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ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
DON QUIXOTE,
IN
A SERIES OF FIFTEEN PLATES,

DESIGNED AND ETCHED BY
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON:
CHARLES TILT, 86, FLEET-STREET.

1834.

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The Don attacking the Wind Mills.

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THE DON ATTACKING THE WINDMILLS.

IN the midst of this their conversation, they discovered thirty or forty windmills all together on the plain, which the knight no sooner perceived than he said to his squire, "Chance has conducted our affairs even better than we could either wish or hope for: look there, friend Sancho, and behold thirty or forty outrageous giants, with whom I intend to engage in battle, and put every soul of them to death, so that we may begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils; for it is a meritorious warfare, and serviceable both to God and man, to extirpate such a wicked race from the face of the earth." "What giants do you mean?" said Sancho Panza, in amaze. "Those you see yonder," replied his master, "with vast extended arms, some of which are two leagues long." "I would your worship would take notice," replied Sancho, "that those you see yonder are no giants, but windmills; and what seem arms to you are sails, which being turned with the wind, make the millstone work." "It seems very plain," said the knight, "that you are but a novice in adventures; these I affirm to be giants, and if thou art afraid, get out of the reach of danger, and put up thy prayers for me, while I join with them in fierce and unequal combat." So saying, he put spurs to his steed Rozinante, without paying the least regard to the cries of his squire Sancho, who assured him that those he was going to attack were not giants, but innocent windmills; but he was so much possessed with the opinion that they were giants, that he

THE DON ATTACKING THE WINDMILLS.

neither heard the advice of his squire Sancho, nor would use the intelligence of his own eyes, though he was very near them: on the contrary, when he approached them he called aloud, "Fly not, ye base and cowardly miscreants, for he is but a single knight who now attacks you." At that instant, a breeze of wind springing up, the great sails began to turn, which being perceived by Don Quixote, "Though you wield," said he, "more arms than ever belonged to the giant Briareus, I will make you pay for your insolence." So saying, and heartily recommending himself to his lady Dulcinea, whom he implored to succour him in this emergency, bracing on his target, and setting his lance in the rest, he put his Rozinante to full speed, and, assaulting the nearest windmill, thrust it into one of the sails, which was driven about by the wind with so much fury, that the lance was shivered to pieces, and both knight and steed whirled aloft, and overthrown in very bad plight upon the plain.

Don Quixote.



Tossing Sancho in a blanket.

Published by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street, London.

TOSSING SANCHO IN A BLANKET.

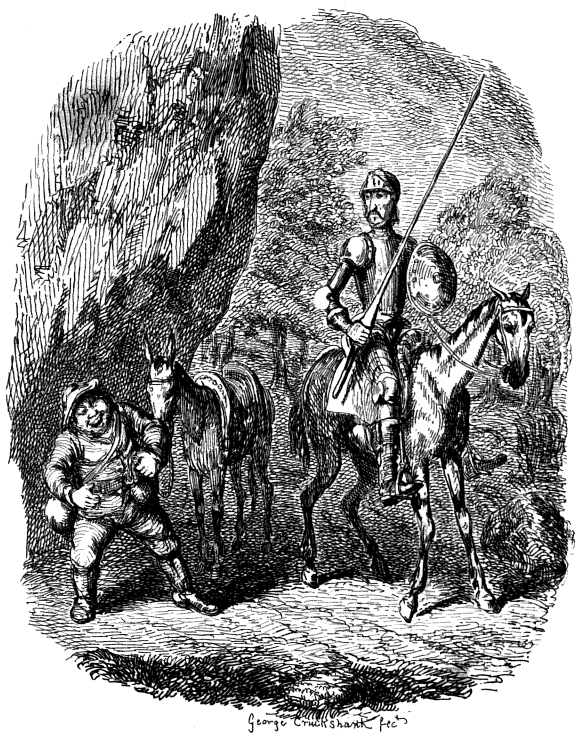
THE landlord, seeing the knight depart without paying, ran up to seize Sancho, who told him, that since his master had refused to discharge the bill, he must not expect any money from him, who, being the squire of a knight-errant, was, as well as his master, bound by the same laws to pay for nothing in taverns and inns. The publican, irritated at this answer, threatened, if he would not pay him, to indemnify him in a manner that should not be so much to the squire's liking: but Panza swore by the laws of chivalry his master professed, that he would not pay a doit, though it should cost him his life; for he was resolved that the honourable and ancient customs of knight-errantry should not be lost through his misbehaviour; neither should those squires, who were to come into the world after him, have occasion to complain of his conduct, or reproach him with the breach of so just a privilege.

