

to the whole, arrived the courier, who brought that which Sancho sent to Don Quixote; which was also publicly read, and occasioned the governor's simplicity to be matter of doubt. The Dutchess retired, to learn of the page what had befallen him in Sancho's village; he related the whole very particularly, without leaving a circumstance unrecited. He gave her the acorns, as also a cheese, which Teresa gave him for a very good one, and better than those of Tronchon. The Dutchess received it with great satisfaction: and so we will leave them, to relate how ended the government of the great Sancho Panza, the flower and mirror of all insulary governors.

CHAP. LIII.

OF THE TOILSOME END AND CONCLUSION OF SANCHE PANZA'S GOVERNMENT.

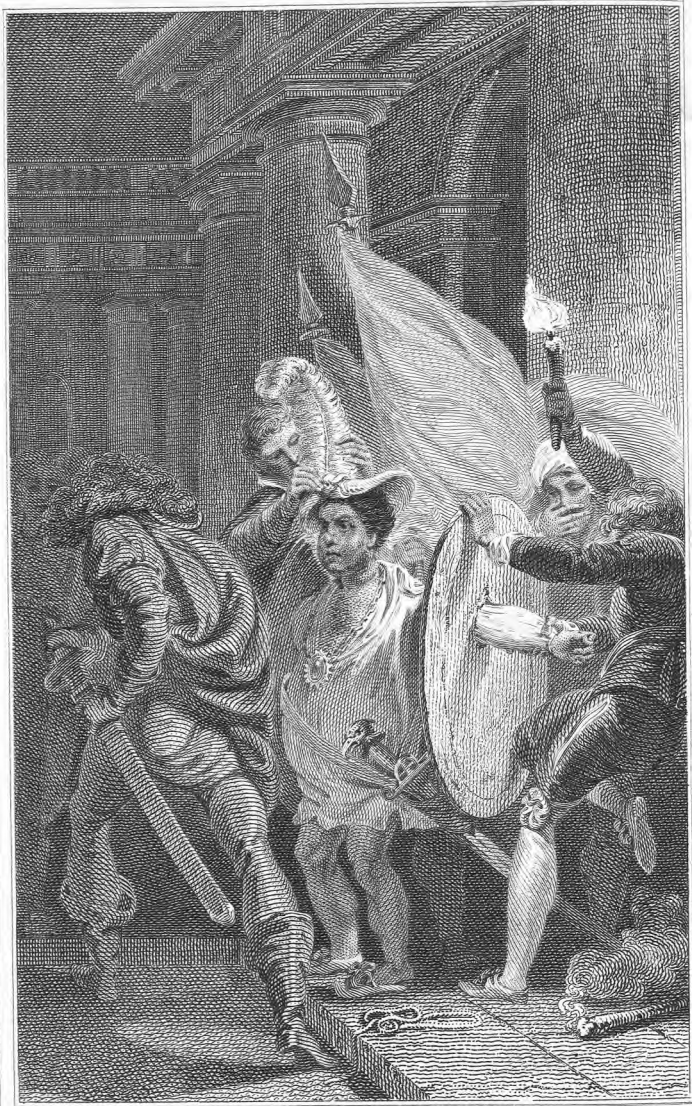
TO think, that the things in this life will continue always in the same state, is a vain expectation: the whole seem rather to be going round, I mean in a circle. The spring is succeeded by the summer, the summer by the autumn, the autumn by the winter, and the winter by the spring again: and thus time rolls round with a continual wheel. Human life only posts to its end, swifter than time itself, without hope

of renewal, unless in the next, which is limited by no bounds. This is the reflection of Cid Hamete, the Mahometan philosopher. For many, without the light of faith, and merely by natural instinct, have discovered the transitory and unstable condition of the present life, and the eternal duration of that, which is to come. But here our author speaks with respect to the swiftness, with which Sancho's government ended, perished, dissolved, and vanished into smoke and a shadow.

