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THE
LIFE AND EXPLOITS
Of the ingenious gentleman
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

Translated from the ORIGINAL SPANISH of

MIGUEL CERVANTES DE SAAVEDRA.

By CHARLES JARVIS, Esq;

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the *Strand*, and
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THE
TRANSLATORS PREFACE
LIFE AND EXPLOITS



THE TRANSLATORS PREFACE
LIFE AND EXPLOITS
OF
DON JUAN MANUEL ROSAS
BY
MIGUEL GIL Y FERRAS
AND
DON JUAN MANUEL ROSAS
TRANSLATED BY
MIGUEL GIL Y FERRAS
AND
DON JUAN MANUEL ROSAS
WITH
AN APPENDIX
BY
MIGUEL GIL Y FERRAS
AND
DON JUAN MANUEL ROSAS
CONTAINING
A LIST OF THE
WORKS OF
DON JUAN MANUEL ROSAS
AND
A LIST OF THE
WORKS OF
MIGUEL GIL Y FERRAS
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DON JUAN MANUEL ROSAS
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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

AS much as I dislike the usual practice of translators, who think to recommend their own by censuring the former translations of their author, I am obliged to assure the reader, that, had I not thought those of *Don Quixote* very defective, I had never given myself or him the trouble of this undertaking.

There have been already three of *Don Quixote* in *English*. The first by *Shelton* has hitherto passed as translated from the original, though many passages in it manifestly shew it to have been taken from the *Italian* of *Lorenzo Franciosini*. An Instance or two will be sufficient.

In the ninth chapter of the third book of the first part, *Sancho's* ass is stolen by *Gines de Passamonte*, while *Sancho* is asleep; and presently after, the author mounts him again in a very remarkable manner, sideways like a woman, *a la mugeriega*. This story being but imperfectly told, *Franciosini* took it for a gross oversight: he therefore alters it, indeed a little unhappily; for, in defect of the ass, he is forced to put *Sancho's* wallets and provender upon *Rozinante*, though the wallets were stopt before by the inn-keeper, in the third chapter of the third book. This blundering amendment of the translator is literally followed by *Shelton*.

Again, in pursuance of this, *Franciosini* alters another passage in the eleventh chapter of the same book. *Sancho* says to his master, who had enjoined him absolute silence; *If beasts could speak as they did in the days of Guisopete* (I suppose he means *Æsop*) *my case would not be quite so bad; for then I might commune with my ass, and say what I pleased to him*. Here the *Italian* makes him say “*Commune with Rozinante*”; and *Shelton* follows him, with this addition, “*Since my niggardly fortune has deprived me of my ass.*”

But what if *Cervantes* made this seeming slip on purpose for a bait to tempt the minor criticks; in the same manner as, in another place, he makes the princefs of *Micomicon* land at *Ossuna*, which is no sea-port? As by that he introduced a fine piece of satire on an eminent *Spanish* historian of his time, who had described it as such in his history; so by this he might only take occasion to reflect on a parallel incident in *Ariosto*, where *Brunelo*, at the siege of *Albraca*, steals the horse from between the legs of *Sacripante* king of *Circassia*. It is the very defence he makes for it, in the fourth chapter of the second part, where, by the way, both the *Italian* and old *English* translators have preserved the excuse, though by their altering the text they had taken away the occasion of it.

The edition by *John Stevens* is but a bare attempt to correct some passages of *Shelton*, and, though the grammar be a little mended by the connecting particles, the antique stile of the old one is entirely broken. This is therefore so much the worse by altering the ridiculous of the old diction, without coming nearer to the sense or spirit of the original. *Stevens* also has made the same wise amendments with his predecessors.

That of *Motteux* is done by several hands, and is a kind of loose paraphrase, rather than a translation; and has quite another cast, being taken wholly from the *French*, which, by the way, was also from the *Italian*. It is full of what is called the *Faux brillant*, and openly carries throughout it a kind of low comic or burlesque vein. *Motteux* is so injudicious as to value his version upon this very air of comedy, than which nothing can be more foreign to the design of the author, whose principal and distinguishing character is, to preserve the face of gravity, generally consistent through his whole work, suited to the solemnity of a *Spaniard*, and wherein without doubt is placed the true spirit of its ridicule.

For the three principal points, which a staunch *Spaniard* lays down to his son, are ranked in the following order; *Gravedad, lealdad, y el t emor de Dios*, i. e. " In the first place *gravity*, in " the second *loyalty*, and in the third *the fear of God*." The first is to manifest itself in a punctilious zeal for the service of his mistress; the second in an unreserved submission to his prince; and the third in a blind obedience to the church. The first of these makes the chief subject of the present satire.

Upon the whole, I think it manifest this author has not been translated into our language in such a manner as to give any tolerable satisfaction; though it is evident from the two attempts made by *Motteux* and *Stevens*, and the success they met with upon the first publication, that there was an universal demand for such a work. However, in a short time, all those, who had any taste of the author, finding themselves disappointed, chose rather to have recourse back again to the old one, which, as it was nearer the words, was so much nearer the sense of the original.

There are three circumstances, wherein the excellencies of this author appear in the strongest light. The first is, that the genius of knight-errantry having been so long expired all over *Europe*, excepting in *Spain*, yet this book has been translated into most languages, and every where read with universal applause; though the humour was long ago spent, and the satire affected none but the *Spaniards*. Secondly, that, although it requires a good judgment to discover all the nicer beauties in this writer, yet there remain enough sufficiently obvious to please people of all capacities whatsoever. The third (which I confine wholly to *England*) is, that, though we have already had so many translations and editions, all abundantly defective, yet the wit and genius of the author has been able to shine through all disadvantages, so as to make every one of them as entertaining as any we have among us.

The ironical is the most agreeable, and perhaps the strongest of all kinds of satire, but at the same time the most difficult to preserve in a work of length. Who is there but observes our author's admirable talent at it? However it must be confessed, he has now and then broke in upon this scheme; which I am persuaded he must have been forced to in compliance with the humour of the age and country he wrote in, and not from any error of judgment.

It is certain, that, upon the first appearance of this book in publick, great numbers of the *Spanish* readers understood it as a true history; nor perhaps is the opinion quite extinguished in that country: for an intimate friend of mine told me, that, meeting, not long ago, in *London*, with a *Spaniard* of some figure, and wanting to learn of him some particulars concerning *Cervantes* and *Don Quixote*, the *Spaniard* very gravely assured him, that *Cervantes* was a wag, the whole book fiction and meer invention; and that there never was such a person as *Don Quixote*.

We daily see people of a gross and low taste apt to be offended at a serious manner of jesting, either in writing or conversation; and therefore it will not be improper here to take notice of the frequent oaths, the author puts into the mouths of *Don Quixote* and his squire, and likewise of the pious reflections and ejaculations made by both upon very mean and ridiculous occasions. However unwarrantable this practice may be among casuists, it is certainly no fault that falls under the cognizance of a critic, neither can *Cervantes* in justice be condemned, who appears, in several parts of this very work, to be a man, not only of great morality, but true piety. We should rather blame the disposition and mode of his country, where the authors frequently take the liberty of mingling what we call profaneness and religion together. But above all the old romances, which he satirizes, abound in this very practice. May I not add, that

that a good writer of humour proceeds like a master-painter, who is designing pictures by invention? First, he is intent upon fixing the general idea of the characters, and, when he has carried these as far as he is able by the mere strength of his genius, he then applies himself to minuter likenesses from nature itself, to come nearer to the life, and describe the particulars more strongly. Thus the very interspersing those oaths and ejaculations contributes much towards giving the work that air of nature and truth, so necessary in a piece of this kind.

There are several broad hints of satire upon the wealth, the power and splendor of the clergy, as inconsistent with the original christian scheme; and he has also made pretty free with the voluntary penances, and heroic whippings, of his own countrymen. Such strokes would certainly never have passed the jealous eyes of the *Inquisition*, had they not been sagaciously balanced by several humble and dutiful passages in favour of pious donations, foundations, *Purgatory*, praying to saints, and other profitable doctrines of the church.

In some places you meet with sundry quaint turns, and now and then some obsolete expressions in bombast speeches; both which vices he endeavours to expose in those very passages, by making his hero imitate the stile and phrase usual in the romances so much in vogue: and one would wonder how monsieur and mademoiselle *Scudery*, and the rest of the *Beaux esprits* of the *French* academy, could be so barren of invention, and so unthinking, as to copy that very model of romance set down by *Cervantes*, wherein their heroes and heroines are exactly described, and the whole system ridiculed; particularly in the discourses of *Don Quixote* and the canon.

I thought here to have ended this preface: but considering, that this work was calculated to ridicule that false system of honour and gallantry, which prevailed even 'till our author's time;
to

to which there are frequent allusions through the whole of this work; I have chosen to give some account of the rise, progress, and continuance of it, in this place.

As far back as we have any records of the *northern nations*, it appears, that they decided controversies and disputes by the sword. *Lucian* tells us, that whoever was vanquished there in single combat, had his right hand cut off. *Cæsar*, in his sixth book, says, the *Germans* reckoned it gallant and brave to rob and plunder their neighbours; and *Tacitus* observes, they seldom terminated a dispute with words, but with wounds and death. But nothing can better shew, how common this practice was among the people, than the fatal instance of *Quintilius Varus* in *Velleius Paterculus*. *Varus* commanded three *Roman* legions, with their allies, upon the *Rhine*; where the enemy taking notice, that he was more intent upon deciding causes in a judicial way, than upon the discipline and care of his army, took occasion from thence of forming a design to surprize and destroy him and his army. And this they partly effected, by amusing him every day with scuffles and quarrels, contrived among themselves, to furnish *Varus* with store of plaintiffs and defendants; pretending to be extremely surprized and pleased to see the *Romans* end those disputes by the magistrate and civil pleadings, which the *Germans* knew no other way of determining but by the sword.

All over the *north*, single combat was allowed upon various grounds. *Krantz*, the *Danish* historian, tells us, how usual it was to decide causes this way; and that, not only between persons of equal circumstances; but so shameful a thing was it deemed to decline it, that even sovereigns have accepted a challenge from their own rebellious subjects. *Aldanus*, King of *Sweden*, fought with *Sivaldus* in the lists; and *Addingus*, king of *Denmark*, with *Tosso*, who had in vain endeavoured to raise an insurrection against him. *Schioldus* (nephew to that *Dane*,
who

who gave the name to *Denmark*, they say, before *Romulus*) challenged his rival *Scato*, the *German*, to duel for a young lady. The famous pirate *Ebbon* demanded the daughter of *Unguinus*, king of the *Goths*, in marriage, with half his kingdom for her dowry; and there was no avoiding a concession or a combat; but, by good fortune, another bravo had challenged *Ebbon*, and killed him. In the reign of *Fronto the third*, king of *Denmark*, one *Greppa* was accused by one *Henrick* of having violated the queen's majesty; and though the thing was true, and publick enough, yet *Greppa*, to prove his innocence, challenged the accuser: *Henrick* was slain, and after him his father and brothers, who endeavoured to revenge his death.

By degrees their acute legislators found out, that women, and old or infirm men, were under too great hardships, and therefore, in equity, allowed them the use of a champion, to battle it in their stead. *Gestibind*, king of the *Goths*, challenged in his old age by the king of *Sweden*, sent his champion: and *Elgon* of *Norway*, having a mind to the daughter of *Fridlevus*, sent the famous *Starcuter* to fight his rivals; who, notwithstanding his being so redoubted in arms, slew *Olo* the *Norwegian* by treachery. It is recorded, that these champions were a set of the vilest fellows in the world, who often yielded themselves vanquished for a bribe; and then the unhappy principal was delivered up into the power of the victor, who sometimes put him to death. But, when the treachery was too palpable, the villain lost his right hand, and he and his patron were branded with a note of perpetual infamy. *Saxo Grammaticus*, who wrote about the year 1200, says, that *Fronto* above-mentioned decreed, "That all controversies should be decided by arms, "deeming it more reputable to contend with blows, than with "words." Before this the *Longobards*, of *German* extraction, who had continued and multiplied several ages in *Italy*, began to copy after the *Italians* with a notable mixture of their ori-

ginal genius. *App. Sigonius*, l. 2. says, *Rotari*, with the consent of his nobles and army in *Pavia*, enacted, " That if any " five years possessor of any thing, moveable or immoveable, be " taxed by any man as wrongfully possessing, he may justify " his title by *Duel*:" And whichsoever of the combatants gave ground so far, as to set his foot beyond the line assigned them, lost his cause as vanquished. In some places the rigours were extreme: axes and halters, gallows and gibbets, were prepared without the lists, and the poor caitiff was hanged or dismembered, who happened to be worsted.

By length of time the climate began to soften these savage minds. At first, the *goods* and *chattels* of the vanquished belonged to the conqueror: but this practice was laid aside; for no wealthy gentleman could be safe. The *horse* and *arms* were a great while a perquisite: but, in process of time, this also was retrenched to the offensive weapons the unfortunate had made use of in the lists. These the conqueror hung up in some church under his own; and, if he liked the enemy's device upon his shield, he made an exchange. One of the *Visconti* family defeated a *Saracen* of quality in the lists, and that house, to this day, bears a viper with a bloody child in its mouth, the *Saracen's* device.

In the *Longobard Codex*, rates were set by law upon affronts, as well as assaults and batteries, of both which I will set down a sample. When any person had beaten another, and made a livid spot or wound, he was amerced three crowns for the first, six for the second, nine for the third, twelve for the fourth beating, and all beyond went into the bargain. You see the penalty for wounding a man: now behold how sacred were his honour and his property, and how guarded by the wisdom of the law. *Item*, six crowns for pulling him by the beard; the same for taking away a pole from his hops, or his vines; the same for plucking off the hair of his neighbour's horse's tail;

three

three for beating a servant-wench, and making her miscarry; and just the same for making a mare cast her foal, or a cow her calf. Again, if you struck a man on the head, so as to make a fracture, twelve crowns; twenty-four for the second blow; thirty-six for the third: but if there happened to be any more fractures, the patient must be quiet; for the statute is express, and in very good *Latin*, *Sit contentus*. A catalogue is drawn up of the members of the human body: so much for a simple tooth, and so much for a grinder: the nose was always a ticklish article, and twenty-four crowns was always the lowest penny: but, for assassinating a baron or squire by treachery, nine hundred crowns; and, to shew their zeal for the church, the same for murdering a bishop. They allowed of duel in nineteen cases; eighteen of which were to be fought at blunts, with a club and a shield; but the nineteenth was for high-treason, and to be fought at sharps with the sword. I forgot to mention, that, in their books of rates, to call a man *cuckold* was fined at twelve crowns, and, to offer to prove it, admitted of a combat in form.

Not only single persons, but whole towns have challenged other towns to battle, by first engaging some great families, then the friends and dependents of each, 'till numbers were embarked on both sides, and much blood was spilt. When they came to an accommodation, the terms were sometimes pretty hard upon the vanquished party: "That they should lower their tower, wall
" up some gate, clothe in black, with the lining black also, and
" not shave their beards in ten years." When it grew out of fashion to hang or dismember, still the poor vanquished was in a wretched case, given up to the disposal of the victor. The herald proclaimed him, at the corners of the lists, guilty, false and perjured; he was unarmed backwards; he was to walk backwards out of the lists; his armour was thrown piece by piece over the barrier; and, thenceforward, no gentleman would keep

him company. But the usual way was for the conquerors to send the conquered as tokens to their mistresses, to be disposed of as they thought proper. One cavalier, in a pious fit, presented his prisoner to St. *Peter's*, where the canons of that cathedral employed him to handle a broom instead of a spear, and he swept their church several years with great applause.

This kind of practice favoured too much of insolence, and by degrees, and *Italian* refinements, the vanquishers became the pinks of courtesy. Out of pure gallantry, they did not require their adversary to yield, though the superiority was apparent, but only to confess and acknowledge his antagonist to be as much a gentleman as himself. Now they began to reduce the custom of single combat to a *Science*, and thus it spread all over *Europe*. The cavaliers entered the lists for injurious *words*, as well as for injurious *actions*. Then frequent disputes arose about the expression, or the tone with which it was uttered: here they gave one another the *lye* plentifully, one affirming, the other denying. By these military laws, the challenged was to have the choice of the weapons, of the field, and of the judge; which advantage was often fatal to the appellant, by some foul play or other; whence every man that quarrelled used great address to make himself defendant, to be intitled to the aforesaid privilege. As cases were often dubious, the advocates applied to the study of distinctions. They grew as numerous as the students of the civil law, and as many books were written upon the subject. So many exceptions were allowed, and so many treatises written on both sides the question, before the quarrel could be *established* (as they called it) that there was no likelihood of any end. The *lye* was grown so terrible, that no prudent person would venture to use a *negative particle*, lest it should be construed by the casuists an oblique way of giving the *lye*. A man could not say; "Sir, you are misinformed," without hazarding a duel. People found out qualifying mediums: "Excuse me, Sir; Par-
" don

“don me, Sir;” which in *Italy* and *France* remain the court modes of speech to this day.

Though all gentlemen were under these predicaments, yet those, who were dubbed knights, were under a more immediate and precise obligation: they took an oath to be ready at all calls; their arms and armour were always furbishing, and their horses in the stable; and instantly, upon the receipt of a letter, or gauntlet, by a trumpet, to horse and away: for, should any of these cavaliers have made excuses, or seemed to decline a combat, their spurs were hacked off, and they were degraded of course, as recreant knights, and perjured persons, for behaving contrary to their oath at the girding on their swords. If a cavalier was calumniated after his death, his next of kin was to take up the quarrel; and if a gentleman happened to die after he was challenged, and before the combat, his nearest relation was bound to appear in the lists, and maintain he did not die for fear. In these blessed ages, when people were obliged to combat by this divine right of succession, a strong adroit fellow has extinguished a whole generation, and the merits of the cause point blank against him all the while.

But, of all obligations, that of vindicating the honour of the *ladies* was the most binding: their beauty and chastity were the two topicks that made heroes swarm like wasps in a hot summer, each valuing himself upon the justice of his cause, and, in the very act of encountering that lance, which perhaps in a moment was pushed three yards through his body, muttering a commendatory prayer to heaven, and to his mistress; for they were bound in gallantry to believe their future bliss depended equally upon both. This was very gross, and seemed to be a high contempt of that absolution in *articulo mortis*, upon which the church of *Rome* lays so great a stress. Wherefore the *Lateran council* anathematized all these bravos, to the great discouragement of chivalry. Some princes grew squeamish, and would
not

not allow of combats *a tutto transito* (as the *Italians* called it) that is, to kill downright, unless in extraordinary cases. But fighting still was so universally in vogue, that in every country in *Europe* a *free field* was set out, and every petty prince, out of ostentation of his sovereignty, though he had hardly ten acres of territory, would have his *Campo Franco*, with judges, and all the proper officers fixed, that justice might not be retarded for want of such a *judicature* (as they called it) at hand. The *bed of honour* was ready made, and death stood waiting to put out the lights, and draw his sable curtain. *Letters-patent* were drawn up by the elaborate Secretary, recording all the circumstances at large, and always with some flourishes in favour of the conqueror: these were witnessed by all the cavaliers and men of quality present. The very ecclesiastics were not exempt: for in 1176, *Matthew Paris* informs us, the pope's legate obtained a privilege, "That the clergy should be no longer compelled to single combat."

Philip the fair of *France*, in 1306, by his constitutions, allowed of decisions by combat; and because the ladies could not decently engage in cold blood, and cold iron, they were indulged, out of tenderness to the soft sex, the *Trial ordeal*: burning plow-shares, with troughs of scalding liquor, were placed at unequal distances upon the ground: the accused was blindfolded, and, if she chanced to tread clear of all these gins, her innocence was apparent, and heaven favoured her righteous cause: but, if she was scalded or burnt, god have mercy on her! *Edward the confessor's* mother *Emma* underwent this trial, and came off safe from nine plow-shares. If the charge was for witchcraft, which usually happened to women in old age, they were thrown into some deep pond or river, and, if the operators pulled them out before they were quite suffocated, it was well; but if after they were actually drowned, there was still this mercy, they escaped burning.

While

While these customs were in vogue, superstition had a noble latitude. *Saxo Grammaticus*, l. 1. & 4. tells us, it was generally believed, that "some men were invulnerable by magic; some armour, by necromantic art, of proof and impenetrable, unless some magician of superior skill forged a sword of such temper, as nothing could resist." Some balsams were thought so sovereign, as to heal all wounds, and, in consequence of these opinions, the combatants, at entering the lists, were obliged to take an oath, that they had no such thing about them.

During the prevalency of these barbarous customs, *St. Peter's* successors took the opportunity of fishing some utility out of them, by inciting the princes of *Christendom* to undertake to recover the *holy sepulchre* from the hands of the *Saracens*; as well as to establish certain *military orders*. These were a kind of religious edged-tools, who were so zealous at their first dubbing, that, not content to stay at home, and serve their king and country, they armed, and mounted forthwith, and, accompanied by a trusty squire, went about the world in quest of adventures. Their *oath* at their installation obliged them "to redress wrongs, relieve widows and orphans, chastise insolence, &c." These injunctions they piously took *au pied de la lettre*; and those cavaliers, who were of a compassionate character, set up for immediate redress of grievances, and steered their course towards whatever court or city was most renowned for valiant knights. Those of an amorous complexion offered to maintain, that their mistresses were superior in beauty to all the ladies of the said court or city. At their arrival, they published a cartel or manifesto declaring their pretensions. The compassionate knights insisted, that such a damsel should have right done her upon an inconstant or faithless lover; such a widow or orphan have redress of a certain grievance; such an old or infirm person have satisfaction given him.

him. If any of these or the like demands were rejected, a combat ensued of course, and the stranger knight was to be treated with great distinction 'till the question was decided.

Some gay cavaliers carried the humour farther, and took a company of damsels upon palfries about with them, to stake them against their opponents women. Their letters of defiance were usually in an extraordinary stile. I will transcribe a few of the ancient and authentic precedents, in their own words, from their historian and advocate, *Fausto the Italian*; by which specimen you will find our cavaliers of *Hockley* were a set of modest gentlemen.

C H A L L E N G E.

“ You may have heard I am one that make pretension to
 “ beautiful damsels; and I am credibly informed you have one
 “ called *Perina*, said to be wonderous handsome: now, if you
 “ do not send her me forthwith, or acquaint me when I may
 “ send for her, prepare to fight me.”

A N S W E R.

“ You are not such a man, that one of my rank should re-
 “ gard what you pretend to. *Perina* is mine, and handsome:
 “ I will meet you, and bring her with me into the lists: you
 “ shall stake a couple of yours against her, because they have
 “ less beauty and worth. When I have vanquished you, they
 “ shall wait upon *Perina* as long as she pleases.”

Another C H A L L E N G E.

“ If you do not set the *Brunetta* at liberty, meet me, and
 “ name the day; though this enterprize does not so properly be-
 “ long to me, as to some other cavalier, who lives nearer, and
 “ can be better informed of the violence.”

Another

A N O T H E R.

“ Not out of envy at your glory, but out of a desire to be partaker thereof, do me the favour to fight me, and you will oblige your humble servant.

The A N S W E R.

“ Pray, Sir, be so kind to come and dine with me to-morrow, and at two o'clock I will attend you to the lists.

Another C H A L L E N G E.

“ You say your cap is red; I say it is blue, and will prove, that the sword by your side is lead, and your dagger a wooden one.”

The seconds were to make exceptions and enter protests, to examine the arms and armour, and to see there was no false workmanship; for smiths had been bribed, and made some armour more weak, that their best chapman might prevail. The seconds then never fought, but interposed as they saw cause, 'till by later refinements it grew to be the mode.

When combat became a science, the critics frequently differed on which side the lye was given *validly*. To the end all points might be sufficiently discussed, ten days were allowed for accepting the challenge; twenty to answer the adversary's manifesto; and forty more to agree upon the lists, the judge, &c. So that, let a man of honour be in never so much haste, seventy days were good and safe within the forms. In this interval some new scruple was often started, each party endeavouring to put himself in the place of defendant; and before these difficulties could be removed, one or both of the parties have died peaceably in their beds. To gain time was a main artifice, and frequently practised; and in some great emergencies, a kind of *military writ of error* was admitted, by which the heroes were

to begin again. It will not be improper to quote one example. *Peter*, king of *Arragon*, was challenged by *Charles*, king of *Sicily*, to single combat. The field appointed was near *Bourdeaux* in *Gascony*. *Charles* appeared with the lord of the field and the judge. He waited several hours; then scoured the field (as their law enjoined) and, upbraiding his adversary with contumacy, went off with the judge. When *Charles* was gone, *Peter* appears; stays some time; scours his field, and accuses his competitor as contumacious, for not staying out the whole time allotted. The case was referred to counsel learned in chivalry: they declared *Charles* not guilty of contumacy, because the judge went off with him; and another day was appointed. *Peter* refused to appear: but pope *Martin*, who was as infallible as any of his successors, deprived him of the kingdom in dispute.

Sometimes the day and hour were agreed upon, but they differed about the field. One named the *Piazza Grande* at *Milan*; the other the *Carbonaro* at *Naples*; and each has appeared in shining armour, prounced over the lists, and scoured his field, a hundred leagues from his enemy, who was doing the like in his own country, with equal parade, and equal bravery.

But of all the examples of this sort, I must not omit a very signal one, which is given us by *Froissart* the *French* historian, and an eye-witness, and which I shall transcribe at large. It is of a famous decision at *Paris*, in 1387, between two gentlemen, vassals of the court *D'Alençon*, both in employment under him, and both favourites; the chevalier *John Caronge* appellant, and *James le Gris* respondent. *John*, it seems, was married to a handsome young woman, and happened to travel beyond sea for some advantage to his fortune. He left his wife among her servants at his seat in the country, where she behaved very prudently. Now (says our author) it fell out, that the devil entered the body of *James le Gris* by temptation perverse and diverse, making him cast an eye upon the chevalier's lady, who resided

resided then at *Argenteil*. It was sworn at the trial afterwards, that, upon a certain day of such a month in such a year, he took a horse of the count's, and rode thither. She and her people made him very welcome, as being a companion of her husband's, and belonging to the same master. After some time, she shewed him the house and the furniture; and suspecting no harm, no servant attended while she did so. Then *James* desired to see the dungeon, as the chief thing he wanted to see. Now the dungeon is one of those strong stone towers, of ancient ornament and defence, belonging to every castle, with small spike-holes high in the walls, to keep prisoners of war in, in times of commotion. Madam *Caronge* led him the way. As soon as they were in, he clapped the door after him: she thought the wind had done it, 'till *James* fell to embracing her, and, being a strong man, had his will of her. At his taking leave of her, she said to him weeping; "*James, James, you have not done well; but the blame shall not lie at my door, but at yours, if my husband lives to come back.*" *James* mounted his flower of courfers (as the term was for a fine horse) and returned to the count's, where, upon the stroke of nine o'clock, he was among the rest at his lordship's levée, and at four the same morning he had been seen at home. I mark this particular so precisely, because so much depended upon it afterwards. Madam said not a word of what had passed to man or maid, but retained in her memory the day and hour¹. When the husband returned from his expedition, his wife received him with great demonstrations of joy. The day passed; the night came; *John* went to bed; but she lingered, which he wondered much at. She continued walking backwards and forwards in the chamber, crossing herself between whiles, 'till the family was all in bed and asleep. Then she advanced to

¹ It is pity the historian does not say, what number or whether any of her domestics swore to *James le Gris* being at *Argenteil*, in that day or at that odd hour, nor which servant brought him his horse from the stable, nor why she did not make her people stop him, since one would think she had opportunity and power enough so to do.

the bedside, and kneeling, in the most doleful accents, related the whole adventure. At first he could not believe what she told him; but she persisted so vehemently, that it staggered him, and he said, if it proved so, he forgave her; but if otherwise, he never would cohabit with her more. However he promised to summon the chief of her relations and his own, and demean himself upon the occasion as they should direct. Accordingly, next morning, he wrote several circular letters, and appointed them a day. When they were all met, and in a room together, he called his wife to them, locked the door, and bid her tell her own story from point to point. She did so, and the result of the consultation was, to apprise the count their lord of it, and leave it to him. This the husband agreed to do: but *James* (says the historian) being prime favourite, the count said, the tale sounded like a fiction: however, to shew his impartiality, he ordered the parties should be confronted, and have a fair and formal hearing face to face. After long pleading, all the relations being present, the woman persisting, the chevalier accusing strongly, and the squire as peremptorily denying, *James* was acquitted, and the count concluded the woman must have dreamed: for it was not judged possible for any man to ride three and twenty leagues (about seventy miles) commit such a fact, and spend so much time as the several circumstances of her deposition required, in four hours and a half; for that was all the space, in which he could not prove himself at home. His lordship therefore ordered, that no more should be said of it. But the chevalier, who was a man of mettle, and consequently his honour very tender, now the thing was publick, would not be so put off. He brought the case before the *parliament* of *Paris*: It was depending for a year and half, and the parties gave in securities to stand by the decision. That wise senate at last determined, it should be decided by *combat to all extremity*, on the *Monday* following the sentence. The king, happening to be then at *Sluys* in *Flanders*, immediately sent a courier

courier with orders to adjourn the day; for he was resolved to see the issue himself. The dukes of *Berry*, *Burgundy*, and *Bourbon*, the constable of *France*, with the chief of the nobility, came to town on purpose. The lists were set out on the place of *St. Catharine*, and scaffolds were erected for the numerous spectators. The combatants were armed at all points *cap à pie*, as the fashion was, and had each their chair to sit down in, 'till they were to enter upon action. The dame was seated upon a car, covered with black. The husband rose from his seat, went to her, and said: Madam, by your information, and in your quarrel, I am here to venture my life, and fight *James le Gris*: you know best whether my cause be good and true. Sir, replied she, you may depend upon it, and fight securely. Then he took her by the hand, and kissed her: he crossed himself, and entered the lists. She remained praying, and in great perplexity, as well she might; for, if her cavalier was worsted, he was to be hanged, and she to be burned without mercy; for such was the sentence in express terms. But the die was thrown, and they must abide by the chance. The field and fun being divided, according to custom and equity, they performed their careers, and their exercises of the spear on horse-back, and, being both very expert, without any hurt. Then they alighted, and fell to work with their swords. In a little time the chevalier *John* was wounded in the thigh, and all his friends in a mortal fright for him: but he fought on, and so valiantly, that at length he brought his adversary to the ground, run his sword into his body, and killed him upon the spot. He looked round, and asked if he had done his duty well: It was answered, yes, with a general voice; and immediately *James* was delivered to the hangman, who dragged him to a hill near *Paris*, and hanged him there. The business thus concluded, the chevalier came, and kneeled before the king, who made him rise, and ordered him a thousand livres that day, and two hundred more

more yearly for his life, and made him a gentleman of his bed-chamber. Then, descending to the scaffold, he went to his wife, whom he saluted, and they walked together to the cathedral of *Nôtre Dame*, to make their offerings. So the charge was well proved, and the historian durst make no reflection; for, in those days, no body could question but *James* was guilty, because he was slain.

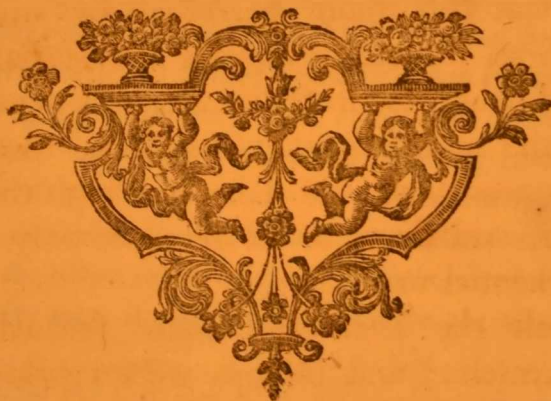
I must not neglect mentioning, that combat was no where more in fashion, than here in *England*. Our history abounds with instances: Our heroes performed in *Totbilfields*, where the judges of the common-pleas presided, and pronounced sentences. But, when a cause was tried before the king, the lord high constable, and the earl marshal, sat as judges.

Infinite were the mischiefs proceeding from these false and absurd notions of honour. The first institution, though barbarous enough, was still more perverted by misapplication. These cavaliers, from protecting widows and orphans from oppression, proceeded to protect their servants and dependents from just prosecution and punishment. In short, throughout all *Europe* this frenzy prevailed, 'till it became both the *honour* and the *law of nations*, and drew to its side not only the *divines*, but the *legislators* themselves.

We have seen all the ideas of heroism formed upon this system. Kings themselves and bishops were employed in writing romances, of the *Paladines of France*, the *Palmerins of England*, and the *knights of the round table*. The single subject of *Amadis de Gaul* was extended to above twenty volumes. The *French*, not so contented, extracted from thence speeches and flowers enough to fill two more; and their translator *de Herberay* was esteemed so great a master of eloquence, as to be called the *Cicero of France*. There, and in *Italy* and *Spain*, it over-run all books, and debauched all taste; and upon

upon this wise model the fine gentlemen of each nation formed both their manners and their language.

In the midst of all these prejudices, we see our author undertake to combat this *giant of false honour*, and all these *monsters of false wit*. No sooner did his work appear, but both were cut down at once, and for ever. The illusion of ages was dissipated, the magic dissolved, and all the enchantment vanished like smoke. And so great and total was the change it wrought, that, if such works are now ever read, it is only the better to comprehend the satire, and give light to the beauties of his incomparable *Don Quixote*.



ADVERTISEMENT concerning the PRINTS.

By JOHN OLDFIELD, M. D.

THOUGH prints to books are generally considered as mere embellishments, and are, for the most part, so ordered as to appear of little more consequence than the other ornaments of binding and gilding, and to serve only for the amusement of those, who are satisfied with such kind of beauties of an author; they are however capable of answering a higher purpose, by representing and illustrating many things, which cannot be so perfectly expressed by words: And as there are a great many instances, especially in writers of this kind, where the reader's fancy leads him to imagine how the passions and affections discover themselves upon particular occasions to the eye, and to figure to himself the appearances of them in the features and gestures of the persons concerned; in these circumstances the assistance of an artist, who knows how the countenance and outward deportment are influenced by the inward movements of the mind, and is able to represent the various effects of this kind by the lively expression of the pencil, will supply the imperfection of the reader's imagination, and the deficiency of the description in the author, which must, in many cases, be tedious and ineffectual. And the knowledge of the particulars of this kind may be communicated this way, as much more accurately, as well as agreeably, than by words, as that of a man's person would be by a good portrait, than by the most laborious and circumstantial verbal description. And perhaps the art of drawing cannot be more properly employed than in setting before the reader the persons concerned at a time when his curiosity is most excited and interested about them, and when, by the introduction, as it were, of the actors in the treatise, in their proper attitudes and gestures, a written narrative may, in some measure, receive the advantages of a dramattick representation.

As the principal end therefore of prints in this case, besides the mere gratification of the eye, is to afford a kind of entertainment, which the imperfection of language, or the nature of things, hinders from being conveyed so well any other way; the subjects ought to be chosen rather with regard to their fitness for this purpose, than on account of their general importance in respect to the matter of the treatise, or any other consideration. And for this reason, an incident that is in itself of no great consequence, and that makes no great figure in the book, by giving occasion for some curious and entertaining expression, may better deserve to be taken notice of in this way, than many of the more material and formal occurrences, which do not so well admit of being drawn, or, if they do, yield little or no additional pleasure to that of the written account of them. But above all

those subjects are to be avoided, which so frequently occur in our author, as the design of his undertaking required, where the bare imaging, or laying them before the sight, is so far from affording any new delight, or giving any illustration to the relation of them, that it impairs, and in some measure destroys, the agreeable effect it would otherways have had. Two remarkable instances of this kind may be seen in the prints of Coypell, of the adventures of the wind-mills, and the flocks of sheep; which, though they are very entertaining in the author's description of them, as they serve to shew the bewitching influence of romances on the imagination, yet, by being set immediately before the eye, become too shocking for the belief; as happens in other like instances, and particularly in dramattick representations, where several of the subjects of the highest and perfectest kinds of narration will not bear to be shewn to the naked sight, where the eye is the immediate judge: and, if Hercules is not to be seen on the stage encountering with two at once, much less is the knight to be exposed to view in such unequal and extravagant engagements, whilst either the reader or he are awake: though he may very properly and naturally be shewn displaying his courage in much the same manner (as he does in the adventure of the wine-skins) whilst he is fast asleep. Nor is the ludicrous nature of his exploits, or the design of the author to expose the like absurdities in the writers of romance by them, an excuse for infringing, and in a manner destroying, all the credibility and verisimilitude of them; which is, in a manner, destroying the very being of them, and all the consequences and effects proposed from them. And the mere picturing of these kinds of transactions, and making them thereby appear more gross and unlikely, as it needs must, instead of illustrating, is, in effect, giving a kind of ocular demonstration of the falsity of them, and has the same effect upon the knight's own performances, as they were intended by the author to have upon those of the former champions in romance, by heightening and aggravating the extravagance and improbability of them. Besides the injudicious choice of these two subjects, the designer of the French prints, who seems to have had some discernment of the unfitness of that of the wind-mills, has fallen, if possible, into a greater absurdity, in order to palliate it, by representing them with the heads and hands of giants, the better to reconcile you to the extravagance of the knight's mistaking them for such; as, for the same ingenious reason, he might have put the flock of sheep into armour, to countenance the like mistake in relation to them.

The chief inducement that led the engravers to make choice of the forementioned subjects, and others of the like kind, was the easiness of setting forth and distinguishing them; since it is as much more easy to determine and mark out a passage by a wind-mill or a flock of sheep, a wooden cage, or a wooden horse,

than

than by an humorous or entertaining attitude or expression, as it is less pertinent and pleasing; and though indeed it is absolutely necessary, that the subjects should be so ordered, as that they may be readily known and distinguished, this is often difficult to be done in the most desirable and amusing ones, notwithstanding all the advantage that can be taken of the scene of action, and the airs, habits, positions, postures, and resemblance of features in the same persons; especially in the representation of speeches, and conversations, where, though there is often something as entertaining to be expressed, as in most other cases, there is frequently less to determine the subject. I will mention only one instance of this kind, with the expedient we have made use of to explain and determine it; which is, the account that is given of Dulcinea's enchantment in Montesinos's cave by the knight, after he had been let down into it to explore the secrets of it. The recital of this transformation is made to a certain curious scholar, a collector of wonders, and a great dealer in the marvellous and improbable, and to his own squire, the original inventor of it, who had framed the story, to serve his own purpose, upon the plan of his master's romantic ideas; who, in conformity to them, readily believed, and, by natural consequence, when he was properly illuminated by the vapours and exhalations of the cavern, as distinctly saw all the particulars of it.

Of his two auditors, to whom he makes a most faithful and serious relation of all that his chimerical imagination suggested to him upon this occasion, the one believes every tittle of it; but the other, who knew that he himself had been the lady's only enchanter, could not help entertaining some scruple very prejudicial to his master's veracity, of which however it imported him to conceal the reasons. This cannot fail to have a very agreeable effect, if well executed. But if the subject should not be sufficiently determined by the scene of action, the knight's address to the scholar and his squire, nor by the solemn stupidity of the former, by which he expresses his belief of the story, or by the half stifled arch leer of the latter, by which he at the same time both discovers, and endeavours to conceal, his disbelief of it; it will be sufficiently distinguished by the drawing of it, as we have ordered the matter in the print, in the hollow of the cave there represented, to be seen through the mouth of it. Examples of this kind are frequent enough with painters and engravers, of which one may be seen in a print of Rembrandt's, where he has told the story, which a conjurer or fortune-teller is supposed to be relating to his correspondent, by a faint sketch of it on the wall of his cell: and the same method is made use of by Raphael in a picture on the subject of Pharaoh's dream.

Another thing we have attended to with the greatest care, as it was of much consequence where such a number of prints were to be furnished out; which was, to vary and diversify them as much as possible. And this indeed was less difficult on account of the author's extraordinary invention, which has supplied such ample matter for this purpose in the multitude of incidents and events, and the diversity of persons and scenes of action, the work abounds with. To which we may add, that the serious parts, in the novels inserted and interspersed, are admirably fitted to relieve the eye from too constant an attention to the same persons, and the same kind of humorous and ludicrous actions. But the principal caution has been, as much as might be, to avoid the too frequent use of the same expressions in the countenances and gestures of the persons represented. For since the passions and affections are capable of being set forth with greater variety by language than delineation, and a thousand different expressions of speech will convey them to the ear, whereas there is only one in drawing, that properly denotes them in the same person, what was not repetition in the author may justly fall under that imputation in the designer; and little differences in the postures, and other less material circumstances, will not help the matter, where the main and only things worth attending to are the same, as will always be the case where the same persons are affected in the same manner. For an instance of this, out of a great number that occur in the prints that have been published on this or the like occasions, I will only mention the two forecited ones, of the adventures of the wind-mills, and the flocks of sheep, in both which the knight is shewn making his attack with the same eagerness and resolution, and the squire expostulating with the same earnestness and vehemence to dissuade him from his extravagant undertakings: though it must be owned, that, if these subjects had been of themselves proper, there was sufficient foundation for varying the character of Sancho, so as to accommodate them to this purpose; since it is evident, that he must be very differently affected in these different circumstances, though his master, who imagined himself engaging with alike formidable foes in both of them, was not. For as he only saw things with a vulgar eye, and apprehended them as they appeared to him at first sight, without any of the knight's mysterious second-sightedness, he could not but discern a great deal of difference between the danger that immediately threatened his master, his government, and all his future hopes, in the one case, and the harmless absurdity in the other, which could only occasion vexation with a mixture of contempt in him, whereas the former must inspire him with equal terror and astonishment; though in both of them, considering the person and the occasion, the ridiculous would be most prevalent in the effect.

I might add somewhat here about the point of time to be taken in each story, in these kinds of representations; which, as it can be but one single instant, ought to be chosen with the greatest care, and to be that, in which the several persons introduced, or at least the principal ones amongst them, are engaged in the most interesting and entertaining manner that is capable of being expressed. And though most subjects admit of a variety of circumstances of time proper for the purpose, of which however some one is generally preferable to the rest, I will only mention one, which contains no less than four different and distinct conjunctures, of any one of which the artist might serve himself upon this occasion: and that is, the account of the Duenna's night visit to Don Quixote at the duke's palace. In order to point out these intelligibly to the reader, who may not have the passage in memory, it is necessary briefly to recite it, which is this.

During the residence of the knight at the duke's palace, an old Duenna, or attendant, of the duchess's took it into her head to make him a visit, to relate her daughter's misfortune to him, and to require his assistance towards her relief in the way of his profession. By the command she had of the keys of the apartments, and for secrecy, she chose the dead time of the night, when, to his great surprize, she opened the door and entered his chamber. Love, and the hurts and scratches he had received in his late adventure of the cats, had kept him waking, and his distempered imagination represented her to him as some sorceress or necromancer come to practise her wicked arts upon him; which her strange appearance and unseasonable entry easily confirmed him in. This sufficiently alarmed him, and the first sight of him in the plight he was in equally astonished her. On the instant of her approach he starts up in his bed, and she at the same time recoils back with the greatest consternation at his meagre and ghastly appearance. This seems to be the first proper incident in this story for representation, in which the matron would be seen, as she is described, advancing with a slow and silent pace towards the knight, in a long white veil, with a huge pair of spectacles on her nose, and a taper in her hand, 'till, upon first lifting up her eyes, she discovers him crossing and blessing himself at the sight of her, and thereupon, with greater consternation, starts back at the more woful and forlorn figure of her champion, as he appeared erect in his bed, wrapped from head to foot in a quilt or blanket, with a woollen night-cap on his head, with his face and nose plaistered over, and bound up together with his mustachoes. Another proper juncture seems to be, when, after they had pretty well got over their former fright, and began to consider one another as flesh and blood, while the old gentlewoman was

gone out to light her candle, that had been put out in the former surprize, the knight, by a new turn of his frenzy, fancies she came to solicit unlawful love to him; and getting out of bed to secure the door against her return, she, upon her re-entry with a lighted candle, discovers him advancing towards her in his shirt, and thereupon forms the same dreadful apprehensions of his designs upon her: whereupon both of them at the same time call to one another, to know whether their respective honours were safe. The instant of this mutual expostulation seems to be the critical minute to shew them in: And the extreme coyness and delicacy of these solemn persons, with the woeful figure they make upon this occasion, could not fail, if well expressed, of having a very pleasant and humorous effect. The next proper circumstance, that offers itself for this purpose, is, when, upon the security of their mutual assurances and professions of the chastity and innocency of their intentions, they had got over their formidable apprehensions, and were come into a perfect confidence in one another. They are represented by the author's pleasant description of them in the following manner. This said, he kissed his own right hand, and with it took hold of hers, which she gave him with the like ceremony. This solemnity, or that of his conducting her towards the bed, to which this is the introduction, or part of the same action, would perhaps afford a more entertaining picture than any other particular in the whole story, and accordingly it seems, in a manner, to be pointed out by the author for that purpose, by what he says in the next paragraph in the following humorous words. Here Cid Hamete, making a parenthesis, swears by Mahomet, that he would have given the best of two coats he had, only to have seen the knight and the matron walk thus, hand in hand, from the chamber door to the bedside. The only remaining circumstance in this variety, that is sufficiently different from the rest, is, when the old lady is seated in a chair by the bedside, to relate the occasion of her visit, and the knight is laid down, and composed in his bed, to hear it. And though this appears the least affecting one, has the least action, and admits of the least expression of any of them, the engraver of the French prints, by his choice of it, seems to give it the preference to all those I have mentioned, and even to that among the rest, which the author appears so intent to turn the reader's eye upon, as the most amusing incident to the sight, and consequently the fittest for this kind of representation, and which for that reason we have pitched upon.

The Import of the FRONTISPIECE.

INSTEAD of the portrait and lineaments of the author, of which all the traces have been long since destroyed by time, we thought fit, by way of ornament, to prefix before this work the true and most durable monument of his memory, a figurative representation of the general design and intention of it, which we have accordingly attempted in the Print at the front of it.

The main scope and endeavour of the author, in this performance, was, to banish from the writings of imagination and fancy the chimerical, unnatural, and absurd conceits, that prevailed so much in his time, and which, in consequence, had infected the world and common life with a tincture of them, and to restore the ancient, natural, and genuine way of treating the subjects that fall within this province.

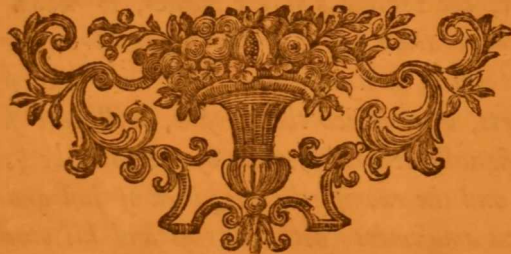
In order to represent this by delineation to the sight, Mount Parnassus, the seat of the Muses, here expressed and shewn in the possession of the monsters and chimeras of the books of chivalry, will sufficiently serve to intimate the preposterous and disorderly state of the poetical world at that time, and the reform it stood in need of, and which our author has so successfully effected in his inimitable performance, by erecting a scheme of the like fabrick and texture with those of the writers of romance, whereby he has foiled and vanquished all the brood of monsters of knight-errantry, with their patrons, and the whole band of necromancers to assist them, at their own weapons.

The principal figure, the Hercules of the Muses, to whom the ancient mythology has assigned that appellation, as their patron and protector, and who is often seen in company with them in ancient monuments, with a harp in his hand, to express his skill in the arts, over which they preside, will here fitly denote the author, who appears so signally devoted to them by the pains he has taken to cultivate their favourite arts, and the example he has given of just and natural writing in the way of more serious amusement, both in this and his other works, as well as by the ridicule, whereby he has so effectually exposed the chimerical and false pretensions of their rivals, the patrons of extravagance and absurdity.

The business of the heroe, in which he is here engaged, in allusion to the author, and suitably to his own character, is, the driving away the monsters that had usurped the seat of the Muses, and reinstating them in their ancient possession of it: and he is properly introduced on this occasion, not only as the patron of the Muses, and a destroyer of monsters in general, but as Spain, where he erected his famous pillars, the trophies of his victories, was the scene of several of his most considerable exploits; where he slew Geryon, the king of the country, with a triple
body.

body, the dog with two heads, and the seven-headed dragon, and from whence he drove away a certain wonderful race of wild bulls; though some of the breed of them, that seem to have been left behind, committed great outrages, 'till our author's chivalry has, in a great measure, put an end to the pernicious effects of the conflicts with them; though it must be owned, that they are not wholly extinct to this day, but that the inhabitants, when they are pricked on by honour to engage them, suffer considerable mischiefs from them. The Satire, who is frequently seen in the same company, and sometimes in the same action, in which he is here represented, in ancient monuments, serves in this place to set forth the humorous nature of our author's performance, by furnishing the heroe, his representative, with the proper implements for accomplishing his end, viz. those of raillery and satire, expressed by the Mask, which he presents him with.

This is sufficient to give a clue to the design of the Print, to which it refers, as it was intended to illustrate the general and extensive aim and view of the author in this work, to which it may be considered as a kind of Allegorical Title Page, under the ornaments of sculpture.





*RETRATO DE CERVANTES DE SAAVEDRA
POR EL MISMO.*

G. Kent inven^t et delin.

Vide Cervantes p. 1.

Geo. Vertue Londini Sculp^t.

THE
L I F E

O F

MICHAEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

WRITTEN BY

DON GREGORIO MAYÁNS & SISCÁR:

His CATHOLICK MAJESTY'S Library-Keeper.

Translated, from the *Spanish* Manuscript, by Mr. O Z E L L.

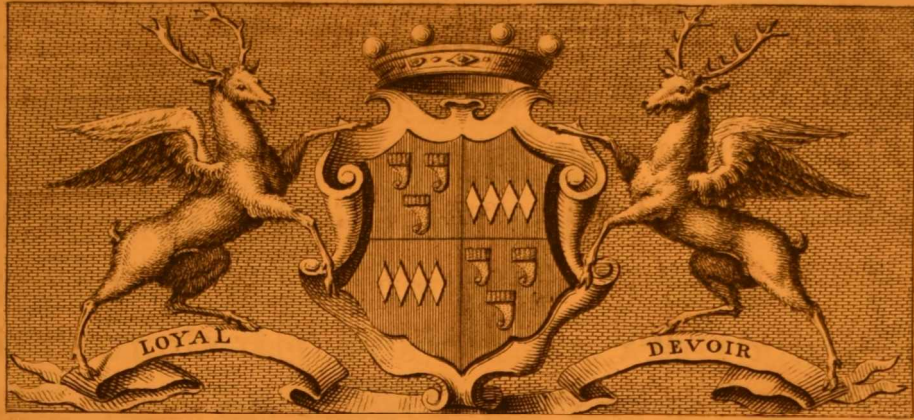
L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. T O N S O N .

M D C C X X X V I I I .

THE
OF

THE HISTORY OF THE
NORTH AMERICAN
INDIANS
BY
JAMES OGDEN
OF THE
ARMY
AND
OF THE
NORTH AMERICAN
INDIANS

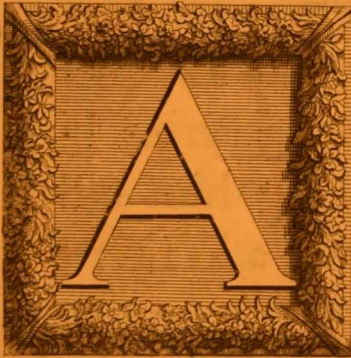


To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD CARTERET,

&c. &c. &c.

MOST EXCELLENT LORD,



S famous a Writer as *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra* was, who perpetuated the Memory of so many *Spaniards*, and had the Art to make immortal, Men that never liv'd at all; yet hath he had no-body to write his own Life in all this Time. YOUR LORDSHIP being desirous it shou'd be done, was pleas'd to honour me with your Commands to collect together what Particulars and Notices I cou'd

A 2

meet

meet with pertaining to the Life and Writings of this great Man. Accordingly I set about it with that Diligence which became One concern'd in the Execution of so honourable a Task, and I have found that *Cervantes's Actions* afford so very *Little Matter*, and his *Writings* so very *Much*, that I was oblig'd, with the *Leaves* of the latter, as with a rich Cloathing, to cover the Nakedness and Poverty of a Person most highly worthy of better Times. For though the Age he liv'd in, is said to be a *Golden One*, very certain I am, that with respect to *Him* and some other well-deserving Persons, it was an Age of *Iron*. The Enviars of his Wit and Eloquence did nothing but murmur at and satyrize him. Scholasticks, incapable of equalling him either in Invention or Art, slighted him as a Writer not Book-learn'd. Many Noblemen, whose Names but for him had been buried in Oblivion, lavish'd and threw away upon Parasites, Flatterers, and Buffoons, their whole Power, Interest, and Authority, without bestowing the least Favour on the Greatest Wit of his Time. As much as
That

That Age abounded with Writers, Few of them have made any Mention of *Cervantes*, at least in his Praise; and Those who have prais'd him (which are fewer still) have done it in so cold a manner, that as well the *Silence* of the *Historians* and the *Praises* of the *Poets*, (his Co-temporaries) are certain Tokens either of their little Knowledge of him, or great Envy towards him. YOUR LORDSHIP has so just a Taste of his Works, that You have manifested Your self the most liberal Maintainer and Propagator of his Memory; And it is by YOUR LORDSHIP and through *Your* Means, that *Cervantes* and his *Ingenious Gentleman* do Now acquire their due Estimation and their greatest Value. Once again therefore let the Great *Don Quixote de la Mancha* sally forth to the Light, hitherto an unfortunate Adventurer, but Now and for ever a most Happy One under Your Lordship's auspicious Patronage. Long live the Memory of the incomparable Writer MICHAEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA. And may YOUR LORDSHIP accept of the ensuing Sheets, as a sure and perpetual

tual Token of that ready and glad Obedience which I profess for YOUR LORDSHIP'S Commands, which tho' I may not have executed to the Height and Extent they deserve (for I am not so conceited, or so ambitious, as either to presume I have done so great a Thing, or hope to Do it) yet at least I shall remain satisfy'd with the Glory of approving my self

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

Most Obsequious Dutiful Servant,

D. Greg. Mayans & Siscar.

C O N T E N T S

Of the following

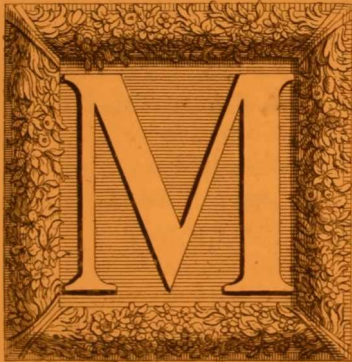
L I F E of MICHAEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

- T**HE *Place of his Birth*, Numb. 4.
His particular Study, Numb. 9.
His Employment, Numb. 10.
His Profession, Numb. 11.
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T H E



THE
L I F E
O F
MICHAEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.
WRITTEN BY
DON GREGORIO MAYANS & SISCAR.



MICHAEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, who when living was a valiant Soldier, tho' Friendless and Unfortunate; and a very eminent Writer, tho' without any Patron to favour him; was nevertheless, when dead, emulously adopted by several Countries, who laid Claim to his Birth. *Esquivias* calls him hers. *Seville* denies her that Honour, and assumes it to her self. *Lucena* makes the same Pretension. Each alledges her Right, and none of them is allow'd it.

1. The Claim of *Esquivias* is espous'd by Don *Thomas Tamayo de Vargas*, a most learned Man: Probably, because *Cervantes* bestow'd on that Place the Epithet *Renown'd*, but the same *Cervantes* explains himself by saying: *On a thousand Accounts Renown'd: one for her illustrious Families, another for her most illustrious Wines.*

2. *Tamayo's* great Rival, *Don Nicholas Antonio*, pleads for the City of *Seville*; and to prove his Point, advances two Reasons or Conjectures. He says that *Cervantes*, when very young, saw *Lope de Rueda* act Plays in *Seville*; and adds, that the Surnames of *Cervantes* and *Saavedra* are peculiarly *Sevillian* Names. The first Conjecture proves but little. For when I my self was a Child, I saw a noted Play (and it is the only one I ever saw) acted at *Valencia*, and yet I was not born there, but at *Oliva*.

Besides, when *Cervantes* was saying, that (a) *Lope de Rueda*, a Man of an excellent Understanding, as well as a celebrated Player, was a Native of *Seville*, it was natural likewise to have call'd it his own Country: but neither in that Place, nor in any other where he names *Seville*, does he once take any notice of his being born in that City. The second Conjecture proves yet less: For if *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra* had had his Extraction from the *Cervantes* and *Saavedras* of *Seville*, those being Noble Families, he wou'd have mention'd it some where or other speaking so often of himself as he does in his Works; now the most that he says, is, that he was a Gentleman, without adding any Circumstance specifying his Family. Besides, had he been born at *Seville*, surely among the *Cervantes* and *Saavedra* Families there, some among them had preserv'd the glorious Memorial of having giv'n to *Spain* so illustrious a Person. A Proof which wou'd have been alledg'd by *Don Nicholas Antonio* as he espous'd that Opinion, and was himself a Native of *Seville*.

3. As for *Lucena*: the People there have a Tradition our Author was born among Them. When this Tradition is clearly made out, or the Parish-Register is produced to confirm it, we shall readily believe it.

4. Mean while I hold it for a Certainty, that *Cervantes* drew his first Breath at *Madrid*, since he himself in His Voyage to *Parnassus*, (b) taking leave of that Great Town, (for it is no City) thus address'es himself to it:

Then, turning to my humble lowly Cell,
 Farewel, said I; and Thou, Madrid, Farewel;
 Farewel ye Fountains, Prado, and ye Plains,
 Where Nectar flows, and where Ambrosia rains.
 Adieu, Assemblies, Conversation sweet,
 Where the Forlorn awhile their Cares forget.
 Adieu, delightful and Romantic Spot,
 Where, struck with Lightning from the Thund'rer shot,
 Attempting a Scalade on Heav'n's high Wall,
 Two Earth-imprison'd Giants curse their Fall.
 Adieu the Publick Theatres, from whence,
 To take in Farce, they've banisht Common Sense.
 Adieu the blest St. Philip's spacious Walk,
 Where States are weigh'd, and News is all the Talk:
 How crest-faln or elate the Turkish Hound,
 How the * wing'd Lion wins or loses Ground.
 Adieu, pale Hunger! — to avoid the Fate,
 If here I stay, of Dying at thy Gate,
 This Day, in order to prevent the Blow,
 Out of MY COUNTRY and my self I go.

* Venice.

5. Having made this Observation, I turn'd to the *Minutes* which *Don Nicholas Antonio* took in order to form his *Bibliotheca*, and in the margin thereof I found he had added this very Proof of *Cervantes's* Country; but being desirous to maintain his old Opinion, he concludes thus; By the Words MY COUNTRY may be understood
 all

(a) In the Preface to his Eight Comedies.

(b) Chap. I.

all Spain. Whoever reads *Cervantes's* Verses attentively and without partiality, will see that this Interpretation of *D. Nicholas Antonio* is strain'd, and even contrary to *Cervantes's* Meaning; for the first sixteen Lines are a descriptive Definition of *Madrid*; the three next Verses an Apostrophe or Speech, directed to his Hunger; and the last Verse of all, a Return to the Town of *Madrid*, where, he had before told us, he had an *bumble lowly Cell*, out of which he was going on his Journey to *Parnassus*: A Journey, the Description whereof carry'd him as it were out of himself, by way of Poetical Transport;

Hoi de MI PATRIA, i de mi mismo salgo.

Out of MY COUNTRY and my self I go.

Besides, in the Lines immediately following, he says,

Then, to the Port, by slow degrees, I came,

Which to the Carthaginians owes its Name:

A Port which Eolus's Rage defies,

Impervious to that Blusterer of the Skies:

A Port, to whose clear Fame all Ports must vail

The Sea e'er wash't, Sun saw, or Man cou'd sail.

6. If *Cervantes* by his Country had meant all Spain, (a thing very improper, and inconsistent with his accurate way of writing) when he quitted Spain, then he shou'd have call'd her his Country, and not when he directed his Speech to *Madrid* and quitted that Town, in order to go to *Cartagena*, especially going as he did, by *slow degrees*, to that famous Sea-port, where he was to embark for his Voyage to *Parnassus* in Company with *Mercury*.

7. Be it therefore taken for granted, that *Madrid* was the Place of *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra's* Nativity, and likewise the Place of his Abode. *Apollo* himself gives Evidence of this in the Superscription of a pleasant Letter of his, in these Terms. (c) *To Michael de Cervantes Saavedra, in Orchard-street, fronting the Palace formerly belonging to the Prince of Morocco, in Madrid. Postage, half a Real, I mean seventeen Maravedis.* And his Habitation seems to have been none of the best, since he concludes the Account of his Voyage, thus,

Then full of Spleen I fought my old, dark Cell.

8. *Cervantes* was born in the Year 1549. as may be gather'd from these Words which he wrote on the 14th Day (d) of July, 1613. *It does not suit one of my Years to make a Jest of the other World: For I am now on the wrong side of Sixty four.* (*Por la mano, aforeband in Spanish,*) which I take to mean an anticipation of some few Days. So that I'm apt to think he was born in July; and when he wrote those Words, he might be sixty four Years old, and some Days.

9. From his most tender Years he was very fond of Books: Insomuch that, speaking of himself, he says, (e) *I am very apt to take up the least Piece of written or printed Papers that lies in my way, tho' it were in the middle of the Street.* He was a great Lover of Polite Learning, and totally apply'd himself to Books of Entertainment, such as Novels, and Poetry of all Kinds, especially *Spanish* and *Italian* Authors. That he was very conversant in such sort of Writers, appears from the pleasant and curious Scrutiny

a 2

which

(c) *Voyage to Parnassus, ch. 8.*

(d) *In the Preface to the Novels.*

(e) *Part I. ch. 9.*

which was made of Don *Quixote's* Library, (*f*) his frequent Allusions to fabulous Histories; his most accurate Judgment of so many Poets (*g*); and his *Voyage to Parnassus*.

10. From *Spain* he went into *Italy*, either to serve in *Rome* Cardinal *Aquaviva*, to whom he was Chamberlain; (*b*) or else to follow the Profession of a Soldier, as he did some Years, under the victorious Banners of that great Commander, *Marco Antonio Colona*. (*i*)

11. He was one of those who were engag'd in the famous Battle of *Lepanto* where he lost his Left-hand by the Shot of an Harquebus: (*k*) Or at least his Hand was so maim'd thereby, that he lost the Use of it. (*l*) He fought as became a good Christian, and a gallant Soldier. Of his Share in this Action he was not a little proud, (and with good Reason;) saying many Years after. (*m*.)

The liquid Plain, then offering to my View,

Don John's Heroic Action did renew,

In whose fam'd Vict'ry, if I may compare

My self with Others, I too had a Share

* *Mean as I was—*

12. Afterwards, I know not how, nor when, he was taken by the *Moors*, and carry'd to *Algiers*. From hence some infer that the *Novel of the Captive* (*n*) is a Relation of Adventures that befel *Cervantes* himself. And therefore they further say, That he serv'd the Duke of *Alva* in *Flanders*, that he got to be an Ensign under an old experienced Captain of *Guadalajara*, whose Name was *Diego de Urbina*; that he was afterwards himself made a Captain of Foot, and was at the naval Battle of *Lepanto*, being embark'd with his Company in *John Andrea Doria's* Galley, out of which he leap'd into the Galley of *Ucbali* the King of *Algiers*, who was then surrounded by the *Spaniards*, but getting loose from them, *Cervantes's* Soldiers were hinder'd from following him, so that he remain'd alone among his Enemies much wounded, and without the least power to make any Resistance; and in short, among so many victorious Christians, he was the only Captive, tho' gloriously so. All this and much more is related by the Captive, who is the principal Subject of the *Novel* in question. This Captive, after the Death of the said King *Ucbali*, fell into the Hands (by bequest) of *Azanaga*, another more cruel King of *Algiers*, who kept him shut up in a Prison or House which the *Turks* call *Baños*, where they keep their Christian Slaves, as well those of the King, as those who belong to private Persons, and also those who are call'd *de Almacén*, that is, who belong to the Publick, and are employ'd by the City in Works that belong to it. These latter do very difficultly obtain their Liberty; for having no particular Master, but belonging to the Publick, they can find no Body to treat with about their Ransom. One of the Captives, who was then at *Algiers*, I judge to be *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra*, and in Proof of this I shall relate what the Captive said of *Azanaga's* Cruelties: *He wou'd hang one of the Christian Slaves one Day, then impale another, cut off the Ears of a third: and this upon such slight Occasions, that*
often

(*f*) Part I. ch. 6. (*g*) In the same Chapter. (*b*) See his Dedication of *Galatea*. (*i*) *Ibid.*
(*k*) Pref. to the *Novels*. (*l*) In his *Voyage to Parnassus*, ch. 1. (*m*) *Ibid.* * Alluding to his being no more than a common Soldier. (*n*) Part I. of *D. Quixote*, ch. 39.

often the Turks wou'd own, that he did it only for the Pleasure of doing it, and because he was naturally an Enemy to Mankind. Only one Spanish Soldier knew how to deal with him; his Name was Saavedra; and because he did such Things as will not easily be forgotten by the Turks, and all to gain his Liberty, his Master never gave him a Blow, nor used him ill either in Word or Deed; and yet we were always afraid that the least of his Pranks wou'd make him be impaled; nay, he himself was sometimes afraid of it too; and if it were not for fear of taking up too much of our Time, I could tell such Passages of this SOLDIER, as would divert the Company much better than the Relation of my Adventures, and cause more Wonder in them. Thus far Cervantes, speaking of himself by the Mouth of another Captive; by whose Testimony it shou'd seem that he was but a common Soldier, and so he calls himself on other Occasions; (o) and not an Ensign, much less a Captain: Titles with which he wou'd have certainly honour'd himself, at least in the Frontispiece of his Works, had he enjoy'd either of those Posts. Five Years and an half he was a Captive, and from thence had learnt to bear Afflictions patiently. He then return'd to Spain (p), and apply'd himself to the writing of Comedies, of which he compos'd several, all of them well receiv'd by the Publick, and acted with great Applause, both for the Newness of the Art and the Decorations of the Stage, which were wholly owing to the Wit and good Taste of Cervantes. These were *The Customs or Humours of Algiers*, *Numantia*, *The Sea-fight*, and many others; Cervantes (q) handling the First and Last as an Eye-Witness. He likewise wrote several Tragedies, which were much extolled. (r) His good Friend Vincent Espinel, the Inventor of a particular Sort of Verse, from him call'd *Espinelas*, thought him worthy of a Place in his ingenious *Temple of Memory*, lamenting the Misfortune of his Captivity, and celebrating the Beauty of his Poetical Genius, in this Octave:

*In vain wert Thou by unrelenting Fate
Cast on a most inhospitable Shore;
In vain thy adverse Stars malicious Hate
Made Thee a Captive to the Miscreant Moor;
Thy Mind still free, Cervantes; undeprest
Thy Wit too; Both exert a Force Divine:
Phœbus and Pallas still inspire thy Breast,
And bid Thee with superior Lustre shine.*

Louis Galvez de Montalvo had express'd himself in much the same manner before Espinel, in his Verses prefixt to *Galatea*:

*Whilst Saracens beneath their galling Yoke
Thy captive Neck controll'd,
And whilst Thy Mind, impassive to the Stroke,
On Faith kept faster Hold,
Heav'n did indeed rejoice; but Earth forlorne
In Tears her Loss confest;
The Muses too, when Thou from Them wert torne,
A Widow's Grief express.*

But

(o) In his Voyage to Parnassus, ch. 1. In Preface to *Galatea*. In the Approbation of the Second Part of *Don Quixote*; and some manuscript Pieces treating of Algiers. (p) Preface to his Novels. (q) Part I. of *Don Quixote*, ch. 48. (r) *Ibid*.

