

Duke, would needs have me with her to this kingdom of Arragon, together with my daughter; where, in process of time, she grew up, and with her all the accomplishments in the world. She sings like any lark, dances quick as thought, capers as if she would break her neck, reads and writes like a schoolmaster, and casts accounts like any usurer. I say nothing of her cleanliness, for the running brook is not cleaner: and she is now, if I remember right, sixteen years of age, five months, and three days, one more or less. In a word, the son of a very rich farmer, who lives not far off in a village of my Lord Duke's, grew enamoured of this girl of mine; and to be short, I know not how it came about, but they got together, and, under promise of being her husband, he has fooled my daughter, and now refuses to perform it. And, though my Lord Duke knows the affair, and I have complained again and again to him, and begged him to command this young farmer to marry my daughter, yet he turns the deaf ear, and will hardly vouchsafe to hear me; and the reason is, because the cozening knave's father is rich, and lends him money, and is bound for him on all occasions; therefore he will not disoblige, nor offend him in any wise. Now, good Sir, my desire is, that your Worship take upon you the redressing this wrong, either by entreaty, or by force of arms; since all the world says, your

Worship was born in it to redress grievances, to right the injured, and succour the miserable. And be pleased, Sir, to consider my daughter's fatherless condition, her gentleness, her youth, and all the good qualities I have already mentioned; for, on my soul and conscience, of all the damsels my lady has, there is not one that comes up to the sole of her shoe: and one of them, called Altisidora, who is reckoned to be the liveliest and gracefullest of them all, falls above two leagues short, in comparison with my daughter: for, you must know, dear Sir, that all is not gold that glitters, and this same little Altisidora has more self-conceit than beauty, and more assurance than modesty: besides, she is none of the soundest; for her breath is so strong, there is no enduring to be a moment near her. Nay, even my Lady Dutchess herself—but mum for that; for they say, walls have ears.”

“What of my Lady Dutchess?” said Don Quixote. “Tell me, Madam Rodriguez, by my life.”—“Thus conjured,” replied the duenna, “I cannot but answer to whatever is asked me, with all truth. Your Worship, Signor Don Quixote, must have observed the beauty of my Lady Dutchess; that complexion like any bright and polished sword; those cheeks of milk and crimson, with the sun in the one, and the moon in the other; and that stateliness, with which she treads, or rather disdains, the very ground she

walks on, that one would think she went dispensing health, wherever she passes. Let me tell you, Sir, she may thank God for it, in the first place, and next two issues she has, one in each leg, which discharge all the bad humours, of which the physicians say she is full.”—“Holy Mary!” said Don Quixote, “is it possible my Lady Dutchess has such drains? I should never have believed it, had the bare-footed friars themselves told it me; but, since Madam Donna Rodriguez says it, it must needs be so. But such issues, and in such places, must distil nothing but liquid amber: verily I am now convinced, that this making of issues is a matter of great consequence in respect to health.”

Scarcely had Don Quixote said this, when with a great bounce the chamber-door flew open; which so much surprised Donna Rodriguez, that she let fall the candle out of her hand, and the room remained as dark as a wolf's mouth, as the saying is; and presently the poor duenna found herself griped so fast by the throat with two hands, that she could not squall, and another person, very nimbly, without speaking a word, whipped up her petticoats, and with a slipper, as it seemed, gave her so many slaps, that it would have moved one's pity: and though it did that of Don Quixote, he stirred not from the bed; and not knowing the meaning of all this, he lay still and silent, fearing lest that round and sound

flogging should come next to his turn. And his fear proved not in vain; for the silent executioners, leaving the duenna, who durst not cry out, well curried, came to Don Quixote; and, turning down the bed-clothes, they pinched him so often and so hard, that he could not forbear going to fisty-cuffs in his own defence, and all this in marvellous silence. The battle lasted some half an hour: the phantoms went off; Donna Rodriguez adjusted her petticoats, and, bewailing her misfortune, marched out at the door without saying a word to Don Quixote, who, sad and sorely bepinched, confused, and pensive, remained alone: where we will leave him, impatient to learn, who that perverse enchanter was, that had handled him so roughly. But that shall be told in its proper place: for Sancho Panza calls upon us, and the method of the history requires it.

CHAP. XLIX.

OF WHAT BEFELL SANCHE PANZA AS HE WAS GOING
THE ROUND OF HIS ISLAND.

