

with you.”—“No man has power to call me to an account,” replied Sancho, “unless it be my lord duke’s appointment. Now, to him it is that I am going, and to him I will give a fair and square account. And indeed, going away so bare as I do, there needs no greater signs that I have governed like an angel.”—“In truth,” said Dr Rezio, “the great Sancho is in the right; and I am of opinion we ought to let him go; for certainly the duke will be very glad to see him.” Thereupon, they all agreed to let him pass, offering first to attend him, and supply him with whatever he might want in his journey, either for entertainment or convenience. Sancho told them, that all he desired was a little corn for his ass, and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself, having occasion for no other provisions in so short a journey. With that, they all embraced him, and he embraced them all, not without tears in his eyes, leaving them in admiration of the good sense which he discovered, both in his discourse and unalterable resolution.

## CHAPTER LIV

WHICH TREATS OF MATTERS THAT RELATE TO THIS HISTORY, AND NO OTHER

THE duke and duchess resolved that Don Quixote’s challenge against their vassal should not be ineffectual; and the young man being fled into Flanders, to avoid having Donna Rodriguez to his mother-in-law, they made choice of a Gascoin lackey, named Tosilos, to supply his place, and gave him instructions how to act his part. Two days after, the duke acquainted Don Quixote, that within four days his antagonist would meet him in the lists, armed at all points like a knight, to maintain that the damsel lied through the throat, and through the beard, to say that he had ever promised her marriage. Don Quixote was mightily pleased with this news, promising himself to do wonders on this occasion, and esteeming it an extraordinary happiness to have such an opportunity to shew, before such noble spectators, how extensive were his valour and his strength. Cheered and elevated with

these hopes, he waited for the end of these four days, which his eager impatience made him think so many ages.

Well, now letting them pass, as we do other matters, let us a while attend Sancho, who, divided betwixt joy and sorrow, was now on his Dapple, making the best of his way to his master, whose company he valued more than the government of all the islands in the world. He had not gone far from his island, or city, or town (or whatever you will please to call it, for he never troubled himself to examine what it was), before he met upon the road six pilgrims, with their walking staves, foreigners as they proved, and such as used to beg alms, singing. As they drew near him, they placed themselves in a row, and fell a-singing all together, in their language, something that Sancho could not understand, unless it were one word, which plainly signified alms; by which he guessed that charity was the burthen and intent of their song. Being exceeding charitable, as Cid Hamet reports him, he opened his wallet, and, having taken out the half loaf and half cheese, gave them these, making signs withal, that he had nothing else to give them. They took the dole with a good will, but yet not satisfied, they cried, "Guelte, guelte."\*—"Good people,"

\* Guelte, in Dutch, is money.

quoth Sancho, "I do not understand what you would have." With that, one of them pulled out a purse that was in his bosom, and shewed it to Sancho, by which he understood that it was money they wanted. But he, putting his thumb to his mouth, and wagging his hand with his four fingers upwards, made a sign that he had not a cross; and so clapping his heels to Dapple's sides, he began to make way through the pilgrims; but, at the same time, one of them, who had been looking on him very earnestly, laid hold on him, and throwing his arms about his middle, "Bless me!" cried he, in very good Spanish, "what do I see? Is it possible? Do I hold in my arms my dear friend, my good neighbour Sancho Panza? Yes, sure it must be he, for I am neither drunk nor dreaming." Sancho, wondering to hear himself called by his name, and to see himself so lovingly hugged by the pilgrim, stared upon him without speaking a word; but, though he looked seriously in his face a good while, he could not guess who he was. The pilgrim observing his amazement, "What," said he, "friend Sancho, do not you know your old acquaintance, your neighbor Ricote the Morisco, that kept a shop in your town?" Then Sancho looking wistfully on him again,

began to call him to mind; at last, he knew him again perfectly, and clasping him about the neck, without alighting, "Ricote," cried he, "who the devil could ever have known thee transmogrified in this mumming dress! Pr'ythee, who has franchified thee at this rate? And how durst thou offer to come again into Spain? Shouldst thou come to be known, adad I would not be in thy coat for all the world."—"If thou dost not betray me," said the pilgrim, "I am safe enough, Sancho; for nobody can know me in this disguise. But let us get out of the road, and make to yonder elm-grove; my comrades and I have agreed to take a little refreshment there, and thou shalt dine with us. They are honest souls, I will assure thee. There I shall have an opportunity to tell thee how I have passed my time, since I was forced to leave the town in obedience to the king's edict, which, as thou knowest, so severely threatens those of our unfortunate nation."

