

CONTENTS.

xi

CHAP. LXVII.

	PAGE
<i>Of the resolution Don Quixote took to turn shepherd, and lead a rural life, till the year of his promise should be expired; with other accidents truly pleasant and good</i>	364

CHAP. LXVIII.

<i>Of the bristled adventure, which befell Don Quixote</i>	372
--	-----

CHAP. LXIX.

<i>Of the newest and strangest adventure of all, that befell Don Quixote in the whole course of this grand history</i>	380
--	-----

CHAP. LXX.

<i>Which follows the sixty-ninth, and treats of matters indispensably necessary to the perspicuity of this history</i>	388
--	-----

CHAP. LXXI.

<i>Of what befell Don Quixote with his squire Sancho, in the way to his village</i>	400
---	-----

CHAP. LXXII.

<i>How Don Quixote and Sancho arrived at their village</i>	409
--	-----

CONTENTS.

CHAP. LXXIII.

	PAGE
<i>Of the omens Don Quixote met with at the entrance into his village, with other accidents, which adorn and illustrate this great history</i>	416

CHAP. LXXIV.

<i>How Don Quixote fell sick, made his will, and died</i>	424
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THE
LIFE AND EXPLOITS
OF THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

PART II.

CHAP. XXXIV.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE METHOD PRESCRIBED FOR
DISENCHANTING THE PEERLESS DULCINEA DEL TO-
BOSO ; WHICH IS ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS ADVEN-
TURES OF THIS BOOK.

GREAT was the pleasure the Duke and Dutchess received from the conversation of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza ; and, persisting in the design they had of playing them some tricks, which should carry the semblance and face of adventures, they took a hint from what Don Quixote had already told them of the cave of Montesinos, to dress up a famous one. But what the Dutchess most wondered at, was, that Sancho should be so very simple, as to believe for certain, that Dulcinea del Toboso was enchanted, he himself having been the enchanter and impostor in that

business. Having instructed their servants how they were to behave, six days after, they carried Don Quixote on a hunting party, with a train of hunters and huntsmen not inferior to that of a crowned head. They gave Don Quixote a hunting suit, and Sancho another, of the finest green cloth; but Don Quixote would not put his on, saying, he must shortly return to the severe exercise of arms, and that he could not carry wardrobes and sumpters about him. But Sancho took what was given him, with design to sell it the first opportunity he should have.

The expected day being come, Don Quixote armed himself, and Sancho put on his new suit, and mounted Dapple, whom he would not quit, though they offered him a horse; and so he thrust himself amidst the troop of hunters. The Dutchess issued forth magnificently dressed, and Don Quixote, out of pure politeness and civility, held the reins of her palfrey, though the Duke would not consent to it. At last they came to a wood, between two very high mountains, and posting themselves in places, where the toils were to be pitched, and all the company having taken their different stands, the hunt began with a great hallooing and noise, insomuch that they could not hear one another, on account of the cry of the hounds, and the winding of the horns. The Dutchess alighted, and, with a boar-spear in her hand, took her stand in a place where she

knew wild boars used to pass. The Duke and Don Quixote alighted also, and placed themselves by her side. Sancho planted himself in the rear of them all, without alighting from Dapple, whom he durst not quit, lest some mischance should befall him. And scarcely were they on foot, and ranged in order, with several of their servants round them, when they perceived an enormous boar, pursued by the dogs, and followed by the hunters, making towards them, grinding his teeth and tusks, and tossing foam from his mouth. Don Quixote, seeing him, braced his shield, and, laying his hand to his sword, stepped before the rest to receive him. The Duke did the like, with his javelin in his hand. But the Dutchess would have advanced before them, if the Duke had not prevented her. Only Sancho, at sight of the fierce animal, quitted Dapple, and ran the best he could, and endeavoured to climb up into a tall oak, but could not: and, being got about half way up, holding by a bough, and striving to mount to the top, he was so unfortunate and unlucky, that the bough broke, and, in tumbling down, he remained in the air, suspended by a stump from the tree, without coming to the ground: and, finding himself in this situation, and that the green loose coat was tearing, and considering that, if the furious animal came that way, he should be within his reach, he began to cry out