WE left the grand governor moody and out of humour at the knavish picture-drawing peasant, who, instructed by the steward, and he by the Duke, played off Sancho: who, maugre his ignorance, rudeness, and insufficiency, held them all tack, and said to those about him, and to Doctor

Pedro Rezio, who, when the secret of the Duke's letter was over, came back into the hall: "I now plainly perceive, that judges and governors must or ought to be made of brass, if they would be insensible of the importunities of your men of business, who, being intent upon their own affairs alone, come what will of it, at all hours, and at all times, will needs be heard and dispatched; and if the poor judge does not hear and dispatch them either because he cannot, or because it is not the proper time for giving them audience, presently they murmur and traduce him, gnawing his very bones, and calumniating him and his family. Foolish man of business, impertinent man of business, be not in such haste; wait for the proper season and conjuncture for negotiation; come not at dinner-time, nor at bed-time, for judges are made of flesh and blood, and must give to their nature what their nature requires: except only poor I, who do not so by mine, thanks to Signor Pedro Rezio Tirteafuera here present, who would have me die of hunger, and affirms, that this kind of dying is in order to live: God grant the same life to him and all those of his tribe; I mean bad physicians: for good ones deserve palms and laurels." All, who knew Sancho Panza, were in admiration to hear him talk so elegantly, and could not tell what to ascribe it to, unless that offices and weighty employments quicken and

enliven some understandings, as they confound and stupify others. In short, Doctor Pedro Rezio Aguera de Tirteafuera promised he should sup that night, though it were contrary to all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. With this the governor rested satisfied, and expected with great impatience the coming of the night, and the hour of supper; and though time, to his thinking, stood stock still, yet at length the wished-for hour came, and they gave him some cow-beef, hashed with onions and calves feet, somewhat of the stalest, boiled. However, he laid about him, with more relish than if they had given him Milan godwits, Roman pheasants, veal of Sorrento, partridges of Moron, geese of Lavajos; and in the midst of supper, turning to the doctor, he said: "Look you, master doctor, henceforward take no care to provide me your nice things to eat, nor your tid-bits; for it will be throwing my stomach quite off the hinges, which is accustomed to goat's-flesh, cow-beef, and bacon, with turnips and onions; and if perchance you give it court kickshaws, it receives them with squeamishness, and sometimes with loathing. What master sewer here may do, is, to get me some of those eatables you call your olla-podridas, and the stronger they are the better²⁴, and you may insert and stuff in them whatever you will; for so it be an eatable, I shall take it kindly, and will one day make you amends: and let nobody play upon me; for

either we are, or we are not: let us all live and eat together in peace and good friendship; for when God sends daylight, it is day for every body. I will govern this island, without losing my own right, or taking away another man's; and let every one keep a good lookout, and mind each man his own business; for I would have them to know, the devil is in the wind, and, if they put me upon it, they shall see wonders. Ay, ay, make yourselves honey, and the wasps will devour you."—"Certainly, my Lord Governor," replied the sewer, "there is reason in all your Worship says, and I dare engage, in the name of all the islanders of this island, that they will serve your Worship with all punctuality, love, and good will; for your sweet way of governing from the very first leaves us no room to do, or to think any thing, that may redound to the disservice of your Worship."—"I believe it," answered Sancho, "and they would be fools, if they did, or thought otherwise. And I tell you again to take care for my sustenance, and for my Dapple's, which is what is most important in this business; and when the hour comes, we will go the round; for it is my intention to clear this island of all manner of filth, of vagabonds, idlers, and sharpers. For you must understand, friends, that idle and lazy people in a commonwealth are the same as drones in a bee-hive, which eat the honey, that the industrious bees lay up in store. My design is

to protect the peasants, preserve to the gentry their privileges, reward ingenious artists, and, above all, to have regard to religion, and to the honour of the religious. What think ye of this, my friends? Do I say something, or do I crack my brain to no purpose?"—"My Lord Governor," said the steward, "speaks so well, that I wonder to hear a man, so void of learning as your Worship, who, I believe, cannot so much as read, say such and so many things, and all so sententious and instructive, and so far beyond all, that could be expected from your Worship's former understanding by those, who sent us, and by us, who are come hither. But every day produces new things; jests turn into earnest, and jokers are joked upon."

