

duchess; "and I will take care that Altisidora shall not want employment for the future; she understands her needle, and I am resolved she shall make use of it."—"Madam," said Altisidora, "I shall have no occasion for any remedy of that nature; for the sense of the severity and ill-usage that I have met with from that vagabond monster, will, without any other means, soon raze him out of my memory. In the mean time, I beg your grace's leave to retire, that I may no longer behold, I will not say his woeful figure, but his ugly and abominable countenance."—"These words," said the duke, "put me in mind of the proverb, After railing comes forgiving." Altisidora, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, as it were to dry her tears, and then making her honours to the duke and duchess, went out of the room. "Alack-a-day! poor girl," cried Sancho, "I know what will be the end of thee, since thou art fallen into the hands of that sad soul, that merciless master of mine, with a crab-tree heart, as tough as any oak. Woe be to thee, a-faith! hadst thou fallen in love with this sweet face of mine, body of me! thou hadst met with a cock of the game." The discourse ended here. Don Quixote dressed, dined with the duke and duchess, and departed that afternoon.

## CHAPTER LXXI

WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE  
ON THEIR WAY HOME

THE vanquished knight-errant continued his journey, equally divided between grief and joy; the thought of his overthrow sometimes sunk his spirits, but then the assurance he had of the virtue lodged in Sancho, by Altisidora's resurrection, raised them up again; and yet, after all, he had much ado to persuade himself that the amorous damsel was really dead. As for Sancho, his thoughts were not at all of the pleasing kind; on the contrary, he was mightily upon the sullen, because Altisidora had bilked him of the smocks she promised him; and his head running upon that, "Faith and troth, sir," quoth he, "I have the worst luck of any physician under the cope of heaven; other doctors kill their patients, and are paid for it too, and yet they are at no further trouble than scrawling two or three cramp words for some physical slip-slop, which the apothecaries are at all the pains to make



up. Now here am I, that save people from the grave, at the expense of my own hide, pinched, clapper-clawed, run through with pins, and whipped like a top, and yet the devil a cross I get by the bargain. But if ever they catch me a-curing any body in this fashion, unless I have my fee before-hand, may I be served as I have been, for nothing. Ods-diggers! they shall pay sauce for it; no money, no cure; the monk lives by his singing; and I cannot think heaven would make me a doctor, without allowing me my fees."—"You are in the right, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "and Altisidora has done unworthily, in disappointing you of the smocks. Though you must own, that the virtue by which thou workest these wonders was a free gift, and cost thee nothing to learn, but the art of patience. For my part, had you demanded your fees for disenchanting Dulcinea, you should have received them already; but I am afraid there can be no gratuity proportionable to the greatness of the cure; and therefore I would not have the remedy depend upon a reward; for who knows whether my proffering it, or thy acceptance of it, might hinder the effect of the penance? However, since we have gone so far, we will put it to a trial; Come, Sancho, name your

price, and down with your breeches. First pay your hide, then pay yourself out of the money of mine that you have in your custody." Sancho, opening his eyes and ears above a foot wide at this fair offer, leaped presently at the proposal. "Ay, ay, sir, now, now you say something," quoth he; "I will do it with a jerk now, since you speak so feelingly: I have a wife and children to maintain, sir, and I must mind the main chance. Come, then, how much will you give me by the lash?"—"Were your payment," said Don Quixote, "to be answerable to the greatness and merits of the cure, not all the wealth of Venice, nor the Indian mines, were sufficient to reward thee. But see what cash you have of mine in your hands, and set what price you will on every stripe."—"The lashes," quoth Sancho, "are in all three thousand three hundred and odd, of which I have had five; the rest are to come. Let these five go for the odd ones, and let us come to the three thousand three hundred. At a quartillo, or three-half-pence a-piece, (and I will not bate a farthing, if it were to my brother,) they will make three thousand three hundred three-halfpences. Three thousand three-halfpences make fifteen hundred three-pences, which amounts to seven hundred and fifty reals or sixpences. Now



the three hundred remaining three-halfpences make an hundred and fifty three-pences, and threescore and fifteen sixpences; put that together, and it comes just to eight hundred and twenty-five reals, or sixpences, to a farthing. This money, sir, if you please, I will deduct from yours that I have in my hands, and then I will reckon myself well paid for my jerking, and go home well pleased, though well whipped: But that is nothing, something has some savour; he must not think to catch fish who is afraid to wet his feet. I need say no more.”—  
 “Now blessings on thy heart, my dearest Sancho!” cried Don Quixote; “Oh! my friend, how shall Dulcinea and I be bound to pray for thee, and serve thee while it shall please Heaven to continue us on earth! If she recover her former shape and beauty, as now she infallibly must, her misfortune will turn to her felicity, and I shall triumph in my defeat. Speak, dear Sancho; when wilt thou enter upon thy task, and a hundred reals more shall be at thy service, as a gratuity for thy being expeditious?”—“I will begin this very night,” answered Sancho; “do you but order it so, that we may lie in the fields, and you shall see how I will lay about me; I shall not be sparing of my flesh, I will assure you.”

