

when the case lies about an ass and the ball of one's eye, it is best to think twice, and go warily about the matter."—"Well," said the duchess, "your ass may go with you to the government, and there you may feed him, and pamper him, and make as much of him as you please."—"Adad! my lady," quoth Sancho, "don't let your worship think this will be such a strange matter neither. I have seen more asses than one go to a government before now; and if mine goes too, it will be no new thing e'trow."

Sancho's words again set the duchess a-laughing; and so sending him to take his rest, she went to the duke, and gave him an account of the pleasant discourse between her and the squire. After this they resolved to have some notable contrivance to make sport with Don Quixote, and of such a romantic cast as should humour his knight-errantry. And so successful they were in their management of that interlude, that it may well be thought one of the best adventures in this famous history.

CHAPTER XXXIV

CONTAINING WAYS AND MEANS FOR DISENCHANTING THE PEERLESS DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO, BEING ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS ADVENTURES IN THE WHOLE BOOK

THE duke and duchess were extremely diverted with the humours of their guests. Resolving, therefore, to improve their sport, by carrying on some pleasant design, that might bear the appearance of an adventure, they took the hint from Don Quixote's account of Montesinos' cave, as a subject from which they might raise an extraordinary entertainment; the rather, since, to the duchess's amazement, Sancho's simplicity was so great, as to believe that Dulcinea del Toboso was really enchanted, though he himself had been the first contriver of the story, and her only enchanter.

Accordingly, having given directions to their servants that nothing might be wanting, and proposed a day for hunting the wild boar, in five or six days they were ready to set out, with a train of huntsmen and other attendants

not unbecoming the greatest prince. They presented Don Quixote with a hunting suit, but he refused it, alleging it superfluous, since he was, in a short time, to return to the hard exercise of arms, and could carry no sumpters nor wardrobes along with him: but Sancho readily accepted one of fine green cloth, with design to sell it the first opportunity.

The day prefixed being come, Don Quixote armed, and Sancho equipped himself in his new suit, and mounting his ass, which he would not quit for a good horse that was offered him, he crowded in among the train of sportsmen. The duchess also, in a dress both odd and gay, made one of the company. The knight, who was courtesy itself,¹ very gallantly would needs hold the reins of her palfrey, though the duke seemed very unwilling to let him. In short, they came to the scene of their sport, which was in a wood between two very high mountains, where, alighting, and taking their several stands, the duchess, with a pointed javelin in her hand, attended by the duke and Don Quixote, took her stand in a place where they knew the boars were used to pass through. The hunters posted themselves in several lanes and paths,

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XXXIV.

as they most conveniently could; but as for Sancho, he chose to stay behind them all with his Dapple, whom he would by no means leave for a moment, for fear the poor creature should meet with some sad accident.

And now the chase began with full cry, the dogs opened, the horns sounded, and the huntsmen hollowed in so loud a concert, that there was no hearing one another. Soon after, a hideous boar, of a monstrous size, came on, gnashing his teeth and tusks, and foaming at the mouth; and, being baited hard by the dogs, and followed close by the huntsmen, made furiously towards the pass which Don Quixote had taken; whereupon the knight, grasping his shield and drawing his sword, moved forward to receive the raging beast. The duke joined him with a boar-spear, and the duchess would have been foremost, had not the duke prevented her. Sancho alone, seeing the furious animal, resolved to shift for one, and leaving Dapple, away he scudded, as fast as his legs would carry him, towards an high oak, to the top of which he endeavoured to clamber; but, as he was getting up, one of the boughs unluckily broke, and down he was tumbling, when a snag or stump of another bough caught hold of his new coat, and stopped his fall,

slinging him in the air by the middle, so that he could neither get up nor down. His fine green coat was torn, and he fancied every moment the wild boar was running that way, with foaming chaps, and dreadful tusks, to tear him to pieces; which so disturbed him, that he roared and bellowed for help, as if some wild beast had been devouring him in good earnest.

At last the tusky boar was laid at his length, with a number of pointed spears fixed in him; and Don Quixote, being alarmed by Sancho's noise, which he could distinguish easily, looked about, and discovered him swinging from the tree with his head downwards, and close by him poor Dapple, who, like a true friend, never forsook him in his adversity; for Cid Hamet observes, that they were such true and inseparable friends, that Sancho was seldom seen without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho. Don Quixote went and took down his squire, who, as soon as he was at liberty, began to examine the damage his fine hunting suit had received, which grieved him to the soul; for he prized it as much as if it had made him heir to an estate.

Meanwhile, the boar being laid across a large mule, and covered with branches of rose-

mary and myrtle, was carried in triumph, by the victorious huntsmen, to a large field-tent, pitched in the middle of the wood, where an excellent entertainment was provided, suitable to the magnificence of the founder.

