fects. No, no, get yourself honey, and clowns will have flies. As much as you have, so much you are worth, said my granam; and there is no revenging yourself upon a rich man."—"Oh! God's curse light on you," cried out Don Quixote at this instant; "sixty thousand devils take you, and your proverbs! you have been stringing of them this full hour, and putting me to the rack[11], with every one of them. Take my word for it, these proverbs will one day bring you to the gallows: upon their account your subjects will strip you of your government, or at least conspire against you. Tell me, where you find them, ignorant, or how apply you them, dunce? For my own part, to utter but one, and apply it properly, I sweat and labour, as if I were digging."

"Before God, master of mine," replied Sancho, "your Worship complains of very trifles. Why the devil are you angry, that I make use of my own goods? for I have no other, nor any stock, but proverbs upon proverbs: and just now I have four that present themselves pat to the purpose, and fit like pears in a pannier[12]: but I will not produce them; for, to keep silence well is called Sancho[13]."—"That you will never do, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for you are so far from keeping silence well, that you are an arrant prate-apace, and an eternal babbler. But for all that, I would fain know what four proverbs occurred to you just now, so pat to the purpose; for I have

been running over my own memory, which is a pretty good one, and I can think of none."—"Can there be better," quoth Sancho, "than, *Never venture your fingers between two eye-teeth;* and, *Get out of my house; what would you have with my wife? There is no reply;* and, *Whether the pitcher hits the stone, or the stone hits the pitcher, it is bad for the pitcher:* all which fit to a hair. Let no one contest with his governor or his governor's substitutes; for he will come off by the worst, like him, who claps his finger between two eye-teeth: but though they be not eye-teeth, so they be teeth, it matters not. To what a governor says, there is no replying; for it is like, Get you out of my house, what business have you with my wife? Then, as to the stone and the pitcher, a blind man may see into it. So that he, who sees a mote in another man's eye, should first look to the beam in his own; that it may not be said of him, the dead woman was afraid of her that was flayed: and your Worship knows well, that the fool knows more in his own house, than the wise in another man's."—"Not so, Sancho," answered Don Quixote: "the fool knows nothing either in his own house, or another's; for knowledge is not a structure to be erected upon so shallow a foundation as folly. And so much for that, Sancho; for if you govern ill, yours will be the fault, but the shame will be mine. But I comfort myself that I have done my duty in advising you as seri-

ously and as discreetly as I possibly could: and so I am acquitted both of my obligation and my promise. God speed you, Sancho, and govern you in your government, and deliver me from a suspicion I have, that you will turn the whole island topsy-turvy: which I might prevent, by letting the Duke know what you are, and telling him, that all that paunch gut and little carcass of thine is nothing but a sackful of proverbs and sly remarks."—"Sir," replied Sancho, "if your Worship thinks I am not fit for this government, I renounce it from this moment; for I love the little black of the nail of my soul better than my whole body, and plain Sancho can live as well upon bread and onion, as governor Sancho upon capon and partridge. Besides, while we are asleep, the great and the small, the poor and the rich, are all equal. And if your Worship reflects, you will find, it was you, that put me upon the scent of governing; for I know no more of the government of islands than a bustard; and, if you fancy the devil will have me, if I am a governor, I had rather go Sancho to Heaven than a governor to hell."—"Before God, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for those last words of yours, I think you deserve to be governor of a thousand islands. You are good-natured, without which no knowledge is of any value. Pray to God, and endeavour not to err in your intention; I mean, always take care to have a firm purpose and design of

doing right in whatever business occurs: for Heaven constantly favours a good intention. And so let us go to dinner; for I believe the Lord and Lady stay for us."

CHAP. XLIV.

HOW SANCHO PANZA WAS CARRIED TO HIS GOVERNMENT, AND OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE, WHICH BEFELL DON QUIXOTE IN THE CASTLE.