As the unfortunate Sancho's evil genius would have it, there were among the company that lodged that night in the house, four clothiers of Segovia, three pin-makers from the great square of Cordova, and a couple of shopkeepers from the market-place of Seville; all of them brisk jolly fellows, and mischievous wags. These companions, as if they had been inspired and instigated by the same spirit, came up to the squire and pulled him from his ass; then, one of them fetching a blanket from the landlord's bed, they put Sancho into it, and lifting up their eyes perceived the roof was too low for their purpose;

TOSSING SANCHO IN A BLANKET.

they, therefore, determined to carry him out into the yard, which had no other ceiling than the sky: there placing Panza in the middle of the blanket, they began to toss him on high, and divert themselves with his capers, as the mob do with dogs at Shrove-tide. The cries uttered by this miserable vaulter, were so piercing as to reach the ears of his master, who halting to listen the more attentively, believed that some new adventure was approaching, until he clearly recognized the shrieks of his squire: he immediately turned his horse, and with infinite straining, made shift to gallop back to the inn; but finding the gate shut, rode round in search of some other entrance; and when, approaching the yard-wall, which was not very high, he perceived the disagreeable joke they were practising upon his squire, who rose in the air, and sunk again with such grace and celerity, I very believe, that if his indignation would have allowed him, the knight would have laughed at the occasion. He attempted to step from his horse upon the wall, but was so bruised and battered, that he could not move from his seat; and therefore, situated as he was, began to vent such a torrent of reproachful and opprobrious language against Sancho's executioners, that it is impossible to repeat the half of what he said. This, however, neither interrupted their mirth nor their diversion, nor gave the least truce to the lamentations of Sancho, who prayed and threatened by turns, as he flew. Indeed, nothing of this sort either could or did avail him, until leaving off, out of pure weariness, they thought fit to wrap him up in his great coat, and set him on his ass again.

Don Quixote.



The adventure of the Fulling Mills

Published by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street, London.

ADVENTURE OF THE FULLING MILLS.

BELOW appeared a few wretched huts, that looked more like ruins than houses, and they observed that from them proceeded the horrible din of the strokes which had not yet ceased.

Rozinante, being startled at the dreadful noise of the strokes and water, Don Quixote endeavoured to soothe him, and advanced by little and little towards the huts, recommending himself in the most earnest manner to his mistress, whose favour he implored in the achievement of that fearful enterprise: neither did he omit praying to God for his protection. Sancho, who never stirred from his side, thrust his neck as far as he could between the legs of Rozinante, in order to discover the objects that kept him in such terror and suspense: and when they had proceeded about an hundred paces farther, at the doubling of a corner, stood fully disclosed to view the very individual and undoubted cause of this tremendous sound, and terrible noise, which had filled them with such doubts and consternation all night long.

This was no other, be not offended gentle reader, than six fulling-hammers, which by their alternate strokes produced that amazing din. Don Quixote was struck dumb with astonishment at the sight; Sancho looked at him, and found his head hanging down upon his breast, and other manifest signs of his being out of countenance. The knight in his turn looked at the squire, and saw his mouth shut, his cheeks puffed up, with other symptoms of his being

THE ADVENTURE OF THE FULLING MILLS.

ready to burst with laughing: this comical situation of the squire, in spite of all his own melancholy, obliged the master to begin; and Sancho no sooner beheld the severity of the knight's features relaxed, than he opened the floodgates of his mirth, which broke forth with such violence, that he was under the necessity of supporting his sides with both fists, that they might not be rent to pieces by the convulsion. Four times did he exhaust, and as often renew the laugh with the same impetuosity as at first; for which Don Quixote already wished him at the devil, more especially when he heard him pronounce, by way of sneer, "Know, friend Sancho, that I was born by Heaven's appointment, in these iron times, to revive the age of gold, or the golden age! I am he for whom strange perils, valiant deeds, and vast adventures are reserved!" And in this manner he proceeded, repeating all, or the greater part of the knight's exclamations when they first heard the terrible noise.

Don Quixote.



*The Don playing his Mad pranks
in the Little Mountains*

Published by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street, London.

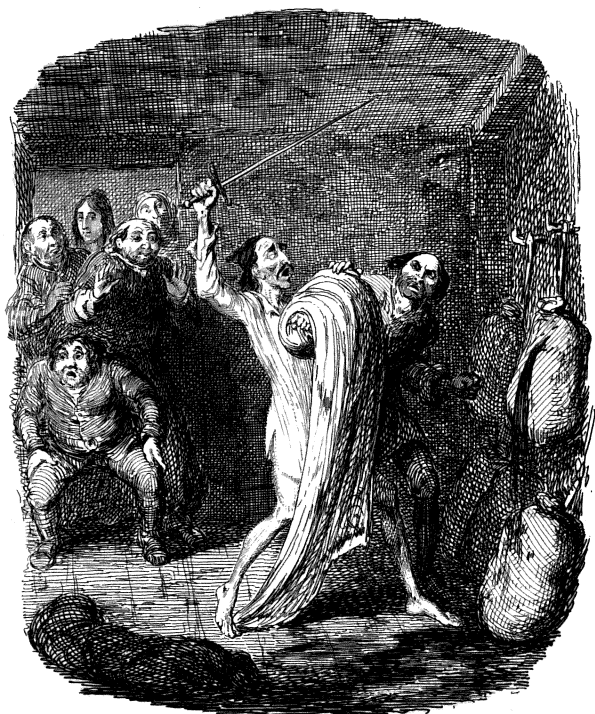
THE DON PLAYING HIS MAD PRANKS IN THE SABLE MOUNTAINS.