so loud, and to call for help so violently, that all, who heard him, and did not see him, thought verily he was between the teeth of some wild beast. In short, the tusked boar was laid at his length by the points of the many boar-spears levelled at him; and Don Quixote, turning his head about at Sancho's cries, by which he knew him, saw him hanging from the oak with his head downward, and close by him Dapple, who deserted him not in his calamity. And Cid Hamete Benengeli says, he seldom saw Sancho Panza without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho; such was the amity and cordial love maintained between them. Don Quixote went and disengaged Sancho, who, finding himself freed and upon the ground, began to examine the rent in the hunting-suit, and it grieved him to the soul; for he fancied he possessed in that suit an inheritance in fee simple.

They laid the mighty boar across a sumpter-mule, and, covering it with branches of rosemary and myrtle, they carried it, as the spoils of victory, to a large field-tent, erected in the middle of the wood; where they found the tables ranged in order, and dinner set out so sumptuous and grand, that it easily discovered the greatness and magnificence of the donor. Sancho, showing the wounds of his torn garment to the Dutchess, said: "Had this been a hare-hunting, or a fowling for small birds, my coat had been

safe from the extremity it is now in: I do not understand what pleasure there can be in waiting for a beast, who, if he reaches you with a tusk, may cost you your life. I remember to have heard an old ballad sung to this purpose:

“ Like Fabila may'st thou, a notable sinner,
To a blood-thirsty bruin be serv'd up for dinner!”

“ He was a Gothic king,” said Don Quixote, “ who, going to hunt wild beasts, was devoured by a bear.”—“ What I say,” answered Sancho, “ is, that I would not have Princes and Kings run themselves into such dangers, merely for their pleasure; which methinks ought not to be so, since it consists in killing a creature, that has not committed any fault.”—“ You are mistaken, Sancho; it is quite otherwise,” answered the Duke: “ for the exercise of hunting wild beasts is the most proper and necessary for Kings and Princes of any whatever. Hunting is an image of war: in it there are stratagems, artifices, and ambuscades, to overcome your enemy without hazard to your person: in it you endure pinching cold, and intolerable heat; idleness and sleep are contemned; natural vigour is corroborated, and the members of the body made active: in short, it is an exercise, which may be used without prejudice to any body, and with pleasure to many: and the best of it is, that it is not for all people, as are all other country

sports, excepting hawking, which is also peculiar to Kings and great persons. And therefore, Sancho, change your opinion, and, when you are a governor, exercise yourself in hunting, and you will find your account in it.”—“Not so,” answered Sancho; “the good governor, and the broken leg, should keep at home. It would be fine indeed for people to come fatigued about business, to seek him, while he is in the mountains following his recreations: at that rate the government might go to wreck. In good truth, Sir, hunting and pastimes are rather for your idle companions than for governors. What I design to divert myself with, shall be playing at brag at Easter, and at bowls on Sundays and holydays: as for your huntings, they befit not my condition, nor agree with my conscience.”—“God grant you prove as good as you say; but saying and doing are at a wide distance,” answered the Duke. “Be it so,” replied Sancho: “The good paymaster is in pain for no pawn; and, God’s help is better than rising early; and, The belly carries the legs, and not the legs the belly; I mean, that, with the help of God, and a good intention, I shall doubtless govern better than a goss-hawk. Ay, ay, let them put their finger in my mouth, and they shall see, whether I can bite or no.”—“The curse of God and of all his saints light on thee, accursed Sancho,” said Don Quixote: “when will the day come,

as I have often said, that I shall hear thee utter one current and coherent sentence without proverbs? I beseech your Grandeurs, let this blockhead alone, he will grind your souls to death, not between two, but between two thousand proverbs, introduced as much to the purpose and as well timed, as I wish God may grant him health, or me if I desire to hear them.”—“Sancho Panza’s proverbs,” said the Dutchess, “though they exceed in number those of the Greek commentator¹, yet they are not to be less valued for the brevity of the sentences. For my own part I must own, they give me more pleasure than any others, though better timed and better applied.”