Sancho drew near the duchess, and shewing her his torn coat, "Had we been hunting the hare now, or catching of sparrows," quoth he, "my coat might have slept in a whole skin. For my part, I wonder what pleasure there can be in beating the bushes for a beast, which, if it does but come at you, will run its plaguy tusks in your guts, and be the death of you. I have not forgotten an old song to this purpose:

'May Fabila's sad fate be thine,
And make thee food for bears or swine.'¹

"That Fabila," said Don Quixote, "was a king of the Goths, who going a hunting once, was devoured by a bear."—"That is it I say," quoth Sancho; "and, therefore, why should kings and other great folks run themselves into harm's way, when they may have sport enough without it? Mercy on me! what pleasure can you find, any of you all, in killing a poor beast that never meant any harm!"—"You are mistaken, Sancho," said the duke "hunting wild beasts is the most proper

¹ See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter XXXIV.

exercise for knights and princes; for, in the chase of a stout noble beast, may be represented the whole art of war, stratagems, policy, and ambuscades, with all other devices usually practised to overcome an enemy with safety. Here we are exposed to the extremities of heat and cold; ease and laziness can have no room in this diversion; by this we are inured to toil and hardship, our limbs are strengthened, our joints made supple, and our whole body hale and active. In short, it is an exercise that may be beneficial to many, and can be prejudicial to none; and the most enticing property is its rarity, being placed above the reach of the vulgar, who may indeed enjoy the diversion of other sorts of game, but not this nobler kind, nor that of hawking, a sport also reserved for kings and persons of quality. Therefore, Sancho, let me advise you to alter your opinion, when you become a governor; for then you will find the great advantage of these sports and diversions."—"You are out far wide, sir," quoth Sancho: "it were better that a governor had legs broken, and be laid up at home, than to be gadding abroad at this rate. It would be a pretty business, forsooth, when poor people come, weary and tired, to wait on the governor about business, that

he should be rambling about the woods for his pleasure! There would be a sweet government truly! Good faith, sir, I think these sports and pastimes are fitter for those that have nothing to do, than for governors. No; I intend my recreation shall be a game at whist at Christmas, and ninepins on Sundays and holidays; but, for your hunting, as you call it, it goes mightily against my calling and conscience."—"I wish, with all my heart," said the duke, "that you prove as good as you promise; but saying and doing are different things."—"Well, well," quoth Sancho, "be it how it will, I say that an honest man's word is as good as his bond. Heaven's help is better than early rising. It is the belly makes the feet amble, and not the feet the belly. My meaning is, that, with heaven's help, and my honest endeavours, I shall govern better than any goss-hawk. Do but put your finger in my mouth, and try if I cannot bite."—"A curse on thee, and thy impertinent proverbs," said Don Quixote: "Shall I never get thee to talk sense, without a string of that disagreeable stuff!—I beseech your graces, do not countenance this eternal dunce, or he will teaze your very souls with a thousand unseasonable and insignificant old saws, for which I wish his

mouth stitched up, and myself a mischief if I hear him."—"Oh, sir," said the duchess, "Sancho's proverbs will always please for their sententious brevity, though they were as numerous as a printed collection;¹ and, I assure you, I relish them more than I would do others, that might be better, and more to the purpose."

After this, and such-like diverting talk, they left the tent, and walked into the wood, to see whether any game had fallen into their nets. Now, while they were thus intent upon their sport, the night drew on apace, and more cloudy and overcast than was usual at that time of the year, which was about midsummer, but it happened very critically for the better carrying on the intended contrivance. A little while after the close of the evening, when it grew quite dark, in a moment the wood seemed all on fire, and blazed in every quarter. This was attended with an alarming sound of trumpets, and other warlike instruments, answering one another from all sides, as if several parties of horse had been hastily marching through the wood. Then presently was heard a confused noise of Moorish cries, such as are used in joining battle; which,

¹ See Appendix, Note 3, Chapter XXXIV.

together with the rattling of the drums, the loud sound of the trumpets, and other instruments of war, made such a hideous and dreadful concert in the air, that the duke was amazed, the duchess astonished, Don Quixote was surprised, and Sancho shook like a leaf; and even those that knew the occasion of all this, were affrighted.

This consternation caused a general silence; and, by and by, one riding post, equipped like a devil, passed by the company, winding a huge hollow horn, that made a horrible hoarse noise. "Hark you, post," said the duke, "whither so fast? what are you? and what parties of soldiers are those that march across the wood?"—"I am the devil," cried the post, in a horrible tone, "and go in quest of Don Quixote de la Mancha; and those that are coming this way are six bands of necromancers, that conduct the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, enchanted in a triumphant chariot. She is attended by that gallant French knight, Montesinos, who comes to give information how she may be freed from enchantment."—"Wert thou as much a devil," said the duke, "as thy horrid shape speaks thee to be, thou wouldst have known this knight here before thee to be that Don Quixote de la Mancha whom thou

seekest."—"Before heaven, and on my conscience," replied the devil, "I never thought on it; for I have so many things in my head, that it almost distracts me; I had quite and clean forgotten my errand."—"Surely," quoth Sancho, "this devil must be a very honest fellow, and a good Christian; for he swears as devoutly by heaven and his conscience as I should do; and now I am apt to believe there be some good people even in hell." At the same time, the devil, directing himself to Don Quixote, without dismounting: "To thee, O Knight of the Lions," cried he (and I wish thee fast in their claws), "to thee am I sent by the valiant but unfortunate Montesinos, to bid thee attend his coming in this very place, whither he brings one whom they call Dulcinea del Toboso, in order to give thee instructions touching her disenchantment. Now I have delivered my message, I must fly, and the devils that are like me be with thee, and angels guard the rest." This said, he winded his monstrous horn, and, without staying for an answer, disappeared.

