

welcome crowd of loving impertinents; Dulcinea alone can soften my manly temper, and mould me as she pleases. For her I am all sweetness, for you I am bitterness itself. There is to me no beauty, no prudence, no modesty, no gaiety, no nobility among your sex, but in Dulcinea alone. All other women seem to be deformed, silly, wanton, and base born, when compared with her. Nature brought me forth only that I should be devoted to her service. Let Altisidora weep or sing; let the lady despair on whose account I have received so many blows in the disastrous castle of the enchanted Moor,* still I am Dulcinea's, and hers alone, dead or alive, dutiful, unspotted, and unchanged, in spite of all the necromantic powers in the world." This said, he hastily clapped down the window, and flung himself into his bed with as high an indignation as if he had received some great affront. There let us leave him a while, in regard the great Sancho Panza calls upon us to see him commence his famous government.

* Alluding to the story of Maritornes and the carrier, in the former part of the history.

CHAPTER XLV.

HOW THE GREAT SANCHO PANZA TOOK POSSESSION OF HIS ISLAND, AND IN WHAT MANNER HE BEGAN TO GOVERN

O! THOU perpetual surveyor of the antipodes, bright luminary of the world, and eye of heaven, sweet fermenter of liquids, here Timbrius called, there Phœbus, in one place an archer, in another a physician! Parent of poesy, and inventor of music, perpetual mover of the universe, who, though thou seemest sometimes to set, art always rising! O, sun, by whose assistance man begets man, on thee I call for help! Inspire me, I beseech thee, warm and illumine my gloomy imagination, that my narration may keep pace with the great Sancho Panza's actions through his government; for, without thy powerful influence, I feel myself benumbed, dispirited, and confused.—Now I proceed.

Sancho, with all his attendants, came to a town that had about a thousand inhabitants, and was one of the best where the duke had

any power. They gave him to understand that the name of the place was the island of Barataria, either because the town was called Barataria, or because the government cost him so cheap. As soon as he came to the gates (for it was walled) the chief officers and inhabitants, in their formalities, came out to receive him, the bells rung, and all the people gave general demonstrations of their joy. The new governor was then carried in mighty pomp to the great church, to give heaven thanks; and, after some ridiculous ceremonies, they delivered him the keys of the gates, and received him as perpetual governor of the island of Barataria.¹ In the meantime, the garb, the port, the huge beard, and the short and thick shape of the new governor, made every one who knew nothing of the jest wonder; and even those who were privy to the plot, who were many, were not a little surprised.

In short, from the church they carried him to the court of justice; where, when they had placed him in his seat, "My Lord Governor," said the duke's steward to him, "it is an ancient custom here, that he who takes possession of this famous island must answer to some difficult and intricate question that is

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XLV.

propounded to him; and, by the return he makes, the people feel the pulse of his understanding, and, by an estimate of his abilities, judge whether they ought to rejoice or to be sorry for his coming."

All the while the steward was speaking, Sancho was staring on an inscription in large characters on the wall over against his seat; and, as he could not read, he asked, what was the meaning of that which he saw painted there upon the wall?—"Sir," said they, "it is an account of the day when your lordship took possession of this island; and the inscription runs thus: 'This day, being such a day of this month, in such a year, the Lord Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, which may he long enjoy.'"—And who is he," asked Sancho, "whom they call Don Sancho Panza?"—"Your lordship," answered the steward; "for we know of no other Panza in this island but yourself, who now sit in this chair."—"Well, friend," said Sancho, "pray take notice that Don does not belong to me, nor was it borne by any of my family before me, Plain Sancho Panza is my name; my father was called Sancho, my grandfather Sancho, and all of us have been Panzas, without any Don or Donna added to our name. Now do I

already guess your Dons are as thick as stones in this island. But it is enough that Heaven knows my meaning; if my government happens to last but four days to an end, it shall go hard but I will clear the island of those swarms of Dons that must needs be as troublesome as so many flesh-flies.* Come, now for your question, good Mr Steward, and I will answer it as well as I can, whether the town be sorry or pleased."

At the same instant two men came into the court, the one dressed like a country-fellow, the other looked like a tailor, with a pair of shears in his hand. "If it please you, my lord," cried the tailor, "I and this farmer here are come before your worship. This honest man came to my shop yesterday, for, saving your presence, I am a tailor, and, Heaven be praised, free of my company; so, my lord, he shewed me a piece of cloth. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'is there enough of this to make a cap?' Whereupon I measured the stuff, and answered him, Yes, if it like your worship. Now, as I imagined, do you see, he could not but imagine, (and perhaps he imagined right enough,) that I had

* A severe satire on the Spanish pride and affectation of gentility. Don is a title properly belonging only to families of note, but of late it is grown very common, which is the abuse which Sancho would here redress.—See Note 2 to Chapter XLV. in Appendix.