With these entertaining discourses, they left the tent, and went into the wood, to visit the toils and nets. The day was soon spent, and night came on not so clear nor so calm as the season of the year, which was the midst of summer, required, but a kind of clair-obscur, which contributed very much to help forward the Duke and Dutchess’s design. Now, night coming on, soon after the twilight, on a sudden the wood seemed on fire from all the four quarters; and presently were heard, on all sides, an infinite number of cornets and other instruments of war, as if a great body of horse was passing through the wood. The blaze of the fire, and the sound of the warlike instruments, almost blinded and

stunned the eyes and ears of the by-standers, and even of all, that were in the wood. Presently were heard infinite Lelilies², after the Moorish fashion, when they are just going to join battle. Trumpets and clarions sounded, drums beat, fifes played, almost all at once, so fast and without any intermission, that he must have had no sense, who had not lost it at the confused din of so many instruments. The Duke was in astonishment, the Dutchess in a fright, Don Quixote in amaze, and Sancho Panza in a fit of trembling: in short, even they, who were in the secret, were terrified, and consternation held them all in silence. A post-boy, habited like a devil, passed before them, winding, instead of a cornet, a monstrous hollow horn, which yielded a hoarse and horrible sound. "So ho, brother courier," said the Duke, "who are you? Whither go you? And what soldiers are those, who seem to be crossing this wood?" To which the courier answered in a hoarse and dreadful voice: "I am the devil, and am going in quest of Don Quixote de la Mancha! the people you inquire about are six troops of enchanters, who are conducting the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso in a triumphal chariot: she comes enchanted, with the gallant Frenchman Montesinos, to inform Don Quixote how that same Lady is to be disenchanted."—"If you were the devil, as you say, and as your figure denotes you to be," replied Don Quixote,

“you would before now have known that same Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, who stands here before you.”—“Before God, and upon my conscience,” replied the devil, “I did not see him; for my thoughts are distracted about so many things, that I forgot the principal business I came about.”—“Doubtless,” quoth Sancho, “this devil must needs be a very honest fellow, and a good Christian; else he would not have sworn by God and his conscience: now, for my part, I verily believe there are some good folks in hell itself.” Then the devil, without alighting, directing his eyes to Don Quixote, said: “To you, Knight of the Lions (and may I see you between their paws), the unfortunate, but valiant, Knight Montesinos sends me, commanding me to tell you from him to wait for him in the very place I meet you in; for he brings with him her, whom they call Dulcinea del Toboso, in order to instruct you how you may disenchant her: and this being all I came for, I must stay no longer. Devils like me be with you, and good angels with this Lord and Lady.” And so saying, he blew his monstrous horn, and turned his back, and away he went without staying for an answer from any body. Every one again wondered, especially Sancho and Don Quixote; Sancho, to see how, in spite of truth, Dulcinea must be enchanted; and Don Quixote, for not being sure of the truth of what had happened to

him in Montesinos' cave. While he stood wrapped up in these cogitations, the Duke said to him: "Does your Worship, Signor Don Quixote, design to wait here?"—"Why not?" answered he: "here will I wait intrepid and courageous, though all hell should come to assault me."—"Now for my part," quoth Sancho, "I will no more stay here, to see another devil, and hear another such horn, than I would in Flanders."

The night now grew darker, and numberless lights began to run about the wood, like those dry exhalations from the earth, which, glancing along the sky, seem, to our sight, as shooting stars. There was heard likewise a dreadful noise, like that caused by the ponderous wheels of an ox-waggon, from whose harsh and continued creaking it is said, wolves and bears fly away, if there chance to be any within hearing. To all this confusion was added another, which augmented the whole; which was, that it seemed, as if there were four engagements, or battles, at the four quarters of the wood, all at once: for here sounded the dreadful noise of artillery; there were discharged infinite vollies of small shot; the shouts of the combatants seemed to be near at hand; the Moorish Lelilies were heard at a distance. In short, the cornets, horns, clarions, trumpets, drums, cannon, muskets, and above all, the frightful creaking of the waggons, formed

