

CHAPTER II

OF THE MEMORABLE QUARREL BETWEEN SANCHE PANZA, AND DON QUIXOTE'S NIECE AND HOUSEKEEPER; WITH OTHER PLEASANT PASSAGES

THE history informs us, that the occasion of the noise which the niece and housekeeper made, was Sancho Panza's endeavouring to force his way into the house, while they at the same time held the door against him to keep him out.—“What have you to do in this house, ye paunch-gutted squob?” cried one of them. “Go, go, keep to your own home, friend. It is all along of you, and nobody else, that my poor master is distracted, debauched, and carried a rambling all the country over.”—“The housekeeper for the devil!” replied Sancho; “it is I that am distracted, debauched, and carried a rambling, and not your master. It was he led me the jaunt; so you are wide of the matter. It was he that inveigled me from my house and home with his colloquing, and saying he would give me an island; which is

not come yet, and I still wait for.”—“May'st thou be choaked with thy plaguy islands,” cried the niece, “thou cursed paunch! And what are your islands? any thing to eat, good-man greedy-gut, ha?”—“Hold you there!” answered Sancho, “they are not to eat, but to govern; and better governments than any four cities, or as many heads of the king's best corporations.”—“For all that,” quoth the housekeeper, “thou comest not within these doors, thou bundle of wickedness, and sackful of roguery! Go, govern your own house! Work, you lazy rogue! To the plough, and never trouble your jolter-head about islands or oylets.”

The curate and barber took a great deal of pleasure to hear this dialogue. But Don Quixote fearing lest Sancho should not keep within bounds, but blunder out some discoveries prejudicial to his reputation, while he ripped up a pack of little foolish slander, called him in, and enjoined the women to be silent. Sancho entered, and the curate and the barber took leave of Don Quixote, despairing of his cure, considering how deep his folly was rooted in his brain, and how bewitched he was with his silly knight-errantry.—“Well, neighbour,” said the curate to the barber, “now do I expect no-

thing better of our gentleman, than to hear shortly he is gone upon another ramble."—"Nor I neither," answered the barber; "but I do not wonder so much at the knight's madness, as at the silliness of the squire, who thinks himself so sure of the island, that I fancy all the art of man can never beat it out of his skull."—"Heaven mend them!" said the curate. "In the meantime let us observe them; we shall find what will be the event of the extravagance of the knight, and the foolishness of the squire. One would think they had been cast in one mould; and indeed the master's madness without the man's impertinence, were not worth a rush."—"Right," said the barber, "and now they are together, methinks I long to know what passes between them. I do not doubt but the two women will be able to give an account of that, for they are not of a temper to withstand the temptation of listening."

Meanwhile Don Quixote having locked himself up with his squire, they had the following colloquy.—"I take it very ill," said he, "Sancho, that you should report, as you do, that I enticed you out of your paltry hut, when you know, that I myself left my own mansion-house. We set out together, continued to-

gether, and travelled together. We ran the same fortune, and the same hazards together. If thou hast been tossed in a blanket once, I have been battered and bruised a hundred times; and that is all the advantage I have had above thee."—"And reason good," answered Sancho; "for you yourself used to say, that ill-luck and cross-bitings are oftener to light on the knights than on the squires."—"Thou art mistaken, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "for the proverb will tell thee, that *Quando caput dolet*," &c.—"Nay," quoth Sancho, "I understand no language but my own."—"I mean," said Don Quixote, "that when the head aches, all the members partake of the pain. So then, as I am thy master, I am also thy head; and as thou art my servant, thou art one of my members; it follows therefore, that I cannot be sensible of pain, but thou too oughtest to be affected with it; and likewise, that nothing of ill can befall thee, but I must bear a share."—"Right," quoth Sancho; "but when I, as a limb of you, was tossed in a blanket, my head was pleased to stay at the other side of the wall, and saw me frisking in the air, without going snacks in my bodily trouble."—"Thou art greatly mistaken, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "if thou thinkest I was not sensible

of thy sufferings. For I was then more tortured in mind, than thou wast tormented in body; but let us adjourn this discourse till some other time, which doubtless will afford us an opportunity to redress past grievances. I pray thee tell me now what does the town say of me? What do the neighbours, what do the people think of me? What say the gentry, and the better sort? How do the knights discourse of my valour, my high feats of arms, and my courteous behaviour? What thoughts do they entertain of my design, to raise from the grave of oblivion the order of knight-errantry, and restore it to the world? In short, tell me freely and sincerely whatever thou hast heard; neither enlarged with flattering commendations, nor lessened by any omission of my dispraise; for it is the duty of faithful servants to lay truth before their masters in its honourable nakedness. And I would have thee know, Sancho, that if it were to appear, before princes, in its native simplicity, and disrobed of the odious disguise of flattery, we should see happier days; this age would be changed into an age of gold, and former times compared to this, would be called the iron age. Remember this, and be advised, that I may hear thee impart a faithful account of these matters."—"That I will, with

all my heart," answered Sancho, "so your worship will not take it amiss, if I tell what I have heard, just as I heard it, neither better nor worse."—"Nothing shall provoke me to anger," answered Don Quixote; "speak freely, and without any circumlocution."

