

dressing him, "Cruel hard-hearted knight," said she, "all these disasters are befallen thee, as a just punishment for thy obdurate stubbornness and disdain. May thy squire Sancho forget to whip himself, that thy darling Dulcinea may never be delivered from her enchantment, nor thou be ever blessed with her embraces, at least so long as I, thy neglected adorer, live." Don Quixote made no answer to all this; only he heaved up a profound sigh, and then went to take his repose, after he had returned the duke and duchess thanks, not so much for their assistance against that rascally crew of caterwauling and jangling enchanters, for he defied them all, but for their kindness and good intent. Then the duke and duchess left him, not a little troubled at the miscarriage of their jest, which they did not think would have proved so fatal to the knight, as to oblige him, as it did, to keep his chamber five days. During which time, there happened to him another adventure, more pleasant than the last; which, however, cannot be now related; for the historian must return to Sancho Panza, who was very busy, and no less pleasant in his government.

## CHAPTER XLVII

## A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF SANCHO PANZA'S BEHAVIOUR IN HIS GOVERNMENT

THE history informs us, that Sancho was conducted from the court of justice to a sumptuous palace, where, in a spacious room, he found the cloth laid, and a most neat and magnificent entertainment prepared. As soon as he entered, the wind-music played, and four pages waited on him, in order to the washing his hands, which he did with a great deal of gravity. And now the instruments ceasing, Sancho sat down at the upper end of the table, for there was no seat but there, and the cloth was only laid for one. A certain personage, who afterwards appeared to be a physician, came and stood at his elbow, with a whalebone wand in his hand. Then they took off a curious white cloth that lay over the dishes on the table, and discovered great variety of fruit, and other eatables. One that looked like a student said grace; a page put a laced bib under Sancho's chin, and

another, who did the office of sewer, set a dish of fruit before him.\* But he had hardly put one bit into his mouth, before the physician touched the dish with his wand, and then it was taken away by a page in an instant. Immediately another, with meat, was clapped in the place; but Sancho no sooner offered to taste it, than the doctor, with the wand, conjured it away as fast as the fruit. Sancho was amazed at this sudden removal, and, looking about him on the company, asked them, "Whether they used to tantalize people at that rate, feeding their eyes, and starving their bellies?"—"My Lord Governor," answered the physician, "you are to eat here no otherwise than according to the use and custom of other islands where there are governors. I am a doctor of physic, my lord, and have a salary allowed me in this island, for taking charge of the governor's health, and I am more careful of it than of my own, studying night and day his constitution, that I may know what to prescribe when he falls sick. Now, the chief thing I do is to attend him always at his meals, to let him eat what I think convenient for him, and to prevent his eating what I imagine to be prejudicial to his health, and

\*The Spaniards and Italians begin dinner with fruit, as we end it.

offensive to his stomach. Therefore, I now ordered the fruit to be taken away, because it is too cold and moist; and the other dish, because it is as much too hot, and overseasoned with spices, which are apt to increase thirst; and he that drinks much, destroys and consumes the radical moisture, which is the fuel of life."—"So then," quoth Sancho, "this dish of roasted partridges here can do me no manner of harm."—"Hold," said the physician, "the Lord Governor shall not eat of them while I live to prevent it."—"Why so?" cried Sancho. "Because," answered the doctor, "our great master, Hippocrates, the north-star and luminary of physic, says, in one of his aphorisms, *Omnia saturatio mala, perdicis autem pessima*; that is, 'All repletion is bad, but that of partridges is worst of all.'"—"If it be so," said Sancho, "let Mr Doctor see which of all these dishes on the table will do me the most good, and least harm, and let me eat my bellyful of that, without having it whisked away with his wand. For, by my hopes, and the pleasure of government, as I live, I am ready to die with hunger; and, not to allow me to eat any victuals (let Mr Doctor say what he will) is the way to shorten my life, and not to lengthen it."—"Very true, my lord," replied the physician;