Who being in bed the seventh night of the days of his government, not satiated with bread nor wine, but with sitting in judgment, deciding causes, and making statutes and proclamations; and sleep, maugre and in despite of hunger, beginning to close his eyelids; he heard so great a noise of bells and voices, that he verily thought the whole island had been sinking. He sat up in his bed, and listened attentively, to see if he could guess at the cause of so great an uproar. But so far was he from guessing, that, the din of an infinite number of trumpets and drums joining the noise of the bells and voices, he was in greater confusion, and in more fear and dread than at first. And, getting upon his feet, he put on his slippers, because of the dampness of the floor; and, without putting on his night-gown, or any thing like it, he went out at his chamber door, and instantly perceived more than twenty

persons coming along the gallery, with lighted torches in their hands, and their swords drawn, all crying aloud: "Arm, arm, my Lord Governor, arm; for an infinite number of enemies are entered the island, and we are undone, if your conduct and valour do not succour us." With this noise and uproar, they came where Sancho stood, astonished and stupified with what he heard and saw. And when they were come up to him, one of them said, "Arm yourself straight, my Lord, unless you would be ruined, and the whole island with you."—"What have I to do with arming," replied Sancho, "who know nothing of arms or succours? It were better to leave these matters to my master Don Quixote, who will dispatch them and secure us in a trice; for, as I am a sinner to God, I understand nothing at all of these hurly-burlies."—"Alack, Signor Governor," said another, "what faint-heartedness is this? Arm yourself, Sir: for here we bring you weapons offensive and defensive; and come forth to the market-place, and be our leader and our captain, since you ought to be so, as being our governor."—"Arm me, then, in God's name," replied Sancho: and instantly they brought him a couple of old targets, which they had purposely provided, and clapped them over his shirt (not suffering him to put on any other garment), the one before, and the other behind. They thrust his arms through certain





Thurston del.

Armstrong scul.



Sancho arming

holes they made in them, and tied them well with some cord; insomuch that he remained walled and boarded up straight like a spindle, without being able to bend his knees, or walk one single step. They put a lance into his hand, upon which he leaned, to keep himself upon his feet. Thus accoutred, they desired him to march, and to lead and encourage them all; for, he being their north pole, their lantern, and their morning-star, their affairs would have a prosperous issue. "How should I march, wretch that I am," answered Sancho, "when I cannot stir my knee-pans? For I am hindered by these boards, which press so close and hard upon my flesh. Your only way is, to carry me in your arms, and lay me athwart, or set me upright at some postern, which I will maintain, either with my lance or my body."—"Fie, Signor Governor," cried another, "it is more fear than the targets, that hinders your marching. Have done, for shame, and bestir yourself: for it is late, the enemy increases, the cry grows louder, and the danger presses."

At which persuasions and reproaches the poor governor tried to stir, and down he fell with such violence, that he thought he had dashed himself to pieces. He lay like a tortoise enclosed and covered with his shell, or like a fitch of bacon between two trays, or like a boat with the keel upwards upon the sands. And though they saw

him fall, those jesting rogues had not the least compassion on him; on the contrary, putting out their torches, they reinforced the clamour, and reiterated the alarm, with such hurry and bustle, trampling over poor Sancho, and giving him an hundred thwacks upon the targets, that, if he had not gathered himself up, and shrunk in his head between the bucklers, it had gone hard with the poor governor; who, crumpled up in that narrow compass, sweated and sweated again, and recommended himself to God from the bottom of his heart, to deliver him from that danger. Some stumbled, others fell over him; and one there was, who, getting upon him, stood there for a good while, and from thence, as from a watch-tower, commanded the troops, and, with a loud voice, cried: "This way, brave boys; here the enemy charges thickest; guard that postern; shut yon gate; down with those scaling-ladders; this way with your caldrons of rosin, pitch, and burning oil; barricado the streets with woolpacks." In short, he named, in the utmost hurry, all the necessary implements and engines of war, used in defence of a city assaulted. The poor battered Sancho, who heard, and bore all, said to himself: "Oh, if it were Heaven's good pleasure, that this island were once lost, and I could see myself, either dead, or out of this great strait!" Heaven heard this petition, and, when he least expected it, he

heard voices crying: "Victory, victory! the enemy is routed: rise, Signor Governor, enjoy the conquest, and divide the spoils taken from the foe by the valour of that invincible arm."—"Let me be lifted up," quoth the dolorous Sancho, with a doleful voice. They helped him to rise; and, when he was got upon his legs, he said: "May all the enemies I have vanquished be nailed to my forehead; I will divide no spoils of enemies; but I entreat and beseech some friend, if I have any, to give me a draught of wine, for I am almost choked; and let me dry up this sweat, for I am melting away, and turning into water." They rubbed him down; they brought him wine; they untied the targets. He sat down upon his bed, and swooned away with the fright, surprise, and fatigue he had undergone. Those, who had played him the trick, began to be sorry they had laid it on so heavily. But Sancho's coming to himself moderated the pain they were in at his fainting away. He asked what o'clock it was: they told him it was day-break. He held his peace, and, without saying any more, he began to dress himself, while they remained buried in silence. They all stared at him, in expectation of what would be the issue of his dressing himself in such haste.