WE are told, that in the original of this history, it is said, Cid Hamete coming to write this chapter, the interpreter did not translate it as he had written it: which was a kind of complaint the Moor made of himself, for having undertaken a history so dry and so confined, as that of Don Quixote, thinking he must be always talking of him and Sancho, without daring to launch into digressions or episodes of more weight and entertainment. And he said, that to have his invention, his hand, and his pen, always tied down to write upon one subject only, and to speak by the mouths of few characters, was an insupportable toil, and of no advantage to the author: and that to avoid this inconvenience, he had, in the first part, made use of the artifice of introducing novels, such as that of the "Curious Impertinent," and that of the "Captive;" which are in a manner detached from the history: though

most of what is related in that part are accidents, which happened to Don Quixote himself, and could not be omitted. He also thought, as he tells us, that many readers, carried away by their attention to Don Quixote's exploits, could afford none to the novels, and would either run them over in haste or with disgust, not considering how fine and artificial they were in themselves, as would have been very evident, had they been published separately, without being tacked to the extravagancies of Don Quixote and the simplicities of Sancho. And therefore, in this second part, he would introduce no loose nor unconnected novels; but only some episodes, resembling them, and such as flow naturally from such events as the truth offers: and even these with great limitation, and in no more words than are sufficient to express them; and, since he restrains and confines himself within the narrow limits of the narration, though with ability, genius, and understanding, sufficient to treat of the whole universe, he desires his pains may not be undervalued, but that he may receive applause, not for what he writes, but what he has omitted to write: and then he goes on with his history, saying:

Don Quixote, in the evening of the day he gave the instructions to Sancho, gave them him in writing, that he might get somebody to read them to him: but scarcely had he delivered them to Sancho, when he dropped them, and they fell

into the Duke's hands, who communicated them to the Dutchess; and they both admired afresh at the madness and capacity of Don Quixote; and so, going on with their jest, that evening they dispatched Sancho with a large retinue to the place, which, to him, was to be an island. The person, who had the management of the business, was a steward of the Duke's, a man of pleasantry and discretion (for there can be no true pleasantry without discretion), and who had already personated the Countess Trifaldi, with the humour already related; and with these qualifications, and the instructions of his Lord and Lady how to behave to Sancho, he performed his part to admiration. Now it fell out, that Sancho no sooner cast his eyes on this same steward, but he fancied he saw in his face the very features of the Trifaldi: and, turning to his master, he said: "Sir, either the devil shall run away with me from the place, where I stand for an honest man and a believer, or your Worship shall confess to me, that the countenance of this same steward of the Duke's is the very same with that of the Afflicted." Don Quixote beheld him attentively, and, having viewed him, said to Sancho: "There is no need of the devil's running away with you, Sancho, either as an honest man, or a believer; for, though I know not what you mean, I see plainly the steward's face is the same with the Afflicted's, and yet the steward is not

the Afflicted; for that would imply a palpable contradiction. But this is no time to enter into these inquiries, which would involve us in an intricate labyrinth. Believe me, friend, we ought earnestly to pray to our Lord to deliver us from wicked wizards and enchanters."—"It is no jesting matter, Sir," replied Sancho; "for I heard him speak before, and methought the Trifaldi's voice sounded in my ears. Well, I say no more: but I will not fail to be upon the watch henceforward, to see, whether I can discover any other sign, to confirm or remove my suspicion."—"Do so, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and give me advice of all you discover in this affair, and all that happens to you in your government."

At length Sancho set out with a great number of followers. He was habited like one of the gown, having on a wide surtout of murrey-coloured camlet, with a cap of the same, and mounted *a la gineta*[14], upon a mule. And behind him, by the Duke's order, was led his Dapple, with ass-like furniture, all of flaming fine silk. Sancho turned back his head every now and then to look at his ass, with whose company he was so delighted, that he would not have changed conditions with the Emperor of Germany.

At taking leave of the Duke and Dutchess, he kissed their hands, and begged his master's blessing, which he gave with tears, and Sancho received blubbering. Now, loving reader, let

honest Sancho depart in peace, and in a good hour, and expect two bushels of laughter from the accounts how he demeaned himself in his employment; and in the mean time, attend to what befell his master that night; which, if it does not make you laugh, you will at least open your lips with the grin of a monkey: for the adventures of Don Quixote must be celebrated either with admiration or laughter.