AND truly, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance," said Sancho, "if this departure of mine, and distraction of your worship, are really to take place, you had better saddle Rozinante again, to supply the want of Dapple, by which means a great deal of time will be saved in my going and coming, whereas, if I make the journey on foot, I know not when it will be performed; for, in short, I am a very sorry walker." "I say, be it so, then, Sancho," answered Don Quixote. "I approve of thy proposal; and assure thee, that thou shalt set out in three days, during which I would have thee take notice of what I shall do for her sake, that thou mayest be able to give her a full account of my behaviour." "What more can I see," said Sancho, "than I have seen already?" "You are pretty perfect in your story," answered the knight; "but as yet I have not torn my clothes, scattered my armour, and dashed my head against the rocks, nor performed many other things of this sort, which thou wilt behold with admiration." "For the love of God, sir," cried Sancho, "take care how you dash your head against the rocks; for you may chance to meet with such an one as will, at the first push, put the finishing stroke to this whole scheme of penance; and I should think, that, as knocks of the head are absolutely necessary to complete the work, your worship might content yourself, seeing the whole affair is a sham, a counterfeit, and a joke; I say, your worship might content yourself, with ramming your skull against water,

or some soft thing, like a cotton bag; and leave it to my care to tell my lady, that your worship went to loggerheads with the point of a rock, a thousand times harder than adamant." "Friend Sancho," replied the knight, "I am obliged to thee for thy kind intention; but, thou must know, that what I do is not a sham, but a very serious matter; for to behave otherwise were to transgress the orders of chivalry, which forbid us to lie, under pain of being degraded: and you know, that to substitute one thing instead of another, is downright telling a lie; wherefore, my knocks on the head must be real, hard, and effectual, and not sophisticated or imaginary; and it will be necessary to leave me some lint for my wounds, since it was the will of fate that we should lose the balsam."

So saying, he stript off his breeches in a great hurry, leaving his hinder parts covered by the tail of his shirt alone, and without further ceremony, he cut a couple of capers, and a like number of tumbles, with his head down and his heels up, which shocked the modesty of Sancho so much, that in order to avoid the sight a second time, he turned Rozinante, fully satisfied and pleased, that he might now swear he had left his master distracted. We will, therefore, let him pursue his journey, till his return, which was more speedy than could be expected.

Don Quixote.



George Cruikshank fecit

The Don Battling with the Wine Skins.

Published by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street, London.

THE DON BATTLING WITH THE WINE SKINS.

A little more of this novel remained to be read, when Sancho came running in great confusion from the garret, where his master Don Quixote lay, bawling aloud, "Come hither, gentlemen! make haste to the assistance of my master, who is this precious minute engaged and grappled in the toughest battle that ever my eyes beheld. Egad! he has given that same giant, the enemy of my lady the Princess of Micomicona, such a back-stroke, as hath sliced off his head, as smooth and clean as the skin of a turnip." "What do you mean, brother?" said the curate, closing the book; "are you in your right wits, Sancho? how the devil can your master be fighting with a giant who is two thousand leagues from hence?"

That instant they heard a great noise in the apartment, and Don Quixote pronounced aloud, "Stay, villain, robber, caitiff! here I have thee, and thy scimitar shall not avail." Then he began to strike furiously at the walls; and Sancho exclaimed, "Don't stand here listening, but go in and part the fray, or lend your assistance to my master: though I believe that will be needless by this time; for the giant is certainly dead, and giving an account to God of his wicked and mis-spent life: nay, I saw, with my own eyes, his blood running about the floor, and his head cut off, lying on one side, as large as a wine bag." "May I be hanged," cried the innkeeper at these words, "if this Don Quixote, or Don Devil,

THE DON BATTLING WITH THE WINE SKINS.

has not cut open one of the skins filled with red wine, that stood at his bed's head, and the wine that ran out is mistaken by this simple fellow for blood."

