

should sing or vend lewd and immoral songs and ballads, either in the open day, or in the dusk of the evening; and also forbid all blind people the singing about miracles in rhimes, unless they produced authentic testimonies of their truth; for it appeared to him, that most of those that were sung in such a manner were false, and a disparagement to the true.

He appointed a particular officer to inspect the poor, not to persecute, but to examine them, and know whether they were truly such; for, under pretence of counterfeit lameness, and artificial sores, many canting vagabonds impudently rob the true poor of charity, to spend it in riot and drunkenness.

In short, he made so many wholesome ordinances, that, to this day, they are observed in that place, and called, "The Constitutions of the great Governor Sancho Panza."

CHAPTER LII

A RELATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE SECOND DISCONSOLATE OR DISTRESSED MATRON, OTHERWISE CALLED DONNA RODRIGUEZ

CID HAMET relates, that Don Quixote's scratches being healed, he began to think the life he led in the castle not suitable to the order of knight-errantry which he professed; he resolved, therefore, to take leave of the duke and duchess, and set forwards for Saragossa, where, at the approaching tournament, he hoped to win the armour, the usual prize at the festivals of that kind. Accordingly, as he sat at table with the lord and lady of the castle, he began to acquaint them with his design, when behold two women entered the great hall, clad in deep mourning from head to foot. One of them, approaching Don Quixote, threw herself at his feet, where, lying prostrate, and in a manner kissing them, she fetched such deep and doleful sighs, and made such sorrowful lamentations, that all those who were by were

not a little surprised. And, though the duke and duchess imagined it to be some new device of their servants against Don Quixote, yet, perceiving with what earnestness the woman sighed and lamented, they were in doubt, and knew not what to think; till the compassionate champion, raising her from the ground, engaged her to lift up her veil, and discover, what they least expected, the face of Donna Rodriguez, the duenna of the family, and the other mourner proved to be her daughter, whom the rich farmer's son had deluded. All those that knew them were in great admiration, especially the duke and duchess; for, though they knew her simplicity and indiscretion, they did not believe her so far gone in madness. At last, the sorrowful matron, addressing herself to the duke and the duchess, "May it please your graces," said she, "to permit me to direct my discourse to this knight, for it concerns me to get out of an unlucky business, into which the impudence of a treacherous villain has brought us." With that the duke gave her leave to say what she would; then, applying herself to Don Quixote, "It is not long," said she, "valorous knight, since I gave your worship an account how basely and treacherously a young grace-

less farmer had used my dear child, the poor undone creature here present; and you then promised me to stand up for her, and see her righted; and now I understand you are about to leave this castle, in quest of the good adventures Heaven shall send you. And therefore, before you are gone nobody knows whither, I have this boon to beg of your worship, that you would do so much as challenge this sturdy clown, and make him marry my daughter, according to his promise before he was concerned with her. For, as for my lord duke, it is a folly to think he will ever see me righted, for the reason I told you in private. And so Heaven preserve your worship, and still be our defence."—"Worthy matron," answered Don Quixote, with a great deal of gravity and solemn form, "moderate your tears, or, to speak more properly, dry them up, and spare your sighs; for I take upon me to see your daughter's wrongs redressed; though she had done much better, had not her too great credulity made her trust the protestations of lovers, which generally are readily made, but most uneasily performed. Therefore, with my lord duke's permission, I will instantly depart to find out this ungracious wretch; and, as soon as he is found, I

will challenge him, and kill him, if he persists in his obstinacy; for, the chief end of my profession is, to pardon the submissive, and to chastise the stubborn; to relieve the miserable, and destroy the cruel."—"Sir knight," said the duke, "you need not give yourself the trouble of seeking the fellow of whom that good matron complains; nor need you ask me leave to challenge him; for I already engage that he shall meet you in person to answer it here in this castle, where safe lists shall be set up for you both, observing all the laws of arms that ought to be kept in affairs of this kind, and doing each party justice, as all princes ought to do that admit of single combats within their territories."—"Upon that assurance," said Don Quixote, "with your grace's leave, I, for this time, waive my punctilio of gentility, and, debasing myself to the meanness of the offender, qualify him to measure lances with me; and so, let him be absent or present, I challenge and defy him, as a villain, that has deluded this poor creature, that was a maid, and now, through his baseness, is none; and he shall either perform his promise of making her his lawful wife, or die in the contest." With that, pulling off his glove, he flung it down into the middle of the hall, and the

duke took it up, declaring, as he already had done, that he accepted the challenge in the name of his vassal; fixing the time for combat to be six days after, and the place to be the castle-court; the arms to be such as are usual among knights, as lance, shield, armour of proof, and all other pieces, without fraud, advantage, or enchantment, after search made by the judges of the field.