In short, having put on his clothes, by little and little (for he was so bruised, he could not do it hastily), he took the way to the stable, every

body present following him : and going to Dapple, he embraced him, and gave him a kiss of peace on the forehead ; and not without tears in his eyes, he said : “ Come hither, my companion, my friend, and partner in my fatigues and miseries. When I consorted with thee, and had no other thoughts, but the care of mending thy furniture, and feeding thy little carcass, happy were my hours, my days, and my years. But, since I forsook thee, and mounted upon the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand miseries, a thousand toils, and four thousand disquiets, have entered into my soul.” And while he was talking thus, he went on pannelling his ass, without any body’s saying a word to him. Dapple being pannelled, he got upon him, with great pain and heaviness, and directing his speech to the steward, the secretary, the sewer, and Doctor Pedro Rezio, and many others that were present, he said : “ Give way, Gentlemen, and suffer me to return to my ancient liberty : suffer me to seek my past life, that I may rise again from this present death. I was not born to be a governor, nor to defend islands, or cities, from enemies that assault them. I better understand how to plough and dig, how to prune and dress vines, than how to give laws, and defend provinces and kingdoms. Saint Peter is well at Rome : I mean, that nothing becomes a man so well, as the employment he was born for. In my hand a sickle is better

than a governor's sceptre. I had rather have my belly full of my own poor porridge²⁷, than be subject to the misery of an impertinent physician, who kills me with hunger: and I had rather lay myself down under the shade of an oak in summer, and equip myself with a double sheep-skin jerkin in winter, at my liberty, than lie under the slavery of a government, between holland sheets, and be clothed in sables. Gentlemen, God be with you; and tell my Lord Duke, that naked was I born, and naked I am; I neither win nor lose; I mean, that without a penny came I to this government, and without a penny do I quit it, the direct reverse of the governors of other islands. Give me way, and let me be gone to plaster myself; for I verily believe all my ribs are broken: thanks to the enemies, who have been trampling upon me all night long."

"It must not be so, Signor Governor," said Doctor Pedro Rezio; "for I will give your Lordship a drink, good against falls and bruises, that shall presently restore you to your former health and vigour. And, as to the eating part, I give you my word I will amend that, and let you eat abundantly of whatever you have a mind to."—"It comes too late," answered Sancho: "I will as soon stay as turn Turk. These are not tricks to be played twice. Before God, I will no more continue in this, nor accept of any other government, though it were served up to me in

a covered dish, than I will fly to Heaven without wings. I am of the race of the Panzas, who are all headstrong; and if they once cry, Odds, odds, it shall be, though it be Even, in spite of all the world. In this stable let the pismire's wings remain, that raised me up in the air to be exposed a prey to martlets and other small birds; and return we to walk upon plain ground, with a plain foot; for, if it be not adorned with pinked Cordovan shoes, it will not want for hempen sandals²⁸. Every sheep with its like; and, stretch not your feet beyond your sheet; and so let me be gone: for it grows late." To which the steward said: "Signor Governor, we will let your Lordship depart with all our hearts, though we shall be very sorry to lose you; for your judgment, and Christian procedure, oblige us to desire your presence: but you know, that every governor is bound, before he leaves the place he has governed, to submit to a judicature, and render an account of his administration. When your Lordship has done so for the ten days you have held the government, you shall depart, and God's peace be with you."—"Nobody can require that of me," answered Sancho, "but whom my Lord Duke shall appoint. To him I am going, and to him it shall be given exactly; besides, departing naked as I do, there needs surely no other proof of my having governed like an angel."—"Before God, the great Sancho is in the right," cried Doctor

Pedro Rezio, "and I am of opinion we should let him go; for the Duke will be infinitely glad to see him." They all consented, and suffered him to depart, offering first to bear him company, and to furnish every thing he desired, for the use of his person, and the conveniency of his journey. Sancho said, he desired only a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself: for, since the way was so short, he stood in need of nothing more, nor any other provision. They all embraced him, and he, weeping, embraced them again, and left them in admiration as well at his discourse, as at his so resolute and discreet determination.

CHAP. LIV.

