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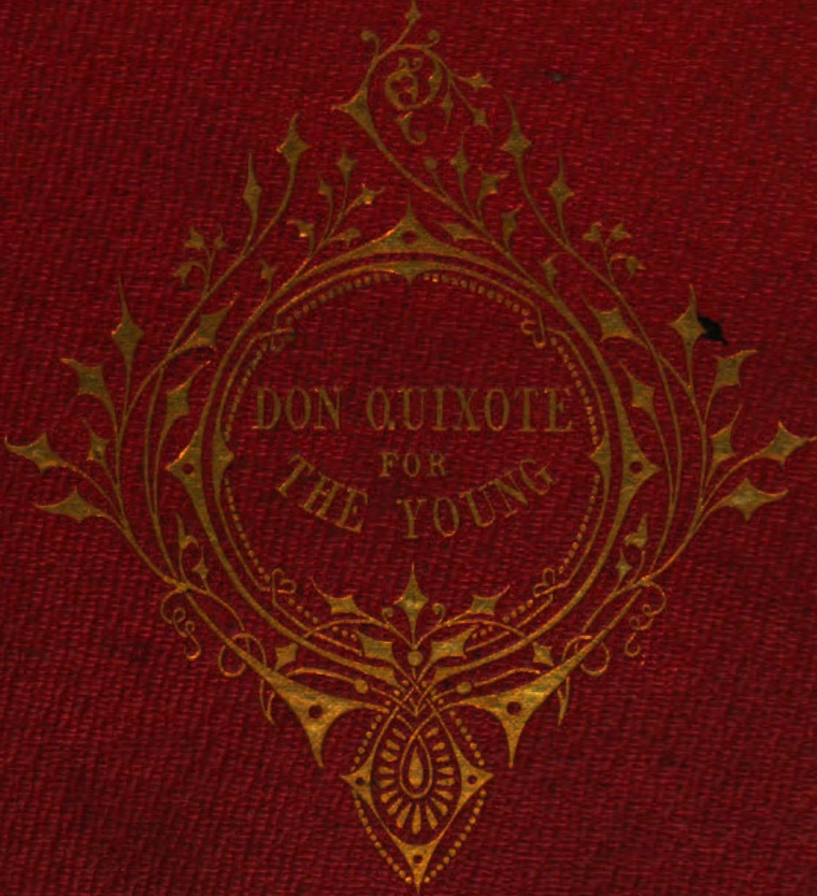
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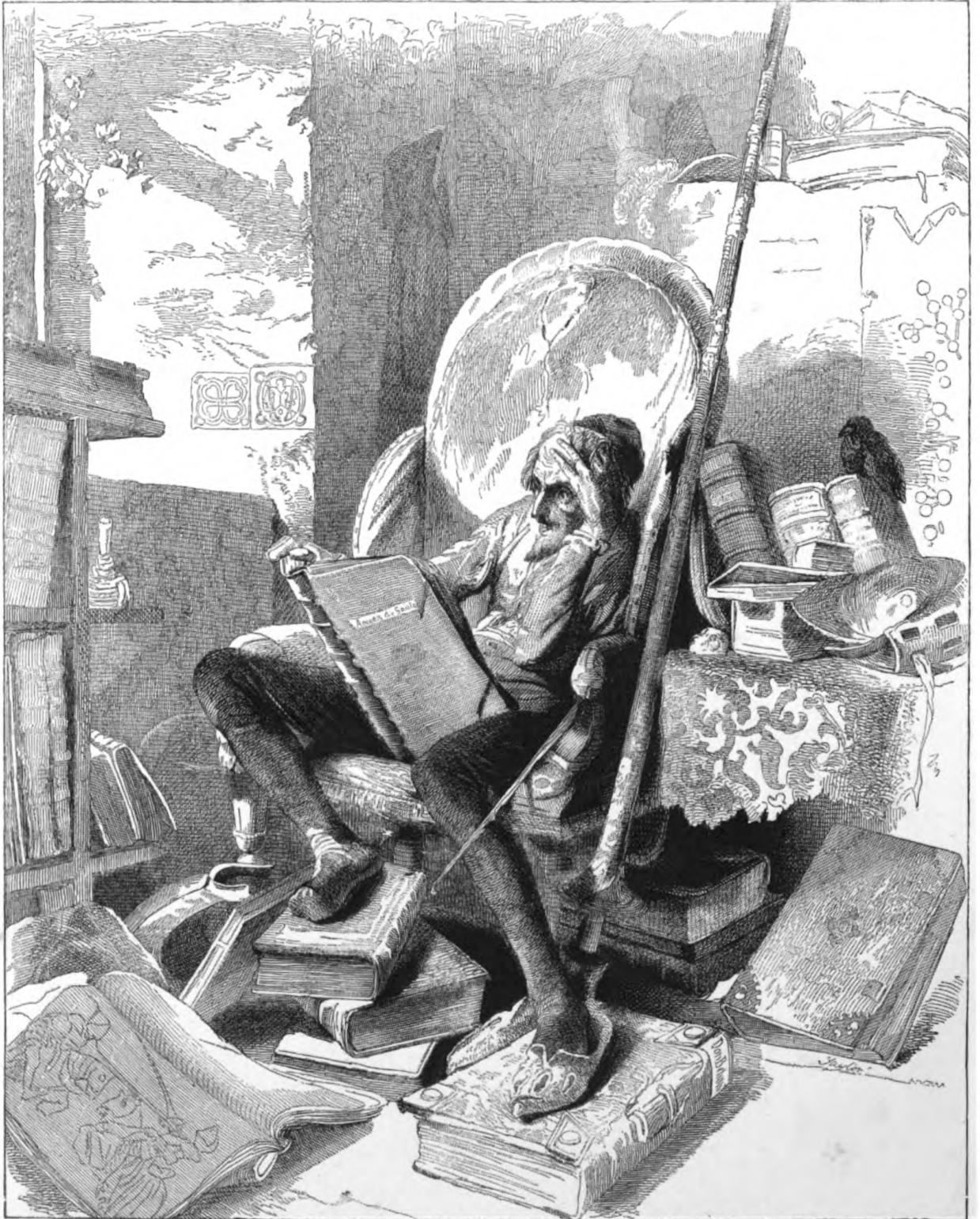


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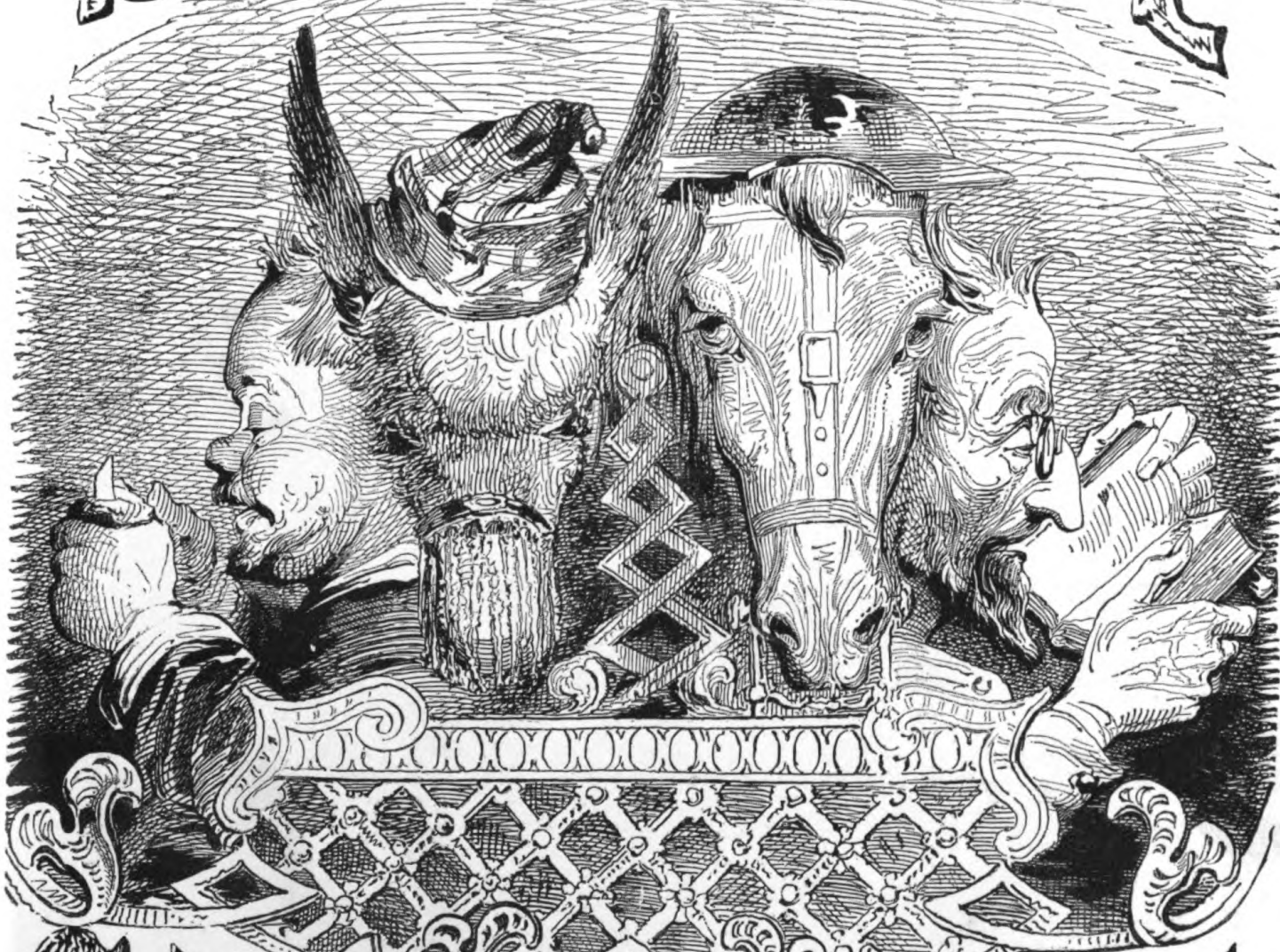
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FRONTISPIECE.



THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES
OF DON QUIXOTE



SANCHO PANZA

ADAPTED FOR YOUTHFUL READERS,
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY KENNY MEADOWS & JOHN GILBERT.
LONDON, DEAN & SON, 11 LUDGATE HILL



ADAPTED FOR YOUTHFUL READERS.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES

OF

Don Quixote de la Mancha,

AND

Sancho Panza,

HIS ESQUIRE.

ABRIDGED, AND ADAPTED TO

Youthful Capacities

BY

SIR MARVELLOUS CRACKJOKE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY KENNY MEADOWS & JOHN GILBERT.

LONDON :

DEAN & SON, PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS, 11, LUDGATE HILL.



THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES
OF
Don Quixote de la Mancha,
AND
SANCHO PANZA, HIS ESQUIRE.



CHAPTER THE FIRST.

IN a village in La Mancha, which is a small territory, lying partly in Castile and partly in Arragon, lived a Spanish gentleman, in the olden time, when romance was the order of the day, (although knight-errantry had begun to fall into disrepute in many parts of the world.) This gentleman, who kept a lean horse, and a coursing greyhound, had also an old buckler and lance; he lived upon soup, salmagundi, lentiles on Fridays, and a pigeon on Sundays,—which consumed three parts of his income; the rest sufficed to supply him with a cloak of fine cloth, velvet breeches, and slippers, and other necessary articles, and helped to maintain his housekeeper, a niece about twenty years of age, and a lad.

This gentleman was about fifty, and having little else to do, he devoted himself to reading books of chivalry; and in this he became so absorbed, that after disposing of many acres of arable land, to increase his collection of books, which he had pored over day and night until his head became so confused that he fancied himself one of the knights of old, and believed that he was called upon, for the honor of his country, to go forth and traverse the world, to fight every one's battles, and redress every kind of grievance, and to expose himself to all kinds of danger, to secure eternal glory and renown.

The first thing he did was to scour up some old armour, which had belonged to his great-grandfather; he made a vizor, or mask, of pasteboard, to fit into the helmet, so as to make it appear perfect. He then gave his old drudge-horse a fine name, calling him Rosinante; and his own name, which was Quixada, he elevated into Don Quixote de la Mancha; and you may see him in the picture studying his favorite "Amadis de Gaul," and possibly trying to think of some lady to be in love with, that the knights he vanquished might throw themselves at her feet, and say submissively:—

"Madam, in me you behold the great giant, Curuculiambro, lord of Melandrania, who being vanquished in single combat by the never-enough-to-be-praised Don Quixote de la Mancha, am by him commanded to be at your feet, to be disposed of according to the pleasure of your highness."

How happy was the knight when he had found a good-looking peasant girl in the neighbourhood, on whom (although she knew nothing about it) he bestowed the fine name of Dulcinea del Toboso, because Toboso was the name of the village where she dwelt, and because he thought the name harmonious, uncommon, and expressive, like all the others which he had adopted.

In the next chapter, you may behold him armed *cap à pie* mounted on Rosinante, to whom he made several fine speeches, and calling on Dulcinea as his princess, and the sovereign of his captive heart.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

FULLY equipped, he set out, but he met with no adventures: and after travelling all day, till both himself and his steed were faint and weary, the knight looked round in hopes of discovering some castle, or some shepherd's cot, where he might find repose and refreshment; but he could discover only a small inn near the road-side.

However, as his imagination was so taken up with what he had read, Don Quixote fancied it was a fine castle, with silver pinnacles on its four turrets, and surrounded with its moat and drawbridge, at which he drew up, expecting some dwarf would mount the battlement, and by the sound of the trumpet announce the arrival of a knight-errant at the castle. At the inn-door stood two strolling girls, who were travelling with some carriers, but who

appeared to the knight to be beautiful damsels enjoying themselves before the gate of their castle.

Just then, a swineherd, who was collecting his hogs from an adjoining field, blew the horn which assembled them together, and the delighted Don Quixote hastened to approach the girls, who, unused to the sight of a man in armour, were retreating into the house, when the knight raising his pasteboard vizor, whereby he partly shewed his meagre visage covered with dust, said, with gentle demeanour and placid voice, "Fly not, ladies, nor fear any discourtesy, which would be wholly inconsistent with the order of knighthood, which I profess."

The girls, who had been staring at him, on hearing themselves called "ladies," continued laughing, while the knight was making speeches to them; and the inn-keeper coming out, was much disposed to join in their merriment, when he saw the uncouth figure of Don Quixote and his ill-assorted accoutrements; but apprehending some danger from the strongly-fortified knight, he thought it best to be civil, saying, "Sir knight, if you are seeking a lodging, you will find everything here in abundance, but a bed."

