

know what he did with them, and how he spent them; which is one of the most material points in which the work is defective."

"Master Samson," quoth Sancho, "I am not now in a condition to call up the accounts, for I am taken ill of a sudden with such a wambling in the stomach, and find myself so mawkish, that if I do not see and fetch it up with a sup or two of good old bub, I shall waste like the snuff of a farthing candle.* I have that cordial at home, and my chuck stays for me. When I have had my dinner, I am for you, and will satisfy you, or any man that wears a head, about any thing in the world, either as to the loss of the ass, or the laying out of those same pieces of gold." This said, without a word more, or waiting for a reply, away he went. Don Quixote desired, and entreated the bachelor to stay and do penance with him. The bachelor accepted his invitation, and staid. A couple of pigeons were got ready to mend their commons. All dinner time they discoursed about knight-errantry, Carrasco humouring him all the while. After they had slept out the heat of the day,¹ Sancho came back, and they renewed their former discourse.

* I shall be stuck upon St. Lucia's thorn, supposed to be a cant phrase for the rack; for which the royal Spanish dictionary produces no other voucher but this passage.

¹ See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter III.

CHAPTER IV

SANCHO PANZA SATISFIES THE BACHELOR SAMSON CARRASCO IN HIS DOUBTS AND QUERIES: WITH OTHER PASSAGES FIT TO BE KNOWN AND RELATED

SANCHO returned to Don Quixote's house, and beginning again where he left off; "Now," quoth he, "as to what Master Samson wanted to know; that is, when, where, and by whom my ass was stolen, I answer, that the very night that we marched off to the Sierra Morena, to avoid the hue and cry of the holy brotherhood, after the rueful adventure of galley slaves, and that of the dead body that was carrying to Segovia, my master and I slunk into a wood; where he leaning on his lance, and I without alighting from Dapple, both sadly bruised and tired with our late skirmishes, fell fast asleep, and slept as soundly as if we had four featherbeds under us; but I especially was as serious at it as any dormouse; so that the thief, whoever he was, had leisure enough to clap four stakes under the four corners of

the pack-saddle, and then leading away the ass from between my legs, without being perceived by me in the least, there he fairly left me mounted."—"This is no new thing," said Don Quixote, "nor is it difficult to be done: With the same stratagem Sacrepante had his steed stolen from under him by that notorious thief Brunelo at the siege of Albraca."

"It was broad day," said Sancho, going on, "when I, half awake and half asleep, began to stretch myself in my pack-saddle; but with my stirring, down came the stakes, and down came I souse, with a confounded squelch, on the ground. Presently I looked for my ass, but no ass was to be found. O how thick the tears trickled from my eyes, and what a piteous moan I made! If he that made our history has forgot to set it down word for word, I would not give a rush for his book, I will tell him that. Some time after, I cannot just tell you how long it was, as we were going with my lady the Princess Micomicona, I knew my ass again, and he that rid him, though he went like a gipsy; and who should it be, do you think, but Gines de Passamonte, that son of mischief, that crack rope, whom my master and I saved from the galleys."—"The mistake does not lie there,"

said Carrasco; "but that only the author sets you upon the same ass that was lost, before he gives an account of his being found."—"As to that," replied Sancho, "I do not know very well what to say. If the man made a blunder, who can help it? But mayhap, it was a fault of the printer."—"I make no question of that," said Carrasco; "but pray, what became of the hundred pieces? Were they sunk?"—"I fairly spent them on myself," quoth Sancho, "and on my wife and children; they helped me to lay my spouse's clack, and made her take so patiently my rambling and trotting after my master Don Quixote; for had I come back with my pockets empty, and without my ass, I must have looked for a rueful greeting. And now if you have any more to say to me, here am I, ready to answer the king himself; for what has any body to meddle or make whether I found or found not, or spent or spent not? If the knocks and swaddlings that have been bestowed on my carcase in our jaunts, were to be rated but at three maravedis a-piece, and I to be satisfied ready cash for every one, a hundred pieces of gold more would not pay for half of them; and therefore let every man lay his finger on his mouth, and not run hand over head, and mistake black for

white, and white for black; for every man is as heaven made him, and sometimes a great deal worse."

