“Eat little at dinner; and less at supper; for  
the health of the whole body is tempered in the  
forge of the stomach.

“Be temperate in drinking, considering, that  
excess of wine neither keeps secrets, nor performs  
promises.

“Take heed, Sancho, not to chew on both sides of your mouth at once, nor to eruct before company.”—“I do not understand your eructing,” quoth Sancho. “To eruct,” said Don Quixote, “means to belch, a filthy though very significant word; and therefore your nice people have recourse to the Latin, and, instead of, to belch, say, to eruct, and instead of belchings, eructations: and though some do not understand these terms, it is no great matter; for, by usage, they will come hereafter to be understood; and this is to enrich language, over which the vulgar and custom bear sway.”—“In truth, Sir,” quoth Sancho, “one of the counsels and instructions I intend to carry in my memory, shall be this, of not belching; for I am wont to do it very frequently.”—“Eructing, Sancho, and not belching,” said Don Quixote. “Eructing it shall be henceforward, and, in faith, I will not forget it,” quoth Sancho.

“Likewise, Sancho, intermix not in your discourse that multitude of proverbs you are wont: for though proverbs are short sentences, you often drag them in so by the head and shoulders, that they seem rather cross purposes, than sentences.”—“God alone can remedy that,” quoth Sancho; “for I know more proverbs than will fill a book, and, when I talk, they crowd so thick into my mouth, that they jostle which shall get out first: but my tongue tosses out the first it meets, though

it be not always very pat. But, for the future, I will take heed to utter such as become the gravity of my place: for in a plentiful house supper is soon dressed; and, he that cuts does not deal; and, he that has the repique is safe; and, to spend and to spare require judgment.”—“ So, so, Sancho,” said Don Quixote: “ thrust in, rank and string on your proverbs, nobody is going about to hinder you. My mother whips me, and I tear on. I am warning you to abstain from proverbs, and in an instant you pour forth a litany of them, which square with what we are upon as much as *Over the hills and far away*<sup>10</sup>. Look you, Sancho, I do not say a proverb is amiss, when skilfully applied; but to accumulate and string them at random, renders a discourse flat and low.

“ When you are on horseback, sit not leaning your body backwards over your saddle, nor carry your legs stiff, stretched, and straddling from the horse’s belly, nor yet dangle them so, as if you were still upon Dapple; for sitting a horse makes some look like gentlemen, others like grooms.

“ Let your sleep be moderate, for he, who is not up with the sun, does not enjoy the day; and take notice, O Sancho, that diligence is the mother of good fortune, and sloth, her opposite, never reached the end of a good wish.

“ The last article of advice I shall at this time give you, though it concerns not the adorning of

the body, yet I would have you bear it carefully in mind; for I believe it will be of no less use to you than those I have already given you. It is this. Never set yourself to decide contests about families, at least by comparing them, since perforce one must have the advantage; and he, who is postponed, will hate you, and he, who is preferred, will not reward you.

“Your habit shall be breeches and stockings, a long coat, and a cloak somewhat longer; but for trousers or trunk-hose, think not of them, for they are not becoming either to cavaliers or governors.

“This is all, that occurs to me at present, by way of advice to you; as time goes on, and according to the occasions, such shall my instructions be, provided you take care to inform me of the state of your affairs.”—“Sir,” answered Sancho, “I see very well, that all your Worship has been saying is good, holy, and profitable: but what good will it do me, if I remember nothing of it? It is true, I shall not forget what you have said about not letting my nails grow, and about marrying again if I may: but for your other gallimaufries, quirks, and quillets, I neither do, nor ever shall remember any more of them than of last year’s clouds; and therefore it will be necessary to give me them in writing; for though I can neither read nor write, I will give them to my confessor, that he may inculcate them into me,

whenever there shall be need.”—“ Ah! sinner that I am!” answered Don Quixote; “ how ill does it look in a governor not to be able to read or write: for you must know, O Sancho, that for a man not to know how to read, or to be left-handed, implies one of these two things; either, that he sprung from very mean or low parents, or that he was so untoward and perverse, that no good could be beaten into him. It is a very great defect you carry with you, and, therefore, I would by all means have you learn to write your name if possible.”—“ I can sign my name very well,” answered Sancho; “ for when I was steward of the brotherhood in our village, I learned to make certain characters, like the marks upon a wool-pack, which, I was told, spelt my name but, at the worst, I can pretend my right-hand is lame, and make another sign for me: for there is a remedy for every thing but death; and I, having the command of the staff, will do what I please. Besides, he whose father is mayor, &c. you know; and I being a governor, am surely something more than mayor. Let them come and play at bo-peep. Ay, ay, let them slight and backbite me: they may come for wool, and be sent back shorn; and, whom God loves, his house smells savoury to him; and, the rich man’s blunders pass for maxims in the world; and I being a governor, and consequently rich, and bountiful to boot, as I intend to be, nobody will see my de-