Don Quixote charmed with the humility of the governor, (as he supposed) answered, "For me, Signor Castellano, anything will suffice; since arms are my ornaments, warfare my repose."

Don Quixote, assisted by the inn-keeper, alighted with much pain and difficulty, and having received strict charge to take especial care of the finest steed that ever fed, he led the horse to the stable, and returned to him. He was being disarmed by the strolling damsels; but he had fastened on his counterfeit beaver with green ribbons, in such a manner that they could not be untied; so that, as he would not allow them to be cut, he remained all night in his helmet, looking the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable: still he continued to address the supposed ladies of quality in flattering terms, believing no knight was ever so honored.

The host, at length, set before the knight some indifferent fare and black bread, and no one could resist laughing to see him eat, for one hand being engaged in holding on his helmet, and the other in raising his beaver, he was unable to feed himself, and the ladies performed that office for him; neither would he have been able to drink had not the inn-keeper bored a reed, and placing one end in the knight's mouth, poured the wine in at the other. (This is supposed to have been the origin of sherry-cobbler.)

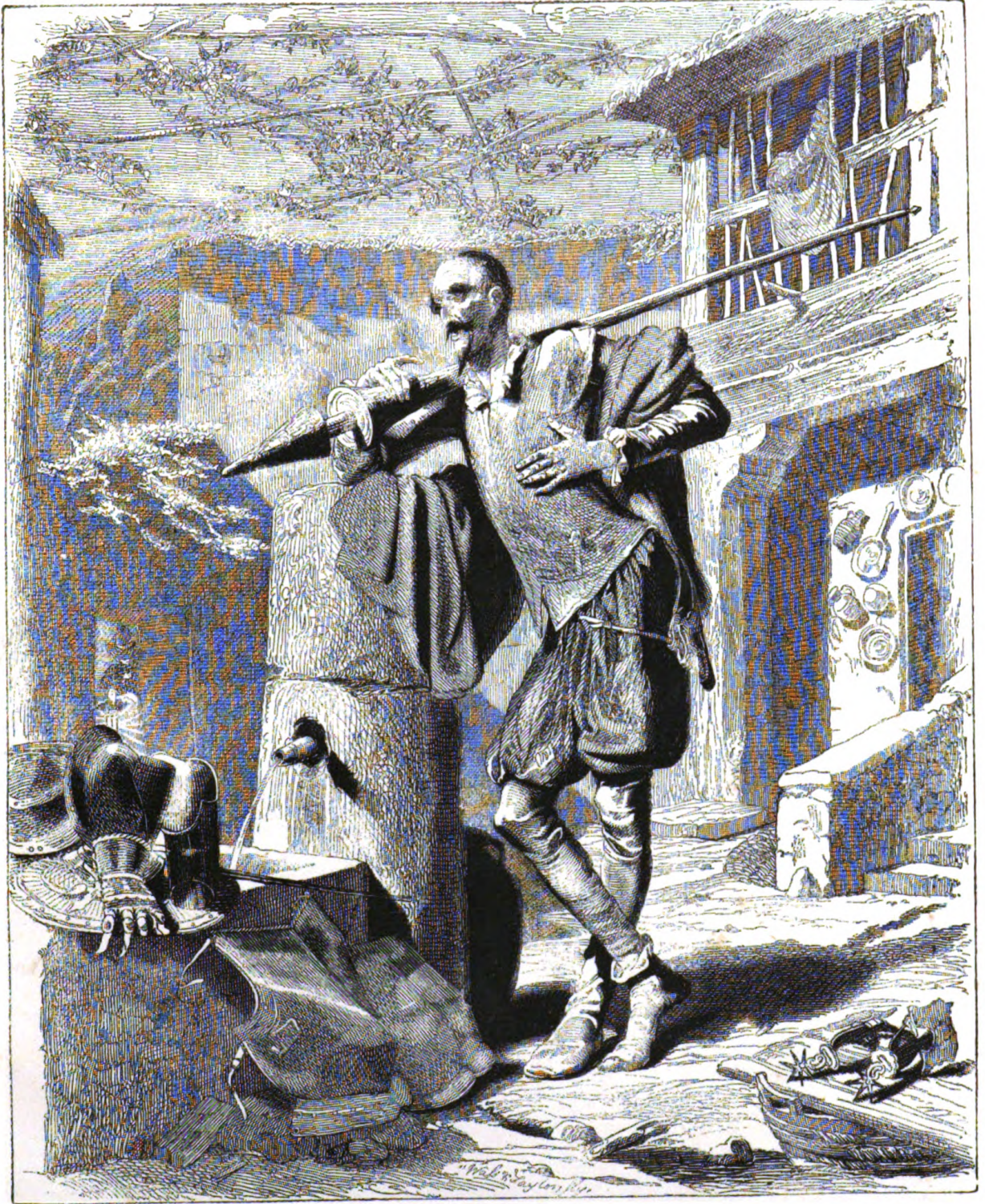
Don Quixote endured all this patiently, rather than cut the lacings of his helmet, believing that he was in some famous castle, regaled with music, (which resounded from the reed pipe of the swineherd,) that the jack was trout, the bread of the purest white, and the innkeeper governor of the castle; his only regret being that he could not lawfully engage in any adventure until he had been invested with the order of knighthood. So he had no sooner finished his meal than he fell on his knees before the inn-keeper, in the stable, and said, "Never will I arise from this place until your courtesy, valorous knight, shall grant me a boon that shall redound to your glory and the benefit of mankind."

The inn-keeper stared at his guest, and intreated him to rise, but in vain: at length, he promised to grant his request, which was no less than that he would, on the morrow, confer on him the honor of knighthood: while Don Quixote promised that he would watch his arms in the chapel of the castle during the night. The host, who now perceived that his guest had lost his wits, promised to fulfil his request, and praised his profession and his valor; but told him that, as there was no chapel belonging to his castle, he might watch his armour in a court of the castle that night, and that in the morning he should be dubbed so effectually that the world would not be able to produce a more perfect knight.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

BEHOLD in the picture the worthy knight performing his (supposed) duty of watching his armour, in a large yard adjoining the inn. He had collected it together and placed it on a cistern close to a well; he then leaned on his target, and grasping his lance, he began to pace up and down before it as soon as it grew dark; sometimes he would pause, and leaning gracefully upon his lance, stood with his eyes fixed upon the armour; while the inn-keeper and his guests watched his proceedings from a distance.

By and by, one of the carriers came out to get some water for his mules; and for this purpose, began to remove Don Quixote's armour from the cistern. The Don exclaimed with a loud voice—"Who art thou? oh! rash





knight! beware, lest thou touch the armour of this valiant knight, for thy life must pay the forfeit of thy temerity."

The carrier paid no heed to this address, but seizing hold of the straps, threw the armour some distance from him, when Don Quixote, calling on Dulcinea, let slip his target, and raising his lance, he gave the carrier such a stroke upon the head that he fell to the ground: Don Quixote then replaced his armour, and continued his parade, until another carrier came out to water his mules; but upon his approaching the armour, Don Quixote, with one stroke of his lance, laid him on the ground beside the other carrier.

The noise brought out the host and all the people of the inn; and the carriers, seeing what had befallen their comrades, began to throw stones at the poor knight, who sheltered himself behind his target, and called upon them to "come on." But the landlord persuaded them to desist, and assuring them that his guest was mad, they ceased their attack, and the knight was left in peace to watch his armour till the host came to re-assure him, and told him that the stroke of knighting consisted in blows on the neck and shoulders, and that the ceremony could be performed as well in a field as in a chapel.

The knight then requested him to perform the deed as soon as possible, because if he should be again assaulted, he had resolved not to leave one person alive in the castle, except those whom, at the particular desire of the governor, he might be induced to spare.

The host, thus warned and alarmed, brought forth a book, in which he kept his account of the straw and oats he furnished to the carriers, and attended by a boy who carried an end of candle, and the two damsels before-mentioned, went towards Don Quixote, whom he commanded to kneel down; he then began reading his manual, as if it were some devout prayer, in the course of which he raised his hand, and gave him a good blow on the neck, and after that, a handsome stroke over the shoulders, with his own sword, still muttering between his teeth as if in prayer. Then one of the ladies girded on his sword, saying, "God grant you may be a fortunate knight, and successful in battle."

Don Quixote inquired her name, and being told that her name was Tolosa, the daughter of a cobbler, he requested her for his sake to add the title of Donna to her name, and call herself Donna Tolosa. The other girl, having

buckled on his spur, gave her name as Molinera, daughter to an honest miller, Don Quixote requested her to style herself Donna Molinera, and these never-till-then-to-be-seen ceremonies being thus speedily performed, the



knight embraced his host, repeated his acknowledgments, hastily saddled his steed Rosinante, and about break of day he might be seen issuing forth, lance in hand, in quest of adventures.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

WHEN Don Quixote left the inn, he determined to return to his own home, that he might engage the services of a poor country man to act as his squire :

but on his way he heard low cries, proceeding from a thicket, so he hastened to enter the wood, where he found a poor lad stripped to the waist, tied to a tree, and being severely lashed with the belt of a lusty countryman, who accompanied every blow with a word of advice, "The tongue slow, and the eyes quick."

Upon inquiry of the countryman, at whom the knight brandished his lance, so that he gave himself up for dead, he found the boy was a shepherd-lad, who was so careless that he had lost a sheep every day, and for this negligence and roguery, he was chastising him. The boy declared, however, that his master owed him nine months' wages, amounting to sixty-three reals; this sum Don Quixote ordered him to pay at once, or forfeit his life: the man declared that he would pay the boy if he would return home with him, which at first he refused; but the Don threatened that if the countryman did not perform this promise, he would return and chastise him. The knight went on his way elated with the happy adventure, where he hoped a grievous wrong had been redressed by his valor; but no sooner was he out of sight than the countryman turned to the boy, tied him again to the tree, and nearly whipped him to death, and then laughing at the boy's distress, he sent him off to look for Don Quixote; who had by this time met with another adventure, in which he did not get off so well.

Having discovered on the road a party of merchants, who were going to buy silks at Murria, the knight settled himself firmly in his stirrups, grasped his lance, covered his breast with his target, and with a graceful demeanour and intrepid air, he posted himself in the highway, and as they approached, he shouted in an arrogant tone of voice, "Let the whole world stand, if it does not confess that there is not in the whole world a more beautiful damsel than the peerless empress of La Mancha, Dulcinea del Toboso!"

The merchants, who soon discovered the madness of the knight, requested him to produce the lady, declaring "That although the peerless beauty might be no longer than a barleycorn, and though she might be squinting with one eye, and distilling vermilion and brimstone with the other, yet, to oblige the knight, they would say whatever he pleased in her favor."

Don Quixote, in a great rage at this slander of his beautiful Dulcinea, couched his lance, and ran at the speaker with such force, that it might have

gone hard with him, but that Rosinante, the gallant steed, stumbled and fell, and his master lay rolling about the field for some time, being so encumbered with his lance, target, spurs, and helmet; but still continuing his reproaches to the merchants, until one of them turning back, seized Don Quixote's lance, broke it in pieces, and laid it about the bones of the fallen knight, that he was thrashed like wheat, and left him so bruised and battered that he was unable to rise, and he lay repeating in a faint voice :

“Where art thou, mistress of my heart?
Unconscious of thy lover's smart!
Ah, me! thou knowest not my distress;
Or thou art false and pitiless?”

(which verses he had found in the story of “The Wounded Knight,”) until, by good fortune, a peasant of his own village came by, carrying a load of wheat to the mill; the peasant asked him what was the matter. Don Quixote firmly believing him to be the Marquis of Mantua, his uncle, gave him no direct answer, but continued the romance he was repeating, giving an account of his misfortune, and of the amours of the emperor's son with his spouse, just as it is there recounted.

The peasant, more and more astonished, raised him up and took off his vizor, and discovering who it was, again asked “how his worship came in that condition?” still getting no answer, the good man, with much difficulty, gathered together the pieces of his armour, which he tied upon Rosinante, and then placing the wounded knight upon his own ass, he led them towards the village; while he was all the way regaled with the groans and wild language of Signor Quixada; and about nightfall he safely conveyed him to his own house, which was all in confusion.

The priest and the barber of the place had been called in by the house-keeper and the neice, who were in a great fright, because neither Don Quixote, nor his horse, nor his lance, had been seen for six days past; and just as they were supplicating the priest to commit all his heretical books to the flames, they were overjoyed at recognising the peasant and their friend, whom they ran to embrace, before he alighted from the ass. But Don Quixote cried out, “Forbear, all of you, for I am sorely wounded, through my horse's fault; carry me to my bed, and send for the sage, Niganda, to heal my wounds.” So they carried him to his bed, but were unable to dis-

cover any wounds; wherefore the knight assured them he was only sorely bruised by the fall of his horse, Rosinante, while fighting with ten of the most prodigious and audacious giants on the face of the earth. He would, however, answer no questions, only requiring food and rest; so they left him, and after hearing the account of his extravagances from the peasant, they all determined to burn the books that had disordered the knight's imagination, the next day: and while he was asleep they examined the books, and made a heap of them in the yard, which the housekeeper set on fire the next night, and burnt all the books; she and the niece afterwards persuaded the credulous Don that an enchanter had come in upon a cloud, and destroyed them all; which foolish tale the poor gentleman very readily believed: and decided that it must have been the enchanter Freston, whom he knew to be his mortal enemy.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

No sooner was our knight recovered, than he persuaded an honest, shallow-brained laborer to serve him in the capacity of a Squire; and having pledged and sold several things till he had collected some money together, packing together also some shirts and other things, he desired Sancho Panza, his Squire, to provide himself with a wallet and a leathern bottle, and off they started in the night, without taking leave of any one; the one on horseback and the other on assback: and they journeyed on, conversing together, until they came in sight of thirty or forty windmills, which Don Quixote immediately converted, in his imagination, into so many monstrous giants, to whom he resolved to give battle.

"Giants!" cried Sancho, "what giants?"

"Those," answered his master, "with the long arms."

"Those!" cried Sancho, again. "Why, those are not giants, but windmills; what you call arms are but the sails that are whirled about by the wind to make the millstones grind."

"It is evident," answered Don Quixote, "that thou art not versed in the business of adventures; but if thou art afraid, stand aside, while I engage with them in fierce and unequal combat." Clapping spurs to his steed,

regardless of the entreaties of his Squire, he galloped up to them, crying aloud, "Fly not, ye cowards, ye vile caitiffs; for it is a single knight who assaults you."