"But in the first place," added the duke, "it is requisite that this true matron, and this false virgin, commit the justice of their cause into the hands of their champion, for otherwise there will be nothing done, and the challenge is void, in course."—"I do," answered the matron; "And so do I," added the daughter all ashamed, blubbing, and in a crying tone. The preliminaries being adjusted, and the duke having resolved with himself what to do in the matter, the mourning petitioners went away, and the duchess ordered they should no longer be looked on as her domestics, but as ladies-errant, that came to demand justice in her castle; and, accordingly, there was a peculiar apartment appointed for them, where they were served as strangers, to the amazement of the other servants, who could not imagine what would be the end of Donna

Rodriguez and her forsaken daughter's ridiculous, confident undertaking.

Presently after this, to complete their mirth, and as it were, for the last course, in came the page that had carried the letters and the presents to Teresa Panza. The duke and duchess were overjoyed to see him returned, having a great desire to know the success of his journey. They inquired of him accordingly; but he told them that the account he had to give them could not well be delivered in public, nor in a few words; and therefore begged their graces would be pleased to take it in private, and, in the meantime, entertain themselves with those letters. With that, taking out two, he delivered them to her grace. The superscription of the one was, "These for my Lady Duchess, of I do not know what place;" and the direction on the other, thus, "To my husband Sancho Panza, Governor of the Island of Barataria, whom Heaven prosper as many or more years than me."

The duchess sat upon thorns till she had read her letter; so, having opened it, and ran it over to herself; finding there was nothing of secrecy in it, she read it out aloud, that the whole company might hear what follows.

Teresa Panza's Letter to the Duchess.

"MY LADY,

"The letter your honour sent me pleased me hugely; for, troth, it is what I heartily longed for. The string of coral is a good thing, and my husband's hunting-suit may come up to it. All our town takes it mighty kindly, and is very glad that your honour has made my spouse a governor, though nobody will believe it, especially our curate, Master Nicholas the barber, and Sampson Carrasco the bachelor. But what care I whether they do or no? So it be true, as it is, let every one have their saying. Though (it is a folly to lie) I had not believed it neither, but for the coral and the suit; for every body here takes my husband to be a dolt, and cannot for the blood of them imagine what he can be fit to govern, unless it be a herd of goats. Well, Heaven be his guide, and speed him as he sees best for his children. As for me, my dear lady, I am resolved, with your good liking, to make hay while the sun shines, and go to court, to loll it along in a coach, and make a world of my back-friends, that envy me already, stare their eyes out. And, therefore, good your honour, pray bid my

husband send me store of money, for I believe it is dear living at court; one can have but little bread there for sixpence, and a pound of flesh is worth thirty marvedis, which would make one stand amazed. And if he is not for my coming, let him send me word in time, for my feet itch to be jogging; for my gossips and neighbours tell me, that if I and my daughter go about the court as we should, spruce and fine, and at a tearing rate, my husband will be better known by me, than I by him; for many cannot choose but ask, what ladies are these in the coach? with that, one of my servants answers, 'The wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria;' and thus shall my husband be known, and I honoured, far and near; and so have at all; Rome has every thing.

"You cannot think how I am troubled that we have gathered no acorns hereaway this year; however, I send your highness about half-a-peck, which I have culled one by one: I went to the mountains on purpose, and got the biggest I could find. I wish they had been as big as ostrich eggs.

"Pray, let not your pomposity forget to write to me, and I will be sure to send you an answer, and let you know how I do, and send you

all the news in our village, where I am waiting, and praying the Lord to preserve your highness, and not to forget me. My daughter, Sanchica, and my son, kiss your worship's hands.

