

tended their reign beyond the usual stint: besides, thou oughtest not to afflict thyself so much for misfortunes, of which thou hast no share, but what friendship and humanity bid thee take."—"How!" quoth Sancho, "have I no other share in them! was not he that was tossed in the blanket this morning the son of my father? and did not the wallet, and all that was in it, which I have lost, belong to the son of my mother?"—"How," asked Don Quixote, "hast thou lost thy wallet?"—"I don't know," said Sancho, "whether it is lost or no, but I am sure I can't tell what is become of it."—"Nay then," replied Don Quixote, "I find we must fast to-day."—"Ay, marry must we," quoth Sancho, "unless you take care to gather in these fields some of those roots and herbs which I have heard you say you know, and which use to help such unlucky knights-errant as yourself at a dead lift."—"For all that," cried Don Quixote, "I would rather have at this time a good luncheon of bread, or a cake and two pilchards heads, than all the roots and simples in Dioscorides's herbal, and Doctor Laguna's supplement and commentary: I pray thee therefore get upon thy ass, good Sancho, and follow me once more; for God's providence, that relieves every creature, will not fail us,

especially since we are about a work so much to his service; thou seest he even provides for the little flying insects in the air, the wormlings in the earth, and the spawnlings in the water; and, in his infinite mercy, he makes his sun shine on the righteous, and on the unjust, and rains upon the good and the bad."

"Many words won't fill a bushel," quoth Sancho, interrupting him; "you would make a better preacher than a knight-errant, or I am plaguily out."—"Knights-errant," replied Don Quixote, "ought to know all things: there have been such in former ages, that have delivered as ingenious and learned a sermon or oration at the head of an army, as if they had taken their degrees at the university of Paris: from which we may infer, that the lance never dulled the pen, nor the pen the lance."—"Well then," quoth Sancho, "for once let it be as you would have it; let us even leave this unlucky place, and seek out a lodging, where, I pray God, there may be neither blankets, nor blanket-heavers, nor hobgoblins, nor enchanted Moors; for before I will be hampered as I have been, may I be cursed with bell, book, and candle, if I don't give the trade to the devil."—"Leave all things to Providence," replied Don Quixote, "and for once lead which way thou pleasest,

for I leave it wholly to thy discretion to provide us a lodging. But first, I pray thee, feel a little how many teeth I want in my upper jaw on the right side, for there I feel most pain."—With that Sancho, feeling with his finger in the knight's mouth, "Pray, sir," quoth he, "how many grinders did your worship use to have on that side?"—"Four," answered Don Quixote, "besides the eye-tooth, all of them whole and sound."—"Think well on what you say," cried Sancho.—"I say four," replied Don Quixote, "if there were not five; for I never in all my life have had a tooth drawn or dropped out, or rotted by the worm, or loosened by rheum."—"Bless me!" quoth Sancho, "why you have in this nether jaw on this side but two grinders and a stump; and in that part of your upper jaw, never a stump, and never a grinder; alas! all is levelled there as smooth as the palm of one's hand."—"Oh unfortunate Don Quixote!" cried the knight; "I had rather have lost an arm, so it were not my sword-arm; for a mouth without cheek-teeth is like a mill without a mill-stone, Sancho; and every tooth in a man's head is more valuable than a diamond. But we that profess this strict order of knight-errantry, are all subject to these calamities; and therefore, since the loss is irretriev-

able, mount, my trusty Sancho, and go thy own pace; I will follow thee."

Sancho obeyed, and led the way, still keeping the road they were in; which being very much beaten, promised to bring him soonest to a lodging. Thus pacing along very softly, for Don Quixote's gums and ribs would not suffer him to go faster, Sancho, to divert his uneasy thoughts, resolved to talk to him all the while of one thing or other, as the next chapter will inform you.