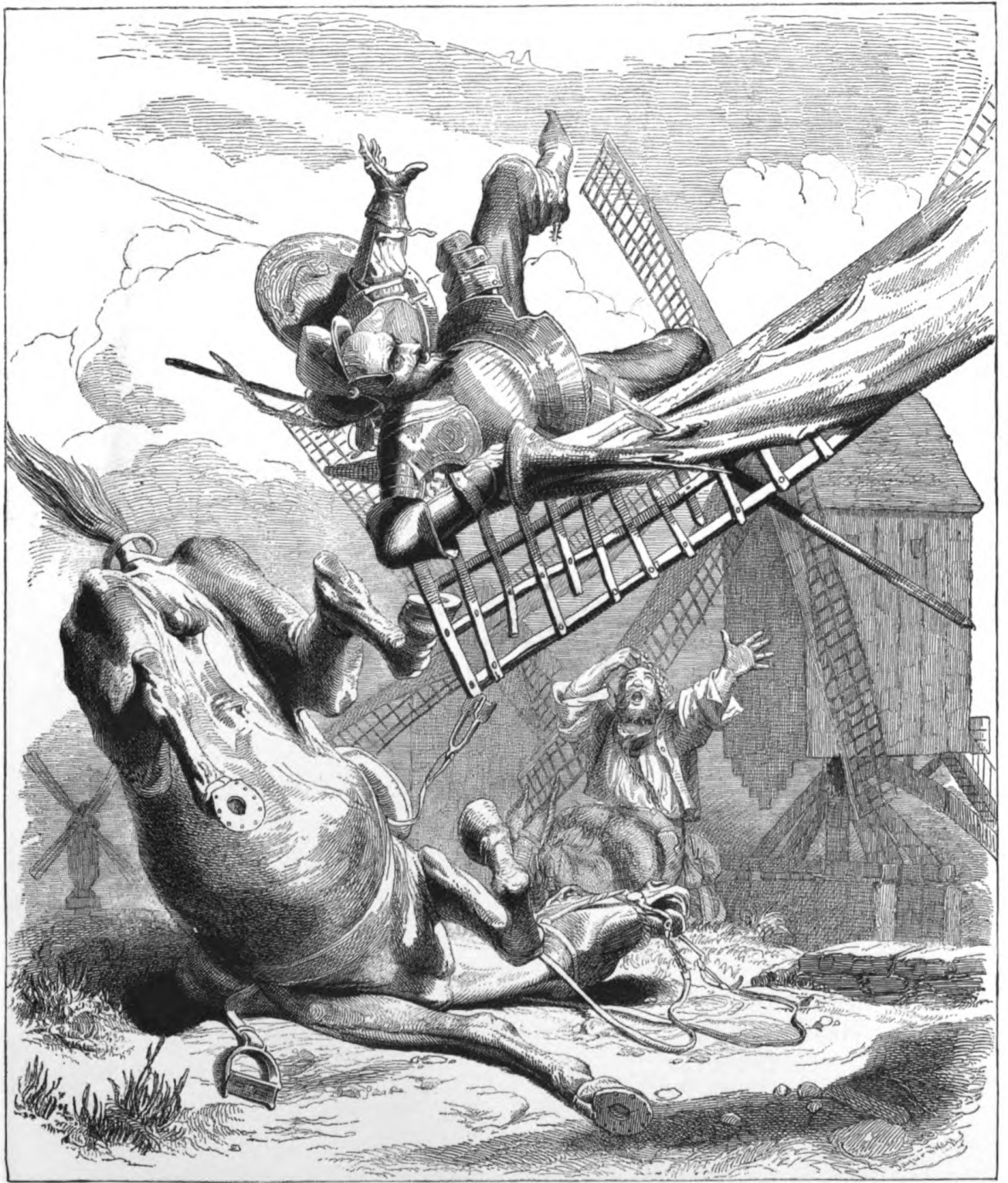
The wind now rising a little, began to move the large sails, on seeing which, Don Quixote cried still louder, "Although ye should move more arms than the giant Briareas, ye shall pay for it." Then recommending himself to the protection of the lady Dulcinea, setting his lance in the rest, and covering himself with his buckler, he rushed on as fast as Rosinante could gallop, and attacked the first mill he came at, thrusting his lance into the sail; but the wind whirled it about with such violence, that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, as you may perceive; and tumbling them head over heels upon the plain.

When Sancho Panza came up, he found his master quite stunned with the blows, so he cried out, "Did I not warn you to have a care what you did with the windmills, and no one could mistake them for any other than windmills, but one that had the like in his head."

Don Quixote, however, desired him to hold his peace; for he verily believed that the same enchanter, Freston, who had stolen away and destroyed his books, had metamorphosed the giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive him of the glory of vanquishing them. But he was glad to be helped upon his steed, and to continue his journey, lamenting for the loss of his lance; his profession as a knight would not allow him to complain of pain, although he was obliged to ride sideways, or "sideling," as Sancho termed it; who, perfectly contented, jogged on behind his master, eating of the contents of his wallet, and very frequently raising the bottle to his lips, his only trouble being that the bottle grew lighter in consequence, and he knew not when he might get it replenished.

The knight, having made a new lance of the branch of a tree, the next day, saw upon the road, two monks of the order of St. Benedict, masked, riding upon mules, and each carrying an umbrella. Behind them came a coach, containing some ladies, one of whom was on her way to join her husband at Seville, accompanied by four or five men on horseback, and two muleteers on foot.

Don Quixote supposed they were all one company, and that the monks must be two enchanters, who were carrying off in the coach some young princess, whom they had stolen; so, in spite of his Squire's advice, he rode





up and defied them with such fury and vigour, that the monks stopped their mules and stood amazed, no less at the curious figure of the knight than at the words of defiance which proceeded from the mouth; while he threatened that "If they did not instantly release the high-born and beauteous princess they were carrying off in that coach, they must prepare for instant death, as a punishment for their wicked deeds. They, however, assured him they were peaceable Benedictine monks, travelling on their own business, and entirely ignorant of the princesses in the coach. Don Quixote, however, refused to listen to their fair speeches, clapped spurs to Rosinante, and with his lance couched, ran at the foremost monk with such resolution, that if he had not slid down from his mule, he would have been thrown off and wounded, if not killed outright. The second monk observing this, clapped spurs to his own mule, and began to scour along the plain, lighter than the wind itself.

Sancho Panza, who was always wide awake to his own interests, no sooner saw the poor monk upon the ground, than he leaped nimbly from his ass, and began to disrobe him. The two lacqueys ran up to Sancho, and enquired why he was stripping their master?

Sancho told them he was only taking possession of his lawful perquisites, being the spoil of the battle which his lord, Don Quixote, had just won.

They neither understanding the jest, nor the meaning of spoils and battles, no sooner saw that the knight was engaged in speaking to the ladies in the coach, than they fell upon Sancho, threw him down, pulled every hair out of his beard, and gave him such a thorough kicking, that he was left on the ground deprived of sense and motion; while the monk, scrambling on to his mule, trembling and as pale as death, spurred the frightened animal after his companion, who had waited at some distance to observe the issue of the encounter. The monks pursued their way in great alarm, crossing themselves as though they fancied the devil were at their heels.

Don Quixote, meantime, had informed the "Beauteous Ladyship in the coach," that she might now dispose of herself as she pleased; for that her ravishers had been despoiled by her gallant deliverer, Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, captive to the peerless and beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso, before whom he begged the lady would present herself, and inform her what he had done.

No sooner did the Biscaine squire, who accompanied the lady, hear something about returning to Toboso, than he flew at Don Quixote, and

taking hold of his lance, addressed him in bad Castilian and worse Biscaine, threatening "that if he did not leave the coach instantly, he should forfeit his life."

Don Quixote understood him very well, and answered calmly, "That if the Biscainer were a gentleman, he would soon chastise his folly and presumption."

The Biscainer was furious at this imputation, and desired the knight to draw his sword, and throw away his lance; and both prepared for combat. Don Quixote, however, grasped his buckler, and set upon the Biscainer with the determination to take his life; but the Biscainer, knowing that his wretched hackney mule was not to be trusted, had just time to snatch out of the coach a soft cushion, which served him as a shield, when they fell to fighting, as if they had been mortal enemies.

Finding all her entreaties vain, for neither would listen to the affrighted lady, she ordered the coachman to remove a little out of the way, and sat watching the rigorous conflict; the Biscainer gave the knight so mighty a stroke, that it carried off part of his helmet, with half an ear, which fell to the ground, while the stroke which fell upon his left shoulder would have cleft him down to the girdle, had it not been for his armour.

The Manchegan then raised himself in his stirrups, grasped his sword with both hands, and discharged it with such fury upon the Biscainer, directly over the cushion, upon his unprotected head, that the blood gushed out at his nostrils, his mouth, and his ears; and he must have fallen from his mule had he not grasped his steed by the neck; while the frightened animal began to race about the field, and after a few plunges laid her master flat upon the ground.

Don Quixote, who had been looking on with great calmness, now leaped from his horse, and holding the sword before his eyes, desired the fallen man to yield, or he would cut off his head; and in his blind folly he would have done so, (for the unfortunate Biscaine was quite stunned, and unable to hear or to speak), had not the ladies sprung out of their coach, and kneeling before Don Quixote, earnestly entreated him to spare the life of their squire. To this the knight answered with great gravity and solemnity, "that he would do so on condition that the Biscainer should promise to repair to the town of Toboso, and there present himself before the peerless Donna Dulcinea, that she might dispose of him according to her pleasure.

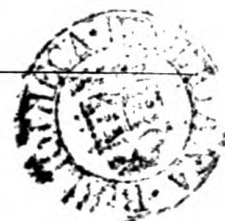




The terrified and disconsolate lady, without considering or even enquiring who Dulcinea was, promised him that her squire should perform whatsoever he required.

Sancho Panza had recovered his own senses in time to see the combat of his master; he had been all the time beseeching God to give Don Quixote the victory, in order that he might win some island of which he could make him governor, according to his promise. He came forward, and held the stirrup for his master to mount Rosinante; but before he gave him leisure to mount, he fell on his knees, and kissing his hand, said, "Be pleased, my lord Don Quixote, to bestow upon me the government of that island, which you have won in this dreadful battle; for, be it ever so big, I feel in myself ability to govern it, as well as the best that ever governed island." To which the knight replied, that in many adventures nothing was to be gained but a broken head, or the loss of an ear; but that if he had patience he might yet make him a governor, or something greater.

Sancho returned him abundance of thanks, kissing his hand and the skirts of his armour, helped him to re-mount Rosinante; and then mounting his ass, he followed his master; who, without taking leave, or speaking to those in the coach, went off into the neighbouring wood at a good round pace, insomuch that Sancho, finding himself unable to keep up with him, cried out to Don Quixote to wait for him; and after a long and very admirable conversation between them, Sancho brought out the contents of his wallet, which they ate together in a very peaceable and friendly manner. Poor and dry as the meal was, they were glad to finish it, and make haste to find some village where they might repose for the night: but the sun, and their hopes both failing them, they perceived the huts of some goatherds near by, and they were glad to take up their lodging with them; for if Sancho grieved at not being able to reach a village, his master was of opinion that every time he was reduced to lie in the open air, he was performing an act of chivalry.



CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

OUR two travellers were kindly received by the goatherds; Sancho having made Rosinante and Dapple as comfortable as he could, followed his nose, that is, his nose led him to the kettle in which was boiling some goat's flesh; and so hungry was the poor Squire, that he could hardly refrain from transferring the meat at once to his mouth: but the goatherds soon took it off the fire, and spreading some sheep-skins, they sat down around them, six in number, having first accommodated Don Quixote with a trough, turned bottom upwards, and on which he kindly invited Sancho to take a seat also; averring that "knight-errantry, like love, made all things equal." To which Sancho replied, "I give you a great many thanks, sir, but provided I have



victuals enough, I can as well eat standing and alone, as if I were seated by an emperor. And to tell you the truth, what I eat in a corner without compliments or ceremonies, though it were nothing but bread and an onion, relishes better than turkeys at other men's tables, where I am forced to chew leisurely, drink little, wipe my mouth often, neither sneeze nor cough when I have a mind, nor do other things which may be done when alone, and at liberty."

Now this speech certainly savoured more of frankness and nature than good manners; and Don Quixote therefore insisted upon making Sancho sit down, and partake with them of the goat's flesh, acorns, and cheese: and after the knight had made a long speech to a handful of acorns, the goatherds entertained their visitors with a song, and some pastoral music; after which, one of the goatherds dressed the wounded ear of Don Quixote with salt and chewed rosemary leaves; and after listening to a long tale of Marcela and her lovers, they retired: the knight under the roof of some hut, and Sancho between Rosinante and his ass,—where he slept, not like a discarded lover, but like a man who had been grievously *kicked*.

On the following day they accompanied the goatherds to see the interment of Chrysostom, a shepherd who had died for love of the beautiful Marcela, who, to the surprise of every one, appeared upon the rocks, and addressed her lovers, whom she desired not to follow her; Don Quixote, however, like a true knight, determined to go in quest of her, that he might offer her his services: accordingly, he took the same path into the wood by which she had disappeared; but while in pursuit of her they unfortunately fell in with some Yangusan carriers, with their mules; and Rosinante, who was as full of wild fancies as his master, must needs run with him into a drove of mares, who not feeling pleased at the interruption, received both the horse and his rider very roughly, shewing them both their heels and their teeth, in such a way, that the girths broke and off came the saddle. Whereupon the carriers set upon both the knight and his servant, and nearly beat them to death, and went off leaving them both stunned upon the ground.

After some time, however, first Sancho, and then his master, recovered his senses, and after many bewailings and contrivances, Sancho managed to lay his master across the back of the ass, to whose tail he then tied Rosinante, and holding Dapple by the halter, he had the good fortune at length to lead them to an inn, which to Sancho's sorrow and Don Quixote's joy, must needs

be a castle; and their dispute as to which it was, lasted until Sancho entered the gate with his string of cattle.

They were very hospitably received by the inn-keeper, his wife, and daughter, and a broad-faced, flat-headed Austrian servant, who had a small nose, one eye squinting, and the other askanse; she was about seven hands high, and her shoulders stuck up behind, so that she could not hold up her head: she, however, assisted to prepare for the knight such a bed as we shall describe in the next chapter.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

HAVING had their wounds dressed and doctored by the hostess and the maid, Don Quixote was placed in his miserable bed, which stood in the centre of a loft, and which was made of four rough boards, placed upon two unequal tressels; and with a thin mattress, full of knobs as hard as pebbles, two coarse sheets, and an old worn-out rug. Sancho lay down on a rush mat, covered with a rug; while a third bed made up of pannels and mule-cloths, stood near for the carriers to repose upon.