So saying, he rushed into the apartment, with the whole company at his heels, and found the knight in a very ludicrous situation : he appeared in his shirt, which was too scanty before to cover his thighs, and still shorter behind, by six inches at least, and displayed a pair of long lank legs, embrowned with hair, and not extremely clean ; his head was covered with a little red, greasy nightcap, belonging to the landlord ; round his left arm he had wrapped the blanket of his bed, to which Sancho, for good reasons known to himself, bore an inveterate grudge ; and in his right he wielded his drawn sword, with which he laid about him at a furious rate, talking as if he was actually at blows with the giant : but, what was very surprising, his eyes were shut all the time, and he was fast asleep, dreaming of this encounter ; for his imagination was so much engrossed by the adventure he had undertaken to achieve, as to make him dream that he was already arrived in the kingdom of Micomicon, and engaged in single combat with his gigantic adversary, instead of whom, he hacked the wine-bags so furiously, that the whole room was afloat with their contents.

The innkeeper no sooner perceived this havoc, than, incensed to the last degree, he assaulted Don Quixote with his clenched fists, and began to pummel him so severely, that if the curate and Cardenio had not interposed, he would soon have put an end to the adventure of the giant ; yet, for all that, the poor knight did not awake, until the barber, fetching a kettle of cold water from the well, soused him all over ; even then, though sleep forsook him, he did not recollect the situation he was in.

Don Quixote.



The Don Enchanted in the Cage.

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THE DON ENCHANTED IN THE CAGE.

Two days had this illustrious company already passed at the inn, from whence thinking it now high time to depart, they concerted matters in such a manner, as that, without putting Dorothea and Don Fernando to the trouble of returning with Don Quixote to the place of his habitation in order to carry on the scheme concerning the restoration of Queen Micomicona, the curate and barber were enabled to execute their design of carrying him to his own house, where endeavours might be used for the cure of his disorder. In consequence of this plan, they agreed with the master of an ox-waggon, who chanced to pass that way, for transporting the knight in the following manner: Having made a sort of wooden cage, capacious enough to hold Don Quixote at his ease, Don Fernando, with his companions, the servants of Don Lewis, together with the troopers and inn-keeper, by order and direction of the curate, covered their faces and disguised themselves, some in one shape, some in another, so as to appear in Don Quixote's eyes quite different from the people he had seen in the castle. Thus equipped, they entered with all imaginable silence into the chamber where he lay asleep and fatigued with the toil he had undergone in the skirmishes already described; and, laying fast hold on him, while he securely enjoyed his ease, without dreaming of such an accident, tied both his hands and feet so effectually, that when he awaked in surprise, he could neither move, nor do any other thing but testify his

THE DON ENCHANTED IN THE CAGE.

wonder and perplexity at sight of such strange faces. He then had recourse to what his distempered imagination continually suggested, and concluded, that all these figures were phantoms of that enchanted castle; and that he himself was, without all question, under the power of incantation, seeing that he could not even stir in his own defence: and this conceit was exactly foreseen by the curate, who was the author of the whole contrivance. The only person of the whole company who remained unaltered, both in figure and intellect, was Sancho, who, though his lack of understanding fell very little short of his master's infirmity, was not so mad but that he knew every one of the apparitions, though he durst not open his mouth until he should see the meaning of this assault and capture of the knight, who likewise expected in silence the issue of his own misfortune.

Having brought the cage into his apartment, they inclosed him in it, and fixed the bars so fast, that it was impossible to pull them asunder; then taking it on their shoulders, in carrying it out they were saluted by as dreadful a voice as could be assumed by the barber (I do not mean the owner of the pannel) who pronounced these words: "O Knight of the Rueful Countenance! afflict not thyself on account of thy present confinement, which is necessary towards the more speedy accomplishment of that great adventure in which thy valour hath engaged thee; and which will be achieved when the furious Manchegan lion is coupled with the white Tobosian dove, their lofty necks being humbled to the soft matrimonial yoke."

Don Quixote.



*Sancho introducing the Don
to the Lady Dulcinea.*

Published by Charles Tilt Fleet Street London

SANCHO INTRODUCING THE DON TO THE LADY DULCINEA.

By the time they were clear of the wood, and in sight of the three country maidens; when the knight lifting up his eyes, and surveying the whole road to Tobosa, without seeing any thing but them, began to be troubled in mind, and asked Sancho if the ladies had got out of town when he left them. "Out of town?" said Sancho. "What are your worship's eyes in the nape of your neck, that you don't see them coming towards us, glittering and shining like the sun at noon?" "I see nobody," replied the knight, "but three country wenches riding upon asses." "God deliver me from the devil!" cried the squire, "is it possible that three bellfres, or how-d'ye call um's, white as the driven snow, should appear no better than asses in your worship's eyes? By the Lord! I'd give you leave to pluck off every hair of my beard if that be the case." "Then I tell thee, Sancho," said his master, "they are as certainly he or she asses as I am Don Quixote, and thou Sancho Panza, at least so they seem to me." "Hold your tongue, signor," replied Sancho, "and never talk in that manner, but snuff your eyes, and go and make your reverence to the mistress of your heart, who is just at hand.