The LIFE of

But since, releas'd from that Barbarian Band,
 O Thou our Souls Desire!
 Thou visit'st once again thy native Land,
 Inviolat and entire,
 Heav'n owns thy Worth: All Mankind does rejoice;
 And Spain once more shall bear the Muses Voice.

The Close of this Sonnet proves that *Cervantes*, even before he was a Captive, was esteemed one of the most Eminent Poets of his Time.

13. But as the Information which comes by *Hear-say*, is wont to be none of the truest; *Cervantes* would subject himself to the rigorous *Examen* of such as shou'd be inclin'd to read his Performances. Accordingly in the Year 1584 he publish'd his SIX BOOKS OF GALATEA, which he presented, as the First-fruits of his Wit, to *Ascanio Colonna*, at that time Abbot of *St. Sophia*, and since Cardinal-Priest with the Title of the Holy Cross of *Jerusalem*. *Don Louis de Vargas Manrique* celebrated this Work of *Cervantes* in a Commendatory Sonnet, which, because it is much beyond what is usually written on such Occasions, I shall here subjoin:

The Sovereign Gods, when They on Thee bestow'd
 Such various Gifts of Nature and of Art,
 Their Greatness, Great *Cervantes*, fully show'd
 In Thee, to whom those Gifts they did impart.
 Jove gave to Thee his Thunderbolt, the Pow'r
 Of Words to split the hardest Rocks in twain:
 Diana gave to Thee, by way of Dower,
 In Chastity of Style t' excel each Swain:
 Hermes the artful Tale with Plot improves,
 And Mars contributes Nerves to make thee Strong;
 Venus and Cupid gave Thee all their Loves,
 And Phœbus aided the concerted Song:
 The Nine learn'd Sisters did enrich thy Mind,
 And All his Shepherds Pan to Thee resign'd.

14. This Sonnet is both a true and a beautiful Description of the GALATEA, a Novel wherein *Cervantes* has manifested the Penetration of his Wit in the Invention, his Fertility of Fancy in the abundance of his beautiful Descriptions and entertaining Episodes; his rare Ability in unravelling many seemingly indissoluble Knots; and his Happiness in choosing proper Words and Phrases peculiarly adapted to the Persons he introduces, and to the Subject he treats of. But what is more to be commended, is, his handling Love-Matters with Modesty, herein imitating *Heliodorus* and *Athenagoras*, the former of whom was of *Phœnicia* and wrote the *Amours of Theagenes and Chariclea*. As for the latter, 'tis uncertain whether ever such a Person existed at all; for if the Conjectures of the learned Bishop *Huetius* are true, it was *William Pbilander* that wrote the *Novel of Perfect Love*, and father'd it on *Athenagoras*. Let this be as it will, our *Cervantes* wrote of Love so judiciously and philosophically, that we have no reason to regret the Loss of *Aristotle's Eroticks*, or the Love-Books of his two Disciples *Clearchus* and *Theophrastus*; or of *Ariston of Ceos*, another Peripatetic. But even this Delicacy

Delicacy with which *Cervantes* treated the Subject of Love, he was afraid wou'd be imputed to him as a Fault, and therefore he endeavoured to clear himself beforehand: *Well I know* (says he) *that in Pastoral Matters there is a particular Style which ought to be restrain'd within due Bounds, since even the Prince of Latin Poesy has been found fault with for soaring much bigger in some of his Eclogues than in others: And therefore I shall be the less concern'd, shou'd any one condemn me for putting Philosophic Reasonings into the Mouths of some Enamour'd Shepherds and Shepherdeses, who seldom aim at a high Style in their Discourse, or talk of any thing but Country-Affairs. But when it is considered that many of my Shepherds are only so in Disguise, and wear a Pastoral Habit purely to carry on the Design of the Novel, this Objection will fall to the Ground.* But *Cervantes* did not find it so easy a Matter to clear himself of another Objection, which was his interweaving into this Novel so many Episodes, that their Multiplicity confounds the Reader's Imagination, let it be ever so attentive; for they come so thick, that though they are work'd in with great Art, yet this very Art gives no room to follow the Thread of the Narration, which is frequently interrupted with new Incidents. He was sensible of this, and confess'd as much when he introduc'd the Curate *Perez* (who was a Man of Learning, and a Graduate of *Siguenza*,) and *Mr. Nicholas* the Barber, saying: *But what is that Book* (ask'd the Curate) *which is next to the Song-Book?* (meaning *Maldonado's Cancionero*.) *It is* (reply'd the Barber) *The GALATEA* of *Michael de Cervantes*. *That Cervantes has been my intimate Acquaintance these many Years, cry'd the Curate; and I know he has been more conversant with Misfortunes than with Poetry. His Book indeed has something in it that shews a happy Invention. It aims at Something, but concludes Nothing. Therefore we must stay for the Second Part, which he has promis'd us. Perhaps he may make us amends, and obtain a full Pardon, which is deny'd him for the present; till that time keep him close Prisoner at your House.* The Second Part of this Pastoral Novel was never publish'd, tho' often promis'd by the Author. (s) One Thing I observ'd some Years ago, and I here repeat it, since it naturally falls in with the Subject, and that is, the Style of *The Galatea* is not very orderly, but rather confus'd, and in some Places abounding with affected Oddities. The Words are indeed very proper, but the constructive Part violent, because irregular, and contrary to the usual way of Speaking. Herein the Author imitated the ancient Books of Knight-Errantry; but in his Dedication and Preface he preserves a more natural Disposition of Style, and still more in the Pieces he publish'd afterwards; all which are a manifest Retraction of his former Error. In *The Galatea* there are Songs and Verses in both those kinds of *Spanish* Poetry, call'd *Arte Menor*, and *Arte Mayor* (t). Those of the first Sort, in *The Galatea*, are exquisitely judicious and equally delightful, replete with most delicate Sentiments, and the Language inconceivably sweet. His Compositions of the *Arte Mayor*, in that Piece, are much inferior; however, there are some Verses in it which may vie with the best of any Poet whatever.

15. But

(s) *In an Oration in praise of Don Diego Saavedra Fayardo's Works, prefix'd to his Republica Literaria, reprinted in Madrid Anno Domini 1736.*

(t) *Coplas de Arte Menor, or Verses of the lesser Art, otherwise call'd Redondillas, are short Verses in which the first and fourth, and the second and third rhyme. Those of the Arte Mayor, or the Greater Art, is when each Verse consists of twelve Syllables, or contains two Verses of the lesser Redondilla, each of which has six Syllables. The Rhyme, in both, alike.*

15. But this is not the Work from which we are to take an Estimate of the Greatness of *Cervantes's* Wit, his Miraculous Invention, or the Purity, Sweetness, and easiness of his Style. All which are most admir'd in the Books he wrote of the ingenious Gentleman *DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA*. This was his Principal Undertaking; and an impartial *Examen* of this Work shall be the Principal Subject of my Pen in these my particular Specifications of his Life, which I write with great Pleasure, since I do it in obedience to the Commands of a Great Honourer of the worthy Memory of *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra*, who, if he had not already attain'd, as he certainly has, an Universal Fame, he wou'd now have attained it by the Favour of so Illustrious a Protector. (u)

16. The reading of bad Books is one of the principal Things corruptive of good Morals, and destructive of the Public Weal. Now if so much Mischief arises from Books which only give a bare Relation of bad Examples, what Effect will not such Books have which are feign'd on purpose to instil into unwary Minds a Poison conditid and *conserv'd* with the Sugar of a Delicious Style? Such are the *Milesian Fables*, so call'd from the City of *Miletus* in *Ionia* (a Province addicted to all kinds of Debauchery) where these Fables were first introduc'd; as also the *Sibarites* in *Italy*, from whence the *Sibartie Fables* took their Name. The whole Business of these Fables (I am only speaking of the leud ones) was to destroy Religion, to bestialize Human Nature, emasculate the Mind, harden Men into Brutes, or soften them into Eunuchs, and instruct them in every thing that was wicked and detestable, base and unworthy.

17. The *Hebrews* wrote their idle *Stories of the Cabala, and the Talmud*, purely to support the Madness of their Incredulity, by the credulous Persuasion of Fictions the most ridiculous, extravagant and despisable that can be imagin'd, and to avoid assenting to the Truth of the Christian Religion, more visible to the World than the Light of the Sun itself; and such is their Affection and Fondness for legendary lying Stories, that in Truth itself they wou'd not own they saw the Truth, even to that degree as, without any other Reason or Foundation but their Love of Legends, to deny the Book of *Job* to be any other than a mere Parable. To them the *Anabaptists* join'd their Belief, and audaciously asserted the History of *Esther* and *Judith* to be in like manner nothing but Parables invented to divert and amuse the People. Thus do they make use of their Fables to confirm their Sect, and turn their own Inventions to the Destruction of the Truest and most Authentic Histories that the World contains, and as such have been preserv'd to us by the proper Depositories.

18. With this same Intention of destroying the True Religion, was likewise written *Mabomet's Alcoran*, which, as hath been observ'd by the very learned *Alexius Vinegas*, (x) contains a *Quadripartite Sect*, of which the First and chief Part is the *Swinish* or *Epicurean Life*. The Second, a *Jumble of Jewish Ceremonies*, void of the Signification they bore before the Coming of Christ. The Third, a *Texture of the Arian and Nestorian Heresies*. And the Fourth, the *Letter of the Gospel distorted and ill expounded*, to answer their deprav'd and wild Pretensions. Of this Stamp are the *Stories of the Cradle and Arrow*, first broach'd by the *Moors* in their Church of *Malignants*.

19. Another

(u) MY LORD CARTERET. (x) In the Expounding of *Momus*, translated by *Augustin de Almazan*.

19. Another Design of the mischievous *Milesian* Books, is, to render the Readers of them Effeminate, by a lively Representation of amorous Encounters, and exciting corrupt Ideas by luscious Imag'ry and Machinery. In this sort of Writings it were much better not to cite Examples, and if any be brought in, let it be *Apuleius's Ass*, so that the Example itself may put the Reader in mind that Indolence, and a supine vile Disposition, will transform Men into Beasts.

20. As on the one hand, Mens Minds are render'd effeminate by Books of *Knight-Errantry*, so, on the other, such Books tend to make Savages of them, for therein are describ'd most monstrous Performances of certain fictitious Knights, with each of them his Lady, for whom he commits a thousand mad Pranks, even to that degree as to Pray to them, invoking them in their perilous Adventures with certain Forms of Words, as so many Advocates and Mediatrices in their Conflicts and Encounters; and for their sakes they enter upon and atchieve Multitudes of extravagant and nonsensical Matters. In short, the reading these Books stir'd up many to barbarous Actions thro' an imaginary Punctilio of defending Women even for Causes absolutely dishonourable. And things were come to that pass, the very Laws censur'd such Doings as unfit to be countenanced, and accordingly declare it to be an Abuse: (y) *In order to animate themselves the more*, says the old Collection of *Spanish* Laws, *they held it a noble thing to call upon the Name of their Mistresses, that their Hearts might swell with an increase of Courage, and their Shame be the greater if they fail'd in their Attempts.*

21. The last Sort of pernicious *Novels*, is, such as, under the Pretence of warning People against Roguery, do really teach it; of which Compositions we have in *Spain* such Multitudes of Examples, that it is needless to instance any in particular.

22. Of all these Books, those that did most harm to the Publick were such as had *Knight-Errantry* for their Subject. The Causes of their Introduction were as follows.

23. The Northern Nations possessing themselves of all *Europe*, the Inhabitants flung away their Pens and laid hold of their Swords, of which they that had the longest, and were consequently the strongest, were most esteemed. Barbarism prov'd to be the most potent, and went out Conqueror; Learning was beat down, the Knowledge of Antiquity lost, and the right Taste annihilated. But, as there is no making shift well without these Things, there succeeded in their room a false Learning and a wrong Taste. They wrote Histories which were fabulous, because they had lost, or knew not how to find out the Memory of past Occurrences. Some Men, who wou'd needs of a sudden set up for Teachers, cou'd but ill instruct their Readers in what they had never learnt themselves. Such were *Thebesinus Helius*, an *English* Writer, who, about the Year 640, when King *Arthur* reign'd in *Britain*, wrote the Life and Actions of that King in a fabulous romantick Way. Herein he was imitated by *Avalonius*, who, in King *Vortiger's* Reign, about the Year 650, wrote the History of *Britain*, interspers'd with Tales of King *Arthur* and the *Round Table*. The History publish'd by *Gildas*, surnam'd *The Wise*, a *Welsh* Monk, is of the same Sortment: He relates the marvellous Exploits of King *Arthur*, *Percival* and *Lancelot*. The Book written by *French Hunibald*, and abridg'd by the Abbot *Tribemius*, is a heap of Lyes and idle childish Stories. Another Book falsly ascrib'd to Archbishop *Turpin*, being in truth

misdated by above 200 Years, treats of the Atchievements of *Charlemagne*, full of Fictions, and was indeed forg'd in *France*, not in *Spain*, as is by a certain Person avert'd only because he was pleas'd to have it so. With these Books we may couple the fabulous Histories falsly father'd on *Hanon Forteman*, *Salcan Forteman*, *Sivard the Sage*, *John Abgil-lo* Son of a King of *Frizeland*, and *Adel Adeling* a Descendant from the Kings of the same Nation; all of whom are said to have been *Frizelanders*, and to have liv'd in the Time of *Charlemagne*, whose Story they wrote.

24. No less fabulous was the *History of the Origine of the Frizelanders*, ascrib'd to *Osco Escarlenfis*, Grandson (as some feign) to a Sister of *Salcan Forteman's*, and contemporary with *Otbo the Great*. Nor ought any more Credit to be given to the History compos'd by *Geofry of Monmouth*, a *Briton*, wherein are written *The Life and Adventures of King Arthur*, and of the Wife *Merlin*, notwithstanding he is said to have drawn them from ancient Memoirs.

25. These were the Histories which were in such vogue among the Nations that were then less rude, and less stupidly dull. There were Men that foolishly busy'd themselves in coining and publishing such extravagant Whims, because there were Men still more foolish, who read, applauded, and often believ'd them.

26. The *Trobadores* (a), I mean the Poets, who in the time of *Louis the Pious* began to cultivate the *Gaya Ciencia* (that is *Poetry*, as if one shou'd say *The Gay, Pleasant Science*) made it their Study to reduce to Metre these same Figments; and as they always us'd to sing them, they became common.

27. In *Spain* the Use of Poetry is much more ancient. I am not treating of the most remote Times, and therefore shall not quote *Strabo*: I'm speaking only of the common Poesy, which we call *Rhythmical*. There are no Traces of its ever being known in any Part of *Europe* before the *Arabians* came into *Spain*. They alone afford a greater Number of Poets and Poems than all the *Europeans* put together. 'Twas they that first inspir'd this Poetical Itch, or perhaps confirm'd it in the *Spaniards*, who knew how to rhyme to Perfection, as is related in a long, but not tedious Account thereof by *Alvaro of Cordovès*, (b) who lamented it as a Grievance a hundred and thirty Years after the Loss of *Spain*. Whether many, or any, of these *Arabian* Poems mention'd by *Alvaro*, were a Species of *Novels*, I will not take upon me to say; but the Exploits of their *Bubalul*, so much celebrated by them in Prose and Verse, were, doubtless, of the *Novel* Kind. It is certain that Tradition, to this very Day, has preserv'd in *Spain* what we call *Cuentos de Viejas* (Old Wives Tales) fill'd with Inchantments, which occasions so many to believe them: And therefore *Cervantes*, with his usual Propriety of Speech, calls his *Novels*, *Cuentos* (c). Yet *Lopè de Vega* is for making a Distinction between *Cuentos* and *Novelas*, (*Tales* and *Novels*), when, writing to *Señora Maria Leonarda*, he thus expresses himself: *Your Ladyship commands me to write a Novel. This is a Novelty to me; for, altho' it is true that in THE ARCADIA, and in THE PILGRIM, there is something of this Kind and Style, more in use among the Italians and French, than the Spaniards, yet the Difference is great, and the Manner*

more

(a) An old Name for Poets, from Trobar in old Spanish, to find, (Trouver in French) i. e. to find Rhime for Verses. (b) See Aldrete Orig. de la Lengua Castellana, Lib. I. cap. 22. (c) At the Close of his *Galatea*, and the Dedication of his *Novels*.

more humble. In an Age less judicious than ours, even the wisest Men call'd NOVELS by the Name of CUENTOS (Tales). These latter were got by heart, and never committed to Writing, that I remember. I, for my part, am apt to think that if there's any Difference, (which I doubt) it is, that the *Cuento*, or *Tale*, is the shorter of the two. Be that as 'twill, the *Cuentos* (Tales) are usually call'd *Novelas* (Novels,) and so *vice versâ*, and both of them *Fables*. Those who profess Exactness and Propriety in Speech will tell you there is a farther Sort of *Fables*, and these they call *Fables of Chivalry*: For which reason *Lope de Vega*, pursuing his Discourse of Spanish Customs in relation to their Fondness for Fiction, immediately adds: *Because their Fables were reduc'd to a kind of Books which had the Appearance of Histories, and were call'd in the Castillian Tongue CAVALLERIAS, as much as to say, THE ATCHIEVEMENTS OF VALOROUS KNIGHTS. Herein the Spaniards were most ingenious, because in the Matter of Invention no Nation in the World excells them, as may be seen in so many Esplandianes's, Phebus's, Palmerin's, Lifuarte's, Floranbelo's, Pharamondo's, and the celebrated and most renowned Amadis, Father of all this endless Multitude, which was written by a Portuguese Lady.* Reading these last Words, I was somewhat startled, because at the time when the Romance of *Amadis* was first publish'd, there was not, at least that ever I heard, a Lady in the Kingdom of Portugal capable of writing a Book of so much Invention and Novelty.

28. The learned and judicious Author of *The Dialogue of the Languages*, who wrote in Charles the Vth's Time, and bestow'd much Pains and Time in examining *Amadis de Gaule*, never speaks of it as if he took it to be the Work of a Woman, but a Man. The learned and judicious Archbishop of Tarragona, *Don Antonio Augustin*, speaking of *Amadis de Gaule*, has these Words: (d) *A Piece which the Portuguese say was compos'd by* (e) *Vasco Lobera*. And one of the Interlocutors presently adds, *This is another Secret which few are acquainted with.* *Manuel de Fera i Sousa*, in his learned Preface to the *Fuente de Aganippe*, publish'd a Sonnet, which says that the *Infante Don Pedro* of Portugal, Son to King *John* the First, wrote in praise of *Vasco de Lobera*, for having written that feign'd Story of *Amadis de Gaula*. I have heretofore observ'd, that *Amadis de Gaula* is exactly the Anagram of *La Vida de Gama*, (f) (*The Life of Gama*.) From whence my Friends the Portuguese may infer many other very likely Conjectures.

29. Let that Matter be as it may (for Things done so long since can't easily be ascertain'd,) as our oldest Book of Chivalry is about a hundred Years posterior to those which treat of *Tristan* and *Lancelot*; this gave occasion to the most learned *Huetius*, after *John Baptist Giraldo*, to say, That the *Spaniards* receiv'd from the *French* the Art of composing Novels (g). As for what concerns Chivalry, I shall make no Difficulty in believing it. But the same Art which the *Spaniards* receiv'd rough and disorderly, they polish'd and beautify'd so much, that there is the same Difference between them as between a *Disbabillé* and a *Set-Dress*. The *Spaniards* fell into this Romantick way of Writing by the same Occasion as Foreigners did. Their Ignorance of true Histories oblig'd them, when they were to write any such, to stuff them full of Lies, especially

b 2

if

(d) Dialogue II. pag. 42. (e) Vasco is the Christian Name of a Man. (f) Gama, the Surname of a noble Family in Portugal. (g) In his Origin of Romances.

if they treated of things passed any considerable time before, for they seldom had Assurance enough to write any manifest Untruths of things present. But as Time present soon becomes Time past, the Liberty of devising Fictions, so confounded Truth with Falshood, that there was no distinguishing the One from the Other. And thus we see that the fabulous Songs, or to speak more clearly, that Species of *Spanish* Poesy call'd *Romances* (in my Opinion so denominated from *Roman*, a *French* Word, signifying *Novel*;) we see, I say, that these Lying Songs or Romances, which at first were only made for the Entertainment of the ignorant Rabble, got into such vogue afterwards by being learnt by Heart and repeated by others, that they easily pass'd for Authentic, and their Fictions interwoven with the *General Chronicle of Spain*, which was compiled by the Royal Authority. A most pernicious Example, and so much follow'd, that the Imitation thereof hath brought our Histories to so unhappy a Pass, that an Historian of ours, and one that was esteem'd among the most judicious of his Time, has not scrupled to say, that, *Excepting Holy Writ now and then quoted in them, there's no knowing how to affirm or deny any thing after them.* And who shou'd this Man be that hath banish'd Truth from History, which is the most unexceptionable, and almost only Witness of Times past? Let Him declare that directly rebuk'd him for it, I mean, the most ingenious Batchelor *Pedro Rbua*, Professor of Liberal Learning, who thus writes to him: *(b) Your Lordship, by Blood a Guevara (i), by Office an Historiographer, by Profession a Divine, in Dignity and Worth a Bishop; but of all these the greatest Renown is to love Truth, to write Truth, to preach Truth, to live in Truth, and to die for the Truth; and therefore your Lordship will be delighted in hearing the Truth, and in being advised by Her. He goes on: I have written to your Lordship that among other Things in your Works which the Readers find fault with, the most unbecoming, odious and intolerable Thing that a Writer of Authority, as your Lordship is, can be guilty of, is, your giving us Fables for Histories, and Fictions of your own for other Peoples Narrations; and citing Authors who say no such thing, or do not say it as you represent it, or are such as do not exist but in the Clouds, as the Crotoniates and Sibarites us'd to say: Wherein your Lordship loses your Authority, and the Reader, if he's unlearn'd, is deceiv'd, and if he is diligent and studious, he loses his Time in seeking where the Cocks of Nibas crow, as the Greek Proverb has it.* This false Opinion which the Bishop of *Mondoñedo* held of the Liberty of feigning Histories, gave him occasion to think, that since so many others had written whatever they had a Fancy to, he might do the same; a License which he so boldly gave into, as not only to forge Events and Authors, in whose Names he confirm'd them, but even Laws and Ordinances likewise. And alluding to this, *Rodrigo Dosma*, in the *Catalogue of the Bishops of this City (Osma)* which is at the end of his *Discursos Patrios*, speaking of King *Alonso XI. of Leon*, says: *He stock'd the City with People, and gave them Laws call'd Fueros de Badajoz, which I hold for True and Real Lawes, not Fictitious ones, like Guevara's.* And indeed the most learned *Aldrete* held the same Opinion of *Guevara's* Laws, tho' his great Modesty restrain'd him from speaking his whole Mind: *The same it is (says he) with respect (k)*

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(b) In his Third Letter. (i) Frai Antonio de Guevara, Bishop of Mondoñedo; not Don Antonio de Guevara, Prior of St. Michael de Escalada. (k) Book II. of The Origin of the Castilian Tongue, ch. 6.

to the Fueros de Badajoz, if they are real, which I will not take upon me to determine. As for the Author who has set them down, his Assertions are somewhat doubtful, because of the little Dependance we can have upon the Certainty of other Things which he relates. By this he plainly points to the Bishop of Mondoñedo: Of whom Don Antonio Augustin says much the same thing, for which I refer to his *Dialogues* (l) rather than transcribe his Words here. I have no mind to bring a Slur upon the Memory of a Person of so tender a Conscience, that having been Historiographer to the Emperor Charles Vth, and written his Life to the time of his Return from Tunis, order'd by his Last Will and Testament that a Year's Salary he had receiv'd shou'd be paid back to his Majesty, because during one whole Year he had wrote nothing, considering, very rightly, that this and the like Salaries, are not given for Services done, but to be done, by discharging the Duty incumbent upon the Office; a Duty indispenfable, because owing to the Publick, the Members whereof, that is the Citizens, both present and to come, are in the nature of lawful Creditors to whom such Officers are Debtors. I have instanc'd this memorable Example only to shew the mighty Force of Custom, if once it extends to lay down Fiction for Truth, because even in good Men, naturally sober, discrete and studious, as was Bishop Guevara, it will pervert the Judgment, and did miserably pervert that of most of the Spaniards purely by giving way to the pernicious Pleasure and dangerous Delectation of Books of Chivalry.

30. Mens Minds being thus accustomed to that Admiration which arises from extravagant Relations intermixt in History, they boldly proceeded to write Books entirely fabulous: which indeed wou'd be much more tolerable, nay worthy even of Praise, if confining their Fictions to Probability, they wou'd present the Idea of some great Heroes, in whom Virtue was seen rewarded; and on the other hand Vice chastis'd in vile and abandon'd Profligates. But let us hear how the judicious Author of the *Dialogue of the Languages* delivers himself on this Occasion: *Those who write Lyes, ought to write them so as to come as near the Truth as possible; but our Author of Amadis, (who was the first and best Writer of Books of Chivalry) sometimes thro' Carelessness, and at other times thro' I know not what, says Things so palpably false, so grossly untrue, that it is impossible for a Man to give the least Credit to them.* To confirm which, he produces sundry Instances. The same Enormity is censur'd and exploded by the sage *Ludovicus Vives* (m) with such substantial and weighty Arguments as shew'd him to be one of the justest as well as severest Criticks of his Time. *Erudition* (says he) *is not to be expected from Men who have not so much as seen the Shadow of Erudition. For whenever they relate a Story, what Pleasure can there be in certain Things which they so barefacedly and nonsensically feign? This Man, alone, kill'd twenty together; that Man, thirty; another, run thro' and thro' in threescore places, and left for dead, presently rises up, and the next day, being perfectly cured and recover'd, Challenges a couple of Giants, kills them, and goes off loaded with Gold, Silver, Silks, and precious Stones, in such abundance as wou'd sink one Ship, if not two, to carry 'em. What a Madness is it to suffer ones self to be led away by such Extravagancies? Besides, there is nothing spoke with Acuteness or Wit, unless we are to reckon for Wit, words fetcht from the most secret Privacies and Hiding-boles*

of

(l) *Dialogue X. pag. 426. Dial. XI. p. 447.*

(m) *De Christiana Fæmina. Cap. Qui non*

legendi Scriptores, qui legendi.

of Venus, which are spoken very properly to seduce and unbinge the Modesty of her they say they love, if by Chance she shows any Resolution to withstand their Attacks. If it be for This, these Books are read; it will be less hurtful to read such Books as treat of (pardon the Term) downright Bawdry. For, after all, what Discreetness can proceed from the Pens of Writers destitute of all good Learning and Art? I never heard any Man say he found a Pleasure in such Books, except only those who never touch'd a good Book in their Lives: I confess indeed, to my Shame, I have sometimes been guilty of reading them, but I never found any Footsteps in 'em either of a good Design or true Wit. Persons therefore who praise them, some of whom I know, shall then find credit with me, when they say this after they have read Seneca, Cicero, St. Jerom, or the Holy Scripture, and whose Morals are as yet untainted. For most commonly the Reason of approving such Books arises from beholding in them our own Manners, presented as in a Mirror, and so we rejoice to see them approv'd of. To conclude; altho' the Contents of them were ever so witty and delightful, I wou'd never desire a poisoning Pleasure, or that my Wife shou'd be ingenious to play me a treacherous Trick.

31. In this manner proceeds the judicious *Vives*, who in another place assigns (n) for one of the Causes of the Corruption of the Arts, the reading of Books of Chivalry: People are fond (says he) of reading Books evidently full of Lyes and Trifles, and this thro' a certain Titillation of Stile, as *Amadis*, and *Florian*, among the Spaniards; *Lancelot*, and the *Round Table*, among the French; *Orlando Furioso*, among the Italians: Books devis'd by idle Men and stuffed with a sort of Falsities, which contribute nothing to the Knowledge or a right Judgment of Things, or to the Uses of Life; but only serve to tickle the Concupiscence, and therefore they are read by Men corrupted by Idleness and a vicious Self-complacency: just as some squeamish Stomachs which are used to be pamper'd up, are sustain'd by certain Confitures of Sugar and Honey, utterly rejecting all solid Food. *Vives* was not the only Man that complain'd of this Evil. *Megia*, *Charles the Vth's* Chronologer, and a discreet Historian of those Times, lamented it in very pathetic Terms, (o) insomuch that the *Inca Garcilasso*, upon his sole Testimony, wou'd never cast an Eye upon such strange and monstrous Books. Master *Vinegas*, with his usual Judiciousness, says: (p) In these our Days, to the great Prejudice of modest and retir'd Maidens, are written disorderly and licentious Books of Chivalry, which are no other than the Devil's Sermon-Books with which in Holes and Corners he weds the Minds of young Women. Not to mention the Testimony of other excellent Authors, a Spanish Bishop of great Learning, and one of the foundest Divines in the Council of *Trent*, *Melchior Cano*, writes as follows: (q) Our Age hath seen a Priest who cou'd not get it out of his Head but that every Thing that was printed, must needs be True. For, said he, the Ministers of the Republick wou'd not commit so great a Wickedness, as not only to suffer Lyes to be publish'd, but also to authorize them with the Sanction of Privilege, that they may the more securely spread themselves into the Peoples Minds. Mov'd by this Argument, he came to believe, that *Amadis* and *Clarian* did really perform the Things that are related of them in their romantic fabulous Histories. What Weights this Man's Argument (tho' a simple Priest) may bear against the Ministers

(n) *De Causis corruptarum Artium*, Lib. II. in fine. (o) *Imperial & Casarian History*. In *Constantine's Life*, ch. 1. (p) In the Exposition of *Momus*, Conclusion 2. (q) *De Locis Theologicis*. Lib. II. cap. 6.

Ministers of a Republick, this is neither a proper Place nor Time to dispute. For my own part, with great Grief I observe it, (because it is a thing, detrimental and ruinous to the Church) that in the Publication of Books, the only Precaution is that they contain no Errors against the Faith, without minding whether they have any thing in them hurtful to Morals. My principal Complaint is not about those Novels, which I just now named, tho' written without any Learning or Erudition; or such as contribute not a jot, what shall I say, to our well and happy Being, no, nor so much as to enable one to form a right Judgment of Affairs in common Life. For what Benefit can accrue to any Body from Stuff and Nonsense invented by idle unemploy'd Writers, and sought for by vicious and corrupt Readers, &c. Words worthy to be written in Letters of Gold, by which it plainly appears how great a Value Bishop Cano set upon the Opinion of Vives, whom he frequently copy'd, tho' sometimes he reproach'd him, unjustly, for secret Reasons against which had Vives liv'd, he wou'd have vindicated himself. (r) But Vives will live in the Memory of Mankind, and some time or other will have a Friend, who joining Authority with Learning, will redress the Injury which was done, and is still tolerated, against so pious a Man.

32. In the mean time let the above noticed Complaints suffice to form a Judgment of the Mischief done by Books of Knight-Errantry, which so strongly possess'd the Minds of the generality of Readers, that the Complaints, Invectives and Sermons of the most judicious, the most prudent and most zealous Men in the Nation, were unable to root them out. Nor did so immortal an Atchievement take place till it pleas'd GOD that *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra* shou'd write (as himself tells us (s) by the Mouth of a Friend of his) *A Satyr on Books of Knight-Errantry, by publishing the HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA: The principal, if not the sole End, whereof is to destroy the Reputation of Books of Knight-Errantry, which had so greatly infatuated the major part of Mankind, especially those of the Spanish Nation. Cervantes consider'd, that one Nail drives out another, and that most of those who inclin'd to the reading such Books were an indolent, idle, thoughtless sort of People, consequently not easy to be dissuaded from reading them by the Force of Reason, which only operates upon considerate Spirits, he judg'd the best Remedy to this Evil wou'd be a Book of a like Invention, and of an innocent Entertainment, which exceeding all the rest in Point of Mirth and Diversion, might draw in to the reading of it People of all kinds, as well Men of a deep and searching Thought, as the Ignorant and Half-witted. For the attaining of which End there was no need of a great stock of Learning; but only to clothe a well-devis'd Story in such pleasing Terms as to delight every Body. And therefore Cervantes in that most ingenious Preface, in which he so wittily satirizes the Vanity of petty Writers; after a very pleasant Confabulation between himself and a Friend, makes his Friend propose the Plan he ought to proceed upon, which is as follows: *If I know any thing of the Matter, your Book has no occasion for any sort of learned Lumber, as Quotations in the Margin, &c. for your Subject, being a Satyr on Knight-Errantry, is so absolutely new, that neither Aristotle, St. Basil, nor Cicero, ever dream'd or heard of it. These fabulous Extravagancies (of Chivalry) have nothing to do with the impartial Punctuality of true History, nor do I find any Business**

(r) Vives was suspected by some to be a Protestant in his Heart. (s) In the Preface to his First Part.

you can have either with *Astrology, Geometry or Logick*, nor to make Sermons or preach to People by mixing sacred Things with profane, a sort of Compound which every good Christian wou'd avoid being guilty of. Nothing but pure Nature is your Business: Her you must consult, and the closer you can imitate her, the better will be your Picture. You have no need to hunt for Philosophical Sentences, Passages out of Holy Writ, Poetical Fables, Rhetorical Orations, or Miracles of Saints. Do but take care to express your self in a plain easy manner, in well-chosen, significant and decent Terms, and to give an harmonious and easy Turn to your Periods. Study to explain your Thoughts, and set them in the truest Light, labouring, as much as possible, not to leave 'em dark nor intricate, but clear and intelligible. Let your diverting Stories be express'd in diverting Terms, to kindle Mirth in the Melancholick, and brighten it in the Gay. Let Mirth and Humour be your superficial Design, tho' laid on a solid Foundation, to challenge Attention from the Ignorant, and Admirer from the Judicious; to secure your Work from the Contempt of the graver sort, and deserve the Praises of Men of Sense; keeping your Eye still fixt on the principal End of your Prospect, the Fall and Destruction of that monstrous Heap of Romances, which, tho' abborr'd by many, have so strangely infatuated the greater part of Mankind. Mind this, and your Business is done.

33. *Cervantes* being so well instructed, let us now see, without Favour or Affection, whether he was capable of executing the Advice giv'n him.

34. In three Things consists the Perfection of a Book: Good Invention, due Disposition, and a Diction proper to the Subject.

35. The Invention of our Author is adapted to the Character of a Gentleman of no despicable Parts, which he had improv'd by reading, but at last by too much poring upon Books of Knight-Errantry, lost his Senses: and giving into the Phrenzy of imitating those strange and unaccountable Exploits he had met with in his reading, chuses for his Squire a poor labouring Man, but withal a pleasant merry-conceited Fellow; & that he may not be without a Lady, he frames one to himself in his Imagination with whom he is platonically in love. And with a view of meeting with Adventures, he, at first Alone, on his Horse, call'd by him *Rocinante*, and afterwards in his second and third Sally, with his Squire *Sauncho Panza* on his Ass, call'd *Dapple*, goes forth a Knight-Erranting.

36. The Idea therefore, of *Cervantes*, and my Sense of it, as far as I can judge, are as follows. *Alonso Quixada*, a Gentleman of *la Mancha*, gave himself entirely up to the reading of Books of Knight-Errantry: A Vice very common to People addicted to Ease and brought up to nothing: Too intense an Application to Books of Chivalry dry'd up his Brain, and turn'd his Head, as it had done by another famous Rusticator, known by the Name of the *Paladin*. Which signifies, that this vain useles sort of Reading unhing'd the Judgment, rendring the Readers rash and fool-hardy, as if they had to deal with Men that were, after all, but Imaginary. Our unfortunate *Manchegan* believ'd all the Prodigies he had read were really true, and the Profession of Knights-Errant seem'd to him to be absolutely necessary to Mankind, in order to redress Grievances, and, whatever was wrong in the World, to set it right, as he used to say himself. He therefore determin'd to enter into so honourable a Fraternity, and to employ himself in Exercises so salutary to Mankind. A Disposition natural enough to Men who pre-
sume

fume upon their Valour, and are for remedying every thing out of an ostentatious Pride, without any proper Call or Obligation thereto. *Alonzo Quixada* took upon him the Title of DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, and suffer'd himself to be dubb'd a Knight by an Inn-Keeper. Those who go out of their Sphere, presently think themselves extraordinary Persons: they are wont to change their Name and Stile, and if to this any exterior Mark of Honour be added, they think that People read only the Supercription, and that in the political World there are no *Lynceus's* to look into their Inside.

37. DON QUIXOTE stiled himself of the Territory of LA MANCHA, and his imaginary Lady he stiled DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO, a Town of *La Mancha*: The Inhabitants whereof having, 'tis said, upon some very slight occasion, thrown our Author into Prison, he, in Return, (not to say *Revenge*, because it has tended so much to the Glory of *La Mancha*) made both the Knight-Errant, and his Lady *Mancbegans*, (*i. e.* Inhabitants of *la Mancha*.) That *Cervantes* (like *Nævius* who wrote two of his Plays in a Jail, *The Harielus & Leontes*) compos'd this History within the Walls of a Prison, he confesses himself, saying: (*t*) *What can my barren and unpolish'd Understanding produce, but what is dull, very impertinent, and extravagant beyond Imagination? You may suppose it the Child of Disturbance, engender'd in some dismal Prison, in the very Seat of Wretchedness, and amidst all manner of Inconveniencies.*

38. Next let us see what DON QUIXOTE does; who was now sally'd forth from his House upon a lean Horse, a true Symbol of the Weakness of his Enterprize, follow'd in his second and third Sally by SANCHE PANZA on his Ass, an Hieroglyphick of his Simplicity.

39. In DON QUIXOTE we are presented with an Heroick Madman, who fancying many Things of what he sees, to be like those he has read of, pursues the Deception of his Imagination, and engages himself in Encounters, to his thinking, glorious; but, in others Opinion, mad and extravagant: Such as those which the old Books of Chivalry relate of their imaginary Heroes: To imitate whom, we may easily see how great a share of Romance-learning was necessary in an Author who at every Step was to allude to the Atchievements of the endless Herd of Knights-Errant. *Cervantes's* Reading in this sort of fabulous History was without an Equal, as he very frequently makes appear to a Demonstration.

40. *Don Quixote*, when he is out of his mad Fits, talks very sensibly and rationally. What can exceed, what can be more worthy to be read and retained than the Discourses he makes on the golden or first Age of the World poetically describ'd? On the Condition of Soldiers and Students; on Knights, Gentlemen, and different Pedigrees; on the Use of Poetry; and, to conclude, the Political and Oeconomical Instructions he gave *Sancho Panza*, before he went to his Government of the Island * *Barataria*, are such as may be given to real Governors, who certainly ought to put them in Practice, and make them the Rule of their whole Conduct in the Discharge of their Office.

41. In SANCHE PANZA is represented the Simplicity of the Vulgar, who tho' they know their Errors, yet blindly pursue them. But, lest *Sancho's* Simplicity shou'd

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(*t*) *Prof. of the First Part.*

* *Barato means Cheap in Spanish.*

tire the Reader, *Cervantes* makes it of the merry kind, and of a diverting Nature. Nobody has given a better Definition of *Sancho Panza*, than his Master *Don Quixote* has done, when speaking to the Dutchess, he says, (u) *Your Grace must know that no Knight-Errant ever had such an eternal Babblers, such a Bundle of Conceit for a Squire as I have.* And on another Occasion. (x) *I assure your Grace, that Sancho Panza is one of the most pleasant Squires that ever waited on a Knight-Errant. Sometimes he comes out with such sharp Simplicities that one is pleasantly puzzled, to judge whether he be more Knave or Fool. The Varlet, indeed, is full of Roguery enough to be thought a Knave: But then he commits such Blunders that he may better be thought a Fool. He doubts of every thing, yet believes every thing: And when one would think he had entangled himself in a piece of downright Folly, beyond recovery, he brings himself off of a sudden so cleverly, that he is applauded to the Skies. In short, I would not change him for the best Squire that wears a Head, tho' I might have a City to boot.* For a Proof of the Simplicity and Pleasantry of *Sancho Panza*, the Braying Adventure may suffice. (y)

42. Such being the principal Personages of this History, it naturally follows (as *Cervantes* makes another say) (z) *That it is the Property of Don Quixote's Adventures, to create always either Surprize or Merriment: And that Sancho is (a) one of the most comical Creatures that can be.* And without speaking by the Mouth of other People, *Cervantes* himself says at the end of his first Preface: *I will not urge the Service I have done you by introducing you into so considerable and noble a Knight's Acquaintance, but only beg the Favour of some small Acknowledgment for recommending you to the Familiarity of the famous SANCHO PANZA his Squire, in whom, in my Opinion, you will find united and described all the scatter'd Endowments which the voluminous Foppery of Books of Knight-Errantry can afford to one of his Character.*

43. That the History of a Knight-Errant might not surfeit the Reader with a tiresom Uniformity and a Return of similar Adventures, which wou'd have been the Case, had it treated only of mad or foolish Occurrences, *Cervantes* introduces many Episodes, the Incidents whereof are frequent, new, and probable; the Reasonings artful, perspicuous, and efficacious; the Plot deep and mysterious, but the Issue easy, natural, and withal so agreeable, that the Mind is left in a State of Complacency, and all those Passions quieted and made calm again, which just before, had, by a singular Artifice, been put into a sort of Tumult and Anxiety. And that which is most admir'd by good Judges, is, that all these Episodes, except two, that is to say, The Novels of *The Captive*, and *The Curious Impertinent*, are wove into the main Design of the Fable, and, together with it, like a beautiful Piece of Tapestry, make one agreeable and most delightful Work.

44. When an Artist is consummately skilful in his Profession, no body knows better than himself the Perfection of his own Works. This made *Cervantes* himself say of his History: (a) *The Stories and Episodes, the various Tales and Novels with which it is intermix'd, are, in some respects as entertaining, as artful, and as authentic as the History it self.*

45. Cer-

(u) Part II. ch. 30. (x) Ibid. ch. 32. (y) Part II. ch. 27. (z) Part II. ch. 44.
 (a) Ibid. ch. 58. (b) Part I. ch. 28.

45. *Cervantes*, to give the greater Probability, and Plausibility to his Invention, feigns the Author of it to have been (c) CID HAMET BEN-ENGELI, an Arabian Historiographer, a Native of *La Mancha*. He makes him of *La Mancha* that he may be suppos'd to be well acquainted with *Don Quixote's* Concerns. It is very diverting to see how *Cervantes* celebrates *Cid Hamet's* scrupulous Punctuality in relating even the most inconsiderable and trifling Things, as when speaking of *Sancho Panza*, bastinado'd by the *Yangesian* Carriers, he says: (d) *So breathing out thirty Lamentations, threescore Sighs, and a hundred and twenty Plagues and Poxes on those that had decoy'd him thither, he at last got upon his Legs.* And when he says of another Carrier, (e) *He was one of the richest Carriers of Arevalo, as the Moorish Author of this History relates, who makes particular mention of him, as having been well acquainted with him, nay, some don't stick to say he was somewhat a-kin to him. However it be, it appears that Cid Mahamet Benengeli was a very exact Historian, since he takes care to give us an Account of Things that seem so inconsiderable and trivial. A laudable Example which those Historians shou'd follow, who usually relate Matters so concisely, that they scarce dip into them, or let their Readers have so much as a Taste of 'em, and rather seem to have left the most essential Part of the Story in the bottom of the Ink-horn, either thro' Neglect, Malice, or Ignorance. A thousand Blessings then be given to the curious Author of Tablante de Ricamonte, and to that other indefatigable Sage who recorded the Achievements of Count Tornillas, for they have describ'd even the most minute and trifling Circumstances with a singular Preciseness! Lucian himself has not spoke more to the Purpose in his two Books of True History.*

46. In another place, putting in practice this same Punctuality in specifying every the most minute Particular belonging to his Subject, *Cervantes* says, by the Mouth of *Benengeli*, *Don Quixote was brought into a fair Room, where Sancho took off his Armour, and then the Knight appear'd in a Pair of Close Breeches, and Doublet of Shamoy Leather, all besmear'd with the Rust of his Armour. About his Neck he wore a plain Band, unstarb'd, after the manner of a Student; about his Legs sad-colour'd Spatterdashs, and on his Feet a Pair of Wax-leather Shoes: He hung his trusty Sword by his Side in a Belt of Sea-Wolf's Skin; which makes many of Opinion he had been long troubled with a Pain in the Kidneys. Over all this he clapp'd on a long Cloke of good Russet-Cloth: But first of all he wash'd his Head and Face in five Kettle-fulls of Water, if not in six; for as to the exact Number there is some Dispute. * Redundancy simple and facetious! Verisimilitude admirable and unprecedented! Well therefore might *Cervantes* say as he does, (f) *All Persons that love to read Histories of the Nature of this, must certainly be very much oblig'd to Cid Hamet, the original Author, who has taken such care in delivering every minute Particular, distinctly, entire, without concealing the least Circumstances that might, if omitted, have obscur'd the Light and Truth of the Story. He draws lively Pictures of the Thoughts, discovers the Imaginations, satisfies Curiosity in Secrets, clears Doubts, resolves Arguments, and in short, makes manifest the least Atoms of the most inquisitive Desire! O most famous Author! O fortunate Don Quixote! O re-**

(c) *Ibid.* ch. 9. (d) *Ibid.* ch. 15. (e) *Ibid.* ch. 16. (f) *Part II.* ch. 18. * *Nimiedad* is the Word the Author uses, which I suppose he coin'd himself from the Latin *Nimietas*, as that comes from *Nimius*, too much. He means Redundancy, Over-muchness, *Nimiety* if you will. (g) *Part II.* ch. 40.

nowned Dulcinea! O facetious Sancho Panza! jointly and severally may you live and continue to the latest Posterity, for the general Delight and Recreation of Mankind!

47. *Cervantes* makes the Author of this History to be an *Arabian*, alluding thereby to what is believ'd by many, that the *Arabians* first infected the *Spaniards* with the Itch of Romance-making. It is certain *Aristotle*, (b) *Cornutus*, and *Priscian* (i) take notice of the *Lybian* Fables; *Lucian* adds (k) that among the *Arabians* there were Men whose Business it was to expound Fables. *Locman* who in *Mahomet's Alcoran* is so highly prais'd, is generally, and with good reason, believ'd to be *Æsop* the famous Fabulist. *Thomas Erpenius* was the first that translated his Fables into *Latin*, Anno 1625. It is very certain, the Fables of *Æsop* are adapted to the Genius of every Nation. And yet, those which are in *Greek* are not the same which *Æsop* wrote. *Pbædrus*, who translated them into *Latin*, confesses his interpolating them. (l) I have them in *Spanish*, printed at *Seville* by *John Cronberger*, Anno 1533, with Interpolations and strange Additions. No wonder then the *Arabians* fitted them to their own Taste. And what greater Fable can there be than *Mahomet's Alcoran*? It is written in the manner of a Novel, that it might be the easier learn'd and the better remember'd. The Lives of the Patriarchs, Prophets and Apostles, which are handed about in Writing among the *Mahometans* are stuff'd with Fables. Some of their Philosophers who took upon 'em to unfold the mysterious Dreams of the *Mahometan* Doctrine, have made entire Books in the nature of Novels. Of this kind is the History of *Hayo*, the Son *Yocdan*, of whom such prodigious Fictions and monstrous Stories are related by *Avicena*. *Leo Africanus* and *Louis del Marmol* testify, as Eye-witnesses, that the *Arabians* are so fond of Novels, that they celebrate the Atchievements of their *Bubalul* both in Prose and Verse, as our *Europeans* have done those of *Rinaldo* of *Montalban* and *Orlando Furioso*. And, without going out of *Spain*, those we call *Cuentos de Viejas* (Old Wives Tales) are certain short Novels made up of Enchantments and horrible Apparitions to frighten Children, and are manifestly of the Growth of *Arabia*.

48. In proof of this we may likewise add, that the first Books of Chivalry or Knight-Errantry were wrote in *Spain* at the time when the *Arabians* dwelt there. And therefore I can't help thinking *Lope de Vega* forgot himself, when he said: (m) *They us'd to call Novels by the Name of Cuentos*: He goes on: *These Cuentos, or Tales, were gotten by Heart, and repeated memoriter: And I don't remember they were ever committed to Writing*. But they were certainly committed to Writing, and *Lope* must have met with them in those same Books of Chivalry; but did not well recollect 'em, perhaps because those he had heard repeated, might not be the same. Tho' I don't deny that there are many such Tales at this day which are not written, but pass from one idle Person to another by Tradition only.

49. Well; we have a *Manchegan* and *Arabian* for the Author of this History written in *Arabick*. *Cervantes* to this adds, following the thread of his Fiction, that he got it translated out of *Arabick* into *Spanish* by a *Moor* that was Master of the *Spanish*: In reference to which, he brings in the *Bachelor Sampson Carrasco*, speaking thus to *Don Quixote*: *Blest may the Sage Cid Hamet Benengeli be, for enriching the World with the History*

(b) In Rhetoricis. (i) In Præexercitamentis. (k) In Macrobiis. (l) Initio Lib. 2. (m) In the Dedication of his first Novel.

History of your mighty Deeds (n); and more than blest, that (o) curious Virtuoso, who took care to have it translated out of the Arabick into our vulgar Tongue, for the universal Entertainment of Mankind!

50. And in order to let it be known that the Translator likewise made his Remarks, Cervantes, as a Voucher for him, adds in a sort of Parenthesis [*The Translator of this History when he came to this fifth Chapter says, that he holds the said Chapter for Apocryphal, because Sancho Panza talks in a different sort of Stile, and uses another Mode of Locution than what might be expected from one of his mean Parts; and utters such subtil Reflexions and Aphorisms, that he the said Translator thinks it impossible for him to know any thing of such high Matters: But yet he wou'd not omit them, as thinking it his Duty to give his whole Author, and not to leave any thing untranslated that he found in the Original. (p)*] A good Lesson for such Translators as do not know that their Business is like that of Pourtrait-Painters, who deviate from their Duty, if they draw a Picture more perfect than the Original: I mean only as to the Subject-matter of the Piece: For as to the Stile, every one is to use his own Colours, and those ought to be suited to the intended Representation. This being so, I know not how to excuse Cervantes, who, in another place, makes his Translator deficient in his wonted Exactness, by saying: (q) *Here the Author inserts a long Description of every Particular in Don Diego's House, giving us an Inventory of all the Goods and Chattels, and every Circumstance peculiar to the House of a rich Country Gentleman: But the Translator presum'd that it wou'd be better to omit these little Things, and such like insignificant Matters, being foreign to the main Subject of this History, which ought to be more grounded on material Truth, than cold and insipid Digressions.* Suppose we should say, that what is a Reprehension of the Translator, is a tacit Commendation of the Punctuality and Exactness of Cervantes? Or that he meant thereby to reprove the tedious Prolixity of many Writers, who digress from their main Point and principal Subject, and dwell upon Descriptions of Palaces and the like? Both the one and the other is possible. Certain it is, that *The Novel of true and perfect Love*, ascrib'd to *Athenagoras*, gives a Disgust by the frequent Descriptions of Palaces, built with such super-abundant Art, and that *Vitruvian* too, that it is apparent he who made those Descriptions cou'd not conceal his being an Architect, since he draws the Palaces like an Artist, not a Novelist. From whence the very judicious *Huetius* infer'd, that the Author of the above Novel was not *Athenagoras*, as was suppos'd, but *William Philander*, the noted Explainer and Illustrator of *Marcus Vitruvius*; and that his aim in that Work was to flatter the Genius of his great Patron Cardinal *Gregorio Armagnac*, who was passionately fond of Architects, and a mighty Favourer of that Profession. Neither was it possible for *Athenagoras* to paint so to the Life, as he does, the Customs of the Moderns. And it was no difficult thing to persuade *Fumeus*, the Publisher of the *Novel*, that the original *Greek* which was shew'd him, was genuine; but he ought to have made a closer Examination of it, that we might not look upon his Translation to be supposititious likewise. *Fumeus* acted a far different Part from those who when they publish any Books, which they know to be false, make great Ado and exert themselves to the utmost to induce a Belief of their being genuine, averring that they drew them from very ancient Manuscripts,

(n) *Part II. ch. 3.* (o) *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra himself.* (p) *Part-II. ch. 5.* (q) *Ibid. ch. 18.*

scripts, written in a hand scarcely legible and much defaced by Time and the Worms; and that they were found in this or that Library (where no-body ever saw 'em) and that they acquir'd them by means of a certain Person not now living. These, and the like Artifices are what deceive your ordinary Readers; and so too does *Cervantes*, when he would make us believe that the Author of this Work was an *Arabian* Historiographer, born in *La Mancha*; and the Translator a *Moorish* Rabbi, and the Continuation of the History, by great Good-luck found and purchas'd of a young Lad that was offering to sell a Parcel of old written Papers to a Groom in a Shop on the * *Alcana* at *Toledo*. But at the time when *Cervantes* said this, there was a strong Belief current among the credulous Populace that one in *Toledo* had an *universal History*, wherein every Body found whatever they sought for or desir'd. The Author of it was suppos'd to be a very serious grave Person. And accordingly that History which treated of all Things, and a great deal more; that is, more than they desir'd who ask'd any thing of him whom they suppos'd to be the Treasurer of the Ecclesiastical Erudition, I say, that History was a Fable pregnant with many Fables, which very properly might be call'd in *French* a *Romance*, and in good *Spanish*, *Cuento de Cuentos*, a Tale of Tales: Which were so well receiv'd that there came out divers *Continuations* of them, no less applauded than those of *Amadis de Gaul*, and what is much worse, more read, and more credited, and as yet not banish'd, the Almighty reserving the Glory of that for one on whom he shou'd vouchsafe to bestow such Efficacy and Ingenuity, not only to attack but conquer both the Great-Vulgar and the Small of a whole Nation. But this is not a Subject proper to this Place: And therefore I shall postpone it till another Occasion offers.

51. Lastly, *Cervantes*, that he may not be guilty of what he reproves in other Writers of Books of Chivalry, and remembering the End he had propos'd to himself, of rendring such Fictions ridiculous and contemptible, makes *Don Quixote*, who like a Mad-man was brought home in a Cart, shut up as in a Cage, soon after recover his Senses, and frankly and Christian-like confess that all his Actions had been those of a Mad-man, and the Effects of a distemper'd Brain, and that he did them out of a Desire to imitate the Knights-Errant, a Species of Mortals purely imaginary.

52. By what has been said, the Reader may see how admirable the *Invention* of this great Work is. The *Disposition* of it is no less so; since the Images of the Persons treated of hold a due Proportion, and each fills the Place that belongs to him. The Incidents are so artfully knit together, that they call upon one another, and all of them suspend the Attention in so delightful a manner, that nothing remains to satisfy the Mind but the Event, which is equally delightful.

53. As for the *Stile*; wou'd to God the *Stile* now in use on more solemn Occasions, were as good as our Author's! In it, we see well distinguish'd and appropriated the different Kinds of speaking. *Cervantes* only makes use of old Words to represent old Things the better. He introduces very few foreign Words, and never without an absolute Necessity. He has made it appear that the *Spanish* Tongue has no need to go a begging to Strangers for Words to explain its meaning. In fine, *Cervantes's* *Stile* in this HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE is pure, natural, well-placed, sweet, and

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* *The Exchange.*

so correct, that there are very few *Spanish* Writers to compare with him in that respect. Well satisfy'd of this was *Cervantes* himself, since in his Dedication of the Second Part of *Don Quixote* to the *Conde de Lemos*, with an inimitable Facetiousness, with which he knew how to cover his own Praises, he says thus to him: "When, a few days ago, I sent to your Excellency my Plays, printed before they were acted, if I don't forget, I said, that *Don Quixote* had his Spurs on to go and kiss your Excellency's Hands; and now I can say he is not only be-spurr'd, but has actually begun his Journey to you, and if he reaches you, I fancy I shall have done your Excellency some Service: For I am mightily press'd by divers and sundry Persons to send him to you, in order to remove that Nauseousness and Loathing caus'd by another *Don Quixote*, who, under the Name of a Second Part, has disguis'd himself, and rambles about in a strange manner. Now he that has shewn himself most desirous of seeing my *Don Quixote*, is the Great Emperor of *China*, for about a Month ago, he sent me a Letter in the *Chinese* Tongue, by a special Messenger, desiring me, or to speak better, supplicating me, to send *Don Quixote* to him; because he was upon building and endowing a College for the learning and teaching of the *Spanish* Tongue, and that the Book us'd for that Purpose, should be the History of *Don Quixote*. Together with this he writ me Word that I should be the Head or Rector of the College. I ask'd the Bearer, if his Majesty had sent me any Thing towards defraying my Charges. He made Answer, He had no Thought of it. Why then, Friend, said I to him, you may e'en return to your *China* again the same way you came, or which way you please and when you please: For I am not in a State of Health to undertake such a long Journey. Besides, I am not only very weak in Body but more in Purse; and so I'm the Emperor's most humble Servant: In short, Emperor for Emperor, and Monarch for Monarch, to take one with t'other, and set the Hare's Head against the Goose-Giblets; there is the noble *Conde de Lemos* at *Naples*, who without any of your Head-ships or Rector-ships of Colleges, supports me, protects me, and shews me more Favour than I cou'd wish or desire. With this I dismiss him, and with this I take my Leave of, &c.

Madrid, ult. October, 1615.

54. Having thus examin'd the Perfection of this Work by Parts; and likewise seen the good Distribution, and Coherence of all the Parts one with another; it may be easily imagin'd how well such a complete Performance must be receiv'd. But as it came abroad in two separate Volumes, and at different times, 'tis fit we see how they were receiv'd, what Censures they actually underwent, and what they really do deserve.

55. The first Part was publish'd at *Madrid*, printed by *John de la Cuesta*, Anno 1605. in Quarto, dedicated to the Duke of *Bejar*: Upon whose Protection *Cervantes* congratulates himself in certain Verses written by *Urganda* the Unknown, prefix'd to the Book.

56. One of the best Proofs of the Celebrity of any Book, is the quick Sale of it, and the Call that is for it, which was such that before *Cervantes* publish'd the Second Part, he says, by the Canal of *Sampson Carrasco*: (r) *I do not in the least doubt but at this Day there have already been publish'd above Twelve Thousand Copies of it.* Portugal, Barcelona,

(r) *Part II. ch. 3.*

celona, and Valencia, where they have been printed, can witness this, if there were Occasion. 'Tis said, that it is also now in the Press at Antwerp. And I verily believe there's scarce a Language into which it is not translated, or will be translated. It fell out accordingly; so that an Account only of the several Translations of it wou'd make no small Book it self. In another place he introduces *Don Quixote*, exaggerating the Number of the printed Books of his History, thus, (s) *I have merited the Honour of the Press in almost all the Nations of the World. Thirty Thousand Volumes of my History have been printed already, and Thirty Thousand Millions more are like to be printed, if Heaven prevent not.* In another place the Dutchess (whose Territories, as yet, no Man has been able to find out) speaking of the History of *Don Quixote*, says, *It was lately publish'd with the universal Applause of all Mankind.* Much better has the *Bachelor Sampson Carrasco* deliver'd himself concerning this History, speaking of it to *Don Quixote* himself: (t) *In it, says he, every thing is so plain, there's not the least Iota but what any one may understand. Children handle it, Youngsters read it, Men understand it, and old People applaud it. In short, it is universally so thumb'd, so glean'd, so studied, and so known, that if the People do but see a lean Horse, they presently cry, There goes Rozinante. But none apply themselves to the reading of it more than your Pages: There's ne'er a Nobleman's Anti-chamber where you shan't find a Don Quixote. No sooner has one laid it down, but another takes it up. One asks for it here, and there 'tis snatch'd up by another. In a word, 'tis esteem'd the most pleasant and least dangerous Diversion that ever was seen, as being a Book that does not betray the least indecent Expression, nor so much as a profane Thought.* Much reason therefore had *Sancho Panza* to make this Prophecy: (u) *I'll lay you a Wager, quoth Sancho, that before we be much older, there will not be an Inn, a Hedge-Tavern, a blind Victualling-House, nor a Barber's-Shop in the Country, but what will have the Story of our Lives and Deeds pasted and painted along the Walls.* Accordingly we have seen this come to pass, and much more; for not only in Taverns, and private Houses are the Books of *Don Quixote* to be found, but in the choicest Libraries, whose Owners are proud of having the first Editions of it. The most eminent Painters, Tapestry-makers, Engravers and Sculptors are employ'd in representing his History, to adorn, with its Figures, the Houses and Palaces of noble Lords and great Princes. *Cervantes*, even in his Life-time, obtain'd the Glory of having his Work receive the Royal Approbation. As King *Philip III.* was standing in a Balcony of his Palace at *Madrid*, and viewing the Country, he observ'd a Student on the Margin of the River *Manzanares* reading in a Book, and from time to time breaking off and knocking his Forehead with the Palms of his Hands, with extraordinary Tokens of Pleasure and Delight, upon which the King said to those about him: *That Scholar is either mad, or reading the History of Don Quixote.* The King was presently made acquainted by the Courtiers, that That was really the Book he was reading: For Courtiers are very forward to recommend themselves to their Master's Favour, by taking all Opportunities of flattering his Judgment in things of little Concern. But none of them all would sollicite a moderate Pension for *Cervantes* to keep him from starving! And therefore I don't know well how to take that Parable of the Emperor of *China*. It is certain, *Cervantes*, while he liv'd, was very much ob-

(s) *Ibid.* ch. 16. (t) *Part II.* ch. 3. (u) *Part II.* ch. 71.

lig'd to Foreigners, and but very little to *Spaniards*. The former prais'd and honour'd him without Measure. The latter not only made no account of him, but uttersp'd him, nay abus'd him with Satire and Invective both publick and private.

57. That this Truth may not be left to the Reader's Courtesy to believe as much or as little of it as he pleases, let us produce our Vouchers. The Licenciado *Marquez Torres* in the Approbation sign'd by him, and prefix'd to the Second Part of the History of *Don Quixote*, after a most just Censure of the bad Books of his Time, has these Words: " Very different Sentiments have been entertain'd of *Michael de Cervantes's* Writings, " as well by our own Nation, as Strangers; for the latter crowd to see, as they would " a Miracle, the Author of Books which *Spain, France, Italy, Germany, and Flan-* " *ders* have receiv'd with general Applause, as well on account of their Decorum, " Propriety and Decency, as the Sweetness and Agreeableness of the Language. I " do, with truth, hereby certify, that on the Twenty-fifth Day of *February* of this " present Year 1615, the most illustrious Lord *Bernardo de Sandoval & Roxas*, Car- " dinal, Archbishop of *Toledo*, receiving a visit paid him by the Ambassador of " *France*, several *French* Gentlemen who accompany'd the Ambassador, no less cour- " teous than learned and lovers of polite Literature, came to me and other Chaplains " of my Lord Cardinal, desiring to know what Books of Wit and Ingenuity were " most in vogue: And happening to touch upon that which I had before me to exa- " mine, they no sooner heard the Name of *Michael de Cervantes*, but they began to " ask a great many Questions, magnifying the Esteem which not only *France* but " the neighbouring Kingdoms had for his Works, *THE GALATEA*, which some " of them had almost by heart, *THE FIRST PART* of this History, and *THE* " *NOVELS*. Their Exaggerations and Raptures were so great that I offer'd to carry " them to see the Author of those Pieces. They said, If I would give my self that " Trouble, they should be infinitely oblig'd to me. Then they ask'd me very mi- " nutely concerning his Age, his Profession, Quality and Quantity. I found my self " oblig'd to say, that he was Old, a Soldier, a Gentleman, and Poor. To which " one of them answer'd in these very words, Why does not *Spain* heap Riches upon " such a Man? Why is he not maintain'd out of the publick Revenue? Another of " the Gentlemen struck in here, and said with a great deal of Sharpness, if Necessity " obliges him to write, I pray God he may never know what it is to be otherwise " than necessitous, to the end that he, being poor, may make the World rich with " his Works. I fancy somebody will censure this Censure, and say 'tis not only a little " of the longest, but likewise favours of Flattery, but the Truth of what I but briefly " relate, ought to remove the Critick's Suspicions, as it does my own Fears of being " thought guilty of Adulation. Besides, now-a-days no Body is flatter'd that wants " the Wherewithal to oil the Flatterer's Tongue, who expects to be rewarded in earn- " est for the Falsities he utters in jest.