During the night, hearing some disturbance in the room, the whole of the inhabitants thereof set-to in the dark, and beat each other, till Sancho and his master were in a worse condition than before: and when the morning came, Don Quixote, still persisting in his foolish idea that this wretched inn was some magnificent castle, wherein he had been gratuitously entertained, after making several fine complimentary speeches to the host, rode off without paying for the straw, the barley, or the lodging.

Sancho would have followed his master's example, had he not been seized by the landlord; whereupon he stoutly refused to pay anything. Upon which, there came forward four cloth-workers, three needle-makers, and two neighbours from Seville, who happened to be sojourning at the inn. These nine good-humoured frolicsome fellows seemed animated with the same spirit of fun; some of them dismounted Sancho, while another produced a blanket from the landlord's bed, into which they popped the unfortunate squire, and because the ceiling was rather low, they carried Sancho into the yard, and

began to toss him up and down, like a dog at Shrovetide. Poor Sancho screamed so loudly, that his cries reached the ears of his master, who came galloping back to the inn; when over the yard wall he perceived his faithful servant ascending and descending through the air with so much grace and agility, that, if his indignation had suffered him, he must have laughed outright.

Being unable to alight from his horse, he could only vent his rage by uttering the vilest reproaches and invectives against the men who were tossing Sancho, whose cries and lamentations, threats and entreaties, were alike fruitless, for his persecutors neither ceased from their labours nor their laughter till fatigue and sheer exhaustion obliged them to desist.

When they had recovered their breath, they brought Sancho his ass, and wrapping him in his cloak, mounted him thereon.

Maritornes seeing him so exhausted, brought him a jug of cool water from the well; but just as he was raising it to his lips, he heard the voice of his master warning him not to drink of the water; whereupon he besought the compassionate Maritornes to bring him some wine, which she did willingly, paying for it with her own money; shewing that she had about her some faint traces of a Christian.

Sancho drank the wine, clapped heels to his ass, and galloped through the wide-open gate, delighted at having paid for nothing; forgetting, in his hurry to save his back, that the landlord had kept his wallets. The inn-keeper would have fastened the gate, but the blanketeers would not let him, being persons of that sort, that, had Don Quixote been really one of the Knights of the Round Table, they would not have cared two farthings for him.

Poor Sancho came up to his master so faint and dispirited, that he could hardly move, while Don Quixote was trying to persuade him that his horse had been enchanted, so that he could not leap over the pales to his assistance.

Sancho could only reply "That it would be better to return to their own village, and attend to the reaping, instead of rambling about and getting 'Out of the frying-pan into the fire.'" Possibly the poor man mistook himself for a pancake, having been tossed and turned over so often during his ride in the blanket.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

THE knight and his squire jogged on together in very earnest discourse, when suddenly they perceived a thick cloud of dust coming towards them. Don Quixote, whose brain was always full of battles, enchantments, adventures, extravagancies, amours, and challenges, immediately turned to Sancho, and said, "Seest thou that cloud of dust, Sancho? It is raised by a prodigious army of divers and innumerable nations, on the march this way."

"If so, there must be two armies," replied Sancho, "for behold on this side arises just such another cloud of dust."

Don Quixote turned, and seeing that it was really so, he rejoiced exceedingly in the belief that these two armies were coming to engage in the midst of that spacious plain.

Sancho being unable at first to perceive that the cloud of dust in reality covered two great flocks of sheep going the same road, began to fear his master's words might be true, so he cried out "Sir, what must we do?"

"What but assist the weaker side?" replied his master; and he began to give Sancho a fine description of the great emperors, Alifanfaron, and Pentapolin (of the naked arm), by whom these fancied armies were commanded; and for what cause they were about to fight; and he enjoined Sancho to do his duty, and fight for the Christian emperor.

"But where," enquired Sancho, "shall we dispose of this ass? that we may be sure to find him when the battle is over? for I believe it was never yet the fashion to go to battle upon a beast of this kind."

"Thou art right," said Don Quixote, "and thou mayst let him take his chance of being lost, for there will be such a choice of horses after the victory, that Rosinante himself may run the risk of being exchanged. But let us retire to that rising ground, that I may view the approaching armies more distinctly, while I give thee an account of the principal knights who command therein.

"The knight thou seest yonder," said Don Quixote, when they had placed themselves on a hillock, "with the gilded armour, who bears in his shield a lion crowned, couchant at a damsel's feet, is the valorous Laurcalco, lord of the Silver Bridge. The other, with the armour flowered with gold, who bears

three crowns, argent, in a field azure, is the formidable Micocolemba, grand duke of Quiracia. The third, with gigantic limbs, who marches on his right, is the undaunted Branda-barbaran, of Boliche, lord of the three Arabias. He is armed with a serpent's skin, and bears, instead of a shield, a gate, which fame says is one of those belonging to the temple which Samson pulled down, when, with his death, he avenged himself upon his enemies."

Then he went on describing sundry other knights, as his fancy dictated, and giving to each their arms, colors, devices, and mottoes; saying, "There stand those who drink the sweet waters of Xanthus; the mountaineers who tread the Massilian fields; those who sift the pure and fine gold-dust of Arabia. There are the Munidians, unfaithful in their promises; the Persians, famous for bows and arrows; the Parthians and Medes, who fight flying; the Scythians, cruel as fair; the broad-lipped Ethiopians." And thus Don Quixote went on enumerating all the nations of the world, and giving to each, with wonderful readiness, its peculiar attributes.

Sancho, confounded at this wise discourse, kept looking round to see whether he could discover beyond the two flocks of sheep, which had now come very near them, any appearance of the knights and giants his master had named. So in answer to his master's question if he could not hear the neighing of steeds, the sound of the trumpets and drums? Sancho answered, "I hear nothing but the bleating of sheep and lambs."

"Thy fears," cried his master, "prevent thee from hearing and seeing aright; if thou art so much afraid, retire and leave me alone, for with my single arm I shall ensure victory to that side which I favor with my assistance."

Then clapping spurs to Rosinante, he darted forward like lightning, while Sancho cried in vain, "Hold! Signor Don Quixote, come back! as sure as eggs are eggs they are but lambs and sheep you are going to encounter! pray come back! sinner that I am, what madness is this! There is neither giant nor knight, nor cats nor arms, nor shields quartered nor entire, nor true azures nor bedaubed: what are you doing?"

But the knight rode on, shouting aloud, "Ho! knights! you that follow and fight under the banner of the valiant emperor Pentapolin of the naked arm, follow me all, and you shall see with how much ease I revenge him on his enemy, Alifanfaron of Taprobana."

With these words, he rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep, and

began to attack the poor animals as courageously and intrepidly as if in good earnest he was engaging with his mortal enemies.

The shepherds and herdsmen vainly called upon him to desist, and even unbuckled their slings and began to salute him with a shower of stones. To these Don Quixote paid no regard, he galloped about on all sides crying aloud "Where art thou! proud Alifanfaron, present thyself before me, that I, a single knight, may punish thee for the wrong thou dost to the valiant Pentapolan Garamatata."

At this instant, however, one large stone struck him on the ribs, and so wounded him, that he hastened to swallow some of his precious balsam; but another huge stone, in the shape of an almond, hit him on the jaws, not only breaking the cruise of balsam, but carrying off by the way three or four of his teeth. The shepherds seeing the poor knight felled to the ground, verily believed they had killed him; whereupon they gathered up their six or seven dead sheep and marched off without any further inquiry. Sancho, who had stood aloof tearing his beard and grieving for the hour when he had joined his master, now ran to his assistance, saying "Did I not beg of you Signor, to come back? for those you went to attack were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men."

Don Quixote, however, though not quite bereaved of sense declared 'that his malignant persecutor the enchanter, envious of his glory, had transformed the hostile squadrons into flocks of sheep.' Moreover, as Sancho was bewailing their mutual misfortunes, and pondering in his mind that he would leave his master and return home, even though he should forfeit all hope of being governor of an island; the knight began to console him, and ended his consolations by saying, 'that the evil having lasted so long, good cannot be far off.' "So do not afflict thyself for the mischances that befall me, since thou hast no share in them."

"How no share?" cried Sancho, "perchance he who was yesterday tossed in a blanket was not my father's son, and the wallets I have lost to-day with all my moveables, belong to somebody else."

"What! are the wallets lost?" quoth Don Quixote, "then we have nothing to eat to day: well this time I would rather have a slice of bread and a couple of heads of salt pilchards, than all the herbs described by Dioscorides. But good Sancho get upon thine ass and follow me, for God, who provides for all, will not desert us."

“Well,” answered Sancho “let it be as your worship says, let us endeavour to get a lodging where there are neither blankets nor blanket-heavers nor hob-goblins, nor enchanted moors.” So saying he mounted his ass, Dapple, and led the way, hoping to find an inn within a league or two; having lost all their provisions, they were well nigh famished with hunger.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

But neither hunger nor fatigue could withhold the brave knight from getting into some fresh adventure as the darkness came on. Beholding a number of lights on the road, both master and man were not a little alarmed. As for Sancho, his teeth chattered with fear, as though he had been attacked with a quartan ague, when he discovered about twenty persons in white robes, with lighted torches, followed by a litter covered with black, and attended by six persons on mules, all covered with black, and chaunting a low mournful tune.

Although much alarmed by this vision in the night, Don Quixote immediately settled in his own mind, that the tenant of the litter was some wounded knight, whom he was bound to avenge; so, without more ado, he attacked the whole party, and laying hold of the bridle of the first he met, the mule reared up and threw her rider; he then attacked the mourners, and plied them so vigorously with his lance that some were brought to the ground, others escaped, with the white robed people, in all directions.

The knight then ascertained from the wounded man that he was one of a party of mourners, who were conveying the body of a deceased gentleman to be buried in Sygovia, and who had died of fever. This, in some degree, pacified the knight, who proceeded to inform his reverence that he was Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose office and profession it was to go all over the world righting wrongs and redressing grievances.

“I do not understand your way of righting wrongs,” said the bachelor, “for from right you have set me wrong, having broken my leg, which will never be right again while I live; and the grievances you have redressed for me is to leave me so aggrieved that I shall never be otherwise; and to me it was a most unlucky adventure, to meet you, who are seeking adventures;

however I beseech you, signor, to help me up, for my leg is set fast between the stirrup and the saddle."

Whereupon, Don Quixote called Sancho to his aid; but Sancho was busy ransacking a sumpter mule, and having made a bag of his cloak, he was too deeply engaged in cramming into it all the eatables it would contain, pleased enough to find something wherewith to satisfy his hunger.

At length he came, and they helped the poor gentleman to mount his mule, and let him go after his companions, Sancho informing him that the champion who had routed them was no other than 'Don Quixote the knight of the sorrowful figure.'

Don Quixote demanded the reason of this appellation, when Sancho replied "Because I have been viewing you by the light of the torch, and in truth your worship makes the most woful figure I ever beheld; there will be no need of having a sorrowful figure painted on your shield, for, owing to the loss of your grinders, the fatigue of this combat, and hunger, you look so wofully that the expense of the painting may well be spared."



Don Quixote smiled at this, and gladly followed Sancho into a spacious wood, where he unburdened his ass, and the two hungry travellers at once despatched their breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper, though they were unable to procure a drop of water to wash down their meal; so they were glad to set forth in quest of a brook, to quench their thirst; and here we behold Sancho leading his ass and following his master, with his knife in his hands, and an empty bottle, hoping to find water wherewith to fill it.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

THE night being dark, Sancho and his master entered a grove of tall trees the rustling of whose leaves in the wind, combined with the noise of rushing water, had a solemn effect ; but the surprise and terror of the faint-hearted Sancho was extreme, when he heard, near by, a dreadful din of irons and rattling chains, accompanied by mighty strokes repeated in such regular tune and measure as would have alarmed any other than Don Quixote, who leaped upon Rozinante, and brandishing his spear would have gone off at once to encounter these unseen enemies ; but the weeping Sancho, finding all his persuasions futile to prevent his master from leaving him, had recourse to stratagem, and under pretence of straightening the horse's girths, he softly tied Rosinante's hind feet together with a halter, so that when Don Quixote would fain have departed, the horse could only move by jumps ; until finding all his spurring and whipping in vain, the unsuspecting knight, believing that his horse was under the influence of enchantment, thought it best to wait till morning ; and the wily Sancho, holding his master's saddle with both hands, fearing to stir a finger's breadth, so great was his terror at the noise which still continued to roar in their ears, offered to divert the time by telling Don Quixote a story for his entertainment. Accordingly, after some preamble, Sancho commenced his tale, saying "In a village of Estramadura, there was a shepherd, I mean a goatherd ; which shepherd, or goatherd, as my story says, was called Lope Ruiz, and this Lope Ruiz was in love with a shepherdess named Torralva, which shepherdess, called Torralva, was daughter of a rich herdsman, and this rich herdsman,"—

"If this be thy manner of telling a story, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "repeating everything thou hast to say, thou wilt not have done these two days ; tell it concisely, and like a man of sense, or else say no more."

"I tell it in the same manner as they tell stories in my country," answered Sancho, "neither ought your worship to require me to make new customs."

"Tell it as thou wilt, then, Sancho," returned Don Quixote ; "since it is the will of fate that I must hear thee, go on."

"And so," continued Sancho, "as I said before, this shepherd was in love with the shepherdess Torralva, who was a strapping girl, somewhat scornful

and masculine, for she had certain small whiskers,—methinks I see her now.”

“What! didst thou know her?” asked Don Quixote.

“I did not,” answered Sancho, “but he who told me this story, said it was so certain and true, that I might, when I told it to another, affirm that I had seen it all. So in process of time, the great love which the shepherd bore to the shepherdess, turned into mortal hatred, from a certain quantity of little jealousies she gave him, so as to exceed all bounds; and so much did he hate her, that he chose to absent himself from his country, that his eyes might never more behold her. Torralva no sooner found herself disdained by Lope, than she began to love him better than she had ever loved him before.”

“It is a disposition natural in women,” said Don Quixote, “to slight those who love them, and love those who hate them. Go on, Sancho.”