So saying, he advanced towards the damsels, and alighting from Dapple, seized one of the beasts by the halter; and fell upon his knees before the rider, to whom he addressed himself in this manner: "Queen, princess, and duchess of beauty, will your

SANCHO INTRODUCING THE DON TO LADY DULCINEA.

highness and greatness be pleased to receive into grace and favour your captive knight, who sits there, stupified to stone, utterly confounded and deprived of pulse, at seeing himself in presence of your magnificence: I am Sancho Panza his squire, and he is the perplexed and down-trodden knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, alias the knight of the Rueful Countenance."

By this time Don Quixote, having placed himself on his knees by Sancho, gazed with staring eyes and troubled vision upon the object which the squire called queen and princess; and perceiving nothing but a country wench's visage, and that none of the most agreeable, for it was round and flat-nosed, he remained in the utmost confusion and surprise, without daring to open his lips. The other two damsels were equally astonished at seeing a couple of such different figures kneeling before their companion, whom they had detained; but she, breaking silence, pronounced in a most ungracious and resentful manner: "Get out of the way, and let us pass, for we are in a hurry." To this apostrophe Sancho replied, "O princess and universal lady of Tobosa! do not your magnificent bowels yearn, to see upon his marrow-bones before your sublimated presence the very pillar and prop of knight-errantry?" One of the other two hearing this pathetic remonstrance, bawled aloud, "Would I had the currying that ass's hide of thine: mind, forsooth, how your small gentry come and pass their gibes upon us country folks; as if we could not give them as good as they bring; go about your business, friend, and leave us to mind our'n, and so God b'w'ye."

Don Quixote.



Quixotte braving the Lion

Published by Charles Tilt Fleet Street London.

DON QUIXOTE BRAVING THE LION.

THE keeper seeing Don Quixote fixed in this posture, and finding himself under a necessity of letting loose the he-lion, to avoid the resentment of this enraged and intrepid hero, flung the door of the first cage open, where the lion appeared lying, of a monstrous bigness and terrifying aspect: he immediately turned himself round in the cage, put out one of his paws, and stretched himself at full length, yawned and gaped with great composure, and then with a tongue of above half a yard long, cleaned his face and eyes: after which he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared around him with eyes like fire-brands; a sight sufficient to have struck a damp into the most intrepid heart: but Don Quixote only fixed his eyes attentively upon him, wishing for the minute he would leap out of the cart, that he might engage and cut him in pieces; to such an unaccountable degree had his frenzy worked up his disturbed imagination. But the lion, naturally generous, and more inclinable to be gentle than rough, heeded not his bravadoes or flourishing: on the contrary, after having looked around him, as we have observed, turned about, and shewing our hero his backfront, with great composure and tranquillity laid himself down again to rest; which circumstance Don Quixote perceiving, ordered the keeper to rouse him by blows, and oblige him to come forth: "Nay, that I wont," answered he; "for should I enrage him, he would immediately tear me to pieces: come, sir knight, be contented with what you have done, which is all

DON QUIXOTE BRAVING THE LION.

that can be expected from any man's courage, and give over tempting fortune any more. The door of his cage is open, and he may come forth or not as he pleases; but as he has not come out now, he will not all day. The intrepidity of your worship's valour is sufficiently vouched: I apprehend the bravery of no combatant needs do more than challenge his adversary, and await him in the field; and, if the enemy wont meet him, the imputation of cowardice lies with him, and the crown of victory devolves upon the other." "You say true," said Don Quixote; "shut the door, my friend, and let me have under your hand, in the best manner you are able to draw it, a certificate of what you have now seen: for I think it is highly fitting mankind should know that you opened the lion's cage; that I waited for him, and he came not out; that I waited for him again, and he came not out; and that again he laid himself down. I am not bound to do any more: so enchantments avaunt, and God prosper truth, justice, and noble chivalry! shut the door, therefore, and I will wave a signal for those who have run off to return, and have an account of this action from your own mouth."

Don Quixote.



Gines de Papsamonte Stealing Dapple.

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GINES DE PASSAMONTE STEALING DAPPLE.

SANCHO, returning to his master's house, resumed the former conversation to gratify Mr. Sampson, who said he wanted to know when, in what manner, and by whom, his ass had been stolen : " You must know, then," said he, " that very night we fled from the holy brotherhood, and got into the brown mountain, after the misventuresome adventure of the galley-slaves, and the corpse that was carrying to Segovia, we took up our quarters in a thicket, where my master and I, being both fatigued, and sorely bruised in the frays we had just finished, went to rest, he leaning upon his lance, and I lolling upon Dapple, as if we had been stretched upon four feather-beds : I in particular slept so sound, that the thief, whosoever he was, had an opportunity of coming and propping me up with four stakes, fixed under the corner of my panel, on which I was left astride ; so that he slipped Dapple from under me, without my perceiving it in the least." " And this is no difficult matter nor new device," said Don Quixote ; " for the same thing happened to Sacripante, at the siege of Albraca, where, by this contrivance his horse was stolen from between his legs by the famous robber Brunelo." " When morning came," proceeded Sancho, " I no sooner began to stretch myself, than the stakes gave