WHICH TREATS OF MATTERS RELATING TO THIS HISTORY,
AND TO NO OTHER.

THE Duke and Dutchess resolved, that Don Quixote's challenge of their vassal, for the cause above-mentioned, should go forward; and, though the young man was in Flanders, whither he was fled to avoid having Donna Rodriguez for his mother-in-law, they gave orders for putting in his place a Gascon lackey called Tosilos, instructing him previously in every thing he was to do. About two days after, the Duke said to Don Quixote, that his opponent would be there in four days, and present himself in the lists,

armed as a Knight, and would maintain, that the damsel lied by half the beard, and even by the whole beard, if she said he had given her a promise of marriage. Don Quixote was highly delighted with the news, and promised himself to do wonders upon the occasion, esteeming it a special happiness, that an opportunity offered of demonstrating to their Grandeurs how far the valour of his puissant arm extended; and so, with pleasure and satisfaction, he waited the four days, which, in the account of his impatience, were four hundred ages.

Let us let them pass, as we let pass many other things, and attend upon Sancho, who, between glad and sorry, was making the best of his way upon Dapple towards his master, whose company he was fonder of, than of being governor of all the islands in the world. Now he had not gone far from the island of his government (for he never gave himself the trouble to determine whether it was an island, city, town, or village, that he governed), when he saw coming along the road six pilgrims, with their staves, being foreigners, such as ask alms singing; and, as they drew near to him, they placed themselves in a row, and, raising their voices all together, began to sing, in their language, what Sancho could not understand, excepting one word, which they distinctly pronounced, signifying Alms; whence he concluded, that alms was what they begged in their canting way. And he being, as

Cid Hamete says, extremely charitable, he took the half loaf and half cheese out of his wallet, and gave it them, making signs to them, that he had nothing else to give them. They received it very willingly, and cried, "Guelte, guelte²⁹."—"I do not understand you," answered Sancho; "what is it you would have, good people?" Then one of them pulled out of his bosom a purse, and showed it to Sancho; whence he found, that they asked for money; and he, putting his thumb to his throat, and extending his hand upward, gave them to understand, he had not a penny of money; and, spurring his Dapple, he broke through them: and, as he passed by, one of them, who had viewed him with much attention, caught hold of him, and, throwing his arms about his waist, with a loud voice, and in very good Castilian, said: "God be my aid! what is it I see? Is it possible I have in my arms my dear friend and good neighbour Sancho Panza? Yes, certainly I have; for I am neither asleep, nor drunk." Sancho was surprised to hear himself called by his name, and to find himself embraced by the stranger pilgrim; and, though he viewed him earnestly a good while, without speaking a word, he could not call him to mind; but the pilgrim, perceiving his suspense, said: "How! is it possible, brother Sancho Panza, you do not know your neighbour Ricote, the Morisco shopkeeper

of your town?" Then Sancho observed him more attentively, and began to recollect him, and at last remembered him perfectly; and, without alighting from his beast, he threw his arms about his neck, and said: "Who the devil, Ricote, should know you in this disguise? Tell me, how came you thus Frenchified? And how dare you venture to return to Spain, where, if you are known and caught, it will fare but ill with you?"—"If you do not discover me, Sancho," answered the pilgrim, "I am safe enough; for in this garb nobody can know me. And let us go out of the road to yonder poplar grove, where my comrades have a mind to dine and repose themselves, and you shall eat with them, for they are a very good sort of people; and there I shall have an opportunity to tell you what has befallen me since I departed from our village, in obedience to his Majesty's proclamation, which so rigorously threatened the miserable people of our nation, as you must have heard."

Sancho consented, and Ricote speaking to the rest of the pilgrims, they turned aside toward the poplar grove, which they saw at a distance, far enough out of the high road. They flung down their staves, and, putting off their pilgrim's weeds, remained in their jackets. They were all genteel young fellows, excepting Ricote, who was pretty well advanced in years. They all carried wallets, which, as appeared afterwards, were well provided

