

“Ay, do, mother,” said the daughter; “but hark you, you must give me half the beads; for, I daresay, the great lady knows better things than to give them all to you.”—“It is all thy own, child,” cried the mother; “but let me wear it a few days about my neck, for thou canst not think how it rejoices the very heart of me.”—“You will rejoice more presently,” said the page, “when you see what I have got in my portmanteau; a fine suit of green cloth, which the governor wore but one day a-hunting, and has here sent to my lady Sanchica.”—“Oh, the Lord love him,” cried Sanchica, “and the fine gentleman that brings it me!”

Presently, away ran Teresa, with the beads about her neck, and the letters in her hand, all the while playing with her fingers on the papers, as if they had been a timbrel; and meeting, by chance, the curate and the bachelor Carrasco, she fell a-dancing and frisking about. “Faith and troth,” cried she, “we are all made now. Not one small body in all our kindred. We have got a poor thing called a government. And now, let the proudest of them all toss up her nose at me, and I will give her as good as she brings. I will make her know her distance.”—“How

now, Teresa?” said the curate; “what mad fit is this? what papers are those in your hand?”—“No mad fit at all,” answered Teresa; “but these are letters from duchesses and governors, and these beads about my neck are right coral, the Ave Marias I mean; and the Pater Nosters are of beaten gold; and I am a madam governess, I will assure you.”—“Verily,” said the curate, “there is no understanding you, Teresa; we do not know what you mean.”—“There is what will clear the riddle,” quoth Teresa; and with that she gave them the letters. Thereupon, the curate having read them aloud, that Sampson Carrasco might also be informed, they both stood and looked on one another, and were more at a loss than before. The bachelor asked her who brought the letters? Teresa told them they might go home with her and see. It was a sweet, handsome, young man, as fine as any thing; and that he had brought her another present worth twice as much. The curate took the string of beads from her neck, and viewed it several times over, and, finding that it was a thing of value, he could not conceive the meaning of all this. “By the habit that I wear,” cried he, “I cannot tell what to think of this business. In the first place, I am con-

vinced these beads are right coral, and gold; and, in the next, here is a duchess sends to beg a dozen or two of acorns."—"Crack that nut if you can," said Sampson Carrasco. "But come, let us go to see the messenger, and probably he will clear our doubts."

Thereupon, going with Teresa, they found the page sifting a little corn for his horse, and Sanchica cutting a rasher of bacon, to be fried with eggs, for his dinner. They both liked the page's mien and his garb; and after the usual compliments, Sampson desired him to tell them some news of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; for though they had read a letter from the latter to his wife, and another from the duchess, they were no better than riddles to them, nor could they imagine how Sancho should come by a government, especially of an island, well knowing that all the islands in the Mediterranean, or the greatest part of them, were the king's.

"Gentlemen," answered the page, "it is a certain truth, that Signor Sancho Panza is a governor, but whether it be of an island or not, I do not pretend to determine; but this I can assure you, that he commands in a town that has above a thousand inhabitants. And as for my lady duchess's sending to a country-

woman for a few acorns, that is no such wonder, for she is so free from pride, that I have known her to send to borrow a comb of one of her neighbours. You must know, our ladies of Arragon, though they are as noble as those of Castile, do not stand so much upon formalities and punctilios, neither do they take so much state upon them, but treat people with more familiarity."

While they were thus discoursing, in came Sanchica skipping, with her lap full of eggs, and turning to the page, "Pray, sir," said she, "tell me, does my father wear trunk-breeches now he is a governor?"—"Truly," said the page, "I never minded it, but without doubt he does."—"Oh gemini?" cried the young wench, "what would I not give to see my father in his trunk-breeches! Is it not a strange thing, that ever since I can remember myself I have wished to see my father in trunk-breeches?"—"You will see him as you would have him," said the page, "if your ladyship does but live. Odsfish, if his government holds but two months, you will see him go with an umbrella over his head."

The curate and the bachelor plainly perceived that the page did but laugh at the mother and daughter; but yet the costly string of beads,

and the hunting suit, which by this time Teresa had let them see, confounded them again. In the meanwhile, they could not forbear smiling at Sanchica's odd fancy, and much less at what her mother said. "Good master curate," quoth she, "do so much as inquire whether any of our neighbours are going to Madrid or Toledo. I would have them buy me a hugeous farthingale of the newest and most courtly fashion, and the very finest that can be got for money; for, by my holidame, I mean to credit my husband's government as much as I can; and if they vex me, I will hie me to that same court, and ride in my coach too as well as the best of them; for she that is a governor's lady may very well afford to have one."—"O rare mother!" cried Sanchica; "would it were to-night before to-morrow. Mayhap, when they saw me sitting in our coach by my lady mother, they would jeer and flout: 'Look, look,' would they say, 'yonder is goody Trollop, the plough-jobber's bairn! How she flaunts it, and goes on lolling in her coach like a little Pope Joan!' But what would I care? Let them trudge on in the dirt, while I ride by in my coach. Shame and ill-luck go along with all your little back-biting scrubs! Let them laugh that win; the