Don Quixote longed for night so impatiently, that, like all eager expecting lovers, he fancied Phœbus had broken his chariot wheels, which made the day of so unusual a length; but at last it grew dark, and they went out of the road into a shady wood, where they both alighted, and, being sat down upon the grass, they went to supper upon such provisions as Sancho's wallet afforded.

And now having satisfied himself, he thought it time to satisfy his master, and earn his money. To which purpose he made himself a whip of Dapple's halter, and having stripped himself to the waist, retired farther up into the wood at a small distance from his master. Don Quixote, observing his readiness and resolution, could not forbear calling after him, “Dear Sancho,” cried he, “be not too cruel to thyself neither: Have a care, do not hack thyself to pieces: Make no more haste than good speed; go more gently to work, soft and fair goes farthest; I mean, I would not have thee kill thyself before thou gettest to the end of the tally; and that the reckoning may be fair on both sides, I will stand at a distance and keep an account of the strokes by the help of my beads; and so Heaven prosper thy pious undertaking.”—“He is an honest man,” quoth



Sancho, "who pays to a farthing; I only mean to give myself a handsome whipping, for, do not think I need kill myself to work miracles." With that he began to exercise the instrument of penance, and Don Quixote to tell the strokes. But by the time Sancho had applied seven or eight lashes on his bare back, he felt the jest bite him so smartly, that he began to repent him of his bargain: Whereupon, after a short pause, he called to his master, and told him, that he would be off with him; for such lashes as these, laid on with such a confounded lick-back, were modestly worth three-pence a-piece of any man's money; and truly he could not afford to go on at three-halfpence a lash. "Go on, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "take courage and proceed; I will double thy pay, if that be all."—"Say you so?" quoth Sancho; "then have at all. I will lay it on thick and threefold. Do but listen." With that, slap went the scourge; but the cunning knave left persecuting his own skin and fell foul of the trees, fetching such dismal groans every now and then, that one would have thought he had been giving up the ghost. Don Quixote, who was naturally tender-hearted, fearing he might make an end of himself before he could finish his penance, and so

disappoint the happy effects of it, "Hold," cried he, "hold, my friend; as thou lovest thy life, hold, I conjure thee, no more at this time. This seems to be a very sharp sort of physic. Therefore, pray do not take it all at once, make two doses of it. Come, come, all in good time, Rome was not built in a day. If I have told right, thou hast given thyself above a thousand stripes; that is enough for one beating; for, to use a homely phrase, the ass will carry his load, but not a double load; ride not a free horse to death."—"No, no," quoth Sancho, "it shall never be said of me, the eaten bread is forgotten, or that I thought it working for a dead horse, because I am paid before-hand. Therefore stand off, I beseech you; get out of the reach of my whip, and let me lay on the other thousand, and then the heart of the work will be broken: Such another flogging-bout, and the job will be over."—"Since thou art in the humour," replied Don Quixote, "I will withdraw, and Heaven strengthen and reward thee." With that Sancho fell to work afresh, and, beginning upon a new score, he lashed the trees at so unconscionable a rate, that he fetched off their skins most unmercifully. At length, raising his voice, seemingly resolved to give



himself a sparing blow, he lets drive at a beech tree with might and main: "There!" cried he, "down with thee, Samson, and all that are about thee!" This dismal cry, with the sound of the dreadful strokes that attended it, made Don Quixote run presently to his squire, and, laying fast hold on the halter, which Sancho had twisted about and managed like a bull's pizzle, "Hold," cried he, "friend Sancho, stay the fury of thy arm: dost thou think I will have thy death, and the ruin of thy wife and children to be laid at my door? Forbid it, Fate! Let Dulcinea stay a while, till a better opportunity offer itself. I myself will be contented to live in hopes, that when thou hast recovered new strength, the business may be accomplished to every body's satisfaction."—"Well, sir," quoth Sancho, "if it be your worship's will and pleasure it should be so, so let it be, quoth I. But, for goodness sake, do so much as throw your cloak over my shoulders; for I am all in a muck sweat, and I have no mind to catch cold; we novices are somewhat in danger of that when we first undergo the discipline of flogging." With that Don Quixote took off his cloak from his own shoulders, and, putting it over those of Sancho, chose

to remain in cuerpo; and the crafty squire, being lapped up warm, fell fast asleep, and never stirred till the sun waked him.