with incitatives, and such as provoke to thirst at two leagues distance. They laid themselves along on the ground, and making the grass their table-cloth, they spread their bread, salt, knives, nuts, slices of cheese, and clean bones of gammon of bacon, which, if they would not bear picking, did not forbid being sucked. They produced also a kind of black eatable, called Caviere, made of the roes of fish, a great awakener of thirst. There wanted not olives, though dry, and without any sauce, yet savoury, and well preserved. But, what carried the palm in the field of this banquet, was, six bottles of wine, each producing one out of his wallet. Even honest Ricote, who had transformed himself from a Moor into a German, or Dutchman, pulled out his, which for bigness might vie with the other five. Now they began to eat with the highest relish, and much at their leisure, dwelling upon the taste of every bit they took upon the point of a knife, and very little of each thing; and straight all together lifting up their arms and their bottles into the air, mouth applied to mouth, and their eyes nailed to the Heavens, as if they were taking aim at it, and, in this posture, waving their heads from side to side, in token of the pleasure they received, they continued a good while, transfusing the entrails of the vessels into their own stomachs. Sancho beheld all this, and was nothing grieved thereat; but rather, in compliance with the proverb he

very well knew, When you are at Rome, do as they do at Rome, he demanded of Ricote the bottle, and took his aim, as the others had done, and not with less relish. Four times the bottles bore being tilted; but for the fifth, it was not to be done; for they were now as empty and as dry as a rush, which struck a damp upon the mirth they had hitherto shown. One or other of them, from time to time, would take Sancho by the right hand, and say: "Spaniard and Dutchman, all one, goot companion:" and Sancho would answer: "Goot companion, I vow to gad." And then he burst out into a fit of laughing, which held him an hour, without his remembering at that time any thing of what had befallen him in his government: for cares have commonly but very little jurisdiction over the time, that is spent in eating and drinking. Finally, the making an end of the wine was the beginning of a sound sleep, which seized them all, upon their very board and table-cloth. Only Ricote and Sancho remained awake, having drank less, though eaten more, than the rest. And they two, going aside, sat them down at the foot of a beech, leaving the pilgrims buried in a sweet sleep; and Ricote, laying aside his Morisco, said what follows in pure Castilian;

"You well know, O Sancho, my neighbour and friend, how the proclamation and edict, which his Majesty commanded to be published

against those of my nation, struck a dread and terror into us all: at least into me it did, in such sort, that methought the rigour of the penalty was already executed upon me and my children, before the time limited for our departure from Spain. I provided therefore, as I thought, like a wise man, who, knowing at such a time the house he lives in will be taken from him, secures another to remove to: I say, I left our town, alone, and without my family, to find out a place, whither I might conveniently carry them, without that hurry the rest went away in. For I well saw, as did all the wisest among us, that those proclamations were not bare threatenings, as some pretended they were, but effectual laws, and such as would be put in execution at the appointed time. And what confirmed me in the belief of this, was, my knowing the mischievous extravagant designs of our people; which were such, that, in my opinion, it was a divine inspiration, that moved his Majesty to put so brave a resolution in practice. Not that we were all culpable; for some of us were steady and true Christians: but these were so few, they could not be compared with those, that were otherwise; and it is not prudent to nourish a serpent in one's bosom, by keeping one's enemies within doors. In short, we were justly punished with the sentence of banishment; a soft and mild one, in the opinion of some, but to us the most terrible, that

can be inflicted. Wherever we are, we weep for Spain; for, in short, here were we born, and this is our native country. We no where find the reception our misfortune requires. Even in Barbary, and all other parts of Africa, where we expected to be received, cherished, and made much of, there it is we are most neglected and misused. We knew not our happiness, till we lost it; and so great is the desire almost all of us have of returning to Spain, that most of those (and they are not a few) who can speak the language like myself, forsake their wives and children, and come back again; so violent is the love they bear it. And it is now I know, and find by experience, the truth of that common saying, sweet is the love of one's country.

“I went away, as I said, from our town: I entered into France; and, though there I met with a good reception, I had a desire to see other countries. I went into Italy, and then into Germany, and there I thought we might live more at liberty, the natives not standing much upon niceties, and every one living as he pleases; for, in most parts of it, there is liberty of conscience. I took a house in a village near Augsburgh, but soon left it, and joined company with these pilgrims, who come in great numbers, every year, into Spain, to visit its holy places, which they look upon as their Indies, and a certain gain, and sure profit. They travel almost the kingdom

over, and there is not a village, but they are sure of getting meat and drink in it, and a real at least in money; and, at the end of their journey, they go off with above a hundred crowns clear, which, being changed into gold, they carry out of the kingdom, either in the hollow of their staves, or in the patches of their weeds, or by some other sleight they are masters of, and get safe into their own country, in spite of all the officers and searchers of the passes and ports, where money is registered. Now my design, Sancho, is, to carry off the treasure I left buried (for, it being without the town, I can do it with the less danger), and to write or go over to my wife and daughter, who, I know, are in Algiers, and contrive how to bring them to some port of France, and from thence carry them into Germany, where we will wait, and see how God will be pleased to dispose of us. For, in short, Sancho, I know for certain, that Ricota, my daughter, and Francisca Ricote, my wife, are catholic Christians, and, though I am not altogether such, yet I am more of the Christian than the Moor; and I constantly pray to God to open the eyes of my understanding, and make me know in what manner I ought to serve him. But what I wonder at, is, that my wife and daughter should rather go into Barbary, than into France, where they might have lived as Christians.”