It is related then, that scarcely was Sancho departed, when Don Quixote began to regret his own solitary condition, and, had it been possible for him to have recalled the commission, and taken the government from him, he would certainly have done it. The Dutchess soon perceived his melancholy, and asked him why he was so sad: if for the absence of Sancho, there were squires, duennas, and damsels, enough in her house, ready to serve him to his heart's desire. "It is true, Madam," answered Don Quixote, "that I am concerned for Sancho's absence; but that is not the principal cause, that makes me appear sad; and, of all your Excellency's kind offers, I accept and choose that only of the good will, with which they are tendered; and for the rest I humbly beseech your Excellency, that you would be pleased to consent and permit, that I alone may wait upon myself in my chamber." —"Truly, Signor Don Quixote," said the Dutchess, "it must not be so, but you shall be served

by four of my damsels, all beautiful as flowers." —"To me," answered Don Quixote, "they will not be flowers, but very thorns, pricking me to the soul: they shall no more come into my chamber, nor any thing like it, than they shall fly. If your Grandeur would continue your favours to me, without my deserving them, suffer me to be alone, and let me serve myself within my own doors, that I may keep a wall betwixt my passions and my modesty: a practice I would not forego for all your Highness's liberality towards me. In short, I will sooner lie in my clothes, than consent to let any body help to undress me."—"Enough, enough, Signor Don Quixote," replied the Dutchess: "I promise you, I will give orders that not so much as a fly shall enter your chamber, much less a damsel. I would by no means be accessory to the violation of Signor Don Quixote's decency; for, by what I can perceive, the most conspicuous of his many virtues is his modesty. Your Worship, Sir, may undress and dress by yourself, your own way, when, and how you please; for nobody shall hinder you, and in your chamber you will find all the necessary utensils; so that you may sleep with the doors locked, and no natural want need oblige you to open them. A thousand ages live the grand Dulcinea del Toboso, and be her name extended over the whole globe of the earth, for meriting the love of so valiant and so chaste a

Knight: and may indulgent Heaven infuse into the heart of Sancho Panza, our governor, a disposition to finish his whipping speedily, that the world may again enjoy the beauty of so great a Lady!" To which Don Quixote said: "Your Highness has spoken like yourself, and from the mouth of such good ladies nothing that is bad can proceed: and Dulcinea will be more happy, and more known in the world, by the praises your Grandeur bestows on her than by those of the most eloquent on earth."—"Signor Don Quixote," replied the Dutchess, "the hour of supper draws near, and the Duke may be staying for us: come, Sir, let us sup, and to bed betimes; for your yesterday's journey from Candaya was not so short, but it must have somewhat fatigued you."—"Not at all, Madam," answered Don Quixote: "for I can safely swear to your Excellency, that in all my life I never bestrid a soberer beast, nor of an easier pace, than Clavileno; and I cannot imagine what possessed Malambruno to part with so swift and so gentle a steed, and burn him so, without more ado."—"We may suppose," answered the Dutchess, "that, repenting of the mischief he had done to the Trifaldi, and her companions, and to other persons, and of the iniquities he had committed as a wizard and an enchanter, he had a mind to destroy all the instruments of his art, and as the principal, and that which gave him the most disquiet, by having

carried him up and down from country to country, he burnt Clavileno; and thus, with his ashes, and the trophy of the parchment, has eternalized the valour of the grand Don Quixote de la Mancha." Don Quixote gave thanks afresh to the Dutchess, and, when he had supped, he retired to his chamber alone, not consenting to let any body come in to wait upon him: so afraid was he of meeting with temptations to move or force him to transgress that modest decency he had preserved towards his lady Dulcinea, bearing always in mind the chastity of Amadis, the flower and mirror of Knights-errant. He shut his door after him, and by the light of two wax candles, pulled off his clothes, and, at stripping off his stockings, (O mishap unworthy of such a personage!) forth burst, not sighs, nor any thing else that might discredit his cleanliness, but some two dozen stitches of a stocking, which made it resemble a lattice-window. The good gentleman was extremely afflicted, and would have given an ounce of silver to have had there a drachm of green silk; I say green, because his stockings were green.