The night came, and, the governor having supped, with the license of Signor Doctor Rezio, they prepared for going the round, and he set out with the secretary, the steward, the sewer, and the historiographer, who had the care of recording his actions, together with sergeants and notaries, enough to have formed a middling battalion. In the midst of them marched Sancho, with his white rod of office; and having traversed a few streets, they heard the clashing of swords. They hastened to the place, and found two men fighting; who, seeing the officers coming, desisted, and one of them said: "Help, in the name of God and the King! Is it permitted in

this town to rob folks, and set upon them in the streets?"—"Hold, honest man," quoth Sancho, "and tell me what is the occasion of this fray; for I am the governor." The other, his antagonist, said: "My Lord Governor, I will briefly relate the matter: Your Honour must understand, that this gentleman is just come from winning, in that gaming-house yonder over the way, above a thousand reals, and God knows how; and I, being present, gave judgment in his favour, in many a doubtful point, against the dictates of my conscience. Up he got with the winnings, and, when I expected he would have given me a crown at least, by way of present, as is the usage and custom among gentlemen of distinction, to such as I am, who stand by, ready at all adventures to back unreasonable demands, and to prevent quarrels, he pocketted up his money, and went out of the house. I followed him in dudgeon, and, with good words, and civil expressions, desired him to give me though it were but eight reals, since he knows I am a man of honour, and have neither office nor benefice, my parents having brought me up to nothing, and left me nothing: and this knave, as great a thief as Cacus, and as arrant a sharper as Andradilla, would give me but four reals. Judge, my Lord Governor, how little shame, and how little conscience he has. But, in faith, had it not been for your Honour's coming, I

would have made him disgorge his winnings, and have taught him how many ounces go to the pound.”—“What say you to this, friend?” quoth Sancho. The other answered, that all his adversary had said was true, and he did not intend to give him any more than four reals; for he was often giving him something, and they who expect the benevolence²⁵, should be mannerly, and take with a cheerful countenance whatever is given them, and not stand upon terms with the winners, unless they know them for certain to be sharpers, and that their winnings were unfairly gotten; and, for demonstration of his being an honest man, and no cheat, as the other alleged, there could be no stronger proof than his refusal to comply with his demand; for cheats are always tributaries to the lookers-on, who know them. “That is true,” said the steward: “be pleased, my Lord Governor, to adjudge what shall be done with these men.”—“What shall be done, is this,” answered Sancho: “you, master winner, good, bad, or indifferent, give your hackster here immediately an hundred reals, and pay down thirty more for the poor prisoners: and you, Sir, who have neither office nor benefice, and live without any employment in this island, take these hundred reals instantly, and, sometime to-morrow, get out of this island for ten years, on pain, if you transgress, of finishing your banishment in the

next life: for I will hang you on a gallows, or at least the hangman shall do it for me; and let no man reply, lest I punish him severely." The one disbursed; the other received: the one went out of the island; the other went home to his house; and the governor said: "It shall cost me a fall, or I will demolish these gaming-houses; for I have a suspicion that they are very prejudicial."—"This, at least," said one of the scriveners, "your Honour cannot put down; for a great person keeps it, and what he loses in the year is beyond comparison more than what he gets by the cards. Your Worship may exert your authority against petty gaming-houses, which do more harm and cover more abuses; for in those, which belong to persons of quality, notorious cheats dare not put their tricks in practice; and, since the vice of play is become so common, it is better it should go forward in the houses of people of distinction, than in those of mean quality, where they take in unfortunate bubbles after midnight, and strip off their very skin."—"Well, master notary," quoth Sancho, "there is a great deal to be said on this subject."

And now up came a servant, having laid hold of a young man, and said: "My Lord Governor, this youth was coming towards us; but, as soon as he perceived it was the round, he faced about, and began to run like a stag; a sign he must be some delinquent. I pursued him, and had