"She that wishes rather to see

"you than write to you,

"Your servant, TERESA PANZA."

This letter was very entertaining to all the company, especially to the duke and duchess; insomuch that her grace asked Don Quixote whether it would be amiss to open the governor's letter, which she imagined was a very good one? The knight told her, that, to satisfy her curiosity, he would open it; which being done, he found what follows.

Teresa Panza's Letter to her Husband Sancho Panza.

"I received thy letter, dear honey Sancho, and I vow and swear to thee, as I am a Catholic Christian, I was within two fingers' breadth of running mad for joy. Look you, my chuck, when I heard thou wert made a governor, I was so transported, I had like to have fallen

down dead with mere gladness; for thou knowest sudden joy is said to kill as soon as great sorrow. As for thy daughter Sanchica, she scattered her water about before she was aware, for very pleasure. I had the suit thou sentest me before my eyes, and the lady duchess's corals about my neck, held the letter in my hands, and had him that brought them standing by me, and for all that, I thought what I saw and felt was but a dream. For who could have thought a goatherd should ever come to be governor of islands? But what said my mother, 'Who a great deal would see, a great while must live.' I speak this, because if I live longer, I mean to see more; for I shall never be at rest till I see thee a farmer or receiver of the customs; for though they be offices that send money to the devil, for all that they bring grist to the mill. My lady duchess will tell thee how I long to go to court. Pray think of it, and let me know thy mind; for I mean to credit thee there by going in a coach.

"Neither the curate, the barber, the bachelor, nor the sexton, will believe thou art a governor; but say it is all juggling or enchantment, as all thy master Don Quixote's concerns used to be; and Sampson threatens to find thee out, and put this maggot of a government out of thy

pate, and Don Quixote's madness out of his coxcomb. For my part, I do but laugh at them, and look upon my string of coral, and contrive how to fit up the suit thou sentest me into a gown for thy daughter.

"I sent my lady the duchess some acorns; I would they were beaten gold. I pr'ythee send me some strings of pearl, if they be in fashion in thy island.

"The news here is, that Berrueca has married her daughter to a sorry painter, that came hither, pretending to paint anything. The township set him to paint the king's arms over the town-hall: he asked them two ducats for the job, which they paid him: so he fell to work, and was eight days a-daubing, but could make nothing of it at last, and said he could not hit upon such piddling kind of work, and so gave them their money again. Yet for all this he married with the name of a good workman. The truth is, he has left his pencil upon it, and taken the spade, and goes to the field like a gentleman. Pedro de Lobo's son has taken orders, and shaved his crown, meaning to be a priest. Minguilla, Mingo Salvato's grand-daughter, heard of it, and sues him upon a promise of marriage. Ill tongues do not stick to say she has been with child by him,

but he stiffly denies it. We have no olives this year, nor is there a drop of vinegar to be got for love or money. A company of soldiers went through this place, and carried along with them three wenches out of the town: I do not tell thee their names, for mayhaps they will come back, and there will not want some that will marry them for better for worse. Sanchica makes bone-lace, and gets her threehalfpence a-day clear, which she saves in a box with a slit, to go towards buying household stuff. But now she is a governor's daughter, she has no need to work, for thou wilt give her a portion. The fountain in the market is dried up. A thunderbolt lately fell upon the pillory: there may they all light. I expect thy answer to this, and thy resolution concerning my going to court. So Heaven send thee long to live, longer than myself, or rather as long; for I would not willingly leave thee behind me in this world.

"Thy wife,

"TERESA PANZA."

These letters were admired, and caused a great deal of laughter and diversion; and, to complete the mirth, at the same time the express returned that brought Sancho's answer to

Don Quixote, which was likewise publicly read, and startled all the hearers, who took the governor for a fool. Afterwards the duchess withdrew, to know of the page what he had to relate of Sancho's village; of which he gave her a full account, without omitting the least particular. He also brought her the acorns, and a cheese which Teresa had given him for a very good one, and better than those of Troncheon, and which the duchess gratefully accepted. Now let us leave her, to tell the end of the government of great Sancho Panza, the flower and mirror of all island governors.