“It fell out,” proceeded Sancho, “that the shepherd put his design into execution; he collected his goats together, intending to pass over into Portugal. Upon which Torralva followed him at a distance, on foot and bare-legged, with a pilgrim’s staff, and a wallet about her neck; in which she carried, as was reported, a piece of looking-glass, a comb, and a small gallipot of paint for the face. But whatever she carried, as they say, the shepherd came with his flock to pass the river Guadiana, which was swollen and had overflowed its banks. There was neither boat nor ferry, which grieved him mightily, when he saw Torralva was at his heels, and would give him much disturbance by her tears.

“At length he espied a fisherman in a boat, so small that it could only hold one person and one goat; however, he agreed with him to carry over himself and his three hundred goats. The fisherman got into the boat and carried over a goat; he returned and carried another; he came back again and carried another. Pray sir, keep an account of the goats that the fisherman is carrying over; for if you lose count of a single goat, the story ends. I go on then to say the landing place on the opposite side was covered with mud, and slippery, and the fisherman was a great while in coming and going. However, he returned for another goat, and another, and another—”

“Suppose them all carried over,” said Don Quixote, “and do not be going and coming in this manner, or thou wilt not have finished carrying them over in a twelvemonth.”

“How many have passed already?” asked Sancho.

“How should I know,” answered Don Quixote.

“See, there now! did I not tell thee to keep an exact account? There then is an end of the story: I can go no farther.”

“How?” answered Don Quixote. “Is it so essential to know the exact number of goats that passed over, that, if one error be made, the story can proceed no farther?”

“No, sir, by no means,” said Sancho; “for when I desired your worship to tell me how many goats had passed, and your worship answered that you did not know, at that very instant all that I had to say fled out of my memory.”

“So then,” said the knight, “the story is at an end?”

“As sure as my mother is,” quoth Sancho.

“Verily!” cried Don Quixote, “thou hast told one of the rarest fables imaginable; and thy mode of relating and concluding it is such as never was, and never will be, equalled: however, I do not wonder at it, for this incessant din may have disturbed thy understanding.”

“All that may be,” answered Sancho; “but as to my story, there’s no more to be told; for it ends just where the error in the amount of carrying over the goats begins.”

Let it end where it will,” said Don Quixote, “and let us see whether Rosinante can stir himself now:” but as the poor animal could only jump at every application of the spur, Don Quixote was obliged to remain stock still until morning.

However, Sancho, as soon as he perceived the first streak of dawn, very cautiously unbound the hoofs of the horse; who no sooner found his legs at liberty than he began to paw the ground. The knight taking this for a good omen, began to take an affectionate leave of Sancho, whom he desired to await his return in the same place for three days: when, if he did not appear, Sancho might conclude he had perished in some perilous adventure; and as the day broke he rode forward to discover the cause of the din.

Sancho, however, still weeping, crept slowly after his master on foot, until they beheld some small huts, from which it now appeared that the horrible noise proceeded. Sancho kept behind, and stretching out his neck, and peering between Rosinante’s legs, about a hundred yards, when suddenly they doubled a point, and they beheld six pulling hammers, whose alternate strokes

had produced so frightful a noise as to paralyze Don Quixote and his servant all night, and which now struck the knight dumb with shame and confusion, and convulsed the timid Sancho with laughter and merriment.



CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

THE next adventure in which Don Quixote was engaged, was neither more nor less than the setting at liberty some prisoners who were being conveyed to the galleys, of course, very much against their will; they testified their gratitude to him who had redressed their grievances, by stoning him, stripping him, and robbing poor Sancho not only of his cloak, but of his ass also.



The incomparable Dulcinea del Toboso.

Sad indeed were the Squire's lamentations over his lost Dapple, while Don Quixote, for his comfort, gave him the promise of three ass colts, and despatched him, upon the back of Rosinante, with letters to his niece, and also an epistle to the Donna Dulcinea del Toboso.

On his road, who should Sancho Panza meet but the very priest and barber of the village, who had passed sentence on Don Quixote's books.

All were surprised at this meeting, and Sancho, without informing them of his master's retreat, informed them of the letters he was carrying; and which the priest offered to copy out for him.

When, however, he would have taken the pocket-book out of his bosom, and found it not, (for Don Quixote had forgotten to give it), he blamed himself for the loss; and not only tore out half his beard, but he gave himself such bangs on the nose as to cause it to bleed: on being questioned by the priest as to why he treated himself so roughly, he replied that he had let three ass colts slip through his fingers, by losing the pocket book. However, they contrived to comfort him by promising to see that Dapple was replaced, and by writing down the lost letter, which Sancho fancied he could repeat by heart.

So he commenced by scratching his head, and standing first upon one foot and then upon the other, now he looked up to the sky, then upon the ground, and after biting off half his nails, he began with "High and subterrence Lady,—"

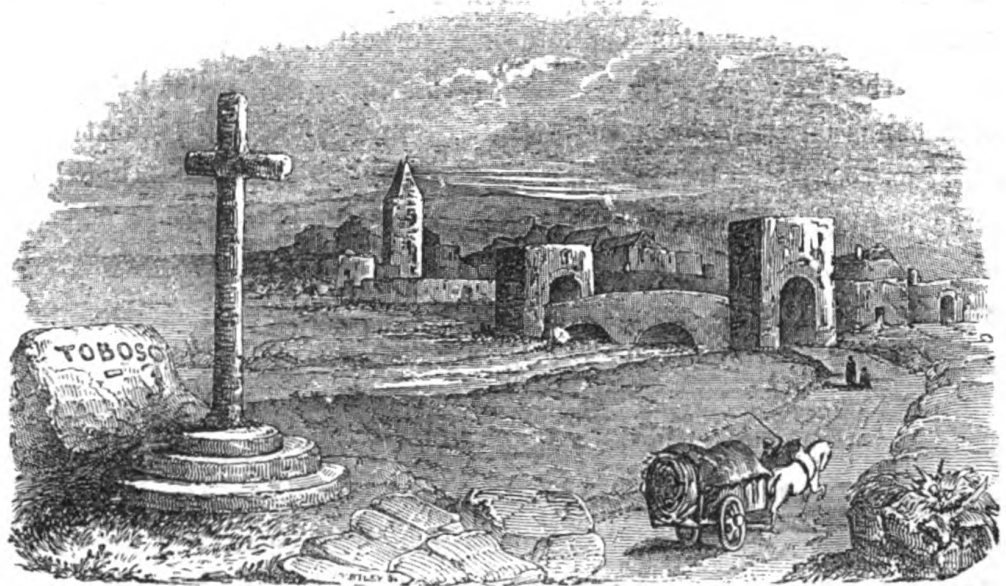
"No," said the barber, "not subterrence, but superhuman, or sovereign lady."

"Aye! so it was; and then, if I do not mistake, it went on—'the stabbed, the waking, and the period, kisses your honor's hands, ungrateful and regardless fair,' and then it said I know not what of 'health and sickness that he sent;'" and so he went on until at last he ended with "the knight of the sorrowful figure."

This not a little diverted the priest and the barber: and, at length, they having first provided Sancho with food, agreed to disguise themselves, the one as a damsel errant, and the other as her squire, and go to Don Quixote; and that the distressed lady should beg a boon of him, and get him to promise to accompany her wherever she went: and by these means they were to lure him back to his home.

On their way, however, they met with a young lady, disguised as a peasant, with whom, after hearing her sad history, they pursued their journey, until they were rejoined by Sancho, who had found his master feeble, wan, half naked, and half dead, sighing for his lady Dulcinea; and although he had informed him that it was her express desire that he should repair to Toboso, yet he positively refused to appear before her peerless beauty until he had performed some wonderful exploit.

Dorothea, and the friends who accompanied her, immediately planned that she should at once present herself before the knight, magnificently attired, as Queen of Micomicon, who had travelled a long distance to seek the aid of



TOBOSO.

the famous knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha; and after the wonderful presentation had taken place, Don Quixote consented to accompany the whole party to the inn, which was about two leagues distant: and on the way thither, they met a gipsy-looking man riding upon an ass, on which Sancho no sooner cast his eyes than he discovered that it was indeed his own, dear, lost, never-to-be-replaced and faithful Dapple.

The rider no sooner heard the sound of Sancho's voice than he dismounted, and fled for his life; while Sancho ran to his Dapple, and kissed and embraced, as though it had been a Christian; while he called it his darling, the delight of his eyes, his dearest companion, to all of which compliments the ass never answered a word.

As they rode along after this, Don Quixote questioned his Squire very closely as to the manner in which Dulcinea had received his letter. Sancho never having seen her in his life, was obliged to invent very strange answers to conceal the truth; and when Don Quixote inquired whether she had presented him with any jewel in return for the good tidings he had brought her, Sancho replied "Now-a-days it is only the custom to give bread and cheese, for that was what my lady Dulcinea gave me over the pales of the yard; and, by the way, the cheese was made of sheeps' milk."

Arrived at the inn which had formerly occasioned so much trouble and pain to Sancho, they were well received, and promised a better bed than they

had had before, to which Don Quixote, being sadly shattered both in body and brains, immediately retired, and before the rest of the company had arrived, he was already asleep. So Dorothea and her party having supped without him, were all intent on listening to a story that the priest was so obliging as to read to them out of the inn-keeper's book; when Sancho, full of dismay, came rushing out of Don Quixote's chamber, crying out "Run gentlemen, quickly, and succour my master, who is over head and ears in battle with the biggest giant, and has cut off the head of the enemy of the Princess Micomicon, as clean off his shoulders as if it had been a turnip." At the same time they heard a great noise in the room, of strokes and slashes against the wall, and Don Quixote calling aloud, "Stay, cowardly thief, robber! here I have you, and your scimitar shall avail you nothing."

"Go!" cried Sancho, "and end the fray: but perhaps the giant is dead, for I saw the blood run about the floor, and the head cut off and lying on one side.

"I'll be hanged," exclaimed the innkeeper, "if Don Quixote has not gashed some of the wine skins that stand at his bed's head; and the wine that he has spilt, this fellow mistakes for blood."

He rushed off, followed by the whole company, and they found Don Quixote in the strangest situation imaginable, clothed in his shirt only, and on his head a little greasy red night-cap; while about his left arm he had twisted the bed blanket, (to which Sancho owed a grudge, he well knew why,) and in his right hand was a drawn sword, which he was laying about him on all sides. His eyes were shut, for he was asleep, and dreaming that he had reached the kingdom of Micomicon, and was cleaving down his enemy the giant, with a stroke that had already proved fatal to the wine-skins, and had set the whole room afloat with wine.

The inn-keeper, enraged, began to beat Don Quixote with his clenched fists, while Sancho searched about the floor for the head of the giant; and declaring there was some enchantment in the room; for he was persuaded that he had seen the giant's head cut off with his own eyes; nor could he be persuaded to the contrary; more particularly, when his master conceiving that the adventure was finished, knelt down before the priest, and exclaimed, "Highborn and renowned Princess Micomicon, your highness may henceforth live in peace, secure of harm, now that I have happily accomplished the enterprise."

“Did I not tell you so?” cried Sancho, “look if my master has not put the giant in pickle.” None of the company, the innkeeper excepted, could refrain from laughing heartily at the folly of both Sancho and his master, whom they with some difficulty restored to his bed, where, exhausted with fatigue, he continued to sleep soundly till the morning.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

BEING over persuaded by his Squire, the worthy knight, Don Quixote, set out to visit his Dulcinea, and after having mistaken the church for the palace of his fair lady, he retired into a grove, whence he despatched Sancho with a message to Dulcinea, giving him strict orders to repeat every act, word, and deed, of the lady: whether she changed colour at the mention of his name, whether she changed her posture from one foot to another, and whether she repeated her answers three or four times, and so on, in order that he might know how her knowledge of his love might affect the lady.

Sancho pretended to go, but after holding council with himself, he resolved to present to his master the first uncomely wench he might meet, and to let Don Quixote persuade himself that some wicked enchanter had changed the form of his lady-love, out of pure spite.

Towards evening he espied three country wenches coming from Toboso, each mounted on a young ass. Sancho hastened to present himself before his master, who inquired if he were to mark that day with a white stone or a black one. “Your worship” answered Sancho, “had better mark it with red ochre, as they do the inscriptions upon professors’ chairs, to be the more easily read by the lookers on; your worship, however, has only to clap spurs to Rosinante, and get out upon the plain to see the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who, with a couple of her damsels, comes to pay your worship a visit.”

“Gracious heaven! what dost thou say?” exclaimed the knight.

“Come sir, get on, and you will see our princess all arrayed and adorned, she and her damsels are one blaze of gold and pearls, all diamonds, and rubies, and cloth of tissue, with their hair flowing about their shoulders like sunbeams in the wind, and all three mounted on three of the finest pied belfreys you ever set eyes upon.”

“*Palfreys*, thou would'st say, Sancho,” quoth Don Quixote.

“Well belfreys or palfreys are much the same thing, but let them be mounted how they will, their beauty is enough to dazzle one's senses,” answered Sancho.

Don Quixote looked eagerly along the road, and inquired whether they were out of the city, for he could see only the three country wenches mounted on three asses.

“Are your worship's eyes in the nape of your neck, that those three palfreys, white as the driven snow, should look like asses?” cried Sancho.

“I am as certain that they are asses,” quoth the knight, “as that I am Don Quixote and you are Sancho Panza,”

“Say not such a thing,” replied Sancho, “but snuff those eyes of yours, and come and pay reverence to the mistress of your soul.”

So saying, he alighted from Dapple before the peasant girls, laid hold of one of their asses by the halter, and bending both knees to the ground, said to the wench, “Queen, princess, and duchess of beauty, let your haughtiness and greatness be pleased to receive unto your grace and good-liking your captive knight, who stands there turned to stone by your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Panza, Squire to this way-worn knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, the knight of the sorrowful figure.”

Don Quixote was indeed so confounded at the sight of this homely peasant girl, with a broad face and flat nose, whom Sancho called his queen, that although he had placed himself on his knees beside Sancho, he could not open his lips; while the wench, equally surprised to find herself stopped by two men, so different in aspect, exclaimed, “Get out of the road, and let us pass, for we are in haste.”

But Sancho, still kneeling, exclaimed “Oh princess, and universal lady of Toboso, is not your magnificent heart melting to see on his knees before your sublimed presence, the prop and pillar of knight errantry?”

“Hey-day,” cried another girl, “what's here to do? look how your small gentry comes to jeer us poor country girls: get off about your business, and let us mind ours.”

“Rise Sancho, rise,” said Don Quixote, “I perceive that Fortune is not yet satisfied with persecuting me; but oh lady, summit of human perfection, sole balm to this disconsolate heart that adores thee, though some wicked enchanter spreads clouds and cataracts over my eyes, changing thy peerless

beauty into that of a poor rustic, bestow on me one kind amorous look ; and let this submissive posture, these bended knees, before thy disguised beauty, declare the humility with which my soul adores thee."