he not stumbled and fallen, I should never have overtaken him.”—“Why did you fly, young man?” quoth Sancho. The youth replied: “My Lord, to avoid answering the multitude of questions officers are wont to ask.”—“What trade are you of?” quoth Sancho. “A weaver,” answered the youth. “And what do you weave?” quoth Sancho. “Iron heads for spears, an it please your Worship.”—“You are pleasant with me, and value yourself upon being a joker;” quoth Sancho: “it is very well; and whither were you going?”—“To take the air, Sir,” replied the lad. “And pray, where do people take the air in this island?” said Sancho. “Where it blows,” answered the youth. “Good,” quoth Sancho; “you answer to the purpose: you are a discreet youth. But now, make account that I am the air, and that I blow in your poop, and drive you to gaol. Here, lay hold on him, and carry him to prison: I will make him sleep there to-night without air.”—“Before God,” said the youth, “your Honour can no more make me sleep there, than you can make me a king.”—“Why cannot I make you sleep in prison?” demanded Sancho: “have I not power to confine or release you, as I please?”—“How much power soever your Worship may have, you have not enough to make me sleep in prison.”—“Why not?” replied Sancho: “away with him immediately, where he shall see his mistake with his

own eyes; and, lest the gaoler should put his interested generosity in practice, I will sconce him in the penalty of two thousand ducats, if he suffers you to stir a step from the prison.”—“All this is matter of laughter,” answered the youth; “the business is, I defy all the world to make me sleep this night in prison.”—“Tell me, devil,” quoth Sancho; “have you some angel to deliver you, and unloose the fetters I intend to have clapped on you?”—“My Lord Governor,” answered the youth, with an air of pleasantry, “let us abide by reason, and come to the point. Supposing your Worship orders me to gaol, and to be loaded with chains and fetters, and clapped into the dungeon, with heavy penalties laid upon the gaoler, if he lets me stir out; and let us suppose these orders punctually obeyed: yet, for all that, if I have no mind to sleep, but to keep awake all night, without so much as shutting my eyelids, can your Worship, with all your power, make me sleep whether I will or no?”—“No, certainly,” said the secretary, “and the man has carried his point.”—“So that,” quoth Sancho, “you would forbear sleeping, only to have your own will, and not out of pure contradiction to mine?”—“No, my Lord,” said the youth, “not even in thought.”—“Then God be with you,” quoth Sancho; “go home to sleep, and I wish you a good night’s rest; for I will not endeavour to deprive you of it: but I would advise you, for

the future, not to be so jocose with officers of justice; for you may meet with one, that may lay the joke over your noddle."

The youth went his way, and the governor continued his round; and, a little while after, came a couple of sergeants, who had hold of a man, and said: "My Lord Governor, this person, who seems to be a man, is not so, but a woman, and no ugly one neither, in man clothes." They lifted up two or three lanterns to her face, by the light of which they discovered that of a woman seemingly sixteen years of age, or thereabouts. Her hair was tucked up under a network caul of gold and green silk, and she herself beautiful as a thousand pearls. They viewed her from head to foot, and saw she had on a pair of flesh-coloured stockings, with garters of white taffeta, and tassels of gold and seed-pearl: her breeches were of green and gold tissue, and she had on a loose coat of the same, under which she wore a very fine waistcoat of white and gold stuff. Her shoes were white, and such as men wear. She had no sword, but a very rich dagger; and on her fingers were many rings, and those very good ones. In a word, every body liked the maiden; but none of them all knew her, and the inhabitants of the town said, they could not imagine who she should be. They, who were in the secret of the jest put upon Sancho, admired the most; for this adventure was not of

their contriving, and therefore they were in suspense, expecting the issue of this unforeseen accident. Sancho was struck with the beauty of the young lady, and asked her, who she was, whither she was going, and what had moved her to dress herself in that habit. She, fixing her eyes on the ground, with a modest bashfulness, answered: "Sir, I cannot declare so publicly what I am so much concerned to keep a secret: only one thing I must assure you, that I am no thief, nor criminal person, but an unhappy maiden, whom the force of a certain jealousy has made break through the respect due to modesty." The steward, hearing this, said to Sancho: "My Lord Governor, order all your attendants to go aside, that this lady may speak her mind with less concern." The governor did so, and they all went aside excepting the steward, the sewer, and the secretary. Then the damsel proceeded, saying: "I, Gentlemen, am daughter to Pedro Perez Mazorca, who farms the wool of this town, and comes frequently to my father's house."—"This will not pass, Madam," said the steward; "for I know Pedro Perez very well, and am sure he has no child, son nor daughter; and, besides your saying he is your father, you immediately add, that he comes often to your father's house." "I took notice of that," quoth Sancho. "Indeed, Gentlemen," answered the damsel, "I am in such confusion, that I know not what I say;

but the truth is, I am daughter to Diego de la Llana, whom you must all know.”—“This may pass,” answered the steward; “for I know Diego de la Llana, that he is a gentleman of quality, and rich, and has a son and a daughter: and, since he has been a widower, nobody in all this town can say, they have seen the face of his daughter; for he keeps her so confined, that he will not give the sun leave to shine upon her: and report says, she is extremely handsome.”—