all together so confused and horrid a din, that Don Quixote had need of all his courage to be able to bear it. But Sancho's quite failed him, and he fell down in a swoon upon the train of the Dutchess's robe, who presently ordered cold water to be thrown in his face. Which being done, he recovered his senses at the instant one of the creaking waggons arrived at that stand. It was drawn by four lazy oxen, all covered with black palls, and a large burning torch of wax fastened to each horn. At the top of the waggon was fixed an exalted seat, on which sat a venerable old man, with a beard whiter than snow itself, and so long, that it reached below his girdle. His vestment was a long gown of black buckram: for the waggon was so illuminated, that one might easily discern and distinguish whatever was in it. The drivers were two ugly devils, habited in the same buckram, and of such hideous aspect, that Sancho, having once seen them, shut his eyes close, that he might not see them a second time. The waggon being now come close up to the place, the venerable sire raised himself from his lofty seat, and, standing upon his feet, with a loud voice he said; "I am the sage Lirgandeo:" and the waggon went forward without his speaking another word. After this there passed another waggon in the same manner, with another old man enthroned; who, making the waggon stop with a voice as solemn

as the other's, said; "I am the sage Alquife, the great friend to Urganda the Unknown;" and passed on. Then advanced another waggon with the same pace: but he, who was seated on the throne, was not an old man like the two former, but a robust and ill-favoured fellow, who, when he came near, standing up, as the rest had done, said, with a voice more hoarse and more diabolical; "I am Arcalaus the enchanter, mortal enemy of Amadis de Gaul and all his kindred;" and on he went. These three waggons halted at a little distance, and the irksome jarring noise of their wheels ceased; and presently was heard another, but not noisy sound, composed of sweet and regular music; at which Sancho was much rejoiced, and took it for a good sign; and therefore he said to the Dutchess, from whom he had not stirred an inch: "Where there is music, Madam, there can be no harm."—"Nor where there are lights and brightness," answered the Dutchess. To which Sancho replied: "The fire may give light, and bonfires may be bright, as we see by those that surround us, and yet we may very easily be burnt by them: but music is always a sign of feasting and merriment."—"That we shall see presently," said Don Quixote, who listened to all that was said: and he said right, as is shown in the following chapter.

CHAP. XXXV.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE ACCOUNT OF THE METHOD PRESCRIBED TO DON QUIXOTE, FOR THE DIS-ENCHANTING DULCINEA, WITH OTHER WONDERFUL EVENTS.

KEEPING exact time with the agreeable music, they perceived advancing towards them one of those cars they call triumphal, drawn by six gray mules, covered with white linen; and mounted upon each of them came a penitent of the light³, clothed also in white, and a great wax torch lighted in his hand. The car was thrice as big as any of the former, and the sides and top were occupied by twelve other penitents as white as snow, and all carrying lighted torches; a sight which at once caused admiration and affright. Upon an elevated throne sat a nymph clad in a thousand veils of silver tissue, bespangled with numberless leaves of gold tinsel; which made her appear, if not very rich, yet very gorgeous. Her face was covered with a transparent delicate tiffany; so that without any impediment from its threads or plaits, you might discover through it the face of a very beautiful damsel; and the multitude of lights gave an opportunity of distinguishing her beauty, and her age, which seemed not to reach twenty years, nor to be

under seventeen. Close by her sat a figure, arrayed in a gown like a robe of state, down to the feet, and his head covered with a black veil. The moment the car came opposite the spot, where the Duke and Dutchess and Don Quixote stood, the music of the attendants ceased, and presently after the harps and lutes, which played in the car; and the figure in the gown standing up, and throwing open the robe, and taking the veil from off his face, discovered plainly the very figure and skeleton of Death, so ugly that Don Quixote was startled, and Sancho affrighted at it, and the Duke and Dutchess made a show of some timorous concern. This living Death, raised and standing up, with a voice somewhat drowsy, and a tongue not quite awake, began in the following manner :

“ Behold in me, hell-born, as legends say,
And time has sanction’d the injurious tale,
The far-fam’d Merlin, prince of magic art,
In Zoroastic science deeply skill’d.

“ I too am deem’d Oblivion’s deadly foe;
She, who in depths Lethean strives to hide
The mighty deeds of brave erratic Knights:
I their admirer and defender own.

And while magicians and enchanter’s dire,
And Persian Magi with their mystic spells,
For ever live, tormenting all mankind,
My moments pass, delightful too the task,
In deeds benevolent, and love tow’rds all.