Here Benengeli exclaims, and, writing on, says: "O poverty, poverty! I cannot imagine what moved the great Cordovan poet to call thee 'a holy, thankless gift.' I, though a Moor, know very well, by the intercourse I have had with the Christians, that holiness consists in charity, hu-

mility, faith, obedience, and poverty. But for all that, I say, a man must have a great share of the grace of God, who can bring himself to be contented with poverty, unless it be that kind of it, of which one of their greatest saints speaks, saying: *Possess all things as not possessing them.* And this is called poverty in spirit. But thou, O second poverty (which is that I am speaking of), why dost thou choose to pinch gentlemen, and such as are well born, rather than other people? Why dost thou force them to cobble their shoes, and to wear one button of their coats of silk, one of hair, and one of glass? Why must their ruffs be, for the most part, ill ironed, and worse starched?"—By this you may see the antiquity of the use of ruffs and starch. Then he goes on—"Wretched well-born gentleman! who is administering jelly-broths to his honour, while he is starving his carcass, dining with his door locked upon him, and making a hypocrite of his toothpick, with which he walks out into the street, after having eaten nothing to oblige him to this cleanliness. Wretched he, I say, whose skittish honour is always ready to start, apprehensive that every body sees, a league off, the patch upon his shoe, the sweating-through of his hat, the threadbareness of his cloak, and the hunger of his stomach!"

All these melancholy reflections recurred to Don Quixote's thoughts upon the rent in his stocking: but his comfort was, that Sancho had left him behind a pair of travelling boots, which

he resolved to put on next day. Finally he laid himself down, pensive and heavy-hearted, as well for lack of Sancho, as for the irreparable misfortune of his stocking, whose stitches he would gladly have darned, though with silk of another colour: which is one of the greatest signs of misery a gentleman can give in the course of his tedious neediness. He put out the lights: the weather was hot, and he could not sleep: he got out of bed, and opened the casement of a grate window, which looked into a fine garden, and, at opening it, he perceived and heard somebody walking and talking in the garden. He set himself to listen attentively; and those below raised their voice so high, that he could distinguish these words: "Press me not, O Emerencia, to sing; for you know, ever since this stranger came into this castle, and my eyes beheld him, I cannot sing but weep. Besides, my Lady sleeps not sound, and I would not have her find us here for all the treasure of the world. But suppose she should sleep, and not awake, my singing will still be in vain, if this new Æneas, who is arrived in my territories to leave me forlorn, sleeps on, and awakes not to hear it."—"Do not fancy so, dear Altisidora," answered the other; "for doubtless the Dutchess, and every body else in the house, is asleep, excepting the master of your heart, and disturber of your repose: for even now I heard him open his casement, and, without doubt, he

must be awake. Sing, my afflicted creature, in a low and sweet voice, to the sound of your harp; and, if the Dutchess should hear us, we will plead the excessive heat of the weather."—"This is not the point, O Emerencia," answered Altisidora, "but that I am afraid my song should betray my heart, and so I may be taken for a light longing hussy, by those, who are unacquainted with the powerful effects of love. But come what will: better a blush in the face, than a blot in the heart." And presently she began to touch a harp most sweetly. Which Don Quixote hearing, he was surprised; and in that instant, came into his mind an infinite number of adventures of the like kind, of casements, grates, and gardens, serenades, courtships, and faintings away, of which he had read in his idle books of chivalry. He straight imagined, that some damsel of the Dutchess's was fallen in love with him, and that modesty obliged her to conceal her passion. He was a little afraid of being captivated, but resolved in his own thoughts not to yield; and so, commending himself, with all his soul and with all his might, to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, he determined to listen to the music; and, to let them know he was there, he gave a feigned sneeze; at which the damsels were not a little glad, desiring nothing more than that Don Quixote should hear them. Now the harp being tuned and put in order, Altisidora began this song.

O thou, reposing on thy bed,
'Tween sheets of holland fine,
With weary limbs afar outspread,
From eve till morn supine;

Most courteous Knight, I thee conjure,
Bravest of heroes bold!
More priz'd, more worthy, and more pure
Than all Arabia's gold;

Those joys to grant, a full-grown maid,
Unbless'd like me, desires;
Nor leave me, by thy charms betray'd,
A prey to am'rous fires:

If thou hast known, O Knight renown'd!
Misfortunes to endure,
Beware to give the keenest wound,
Without the balm to cure.

And tell me, since thy lofty name
My anxious bosom fills,
Thy high descent may Libya claim,
Or proud Iaca's hills?