"Why then," quoth Sancho, "first and foremost you are to know, that the common people take you for a downright madman, and me for one that has not much guts in his brains. The gentry say, that not being content to keep within the bounds of gentility, you have taken upon you to be a Don,¹ and set up for a knight, and a right worshipful, with a small vineyard, and two acres of land, a tatter before, and another behind. The knights, forsooth, take pepper in the nose, and say, they do not like to have your small gentry think themselves as good as they, especially your old-fashioned country squires that mend and lamp-black their own shoes, and darn ye their old black stockings themselves with a needleful of green silk."—"All this does not affect me," said Don Quixote, "for I always wear good clothes, and never have them patched. It is true, they may be a little torn sometimes, but that is more with my armour than my long

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chap. II.

wearing.”—“As for what relates to your prowess,” said Sancho, proceeding, “together with your feats of arms, your courteous behaviour, and your undertaking, there are several opinions about it. Some say he is mad, but a pleasant sort of a madman; others say he is valiant, but his luck is naught; others say he is courteous, but damned impertinent. And thus they spend so many verdicts upon you, and take us both so to pieces, that they leave neither you nor me a sound bone in our skins.”—“Consider, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that the more eminently virtue shines, the more it is exposed to the persecution of envy. Few or none of those famous heroes of antiquity, could escape the venomous arrows of calumny. Julius Cæsar, that most courageous, prudent, and valiant captain, was marked, as being ambitious, and neither so clean in his apparel, nor in his manners, as he ought to have been. Alexander, whose mighty deeds gained him the title of the Great, was charged with being addicted to drunkenness. Hercules, after his many heroic labours, was accused of voluptuousness and effeminacy. Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis de Gaul, was taxed with being quarrelsome, and his brother himself with being a whining, blubbering lover.

And therefore, my Sancho, since so many worthies have not been free from the assaults of detraction, well may I be content to bear my share of that epidemical calamity, if it be no more than thou hast told me now.”—“Body of my father!” quoth Sancho, “there is the business; you say well, if this were all: But they don’t stop here.”—“Why,” said Don Quixote, “what can they say more?”—“More,” cried Sancho, “oddsnigs! we are still to flea the cat’s tail. You have had nothing yet but apple-pies and sugar-plums. But if you have a mind to hear all those slanders and backbitings that are about town concerning your worship, I will bring you one anon that shall tell you every kind of thing that is said of you, without bating you an ace on it! Bartholomew Carrasco’s son I mean, who has been a scholard at the versity of Salamanca; and is got to be a bachelor of arts. He came last night, you must know, and as I went to bid him welcome home, he told me, that your worship’s history is already in books, by the name of the most renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha. He says I am in too, by my own name of Sancho Panza, and eke also my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; nay, and many things that passed betwixt nobody but us two, which

I was amazed to hear, and could not for my soul imagine, how the devil he that set them down could come by the knowledge of them."—"I dare assure thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that the author of our history must be some sage enchanter, and one of those from whose universal knowledge, none of the things which they have a mind to record can be concealed."—"How should he be a sage and an enchanter?" quoth Sancho. "The bachelor Samson Carrasco, for that is the name of my tale's master, tells me, he that wrote the history is called Cid Hamet* Berengenas."—"That is a Moorish name," said Don Quixote. "Like enough," quoth Sancho, "your Moors are main lovers of Berengenas."—"Certainly, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou art mistaken in the surname of that Cid, that lord, I mean; for Cid in Arabic signifies lord."—"That may very well be," answered Sancho. "But if you will have me fetch you the young scholar, I will fly to bring him hither."—"Truly, friend," said Don Quixote, "thou wilt do me a particular kindness; for what thou hast already told me, has so filled me with doubts and expectations, that I shall not eat a

* A sort of fruit in Spain, which they boil with or without flesh; it was brought over by the Moors. Sancho makes this blunder, being more used to this fruit than hard names. He meant Benengeli.

bit that will do me good till I am informed of the whole matter."—"I will go and fetch him," said Sancho. With that, leaving his master, he went to look for the bachelor, and having brought him along with him a while after, they all had a very pleasant dialogue.