“While in the deep and gloomy caves of hell,
My soul, on geometric signs intent,
Was rous’d by plaintive sounds, the murmurs mild
Of Dulcinea, proud Toboso’s queen.
Her direful change, and curs’d enchantment vile,
Full well I knew ; her beauteous form, till then
A peerless princess, now a rustic wench.—
Soft pity fill’d my breast ; instant I took
This dreadful form, a shape of flesh devoid,
And having por’d o’er countless mystic leaves,
I come to offer an unfailing cure
For such great sorrow and such serious ill.

“O thou, the glory and the pride of all,
Who oft the strong and polish’d armour wear,
Thou light and leader of heroic souls,
That vers’d in arms, and skill’d in crimson war,
And to athletic exercise inur’d,
Disdain’st light ease and indolent repose,
To thee, dread Knight, and valiant Don, I speak,
Quixote the bold, the virtuous, and discreet,
La Mancha’s glory and the star of Spain.
That thy sweet mistress, fair Toboso’s nymph,
May reassume her former princely state,
One thing alone’s requir’d : and Sancho’s self,
Thy grateful squire, the instrument must prove.
The task (yet sure misnam’d, when such the prize)
Is only this : upon that brawny part,
Which oft hath press’d the patient Dapple’s back,
Expos’d abroad in air, the squire himself
Three thousand and three hundred lashes strong
Must valiantly inflict ; nor spare his flesh,
Nor from the pain e’er flinch. This once achiev’d,
The potent spell dissolves, and all the pow’r

Of her tormentors fails.—For this I left
Th' infernal mansions, and have here appear'd."

"I vow to God," quoth Sancho at this period,
"I say not three thousand, but I will as soon
give myself three stabs, as three lashes: the devil
take this way of disenchanting: I cannot see
what my buttocks have to do with enchantments.
Before God, if Signor Merlin can find out no
other way to disenchant the Lady Dulcinea del
Toboso, enchanted she may go to her grave for
me."—"I shall take you, Don Peasant stuff with
garlic," cried Don Quixote, "and tie you to a
tree, naked as your mother bore you, and I say
not three thousand and three hundred, but six
thousand six hundred lashes will I give you, and
those so well laid on, that you shall not be able
to let them off at three thousand three hundred
hard tugs: so answer me not a word; for I will
tear out your very soul." Merlin hearing this
said: "It must not be so; for the lashes, that
honest Sancho is to receive, must be with his
good-will, and not by force, and at what time he
pleases; for there is no term set: but he is allow-
ed, if he pleases, to save himself the pain of one
half of this flogging, by suffering the other half
to be laid on by another hand, although it be
somewhat weighty."—"Neither another's hand,
nor my own, nor one weighty, nor to be weighed,
shall touch me," quoth Sancho: "did I bring

forth the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, that my posteriors must pay for the transgressions of her eyes? My master, indeed, who is part of her, since at every step he is calling her his life, his soul, his support, and stay, he can, and ought to lash himself for her, and take all the necessary measures for her disenchantment: but for me to whip myself, I pronounce it."

Scarcely had Sancho said this, when the silvered nymph, who sat close by the shade of Merlin, standing up, and throwing aside her thin veil, discovered her face, in every one's opinion, more than excessively beautiful: and with a manly assurance, and no very amiable voice, addressing herself directly to Sancho Panza, she said: "Oh, unlucky squire, soul of a pitcher, heart of a cork-tree, and of bowels full of gravel and flints! had you been bid, nose-slitting thief, to throw yourself headlong from some high tower; had you been desired, enemy of human kind, to eat a dozen of toads, two of lizards, and three of snakes; had any body endeavoured to persuade you to kill your wife and children with some bloody and sharp scimitar; no wonder if you had betrayed an unwillingness and aversion: but to make a stir about three thousand three hundred lashes, which every puny schoolboy receives every month, it amazes, stupifies, and affrights the tender bowels of all, who hear it, and even of all, who shall hereafter be told it. Cast, miserable