The Reader will think that he who said all this, was the Licenciado *Francisco Marquez Torres*; no such Matter: It was *Michael Cervantes Saavedra's* own self: For that Licenciado's Stile is altogether Metaphorical, Affect'd, and Pedantic, witness the *Consolatory Discourses* he wrote to the Duke of *Ucceda* on the Death of his Son: Whereas the Stile of the above Approbation is pure, natural, and courtly; and so wholly like *Cer-*

vantes, that there's not a word in it different from his way of writing. The Licenciante was one of the Cardinal's Chaplains and Master of the Pages; and (x) *Cervantes* was greatly favour'd by his Eminence: So there's no doubt of their being intimate Friends and Acquaintance.

58. This Friendship being suppos'd, it was not much for *Cervantes* to take such a liberty. Let therefore the Licenciante *Torres* be satisfy'd with *Cervantes*'s making him a Sharer in the Glory of his Stile: And let us see what reason *Cervantes* had for speaking, as they say, *by the Mouth of a Goose*. He had no other Design but to set forth an Idea of his Work, the Esteem, It and its Author were held in Abroad, and the Neglect and Disregard he met with at Home.

59. Having given an Account of the Entertainment our Author and his Work met with both in *Spain* and in foreign Countries, we will now see what End he tells us he propos'd to himself in writing it: And this he intimates to us two ways, positively and negatively, by telling us, How it is written, and how it is not written: All which is contain'd in the above *Approbation* (or Censure) of this Second Part equal in every respect to the First, considering the Difficulty there is in carrying on a Fiction, already so perfect, as to be reckon'd happily finish'd and completed. *I do not find in it* (says the above Censor) *any thing unbecoming a zealous Christian, or contrary to the Respect due to moral Virtues and the Excellence of a good Example: Rather, much Erudition and useful Instruction, for the extirpating the vain romantic Books of Chivalry, the Contagion whereof was spread beyond all Bounds; as likewise for the improving and polishing the Spanish Tongue, as not being adulterated with a fulsom studied Affectation (so justly abhorred by all Men of Sense): Then, as for what concerns the Correction of Vice in general, the Author is not sparing of Reproofs and very sharp ones too: But when he descends to Particulars, he is so observant of the Laws of Christian Reprehension that the very Patient himself who is to suffer the Operation, or take the Physick which is to cure his Infirmities, will be delighted rather than disgusted, with the method our Author takes to bring him to a Detestation of the Vices and Distempers he labours under. There have been many, who not knowing how to temper and mix the Utile with the Dulce, the profitable with the pleasant, have seen all their Labour lost and come to nothing; for, not being able to imitate Diogenes as a Philosopher and Scholar, they boldly (not to say impudently and blindly) pretend to imitate him as a Cynick, giving themselves up to a Licentiousness of slandering and being scurrilous; inventing Cases which never happen'd, to shew how capable they are by their bitter Rebukes to cure Vice; tho' perhaps at the same time they point out Paths to follow it till then unknown; and so become, if not Correctors, at least Masters, of it. They make themselves odious to Men of Understanding; with the Populace they lose their Credit (if they had any) necessary for getting their Writings admitted among them; and the Vices which they rashly and indiscreetly go about to correct, remain in a far worse Condition than they were in before: For not all Imposthumes indiscriminately are at the same time dispos'd for admitting Recipes and Cauteries: Some Constitutions require mild and gentle Medicines, by which a cautious and learned Physician will discuss and resolve the Ailment, which is oftentimes better than to apply the Steel and Fire to it. A Censure, certainly worthy of a Man of *Cervantes*'s sound Judgment and Moderation of Mind.*

60. Very

(x) See Pref. to Part II. of *Don Quixote*.

60. Very different were those made against him by his Adversaries, suffering themselves to be hurry'd away by the Perverseness of a bad Mind, and an Itch of Slander and Abuse: but yet of such a Sort, that he himself, against whom they were levell'd, took a Pride in relating them. For thus he tells us in *His Voyage to Parnassus*. *When I was at Valladolid, a Letter was brought to my House, charg'd a Real (Sixpence) Carriage: A Niece of mine took it in and paid the Carriage, which she should not have done; but she gave for an Excuse, That she had often heard me say, In three Things one's Money is well laid out: In bestowing Alms, in paying a good Physician, and in Carriage of Letters, whether they come from Friends or Enemies; for Letters of Friends advise us for our Good, and those of Enemies may serve to put us upon our Guard against Evil. She gave me the Letter, in which was inclosed a wretched Sonnet, without any Spirit or the least Tincture of Wit, but full of Abuse against Don Quixote, but that gave me no Concern; what next me was the Sixpence, and from that Day forward I resolv'd to take in no Letters, without Carriage paid.*

61. More nettled was Cervantes at another Enemy of his *Don Quixote*; for he described him so to the Life, that one may easily perceive how highly he was provoked. All that's known of this Person is, that he was a Monk; but not what Monk, or of what Order; and so we may e'en give a Copy of his Picture here: (y) *The Duke and Dutchess came as far as the Door of the Hall to receive him (Don Quixote) and with them a grave Clergyman, one of those that assume to govern Great Mens Houses, and who, not being * nobly born themselves, don't know how to instruct those that are, but would have the Liberality of the Great measured by the Narrowness of their own Souls, making those whom they govern stingy, when they pretend to teach 'em Frugality. One of these in all likelihood was this grave Ecclesiastick, who came with the Duke to receive Don Quixote.* The Reception of *Don Quixote* by the Monk, and his snappish shocking Carriage towards him, will be seen at full in the Book it self. And so leaving the Censures which are occult and secret, we will now speak of those which were open and barefaced.

62. The first Part of the History of *Don Quixote* being publish'd, as we said, and so well receiv'd, and so often printed and reprinted, there was not wanting in Spain a Person that out of Envy to Cervantes's Reputation, and Covetouness to make a Gain of his Books, presumptuously took upon him to write and publish a Continuation of this inimitable History, even in the Author's Life-time, and while he was preparing his Second Part for the Press. The Title he gave his Book was this:

63. *The Second Volume of the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha, containing his Third Sally: compos'd by the Licentiate Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, a Native of Tordefillas. Inscib'd to the Alcalde (Bayliff) Regidores (Aldermen) and Gentlemen of the noble Town of Argamesilla, the happy Country of Don Quixote de la Mancha Knight and Gentleman. With License; in Tarragona at the Printing-Office of Philip Roberto, Año 1614. In 8vo.*

64. *Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda* was neither the true Name of the Author of this Work, nor was he a Native of *Tordefillas*, a noted Town of *Old Castile*; but an *Arragonian*; since *Cervantes*, whom we must suppose to be well inform'd, calls him so on various Occasions. In one he calls this Continuation (z) *The History which the Arra-*

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gonian

(y) *Part II. ch. 31.*

* *Gentlemen are called Noble in Spain.*

(z) *Part. II. ch. 61.*

gonian lately publish'd. In another, he says of it (a) *It is the Second Part of the History of Don Quixote; not that which was compos'd by Cid Hamet, the Author of the First, but by a certain Arragonian, who professes himself a Native of Tordefillas.* And tho' Cervantes in another Place calls him *Autor Tordillesco*; it was only in Compliance with the Fiction of his suppos'd Country, and perhaps to ridicule him by a witty equivocating Allusion to the Words *Rocin Tordillo*, (which is Spanish for a Flea-bitten Jade of a Horse): as if he had said, *Autor Arrocinado*. Upon the Supposition therefore that the Work was written in *Tordefillas*, and printed in *Tarragona*, as is declar'd by the Approbation to the Book, and the License for printing it: we shall easily understand Cervantes's Words in the Beginning of his very ingenious Preface to his Second Part, alluding to the Fiction of the Country, and the Reality of its being printed in *Tarragona*. He says: *Bless me! Reader, gentle or simple, whoever you be, how impatiently by this time must you expect this Preface, supposing it to be nothing but revengeful Invektives against the Author of the Second Don Quixote: But I must beg your Pardon; for I shall say no more of him than every body says, That Tordefillas is the Place where he was Begotten, and Tarragona the Place where he was Born; and though it be universally said, that even a Worm when trod upon will turn again, yet I'm resolv'd for once to cross the Proverb. You perhaps now would have me call him Coxcomb, Fool and Madman; but I'm of another Mind; and so let his Folly be its own Punishment.* And a little farther: *Metinks, Reader, I bear you blame me for shewing so little Resentment, and using him so gently; but pray consider, 'tis not good to bear too hard upon a Man that is so over modest and so much in Affliction: For certainly this Noble Person's Affliction must be very Grand, since he dare not appear in the open Field and in the Face of the Sun, but conceals his Name, and counterfeits his Country, as if he had been guilty of High-Treason.* These Words *Noble Person* and *Grand*, are to me mysterious, I confess: but, waving that, I am persuaded, that Cervantes's Enemy was very powerful, since an Author and a Soldier, bold and dextrous both at his Pen and Sword, did not dare to name him. Unless upon second Thoughts he was so vile and despicable a Fellow, that Cervantes did not care the World should know his Name, and the Wretch thereby become famous tho' for Infamy.

65. *Don Niclas Antonio* was of Opinion this Author had not a Genius for continuing such a Work. That's but a small matter. He had neither a Genius nor Ingenuity for so difficult an Undertaking. He had no Genius, for that supposes Ingenuity or Wit; since as was said by the Dutchess who honour'd *Don Quixote* so highly, (b) *Merry Conceits are not the Offspring of a dull Brain*: And such was that of the *Arragonian* Author whose Legend is unworthy of any Reader that values either his Reputation or his Time. For to write with Beauty, requires bright Parts, and a sound Judgment, which our *Arragonian* was an utter Stranger to. He could not so much as invent with any Appearance of Verisimilitude. Having ventur'd upon continuing the History of *Don Quixote*, he ought to have imitated the Characters of the Persons whom Cervantes has feigned, and preserv'd Decorum, which is the greatest Perfection of Art. Lastly, his Learning is Pedantick, and his Stile full of Improperities, Solecisms, and Barbarisms, harsh, uncouth and unpleasant: and in fine, every way deserving the Contempt it has

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(a) *Part II. ch. 70.*(b) *Part II. ch. 30.*

met with; for it has been put to the vilest Uses, and nothing but its being scarce cou'd make it of any Estimation. Insomuch that having been reprinted at *Madrid* in 1614, now (*viz.* in 1732) 118 Years ago, no Man of Sense or Taste has valu'd it any other than as waste Paper. In 1704 was printed at *Paris* a Book call'd a *Translation* of this Work in the *French* Tongue: But the Disposition and Order is alter'd, many things left out, and many more added; and these have indeed brought some little share of Credit to its first Author.

66. He cou'd conceal his Name, but not his Malice, nor his Avarice; having had the Insolence, in his Preface, to express himself in these Terms: *Here is continued the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha with the same Authority with which Michael de Cervantes Saavedra began it, together with a Copy of authentic Relations, which came to his Hand (I say Hand, not Hands, since he himself owns, he has but one, and seeing he speaks so much of all other People, we have this to say of him, that as a Soldier and an old Man for Age, but a Boy for Briskness, he has more Tongue than Hands): But I leave him to his Complaints of my taking the Bread out of his Mouth by this Second Part.* Not to insist upon the Ungrammaticalness (in *Spanish*) of this whole Period, for which a School-boy wou'd be soundly whip'd: Let us hear another of his Reprehensions, and that is, concerning the inculpable Old-age of *Cervantes*, his Condition, Poverty and Persecutions; and I must beg the Reader's Patience in suffering the senseless impertinent Bible-babble of a ridiculous Pedant, for he cou'd be no other to say as he does: *Michael de Cervantes is already as old as the Castle of San Cervantes, and so peevish with Age that he is offended at every Thing and with every Body, and thereby become so destitute of Friends, that when he wou'd adorn his Books with Commendatory Sonnets, he was forced (as he says) to write 'em himself and father 'em on Prester John of the Indies, or on the Emperor of Trapifond, because, mayhap, he cou'd not find a Man of any Note in Spain, but wou'd be affronted at his taking his Name in his Mouth. God grant that he may find an Asylum in the Church. Let him rest satisfy'd with his GALATEA and his COMEDIES in Prose, and not trouble us with any more of his NOVELS.* * *St. Thomas teaches that Envy is an Uneasiness at another's Man's Happiness. A Doctrine which he took from St. John Damascenus. The Offspring of this Vice St. Gregory tells us, are Surmisings, Whispermings, Detraction of ones Neighbour, Rejoycings at his Misfortunes, Sorrowings for his Good-fortune: Well therefore is this Sin called Invidia à non videndo, quia Invidus non potest videre bona aliorum: All which Effects are as Infernal as their Cause, and directly contrary to those of Christian Charity, of which St. Paul says, 1 Corinth. xiii. Caritas patiens est, benigna est, non æmularur, non agit perperam: non inflatur, non est ambitiosa, congaudet Veritati, &c. But the Dismalness of his First Part is imputed to its being writ within the Walls of a Prison: And therefore it cou'd not but be Unpleasant, Choleric, Impatient, Harsh and Querulous, as People in a Prison are apt to be.*

67. If we shou'd ask this Man what cou'd move him to use such insulting shameless Expressions; we shall find throughout his whole Preface no other Cause but that he and *Lopé de Vega* were censur'd in the History of *Don Quixote*. His Words are these: *He will at least allow we have both of us one and the same End in view, which is to banish*

* *Aquinas I suppose he means.*

nish and destroy the pernicious Books of Knight-Errantry, so much sought for by the Ignorant and the Idle. We differ indeed in the Means; for the Course he has taken is by affronting not me alone, but another Person who is so justly celebrated by the most distant Nations, (This is *Lopé de Vega*) and to whom our own is so highly oblig'd for having so many Years in the most laudable and abundant manner kept up the Spanish Stage with surprising and numberless Plays, with all the Strikeness of Art that the People wish for or desire, and with that Innocence and Decency as became a Minister of the Holy Office. (c) *Lopé de Vega* was a * Familiar of the Holy Office.

68. It is very natural for ignorant People, when they are reprov'd, to ground the Wrong they imagine they suffer by being criticis'd, in the Censure pass'd on other great Men, to the end that such as are passionately fond of these latter may be exasperated against the Censurer. *Lopé de Vega* was in his Time, and even at this Time, the Prince of the Spanish Drama. To Censure a Writer of his Reputation, is, as it were, a laying Hands on a sacred Person.

69. But *Lopé* who knew himself to be but Flesh and Blood any more than other Writers, like a wise Man took in good Part the Censures pass'd upon him with Truth and a good Intention, and endeavour'd to make Advantage of, and improve by, the Knowledge of his Errors. In proof of this, let it suffice to relate the very Thing which gave Occasion to this ill-judging Arragonian Author to complain so *mal-à-propos*, and to rail so much as he does.

70. *Lopé de Vega* was found fault with by many for composing Plays not adjusted to the Rules of Art. I hold it for Certain that *Cervantes* was one of his strongest Censurers. *Lopé* made it his Business to excuse himself the best he cou'd, which was, by imputing many of his Faults and Negligences to his being forc'd to humour the People; and seeing himself hard prest, he stuck not to affirm, That the new Circumstances of the Times requir'd a new sort of Comedies: As if the Nature of Things were mutable by any Accident whatsoever. The Controversy rose so high that the Poetic Academy of *Madrid* order'd *Lopé de Vega* to write down and set forth what he had to say for himself. Upon which he wrote a Discourse (in Verse) intituled, *A new Art of writing Plays for the present Time*. Being a frank open-hearted ingenuous Man he confess'd his Faults, but gilded 'em over in the best manner he cou'd, as follows:

Choice Wits of Spain, you charge me to write down

THE ART OF MAKING PLAYS TO PLEASE THE TOWN.

A Task not hard to me, much less to you

Who that and all things else know how to do.

But what I'm chiefly charg'd with on My Part,

Is that I write 'em WITHOUT ANY ART.

It is not that I'm ignorant of the Rules;

For those, thank God, I learn'd 'em in the Schools

Before I had, twice five times, seen the Sun

His Course from Aries unto Pisces run.

But

(c) D. Nic. Antonius in Biblioth. Hisp. * Persons of the greatest Quality in Spain take it as an Honour to be admitted to this Title of Familiars to the Inquisition.

But, to speak Truth, I found that Spanish Plays
 Upon the foot they're manag'd now-a-days,
 Are vastly diff'rent from the ancient Plan
 Laid down by those who first the Art began:
 For now a Set of barb'rous unlearn'd Elves
 Have so ingross'd the Publick to themselves
 And vitiated their Taste, that 'tis in vain
 For one to write in any other Strain,
 Or think to stem the Torrent of the many,
 Unless he means to live without a Penny.
 The Town's so fond of senseless stupid Farce,
 So blind to Art, to Reason so averse,
 That they're resolv'd to give nor Bread nor Bays
 To him that shall exhibit reg'lar Plays.

Some Pieces for the Stage I've writ, 'tis true,
 Wherein, undeviating, I did pursue
 The Rules of Art, known to the judging few:
 But when I see, without or Head or Tail
 A well-dress'd Inconsistency prevail,
 And how both Men and Women run in Crouds
 To admire a Monster wrapt in shining Clouds,
 I follow Custom, barb'rous as it is,
 And when I am to write a Comic Piece,
 I lock the Precepts up with six strong Keys.
 Terence and Plautus too I strait transfer
 Elsewhere, and never let 'em once come near
 My Study, lest they shou'd in Judgment rise
 And persecute me with their Critic Cries;
 For Truth is apt in Books to make a Noise.
 And thus the Rules I write by were found out
 By those who make their Court to th' Rabble-Rout:
 For as the Vulgar for their Pleasure pay,
 It is but just to please them their own way.

A little further he says:

Believe me, Sirs, I was not much inclin'd
 Some of th' aforesaid Things to bring to mind;
 But you yourselves had order'd me t' explain
 The ART OF MAKING COMEDIES IN SPAIN,
 Where, if my Thoughts I freely may impart,
 All that are writ are CONTRARY TO ART.

The same thing he owns a little afterwards:
 But since so far from Art we Spaniards stray,
 Let learned Men say Mum, and go their way.

And

And this very Man, who by the most learned and judicious part of Mankind is esteem'd the Prince of the *Spanish Drama* (for as for *D. Pedro Calderon de la Barca* he is not to compare with him either for Invention or Stile) concludes his ART thus :

*Not one of all these Writers can I call
More barb'rous than my self, who first of all
Presum'd to act a most advent'rous Part,
Daring to lay down Precepts against Art;
Humouring the Mob so far beyond all Rule,
As to be call'd by Foreigners a Fool.
But what can scribbling Devils do? Or how
Can poor Pilgarlick shun his Fate, I trow?
So many Plays were hardly ever writ
By one Man as by me, take Wit for Wit:
So large the number that but one Play more,
Just finish'd, makes four Hundred Eighty Four.
From which deducting six, the other part
Have grievously offended against Art.
Howe'er, I must maintain the Plays I've writ
Because they Me maintain'd, Wit or no Wit.
They might have been made better, I confess,
But then I'm sure they wou'd have pleas'd much less:
Since oftentimes what's mere Bombast and Rant
Delights, because it is Extravagant.*

71. Here we have *Lopé de Vega* owning the Charge before the Year 1602, for in that Year he printed his *New Art*, if an Academical Discourse so contrary to it, may deserve that Name. Let us now see how just, and how moderate *Cervantes* was in the Censure he pass'd on the bad Comic Writers of his Time, not on *Lopé de Vega*, for whom he had a due Respect, contenting himself with only reprehending (without naming him) the very Thing he publicly confess himself Guilty of. This Discourse of *Cervantes* is in my Opinion the happiest he ever writ; and therefore I am confident the Reader will not be displeas'd if I repeat it here. I take it for granted, *Cervantes* means no body but himself by the Canon of *Toledo*, whose Person he assumes, and in whose Name he Addresses himself to the celebrated Curate *Pero Perez*, in the following Terms. * (d) " I must confess, I was once tempted to write a Book of
" Knight-Errantry my self, observing all those Rules: and, to speak the truth, I writ
" above an hundred Pages, which, for a better trial, whether they answer'd my Expecta-
" tion, I communicated to learned and judicious Men fond of those Subjects, as well as to
" some of those ignorant Persons who only are delighted with Extravagancies: And
" they all gave me a satisfactory Approbation. And yet I made no further Progress,
" as well in regard I look'd upon it to be a thing no way agreeable with my Pro-
" fession, as because I am sensible the illiterate are much more numerous than the
learn'd :

* *The Translator of this Life has taken due care to make all these Quotations conformable to Cervante's true Sense, by rectifying some considerable Mistakes and Oversights which have hitherto escap'd the Notice not only of himself but of all the Translators as well as the generality of Readers.*
(d) Part I. ch. 21.

“ learned : And since it is better to be commended by the small number of the Wise,
 “ than to make Sport for the ignorant Multitude, I will not expose my self to the
 “ confus’d Judgment of the giddyVulgar, whose principal Business it is to read such Books.
 “ But the greatest motive I had to lay aside and think no more of finishing it, was
 “ the Argument that I form’d to my self, deduc’d from the Plays now usually acted :
 “ For, thought I, if Plays now in use, as well those which are altogether of the
 “ Poets Invention, as those which are grounded upon History, be all of them, or at
 “ least, the greatest Part, made up of most absurd Extravagancies and Incoherences :
 “ And yet the multitude sees them with Satisfaction, approves them and esteems them
 “ for Good, tho’ they are far from being so : And if the Poets who write, and (e) the
 “ Players who act them, say they must be so contriv’d and no otherwise, because
 “ they please the generality of the Audience : And if those which are regular and ac-
 “ cording to Art, serve only to please half a Score judicious Persons who understand
 “ them, while the rest of the Company cannot reach the Contrivance, nor know any
 “ thing of the Matter : And therefore the Poets and Actors say, they had rather get
 “ their Bread by the greater number, than the Applause of the less : Then may I
 “ conclude the same will be the Success of this Book : So that when I have rack’d my
 “ Brains to observe the Rules, I shall reap no other Advantage, than to be laugh’d at
 “ for my Pains. I have sometimes endeavour’d to convince the Actors that they are
 “ deceiv’d in their Opinion, and they will draw more Company, and get better Cre-
 “ dit by regular Plays than by those preposterous Representations now in use : But
 “ they are so positive in their Humour, that no Strength of Reason, nor ev’n Dem-
 “ onstration, can divert them from their Conceit. I remember I once was talking
 “ to one of those obstinate Fellows : Do you not remember, said I, that within these
 “ few Years three Tragedies were acted in *Spain*, written by a famous Poet of ours,
 “ which were so excellent, that they surpriz’d, delighted, and rais’d the Admiration
 “ of all that saw them, as well the Ignorant and Ordinary People, as the Criticks
 “ and Men of Quality : And the Actors got more by those Three, than by Thirty of
 “ the best that have been writ since? Doubtless, Sir, said the Actor, you mean the
 “ Tragedies of ISABELLA, PHYLLIS, and ALEXANDRA. The very same,
 “ I reply’d, and do you judge whether they observed the Rules of the Drama, and
 “ whether by doing so they lost any thing of their Esteem, or sail’d of pleasing all
 “ sorts of People. So that the Fault lies not in the Audiences, desiring Absurdities,
 “ but in those who know not how to give them any thing else. Nor was there any
 “ thing preposterous in several other Plays, as for Example, INGRATITUDE
 “ REVENG’D, NUMANTIA, THE AMOROUS MERCHANT, and THE
 “ FAVOURABLE ENEMY, nor in some others, compos’d by judicious Poets
 “ to their Honour and Credit, and to the Advantage of those that acted them.
 “ Much more I added, which, in my Opinion, somewhat confounded, but no way
 “ satisfi’d or convinc’d him, so as to change his erroneous Opinion. You have
 “ touch’d upon a Subject, Sir, said the Curate, which has awaken’d in me an old
 “ Aversion I have for the Plays now in use, which is not inferior to that I bear to
 “ Books of Knight-Errantry. For whereas Plays, according to the Opinion of *Cicero*,
 VOL. I. ought

(e) See what *Lopé de Vega* says before.

ought to be Mirrors of human Life, Patterns of good Manners, and the very Representative of Truth: Those now acted are Mirrors of Absurdities, Patterns of Follies, and Images of Leudness. For instance, what can be more absurd, than for the same Person to be brought on the Stage a Child in Swadling-Bands, in the first Scene of the first Act, and to appear in the Second grown a Man? What can be more ridiculous than to represent to us a fighting old Fellow, a cowardly Youth, a rhetorical Footman, a politick Page, a churlish King, and an unpolish'd Princess? What shall I say of their regard to the ¶ Time in which those Actions they represent, either might or ought to have happen'd, having seen a Play, in which the first Act began in *Europe*, the second in *Asia*, and the third ended in *Africk*? Probably, if there had been * another Act, they would have carry'd it into *America*: And thus it would have been acted in the four Quarters of the World. But if Imitation is to be a principal Part of the Drama, how can any tolerable Judgment be pleas'd, when representing an Action that happen'd in the Time of King *Pepin* or *Charlemain*, they shall attribute it to the Emperor *Heraclius*, and bring him in carrying the Cross into *Jerusalem*, and recovering the Holy Sepulchre, like *Godfry of Bouloigne*, there being a vast distance of Time betwixt those Actions. Thus they will clap together Pieces of true History in a Play of their own framing and grounded upon Fiction, mixing in it Relations of things that have happen'd to different People and in several Ages. This they do without any Contrivance that might make it the more probable, and with such visible Mistakes as are altogether inexcusable: But the worst of it is, that there are Ideots who look upon this as Perfection, and think every thing else to be mere Pedantry. But if we look into the pious Plays, what a multitude of false Miracles shall we find in them, how many Errors and Contradictions, how often the Miracles wrought by one Saint attributed to another? Nay, ev'n in the prophane Plays, they presume to work Miracles upon the bare Imagination and Conceit that such a supernatural Work, or a Machine, as they call it, will be ornamental, and draw the common Sort to see the Play. These things are a Reflection upon Truth it self, a depreciating and less'ning of History, and a Reproach to all *Spanish* Wits: Because Strangers, who are very exact in observing the Rules of the Drama, look upon us as an ignorant and a barbarous People, when they see the Absurdities and Extravagancies of our Plays. Nor would it be any Excuse to alledge, that the principal Design of all good Governments, in permitting Plays to be publickly acted, is to amuse the Commonalty with some lawful Recreation, and so to divert those ill Humours which Idleness is apt to breed; and that since this End is attain'd by any sort of Plays, whether good or bad, it is needless to prescribe Laws to them, or oblige the Poets or Actors to compose and represent such as are strictly conformable to the Rules. I answer, that this End propos'd would be far better and sooner attain'd by good Plays than by bad ones. He who sees a Play that's regular and answerable to the Rules of Poetry, is delighted with the Comic-part, inform'd by the Serious, surpriz'd at the variety of Accidents, improv'd by the Language, warn'd by the Frauds, instructed

¶ I suppose the Author means Place, not Time.
have only three Jornadas or Acts.

* 'Tis to be observ'd that the Spanish Plays

“ by Examples, incens'd against Vice, and enamour'd with Virtue; for a good Play
 “ must cause all those Emotions in the Soul of him that sees it, tho' he were never so
 “ insensible and unpolish'd. And it is absolutely impossible that a Play which has
 “ all these Qualifications, should not infinitely divert, satisfy and please beyond ano-
 “ ther that wants them, as most of them do which are now usually acted. Neither
 “ are the Poets who write them in Fault, for some of them are very sensible of their
 “ Errors, (f) and extremely capable of performing their Duty. But Plays being now
 “ altogether become venal and a sort of Merchandize, they say and with reason,
 “ (g) that the Actors wou'd not purchase them unless they were of that Stamp; and
 “ therefore the Poet endeavours to suit the Humour of the Actors, who are to pay
 “ him for his Labour. For proof of this, let any Man observe that infinite number
 “ of Plays compos'd by an exuberant *Spanish* Wit (b) so full of Gaiety and Humour,
 “ in such elegant Verse and choice Language, so sententious; and to conclude, in
 “ such a majestick Stile, that his Fame is spread thro' the Universe: Yet because he
 “ suited himself to the Fancy of the Actors, many of his Pieces have fal'n short of
 “ their due Perfection (i), tho' some have reach'd it. Others write Plays so incon-
 “ siderately, that after they have appear'd on the Stage, the Actors have been forc'd
 “ to fly and abscond, for fear of being punish'd, as it has often happen'd, for having
 “ affronted Kings, and dishonour'd whole Families. These, and many other ill Con-
 “ sequences which I omit, would cease by appointing an intelligent and judicious Per-
 “ son at Court to examine all Plays, before they were acted, that is, not only those
 “ which are represented at Court, but throughout all *Spain*: So that, without his
 “ Licence, no Magistrate should suffer any Play to appear in Publick. Thus Players
 “ would be careful to send their Plays to Court, and then might act them with Safe-
 “ ty, and those who write them be more circumspect, in standing in awe of an Exa-
 “ miner that could judge of their Works. By these Means we should be furnish'd
 “ with good Plays, and the End they are design'd for would be attain'd, the People
 “ diverted, the *Spanish* Wits esteem'd, the Actors secur'd, and the Government sav'd
 “ the trouble of punishing them. And if the same Person, or another, were intrusted
 “ to examine all new Books of Knight-Errantry, there is no doubt but some might
 “ be publish'd with all that Perfection You, Sir, have mention'd, to the increase of
 “ Eloquence in our Language, to the utter Extirpation of the old Books, which
 “ would be borne down by the new; and for the innocent Pastime, not only of idle
 “ Persons, but of those who have most Employment, for the Bow cannot always
 “ stand bent, nor can human Frailty subsist without some lawful Recreation.

72. Can *Plato's Dialogues* be more solid, more prudential, or more satisfactory? Were that Philosopher's Desires more laudable; his Intentions better calculated for the general Good? Was it possible for *Cervantes's* Censure to be more rational, more equitable, more modest? It is couch'd in such Terms, that *Lopé de Vega* was not in the least offended at it; on the contrary, whenever he had occasion to say any thing of *Cervantes*, he wrote with great Estimation of his Parts and Person.

e 2

73. But

(f) Such was *Lopé de Vega*, for one. (g) *Lopé himself*, in his New Art, says so. (h) The same *Lopé de Vega*, who wrote a Thousand and Fourscore Plays, as we are told by John Perez de Montalvan. (i) Six of *Lopé de Vega's* Plays were regular and written as they shou'd be, according to Art. This he says himself, but does not name 'em, for fear, perhaps, of a fresh and more rigorous Censure.

73. But the impertinent Continuator of *Don Quixote*, as a Redresser of literary Grievances, wou'd needs take upon him to right the Wrongs, and revenge the Injuries he fancy'd had been offer'd to *Lopé de Vega*; and so covering himself with the Shield of *Lopé's* Reputation, he thought therewith to ward off the Blows *Cervantes* had given to himself, perhaps in some of the particular Censures in the above Discourse, or in the (k) *Novel of the Dogs*, which may very well be call'd *Satira Lucilio-Horatiana*, for, in imitation of *Lucilius* and *Horace*, it lashes very severely, tho' occultly, a great number of People: Among whom, peradventure, our *Arragonian* being one, he made use of Slander and Invective instead of any sound or even superficial Argument to confute *Cervantes's* Censure. But *Cervantes* did not let this vile Treatment of him go unchastiz'd: And as for his upbraiding *Cervantes* with old Age, Maimness and (l) an envious Disposition, he made this Answer:

*But there is something which I cannot so silently pass over: He is pleas'd to upbraid me with my Age; indeed had it been in the Power of Man to stop the career of Time, I would not have suffer'd the old Gentleman to have laid his Fingers on me. Then he reflectingly tells me of the Loss of one of my Hands: As if that Maim had been got in a scandalous or drunken Quarrel in some Tavern, and not upon the most memorable (m) Occasion, that either past or present Ages have beheld, and which perhaps futurity will never parallel. If my Wounds do not redound to my Honour in the Thoughts of some of those that look upon 'em, they will at least secure me the Esteem of those that know how they were gotten. A Soldier makes a nobler Figure as he lies bleeding in the Bed of Honour, than safe in an inglorious Flight; and I am so far from being ashamed of the Loss of my Hand, that were it possible to recal the same Opportunity, I should think my Wounds but a small Price for the Glory of sharing in that prodigious Action. The Scars in a Soldier's Face and Breast, are the Stars that by a laudable Imitation guide others to the Port of Honour and Glory. Besides, it is not the Hand, but the Understanding of a Man, that may be said to write; and those Years that he is pleas'd to quarrel with, always improve the latter. He likewise charges me with being Envious, and as if I was an Ignoramus he gives me a definition of Envy; but I take Heaven to witness, I never was acquainted with any Branch of Envy, beyond a sacred, generous and ingenuous Emulation, which could never engage me to abuse a Clergyman, especially if made the more Reverend by a Post in the Inquisition: And if any other Person (meaning *Lopé de Vega*) thinks himself affronted, as that *Tordefillian* Author seems to hint, he is mightily mistaken; for I have a Veneration for his Parts, admire his Works, and have an awful Respect for the continual and laudable Employment in which he exercises his Talents.*

74. That *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra* did not envy *Lopé de Vega*, is visible in the Praises he bestow'd on him before and after the Discourse he made concerning Plays, wherein by the Mouth of the Canon of *Toledo* he censured him so moderately. In the sixth Book of his *Galatea* he makes *Calliope* herself say,

*Experience shows, that Learning loves as well
With downy Youth, as bearded Age to dwell:*

No

(k) *Novela de los Perros, a Dialogue between two Dogs, Scipio and Braganza, translated some Years ago by the Translator of this Life.* (l) *Pref. to Part II.* (m) *Battle of Lepanto.*

*No Mortal will contest a Truth so clear,
The moment that he VEGA's name shall bear.*

Afterwards, in his *Voyage to Parnassus*, he mentions him with greater Esteem :

*Lo! Vega from another Cloud dismounts ;
Vega, whom Spain her best of Writers counts.
Whether in Prose or Verse ; he writes so well,
No one can equal him, much less excel.*

And even after the Censure of the *Arragonian*, in the Continuation of the same History of *Don Quixote*, speaking of *Angelica*, he says, (n) *A famous Andalusian Poet* (Louis Barahona de Soto) *wept for her, and celebrated her TEARS in Verse ; and another eminent and choice Poet of Castile* (Lopé de Vega) *made her BEAUTY his Theme.* And in another Place (o) he makes an honourable Allusion to *Lopé de Vega's Arcadia.* The Censure therefore which *Cervantes* made of him, did not spring from Envy, since he praised him as much as could be, nay, without any measure, but that of his Great and Extensive Knowledge, since his Censure was perfectly just and right : Whereas that which the *Tordesillian* Continuator made of *Cervantes*, was the Offspring of downright Detraction.

75. In a different Manner from *Fernandez de Avellaneda*, did *Lopé de Vega* speak of *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra*, when, after his being censured, and even after his Censurer's Death, (p) he celebrated his Glorious Maim, thus :

** When the renowned Eagle's matchless Son,
That Thunderbolt of War,
O'er Asia's King immortal Laurels won,
In Neptune's Watry Carr,
Cervantes' Hand was wounded, but his Head,
Escaping Fortune's Spite,
By his rich Verse turn'd every Ball of Lead
Into a Diamond bright :
A Wit like His gives each resplendent Line
A Brilliancy that will for ever shine.*

76. *Cervantes* likewise chastised the *Covetousness* of his Detractor, by despising and defying his Menaces, and recommending the Reader to tell him, (q) *that as for his Threatning to take the Bread out of my Mouth, I shall only Answer him with a Piece of an old Song, God prosper long our noble King, our Lives and Safeties all—and so Peace be with you. Long live the Great Condè de Lemos, whose Humanity, and celebrated Liberality sustain me under the most severe Blows of Fortune ! And may the eminent Charity of the Cardinal of Toledo, make an eternal Monument to his Fame.* (I fancy *Cervantes* having met with some Consolation in the Humanity of that Prelate, made his Detractor say, as I have related before, *That he had taken Refuge in the Church*) But *Cervantes* goes on : *Had I never publish'd a Word, and were as many Books publish'd against me, as there are Letters in MINGO REVULGO's Poems ; yet the Bounty of these two Princes that have taken charge of me without any Soliciting Adulation, were sufficient in my favour ; and I think my self richer and greater in their Esteem than I would of any Profitable*

(n) Part II. ch. 1. (o) Part II. ch. 58. (p) Laurèl de Apollo Selva 8. * Don John of Austria the Emperor Charles Vth's Natural Son, General of the Holy League against the Turk. (q) Pref. to 2d. Part of D. Quixote.

table Honour that can be purchas'd at the ordinary Rate of Advancement. The indigent Man may attain their Favour, but the Vicious cannot. Poverty may partly eclipse a Gentleman, but cannot totally obscure him; and those glimmerings of Ingenuity that peep thro' the Chinks of a narrow Fortune, have already gain'd the Esteem of the truly noble and generous Spirits. And now I have done with him.

77. Possibly some will miss *Cervantes's* Answer to what his foul-mouth'd Satyrift advanc'd, of his being so destitute of Friends, that if he had a mind to adorn his Books with commendatory Verses, he wou'd not be able to find one Person of Note in all *Spain*, that would not be offended at making use of his Name. To which, 'tis true, *Cervantes* made no Answer, because he had as yet nothing to add to what he had said by the Mouth of that Friend of his, introduc'd in his Preface, as *Cervantes's* Counsellor, satyrising the Custom of the Writers of that Time, with so much Wit in the following Manner: (r) *The first Thing you object, is your want of commendatory Copies from Persons of Figure and Quality; there is nothing sooner help't; 'tis but taking a little Pains in writing them yourself, and clapping whose Name you please to them, you may Father them upon Prester John of the Indies, or on the Emperor of Trapifonde, whom I know to be most celebrated Poets: But suppose they were not, and that some presuming Pedantic Criticks might snarl, and deny this notorious Truth; why let them, 'tis no matter; and tho' they should convict you of Forgery, you are in no danger of losing the Hand with which you wrote them.* There was at that time a ridiculous Custom in *Spain* to pre-engage the Reader's Mind by a Heap of Commendatory Verses, most of them coin'd by the Authors themselves, as it now-adays happens in many of your Literary Clubs and Assemblies, who profess Criticism with little Serioufness of application, trusting too much to the Judgment of other People who are sometimes Ignorant, and oftentimes Prejudiced. *Lopé de Vega* condemns this Practice, when he says, (s) *Apollo*, by an Edict, ordered among other Things,

That no *Encomiums* of an *As*
Beneath pretended CENSURES pass
In hopes that under such Disguise
The World may credit give to Lies,
Which yet none read without a Laugh
But those that don't know Corn from Chaff.

78. *Cervantes*, by way of satyrizing such People, and at the same time to gratify his desire of Praise, prefixes to his *Don Quixote* some Poetical Compositions under the Names, not of Great Lords, (for in the Commonwealth of Learning there are no Greater Lords, than those that have Learning) but of *Urganda* the Unknown, address'd to *Don Quixote de la Mancha's* Book: of *Anadis de Gaul*; *Don Belianis* of *Greece*; *Orlando Furioso*; the Knight of the Sun; and of *Solisdan* to *Don Quixote* himself: of the Lady *Oriana* to *Dulcinea del Toboso*: of *Gandalin Amadis de Gaul's* Squire, to *Sancho Panza*, *Don Quixote's* Squire; of the Pleasant Poet *Entreverado* to *Sancho Panza*, and *Rozinante*; and lastly a Dialogue between *Babieca*, and *Rozinante*; intimating by this, that his Book of *Don Quixote de la Mancha* was better than all the Books of Knight-Errantry put together; since *Don Quixote de la Mancha* surpass'd the celebrated *Amadis de Gaul*,

(r) Pref. to 1st. Part of *D. Quixote*.

(s) *Laurèl de Apollo Selva* 9.

a Book, which by common Report, and by what *Cervantes* says, (t) was the First Book of Knight-Errantry that ever was printed in Spain, and the Model of all the rest - - - the first Teacher and Author of so pernicious a Sect; - - - rather, says the other, I have been told 'tis the best Book that has been written in that Kind.

79. *Don Quixote*, in like Manner, excelled the renowned *Don Belianis of Greece*, since He, (cry'd the Curate, speaking of *Don Belianis* as he was scrutinizing our Knight's Library) with his Second, Third, and Fourth Parts, had need of a Dose of Rhubarb to purge his excessive Choler: Besides, his Castle of Fame should be demolish'd, and a Heap of other Rubbish remov'd.

80. Nor are the Outrages of *Orlando Furioso* to compare with the agreeable Madneses of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, tho' the Style and Expression of *Ariosto*, Author of that Romance, is indeed pure, grand and sublime, which makes the Curate say, He did not like any of the Translations of him, nay, he wou'd burn 'em; but if, adds he, I find him in his own native Tongue, I'll treat him with all the Respect imaginable.

81. As for the *Knight of the Sun*, in whose name likewise *Cervantes* made a Commendatory Copy of Verses, the Barber, Mr. *Nicholas*, wou'd often say, he out-did all the other Knights, except perhaps *Amadis de Gaul*. The said Romance was intituled: *The Mirror of Princes and Knights, in three Books, containing the Immortal Deeds of the Knight of the Sun, and his Brother Rosicler, the Sons of the Great Emperor Trebacio, with the high Adventures and most stupendous Amours of the extremely excellent and superabundantly beautiful Princess Claridiana, and other High Princes and Knights: By Diego Ortunez Calahorra, of the City of Nagera. This Mirror came out in two Volumes in Folio, containing the first and second Part, at Zaragoza, Anno 1581. Its true Author was Pedro la Sierra. Afterwards Marco Martinez of Alcalà continu'd those Fables with this Title: The Third Part of the Mirror of Princes and Knights, the Achievements and great Actions of the Children and Grand-children of the Emperor Trebacio. Printed at Alcalà Anno 1589. And Feliciano de Silva, afterwards, writ the Fourth Part of the Knight of the Sun. These Titles being known, the Reader will better understand the Verses of the Knight of the Sun to *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; and will likewise be enabled to apply the Criticism which the Curate made when the Barber, taking down another Book, cry'd: Here's the Mirror of Knighthood. Ob! I have the honour to know him, replied the Curate, There you will find the Lord Rinaldo of Montalban, with his Friends and Companions, all of them greater Thieves than Cacus; together with the Twelve Peers of France, and that Faithful Historian Turpin. Truly I must needs say, I am only for condemning them to perpetual Banishment, at least because their Story contains something of the Famous Boiardo's Invention; out of which the Christian Poet *Ariosto* also borrow'd his Subject. *Cervantes* in (u) another Place makes a great jest of *Feliciano de Silva's* Style.*

82. As *Don Quixote* bore away the Bell from all other Knights-Errant, so likewise did *Dulcinea del Toboso* do the same by the Ladies. And this is signify'd by the broken Verses of *Urganda* the Unknown, and the Sonnet of Lady *Oriana* to *Dulcinea del Toboso*, both which Ladies take up a great deal of Paper in the History of *Amadis de Gaul*. Besides, this likewise alludes to the ridiculous Madnes of writing Verses as from Women, with intent that they might be thought Poetesses, and that the Authors were favoured by them.

(t) Part I. ch. 6.

(u) Part I. ch. 1.

83. *Gandalin's* Verses to *Sancho Panza*, declare that never was a Squire born into the World, equal to *Sancho Panza*. And the same Compliment is pass'd on *Rozinante* by the Poet *Entreverado's* Verses, and the Dialogue between *Babieca* and *Rozinante*, since (x) tho' his *Horse's* Bones stuck out like the Corners of a Spanish *Real*, and was a worse *Jade* than *Gonela's*, qui tantum pellis et ossa fuit, his *Master* yet thought that neither *Alexander's* *Bucephalus*, nor the *Cid's* *Babieca* could be compar'd with him.

84. As for the *Arragonian's* reflecting upon *Cervantes's* want of Friends to grace the beginning of his Book with Commendatory Verses, *Cervantes* had no occasion to answer that Objection; since, of the very Thing which the other said he wanted, *Cervantes* had before, as I said, made so great a Jest, not only in his Preface to *Don Quixote*, but in that to his Novels likewise. For, speaking of that customary Abuse, and of the Friend into whose Head he had put that most discrete Advice which was practis'd so dextrously and happily by him, after he had describ'd himself, both inwardly and outwardly, i. e. both Body and Mind, he added: *And if this Friend cou'd recollect nothing more to say of me, I wou'd myself have coin'd two dozen of Testimonials, and whispered 'em to him, in order to spread my Name and raise the Reputation of my Wit; for, to think such Elogiums speak real Truth, is downright Folly, for there's no depending upon such Characteristicks either pro or con. In short, since that Opportunity is past, and I am left in blanco, and without any Cutt or Effigie, I must e'en make the best use I can of my Tongue, which tho' naturally slow, shall not be so in speaking Truth, which may be understood ev'n by making Signs only.* And then he goes on and gives his own Sentiments of his Novels, WITHOUT SPEAKING BY THE MOUTH OF A GOOSE, as the Proverb before quoted has it.

85. As for this Scandalous Fellow's saying that *Cervantes* wrote his *First Part of Don Quixote*, in a Prison, and that That might make it so dull, and incorrect: *Cervantes* did not think fit to give any Answer concerning his being imprison'd: Perhaps to avoid giving offence to the Ministers of Justice; for certainly his Imprisonment must not have been Ignominious, since *Cervantes* himself voluntarily mentions it in his Preface to the *First Part of Don Quixote*. As for his Negligence and Incorrectnesses, I don't deny but *Cervantes* had some, which I have observ'd; but since the *Arragonian* did not specify 'em, there was no reason *Cervantes*, by satisfying Him, should let him run away with the Glory of a just and rational Censure. And therefore the Confession of his own Oversights, or the Defence of those the Criticks of that Age charg'd as such, is reserv'd for a fitter Opportunity: and the Censure of other Things, which might have been easily alter'd, is forborn out of the Respect that is due to the Memory of so great a Man.

86. The Thing which *Cervantes* bore hardest upon in his Aggressor, was his Impudence, for such it was, and a very great one too, the continuing a Work of pure Invention, of another Man's, and while the Author was living too, which makes him say to his Reader, *If ever you should happen to fall into his Company, pray tell him from me that I have not the least Quarrel in the World with him: For I am not ignorant of the Temptations of Satan; and of all his Imps, the scribbling Devil is the most Irresistable. When that Demon is got into a Man's Head, he falls to Writing and Publishing, which gets him as much Fame as Money, and as much Money as Fame. But if he won't believe what you say, and you be dispos'd to be Merry, pray tell him this Story.* Then *Cervantes* proceeds and

(x) Part I. ch. 1.

and tells a Tale, and then another, with that satyrical Grace, that nothing can be more beautiful.

87. *Cervantes* being of Opinion that the *Arragonian's* Impudence deserv'd greater Chastisement ; in order to render him more ridiculous in various Parts of the Body of the Work he has a Fling at him, and intermingles divers Reproofs of that unpardonable Continuation, which it is fit shou'd be here read together that others may not fall into the like Temptation.

88. In the LIXth Chapter of the Second Part, supposing some Travellers to be reading in an Inn the *Arragonian's Continuation*, or Second Part of *Don Quixote*, he introduces one *Signor Don John*, saying : *Dear Don Jeronimo, I beseech you, till Supper's brought in, let us read another Chapter of the Second Part of Don Quixote. No sooner had Don Quixote heard himself named* (he being in the next Room, which was divided from that wherein the Travellers were by a slender Partition) *but up the Champion started, and listen'd with attentive Ears to what was said of him, and then heard that Don Jeronimo answer : Why would you have us read Nonsense, Signor Don John? Methinks any one that has read the First Part of Don Quixote, should take but little Delight in reading the Second. That may be, reply'd Don John ; however, it mayn't be amiss to read it ; for there's no Book so bad, as not to have something that is good in it. What displeases me most in this Part, is, that it represents Don Quixote no longer in love with Dulcinea del Toboso. Upon these Words, Don Quixote, burning with Anger and Indignation, cry'd out : Whoever says that Don Quixote de la Mancha has forgot, or can forget Dulcinea del Toboso, I will make him know with equal Arms, that he deviates wholly from the Truth ; for the Peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, cannot be forgotten, nor can Don Quixote be guilty of Forgetfulness. Constancy is his Motto ; and to preserve his Fidelity with Pleasure, and without the least Constraint, is his Profession. Who's that answers us ? cries one of those in the next Room. Who should it be, quoth Sancho, but Don Quixote de la Mancha his nown self, the same that will make good all he has said, and all that he has to say, take my Word for it ; for a good Paymaster ne'er grudges to give Security. Sancho had no sooner made that Answer, but in came the two Gentlemen (for they appear'd to be no less) and one of them throwing his Arms about Don Quixote's Neck, your Presence, Sir Knight, said he, does not belye your Reputation, nor can your Reputation fail to raise a Respect for your Presence. You are certainly the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the North-Star, and Luminary of Chivalry-errant in despite of him that has attempted to usurp your Name, and annihilate your Atchievements, as the Author of this Book, which I here deliver into your Hand, has presum'd to do. With that he took the Book from his Friend, and gave it to Don Quixote. The Knight took it, and without saying a Word, began to turn over the Leaves ; and then returning it a while after ; In the little I have seen, said he, I have found three Things in this Author, that deserve Reprehension. First, I find fault with some Words in his Preface. In the second Place, his Language is Arragonian, for sometimes he writes without Articles : And the third Thing I have observ'd, which betrays most his Ignorance, is, he is out of the way in one of the principal Parts of the History : For (y) here he says, that the Wife of my Squire Sancho Panza, is call'd Mary Gutierrez, which is not true ; for her Name is Teresa Panza ;*

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and

(y) In ch. 8. and many more.

and he that errs in so considerable a Passage, may well be suspected to have committed many gross Errors through the whole History. A pretty impudent Fellow, is this same History-writer; cry'd Sancho! Sure He knows much what belongs to our Concern, to call my Wife Teresa Panza, Mary Gutierrez! Pray take the Book again, an't like your Worship, and see whether he says any Thing of me, and see if he has not chang'd my Name too. Sure by what you have said, honest Man, said Don Jeronimo, you should be Sancho Panza, Squire to Signor Don Quixote? I am, quoth Sancho, and I am proud of the Office. Well, said the Gentleman, to tell you Truth, the last Author does not treat you so Civilly as you seem to deserve. He represents you as a Glutton, and a Fool, without the least grain of Wit or Humour, and very different from the Sancho we have in the first Part of your Master's History. Heav'n forgive him, quoth Sancho; he might have left me where I was, without offering to meddle with me. Every Man's Nose won't make a Shoeing-Horn. Let's leave the World as it is. St. Peter is very well at Rome. Presently the two Gentlemen invited Don Quixote to sup with them in their Chamber; for they knew there was nothing to be got in the Inn fit for his Entertainment. Don Quixote who was always very complaisant, (z) could not deny their Request, and went with them. So Sancho remain'd Lord and Master, with his Flesh-pot before him, and placed himself at the upper End of the Table, with the Inn-keeper for his Mees-mate; for he was no less a Lover of Cox-heel than the Squire. While Don Quixote was at Supper with the Gentlemen, Don John ask'd him, when he heard of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso? Whether she were married? Whether she had any Children, or were with Child or no? Or whether, continuing still in her Maiden state, and preserving her Honour and Reputation unstain'd, she had a grateful Sense of the Love and Constancy of Signor Don Quixote? Dulcinea is still a Virgin, answered Don Quixote, and my Amorous Thoughts more fix'd than ever; Our Correspondence after the old Rate not frequent, but her Beauty transform'd into the homely appearance of a Female Rustick. And with that he told the Gentlemen the whole Story of her being incanted, what had befall'n him in the Cave of Montesinos, and the Means that the Sage Merlin had prescrib'd to free her from her Incantment, which was Sancho's Penance of three thousand three hundred Lashes. The Gentlemen were extremely pleas'd to hear from Don Quixote's own Mouth the strange Passages of his History, equally wondring at the nature of his Extravagancies, and his Eloquent manner of relating them. One Minute they lookt upon him to be in his Senses, and the next they thought he had lost them all; so that they could not resolve what degree to assign him between Madness and sound Judgment. By this time Sancho having eat his Supper, and left his Landlord, mov'd to the Room where his Master was with the two Strangers, and as he bolted in, Hang me, quoth he, Gentlemen, if He that made the Book your Worships have seen, could have a mind that He and I should ever take a loving Cup together: I wish, as he calls me Greedy-Gut, he does not set me out for a Drunkard too. Nay, said Don Jeronimo, he does not use you better as to that Point; tho' I cannot well remember his Expressions. Only this I know, they are scandalous and false, as I perceive by the Physiognomy of sober Sancho here present. Take my Word for't, Gentlemen, quoth the Squire, the Sancho and the Don Quixote in your Book, I don't know who they be, but they are not the same Men as those in Cid Hamet Benengeli's History, for we two are they, just such as Benengeli makes us; my Master Valiant, Discrete, and in love; and I a plain, merry-

(z) The Arragonian does not describe him so.

conceited Fellow, but neither a Glutton, nor a Drunkard. I believe you, said Don John, and I could wish, were such a Thing possible, that all other Writers whatsoever were forbidden to record the Deeds of the great Don Quixote, except Cid Hamet, his first Author; (a) as Alexander did forbid all other Painters to draw his Picture, except Apelles. Let any one draw mine, if he pleases, said Don Quixote; but let him not abuse the Original; for when Patience is loaded with Injuries, many Times it sinks under its Burden (b). No Injury, reply'd Don John, can be offer'd to Signor Don Quixote but what he is able to revenge, or at least ward off with the Shield of his Patience, which, in my opinion, is Great and Strong. In such Discourse they spent a good part of the Night; and tho' Don John endeavoured to persuade Don Quixote to read more of the Book, to see how the Author had handled his Subject, he could by no Means prevail with him, the Knight giving him to understand, he had enough of it, and as much as if he had read it throughout, concluding it to be all of a Piece, and nonsense all over; and that he would not encourage the Scribbler's Vanity so far as to let him think that he had read it, should it ever come to his Ears that the Book had fall'n into his Hands; well knowing we ought to avoid defiling our Imagination, and with the nicest Care, our Eyes with vile and obscene Matters (c). They askt him, which Way he was travelling? He told them he was going for Saragosa, to make one at the Turnaments held in that City once a Year, for the Prize of Armour. Don John acquainted him, that the pretended Second Part of his History gave an Account (d) how Don Quixote, whoever he was, had been at Saragosa at a publick Running at the Ring, the Description of which was wretched, and defective in the Contrivance, mean and low in the Style and Expression, miserably poor in Devices, poorest of all in Learning, but rich in Folly and Nonsense. For that Reason, said Don Quixote, I will not set a Foot in Saragosa, and so the World shall see what a notorious Lye this new Historian is guilty of, and all Mankind shall perceive I am not the Don Quixote he speaks of. You will do very well, said Don Jeronimo; besides, there is another Turnament at Barcelona, where you may signalize your Valour. I design to do so, reply'd Don Quixote; and so Gentlemen, give me leave to bid you good Night, and permit me to go to Bed, (for 'tis Time;) and pray place me in the number of your best Friends, and most Faithful Servants: and Me too, quoth Sancho, for mayhap you may find me good for something. Having taken leave of one another, Don Quixote and Sancho retired to their Chamber, leaving the two Strangers in admiration, to think what a Medly the Knight had made of good Sense and Extravagance; but fully satisfied however, that these two Persons were the true Don Quixote and Sancho, and not those obtruded upon the Publick by the Arragonian Author. Admirable Criticism! One of the Precepts of Fable is to follow common Fame, or to devise Things so as to hang together. Cervantes had figur'd Don Quixote, as a Knight-Errant, Valiant, Discrete, and Amorous; and this was his well-known Character when the so call'd Fernandez de Avellaneda took upon him to carry on his History; whereas He describes Don Quixote, as a Coward, an Idiot, and not Enamour'd. Don Quixote's Lady, as the Dutcheis said, was a fancy'd Person (e), a Lady merely Notional, (in short a Madmen's Lady) whom Don Quixote had engender'd and brought forth by the Strength and Heat of his Fancy, and

f 2

there

(a) See Part I. ch. 9. of Don Quixote. (b) A tacit threatning against the Arragonian writer.
 (c) Such as the Arragonian's Book abounds with in many of the Chapters. (d) In the 11th ch.
 (e) Part II. ch. 52.

there endow'd with all the Charms and good Qualifications, which he was pleas'd to ascribe to her; - - - beautiful without Blemish, reserv'd without Pride, amorous with Modesty, agreeable for her courteous Temper, and courteous, as an Effect of her generous Education; and, in short, of an illustrious Parentage. Fernandez de Avellaneda paints her in a quite different Manner. Cervantes represented Sancho Panza as a plain, simple, merry-conceited Fellow, but neither a Gormandizer nor a Drunkard: Fernandez de Avellaneda, simple indeed, but a Fellow of no humour, rather a mere Greedy-gut and an arrant Sot: and therein, neither follows common report, nor invents his Tale with Uniformity. Well therefore might *Altisidora* say, speaking of a Vision she had (for Women are apt to have Visions,) (f) That she saw certain Devils playing at Tennis with flaming Rackets, instead of Tennis-balls making use of Books stuff'd with Wind and Flocks, and so slightly made that the Ball wou'd not bear a second Blow, but at every Stroke they were oblig'd to change Books, some of 'em New, some Old, which she thought very Strange: They toss'd up a new Book fairly bound, and gave it such a smart Stroke, that the very Guts flew out of it, and all the Leaves were scatter'd about. Then cry'd one of the Devils to another, look, look, what Book is that? 'Tis the second Part of the history of Don Quixote, said the other, not that which was compos'd by Cid Hamet, the Author of the First, but by a certain Arragonian, who professes himself a Native of Tordefillas. Away with it, cry'd the first Devil, down with it, plunge it to the lowest Pit of Hell, where I may never see it more. Why is it such Stuff said the other? Such intolerable stuff, cry'd the first Devil, that if I and all the Devils in Hell shou'd set our Heads together to make it worse, it were past our Skill. To which a little afterwards Don Quixote reply'd: That very History is toss'd about just at the same Rate, never resting in a Place, for every Body has a Kick at it. From which Words we may infer, that as soon as it was publish'd, it began to be despis'd. And as Cervantes feigns that the Devils play'd at Tennis with flaming Rackets; some, from thence have taken occasion, and justly as they thought, to advance an assertion, (g) that the Friends of Cervantes burn'd the Books of the paultry Continuator: which is a *gratis Dictum*; for Cervantes had no Friends that wou'd favour him, so much at their own Expence.

89. Whatever may have been the Case in that respect, 'twill not be amiss to hear Sancho and Don Quixote's Thoughts of that Book: (h) *I'll lay you a Wager, quoth Sancho, that before we be much older, there will not be an Inn, a Hedge-Tavern, a blind Victualling-House, nor a Barber's-Shop in the Country, but what will have the Story of our Lives and Deeds pasted and painted along the Walls. But I cou'd wish with all my Heart though, that they may be done by a better Hand than the bungling Son of a Whore that drew these. Thou art in the Right, Sancho, said Don Quixote; for the Fellow that did these, puts me in mind of Orbaneja, a Painter of Uveda, who, as he sat at Work, being ask'd what he was about? Made answer, any thing that comes uppermost: And if he chanc'd to draw a Cock, he underwrit, This is a Cock, lest People should take it for a Fox. Just such a one was he that painted, or that wrote (for they are much the same) the History of this new Don Quixote, that has lately peep'd out, and ventur'd to go a strolling; for his Painting or Writing is all at random, and any thing that comes uppermost. I fancy*
be's

(f) Part II. ch. 70. (g) See the Preface of the re-impression of the self-call'd Fernandez de Avellaneda. (h) Part II. ch. 71.

be's also not much unlike one Mauleon, a certain Poet, who was at Court some Years ago, and pretended to give answer extempore to any manner of Questions. Some Body ask'd him what was the meaning of Deum de Deo? Whereupon the Gentleman answer'd very perily in Spanish, De donde de diere, that is, Hab nab at a Venture.

90. The same *Don Quixote*, discoursing on another Occasion with *Don Alvaro Tarfe* (who in the *Arragonian's* History fills a great many Pages) holds this Dialogue with him: (i) “ Pray, Sir, said *Don Quixote* to *Señor Don Alvaro*, be pleas'd to tell me “ one Thing; Am I any thing like that *Don Quixote* of yours? The farthest from it “ in the World, Sir, reply'd the other. And had he, said our Knight, one *Sancho* “ *Panza* for his Squire? Yes, said *Don Alvaro*, but I was the most deceiv'd in him “ that cou'd be; for by common Report that same Squire was a comical, witty Fel- “ low, but I found him a very great Blockhead. I thought no less, quoth *Sancho*, “ for every Man is not capable of saying comical Things; and that *Sancho* you talk “ of must be some poultry Raggamuffin, some guttling Mumper, or pilfering Crack- “ rope, I warrant him. For 'tis I am the true *Sancho Panza*; 'tis I am the merry- “ conceited Squire, that have always a Tinker's Budget full of Wit and Waggery, “ that will make Gravity grin in spite of its Teeth. If you won't believe me, do “ but try me; keep my Company but for a Twelvemonth, or so, you'll find what “ a shower of Jokes and notable things drop from me every Foot. Adad! I see “ every Body a laughing, many times, and yet I wish I may be hang'd, if I design'd “ it in the least. And then for the true *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, here you have “ him before you. The stanch, the famous, the valiant, the wise, the loving *Don* “ *Quixote de la Mancha*, the Righter of Wrongs, the Punisher of Wickedness, the “ Father to the Fatherless, the Bully-rock of Widows, the Maintainer of Damsels and “ Maidens; he whose only Dear and Sweet-heart is the Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*; “ here he is, and here am I his Squire. All other *Don Quixote's* and all *Sancho* “ *Panza's* besides us two, are but Shams, and Tales of a Tub. Now by the Sword “ of *St. Jago*, honest Friend, said *Don Alvaro*, I believe as much; for the little thou “ hast utter'd now, has more of Humour than all I ever heard come from the other. “ The Blockhead seem'd to carry all his Brains in his Guts, there's nothing a Jest with “ him but filling his Belly, and the Rogue's too heavy to be diverting. For my “ part, I believe the Inchanters that persecute the good *Don Quixote*, have sent the “ bad one to persecute me too. I can't tell what to make of this Matter, for, though “ I can take my Oath, I left one *Don Quixote* under the Surgeon's Hands at the Nun- “ cio's in *Toledo*, (k) yet here starts up another *Don Quixote* quite different from mine. “ For my part, said our Knight, I dare not avow my self the Good, but I may ven- “ ture to say, I am not the Bad one; and as a Proof of it, Sir, be assur'd, that in “ the whole Course of my Life, I never saw the City of *Saragosa*; and so far from it, “ that hearing this Ufurper of my Name had appear'd there at the Turnament, I “ declin'd coming near it, being resolv'd to convince the World that he was an Im- “ postor. I directed my Course to *Barcelona*, the Seat of Urbanity, the Sanctuary of “ Strangers, the Refuge of the distressed, the Mother of Men of Valour, the Redref- “ ser of the injur'd, the Residence of true Friendship, and the first City of the World “ for

(i) Part II. ch. 72.

(k) See *Avellaneda's Continuation*, ch. 36.

“ for Beauty and Situation. And though some Accidents that besel me there, are so
 “ far from being grateful to my Thoughts, that they are a sensible Mortification to me ;
 “ yet in my Reflection, of having seen that City, I find Pleasure enough to alleviate
 “ my Misfortune : In short, *Don Alvaro*, I am that *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whom
 “ Fame has celebrated, and not the pitiful Wretch who has usurp'd my Name, and
 “ wou'd arrogate to himself the Honour of my Design. Sir, you are a Gentleman,
 “ and I hope will not deny me the Favour to depose before the Magistrate of this
 “ Place, that you never saw me in all your Life till this Day, and that I am not
 “ the *Don Quixote* mention'd in the (1) Second Part ; nor was this *Sancho Panza* my
 “ Squire, the Person you knew formerly. With all my Heart, said *Don Alvaro*, tho'
 “ I must own my self not a little confounded to find at the same time, two *Don*
 “ *Quixotes*, and two *Sancho Panza's*, as different in Behaviour as they are alike in
 “ Appellation : For my part, I don't know what to think of it ; and so I again say and
 “ affirm, that I have seen what I have not seen, and that That has besal'n me which has
 “ not besal'n me Here the Mayor, or Bailiff of the Town happening to come
 “ into the Inn, with a Publick Notary, *Don Quixote* desir'd him to take the Deposi-
 “ tion which *Don Alvaro Tarse* was ready to give, where he certify'd and declar'd,
 “ That the said Deponent had not any Knowledge of the *Don Quixote* there present, and
 “ that the said *Don Quixote* was not the same Person that he this Deponent had seen mentio-
 “ ned in a certain printed History, intituled, or called, THE SECOND PART OF DON
 “ QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, written by AVELLANEDA, a Native of *Tordesillas*.
 “ In short, the Magistrate drew up and ingross'd the Affidavit in due Form, and the
 “ Testimonial wanted nothing to make it answer all the Intentions of *Don Quixote*
 “ and *Sancho*, who were as much pleas'd as if it had been a Matter of the last Con-
 “ sequence, and that their Words and Behaviour had not been enough to make the
 “ Distinction between the two *Don Quixote's* and the two *Sancho's*. The Compliments
 “ and Offers of Service that pass'd after, between *Don Alvaro* and *Don Quixote*, were
 “ many, and our Knight of *La Mancha* behav'd himself with so much Discretion, that
 “ *Don Alvaro* was convinc'd he was mistaken ; tho' he thought there was some In-
 “ chantment in the Case, since he had thus met with two Knights and two Squires of
 “ the same Name and Profession, and yet so very different.