“Look you, Ricote,” answered Sancho, “that perhaps was not at their choice, because John Tiopeyo, your wife’s brother, who carried them away, being a rank Moor, would certainly go where he thought it best to stay: and I can tell you another thing, which is, that I believe it is in vain for you to look for the money you left buried, because we had news that your brother-in-law, and your wife, had abundance of pearls, and a great deal of money in gold, taken from them, as not having been registered.”—“That may be,” replied Ricote: “but I am sure, Sancho, they did not touch my hoard; for I never discovered it to them, as fearing some mischance: and therefore, Sancho, if you will go along with me, and help me to carry it off and conceal it, I may give you two hundred crowns, with which you may relieve your wants; for you know I am not ignorant they are many.”—“I would do it,” answered Sancho, “but that I am not at all covetous: for, had I been so, I quitted an employment this very morning, out of which I could have made the walls of my house of gold, and, before six months had been at an end, have eaten in plate: so that, for this reason, and because I think I should betray my king by favouring his enemies, I will not go with you, though, instead of two hundred crowns, you should lay me down four hundred upon the nail.”—“And what em-

ployment is it you have quitted, Sancho?" demanded Ricote. "I left being governor of an island," answered Sancho, "and such a one as, in faith, you would scarcely, at three pulls, meet with its fellow."—"And where is this island?" demanded Ricote. "Where!" answered Sancho; "why, two leagues from hence, and it is called the island Barataria."—"Peace, Sancho," said Ricote; "for islands are out at sea: there are no islands on the main land."—"No!" replied Sancho: "I tell you, friend Ricote, that I left it this very morning; and yesterday I was in it, governing at my pleasure, like any Sagittarius: but, for all that, I quitted it, looking upon the office of a governor to be a very dangerous thing."—"And what have you got by the government?" demanded Ricote. "I have got," answered Sancho, "this experience, to know I am fit to govern nothing but a herd of cattle, and that the riches, got in such governments, are got at the expense of one's ease and sleep, yea, and of one's sustenance; for, in islands, governors eat but little, especially if they have physicians to look after their health."—"I understand you not, Sancho," said Ricote; "and all you say seems to me extravagant: for who should give you islands to govern? Are there wanting men in the world abler than you are, to be governors? Hold your peace, Sancho; recall your senses, and consider whether you will go along with me, as

I said, and help me take up the treasure I left buried; for, in truth, it may very well be called a treasure; and I will give you wherewithal to live, as I have already told you.”—“And I have told you, Ricote,” replied Sancho, “that I will not: be satisfied, I will not discover you; and go your way, in God’s name, and let me go mine: for I know, that what is well got may meet with disaster, and what is ill got destroys both it and its master.”

“I will not urge you farther, Sancho,” added Ricote: “but, tell me, were you in our town when my wife and daughter, and my brother-in-law, went away?”—“Was I? Ay,” answered Sancho; “and I can tell you that your daughter went away so beautiful, that all the town went out to see her, and every body said she was the finest creature in the world. She went away weeping, and embraced all her friends and acquaintance, and all that came to see her; and desired them all to recommend her to God, and to our Lady, his mother: and this so feelingly, that she made me weep, who am no great whimperer; and, in faith, many had a desire to conceal her, and to go and take her away upon the road: but the fear of transgressing the King’s command restrained them. Don Pedro Gregorio, the rich heir you know, showed himself the most affected; for, they say, he was mightily in love with her; and, since she went away, he has never been

seen in our town; and we all think he followed to steal her away; but hitherto nothing farther is known.”—“ I ever had a jealousy,” answered Ricote, “ that this gentleman was smitten with my daughter: but, trusting to the virtue of my Ricota, it gave me no trouble to find he was in love with her: for you must have heard, Sancho, that the Moorish women seldom or never mingle in love with old Christians; and my daughter, who, as I believe, minded religion more than love, little regarded this rich heir’s courtship.”—“ God grant it,” replied Sancho; “ for it would be very ill for them both: and let me be gone, friend Ricote; for I intend to be to-night with my master Don Quixote.”—“ God be with you, brother Sancho,” said Ricote; “ for my comrades are stirring, and it is time for us also to be on our way.” And then they embraced each other: Sancho mounted his Dapple, and Ricote leaned on his pilgrim’s staff; and so they parted.