cursed fox thrives the better.—Am I not in the right, mother?"—"Ay, marry, art thou, child," quoth Teresa; "and indeed my good honey Sancho has often told me all these good things, and many more, would come to pass; and thou shalt see, daughter, I will never rest till I get to be a countess. There must be a beginning in all things, as I have heard it said by thy father, who is also the father of proverbs: When a cow is given thee, run and take her with a halter. When they give thee a government, take it; when an earldom, catch it; and when they whistle to thee with a good gift, snap at it. That which is good to give is good to take, girl. It were a pretty fancy, trow, to lie snoring a-bed, and when good luck knocks, not to rise and open the door."—"Ay," quoth Sanchica, "what is it to me, though they should say all they have a mind to say. When they see me so tearing fine, and so woundy great, let them spit their venom, and say, Set a beggar on horseback, and so forth."—"Who would not think," said the curate, hearing this, "but that the whole race of the Panzas came into the world with their paunches stuffed with proverbs? I never knew one of the name but threw them out at all times, let the discourse be what it would."—"I think so too,"

said the page; "for his honour the governor blunders them out at every turn; many times, indeed, wide from the purpose; however, always to the satisfaction of the company, and with high applause from my lord and my lady."—"Then, sir, you assure us still," said Carrasco, "that Sancho is really a governor, and that a duchess sends these presents and letters upon his account; for though we see the things, and read the letters, we can scarce prevail with ourselves to believe it, but are apt to run into our friend Don Quixote's opinion, and look on all this as the effect of some enchantment: So that I could find in my heart to feel and try whether you are a visionary messenger or a creature of flesh and blood."

"For my part, gentlemen," answered the page, "all I can tell you is, that I am really the messenger I appear to be; that the Lord Sancho Panza is actually a governor; and that the duke and the duchess, to whom I belong, are able to give, and have given him that government; where, I am credibly informed, he behaves himself most worthily. Now if there be any enchantment in the matter, I leave you to examine that; for, by the life of my parents, one of the greatest oaths I can utter, for they are both alive, and I love them dearly,

I know no more of the business."—"That may be," said the bachelor, "but yet *dubitat Augustinus*."—"You may doubt if you please," replied the page, "but I have told you the truth, which will always prevail over falsehood, and rise uppermost, as oil does above water. But if you will *operibus credere et non verbis*, let one of you go along with me, and you shall see with your eyes, what you will not believe by the help of your ears."—"I will go with all my heart," quoth Sanchica; "take me up behind ye, sir; I have a huge mind to see my father."—"The daughters of governors," said the page, "must not travel thus unattended, but in coaches or litters, and with a handsome train of servants."—"Cud's my flesh," quoth Sanchica, "I can go a journey as well on an ass as in one of your coaches. I am none of your tender squeamish things, not I."—"Peace, chicken," quoth the mother, "thou dost not know what thou sayest, the gentleman is in the right: Times are altered. When it was plain Sancho, it was plain Sanchica; but now he is a governor, thou art a lady: I cannot well tell whether I am right or no."—"My Lady Teresa says more than she is aware of," said the page. "But now," continued he, "give me a mouthful to eat as soon as you can, for I must go

back this afternoon.”—“Be pleased then, sir,” said the curate, “to go with me, and partake of a slender meal at my house, for my neighbour Teresa is more willing than able to entertain so good a guest.” The page excused himself a while, but at last complied, being persuaded it would be much for the better; and the curate, on his side, was glad of his company, to have an opportunity to inform himself at large about Don Quixote and his proceedings. The bachelor proffered Teresa to write her answers to her letters, but as she looked upon him to be somewhat waggish, she would not permit him to be of her counsel: so she gave a roll and a couple of eggs to a young acolyte of the church who could write, and he wrote two letters for her; one to her husband, and the other to the duchess, all of her own inditing, and perhaps not the worst in this famous history, as hereafter may be seen.

CHAPTER LI

A CONTINUATION OF SANCHO PANZA'S GOVERNMENT,
WITH OTHER PASSAGES, SUCH AS THEY ARE

THE morning of that day arose which succeeded the governor's rounding night, the remainder of which the gentleman-waiter spent not in sleep, but in the pleasing thoughts of the lovely face and charming grace of the disguised virgin; on the other side, the steward bestowed that time in writing to his lord and lady what Sancho did and said; wondering no less at his actions than at his expressions, both which displayed a strange intermixture of discretion and simplicity.

At last the lord governor was pleased to rise; and, by Dr Pedro Rezio's order, they brought him for his breakfast a little conserve and a draught of fair water, which he would have exchanged with all his heart for a good luncheon of bread and a bunch of grapes; but seeing he could not help himself, he was forced to make the best of a bad market, and seem to be content, though full sore against his will and