“That is true,” answered the damsel: “and that daughter am I. Whether fame lies, or no, as to my beauty, you, Gentlemen, are judges, since you have seen me:” and then she began to weep most bitterly. The secretary perceiving this, whispered the sewer, and said very softly:

“Without doubt, something of importance must have been the occasion that so considerable a person, as this young lady, has left her own house in such a dress, and at such an hour.”—

“No doubt of that,” answered the sewer; “besides, this suspicion is confirmed by her tears.” Sancho comforted her the best he could, and desired her to tell them the whole matter, without fear; for they would all endeavour to serve her with great sincerity, and by all possible ways.

“The case is, Gentlemen,” replied she, “that my father has kept me locked up these ten years past: for so long has my mother been underground. Mass is said in our house in a rich

chapel, and, in all this time, I have seen nothing out the sun in the Heavens by day, and the moon and stars by night; nor do I know what streets, squares, or churches are, nor even men, excepting my father and brother, and Pedro Perez the wool farmer, whose constant visits to our house led me to say, he was my father, to conceal the truth. This confinement, and denying me leave to go out, though but to church, has for many days and months past disquieted me very much. I had a mind to see the world, or at least the town where I was born, thinking this desire was no breach of that decency, young ladies ought to preserve toward themselves. When I heard talk of bull-feasts, of darting canes on horseback, and the representation of plays, I asked my brother, who is a year younger than myself, to tell me what those things were, and several others, that I had never seen; which he used to do in the best manner he could: and all this did but inflame the desire I had of seeing them. In a word, to shorten the story of my ruin, I prayed and entreated my brother—“Oh! that I had never prayed nor entreated him!” and then she fell to weeping again. The steward said to her: “Proceed, Madam, and make an end of telling us what has befallen you; for your words and tears hold us all in suspense.”—“I have but few words left to speak,” answered the damsel, “though many tears to shed: for such mis-

placed desires as mine can be atoned for no other way."

The beauty of the damsel had rooted itself in the soul of the sewer, who held up his lantern again, to have another view of her; and he fancied the tears she shed were dewdrops of the morning, or even orient pearls: and he heartily wished her misfortune might not be so great as her tears and sighs seemed to indicate. The governor was out of all patience at the girl's dilatory manner of telling her story, and bid her keep them no longer in suspense, for it grew late, and they had a great deal more of the town to go over. She, between interrupted sobs, and broken sighs, said: "All my misfortunes and unhappiness is only this, that I desired my brother to dress me in his clothes, and carry me out, some night or other, when my father was asleep, to see the town. He, importuned by my entreaties, condescended to my desire; and, putting me on this habit, and dressing himself in a suit of mine, which fits as if it were made for him, for he has not one hair of a beard, and one would take him for a very beautiful young girl; this night, about an hour ago, we got out of our house; and guided by our footboy and our own unruly fancies, we traversed the whole town: and, as we were returning home, we saw a great company of people, and my brother said to me: 'Sister, this must be the fount; put wings to

your feet, and fly after me, that they may not know us, or it will be worse for us.' And, so saying, he turned his back, and began, not to run, but to fly. In less than six steps I fell down through the fright, and at that instant the officer of justice coming up, seized and brought me before your Honour; where my indiscreet longing has covered me with shame before so many people."—"In effect, then, Madam," quoth Sancho, "no other mishap has befallen you; nor did jealousy, as you told us at the beginning of your story, carry you from home?"—"No other thing," said she, "has befallen me, nor is there any jealousy in the case, but merely a desire of seeing the world, which went no farther than seeing the streets of this town."