CHAP. LV.

OF WHAT BEFELL SANCHO IN THE WAY, AND OTHER MATTERS, WHICH YOU HAVE ONLY TO SEE.

SANCHO staid so long with Ricote, that he had not time to reach the Duke’s castle that day; though he was arrived within half a league of it,

when the night, somewhat dark and close, overtook him: but it being summer-time, it gave him no great concern; and so he struck out of the road, purposing to wait for the morning. But his ill luck would have it, that, in seeking a place where he might best accommodate himself, he and Dapple fell together into a deep and very dark pit, among some ruins of old buildings; and, as he was falling, he recommended himself to God with his whole heart, not expecting to stop, till he came to the depth of the abyss. But it fell out otherwise; for, a little beyond three fathom, Dapple felt ground, and Sancho found himself on his back, without having received any damage or hurt at all. He fell to feeling his body all over, and held his breath, to see if he was sound, or bored through in any part: and finding himself well, whole, and in Catholic health, he thought he could never give sufficient thanks to God for the mercy extended to him; for he verily thought he had been beaten into a thousand pieces. He felt also with his hands about the sides of the pit, to see if it was possible to get out of it without help; but he found them all smooth, and without any hold or footing: at which Sancho was much grieved, and especially when he heard Dapple groan most tenderly and sadly: and no wonder; nor did he lament out of wantonness, being, in truth, not over well situated. "Alas!" said Sancho Panza, "what

unexpected accidents perpetually befall those, who live in this miserable world! Who could have thought, that he, who yesterday saw himself enthroned a governor of an island, commanding his servants and his vassals, should to-day find himself buried in a pit, without any body to help him, and without servant or vassal to come to his assistance? Here must I and my ass perish with hunger, unless we die first, he by bruises and contusions, and I by grief and concern. At least, I shall not be so happy as my master Don Quixote de la Mancha was, when he descended and went down into the cave of the enchanted Montesinos, where he met with better entertainment than in his own house, and where, it seems, he found the cloth ready laid, and the bed ready made. There saw he beautiful and pleasant visions; and here I shall see, I suppose, toads and snakes. Unfortunate that I am! What are my follies and imaginations come to? Hence shall my bones be taken up, when it shall please God that I am found, clean, white, and bare, and those of my trusty Dapple with them; whence, peradventure, it will be conjectured who we were, at least by those, who have been informed that Sancho Panza never parted from his ass, nor his ass from Sancho Panza. And I say, miserable we! that our ill luck would not suffer us to die in our own country, and among our friends, where, though our misfortunes had found no remedy,

there would not be wanting some to grieve for them, and, at our last gasp, to close our eyes. Oh, my companion and my friend! how ill have I repaid thy good services! forgive me, and beg of fortune, in the best manner thou art able, to bring us out of this miserable calamity, in which we are both involved; and I promise to put a crown of laurel upon thy head, that thou mayest look like any poet-laureat, and to double thy allowance." Thus lamented Sancho Panza, and his beast listened to him without answering one word; such was the distress and anguish the poor creature was in.

Finally, having passed all that night in sad lamentations and complainings, the day came on, by the light and splendour of which Sancho soon perceived it was, of all impossibilities, the most impossible to get out of that pit without help. Then he began to lament, and to cry out aloud, to try if any body could hear him: but all his cries were in the desert; for there was not a creature in all those parts within hearing; and then he gave himself over for dead. Dapple lay with his mouth upwards, and Sancho contrived to get him upon his legs, though he could scarce stand: and pulling out of his wallet, which had also shared the fortune of the fall, a piece of bread, he gave it his beast, who did not take it amiss; and Sancho, as if the ass understood him, said to him: "Bread is relief for all kind of grief."