"Well," said the bachelor, "if the author print another edition of the history, I will take special care he shall not forget to insert what honest Sancho has said, which will make the book as good again."—"Pray, good Mr Bachelor," asked Don Quixote, "are there other emendations requisite to be made in this history?"—"Some there are," answered Carrasco, "but none of so much importance as those already mentioned."—"Perhaps the author promises a second part?" said Don Quixote.—"He does," said Carrasco; "but he says he cannot find it, neither can he discover who has it: so that we doubt whether it will come out or no, as well for this reason, as because some people say that second parts are never worth any thing; others cry, there is enough of Don Quixote already; however, many of those that love mirth better than melancholy, cry out, give us more Quixotery; let but Don Quixote appear, and Sancho talk, be it what it will, we are satisfied."—"And how stands the author affected?" said the knight.—"Truly," answered Carrasco, "as soon as ever he can find out the history, which

he is now looking for with all imaginable industry, he is resolved to send it immediately to the press, though more for his own profit than through any ambition of applause."—"What," quoth Sancho, "does he design to do it to get a penny by it? Nay, then we are like to have a rare history indeed; we shall have him botch and whip it up, like your tailors on Easter-Eve, and give us a huddle of flim-flams that will never hang together; for your hasty work can never be done as it should be. Let Mr Moor take care how he goes to work; for, my life for his, I and my master will stock him with such a heap of stuff, in matter of adventures and odd chances, that he will not have enough only to write a second part, but an hundred. The poor fellow, be-like, thinks we do nothing but sleep on a hay-mow; but let us once put foot into the stirrup, and he will see what we are about: this at least I will be bold to say, that if my master would be ruled by me, we had been in the field by this time, undoing of misdeeds and righting of wrongs, as good knights-errants used to do."

Scarce had Sancho made an end of his discourse, when Rozinante's neighing reached their ears. Don Quixote took it for a lucky

omen, and resolved to take another turn within three or four days. He discovered his resolutions to the bachelor, and consulted him to know which way to steer his course. The bachelor advised him to take the road of Saragosa, in the kingdom of Arragon, a solemn tournament being shortly to be performed at that city on St George's festival; where, by worsting all the Arragonian champions, he might win immortal honour, since to out-tilt them would be to out-rival all the knights in the universe. He applauded his noble resolution, but withal admonished him not to be so desperate in exposing himself to dangers, since his life was not his own, but theirs who in distress stood in want of his assistance and protection. "That is it now," quoth Sancho, "that makes me sometimes ready to run mad, Mr Bachelor, for my master makes no more to set upon an hundred armed men, than a young hungry tailor to guttle down half a dozen of cucumbers! Body of me! Mr Bachelor, there is a time to retreat, as well as a time to advance; Saint Jago and Close Spain* must not always be the cry; For

* *Santiago cierra Espana*, is the cry of the Spanish soldiers when they fall on in battle, encouraging one another to close with the enemy: *Cerrar con el enemigo*. It is likewise an exhortation to the Spaniards to keep themselves compact and close together.

I have heard somebody say, and if I am not mistaken, it was my master himself, That valour lies just between rashness and cow-heartedness; and if it be so, I would not have him run away without there is a reason for it, nor would I have him fall on when there is no good to be got by it. But above all things I would have him to know, if he has a mind I should go with him, that the bargain is, he shall fight for us both, and that I am tied to nothing but to look after him and his victuals and clothes: So far as this comes to, I will fetch and carry like any water spaniel; but to think I will lug out my sword, though it be but against poor rogues, and sorry shirks, and hedge-birds, y'troth I must beg his diversion. For my part, Mr Bachelor, it is not the fame of being thought valiant that I aim at, but that of being deemed the very best and trustiest squire that ever followed the heels of a knight-errant: And if, after all my services, my master Don Quixote will be so kind as to give me one of those many islands which his worship says he shall light on, I shall be much beholden to him; but if he does not, why then I am born, do ye see, and one man must not live to rely on another, but on his Maker. Mayhaps the bread I shall eat without govern-