GINES DE PASSAMONTE STEALING DAPPLE.

way, and down I came to the ground with a vengeance: I looked for my beast, and finding he was gone, the tears gushed from my eyes, and I set up a lamentation, which if the author of our history has not set down, you may depend upon it he hath neglected a very excellent circumstance: a good many days after this mischance, as I chanced to be travelling with my lady the Princess Micomicona, descrying a person riding towards me in the habit of a gipsy, I immediately knew my own ass, and discovered the rider to be Gines de Passamonte, that impostor and notorious malefactor whom my master and I delivered from the galley-chain."

Don Quixote.



The Squire of the Woods. No. 1.

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THE SQUIRE OF THE WOOD'S NOSE.

Thus breaking off the conversation, they mounted their horses ; and Don Quixote turned Rozinante, in order to take a sufficiency of ground for returning to encounter his antagonist, while he of the mirrors took the same precaution. But the first had not proceeded twenty paces when he was called back by the other, and the two meeting again half-way, "Take notice, sir knight," said he of the looking-glasses, "the condition of our combat is, that the conquered, as I have already observed, must be at the discretion of the conqueror." "I know it," answered Don Quixote, "provided the commands imposed upon the vanquished be such as do not transgress the bounds of chivalry." "So I understand the conditions," answered he of the mirrors.

At this instant the strange nose of the squire presented itself to the eyes of Don Quixote, who was no less astonished than Sancho at the sight ; insomuch that he took him for some monster, or new-fashioned man, such as are not commonly found in this world. Sancho, seeing his master set out, in order to take his career, would not stay alone with nozzle, being afraid that one flirt of such a snout in his face would determine the quarrel, and lay him stretched along the ground, either through fear or the severity of the blow ; he therefore ran after his master, and laying

THE SQUIRE OF THE WOOD'S NOSE.

hold of one of Rozinante's stirrups, when he saw him ready to turn, "I beseech your worship, dear master," cried he, "before you turn to begin the combat, help me in climbing this cork tree, from whence I may behold, more to my liking than from the ground, your worship's gallant encounter with that same knight." "I rather believe, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that thy motive for clambering up is to see the bull-fight from a scaffold, without any danger to thyself." "The truth is," answered Panza, "the outrageous nose of that squire fills me with such astonishment and affright, that I dare not tarry along with him." "It is such, indeed," replied the knight, "that were I any other than what I am, I should be scared at its appearance; come, therefore, and I will help thee to ascend to the place you mention."

Don Quixote.



The Enchanted Bark

Published by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street London

THE ENCHANTED BARK.

IN this manner they proceeded, when they discovered some large mills, built in the middle of the river, which Don Quixote no sooner perceived, than he addressed himself to Sancho, in an exalted voice; "Behold, my friend, yonder appears the city, castle, or fortress, that contains some oppressed knight-errant, queen, infanta, or princess in distress, for whose relief I am brought hither." "What the devil does your worship mean by a city, fortress, or castle?" cried the squire; "don't you see these are mills built in the river for grinding wheat?" "Peace, Sancho," replied the knight, "although they appear to be mills, they are in reality edifices of a very different nature: I have already told thee, that all things are transformed and changed by the power of enchantment; I do not mean that they are really changed in any circumstance but appearance, as we have been taught by woful experience in the transformation of Dulcinea, the sole refuge of my hope."

By this time the boat being sucked into the middle of the stream, so as to move considerably faster than at first, was perceived by the millers, who seeing it advancing to the indraught of the wheels, came suddenly out in a body, with long poles to stop its motion; and as their faces and clothes were bew powdered with meal, they made a frightful figure, while they exclaimed with great vociferation, "You devils of men! where are you going? are you mad, to come and drown yourselves, or be ground to pieces by the wheels?"

Don Quixote hearing this address, "Did not I tell thee, Sancho," said he, "that we had arrived at

THE ENCHANTED BARK.

the scene in which I must exert the prowess of mine arm? Behold what felons and assassins come forth to try my valour; behold what a number of hobgoblins range themselves against me; behold, I say, what horrid physiognomies appear to scare and overawe us: but you shall presently see what will happen, ye ruffians." Then, starting up, he began to threaten and revile them, exclaiming aloud, "Ye scum, ye scoundrels, ill-intentioned, and worse-advised, release, I charge you, and restore to the full fruition of freedom, the person whom ye keep confined and oppressed in that fortress or gaol, let him be high or low, or of what rank and quality soever he may be; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise intitled the Knight of the Lions, destined by the appointment of heaven above, to bring this adventure to a happy issue."