"Marry, come up," quoth the wench, "with your idle gibberish ; get on with you, and let us go, and we shall take it kindly."

Sancho now let go the halter, delighted that his contrivance had answered so well, but no sooner was the imaginary Dulcinea set free, than she gave her ass a smart poke with a stick, that he began to kick and plunge in such a manner that he soon laid the young lady upon the ground. Don Quixote and Sancho both ran to her assistance, but before Don Quixote could stoop to raise his enchanted mistress, the lady saved him the trouble, for springing off the ground, she retired three or four steps back, took a little run, then clapping both hands upon the ass's crapper, jumped into the saddle lighter than a falcon, and seated herself astride, like a man.

"By Saint Roque, our lady mistress is lighter than a bird," cried Sancho, "she springs into the saddle at a jump, and without the help of spurs makes her palfrey run like a wild ass ; and her damsels are not a whit short of her, for they all fly like the wind."

This was true, for as soon as Dulcinea had remounted, the others made after her at full speed. Don Quixote followed them with his eyes till they were out of sight, and then said "See, Sancho, how I am persecuted by enchanters. The traitors were not content with changing the countenance of Dulcinea, and giving her the uncouth figure of a country wench, but their malice must even rob her of that fragrant scent which is peculiar to ladies of rank. For if thou wilt believe me, Sancho, when I approached to assist Dulcinea to re-mount her palfrey (as thou said, though to me it appeared but an ass) she gave me such a whiff of undigested garlic, as almost poisoned my very soul."

Sancho then commenced railing at the evil-minded enchanters, wishing that he might see them all strung and hung up by the gills, like red herrings, and then descanted on the ugliness of Dulcinea, and describing a large mole on her right lip. This, however, Don Quixote considered as perfect, saying that moles, in Dulcinea, would not be moles, but resplendent moons and stars. "But tell me, Sancho, was it a side-saddle or a pillion !" he inquired.

"It was a side-saddle," answered Sancho "worth half a kingdom for the richness of it."

“And that I should not perceive this,” exclaimed Don Quixote, “again and again I say it, I am the most unfortunate of men.”

The sly rogue, Sancho, then rode beside his master, pretending to sympathise with his misfortunes, while he could hardly forbear laughing aloud, to think how exquisitely the poor knight had been gulled.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

It happened one day, as Sancho and his master were travelling together, they saw the barber of the village near which they were passing, riding on an ass, and carrying on his head a brass bason which had been lately scoured, and therefore glistened very brightly in the sunshine. Don Quixote immediately took the barber for a noble knight, his ass for a dapple-grey steed, and his bason for a golden helmet; and he had no doubt, in his own mind, that this was the helmet of Mambrino, which he considered himself pledged to obtain; accordingly he attacked the barber, who, instead of defending himself like a gallant knight, jumped off his ass, threw down his brass bason, and run away, leaving Don Quixote over joyed with having, at so easy a price, obtained the enchanted helmet.

Soon afterwards they were joined by a gentleman on a very flea-bitten mare, dressed in a green cloth riding-coat, faced with murry-coloured velvet, and a hunter's cap of the same. Don Quixote entered into conversation with him. Sancho listened for some time to the learned discussion of the two gentlemen, but fortunately he espied some shepherds near the road side, milking their ewes, and he thought the taste of the milk would be more palatable than the learned discourse upon education, in which his master was then engaged: just, however, as he had struck a bargain with the shepherds for some curds, he heard Don Quixote calling him aloud; being too much hurried to eat the curds, and not being provided with a proper vessel wherein to carry them, Sancho, to prevent them being wasted, poured them hastily into his master's helmet, and ran with it in his hands to receive his lord's command. “Sancho,” said the knight, “give me my helmet, for I believe I see something yonder which will oblige me to have recourse to arms.”

Both Sancho and the gentleman looked round, and could discover nothing

but a cart with two or three small banners, which they supposed was conveying some of the king's money; but Don Quixote's reply to this remark was "Forewarned, forearmed; I have so many enemies, both visible and invisible, that I never know when, nor from what quarter, nor at what time, nor in what shape they may attack me." So saying he hastily snatched his helmet from Sancho, and popped it quickly on his head, curds and all.

These curds were no sooner pressed up into the helmet by the knight's head, than the whey began to stream down the face and beard of the worthy, to his great consternation; "Give me a cloth to wipe myself, Sancho," he exclaimed; "either my brains must be softening, or this copious sweat is blinding me." Sancho, glad enough that his master had not discovered the truth, gave him a cloth, but held his peace, while Don Quixote wiped his face, and then took off his helmet to see what was so cool to his head; to his surprise it was half filled with white lumps; he not only examined them, but put his nose to them; "By the lady of my soul, these are curds, which thou hast put in here, thou base unmannerly Squire," cried the knight.

"Curds!" replied the cunning Sancho, "give them to me that I may eat them. No, now I think of it, let the enemy eat them who put them there; what! I offer to foul your worship's helmet; egad! it seems as though the enchanters would persecute me because I am a creature and member of your worship, and have put that filthiness in there to provoke your wrath against me; however, I trust to my master's clear sight and good judgment, who knows that I have neither curds nor creams, and that if I had, I should much sooner have put them into my stomach, than into your worship's helmet."

The gentleman was quite astonished to hear Don Quixote say "Well, there might be something in that," and then after wiping his head, his beard, and his helmet, he placed it on his head, fixed himself in his stirrups, adjusting his sword, and grasping his lance, he immediately prepared to attack the approaching cart, crying aloud, "Whither go ye? what carriage is this? what does it contain? and what are those banners?"

Being informed that the cart contained two fierce lions, which had been sent by the general of Oran, as a present to the king, to whom also the banners belonged, Don Quixote immediately ordered the keeper to alight, and turn the lions out, while Sancho implored the gentleman to prevent his master from meddling with the lions; and although the gentleman could not believe Don Quixote would be so mad as to attack such fierce animals, yet he

added his persuasions to Sancho's, while the keeper, in great haste and fear, unyoked his mules, and advised the other gentlemen to take care of themselves; for himself, he knew the lions would do him no harm. The knight still persisted in having the lions let loose, although Sancho, (who considered all his former exploits mere tarts and cheesecakes compared with this) said "Consider, Sir, this is no enchantment, for I saw through the clinks of the cage the paw of a true lion, and I guess, by the size of its claw, that it is bigger than a mountain."

"Retire, Sancho, and leave me," cried the knight, "and you sir, spur your flea-bitten steed and save yourself, if you will not be a spectator of what you think will prove a tragedy." He then leaped from his horse, braced on his shield, drew his sword, and with marvellous intrepidity he planted himself before the lions' cage; devoutly commending himself to God first, and then to his mistress Dulcinea.

The keeper finding that he could not avoid letting loose the lions, set wide open the door of the first cage, which, in truth contained a lion of extraordinary size and very fierce aspect; the creature, however, merely turned himself round, stretched out a paw, and then opening his wide mouth, he yawned very leisurely, threw out some half yard of tongue, and licked his face. This done he thrust his head out of the cage, and glared round with eyes like red-hot coals. This sight would have struck temerity itself with terror; but Don Quixote stood calmly waiting for him to leap down, that he might grapple with him and tear him in pieces; but oh! unheard of event, the generous lion, taking no notice of the knight's bravadoes, merely stared about him, turned his tail on Don Quixote, and quietly laid himself down again in his cage.

Don Quixote would fain have induced the keeper to give the lion some blows to provoke him to come forth; the keeper, however, persuaded Don Quixote, that he had already performed a most prodigious feat of courage, and urged him not to tempt Fortune a second time; so he was at length satisfied with dismissing the lion and its keeper, with the magnificent gift of two gold crowns, and with changing his own title to that of "The knight of the Lions."

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

ALL adventurers must expect to meet with ups and downs in their journey through life, as Sancho did in his blanket ; and among the ups, Sancho thought one of the pleasantest, was to get invited with his master to a wedding.

Camacho was a rich man, who had fallen in love with the fair Quiteria, although her affections were bestowed upon the poor Basilius, a neighbour, and the companion of her childhood, who was, it was said, pining in despair for the loss of his beloved Quiteria. Sancho no sooner heard the story than he commenced one of his proverbial orations, saying, "Nobody knows what is to come ; a great many hours come between this and to-morrow, and in one hour, yea, in one moment, down falls the house ; I have seen rain and sunshine at the same moment ; a man may go to bed well at night, and not be able to stir next morning ; and tell me who can boast of having driven a nail in Fortune's wheel ? between the yes and the no of a woman I would not undertake to thrust the point of a pin. Grant me only that Quiteria loves Basilius with all her heart, I will promise him a bag full of good fortune ; for love, as I have heard say, wears spectacles, through which copper looks like gold, rags like rich apparel, and specks in the eye like pearls."

"What wouldst thou be at ?" cried Don Quixote, "when once thy stringing of proverbs begins, Judas alone can have patience to the end. What knowest thou, animal, of nails and wheels, or any thing else ?"

"I understand myself," answered Sancho, "neither have I said many foolish things, only your worship is such a cricket,—critic, not cricket."

"Thou corrupter of good language," cried his master, and doubtlessly he would have read his humble follower a long lecture had he not been diverted by a challenge to single combat, in which, with more than his usual luck, he came off successful. After which they turned a little out of the road to sleep in the open air, much against Sancho's will ; but this did not prevent his sleeping so soundly as to require, besides several vain calls on the part of his master, a not very gentle jogging with the but-end of Don Quixote's lance, after which he awoke very yawning and drowsy, and exclaimed "From yonder bower come a steam and smell that savour more of broiled rashers, than

of herbs and rushes. By my faith, a wedding that smells so well in the beginning must needs prove a dainty one."

"Peace, glutton," quoth Don Quixote, "let us go and see this marriage, and what becomes of the disdained Basilius; for already the musical instruments which we heard last night, begin to cheer the valleys, and the espousals will doubtless take place in the cool of the morning."

Sancho hastened to saddle and pannel their steeds, and having mounted Don Quixote, he followed his master, until his eyes were greeted with the sight of a whole bullock spitted upon a large elm, roasting before a fire composed of a mountain of wood, round it were six huge pots, large enough to contain whole sheep, which floated about in them like so many pigeons; hares ready skinned, fowls ready plucked, and venison were hanging on the branches, where innumerable wild fowl was also suspended to receive the cool air; Sancho also counted above three score wine skins, containing about twenty-four quarts of the generous liquor; hillocks of white bread lay ranged like heaps of wheat on the threshing floor, and cheeses piled up like bricks, formed a kind of wall, with caldrons of oil, and kettles of prepared honey; while above fifty men and women cooks, presided over the cooking, all clean, all active, and all in good humour.

Sancho's delight exceeded his wonder: his inclinations were first subdued by the fleshpots, out of which he would gladly have filled a moderate pipkin for himself; next the wine skins drew his affections, and lastly the products of the frying pans; and unable any longer to abstain, he approached one of the busy cooks, and in persuasive and hungry terms, begged leave to sop a luncheon of bread in one of the pots. "This is not a day for Hunger to be abroad, friend," answered the cook, "thanks to rich Camacho: alight and look about you for a ladle to skim out a fowl or two, and much good may they do you."

"I see no ladle," answered Sancho.

"What a helpless varlet," cried the cook, and so saying he laid hold of a kettle, and soused it into one of the jars, fished out three pullets and a couple of geese, and gave them to Sancho, saying "Eat, friend, and make a breakfast of this scum, just to stay your stomach till dinner."

"I have nothing to put it in," cried Sancho, sadly.

"Then take ladle and all," quoth the cook "for Camacho's riches and joy supply everything."

While Sancho was thus employed in refreshing the inner man, Don Quixote was engaged in watching the peasants, the horsemen, the pantomimic dancers, and listening to the poetic addresses that were being recited by various parties and performers, and at length he entered into conversation with one of the nymphs; when Sancho, who had just come up, overheard a few words, and said to his master "I know I shall never get such elegant scum from the pots of Basilius, as I have done from Camacho's." And showing his kettle full of geese and hens, he laid hold of one and began to eat with notable good will and appetite, merely pausing to observe "A fig for the talents of Basilius, for so much as thou art worth, thou hast, and so much as thou hast, thou art worth. There are but two lineages in the world, as my grandmother used to say: the 'haves' and the 'have not's' and she stuck to the haves. Now-a-days, master Don Quixote, people are more inclined to feel the pulse of Have, than of Know. An ass with golden furniture makes a better figure than a horse with a pack-saddle; so, I hold with Camacho, for the plentiful scum of his kettles are geese, and hens, hares, and coney; whilst that of Basilius's, if he has any, must be mere dishwater."



Sancho watching the pot at Camacho's wedding,

"Is thy speech finished?" quoth Don Quixote; "I would thou wert dumb, Sancho; but as in the course of nature I must die before thee, it will never be my fate to see thy tongue at rest, not even when drinking or sleeping."

"Faith, sir," replied Sancho, "there is no trusting to good-man Death, who devours lambs as well as sheep; and I have heard our vicar say, he tramples just the same upon the high towers of kings and the low cottages of the poor; that same ghostly gentlemen is more powerful than dainty; far from being squeamish, he eats everything, and snatches at all, stuffing his wallets with people of all ages and degrees. He is not a reaper that sleeps away the mid-day heat, for he cuts down and mows at all hours, the dry grass as well as the green; nor does he stand to chew, but devours and swallows down all that comes in his way; having a wolfish appetite that is never

satisfied ; and though he has no belly, he seems to have a perpetual dropsy, and a raging thirst for the lives of all that live, whom he gulps down just as one would drink cold water."

"Hold, Sancho !" cried his master. "What thou hast said of Death in thy rustic phrase, might become the mouth of a good preacher ; if thou hadst but discretion equal to thy natural abilities, thou mightest take to the pulpit and go preaching about the world."

"A good liver is the best preacher," replied Sancho, "so pray let me whip off this scum, for all besides is idle talk," whereupon he began a fresh assault upon his kettle, with such an appetite that Don Quixote would, doubtless, have assisted him, had he not been prevented by a great outcry, and the noise of a thousand musical instruments, announcing the arrival of the bride and bridegroom, attended by the priest and a large concourse of people. The bride was magnificently attired, and completely hung with jewels and trinkets : but just as they reached the arbour where the ceremony was to be performed, a voice was heard crying aloud "Hold a little, rash and thoughtless people !" and soon the gallant Basilius came forward clad in a black doublet, welted with crimson, and with a garland of cyprus on his head, Tired and out of breath, he placed himself before the fair Quiteria, and after reproaching her for her faithlessness to him, he threw himself upon his sword, the point of which protruded at his back, as he lay upon the ground, apparently weltering in his blood. All his friends, and among others Don Quixote, rushed forward to support and assist the unhappy man, while the priest hastened to receive his confession, but all that he could utter was a prayer "that the fair and cruel Quiteria would bestow her hand upon her expiring lover ;" and Don Quixote hearing the wounded man's request, said there was nothing unjust or unreasonable in his requirements, and that it would be equally honourable for signor Camacho to take Quiteria a widow of the brave Basilius, since in these espousals the nuptial bed must be the grave.