The coming up of two sergeants, one of whom had overtaken and seized her brother, as he fled from his sister, confirmed the truth of what the damsel had said. The youth had on nothing but a rich petticoat, and a blue damask mantle, with a border of gold; no head-dress nor ornament, but his own hair, which was so fair and curled, that it seemed so many ringlets of fine gold. The governor, the steward, and the sewer took him aside, and, without letting his sister hear, they asked him how he came to be in that disguise? He, with no less bashfulness and concern, told the same story his sister had done; at which the enamoured sewer was much pleased. But the

governor said: "Really, Gentlefolks, this is a very childish trick, and to relate this piece of folly, there needed not half so many tears and sighs: had you but said; 'Our names are so and so, we got out of our father's house by such a contrivance, only out of curiosity, and with no other design at all;' the tale had been told, and all these weepings and wailings, and takings-on at this rate, might have been spared."—"That is true," answered the damsel; "but the confusion I was in was so great, that it did not suffer me to demean myself as I ought."—"There is no harm," answered Sancho: "we will see you safe to your father's; perhaps he has not missed you; and henceforward be not so childish, nor so eager to see the world: for, the maid that is modest, and a broken leg, should stay at home; and, the woman and the hen are lost by gadding abroad; and, she who desires to see, desires no less to be seen. I say no more." The youth thanked the governor for the favour he intended them, in seeing them safe home, and so they bent their course that way; for the house was not far off. When they were arrived, the brother threw up a little stone to a grated window, and that instant a servant-maid, who waited for them, came down, and opened the door, and they went in, leaving every one in admiration at their gentleness and beauty, as well as at their desire of seeing the world by night, and without stirring

out of the town: but they imputed all to their tender years. The sewer's heart was pierced through and through, and he proposed within himself to demand her, the next day, of her father in marriage, taking it for granted he would not refuse him, as being a servant of the Duke's. Sancho too had some thoughts of matching the young man with his daughter Sanchica, and determined to bring it about the first opportunity, fancying to himself, that no match would be refused the governor's daughter. Thus ended that night's round, and two days after the government too, which put an end to all his designs and expectations, as shall hereafter be shown.

CHAP. L.

IN WHICH IS DECLARED, WHO WERE THE ENCHANTERS AND EXECUTIONERS THAT WHIPPED THE DUENNA, AND PINCHED AND SCRATCHED DON QUIXOTE; WITH THE SUCCESS OF THE PAGE, WHO CARRIED THE LETTER TO TERESA PANZA, SANCHO'S WIFE.

CID Hamete, the most punctual searcher after the very atoms of this true history, says, that, when Donna Rodriguez went out of her chamber to go to Don Quixote's, another donna, who lay with her, perceived it; and, as all duennas

have the itch of listening after, prying into, and smelling out things, she followed her so softly, that good Rodriguez did not perceive it: and, as soon as the duenna saw her enter Don Quixote's chamber, that she might not be wanting in the general humour of all duennas, which is, to be telltales, away she went that instant, to acquaint the Dutchess, that Donna Rodriguez was then actually in Don Quixote's chamber. The Dutchess acquainted the Duke with it, and desired his leave, that she and Altisidora might go and see what was the duenna's business with Don Quixote. The Duke gave it her; and they both, very softly, and step by step, went and posted themselves close to the door of Don Quixote's chamber, and so close, that they overheard all that was said within; and when the Dutchess heard the duenna expose the fountains of her issues, she could not bear it, nor Altisidora neither; and so, brimful of choler, and longing for revenge, they bounced into the room, and pinched Don Quixote, and whipped the duenna, in the manner above related: for affronts, levelled against the beauty and vanity of women, awaken their wrath in an extraordinary manner, and inflame them with a desire of revenging themselves.