91. Lastly ; the same *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, or rather, *Alonso Quixano* the Good, being now restor'd to his right Senses and perfect Judgment, in one of the Clauses of his Will, directs as follows : (m) Item, *I entreat my said Executors* (the Curate *Pero Perez*, and Mr. *Sampson Carrasco* the Bachelor, who were present) *that if at any time they have the Good-fortune to meet with the suppos'd Author of the Second Part of the Achievements of Don Quixote de la Mancha, they wou'd from me most heartily beg his Pardon for my being undesignedly the Occasion of his writing such a Parcel of Impertinences as is contain'd in that Book, for it is the greatest Burden to my departing Soul, that ever I was the Cause of making such a Thing publick.*

92. Very much in the right, therefore, was *Cervantes*, and great reason had he, when he said that the Glory of continuing with Felicity the History of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, was reserv'd for his Pen alone. And lest this shou'd sound like Boasting,
 he

(1) He means *Avellaneda's Continuation.* (m) Part II. at the End.

he put the following judicious Speech in the Mouth of *Cid Hamet Benengeli*, addressing himself to his Pen. Here says *Cervantes*, (n) “ The sagacious *Cid Hamet* spoke to his Pen: O Thou my slender Pen, thou, of whose Knib, whether well or ill cut, I dare not speak my Thoughts! suspended by this Wire, remain upon this Rack, where I deposite thee. There may’st thou claim a Being many Ages, unless presumptuous Scribblers take thee down to profane thee. But e’er they lay their heavy Hands on thee, bid them beware, and, as well as thou canst, in their own Stile, tell ’em,

(o) “ *Avaunt, ye Scoundrels, all and some!*

“ *I’m kept for no such thing.*

“ *Defile not me; but hang yourselves;*

“ *And so God save the King.*

“ For me alone was the great *Don Quixote* born, and I alone for him. Deeds were his Task; and to record ’em, mine: We two, like Tallies for each other struck, are nothing when apart. In vain the spurious Scribe of *Tordesillas* dar’d with his blunt and bungling Ostridge-Quill invade the Deeds of my most valorous Knight: The great Attempt derides his feeble Skill, while he betrays a Sense benumm’d and frozen. And thou, Reader, (p) if ever thou canst find him out in his Obscurity, I beseech thee advise him likewise to let the wearied, mouldring Bones of *Don Quixote*, rest quiet in the Earth that covers them. Let him not expose ’em in (q) *Old Castile*, against the Sanctions of Death, impiously raking him out of the Grave where he really lies stretch’d out beyond a Possibility of making a third Act and taking a new Ramble round the World. The two Sallies that he has made already (r) (which are the Subject of these two Volumes, and have met with such universal Applause in this and other Kingdoms) are sufficient to ridicule the pretended Adventures of other Knights-Errant. Thus advising him for the best, thou shalt discharge the Duty of a Christian, and do good to him that wishes thee evil. As for me, (s) I must esteem myself happy and gain my End in rendring those fabulous, nonsensical Stories of Knight-Errantry, the Object of the publick Aversion. They are already going down, and I do not doubt but they will drop and fall together in good earnest, never to rise again: *Adieu*.

And indeed, as soon as the First Part of *Don Quixote* came out, this Knight-Errant began to put down all the rest, and made them hide their Heads; and after the Second Part was publish’d, *Anno 1615*, the Applause which this Work gain’d was so great and extensive that very few Works have obtain’d in the World so great, so universal and so lasting an Approbation. For there are Books which are esteem’d for no other reason but because their Stile is a Text for the dead Languages; others which are become famous thro’ some Circumstances of the Time they were writ in, which being past and gone their Applause is ceas’d too; others will always be valu’d on account

(n) *Part II. at the End.* (o) *Tate, tate, solloncicos, &c. These Words are in an old Romance which I have forgot the name of.* (p) *A sign how obscure the Tordelillian Author was.* (q) *The silly Continuator in his last Chapter hints as if he design’d to write some of Don Quixote’s Rambles in Old Castile.* (r) *Had that of the Second Part been reckon’d in, there wou’d be three Sallies of Don Quixote, but Cervantes speaks upon a Supposition that only the First Part was publish’d.* (s) *This is Michael de Cervantes Saavedra.*

count of the Weight and Importance of the Subject they treat of. Whereas those of *Cervantes*, tho' written on a ridiculous Subject, and tho' the *Spanish* Dominion is not so extensive as it was then, and tho' written in a living Language which is confin'd to certain Bounds; yet they live, and triumph in spite of Oblivion: And are at this Day as necessary in the World, as when they first came out; for after *France* had, thro' the happy Protection of *Louis XIV.* arriv'd to the height of Learning, it began to decline, and for want of a *Sirmond*, a *Bossuet*, a *Huet*, and such like learned Men of immortal Memory, who soon after went off the Stage, a Spirit of *Novellizing* began to prevail; and a Fondness for Fables has taken such root that their *Literary Journals* are stuff'd with 'em, and hardly any other sort of Books come to us from *France*. The Mischief, formerly caus'd by such Fables, was so great, that it might be said to be universal. Which made that most intelligent Censor of the Republick of Letters *Ludovicus Vives*, so grievously deplore the corrupt Manners of the Times he liv'd in: (t) *What a way of living is this, said he, What Times are we fall'n into, that nothing but Ribaldry will pass for good Poetry, and obscene Ballads for fine Sonnets? It is high time the Magistrates took cognizance of this Evil, and that some Provision were made against it by Law, as also against such pestilential Books in Spain, as Amadis, Esplandian, Florisando, Tirante, Tristran: Whose Extravagancies know no Bounds: Each Day produces more and more of 'em; such as Celestina the Bawd, the Mother of all Wickedness, and Sink of all Leudness. In France, Lancelot of the Lake, Paris and Vienna, Puntho and Sidonia, Peter of Provence and Magalona, Melisendra, the inexorable Matron. Here in Flanders (Vives wrote this at Bruges, where he liv'd Anno 1523.) Florian and Blanca-Flor, Leonela and Canamor, Curias and Floreta, Pyramus and Thisbe. Some there are translated out of Latin into the vulgar Tongues, as Poggius's Book of Stories which fails both in point of Modesty and Religion, (u) Euryalus and Lucretia, Bocace's hundred Novels. All which Books were written by Men that liv'd an idle Life, or were ill employ'd, of no Experience, or Abilities, given up to Vice, and all manner of Filthiness. In which I am amaz'd People shou'd find any thing to delight 'em. But we are naturally perverse and prone to Evil. A powerful and most effectual Remedy therefore was that which the most ingenious *Cervantes* apply'd, since it purg'd the Minds of all *Europe*, and cur'd them of that inveterate radicated Fondness they had for those contagious Books. Again therefore let *Don Quixote de la Mancha* appear, and let one Madman undeceive many voluntary Madmen: Let one Man of Sense, like *Cervantes*, divert and reclaim so many idle and melancholick Persons, with the pleasing and entertaining Products of his artful and ingenious Pen, I mean his Books of *Don Quixote*, of which there has been a long dispute which of the two Parts is best: That which contains the first and second Sally of our Champion; or the third?*

93. Far from taking upon me to decide so nice a Question, I shall let *Cervantes* do it himself, who having heard the Judgment which some had anticipately made, introduced the following Conversation between *Don Quixote*, the Bachelor *Sampson Carasco*, and *Saucko Panza*. Perhaps, (x) said *Don Quixote*, the Author (that is, *Cid Hamet Benengeli*)

(t) De Christianâ Fœminâ, Lib. I. cap. Qui non legendi Scriptores, qui legendi. (u) A Novel by *Aeneas Sylvius*, before he was Pope, and when he was but a simple Priest: afterwards retracted in his Epist. 395. (x) Part II. ch. 4.

Benengeli) *promises A SECOND PART? He does so, said Carrasco: But he says, (y) he cannot find it, neither can he discover who has it: So that we doubt whether it will come out or no; as well for this reason, as because some People say that Second Parts are never worth any thing; others cry, there's enough of Don Quixote already: However, many of those that love Mirth better than Melancholy, cry out, Give us more Quixotery; let but Don Quixote appear, and Sancho talk, be it what it will, we are satisfy'd. And how stands the Author affected? Said the Knight. Truly, answer'd Carrasco, as soon as ever he can find out the History, which he is now looking for with all imaginable Industry, he is resolv'd to send it immediately to the Press, tho' more for his own Profit than thro' any Ambition of applause. What, quoth Sancho, does he design to do it to get a Penny by it? Nay, then we are like to have a rare History indeed; we shall have him botch and whip it up, like your Taylors on Easter-Eve, and give us a bundle of Flim-flams that will never hang together; for your hasty Work can never be done as it should be. Let Mr. Moor take care how he goes to Work; for, my Life for his, I and my Master will stock him with such a heap of Stuff in matter of Adventures and odd Chances, that he will have enough not only to write a SECOND PART, but an Hundred. The poor Fellow, be-like, thinks we do nothing but sleep on a Hay-Mow; but let us once put Foot into the Stirrop, and he'll see what we are about: This at least I'll be bold to say, that if my Master would be rul'd by me, we had been in the Field by this Time, undoing of Misdeeds, and righting of Wrongs, as good Knights-Errant us'd to do. In which Colloquy Cervantes gives us to understand that he had pregnancy of Fancy enough to furnish out not only one, but a hundred *Don Quixote's*. The invention of the Second Part is no less agreeable than that of the first; and the Instruction is much greater. Besides, in the principal Narration he has not intermixt any Novel totally foreign to his Subject; (a thing very much against the Art of Fable-writing;) but he dextrously grafts in many Episodes very coherent with the main Design of the Story, which requires great Ingenuity and a singular Ability. Let us once more hear Cervantes himself. (z) *We have it from the traditional Account of this History, that there is a manifest Difference between the Translation and the Arabick in the beginning of this Chapter; Cid Hamet having taken an Occasion of criticising on himself for undertaking so dry and limited a Subject, which must confine him to the bare History of Don Quixote and Sancho, and debar him the Liberty of launching into Episodes and Digressions that might be of more Weight and Entertainment. To have his Fancy, his Hand and Pen bound up to a single Design, and his Sentiments confin'd to the Mouths of so few Persons, he urg'd as an insupportable Toil, and of small Credit to the Undertaker, so that, to avoid this Inconveniency, he has introduc'd into THE FIRST PART, some Novels, as THE CURIOUS IMPERTINENT, and that of the CAPTIVE, which were in a manner distinct from the Design, tho' the rest of the Stories which he brought in there, fall naturally enough in with Don Quixote's Affairs, and seem of Necessity to claim a Place in the Work. It was his Opinion likewise, as he has told us, that the Adventures of Don Quixote, requiring so great a share of the Reader's Attention, his Novels must expect but an indifferent Reception, or, at most, but a cursory View, not sufficient to discover their artificial Contexture, which must have been very obvious had they been publish'd by themselves, without the Interludes of Don Quixote's**

VOL. I.

G

Madness,

(y) See Part I. at the end.

(z) Part II. ch. 44.

Madness, or Sancho's Impertinence. He has therefore in THE SECOND PART avoided all distinct and Independent Novels, introducing only some Episodes which may have the appearance of (a) being so, yet flow naturally from the Design of the Story, and these but seldom, and with as much Brevity as they can be express'd. Therefore since he has ty'd himself up to such narrow Bounds, and confin'd his Understanding and Parts, otherwise capable of the most copious Subject, to the pure Matter of this present Undertaking, he begs it may add a value to his Work; and that he may be commended, not so much for what he has writ, as for what he has forborn to write. Such therefore as say that Cervantes in his Second Part has not equall'd himself, wou'd do well to consider whether their Opinion does not arise either from the Tradition of those who are so enamour'd of the First Part, as to think it incapable of a Second; or else from their want of Sagacity which makes 'em regret in this latter the miss of those very things which Cervantes himself confess'd were, in the former, either Defects of Art or Liberties of the Artist in order to give his own Fancy an Airing and divert that of the Reader.

94. Amidst so many and such just Commendations both on account of Cervantes's admirable Invention, prudent Disposition and singular Eloquence; as a Writer is but one, and his Readers many, and an Author's Thoughts being taken up in inventing, he sometimes is carry'd away by the Vivacity of his Fancy: And this being overfruitful, the very multitude of Circumstances does it self often occasion them to disagree with each other, and not co-incide exactly with the Time and Place wherein they are feign'd to be transacted; it is not much to be wonder'd at if *Michael de Cervantes* is sometimes found tardy in point of Probability and Chronology: In which he is not alone, but has Companions enow, ev'n as many as have hitherto publish'd any Works of a diffusive Invention; for in all such there are the like Oversights to be met with. Of this Cervantes himself was very sensible, for having been censur'd for some things he had written in his FIRST PART, he own'd his Negligences in the Third and Fourth Chapters of his SECOND PART, where he retracted many of his Errors with the same Frankness with which he confess'd them, and endeavour'd to varnish over others with such ingenious Excuses as make his very Apology a new and glorious sort of Confession. In short, his Genius was of so noble and generous a kind, that were he now alive, and new Censures were past upon him, had they been just and well grounded, he would certainly have thought himself beholden to the Authors of them.

95. Notwithstanding I am one of Cervantes's greatest Admirers, nay the rather because I am so, I will be bold to say that in some Instances he has exceeded the limits of Probability, and even touch'd the Borders of a manifest Falsity. For in the famous Combat between him and the *Biscayan*, supposing that *Don Quixote* set upon him with a full Resolution to kill him, it is by no means likely that the *Biscayan* who must have his Left hand engag'd in the Reins of the Mule, shou'd have time not only to draw his Sword with his Right, but to snatch a Cushion out of the Coach to serve him instead of a Shield, since those who were in the Coach must naturally be suppos'd to be sitting upon it, and if they were not, still 'tis difficult to conceive how the *Biscayan* cou'd take the Cushion so expeditiously, considering with what Fury *Don Quixote* rusht upon him.

96. Nei-

(a) That is, which may look like Novels, as in truth they are.

96. Neither does it seem to me a whit more likely that *Camilla*, in the *Novel of the Curious Impertinent*, shou'd talk to her self so much and so loud as to be heard by *Anselmo*, who was conceal'd in the Wardrobe during that long Soliloquy. For tho' Dramatic Writers introduce Soliloquies into their Plays, it is done with an intent that the *Speſtators* may be made acquainted with the secret Thoughts of the Persons represent- ed in the Play, and not that the Actors or Persons introduc'd on the Stage shou'd hear such Speeches, especially such prolix ones.

97. The Discourse of *Sancho Panza* to his Master *Don Quixote*, related in *Chap. VIII. of the Second Part*, certainly exceeds the Capacity of so simple and illiterate a Fellow. I will not charge *Cervantes* with the unlikeliness of the following Assertion of his: (b) *This Gines de Passamonte, whom Don Quixote call'd Ginesfillo de Parapilla, was the very Man that stole Sancho's Ass; the manner of which Robbery, and the time when it was committed, being not inserted in the First Part, has been the reason that some People have laid that, which was caus'd by the Printer's neglect, to the Inadvertency of the Author. But 'tis beyond all Question, that Gines stole the Ass while Sancho slept on his Back, making use of the same Trick and Artifice which Brunello practis'd when he carry'd off Sacripante's Horse from under his Legs, at the Siege of Albraca; but afterwards Sancho recover'd his Ass again, as hath been related. I say I will not lay it at Cervantes's door that this Invention seems rather possible than probable; because it is obvious Cervantes's aim in this was only to reprove such Authors who are wont to charge their own Errors on the Negligence of the Printers, without considering that the Errors of the Press for the most part consist only in a few Literals or Verbals and sometimes perhaps in omitting some small Period. As for the manner how and the time when Ginesfillo stole the Ass; it seems to me, if I don't very much mistake in my judgment of Cervantes's way of Thinking, his sole End was to ridicule the Fancy of stealing Sacripante's Horse in that manner.*

98. But I am at a loss to excuse the supposing it possible, that in a Town of *Arragon*, of above a thousand Inhabitants, a Mock-Government, as *Sancho's* was, shou'd continue so long as eight or ten Days. Whether this is likely, let the *Arragonians* say. What I am certain of, is this, that there being in *Arragon* no Cavern half a League long, it is contrary to all Truth to say *Sancho Panza* went thro' it so far, till he stopt at a Place where *Don Quixote* from above heard his Lamentations.

99. As little do I know how to excuse *Cervantes's* Saying (c) Fame and Tradition had preserv'd in the Memoirs of *La Mancha* that *Don Quixote* after his third Sally went to *Saragosa*, where he was present at certain famous Turnaments and met there with Occasions worthy the Exercise of his Valour and good Sense; and afterwards the same *Cervantes* comes and says in his *Second Part* that *Don Quixote* declared he wou'd not set his Foot in *Saragosa*, in order to make the modern Historian (*Avelaneda*) a Lyar, since had he made him go to the Turnaments of *Saragosa*, he had only follow'd common Fame.

100. Another Oversight of *Cervantes* is his calling *Sancho's* Wife by the Name of *Joan Gutierrez* or *Joan Panza*, which is the same thing, for in *La Mancha*, tho' not in other Parts of *Spain*, the Wives go by their Husbands Surnames, and yet he finds

(b) *Part II. ch. 27.*(c) *At the end of Part I.*

fault with the *Arragonian* Continuator for calling her by the Name of *Gutierrez*, tho' he himself likewise thro' his whole Second Part calls her *Teresa Panza*.

101. Besides, whoever wou'd take the pains to form a Diary of *Don Quixote's* Sallies, will find *Cervantes's* Account pretty erroneous, and not conformable to the Accidents and Adventures related.

102. In one thing *Cervantes* ought to be treated with some Rigour, and that is in the Anachronisms or Retrocessions of time; for having himself so justly reflected upon his Cotemporary Play-wrights in this particular, such Defects ought to be censured in him. I shall point out some of them.

103. But for the better Understanding what I'm going to say, it is necessary to premise, that it hath been the Custom of many who have publish'd Books of Knight-Errantry, in order to gain them Credit to say that they were found in such a certain place, written in very ancient Characters difficult to read. Thus *Garci-Ordeñez de Montalvo*, Regidor of *Medina del Campo*, after he had said, he had corrected the three Books of *Amadis* which thro' the Fault of bad Writers or Composers were very much corrupted and full of Errors, immediately added, that he had publish'd those Books, translating and improving the Fourth Book with the Exploits of Esplandian *Amadis's* Son, which till then no Man remembers ever to have seen or met with in any Memoirs; that by great Good-luck it was discover'd in a Stone-tomb, which, deep in the Earth, in a Hermitage hard by Constantinople, was found, and brought by an Hungarian Merchant into Spain, wrote upon Parchment in a Letter so old that it was scarce legible by those who understood the Language. *Cervantes* herein imitating *Garci-Ordeñez de Montalvo*, says: (d) By Good-fortune he had met with an ancient Physician, who had a Leaden Box in his Possession, which, as he assur'd me, was found in the Ruins of an old Hermitage, as it was rebuilding. In this Box were certain Scrolls of Parchment written in Gothic Characters, but containing Verses in the Spanish Tongue, in which many of his (*Don Quixote's*) noble Aëts were sung, and *Dulcinea del Toboso's* Beauty celebrated, *Rozinante's* Figure describ'd, and *Sancho Panza's* Fidelity applauded. They likewise gave an account of *Don Quixote's* Place of Burial, with several Epitaphs and Elogiums on his Life and Manners. *Cervantes* wrote this in the Year 1604, and printed it in the Year following. I leave it to the judicious Reader to determine the Age in which according to the afore-said Circumstances *Don Quixote* must be suppos'd to have liv'd. An ancient Physician giving an account of the finding certain Parchments containing Epitaphs on *Don Quixote*; that they were first discover'd under the Foundation of an old Hermitage, and written in Gothic Letters, the Use whereof was prohibited in Spain in the time of King *Alonso* the Sixth; are all (e) Circumstances which infer a distance of some Ages past. And this very thing is suppos'd in a Discourse of *Don Quixote's*, no less occultly Learned than agreeably Romantic: (f) Have you not read, cry'd *Don Quixote*, the Annals and History of Britain, where are register'd the famous Deeds of King *Arthur*, (*King Artus* in Spanish Romances) who, according to an ancient Tradition in that Kingdom, never dy'd, but was turn'd into a Crow by Incantment, and shall one Day resume his former Shape, and recover his Kingdom again? For which reason since that time, the People of Great Britain dare not offer to kill a Crow. In this good King's Time, the most
Noble

(d) Part I. ch. ult. (e) *Rodoric. Toletanus, Lib. VI. c. 30.* (f) Part I. ch. 15.

Noble Order of the Knights of the Round Table was first instituted, and then also the Amours between Sir Lancelot of the Lake and Queen Guinever were really transacted, as that History relates; they being manag'd and carry'd on by the Mediation of that Honourable Matron the Lady Quinafona, which produced that Excellent History in Verse so sung and celebrated here in Spain:

There never was on Earth a Knight

So waited on by Ladies fair,

As once was He Sir Lancelot bight,

When first he left his Country dear :

And the Rest, which gives so delightful an Account both of his Loves and Feats of Arms. From that Time the Order of Knighthood was deliver'd down from Hand to Hand, and has by degrees dilated and extended itself into most Parts of the World. Then did the Great Amadis de Gaule signalize himself by Hercick Exploits, and so did his Offspring to the fifth Generation. The Valorous Felix-Marte of Hyrcania then got immortal Fame, and that undaunted Knight Tirante the White, (g) who never can be applauded to his Worth. Nay, HAD WE BUT LIV'D A LITTLE SOONER, we might have been blest with the Conversation of that invincible Knight, the Valorous Don Belianis of Greece. And this, Gentlemen, is that Order of Chivalry, which, as much a Sinner as I am, I profess, with a due Observance of the Laws which those brave Knights observ'd before me. If therefore Don Quixote was so near the Time in which Don Belianis of Greece and the other numerous Knights-Errant are feign'd to have liv'd, having referr'd them to the Ages immediately succeeding the Origin of Christianity, as has been observ'd and censur'd by the learned Author of the Dialogue of the Languages beforemention'd (h), it follows that Don Quixote de la Mancha must be suppos'd to have liv'd many Centuries ago. How then comes Cervantes to talk of Coaches (i) being in Use in Don Quixote's time? Since we are told by Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo in the Second Part of the Officers of the Royal Household that the Princess Margaret when she came to be espous'd to the Prince Don John, brought in the Use of Chariots or Coaches with four Wheels, and when she returned again to Flanders a Widow, such sort of Carriages ceas'd, and Litters came again into play. And even in France itself, from whence we had this Fashion, as almost all others, the Use of Coaches is of no ancient date; for John de Laval Boisdauphin of the House of Memorancy, was the first Person who, towards the close of Francis the 1st's Reign, made use of a Coach because of his Corpulency which was so excessive he could not ride on Horseback. In the Reign of Henry II there were in the Court of France but two Coaches in all, one for the Queen his Consort, and another for his natural Daughter the Lady Diana. In the City of Paris, Christopher de Thou (Thuanus) being nominated First President, was the First that had a Coach; but he never went in it to the Royal Palace. These Examples which either Grandeur or Necessity first introduced, were soon so perniciously prevalent, that nothing could come up to the Vanity of them. As for Spain, Don Lorenzo Vander Hamin & Leon writing upon this Subject in the First Book of Don John of Austria's Life, has the following warm Expressions: There came Charles

(g) Cervantes himself by the Mouth of the Curate very much commends this Book as a Treasure of Delight, and a Mine of Pastime. But Ludovicus Vives condemns it, and all others of the same Stamp.
(h) Page 161. (i) Part I. ch. 8, 9, and Part II. ch. 36, &c. &c.

Charles Pubest a *Servant* of Charles the Vth. King and Emperor, in a Coach or Chariot, such as are used in those Provinces: A Thing very rarely seen in these Kingdoms. Whole Cities ran out to stare at it, so little known was this sort of Pleasure at that Time. For then they only made use of Carts drawn by Oxen, and in them were often seen riding the most considerable Persons even of the Court. Don John (for example) went several Times to visit the Church of our Lady de Regla (the Loreito of Andalusia) in one of these Wains or Carts in Company with the Dutchess of Medina. This was the Practice of that Time. But within a few Years (threescore and ten or thereabouts) it was found necessary to prohibit Coaches by a Royal Proclamation. To such a Height was this infernal Vice got, which has done so much Mischief to Castile. In order to paint forth this Abuse, Cervantes brings in *Teresa Panza*, Wife to a poor labouring Man, expressing mighty hopes of riding in a Coach, purely upon the conceit of her Husband's being Governor of the Island *Barataria*. In like manner, to ridicule some Doctors Degrees which were conferred in his Time, and which ought to have been bestowed on such as were Men of Learning but were far from being so, he mentions some Licentiates who were Graduated in the Universities of *Siguenza* and *Ossuna* in *Don Quixote's* Time, whereas the University of *Siguenza* was (by advice of Cardinal *Ximenez*) erected by *John Lopez de Medina*, Privy Counsellor to *Henry IVth* and his Envoy at *Rome* about the Year 1500. Later yet, in 1548, the University of *Ossuna* was founded, with *Charles Vth's* and *Pope Paul III's* Approbation, by *Don John Tellez de Giron*, *Condé de Ureña*. Had *Cervantes* liv'd in these our Days; he would have said much more upon this Article of Degrees. But let *Don Diego de Saavedra* in his *Republica Literaria* be his Commentator.

104. It is likewise an Inadvertency to allude, (as he does) in the suppos'd Time of *Don Quixote*, to the Council of *Trent* which began to sit in 1544, under the Pontificate of *Paul III*, and broke up in *Pope Pius IVth's* Time.

105. *Cervantes* likewise makes the Curate speak of *America* before *Americus Vespusus*, the *Florentine*, (in 1497) had set his Foot in it, and call'd it by his Name, being in that respect more happy than *Christopher Columbus* the *Genoese*, who first discover'd it in 1492.

106. Neither ought he to have mention'd *Fernand Cortes*, or talk't of the Nimbleness of the *Mexican* Jockeys in mounting a Horseback, before ever *Cortes*, who conquer'd *Mexico*, breathed Vital Air, and before there were any Horses in that Country. He likewise names the famous Hill of *Potosi* before its prodigious Veins of Silver were discover'd by that barbarous mighty Hunter. Neither ought the Word *Cacique* (signifying a petty King) which came from *Hispaniola* have been put into the Mouth of such an Ignoramus as *Sancho Panza*.

107. Again, the Art of Printing being so recent an Invention, it shou'd not have been suppos'd to be known in *Don Quixote's* Time, nor ought mention to have been made of so many Modern Authors, both Foreigners and Spaniards. Foreigners, *Ariosto*, * *Verino*, *Sannazario*, *Lofraso*, a *Sardinian* Poet, *Polidore Virgil* and others. Among

* *Cervantes* says, *Verino* died *Florentibus Annis*. He died at 17, rather than take his Physicians Advice, which was a *Wife*. Politian made the following Epitaph on this very learned Youth and excellent Moral Poet of *Florence*:

Sola Venus poterat lento succurrere morbo, } Venus alone his slow Disease cou'd cure:
Ne se pollueret, maluit ille Mori. } But He chose Death, rather than Life not Pure.

Among the *Spaniards* *Garci-lasso de la Vega*, whom he sometimes commends Expressly, at other times quotes his Verses (*k*) without naming him, and at other times alludes clearly to him. (*l*) Of *John Boscan*, a Poet Co-temporary with, and much a Friend of *Garci-lasso*, *Don Quixote* says, (*m*) *Old Boscan call'd himself Nemoroso*: wherein he mistakes, many ways, by calling him the *Old* or *Ancient Boscan*, and by alluding to *Garci-lasso de la Vega's* First Eclogue.

108. *Don Quixote* himself, speaking very justly of the common misfortune attending Translations, highly commends that of *Pastor Fido* done by Doctor *Christopher Figueroa*; and also that of *Amintas* done by *Don John de Jauregui*. Now the Reader must know that Doctor *Suarez de Figueroa* publish'd *Guarini's Pastor Fido*, in *Valencia*, Anno 1609, printed by *Pedro Patricio Mey*; and *Don John de Jauregui*, *Tasso's Amintas*, in *Seville*, printed by *Francisco Lira*, Anno 1618. in 4to.

109. Again, a *Shepherdes*, in discourse with *Don Quixote*, anticipately in point of time, names *Camoens*, and extolls him as a most excellent Poet even in his own *Portuguese* Tongue. (*n*) Her Words are these: *We and some other Shepherdesse have got two Eclogues by heart; one of the famous Garcilasso, and the other of the most excellent Camoens in his own Language the Portugueze*. Which is the same thing as condemning the *Spanish* Translations by *Louis Gomez de Tapia*, and others: whereas it is not possible for two such resembling Dialects of one and the same Language to be equal in Diction and Harmony.

110. In the celebrated *Sixth Chapter of the First Part*, supposing the Scrutiny to be in *Don Quixote's* time, there are Criticisms made on the Works of *George de Montemayor*, *Gil Polo*, *Lopez Maldonado*, *Don Alonso de Ercilla*, *John Ruse*, *Christopher de Virvès*, and ev'n on the *GALATEA* of *Cervantes* himself.

111. He likewise mentions (*o*) the Works of the famous Bishop of *Avila*, *Don Alonso Tostado* (*Tostatus*), a native of *Madrigal*, from whence he chose to be stiled. He was born about the Year 1400, and dy'd in *Bonilla de la Sierra* the 3d of *September* 1455. (*p*) He cites *Dioscorides* illustrated by Doctor *Laguna*, printed at *Salamanca*, Anno 1586; and the Proverbs of the *Commendary Greigo*, publish'd in the same City, Anno 1555. He quotes in like manner *Villalpando's Summula*, (*q*) whereas Doctor *Gaspar*, Cardinal de *Villalpando* printed them at *Alicalà* Anno 1599.

112. The Books which *Cervantes* censur'd without naming the Authors, almost all of 'em his *Co-etaneans*, are very numerous. I shall only point out a few.

113. Speaking of the Translation of *Ariosto*, done by *Geronimo de Urrea*, which was printed at *Lyons* in 4to. by *William Roville*, Anno 1556. *Cervantes* makes the Curate say, *I cou'd willingly have excus'd the good Captain who translated it that Trouble of attempting to make him speak Spanish, for he has deprived him of a great deal of his primitive Graces; a Misfortune incident to all those who presume to translate Verses, since their utmost Wit and Industry can never enable 'em to preserve the native Beauties and Genius that shine in the Original*. From whence may be infer'd how much more insipid were the

two

(*k*) Part II. ch. 6, &c. (*l*) Ibid. ch. 8. and 18. (*m*) Ibid. ch. 67. *Cervantes* here puns upon the likeness betwixt *Boscan* and *Bosque*, which is Spanish or rather Gothick for a Grove of Trees (from whence perhaps our Word *Bush*.) *Nemus* in Latin (from whence the *Nemoroso* above) means the same. (*n*) Part II. ch. 58. (*o*) Part II. ch. 3. (*p*) *Tostatus* writ so much and so well, that it is admir'd how the Life of Man cou'd reach to it. *Stevens's Dict.* (*q*) Part I. ch. 47.

two Translations done in Prose, and publish'd by two *Toledians*; one, nam'd *Fernando de Alcocer*, Anno 1510. the other *Diego Vasquez de Contreras*, Anno 1585. Both of 'em as Wretched as Faithful Interpreters of *Ariosto*, to a Letter. Farther on, the Curate speaking of the three *Diana's*, viz. that of *George de Montemayor*, which contains the *First* and the *Second Part*, publish'd at *Madrid* by *Louis Sanchez*, Anno 1545. in 12ves. That done by *Alphonso Perez*, Doctour of Physick, known by the Name of *Salmantino* (the *Salamancan*) publish'd at *Alcala*, Anno 1564. in 8vo. and Lastly, that of *Gaspar Gil Polo*, printed at *Valencia*, Anno 1564. The Curate, I say, speaking of the three *Diana's* says thus: *Since we began with the Diana of Montemayor, I am of opinion we ought not entirely to burn it, but only take out that Part of it which treats of the Magician Felicia and the enchanted Water, as also all the longer Poems; and let the Work escape with its Prose, and the Honour of being the First of that Kind. Here's another Diana, quoth the Barber, The Second of that Name, by Salmantino; nay, and a Third too, by Gil Polo. Pray, said the Curate, let Salmantino increase the Number of the Criminals in the Yard; but as for that of Gil Polo, preserve it as charily, as if Apollo himself had wrote it.* A little farther the Barber says again: *These that follow are the Shepherd of Iberia, the Nymphs of Henares, and the Cure of Jealousy. Then there's no more to do, said the Curate, but to deliver them up to the secular Arm of the House-Keeper, and do not ask Wherefore, for then we shou'd never have done.* As for the Author of the *Cure of Jealousy*, I know not who he was. The *Shepherd of Iberia* was written by *Bernardo de la Vega*, a native of *Madrid*, Canon of *Tucuman* in *South America*; it was printed Anno 1591 in 8vo. The Author of the *Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares* was *Bernard Perez de Bobadilla*, it was publish'd Anno 1587 in 8vo. *Cervantes* alluding to these two Censures, and desiring the World should know that in *The Voyage to Parnassus* (in which he brings in almost all the Poets in *Spain*) he had bestowed Praises on several according to popular report; he introduc'd a Poet that was dissatisfy'd, upbraiding him with omitting these two Poets and for Censuring them as he has done above. The said Poet falls upon *Cervantes* in this manner: (r)

'Tis true, Barbarian, Thou hast justly prais'd
Some few; and others as unjustly rais'd
High as the Heav'ns, who in Oblivion lay
Nor saw the Moon by Night, or Sun by Day.
The Great Bernard thou hast of Fame beguil'd,
Iberia's Shepherd, from la Vega styl'd.
The Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares Banks
For thy ill Usage owe thee little Thanks.

Cervantes in the latter part of his Poem has brought upon the Stage the beforementioned *Bernardo de la Vega*; but he has put him among the bad Poets, in these terms:

Late came Iberia's Shepherd to the Muster,
And with his Wit and Strength made heavy Bluster.

114. In prosecuting the Scrutiny of *Don Quixote's* Books, the Barber says: *The next is the Shepherd of Filida. He's no Shepherd, return'd the Curate, but a very Discrete Courtier* (meaning *Louis Galvez de Montalvo*, who publish'd his *Shepherd of Filida* at *Madrid*,

(r) In ch. IV. of the *Voyage to Parnassus*.

Madrid, Anno 1582.) *Keep him as a precious Jewel. Here's a much bigger Volume cry'd the Barber, call'd, The Treasure of divers Poems. Had there been fewer of them, said the Curate, they would have been more Esteem'd. 'Tis fit the Book shou'd be pruned and clear'd of several Trifles that disgrace the rest. Keep it however, because the Author is my very good Friend, and for the Sake of his other more Heroick and Sublime Productions.* This is *Fr. Pedro Padilla*, a Native of *Linares*, a *Carmelite Monk*, and once, as is reported, a Knight of the Order of *St. James*. Among other Poetical Works, he publish'd a *Song-Book*, in which are contain'd some martial Events of the *Spanish Arms in Flanders*. It was printed at *Madrid* by *Francisco Sanchez*, Anno 1583. in 8vo. And *Michael de Cervantes* wrote some *Laudatory Verses* on the Author of it.

115. In the close of the Scrutiny, *Cervantes* says: *At last the Curate grew so tired with prying into so many Volumes, that he order'd all the rest to be burnt at a Venture. But the Barber shew'd him one which he had open'd by chance e'er the dreadful Sentence was pass'd. Truly, said the Curate, who saw by the Title 'twas the Tears of Angelica, I should have wept my self, had I caus'd such a Book to share the Condemnation of the rest; for the Author was not only one of the best Poets in Spain, but in the whole World, and translated some of Ovid's Fables with extraordinary Success.* I take it, this refers to *Captain Francisco de Aldana*, *Alcaide* (i. e. *Governor*) of *San Sebastian*, who bravely died in *Africa*, fighting against the *Moors*, whose glorious Death was celebrated in *Octave Rhimes* by his Brother *Cosmo de Aldana*, *Gentleman-Usher* to *Philip II.* in the beginning of his *Sonnets and Octaves*, which were printed at *Milan*, Anno 1587. in 8vo. This *Cosmo de Aldana* printed all the Works he could find of his Brother *Francisco*, at *Madrid*, at the *Printing-house* of *Louis Sanchez*, Anno 1590, in 8vo. and having afterwards pickt up many more, he publish'd a *Second Part* at *Madrid*, printed by *P. Madrigal*, in 1591, in 8vo. Of this *Francisco de Aldana* his Brother *Cosmo* says, he translated into blank Verse *Ovid's Epistles*, and compos'd a Work intituled *Angelica*, and *Medoro*, in innumerable *Octaves*: which were never printed, as not being to be found; by means of these two Works we come to know that *Cervantes* intended *Francisco de Aldana*, and not *Louis Barabona de Soto*, of whose composing we have twelve *Canto's of the Angelica*, in pursuance of *Ariosto's* Invention. Of this Poem *Don Diego de Saavedra Fajardo* speaks, in his admirable *Republica Literaria*. And now with greater Lustre appear'd *Louis de Barahona*, a learned Man, and of a lofty Spirit; but he shared the Fortune of *Ausonius*: he had no Body to advise with. And so he gave the Reins to his Fancy, without any Moderation or Art. A Character which argues likewise that this was not the Poet on whom *Cervantes* bestow'd such unbounded Praises. Our Author in the next Chapter proceeds thus: *Upon Don Quixote's loud Outcry they left further Search into the Books, and therefore 'tis thought the Carolea, and Leo of Spain, with the Famous Deeds of the Emperor, written by Don Louis de Avila, which doubtless were there, were committed to the Flames, unseen and unheard; for if the Curate had found them, they would perhaps have received a more favourable Sentence.* The *Carolea* *Cervantes* here speaks of may be that which *Hieronimo Sempere* printed at *Valencia* Anno 1560. in 8vo. But I'm more inclin'd to believe it to be that publish'd at *Lisbon*, Anno 1585, by *John Ochoa de Lafalde*, in regard *Cervantes*, in his *Voyage to Parnassus*, speaking of the List of the Poets giv'n him by *Mercury*, says thus:

I took the List of Names, and, at the head,
That of my Friend John de Ochoa, read:
As true a Poet as a Christian, He——

116. The Author of *Leo of Spain* was *Pedro de la Vecilla Castellanos*, a Native of *Lecón*, who publish'd his Poem and other Works, in *Salamanca*, Anno 1586. in 8vo. The *Commentaries of Charles the Vth's Wars in Germany*, had for its Author *Don Louis de Avila i Zuñiga*, chief Commendary of *Alcantara*, a Person in great Esteem with the Emperor, and highly celebrated by the Prime Wits and ablest Penmen of that Age.

117. These Anachronisms or Inconsistencies in respect of Chronology relating to *Men of Learning* are more than sufficient: Those committed by *Cervantes* in relation to *Men of the Sword* were likewise not a few; for he supposes that there was already written in *Don Quixote's* Age, the (*f*) History of the great Captain *Hernandez de Cordova*, together with the Life of *Diego Garcia de Paredes*; whereas the former dy'd in *Granada* the 2d of *December*, 1515. of a Quartan Ague (*t*) (to him fatal) in the 62d year of his Age; and the latter dy'd aged 64, in the Year 1533. and the Chronicles of 'em both were printed in *Alcalá de Henares*, by *Herman Ramirez*, Anno 1584. in Folio.

118. He likewise introduces the *Captive* talking of the Famous Duke of *Alva*, *Don Ferdinand de Toledo*, going over to *Flanders*.

119. The same *Captive* adds that he went along with him, and serv'd under him in all his Enterprizes: that he was present at the Executions of the Counts *Egmont* and *Horn*, and came to be an Ensign to a famous Captain of *Guadalaxara*, nam'd *Diego de Urbina*: He speaks of the Island of *Cyprus* being taken from the *Venetians* by the *Turks* in 1571; as likewise of the League between the Holy Pontiff *Pius V.* and *Spain* against the Common Enemy of *Christendom*, and that *Don John* of *Austria*, natural Brother to *Philip* the II^d was General of that Holy League. He says he was in the famous Sea-fight of *Lepanto* in quality of a Captain of Foot, which Battle was fought and won by the *Christians* the 7th of *October*, 1572. He says that *Ucbali* King of *Algiers*, a brave and bold Pirate, having boarded and taken the Admiral Galley of *Malta*, there being only three Knights left alive in it, and they much wounded, *John Andrea Doria's* Ship in which he (the *Captive*) was with his Company, bearing up to succour the said Admiral, he (the *Captive*) leap'd into the Enemy's Galley, which shearing off from the other that had layd her on Board, prevented his Men from following him, and so he was left alone amidst his Enemies, who were too numerous to be withstood, and consequently taken Prisoner very much wounded. A little farther, he celebrates *Don Alvaro de Bazan*, Marquis of *Santa Cruz*. He gives a very particular Account how two Years afterwards the *Turks* re-took the *Goleta* and a little Fort or Tower *Don John* had built near *Tunis*, in the Middle of a Lake where *Don John de Zanoquera*, a Gentleman of *Valencia* and notable Soldier Commanded, who surrender'd upon Articles. He says *Don Pedro Puertocarrero* General of *Goleta* was taken and dy'd for Grief

(*f*) Part I. ch. 32, &c. (*t*) By this Parenthesis, the Author seems to have an Eye to the Spanish Proverb, Por Quartana, nunca se tañó Campana. A Bell was never rung for a Quartan Ague, that is, People do not die of it.

Grief in his way to *Constantinople*: That many Persons of Note were kill'd, and among them *Pagàn Doria* the generous Brother of the renown'd *John Andrea Doria*; and that among those who were made Prisoners was *Don Pedro de Aguilar*, a Gentleman of *Andaluzia*, who was an Ensign, and likewise a very brave and ingenious Man, and one who had a rare Talent in Poetry.

120. In another Place he highly commends the *Stilletos* as sharp as an Awl, of *Ramon de Hozes* the *Sevillian* Cutler's making who liv'd in *Cervantes's* own Time. He likewise mentions the Story of the Scholar *Toralvas* being hoisted into the Air a Horseback on a Reed by the Devil, with his Eyes shut, and so carry'd in twelve Hours to *Rome*, and set down at the Tower of *Nona*, which is in one of the Streets of that City; and that he saw there the dreadful Tumult, the Assault and Death of the Constable of *Bourbon*, and next Morning found himself at *Madrid*, where he related the whole Story. He likewise names that arrant Cheat * *Andradilla*. And after the same manner our Author brings in many others whose Memory was very recent in his own Time. Was there ever such a string of Anachronisms!

121. But they don't end here. *Cervantes* says (u) that *Don Quixote* met with a Company of strolling *Players*, who had on *Corpus Christi Day*, in the Morning, been acting a Play call'd *the Parliament or Cortes of Death*, and were going forward to another Town to play it over again in the Afternoon; and herein he is worthy of Censure for supposing the Representation of Devout-Plays in *Don Quixote's* Time; since 'tis certain, in those Days there was no such thing as Farce-playing, especially in solemn Festivals, neither indeed was it at all conformable to the Gravity of the Ancient Manners.

122. He likewise supposes the practice of cooling Liquors with Snow, (x) whereas 'tis certain *Paulo Jarquies*, (who liv'd in *Philip the III'd's* Time) was the first Author or Inventor of the Tax upon Wells where Snow was kept; the manner of keeping it and using it having been, before that, introduc'd into *Spain* by *Don Louis de Castelvi*, Gentleman-Taster to the Emperor *Charles Vth*, of whom (y) *Gaspar Escolano*, expressing himself his usual way, writes thus: (z) *To this Gentleman is Spain indebted for the Knowledge of keeping Snow in Houses* (by Houses he means Wells) *in the Mountains where it falls, as likewise the practice of cooling Water with Snow. For no other Means for doing this, but by Salt-petre, being generally known, he was the first that brought Snow into Use, in the City of Valencia; which, besides being very delicious, is of a singular good Effect in Letbargies, Spotted-Fevers, Pestilential Calentures, and other most grievous Disorders, occasion'd by excessive Heat in Summer time, and as such the use of it spread itself by degrees all over Spain: And ever since that Time, we of Valencia have always call'd that Gentleman by the name of Don Luis de la Nieve; that is, Mr. SNOW.*

123. *San Diego de Alcalà* and *San Salvador de Orta* were beatified in *Philip the III'd's* Time, and in allusion to this says *Sancho* to *Don Quixote*: (a) *And let me tell you, Sir, Yesterday or t'other Day, for so I may say, it being not long since, there were two bare-footed Friars Canoniz'd or Sainted; and you can't think how many poor Creatures thought*

h 2

themselves

* *Andradilla* was a sharpening Scoundrel in Spain, as famous as whom you please in England. (u) Part II. ch. 11. (x) Part II. ch. 58. (y) The Translator takes this to be his Family Name, tho' in Valencia, they give this name to the Sacristan, that is, to him that has charge of the Vestments and holy Vessels of the Church. (z.) *Historia de Valencia*, Lib. 8. c. 28. (a) Part II. ch. 8.

themselves happy but to kiss or touch the Chains with which they girt and tormented their Bodies, and I dare say they are more reverenced, than is Orlando's Sword in the Armory of our Sovereign Lord the King.

124. In the Reign of *Philip III* the General of the Gallies of the Indies was *Don Pedro Vich*, a Valencian Gentleman, whom *Cervantes* highly extolled in his *Novel of the two Ladies*, and pointing to this Personage, on occasion of relating *Don Quixote's* entering one of the Gallies, he says: (b) *The General, for so we must call him, by Birth a Valencian, and a Man of Quality, gave him his Hand, and embracing him, said, this Day will I mark as one of the happiest I expect to see in all my Life, since I have the Honour now to see Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

125. The last Edict for the Expulsion of the *Morisco's* out of Spain, was publish'd in the Year 1611, and yet *Cervantes* introduces a *Morisco* nam'd *Ricote*, making (c) the Encomium of *Don Bernardino de Velasco*, Count of *Salazar*, to whom *Philip* the III had committed the Care of seeing those *Morisco's* expell'd.

126. But why do I stand heaping up Anachronisms, when *Don Quixote's* whole History is full of 'em? I shall conclude with saying that *Sancho Panza* dated his Letter to his Wife *Teresa Panza* on 20th June 1614, the very Day perhaps on which *Cervantes* wrote it.

127. But notwithstanding all this I am far from saying that *Michael de Cervantes de Saavedra* is absolutely inexcusable: For, as in the very beginning of his History he says that *Don Quixote* liv'd not long since in a Village of *La Mancha*, so he afterwards follow'd the Thread of this first Fiction, and having forgot it at the End of his History, he propos'd to imitate *Garci Ordoñez de Montalvo* in the forecited Place, and so anticipated the Time *Don Quixote* liv'd in. And then this will be the only Inadvertency he is guilty of; or to say better, *Don Quixote* is a Man of all Times, and a true Image and Representative of Ages past, present and to come; and accordingly is adaptable to all Times and Places. And tho' perhaps the severest Criticks will not allow of this Excuse, they will not at least deny that these Negligences, and others, which it were easy to add, of wrong allusions and equivocations, which are apt to abound in a Mind somewhat abstracted and drawn off by an over-attentiveness to the Grand Design, I say, it will not be deny'd that they are aton'd for and recompenc'd by a thousand Perfections; since it may with Truth be averr'd that the whole Work is the Happiest and Finest Satir that has hitherto been written against all Sorts of People.

128. For, if we attend to the Scope and Design of the Work, Who cou'd have thought that by the means of one Book of Chivalry, all the rest should be banish'd out of the World? But so it was, for, writing as *Cervantes* did from his own Invention, and in all the agreeable Varieties of Stile, he was entirely single without a Rival in this kind of Writing, as one who thoroughly knew wherein the rest of the Writers had err'd, and perfectly sensible how those Failings of theirs might be avoided, fully satisfying at the same time the Taste of every Reader, and he never better manifested the Greatness of his Notions, than when, by the Mouth of the Canon of *Toledo*, he spoke in the following manner: (d) "Believe me, Mr. Curate, I am fully convinc'd, that "these they call Books of Chivalry, are very prejudicial to the Publick. And tho' I
" have

(b) *Part II. ch. 63.* (c) *Part II. ch. 65.* (d) *Part I. ch. 47.*

“ have been led away by an idle and false Pleasure, to read the Beginnings of almost
 “ as many of them as have been printed, I could never yet persuade myself to go through
 “ with any one to the End ; for to me they all seem'd to contain one and the same
 “ thing ; and there is as much in one of them as in all the rest. The whole Composi-
 “ tion and Stile of 'em, in my Opinion, very much resembles that of the *Milesian* Fables,
 “ and are a sort of (e) idle Stories, design'd only for Diversion, and not for In-
 “ struction ; it is not so with those Fables which are call'd Apologues, that at once
 “ delight and instruct. But tho' the main Design of such Books is to please ; yet I
 “ cannot conceive how it is possible they should perform it, being fill'd with such a
 “ multitude of unaccountable Extravagancies. For the Pleasure which strikes the
 “ Soul, - must be deriv'd from the Beauty and Congruity it sees or conceives in those
 “ things the Sight or Imagination lays before it, and nothing in it self deform'd or
 “ incongruous can give us any real Satisfaction. Now what Beauty can there be, or
 “ what Proportion of the Parts to the whole, or of the whole to the several Parts, in
 “ a Book, or Fable, where a Stripling at sixteen Years of Age at one Cut of a Sword
 “ cleaves a Giant, as tall as a Steeple, thro' the middle, as easy as if he were made
 “ of Paste-board ? Or when they give us a Relation of a Battle, having said the Ene-
 “ my's Power consisted of a Million of Combatants, yet, provided the Hero of the
 “ Book be against them, we must of necessity, tho' never so much against our Inclina-
 “ tion, conceive that the said Knight obtain'd the Victory only by his own Va-
 “ lour, and the Strength of his powerful Arm ? And what shall we say of the great
 “ Ease and Facility with which an absolute Queen or Empress casts herself into the
 “ Arms of an Errant and Unknown Knight ? What Mortal, not altogether barbarous
 “ and unpolish'd, can be pleas'd to read, that a great Tower full of arm'd Knights,
 “ cuts thro' the Sea like a Ship before the Wind ; and sets out in the Evening from
 “ the Coast of *Italy*, lands by Break-of-day in *Prester John's* Country, or in some
 “ other, never known to *Ptolemy* or discover'd by (f) *Columbus* ? If it shou'd be an-
 “ swer'd, that those Persons who compos'd these Books writ them as confess'd Lyes ;
 “ and therefore are not oblig'd to observe Niceties, or have regard to Truth, I shall
 “ make this reply, That Falshood is so much the more commendable, by how much
 “ it more resembles Truth, and is the more pleasing the more it is doubtful and pos-
 “ sible. Fabulous Tales ought to be suited to the Reader's Understanding, being so
 “ contriv'd, that all Impossibilities ceasing, all great Accidents appearing easy, and
 “ the Mind wholly hanging in suspence, they may at once surprize, astonish, please
 “ and divert ; so that Pleasure and Admiration may go hand in hand. This cannot
 “ be perform'd by him that flies from Probability and Imitation, which is the Perfection
 “ of what is written. I have not yet seen any Book of Knight-Errantry, that com-
 “ poses an entire Body of a Fable with all its Parts, so that the Middle is answerable
 “ to the Beginning, and the End to the Beginning and Middle ; but on the contrary,
 “ they form them of so many Limbs, that they rather seem to design a Chimera or
 “ Monster,

(e) As they had been manag'd before Cervantes. (f) Cervantes has it *Marcus Paulus*, not
Christopher Columbus. *Marcus Paulus* was a Venetian, and a very great Traveller. He liv'd in the
 13th Century, 1272. He had travell'd over Syria, Persia, and the Indies. An Account of his Tra-
 vels has been printed, and one of his Books is intituled, *De Regionibus Orientis*.

“ Monster, than a well-proportion'd Figure. Besides all this, their Stile is uncouth, their Exploits incredible, their Love immodest, their Civility impertinent, their Battles tedious, their Language absurd, their Voyages and Journeyings preposterous; and in short, they are altogether void of solid Ingenuity, and therefore fit to be banish'd a Christian Commonwealth, as useles and prejudicial.” Cou'd there possibly be a stronger, or more judicious Satire against Writers of Knight-Errantry?

129. And then the particular Criticisms made by him on their respective Works were no less accurate than pleasant, as may be seen in the *Sixth Chapter* of his *First Part*, and in many more. (g) With how much Artifice or Banter, if I may use that Word, does he explode the Stile of those who preceded him in this kind of Composition, by making *Don Quixote* say, that when the History of his famous Atchievements shall be given to the World, the learned Author will begin it thus: “ (b) Scarce had the ruddy-colour'd *Phæbus* begun to spread the golden Tresses of his lovely Hair over the vast Surface of the earthly Globe, and scarce had those feather'd Poets of the Grove, the pretty painted Birds, tuned their little Pipes, to sing their early Welcomes in soft melodious Strains, to the beautiful *Aurora*, who having left her jealous Husband's Bed, display'd her rosy Graces to mortal Eyes from the Gates and Balconies of the Horizon of *La Mancha*, when the renowned Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, disdain'g soft Repose, forsook the voluptuous Down, and mounting his famous Steed *Rozinante*, enter'd the ancient and celebrated Plains of *Montiel*.

130. *Cervantes* exhibits so lively a Picture of the Vices of the Mind of other Writers, as well as of their Works, that nothing can be added to it. In the Preface to his *First Part*, which tho' never so often read, has always the Charms of Novelty; with what a smile in his Countenance does he lash those who wanting Learning affect Erudition in the Margins of their Books, bursting themselves to appear learned: As if a variety of Quotations argu'd any thing more than a tumultuary confus'd reading, or the thumbing over a Common-place-book. Others as impertinently thrust their Citations into the Work it self, imagining that if they quote *Plato* or *Aristotle*, the Readers will be so foolish as to think they have read them. Others having scarce saluted the *Latin* Tongue, value themselves much upon their coming out now and then with their fine *Latin* Phrases. These *Don Quixote* had a sting at, when upon an occasion of speaking to *Sancho Panza*, he bid him (i) not be concern'd at leaving *Rozinante* and *Dapple* there, for the Sage that was to carry them thro' remote Ways and Regions of such Longitude, would be sure to take care they should want nothing. I understand not your Rations, quoth *Sancho*; nor have I ever heard such a Word as *Lowndsy-chewd* in all my Life. Regions, said *Don Quixote*, is the same with Countries: and Longitude means Length: I don't wonder thou dost not understand those Words, since thou art not oblig'd to understand *Latin*, tho' there are those that pretend to know much of it, whereas they know no more of the matter than thou dost. For this reason, *Cervantes*, who piqu'd himself on his being perfect Master of the *Spanish* Tongue, tho' not of the *Latin*, (which requires an Application and Exercise of many Years) brings in *Urganda* the unknown,

(g) Ch. 32. and 47.

(b) Part I. ch. 2.

(i) Part II. c. 29.

unknown, speaking to his Book, as if the Author, tho' thoroughly vers'd in the *Spanish*, refus'd to speak *Latin*, because he cou'd not do it so well as *John Latino*.

131. This *John Latino* was an *Ethiopian*, at first a Slave, and School-Fellow at the Grammar-School, with *Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordova*, Duke of *Sessa*, Grandson of the Great Captain; and afterwards his Freed-man, and Master of the *Latin* School in the Church of *Granada*.

132. In like manner *Cervantes* ridicul'd the impertinent Remarks of Translators, when he wrote the subsequent Words: (l) *Cid Hamet, Compiler of this famous History, begins this Chapter with this Asseveration, I swear like a true Catholick; which the Translator explains thus, That Cid's swearing like a true Catholick, tho' he was a Moor, is no otherwise to be understood, than that as the Catholicks, when they swear, do or ought to swear the Truth, so did he, when he swore like a true Catholick, to be faithful in what he intended to write of Don Quixote.*

133. In another place, speaking of *Don Quixote*, he says: (m) *Some say his Surname was Quixada or Quexada, for Authors differ a little in this Particular: However we may reasonably conjecture he was call'd Quixada.* By which, I fancy, *Cervantes* means to reflect on the Impertinence of many who are fondly solicitous to heap up various Readings, only to shew how ingenious they are at frivolous Conjectures.

134. These Writers therefore, and such like, are those whom *Cervantes* reflects upon, when he says in his Preface they are very anxious to procure Approbations from their Friends, or to make them themselves, the better to satisfy their own Ambition of Applause. Tho' some grave, sober Writers, who know how great an Effect an extrinsic Authority will work upon half-witted People, do sometimes suffer themselves to be carry'd away either by a Thirst after Glory, or in Compliance with the Intreaties and Courtesy of their Friends, and are themselves the Coiners of the Encomiums that are made on their own Performances: As I suspect to have been the Case of Father *John de Mariana* in almost all his Works, and of *Cervantes* himself in his Second Part of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*.

135. Besides Writers, not ev'n Readers have been exempted from our Author's Censure. Among others I am not a little pleas'd with that he made on those who write down ridiculous Notes in the Margins of their Books, such as that marginal Note written in the *Arabian History*, which when expounded in *Spanish* ran thus: (n) *This Dulcinea del Toboso, so many times spoken of in this History, had the best Hand at powdering Pork, of any Woman in all La Mancha.*

136. Not only those who write and read amiss, met with his just Reprimands, but likewise those who speak amiss. And this I think he had an Eye to in those words of the *Biscayner*: (o) *Get gone thou Knight, and Devil go with thou; or by be who me create, — if thou do not leave Coach, I will kill thou, as sure as I is a Biscayner.* *Don Quixote* who made shift to understand him well enough, very calmly made him this Answer. *Wert thou (p) a Knight or Gentleman, as thou art not, e'er this I would have chastis'd thy Folly and Temerity, thou inconsiderable Mortal. What! me no Gentleman?* reply'd the *Biscayner*; *I swear you be a Liar, as I be a Christian. If thou the Lance throw away,*

(l) Part II. ch. 27. (m) Part I. ch. 1. (n) Part I. ch. 9. (o) Part I. ch. 8. (p) *Cavallero* in *Spanish* signifies a Gentleman as well as a Knight.

away, and thy Sword draw, thou shalt soon who and who see is together: I will of thee no more make than of Mouse does a Cat: * the Water we will soon see who will to the Cat carry: Biscayner by Land, Gentleman by Sea, Gentleman in spight of Devil, and thou lyest if thou Other sayest Thing. Here we plainly see how much a Language is disfigured, and the Sense confounded, by a transpos'd and disturb'd placing of the Words: a Fault common to all old Books written in *Spanish*, as more immediately succeeding to the *Latin* Origin: a Fault likewise which *Cervantes* himself is not free from in his *Galatea*; which yet may be avoided by following the Custom of speaking: But as this Custom is not founded on a perfect Analogy, but has for Rules many Irregularities, hence it proceeds that there's no speaking or writing with an exact Propriety, without having thoroughly study'd the Grammar of our Mother Tongue, as was the practice of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, Nations which spoke the best and most accurately of any in the whole World. But since this is not the Usage in *Spain*, there have been but very few that have written with Purity and Correctness.

137. I omit that *Cervantes* would likewise teach us by the Mouth of *Don Quixote*, that a Country or Province may have its Privileges and Immunities, without Distinction of Persons; and that true Nobility, in the Opinion of all Mankind, consists in Virtue, and that those will always be most glorious who make themselves illustrious by Worthy, Generous and Heroick Actions. Upon which Subject in another place, (q) he makes an excellent Discourse, shewing the difference between some Knights and Gentlemen, and other Knights and Gentlemen; as likewise upon Families, Descents and Lineages. And *Cid Hamet* laughs at the (pretended) Gentility of *Maritornes*, a common Servant-wench at an Inn, (r) And 'tis said of this good-natur'd Creature, that she never made such a Promise (as she had done to the Carrier of coming to Bed to him) but she perform'd it, tho' she had made the Promise in the midst of a Wood and without any witness at all. For she stood much upon her Gentility and being well-bern, and tho' it was her Fortune to serve in an Inn, she thought it no Disgrace, since nothing but Crosses and Necessity had brought her to it.

138. Neither did *Cervantes* spare the Great Dons of his Time, tho' he rally'd them covertly for their Neglect of, and Disregard they shew'd to, Men of Wit and Ingenuity. This Satire is very severe, and requires a particular attention. *Cervantes* admirably well sets out a false Humanist (one whom we commonly call a *Pedant*) and makes him draw two (s) very pleasant Pictures of himself, in which he exhibits a most ridiculous Idea of his own Works: This occasions *Don Quixote* to say; But, under favour, Sir, pray tell me, should you happen to get a License to publish your Books, which I somewhat doubt, Whom will you pitch upon for your Patrons? Ob, Sir, answer'd the Author, there are Lords and Grantees enow in Spain, sure, that I may Dedicate to. Truly, not many, said *Don Quixote*; there are, indeed, several whose Merits deserve the Praise of a Dedication, but very few whose Purses will reward the Pains and Civility of the Author. I must confess, I know a Prince (a Compliment to *Don Pedro Fernandez de Castro*, Count of *Lemos*) whose Generosity may make amends for what is wanting in the rest; and that to such a degree that

* He would say, We shall soon see who will carry the Cat to the Water, (i. e. who will have the best on't.) *Span. Prov.*

(q) Part II. ch. 6. (r) Part I. ch. 16. (s) One in ch. 22. the other in ch. 24. of Part II.

that should I make bold to come to Particulars, and speak of his Great Merits, it would be enough to stir up Envy in many a noble Breast. Of long standing therefore, and as it were hereditary, in Spain, is the little Notice taken of, or rather the Contempt shewn to great Writers. For which reason one has sought for a Mecænas out of it: And another being askt, why he repented of having done honour to the Memory of so many Persons, made Answer: (t) Because they think, that the Celebrating their Praises is a Debt due to them, and that there's no Merit in doing one's Duty. They claim it as a Right, whereas, it is certainly rather a Favour, and no small one neither. And therefore a certain Author, took a prudent and a pleasant Course, when in the Second Edition of his Works, he put his Dedication among the Errata, and wrote, dele THE DEDICATION.

139. No less prudent has Cervantes shewn himself in Things of common Life. In Sancho he characterizes very naturally, all Talkative, Prating People, making him tell a Story exceedingly well adapted for representing the Idea of a troublesome Talker like those we meet with every Day. (u) And because in Company and Converse of Mankind, there is no greater Impertinence than that of a Ceremonious Person, who pretends to be more mannerly and well-bred than ordinary, the Aim of that Story is level'd at the Error of those who fondly imagine the very Essence of good Manners, to consist in a strict Observance of such Fooleries.

140. Neither did Cervantes approve of Clergymens lording it as they do in Noblemens Families: and against this he made (x) a strenuous Sermon.

141. Cervantes was greatly offended at the Insolence of the Players of his Time, especially the King's Players, who were in such high Favour at Court, and had such Interest in Great Mens Families, that they wou'd sometimes commit Murder, and yet go unpunisht, insomuch that they were become a publick Nuisance. (y) He accordingly sets 'em forth in their proper Colours.

142. Neither did the Distribution of Governments and Offices of Judicature go uncur'd by our Author. And therefore he makes Don Quixote say, (for none but a Madman or an Idiot dare to say such Things) We (z) are convinced by a variety of Instances that neither Learning nor any other Abilities are very material to a Governor. Have we not a Hundred of them that can scarce read a Letter, and yet they Govern as sharp as so many Hawks. Their main Business is only to mean well, and to resolve to do their best; for they can't want able Counsellors to instruct them. Thus those Governors who are Men of the Sword, and no Scholars, have their Assessors on the Bench to direct them. My Counsel to Sancho shall be, that he neither take Bribes, nor lose his Privileges, with some other little Instructions, which I have in my Head for him, and which at a proper time I will communicate, both to his private Advantage, and the Publick Good of the Island he is to Govern. In this Don Quixote alludes to the two Instructions which he intended to give, and did afterwards give Sancho Panza, one of a Political or Publick Nature for the well Governing his Island; (a) and the other Oeconomical for Governing his own Person and Family; both of 'em highly worthy to be read and practis'd by every good Governor and Father of a Family. And now I'm speaking of Governors, I can't but take notice of what Sancho said when (b) they were talking with the Dutchess, what

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they

(t) Gracian in El Criticòn. Parte III. Crif. 6. (u) Part II. ch. 31. (x) Ibid. (y) Part II. ch. 11. (z) Part II. ch. 32. (a) Ibid. ch. 42, and 43. (b) Ibid. ch. 33.

they shou'd do with Dapple, whether he shou'd be left behind or go along with his Master *Sancho* to his Government, *Adad, Madam, said Sancho, I have known more Asses than one go to Governments before now, therefore 'twill be no new Thing for me to carry mine.* The same *Sancho* (c) argues very shrewdly in the Matter of Hunting which he denys to be fit for any but idle Companions, and not at all for Governors who shou'd be better employ'd, confirming his Opinion by natural reason, the same which mov'd the wise King *Alphonso* to say, (d) *That he ought not (speaking of a King) to be at such Expences in Hunting as to make him less able to do the Good he ought, nor to indulge himself so much in that Pastime, as to binder his minding National Affairs.*

143. It wou'd swell to a large Volume, were we to display at full the true Reason and Ground of this Fictitious History; and yet more, if we were to speak of some Persons who believe themselves characteriz'd in the Mysterious part thereof. But since *Cervantes* was so cautious as to shroud his Ideas under the Veil of Fiction; let us leave those Constructions to the Curious Observations of the Readers: and let us follow the advice of *Urganda* the Unkown, *Not to pry into other Peoples Lives, but to pass by without Stopping when we come to a Place we can't see or make our way through.*

144. Only as for what concerns *Don Quixote*, I can't pass over in silence that they are very much mistaken who take *Don Quixote de la Mancha* to be a Representation of *Charles* the Vth, without any other Foundation than their fancying it to be so, or their desiring it shou'd be so. *Cervantes* revered, as he ought, the Memory of a Prince of so many and such Heroick Virtues; and he oftentimes mentions him with the greatest Respect. No less mistaken are such as imagine our Author, to have drawn, in *Don Quixote*, the Picture of *Don Francisco Gomez de Sandoval i Roxas*, then Duke of *Lerma*, afterwards Cardinal-Priest, with the Title of *San Sixto*, by election of *Paul V.* the 26th of *March*, 1618. This Thought I say is by no means to be credited; for the Duke of *Lerma* being then Prime Minister, *Cervantes* wou'd not have dared to have made so flagrant a Mockery of him, which might have cost him so dear; nor wou'd he have dedicated the Second Part of it to the *Condè de Lemos*, an intimate Friend of the Duke's.