a mind to cabbage some of his cloth, judging hard of us honest tailors. 'Pr'ythee,' quoth he, 'look there be not enough for two caps?' Now I smelt him out, and told there was. Whereupon the old knave, (if it like your worship,) going on to the same tune, bid me look again, and see whether it would not make three? And at last, if it would not make five? I was resolved to humour my customer, and said it might; so we struck a bargain. Just now the man is come for his caps, which I gave him, but when I asked him for my money, he will have me give him his cloth again, or pay him for it."—"Is this true, honest man?" said Sancho to the farmer.—"Yes, if it please you," answered the fellow; "but pray, let him shew the five caps he has made me."—"With all my heart," cried the tailor; and with that, pulling his hand from under his cloak, he held up five little tiny caps, hanging upon his four fingers and thumb, as upon so many pins. "There," quoth he, "you see the five caps this good gaffer asks for; and may I never whip a stitch more, if I have wronged him of the least snip of his cloth, and let any workman be judge." The sight of the caps, and the oddness of the cause, set the whole court laughing. Only Sancho sat gravely consider-

ing a while, and then, "Methinks," said he, "this suit here needs not be long depending, but may be decided without any more ado, with a great deal of equity; and therefore, the judgment of the court is, that the tailor shall lose his making, and the countryman his cloth, and that the caps be given to the poor prisoners, and so let there be an end of the business."

If this sentence provoked the laughter of the whole court, the next no less raised their admiration. For after the governor's order was executed, two old men appeared before him, one of them with a large cane in his hand, which he used as a staff. "My lord," said the other, who had none, "some time ago I lent this man ten gold crowns to do him a kindness, which money he was to repay me on demand. I did not ask him for it again in a good while, lest it should prove a greater inconveniency to him to repay me, than he laboured under when he borrowed it. However, perceiving that he took no care to pay me, I have asked him for my due; nay, I have been forced to dun him hard for it. But still he did not only refuse to pay me again, but denied he owed me anything, and said, 'that if I lent him so much money, he certainly returned it.' Now, because I have no witnesses of the loan, nor he of the pretended

payment, I beseech your lordship to put him to his oath, and if he will swear he has paid me, I will freely forgive him before God and the world."—"What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff?" asked Sancho.—"Sir," answered the old man, "I own he lent me the gold; and since he requires my oath, I beg you will be pleased to hold down your rod of justice,* that I may swear upon it how I have honestly and truly returned him his money." Thereupon the governor held down his rod, and in the meantime the defendant gave his cane to the plaintiff to hold, as if it hindered him, while he was to make a cross and swear over the judge's rod: This done, he declared that it was true the other had lent him ten crowns, but that he had really returned him the same sum into his own hands; and that because he supposed the plaintiff had forgotten it, he was continually asking him for it. The great governor hearing this, asked the creditor what he had to reply? He made answer, that since his adversary had sworn it, he was satisfied; for he believed him to be a better Christian than offer to forswear himself, and that perhaps he had forgotten he had been repaid. Then the de-

* The way of swearing in Spain, in some cases, is to hold down the rod of justice, and, making a cross on it, swear by that.

defendant took his cane again, and having made a low obeisance to the judge, was immediately leaving the court; which, when Sancho perceived, reflecting on the passage of the cane, and admiring the creditor's patience, after he had studied a while with his head leaning over his stomach, and his fore-finger on his nose, on a sudden he ordered the old man with the staff to be called back. When he was returned, "Honest man," said Sancho, "let me see that cane a little, I have a use for it."—"With all my heart," answered the other; "Sir, here it is," and with that he gave it him. Sancho took it, and giving it to the other old man, "There," said he, "go your ways, and Heaven be with you, for now you are paid."—"How so, my lord?" cried the old man; "do you judge this cane to be worth ten gold crowns?"—"Certainly," said the governor, "or else I am the greatest dunce in the world. And now you shall see whether I have not a head-piece fit to govern a whole kingdom upon a shift." This said, he ordered the cane to be broken in open court, which was no sooner done, than out dropped the ten crowns. All the spectators were amazed, and began to look on their governor as a second Solomon. They asked him how he could conjecture that the ten

crowns, were in the cane? He told them, that having observed how the defendant gave it to the plaintiff to hold while he took his oath, and then swore he had truly returned him the money into his own hands, after which he took his cane again from the plaintiff, this considered, it came into his head that the money was lodged within the reed; from whence may be learned, that though sometimes those that govern are destitute of sense, yet it often pleases God to direct them in their judgment. Besides, he had heard the curate of his parish tell of such another business, and he had so special a memory, that were it not that he was so unlucky as to forget all he had a mind to remember, there could not have been a better in the whole island. At last the two old men went away, the one to his satisfaction, the other with eternal shame and disgrace; and the beholders were astonished; insomuch, that the person who was commissioned to register Sancho's words and actions, and observe his behaviour, was not able to determine whether he should not give him the character of a wise man, instead of that of a fool, which he had been thought to deserve.