In the morning, they went on their journey, and after three hours riding, alighted at an inn, for it was allowed by Don Quixote himself to be an inn, and not a castle, with moats, towers, portcullices, and draw-bridges, as he commonly fancied; for now the knight was mightily off the romantic pin, to what he used to be, as shall be shewn presently at large. He was lodged in a ground-room, which, instead of tapestry, was hung with a coarse painted stuff, such as is often seen in villages. One of the pieces had the story of Helen of Troy, when Paris stole her away from her husband Menelaus, but scrawled out after a bungling rate by some wretched dauber or other. Another had the story of Dido and Æneas, the lady on the top of a turret, waving a sheet to her fugitive guest, who was in a ship at sea, crowding all the sail he could to get from her. Don Quixote made this observation upon the two stories, that Helen was not at all displeased at the force put upon her, but rather leered and smiled upon her lover: Whereas, on the other side, the fair Dido shewed her grief by her



tears; which, because they should be seen, the painter had made as big as walnuts. "How unfortunate," said Don Quixote, "were these two ladies, that they lived not in this age, or rather how much more unhappy am I, for not having lived in theirs! I would have met and stopped those gentlemen, and saved both Troy and Carthage from destruction; nay, by the death of Paris alone, all these miseries had been prevented."—"I will lay you a wager," quoth Sancho, "that before we be much older, there will not be an inn, a hedge tavern, a blind victualling-house, nor a barber's shop in the country, but will have the story of our lives and deeds pasted and painted along the walls. But I could wish with all my heart though, that they may be done by a better hand than the bungling son of a whore that drew these."—"Thou art in the right, Sancho; for the fellow that drew these, puts me in mind of Orbaneja, the painter of Uveda, who, as he sat at work, being asked what he was about? made answer, any thing that comes uppermost; and if he chanced to draw a cock, he underwrote, This is a cock, lest the people should take it for a fox. Just such a one was he that painted, or that wrote (for they are much the same),

the history of this new Don Quixote, that has lately peeped out, and ventured to go a-strolling; for his painting or writing is all at random, and any thing that comes uppermost. I fancy he is also not much unlike one Mauleon, a certain poet, who was at court some years ago, and pretended to give answers extempore to any manner of questions: Somebody asked what was the meaning of *Deum de Deo?* Whereupon my gentleman answered very pertly in Spanish, *De donde diere*, that is, *Habnab at a venture*.

"But to come to our own affairs. Hast thou an inclination to have the other brush to-night? What think you of a warm house? would it not do better for that service than the open air?"—"Why truly," quoth Sancho, "a whipping is but a whipping either abroad or within doors, and I could like a close warm place well enough, so it were among trees; for I love trees hugely, do you see; methinks they bear me company, and have a sort of fellow-feeling of my sufferings."—"Now I think on it," said Don Quixote, "it shall not be to-night, honest Sancho, you shall have more time to recover, and we will let the rest alone till we get home; it will not be above two days at most."—"Even as your



worship pleases," answered Sancho; "but if I might have my will, it were best making an end of the job, now my hand is in, and my blood up. There is nothing like striking while the iron is hot, for delay breeds danger: It is best grinding at the mill before the water is past: Ever take while you may have it: A bird in hand is worth two in the bush."—"For Heaven's sake, good Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "let alone thy proverbs; if once thou goest back to *Sicut erat*, or, as it was in the beginning, I must give thee over. Canst thou not speak as other folks do, and not after such a tedious round-about manner? How often have I told thee of this? Mind what I tell you; I am sure you will be the better for it."—"It is an unlucky trick I have got," replied Sancho; "I cannot bring you in three words to the purpose, without a proverb, nor bring you any proverb but what I think to the purpose; but I will mend if I can." And so, for this time, their conversation broke off.

## CHAPTER LXXII

## HOW DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO GOT HOME

THAT whole day Don Quixote and Sancho continued in the inn, expecting the return of night, the one to have an opportunity to make an end of his penance in the fields, and the other to see it fully performed, as being the most material preliminary to the accomplishment of his desires.

In the meantime, a gentleman, with three or four servants, came riding up to the inn, and one of them calling him that appeared to be the master, by the name of Don Alvaro Tarfe, "Your worship," said he, "had as good stop here till the heat of the day be over. In my opinion the house looks cool and cleanly." Don Quixote overhearing the name of Tarfe, and presently turning to his squire, "Sancho," said he, "I am much mistaken if I had not a glimpse of this very name of Don Alvaro Tarfe, in turning over that pretended second part of my history."—"As likely as not," quoth Sancho; "but first let him alight,