Oh, say, did serpents give thee food?
Where was thy early home,
Within the wildness of a wood,
Or 'mid the mountain's gloom?

Too well may Dulcinea joy,
More lovely maid than mild,
Whose full-blown charms could thee decoy
As tiger fierce and wild.

Henares will her fame repeat,
Xarama catch the strain,
Swift Tagus will proclaim the feat
E'en to the distant main.

Yet would I bet my petticoat,
That sacred guard from harms,
That she, who caus'd thee thus to doat,
Had store of golden charms.

Happy the maid allow'd to share,
Or e'en approach thy bed;
Permitted but to comb the hair
Of thy illustrious head!

But I such favour to acquire,
Alas! am all unmeet;
Indulge, oh then, my fond desire
To touch thy hallow'd feet.

And oh! receive the gifts I 'll send;
Scorn not my proffer'd grace;
The best of nightcaps, to defend
Thy solemn length of face;

Fine silver shoes, with stockings rare,
Thy person to adorn,
And pearls of brighter lustre far
Than those, which deck the morn.

Thy generous soul will, sure, disclaim
A cruel Nero's part;
Heedless to view the raging flame
Thou raisest in my heart:

In me behold a tender germ,
In hopes and wishes green,
Wanting nine months—endearing term!
To make me just fifteen.

Though large my mouth, though flat my nose,
My teeth of yellow bright;
Yet gracious Heaven on me bestows
Somewhat to give delight:

No crippled form do I bewail,
My flesh all firm and round;
So long my wavy locks, they trail
Upon the distant ground:

My voice, if thou wilt deign to hear,
As soft as Zephyr's sighs;
No giant limbs in me appear,
Indeed I 'm under size.

All, all these boasted charms be thine,
For love is all-compelling;
Let not Altisidora pine,
In this fair mansion dwelling.

Here ended the song of the sore-wounded Altisidora, and began the alarm of the courted Don Quixote, who, fetching a deep sigh, said within himself: "Why am I so unhappy a Knight-errant, that no damsel can see me but she must presently fall in love with me? Why is the peerless Dulcinea so unlucky, that she must not be suffered singly to enjoy this my incomparable constancy? Queens! what would you have with

her? Empresses! why do you persecute her? Damsels from fourteen to fifteen! why do ye plague her? Leave, leave the poor creature; let her triumph, glory, and plume herself in the lot, which love bestowed upon her in the conquest of my heart, and the surrender of my soul. Take notice, enamoured multitude, that to Dulcinea alone I am paste and sugar, and to all others flint: to her I am honey, and to the rest of ye aloes. To me, Dulcinea alone is beautiful, discreet, lively, modest, and well-born; and the rest of her sex foul, foolish, fickle, and base-born. To be hers, and hers alone, nature threw me into the world. Let Altisidora weep or sing; let the lady despair, on whose account I was buffeted in the castle of the enchanted Moor[15]. Boiled or roasted, Dulcinea's I must be, clean, well-bred, and chaste, in spite of all the necromantic powers on earth." This said, he clapped to the casement, and, in despite and sorrow, as if some great misfortune had befallen him, threw himself upon his bed; where, at present, we will leave him, to attend the great Sancho Panza, who is desirous of beginning his famous government.

CHAP. XLV.

HOW THE GREAT SANCHO PANZA TOOK POSSESSION OF HIS ISLAND, AND OF THE MANNER OF HIS BEGINNING TO GOVERN IT.

O THOU, perpetual discoverer of the antipodes, torch of the world, eye of Heaven, sweet motive of wine-cooling bottles[16]; here Tymbræus, there Phœbus; here archer, there physician; father of poesy, inventor of music: thou, who always risest, and, though thou seemest to do so, never settest! To thee I speak, O sun, by whose assistance man begets man; thee I invoke to favour and enlighten the obscurity of my genius, that I may be able punctually to describe the government of the great Sancho Panza: for, without thee, I find myself indolent, dispirited, and confused.