Sancho consented, and Ricote having spoken to the rest of the pilgrims, they went all together to the grove, at a good distance from the road. There they laid by their staves, and, taking off their pilgrim's weeds, remained in jackets; all of them young handsome fellows,

except Ricote, who was somewhat stricken in years. Every one carried his wallet, which seemed well furnished, at least with savoury and high-seasoned bits, the provocative to the turning down good liquor. They sat down on the ground, and making the green grass their table-cloth, presently there was a comfortable appearance of bread, salt, knives, nuts, cheese, and some bacon bones, on which there were still some good pickings left, or which at least might be sucked. They also had a kind of black meat called *caveer*, made of the roes of fish, a certain charm to keep thirst awake. They also had good store of olives, though none of the moistest; but the chief glory of the feast was six leathern bottles of wine, every pilgrim exhibiting one for his share; even honest Ricote himself was now transformed from a Morisco to a German, and clubbed his bottle, his quota making as good a figure as the rest. They began to eat like men that liked mighty well their savoury fare; and as it was very relishing, they went leisurely to work, to continue the longer, taking but a little of every one at a time on the point of a knife. Then all at once they lifted up their arms, and applying their own mouths to the mouths of the bottles, and turning up their bottoms in the air, with their eyes

fixed on heaven, like men in an ecstasy, they remained in that posture a good while, transfusing the blood and spirit of the vessels into their stomachs, and shaking their heads, as in rapture, to express the pleasure they received. Sancho admired all this extremely; he could not find the least fault with it; quite contrary, he was for making good the old proverb, When thou art at Rome, do as they do at Rome; so he desired Ricote to lend him his bottle, and taking his aim as well as the rest, and with no less satisfaction, shewed them he wanted neither method nor breath. Four times they caressed the bottles in that manner, but there was no doing it the fifth, for they were quite exhausted, and the life and soul of them departed, which turned their mirth into sorrow. But while the wine lasted all was well. Now and then one or other of the pilgrims would take Sancho by the right hand, Spaniard and German all one now, and cried, "*Bon campagno.*"—"Well said, i'faith," answered Sancho; "*Bon campagno, perdie.*" And then he would burst out laughing for half an hour together, without the least concern for all his late misfortunes, or the loss of his government; for anxieties use to have but little power over the time that men spend in eating or drinking. In short, as their

bellies were full, their bones desired to be at rest, and so five of them dropt asleep; only Sancho and Ricote, who had indeed eaten more, but drank less, remained awake, and removed under the covert of a beech at a small distance, where, while the others slept, Ricote, in good Spanish, spoke to Sancho to this purpose.

"Thou well knowest, friend Sancho Panza, how the late edict, that enjoined all those of our nation to depart the kingdom, alarmed us all; at least, me it did; insomuch, that the time limited for our going was not yet expired, but I thought the law was ready to be executed upon me and my children. Accordingly, I resolved to provide betimes for their security and mine, as a man does that knows his habitation will be taken away from him, and so secures another before he is obliged to remove. So I left our town by myself, and went to seek some place beforehand, where I might convey my family, without exposing myself to the inconvenience of a hurry, like the rest that went; for the wisest among us were justly apprehensive, that the proclamations issued out for the banishment of our Moorish race were not only threats, as some flattered themselves, but would certainly take effect at

the expiration of the limited time. I was the rather inclined to believe this, being conscious that our people had very dangerous designs; so that I could not but think that the king was inspired from Heaven to take so brave a resolution, and expel those snakes out of the bosom of the kingdom: Not that we were all guilty, for there were some sound and real Christians among us; but their number was so small, that they could not be opposed to those that were otherwise, and it was not safe to keep enemies within doors. In short, it was necessary we should be banished; but though some might think it a mild and pleasant fate, to us it seems the most dreadful thing that could befall us: Wherever we are, we bemoan with tears our banishment from Spain; for, after all, there we were born, and it is our native country. We find nowhere the entertainment our misfortune requires; and even in Barbary, and all other parts of Africa, where we expected to have met with the best reception and relief, we find the greatest inhumanity, and the worst usage. We did not know our happiness till we had lost it; and the desire which most of us have to return to Spain is such, that the greatest part of those that speak the tongue as I do, who are many, come back

hither, and leave their wives and children there in a forlorn condition; so strong is their love for their native place; and now I know by experience the truth of the saying, Sweet is the love of one's own country. For my part, having left our town, I went into France, and though I was very well received there, yet I had a mind to see other countries; and so passing through it, I travelled into Italy, and from thence into Germany, where methought one might live with more freedom, the inhabitants being a good-humoured, sociable people, that love to live easy with one another, and everybody follows his own way; for there is liberty of conscience allowed in the greatest part of the country. There, after I had taken a dwelling in a village near Augsburg, I struck into the company of these pilgrims, and got to be one of their number, finding they were some of those who make it their custom to go to Spain, many of them every year, to visit the places of devotion, which they look upon as their Indies, their best market, and surest means to get money. They travel almost the whole kingdom over; nor is there a village where they are not sure to get meat and drink, and sixpence at least in money. And they manage matters so well, that at the end of their

pilgrimage they commonly go off with about a hundred crowns clear gain, which they change into gold, and hide either in the hollow of their staves, or patches of their clothes, and either thus, or some other private way, convey it usually into their own country, in spite of all searches at their going out of the kingdom. Now, Sancho, my design in returning hither, is, to fetch the treasure that I left buried when I went away, which I may do with the less inconveniency, by reason it lies in a place quite out of the town. That done, I intend to write or go over myself from Valencia to my wife and daughter, who I know are in Algiers, and find one way or other to get them over to some port in France, and from thence bring them over into Germany, where we will stay, and see how Providence will dispose of us: For I am sure my wife Francisca and my daughter are good Catholic Christians; and though I cannot say I am as much a believer as they are, yet I have more of the Christian than of the Mahometan, and make it my constant prayer to the Almighty, to open the eyes of my understanding, and let me know how to serve him. What I wonder at, is, that my wife and daughter should rather choose to go for Barbary than

for France, where they might have lived like Christians."