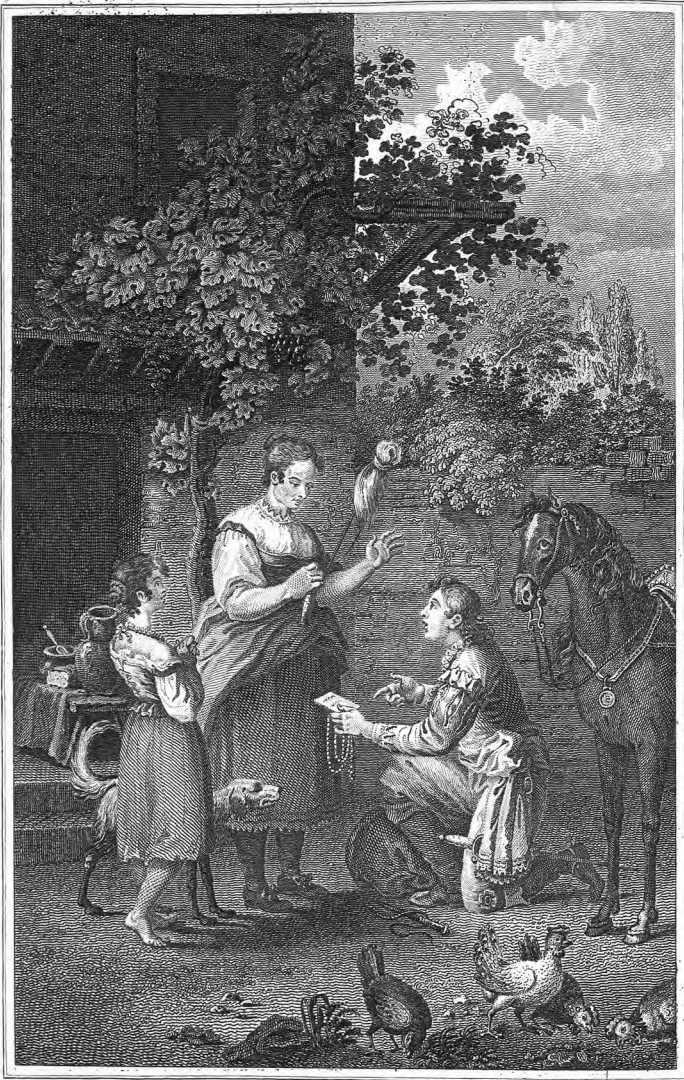
The Dutchess recounted to the Duke all that had passed; with which he was much diverted; and the Dutchess, proceeding in her design of making sport with Don Quixote, dispatched the

page, who had acted the part of Dulcinea in the project of her disenchantment, to Teresa Panza, with her husband's letter (for Sancho was so taken up with his government, that he had quite forgotten it), and with another from herself, and a large string of rich corals by way of present.

Now the history tells us, that the page was very discreet and sharp, and, being extremely desirous to please his Lord and Lady, he departed, with a very good will, for Sancho's village; and, being arrived near it, he saw some women washing in a brook, of whom he demanded, if they could tell him, whether one Teresa Panza, wife of one Sancho Panza, squire to a Knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha, lived in that town. At which question, a young wench, who was washing, started up, and said: "That Teresa Panza is my mother, and that Sancho my father, and that Knight our master."—"Come then, damsel," said the page, "and bring me to your mother; for I have a letter and a present for her from that same father of yours."—"That I will, with all my heart, Sir," answered the girl, who seemed to be about fourteen years of age: and, leaving the linen she was washing to one of her companions, without putting any thing on her head or her feet (for she was bare-legged and dishevelled), she ran skipping along before the page's horse, saying: "Come along, Sir; for our house stands just at the entrance of the village,

and there you will find my mother in pain enough for not having heard any news of my father this great while."—"I bring her such good news," said the page, "that she may well thank God for it." In short, with jumping, running, and capering, the girl came to the village, and, before she got into the house, she called aloud at the door: "Come forth, mother Teresa, come forth, come forth; for here is a gentleman, who brings letters and other things from my good father." At which voice her mother Teresa Panza came out, spinning a distaff full of tow, having on a gray petticoat, so short, that it looked as if it had been docked at the placket, with a gray bodice also, and her smock-sleeves hanging about it. She was not very old, though she seemed to be above forty; but was strong, hale, sinewy, and hard as a hazel-nut. She, seeing her daughter, and the page on horseback, said: "What is the matter, girl? What gentleman is this?"—"It is an humble servant of my Lady Donna Teresa Panza," answered the page. And, so saying, he flung himself from his horse, and, with great respect, went and kneeled before the Lady Teresa, saying: "Be pleased, Signora Donna Teresa, to give me your Ladyship's hand to kiss, as being the lawful and only wife of Signor Don Sancho Panza, sole governor of the island of Barataria."—"Ah, dear Sir, forbear, do not so," answered Teresa; "for I am no court





Walter Jc.