and hard-hearted animal, cast, I say, those huge goggle eyes of thine upon the balls of mine, compared to glittering stars, and you will see them weep, drop after drop, and stream after stream, making furrows, tracks, and paths down the beauteous fields of my cheeks. Relent, subtile and ill-intentioned monster, at my blooming youth, still in its teens, for I am past nineteen, and not quite twenty, pining and withering under the bark of a coarse country wench : and, if at this time I appear otherwise, it is by the particular favour of Signor Merlin here present, merely that my charms may soften you ; for the tears of afflicted beauty turn rocks into cotton, and tigers into lambs. Lash, untamed beast, lash that brawny flesh of thine, and rouse from base sloth that courage, which only inclines you to eat, and eat again ; and set at liberty the sleekness of my skin, the gentleness of my temper, and the beauty of my face ; and if, for my sake, you will not be mollified, nor come to any reasonable terms, be so for the sake of that poor Knight there by your side ; your master, I mean, whose soul I see sticking crosswise in his throat, not ten inches from his lips, expecting nothing but your rigid or mild answer, either to jump out of his mouth, or to return to his stomach."

Don Quixote, hearing this, put his finger to his throat,, to feel, and, turning to the Duke, said : " Before God, Sir, Dulcinea has said the

truth; for here I feel my soul sticking in my throat like the stopper of a cross-bow.”—“What say you to this, Sancho?” cried the Dutchess. “I say, Madam,” answered Sancho, “what I have already said, that, as to the lashes, I pronounce them.”—“Renounce, you should say, Sancho,” replied the Duke, “and not pronounce.”—“Please your Grandeur to let me alone,” answered Sancho; “for, at present, I cannot stand to mind niceties, nor a letter more or less; for these lashes, which are to be given me, or I must give myself, keep me so disturbed, that I know not what I say, or what I do. But one thing I would fain know from the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, where she learned the way of entreaty she uses. She comes to desire me to tear my flesh with stripes, and at the same time calls me soul of a pitcher, and untamed beast, with such a bead-roll of ill names, that the devil may bear them for me. What! does she think my flesh is made of brass? Or is it any thing to me whether she be disenchanted, or no? Instead of bringing a basket of fine-linen, shirts, night-caps, and socks, though I wear none, to mollify me, here is nothing but reproach upon reproach, when she might have known the common proverb, that An ass laden with gold mounts nimbly up the hill; and, Presents break rocks; and, Pray to God devoutly, and hammer on stoutly; and, One *take* is worth two *I’ll give thee’s*. Then my master,

instead of wheedling and coaxing me, to make myself of wool and carded cotton, says, if he takes me in hand, he will tie me naked with a rope to a tree, and double me the dose of stripes. Besides, these compassionate gentlefolks ought to consider, that they do not only desire to have a squire whipped, but a governor, as if it were, like drinking after cherries, a thing of course. Let them learn, let them learn, in an ill hour, how to ask and entreat, and to have breeding; for all times are not alike, nor are men always in a good humour. I am at this time just ready to burst with grief to see my green jacket torn: and people come to desire me to whip myself of my own good-will; I having as little mind to it as to turn Indian Prince.”—“In truth, friend Sancho,” said the Duke, “if you do not relent, and become softer than a ripe fig, you finger no government. It were good indeed, that I should send my islanders a cruel, flinty-hearted governor; one, who relents not at the tears of afflicted damsels, nor at the entreaties of wise, awful, and ancient enchanters and sages. In short, Sancho, either you must whip yourself, or let others whip you, or be no governor.”—“My Lord,” answered Sancho, “may I not be allowed two days to consider what is best for me to do?”—“No,” answered Merlin: “here, at this instant, and upon this spot, the business must be settled; or Dulcinea must return to Montesinos’ cave, and

to her former condition of a country wench; or else in her present form be carried to the Elysian fields, where she must wait, till the number of the lashes be fulfilled.”—“Come, honest Sancho,” said the Dutchess, “be of good cheer, and show gratitude for the bread you have eaten of your master Don Quixote’s, whom we are all bound to serve for his good qualities, and his high chivalries. Say, Yes, Son, to this whipping bout, and the devil take the devil, and let the wretched fear; for a good heart breaks bad fortune, as you well know.”