At length he discovered a hole in one side of the pit, wide enough for a man to creep through stooping. Sancho, squatting down, crept through upon all four, and found it was spacious and large within: and he could see about him; for a ray of the sun, glancing in through what might be called the roof, discovered it all. He saw also that it enlarged and extended itself into another spacious concavity. Which having observed, he came back to where his ass was, and with a stone began to break away the earth of the hole, and soon made room for his ass to pass easily through, which he did: then, taking him by the halter, he advanced forward along the cavern, to see if he could find a way to get out, on the other side. He went on, sometimes darkling, and sometimes without light, but never without fear. "The Almighty God be my aid," quoth he to himself; "this, which to me is a mishap, to my master Don Quixote had been an adventure: he would, no doubt, have taken these depths and dungeons for flowery gardens and palaces of Galiana³⁰; and would have expected to issue out of this obscurity by some pleasant meadow. But unhappy I, devoid of counsel, and dejected in mind, at every step expect some other pit, deeper than this, to open on a sudden under my feet, and swallow me downright: welcome the ill, that comes alone." In this manner, and with these thoughts, he fancied he had gone

somewhat more than half a league, when he discovered a glimmering light, like that of the day, breaking in, and opening an entrance into what seemed to him the road to the other world. Here Cid Hamete Benengeli leaves him, and returns to treat of Don Quixote, who, with joy and transport, was waiting for the appointed day of combat with the ravisher of Donna Rodriguez's daughter's honour, resolving to see justice done her, and to take satisfaction for the affront and injury offered her.

It happened, then, that riding out one morning, to exercise and assay himself for the business of the combat he was to be engaged in within a day or two, as he was now reining, now running Rozinante, he chanced to pitch his feet so near a pit, that, had he not drawn the reins in very strongly, he must inevitably have fallen into it. At last he stopped him, and fell not, and, getting a little nearer, without alighting, he viewed the chasm, and, as he was looking at it, he heard a loud voice within, and listening attentively he could distinguish and understand, that he, who spoke from below, said: "Ho, above there! is there any Christian that hears me, or any charitable gentleman to take pity of a sinner buried alive, an unfortunate disgoverned governor?" Don Quixote thought he heard Sancho Panza's voice; at which he was surprised and amazed; and, raising his voice as high as he could, he

cried: "Who is below there? Who is it complains?"—"Who should be here, or who should complain," replied the voice, "but the forlorn Sancho Panza, governor, for his sins and for his evil-errantry, of the island of Barataria, and late squire of the famous Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha?" Which Don Quixote hearing, his astonishment was doubled, and his amazement increased; for it came into his imagination, that Sancho Panza was dead, and that his soul was there doing penance; and, being carried away by this thought, he said: "I conjure thee, by all that can conjure thee, as a catholic Christian, to tell me who thou art; and, if thou art a soul in purgatory, let me know what I can do for thee; for, since it is my profession to be aiding and assisting the needy of this world, I shall also be ready to aid and assist the distressed in the other, who cannot help themselves."—"So then," answered the voice, "you, who speak to me, are my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, and by the tone of the voice it can be nobody else for certain."—"Don Quixote I am," replied Don Quixote, "he, who professes to succour and assist the living and the dead in their necessities. Tell me, then, who thou art, for thou amazest me: if you are my squire Sancho Panza, and chance to be dead, since the devils have not got you, but through the mercy of God you are in purgatory, our holy mother the Roman catholic

church has supplications sufficient to deliver you from the pains you are in ; and I, for my part, will solicit her in your behalf, as far as my estate will reach : therefore explain, and without more ado tell me, who you are.”—“ I vow to God,” said the voice, “ and I swear by the birth of whom your Worship pleases, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, that I am your squire Sancho Panza, and that I never was dead in all the days of my life, but that, having left my government, for causes and considerations, that require more leisure to relate them, this night I fell into this cavern, where I now am, and Dapple with me, who will not let me lie, by the same token he stands here by me: and would you have any more?” One would think the ass had understood what Sancho said ; for at that instant he began to bray, and that so lustily, that the whole cave resounded with it. “ A credible witness,” cried Don Quixote : “ I know that bray, as well as if I had brought it forth ; and I know your voice, my dear Sancho : stay a little, and I will go to the Duke’s castle hard by, and will fetch people to get you out of this pit, into which your sins have certainly cast you.”—“ Pray go, for the Lord’s sake,” quoth Sancho, “ and return speedily ; for I cannot longer endure being buried alive here, and am dying with fear.”

Don Quixote left him, and went to the castle, to tell the Duke and Dutchess what had befallen