*The Page of the Dutchess delivering
Sancho's letter to his wife Teresa.*

dame, but a poor countrywoman, daughter of a ploughman, and wife of a squire-errant, and not of any governor at all."—"Your Ladyship," answered the page, "is the most worthy wife of an arch-worthy governor; and, for proof of what I say, be pleased, Madam, to receive this letter, and this present." Then he pulled out of his pocket a string of corals, each bead set in gold; and, putting it about her neck, he said: "This letter is from my Lord Governor, and another that I have here, and these corals, are from my Lady Dutchess, who sends me to your Ladyship." Teresa was amazed, and her daughter neither more nor less, and the girl said: "May I die, if our master Don Quixote be not at the bottom of this business, and has given my father the government, or earldom, he so often promised him."—"It is even so," answered the page; "and, for Signor Don Quixote's sake, my Lord Sancho is now governor of the island Barataria, as you will see by this letter."—"Pray, young gentleman," said Teresa, "be pleased to read it; for, though I can spin, I cannot read a tittle."—"Nor I neither," added Sanchica: "but stay a little, and I will go call somebody that can, though it be the priest himself, or the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, who will come with all their hearts to hear news of my father."—"There is no need of calling any body," replied the page; "for, though I cannot spin, I can read, and will

read it." So he read it: but, it having been inserted before, it is purposely omitted here. Then he pulled out that from the Dutchess, which was as follows:

“ Friend TERESA,

“ The good qualities, both of integrity and capacity, of your husband Sancho, moved and induced me to desire the Duke, my husband, to give him the government of one of the many islands he has. I am informed he governs like any hawk; at which I and my Lord Duke are mightily pleased; and I give great thanks to Heaven, that I have not been deceived in my choice of him for the said government. For, let me tell Madam Teresa, it is a difficult thing to find a good governor in these days, and God make me as good as Sancho governs well. I send you hereby, my dear, a string of corals set in gold: I wish they were of oriental pearl: but, whoever gives thee an egg, has no mind to see thee dead. The time will come, when we shall be better acquainted, and converse together, and God knows what may happen. Commend me to Sanchica your daughter, and tell her from me to get herself ready; for I mean to marry her topplingly, when she least thinks of it. I am told the acorns of your town are very large: pray, send me some two dozen of them; for I shall esteem them very much, as coming from your hand: and

write to me immediately, advising me of your health and welfare; and if you want any thing, you need but open your mouth, and your mouth shall be measured. So God keep you.

“Your loving friend,

“From this place.

“The DUTCHESS.”

“Ah!” cried Teresa, at hearing the letter, “how good, how plain, how humble a lady! Let me be buried with such ladies as this, and not with such gentlewomen as this town affords, who think, because they are gentlefolks, the wind must not blow upon them: and they go to church with as much vanity, as if they were very queens. One would think they took it for a disgrace to look upon a countrywoman; and you see here how this good lady, though she be a Dutchess, calls me friend, and treats me as if I were her equal, and equal may I see her to the highest steeple in La Mancha. As to the acorns, Sir, I will send her Ladyship a pocketful, and such as, for their bigness, people may come to see and admire from far and near. And for the present, Sanchica, see and make much of this gentleman: take care of his horse, and bring some new-laid eggs out of the stable, and slice some rashers of bacon, and let us entertain him like any prince; for the good news he has brought us, and his own good looks, deserve no less; and, in the meanwhile, I will step and carry my

neighbours the news of our joy, and especially to our father, the Priest, and to master Nicholas, the barber, who are, and always have been, your father's great friends."—"Yes, mother, I will," answered Sanchica: "but, hark you, I must have half that string of corals; for I do not take my Lady Dutchess to be such a fool as to send it all to you."—"It is all for you, daughter," answered Teresa; "but let me wear it a few days about my neck; for truly methinks it cheers my very heart."—"You will be no less cheered," said the page, "when you see the bundle I have in this portmanteau: it is a habit of superfine cloth, which the governor wore only one day at a hunting-match, and has sent it all to Signora Sanchica."—"May he live a thousand years," answered Sanchica, "and the bearer neither more nor less, ay, and two thousand, if need be."

Teresa now went out of the house with the letters, and the beads about her neck, and playing, as she went along, with her fingers upon the letters, as if they had been a timbrel. And accidentally meeting the Priest, and Sampson Carrasco, she began to dance, and say: "In faith we have no poor relations now; we have got a government: ay, ay, let the proudest gentlewoman of them all meddle with me; I will make her know her distance."—"What is the matter, Teresa Panza? What extravagancies are these, and what papers are those?" demanded the Priest.