145. To go about to speak of the Translations which have been made of the History of *Don Quixote*, would be enlarging too much on this Subject. I shall only say, in order to satisfy in some measure the Curiosity of the Readers, that *Lorenzo Franciesini*, a Florentine, a Man that greatly lov'd and well deserv'd of the *Spanish Tongue*, translated it into *Italian*, and published it at *Venice*, Anno 1622, omitting the Verses, which being afterwards done by *Alexandro Adimaro*, a Florentine likewise, he a second Time publish'd the same Translation, at *Venice*, Anno 1625, in 8vo. printed for *Andrès Baba*. I owe this Knowledge to *Don Nicholas Antonio*, and read it in his *Apuntamientos Manuscritos* (his Manuscript Notes) where he says he had received his Information from *Florence*, from his Friend *Antonio Magliabequi*. The same History was translated into *French*, and publish'd at *Paris* in 1678, in 2 Vol. in 12ves. afterwards in *English* and other Languages. But there's as much Difference between the Original and the Translations, as between real Life and a Picture. *Don Quixote* said, nor did he say amiss: (e) *Tbat Translating out of one Language into another, unless it be out of the learned Tongues, the Greek and Latin, is just like looking on the wrong side of a Flemish Tapestry,*

(c) Part II. ch. 34. (d) Law 2. Tit. 5. Part II. (e) Part II. ch. 62.

Tapestry, where tho' the Figures may be seen, yet are they full of Threads and Ends which hide their Beauty, that appears with Plainness and Smoothness on the other Side. He added, *That translating out of easy Languages argues neither Wit nor Stile, no more than Copying out of one Paper into another:* As for the latter Part of this Period relating to Translating out of Easy Languages, this must be understood of those Books whose chief perfection consists not in Stile, for when the Beauty of Diction runs thro' a whole Work so conspicuously and advantageously as in this of *Don Quixote*, it is impossible for a Translation to keep up to the Original. It may not be amiss, upon this occasion, to relate a true Story. It is well known in *England* how ingenious and celebrated a Poet Mr. Row was. He went one Day to pay his Court to the Earl of *Oxford*, Lord High Treasurer of *England*, who askt him if he understood *Spanish* well? He answer'd, No, he did not; but, thinking that his Lordship might intend to send him into *Spain* on some Honourable Commission, he presently added, that in a short Time he did not doubt he shou'd be able both to understand it and speak it: The Earl approving of what he said, Mr. Row took his leave, and immediately retired out of Town to a private Country-Farm. As he was a Person of quick Parts, within a few Months he learn'd the *Spanish* Tongue, and then waited again on the Earl, to give him an account of his Diligence. My Lord asking him if he was sure he understood it thoroughly, and Mr. Row answering in the Affirmative, the Earl burst into an Exclamation: *How Happy are You, Mr. Row, that can enjoy the pleasure of Reading and Understanding the History of Don Quixote in the Original!* The Poet remained no less confounded at these Words, than the Memory of *Cervantes* was honoured by them. *

146. While *Cervantes* was preparing the Continuation of the History of *Don Quixote*, he diverted himself in writing some NOVELS, which he publish'd under this Title, *Exemplary Novels of Michael de Cervantes Saavedra, printed at Madrid, by John de la Cuesta, Anno 1613. in 4to.*

147. There are twelve of these NOVELS: and their Titles are: * THE LITTLE GIPSEY. THE LIBERAL LOVER. RINCONETE AND CORTADILLO. THE SPANISH-ENGLISH LADY. THE GLASS DOCTOR. THE FORCE OF BLOOD. * THE JEALOUS ESTREMADURAN. THE ILLUSTRIOUS SERVANT-MAID. THE TWO MAIDEN LADIES. THE LADY CORNELIA. * THE DECEITFUL MARRIAGE. * THE DIALOGUE OF THE DOGS.

148. *Cervantes* was so justly satisfy'd with these *Novels*, (some of which, such as RINCONETE and CORTADILLO, and others, he had written some Years before) (*f*) that in his Dedication of them to the *Count de Lemos*, he goes so far as to say: *Your Excellency will please to be informed that I send you, (tho' I don't love Tale-bearing) twelve TALES, which if they had not been coin'd in the Mint of my Brain, might presume to place themselves upon a level with the Best.* But it is very proper to relate here what *Cervantes* propos'd by these *Novels*, in order to judge the better of the Censure pass'd on them by the *Arragonian* writer.

* Mr. Row shou'd have writ another Farce call'd the Biter, and dedicated it to my Lord and seen what that wou'd have done.

* Those *Markt* with a * were translated and publish'd some Years ago by the Translator of this *Life*. (*f*) Part 1. ch. 47.

149. After *Cervantes* had said, that if in the History of *Don Quixote*, he had solicited Pompous Commendatory Verses, it had fared better with him, he goes on thus: *And therefore I tell thee (once more amiable Reader) that of these NOVELS which I now offer thee, thou canst in no wise make a Ragoo of Gibblets; because they have neither Feet, nor Head, nor Inwards, nor any Thing like 'em. I mean, that the Amorous Expressions which thou wilt find in some of 'em, are so chaste, so innocent, so temper'd with Rational and Christian-like Discourse, that they cannot raise either in the unwary or wary Reader, the least corrupt Ideas. I call 'em EXEMPLARY, and, if thou mindest it, there is not any one of them from whence there may not be drawn some Useful Example. And were it not for fear of being Prolix, I wou'd shew thee the Savoury and Wholsome Fruit that may be gathered, either from each of them separately, or from all of 'em together. My Intention has been to set before the Publick a Truck-Table whereon every one may Play, without danger of the Bars; I mean without danger either to the Soul or Body; for lawful and agreeable Exercises rather do Good than Hurt. They certainly do; for People are not always at Church. They are not always in their Oratories; always upon their Knees. Neither are they always engag'd in Business, however great their Abilities may be. There are Times of Recreation wherein the tired Mind must rest itself, and the exhausted Spirits be recruited. For this purpose are Groves planted, Fountains set a running, Hills levell'd, and Gardens curiously cultivated. One thing I may safely affirm, that if I thought that the reading these Novels wou'd excite any evil Desire or Thought in the Breast of the Reader, I wou'd sooner have had my Hand cut off than have publish'd them. It does not suit one of my Years to make a Jest of the other World; being now on the wrong Side of Sixty-four. To this Work, as I was prompted by Inclination, so I set every Engine of my Fancy at work to make it please; and I'm not a little proud to say I am the first that ever writ Novels in the Spanish Tongue; for, of all the innumerable Novels which are printed in Spanish, there's not one but what's translated out of other Languages; whereas these are entirely my own Invention, not borrow'd, imitated, or stoln from Foreigners or Natives. My Fancy begot 'em; my Pen brought 'em forth, and in the Arms of the Press they are now to receive their Growth. . . . Only take this along with thee, gentle Reader, that as I have taken the liberty to dedicate these Novels to the Great Condè de Lemos, they contain a certain hidden Mystery, which enhances their Value. This Mystery is a Mystery to me, 'tis a Secret I cannot arrive at: Let those decypher it who can. As for all the rest we clearly understand the Motive *Cervantes* had to call his Novels by the name of *Exemplary*. Notwithstanding all this, the Slandrous *Arragonian* began his Prologue or Preface in this Manner: *The whole History of Don Quixote being as it were a Comedy, it neither can nor ought to go without a PROLOGUE: And therefore this Second Part of his Atchievements is ushered in by One not so Cackling, nor Affronting to the Reader, as that which Michael de Cervantes Saavedra prefixt to his first Part, and of a much more bumble Nature than that with which he seconded it in his NOVELS, which are rather Satyirical than Exemplary.**

150. Let us not mind his bestowing on a Preface so justly admir'd the Epithet of *Cackling*, thereby comparing his Impertinence with *Cervantes's* excellent Performance. Neither let us heed his talking of *Cervantes's* affronting his Readers in a *Prologue*, wherein there's not the least Word said against 'em. What vext this Envious Man was *Cervantes's* saying he was the first that invented and writ Novels in the *Spanish* Tongue.

Let's

Let's hear what *Louis Gaitan de Vozmediano* says: In the Preface to his Translation of the First Part of the hundred Novels of M. John Baptist Giraldo Cinthio, printed at Toledo by *Pedro Rodriguez*, Anno 1590. in 4to. speaking of Novels strictly such, that is to say, if I take him right, *certain Fictions of Love-adventures, written in Prose and artfully contriv'd to divert and instruct the Readers*, according to the learned *Huetius's* definition; he proceeds thus: *Altho' hitherto this sort of Books have been but little known in Spain for want of translating those of Italy and France; yet it may not be long e'er somebody will take a fancy to Translate 'em for their Diverſion, nay, perhaps since they see 'em so much admir'd Abroad, they may do what no Spaniard ever yet attempted; that is, compose Novels of their own. Which if once they bend their Minds to, they will perform better than either the French or Italians, especially in so fortunate an Age as the present.* And it fell out accordingly; for *Cervantes* wrote some Novels with that Ingenuity, Wit, Judgment and Elegance as may vie with the Best, not confining the name of Novel to Amorous Fables, but taking for his Subject any Thing that is capable of diverting his Readers Minds without endangering their Morals. *Lope de Vega* was so far from contradicting this, that he before had commended the Invention, Graces and Style of *Cervantes*, when in his Dedication to his First Novel he said: *Here (in Spain) are Books of NOVELS; some translated from the Italians, and others of Spanish Growth; in which Michael Cervantes has not been deficient either in matter of Style or Beautiful Sentiments.* But because this very same thing spoke by *Cervantes* in the Simplicity of his Heart, rais'd the Envy of the Detractor, he tax'd his Preface as arrogant and assuming; and his Novels as more Satyrical than Exemplary, alluding, doubtless, to those two Novels *The Glass Doctor* (LICENCIADO VIDRIERA) and the two Dogs (LOS PERROS, SCIPIO I BRAGANZA) of which the latter merited the Approbation of *Peter Daniel Huetius*, (g) than whom *France* never produc'd a more learned Man; and the former, if I judge aright, is the very Text from whence *Quevedo* took the Hints of his Satyrical Lectures against all sorts of Men.

151. Lastly, as for intituling the Novels, Exemplary, to speak my Mind freely, I shou'd not have call'd them by that Name; and in this I have the Concurrence of *Lope de Vega*, who in concluding his Commendation of *Cervantes's* Novels, adds: (h) *I confess they are Books of excellent Entertainment, and might have been Exemplary, as some of Valdeſo's Histories: but then they should have been over-look'd by some learned Men, or at least old Courtiers, experienced in Affairs, and conversant in Aphorisms and notable Sentences.* But in order to pass a Censure on the Title which *Cervantes* gave his NOVELS, it was necessary to prove that it was not suitable thereto. But this was not an Undertaking for our *Arragonian* Censurer, who ought to have observ'd *Cervantes's* Explanation, and have taken this short Lesson of *Master Alexio Venegas*: (i) *Recapitulating (says he) these three Species of Fables, I say that the Mythologic Fable is a Discourse, which with pompousness of Language sets forth some Secret of Nature or Piece of History. The Apologic is an Exemplary Figure of Discourse, wherein the Intention of the Fabulist must appear to be the Instituting of Good Morals. The Mileſian Fable is a vain and idle Raving without any Edification either of Virtue or Learning, and contriv'd purely to amuse and besot*

(g) Letter of the Origin of Romances. (h) Dedication of his First Novel to Señora Maria Leonarda. (i) In his Exposition of Momus, Concluf. 2.

besot those of a shallow Judgment or lewd Inclinations. Now Cervantes, leaving the Mythologic Fable to the ancient Poets; and the Milesian to shameless abandon'd Writers, Ancient and Modern; he pitch'd upon the Apologic or Exemplary. And that this may be fully understood, let us again hear this half-witted Reprover, who may perhaps give us Occasion to defend Cervantes with something new. Let him, (says he, speaking of Cervantes) content himself with his (k) Galatea, and his Comedies in Prose; for these are the utmost of his Novels: and let him cease to tire our Patience any longer. That COMEDIES should be written in Prose, is no Wonder; for the Greek and Latin ones are almost all of 'em written in Iambic Verse, so much resembling Prose, as oftentimes to be scarce distinguishable from it. And the best Comedies we have in Spain, namely THE CELESTINA, and EUPHROSINA are both written in Prose. Of the CELESTINA the learned Author of the Dialogue of the Languages says, that excepting some Words improperly used, and some other Latin ones, it is his Opinion, There's no Book written in the Spanish Tongue, wherein the Language is more natural, more proper, or more elegant. And since him, Cervantes has said, (l) that it was a Book in his Opinion Divine, had it spoke more covertly of Things Humane: Both of 'em Judgments, which according to mine, totally quadrate likewise with THE EUPHROSINA. However, I can't but own that amidst the Purity of Stile in this latter, there are Abundance of Pedantic Allusions which greatly cloy the Taste of the Readers.

152. That Novels shou'd be Comedies, is not much; since a Novel being a Fable, it is necessary it shou'd be some one of the Species of Fable, and in my Judgment it may be any of 'em, as may be observ'd in the subsequent Induction; wherein I shall make use of the Examples of Cervantes so far as they reach the Case, to the intent that it may be seen that he was a perfect Master in almost all the Species or Kinds of Fabulous Composition.

153. All FABLE is Fiction, and all Fiction is Narration, either of Things which have not happen'd, but were possible and might have happen'd; or of Things which never happen'd, nor were possible to happen. If the Narration is of Things merely possible, and due Regard be had to the Likeness and Proportion between the Thing feigned and the Thing design'd to be inculcated, it is call'd a PARABLE, of which the Holy Writings are full, as likewise the Book compos'd by the Infante Don John Manuel in his incomparable CONDE LUCANOR. And if we regard the Invention, it is call'd a NOVEL: a Name which in this Signification is not very ancient in Spain. But if the Narration is of impossible Things, it is call'd an APOLOGUE, such as the FABLES of ÆSOP and of PHÆDRUS. In which sort of Composition we are to take notice, that tho' the Hypothesis be impossible, when once its Agents or Parties are suppos'd to exist, the Propriety and Customs of the Persons feigned must be observ'd with Verisimilitude, keeping close to the Nature of Things throughout the whole. This Invention is of so great Use and Benefit, that we find it practis'd in the Holy Scripture: for in the (m) Book of Judges we read that the Trees held a Consultation to chuse a King over them. Some of whom refus'd to accept of the Royalty: The Olive-Tree, because he would not leave his Fatness; the Fig-Tree, because he would not forsake the Sweetness of his Fruit; the Vine, because

(k) In his Preface before cited. (l) In the Verses of the Poet Entreverado prefixt to Don Quixote.
(m) Chap. IX. ver. 8.

he would not leave his Wine, which was so cheering: But when the Trees came to the Bramble and made the same Offer, the Bramble not only accepted of it, but threaten'd, in case they did not make him King, he wou'd set fire to the Cedars of *Lebanon*. We likewise read in the *Fourth Book of Kings*, (n) that *Jeboash* King of *Israel* sent to *Amaziah* King of *Judab*, that he should content himself with the Victories he had obtained and tarry at home and not meddle any further to his hurt, for fear That should befall him which had befallen the Thistle which sent to the Cedar that was in *Lebanon*, demanding his Daughter in Marriage for his (the Thistle's) Son; and at the time that he was making this Proposal, pass'd by a wild Beast that was in *Lebanon*, and trod down the Thistle, whilst with so much Arrogance he was aspiring to be joint Father-in-law with the Cedar. This being suppos'd, we may hold for an Apologue THE NOVEL OF THE DOGS, wherein *Cervantes* introduces an agreeable Dialogue between *Scipio* and *Braganza*, two Dogs belonging to the *Resurrection-Hospital* at *Valladolid*.

154. As for NOVELS, specially so called; they are compos'd either of Things merely possible, as almost all of 'em are; or of real Accidents, as the NOVEL OF THE CAPTIVE does in a great Measure, and so *Cervantes* says himself. (o) But then the Plot and Unravelling is not true, for therein consists the NOVEL or FABLE.

155. The Feigning of Things possible, either proposes the Imitation of a perfect Idea, the best that can be conceiv'd according to the illustrious Actions which are to be heighten'd and made grand; or an Idea of Civil Life, that may more easily be reduced to Practice; or else of the Defects of Nature or of the Mind, whether to reprehend them, or to ridicule them, or to recommend them to Imitation; for the Maliginity of human Wit and the Profligacy of some Mens Principles will not stick even to go that Length.

156. If the FABLE proposes a very perfect Idea, it is call'd ΕΡΟΠΕΥΑ, which represents in a florid, majestick and sublime Manner the glorious Actions of Persons eminent in the Arts of Peace or War, with a View to excite Admiration in the Readers Minds, and to prompt them to imitate such Heroick Virtues. *Homer's* ILIAD and ODYSSE'E are of this nature.

157. *Antonius Diogenes*, who, as *Photius* (p) the Patriarch of *Constantinople*, conjectures, lived not long after *Alexander the Great*, wrote a Novel of the Travels and Loves of *Dinias* and *Dercilis*, which is a visible Imitation of *Ulysses's* Travels and Amours with *Calypso*. The Novel of the *Æthiopicks*, Written by *Heliodorus* Bishop of *Tricca* in *Thessaly*, was likewise an Imitation of *Homer's* *Odyssée*; as well as the Amours of *Clitophon* and *Leucippè* less chaste than the other: Its Author was *Achilles Tatius*, who, according to *Suidas* was also a Bishop. And that our Age might not be without a Novellist in *Homer's* manner, *M. Fenelon*, Archbishop of *Cambray*, wrote with wonderful Ingenuity in a Poetic Stile, *The Adventures of Telemachus*. Lastly, (not to depart from *Cervantes*) THE TROUBLES OF PERSILES AND SIGISMUNDA are clearly an Imitation of *Homer's* ODYSSE'E and *Heliodorus's* ÆTHIOPICS, which *Cervantes* intended to vie with; and as he made it the Object of his Competition, so in my Opinion he had excelled it, if he had not, out of the overflowing of his Wit, intermingled

(n) Chap. XIV. v. 8.

(o) Part I. ch. 38. at the End.

(p) In Bibliotheca.

mingled so many Episodes which disfigure and drown the Constitution and Proportion of the Members of the principal Fable. But then this very Fault has a singular Prerogative and Advantage, which is, that many of these Episodes are so many TRAGEDIES, where the Action is One, and the Person Illustrious, and the Style suitable to the Grandeur of the Action, and nothing wanting to the Composition of a complete Tragedy, but a Dramatick Disposition, the *Chorus* and the *Apparatus* of the Scenery.

158. THE FABLE OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA imitates the ILIAD: That is to say, if *Anger* be a Species of *Madness*, in which Case I make no difference between Achilles *Angry* and Don Quixote *Mad*. As the ILIAD is an Heroick Fable writ in Verse, so the NOVEL OF DON QUIXOTE is one in Prose, for *Epicks may be as well writ in Prose as in Verse*, as (q) *Cervantes* says himself.

159. If a NOVEL proposes an Idea of Civil-Life with its artificial Plot and ingenious Solution, it is a Play, and such I take to be almost all *Cervantes's Novels*; and many of them have been turned into Plays and really acted upon the Stage, after being put into a Theatrical Form.

160. If the Life which a NOVEL represents is Pastoral, it will be called ECLOGUE with all the propriety of Speech that can be: And so *Cervantes* called his GALATEA. Let us now see how well the ignorant *Arragonian's* Words will square. Let him (says he speaking of *Cervantes*,) be content with his GALATEA, and his PLAYS in Prose, for these are the utmost of his NOVELS. I am very certain his Oracle *Lopè de Vega* would not have said this, since in his Dedication of the Novel *Desdichado Por La Honra* (Unfortunate for being Honourable) He has declared it to be his Opinion, that NOVELS have the same Precepts as PLAYS.

161. If Manners are chastized with an open Acrimony and a great severity of Temper, the NOVEL will be a SATIRE, as LA GITANILLA (*The little Gypsie*;) RINCONETE AND CORTADILLO, (Two Scoundrels, so call'd;) THE GLASS-DOCTOR, and THE DOGS SCIPIO AND BRAGANZA, which are four most ingenious Satires, resembling, as one may well guess, those composed by *Varro*, intitled MENIPPEAN, in reference to *Menippus* a Cynick Philosopher handling very solemn Matters in a merry waggish Style. THE LITTLE GYPSIE is a disclosure and reprehension of the Ways and Manners of Gypsies, no better than Thieves and Robbers, (r) always prosecuted but never destroyed. RINCONETE AND CORTADILLO, is a Satyrical Representation of the Thievish Life, especially that of Cut-purses; which we (Spaniards) call *Gatuna* (*Cattish*.) The LICENCIADO VIDRIERA, (*Glass-Doctor*) is a Censure, in general, of all Vices whatever. THE NOVEL OF THE DOGS is an Invective against the abuses which are in the Profession of various Trades, Businesses, and Employments.

162. If the Manners, Customs or Actions are exhibited in a ridiculous Light, the NOVEL becomes then an ENTREMES, (an Interlude, or Entertainment as we now call 'em) of

(q) Part II. ch. 47. at the End. (r) *Saltador*, is the Spanish Word, and means a Highwayman, from *Saltare* to Leap, *Stevens* says, because they come unexpected as if they leap'd on a Man. I am inclin'd to think the Word comes from *Saltus*, as that Word signifies a Forest or Thick Wood, where such People harbour. I hope the Reader will excuse this Piece of Pedantry as some may think it. The reason of my inserting this suppos'd derivation of mine will appear presently.

of which kind of Composition, as I will shew in its due Place and Time, *Cervantes* has left us eight Pieces, and in the Four NOVELS just now named, there's a good deal of this; and even in DON QUIXOTE likewise.

163. Of the lewd Models or Patterns of the Vices, representing them as agreeable and pleasing, as is said to have been done by the ancient and well lost SIBARITICK NOVELS, and is still seen in the MILESIAN, *Cervantes* would not leave us any Example, because it cou'd have been no good one.

164. But that we may not want any Idea of the FABULA (f) SALTICA (*Saltick Fable*) if we may call by that Name, that which is said to have been invented or at least made use of by our(t) Countryman *Lucan*; *Cervantes* has left it us in his LITTLE GYPSY, &c. as he has also done of the FABULA PSALTICA, (v) which we may call CANTICLES, or, (if you will) Sing-song Fables; of which kind, our Author had compos'd (as he tells us himself in his *Voyage to Parnassus*) an infinite Number; among which many must certainly have been answerable to the greatness of his Wit and Genius; and I could my self point out some incomparable good ones: particularly that which begins *En la Corte està Cortes*, is in my Mind vastly pretty.

165. A skillful Inventor, like *Cervantes*, knows how to make an agreeable mixture of all these Species of Fables, as well with Regard to the Characters of the Persons, and the Manners, as in respect of the Stile, by appropriating it to the Subject treated of. And hereto alluded the Canon of *Toledo*, that is, *Cervantes* himself, when he said: “ (x) Notwithstanding all the harm he had spoken of those Books (Romances or Novels) yet he found one good Thing in them, which was, the Subject they furnisht a Man of Understanding with to exercise his Parts, because they allow a large scope for the Pen to dilate without any Check, describing Ship-wrecks, Storms, Skirmishes and Battles; representing to us a Brave Commander, with all the Qualifications requisite in such a one, shewing his Prudence in disappointing the Designs of the Enemy, his Eloquence in persuading or dissuading his Soldiers, his judgment in Council, his Celerity in Execution, and his Valour in Assailing, or repulsing an Assault; laying before us sometimes a dismal and melancholy Accident, sometimes a delightful and unexpected Adventure; in one Place, a beautiful, modest, discrete and reserv'd Lady; in another, a Christian-like, brave and courteous Gentleman; here, a boisterous, inhuman, boasting Ruffian; there, an affable, warlike and wise Prince; lively expressing the Fidelity and Loyalty of Subjects, Generosity and Bounty of Sovereigns. He may no less, at Times, make known his Skill in Astrology, Cosmography, Music and Policy; and if he pleases, he cannot want an Opportunity of appearing knowing even in Necromancy. He may describe the subtilty of *Ulysses*; the Piety of *Aeneas*; the Valour of *Achilles*; the Misfortunes of *Heſtor*; the Treachery of *Sinon*; the Friendship of *Euryalus*; the Liberality of *Alexander*; the Bravery of *Cæsar*; the Clemency and Sin-

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(f) I don't remember to have met with this Fabula Saltica before now. I suppose as Saltus means a Wood or Forest, so Saltica may signify the same as Sylvatica a Forest-Fable, or a Fable relating to such as live a Vagrant Life in Forests, like the Gypsies, who are the Subject of *Cervantes's* Novel of the Little Gypfy. *Lucan* wrote several Books (which are lost) call'd, some say, *Sylvæ*, others *Laureæ*; and these are what this Spanish Biographer must mean by Fabula Saltica, not a dancing Fable, from Saltare. (t) *Lucan* the Author of the *Pharsalia* was born at Corduba in Spain. (v) From the Latin or rather Greek Psallo to sing, or play on an Instrument. (x) Part I. ch. 47. and 48.

“cerity of *Trajan*; the Fidelity of *Zopyrus*; the Prudence of *Cato*; and in fine, all those
 “Actions which make up a complete Hero, sometimes attributing them all to one Per-
 “son, and other Times dividing them among many. This being so perform’d in
 “a grateful Style, and with ingenious Invention, approaching as much as possible to
 “Truth, will doubtless compose so beautiful and various a Work, that, when finish’d,
 “its Excellency and Perfection must attain the best End of Writing, which is at once
 “to Delight and Instruct, as I have said before; for the loose Method practis’d in these
 “Books, gives the Author Liberty to play the Epic, the Lyrick, and the Dramatick
 “Poet, and to run thro’ all the other Parts of Poetry and Rhetorick; for Epicks may
 “be as well writ in Prose as in Verse. You are much in the right, Sir, reply’d the
 “Curate; and therefore those who have hitherto publish’d Books of that kind, are the
 “more to be blam’d, for having had no Regard to good Sense, Art, or Rules; by
 “the observation of which, they might have made themselves as famous in Prose, as the
 “Two Princes of Greek and Latin Poetry are in Verse. I must confess said the Ca-
 “non, (*who by the way is Cervantes himself as I have already said*) I was once tempted
 “to write a Book of Knightly Adventures myself, observing all those Rules; and to
 “speak the Truth, I writ above a hundred Pages, which for a better Tryal, whe-
 “ther they answered my Expectation, I communicated to some Learned and Ju-
 “dicious Men fond of those Subjects, as well as to some of those ignorant Persons,
 “who only are delighted with Extravagancies; and they all gave me a satisfactory
 “Approbation.”

Among these ignorant Persons he must not have consulted the *Arragonian* Censurer, who would have considered that he who knew so well the Precepts of the Art of Novel-writing, when once he took Pen in Hand, wou’d not fail to comport himself accordingly. In my Judgment, *Cervantes’s* NOVELS are the best that ever were written in *Spain*; as well in Regard to the sharpness and liveliness of Invention, and the Chastity of Manners, as for the Art wherewith they are dispos’d, and the propriety and sweetness of Stile with which they are written.

166. A Year after his NOVELS, he publish’d a small Book with this Title, A VOYAGE TO PARNASSUS. Written by Michael de Cervantes Saavedra: Dedicated to Don Rodrigo de Tapia, Knight of Santiago, &c. &c. Printed at Madrid by the Widow of Alonso Martin. Anno 1614. in 8vo.

167. *Cervantes* was not a little proud of this Performance. For my Part, I think it rather Witty than Agreeable; not that I’ll presume to call the Author a bad Poet, as *Don Stephen Manuel de Villegas* does, in an Epistle to Doctor *Bartholomeo de Argensola*: (y)

Thou, in the Conquest of Mount-Helicon,
 Shalt, better than *Cervantes* far, make One:
 Nor shall that Poetaster, for his Vein
 Of *Quixotry*, the Laurel’d Honours gain:

In which he alludes to *Cervantes’s* saying, (z) that the Two Brothers *Leonardoes*, *Lupericio* and *Bartholomeo*, did not go to *Parnassus* to give Battle to the bad Poets, because they were taken up at *Naples* in attending upon the *Condé de Lemos*. *Villegas* therefore wrested

(y) In the *Eroticks*, Elegia. 7. (z) *Voyage to Parnassus* cb. 3.

wrested *Cervantes's* meaning to a wrong Sense, by converting into Satire the Circumstance of those Great Wits not appearing at *Parnassus*; whereas They themselves were no doubt well pleas'd that this turn'd out to the Honour of the Nobleman their Protector: especially knowing how *Cervantes* had set a just value on their Merit before; having, when they were yet but Young, greatly commended them in his (a) *Galatea*, and afterwards in the same *Voyage to Parnassus*, so far as to say that in the very Crisis of the Battle,

Apollo, now being put upon the Fret,
 Determin'd bis Last Stake of Pow'r to set,
 And quell, with one important final Blow,
 The obstinate Contention of the Foe.

A Poem, of a most Refined Strain
 The Crucible of Barthlmeo's Brain
 Had late produc'd: Religion was its Theme:
 This did not, an Effectless Weapon, seem
 To Phœbus. There, where the Grand Struggle lay,
 Sent by the God, the Missive cut its Way:
 All Opposition falls before it strait,
 Soon as these Words the Warriors contemplate,

(b) Turn thy Eyes inward for a-while, my Soul, &c.

168. And that which is most to be admir'd (in proof of the Rectitude of *Cervantes's* Judgment) is, his having spoke so much to the Advantage of the two *Leonardoes*, at a Time when he had Cause of Complaint against them, for not doing him the good Offices they had promis'd him, with the *Condè de Lemos*. (c) *Don Stephen Manuel de Villegas* knew all this, and yet, in Flattery to *Bartholomeo Leonardo*, wrencht *Cervantes's* Thought awry; and making a Comparison of one and t'other, gave *Bartholomeo* the Preference. Of which Censure 'tis impossible to make a right Judgment, unless we speak with Distinction, according to the several Species of Poesy. For instance, in the Verfication of the *Arte Menòr*, the Judgment and Weight of *Hernan Perez de Guzmàn*, and *D. George Manrique* is Marvellous; as well as the Wit, Good-sense, and Graces of *Don John Manuel*, *Hernan Megia*, *Gomez Manrique*, *Louis Bivero*, *Suarez*, the Commendary *Avila*, *Don Diego de Mendoza*, and a great many more, whose Thoughts were extremely bright, and their Language and Expressions no less delightful than noble. The Festivity of *Castellejo* is admirable; so is the Urbanity of *Luis Galvez de Montalvo*; the Diction of all these, is chaste, intelligible, and in all respects Agreeable. *Garci-Iasso de la Vega*, is the sole Master of Eclogue. Comedy and Tragedy, I speak of Elsewhere. Of Lyric Poetry, the Prince was, he that was so (*i. e.* the Titular Prince) of *Esquilacho*, *Don Francisco de Borgia*, who yet, in point of Erudition, came short of *Don Luis de Gongora*; but tho' he versify'd finely and indeed inimitably, yet cou'd not equal him in the Observation of Art and Purity of Style. Satire and Heroic Poesy began late in Spain. Doctor *Bartholmeo Leonardo de Argenfola* in the former (*i. e.* Satire) was a strict Observer of the niceties of Art, as being exceeding well vers'd in the three Latin Satirists, *Horace*, *Juvenal* and *Perfius*, whom he rather copy'd than imitated.

k 2

Don

(a) Lib. 6. (b) The first Line of a Divine Poem, written by Doctor Bartholomè Leonardo de Argenfola. (c) *Voyage to Parnassus*, ch. 3.

Don Francisco de Quevedo was less observant of Art, and was freer and indeed more licentious in his Reprehensions. In every Thing he discover'd a Masterly Wit: But in his *Satyrical and Censorious Epistle against the present Manners of the Spaniards written to Don Gaspar de Guzmán, Condè de Olivarez*, he lets us know that had he given a Loose to his natural Genius, he had out-gone the greatest Satyrists that the World had ever produced. As for Heroick Poetry, I chuse rather to give *Cervantes's* Judgment than my own. He introduces the Batchelor *Sampson Carusco* speaking of the Famous Poets of Spain, and makes him say, (d) *That there were but Three and a Half in all.* And who these Three and-a Half were, *Cervantes* himself shall tell us. As the Curate and Barber were making a Search into *Don Quixote's* Library, Here comes *Three more for ye*, (quoth the Barber) (e) *The Araucana of Don Alonso de Ercilla; The Aufriada of John Rufo, one of the Magistrates of Cordova; and the Monserrate of Christopher de Virvès, a Valentian Poet.* These, cry'd the Curate, are the best Heroick Poems we have in Spanish, and may vie with the most celebrated of Italy. Reserve 'em as the most valuable Performances which Spain has to boast of in Poetry. By the Half-Poet, I take *Cervantes* to mean Himself; for, in the Person of *Don Quixote*, he said of himself: (f) *The Author of this Sonnet, to speak Truth, seems to be a tolerable good Poet, or I've but little Judgment.* And he had good Reason to say so; for according to the Testimony of *Mercury* himself he was an (g) excellent Inventor, and Invention is the Soul of Poetry. In every Thing which he invented, he keeps strictly to the Rules of Propriety and Decorum. (h) But as he had not that profound Learning which is requisite for Heroick Poetry; and as the Facetiousness of his Genius could not confine itself to the rigid Precepts of so serious an Art, he modestly and wisely declines calling himself a whole Poet. Nor indeed has he giv'n us any Tokens of his being so, either in his CANTO OF CALLIOPE, (i) or in his VOYAGE TO PARNASSUS.

169. This last Book (written in imitation of *Cæsar Caporali*) seems at first View to be an Encomium on the Spanish Poets of his Time, but it is really a Satire on them, as *Caporali's* Poem, under the same Title, is on the Italian Poets. The Author's Intention discovers itself in several Places. In one he says (k)

*And now true Eloquence began to Vanish:
This Man spoke Arabick, and that bad Spanish,
Another Latin, &c.*

In another Place he brings in (l) a mal-content Poet, reflecting upon ours, for celebrating so many who had no Merit to recommend 'em. The Words of this Poetafter are quoted before in page 56.

170. To which Charge our Author makes no other Answer but that *Mercury* had given him that List, and that it belong'd to *Apollo*, as the God of Poetry, to assign each Poet the Place which their Wit and Capacity qualify'd 'em for.

171. This same VOYAGE is likewise a sort of MEMORIAL or PETITION of *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra*: And as Men that have no Friends, are oblig'd, tho' naturally Modest, to relate their Merits themselves, since they have nobody to do it for 'em, he introduces two Dialogues of his, one with *Mercury*, who according to ancient Mythology is the Messenger of the Gods, and another with *Apollo*, the Supreme Protector of the

(d) Part II. ch. 4. (e) Part I. ch. 6. (f) Part I. ch. 23. (g) Voyage to Parnassus ch. 1. (h) Ibid. ch. 6. (i) See Book VI. of his Galatea. (k) Voyage to Parnassus, ch. 3. (l) Ibid. ch. 4.

the Sciences ; and in each of them *Cervantes* speaks what was fit shou'd be known to, and rewarded by, the King of *Spain* by means of his Favourite : For those who are so oblig'd to let their Masters know Who are deserving of Reward or Punishment, under the Penalty of being themselves condemn'd to perpetual Infamy. His First Discourse with *Mercury* runs thus :

The Nuncio-God, commanding me to rise,

Address me thus, in Complimental guise :

“ *Thou Protoplast of Poets, O my Friend*

Cervantes, tell me quickly to what end

This Wallet and this Garb ?” — “ *I'm going, Sir,*

A Journey to Parnassus: Being Poor,

I travel as you see.” — He strait rejoind,

“ *O Thou to whom the Gods have giv'n a Mind*

“ *Rais'd above Man, above Cyllenius too,*

“ *Plenty and Honour, as they are thy Due,*

“ *Be they thy Lot ! for well Thou dost deserve*

“ *On all Accounts. A brave old Soldier starve !*

“ *Forbid it Heav'n ! I saw thee in the Fight*

“ *Lose thy Left Hand, to immortalize thy Right.*

“ *Such rare Invention and so high a Strain*

“ *I know Apollo gave thee not in vain.*

“ *Thy Works, on ROZINANTE's Crupper laid,*

“ *Are to all corners of the Earth convey'd.*

“ *Go on, thou bright Inventor, Genius rare,*

“ *Pursue thy Passage to Apollo's Chair,*

“ *He wants thy Aid : Proceed without delay,*

“ *Lest crowds of Poetasters stop the Way :*

“ *Already they begin the Hill t' invade,*

“ *Altho' unworthy of its very Shade.*

“ *Arm thy self with thy Verses, and prepare*

“ *Thy Voyage to pursue beneath my Care.*

“ *Thou shalt securely pass, along with me,*

“ *Without what's call'd Provision for the Sea.”*

172. The Speech which *Cervantes* made to *Apollo*, was on the Occasion of seeing himself in *Parnassus*, the only Person that had not a Chair, nor so much as a Stool to sit on ; alluding to the Disregard of his Wit and Parts, whereas he had been the First Man of his Time that had begun to raise Poetry from its groveling low Condition. As in this Discourse *Cervantes* mentions a great many Particulars concerning himself ; it is absolutely necessary I should Copy it. He says thus : (m)

Verses, from Indignation flow sometimes,

But if the Maker's dull, dull are his Rhimes.

Howe'er, I was not in the least afraid

To say what exil'd Ovid never said :

And

(m) Chap. 4:

And thus to Phœbus spoke. "Your Godship knows
 How much your Votaries do themselves expose
 To the Great Vulgar and the Small: how mean
 And slender their support who only lean
 Against the sacred Laurel Tree: O'erborne
 By Ignorance and Envy, or Forlorne
 And Over-lookt, they run their wretched Race,
 Nor e'er attain the Good they have in Cbace.
 I form'd Fair GALATEA, to appear
 In lasting Charms on the World's Theatre:
 My Brain created her. 'Tis by my Lines
 The CONFUS'D FAIR-ONE so distinguisht shines.
 PLAYS I compos'd, some Comic, others Grave:
 Both suited to the Rules which Reason gave.
 The fretful, peevish, melancholy Mind
 In my DON QUIXOTE present Ease may find.
 My NOVELS shew'd a Way to reconcile
 Excessive Flights with Purity of Style.
 None, that I want Invention, can complain.
 (And he that wants Invention, wants the Main.)
 Early the Love of Verse my Soul inflam'd,
 And to please Thee my whole Endeavour aim'd.
 My Pen ne'er flew in Satir's Region yet:
 I never took Scurrility for Wit.
 (It frets me tho', and I lament my Fate
 That I must stand, while others sit in State.)
 Old as I am, I've finisht for the Press
 The Tale of Great PERSILES in Distress.
 Three Servile Low-life Subjects I have wrought
 With all the Chastity of Style and Thought.
 Equal to PHYLLIS, my PHILENA strove
 For Mastr'y with the Warblers of the Grove,
 In many a pleasing Song of happy Love.
 As in the fleeting Wind my Hopes were sown,
 So with the fleeting Wind my Hopes are sown.
 Flatt'ry, the Vice of Beggars, I detest:
 And Fraud ne'er found admittance to my Breast.
 I curse not my short Commons; but to keep
 Standing, in such a Place, cuts very deep."
 Phœbus reply'd to this complaining Speech,
 "The Ways of Heav'n are far beyond Man's Reach.
 "To Some, Good Fortune comes by slow degrees;
 "To Others, all at once. And so it is

“ With Evil Fortune. An acquir’d Estate
 “ Is full as hard to Keep as ’twas to Get.
 “ Your Fortune once was made, and by your self :
 “ But You, forsooth ! abominated Pelf,
 “ And made it fly, Imprudent as you was !
 “ You can’t forget that this was Once your Case.
 “ Howe’er, to comfort Thee, since Thou’rt a Wit,
 “ Fold up thy Cloak, and Sit thee down on It.”
 My Lord, said I, perhaps You a’n’t aware
 I have no Cloak — “ That’s true, quoth He, howe’er
 “ I’m glad to see Thee. Virtue is a Cloak,
 “ A good one too.” — I didn’t like the Joke :
 I bow’d my Head, yet still on foot remain’d :
 For there’s no Place, unless — by Money gain’d,
 Or else by Favour. Some one of the Crowd
 Utter’d the following Words, but not aloud,
 Strange ! that a Man shou’d be deny’d a Seat,
 So full of PHOEBUS, VIRTUE, and of WIT !

173. Michael de Cervantes Saavedra says in this MEMORIAL, that his Pen never flew in the Region of Satire, meaning, He never wrote defamatory Libels. But this is a very piercing SATIRE, and capable of exciting in any (not inhumane) Breast a compassionate Concern to see thus abandon’d and destitute of Friends a Man, who in the Opinion of that judicious Critic (n) *Huetius*, ought to be reckon’d among the best Wits Spain ever produced : and at the same it stirs up one’s Indignation against those who tho’ they saw his Merit before their Eyes, yet neglected to reward it as they ought. I do not wonder at it ; for Father *John de Mariana*, an immortal Honour to the Society of *Jesus*, writing to *Michael John Vimbold(o)*, a Native of the Town of *Ontiniente* in the Kingdom of *Valencia*, who was then at the Court of *Rome* in the quality of Secretary to Cardinal *D. Augustin de Espinola*, Archbishop of *San-Tiago* ; he says to him : *Here (in Spain) the Culture of humane Learning declines every Day more and more. As Literature and the Sciences meet with no manner of Reward, nor indeed Respect, they are miserably dejected and in a manner sunk to nothing. Such Arts indeed as are Lucrative and fill the Coffers, are esteem’d and valu’d. This is our Case at present. For almost every Body makes the Worth of the Arts to be so much Money as they’ll bring : and such as don’t turn to a Pecuniary Account, are held to be useless and unnecessary. Father Mariana was none of those Flatterers in all Times so frequent, who are to the last degree Mysterious and upon the Reserve in every Thing ; they are so tender-mouth’d they never speak out, and are afraid to follow Truth too close at the Heels, lest she should kick their Teeth down their Throat. But Mariana did not use to mince the matter or to speak Things by halves or as it were by stealth : Not He : He could tell Philip III to his Face, and in the Face of the whole World : (p) There is none that doeth good to Men of Learning, no not One : There’s no Reward in the whole Kingdom for Scholarship. No manner of Respect shewn to*

Good

(n) Letter of the Origin of Romances. (o) Apud Leonem Allatium in *Apibus Urbanis*, pag. 196.
 (p) In his Dedication of his History of Spain.

Good Literature, not the least Honour paid it, Honour I say, which is the Mother of the Arts. Such as cultivate the Sciences, are out of the way of all Preferment: They must take another Course if they would keep from starving. Some vile sordid Souls that torment themselves with Envy at other People's superior Parts, and are mad at seeing them publish their Qualifications to the World in order to be rewarded; These will call by the Name of Arrogance the most just Complaints into which *Cervantes* broke out, as hath before been shewn. But he might say as another did on a like Occasion, and that was the no less unbefriended than learned *Don Joseph Pelicèr*, (q) and not without good Reason. For why should not a Scholar have the same Liberty as a Soldier? Why should a Penman be debarr'd what's allow'd to a Swordsman. Every Soldier is permitted to enumerate and set forth with Truth the Services, Engagements and Perils he has been in; and this was look'd upon by the old Romans as a commendable Virtue not Pride, and accordingly they bestow'd on the Deserving, Military Rings, Garlands, Mural and Civic Crowns, Trophies and publick Triumphs. And therefore I ought not to be thought a Boaster in particularizing my several Performances and the Praises (tho' empty ones) which they have met with, especially since Ignorance and Slander provoke me to it by Injuries and Calumnies which are likewise made publick. If indeed I swear'd from Truth, it were a Crime. But as I do not, why should I, while I'm alive, leave the Relation of these Things to another Pen? The same thing has been practis'd by the greatest Men in Spain, *Don Antonio Augustin*, *Geronimo de Zurita*, *Doctor Arias Montanus*, *Master Luis de Leon*, *Father John de Mariana*, *Don Nicholas Antonio*, *Don John Lucas Cortès*. And in short, what great Man has not done the same in his Case and Place? (r) *St. Paul* calls his Glorifying, Folly: but such a Folly as other People's Injustice compel a Man to, very often. (s) In *Cervantes*, the Commendation of himself was an easing and giving Vent to a just Sense of his ill Usage; and his Self-praises were very allowable, considering his Genius: for he said very truly, (t)

*I ne'er on Trifles sought my Fame to raise,
Nor ever catch'd at Undeserved Praise:*

But not meeting with it from others, thro' the Envy they bore him, he gave them Occasion of still envying him more, not with any Design to augment their Envy to him, but purely to make manifest the Satisfaction of his own Conscience, by reviving a Remembrance of what he had done for the publick Service. And therefore in his pleasant Dialogue with *Panratio* of *Roncevalles*, which may serve for a Comment to *Cervantes's* Speech to *Apollo*, he introduces the said *Panratio* asking him certain Questions: (u) *Was you never Theatrically inclin'd, Señor Cervantes? Did you never write a Play? Yes, said I, a great many. And were they not mine, I should not scruple to pronounce them worthy of Praise, such were, THE HUMOURS OF ALGIERS: (x) NUMANTIA: THE GRAND SULTANA: THE SEA-FIGHT: JERUSALEM: THE AMARANT, or FLOWER-GENTLE OF MAY: THE GROVE OF LOVE: THE NONE-SUCH: and THE GAY ARSINDA, and several others which I forget. But that which I set the greatest Value upon, was and is, THE CONFUSED FAIR-ONE, which, (without Offence*

to

(q) In the *Sincello*, § 2. of the Introduction. (r) 2 *Corinth.* xii. 11. (s) The Apostle himself says as much. (t) *Voyage to Parnassus*, ch. 4: (u) Addition to the *Voyage to Parnassus*. (x) I have read this Play in Manuscript, says the Author. It is written with mere Verisimilitude than the printed ones.

to any poor Brother of the Cloak and Sword that has hitherto written for the Stage) may hold a principal Place among the Best. Pancratio. But, pray, have you any by you now? Michael. I have Six, with as many INTERLUDES. Pancratio. But why are they not acted? Michael. Because neither the Actors seek after me, nor I after them. Pancr. They may not know you have any. Michael. They know it well enough: but as they have in Pay their Bread-and-Water Poets, and they make Shift with them, they don't want better Bread than is made of Wheat. But I think to send them to the Press, that That may be read at leisure in the Closet, which upon the Stage vanishes away, unheeded or unheard. And PLAYS have their Times and Seasons as well as SONGS. Thus far Cervantes, whose Colloquy was as it were a Scout or Forerunner which preceded the Book he published the Year after, with this Title: *Eight Plays, as likewise Eight new Interludes, compos'd by Michael Cervantes de Saavedra. Madrid: Printed by the Widow of Alonso Martin. Anno 1615, in 4°.*

174. And now Cervantes was become so miserably poor, that not having Money enough to put this Book to Press, he sold it to John Villaroël, at whose Charge it was printed.

The Names of the P L A Y S are these :

EL GALLARDO ESPAÑOL.	<i>The Spanish Gallant.</i>
LA CASA DE LOS CELOS.	<i>The House of Jealousy.</i>
LOS BAÑOS DE ARGEL.	<i>The Bagnios of Algiers.</i>
EL RUFIAN DICHOSO.	<i>The Fortunate Bully.</i>
LA GRAN SULTANA.	<i>The Grand SULTANA.</i>
EL LABERINTO DE AMOR.	<i>The Labyrinth of Love.</i>
LA ENTRETENIDA.	<i>The kept Mistress.</i>
PEDRO DE URDEMALAS.	<i>Peter the Mischief-Monger.</i>

INTERLUDES, or ENTERTAINMENTS.

EL JUEZ DE LOS DIVORCIOS.	<i>The Judge of the Divorces.</i>
EL RUFIAN VIUDO.	<i>The Russianly Widower.</i>
ELECCION DE LOS ALCALDES DE DAGANZO.	<i>The Election of Mayor of Daganzo.</i>
LA GUARDA CUIDADOSA.	<i>The careful Guardian.</i>
EL VIZCAINO FINGIDO.	<i>The Counterfeit Biscayner.</i>
EL RETABLO DE LAS MARAVILLAS.	<i>The Raree-show of Wonders.</i>
LA CUEVA DE SALAMANCA.	<i>The Cave of Salamanca.</i>
EL VIEJO CELOSO.	<i>The Jealous Old-Man.</i>

The Second and Third Entertainments are in Verse ; the others in Prose. This sort of Composition being a lively Representation of any Action whatever, that is capable of being made ridiculous by Imitation and Mockery, of Consequence these ENTERTAINMENTS must be better to see than to read. And therefore *Lopé de Rueda*, who, when living, perfectly charmed the Spectators by his Acting, gives but very little Pleasure to the Readers of those INTERLUDES published by *John de Timoneda*, a noted *Valencian* Gentleman, and a plausible Writer in his Time.

175. The PLAYS of *Cervantes*, compared with others more ancient, are much the best, excepting always that of CALISTO and MELIBEA, known by the Name of CELESTINA, the Bawd, infamously famous on more Accounts than one: among others, its being never known who first conceiv'd the Plan of it, and also drew the Outlines in black and white, and began to colour it; and as for him that finish'd it, the Batchelor *Fernando de Roxas*, he could not equal the first Inventor. Since *Cervantes*, there have been Plays written of a grander Invention than the *Greek* ones (for the *Latin* Comic-Writers, *Plautus* and *Terence*, were no more than Imitators) but in point of Art much inferior. Whoever doubts this, let him first inform himself of the exceeding great Difficulty there is in writing a regular Play, by reading *Aristotle's* Poeticks, and if he does not understand it in the Original *Greek*, let him read *The most learned Illustration* thereof written by *Don Joseph Antonio Gonzalez de Salas*. But that the Reader may remain better inform'd how much the *Spanish* Stage owes to *Cervantes*, let us hear the Account which he (the sole Chronologer thereof) gives of the Rise and Progress of the *Spanish* Drama to his own Time. In the Preface to his Plays, he thus delivers himself:

“ I can by no means avoid entreating the kind Reader to grant me his Pardon and Indulgence, if, in this Preface, he sees me a little transgressing the Bounds of my usual Reservedness. Some few Days ago, I happened to be in a Company of Friends, where the whole Conversation fell upon Plays and Matters relating to the Stage; which were so thoroughly canvassed, and every thing Theatrical sifted in so subtil a manner, that the Subject seem'd to me impossible to be extended to a greater Length, or the Argument capable of being spun to a finer Thread. Among other Topicks of our Discourse, we inquir'd who it was that in these Kingdoms first took the Drama out of its Cradle, stript the *Spanish* Plays of their Swaddling-cloaths, set 'em under a Canopy of State, and drest them with all that Gaynefs of Apparel and Sprightlines of Behaviour we now see 'em in. Myself being the oldest Man in Company, I told them I remembered to have seen Plays acted by the Great *Lopé de Rueda*, who was in high Esteem not only as a Player but as a Writer of Plays. He was a Native of *Seville*, and a Gold-beater by Trade. He had such a Talent for Pastoral Poesy, that he was excell'd by none, either then, or at any time since; and altho' being then but a Lad I could not make so sound a Judgment of the Goodness of his Verses, yet as I retain some of 'em in my Memory even to this Day, I am fully satisfy'd that I advance nothing but the Truth. And were it not foreign to the Business of a Preface, I cou'd quote such Passages out of his Works as would confirm what I have said of him. In the Time of this celebrated *Spaniard* all the Furniture and Utensils of the Actors were contain'd in one Sack or large Bag, and wholly consisted of Four Shepherds-Jerkins, made of Sheeps-Skins with the Wooll on, and adorn'd with Gilt-leather-trimming; Four Beards and Periwigs, and four Pastoral Crooks little more or less. The Plays were certain Discourses like Eclogues between two or three Shepherds, and some Shepherdess. These Plays, such as they were, they wou'd now and then improve and lengthen out with two or three Interludes, of a Negre, *i. e.* Black-man or Woman, a Ruffian, a Fool, and a (*y*) *Biscayner*; and *Lopé*

“ acted

(*y*) *The Castilians make a Jest of the Biscayners, as we do of some other People, and with as little Reason, for they are an ingenious People, only they don't speak the Spanish properly.*

“ acted all these four Parts and many more, with all the Propriety and Advantage that
 “ could possibly be imagin’d. There were not in those Days any Machines for Show
 “ to bring down Angels in Clouds, or the like; nor any Challenges or Combatings
 “ between Moors and Christians either on Foot or on Horseback. There were no Open-
 “ ings or Trap-doors under the Stage for Ghosts or Devils to arise from the Centre of
 “ the Earth. The Stage it self was compos’d of four long Benches or Forms placed in
 “ a Square; and upon these they laid four or six Planks or Boards, and so it was about
 “ three Foot high from the Ground. The Furniture of the Stage was an old Blanket
 “ or Horse-cloth drawn with two Ropes from one Side to the other, which made what
 “ they call’d the Attiring-Room; behind which were the Musicians singing without a
 “ Guitarr some old Ballads. *Lopé de Rueda* died, and as he was an excellent Man and
 “ of high Renown, they buried him in the great Church at *Cordova* (where he died)
 “ between the two Choirs, where likewise is interr’d that famous Madman *Luis Lopez*.
 “ *Nabarro* a Native of *Toledo* succeeded *Lopé de Rueda*. This *Nabarro* was noted for
 “ acting the Part of a Bully, or cowardly Ruffian. He made some Addition to the Fur-
 “ niture of the Theatre, and chang’d the Sack before-mention’d into Chests and Trunks.
 “ He made the Musick (which used to sing behind the Blanket) come forwards towards
 “ the Audience: He took away the Actors counterfeit Beards, without which till then
 “ no one used to act in any Play whatever; and made every one act barefaced, un-
 “ less it was the Part of an old Man or any other that requir’d the disguising of his
 “ Face. He invented Machines, Clouds, Thunder and Lightning, Challenges, Battles;
 “ but things were not arrived to the Pitch we now see them at. And now I hope I
 “ shall not be thought vain in affirming for a Truth what can’t be contradicted, namely,
 “ that in all the Playhouses at *Madrid* were acted some Pieces of My composing, such
 “ as (z) *THE HUMOURS OF ALGIERS*, *The Destruction of NUMANTIA*, and *The*
 “ *Naval Battle*, or *Sea-Fight*, wherein I took the Liberty to reduce Plays to Three
 “ Acts, which before consisted of Five. I shew’d, or, to speak better, I was the first
 “ that represented the Imaginations and secret Thoughts of the Soul, exhibiting moral
 “ Characters to publick View, to the entire Satisfaction of the Audience. I compos’d
 “ at that time no fewer Plays than thirty at least, all which were acted without any body’s
 “ interrupting the Players by flinging Cucumbers or any other Trash at them. They
 “ run their Race without any Hissing, Cat-calling or any other Disorder. But happening
 “ to be taken up with other things, I laid aside Play-writing, and then came on that
 “ Prodigy of Nature, that marvellous Man, the Great *Lopé de Vega*, who rais’d him-
 “ self to be supreme Monarch of the Stage: He subdued all the Players, and made them
 “ truckle to his Power: He filled the World with Theatrical Pieces, all of his own
 “ composing, finely and happily devis’d, and full of good Sense; and so numerous,
 “ that they take up above ten thousand Sheets of Paper, all of his own writing; and
 “ which is a most wonderful thing to relate, he saw ’em all acted, or at least had the
 “ Satisfaction to hear they were all acted. And if there are some Writers (as there are

(z) I take that to be the meaning of *Los Tratos de Argel*: I can’t be sure of it, without read-
 ing the Play itself, which I own I never did, nor cou’d I ever get a Sight of it or of any other of our
 Author’s Plays. I have most of his other Works, and shou’d be glad to purchase ’em all.

“ many) who wou’d be thought worthy of some Share of Honour with *Lopé de Vega*,
 “ yet if all they have written jointly and separately were brought together, they would
 “ not amount to one Half of what has been written by him alone. And yet,
 “ notwithstanding what I have said, (since the Almighty does not grant all Things to
 “ all Men) the Publick is not a little oblig’d to Doctor *Ramon*, whose Performances
 “ are to be valued for their intrinsic Merit, as well as for being the most numerous of
 “ any Author next to the Great *Lopé*. Justice likewise calls upon us to pay Respect
 “ to the Licentiate *Michael Sanchez* on Account of his artificial Contrivances: Neither
 “ ought we to omit taking notice of Doctor *Mira de Mesqua*, a singular Honour to
 “ our Nation, for his Sententioufness and Gravity; as is also the Canon *Tarraga* for
 “ his innumerable bright Thoughts; *Don Guillen de Castro* for his Harmony and delightful
 “ Sweetness; *De Aguilar* for the Shrewdness of his Wit. The Plays likewise of *Luis*
 “ *Velez de Guevara* make a great Noise in the World. The Plays of the ingenious *Don*
 “ *Antonio de Galarza*, tho’ not quite finisht; and the Cheats of Love promis’d by *Gaspar*
 “ *de Avila*; all these and many more have contributed something towards making us take
 “ our Eyes off *Lopé de Vegas’s* Great and Noble Structure. Some Years ago I return’d
 “ again to my wonted Amusement, and thinking the same Times continued as when
 “ my Name was up, I fell to writing again for the Stage, and had writ some Pieces; but
 “ I found (a) no Birds in last Year’s Nests. I mean I could light of no Actor that
 “ wou’d ask me for them, tho’ they knew of them. So I e’en threw ’em by, and con-
 “ demn’d ’em to perpetual Silence. At this very Time a Bookseller told me, he wou’d
 “ buy ’em of me, had not a topping Player told him, That, from my Prose, Much
 “ might be expected, but from my Verse, Nothing. If I must own the Truth, it
 “ gave me no small Concern, the hearing of this; and thus I said to myself: Either I
 “ am quite changed into another Man, or the Times are grown much better, tho’ that’s
 “ contrary to common Observation; for Times past are always most commended. I again
 “ lookt over my Comedies and some Interludes I had thrown by among ’em in a Corner,
 “ and I did not think any of ’em so very bad but that they might appeal from the muddi-
 “ ness of this Player’s Brain to the brightness of other Actors less Scrupulous and more
 “ Judicious. I was quite out of Humour, and so parted with the Copy to a Bookseller,
 “ who put ’em to Press, just as you see ’em. He offer’d me tolerably well for ’em,
 “ and I took his Money without having any thing to do with the Actors. I cou’d wish
 “ they were the best in the World, or at least, reasonably Good. Thou wilt soon see
 “ how they are, (my dear Reader) and if thou findest they have any Thing good in ’em,
 “ and shouldst happen to light on my Back-biting Actor, desire him from me to take
 “ Care and mend himself, for I offend no Man; and as for the Plays, let him take this
 “ along with him, they contain no bare-faced, open Follies; no obvious Nonsense;
 “ their Faults are Latent not Patent; the Verse too is the very same that’s requisite in
 “ Comic Pieces which ought to be, of all the Three Stiles, the lowest: Again, the Lan-
 “ guage of the Interludes is the proper Language of the Characters there represented;

“ and

(a) There are no Birds this Year in last Year’s Nests. i. e. Things are chang’d; the Case is alter’d
 since last Year. This Spanish Proverb runs in Rhime, as almost all of ’em do; which makes ’em inexpressi-
 bly pretty: En los nidos de antaño, no ay paxaros ogáño.

“ and if all this won't do, I'll recommend a Play to him which I'm now upon, with this
 “ Title, THE DECEIT OF DEALING BY THE EYE, which (if I am not deceiv'd myself)
 “ will not fail of pleasing. And so God grant *Him Health, and Me Patience.*

176. And thus you have the History of the Rise and Progress of the *Spanish Drama*; to the advancement of which *Cervantes* was the Person that had most contributed; and in order to bring it to a yet greater Perfection, he was so kind as to give us a Pattern of a *Grand TRAGICOMEDY*, written in Prose. He was many Years studying and preparing for the Press, the TROUBLES OF PERSILES AND SIGISMUNDA. He had mention'd it on various Occasions. In his *Preface* to his *Novels*, he says thus of it: *After these (the Novels) if Life fail me not, I shall present thee with THE TROUBLES OF PERSILES AND SIGISMUNDA, A Book which dares vie with HELIODORUS, unless for its sawciness it shou'd chance to come off with a broken Pate. But first thou shalt see, and that shortly, the Atchievements of DON QUIXOTE, and the merry conceits of Sancho Panza; and in a little Time after THE WEEKS OF THE GARDEN. I promise much, for one that has so little Strength. But who can lay a restraint upon his Desires?* The second Part of THE HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE came out as we have seen, in 1616. In his DEDICATION to the *Condé de Lemos*, dated at *Madrid* the last of *October*, 1615, *Cervantes* went so far as to conclude with the following Words: *And now I take my Leave with offering to your Excellency THE TROUBLES OF PERSILES AND SIGISMUNDA: A Book which, God willing, I shall finish in Four Months, and which will be either the worst or the best Book that was ever written in our Language: I speak of Books of Entertainment: and I'm already sorry I said the worst; for in the Opinion of my Friends, it will be the best that possibly can be. May your Excellency return in Safety, (b) as is heartily wisht and desired; for PERSILES will be ready to kiss your Hands, and I your Feet, being your Excellency's most Humble, &c.* And indeed *Cervantes* had put his last Hand to THE TROUBLES OF PERSILES AND SIGISMUNDA; but before it cou'd be publish'd, Death put an End to Him.

177. His Sicknefs was such, that himself was able to be, and actually was, his own Historian. And since we have no other, and that he relates every Thing in so agreeable a Way, let us see what he has left us at the End of the PREFACE, which he was either about finishing, or had finish'd, tho' begun a little *ex abrupto*. He says thus: (c) “ And so
 “ it fell out, most loving Reader, that as Two of my Friends and myself were coming
 “ from the Famous Town of *Esquivias*, famous I say on a thousand Accounts; first for
 “ its illustrious Families, and secondly for its more illustrious Wines, and so on; I
 “ heard some-body galloping after us (I thought) as if he wanted to overtake us, and
 “ the Person soon gave us to Understand as much, for he called out to us not to ride so fast;
 “ so we waited for him, and there came up to us upon a she-Ass a Grey Student, for he
 “ was drest all in Grey; he had Buskins on, such as are worn by Harvest-men that the
 “ Corn may not prick their Legs; round-toed Shoes, a Sword, not without a Chape to it,
 “ as it happen'd; a burnish'd Band, and an equal Number of three Thread Breeds; the
 “ Truth is, he had but Two; and every now and then his Band wou'd get o'one-side,
 “ and he took a wonderful deal of Pains to set it to Rights again. Your worships, said
 “ he to us, are going, belike, to sollicite some Office or Prebend at Court? His Eminence
 of

(b) He was President of the supreme Council in Italy. (c) This Quotation, as well as the preceding and succeeding ones, and most of the others, and all the Verses in general throughout this *Critical History*, were never Translated till now into any Language that I know of.

“ of *Toledo* must be there to be sure, or the King at least by your making so much
 “ Haste : Good Faith I cou’d hardly come up with you, tho’ my Afs hath been more than
 “ once applauded for a tolerable good Runner. To which one of my Companions made
 “ Answer : Señor *Michael de Cervantes’s* Nag has been the Cause of it, he has such a
 “ share of Heels. Scarce had the Student heard *Cervantes’s* Name, when leaping from
 “ his Beast, his Cushion falling one Way and Portmantua another (for with all this State
 “ was he Travelling) he comes up to Me and taking hold of my Left-Hand, Yes, yes,
 “ said he, This is the sound Cripple ; the all-Famous ; the merry Writer ; and finally
 “ the Joy of the Muses ! Seeing my self in so short a space so highly complimented, I
 “ thought it wou’d look discourteous in me not to make some Return to his Encomiums,
 “ so throwing my Arms about his Neck, whereby I occasion’d the Loss of his Band,
 “ I told him it was an Error which many of my well-wishers, thro’ Ignorance, had saln in-
 “ to. I am indeed *Cervantes*, but not the Joy of the Muses, nor the other fine Things
 “ you are pleas’d to call me. Be pleas’d therefore, good Sir, added I, to remount your
 “ Beast, and let us Travel on and be good Company the rest of the Way. The well-
 “ bred Student did as I desired. We slacken’d our Pace, and so we jogg’d on very so-
 “ berly together, and happening to talk of my Illness, the Student soon let me know my
 “ Doom, by saying it was a Dropsy I had got, which all the Water of the Ocean, even
 “ tho’ it were not Salt, would never suffice to quench. Therefore, Señor *Cervantes*, you
 “ must Drink nothing at all, but don’t forget to Eat : for this alone will recover you with-
 “ out any other Physick. I have been told the same by others, answered I, but I can as
 “ well Not Tipple as if I were born to do nothing else but Tipple, all one and the same. My
 “ Life is drawing to an End, and by the daily-Journal of my Pulse, which I find (by next
 “ Sunday at farthest will have finisht its Course, I shall have finisht my Course too. You
 “ came in the very nick of Time to be acquainted with me ; but I shall have no Oppor-
 “ tunity of shewing you how much I’m oblig’d to you for your Good-will. By this we
 “ were got to the *Toledo* Bridge, which was the Way I went in, (c) as he did by that of
 “ the *Segovia* Bridge. What will be said of my Adventure, Fame will take care of
 “ that, my Friends may have a Mind to tell it, and I a greater Mind to hear it. I
 “ turn’d back again to embrace my Student once more, and he return’d too, and offer’d
 “ to do the like by me. With this he spurr’d his Beast, and left me as ill dispos’d on my
 “ Horse, as he was ill mounted on his Afs, on which my Pen itcht to be writing some
 “ pleasant Things.—But, Adieu, my merry Friends all ; for I’m going to Die ; and I
 “ hope to see you e’er’t be long in t’other World, as happy as Heart can wish.”

