

gentlewoman (who durst not cry out) they came to Don Quixote, and turning up the bed-clothes, pinched him so hard and so long, that, in his own defence, he could not forbear laying about him with his fists as well as he could, till at last, after the scuffle had lasted about half an hour, the invisible phantoms vanished. Donna Rodriguez set her coats to rights, and, lamenting her hard fortune, left the room without speaking a word to the knight. As for him, he remained where he was, sadly pinched and tired, and very moody and thoughtful, not knowing who this wicked enchanter should be, that had used him in that manner. But we shall know that in its proper time. Now, let us leave him, and return to Sancho Panza, who calls upon us, as the order of our history requires.

CHAPTER XLIX

WHAT HAPPENED TO SANCHE PANZA, AS HE WENT
THE ROUNDS IN HIS ISLAND

WE left our mighty governor much out of humour, and in a pelting chafe with that saucy knave of a countryman, who, according to the instructions he had received from the steward and the steward from the duke, had bantered his worship with his impertinent description. Yet, as much a dunce and fool as he was, he made his party good against them all. At last addressing himself to those about him, among whom was Dr Pedro Rezio, who had ventured into the room again, after the consult about the duke's letter was over: "Now," said he, "do I find in good earnest that judges and governors must be made of brass, or ought to be made of brass, that they may be proof against the importunities of those that pretend business, who, at all hours, and at all seasons, would be heard and despatched, without any regard to any body but themselves, let what come of the rest, so their turn is served. Now,

if a poor judge does not hear and despatch them presently, either because he is otherwise busy and cannot, or because they do not come at a proper season, then do they grumble, and give him their blessing backwards, rake up the ashes of his forefathers, and would gnaw his very bones. But with your leave, good Mr Busybody, with all your business, you are too hasty; pray have a little patience, and wait a fit time to make your application. Do not come at dinner-time, or when a man is going to sleep, for we judges are flesh and blood, and must allow nature what she naturally requires; unless it be poor I, who am not to allow mine any food, thanks to my friend Mr Doctor Pedro Rezio Tirteafuera, here present, who is for starving me to death, and then swears it is for the preservation of my life. Heaven grant him such a life, I pray, and all the gang of such physic-mongers as he is! for the good physicians deserve palms and laurels."

All that knew Sancho wondered to hear him talk so sensibly, and began to think that offices and places of trust inspired some men with understanding, as they stupified and confounded others. However, Dr Pedro Rezio Anguero de Tirteafuera, promised him he should sup that night, though he trespassed against all the

aphorisms of Hippocrates. This pacified the governor for the present, and made him wait with a mighty impatience for the evening, and supper. To his thinking, the hour was so long a-coming, that he fancied time stood still; but yet at last the wished-for moment came, and they served him up some minced beef, with onions, and some calves-feet, somewhat stale. The hungry governor presently fell too with more eagerness and appetite, than if they had given him Milan godwits, Roman pheasants, Sorrentum veal, Moron partridges, or Lavajos green geese. And after he had pretty well taken off the sharp edge of his stomach, turning to the physician, "Look you," quoth he, "Mr Doctor, hereafter never trouble yourself to get me dainties or titbits to humour my stomach; that would but take it quite off the hinges, by reason it has been used to nothing but good beef, bacon, pork, goat's flesh, turnips, and onions; and if you ply me with your kick-shaws, your nice courtiers' fare, it will but make my stomach squeamish and untoward, and I should perfectly loath them one time or another. However, I shall not take it amiss, if Master Sewer will now and then get me one of those olla podridas, and the stronger they are the better, where all sorts of good things are rotten stewed,

and, as it were, lost in one other; and the more they are thus rotten, and like their name, the better the smack; and there you make a jumble of what you will, so it be eatable; and I shall remember him, and make him amends one of these days. But let nobody put tricks upon travellers, and make a fool of me; for either we are, or we are not. Let us be merry and wise; when God sends his light, he sends it to all. I will govern this island fair and square, without underhand dealings or taking of bribes; but take notice, I will not bate an inch of my right, and therefore let every one carry an even hand, and mind their hits, or else I would have them to know there are rods in piss for them. They that urge me too far shall rue for it; make yourself honey, and the flies will eat you.”