So saying, he unsheathed his sword, and brandished it in the air, in defiance of the millers, who hearing this rhapsody without understanding it, began to employ their poles, in order to turn aside the boat, which by this time entered the current and canal of the wheels. As for Sancho, he fell upon his knees, and prayed devoutly that Heaven would deliver him from such imminent danger; and his deliverance was accordingly effected by the alertness and dexterity of the millers, who pushed back the boat with their poles; yet not without oversetting the vessel; so as that the knight and his squire were soused over head and ears in the water. It was well for Don Quixote that he could swim like a goose; nevertheless, the weight of his armour sunk him twice to the bottom, and had not the millers thrown themselves into the river, and weighed him up by main strength, it might have been said, "Here Troy once stood."

Don Quixote.



*The Adventure of the Wooden Horse,
Clavileno.*

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THE ADVENTURE OF THE WOODEN HORSE.

THEIR eyes being covered, and Don Quixote perceiving he was fixed in his seat, turned the peg; and scarce had his finger touched this rudder, when the whole bevy of duennas, and all that were present, raised their voices, crying, "Heaven be thy guide, valorous knight! God be thy protection, intrepid squire! Now, now you rise, and cut the liquid sky more swiftly than an arrow; now you begin to astonish and confound all those who gaze upon you from this earthly spot! Hold fast, valiant Sancho, for we see thee totter; beware of falling; to fall from such a height, would be more fatal than the fall of that aspiring youth, whose ambition prompted him to drive the chariot of the Sun, his father."

Sancho, hearing this exclamation, crept closer to his master, and hugging him fast in his arms, "Signor," said he, "how can we be so high as those people say we are, seeing we can hear them speak as well as if we were within a few yards of them?" "You must not mind that circumstance," answered the knight; "for these incidents and flights being altogether out of the ordinary course of things, you may hear and see what you please at the distance of a thousand leagues: but do not squeeze me so hard, lest I tumble from my seat. I really cannot imagine what it is that disturbs and affrights thee; for I swear, in all the days of my life I never bestrode a horse of a more easy pace: indeed, he goes so smoothly, that I can hardly feel him move. Dispel thy fear, my friend; for truly the business goes on

swimmingly, and we sail right afore the wind." "You are certainly in the right," answered Sancho; "for on this side there blows as fresh a gale as if I was fanned with a thousand pair of bellows."

Nor was he much mistaken in his conjectures; for the wind that blew, was actually produced by one of those machines; so well had the adventure been contrived by the duke and duchess, and their steward, that nothing was wanting to render it complete. Then the knight, feeling the same breeze, "Without doubt," said he, "we must be arrived at the second region of the air, in which hail and snow are produced: meteors, thunder, and lightning, are engendered in the third region: if we continue to mount at this rate, we shall in a very little time reach the region of fire; and I know not how to manage this peg, so as to put a stop to our rising, and prevent our being scorched to a cinder."

In the midst of this conversation their faces were warmed with some tow that was kindled for the purpose, at the end of a long pole; and Sancho, feeling the heat, "Let me perish!" cried he, "if we are not now come to that same habitation of fire; for a great part of my beard is already singed; and I am resolved to uncover my eyes, that I may see whereabouts we are."

Don Quixote.



Sancho in his Governorship.

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SANCHO IN HIS GOVERNORSHIP.

THE history relates, that from the town-hall Sancho Panza was conducted to a sumptuous palace, in the great hall of which was a royal table most elegantly furnished: when the governor entered, the waits struck up, and four pages came forth and presented him with water for his hands, which he received with great solemnity; then the music ceasing, he took his place at the upper end of the table, which was accommodated with one seat only, and a cover for himself alone; while close by him stood a personage who afterwards proved to be a physician, with a rod of whalebone in his hand. They removed a very fine white cloth that covered the fruit, and a great variety of dishes: one who looked like a student said grace; a page tucked a laced bib under Sancho's chin; and another person, who acted the part of sewer, set a plate of fruit before the governor; but scarce had he swallowed a mouthful, when the doctor touching the said plate with his wand, it was snatched from him in a twinkling: the sewer presented him with another dish, which the governor resolved to prove; but before he could finger or taste it, the plate being also touched by the wand, one of the pages conveyed it away with incredible dispatch, to the amazement of Sancho, who, looking round him, asked if he must be obliged to eat like a juggler, by sleight of hand?