And now, alas ! we behold *Cervantes* on the Confines of Death and just upon the
 point of expiring. The Dropsy increast, and, in the End, bore him quite down. But
 the weaker he grew in Body, the more he endeavour’d to strengthen his Mind ; and
 having received *Extreme Unction* (in order to go off Victorious, like a Christian *Wrestler*,
 in the last (d) *Luctation*) he waited for Death with a Serenity of Mind which shew’d he
 did not fear that King of Terrors : and what is most to be wonder’d at, he could not
 even

(c) Into Madrid I suppose, where, I take it, there are, among others, two Bridges, one call’d the Bridge
 of Toledo, the other of Segovia. (d) Our Author, no doubt, alludes to the Custom of the Ancients
 anointing their *Wrestlers* all over with Oil before they enter’d the Lists, for reasons which every body
 knows.

even then forbear both speaking and writing some merry Conceit or other, as they came into his Head, infomuch that having receiv'd the last Sacrament on the 18th of April 1616, he, the very next Day, wrote, or dictated, the DEDICATION OF THE TROUBLES OF PERSILES AND SIGISMUNDA, (LOS TRABAJOS DE PERSILES I SIGISMUNDA) quoting Verses to his Patron the *Condé de Lemos*, for whom he left in writing the following Dedication :

“ There’s an old Ballad which, in its Day, was much in vogue, and it began thus :
 “ *And now with one Foot in the Stirrup.* Now I could wish this did not fall so pat to my Epistle ; for I can almost say in the same Words :

And now with one Foot in the Stirrup
 Setting out for the Regions of Death ;
 To write this Epistle I cheer up,
 And salute my Lord, With my last Breath.

“ Yesterday they gave me the Extreme Unction, and to Day I write this. Time is
 “ short, Pains increase, Hopes diminish, and yet for all this I wou’d live a little longer,
 “ methinks, not for the sake of Living, but I wou’d eke out Life, a Handful or so,
 “ till I could kiss your Excellency’s Feet ; and it is not impossible but the Pleasure
 “ of seeing your Excellency safe and well in *Spain*, might make Me well too ; but if
 “ I am decreed to dye, Heav’n’s Will be done ; but your Excellency will at least give
 “ me leave to inform You of this my Desire, and likewise that you had, in me, so zealous and well-affected a Servant, as to be willing to go even beyond Death to serve
 “ you, if it were possible for his Ability to equal his Sincerity. However, I prophetically
 “ rejoyce at your Excellency’s Re-arrival in *Spain* : My Heart bounds within me
 “ to fancy you shewn to one another by the People : *There goes the Condé de Lemos !* and
 “ it revives my Spirits to see the accomplishment of those Hopes which I had so much
 “ dilated upon in praise of your Excellency’s most promising Perfections. There are
 “ still remaining in my Soul certain Remains and Glimmerings of the WEEKS OF THE
 “ GARDEN, (e) and of the Famous BERNARDO : If by good-luck, or rather by a Miracle,
 “ Heav’n spares me Life, your Excellency shall see them both, and with them
 “ the Second Part of the GALATEA, which I know your Excellency would not be ill
 “ pleas’d to see. And so I conclude with my ardent Wishes that the Almighty will
 “ preserve your Excellency, &c. *Madrid 19 April, 1617.*

Your Excellency’s Servant Michael de Cervantes.

178. According to this Letter or Epistle Dedicatory, it is highly probable he dy’d soon after. The particular Day is not known, nor even the Month. Certain it is, he did not live long enough to see the TRABAJOS above mention’d printed ; for on the 24th of September, 1616. at *San Lorenzo el Real* a License was granted to *Doña (f) Catalina de Salazar*, Widow of *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra*, to print that Book, and accordingly it was printed with this Title, *Los Trabajos, &c. i. e. The Troubles of Persiles and Sigismunda,*

(e) Two Books which he had not perfectly finish’d. (f) Catalina is the Spanish name for Catharine.

Sigismunda, a Northern History; by Michael de Cervantes Saavedra. Madrid; printed by John de la Cuesta, in the Year 1617. in 4to. A few Years after, it was translated into Italian, by Francisco Elio, a Milaneze; and it was printed at Venice, by and for Bartolomè Fontana, Anno 1616. in 8vo.

179. In the first Impression there are two Epitaphs, such, that for their duration deserve to be engrav'd in the lightest Cork that can be got for Love or Money. The one is (f) a Sonnet of Luis Francisco Calderon, which contains nothing particular. The other is a (g) Decima, which for the Brightness of the Thought, and to shew how Exquisite a Conception the Author of it must needs have, shall be here translated Literally :

180. Verses of Don Francisco de Urbina, on Michael de Cervantes, an extraordinary famous Christian Wit of our Times, who was carry'd to his Grave, with his Face uncovered, by the Devout Men of the Third Order of St. Francis, he having been one of those Devout Men himself :

E P I T A P H.

Traveller !

This Grave, Cervantes' Ashes, does confine,
But not his Fame. That, deathless and divine,
Still lives. His Works, tho' He has run his Race,
Survive ; so full of Beauty and of Grace

He went from Earth to Heav'n WITH A BARE FACE.

181. This Epitaph gave occasion to the Author of the BIBLIOTHECA FRANCISCANA to put Cervantes into it, as one of the Writers that were Brothers of the Confraternity of the Third Order: A Bibliothecque, (or Library) which if it were to take in all those Brothers, wou'd surely be the most Copious of all Libraries.

182. Cervantes says that his PERSILES and SIGISMUNDA dared to vie with HELIODORUS. The greatest Encomium we can bestow on it is, that, What he says, is matter of fact. The Loves therein recounted are most Chast; the secundity of Invention marvellous, insomuch that he is even wasteful of his Wit, and excessive in the Multitude of Epifodes. The Incidents are Numerous, and vastly Various. In some we see an imitation of Heliodorus, and in others, Heliodorus greatly improv'd; and in the rest a perfect Newness of Fancy shines forth in the most conspicuous Manner. All of them are dispos'd artfully, and well unfolded, with Circumstances almost always Probable. The farther the Reader proceeds in this Work, the greater is his Delight in reading it, the Third and Fourth Book being much better than the First and Second. A Series of Troubles borne with Patience, End at last in Peace and Ease, without any Machine; for in such a Man as Cervantes, it had been a Miracle itself if he had made use of a Miracle to bring about What indeed wou'd have puzzled a Wit less happy than his. In the Descriptions he excels

(f) Sonéto in Spanish, is not what we in England mean by a Sonnet, but a particular kind of Spanish Poetry, consisting of 14 Verses, the common sort; tho' there be others which those who desire to understand may read the Spanish Arte Poética. (g) Another sort of Spanish Poetry of ten short Lines. I have given a Literal translation of them in those five Lines above. The writer of this Life has inserted the above Epitaph only to ridicule the Person that compos'd it.

cels *Heliodorus*. Those of the latter are a great deal too frequent, as well as too pompous. Those of *Cervantes* well-timed, and perfectly natural. He likewise was superior to the other in Style; for altho' that of *Heliodorus* is very elegant, it is somewhat affected and singular; it is too figurative, and more Poetical than is allow'd of in Prose. A Fault into which even the discrete *Fenelon* himself is likewise fallen. But *Cervantes's* Style is proper, regularly sublime, modestly figured, and temperately Poetical when he offers at a Description. Briefly, this Work is of a better Invention, more artificial Contrivance, and of a more sublime Style than that of DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA. But it did not meet with an equal Reception, because the Invention of the History of DON QUIXOTE is more popular, and contains Characters that are more pleasant and agreeable; and as they are fewer in number, the Reader better retains in his memory the Customs, Actions and Characters of each respective Person. Besides, the Style is more natural, and by so much the more easy, by how much less sublime it is. And here let me inform such Writers as don't know it, that to put bounds to the inventive Faculty, and to desist from a Work when it is come to its due Time and proper Period, is an argument of a Masterly Genius. And this very Thing puts me in mind that it is high time I had done troubling my Reader with any more of my Impertinencies, and I beg he'll forgive what's past, in regard all the View I have had in it was to pay obedience to the great Personage who honour'd me with his Commands, in Minuting down what I cou'd collect relating to *Michael de Cervantes's* Life and Writings, in order to their being digested and written by some other Hand with that Felicity of Style which the Subject deserves. Meanwhile I shall here give a most faithful Copy of the Original itself; Concluding with those very Words with which *Michael de Cervantes Saavedra* Began his PREFACE to his NOVELS.

183. " I shou'd be very glad, most loving Reader, (were it possible) to be excus'd
 " writing this Preface; That which I prefix'd to my *Don Quixote*, not having the good
 " Fortune to please so very much as to make me over-fond to second it with another.
 " That I trouble thee with this, is owing to one of those (*b*) many Friends whom my
 " Circumstances, more than my Wit, have gain'd me; whom I cou'd have wisht to have
 " got me ingrav'd, as the Custom is, and to have prefix'd me to the Frontispiece of
 " this Book; for the famous *Don John de Fauregui* wou'd have giv'n him my Picture
 " to have done it from; and thus wou'd my Ambition have been satisfy'd, and likewise
 " the Curiosity of those Readers that had a Mind to know what kind of a Man I was, that
 " durst to send abroad into the World so many Inventions, and he might have written
 " under my Effigy these Words: He whom thou seest here with a sharp aquiline Vi-
 " sage, brown chestnut-colour'd Hair; his Forehead smooth and free from Wrinkles; his
 " Eyes brisk and chearful; his Nose somewhat Hookish or rather Hawkish, but withal
 " well-proportion'd; his Beard silver-colour'd, which twenty Years ago was gold; his
 " Mustachio's large; his Mouth little; his Teeth neither small nor big, and of them he
 " has but Six, and those in bad condition and worse ranged, for they have no correspon-
 " dence with one another; his Body between two Extrems, neither large nor little;
 VOL. I. m " his

(*b*) He alludes to the unknown Friend, who he says was his Counsellor in the First Preface to his *Don Quixote*.

“ his Complexion lively, rather fair than swarthy ; somewhat thick in the Shoulders and
 “ not very light of Foot : This I say is the Effigy of the Author of *GALATEA*, and of
 “ *DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA* : He likewise made the *VOYAGE TO PARNASSUS* ;
 “ in imitation of *Cæsar Caporal the Perugian*, and other Works which wander about
 “ the World, here and there and every where, and perhaps too without the Maker’s
 “ Name. He was commonly call’d *MICHAEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA*. He
 “ was many Years a Soldier ; five and a half a Captive, and from thence learnt to bear
 “ Afflictions patiently. At the naval Battle of *Lepanto* he lost his left Hand by the shot
 “ of a Harquebus ; a Maim which how unsightly soever it might appear to others, yet
 “ was look’d on by him as the greatest Grace and Ornament, since got in the noblest and
 “ most memorable Action that ever past Ages had seen, or future e’er cou’d hope to
 “ see ; fighting under the victorious Banners of the Son of that Thunderbolt of War
 “ *Charles Vth of Happy Memory*.



T H E

THE
HISTORY
OF
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

YOU will find in this book an account of the life and times of the author, and of the progress of his mind, and of the manner in which he has spent his life.

The author has endeavored to give a true and impartial account of his life, and of the progress of his mind, and of the manner in which he has spent his life.

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THE
AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

YOU may believe me without an oath, gentle reader, that I wish this book, as the child of my brain, were the most beautiful, the most sprightly, and the most ingenious, that can be imagined. But I could not controul the order of nature, whereby each thing engenders its like: and therefore what could my sterile and uncultivated genius produce, but the history of a child, meagre, adust, and whimsical, full of various wild imaginations never thought of before; like one you may suppose born in a prison*, where every inconvenience keeps its residence, and every dismal sound its habitation? Whereas repose of body, a desirable situation, unclouded skies, and, above all, a mind at ease, can make the most barren Muses fruitful, and produce such offsprings to the world, as fill it with wonder and content. It often falls out, that a parent has an ugly child, without any good quality; and yet fatherly fondness claps such a bandage over his eyes, that he cannot see its defects: on the contrary, he takes them for wit and pleasantry, and recounts them to his friends for smartness and humour. But I, though I seem to be the father, being really but the step-father of Don Quixote, will not go down with the stream of custom, nor beseech you, almost as it were with tears in my eyes, as others do, dearest reader, to pardon or dissemble the faults you shall discover in this my child. You are neither his kinsman nor friend; you have your soul in your body, and your will as free as the bravest of them all, and are as much lord and master of your own house, as the king of his subsidies, and know the common saying, Under my cloke a fig for the king. All which exempts and frees you from every regard and obligation: and therefore you may say of this history whatever you think fit, without fear of being calumniated for the evil, or rewarded for the good you shall say of it.

Only I would give it you neat and naked, without the ornament of a preface, or the rabble and catalogue of the accustomed sonnets, epigrams, and encomiums that are wont to be placed at the beginnings of books. For, let me tell you, though it cost me some pains to write it, I reckoned none greater than the writing of this preface you are now reading. I often took pen in hand, and as often laid it down, not knowing what to say: and once upon a time, being in deep suspence, with the paper before me, the pen behind

* It is said the Author wrote this Book in that unhappy Situation.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

my ear, my elbow on the table, and my cheek on my hand, thinking what I should say, unexpectedly in came a friend of mine, a pleasant gentleman, and of a very good understanding; who, seeing me so pensive, asked me the cause of my musing. Not willing to conceal it from him, I answered, that I was musing on what preface I should make to Don Quixote, and that I was so much at a stand about it, that I intended to make none at all, nor publish the achievements of that noble knight. For would you have me not be concerned at what that ancient lawgiver, the vulgar, will say, when they see me, at the end of so many years, slept away in the silence of oblivion, appear, with all my years upon my back, with a legend as dry as a kex, empty of invention, the stile flat, the conceits poor, and void of all learning and erudition; without quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end of the book; seeing that other books, though fabulous and profane, are so full of sentences of Aristotle, of Plato, and of all the tribe of philosophers, that the readers are in admiration, and take the authors of them for men of great reading, learning and eloquence? For, when they cite the holy scriptures, they pass for so many St. Thomas's, and doctors of the church; observing herein a decorum so ingenious, that, in one line, they describe a raving lover, and in another give you a little scrap of a christian homily, that it is a delight, and a perfect treat, to hear or read it. All this my book is likely to want; for I have nothing to quote in the margin, nor to make notes on at the end; nor do I know what authors I have followed in it, to put them at the beginning, as all others do, by the letters A, B, C, beginning with Aristotle, and ending at Xenophon, Zoius, or Zeuxis; though the one was a railer, and the other a painter. My book will also want sonnets at the beginning, at least such sonnets, whose authors are dukes, marquises, earls, bishops, ladies, or celebrated poets: though, should I desire them of two or three obliging friends, I know they would furnish me, and with such, as those of greater reputation in our Spain could not equal. In short, my dear friend, continued I, it is resolved, that Signor Don Quixote remain buried in the records of La Mancha, 'till heaven sends somebody to supply him with such ornaments as he wants; for I find myself incapable of helping him, through my own insufficiency and want of learning; and because I am naturally too idle and lazy to hunt after authors, to say what I can say as well without them. Hence proceeds the suspence and thoughtfulness you found me in, sufficiently occasioned by what I have told you. My friend, at hearing this, striking his forehead with the palm of his hand, and setting up a loud laugh, said: Before god, brother, I am now perfectly undeceived of a mistake I have been in ever since I knew you, still taking you for a discrete and prudent

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prudent person in all your actions: but now I see you are as far from being so, as heaven is from earth. For how is it possible, that things of such little moment, and so easy to be remedied, can have the power to puzzle and confound a genius so ripe as yours, and so made to break through and trample upon greater difficulties? In faith, this does not spring from want of ability, but from an excessive laziness, and penury of right reasoning. Will you see whether what I say be true? Then listen attentively, and you shall perceive, that, in the twinkling of an eye, I will confound all your difficulties, and remedy all the defects that, you say, suspend and deter you from introducing into the world the history of this your famous Don Quixote, the light and mirror of all knight-errantry.

*Say on, replied I, after I heard what he hinted at; after what manner do you think to fill up the vacuity made by my fear, and reduce the chaos of my confusion to clearness? To which he answered: The first thing you seem to stick at, concerning the sonnets, epigrams, and eulogies, that are wanting for the beginning, and should be the work of grave personages, and people of quality, may be remedied by taking some pains your self to make them, and then baptizing them, giving them what names you please, fathering them on Prester John of the Indies, or on the emperor of Trapisonda; of whom I have certain intelligence, that they are both famous poets: and though they were not such, and though some pedants or prating fellows should backbite you, and murmur at this truth, value them not two farthings; for, though they should convict you of a lye, they cannot cut off the hand * that wrote it.*

As to citing in the margin the books and authors, from whom you collected the sentences and sayings you have interspersed in your history, there is no more to do but to contrive it so, that some sentences and phrases may fall in pat, which you have by heart, or at least which will cost you very little trouble to find. As for example; treating of liberty and slavery, Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro. And then in the margin cite Horace, or whoever said it. If you are treating of the power of death, presently you have, Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque tures. † If of friendship and loving our enemies, as god enjoins, go to the holy scripture, if you have never so little curiosity, and set down god's own words, Ego autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos vestros. If you are speaking of evil thoughts, bring in the gospel again, De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ.

* He lost one hand in the sea-fight at Lepanto against the Turks.

† This and the following period are omitted in Shelton's translation.

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On the instability of friends, Cato will lend you his distich, Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos; Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris. And so, with these scraps of Latin and the like, it is odds but people will take you for a great grammarian, which is a matter of no small honour and advantage in these days. As to clapping annotations at the end of the book, you may do it safely in this manner. If you name any giant in your book, see that it be the giant Goliath; and with this alone (which will cost almost nothing) you have a grand annotation; for you may put: The giant Goliath or Goliath, was a Philistin, whom the shepherd David slew with a great blow of a stone from a sling, in the valley of Terebinthus, as it is related in the book of Kings, in the chapter wherein you shall find it.

Then, to shew yourself a great humanist, and skilful in cosmography, let the river Tagus be introduced into the history, and you will gain another notable annotation, thus: The river Tagus was so called from a certain king of Spain: it has its source in such a place, and is swallowed up in the ocean, first kissing the walls of the famous city of Lisbon: and some are of opinion, its sands are of gold, &c. If you have occasion to treat of robbers, I will tell you the story of Cacus, for I have it by heart. If you write of courtezans, there is the bishop of Mondonedo will lend you a Lamia, Lais, and Flora; and this annotation must needs be very much to your credit. If you would tell of cruel women, Ovid will bring you acquainted with Medea. If enchanters and witches are your subject; Homer has a Calypso, and Virgil a Circe. If you would give us a history of valiant commanders; Julius Cæsar gives you himself in his commentaries, and Plutarch will furnish you with a thousand Alexanders. If you treat of love, and have but two drams of the Tuscan Tongue, you will light on Leon Hebreo, who will give you enough of it. And if you care not to visit foreign parts, you have at home Fonseca, Of the love of god, where he describes all that you, or the most ingenious persons, can imagine upon that fruitful subject. In fine, there is no more to be done but naming these names, or hinting these stories in your book, and let me alone to settle the annotations and quotations; for I will warrant to fill the margins for you, and enrich the end of your book with half a dozen leaves into the bargain.

We come now to the catalogue of authors, set down in other books, that is wanting in yours. The remedy whereof is very easy; for you have nothing to do, but to find a book that has them all, from A down to Z, as you say, and then transcribe that very alphabet into your work; and suppose the falsehood be ever so apparent from the little need you have to make use

of

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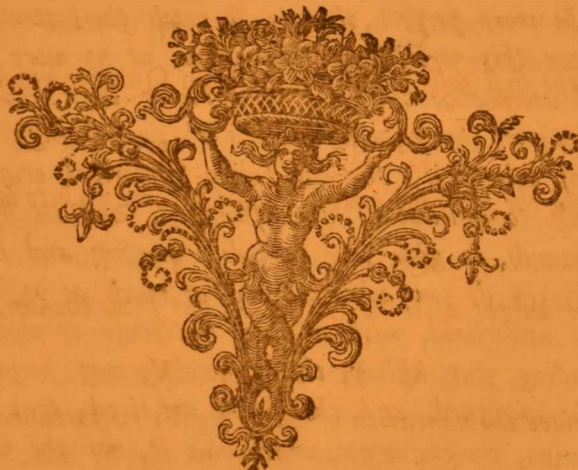
of them, it signifies nothing; and perhaps some will be so foolish as to believe you had occasion for them all in your simple and sincere history. But, though it served for nothing else, that long catalogue of authors will however, at the first blush, give some authority to the book. And who will go about to disprove, whether you followed them or no, seeing they can get nothing by it?

After all, if I take the thing right, this book of yours has no need of these ornaments, you say it wants; for it is only an invective against the books of chivalry, which sort of books Aristotle never dreamed of, Saint Basil never mentioned, nor Cicero once heard of. Nor does the relation of its fabulous extravagancies fall under the punctuality and preciseness of truth; nor do the observations of astronomy come within its sphere: nor have the dimensions of geometry, or the rhetorical arguments of logic, any thing to do with it; nor has it any concern with preaching, mixing the human with the divine, a kind of mixture, which no christian judgment should meddle with. All it has to do, is, to copy Nature: Imitation is the business, and how much the more perfect that is, so much the better what is written will be. And since this writing of yours aims at no more than to destroy the authority and acceptance the books of chivalry have had in the world, and among the vulgar, you have no business to go begging sentences of philosophers, passages of holy writ, poetical fables, rhetorical orations, or miracles of saints; but only to endeavour, with plainness, and in significant, decent, and well ordered words, to give your periods a pleasing and harmonious turn, expressing the design in all you advance, and as much as possible making your conceptions clearly understood, without being intricate or obscure. Endeavour also, that, by reading your history, the melancholy may be provoked to laugh, the gay humour be heightened, and the simple not tired; that the judicious may admire the invention, the grave not undervalue it, nor the wise forbear commending it. In conclusion, carry your aim steady to overthrow that ill compiled machine of books of chivalry, abhorred by many, but applauded by more: and, if you carry this point, you gain a considerable one.

I listened with great silence to what my friend said to me, and his words made so strong an impression upon me, that I approved them without disputing, and out of them chose to compose this preface, wherein, sweet reader, you will discern the judgment of my friend, my own good hap in finding such a counsellor at such a pinch, and your own ease in receiving, in so sincere and unostentatious a manner, the history of the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha; of whom it is clearly the opinion of all the inhabitants of the district of the field of Montiel, that he was the chastest lover, and the most valiant knight, that has been seen

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in those parts for many years. I will not enhance the service I do you in bringing you acquainted with so notable and so worthy a knight; but I beg the favour of some small acknowledgment for the acquaintance of the famous Sancho Pança, his squire, in whom I think I have decyphered all the squire-like graces, that are scattered up and down in the whole rabble of books of chivalry. And so, god give you health, not forgetting me. Farewel.



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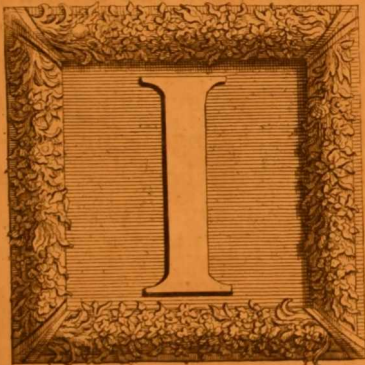




THE
LIFE AND EXPLOITS
Of the ingenious gentleman
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.
PART THE FIRST.
B O O K I.

CHAPTER I.

Which treats of the quality and manner of life of the renown'd gentleman DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.



IN a village of *La Mancha*¹, the name of which I purposely omit, there lived not long ago one of those gentlemen, who are usually possess'd of a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound for coursing. A dish of boiled meat consisting of somewhat more beef than mutton², the fragments served up cold on most nights, an amlet³ on *Saturdays*, lentils on *Fridays*, and a small pigeon by way of addition on *Sundays*, consumed three fourths of his income. The rest was laid out in a fourtout of fine black cloth, a pair of velvet breeches for holidays, with slippers of the same; and on week-

¹ A small territory, partly in the kingdom of *Arragon*, and partly in *Castile*.

² Beef being cheaper in *Spain* than mutton.

³ The original is *duelos y quebrantos*, literally *griefs and groans*. It is a cant-phrase for some fasting-day-dish in use in *La Mancha*. Some say, it signifies *brains fry'd with eggs*, which the church allows in poor countries in defect of fish. Others have guess'd it to mean some windy kind of diet, as peas, herbs, &c. which are apt to occasion cholicks; as if one shou'd say, *greens and gripes on Saturdays*. As it is not easy to settle its true meaning, the translator has substituted an equivalent dish better known to the *English* reader.

days he prided himself in the very best of his own homespun cloth. His family consisted of an house-keeper ¹ somewhat above forty, a neice not quite twenty, and a lad for the field and the market, who both saddled the horse and handled the pruning-hook. The age of our gentleman border'd upon fifty years. He was of a robust constitution, spare-bodied, of a meagre visage; a very early riser, and a keen sportsman. It is said his surname was *Quixada*, or *Quesada* (for in this there is some difference among the authors who have written upon this subject) tho' by probable conjectures it may be gather'd that he was called *Quixana* ². But this is of little importance to our story: let it suffice that in relating it we do not swerve a jot from the truth. You must know then, that this gentleman aforesaid, at times when he was idle, which was most part of the year, gave himself up to the reading of books of chivalry, with so much attachment and relish, that he almost forgot all the sports of the field, and even the management of his domestic affairs; and his curiosity and extravagant fondness herein arrived to that pitch, that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of knight-errantry, and carried home all he could lay hands on of that kind. But among them all, none pleased him so much as those composed by the famous *Feliciano de Silva*: for the glaringness of his prose, and those intricate phrases of his, seem'd to him so many pearls of eloquence; and especially when he came to peruse those love-speeches, and letters of challenge, wherein in several places he found written: *The reason of the unreasonable treatment of my reason enfeebles my reason in such wise, that with reason I complain of your beauty*: and also when he read; *The high heavens that with your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, making you meritorious of the merit merited by your greatness*. With this kind of language the poor gentleman lost his wits, and distracted himself to comprehend and unravel their meaning; which was more than *Aristotle* himself could do, were he to rise again from the dead for that purpose alone. He had some doubts as to the dreadful wounds which *Don Belianis* gave and received; for he imagined, that, notwithstanding the most expert surgeons had cured him, his face and whole body must still be full of seams and scars. Nevertheless he commended in his author the concluding his book with a promise of that unfinishable adventure: and he often had it in his thoughts to take pen in hand, and finish it himself precisely as it is there promis'd: which he had certainly performed, and successfully too, if other greater and continual cogitations had not diverted him. He had frequent disputes with the priest ³ of his village (who was a learned person, and had taken his degrees in *Ciguenza*)

¹ The old translators will have the *Don's* house-keeper to be an old woman, tho' it is plain she is but little more than forty; and the original word *Amá* signifies only an upper woman servant, or one who is *mistress* over the rest.

² A derivation from the Spanish word *Quixas*, which signifies *lamborn jaws*.

³ *El cura*. The rector or parish-priest.

which

which of the two had been the better knight, *Palmerin of England* ¹, or *Amadis de Gaul*. But master *Nicholas*, barber-surgeon of the same town, affirm'd, that none ever came up to the knight of the sun, and that if any one could be compared to him, it was *Don Galaor* brother of *Amadis de Gaul*; for he was of a disposition fit for every thing, no finical gentleman, nor such a whimperer as his brother; and as to courage, he was by no means inferior to him. In short he so bewilder'd himself in this kind of study, that he pass'd the nights in reading from sun-set to sun-rise, and the days from sun-rise to sun-set: and thus, what with little sleep and much reading, his brain was dried up in such a manner, that he came at last to lose his wits. He crowded his fancy with all that he read in his books, to wit, enchantments, battles, single combats, challenges, wounds, courtships, amours, tempests, and impossible absurdities. And so firmly was he persuaded that the whole system of chimeras he read of was true, that he thought no history in the world was more to be depended upon. The *Cid Ruydiaz* ², he was wont to say, was a very good knight, but not comparable to the knight of the burning-sword, who with a single back-stroke cleft asunder two fierce and monstrous giants. He was better pleased with *Bernardo del Carpio* for putting *Orlando* the enchanted to death in *Roncesvalles*, by means of the same stratagem which *Hercules* used, when he suffocated *Anteus*, Son of the earth, by squeezing him between his arms. He also spoke mighty well of the giant *Morgante*; for tho' he was of that monstrous brood who are always proud and insolent, he alone was affable and well-bred. But above all he was charm'd with *Reynaldo de Montalvan*, especially when he saw him sallying out of his castle and plundering all he met ³; and when abroad he seized that image of *Mahomet*, which was all of massive gold, as his history records. He wou'd have given his house-keeper, and neice to boot, for a fair opportunity of handsomly kicking the traitor *Galalon* ⁴. In fine, having quite lost his wits, he fell into one of the strangest conceits that ever enter'd into the head of any madman; which was, that he thought it expedient and necessary, as well for the advancement of his own fame, as for the public good, that he shou'd commence knight-errant, and wander thro' the world, with his horse and arms, in quest of adventures; and to put in practice whatever he had read to have been practis'd by knights-errant; redressing all kind of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions; that by accomplishing such enterprizes he might acquire eternal fame and renown. The poor gentleman already imagined himself at least crown'd emperor of *Trapifonda*

¹ *England* seems to have been often made the scene of chivalry: for besides this *Palmerin*, we find *Don Florando of England*, and some others, not to mention *Amadis's* mistress the princess *Oriana of England*.

² A famous *Spanish* commander, concerning whom many fables pass among the vulgar.

³ Here *Don Quixote*, in the hurry of his imaginations, confounds right and wrong, making his hero a common robber; whereas upon cooler thoughts he shou'd have long'd to have been upon his bones, as he does upon *Galalon* in the same breath: but perhaps *Reynaldo's* catholic zeal against *Mahomet* atoned for such un-knightly practice.

⁴ Who betray'd the *French* army at *Roncesvalles*.

by the valour of his arm: And thus wrapt up in these agreeable delusions, and hurried on by the strange pleasure he took in them, he hasten'd to put in execution what he so much desired. And the first thing he did, was, to scour up a suit of armour which had been his great-great-grandfather's, and, being mouldy and rust-eaten, had lain by, many long years, forgotten in a corner. These he clean'd and furbish'd up the best he could, but perceived they had one grand defect, which was, that instead of a helmet they had only a simple morrion or steel-cap: but he dextrously supplied this want by contriving a sort of vizor of paste-board, which being fix'd to the headpiece gave it the appearance of a complete helmet. It is true indeed, that, to try its strength, and whether it was proof against a cut, he drew his sword, and giving it two strokes, undid in an instant what he had been a week in doing. But not altogether approving of his having broken it to pieces with so much ease, to secure himself from the like danger for the future, he made it over again, fencing it with small bars of iron within in such a manner, that he rested satisfied of its strength; and without caring to make a fresh experiment on it, he approv'd and look'd upon it as a most excellent helmet.

The next thing he did, was, to visit his steed; and tho' his bones stuck out like the corners of a Rial¹, and he had more faults than *Gonela's* horse, which *tantum pellis & ossa fuit*, he fancied that neither *Alexander's Bucephalus*, nor *Cyd's Babieca*, was equal to him. Four days was he considering what name to give him: for, said he to himself, it is not fit that a horse so good, and of a knight so famous, should be without some name of eminence; and therefore he studied to accommodate him with one, which shou'd exprefs what he had been, before he belong'd to a knight-errant, and what he actually now was: for it seem'd highly reasonable, if his master changed his state, he likewise should change his name, and acquire one famous and high sounding, as became the new order, and the new way of life he now profess'd. And so, after fundry names devised and rejected, liked and disliked again, he concluded at last to call him *Rozinante*²; a name, in his opinion, lofty and sonorous, and at the same time expressive of what he had been when he was but a common nag, and before he had acquired his present superiority over all the steeds in the world.

Having given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he resolv'd to give himself one. This consideration took him up eight days more, and at length he thought fit to call himself *Don Quixote*: from whence, as is said, the Authors of this most true History conclude that his name was certainly *Quixada*, and not *Quesada*, as others would have it. But recollecting that the valorous *Ama-*

¹ A ludicrous Image drawn from the irregular figure of the *Spanish* money, to exprefs the jutting bones of a lean beast.

² From *Rozin*, a common drudge-horse, and *ante*, before: as *Alexander's Bucephalus* from his bull-head, and the knight of the sun's *Cornerino* from a horn in his forehead.

dis, not content with the simple appellation of *Amadis*, added thereto the name of his kingdom and native country, in order to render it famous, and stiled himself *Amadis de Gaul*; so he, like a good knight, did in like manner call himself *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; whereby, in his opinion, he set forth in a very lively manner his lineage and country, and did it due honour by taking his surname from thence. And now, his armour being furbish'd up, the morrion converted into a perfect helmet, and both his steed and himself new-named, he persuaded himself that he wanted nothing but to pitch upon some lady to be in love with: for a knight-errant without a mistress was a tree without leaves or fruit, and a body without a soul. If, said he, for the punishment of my sins, or thro' my good-fortune, I should chance to meet some giant abroad, as is usual with knights-errant, and shou'd overthrow him at the first encounter, or cleave him asunder, or in fine vanquish and force him to yield, will it not be proper to have some lady to send him to as a token? that, when he comes into her presence, he may kneel before her sweet ladyship, and with humble and submissive tone accost her thus: 'Madam, I am the Giant *Caraculiambro*, lord of the island *Malindrania*, whom the never-enough renowned knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha* has overcome in single combat, and has commanded to present myself before your ladyship, that your grandeur may dispose of me as you think proper.' Oh! how did our good gentleman exult, when he had made this harangue, and especially when he had found out a person on whom to confer the title of his mistress; which, it is believed, happened thus. Near the place where he lived there dwelt a very comely country lass, with whom he had formerly been in love, tho', as it is supposed, she never knew it, nor troubled herself about it. Her name was *Aldonza Lorenzo*; and her he pitch'd upon to be the lady of his thoughts: then casting about for a name, which shou'd have some affinity with her own, and yet incline towards that of a great lady or princess, he proceeded to call her *Dulcinea del Toboso* (for she was born at that place) a name, to his thinking, harmonious, uncommon and significant, like the rest he had devised for himself, and for all that belong'd to him.

C H A P. II.

Which treats of the first sally the ingenious Don Quixote made from his Village.

NOW these dispositions being made, he would no longer defer putting his design in execution; being the more strongly excited thereto by the mischief he thought his delay occasioned in the world: such and so many were the grievances he proposed to redress, the wrongs he intended to rectify, the exorbitances to correct, the abuses to reform, and the debts to discharge. And therefore, without making any one privy to his design, and without being seen by any body, one morning before day (which was one of the hottest of the month of July)

July) he arm'd himself *cap-a-pee*, mounted *Rozinante*, adjusted his ill-composed beaver, braced on his target ¹, grasp'd his lance, and issued forth into the fields at a private door of his back-yard, with the greatest satisfaction and joy, to find with how much ease he had given a beginning to his honourable enterprize. But scarce was he got into the plain, when a terrible thought assaulted him, and such a thought as had well-nigh made him abandon his new undertaking; for it came into his remembrance, that he was not dubb'd a knight, and that, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could, nor ought, to enter the lists against any knight: and tho' he had been dubb'd, still he must wear white armour, as a new knight, without any device in his shield, till he had acquir'd one by his prowess. These reflexions stagger'd his resolution; but his frenzy prevailing above any reason whatever, he purpos'd to get himself knighted by the first person he shou'd meet, in imitation of many others who had done the like, as he had read in the books which had occasion'd his madness. As to the white armour, he propos'd to scour his own, the first opportunity, in such sort that it should be whiter than ermin: and herewith quieting his mind, he went on his way, following no other road than what his horse pleas'd to take; believing that therein consisted the life and spirit of adventures.

Thus our flaming adventurer jogg'd on, talking to himself, and saying: Who doubts, but that, in future times, when the faithful history of my famous exploits shall come to light, the sage, who writes them, when he gives a relation of this my first folly, so early in the morning, will do it in words like these: *Scarce had ruddy Phœbus spread the golden tresses of his beauteous hair over the face of the wide and spacious earth; and scarce had the painted birds with the sweet and mellifluous harmony of their forked tongues saluted the approach of rosy Aurora, when, quitting the soft couch of her jealous husband, she disclosed herself to mortals thro' the gates and balconies of the Manchegan horizon; when the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, abandoning the lazy down, mounted his famous courser Rozinante, and began to travel thro' the ancient and noted field of Montiel* ²; and true it is, that was the very field; and passing along it, he continued saying; Happy times, and happy age, in which my famous exploits shall come to light, worthy to be engraved in brass, carved in marble, and drawn in picture, for a monument to all posterity! O thou sage enchanter! whoever thou art, to whose lot it shall fall to be the chronicler of this wonderful history, I beseech thee not to forget my good *Rozinante*, the inseparable companion of all my travels and careers. Then on a sudden, as one really enamour'd, he went on, saying; O princess *Dulcinea!* mistress of this captive heart, great injury hast thou done me in discarding and disgracing me by your rigorous decree, forbidding me to appear in the presence of your beauty.

¹ The target or buckler was slung about the neck with a buckle and thong.

² A proper field to inspire courage, being the ground upon which *Henry* the bastard slew his legitimate brother *Don Pedro*, whom our brave *Black Prince Edward* had set upon the throne of *Spain*.



Vouchsafe, lady, to remember this thine intralld heart, that endures so many afflictions for love of thee.

Thus he went on, stringing one extravagance upon another, in the style his books had taught him, and imitating as near as he could their very phrase. He travelled on so leisurely, and the sun advanced so fast, and with such intense heat, that it was sufficient to have melted his brains if he had had any. He travell'd almost that whole day without meeting with any thing worth relating, which dishearten'd him much; for he wanted immediately to have encounter'd somebody, to make trial of the force of his valiant arm.

Some authors say, his first adventure was that of the straits of *Lapice*; others pretend, it was that of the Windmills. But what I have been able to discover of this matter, and what I have found written in the annals of *La Mancha*, is, that he travelled all that day, and toward the fall of night his horse and he found themselves tired, and almost dead with hunger; and looking round about to see if he could discover some castle, or shepherd's cottage, to which he might retire and relieve his extreme necessity, he perceived not far from the road an inn; which was as if he had seen a star directing him to the porticos or palaces of his redemption¹. He made all the haste he could, and came up to it just as the day shut in. There chanced to stand at the door two young women, *ladies of pleasure* as they are called, who were going to *Sevil* with certain carriers, who happen'd to take up their lodging at the inn that night. And as whatever our adventurer thought, saw, or imagined, seem'd to him to be done and transacted in the manner he had read of, immediately, at sight of the inn, he fancied it to be a castle with four turrets and battlements of refulgent silver, together with its draw-bridge, deep moat, and all the appurtenances with which such castles are usually described. As he was making up to the inn, which he took for a castle, at some little distance from it, he check'd *Rozinante* by the bridle, expecting some dwarf to appear on the battlements, and give notice by sound of trumpet of the arrival of a knight at the castle. But finding they delay'd, and that *Rozinante* press'd to get to the stable, he drew near to the inn door, and saw there the two strolling wenches, who seem'd to him to be two beautiful damsels, or graceful ladies, who were disporting themselves before the castle-gate. Now it happen'd that a swineherd, getting together his hogs (for, without begging pardon, so they are call'd²) from the stubble field, wind-ed his horn, at which signal they are wont to assemble; and at that instant *Don Quixote's* imagination represented to him what he wish'd, namely, that some

¹ This comparison of *Don Quixote's* joy, at the sight of the inn, to that of the wise men, conducted to the like place by a star, is in allusion to those pictures in popish churches, wherein the wise men, the star, and the child Jesus in the manger, are represented under some magnificent piece of architecture, with grand porticos, pillars, &c. and the good company, together with the ox and the ass, for dignity's sake, most sumptuously lodg'd.

² Our author here ridicules the affected delicacy of the *Spaniards* and *Italians*, who look upon it as ill manners to name the word *hog* or *swine*, as too gross an image.

dwarf was giving the signal of his arrival; and therefore with wond'rous content he came up to the inn, and to the ladies, who perceiving a man armed in that manner, with lance and buckler, ran frightened into the house. But *Don Quixote*, guessing at their fear by their flight, lifted up his paste-board vizor, and discovering his wither'd and dusty visage, with courteous demeanour and grave voice, thus accosted them: Fly not, ladies, nor fear any discourtesy; for the order of knighthood, which I profess, permits me not to offer injury to any one, much less to virgins of such high rank as your presence denotes. The wenches stared at him, and with all the eyes they had were looking to find his face, which the scurvy beaver almost covered. But when they heard themselves stiled *virgins*, a thing so out of the way of their profession, they could not contain their laughter, and that in so violent a manner, that *Don Quixote* began to grow angry, and said to them: Modesty well becomes the fair, and nothing is so foolish as excessive laughter proceeding from a slight occasion: but I do not say this to disoblige you, or to cause you to discover any ill disposition towards me; for mine is no other than to do you service. This language, which they did not understand, and the uncouth mien of our knight, increased their laughter, and his wrath; and things would have gone much farther, had not the innkeeper come out at that instant (a man, who, by being very bulky, was inclined to be very peaceable) who beholding such an odd figure all in armour, the pieces of which were so ill sorted, as were the bridle, lance, buckler and corselet, cou'd scarce forbear keeping the damsels company in the demonstrations of their mirth. But being in some fear of a pageant equipp'd in so warlike a manner, he resolv'd to speak him fair, and therefore accosted him thus: If your worship, Signor Cavalier, seeks a lodging, bating a bed (for in this inn there is none to be had) every thing else this house affords in great abundance. *Don Quixote*, perceiving the humility of the governor of the fortress (for such to him appeared the innkeeper and the inn) answered; Any thing will serve me, Signor *Castellano*, for arms are my ornaments, and fighting my repose. The host thought he called him *Castellano* because he took him for an honest *Castilian*¹, whereas he was an *Andalusian*, and of the coast of *Saint Lucar*, as arrant a thief as *Cacus*, and as sharp and unlucky as a collegian or a court-page; and therefore he reply'd: If it be so, your worship's beds are hard rocks, and your sleep to be always awake; and since it is so, sir, you may venture to alight, being sure of finding in this poor hut sufficient cause for not sleeping a whole twelvemonth, much more one single night. And so saying, he went and held *Don Quixote's* stirrup, who alighted with much difficulty and pains; for he had not broke his fast all that day. He presently requested of the host to take especial care of his steed, for he was the best piece of horse-flesh that ever eat bread in the world. The innkeeper view'd him, but did not think him so good as *Don Quixote* represented him to be, no, not by half; and having set him up in the stable, he

¹ *Castellano* in Spanish signifies both a governor of a castle, and a native of Castile.

return'd to see what his guest would be pleas'd to order, whom the damsels were disarming (for they were already reconciled to him) and tho' they had taken off the back and breast-pieces, they could not find out how to unlace his gorget, or take off the counterfeit beaver, which he had fastened in such a manner with green ribbons, that, there being no possibility of untying them, they must of necessity be cut; which he would by no means consent to, and so he remain'd all that night with his helmet on, and was the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable. Whilst the girls were taking off his armour, imagining them to be persons of the first quality and ladies of that castle, he said to them with great gaiety: *Never sure was knight so nobly served by ladies, as was Don Quixote, after his departure from his village: damsels waited on his person, and princesses on his steed*¹. O *Rozinante*! for that, dear ladies, is my horse's name, and *Don Quixote de la Mancha* is my own; for tho' I was not willing to discover myself, 'till the exploits done for your service and benefit shou'd discover me, the necessity of accommodating the old romance of *Sir Lancelot* to our present purpose has been the occasion of your knowing my name before the proper season; but the time will come, when your ladyships may command, and I obey, and the valour of my arm shall manifest the desire I have to serve you. The lasses, who were not accusom'd to such rhetorical flourishes, answered not a word, but only asked him, whether he would be pleas'd to eat any thing. With all my heart, answered *Don Quixote*; any thing eatable would, I apprehend, come very seasonably. That day happen'd to be *Friday*, and there was nothing to be had in the inn, excepting a parcel of dried fish, which in *Castile* they call *Abadexo*, in *Andalusia* *Bacallao*, in some parts *Curadillo*, and in others *Truchuela*². They asked him whether his worship would be pleas'd to eat some *Truchuelas*, for they had no other fish to offer him. So there be many *troutlings*, answered *Don Quixote* they may serve me instead of one *trout*; for I would as willingly be paid eight single reals, as one real of eight: and the rather, because perhaps these troutlings are like veal, which is preferable to beef, or like kid, which is better than the goat. But be that as it will, let it come quickly; for the toil and weight of arms cannot be supported without supplying the belly well. They laid the cloth at the door of the inn, for the sake of the fresh breeze, and the landlord brought him some of the ill-water'd and worse-boil'd *Bacallao*, and a loaf of bread as black and mouldy as his armour: but indeed one must have laugh'd to see him eat; for having his helmet on, and the beaver up, he could not put any thing into his mouth with his hands, if some body else did not help him; and so one of the aforesaid ladies performed this office: but to give him to drink was utterly impossible, if the host had not bored a reed, and putting one end into his mouth, poured in the wine leisurely at the other: and all this he suffer'd patiently, rather than cut the lacings of his helmet.

¹ In imitation of an old ballad, mention'd in book 2. ch. 5.

² The same which we call *Poor John*, or *little Trouts*.

In the mean time there happen'd to come a fow-gelder to the inn, who, as soon as he arrived, sounded his whistle of reeds four or five times; which entirely confirmed *Don Quixote* in the thought, that he was in some famous castle, that they serv'd him with music, and that the poor jack was trouts, the coarse loaf the finest white bread, the wenches ladies, and the host governor of the castle; and so he concluded his resolution and folly to be successfully employ'd. But what gave him the most disturbance was, that he was not yet dubb'd a knight; thinking he could not lawfully undertake any adventure, 'till he had first receiv'd the order of knighthood.

C H A P. III.

In which is related the pleasant method Don Quixote took to be dubb'd a knight.

AND now, being disturbed with this thought, he made an abrupt end of his short supper; which done, he call'd the landlord, and shutting himself up with him in the stable, he fell upon his knees before him, and said: I will never rise from this place, valorous knight, 'till your courtesy vouchsafes me a boon I mean to beg of you; which will redound to your own honour and to the benefit of human kind. The host, who saw his guest at his feet, and heard such expressions, stood confounded, and gazing at him, not knowing what to do or say: he then strove to raise him from the ground, but in vain, 'till he had promised to grant him the boon he requested¹. I expected no less, Sir, from your great magnificence, answer'd *Don Quixote*, and therefore know, that the boon I wou'd request, and has been vouchsafed me by your liberality, is, that you shall to-morrow morning dub me a knight; and this night in the chapel of your castle I will watch my armour²: and to-morrow, as I have said, what I so earnestly desire shall be accomplished; that I may be duly qualified to wander thro' the four quarters of the world in quest of adventures, for the relief of the distressed, as is the duty of chivalry, and of knights-errant, whose hearts, like mine, are strongly bent on such achievements. The host (as we have said) was an arch fellow, and having already entertained some suspicions of the folly of his guest, was now, at hearing such expressions, thoroughly convinced of it: and, that he might have something to make sport with that night, he resolv'd to keep up the humour, and said to him, that he was certainly very much in the right in what he desired and requested; and that such achievements were peculiar and natural to cavaliers of such prime quality as he seem'd to be of, and as his gallant deportment did demonstrate: and that he himself, in the days of his youth, had betaken himself to that honourable

¹ In the old romances, it is usual for some cavalier or damsel upon her palfry to come to a knight, and beg some boon at his hands, which the knight is obliged by his rules to grant, unless it be dishonest or dishonourable.

² On the eve of a holiday the *Romanists* perform certain ceremonies of devotion, &c. and wake over the body of a deceased person. Hence our country wakes, &c.

employ,

employ, wandering thro' divers parts of the world in search of adventures, not omitting to visit ¹ the suburbs of *Malaga*, the isles of *Riaran*, the compass of *Sevil*, the aqueduct-market of *Segovia*, the olive-yard of *Valencia*, the *Rondilla* of *Granada*, the *Coast* of *Saint Lucar*, the fountain of *Cordoua* ², the hedge-taverns of *Toledo*, and fundry other parts, where he had exercised the agility of his feet and dexterity of his hands; doing fundry wrongs, solliciting fundry widows, undoing some damsels, and bubbling several young heirs ³; in fine, making himself known to most of the tribunals and courts of judicature in *Spain*: and that at last he had retired to this castle, where he had lived upon his own means and other peoples, entertaining all knights-errant, of whatever quality or condition they were, merely for the great love he bore them, and that they might share their gettings with him in requital for his good-will. He further told him, there was no chapel in his castle in which to watch his armour, (for it had been pull'd down in order to be rebuilt) however, in cases of necessity, he knew it might be watched wherever he pleased, and that he might do it that night in a court of the castle; and the next day, if it pleased God, the requisite ceremonies should be performed, in such manner that he should be dubb'd a knight, and so effectually knighted, that no one in the world cou'd be more so. He asked him also, whether he had any money about him? *Don Quixote* replied, he had not a farthing, having never read in the histories of knights-errant, that they carried any. To this the host replied, he was under a mistake; that, supposing it was not mention'd in the story, the authors thinking it superfluous to specify a thing so plain, and so indispensably necessary to be carried, as money and clean shirts, it was not therefore to be infer'd, that they had none: and therefore he might be assured, that all the knights-errant (of whose actions there are such authentic histories) did carry their purses well lined for whatever might befall them, and that they carried also shirts, and a little box of ointment to heal the wounds they might receive, because there was not always one at hand to cure them in the fields and deserts where they fought, unless they had some sage enchanter for their friend, to assist them immediately, bringing some damsel or dwarf in a cloud thro' the air, with a viol of water of such virtue, that, in tasting a drop of it, they shou'd instantly become as sound and whole of their

¹ Names of certain infamous places in *Spain*.

² Near which was the whipping-post.

³ These expressions seeming a little too strong and open in the original, the translator was inclined to have qualified them in the version; but upon reading *Don Belianis of Greece* (part 2. ch. 3.) he found *Dou Brianel*, who was travelling to *Antioch* on the princess *Aurora's* errand, and lodged in a house of good repute; the landlord of which *Palineé* had been trained up to chivalry. This host offers his service to wait upon *Don Brianel*, and wanting a cloak, frightens a page, who flies and leaves his cloak behind him. *Don Brianel* approves the thing, and tells him, he performed it so cleverly, he believed it was not his first exploit of the kind; and he frankly owns, he had often put in practice such pieces of dexterity. In allusion to this approved stroke of knight-errantry, *Don Quixote's* host brags of divers wonders he had performed this way; and this was a strong precedent, nor cou'd our knight object to any example fetch'd from his favourite *Don Belianis's* approved history. So that this passage in *Cervantes*, which has been thought very faulty, appears from hence to be not only excusable, but very judicious, and directly to his purpose of exposing those authors and their numberless absurdities.

bruises and wounds, as if they had never been hurt: but 'till they had such a friend, the knights-errant of times past never failed to have their squires provided with money and other necessary things, such as lint and salves, to cure themselves with; and when it happened, that the said knights had no squires (which fell out very rarely) they carried all these things behind them upon their horses in a very small wallet hardly visible, as if it were something of greater importance; for were it not upon such an account, this carrying of wallets was not currently admitted among knights-errant: therefore he advised him, tho' he might command him as his godson (which he was to be very soon) that from thenceforward he should not travel without money and without the aforefaid precautions; and he would find how useful they would be to him, when he least expected it. *Don Quixote* promised to follow his advice with all punctuality; and now order was presently given for performing the watch of the armour in a large yard adjoining to the inn; and *Don Quixote*, gathering all the pieces of it together, laid them upon a cistern that stood close to a well: and bracing on his buckler, and grasping his lance, with a solemn pace he began to walk backward and forward before the cistern, beginning his parade just as the day shut in.

The host acquainted all that were in the inn with the phrenzy of his guest, the watching of his armour, and the knighting he expected. They all wondered at so odd a kind of madness, and went out to observe him at a distance; and they perceiv'd, that, with a composed air, he sometimes continued his walk; at other times, leaning upon his lance, he looked wistfully at his armour, without taking off his eyes for a long time together. It was now quite night; but the moon shone with such a lustre as might almost vie with his who lent it; so that whatever our new knight did was distinctly seen by all the spectators.

While he was thus employed, one of the carriers, who inn'd there, had a mind to water his mules, and it was necessary first to remove *Don Quixote's* armour from off the cistern; who seeing him approach, call'd to him with a loud voice: Ho there, whoever thou art, rash knight, that approachest to touch the arms of the most valorous adventurer that ever girded sword, take heed what thou doest, and touch them not, unless thou wou'dst leave thy life a forfeit for thy temerity. The carrier troubled not his head with these speeches (but it had been better for him if he had, for he might have saved his carcase) but instead of that, taking hold of the straps, he tossed the armour a good distance from him; which *Don Quixote* perceiving, lifted up his eyes to heaven, and fixing his thoughts (as it seem'd) on his mistress *Dulcinea*, he said: Assist me, dear lady, in this first affront offer'd to this breast enthral'd to thee; let not thy favour and protection fail me in this first moment of danger: and uttering these and the like ejaculations, he let slip his target, and lifting up his lance with both hands, gave the carrier such a blow on the head, that he laid him flat on the ground, in such piteous plight, that had he seconded his
blow,

blow, there would have been no need of a surgeon. This done, he gathered up his armour, and walked backward and forward with the same gravity as at first. Soon after, another carrier, not knowing what had happened (for still the first lay stunn'd) came out with the same intention of watering his mules; and as he was going to clear the cistern by removing the armour, *Don Quixote*, without speaking a word, or imploring any body's protection, again let slip his target, and lifting up his lance broke the second carrier's head in three or four places. All the people of the inn ran together at the noise, and the inn-keeper among the rest; which *Don Quixote* perceiving, braced on his target, and laying his hand on his sword, he said: O queen of beauty, the strength and vigour of my enfeebled heart, now is the time to turn the eyes of thy greatness toward this thy captived knight, whom so prodigious an adventure at this instant awaits. Hereby in his opinion he recovered so much courage, that if all the carriers in the world had attack'd him, he would not have retreated an inch. The comrades of those that were wounded (for they perceived them in that condition) began to let fly a shower of stones at *Don Quixote*, who sheltered himself the best he could under his shield, and durst not stir from the cistern, lest he should seem to abandon his armour. The host cried out to them to let him alone, for he had already told them he was mad, and that he would be acquitted as a madman tho' he should kill them all. *Don Quixote* also cried out louder, calling them cowards and traitors, and the lord of the castle a poltroon and a base-born knight, for suffering knights-errant to be treated in that manner; and that if he had received the order of knighthood, he would make him smart for his treachery: but for you, rascally and base scoundrels (said he) I do not value you a straw: draw near, come on, and do your worst; you shall quickly see the reward you are like to receive of your folly and insolence. This he uttered with so much vehemence and resolution, that he struck a terrible dread into the hearts of the assailants; and for this reason, together with the landlord's persuasions, they forbore throwing any more stones; and he permitted the wounded to be carried off, and returned to the watch of his armour with the same tranquillity and sedateness as before. The host did not relish these pranks of his guest, and therefore determined to put an end to them by giving him the *unlucky* order of knighthood out of hand, before any farther mischief shou'd ensue; and so coming up to him, he begg'd pardon for the rudeness those vulgar people had been guilty of, without his knowing any thing of the matter; however, he said, they had been sufficiently chastised for their rashness. He repeated to him, that there was no chapel in that castle, neither was it necessary for what remained to be done: for the whole stress of being dubb'd a knight lay in the blows on the neck and shoulders, as he had learn'd from the ceremonial of the order; and that it might be effectually performed in the middle of a field: that he had already discharged all that belonged to the watching of the armour, which was sufficiently performed in two hours; and
the

the rather, since he had been above four about it. All which *Don Quixote* believ'd, and said, he was there ready to obey him; and desired him to finish the business with the utmost dispatch, because if he shou'd be assaulted again, and found himself dubb'd a knight, he was resolv'd not to leave a soul alive in the castle, except those he shou'd command him to spare for his sake. The constable, thus warned, and apprehensive of what might be the event of this resolution, presently brought the book, in which he enter'd the accounts of the straw and barley he furnish'd to the carriers, and with the two abovesaid damsels (a boy carrying an end of candle before them) came where *Don Quixote* was, whom he commanded to kneel; and reading in his manual (as if he had been saying some devout prayer) in the midst of the reading he lifted up his hand, and gave him a good blow on the nape of the neck, and after that with his own sword a handsome thwack on the shoulder, still muttering between his teeth as if he was praying. This done, he order'd one of the ladies to gird on his sword, which she did with the most obliging freedom, and discretion too, of which not a little was needful to keep them from bursting with laughter at every period of the ceremonies; but indeed the exploits they had already seen our new knight perform kept their mirth within bounds. At girding on the sword, the good lady said: God make you a fortunate knight, and give you success in battle. *Don Quixote* ask'd her name, that he might know from thenceforward to whom he was indebted for the favour received; for he intended her a share of the honour he should acquire by the valour of his arm. She reply'd with much humility, that she was called *La Tolosa*, and was a cobbler's daughter of *Toledo*, who lived at the little shops of *Sancho bien aya*; and wherever she was, she would serve and honour him as her lord. *Don Quixote* then desir'd her, for his sake, thenceforward to add to her name the *Don*, and to call herself *Donna Tolosa*, which she promised to do. The other buckled on his spurs; with whom he held almost the same kind of dialogue as he had done with her companion: he asked her name also, and she said she was called *La Molinera*, and was daughter of an honest miller of *Antequera*. *Don Quixote* intreated her also to add the *Don*, and call herself *Donna Molinera*, making her fresh offers of service and thanks.

Thus the never-till-then-seen Ceremonies being hastily dispatch'd, *Don Quixote*, who was impatient to see himself on horseback, and falling out in quest of adventures, immediately saddled *Rozinante*, and embracing his host, mounted, and at parting said such strange things to him, acknowledging the favour of dubbing him a knight, that it is impossible to express them. The host, to get him the sooner out of the inn, return'd his compliments with no less flourishes, tho' in fewer words, and, without demanding any thing for his lodging, wish'd him a good journey.



C H A P. IV.

Of what befel our knight after he had sallied out from the inn.

IT was about break of day when *Don Quixote* issued forth from the inn, so satisfied, so gay, so blithe, to see himself knighted, that the joy thereof almost burst his horse's girths. But recollecting the advice of his host concerning the necessary provisions for his undertaking, especially the articles of money and clean shirts, he resolved to return home, and furnish himself accordingly, and also provide himself with a Squire; purposing to take into his service a certain country fellow of the neighbourhood, who was poor and had children, yet was very fit for the squirely office of chivalry. With this thought, he turn'd *Roxinante* towards his village, who, as it were knowing what his master would be at, began to put on with so much alacrity, that he hardly seem'd to set his feet to the ground. He had not gone far, when, on his right hand, from a thicket hard by, he fancied he heard a weak voice, as of a person complaining. And scarcely had he heard it, when he said; I thank heaven for the favour it does me, in laying before me so early an opportunity of complying with the duty of my profession, and of reaping the fruit of my honourable desires. These are doubtless the cries of some distressed person, who stands in need of my Protection and assistance. And turning the reins, he put *Roxinante* forward toward the place, from whence he thought the voice proceeded. And he had enter'd but a few paces into the wood, when he saw a mare tied to an oak, and a lad to another, naked from the waste upwards, about fifteen years of age; who was the person that cried out; and not without cause, for a lusty country fellow was laying him on very severely with a belt, and accompanied every lash with a reprimand and a word of advice; for said he, *The tongue slow and the eyes quick*. And the boy answer'd, I will do so no more, dear Sir, by the passion of Jesus Christ, I will never do so again, and I promise for the future to take more care of the flock. Now *Don Quixote*, seeing what pass'd, said in an angry tone: Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to meddle with one who is not able to defend himself; get upon thy horse, and take thy lance (for he also had a lance leaning against the oak, to which the mare was fasten'd) for I'll make thee to know that 'tis cowardly to do what thou art doing. The country-man, who saw such a figure coming towards him, cas'd in iron, and brandishing his lance at his face, gave himself up for a dead man, and with good words answered; Signor Cavalier, this lad, whom I am chastizing, is my own servant; I employ him to tend a flock of sheep which I have hereabouts, and he is so careless, that I lose one every day; and because I correct him for his negligence, or roguery, he says I do it out of covetousness, and for an excuse not to pay him his wages; but before God, and on my conscience, he lyes. *Lyes*, in my presence! pitiful rascal, said *Don Quixote*; by the sun that shines upon us, I have a good mind

mind to run thee thro' and thro' with this lance: pay him immediately without farther reply; if not, by that God that rules us, I will dispatch and annihilate thee in a moment; untie him presently. The farmer bowed his head, and without replying a word untied his boy. *Don Quixote* ask'd the lad how much his master ow'd him; who answer'd, nine months wages at seven ¹ reals a month. *Don Quixote* computed it, and found that it amounted to sixty-three reals; and he bade the country-man instantly disburse them, otherwise he must expect to die for it. The fellow in a fright answer'd, that, on the word of a dying man, and upon the oath he had taken (tho' by the way he had taken no oath) it was not so much; for he must deduct the price of three pair of pumps he had given him upon account, and a real for two blood-lettings when he was not well. All this is very right, said *Don Quixote*; but set the pumps and the blood-lettings against the stripes you have given him undeservedly; for if he tore the leather of the pumps that you paid for, you have torn his skin; and if the barber-surgeon drew blood from him when he was sick, you have drawn blood from him when he is well; so that upon these accounts he owes you nothing. The mischief is, Signor Cavalier, quoth the country-man, that I have no money about me; but let *Andres* go home with me, and I will pay him all, real by real. I go with him? said the lad; the devil a bit; no Sir, I design no such thing; for when he has me alone, he will flay me like any faint *Bartholomew*². He will not do so, reply'd *Don Quixote*; it is sufficient, to keep him in awe, that I lay my commands upon him; and upon condition he swears to me, by the order of knighthood which he has receiv'd, I will let him go free, and will be bound for the payment. Take heed, good Sir, what you say, quoth the boy; for my master is no knight, nor ever receiv'd any order of knighthood: he is *John Aldudo* the rich, of the neighbourhood of *Quintanar*. That is little to the purpose, answer'd *Don Quixote*; there may have been knights of the family of the *Aldudos*³, and the rather since every man is the son of his own works. That's true, quoth *Andres*; but what works is my master the son of, who refuses me the wages of my sweat and labour? I do not refuse thee, friend *Andres*, reply'd the farmer; and be so kind to go with me; and I swear by all the orders of knighthood that are in the world, to pay thee, as I have said, every penny down, and ⁴ perfum'd into the bargain. As to the perfuming, I thank you for that, said *Don Quixote*; give it him in reals and I shall be satisfied: and see that you perform what you have sworn; else I swear to you by the same oath, to return, to find you out, and chastise you; for I shall find you out, tho'

¹ A Real is about sixpence *English*.

² In the popish churches there is frequently an image or statue of a man without his skin, which is call'd *A Saint Bartholomew*.

³ This looks like a piece of Satire upon some family of that name, who probably had given *Cervantes* some provocation.

⁴ A *Spanish* phrase for paying or returning any thing with advantage, and us'd here as a satire on the effeminate custom of wearing every thing perfum'd, inasmuch that the very money in their pockets was scented.

you should hide yourself cloſer than a little lizard. And if you wou'd know who it is that commands you this, that you may be the more ſtrictly obliged to perform your promiſe, know that I am the valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the redreſſer of wrongs and abuſes; and ſo farewel, and do not forget what you have promiſed and ſworn, on pain of the penalties aforeſaid. And ſo ſaying, he clap'd ſpurs to *Rozinante*, and was ſoon got a good way off. The country-man followed him with all the eyes he had, and when he found he was quite paſt the wood, and out of ſight, he turn'd to his man *Andres*, and ſaid; Come hither, child, I am reſolv'd to pay you what I owe you, as that redreſſer of wrongs commanded me. And I ſwear ſo you ſhall, quoth *Andres*, and to be ſure, Sir, you will do well to perform what that honeſt gentleman has commanded, whom god grant to live a thouſand years, and who is ſo brave a man, and ſo juſt a judge, that, adad, if you don't pay me, he will come back and execute what he has threatned. And I ſwear ſo too, quoth the peaſant; but to ſhew thee how much I love thee, I am reſolv'd to augment the debt, to increaſe the payment: and taking him by the arm, he tied him again to the tree, where he gave him ſo many ſtripes, that he left him for dead. Now, maſter *Andres*, call upon that redreſſer of wrongs; thou wilt find he will hardly redreſs this, tho' I believe I have not half done yet; for I have a good mind to flea thee alive as thou feareſt but now. But at length he untied him, and gave him leave to go in queſt of his judge, to execute the ſentence he had pronounc'd. *Andres* went away in dudgeon, ſwearing he would find out the valorous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and tell him all that had paſſed, and that he ſhould pay for it ſevenfold. Notwithſtanding all this away he went weeping, and his maſter ſtaid behind laughing.

In this manner the valorous *Don Quixote* redreſſed this wrong; and overjoyed at his ſucceſs, as thinking he had given a moſt fortunate and glorious beginning to his knight-errantry, he went on toward his village, intirely ſatiſfied with himſelf, and ſaying in a low accent; Well mayſt thou deem thy ſelf happy above all women living on the earth, O *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, beauteous above the moſt beautiful, ſince it has been thy lot to have ſubject and obedient to thy whole will and pleaſure ſo valiant and renown'd a knight as is, and ever ſhall be, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, who (as all the world knows) received but yeſterday the order of knighthood, and to-day has redreſſed the greateſt injury and grievance, that injuſtice could invent and cruelty commit: for to-day hath he wreſted the ſcourge out of the hand of that pitileſs enemy, who ſo undeſervedly laſh'd that tender ſtripling.