No sooner was this trial over, than in came a woman, hauling a man that looked like a

good substantial grazier. "Justice, my lord governor, justice!" cried she aloud; "and if I cannot have it on earth, I will have it from Heaven! Sweet lord governor, this wicked fellow met me in the middle of a field, and has had the full use of my body; he has handled me like a dish-clout. Woe is me, he has robbed me of that which I had kept these three-and-twenty years. Wretch that I am, I had guarded it safe from natives and foreigners, Christians and infidels! I have always been as tough as cork; no salamander ever kept itself more entire in fire, nor no wool among the briars, than did poor I, till this lewd man, with nasty fists, handled me at this rate."—"Woman, woman," quoth Sancho, "no reflections yet; whether your gallant's hands were nasty or clean, that is not to the purpose." Then turning to the grazier, "Well, friend," said he, "what have you to say to this woman's complaint?"—"My lord," answered the man, looking as if he had been frightened out of his wits, "I am a poor drover, and deal in swine; so this morning I was going out of this town after I had sold (under correction be it spoken) four hogs, and what with the duties and the sharpening tricks of the officers, I hardly cleared anything by

the beasts. Now, as I was trudging home, whom should I pick up by the way but this hedge-madam here; and the devil, who has a finger in every pye, being powerful, forced us to yoke together. I gave her that which would have contented any reasonable woman, but she was not satisfied, and wanted more money, and would never leave me till she had dragged me hither. She will tell you I ravished her; but, by the oath I have taken, or mean to take, she lies, like a drab as she is, and this is every tittle true."—"Fellow," quoth Sancho, "hast thou any silver about thee?"—"Yes, if it like your worship," answered the drover, "I have some twenty ducats in silver in a leathern purse here in my bosom."—"Give it the plaintiff, money and all," quoth Sancho. The man, with a trembling hand, did as he was commanded; the woman took it, and dropped a thousand courtesies to the company, wishing, on her knees, as many blessings to the good governor, who took such special care of poor fatherless and motherless children, and abused virgins; and then she nimbly tripped out of court, holding the purse fast in both her hands, though first she took care to peep into it, to see whether the silver were there. Scarcely was she gone, when

Sancho, turning to the fellow, who stood with the tears in his eyes, and looked as if he had parted with his blood as well as his money; "Friend," said he, "run and overtake the woman, and take the purse from her, whether she will or no, and bring it hither." The drover was neither so deaf nor so mad as to be twice bid; away he flew like lightning after his money. The whole court was in mighty expectation, and could not tell what could be the end of the matter. But a while after, the man and woman came back, he pulling, and she tugging; she with her petticoat tucked up, and the purse in her bosom, and he using all the strength he had to get it from her; but it was to no purpose, for the woman defended her prize so well, that all his manhood little availed. "Justice," cried she, "for Heaven's sake, justice, gentlemen! Look you, my lord, see this impudent ruffian, that on the king's high-way, nay, in the face of the court, would rob me of my purse, the very purse you condemned him to give me."—"And has he got it from you?" asked the governor.—"Got it!" quoth the woman, "I will lose my life before I lose my purse. I were a pretty baby, then, to let him wipe my nose thus! No, you must set other dogs upon me than this

sorry, sneaking, mangy whelp; pincers, hammers, mallets and chisels, shall not wrench it out of my clutches—no, not the claws of a lion; they shall sooner have my soul than my money."—"She says the truth, my lord," said the fellow, "for I am quite spent: The jade is too strong for me; I cannot grapple with her." Sancho then called to the female. "Here," quoth he, "honesty! You she dragon, let me see the purse." The woman delivered it to him, and then he returned it to the man. "Hark you, mistress," said he to her, "had you shewed yourself as stout and valiant to defend your body, (nay, but half so much,) as you have done to defend your purse, the strength of Hercules could not have forced you. Hence, impudence, get out of my sight! Away, with a pox to you, and do not offer to stay in this island, nor within six leagues of it, on pain of two hundred lashes! Out, as fast as you can, you tricking, brazen-faced, brimstone hedge-drab, away!" The wench was in a terrible fright, and sneaked away hanging down her head as shamefully as if she had been caught in the deed of darkness. "Now, friend," said the governor to the man, "get you home with your money, and Heaven be with you: But another time, if you have

no mind to come off worse, be sure you do not yoke with such cattle." The drover thanked him as well as he could, and away he went, and all the people admired afresh their new governor's judgment and sentences; an account of which was taken by him that was appointed to be his historiographer, and forthwith transmitted to the duke, who expected it with impatience.

Now, let us leave honest Sancho here, for his master, with great earnestness, requires our attendance, Altisidora's serenade having strangely discomposed his mind.

CHAPTER XLVI

OF THE DREADFUL ALARM GIVEN TO DON QUIXOTE BY THE BELLS AND CATS, DURING THE COURSE OF ALTISIDORA'S AMOUR

WE left the great Don Quixote profoundly buried in the thoughts into which the enamoured Altisidora's serenade had plunged him. He threw himself into his bed; but the cares and anxieties which he brought thither with him, like so many fleas, allowed him no repose, and the misfortune of his torn stocking added to his affliction. But as time is swift, and no bolts nor chains can bar his rapid progress, posting away on the wings of the hours, the morning came on apace. At the return of light, Don Quixote, more early than the sun, forsook his downy bed, put on his shamoy apparel, and, drawing on his walking boots, concealed in one of them the disaster of his hose. He threw his scarlet cloak over his shoulder, and clapped on his valiant head his cap of green velvet edged with silver lace. Over his right shoulder he hung his belt, the