ment, will go down more savourily than if I were a governor; and what do I know but that the devil is providing me one of these governments for a stumbling-block, that I may stumble and fall, and so break my jaws, and ding out my butter-teeth? I was born Sancho, and Sancho I mean to die; and yet for all that, if fairly and squarely, with little trouble and less danger, heaven would bestow on me an island, or some such-like matter, I am no such fool neither, do ye see, as to refuse a good thing when it is offered me. No, I remember the old saying, When the ass is given thee, run and take him by the halter; and when good luck knocks at the door, let him in, and keep him there."

"My friend Sancho," said Carrasco, "you have spoken like any university-professor: However, trust in heaven's bounty, and the noble Don Quixote, and he may not only give thee an island, but even a kingdom."—"One as likely as the other," quoth Sancho; "and yet let me tell you, Mr Bachelor, the kingdom which my master is to give me, you shall not find it thrown into an old sack; for I have felt my own pulse, and find myself sound enough to rule kingdoms and govern islands; I have told my master as much before now"—

"Have a care, Sancho," said Carrasco, "honours change manners; perhaps, when you come to be a governor, you will scarce know the mother that bore ye."—"This," said Sancho, "may happen to those that were born in a ditch, but not to those whose souls are covered, as mine is, four fingers thick with good old Christian fat.* No, do but think how good-conditioned I be, and then you need not fear I should do dirtily to any one."—"Grant it, good heaven!" said Don Quixote, "we shall see when the government comes, and methinks I have it already before my eyes." After this he desired the bachelor, if he were a poet, to oblige him with some verses, on his designed departure from his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso. Every verse to begin with one of the letters of her name, so that joining every first letter of every verse together, they might make Dulcinea del Toboso. The bachelor told him, that though he were none of the famous poets of Spain, who, they say, were but three and a half,† he

* A Spanish way of expressing he was not of the Jewish or Moorish race.

† The first, Alonzo de Ercilla, author of the Araucana: (an epic poem, which I have read with a great deal of pleasure, nor did it cost me a little money to purchase it of the late Mr Rymer,) the second, Juan Rufo of Cordova, author of the Austriada; and the third, Christopher Verves of Valentia, author of the Montserrate. By the half-poet, Don Gregoir thinks Cervantes means himself.

would endeavour to make that acrostic; though he was sensible this would be no easy task, there being seventeen letters in the name; so that if he made four stanzas of four verses apiece, there would be a letter too much; and if he made his stanzas of five lines, so as to make a double Decima or a Redondilla, there would be three letters too little; however, he would strive to drown a letter, and so take in the whole name in sixteen verses."—"Let it be so by any means," said Don Quixote; "for no woman will believe that those verses were made for her where her name is not plainly to be discerned." After this, it was agreed they should set out within a week. Don Quixote charged the bachelor not to speak a word of all this, especially to the curate, Mr Nicolas the barber, his niece, and his housekeeper, lest they should obstruct his honourable and valorous design. Carrasco gave him his word, and having desired Don Quixote to send an account of his good or bad success at his conveniency, took his leave, and left him; and Sancho went to get every thing ready for his journey.

CHAPTER V

THE WISE AND PLEASANT DIALOGUE BETWEEN
SANCHO PANZA, AND TERESA PANZA HIS WIFE:
TOGETHER WITH OTHER PASSAGES WORTHY OF
HAPPY MEMORY

THE translator of this history, being come to this fifth chapter, thinks fit to inform the reader, that he holds it to be apocryphal; because it introduces Sancho speaking in another style than could be expected from his slender capacity, and saying things of so refined a nature, that it seems impossible he could do it. However, he thought himself obliged to render it in our tongue, to maintain the character of a faithful translator, and therefore he goes on in this manner.

Sancho came home so cheerful and so merry, that his wife read his joy in his looks as far as she could see him. Being impatient to know the cause, "My dear," cried she, "what makes you so merry?"—"I should be more merry, my chuck," quoth Sancho, "would but heaven so order it, that I were not so well pleased as I seem