To this interrogation, he of the wand replied: "My lord governor must, in eating, conform to the use and customs of other islands where governors reside. I, my lord, enjoy a salary as physician to the governors of this island, and take more care of

SANCHO IN HIS GOVERNORSHIP.

their health than of my own; studying night and day, and considering the governor's constitution, that I may be able to cure him, in case he should be taken ill; but the principal part of my office is to be present at his meals, where I allow him to eat what I think will agree with his complexion, and restrain him from that which I conceive will be hurtful and prejudicial to his stomach. I, therefore, ordered the fruit to be removed, because it is dangerously moist; and, likewise, commanded the other dish to be conveyed away, because it is excessively hot, as containing a number of spices, which create thirst, and copious drinking drowns and destroys the radical moisture, which is the essence of life." "By that way of reasoning," said Sancho, "that there dish of roasted partridges, which seem to be very well seasoned, will do me no harm." To this hint the physician replied, "Of these my lord governor shall not eat, while there is breath in my body." "And pray for what reason?" said the governor. "Because our master Hippocrates, the north-star and luminary of physic, expressly says, in one of his aphorisms, *Omnis saturatio mala, perdix autem pessima*; that is, All repletion is bad, but that with partridge worst of all." "If that be the case," said Sancho, "good Mr. Doctor, pray examine all the messes on the table, so as to point out that which will do me least harm and most good, that I may eat without fear of conjuration; for, by the life of the governor, and as God shall prolong it! I am ready to die of hunger; and to deny me victuals, even though Signor Doctor should prescribe fasting, and say a thousand things in its praise, will, instead of preserving my health, deprive me of life entirely."

Don Quixote.



George Cruikshank fecit

The Don & The Duenna.

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THE DON AND THE DUENNA.

So saying, he started from his bed, with intention to lock the door, and deny admittance to Signora Rodriguez : but before he could execute his resolution, that lady had returned with a lighted wax taper, and seeing Don Quixote so near her, with his quilt, bandages, night-cap, or hood, she was again affrighted, and retired backwards a couple of paces, saying, "Am I safe, sir knight? for your worship's getting out of bed is no great sign of virtue, methinks." "Madam," replied Don Quixote, "I ought to ask you the same question : and I do accordingly ask, whether or not I am safe from assault and ravishment?" "Of whom, or from whom, do you demand that security, sir knight?" said the duenna. "Of you, and from you alone," answered Don Quixote : "for I am not made of marble, nor you of brass ; nor is it now ten o'clock in the forenoon, but midnight, and something more, if I am not mistaken ; and we are here in a more close and secret apartment than the cave in which the treacherous

THE DON AND THE DUENNA.

and daring Æneas enjoyed the beautiful and tender-hearted Dido: yet give me your hand, madam; for I require no other security than my own reserve and continence, together with the appearance of that most reverend veil."

So saying, he kissed his right hand, and took hold of her's, which she presented with the like ceremony.

Don Quixote.



Don Quixote & Sancho returning home.

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DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE RETURNING HOME.

DON QUIXOTE, in leaving Barcelona, turned about to survey the fatal spot in which he had fallen, and thus exclaimed, "Here Troy once stood! here, by misfortune, not by cowardice, was I despoiled of all the glory I had acquired! Here did I feel the vicissitudes of fortune! here all my achievements were eclipsed! and, finally, here fell my fortune, never more to rise!" Sancho, hearing this effusion, "Signor," said he, "it is the part of a valiant man to bear with patience his sufferings and adversity, as well as to enjoy his prosperity with good humour: I judge from my own feeling; for if I was merry when a governor, I am not melancholy now that I am a poor squire, travelling a-foot: and I have often heard that she we call Fortune, is a drunken fickle female, and so blind withal, that she sees not what she does, and knows not whom she is abusing, or whom exalting." "Sancho," answered the knight, "thou art very philosophical, and hast spoke with great discretion, which I know not where thou hast learned: I can tell thee, however, there is no such thing as fortune in the whole world; nor do those things which happen, whether good or evil, proceed from chance, but solely from the particular providence of Heaven; and hence comes the usual saying, that every man is the maker of his own fortune: I, at least have been the maker of mine, though not with sufficient prudence, and therefore my presumptuous hopes miscarried. I ought to have considered that

DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO RETURNING HOME.

Rozinante's weakness could not resist the weight and magnitude of my adversary's horse : in a word, I tried my fortune, did what I could, found myself vanquished and overthrown ; and though I lost mine honour, I neither did nor can forget my integrity, and the merit of fulfilling my promise : while I was a knight-errant, valiant and intrepid, my hand and my performance gave credit to my exploits ; and now that I am no more than a pedestrian squire, my word shall be confirmed by the accomplishment of my promise. Make haste, then, friend Sancho, let us return to our own country, and pass the year of our probation, and, during that term of confinement, acquire fresh vigour and virtue to resume the never-by-me-forgotten exercise of arms." "Signor," answered the squire, "the pastime of trudging a-foot is not quite so pleasant as to move and instigate me to travel at a great pace ; let us leave these arms of yours, hanging like a malefactor on some tree ; and then I, occupying the back of Dapple, with my feet no longer in the mire, we may travel just as your worship shall desire or demand ; but to think that I can make long marches a-foot, is a vain supposition." "Thou art in the right, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "let my arms be suspended in form of a trophy : and beneath, or around them, we will engrave upon the tree an inscription, like that which appeared under the armour of Orlando."

Don Quixote.

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