“however, I am of opinion you ought not to eat of these rabbits, as being a hairy, furry, sort of food; nor would I have you taste that veal. Indeed, if it were neither roasted nor pickled, something might be said; but, as it is, it must not be.”—“Well, then,” said Sancho, “what think you of that huge dish yonder that smoke so? I take it to be an olla podrida;\* and that being a hodge-podge of so many sorts of victuals, sure I cannot but light upon something there that will nick me, and be both wholesome and toothsome.”—“*Absit,*” cried the doctor, “far be such an ill thought from us; no diet in the world yields worse nutriment than those mish-mashes do. No, leave that luxurious compound to your rich monks and prebendaries, your masters of colleges, and lusty feeders at country weddings; but let them not encumber the tables of governors, where nothing but delicate, unmixed viands, in their prime, ought to make their appearance. The reason is, that simple medicines are generally allowed to be better than compounds; for, in a composition, there may happen a mistake, by the unequal proportion of the ingredients; but simples are not subject to that accident. There-

\* It is what we corruptly call an *olio*, all sorts of meats stewed together.

fore, what I would advise at present, as a fit diet for the governor, for the preservation and support of his health, is a hundred of small wafers, and a few thin slices of marmalade, to strengthen his stomach and help digestion.” Sancho, hearing this, leaned back upon his chair, and, looking earnestly in the doctor’s face, very seriously asked him what his name was, and where he had studied? “My lord,” answered he, “I am called Doctor Pedro Rezio de Agüero. The name of the place where I was born is Tirteafuera, and lies between Caraquel and Almodabar del Campo, on the right hand; and I took my degree of doctor, in the University of Ossuna.”\* “Hark you,” said Sancho, in a mighty chafe, “Mr Doctor Pedro Rezio de Agüero, born at Tirteafuera, that lies between Caraquel and Almodabar del Campo, on the right hand, and who took your degrees of doctor at the University of Ossuna, and so forth, take yourself away! Avoid the room this moment, or, by the sun’s light, I’ll get me a good cudgel, and, beginning with your carcase, will so belabour and rib-roast all the physie-mongers in the island, that I will not leave therein one of the tribe of those, I mean,

\* The doctor’s name and birth-place are fictitious. *Rezio de Agüero* signifies *positive of the omen*; and *Tirteafuera*, *take yourself away*.

that are ignorant quacks; for, as for learned and wise physicians, I will make much of them, and honour them like so many angels. Once more, Pedro Rezio, I say, get out of my presence. Avaunt! or I will take the chair I sit upon, and comb your head with it to some purpose, and let me be called to an account about it when I give up my office; I do not care, I will clear myself by saying, I did the world good service, in ridding it of a bad physician, the plague of a commonwealth. Body of me! let me eat, or let them take their government again; for an office that will not afford a man his victuals is not worth two horse-beans." The physician was terrified, seeing the governor in such a heat, and would that moment have slunk out of the room, had not the sound of a post-horn in the street been heard that moment; whereupon the steward, immediately looking out of the window, turned back, and said, there was an express come from the duke, doubtless with some dispatch of importance.

Presently the messenger entered sweating, with haste and concern in his looks, and, pulling a packet out of his bosom, delivered it to the governor. Sancho gave it to the steward, and ordered him to read the direction, which was this: "To Don Sancho Panza, governor of the

island of Barataria, to be delivered into his own hands or those of his secretary."—"Who is my secretary?" cried Sancho.—"It is I, my lord," answered one that was standing by, "for I can write and read, and am a Biscayner."—"That last qualification is enough to make thee set up for secretary to the emperor himself," said Sancho. "Open the letter, then, and see what it says." The new secretary did so, and, having perused the dispatch by himself, told the governor, that it was a business that was to be told only in private. Sancho ordered every one to leave the room, except the steward and the carver, and then the secretary read what follows.

"I have received information, my Lord Don Sancho Panza, that some of our enemies intend to attack your island with great fury one of these nights: You ought, therefore to be watchful, and stand upon your guard, that you may not be found unprovided. I have also had intelligence from faithful spies, that there are four men got into the town in disguise, to murder you; your abilities being regarded as a great obstacle to the enemies' designs. Look about you, take heed how you admit strangers to speak with you, and eat nothing