Juſt as he had done ſpeaking, he came to the center of four roads, and preſently it came into his imagination, that the knights-errant, when they came to theſe croſs-ways, ſet themſelves to conſider, which of the roads they ſhould take; and to imitate them, he ſtood ſtill awhile, and at laſt, after mature conſideration, he let go the reins, ſubmitting his own will to be guided by that of his

horse, who, following his first motion, took the direct road toward his own stable. And having gone about two miles, *Don Quixote* discovered a great crowd of people, who, as it afterwards appear'd, were certain merchants of *Toledo*, who were going to buy silks in *Murcia*. There were six of them, and they came with their umbrellas, and four servants on horse-back, and three *Muleteers* on foot. Scarce had *Don Quixote* espied them, when he imagined it must be some new adventure: and to imitate, as near as possibly he could, the passages he had read in his books, he fancied this to be cut out on purpose for him to achieve. And so with a graceful deportment and intrepidity he settled himself firm in his stirrups, grasped his lance, covered his breast with his target, and posting himself in the midst of the high-way, he stood waiting the coming up of those knights-errant; for such he already judged them to be: and when they were come so near as to be seen and heard, *Don Quixote* raised his voice, and with an arrogant air cried out: Let the whole world stand, if the whole world does not confess, that there is not in the whole world a damsel more beautiful than the empress of *la Mancha* the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*. The merchants stop'd at the sound of these words, and to behold the strange figure of him who pronounced them; and by one and the other they soon perceived the madness of the speaker: but they had a mind to stay and see what that confession meant, which he required of them; and one of them, who was somewhat of a wag, but withal very discreet, said to him; Signor cavalier, we do not know who this good lady you mention may be: let us but see her, and if she is of so great beauty as you intimate, we will, with all our hearts, and without any constraint, confess that truth you exact from us. Should I shew her to you, replied *Don Quixote*, where would be the merit in confessing a truth so notorious? the business is, that, without seeing her, you believe, confess, affirm, swear, and maintain it; and if not, I challenge you all to battle, proud and monstrous as you are: and, whether you come on one by one (as the laws of chivalry require) or all together, as is the custom and wicked practice of those of your stamp, here I wait for you, confiding in the justice of my cause. Sir knight¹, replied the merchant, I beseech your worship, in the name of all the princes here present, that we may not lay a burden upon our consciences, by confessing a thing we never saw nor heard, and especially what is so much to the prejudice of the empresses and queens of *Alcarria* and *Estremadura*; that your worship would be pleased to shew us some portraiture² of this lady, though no bigger than a barley-

¹ When the merchant answer'd before, he was supposed not to know the person he spoke to; and therefore he calls him *Signor cavalier*: but now that *Don Quixote* puts it past all doubt that he sets up for a *knight-errant*, he calls him *Sir knight*, and goes on in the style of romance.

² In a multitude of romances we meet with the custom of painting the lady's face upon the knight's shield, who maintains from country to country, and from court to court, that his mistress exceeds all others in beauty and all other perfections. Nay farther, they sometimes carried a lady or ladies with them, and, at their arrival in any country or city, published a cartel or challenge, defying all the knights of those parts to match those vagrant beauties, staking lady against lady, or three or four against one, according as they could settle it in respect to beauty or quality, and the conqueror to carry off the prize or prizes; sometimes they refused to shew the lady, and only produced her picture in her stead.

corn; for we shall guess at the clue by the thread, and herewith we shall rest satisfied and safe, and your worship remain contented and appeased: nay I verily believe we are already so far inclined to your side, that, tho' her picture should represent her squinting with one eye, and distilling vermilion and brimstone from the other, notwithstanding all this, to oblige you, we will say whatever you please in her favour. There distils not, base scoundrels, answered *Don Quixote*, burning with rage, there distils not from her what you say, but rather ambergrease and civet among cotton¹; neither is she crooked, nor hump-back'd, but as streight as a spindle of *Guadarrama*²: but you shall all pay for the horrid blasphemy you have uttered against so transcendent a beauty as my mistress. And so saying, with his lance couch'd, he ran at him who had spoken, with so much fury and rage, that, if good-fortune had not order'd it that *Rozinante* stumbled and fell in the midst of his career, it had gone hard with the daring merchant. *Rozinante* fell, and his master lay rolling about the field a good while, and endeavouring to rise, but in vain, so encumber'd was he with his lance, target, spurs and helmet, and with the weight of his antique armour. And while he was thus struggling to get up, and could not, he continued calling out; Fly not, ye dastardly rabble; stay, ye race of slaves; for 'tis through my horse's fault, and not my own, that I lye here extended. A muleteer of the company, who it seems was not over good-natured, hearing the poor fallen gentleman vent such arrogancies, cou'd not bear it without returning him an answer on his ribs; and coming to him, he took the lance, and after he had broken it to pieces, with one of the splinters he so belaboured *Don Quixote*, that, in spite of his armour, he thresh'd him to chaff. His masters cried out not to beat him so much, and to leave him: but the muleteer was piqu'd, and wou'd not quit the game, 'till he had quite spent the remainder of his choler: and running for the other pieces of the lance, he finished the breaking them upon the poor fallen knight, who, notwithstanding the tempest of blows that fell upon him, never shut his mouth, but threaten'd heaven and earth, and those assassins, for such they seem'd to him. At length the fellow was tired, and the merchants went on their way, sufficiently furnished with matter of discourse concerning the poor belaboured knight; who, when he found himself alone, tried again to raise himself; but if he could not do it when whole and well, how should he, when bruised, and almost battered to pieces? yet still he thought himself a happy man, looking upon this as a misfortune peculiar to knights-errant, and imputing the whole to his horse's fault; nor was it possible for him to raise himself up, his whole body was so horribly bruised.

¹ In *Spain* and *Italy*, perfumes and essences are usual presents made to persons of the first distinction, and put up in small vials or ivory boxes, in nests of cotton deck'd with raw silk of various dyes, and ranged in beautiful order, in caskets of filagree, or other costly work.

² The rocks of this hill are so streight and perpendicular, that they were called *The Spindles*. At the foot of it stands the *Escorial*.

Wherein is continued the narration of our knight's misfortune.

BUT finding that he was really not able to stir, he bethought himself of having recourse to his usual remedy, which was to recollect some passage of his books; and his frenzy instantly presented to his remembrance that of *Valdovinos* and the marquis of *Mantua*, when *Carloto* left him wounded on the mountain; a story known to children, not unknown to youth, commended and credited by old men, and for all that no truer than the miracles of *Mabomet*. Now this example seemed to him as if it had been cast in a mold to fit the distress he was in: and so, with symptoms of great bodily pain, he began to roll himself on the ground, and said with a faint tone, what was said by the wounded knight of the wood:

*Where art thou, mistress of my heart,
Unconscious of thy lover's smart?
Ah me! thou know'st not my distress;
Or thou art false and pitiless.*

And in this manner he went on with the romance till he came to those verses, where it is said; *O noble marquis of Mantua, my uncle and lord by blood.* And it so fortun'd, that just as he came to that verse, there chanced to pass by a countryman of his own village, and his near neighbour, who had been carrying a load of wheat to the mill: who, seeing a man lying stretched on the earth, came up, and asked him who he was, and what ailed him, that he made such a doleful lamentation? *Don Quixote* believed he must certainly be the marquis of *Mantua* his uncle, and so returned him no answer, but went on with his romance, giving an account of his misfortune, and of the amours of the emperor's son with his spouse, just in the same manner as it is there recounted. The peasant stood confounded at hearing such senseless extravagancies, and taking off his visor, which was beaten all to-pieces, he wiped his face, which was covered with dust; and the moment he had done wiping it, he knew him, and said, Ah Signor *Quixada* (for so he was called before he had lost his senses, and was transformed from a sober gentleman to a knight-errant) how came your worship in this condition? but he answered out of his romance to whatever question he asked him: which the good man perceiving, made a shift to take off his back and breast-piece, to see if he had received any wound: but he saw no blood, nor sign of any hurt. Then he endeavoured to raise him from the ground, and with much ado set him upon his ass, as being the beast of easiest carriage. He gathered together all the arms, not excepting the broken pieces of the lance, and tied them upon *Rozinante*; and so taking him by the bridle, and his ass by the halter, he went on toward his village, full of reflexion at hear-

ing

ing the extravagancies which *Don Quixote* uttered; and no less thoughtful was the knight, who through the mere force of bruises and bangs could scarce keep himself upon the ass, and ever and anon sent forth such groans as seemed to pierce the skies; insomuch that the peasant was again forced to ask him what ailed him: and sure nothing but the devil himself cou'd furnish his memory with stories so suited to what had befallen him; for at that instant, forgetting *Valdovinos*, he be-thought himself of the Moor *Abindarraez*, at the time when the governor of *Antequera* *Roderigo* of *Narvaez* had taken him prisoner, and convey'd him to his castle. So that when the peasant asked him again how he did, he answered him in the very same words and expressions, in which the prisoner *Abindarraez* answered *Roderigo* of *Narvaez*, according as he had read the story in the *Diana* of *George* of *Montemayor*, applying it so patly to his own case, that the peasant went on cursing himself to the devil, to hear such a monstrous heap of nonsense: from whence he collected that his neighbour was run mad, and therefore made what haste he cou'd to reach the village, to free himself from the vexation of *Don Quixote's* tiresome and impertinent speeches. In the mean time *Don Quixote* went on saying: Be it known to your worship, Signor *Don Roderigo de Narvaez*, that this beauteous *Xarifa*, whom I mentioned, is now the fair *Dulcinea del Toboso*, for whom I have done, do, and will do, the most famous exploits of chivalry, that have been, are, or shall be seen in the world. To this the peasant answered; Look you, Sir, as I am a sinner, I am not *Don Roderigo de Narvaez*, nor the marquis of *Mantua*, but *Pedro Alonso* your neighbour: neither is your worship *Valdovinos*, nor *Abindarraez*, but the worthy gentleman Signor *Quixada*. I know who I am, answered *Don Quixote*, and I know too that I am not only capable of being those I have mentioned, but all the twelve peers of *France*, yea and the nine worthies, since my exploits will far exceed all that they have atchieved, jointly or separately taken.

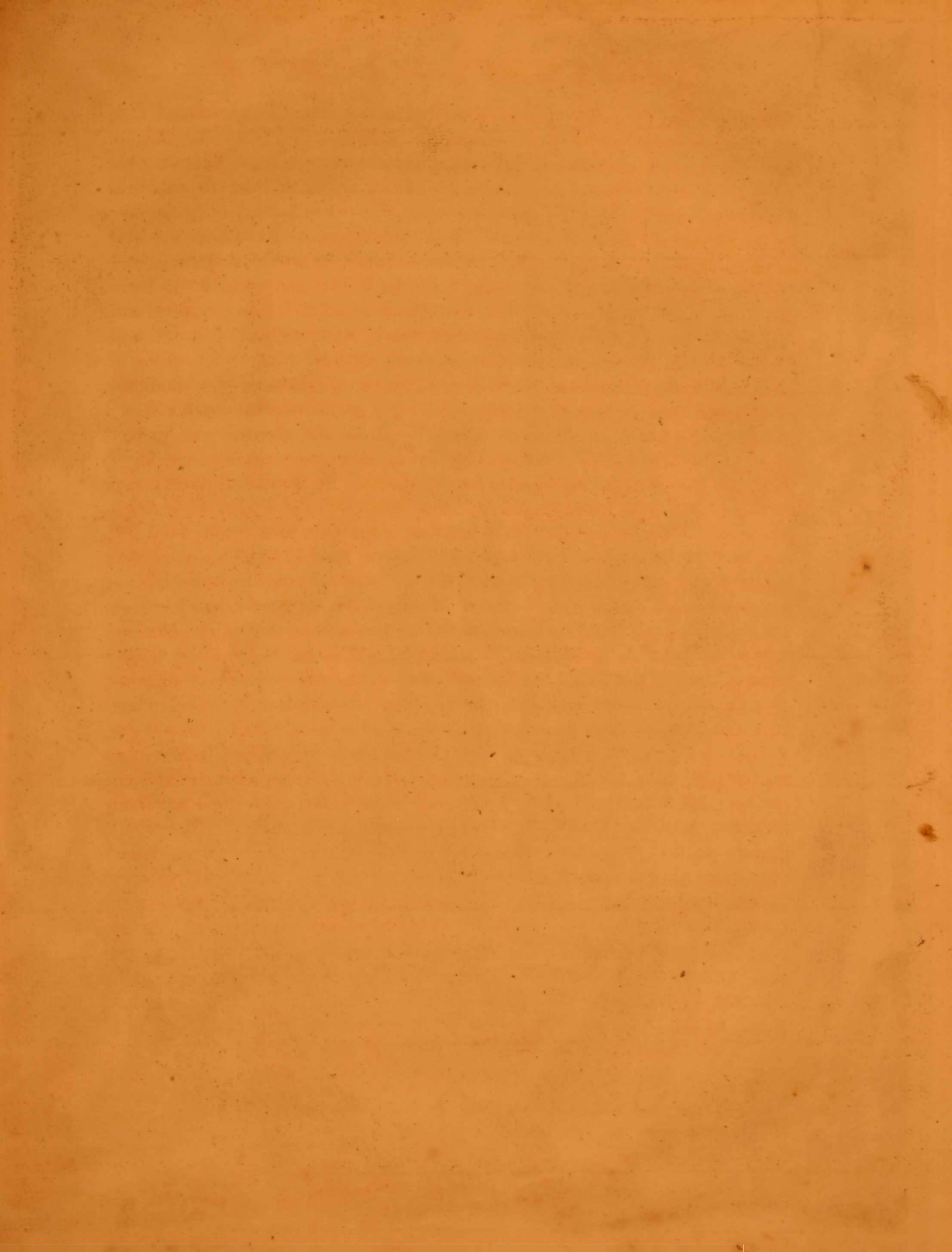
With these and the like discourses they reached the village: but the peasant staid till the night was a little advanced, that the people might not see the poor battered gentleman so scurvily mounted. When the hour he thought convenient was come, he entered the village, and arrived at *Don Quixote's* house, which he found all in an uproar. The priest and the barber¹ of the place, who were *Don Quixote's* great friends, happened to be there; and the house-keeper was saying to them aloud; what is your opinion, Signor *Licenciate Pero Perez*, (for that was the priest's name) of my master's misfortune? for neither he, nor his horse, nor the target, nor the lance, nor the armour, have been seen these six days past. Woe is me! I am verily persuaded, and 'tis as certainly true as I was born to die, that these cursed books of knight-errantry, which he keeps, and is so often reading, have turned his brain; and now I think of it, I have

¹ The barber is always a surgeon, and consequently a country doctor; and a person of no small importance, since he has the ordering and adjusting of the *Mustachios*, those ensigns of the *Spanish* dignity and gravity.

often heard him say, talking to himself, that he would turn knight-errant, and go about the world in quest of adventures. The devil and *Barabbas* take all such books, that have thus spoiled the finest understanding in all *la Mancha*. The niece joined with her, and said moreover: know, master *Nicholas* (for that was the barber's name) that it has often happened, that my honoured uncle has continued poring on these confounded books of disventures two whole days and nights; and then throwing the book out of his hands, he would draw his sword, and fence, back-stroke and fore-stroke, with the walls; and when he was heartily tired, would say, he had killed four giants as tall as so many steeples, and that the sweat, which ran from him, when weary, was the blood of the wounds he had received in the fight; and then he would presently drink off a large jug of cold water, and be as quiet and well as ever, telling us, that water was a most precious liquor, brought him by the sage *Esquife*¹, a great enchanter and his friend. But I take the blame of all this to myself, that I did not advertise you, gentlemen, of my dear uncle's extravagancies, before they were come to the height they now are, that you might have prevented them, by burning all those cursed books, of which he has so great store, and which as justly deserve to be committed to the flames, as if they were heretical. I say the same, quoth the priest, and in faith to-morrow shall not pass, without holding a publick inquisition against them, and condemning them to the fire, that they may no more minister occasion to those, who read them, to do what I fear my good friend has done. All this the peasant and *Don Quixote* over-heard, and it confirmed the countryman in the belief of his neighbour's infirmity; and so he began to cry aloud; Open the doors, gentlemen, to Signor *Valdovinos* and the marquis of *Mantua*, who comes dangerously wounded, and to Signor *Abindarraez* the *Moor*, whom the valorous *Roderigo de Narvaez*, governor of *Antequera*, brings as his prisoner. At hearing this, they all came out, and as some knew their friend, others their master and uncle, all ran to embrace him, who was not yet alighted from the ass, for indeed he could not. Forbear all of you, he cried, for I am sorely wounded thro' my horse's fault: carry me to my bed, and, if it be possible, send for the sage *Urganda*² to search and heal my wounds. Look ye, in the devil's name, said the house-keeper immediately, if my heart did not tell me right, on which leg my master halted. Get up stairs, in god's name; for, without the help of that same *Urganda*, we shall find a way to cure you ourselves. Cursed, say I again, and a hundred times cursed be those books of knight-errantry, that have brought your worship to this pass. They carried him presently to his chamber, and searching for his wounds, they found none at all: and he told them, he was only bruised by a great fall he got with his horse *Rozinante*, as he was fighting with ten of the most prodigious and audacious giants that were to be found on the earth. Ho, ho, says the priest, what! there are giants too in

¹ Mistaken by the girl for *Alquife*, a famous enchanter in *Amadis de Gaul* and *Don Belianis of Greece*.

² A most notable enchantress in *Amadis de Gaul*, even beyond the sage *Alquife*.





Jn. Vanderbank inv. et delin.

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Ger. Vanderhucht sculp.

the dance¹: by the holy sign of the cross I shall set fire to them all before to-morrow night. They asked *Don Quixote* a thousand questions, and he wou'd answer nothing, but only desired something to eat, and that they would let him sleep, which was what he stood most in need of. They did so, and the priest enquired particularly of the countryman in what condition he had found *Don Quixote*; who gave him an account of the whole, with the extravagancies he had uttered both at the time of finding him and all the way home; which increased the *Licentiate's* desire to do what he did the next day; which was, to call on his friend master *Nicholas* the barber, with whom he came to *Don Quixote's* house.

C H A P. VI.

Of the pleasant and grand scrutiny made by the priest and the barber in our ingenious gentleman's library.

WHILST *Don Quixote* still slept on, the priest asked the niece for the keys of the chamber where the books were, those authors of the mischief; and she delivered them with a very good will. They all went in, and the house-keeper with them. They found above a hundred volumes in *folio* very well bound, besides a great many small ones. And no sooner did the house-keeper see them, than she ran out of the room in great haste, and immediately returned with a pot of holy water, and some sprigs of hyssop, and said; Signor *Licentiate*, take this and sprinkle the room, lest some enchanter, of the many these books abound with, shou'd enchant us in revenge for what we intend to do, in banishing them out of the world. The priest smiled at the house-keeper's simplicity, and ordered the barber to reach him the books, one by one, that they might see what they treated of; for, perhaps, said he, we may find some, that may not deserve to be chastised by fire. No, said the niece, there is no reason why any of them shou'd be spared; for they have all been mischief-makers: it will be best to fling them out of the window into the court-yard, and make a pile of them and set fire to it, or else carry them into the back-yard, and there make a bonfire of them, and the smoak will offend no body. The house-keeper said the same; so eagerly did they both thirst for the death of those innocents. But the priest wou'd not agree to that, without first reading the titles at least. And the first that master *Nicholas* put into his hands was *Amadis de Gaul* in four parts²; and the priest said: there seems to be some mystery in this; for, as I have heard say, this was the first book of chivalry printed in *Spain*, and all the rest have had their foundation and rise from it; and therefore I think, as head of so pernicious a sect, we ought to condemn him to the fire without mercy. Not so, Sir, said the barber; for I have heard also, that 'tis the best of all the books

¹ Alluding to a passage in *Amadis*, where several giants are mix'd with ladies and knights, at *Constantinople*, in a dance.

² Hence it appears, that only the first four books of *Amadis* were thought genuine by *Cervantes*. The subsequent volumes, to the number of twenty-one, are condemn'd hereby as spurious.

of this kind; and therefore, as being singular in his art, he ought to be spared. It is true, said the priest, and for that reason his life is granted him for the present. Let us see that other that stands next him. It is, said the barber, the *Adventures of Esplandian*, the legitimate son of *Amadis de Gaul*. Verily, said the priest, the goodness of the father shall avail the son nothing: take him, mistress house-keeper; open yon casement and throw him into the yard, and let him give a beginning to the pile for the intended bonfire. The house-keeper did so with much satisfaction, and honest *Esplandian* was sent flying into the yard, there to wait with patience for the fire with which he was threatned. Proceed, said the priest. The next, said the barber, is *Amadis of Greece*: yea, and all these on this side, I believe, are of the lineage of *Amadis*. Then into the yard with them all, quoth the priest; for rather than not burn queen *Pintiquinestra*¹, and the shepherd *Darinel*² with his eclogues, and the damn'd intricate discourses of its author, I would burn the father who begot me, did I meet him in the garb of a knight-errant. Of the same opinion am I, said the barber; and I too, added the niece. Since it is so, said the house-keeper, away with them all into the yard. They handed them to her, and there being great numbers of them, to save herself the trouble of the stairs, she threw them all, the shortest way, out of the window. What tun of an author is that? said the priest. This is, answered the barber, *Don Olivante de Laura*. The author of that book, said the priest, was the same who composed *the garden of flowers*; and in good truth I know not which of the two books is the truest, or rather the least lying; I can only say, that this goes to the yard for its arrogance and absurdity. This that follows is *Florismarte of Hyrcania*, said the barber. What! is Signor *Florismarte* there, replied the priest; now in good faith he shall soon make his appearance in the yard, notwithstanding his strange birth and chimerical adventures; for the harshness and driness of his stile will admit of no excuse. To the yard with him, and with this other, mistress house-keeper. With all my heart, dear Sir, answered she, and with much joy executed what she was commanded. This is the knight *Platir*, said the barber. That, said the priest, is an ancient book, and I find nothing in him deserving pardon: let him keep the rest company without more words; which was accordingly done. They opened another book, and found it intitled *The knight of the cross*. So religious a title, quoth the priest, might, one would think, atone for the ignorance of the author; but it is a common saying, *The devil lurks behind the cross*: so to the fire with him. The barber, taking down another book, said, this is the *Mirroure of chivalry*. O! I know his worship very well, quoth the priest. Here comes Signor *Reynaldos de Montalvan*, with his friends and companions, greater thieves than *Cacus*; and the twelve peers, with the faithful historiographer *Turpin*. However, I am only for condemning them to perpe-

¹ A terrible fighting giantess, in *Amadis de Gaul*, and one of the most ridiculous characters imaginable.

² A ridiculous buffoon, in love with an empress. *ibid.*

tual banishment, because they contain some things of the famous *Mateo Boyardo's* ¹ invention; from whom also the christian poet *Ludovico Ariosto* spun his web: but if I find even him here, and speaking any other language than his own, I will shew him no respect; but, if he speaks in his own tongue, I will put him upon my head ². I have him in *Italian*, said the barber, but I do not understand him. Neither is it any great matter, whether you understand him or not ³, answered the priest; and we wou'd willingly have excused the good captain from bringing him into *Spain*, and making him a *Castilian*; for he has deprived him of a great deal of his native value: and this is the misfortune of all those, who undertake to translate books of verse into other languages; for, with all their care and skill, they can never raise them to the pitch they were at in their first production. I pronounce, in short, that this, and all other books that shall be found treating of *French* matters ⁴, be thrown aside, and deposited in some dry vault, 'till we can determine with more deliberation what is to be done with them; excepting *Bernardo del Carpio*, and another called *Roncesvalles*, who, if they fall into my hands, shall pass into the house-keeper's, and thence into the fire, without any remission. The barber confirmed the sentence, and held it for good, and a matter well determined, knowing that the priest was so good a christian, and so much a friend to truth, that he would not utter a falsehood for all the world ⁵. And so opening another book, he saw it was *Palmerin de Oliva*, and next it another called *Palmerin of England*; which the Licentiate espying, said; Let this *Oliva* be torn to pieces and burnt, that not so much as the ashes may remain: but let *Palmerin of England* be preserved, and kept, as a singular piece; and let such another case be made for it, as that which *Alexander* found among the spoils of *Darius*, and appropriated to preserve the works of the poet *Homer*. This book, gossip, is considerable upon two accounts; the one, that it is very good in itself; and the other, because there is a tradition that it was written by an ingenious king of *Portugal*. All the adventures of the Castle of *Miraguarda* are excellent, and very artificial; the dialogue courtly and clear; and the *decorum* preserved in all the characters, with great judgment and propriety. Therefore, master *Nicholas*, saving your better judgment, let this, and *Amadis de Gaul*, be exempted from the fire, and let all the rest perish without more ado. Not so, gossip, replied the barber; for this that I have here is the renowned *Don Belianis*. The priest replied; This, with the second, third, and fourth parts, wants a little rhubarb to purge away its excessive choler: besides we must remove all that relates to the castle of *Fame*, and other imperti-

¹ A famous *Italian* poet, author of several *canto's* of *Orlando Inamorato*; from whom *Ariosto* borrowed a great part of his *Orlando Furioso*.

² A mark of honour and respect.

³ It is plain from hence, that *Cervantes* did not relish *Ariosto's* extravagancies.

⁴ Meaning the common subject of romances, the scene of which lay in *France*, under *Charlemagne*, and the *Paladins*.

⁵ There are several satirical strokes upon the clergy in this book, and the author is forced now and then to balance them with such open flattery as this here.

nencies of greater consequence; wherefore let them have the benefit of transportation, and, as they shew signs of amendment, they shall be treated with mercy or justice: in the mean time, neighbour, give them room in your house; but let no body read them. With all my heart, quoth the barber, and, without tiring himself any farther in turning over books of chivalry, he bid the house-keeper take all the great ones and throw them into the yard. This was not spoken to one stupid or deaf, but to one who had a greater mind to be burning them, than weaving the finest and largest ¹ web. And therefore laying hold of seven or eight at once, she tost them out at the window. By her taking so many together, there fell one at the barber's feet, who had a mind to see what it was, and found it to be, *The history of the renowned knight Tirant the white*. God save me! quoth the priest, louder than ordinary, is *Tirant the white* there? Give me him here, neighbour; for I make account I have found a treasure of delight, and a mine of entertainment. Here is *Don Kyrie-eleison of Montalvan*, a valorous knight, and his brother *Thomas of Montalvan*, and the knight *Fonseca*, and the combat which the valiant *Detriante* fought with *Alano*, and the smart conceits of the damsel *Plazerdemivida* ², with the amours and artifices of the widow *Reposada* ³; and madam the empress in love with her squire *Hypolito*. Verily, gossip, in its way, it is the best book in the world: here the knights eat, and sleep, and die in their beds, and make their wills before their deaths; with several things, which are wanting in all other books of this kind. Notwithstanding all this, I tell you, the author deserved, for writing so many foolish things seriously, to be sent to the gallies for all the days of his life: carry it home, and read it, and you will find all I say of him to be true. I will do so, answered the barber: but what shall we do with these little books that remain? These, said the priest, are, probably, not books of chivalry, but of poetry: and opening one, he found it was the *Diana of George of Montemayor*, and said (believing all the rest to be of the same kind) these do not deserve to be burnt like the rest; for they cannot do the mischief, that those of chivalry have done: they are works of genius and fancy, and do no body any hurt. O Sir, said the niece, pray order these to be burnt with the rest; for, shou'd my uncle be cured of this distemper of chivalry, he may possibly, by reading these books, take it into his head to become a shepherd ³, and wander thro' the woods and fields, singing and playing on a pipe; and, what would be still worse, to turn poet, which, they say, is an incurable and contagious disease. The damsel says true, quoth the priest, and it will not be amiss to remove this stumbling-block and occasion out of our friend's way. And since we begin with the *Diana of Montemayor*, I am of opinion not to burn it, but to take away all that treats of the sage Feli-

¹ A concealed piece of satire on the laziness and want of good housewifery of the *Spanish* women.

² Qualities personified, or made into substantive names. *Plazerdemivida* signifies *pleasure of my life*: *Reposada*, *quiet* or *sedate*.

³ He did so, at the end of the second part.

cia, and of the enchanted fountain, and almost all the longer poems; and leave him the prose in god's name, and the honour of being the first in that kind of writing. This that follows, said the barber, is the *Diana* called *the second*, by *Salmantino*; and another of the same name, whose author is *Gil Polo*. The *Salmantinian*, answered the priest, may accompany and encrease the number of the condemned; to the yard with him: but let that of *Gil Polo* be preserved, as if it were written by *Apollo* himself. Proceed, gossip, and let us dispatch; for it grows late. This, said the barber, opening another, is the *Ten books of the fortune of love*, composed by *Antonio de Lofraso*, a *Sardinian* poet. By the holy orders I have received, said the priest, since *Apollo* was *Apollo*, the muses muses, and the poets poets, so humorous and so whimsical a book as this was never written; it is the best, and most singular of the kind, that ever appeared in the world; and he, who has not read it, may reckon that he never read any thing of taste: give it me here, gossip; for I value the finding it more than if I had been presented with a cassock of *Florence* fatten. He laid it aside with exceeding pleasure, and the barber proceeded, saying; These that follow are the *Shepherd of Iberia*, the *Nymphs of Enares*, and the *Cures of jealousy*. There is no more to be done, said the priest, but to deliver them up to the secular arm¹ of the house-keeper; and ask me not why, for then we shou'd never have done. This that comes next is the *Shepherd of Filida*. He is no shepherd, said the priest, but an ingenious courtier; let him be preserved, and laid up as a precious jewel. This bulky volume here, said the barber, is intitled *The treasure of divers poems*. Had they been fewer, replied the priest, they would have been more esteemed: it is necessary this book should be weeded and cleared of all the low things interspersed amongst its sublimities: let it be preserved, both as the author is my friend, and out of regard to other more heroic and exalted pieces of his writing. This, pursued the barber, is a book of *Songs* by *Lopez Maldonado*. The author of this book also, replied the priest, is a great friend of mine: his verses, sung by himself, raise admiration in the hearers; and such is the sweetness of his voice in singing them, that they perfectly enchant. He is a little too prolix in his eclogues; but there can never be too much of what is really good: let it be kept with the select. But what book is that next to it? The *Galatea* of *Michael de Cervantes*², said the barber. That *Cervantes* has been a great friend of mine these many years, and I know that he is better acquainted with misfortunes than with poetry. His book has somewhat of good invention in it; he proposes something, but concludes nothing: we must wait for the second part, which he promises³; perhaps, on his amendment, he may

¹ The clergy of the *Inquisition* pretend to be so compassionate and averse to bloodshed, that when they have condemned an heretic to the flames, they only deliver him up to the *secular arm*, that is, into the hands of the civil magistrate, who is obliged to put their christian sentence in execution.

² An ingenious advertisement to help the sale of his book. This, and some other passages, shew that our author lived by his writings.

³ *Cervantes* never performed this promise.

obtain that entire pardon, which is now denied him; in the mean time, gossip, keep him a recluse in your chamber. With all my heart, answered the barber; and here come three together: The *Araucana* of *Don Alonso de Ercilla*, the *Auftriada* of *John Rufo*, jurat of *Cordova*, and the *Monferrato* of *Christoval de Virves*, a poet of *Valencia*. These three books, said the priest, are the best that are written in heroic verse in the *Castilian* tongue, and may come in competition with the most famous of *Italy*: let them be preserved as the best performances in poetry *Spain* can boast of. The priest grew tired of looking over so many books, and so, in side and contents unknown¹, he would have all the rest burnt. But the barber had already opened one called *The tears of Angelica*. I should have shed tears myself (said the priest, hearing the name) had I ordered that book to be burnt; for its author was one of the most famous poets, not of *Spain* only, but of the whole world, and translated some fables of *Ovid* with great success.

C H A P. VII.

Of the second sally of our good knight Don Quixote de la Mancha.

WHILE they were thus employ'd, *Don Quixote* began to call out aloud, saying: Here, here, valorous knights, here ye must exert the force of your valiant arms; for the courtiers begin to get the better of the tournament. This noise and outcry, to which they all ran, put a stop to all farther scrutiny of the books that remained; and therefore it is believed, that to the fire, without being seen or heard, went the *Carolea*, and *Leon of Spain*, with the *Acts of the Emperor* composed by *Don Louis de Avila*, which without doubt must have been among those that were left: and perhaps had the priest seen them, they had not undergone so rigorous a sentence. When they came to *Don Quixote*, he was already got out of bed, and continued his outcries and ravings, with his drawn sword laying furiously about him, back-stroke and fore-stroke, being as broad awake as if he had never been asleep. They closed in with him, and laid him upon his bed by main force, and after he was a little composed, turning himself to talk to the priest, he said; Certainly, my lord archbishop *Turpin*, it is a great disgrace to us, who call ourselves the *twelve peers*, to let the knights-courtiers² carry off the victory without more opposition, after we the adventurers had gained the prize in the three preceding days. Say no more, good gossip, said the priest; it may be god's will to change our fortune, and what is lost to-day may be won to-morrow: mind your health for the present; for I think you must needs be extremely fatigued, if not forely wounded. Wounded! no,

¹ *A carga cerrada*. A mercantile phrase used in their bills of lading.

² The *knights-courtiers* were those who maintained the superiority of their mistresses beauty against all opposers: the *knights-adventurers* were those who entered the lists with them, without its being known who they were, or from whence they came. *Don Quixote* in his dream fancies himself one of the latter, and wakes under the concern of his party being in danger of being worsted.

said

said *Don Quixote*; but bruised and battered I am for certain; for that bastard, *Don Roldan*, has pounded me to mash with the trunk of an oak, and all out of mere envy, because he sees that I am the sole rival of his prowess. But let me never more be called *Rinaldo of Montauban*, if, as soon as I am able to rise from this bed, I do not make him pay dear for it, in spite of all his enchantments; but at present bring me some breakfast, for I know nothing will do me so much good, and let me alone to revenge myself. They did so; they gave him some victuals, and he fell fast asleep again, and left them in fresh admiration at his madness. That night the house-keeper set fire to, and burnt all the books that were in the yard, and in the house too; and some must have perished that deserved to be treasured up in perpetual archives; but their fate, and the laziness of the scrutineer, would not permit it; and in them was fulfilled the saying, that *the just sometimes suffer for the unjust*. One of the remedies, which the priest and barber prescribed at that time for their friend's malady, was, to alter his apartment, and wall up the room where the books had been, that when he got up he might not find them; in hopes that, the cause being removed, the effect might cease; and that they should pretend, that an enchanter had carried them away, room and all; which was presently done accordingly. Within two days after, *Don Quixote* got up, and the first thing he did was to visit his books; and not finding the room where he left it, he went up and down looking for it: he came to the place where the door used to be; and he felt with his hands, and stared about every way without speaking a word: but after some time he asked the house-keeper whereabouts stood the room, where his books were. She, who was already well-tutored what to answer, said to him: What room, or what nothing, does your worship look for? there is neither room, nor books, in this house; for the devil himself has carried all away. It was not the devil, said the niece, but an enchanter, who came one night upon a cloud, after the day of your departure hence, and alighting from a serpent, on which he rode¹, entered into the room; and I know not what he did there, but after some little time out he came, flying thro' the roof, and left the house full of smoke; and when we went to see what he had been doing, we saw neither books nor room; only we very well remember, both I and mistress house-keeper here, that when the old thief went away, he said with a loud voice, that, for a secret enmity he bore to the owner of those books and of the room, he had done a mischief in this house, which should soon be manifest: he told us also, that he was called the sage *Munniaton*². *Freston*³, he

¹ The enchantress *Urganda*, in *Amadis de Gaul*, carries her knights, or her prisoners, thro' the air, or over the sea, in a machine figured like a serpent, and wrap'd in fire and smoke. And in the same romance, *Freston* the enchanter, vice-roy of *Sicily*, introduces a vapour mixed with a stinking smoke, and accompanied with a dreadful clap of thunder, and carries off the emperor and his daughters. So that the niece tells her uncle nothing but what was common in books of knight-errantry, and easily to be believed by him.

² The niece, by this fiction, thinks to frighten *Don Quixote* from his knight-errantry; for what mischief might not such an enchanter do him in time, when he begins by carrying away part of his house, and his choicest furniture? But, contrary to her intention, it rather confirms him in his phrenzy, by convincing him there are enchanters.

³ An enchanter in *Don Belianis of Greece*.

meant to say, quoth *Don Quixote*. I know not, answer'd the house-keeper, whether his name be *Freslon*, or *Friton*; all I know is, that it ended in *ton*. It doth so, replied *Don Quixote*: he is a wise enchanter, a great enemy of mine, and bears me a grudge, because by his skill and learning he knows, that, in process of time, I shall engage in single combat with a knight, whom he favours, and shall vanquish him, without his being able to prevent it; and for this cause he endeavours to do me all the diskindness he can; but let him know from me, it will be difficult for him to withstand or avoid what is decreed by heaven. Who doubts of that? said the niece; but, dear uncle, who puts you upon these squabbles? Would it not be better to stay quietly at home, and not ramble about the world, looking for better bread than wheaten, and not considering that many go to seek wool and return shorn themselves. O dear niece, answered *Don Quixote*, how little do you know of the matter? before they shall shear me, I will pluck and tear off the beards of all those who dare think of touching the tip of a single hair of mine. Neither of them would make any farther reply; for they saw his choler begin to take fire. He staid after this fifteen days at home, very quiet, without discovering any symptom of an inclination to repeat his late frolics; in which time there passed very pleasant discourses between him and his two gossips, the priest and the barber; he affirming, that the world stood in need of nothing so much as knights-errant, and the revival of chivalry. The priest sometimes contradicted him, and at other times acquiesced; for had he not made use of this artifice, there would have been no means left to bring him to reason.

In the mean time *Don Quixote* tampered with a labourer, a neighbour of his, and an honest man (if such an epithet may be given to one that is poor) but very shallow-brained. In short he said so much, used so many arguments, and promised him such great matters, that the poor fellow resolved to fall out with him, and serve him as his squire. Among other things, *Don Quixote* told him, he should dispose himself to go with him willingly; for some time or other such an adventure might present, that an island might be won, in the turn of a hand, and he be left governor thereof. With these and the like promises, *Sancho Pança* (for that was the labourer's name) left his wife and children, and hired himself for a squire to his neighbour. *Don Quixote* presently cast about how to raise money, and by selling one thing, and pawning another, and losing by all, he scraped together a tolerable sum. He fitted himself likewise with a buckler, which he borrowed of a friend, and patching up his broken helmet the best he could, he acquainted his squire *Sancho* of the day and hour he intended to set out, that he might provide himself with what he should find to be most needful. Above all, he charged him not to forget a wallet; and *Sancho* said, he would be sure to carry one, and that he intended also to take with him an ass he had, being a very good one, because he was not used to travel much on foot. As to the ass, *Don Quixote* paused a little, endeavouring to recollect whether



whether any knight-errant had ever carried a squire mounted as-wife : but no instance of the kind occurred to his memory. However, he consented that he should take his as with him, purposing to accommodate him more honourably, the first opportunity, by dismounting the first discourteous knight he should meet. He provided himself with shirts, and what other things he could, conformably to the advice given him by the inn-keeper. All which being done and accomplished, *Pança*, without taking leave of his wife and children, or *Don Quixote* of his house-keeper and niece, one night sallied out of the village without being perceived by any one ; and they travelled so hard, that, by break of day, they believed themselves secure of not being found, tho' search were made for them. *Sancho Pança* went ambling upon his as like any patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, and with a vehement desire to find himself governor of the island, which his master had promised him. It so fell out, that *Don Quixote* took the same route he had done in his first expedition, thro' the plain of *Montiel*, which he passed over with less uneasiness than the time before ; for it was early in the morning, and the rays of the sun darting on them assaunt gave them no disturbance. Now *Sancho Pança* said to his master ; I beseech your worship, good sir knight-errant, that you forget not your promise concerning that same island ; for I shall know how to govern it, be it never so big. To which *Don Quixote* answered ; You must know, friend *Sancho Pança*, that it was a custom much in use among the ancient knights-errant, to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered ; and I am determined that so laudable a custom shall not be lost for me : on the contrary, I resolve to outdo them in it : for they sometimes, and perhaps most times, staid till their squires were grown old ; and when they were worn out in their service, and had undergone many bad days, and worse nights, they gave them some title, as that of *Count*, or at least *Marquis*, of some valley or province, be it greater or less : but if you live, and I live, before six days are ended, I may probably win such a kingdom as may have others depending on it, as fit as if they were cast in a mold, for thee to be crowned king of one of them. And do not think this any extraordinary matter ; for things fall out to such knights-adventurers as we are, by such unforeseen and unexpected ways, that I may easily give thee even more than I promise. So then, answered *Sancho Pança*, if I were a king by some of those miracles you are pleased to mention, *Mary Gutierrez*, my crooked rib, would at least come to be a queen, and my children infantas. Who doubts it ? answered *Don Quixote*. I doubt it, replied *Sancho Pança* ; for I am verily persuaded that, if God were to rain down kingdoms upon the earth, none of them would fit well upon the head of *Maria Gutierrez* ; for you must know, sir, she is not worth two farthings for a queen. The title of countess would fit better upon her, and that too with the help of god, and good friends. Recommend her to god, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, and he will do what is best for her : but do thou have a

care

care not to debase thy mind so low, as to content thyself with being less than an *Adelantado*¹. Sir, I will not, answered *Sancho*, especially having so great a man for my master as your worship, who will know how to give me whatever is most fitting for me, and what you find me best able to bear.

C H A P. VIII.

Of the good success, which the valorous Don Quixote had, in the dreadful and never-imagined adventure of the wind-mills, with other events worthy to be recorded.

AS they were thus discoursing, they perceived some thirty or forty windmills that are in that plain; and as soon as *Don Quixote* espied them, he said to his squire: Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired: look yonder, friend *Sancho Pança*, where you may discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, with whom I intend to fight, and take away all their lives; with whose spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves; for it is lawful prize, and doing god good service, to take away so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth. What giants? said *Sancho Pança*. Those you see yonder, answered his master, with those long arms; for some of them are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues. Consider, Sir, answered *Sancho*, that those, which appear yonder, are not giants, but windmills: and what seem to be arms, are the sails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the millstone go. One may easily see, answered *Don Quixote*, that you are not versed in the business of adventures: they are giants, and if you are afraid, get aside, and pray, whilst I engage with them in a cruel and unequal combat. And so saying, he clap'd spurs to *Rozinante*, without minding the cries his squire sent after him, advertising him, that those he went to assault were without all doubt windmills, and not giants. But he was so fully possessed that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his squire *Sancho*, nor yet discerned what they were, tho' he was very near them, but went on crying out aloud; fly not, ye cowards and vile catifs; for it is a single knight who assaults you. Now the wind rose a little, and the great sails began to move; which *Don Quixote* perceiving, said; Well, tho' ye shou'd move more arms than the giant *Briareus*, ye shall pay for it. And so saying, and recommending himself devoutly to his lady *Dulcinea*, beseeching her to succour him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler, and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on as fast as *Rozinante* could galop, and attacked the first mill before him; and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence, that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain, in very evil plight. *Sancho*

¹ There are twenty-four families in *Spain* so called, that distinguished themselves against the *Moor's*; of which *Sevil* hath fourteen. *Adelantado* signifies also a lord-lieutenant of a province.

Pança hastened to his assistance as fast as his ass cou'd carry him : and when he came up to him, he found him not able to stir ; so violent was the blow he and *Rozinante* had received in falling. God save me, quoth *Sancho*, did not I warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but windmills ; and no body cou'd mistake them, but one that had the like in his head. Peace, friend *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote* ; for matters of war are, of all others, most subject to continual mutations. Now I verily believe, and it is most certainly so, that the sage *Freston*, who stole away my chamber and books, has metamorphos'd these giants into wind-mills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me : but when he has done his worst, his wicked arts will avail but little against the goodness of my sword. God grant it, as he can, answered *Sancho Pança* ; and helping him to rise, he mounted him again upon *Rozinante*, who was half shoulder-slip'd : and discoursing of the late adventure, they followed the road that led to the pass of *Lapice* ¹ ; for there, *Don Quixote* said, they could not fail to meet with many and various adventures, it being a great thoroughfare : and yet he went on very melancholy for want of his lance ; and speaking of it to his squire, he said : I remember very well to have read, that a certain *Spanish* knight, called *Diego Perez de Vargas*, having broken his sword in fight, tore off a huge branch or limb from an oak, and performed such wonders with it that day, and dashed out the brains of so many *Moors*, that he was surnamed *Machuca* ² ; and from that day forward, he and his descendants bore the names of *Vargas* and *Machuca*. I tell you this, because from the first oak or crabtree we meet I mean to tear such another limb at least as good as that, and I purpose and intend to do such feats with it, that you shall deem yourself most fortunate, in meriting to behold them, and to be an eye-witness of things which can scarcely be believed. God's will be done, quoth *Sancho* ; I believe all just as you say, Sir ; but, pray, set yourself upright in your saddle ; for you seem to me to ride sideling, and it must be occasioned by your being so sorely bruised by the fall. It is certainly so, answered *Don Quixote* ; and if I do not complain of pain, it is because knights-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound whatever, tho' their entrails came out at it. If it be so, I have nothing to reply, answered *Sancho* ; but god knows I should be glad to hear your worship complain, when any thing ails you. As for myself, I must complain of the least pain I feel, unless this business of not complaining be understood to extend to the squires of knights-errant. *Don Quixote* could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire, and told him he might complain whenever, and as much as, he pleas'd, with or without cause, having never yet read any thing to the contrary in the laws of chivalry. *Sancho* put him in mind, that it was time to

¹ A pass in the mountains, such as they call *puerto seco*, a dry port, where the king's officers levy the tolls and customs upon passengers and goods.

² From *machar*, to pound or bruise in a mortar.

dine. His master answered, that at present he had no need ; but that he might eat whenever he thought fit. With this licence, *Sancho* adjusted himself the best he cou'd upon his beast, and taking out what he had put in his wallet, he jogged on eating, behind his master, very leisurely, and now and then lifted the bottle to his mouth with so much relish, that the best fed *victualler* of ² *Malaga* might have envied him. And whilst he went on in this manner, repeating his draughts, he thought no more of the promises his master had made him ; nor did he think it any toil, but rather a recreation, to go in quest of adventures, tho' never so perilous. In fine, they passed that night among some trees, and from one of them *Don Quixote* tore a withered branch, that might serve him in some sort for a lance, and fixed to it the iron head or spear of that which was broken. All that night *Don Quixote* slept not a wink, ruminating on his lady *Dulcinea*, in conformity to what he had read in his books, where the knights are wont to pass many nights together, without closing their eyes, in forests and deserts, entertaining themselves with the remembrance of their mistresses. Not so did *Sancho* pass the night ; whose stomach being full (and not of dandelion-water) he made but one sleep of it : and, if his master had not roused him, neither the beams of the sun that darted full in his face, nor the melody of the birds, which in great numbers most cheerfully saluted the approach of the new day, cou'd have awaked him. At his uprising he took a swig at his leathern bottle, and found it much lighter than the evening before ; which grieved his very heart, for he did not think they were in the way to remedy that defect very soon. *Don Quixote* would not break his fast ; for, as it is said, he resolved to subsist upon savoury remembrances.

They returned to the way they had entered upon the day before, toward the pass of *Lapice*, which they discovered about three in the afternoon. Here (said *Don Quixote* espying it) brother *Sancho Pança*, we may thrust our hands up to the elbows in what they call adventures. But take this caution with you, that, tho' you should see me in the greatest peril in the world, you must not lay your hand to your sword to defend me, unless you see that they who assault me are vile mob and mean scoundrels ; in that case you may assist me : but if they should be knights, it is in no wise lawful, nor allowed by the laws of chivalry, that you should intermeddle, 'till you are dubbed a knight. I assure you, Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, your worship shall be obeyed most punctually herein, and the rather, because I am naturally very peaceable, and an enemy to thrusting myself into brangles and squabbles : but for all that, as to what regards the defence of my own person, I shall make no great account of those same laws, since both divine and human allow every one to defend himself against whoever would annoy him. I say no less, answered *Don Quixote* ; but in the business of assisting me against knights, you must restrain and keep in your na-

² The wines of *Malaga* were formerly most esteemed in *Spain*, as were afterwards those of the *Canaries*, and at present the *Cape* wines.

tural impetuosity. I say, I will do so, answered *Sancho*; and I will observe this precept as religiously as the Lord's-day.

As they were thus discoursing in the way, there appeared two monks of the order of St. *Benedict*, mounted upon two dromedaries; for the mules whereon they rode were not much less. They wore travelling masks with spectacle-glasses, and carried umbrellas. Behind them came a coach, and four or five men on horseback, who accompanied it, with two muleteers on foot. There was in the coach, as was afterwards known, a certain *Biscaine* lady going to *Sevil* to her husband, who was there ready to embark for the *Indies* in a very honourable post. The monks came not in her company, tho' they were travelling the same road. But scarcely had *Don Quixote* espied them, when he said to his squire: Either I am deceived, or this is like to prove the most famous adventure that ever was seen; for those black bulks that appear yonder must be, and without doubt are, enchanters, who are carrying away some princess, whom they have stolen, in that coach; and I am obliged to redress this wrong to the utmost of my power. This may prove a worse job than the windmills, said *Sancho*: pray, Sir, observe, that those are *Benedictine* monks, and the coach must belong to some travellers. Pray hearken to my advice, and have a care what you do, and let not the devil deceive you. I have already told you, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, that you know little of the business of adventures: what I say is true, and you will see it presently; and so saying he advanced forward, and planted himself in the midst of the high-way by which the monks were to pass; and when they were so near, that he supposed they could hear what he said, he cried out with a loud voice; Diabolical and monstrous race, either instantly release the high-born princesses, whom you are carrying away in that coach against their wills, or prepare for instant death, as the just chastisement of your wicked deeds¹. The monks checked their mules, and stood admiring, as well at the figure of *Don Quixote*, as at his expressions; to which they answered: Signor cavalier, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but a couple of religious of the *Benedictine* order, who are travelling on our own business, and are entirely ignorant whether any princesses are carried away by force in that coach, or not. Soft words do nothing with me; for I know ye, treacherous scoundrels, said *Don Quixote*; and, without staying for any other reply, he clapped spurs to *Roxinante*, and with his lance couched ran at the foremost monk with such fury and undauntedness, that, if he had not slid down from his mule, he wou'd have brought him to the ground in spite of his teeth, and wounded him to boot, if not killed him outright. The second religious, seeing his comrade treated in this manner, clapped spurs to his mule's sides, and began to scour along the plain, lighter than the wind itself. *Sancho Pança*, seeing the monk on the ground, leaped nimbly from his ass, and running to him began to take off his habit. In the mean while the monks two

¹ The usual style of defiance in the old romances.

lacqueys coming up asked him why he was stripping their master of his clothes? *Sancho* answered, that they were his lawful perquisites, as being the spoils of the battle, which his lord *Don Quixote* had just won. The lacqueys, who did not understand raillery, nor what was meant by spoils or battles, seeing *Don Quixote* at a distance, talking with the lady in the coach, fell upon *Sancho*, and threw him down, and leaving him not a hair in his beard, gave him a hearty kicking, and left him stretched on the ground, breathless and senseless. And, without losing a minute, the monk got upon his mule again, trembling, and terribly frightened, and as pale as death; and no sooner was he mounted, but he spurred after his companion, who stood waiting at a good distance, to see what would be the issue of that strange encounter: but being unwilling to wait the event, they went on their way, crossing themselves oftener than if the devil had been close at their heels. *Don Quixote*, as was said, stood talking to the lady in the coach, saying; Your beauty, dear lady, may dispose of your person as pleaseth you best; for your haughty ravishers lye prostrate on the ground, overthrown by my invincible arm: and that you may not be at any pains to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I am called *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, knight-errant and adventurer, and captive to the peerless and beauteous *Dulcinea del Toboso*; and in requital of the benefit you have received at my hands, I desire nothing more, than that you would return to *Toboso*, and in my name present yourselves before that lady, and tell her what I have done to obtain your liberty.

All that *Don Quixote* said was over-heard by a certain squire, who accompanied the coach, a *Biscainer*; who finding he would not let the coach go forward, but insisted upon its immediately returning to *Toboso*, flew at *Don Quixote*, and taking hold of his lance, addressed him, in bad *Castilian* and worse *Biscaine*, after this manner. Be gone, cavalier, and the devil go with thee: I swear by the god that made me, if thou dost not quit the coach, thou forfeitest thy life, as I am a *Biscainer*. *Don Quixote* understood him very well, and with great calmness answered; Wert thou a gentleman, as thou art not, I would before now have chastised thy folly and presumption, thou pitiful slave. To which the *Biscainer* replied: I no gentleman! I swear by the great god thou lyeest, as I am a christian; if thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, thou shalt see I will make no more of thee than a cat does of a mouse: *Biscainer* by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman for the devil, and thou lyeest: look then if thou hast any thing else to say. Thou shalt see that presently, as said *Agrages*, answered *Don Quixote*; and throwing down his lance, he drew his sword, and grasping his buckler set upon the *Biscainer*, with a resolution to kill him. The *Biscainer*, who saw him come on in that manner, though he would fain have alighted from his mule, which being of the worst kind of hackneys was not to be depended upon, had yet only time to draw his sword: but it happened well for him that he was close to the coach-side,

side, out of which he snatched a cushion, which served him for a shield; and immediately to it they went, as if they had been mortal enemies. The rest of the company would have made peace between them: but they could not; for the *Biscainer* swore in his gibberish, that, if they would not let him finish the combat, he would kill his mistress, and every body that offered to hinder him. The lady of the coach, amazed and affrighted at what she saw, bid the coachman put a little out of the way, and so sat at a distance, beholding the vigorous conflict: In the progress of which the *Biscainer* gave *Don Quixote* such a huge stroke on one of his shoulders, and above his buckler, that, had it not been for his coat of mail, he had cleft him down to the girdle. *Don Quixote*, who felt the weight of that unmeasurable blow, cried out aloud, saying: O Lady of my soul, *Dulcinea*, flower of all beauty, succour this thy knight, who, to satisfy thy great goodness, exposes himself to this rigorous extremity. The saying this, the drawing his sword, the covering himself well with his buckler, and falling furiously on the *Biscainer*, was all done in one moment, he resolving to venture all on the fortune of one single blow. The *Biscainer*, who saw him coming thus upon him, and perceived his bravery by his resolution, resolved to do the same thing that *Don Quixote* had done; and so he waited for him, covering himself well with his cushion, but was not able to turn his mule about to the right or the left, she being already so jaded, and so little used to such sport, that she would not stir a step. Now *Don Quixote*, as has been said, advanced against the wary *Biscainer*, with his lifted sword, fully determined to cleave him in sunder; and the *Biscainer* expected him, with his sword also lifted up, and guarded by his cushion. All the by-standers were trembling, and in suspense what might be the event of those prodigious blows, with which they threatened each other; and the lady of the coach and her maidens were making a thousand vows, and promises of offerings, to all the images and places of devotion in *Spain*, that god would deliver them and their squire from the great peril they were in. But the misfortune is, that the author of this history, in this very crisis, leaves the combat doubtful¹, excusing himself, that he could find no more written of these exploits of *Don Quixote* than what he has already related. 'Tis true indeed, that the second undertaker of this work could not believe that so curious an history could be lost in oblivion, or that the wits of *la Mancha* should have so little curiosity, as not to preserve in their archives, or their cabinets, some papers that treated of this famous knight; and upon that presumption he did not despair to find the conclusion of this delectable history; which, heaven favouring him, he has at last done, in the manner as shall be recounted in the second part.

* The breaking off the combat in this place is very beautiful and artificial, as it keeps the reader in a most agreeable suspense.

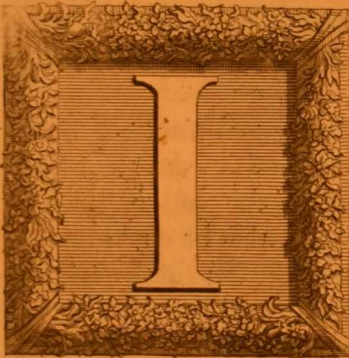


THE
LIFE AND EXPLOITS
Of the ingenious gentleman
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

B O O K II.

CHAPTER I.

Wherein is concluded, and an end put to, the stupendous battle between the vigorous Biscainer and the valiant Manchegan.



IN the first part of this history, we left the valiant *Biscainer* and the renowned *Don Quixote*, with their swords lifted up and naked, ready to discharge two such furious and cleaving strokes, as must, if they had lighted full, at least have divided the combatants from head to heel, and split them asunder like a pomgranate: but in that critical instant this relishing history stopped short, and was left imperfect, without the author's giving us any notice where what remained of it might be found. This grieved me extremely, and the pleasure of having read so little was turned into disgust, to think what small probability there was of finding the much that, in my opinion, was wanting of so savoury a story. It seemed to me impossible, and quite beside all laudable custom, that so accomplished a knight should want a scribe, to undertake the penning his unparalleled exploits; a circumstance that never before failed any of those knights-errant, who travelled in quest of adventures; every one of whom had one or two scribes, made as it were on purpose, who not only recorded their actions, but described likewise their most minute and trifling thoughts, though never so secret. Surely then so worthy a knight could not be

so unfortunate, as to want what *Platir* ¹, and others like him, abounded with. For this reason I could not be induced to believe, that so gallant a history could be left maimed and imperfect; and I laid the blame upon the malignity of time, the devourer and consumer of all things, which either kept it concealed, or had destroyed it. On the other side, I considered, that, since among his books there were found some so modern as the *Cure of jealousy*, and the *Nymphs and shepherds of Henares* ², his history also must be modern; and if it was not as yet written, might, at least, still remain in the memories of the people of his village, and those of the neighbouring places. This thought held me in suspense, and made me desirous to learn, really and truly, the whole life and wonderful actions of our renowned *Spaniard, Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the light and mirror of *Manchegan* chivalry, and the first who, in our age, and in these calamitous times, took upon him the toil and exercise of arms-errant; to redress wrongs, succour widows, and relieve that sort of damsels, who with whip and palfrey, and with all their virginity about them, rambled up and down from mountain to mountain, and from valley to valley: for unless some miscreant, or some leud clown, with hatchet and steel cap, or some prodigious giant, ravished them, damsels there were, in days of yore, who, at the expiration of fourscore years, and never sleeping in all that time under a roof, went as spotless virgins to the grave, as the mothers that bore them. Now, I say, upon these, and many other accounts, our gallant *Don Quixote* is worthy of immortal memory and praise: nor ought some share to be denied even to me, for the labour and pains I have taken to discover the end of this delectable history; though I am very sensible, that, if heaven and fortune had not befriended me, the world would have still been without that pastime and pleasure, which an attentive reader of it may enjoy for near two hours. Now the manner of finding it was this.

Walking one day on the exchange of *Toledo*, a boy came to sell some bundles of old papers to a mercer; and, as I am fond of reading, though it be torn papers, thrown about the streets, carried by this my natural inclination, I took a quire of those the boy was selling, and saw it had characters, which I knew to be *Arabic*. And whereas, though I knew the letters, I could not read them, I looked about for some *Moorish* rabbi, to read them for me: and it was not very difficult to find such an interpreter; for, had I sought one for some better and more ancient language ³, I should have found him there. In fine, my good fortune presented one to me; and acquainting him with my desire, and putting the book into his hands, he opened it towards the middle, and reading a little in it began to laugh. I asked him, what he smiled at? and he answered me, at something which he found written in the margin, by way of annotation. I de-

¹ A second-rate knight in *Palmerin of England*.

² The river that runs through *Madrid*.

³ Meaning some *Jew*, to interpret the *Hebrew* or *Chaldean*.

fired him to tell me what it was; and he, laughing on, said; there is written on the margin as follows: *This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often mentioned in this history, had, they say, the best hand at pickling pork, of any woman in all La Mancha.* When I heard the name of *Dulcinea del Toboso*, I stood amazed and confounded; for I presently fancied to myself, that those bundles of waste-paper contained the history of *Don Quixote*.

With this thought, I hastened him to read the beginning; which he did, and, rendering *extempore* the *Arabic* into *Castilian*, said that it began thus: *The history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, written by Cide Hamete Benengeli, Arabian historiographer.* Much discretion was necessary to dissemble the joy I felt at hearing the title of the book; and, snatching it out of the mercer's hands, I bought the whole bundle of papers from the boy for half a real; who, if he had been cunning, and had perceived how eager I was to have them, might very well have promised himself, and have really had, more than six for the bargain. I went off immediately with the *Morisco*, through the cloister of the great church, and desired him to translate for me those papers (all those that treated of *Don Quixote*) into the *Castilian* tongue, without taking away or adding any thing to them, offering to pay him whatever he should demand. He was satisfied with fifty pounds of raisins, and two bushels of wheat; and promised to translate them faithfully and expeditiously. But I, to make the business more sure, and not to let so valuable a prize slip thro' my fingers, took him home to my own house, where, in little more than six weeks time, he translated the whole, in the manner you have it here related.

In the first sheet was drawn, in a most lively manner, *Don Quixote's* combat with the *Biscainer*, in the same attitude in which the history sets it forth; the swords lifted up; the one covered with his buckler, the other with his cushion; and the *Biscainer's* mule so to the life, that you might discover it to be a hackney-jade a bow-shot off. The *Biscainer* had a label at his feet, on which was written, *Don Sancho de Azpetia*; which, without doubt, must have been his name: and at the feet of *Rozinante* was another, on which was written, *Don Quixote*. *Rozinante* was wonderfully well delineated; so long and lank, so lean and feeble, with so sharp a back-bone, and so like one in a galoping consumption, that you might see plainly with what exactness and propriety the name of *Rozinante* had been given him. Close by him stood *Sancho Pança*, holding his ass by the halter; at whose feet was another scroll, whereon was written, *Sancho Zancas*: and not without reason, if he was, as the painting expressed, paunch-bellied, short of stature, and spindle-shanked: which, doubtless, gave him the names of *Pança* and *Zancas*; for the history sometimes calls him by the one, and sometimes by the other of these surnames. There were some other minuter particulars observable; but they are all of little importance, and contribute nothing to the faithful narration of the history; though none are to be despised, if true. But, if any objection lies against the truth of this history, it
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can only be, that the author was an *Arab*, those of that nation being not a little addicted to lying: though, they being so much our enemies, one should rather think he fell short of, than exceeded, the bounds of truth. And so, in truth, he seems to have done; for when he might, and ought to have launched out, in celebrating the praises of so excellent a knight, it looks as if he industriously passed them over in silence: a thing ill done, and worse designed; for historiographers ought to be precise, faithful, and unprejudiced; and neither interest nor fear, hatred nor affection, should make them swerve from the way of truth, whose mother is history, the rival of time, the depository of great actions, the witness of what is past, the example and instruction to the present, and monitor to the future. In this you will certainly find whatever you can desire in the most agreeable; and if any perfection is wanting to it, it must, without all question, be the fault of the infidel its author, and not owing to any defect in the subject. In short, its second part, according to the translation, began in this manner.

The trenchant blades of the two valorous and enraged combatants, being brandished aloft, seemed to stand threatening heaven and earth, and the deep abyss; such was the courage and gallantry of their deportment. And the first, who discharged his blow, was the choleric *Biscainer*; which fell with such force and fury, that, if the edge of the sword had not turned aslant by the way, that single blow had been enough to have put an end to this cruel conflict, and to all the adventures of our knight: but good fortune, that preserved him for greater things, so twisted his adversary's sword, that, though it lighted on the left shoulder, it did him no other hurt, than to disarm that side, carrying off by the way a great part of his helmet, with half an ear; all which, with hideous ruin, fell to the ground, leaving him in a piteous plight.

Good god! who is he that can worthily recount the rage that entered into the breast of our *Manchegan*, at seeing himself so roughly handled? Let it suffice that it was such, that he raised himself afresh in his stirrups, and grasping his sword faster in both hands, discharged it with such fury upon the *Biscainer*, taking him full upon the cushion, and upon the head (that excellent defence standing him in little stead) that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, the blood began to gush out at his nostrils, his mouth, and his ears; and he seemed as if he was just falling down from his mule, which doubtless he must have done, if he had not laid fast hold of her neck: but notwithstanding that, he lost his stirrups, and let go his hold; and the mule, frightened by the terrible stroke, began to run about the field, and at two or three plunges laid her master flat upon the ground. *Don Quixote* stood looking on with great calmness, and, when he saw him fall, leaped from his horse, and with much agility ran up to him, and clapping the point of his sword to his eyes, he bid him yield, or he would cut off his head. The *Biscainer* was so stunned, that he could not answer a word, and it had gone hard with him (so blinded with rage was *Don Quixote*) if the

ladies of the coach, who hitherto in great dismay beheld the conflict, had not approached him, and earnestly besought him, that he would do them the great kindness and favour to spare the life of their squire. *Don Quixote* answered with much solemnity and gravity: Assuredly, fair ladies, I am very willing to grant your request, but it is upon a certain condition and compact; which is, that this knight shall promise me to repair to the town of *Toboso*, and present himself, on my behalf, before the peerless *Dulcinea*, that she may dispose of him as she shall think fit. The terrified and disconsolate lady, without considering what *Don Quixote* required, and without enquiring who *Dulcinea* was, promised him her squire should perform whatever he enjoined him. In reliance upon this promise, said *Don Quixote*, I will do him no farther hurt, though he has well deserved it at my hands.

C H A P. II.

Of the discourse Don Quixote had with his good squire Sancho Pança.