I say then, that Sancho, with all his attendants, arrived at a town, that contained about a thousand inhabitants, and was one of the best the Duke had. They gave him to understand, that it was called the island of Barataria, either because Barataria was really the name of the place, or because he obtained the government of it at so cheap a rate[17]. At his arrival near the gates of the town, which was walled about, the magistrates, in their robes of office, came out to receive him, the bells rang, and the people gave demonstrations of a general joy, and, with a great deal of pomp, conducted him to the

great church to give thanks to God. Presently after, with certain ridiculous ceremonies, they presented to him the keys of the town, and admitted him as perpetual governor of the island Barataria. The garb, the beard, the thickness and shortness of the new governor, held all, that were not in the secret, in astonishment, and even those that were, who were not a few. In short, as soon as they had brought him out of the church, they carried him to the tribunal of justice, and placed him in the chair; and the Duke's steward said to him: "It is an ancient custom here, my Lord Governor, that he, who comes to take possession of this famous island, is obliged to answer to a question put to him, which is somewhat intricate and difficult; and by his answer the people are enabled to feel the pulse of their new governor's understanding, and, accordingly, are either glad or sorry for his coming."

While the steward was saying this, Sancho was staring at some capital letters written on the wall opposite to his chair; and because he could not read, he asked what that painting was on the wall. He was answered, "Sir, it is there written, on what day your Honour took possession of this island; and the inscription runs thus: 'This day (such a day of the month and year) Signor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, and long may he enjoy it!'"—"And, pray," quoth he, "who is it they call Don Sancho Panza?"—

"Your Lordship," answered the steward; "for no other Panza besides him now in the chair, ever came into this island."—"Take notice, brother," quoth Sancho, "Don does not belong to me, nor ever did to any of my family: I am called plain Sancho Panza; my father was a Sancho, and my grandfather a Sancho, and they were all Panzas, without any addition of Dons or Donnas; and I fancy there are more Dons than stones in this island: but enough; God knows my meaning, and, perhaps, if my government last four days, I may weed out these Dons, that overrun the country, and, by their numbers, are as troublesome as gnats. On with your question, master steward, and I will answer the best I can, let the people be sorry, or not sorry."

At this instant two men came into the court, the one clad like a country-fellow, and the other like a tailor, with a pair of shears in his hand; and the tailor said: "My Lord Governor, I and this countryman come before your Worship, by reason this honest man came yesterday to my shop (for, saving your presence, I am a tailor, and have passed my examination, God be thanked), and, putting a piece of cloth into my hands, asked me; Sir, is there enough of this to make me a cap? I, measuring the piece, answered, Yes. Now he imagining, as I imagine (and I imagined right), that doubtless I had a mind to cabbage some of the cloth, grounding his conceit

upon his own knavery, and upon the common ill opinion had of tailors, bid me view it again, and see if there was not enough for two. I guessed his drift, and told him there was. My gentleman, persisting in his knavish intention, went on increasing the number of caps, and I adding to the number of Yes's, till we came to five caps; and even now he came for them. I offered them to him, and he refuses to pay me for the making, and pretends I shall either return him his cloth, or pay him for it."—"Is all this so, brother?" demanded Sancho. "Yes," answered the man; "but pray, my Lord, make him produce the five caps he has made me."—"With all my heart," answered the tailor, and pulling his hand from under his cloak, he showed the five caps on the end of his fingers and thumb, saying; "Here are the five caps this honest man would have me make, and, on my soul and conscience, not a shred of the cloth is left, and I submit the work to be viewed by any inspectors of the trade." All that were present laughed at the number of the caps, and the novelty of the suit. Sancho set himself to consider a little, and said: "I am of opinion there needs no great delay in this suit, and it may be decided very equitably off hand; and therefore I pronounce that the tailor lose the making, and the countryman the stuff, and that the caps be confiscated to the use of the poor; and there is an end of that." If the sentence he afterwards passed

on the purse of the herdsman caused the admiration of all the by-standers, this excited their laughter. In short, what the governor commanded was executed.