To these words Sancho answered with these extravagancies; for, speaking to Merlin, he said; “Pray tell me, Signor Merlin: the court-devil, who came hither, delivered my master a message from Signor Montesinos, bidding him wait for him here, for he was coming to give directions about the disenchantment of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and to this hour we have neither seen Montesinos, nor any likeness of his: pray, where is he?” To which Merlin answered: “The devil, friend Sancho, is a blockhead, and a very great rascal: I sent him in quest of your master with a message, not from Montesinos, but from me; for Montesinos is still in his cave, plotting, or, to say better, expecting his disenchantment; for the worst is still behind: if he owes you aught, or you have any business with him, I will fetch him hither, and set him wherever you think

fit; and therefore come to a conclusion, and say Yes to this discipline; and, believe me, it will do you much good, as well for your soul, as your body; for your soul, in regard of the charity, with which you will perform it; for your body, because I know you to be of a sanguine complexion, and letting out a little blood can do you no harm.”—

“What a number of doctors there are in the world! the very enchanters are doctors,” replied Sancho. “But since every body tells me so, though I see no reason for it myself, I say, I am contented to give myself the three thousand three hundred lashes, upon condition that I may lay them on whenever I please, without being tied to days or times; and I will endeavour to get out of debt the soonest that I possibly can, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, since, contrary to what I thought, it seems she is in reality beautiful. I article likewise, that I will not be bound to draw blood with the whip, and if some lashes happen only to fly-flap, they shall be taken into the account. Item, if I should mistake in the reckoning, Signor Merlin, who knows every thing, shall keep the account, and give me notice how many I want, or have exceeded.”—“As for exceedings, there is no need of keeping account,” answered Merlin; “for, as soon as you arrive at the complete number, the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso will be instantly disenchanted, and will come, in a most

grateful manner, to seek honest Sancho, to thank, and even reward, him for the good deed done. So that there need be no scruple about the surplusses or deficiencies; and Heaven forbid I should cheat any body of so much as a hair of their head."—"Go to then, in God's name," quoth Sancho; "I submit to my ill fortune; I say, I accept of the penance upon the conditions stipulated."

Scarcely had Sancho uttered these words, when the music struck up, and a world of muskets were again discharged; and Don Quixote clung about Sancho's neck, giving him a thousand kisses on the forehead and cheeks. The Duke and Dutchess, and all the by-standers, gave signs of being mightily pleased, and the car began to move on; and, in passing by, the fair Dulcinea bowed her head to the Duke and Dutchess, and made a low courtesy to Sancho. By this time the cheerful and joyous dawn came apace; the flowrets of the field expanded their fragrant bosoms, and erected their heads; and the liquid crystals of the brooks, murmuring through the white and gray pebbles, went to pay their tribute to the rivers, that expected them. The earth rejoiced, the sky was clear, and the air serene; each singly, and all together, giving manifest tokens, that the day, which trod upon Aurora's heels, would be fair and clear. The Duke and Dutchess, being satisfied with the sport, and having executed their design so in-

geniously and happily, returned to their castle, with an intention of seconding their jest; since nothing real could have afforded them more pleasure.

CHAP. XXXVI.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE STRANGE AND NEVER IMAGINED ADVENTURE OF THE AFFLICTED MATRON, ALIAS THE COUNTESS OF TRIFALDI, WITH A LETTER WRITTEN BY SANCHE PANZA TO HIS WIFE TERESA PANZA.

THE Duke had a steward, of a very pleasant and facetious wit, who represented Merlin, and contrived the whole apparatus of the late adventure, composed the verses, and made a page act Dulcinea. And now, with the Duke and Dutchess's leave, he prepared another scene, of the pleasantest and strangest contrivance imaginable.

The next day the Dutchess asked Sancho, whether he had begun the task of the penance he was to do for the disenchanting of Dulcinea. He said, he had, and had given himself five lashes that night. The Dutchess desired to know, with what he had given them. He answered, with the palm of his hand. "That," replied the Dutchess, "is rather clapping than whipping, and I am of opinion, Signor Merlin will hardly be contented