"Look you, Ricote," answered Sancho, "mayhaps that was none of their fault; for, to my knowledge, John Tiopieyo, thy wife's brother, took them along with him, and he, belike, being a rank Moor, would go where he thought best. And I must tell thee further, friend, that I doubt thou wilt lose thy labour in going to look after thy hidden treasure; for the report was hot among us, that they brother-in-law and thy wife had a great many pearls, and a deal of gold, taken away from them, which should have been interred."—"That may be," replied Ricote; "but I am sure, friend of mine, they have not met with my hoard, for I never would tell them where I had hidden it, for fear of the worst; and therefore, if thou wilt go along with me, and help me to carry off this money, I will give thee two hundred crowns, to make thee easier in the world. Thou knowest I can tell it is but low with thee."—"I would do it," answered Sancho, "but I am not at all covetous. Were I in the least given to it, this morning I quitted an employment, which had I but kept, I might have gotten enough to have made the walls of my house of beaten gold, and, before six months had been at an end, I might

have eaten my victuals in plate. So that, as well for this reason, as because I fancy it would be a piece of treason to the king, in abetting his enemies, I would not go with thee, though thou wouldst lay me down twice as much.”—“And pr’ythee,” said Ricote, “what sort of employment is it thou hast left?”—“Why,” quoth Sancho, “I have left the government of an island, and such an island as, i’faith, you will scarce meet with the like in haste, within a mile of an oak.”—“And where is this island?” said Ricote.—“Where!” quoth Sancho, “why, some two leagues off, and is called the island of Barataria.”—“Pr’ythee, do not talk so,” replied Ricote; “islands lie a great way off in the sea; there are none of them in the main land.”—“Why not?” quoth Sancho; “I tell thee, friend Ricote, I came from thence but this morning; and yesterday I was there governing it at my will and pleasure, like any dragon; yet, for all that, I even left it; for this same place of a governor seemed to me but a ticklish and perilous kind of an office.”—“And what didst thou get by thy government?” asked Ricote.—“Why,” answered Sancho, “I have got so much knowledge as to understand, that I am not fit to govern anything, unless it be a herd of cattle; and that the wealth that

is got in these kinds of governments costs a man a deal of labour and toil, watching, and hunger; for in your islands, governors must eat next to nothing, especially if they have physicians to look after their health.”—“I can make neither head nor tail of all this,” said Ricote; “it seems to me all madness; for who would be such a simpleton as to give thee islands to govern? Was the world quite bare of abler men, that they could pick out nobody else for a governor? Pr’ythee, say no more, man, but come to thy senses, and consider whether thou wilt go along with me, and help me to carry off my hidden wealth—my treasure, for I may well give it that name, considering how much there is of it, and I will make a man of thee, as I have told thee.”—“Hark you me, Ricote,” answered Sancho, “I have already told thee my mind. Let it suffice that I will not betray thee, and so, in God’s name, go thy way, and let me go mine; for full well I wot, that what is honestly got may be lost, but what is ill got will perish, and the owner too.”—“Well, Sancho,” said Ricote, “I will press thee no further. Only, pr’ythee, tell me, wert thou in the town when my wife and daughter went away with my brother-in-law?”—“Ay, marry was I,” quoth Sancho, “by the same token

thy daughter looked so woundy handsome, that there was old crowding to see her, and everybody said she was the finest creature on God's earth. She wept bitterly all the way, poor thing, and embraced all her she-friends and acquaintance, and begged of all those that flocked about her to pray for her, and that in so earnest and piteous a manner, that she even made me shed tears, though I am none of the greatest blubberers. Faith and troth, many there had a good mind to have got her away from her uncle upon the road, and have hidden her; but the thoughts of the king's proclamation kept them in awe. But he that shewed himself the most concerned was Don Pedro de Gregorio, that young rich heir that you know. They say he was up to the ears in love with her, and has never been seen in the town since she went. We all thought he was gone after her, to steal her away, but hitherto we have heard no more of the matter."—"I have all along had a jealousy," said Ricote, "that this gentleman loved my daughter: But I always had too good an opinion of my Ricote's virtue, to be uneasy with his passion; for thou knowest, Sancho, very few, and hardly any of our women of Moorish race, ever married with the old Christians on the account of love; and so I

hope that my daughter, who, I believe, minds more the duties of religion than anything of love, will but little regard this young heir's courtship."—"Heaven grant she may," quoth Sancho, "for else it would be the worse for them both. And now, honest neighbour, I must bid thee good bye, for I have a mind to be with my master Don Quixote this evening."—"Then Heaven be with thee, Sancho," said Ricote: "I find my comrades have fetched out their naps, and it is time we should make the best of our way." With that, after a kind embrace, Sancho mounted his Dapple, Ricote took his pilgrim's staff; and so they parted.