The next, that presented themselves before him, were two ancient men, the one with a cane in his hand for a staff; and he without a staff said: "My Lord, some time ago I lent this man ten crowns of gold, to oblige and serve him, upon condition he should return them on demand. I let him alone a good while, without asking for them, because I was loth to put him to a greater strait to pay me, than he was in, when I lent them. But at length, thinking he was negligent of the payment, I asked him, more than once or twice, for my money, and he not only refuses payment, but denies the debt, and says I never lent him any such sum, and, if I did, that he has already paid me: and I, having no witnesses of the loan, nor he of the payment, entreat your Worship will take his oath; and, if he will swear he has returned me the money, I acquit him from this minute before God and the world." —"What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff?" quoth Sancho. To which the old fellow replied: "I confess, my Lord, he did lend me the money: and, if your Worship pleases to hold down your wand of justice, since he leaves it to my oath, I will swear I have really and truly returned it him." The governor held

down the wand, and the old fellow gave the staff to his creditor to hold, while he was swearing, as if it encumbered him; and presently laid his hand upon the cross of the wand, and said, it was true indeed he had lent him those ten crowns he asked for; but that he had restored them to him into his own hand; and because, he supposed, he had forgot it, he was every moment asking him for them. Which the great governor seeing, he asked the creditor what he had to answer to what his antagonist had alleged. He replied, he did not doubt but his debtor had said the truth; for he took him to be an honest man, and a good Christian; and that he himself must have forgotten, when and where the money was returned: and that, from thenceforward, he would never ask him for it again. The debtor took his staff again, and bowing his head, went out of court. Sancho seeing this, and that he was gone without more ado, and observing also the patience of the creditor, he inclined his head upon his breast, and, laying the fore-finger of his right hand upon his eyebrows and nose, he continued, as it were, full of thought, a short space, and then, lifting up his head, he ordered the old man with the staff, who was already gone, to be called back. He was brought back accordingly; and Sancho, seeing him, said; "Give me that staff, honest friend; for I have occasion for it."—"With all my heart," answered the

old fellow; and delivered it into his hand. Sancho took it, and, giving it to the other old man, said: "Go about your business, in God's name, for you are paid."—"I, my Lord?" answered the old man: "What! is this cane worth ten golden crowns?"—"Yes," quoth the governor, "or I am the greatest dunce in the world; and now it shall appear, whether I have a head to govern a whole kingdom." Straight he commanded the cane to be broken before them all. Which being done, there were found in the hollow of it ten crowns of gold. All were struck with admiration, and took their new governor for a second Solomon. They asked him, whence he had collected, that the ten crowns were in the cane. He answered, that, upon seeing the old man give it his adversary, while he was taking the oath; and swearing, that he had really and truly restored them into his own hands, and, when he had done, ask for it again, it came into his imagination, that the money in dispute must be in the hollow of the cane. Whence it may be gathered, that God Almighty often directs the judgments of those, who govern, though otherwise mere blockheads: besides, he had heard the priest of his parish tell a like case; and were it not, that he was so unlucky as to forget all he had a mind to remember, his memory was so good, there would not have been a better in the whole island. At length, both the old men marched off, the one ashamed,

and the other satisfied: the by-standers were surprised, and the secretary, who minuted down the words, actions, and behaviour of Sancho Panza, could not determine with himself, whether he should set him down for a wise man or a fool.

This cause was no sooner ended, but there came into court a woman, keeping fast hold of a man, clad like a rich herdsman. She came crying aloud; "Justice, my Lord Governor, justice; if I cannot find it on earth, I will seek it in heaven: lord governor of my soul, this wicked man surprised me in the middle of the field, and made use of my body, as if it had been a dishclout, and, woe is me, has robbed me of what I have kept above these three and twenty years, defending it against Moors and Christians, natives and foreigners. I have been as hard as a cork-tree, and preserved myself as entire as a salamander in the fire, or as wool among briers, that this honest man should come with his clean hands to handle me."—"It remains to be examined," quoth Sancho, "whether this gallant's hands are clean or no;" and, turning to the man, he asked him, what he had to say, and what answer to make to this woman's complaint. The man, all in confusion, replied: "Sirs, I am a poor herdsman, and deal in swine, and this morning I went out of this town, after having sold (under correction be it spoken) four hogs, and, what between dues and exactions, the officers took from me little