at so easy a rate. Honest Sancho must get a rod made of briers, or of whipcord, that the lashes may be felt: for letters written in blood stand good, and the liberty of so great a Lady as Dulcinea is not to be purchased so easily, or at so low a price. And take notice, Sancho, that works of charity, done faintly and coldly, lose their merit, and signify nothing." To which Sancho answered: "Give me then, Madam, some rod, or convenient bough, and I will whip myself with it, provided it do not smart too much: for I would have your Ladyship know, that though I am a clown, my flesh has more of the cotton than of the rush, and there is no reason I should hurt myself for other folk's good."—"You say well," answered the Dutchess; "tomorrow I will give you a whip, which shall suit you exactly, and agree with the tenderness of your flesh, as if it were its own brother." To which Sancho said: "Your Highness must know, dear Lady of my soul, that I have written a letter to my wife Teresa Panza, giving her an account of all, that has befallen me, since I parted from her: here I have it in my bosom, and it wants nothing but the superscription. I wish your Discretion would read it; for methinks it runs as becomes a governor, I mean, in the manner, that governors ought to write."—"And who indited it?" demanded the Dutchess. "Who should indite it, but I myself, sinner as I am?" answered Sancho.

“And did you write it?” said the Dutchess.
“No indeed,” answered Sancho; “for I can neither read nor write, though I can set my mark.”—“Let us see it,” said the Dutchess; “for no doubt you show in it the quality and sufficiency of your genius.” Sancho pulled an open letter out of his bosom; and the Dutchess, taking it in her hand, saw, as follows :

Sancho Panza's Letter to his Wife Teresa Panza.

“If I have been finely lashed, I have been finely mounted: if I have got a good government, it has cost me many good lashes. This, my dear Teresa, you will not understand at present: another time you will. You must know, Teresa, that I am determined you shall ride in your coach, which is somewhat to the purpose; for all other ways of going are creeping upon all fours like a cat. You shall be a governor's wife: see then, whether any body will tread on your heels. I here send you a green hunting-suit, which my Lady Dutchess gave me: fit it up, so that it may serve our daughter for a jacket and petticoat. They say in this country, my master Don Quixote is a sensible madman, and a pleasant fool, and I am not a whit short of him. We have been in Montesinos's cave, and the sage Merlin has pitched upon me for the disenchanting of Dulcinea del Toboso, who, among you, is called Aldonza Lorenzo. With three

thousand and three hundred lashes, lacking five, that I am to give myself, she will be as much disenchanted as the mother, that bore her. Say nothing of this to any body; for go to give counsel about what is your own, and one will cry, 'It is white,' another, 'It is black.' A few days hence I shall go to the government, whither I go with an eager desire to make money; for I am told, all new governors go with the self-same intention. I will feel its pulse, and send you word, whether you shall come and be with me, or no. Dapple is well, and sends his hearty service to you: I do not intend to leave him, though I were to be made the great Turk. The Dutchess, my mistress, kisses your hands a thousand times: return her two thousand; for nothing costs less, nor is cheaper, as my master says, than compliments of civility. God has not been pleased to bless me with another portmanteau, and another hundred crowns, as once before: but be in no pain, my dear Teresa; for he that has the repique in hand, is safe, and all will out in the bucking of the government. Only one thing troubles me: for I am told, if I once try it, I shall eat my very fingers after it; and, if so, it would be no very good bargain; though the crippled and lame in their hands enjoy a kind of petty-canonry in the alms they receive: so that, by one means or another, you are sure to be rich and happy. God

make you so, as he easily can, and keep me to serve you.

“Your Husband, the Governor,

From this castle, the 20th
of July 1614.

“SANCHO PANZA.”

The Dutchess, having read the letter, said to Sancho: “In two things the good governor is a little out of the way: the one, in saying, or insinuating, that this government is given him on account of the lashes he is to give himself; whereas he knows, and cannot deny it, that, when my Lord Duke promised it him, nobody dreamed of any such thing as lashes in the world: the other is, that he shows himself in it very covetous; and I would not have him be griping; for avarice bursts the bag, and, the covetous governor does ungoverned justice.”—“That is not my meaning, Madam,” answered Sancho; “and, if your Ladyship thinks this letter does not run as it should do, it is but tearing it, and writing a new one, and perhaps it may prove a worse, if it be left to my noddle.”—“No, no,” replied the Dutchess, “this is a very good one, and I will have the Duke see it.”

They then went to a garden, where they were to dine that day, and the Dutchess showed Sancho's letter to the Duke, who was highly diverted with it. They dined, and, after the cloth was