—“Indeed, my lord governor,” said the steward, “your lordship is much in the right in all you have said; and I dare engage for the inhabitants of this island, that they will obey and observe your commands with diligence, love, and punctuality; for your gentle way of governing, in the beginning of your administration, does not give them the least opportunity to act, or to design, any thing to your lordship’s disadvantage.”—“I believe as much,” answered Sancho, “and they would be silly wretches,

should they offer to do or think otherwise. Let me tell you too, it is my pleasure you take care of me and my Dapple, that we may both have our food as we ought, which is the most material business. Next, let us think of going the rounds, when it is time for me to do it; for I intend to clear this island of all filth and rubbish, of all rogues and vagrants, idle lunks and sturdy beggars. For I would have you to know, my good friends, that your slothful, lazy, lewd people in a commonwealth, are like drones in a beehive, that waste and devour the honey which the labouring bees gather. I design to encourage the husbandmen, preserve the privileges of the gentry, reward virtuous persons, and, above all things, reverence religion, and have regard to the honour of religious men. What think you of this, my good friends? Do I talk to the purpose, or do I talk idly?”—

“You speak so well, my lord governor,” answered the steward, “that I stand in admiration to hear a man so unlettered as you are, (for I believe your lordship cannot read at all,) utter so many notable things, and in every word a sentence, far from what they who have sent you hither, and they who are here present ever expected from your understanding. But every day produces some new wonder; jests are

turned into earnest, and those who designed to laugh at others, happen to be laughed at themselves."

It being now night, and the governor having supped, with Doctor Rezio's leave, he prepared to walk the rounds, and set forward, attended by the steward, the secretary, the gentleman-waiter, the historiographer, who was to register his acts, several serjeants, and other limbs of the law, so many in number, that they made a little battalion, in the middle of which the great Sancho marched with his rod of justice in his hand, in a notable manner. They had not walked far in the town, before they heard the clashing of swords, which made them hasten to the place whence the noise came. Being come thither, they found only two men fighting, who gave over, perceiving the officers. "What," cried one of them at the same time, "do they suffer folks to be robbed in this town, in defiance of Heaven and the king? Do they let men be stripped in the middle of the street?"—"Hold, honest man," said Sancho, "have a little patience, and let me know the occasion of this fray, for I am the governor."—"My lord," said the other party, "I will tell you in a few words. Your lordship must know, that this gentleman, just now, at a gaming-ordinary over

the way, won above a thousand reals, Heaven knows how: I stood by all the while, and gave judgment for him in more than one doubtful cast, though I could not well tell how to do it in conscience. He carried off his winnings, and when I expected he would have given me a crown gratuity,* as it is a claim among gentlemen of my fashion, who frequent gaming ordinaries, from those that play high and win, for preventing quarrels, being at their backs and giving judgment right or wrong; nevertheless, he went away without giving me any thing. I ran after him, not very well pleased with his proceeding, yet very civilly desired him to consider I was his friend, that he knew me to be a gentleman, though fallen to decay, that had nothing to live upon, my friends having brought me up to no employment; and therefore I entreated him to be so kind as to give me eight reals; but the stingy soul, a greater thief than Cacus, and a worse sharper than Andradilla, would give me but sneaking four reals. And now, my lord, you may see how little shame and conscience there is in him.

* *Barato*. It originally signifies cheap; but amongst gamesters, *dar barato* is, when a winning gamester, by way of courtesy, or for some other reason, gives something to a stander-by. And this in Spain is a common practice among all ranks of people, and many live upon it; for it is expected as due, and sometimes, to make the reward the greater, these rascals give judgment wrongfully for the winner.

But in faith, had not your lordship come just in the nick, I would have made him disgorge his winnings, and taught him the difference between a rook and a jackdaw."—"What say you to this?" cried Sancho to the other. The other made answer, "That he could not deny what his antagonist had said, that he would give him but four reals, because he had given him money several times before; and they who expect the benevolence, should be mannerly, and be thankful for what is given them, without haggling with those that have won, unless they know them to be common cheats, and the money not won fairly; and that to shew he was a fair gamester, and no sharper, as the other said, there needed no better proof than his refusal to give him any thing, since the sharpers are always in fee with these bully-rocks, who know them, and wink them at their cheats."—"That is true," said the steward. "Now, what would your lordship have us to do with these men?"—"I will tell you," said Sancho: "First, you that are the winner, whether by fair play or by foul, give your bully-back here a hundred reals immediately, and thirty more for the poor prisoners; and you that have nothing to live on, and were brought up to no employment, and go sharpening up and down

from place to place, pray take your hundred reals, and be sure by to-morrow to go out of this island, and not to set foot in it again these ten years and a day, unless you have a mind to make an end of your banishment in another world; for, if I find you here, I will make you swing on a gibbet, with the help of the hangman. Away, and let nobody offer to reply, or I will lay him by the heels." Thereupon the one disbursed, and the other received; the first went home, and the last went out of the island; and then the governor, going on, "Either I shall want of my will," said he, "or I will put down these disorderly gaming-houses; for I have a fancy they are highly prejudicial."—"As for this house in question," said one of the officers, "I suppose it will be a hard matter to put it down, for it belongs to a person of quality, who loses a great deal more by play at the year's end, than he gets by his cards. You may shew your authority against other gaming-houses of less note, that do more mischief, and harbour more dangerous people, than the houses of gentlemen and persons of quality, where your notorious sharpers dare not use their sleights of hand. And since gaming is a vice that is become a common practice, it is better to play in good gentlemen's houses, than in