less than they were worth. I was returning home, and by the way I lighted upon this good dame, and the devil, the author of all mischief, yoked us together. I paid her handsomely: but she, not contented, laid hold on me, and has never let me go, till she has dragged me to this place: she says I forced her; but, by the oath I have taken, or am to take, she lies; and this is the whole truth." Then the governor asked him, if he had any silver money about him. He said, Yes, he had about twenty ducats in a leathern purse in his bosom. He ordered him to produce it, and deliver it just as it was to the plaintiff. He did so, trembling. The woman took it, and, making a thousand courtesies, after the Moorish manner, and praying to God for the life and health of the lord governor, who took such care of poor orphans and maidens, out of the court she went, holding the purse with both hands: but first she looked to see, if the money that was in it was silver. She was scarcely gone out, when Sancho said to the herdsman, who was in tears, and whose eyes and heart were gone after his purse; "Honest man, follow that woman, and take away the purse from her, whether she will or no, and come back hither with it." This was not said to the deaf or the stupid: for instantly he flew after her like lightning, and went about what he was bid. All present were in great suspense, expecting the issue of this suit; and pre-

sently after came in the man and the woman, clinging together closer than the first time, she with her petticoat tucked up, and the purse lapped up in it, and the man struggling to take it from her, but in vain, so tightly she defended it, crying out; "Justice from God and the world! See, my Lord Governor, the impudence, and want of fear of this varlet, who in the midst of the town, and of the street, would take from me the purse your Worship commanded to be given me."— "And has he got it?" demanded the governor. "Got it!" answered the woman: "I would sooner let him take away my life than my purse. A pretty baby I should be, indeed: otherguise cats must claw my beard, and not such pitiful, sneaking tools; pincers and hammers, crows and chisels, shall not get it out of my clutches, nor even the paws of a lion; my soul and body shall sooner part."—"She is in the right," quoth the man, "and I yield myself worsted and spent, and confess I have not strength enough to take it from her:" and so he left her. Then said the governor to the woman: "Give me that purse, virtuous virago." She presently delivered it, and the governor returned it to the man, and said to the forceful, but not forced, damsel: "Sister of mine, had you shown the same, or but half as much, courage and resolution, in defending your chastity, as you have done in defending your purse, the strength of Hercules could not have

forced you. Be gone, in God's name, and in an ill hour, and be not found in all this island, nor in six leagues round about it, upon pain of two hundred stripes; be gone instantly, I say, thou prating, shameless, cheating hussy!" The woman was confounded, and went away hanging down her head and discontented; and the governor said to the man: "Honest man, go home, in the name of God, with your money, and from henceforward, unless you have a mind to lose it, take care not to yoke with any body." The countryman gave him thanks after the clownishest manner he could, and went his way; and the by-standers were in fresh admiration at the decisions and sentences of their new governor. All which, being noted down by his historiographer, was immediately transmitted to the Duke, who waited for it with a longing impatience. And here let us leave honest Sancho; for his master, greaty disturbed at Altisidora's music, calls in haste for us.

CHAP. XLVI.

OF THE DREADFUL BELL-RINGING AND CATTISH CONSTERNATION DON QUIXOTE WAS PUT INTO IN THE PROGRESS OF THE ENAMOURED ALTISIDORA'S AMOUR.

We left the great Don Quixote wrapped up in the reflections occasioned by the music of the enamoured damsel Altisidora. He carried them

with him to bed; and, as if they had been fleas, they would not suffer him to sleep, or take the least rest. To these was added the disaster of the stocking. But as time is swift, and no bar can stop him, he came riding upon the hours, and that of the morning posted on apace. Which Don Quixote perceiving, he forsook his downy pillow, and in haste put on his shamois doublet, and his travelling boots, to conceal the misfortune of his stocking. He threw over his shoulders his scarlet mantle, and clapped on his head a green velvet cap trimmed with silver lace. He hung his trusty trenchant blade in his shoulder-belt [18]. On his wrist he wore a large rosary, which he always carried about him. And with great state and solemnity he marched towards the anti-chamber, where the Duke and Dutchess, who were ready dressed, expected him: and as he passed through a gallery, Altisidora, and the other damsel her friend, stood purposely posted, and waiting for him. As soon as Altisidora espied Don Quixote, she pretended to faint away, and her companion caught her in her lap, and in a great hurry was unlacing her stays. Don Quixote, seeing it, drew near to them, and said: "I very well know, whence these accidents proceed."— "I know not from whence," answered her friend; "for Altisidora is the healthiest damsel in all this family, and I have never heard so much as an Oh from her since I have known her; ill betide all