Moved by these intreaties Camacho gave his consent for the priest to join the hands of Quiteria and Basilius ; and at length, Quiteria, having made a solemn promise to be the wife of Basilius, the tender-hearted priest, with tears in his eyes, pronounced on them the benediction, and prayed to God for the repose of the bridegroom's soul ; who no sooner received the blessing of the priest, than he suddenly started up, and drew out a false tuck or sheath, which had been cunningly fitted on to him and filled with

blood: through this—not through the body of Basilius—the sword had passed. In short, the priest, Camacho, and all the rest of the spectators, found that they had been completely duped; and as Quiteria insisted that she was legally the wife of Basilius, it was supposed she had been all along in the secret. Camacho and his friends unsheathed their swords for vengeance, and would have fallen on Basilius, had not Don Quixote led on the other party, on horseback, with his lance couched, and made them all give way.

Sancho, who took less pleasure in frays than in eating, retired to the jars, out of which he had gotten his charming skimmings. The anger of Camacho was soon appeased, and he retired with his friends, allowing, however, the entertainments to go on as if he were really married. Don Quixote, however, having joined the party of Basilius, Sancho was not permitted to remain and share the delights of the feast; and with a heavy heart, and a lingering look at the flesh pots of Egypt, he, pensive and sorrowful, though not hungry, followed the track of Rosinante.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

AFTER passing through many most extraordinary, unheard-of, and never-to-be-dreamed-about adventures, Sancho and his master were issuing from a forest, one evening, about sunset, when Don Quixote espied sundry persons who were taking the diversion of hawking; and among them was a gay lady, mounted on a palfrey, or milk-white pad, with green furniture, and a side-saddle of the cloth of silver.

Don Quixote considered this lady, who was beauty and elegance itself, must be some duchess, (as in truth she was), so he sent Sancho to offer his gentle services, as the Knight of the Lions; but desiring Sancho not to interlard his embassy with any of his own proverbs, (for be it known our friend Sancho seldom opened his mouth without a proverb,) and reminding him that he had never before carried messages to so high and mighty a lady, the Donna Dulcinea only excepted."

"That is true," answered Sancho, "but a good paymaster needs no

surety; and where there is plenty, dinner is soon dressed: I mean that I am prepared for all, and I know something of everything."

"I believe it, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote: "go then, and Heaven direct thee."

So Sancho rode up to the fair huntress, and having alighted, he knelt before her; and tendered his master's services in so frank and humble a manner, that the duchess expressed her great satisfaction at becoming acquainted with both his master and himself, and she dismissed him, saying, "Go to your master, and give him my invitation and hearty welcome to my house."

Be it known that the earlier adventures of Don Quixote had been already printed in a book, which the duchess had met with; and therefore she was delighted to meet with this never-before-heard-of and much-to-be-wondered-at knight. While he no sooner received her polite message, than he adjusted his vizor, and assuming a stately deportment, advanced to kiss the hand of the duchess. Just, however, as he had raised his beaver, and signified his intention to alight, Sancho was hastening to hold his stirrup; but, unfortunately, in dismounting from Dapple, his foot caught in one of the rope stirrups in such a manner, that it was impossible for him to disentangle himself, and he hung by it, with his face and breast on the ground.

Don Quixote, who was not accustomed to alight without having his stirrup held, thinking that Sancho was already there to do his office, threw his body off with a swing of his right leg, that brought down Rosinante's saddle, and, the girth giving way, both he and the saddle came to the ground, where he lay, overwhelmed with mortification and shame, uttering heavy execrations against the unfortunate Sancho, who was still dangling by the leg.

Some of the duke's attendants having raised the discomposed knight from the earth, he limped forward, and would have knelt before their Highnesses. The duke would not suffer this, but alighting from his own horse, he went up and embraced Don Quixote, regretting that such a mischance had befallen him on his arrival in the duke's domains.

Don Quixote hastened to reply, "The moment cannot be unfortunate that introduces me to your Highness; but my Squire, whom God confound, is better at letting loose his tongue to utter impertinence than at securing a saddle: however, whether I be up or down, on horseback or a-foot, I shall always be at the service of your Highness."

The whole party then repaired to the castle of the duke; at the entrance

of which they were received by lacqueys and attendants; and two beautiful damsels threw over the shoulders of Don Quixote a mantle of the finest scarlet, while every one present cried aloud, "Welcome the flower and cream of knights-errant."

But Sancho had no sooner entered the castle with the duchess, than his conscience pricked him for having neglected his dear Dapple; he, therefore, approached a reverend duenna, who came out among others to receive the duchess, and in a low voice said, "Mistress Gonzaley, or pray, Madam, what may your name be?" "Donna Rodriguez de Grijalva," answered the duenna; "what would you have with me?"

"I wish, madam," replied Sancho, "you would be so good as to step to the castle gate, and you will find a dapple ass of mine, and be so kind as to order him to be put into the stable, or put him in there yourself; for the poor thing is a little timorous, and cannot abide to be alone."

The duenna answered him angrily, that "the duennas of that house were not accustomed to do such offices."

"How now!" cried Sancho, "I have heard my master say, 'When Lancelot came from Britain, ladies took care of his person, and duennas of his horse;' and as for my ass, I would not swap him, faith, for Signor Lancelot's steed."

This, however, and a few other words uttered by Sancho, so enraged the duenna, that her agitation attracted the notice of the duchess, and raised the choler of Don Quixote, who sharply reprov'd Sancho for mentioning his ass in such a place."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "every one must speak of his wants, let him be where he will. Here I bethought me of Dapple, and here I spoke of him; and if I had thought of him in the stable, I should have spoken of him there."

The duke, however, defended Sancho, and promised him that Dapple should have provender to his heart's content, and that he should be as well cared-for as Sancho himself.

Having ascended the great stairs, the whole party conducted the knight into a spacious hall, where six damsels attended to take off his armour, leaving him in his straight breeches and chamois doublet, lean, tall, and stiff, with his cheeks shrunk into his head, and making such a figure that the damsels had much difficulty to restrain their mirth, until Don Quixote had

retired with Sancho to a sleeping apartment. After which, the knight was conducted by the major-domo, attended by twelve pages, with great pomp and majesty, to a splendid hall, where a rich table was spread, with four covers only.

The duke and duchess stood at the door to receive him, accompanied by a certain grave ecclesiastic, one of those who govern great men's houses; who, not being nobly born themselves, are unable to direct the conduct of those who are, who would have the liberality of the great measured by the narrowness of their own souls. One of these species, with a sour ill-favored countenance, came out with the duke to receive his guest.



When Sancho beheld the thousand courtly compliments they exchanged before Don Quixote could be induced to sit down at the head of the table, he said, "With your honor's leave, I will tell you a story of what happened in our town about seats." Don Quixote began to tremble, and would fain have had his servant keep quiet; but the duchess insisted on his being heard. So Sancho went on to say, "A certain gentleman of our town, very rich, and of a good family,—for he was descended from the Alamos of Medino del Campo, and married Donna Menna de Qunmonies, daughter of Don Alonzo de Maranon, knight of the order of St. James,—the same that was drowned in the Herradura;—about whom that quarrel happened in our town, in which it was said my master, Don Quixote, had a hand;—and Tommy the Madcap, of Balvastro the Blacksmith, was hurt."

"For Heaven's sake!" cried Don Quixote, "shorten thy story, or it will last these two days."

“Well, this same gentleman,” proceeded Sancho, “whom I know, as well as I do my right hand from my left,—for it is not a bow-shot from my house to his,—invited a husbandman to dine with him, a poor man, but mainly honest—”

“On, friend!” cried the ecclesiastic, “or your tale will not reach its end till you reach the other world.”

“I shall stop,” replied Sancho, “before I get half-way thither, if it please God. Well, this same farmer coming to the house of the gentleman, his inviter,—God rest his soul, for he is dead and gone; and moreover, died like an angel, as it is said,—for I was not by myself, being gone a-reaping to Timbleque.”

“Pr’ythee, son, come back quickly from Tembleque,” said the ecclesiastic; “and stay not to bury the gentleman, but make an end of your tale.”

“The business then was this,” quoth Sancho, “that they being ready to sit down to table,—methinks I see them now plainer than ever,—just as they were both standing at the dinner table, ready to sit down; the farmer insisted that the gentleman should take the upper end of the table, and the gentleman as positively pressed on the farmer to do so, saying, he ought to be master in his own house. But the countryman, piquing himself on his good breeding, still refused, till the gentleman losing all patience, laid his hands on the farmer’s shoulders, and made him sit down by main force, saying, ‘Sit thee down, clodpole; for in whatever place I am seated, that is the upper end of the table to thee.’ And truly I think my tale comes in here much to the purpose.”

The duke and duchess were extremely diverted with Sancho’s quaintness; but seeing Don Quixote quite flushed with shame and anger at Sancho’s insinuations, they began to question the knight concerning his conquests, and his lady Dulcinea. Upon hearing this, the ecclesiastic said to the duke with much indignation, “Your excellency will be accountable to God for the actions of this poor man, Don Quixote, who cannot be so mad as your excellency would make him, by encouraging his extravagant fancies. And you, Signor Addle-pate,” he added, turning to the knight; “go, get you home, in a good hour, and mind your business, and cease to be a vagabond about the world, sucking in wind, and drawing on you the derision of all who know you.”

Don Quixote rose up quickly, and entered into so long and clear a defence

of his own conduct, that Sancho cried out at the end of it, "Well said; I'faith, my good lord and master, there is nothing more in the world to be said, thought, or done."

"So then, I suppose," said the ecclesiastic, "you are the Sancho Panza they talk of, to whom it is said that your master has promised the government of an island?"

"I am that Sancho," replied the Squire, "and deserve it too, as well as any other he. Of such as me it is said—keep company with the good, and thou wilt be one of them: and, not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou hast fed:—and, he that leaneth against a good tree, a good shelter findeth he. I have leaned and stuck close to a good master, these many months; and shall be such another as he, if it be God's good pleasure; and if he lives, and I live, neither shall he want kingdoms to rule over, nor I islands to govern."

"That you shall not, friend," said the duke, resting the little finger of one hand, upon which glittered a magnificent ring, upon the forefinger of the other hand. "For in the name of Signor Don Quixote, I promise you the government of one of mine, now vacant, and of no inconsiderable value."

Sancho at the desire of his master, knelt down to kiss the duke's feet, which so moved the wrath of the ecclesiastic, that he rose from table, saying, "By the habit I wear, your excellency is as simple as these sinners; stay with them, if you please; but while they are in this house, I will remain in my own, and save myself the trouble of reprovng, where I cannot amend." So leaving his meal unfinished, the exasperated ecclesiastic walked off in high dudgeon.



CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

THE duke and duchess were quite serious in their promises of bestowing upon Sancho Panza, the government of an island; wherefore after a short time, he was despatched to take possession of the island of Baratania, (signifying cheap), being first completely overwhelmed and inundated with advice and instructions from his good master; but finding that his councils far exceeded the limits of Sancho's recollection, Don Quixote was fain to write down his list of directions, to all of which, Sancho promised to give his serious attention. He set out on a mule, attended by a numerous train, having kissed the hands of the duke and duchess, and received his master's blessing; and on his arrival the magistrates came out of the town to meet him, the bells rang, and the people, with much pomp and shouts of joy, conducted him to the great church, to give thanks to God. They then delivered the keys to the new governor, informing him that he must, on taking possession, answer some intricate questions in order to determine the capacity of their new ruler.

After he was seated in his chair, the first persons who appeared in court were a tailor, and a countryman, who, as it appeared, had carried some cloth to the tailor, and desired him to make a cap; but fearing that the tailor might appropriate some of the cloth to his own use, he enquired if there would not be stuff enough to make two caps; the tailor had answered "yes;" whereupon he asked if there would not be sufficient for three, then four, then five caps.

"I made the caps according to his bidding," continued the tailor "and when he came for them, he not only refused to pay me for my work, but wishes me to return him his cloth, or pay for it." Sancho inquired of the countryman if this were true; and being told that it was, he desired the tailor to produce the caps, which he did willingly, for on taking his hand from under his cloak, he showed the five caps upon the ends of his fingers and his thumb, and called upon the audience to examine the workmanship, at which nobody present could refrain from laughing.

Sancho, after musing a short time upon the case, decreed that the tailor should lose his labour, and countryman his cloth, and that the caps should be given to the poor prisoners; and the orders of the governor were executed amid shouts of laughter.

Two old men next presented themselves before Sancho. One of them said "My lord, I some time ago lent this man, who holds a staff, ten crowns of gold, upon condition that he should return them on demand; but when I asked him for the money, he not only refused payment, but declared that I never lent him any such sum. I have no witnesses of the loan, yet if he will swear before your worship that he has returned the money, I from this moment acquit him before God and the world."

The other man confessed that he had borrowed the money, but offered to swear upon the wand of the governor, that he had really and truly returned it. The governor accordingly held down his wand, upon which the old man, instead of laying aside his staff, must needs give it to the creditor to hold for him; while he, taking hold of the wand, took an oath that the other had lent him ten crowns, but that he had restored them again into his creditor's own hands. Upon hearing this, the creditor promised never again to ask him for the money; for as he believed the debtor to be an honest man, who was above false swearing, and therefore he must believe that his own memory had played him false, and not his friend; upon which the debtor resuming his staff, bowed to the governor, and went off.

Sancho, after a few minutes consideration, ordered him to be recalled: when he returned, Sancho said to him "Give me that staff, honest friend, for I have occasion for it." No sooner had the man delivered it up to him, than Sancho handed it over to the other old man, "Take that, and go about thy business, for now thou art paid."

"What! my lord," cried the old man, "is this cane worth ten golden crowns?"

"Yes," quoth the governor, "or I am the greatest dunce in the world, and this shall prove that I have a head to govern a whole kingdom." Whereupon he ordered the staff to be broken in court, and within it were found twelve gold crowns.