This increased the general consternation, but most of all, surprised Don Quixote and Sancho; the latter to find, that, in spite of truth, they still would have Dulcinea to be en-

chanted; and the knight to think that the adventures of Montesinos's cave were turned to reality. While he stood pondering these things in his thoughts, "Well, sir," said the duke to him, "what do you intend to do? will you stay?"—"Stay!" cried Don Quixote, "shall I not? I will stay here, intrepid and courageous, though all the infernal powers inclose me round."—"So you may, if you will," quoth Sancho; "but, if any more devils or horns come hither, they shall as soon find me in Flanders as here."

Now the night grew darker and darker, and several shooting lights were seen glancing up and down the wood, like meteors or glaring exhalations from the earth. Then was heard a horrid noise, like the creaking of the ungreased wheels of heavy waggons, from which piercing and ungrateful sound, bears and wolves themselves are said to fly. This odious jarring was presently seconded by a greater, which seemed to be the dreadful din and shocks of four several engagements, in each quarter of the wood, with all the sounds and hurry of so many joined battles. On one side were heard several peals of cannon; on the other, the discharging of numerous volleys of small shot; here the shouts of the engaging

parties that seemed to be near at hand; there, cries of the Moors, that seemed at a great distance. In short, the strange, confused intermixture of drums, trumpets, cornets, horns, the thundering of the cannon, the rattling of the small shot, the creaking of the wheels, and the cries of the combatants, made the most dismal noise imaginable, and tried Don Quixote's courage to the uttermost. But poor Sancho was annihilated, and fell into a swoon upon the duchess's coats, who, taking care of him, and ordering some water to be sprinkled on his face, at last recovered him, just as the foremost of the creaking carriages came up, drawn by four heavy oxen, covered with mourning, and carrying a large lighted torch upon each horn. On the top of the cart or waggon was an exalted seat, on which sat a venerable old man, with a beard as white as snow, and so long that it reached down to his girdle. He was clad in a long gown of black buckram, as were also two devils that drove the waggons, both so very monstrous and ugly, that Sancho, having seen them once, was forced to shut his eyes, and would not venture upon a second look. The cart, which was stuck full of lights within, being approached to the standing, the reverend old man stood

up, and cried with a loud voice, "I am the Sage Lirgander;" and the cart passed on without one word more being spoken. Then followed another cart, with another grave old man, who making the cart stop at a convenient distance, rose up from his high seat, and, in as deep a tone as the first, cried, "I am the Sage Alquife, great friend to Urganda the Unknown;" and so went forward. He was succeeded by a third cart, that moved in the same solemn pace, and bore a person not so ancient as the rest, but a robust and sturdy, sour-looking, ill-favoured fellow, who rose up from his throne, like the rest, and with a more hollow and diabolical voice, cried out, "I am Archelaus the Enchanter, the mortal enemy of Amadis de Gaul, and all his race;" which said, he passed by, like the other carts; which, taking a short turn, made a halt, and the grating noise of the wheels ceasing, an excellent concert of sweet music was heard, which mightily comforted poor Sancho; and passing with him for a good omen, "My lady," quoth he to the duchess, from whom he would not budge an inch, "there can be no mischief sure where there is music."—"Very true," said the duchess, "especially where there is brightness and light."—"Ay, but there is no light with-

out fire," replied Sancho, "and brightness comes most from flames. Who knows but those about us may burn us! But music I take to be always a sign of feasting and merriment."—"We shall know presently what this will come to," said Don Quixote; and he said right, for you will find it in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXV

WHEREIN IS CONTAINED THE INFORMATION GIVEN
TO DON QUIXOTE HOW TO DISENCHANT DUL-
CINEA, WITH OTHER WONDERFUL PASSAGES

WHEN the pleasant music drew near, there appeared a stately triumphal chariot, drawn by six dun mules, covered with white, upon each of which sat a penitent, clad also in white, and holding a great lighted torch in his hand. The carriage was twice or thrice longer than any of the former, twelve other penitents being placed at the top and sides, all in white, and bearing likewise each a lighted torch, which made a dazzling and surprising appearance. There was a high throne erected at the farther end, on which sat a nymph, arrayed in cloth of silver, with many golden spangles, glittering all about her, which made her dress, though not rich, appear very glorious. Her face was covered with transparent gauze, through the flowing folds of which might be descried a most beautiful face; and, by the great light which the torches gave, it was easy