All the spectators were struck with surprise and admiration at the astuteness of their new governor, whom they began to consider a second Solomon; and after the settlement of other cases equally intricate, the secretary immediately transmitted the account thereof to the Duke, while Sancho was conducted to a sumptuous hall, where a magnificent entertainment was prepared for him, and we know that good eating was a weak point with our governor.

His ears were saluted by the sound of musical instruments, while pages handed him water to wash his hands. Sancho then sat down upon a chair of state, at the upper end of the table, and various dishes of dainties were placed before him ; but no sooner had he tasted of one mouthful, than (at a signal from a physician who stood near, holding in his hand a wand of whalebone) away went his plate, and another was given to him, which he eagerly replenished ; but ere he could swallow the first morsel, the second plate followed the first ; and so on in succession, till the hungry Sancho inquired the meaning of all this, and was informed that his food must be watched and tested, in the same way as that of other governors ; and the physician told him fruit was too watery, the next dishes too spicy, roasted partridges bad for digestion, stewed rabbits too acute, veal too tough, olla podrida, Sancho's favorite food, was the worst dish in the world, and not fit for the table of a governor ; and he ended with advising Sancho to eat a few rolled-up wafers, with some thin slices of marmalade, that might sit easy upon his stomach.

Upon hearing this, the fury of the governor rose to a great pitch, and he threatened to comb the head of the physician with the legs of his chair if he did not instantly retire. "Body of me," he cried, "give me something to eat, or let them take back their government : for an office that will not find a man in victuals, is not worth two beans."

Just then the sound of a courier's horn was heard, and a letter was brought to Sancho, from the duke, informing him that an attack would be made upon the island, and desiring him to be alert and vigilant, as some enemies had a design upon his life. Sancho and every one was astonished, but Sancho declared that the worst of all deaths was death by starvation, and he begged them to supply him with some bread and some grapes, as he was famishing ; or if nothing better was to be had, he would be content with a piece of bread and an onion ; but ere this could be provided Sancho was wanted to decide some other case of justice. And in a few days Sancho was seated with sitting in judgment, and making statutes and proclamations,—but not with bread or wine,—until one night, when hunger prevented his sleeping, he heard a tremendous uproar, and several persons rushed in with lighted torches and drawn swords, crying "Arm, governor, arm ; the enemies are in the island, and we look to your valour to save us."

In vain Sancho exclaimed that he knew nothing of arms or fighting.

They brought two old targets, provided for the occasion, and without allowing him to put on his clothes, they thrust his arms through two holes, then clapped the targets over his shirt, and bound them on, one behind and the other before him, so fast with cords, that the poor governor was cased and boarded up like a spindle, without the power of bending his limbs, or moving a step; now putting a lance into his hand, they desired Sancho to lead on his people. The more he pleaded his inability to march, the more they urged him on; until making a great effort to move, he fell with violence to the ground; where he lay like a flitch of bacon packed between two boards, or like a boat on the sands, keel upwards. The jesting rogues, however, shewed no compassion for their falling commander; they put out their torches, renewed the alarm with wondrous noise and clamour, trampled upon him, kicked him, beat him, stumbled over him, jumped upon him, and one man stood upon him as a watch-tower, crying "There, boys, there! defend that breach, secure yon gate, down with those scaling ladders; this way with your kettles of melted pitch; fly! quick! barricade the streets!"

Sancho, who was, as we know, none of the bravest, hearing all these instruments of death called for, while he lay pressed and battered, could only pray that the island might be taken, and himself either killed or delivered from his painful position; and when the cry of victory resounded, and the people congratulated him on his valour, he could only beg to be raised up, and to have a draught of wine given him.

Sancho had tasted enough of the toils and cares of government. No sooner had they unfastened the targets, and seated him on his bed, than he fainted away, and those who had occasioned him all this fatigue, agony, and terror, were now sorry they had carried their jokes so far. As soon as he recovered from his swoon, he asked the time, and proceeded to put on his own clothes; he then entered the stable, and gave his friend Dapple the kiss of peace on his forehead; and while he proceeded to fix the pannel on his ass, he lamented to him that he had forsaken the occupation of feeding Dapple's little carcass, for the terrors of ambition and the tribulations of pride; then with difficulty mounting his old favorite, he took leave of the steward, the secretary, and the doctor, saying "God be with you, gentlefolks; make way. Tell my lord duke, that naked I was born, and naked I am; without a penny I came to this government, and without a penny I leave it; these tricks are not to be played twice: 'fore God, I will no longer hold this or any other go-

vernment. I am of the race of the Panzas, who, if they once cry ‘ odds odds,’ it shall be, come what will of it. Here I leave my pismire’s wings, and shall be content to walk upon plain ground, with a plain foot,—every sheep with its like;—stretch not your feet beyond your sheet;—so let me be gone, for it grows late.”

“Signor governor,” said the steward, “we are grieved to lose you, because of your wise and Christian conduct.” And he then offered to attend or provide Sancho with whatever was necessary for his journey. Sancho replied that he only wanted half a loaf and a bit of cheese for himself, and a little barley for Dapple; whereupon they all embraced him, which kindness he returned with tears in his eyes, and left them in admiration of his firmness and good sense.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

MEANWHILE Don Quixote had continued the welcome guest of the duke and duchess; and on the first night of Sancho’s absence, the worthy knight was extremely affected at discovering a lattice window in the leg of his stocking, and would gladly have given an ounce of silver for a drachm of green silk; I say green, because his stockings were of that colour; and while sighing over this misfortune, he heard the sound of a harp and great whisperings beneath his window. He sprang to the window to listen to the music, and gave a little sneeze, to let the fair damsels know he was attending, and the following words were sung by the love-lorn Altisidora.

Wake, Sir Knight, now Love’s invading,
 Sleep in Holland sheets no more;
 When a nymph is serenading,
 ’Tis an errant shame—to snore.

Hear a damsel, tall and slender,
 Moaning in most rueful guise,
 ’Cause her heart is burned to cinder
 By the sunbeams of thy eyes.

I've a hob-nose—has no fellow,—
And a sparrow's mouth as rare ;
Teeth like bright topazes, yellow ;
Yet I'm deemed a beauty here.

To free damsels from disaster
Is, they say, your daily care,
Can you then deny a plaister
To a wounded virgin here ?

The tender-hearted knight, on hearing this appeal, heaved a sigh, and flung himself upon the bed, lamenting that every fair damsel should fall in love with one who was entirely devoted to the lady Dulcinea, while the damsels were delighted at the success of their schemes ; and on the following night they went so far as to let a sack full of cats, each with a bell fastened to its tail, into the poor knight's room. The scouring and flying about of these animals made Don Quixote believe they were wizards and enchanters ; and he began to assail them ; but one savage cat, being hard pressed by the knight, sprang at his face, into which she fixed her claws, which made him roar so loudly that the duke and duchess ran to his assistance, and happily disengaged the furious animal, while the attendants brought balsams and oils to apply to his scratched and wounded face. For six days he was too much disfigured to appear in public. And with these and a thousand other absurd tricks did the duke and duchess amuse themselves, at the expense of the harmless but oddly-beguiled knight, until the return of Sancho from his island. Soon after which, they both took leave of their noble entertainers, and took the road to Saragossa.

After many minor adventures, they fell in with a gentleman, named Don Antonia Morena, whose lady was about to give a ball, and by whom Don Quixote was invited to partake of their amusements, and he was most hospitably received and entertained. The ball, which was preceded by a splendid repast, began about ten o'clock at night, and seeing Don Quixote's long lanky figure, two of the ladies thought to divert themselves and the company by making him dance, till they worried both his soul and his body ; taking him by the hands, they so jerked him backwards and forwards, up and down, here and there, in and out, and round and round ; that being so lean, so swarthy, so straitened in his clothes and so devoid of agility ; nothing could

look more awkward and ludicrous; and to add to the poor knight's discomfiture, the two ladies took occasion at every pause to pay their court to him, and whisper a thousand amorous flatteries; when, having roused his indignation to a high pitch, just as he declared himself the devoted slave of the peerless Dulcinea, they suddenly withdrew their hands, and the hapless Don Quixote fell to the floor, completely exhausted by the violence of his exertions; and Sancho was among the foremost to lend a helping hand to carry him off to bed: he raised him up, saying, "What put you upon this business? think you all who are valiant must needs be caperers, or all knights-errant dancing masters? Had it been the shoe jig, I could have done the business for you like a jir falcon; but as to your fine dancing, I cannot work a stitch at it." So saying, he carried off his master, leaving the company much diverted at his remarks.

A few days after this, Don Quixote received a challenge from the knight of the White Moon, to try his strength in single combat, unless he, Don Quixote, would confess that the mistress of his challenger was in person far more beautiful than the Donna Dulcinea del Toboso.

Don Quixote at once accepted the challenge, and rode to some distance; and then, without waiting for any signal to be given, both turned their horses, and advanced towards each other at the same instant. But the Knight of the White Moon, being mounted on the fleetest and most powerful steed, met Don Quixote before he had run half his career, and without touching his lance, encountered him with such impetuosity, that both horse and rider were thrown to the ground.

He then sprang upon the discomfited Don Quixote, and said, "Knight, you are vanquished, and a dead man, if you confess not according to our challenge."

Don Quixote was so bruised and stunned that he could scarcely articulate; but he still persisted that his Dulcinea was the most beautiful woman upon earth, and requested the knight who had despoiled him of his honor, to take his life. The Knight of the White Moon, however, simply demanded that Don Quixote should submit to one year's domestic repose and respite from the exercise of arms.

Sancho was sadly grieved to find his master in such plight, and equally grieved at finding that he was bound to lay aside his arms for a whole year. However, he nursed him carefully for six days, and strove to comfort him,

saying, "Cheer up, my dear master; pluck up a good heart, and be thankful you have come off without a broken rib. Remember, sir, 'that they who give must take;' and 'Every hook has not its flitch.' A fig for the doctor, odds boddikins! let us pack up and be jogging homewards, and leave off seeking adventures the Lord knows where." And two days afterwards, Don Quixote set forward on his journey home, Sancho trudging after him on foot, because Dapple was promoted to the honor of armour-bearer to his master.

On their journey, both master and man were obliged to take up their lodging at night in the fields, or by the road-side, under the spangled roof of Heaven. One night, it was rather dark, Don Quixote, being unable to sleep, waked up the more fortunate Sancho, saying, "It is the part of a good servant to share his master's pains; but thou seemest to be made of marble. Behold the serenity of the night and the solitude of the place; get up, then, good Sancho, I conjure thee, retire a short distance, and with a willing mind and grateful courage, inflict on thyself three or four hundred lashes, upon the score of Dulcinea's disenchantment."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "to deal plainly with you, I cannot see what the lashing of my bare skin has to do with disenchanting the lady Dulcinea: at least, I dare be sworn that, of all the histories your worship has ever read of knight-errantry, none ever told you of any body *unbewitched* by flogging. However, when the humor comes, I'll set about it, and lay it on to some tune. But talk not now of whipping, I beseech you, but let me sleep."

While thus engaged in converse, they heard a fearful din, which occasioned Don Quixote to clap his hand to his sword; while the trembling Sancho squatted down under Dapple, and fortified himself with the bundle of armour on one side of him, and the ass's pannel on the other side; and as the noise increased so did his panic increase: neither was it much to be wondered at when we reflect that it was occasioned by the grunting, snorting, squalling, and squeaking, of about six hundred pigs and hogs, who were being driven by some hog-dealers to a neighbouring fair. The wide-spreading host of grunters came crowding along, in the darkness, without shewing any respect to the lofty Don Quixote; for they upset both master and man, demolishing Sancho's entrenchment, and laying even Rosinante in the dust.

On they went, bearing down all before them, overthrowing pack, saddle, armour, knight, squire, ass, and all, trampling over every thing that lay in their road, from Sancho's flat nose to Rosinante's stumpy tail, even to the most treasured of Sancho's provisions.

No sooner did he discover who were the intruders, than he started to his legs, and begged the loan of his master's sword, that he might slay half-a-dozen of the unmannerly swine.

Don Quixote, however, admonished him not to hurt them, as it was a part of his just punishment that hogs should trample on a vanquished knight-errant.

“And Heaven, I suppose,” quoth Sancho, “has sent fleas to sting, and insects to bite us poor squires, for keeping such knights' company. Well, to our litter, and sleep again.” However, when he awoke in the morning, and perceived the swinish havoc made in his cupboard, he half regretted having let the hogs off so easily.

The next evening, when it grew dark, they sat down on some grass, and partook of their frugal repast; then Sancho made himself a powerful whip out of Dapple's halter, and retiring about twenty paces from his master, he commenced stripping his shoulders bare, when Don Quixote said, “Be careful, friend, not to lash thyself to pieces; but take time, and pause between each stroke, that I may reckon upon my beads the lashes thou shalt give thyself.” Sancho snatched up the whip, and began to lash with great fury,—for Don Quixote had promised to pay liberally for every lash. The sly rogue, however, took care to lash the trees, instead of his own back, yet groaning all the time most lustily; until his master, naturally humane, called upon him to desist. But Sancho merely begged his master to get a little further off, that he might give himself another thousand lashes, and then another such a bout would finish the job.

He returned to his task of lashing the trees as before, until one tremendous stroke upon the body of a beech, and the words “Down with thee, Samson, and all that are with thee,” so affected the tender heart of the knight, that he ran and seized the halter, and cried, “Heaven forbid, Sancho, that thy death should be laid at my door! let Dulcinea wait for another opportunity, and I will patiently await her disenchantment till thou hast recovered thy strength.”

Sancho obeyed at once, and after borrowing his master's cloak, under pretence of being overheated by his exertions in behalf of the “peerless lady,” he rolled himself up in the cloak snug and warm, and was in a few minutes fast asleep.

These and sundry other adventures occupied our two travellers until they

reached their native village, and there they were received with equal surprise and joy by the different members of their households. And while Sancho was consoling his wife that she was no longer the wife of a governor, Don Quixote took the priest and bachelor aside, and told them of his misfortune in having been vanquished, and that he had made up his mind to turn shepherd for twelvemonths; and that he wished them to join him in his rural occupations, to which they both assented willingly; he then entered the house, and requested his niece and the housekeeper to help him to bed, which they did, and waited upon him with all care and tenderness.

“ And thus Don Quixote, being taken ill,
Took to his bed,—and made his will.
The doctor and the priest were there;
He made his weeping niece his heir;
Bemoaned his folly and his pranks,
And tendered all kind friends his thanks,
Mourned for by Sancho, and his niece,
Don Quixote left this world in peace.”