BY this time *Sancho Pança* had gotten up, somewhat roughly handled by the monks lacqueys, and stood beholding very attentively the combat of his master *Don Quixote*, and besought god in his heart, that he would be pleased to give him the victory, and that he might thereby win some island, of which to make him governour, as he had promised him. Now seeing the conflict at an end, and that his master was ready to mount again upon *Rozinante*, he came and held his stirrup; and before he got up, he fell upon his knees before him, and taking hold of his hand, kissed it, and said to him: Be pleased, my lord *Don Quixote*, to bestow upon me the government of that island, which you have won in this rigorous combat; for, be it never so big, I find in myself ability sufficient to govern it, as well as the best he that ever governed island in the world. To which *Don Quixote* answered; Consider, brother *Sancho*, that this adventure, and others of this nature, are not adventures of islands, but of cross-ways, in which nothing is to be gotten but a broken head, or the loss of an ear. Have patience; for adventures will offer, whereby I may not only make thee a governor, but something better. *Sancho* returned him abundance of thanks, and kissing his hand again, and the skirt of his coat of mail, he helped him to get upon *Rozinante*, and himself mounting his ass began to follow his master; who going off at a round rate, without taking his leave or speaking to those of the coach, entered into a wood that was hard by. *Sancho* followed him as fast as his beast could trot; but *Rozinante* made such way, that, seeing himself like to be left behind, he was forced to call aloud to his master to stay for him. *Don Quixote* did so, checking *Rozinante* by the bridle, 'till his weary squire overtook him; who, as soon as he came near, said to him: Methinks, sir, it would not be amiss to retire to some church; for considering in what condition you have left your adversary, it is not improbable they may give
notice



notice of the fact to the *holy brotherhood*¹, and they may apprehend us: and in faith, if they do, before we get out of their clutches, we may chance to sweat for it. Peace, quoth *Don Quixote*; for where have you ever seen or read of a knight-errant's being brought before a court of justice, let him have committed never so many homicides. I know nothing of your *Omeccills*, answered *Sancho*, nor in my life have I ever concerned myself about them: only this I know, that the holy brotherhood have something to say to those who fight in the fields; and as to this other matter, I intermeddle not in it. Then set your heart at rest, friend, answered *Don Quixote*; for I should deliver you out of the hands of the *Chaldeans*; how much more then out of those of the holy brotherhood? But tell me, on your life, have you ever seen a more valorous knight than I, upon the whole face of the known earth? Have you read in story of any other, who has, or ever had, more bravery in assailing, more breath in holding out², more dexterity in wounding, or more address in giving a fall? The truth is, answered *Sancho*, that I never read any history at all; for I can neither read, nor write: but what I dare affirm is, that I never served a bolder master than your worship, in all the days of my life; and pray god we be not called to an account for these darings, where I just now hinted. What I beg of your worship, is, that you would let your wound be dressed; for there comes a great deal of blood from that ear; and I have here some lint, and a little white ointment, in my wallet. All this would have been needless, answered *Don Quixote*, if I had bethought myself of making a vial of the balsam of *Fierabras*; for, with one single drop of that, we might have saved both time and medicines. What vial, and what balsam is that? said *Sancho Pança*. It is a balsam, answered *Don Quixote*, of which I have the receipt by heart; and he that has it need not fear death, nor so much as think of dying by any wound. And therefore, when I shall have made it, and given it you, all you will have to do, is, when you see me in some battle cleft asunder (as it frequently happens) to take up fair and softly that part of my body, which shall fall to the ground, and, with the greatest nicety, before the blood is congealed, place it upon the other half that shall remain in the saddle, taking especial care to make them tally exactly. Then must you immediately give me to drink only two draughts of the balsam aforesaid, and then will you see me become sounder than any apple. If this be so, said *Sancho*, I renounce from henceforward the government of the promised island, and desire no other thing, in payment of my many and good services, but only that your worship will give me the receipt of this extraordinary liquor; for I dare say it will any where fetch more than two reals an ounce, and I want no more to pass this life creditably and comfortably. But I should be glad

¹ An institution in *Spain* for the apprehending of robbers, and making the roads safe for travellers.

² When single combat was in use, nothing was more frequent, than for the parties engaged to retreat by consent, in order to take breath. If either of the combatants perceived the other to breathe shorter or thicker than himself, he was at liberty to take this advantage, and to press him close; though even in this case it was usual, out of a high point of generosity, to agree to the adversary's proposal of taking breath.

to know whether it will cost much the making? For less than three reals one may make nine pints, answered *Don Quixote*. Sinner that I am, replied *Sancho*, why then does your worship delay to make it, and to teach it me? Peace, friend, answered *Don Quixote*; for I intend to teach thee greater secrets, and to do thee greater kindneses: and, for the present, let us set about the cure; for my ear pains me more than I could wish. Accordingly, *Sancho* took some lint and ointment out of his wallet: but when *Don Quixote* perceived that his helmet was broken, he was ready to run stark mad; and, laying his hand on his sword, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said: I swear, by the creator of all things, and by all that is contained in the four holy eyangelists, to lead the life that the great marquis of *Mantua* led, when he vowed to revenge the death of his nephew *Valdovinos*; which was, not to eat bread on a table-cloth, nor solace himself with his wife, and other things, which, though I do not now remember, I allow here for expressed; till I am fully revenged on him who hath done me this outrage. *Sancho*, hearing this, said to him; Pray, consider, Signor *Don Quixote*, that, if the knight has performed what was enjoined him, namely, to go and present himself before my lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, he will then have done his duty, and deserves no new punishment, unless he commit a new crime. You have spoken and remarked very justly, answered *Don Quixote*, and I annul the oath, so far as concerns the taking a fresh revenge: but I make it, and confirm it anew, as to leading the life I have mentioned, till I shall take by force such another helmet, or one as good, from some other knight. And think not, *Sancho*, I undertake this lightly, or make a smoke of straw; for I have a solid foundation for what I do, the same thing having happened exactly with regard to *Mambrino's* helmet, which cost *Sacripante* so dear¹. Good sir, replied *Sancho*, give such oaths to the devil; for they are very detrimental to health, and prejudicial to the conscience. Besides, pray tell me now, if perchance in many days we should not light upon a man armed with a helmet, what must we do then? must the oath be kept, in spite of so many difficulties and inconveniencies, such as sleeping in your clothes, and not sleeping in any inhabited place, and a thousand other penances, which that old mad fellow the marquis of *Mantua's* oath required, and which you, sir, would now revive? Consider well, that none of these roads are frequented by armed men, and that here are only carriers and carters, who are so far from wearing helmets, that, perhaps, they never heard them so much as named, in all the days of their lives. You are mistaken in this, said *Don Quixote*; for we shall not be two hours in these cross-ways, before we shall see more armed men than came to the siege of *Albraca*², to carry off *Angelica the fair*. Well then, be it so, quoth *Sancho*; and god grant us good success, and that we may speedily win this island, which costs me so dear; and then no matter how soon I die. I have already told you, *Sancho*, to be in

¹ The story is in *Ariosto's Orlando Furioso*.

² Meaning king *Marfilio*, and the thirty-two kings his tributaries, with all their forces. *Ariosto*.

no pain upon that account; for, if an island cannot be had, there is the kingdom of *Denmark*, or that of *Sobradisa*¹, which will fit you like a ring to your finger; and moreover, being upon *Terra Firma*², you should rejoice the more. But let us leave this to its own time, and see if you have any thing for us to eat in your wallet; and we will go presently in quest of some castle, where we may lodge this night, and make the balsam that I told you of; for I vow to god, my ear pains me very much. I have here an onion, and a piece of cheese, and I know not how many crusts of bread, said *Sancho*; but they are not eatables fit for so valiant a knight as your worship. How ill you understand this matter! answered *Don Quixote*: you must know, *Sancho*, that it is an honour to knights-errant not to eat in a month; and, if they do eat, it must be of what comes next to hand: and, if you had read as many histories as I have done, you would have known this: for, though I have perused a great many, I never yet found any account given in them, that ever knights-errant did eat, unless it were by chance, and at certain sumptuous banquets made on purpose for them; and the rest of their days they lived, as it were, upon their sinelling. And though it is to be presumed, they could not subsist without eating, and without satisfying all other natural wants, it must likewise be supposed, that, as they passed most part of their lives in wandering through forests and deserts, and without a cook, their most usual diet must consist of rustic viands, such as those you now offer me. So that, friend *Sancho*, let not that trouble you, which gives me pleasure; nor endeavour to make a new world, or to throw the constitution of knight-errantry off the hinges. Pardon me, sir, said *Sancho*; for, as I can neither read nor write, as I told you before, I am entirely unacquainted with the rules of the knightly profession; and therefore from henceforward I will furnish my wallet with all sorts of dried fruits for your worship, who are a knight; and for myself, who am none, I will supply it with poultry, and other things of more substance. I do not say, *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*, that knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing but dried fruit, as you say; but that their most usual sustenance was of that kind, and of certain herbs they found up and down in the fields, which they very well knew; and so do I. It is a happiness to know these same herbs, answered *Sancho*; for I am inclined to think, we shall one day have occasion to make use of that knowledge. And so saying he took out what he had provided, and they eat together in a very peaceable and friendly manner. But being desirous to seek out some place to lodge in that night, they soon finished their poor and dry commons. They presently mounted, and made what haste they could to get to some inhabited place before night: but both the sun, and their hopes, failed them near the huts of certain goatherds; and so they determined to take

¹ A fictitious kingdom in *Amadis de Gaul*.

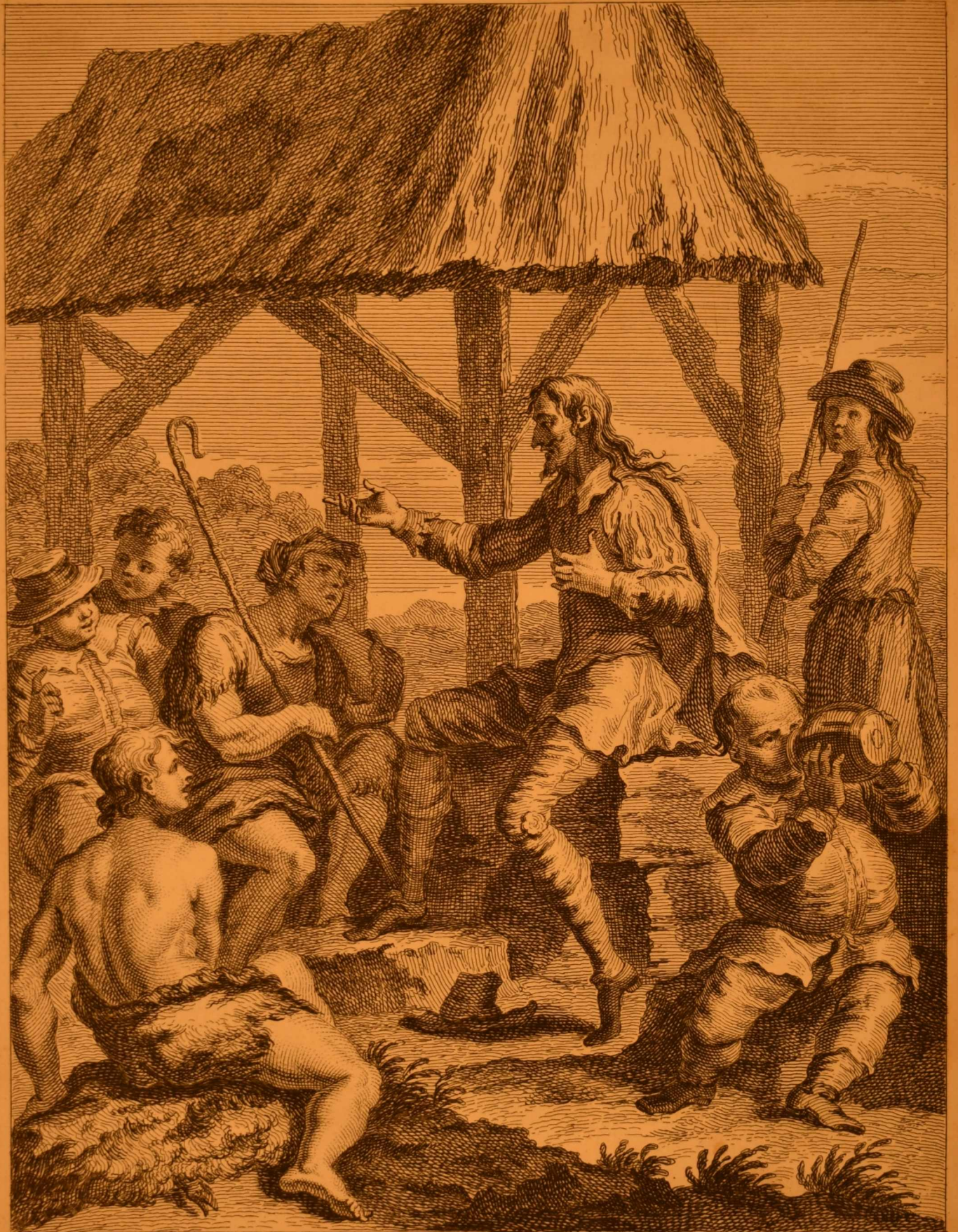
² In allusion to the famous *Firm island*, in *Amadis de Gaul*, the land of promise to the faithful squires of knights-errant.

up their lodging there : but, if *Sancho* was grieved that they were not able to reach some habitation, his master was as much rejoiced to lie in the open air, making account that, every time this befel him, he was doing an *act possessive*, or such an act as gave a fresh evidence of his title to chivalry.

C H A P. III.

Of what happened to Don Quixote with certain goatherds.

HE was kindly received by the goatherds; and *Sancho*, having accommodated *Rozinante* and his ass the best he could, followed the scent of certain pieces of goat's-flesh that were boiling in a kettle on the fire; and though he would willingly, at that instant, have tried whether they were fit to be translated from the kettle to the stomach, he forbore doing it; for the goatherds themselves took them off the fire, and spreading some sheep-skins on the ground, very speedily served up their rural mess, and invited them both, with shew of much good-will, to take share of what they had. Six of them, that belonged to the fold, sat down round about the skins, having first, with rustic compliments, desired *Don Quixote* that he would seat himself upon a trough, with the bottom upwards, placed on purpose for him. *Don Quixote* sat down, and *Sancho* remained standing, to serve the cup, which was made of horn. His master, seeing him standing, said to him; That you may see, *Sancho*, the intrinsic worth of knight-errantry, and how fair a prospect its meanest retainers have of speedily gaining the respect and esteem of the world, I will, that you sit here by my side, and in company with these good folks, and that you be one and the same thing with me, who am your master and natural lord; that you eat from off my plate, and drink of the same cup in which I drink: for the same may be said of knight-errantry, which is said of love, that it makes all things equal. I give you a great many thanks, sir, said *Sancho*; but let me tell your worship, that, provided I have victuals enough, I can eat as well, or better, standing, and alone by myself, than if I were seated close by an emperor. And farther, to tell you the truth, what I eat in my corner, without compliments or ceremonies, though it were nothing but bread and an onion, relishes better than turkeys at other folks 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 follow the being alone and at liberty. So that, good sir, as to these honours your worship is pleased to confer upon me, as a menial servant, and hanger-on of knight-errantry (being squire to your worship) be pleased to convert them into something of more use and profit to me: for, though I place them to account, as received in full, I renounce them from this time forward to the end of the world. All this notwithstanding, you shall sit down; for whosoever humbleth himself, god doth exalt; and, pulling him by the arm, he forced him to sit down next him. The goatherds did not understand this jargon of
squires



squires and knights-errant, and did nothing but eat, and listen, and stare at their guests, who, with much cheerfulness and appetite, swallowed down pieces as big as one's fist. The service of flesh being finished, they spread upon the skins a great quantity of acorns, together with half a cheese, harder than if it had been made of plaster of *Paris*. The horn stood not idle all this while; for it went round so often, now full, now empty, like the bucket of a well, that they presently emptied one of the two wine-bags that hung in view. After *Don Quixote* had satisfied his hunger, he took up an handful of acorns, and, looking on them attentively, gave utterance to expressions like these.

Happy times, and happy ages! those, to which the ancients gave the name of *golden*, not because gold (which, in this our iron age, is so much esteemed) was to be had, in that fortunate period, without toil and labour; but because they, who then lived, were ignorant of these two words, *Meum* and *Tuum*. In that age of innocence, all things were in common: no one needed to take any other pains for his ordinary sustenance, than to lift up his hand and take it from the sturdy oaks, which stood inviting him liberally to taste of their sweet and relishing fruit. The limpid fountains, and running streams, offered them, in magnificent abundance, their delicious and transparent waters. In the clefts of rocks, and in the hollow of trees, did the industrious and provident bees form their commonwealths, offering to every hand, without usury, the fertil produce of their most delicious toil. The stout cork-trees, without any other inducement than that of their own courtesy, divested themselves of their light and expanded bark; with which men began to cover their houses, supported by rough poles, only for a defence against the inclemency of the seasons. All then was peace, all amity, all concord. As yet the heavy coulter of the crooked plow had not dared to force open, and search into, the tender bowels of our first mother, who, unconstrained, offered from every part of her fertil and spacious bosom whatever might feed sustain and delight those her children, who then had her in possession. Then did the simple and beauteous young shepherdesses trip it from dale to dale, and from hill to hill, their tresses sometimes plaited, sometimes loosely flowing, with no more cloathing than was necessary modestly to cover what modesty has always required to be concealed: nor were their ornaments like those now-a-days in fashion, to which the *Tyrian* purple and the so-many-ways martyred silk give a value; but composed of green dock-leaves and ivy interwoven; with which, perhaps, they went as splendidly and elegantly decked, as our court-ladies do now, with all those rare and foreign inventions, which idle curiosity hath taught them. Then were the amorous conceptions of the soul cloathed in simple and sincere expressions, in the same way and manner they were conceived, without seeking artificial phrases to set them off. Nor as yet were fraud, deceit, and malice, intermixt with truth and plain-dealing. Justice kept within her proper bounds; favour and interest, which now so much depreciate, confound, and persecute her, not daring then to disturb or offend her.

her. As yet the judge did not make his own will the measure of justice; for then there was neither cause, nor person, to be judged. Maidens and modesty, as I said before, went about, alone and mistresses of themselves, without fear of any danger from the unbridled freedom and lewd designs of others; and, if they were undone, it was entirely owing to their own natural inclination and will. But now, in these detestable ages of ours, no damsel is secure, though she were hidden and locked up in another labyrinth like that of *Crete*; for even there, through some cranny, or through the air, by the zeal of cursed importunity, the amorous pestilence finds entrance, and they miscarry in spite of their closest retreat. For the security of whom, as times grew worse, and wickedness increased, the order of knight-errantry was instituted, to defend maidens, to protect widows, and to relieve orphans and persons distressed. Of this order am I, brother goatherds, from whom I take kindly the good cheer and civil reception you have given me and my squire: for though, by the law of nature, every one living is obliged to favour knights-errant, yet knowing, that, without your being acquainted with this obligation, you have entertained and regaled me, it is but reason that, with all possible good-will towards you, I should acknowledge yours to me.

Our knight made this tedious discourse¹ (which might very well have been spared) because the acorns they had given him put him in mind of the *golden age*, and inspired him with an eager desire to make that impertinent harangue to the goatherds; who stood in amaze, gaping and listening, without answering him a word. *Sancho* himself was silent, stuffing himself with the acorns, and often visiting the second wine-bag, which, that the wine might be cool, was kept hung upon a cork-tree.

Don Quixote spent more time in talking than in eating; but, supper being over, one of the goatherds said; that your worship, Signor knight-errant, may the more truly say, that we entertain you with a ready good-will, we will give you some diversion and amusement, by making one of our comrades sing, who will soon be here: he is a very intelligent swain, and deeply enamoured; and, above all, can read and write, and plays upon the rebeck to heart's content. The goatherd had scarce said this, when the sound of the rebeck² reached their ears, and, presently after, came he that plaid on it, who was a youth of about two and twenty, and of a very good mien. His comrades asked him, if he had supped; and he answering, yes, then, *Antonio*, said he who had made the offer, you may afford us the pleasure of hearing you sing a little, that this gentleman, our guest, may see, we have here, among the mountains and woods, some that understand music. We have told him your good qualities, and would have you shew them, and make good what we have said; and therefore I in-

¹ *Cervantes* seems to satirize the pedantic, declamatory, manner of the writers of those times, especially the school-divines, with which *Spain* swarmed.

² A kind of Instrument with three strings, used by shepherds.

treat you to sit down, and sing the ditty of your loves, which your uncle the prebendary composed for you, and which was so well liked in our village. With all my heart, replied the youth; and, without farther intreaty, he sat down upon the trunk of an old oak, and tuning his rebeck, after a while, with a singular good grace, he began to sing as follows.

A N T O N I O.

*Yes, lovely nymph, thou art my prize;
I boast the conquest of thy heart,
Though nor thy tongue, nor speaking eyes,
Have yet revealed the latent smart.*

*Thy wit and sense assure my fate,
In them my love's success I see;
Nor can he be unfortunate,
Who dares avow his flame for thee.*

*Yet sometimes hast thou frowned, alas!
And given my hopes a cruel shock;
Then did thy soul seem formed of brass,
Thy snowy bosom of the rock.*

*But in the midst of thy disdain,
Thy sharp reproaches, cold delays,
Hope from behind, to ease my pain,
The border of her robe displays.*

*Ah! lovely maid! in equal scale
Weigh well thy shepherd's truth and love,
Which ne'er, but with his breath, can fail,
Which neither frowns nor smiles can move.*

*If love, as shepherds wont to say,
Be gentleness and courtesy,
So courteous is Olalia,
My passion will rewarded be:*

*And if obsequious duty paid
The grateful heart can ever move,
Mine sure, my fair, may well persuade
A due return, and claim thy love.*

*For, to seem pleasing in thy sight,
I dress myself with studious care,
And, in my best apparel dight,
My Sunday clothes on Monday wear.*

The LIFE and EXPLOITS of

*And shepherds say, I'm not to blame;
For cleanly dress and spruce attire
Preserve alive love's wanton flame,
And gently fan the dying fire.*

*To please my fair, in mazy ring
I join the dance, and sportive play,
And oft beneath thy window sing,
When first the cock proclaims the day.*

*With rapture on each charm I dwell,
And daily spread thy beauty's fame;
And still my tongue thy praise shall tell,
Though envy swell, or malice blame.*

*Teresa of the Berrocal,
When once I praised you, said in spight;
Your mistress you an angel call,
But a mere ape is your delight:*

*Thanks to the bugle's artful glare,
And all the graces counterfeit;
Thanks to the false and curled hair,
Which wary love himself might cheat.*

*I swore, 'twas false; and said, she ly'd;
At that, her anger fiercely rose:
I box'd the clown that took her side,
And how I box'd my fairest knows.*

*I court thee not, Olalia,
To gratify a loose desire;
My Love is chaste, without allay
Of wanton wish, or lustful fire.*

*The church hath filken cords that tie
Consenting hearts in mutual bands:
If thou, my fair, it's yoke wilt try,
Thy swain its ready captive stands.*

*If not, by all the saints I swear,
On these bleak mountains still to dwell,
Nor ever quit my toilsome care,
But for the cloister and the cell.*

Here ended the goatherd's song, and though *Don Quixote* desired him to sing something else, *Sancho Pança* was of another mind, being more disposed to sleep, than to hear ballads: and therefore he said to his master; Sir, you had better consider where you are to lie to-night; for the pains these honest men take all day will not suffer them to pass the nights in singing. I understand you, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*; for I see plainly, that the visits to the wine-bag require to be paid rather with sleep than music. It relished well with us all, blessed be god, answered *Sancho*. I do not deny it, replied *Don Quixote*; but lay yourself down where you will, for it better becomes those of my profession to watch than to sleep. However, it would not be amiss, *Sancho*, if you would dress this ear again; for it pains me more than it should. *Sancho* did what he was commanded; and one of the goatherds, seeing the hurt, bid him not be uneasy, for he would apply such a remedy as should quickly heal it. And taking some rosemary-leaves, of which there was plenty thereabouts, he chewed them, and mixed them with a little salt, and, laying them to the ear, bound them on very fast, assuring him, he would want no other salve, as it proved in effect.

C H A P. IV.

What a certain goatherd related to those that were with Don Quixote.

WHILE this passed, there came another of those young lads, who brought them their provisions from the village, and said: Comrades, do you know what passes in the village? How should we know? answered one of them. Know then, continued the youth, that this morning died that famous shepherd and scholar called *Chrysoptom*; and it is whispered, that he died for love of that devilish untoward lass *Marcela*, daughter of *William* the rich; she, who rambles about these woods and fields, in the dress of a shepherdess. For *Marcela!* say you? quoth one. For her, I say, answered the goatherd. And the best of it is, he has ordered by his will, that they should bury him in the fields as if he had been a *Moor*, and that it should be at the foot of the rock by the cork-tree-fountain: for, according to report, and what, they say, he himself declared, that was the very place where he first saw her. He ordered also other things so extravagant, that the clergy say, they must not be performed; nor is it fit they should, for they seem to be heathenish. To all which that great friend of his *Ambrosio* the student, who accompanied him likewise in the dress of a shepherd, answers, that the whole must be fulfilled, without omitting any thing, as *Chrysoptom* enjoined; and upon this the village is all in an uproar: but, by what I can learn, they will at last do what *Ambrosio*, and all the shepherd's friends, require; and to-morrow they come to inter him, with great solemnity, in the place I have already told you of. And I am of opinion, it will be very well worth seeing; at least, I will not fail to go, though I knew I

should not return to-morrow to the village. We will do so too, answered the goatherds, and let us cast lots who shall stay behind, to look after all our goats. You say well, *Pedro*, quoth another : but it will be needless to make use of this expedient ; for I will stay for you all : and do not attribute this to virtue, or want of curiosity in me, but to the thorn which struck into my foot the other day, and hinders me from walking. We are obliged to you, however, answered *Pedro*. *Don Quixote* desired *Pedro* to tell him, who the deceased was, and who that shepherdes. To which *Pedro* answered, that all he knew was, that the deceased was a wealthy gentleman, of a neighbouring village, among yon rocky mountains, who had studied many years in *Salamanca* ; at the end of which time he returned home, with the character of a very knowing well-read man : particularly, it was said, he understood the science of the stars, and what the sun and moon are doing in the sky : for he told us punctually the clipse of the sun and moon. Friend, quoth *Don Quixote*, the obscuration of those two greater luminaries is called an *eclipse*, and not a *clipse*. But *Pedro*, not regarding niceties, went on with his story, saying : he also foretold when the year would be plentiful, or estril. *Steril*, you would say, friend, quoth *Don Quixote*. *Steril* or *estril*, answered *Pedro*, comes all to the same thing. And as I was saying, his father and friends, who gave credit to his words, became very rich thereby ; for they followed his advice in every thing. This year, he would say, sow barley, not wheat : in this you may sow vetches, and not barley : the next year, there will be plenty of linseed oil : the three following, there will not be a drop. This science they call *astrology*, said *Don Quixote*. I know not how it is called, replied *Pedro* ; but I know that he knew all this, and more too. In short, not many months after he came from *Salamanca*, on a certain day he appeared dressed like a shepherd, with his crook and sheep-skin jacket, having thrown aside his scholar's gown ; and with him another, a great friend of his, called *Ambrosio*, who had been his fellow-student, and now put himself into the same dress of a shepherd. I forgot to tell you, how the deceased *Chrysofostom* was a great man at making verses ; insomuch that he made the carols for *Christmas-eve*, and the pious plays for *Corpus Christi*, which the boys of our village represented ; and every body said they were most excellent. When the people of the village saw the two scholars so suddenly habited like shepherds, they were amazed, and could not guess at the cause that induced them to make that strange alteration in their dress. About this time the father of *Chrysofostom* died, and he inherited a large estate, in lands and goods, flocks, herds, and money ; of all which the youth remained dissolute master ; and indeed he deserved it all, for he was a very good companion, a charitable man, and a friend to those that were good, and had a face like any blessing. Afterwards it came to be known that he changed his habit, for no other purpose, but that he might wander about these desert places after that shepherdes *Marcela*, whom our lad told you of before, and with whom the poor deceased *Chrysofostom* was in love.

I will

I will now tell you (for it is fit you should know) who this young slut is ; for perhaps, and even without a perhaps, you may never have heard the like in all the days of your life, though you were *as old as the itch*. Say, *as old as Sarah*, replied *Don Quixote*, not being able to endure the goatherd's mistaking words. The *itch* is old enough, answered *Pedro* ; and, Sir, if you must at every turn be correcting my words, we shall not have done this twelvemonth. Pardon me, friend, said *Don Quixote*, I told you of it, because there is a wide difference between the *itch* and *Sarah*¹ : and so go on with your story ; for I will interrupt you no more. I say then, dear Sir of my soul, quoth the goatherd, that in our village there was a farmer richer than the father of *Chrysofom*, called *William* ; on whom god bestowed, besides much and great wealth, a daughter, of whom her mother died in childbed, and she was the most respected woman of all our country. I cannot help thinking I see her now, with that presence, looking as if she had the sun on one side of her, and the moon on the other² : and, above all, she was a notable housewife, and a friend to the poor ; for which I believe her soul is at this very moment enjoying god in the other world. Her husband *William* died for grief at the death of so good a woman, leaving his daughter *Marcela*, young and rich, under the care of an uncle, a priest, and beneficed in our village. The girl grew up with so much beauty, that it put us in mind of her mother's, who had a great share ; and for all that it was judged that her daughter's would surpass her's. And so it fell out ; for when she came to be fourteen or fifteen years of age, no body beheld her without blessing god for making her so handsome, and most men were in love with, and undone for her. Her uncle kept her very carefully and very close : notwithstanding which, the fame of her extraordinary beauty spread itself so, that, partly for her person, partly for her great riches, her uncle was applied to, solicited, and importuned, not only by those of our own village, but by many others, and those the better sort too, for several leagues round, to dispose of her in marriage. But he (who, to do him justice, is a good christian) though he was desirous to dispose of her as soon as she was marriageable, yet would not do it without her consent, having no eye to the benefit and advantage he might have made of the girl's estate by deferring her marriage. And, in good truth, this has been told in praise of the good priest in more companies than one in our village. For I would have you to know, sir-errant, that, in these little places, every thing is talked of, and every thing censured. And, my life for yours, that clergyman must be over and above good, who obliges his parishioners to speak well of him,

¹ This wants explanation, it being impossible to give the force of it in an *English* translation. *Viejo como la Sarna* is a *Spanish* proverb, signifying *as old as the itch*, which is of great antiquity ; though it is agreed that this is only a corruption of ignorant people saying *Sarna* for *Sarra* : which last is usually taken to signify *Sarah*, *Abraham's* wife, either in regard she lived 110 years, or because of the long time it is since she lived ; though some say that *Sarra*, in the *Biscaine* language, signifies *old age*, and so the proverb will be, *As old as old age itself*.

² This seems to be a ridicule on the extravagant metaphors used by the *Spanish* poets, in praise of the beauty of their mistresses.

especially

especially in country-towns. It is true, said *Don Quixote*, and proceed : for the story is excellent, and, honest *Pedro*, you tell it with a very good grace. May the grace of the lord never fail me, which is most to the purpose. And farther know, quoth *Pedro*, that, though the uncle proposed to his niece, and acquainted her with the qualities of every one in particular, of the many who sought her in marriage, advising her to marry, and choose to her liking, she never returned any other answer, but that she was not disposed to marry at present, and that, being so young, she did not find herself able to bear the burden of matrimony. Her uncle, satisfied with these seemingly just excuses, ceased to importune her, and waited till she was grown a little older, and knew how to choose a companion to her taste. For, said he, and he said very well, parents ought not to settle their children against their will. But, behold ! when we least imagined it, on a certain day the coy *Marcela* appears a shepherdess, and without the consent of her uncle, and against the persuasions of all the neighbours, would needs go into the fields, with the other country-lasses, and tend her own flock. And now that she appeared in publick, and her beauty was exposed to all beholders, it is impossible to tell you, how many wealthy youths, gentlemen, and farmers have taken *Chrysoptom's* dress, and go up and down these plains, making their suit to her ; one of whom, as is said already, was the deceased, of whom it is said, that he left off loving her to adore her. But think not, that because *Marcela* has given herself up to this free and unconfined way of life, and that with so little, or rather no reserve, she has given any the least colour of suspicion to the prejudice of her modesty and discretion : no, rather so great and strict is the watch she keeps over her honour, that of all those, who serve and solicit her, no one has boasted, or can boast with truth, that she has given him the least hope of obtaining his desire. For though she does not fly nor shun the company and conversation of the shepherds, but treats them with courtesy and in a friendly manner, yet upon any one's beginning to discover his intention, though it be as just and holy as that of marriage, she casts him from her as out of a stone-bow. And by this sort of behaviour, she does more mischief in this country, than if she carried the plague about with her ; for her affability and beauty attract the hearts of those, who converse with her, to serve and love her ; but her disdain and frank dealing drive them to terms of despair : and so they know not what to say to her, and can only exclaim against her, calling her cruel and ungrateful, with such other titles, as plainly denote her character. And were you to abide here, Sir, a while, you would hear these mountains and valleys resound with the complaints of those undeceived wretches that yet follow her. There is a place not far from hence, where there are about two dozen of tall beeches, and not one of them but has the name of *Marcela* written and engraved on its smooth bark, and over some of them is a crown carved in the same tree, as if the lover would more clearly express, that

Marcela

Marcela bears away the crown, and deserves it above all human beauty. Here sighs one shepherd ; there complains another : here are heard amorous sonnets, there despairing ditties. You shall have one pass all the hours of the night, seated at the foot of some oak or rock ; and there, without closing his weeping eyes, wrapped up and transported in his thoughts, the sun finds him in the morning. You shall have another, without cessation or truce to his sighs, in the midst of the most irksome noon-day heat of the summer, extended on the burning sand, and sending up his complaints to all-pitying heaven. In the mean time, the beautiful *Marcela*, free and unconcerned, triumphs over them all. We, who know her, wait with impatience to see what her haughtiness will come to, and who is to be the happy man that shall subdue so intractable a disposition, and enjoy so incomparable a beauty. All that I have recounted being so assured a truth, I the more easily believe what our companion told us concerning the cause of *Chrysoptom's* death. And therefore I advise you, Sir, that you do not fail to-morrow to be at his funeral, which will be very well worth seeing : for *Chrysoptom* has a great many friends ; and it is not half a league from this place to that where he ordered himself to be buried. I will certainly be there, said *Don Quixote*, and I thank you for the pleasure you have given me by the recital of so entertaining a story. O, replied the goatherd, I do not yet know half the adventures that have happened to *Marcela's* lovers ; but to-morrow, perhaps, we shall meet by the way with some shepherd, who may tell us more : at present it will not be amiss, that you get you to sleep under a roof ; for the cold dew of the night may do your wound harm, though the salve I have put to it is such, that you need not fear any cross accident. *Sancho Pança*, who gave this long-winded tale of the goatherd's to the devil, for his part, solicited his master to lay himself down to sleep in *Pedro's* hut. He did so, and passed the rest of the night in remembrances of his lady *Dulcinea*, in imitation of *Marcela's* lovers. *Sancho Pança* took up his lodging between *Rozinante* and his ass, and slept it out, not like a discarded lover, but like a person well rib-roasted.

C H A P. V.

The conclusion of the story of the shepherds Marcela, with other accidents.

BUT scarce had the day began to discover itself through the balconies of the east, when five of the six goatherds got up, and went to awake *Don Quixote*, and asked him, whether he continued in his resolution of going to see the famous funeral of *Chrysoptom*, for they would bear him company. *Don Quixote*, who desired nothing more, got up, and bid *Sancho* saddle and pannel immediately ; which he did with great expedition : and with the same dispatch they all presently set out on their way. They had not gone a quarter of a league, when, upon crossing a path-way, they saw about six shepherds making towards them,

them, clad in black sheep-skin jerkins, and their heads crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter rosemary. Each of them had a thick holly-club in his hand. There came also with them two cavaliers on horseback, in very handsome riding-habits, attended by three lacqueys on foot. When they had joined companies, they saluted each other courteously; and asking one another whither they were going, they found they were all going to the place of burial; and so they began to travel in company.

One of those on horseback, speaking to his companion, said; I fancy, Signor *Vivaldo*, we shall not think the time mispent in staying to see this famous funeral; for it cannot choose but be extraordinary, considering the strange things these shepherds have recounted, as well of the deceased shepherd, as of the murdering shepherdes. I think so too, answered *Vivaldo*; and I do not only not think much of spending one day, but I would even stay four to see it. *Don Quixote* asked them, what it was they had heard of *Marcela* and *Chrysofom*? The traveller said, they had met those shepherds early that morning, and that, seeing them in that mournful dress, they had asked the occasion of their going clad in that manner; and that one of them had related the story, telling them of the beauty, and unaccountable humour, of a certain shepherdes called *Marcela*, and the loves of many that wooed her; with the death of *Chrysofom*, to whose burial they were going. In fine, he related all that *Pedro* had told to *Don Quixote*.

This discourse ceased, and another began; he, who was called *Vivaldo*, asking *Don Quixote*, what might be the reason that induced him to go armed in that manner, through a country so peaceable? To which *Don Quixote* answered: The exercise of my profession will not permit or suffer me to go in any other manner. The dance, the banquet, and the bed of down, were invented for soft and effeminate courtiers; but toil, disquietude, and arms, were invented and designed for those, whom the world calls knights-errant, of which number am I, though unworthy, and the least of them all. Scarcely had they heard this, when they all concluded he was a madman. And for the more certainty, and to try what kind of madness his was, *Vivaldo* asked him, what he meant by knights-errant? Have you not read, Sir, answered *Don Quixote*, the annals and histories of *England*, wherein are recorded the famous exploits of king *Arthur*, whom, in our *Castilian* tongue, we perpetually call king *Artus*; of whom there goes an old tradition, and a common one all over that kingdom of *Great Britain*, that this king did not die, but that, by magic art, he was turned into a raven; and that, in process of time, he shall reign again, and recover his kingdom and scepter: for which reason it cannot be proved, that, from that time to this, any *Englishman* hath killed a raven. Now, in this good king's time, was instituted that famous order of the knights of the round-table; and the amours therein related, of *Don Lancelot du Lake* with the queen *Ginebra*, passed exactly so, that honourable *Duenna Quintaniona* being their go-between and confidante:

dante : which gave birth to that well-known ballad, so cried up here in *Spain*, of *Never was knight by ladies so well served, as was Sir Lancelot when he came from Britain* : with the rest of that sweet and charming recital of his amours and exploits. Now, from that time, the order of chivalry has been extending and spreading itself through many and divers parts of the world : and in this profession many have been distinguished and renowned for their heroic deeds ; as, the valiant *Amadis de Gaul*, with all his sons and nephews, to the fifth generation ; the valorous *Felixmarte of Hircania* ; and the never-enough to be praised *Tirant the white* : and we, in our days, have in a manner seen, heard, and conversed with, the invincible and valorous knight *Don Belianis of Greece*. This, gentlemen, it is to be a knight-errant, and what I have told you of is the order of chivalry : of which, as I said before, I, though a sinner, have made profession ; and the very same thing that the aforesaid knights professed, I profess : and so I travel through these solitudes and deserts, seeking adventures, with a determined resolution to oppose my arm, and my person, to the most perilous that fortune shall present, in aid of the weak and the needy.

By these discourses the travellers were fully convinced, that *Don Quixote* was out of his wits, and what kind of madness it was that influenced him ; which struck them with the same admiration, that it did all others at the first hearing. And *Vivaldo*, who was a very discerning person, and withal of a mirthful disposition, that they might pass without irksomeness the little of the way that remained, before they came to the funeral-mountain, resolved to give him an opportunity of going on in his extravagancies. And therefore he said to him ; Methinks, Sir knight-errant, you have undertaken one of the strictest professions upon earth : and I verily believe, the rule of the *Carthusian* monks themselves is not so rigid. It may be as strict, for ought I know, answered our *Don Quixote* ; but that it is so necessary to the world, I am within two fingers breadth of doubting : for, to speak the truth, the soldier, who executes his captain's orders, does no less than the captain himself, who gives him the orders. I would say, that the religious, with all peace and quietness, implore heaven for the good of the world ; but we soldiers, and knights, really execute what they pray for, defending it with the strength of our arms, and the edge of our swords : and that, not under covert, but in open field ; exposed as butts to the unsufferable beams of summer's sun, and winter's horrid ice. So that we are god's ministers upon earth, and the arms by which he executes his justice in it. And considering that matters of war, and those relating thereto, cannot be put in execution without sweat, toil, and labour, it follows, that they, who profess it, do unquestionably take more pains than they, who, in perfect peace and repose, are employed in praying to heaven to assist those, who can do but little for themselves¹. I mean not to say, nor do I so much as imagine, that the state of the knight-errant is as good as that of the recluse religious : I would only infer from

¹ A sly satire on the usefulness of recluse religious societies.

what I suffer, that it is doubtless more laborious, more bastinadoed, more hungry and thirsty, more wretched, more ragged, and more lousy; for there is no doubt, but that the knights-errant of old underwent many misfortunes in the course of their lives. And if some of them rose to be emperors, by the valour of their arm, in good truth they paid dearly for it in blood and sweat: and if those, who arrived to such honour, had wanted enchanters and sages to assist them, they would have been mightily deceived in their hopes, and much disappointed in their expectations. I am of the same opinion, replied the traveller: but there is one thing, in particular, among many others, which I dislike in knights-errant, and it is this: when they are prepared to engage in some great and perilous adventure, in which they are in manifest danger of losing their lives, in the very instant of the encounter, they never once remember to commend themselves to god¹, as every christian is bound to do in the like perils; but rather commend themselves to their mistresses, and that with as much fervor and devotion, as if they were their god; a thing which, to me, favours strongly of paganism. Signor, answered *Don Quixote*, this can by no means be otherwise, and the knight-errant, who should act in any other manner, would digress much from his duty; for it is a received maxim and custom in chivalry, that the knight-errant, who is about to attempt some great feat of arms, must have his lady before him, must turn his eyes fondly and amorously toward her, as if by them he implored her favour and protection, in the doubtful moment of distress he is just entering upon. And though no body hears him, he is obliged to mutter some words between his teeth, by which he recommends himself to her with his whole heart: and of this we have innumerable examples in the histories. And you must not suppose by this, that they are to neglect recommending themselves to god; for there is time and leisure enough to do it in the progress of the work. But for all that, replied the traveller, I have one scruple still remaining; which is, that I have often read, that, words arising between two knights-errant, and choler beginning to kindle in them both, they turn their horses round, and, fetching a large compass about the field, immediately, without more ado, encounter at full speed; and in the midst of their career they commend themselves to their mistresses: and what commonly happens in the encounter, is, that one of them tumbles back over his horse's crupper, pierced through and thro' by his adversary's lance: and if the other had not laid hold of his horse's mane, he could not have avoided coming to the ground. Now, I cannot imagine what leisure the deceased had to commend himself to god, in the course of this so hasty a work. Better it had been, if the words he spent in recommending himself to his lady, in the midst of the career, had been employed about that, to which, as a christian, he was obliged. And besides, it is certain all knights-

¹ Here it is remarkable, that *Cervantes* speaks only of recommending ourselves to god, without taking notice of the doing it to any saint, though that be the known practice in the *Romish* church, and is what the protestants charge, in the very words of this author, with favouring strongly of paganism.

errant have not ladies to commend themselves to; because they are not all in love. That cannot be, answered *Don Quixote*: I say, there cannot be a knight-errant without a mistress; for it is as proper and as natural to them to be in love, as to the sky to be full of stars. And I affirm, you can shew me no history, in which a knight-errant is to be found without an amour: and for the very reason of his being without one, he would not be reckoned a legitimate knight, but a bastard, and one that got into the fortress of chivalry, not by the door, but over the pales, like a thief and a robber¹. Yet, for all that, said the traveller, I think (if I am not much mistaken) I have read, that *Don Galaor*, brother to the valorous *Amadis de Gaul*, never had a particular mistress, to whom he might recommend himself; notwithstanding which, he was not the less esteemed, and was a very valiant and famous knight. To which our *Don Quixote* answered; Signor, one swallow makes no summer. Besides, I very well know, that this knight was in secret very deeply enamoured: He was a general lover, and could not resist his natural inclination towards all ladies whom he thought handsome. But, in short, it is very well attested, that he had one, whom he had made mistress of his will, and to whom he often commended himself, but very secretly; for it was upon this quality of secrecy that he especially valued himself. If it be essential that every knight-errant must be a lover, said the traveller, it is to be presumed that your worship is one, as you are of the profession: and, if you do not pique yourself upon the same secrecy as *Don Galaor*, I earnestly intreat you, in the name of all this good company, and in my own, to tell us the name, country, quality, and beauty, of your mistress, who cannot but account herself happy if all the world knew, that she is loved and served by so worthy a knight as your worship appears to be. Here *Don Quixote* fetched a deep sigh, and said: I cannot positively affirm whether this sweet enemy of mine is pleased, or not, that the world should know I am her servant: I can only say, in answer to what you so very courteously enquire of me, that her name is *Dulcinea*; her country *Toboso*, a town of *la Mancha*; her quality at least that of a princess, since she is my queen and sovereign lady; her beauty more than human, since in her all the impossible and chimerical attributes of beauty, which the poets ascribe to their mistresses, are realized: for her hairs are of gold, her forehead the *Elysian* fields, her eyebrows rainbows, her eyes suns, her cheeks roses, her lips coral, pearls her teeth, alabaster her neck, her bosom marble, her hands ivory, her whiteness snow; and the parts, which modesty veils from human sight, such as (to my thinking) the most exalted imagination can only conceive, but not find a comparison for. We would know, replied *Vivaldo*, her lineage, race, and family. To which *Don Quixote* answered; She is not of the antient *Roman Curtii, Caii*, and *Scipios*, nor of the modern *Colonnas* and *Urfinis*; nor of the *Moncadas* and *Requesenes* of *Catalonia*; neither is she of the *Rebellas* and *Villanovas* of *Valentia*; the *Palafoxes*, *Nuças*, *Rocabertis*, *Corellas*, *Lunas*, *Alagones*, *Urreas*, *Foçes*, and *Gurreas* of *Arra-*

¹ This is one instance of *Cervantes's* frequent use of scriptural expressions.

gon; the *Cerdas*, *Manriques*, *Mendoças* and *Gusmans* of *Castile*; the *Alencastros*, *Pallas* and *Meneses* of *Portugal*: but she is of those of *Tobofo de la Mancha*; a house, though modern, yet such as may give a noble beginning to the most illustrious families of the ages to come: and in this let no one contradict me, unless it be on the conditions that *Cerbino* fixed under *Orlando's* arms, where it was said: *Let no one remove these, who cannot stand a trial with Orlando.* Although mine be of the *Cachopines* of *Laredo*, replied the traveller, I dare not compare it with that of *Tobofo de la Mancha*; though, to say the truth, no such appellation hath ever reached my ears 'till now. Is it possible you should never have heard of it? replied *Don Quixote* ¹.

All the rest went on listening with great attention to the dialogue between these two: and even the goatherds and shepherds perceived the notorious distraction of our *Don Quixote*. *Sancho Pança* alone believed all that his master said to be true, knowing who he was, and having been acquainted with him from his birth. But what he somewhat doubted of, was, what concerned the fair *Dulcinea del Tobofo*; for no such a name, or princess, had ever come to his hearing, though he lived so near *Tobofo*.

In these discourses they went on, when they discovered, through an opening made by two high mountains, about twenty shepherds coming down, all in jerkins of black wool, and crowned with garlands, which (as appeared afterward) were some of yew, and some of cypress. Six of them carried a bier, covered with great variety of flowers and boughs: which one of the goatherds espying, said; They, who come yonder, are those who bring the corpse of *Chrysofom*; and the foot of yonder mountain is the place where he ordered them to bury him. They made haste therefore to arrive; which they did, and it was just as the bier was set down on the ground: four of them, with sharp pickaxes, were making the grave by the side of a hard rock. They saluted one another courteously: and presently *Don Quixote* and his company went to take a view of the bier; upon which they saw a dead body, strewed with flowers ², in the dress of a shepherd, seemingly about thirty years of age: you might see, thro' death itself, that he had been of a beautiful countenance, and hale constitution. Several books, and a great number of papers, some open and others folded up, lay round about him on the bier. All that were present, as well those who looked on, as those who were opening the grave, kept a marvellous silence; 'till one of those, who brought the deceased, said to another; Observe carefully, *Ambrosio*, whether this be the place which *Chrysofom* mentioned, since you are so punctual in performing what he commanded in his will. This is it, answered *Ambrosio*; for in this very place he often recounted to me the story of his misfortune. Here it was, he told me, that he first saw that mortal enemy of

¹ All the time they are going to the burial, how artfully does the author entertain the reader, by way of digression, with this dialogue between *Don Quixote* and *Vivaldo*!

² It is the custom in *Spain* and *Italy* to strew flowers on the dead bodies, when laid upon their biers.

human race; here it was that he declared to her his no less honourable than ardent passion; here it was that *Marcela* finally undeceived and cast him off, in such sort that she put an end to the tragedy of his miserable life; and here, in memory of so many misfortunes, he desired to be deposited in the bowels of eternal oblivion.

Then, turning himself to *Don Quixote* and the travellers, he went on, saying: This body, Sirs, which you are beholding with compassionate eyes, was the receptacle of a soul, in which heaven had placed a great part of its treasure: this is the body of *Chrysoptom*, who was singular for wit, matchless in courtesy, perfect in politeness, a phoenix in friendship, magnificent without ostentation, grave without arrogance, cheerful without meanness; in fine, the first in every thing that was good, and second to none in every thing that was unfortunate. He loved, he was abhorred: he adored, he was scorned: he courted a savage; he solicited marble; he pursued the wind; he called aloud to solitude; he served ingratitude; and the recompence he obtained, was, to become a prey to death, in the midst of the career of his life, to which an end was put by a certain shepherdes, whom he endeavoured to render immortal in the memories of men; as these papers you are looking at would sufficiently demonstrate, had he not ordered them to be committed to the flames, at the same time that his body was deposited in the earth. You would then be more rigorous and cruel to them, said *Vivaldo*, than their master himself; for it is neither just nor right to fulfil the will of him, who commands something utterly unreasonable. And *Augustus Cæsar* would not consent to the execution of what the divine *Mantuan* had commanded in his will. So that, Signor *Ambrosio*, tho' you commit your friend's body to the earth, do not therefore commit his writings to oblivion; and if he ordered it as a person injured, do not you fulfil it as one indiscreet; rather act so, that, by giving life to these papers, the cruelty of *Marcela* may never be forgotten, but may serve for an example to those, who shall live in times to come, that they may avoid falling down the like precipices; for I, and all here present, already know the story of this your enamoured and despairing friend: we know also your friendship, and the occasion of his death, and what he ordered on his death-bed: from which lamentable history may be gathered, how great has been the cruelty of *Marcela*, the love of *Chrysoptom*, and the sincerity of your friendship; as also the end of those, who run headlong in the path that inconsiderate and ungoverned love sets before them. Last night we heard of *Chrysoptom's* death, and that he was to be interred in this place; and so, out of curiosity and compassion, we turned out of our way, and agreed to come and behold with our eyes, what had moved us so much in the recital: and, in return for our pity, and our desire to remedy it, if we could, we beseech you, O discreet *Ambrosio*, at least I beseech you in my own behalf, that you will not burn the papers, but let me carry away some of them. And without staying for the shepherd's reply, he stretched out his hand, and took some of those that were nearest; which

Ambrosio

Ambrosio perceiving, said: Out of civility, Signor, I will consent to your keeping those you have taken; but to imagine that I shall forbear burning those that remain, is a vain thought. *Vivaldo*, who desired to see what the papers contained, presently opened one of them, which had for its title: *The song of despair*. *Ambrosio*, hearing it, said: This is the last paper the unhappy man wrote; and that you may see, Signor, to what state he was reduced by his misfortunes, read it so as to be heard; for you will have leisure enough, while they are digging the grave. That I will with all my heart, said *Vivaldo*: and as all the by-standers had the same desire, they drew round about him, and he read in a clear voice, as follows.

C H A P. VI.

Wherein are rehearsed the despairing verses of the deceased shepherd, with other unexpected events.

CHRYSOSTOM'S SONG.

I.

SINCE, cruel maid, you force me to proclaim
 From clime to clime the triumphs of your scorn,
 Let hell itself inspire my tortur'd breast
 With mournful numbers, and untune my voice;
 Whilst the sad pieces of my broken heart
 Mix with the doleful accents of my tongue,
 At once to tell my griefs and thy exploits.
 Hear then, and listen with attentive ear,
 Not to harmonious sounds, but echoing groans,
 Fetch'd from the bottom of my lab'ring breast,
 To ease, in thy despite, my raging smart.

II.

The lion's roar, the howl of midnight wolves,
 The scaly serpent's hiss, the raven's croak,
 The burst of fighting winds that vex the main,
 The widow'd owl and turtle's plaintive moan,
 With all the din of hell's infernal crew,
 From my griev'd soul forth issue in one sound,
 Leaving my senses all confus'd and lost.
 For ah! no common language can express
 The cruel pains that torture my sad heart.

III.

Yet let not eccho bear the mournful sounds
 To where old Tagus rows his yellow sands,

Or Betis, crown'd with olives, pours his flood.
 But here, midst rocks and precipices deep,
 Or to obscure and silent vales remov'd,
 On shores by human footsteps never trod,
 Where the gay sun ne'er lifts his radiant orb,
 Or with th' invenom'd race of savage beasts
 That range the howling wilderness for food,
 Will I proclaim the story of my woes,
 Poor privilege of grief! whilst ecchoes hoarse
 Catch the sad tale, and spread it round the world.

IV.

Disdain gives death; suspicions, true or false,
 O'erturn th' impatient mind; with surer stroke
 Fell jealousy destroys; the pangs of absence
 No lover can support; nor firmest hope
 Can dissipate the dread of cold neglect:
 Yet I, strange fate! though jealous, though disdain'd,
 Absent, and sure of cold neglect, still live,
 And midst the various torments I endure,
 No ray of hope e'er darted on my soul:
 Nor would I hope; rather in deep despair
 Will I sit down, and brooding o'er my griefs
 Vow everlasting absence from her sight.

V.

Can hope and fear at once the soul possess,
 Or hope subsist with surer cause of fear?
 Shall I, to shut out frightful jealousy,
 Close my sad eyes, when ev'ry pang I feel
 Presents the hideous phantom to my view?
 What wretch so credulous, but must embrace
 Distrust with open arms, when he beholds
 Disdain avow'd, suspicions realized,
 And truth itself converted to a lye?
 O cruel tyrant of the realm of love,
 Fierce jealousy, arm with a sword this hand,
 Or thou, disdain, a twisted cord bestow.

VI.

Let me not blame my fate, but dying think
 The man most blest who loves, the soul most free
 That love has most enthral'd: still to my thoughts
 Let fancy paint the tyrant of my heart
 Beautcous in mind as face, and in myself

Still let me find the source of her disdain ;
 Content to suffer, since imperial love
 By lovers woes maintains his sovereign state.
 With this persuasion, and the fatal noose,
 I hasten to the doom her scorn demands,
 And dying offer up my breathless corse,
 Uncrown'd with garlands, to the whistling winds.

VII.

O thou, whose unrelenting rigor's force
 First drove me to despair, and now to death,
 When the sad tale of my untimely fall
 Shall reach thy ear, tho' it deserve a sigh,
 Veil not the heav'n of those bright eyes in grief,
 Nor drop one pitying tear, to tell the world,
 At length my death has triumph'd o'er thy scorn.
 But dress thy face in smiles, and celebrate,
 With laughter and each circumstance of joy,
 The festival of my disastrous end.
 Ah ! need I bid thee smile ? too well I know
 My death's thy utmost glory and thy pride.

VIII.

Come, all ye phantoms of the dark abyfs ;
 Bring, Tantalus, thy unextinguish'd thirst,
 And, Sisyphus, thy still-returning stone ;
 Come, Tityus, with the vultur at thy heart,
 And thou, Ixion, bring thy giddy wheel ;
 Nor let the toiling sisters stay behind.
 Pour your united griefs into this breast,
 And in low murmurs sing sad obsequies
 (If a despairing wretch such rites may claim)
 O'er my cold limbs, deny'd a winding-sheet.
 And let the triple porter of the shades,
 The sister furies, and chimæras dire,
 With notes of woe the mournful chorus join.
 Such funeral pomp alone befits the wretch
 By beauty sent untimely to the grave.

IX.

And thou, my song, sad child of my despair,
 Complain no more ; but since my wretched fate
 Improves her happier lot, who gave thee birth,
 Be all thy sorrows buried in my tomb.



Chrysoptom's song was very well approved by those who heard it: but he, who read it, said, it did not seem to agree with the account he had heard of the reserve and goodness of *Marcela*; for *Chrysoptom* complains in it of jealousies, suspicions, and absence, all in prejudice of the credit and good name of *Marcela*. To which *Ambrosio* answered, as one well acquainted with the most hidden thoughts of his friend: To satisfy you, Signor, as to this doubt, you must know, that, when this unhappy person wrote this song, he was absent from *Marcela*, from whom he had voluntarily banished himself, to try whether absence would have its ordinary effect upon him. And as an absent lover is disturbed by every thing, and seized by every fear, so was *Chrysoptom* perplexed with imaginary jealousies, and suspicious apprehensions, as much as if they had been real. And thus the truth, which fame proclaims of *Marcela's* goodness, remains unimpeached; and, excepting that she is cruel, somewhat arrogant, and very disdainful, envy itself neither ought, nor can, lay any defect to her charge. It is true, answered *Vivaldo*; and going to read another paper of those he had saved from the fire, he was interrupted by a wonderful vision (for such it seemed to be) which on a sudden presented itself to their sight: for on the top of the rock, under which they were digging the grave, appeared the shepherdess *Marcela*, so beautiful, that her beauty surpassed the very fame of it. Those, who had never seen her till that time, beheld her with silence and admiration; and those, who had been used to the sight of her, were no less surprized than those who had never seen her before. But *Ambrosio* had scarcely espied her, when, with signs of indignation, he said to her: Comest thou, O fierce basilisk of these mountains, to see whether the wounds of this wretch, whom thy cruelty has deprived of life, will bleed afresh at thy appearance? or comest thou to triumph in the cruel exploits of thy inhuman disposition? or to behold, from that eminence, like another pitiless *Nero*, the flames of burning *Rome*? or insolently to trample on this unhappy corpse, as did the impious daughter on that of her father *Tarquin*? tell us quickly, what you come for, or what is it you would have: for since I know, that *Chrysoptom*, while living, never disobeyed you, so much as in thought, I will take care that all those, who called themselves his friends, shall obey you, tho' he be dead.

I come not, O *Ambrosio*, for any of those purposes you have mentioned, answered *Marcela*; but I come to vindicate myself, and to let the world know, how unreasonable those are, who blame me for their own sufferings, or for the death of *Chrysoptom*: and therefore I beg of all here present, that they would hear me with attention; for I need not spend much time, nor use many words, to convince persons of sense of the truth. Heaven, as yourselves say, made me handsome, and to such a degree, that my beauty influences you to love me, whether you will or no. And, in return for the love you bear me, you pretend and insist, that I am bound to love you. I know, by the natural sense god has given me, that whatever is beautiful is amiable: but I do not comprehend

that, merely for being loved, the person that is loved for being handsome is obliged to return love for love. Besides, it may chance that the lover of the beautiful person may be ugly; and, what is ugly deserving to be loathed, it would sound oddly to say; I love you for being handsome; you must love me, though I am ugly. But supposing the beauty on both sides to be equal, it does not therefore follow, that the inclinations should be so too: for all beauty does not inspire love; and there is a kind of it, which only pleases the sight, but does not captivate the affections. If all beauties were to enamour and captivate, the wills of men would be eternally confounded and perplexed, without knowing where to fix: for the beautiful objects being infinite, the desires must be infinite too. And, as I have heard say, true love cannot be divided, and must be voluntary and unforced. This being so, as I believe it is, why would you have me subject my will by force, being no otherwise obliged thereto, than only because you say you love me? For, pray, tell me, if, as heaven has made me handsome, it had made me ugly, would it have been just that I should have complained of you, because you did not love me? Besides, you must consider that my beauty is not my own choice; but such as it is, heaven bestowed it on me freely, without my asking or desiring it. And as the viper does not deserve blame for her sting, though she kills with it, because it is given her by nature, as little do I deserve reprehension for being handsome. Beauty in a modest woman is like fire at a distance, or like a sharp sword: neither doth the one burn, nor the other wound, those that come not too near them. Honour and virtue are ornaments of the soul, without which the body, though it be really beautiful, ought not to be thought so. Now if modesty be one of the virtues which most adorns and beautifies both body and mind, why should she, who is loved for being beautiful, part with it, to gratify the desires of him, who, merely for his own pleasure, uses his utmost endeavours to destroy it? I was born free, and, that I might live free, I chose the solitude of these fields: the trees on these mountains are my companions; the transparent waters of these brooks my looking-glass: to the trees and the waters I communicate my thoughts and beauty. I am fire at a distance, and a sword afar off. Those, whom the sight of me has enamoured, my words have undeceived. And if desires are kept alive by hopes, as I gave none to *Chrysoptom*, nor to any one else, all hope being at an end, sure it may well be said, that his own obstinacy, rather than my cruelty, killed him. And if it be objected to me, that his intentions were honourable, and that therefore I ought to have complied with them; I answer, that when in this very place, where they are now digging his grave, he discovered to me the goodness of his intention, I told him, that mine was to live in perpetual solitude, and that the earth alone should enjoy the fruit of my reservedness, and the spoils of my beauty: and if he, notwithstanding all this plain dealing, would obstinately persevere against hope, and sail against the wind, what wonder if he drowned himself in the midst of the gulph of his own indiscretion? If I had held

held him in suspense, I had been false : if I had complied with him, I had acted contrary to my better intention and resolution. He persisted, though undeceived ; he despaired without being hated : consider now whether it be reasonable to lay the blame of his sufferings upon me. Let him, who is deceived, complain ; let him, to whom I have broken my promise, despair ; let him, whom I shall encourage, presume ; and let him pride himself, whom I shall admit : but let not him call me cruel, or murtherefs, whom I neither promise, deceive, encourage, nor admit. Heaven has not yet ordained, that I should love by destiny ; and from loving by choice, I desire to be excused. Let every one of those, who solicit me, make their own particular use of this declaration ; and be it understood from henceforward, that, if any one dies for me, he does not die through jealousy or disdain ; for she, who loves nobody, should make nobody jealous ; and plain dealing ought not to pass for disdain. Let him, who calls me a savage and a basilisk, shun me as a mischievous and evil thing : let him, who calls me ungrateful, not serve me ; him, who thinks me shy, not know me ; who cruel, not follow me : for this savage, this basilisk, this ungrateful, this cruel, this shy thing, will in no wise either seek, serve, know, or follow them. If *Chrysofom's* impatience and precipitate desires killed him, why should he blame my modest procedure and reserve ? If I preserve my purity unspotted among these trees, why should he desire me to lose it among men ? You all know, that I have riches enough of my own, and do not covet other people's. My condition is free, and I have no mind to subject myself : I neither love, nor hate any body ; I neither deceive this man, nor lay snares for that ; I neither toy with one, nor divert myself with another. The modest conversation of the shepherdesses of these villages, and the care of my goats, are my entertainment. My desires are bounded within these mountains, and if they venture out hence, it is to contemplate the beauty of heaven, those steps by which the soul advances to its original dwelling. And in saying this, without staying for an answer, she turned her back, and entered into the most inaccessible part of the neighbouring mountain, leaving all those present in admiration as well of her sense as of her beauty.

Some of those, who had been wounded by the powerful darts of her bright eyes, discovered an inclination to follow her, without profiting by so express a declaration as they had heard her make ; which *Don Quixote* perceiving, and thinking this a proper occasion to employ his chivalry in the relief of distressed damsels, he laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, and with a loud and intelligible voice said : Let no person, of what state or condition soever he be, presume to follow the beautiful *Marcela*, on pain of incurring my furious indignation. She has demonstrated, by clear and sufficient reasons, the little or no fault she ought to be charged with on account of *Chrysofom's* death, and how far she is from countenancing the desires of any of her lovers : for which reason, instead of being followed and persecuted, she ought to be honoured and

esteemed by all good men in the world, for being the only woman in it whose intentions are so virtuous. Now, whether it were through *Don Quixote's* menaces, or because *Ambrosio* desired them to finish that last office to his friend, none of the shepherds stirred from thence, 'till, the grave being made and *Chrysoptom's* papers burnt, they laid his body in it, not without many tears of the by-standers. They closed the sepulchre with a large fragment of a rock, 'till a tomb-stone could be finished, which, *Ambrosio* said, he intended to have made, with an epitaph after this manner.

*Here lyes a gentle shepherd swain,
Through cold neglect untimely slain.
By rigor's cruel hand he died,
A victim to the scorn and pride
Of a coy, beautiful, ingrate,
Whose eyes enlarge love's tyrant state.*

They then strewed abundance of flowers and boughs on the grave, and condoling with his friend *Ambrosio*, took leave, and departed. *Vivaldo* and his companion did the same; and *Don Quixote* bid adieu to his hosts and the travellers, who prayed him to go with them to *Sevil*, that being a place the most likely to furnish him with adventures, since, in every street, and at every turning, more were to be met with there, than in any other place whatever. *Don Quixote* thanked them for the notice they gave him, and the disposition they shewed to do him a courtesy, and said, that for the present he could not, and ought not, to go to *Sevil*, 'till he had cleared all those mountains of robbers and assassins, of which, it was reported, they were full. The travellers, seeing his good intention, would not importune him farther; but taking leave again, left him, and pursued their journey: in which they wanted not a subject for discourse, as well of the story of *Marcela* and *Chrysoptom*, as of the whimsical madness of *Don Quixote*, who resolved to go in quest of the shepherdess *Marcela*, and offer her all that was in his power for her service. But it fell not out as he intended, as is related in the progress of this true history, the second part ending here.

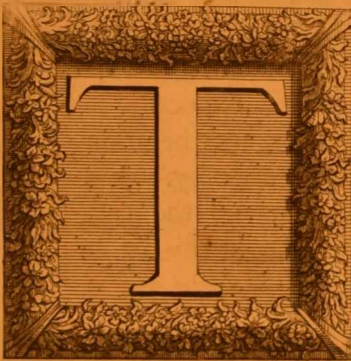


THE
LIFE AND EXPLOITS
Of the ingenious gentleman
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

B O O K III.

C H A P T E R I.

Wherein is related the unfortunate adventure, which befel Don Quixote in meeting with certain bloody-minded Yangueses¹.



HE sage *Cid Hamet Benengeli* relates, that when *Don Quixote* had taken leave of his host, and of all those who were present at *Chrysoptom's* funeral, he and his squire entered the same wood, into which they had seen the shepherdes *Marcela* enter before. And having ranged through it for above two hours, looking for her every where, without being able to find her, they stopped in a mead full of fresh grass, near which ran a pleasant and refreshing brook; insomuch that it invited and compelled them to pass there the sultry hours of the noon-day heat, which already began to come on with great violence. *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* alighted, and leaving the ass and *Rozinante* at large, to feed upon the abundance of grass that sprung in the place, they ransacked the wallet; and without any ceremony, in friendly and social wise, master and man eat what they found in it. *Sancho* was so secure of *Rozinante*, that he had taken no care to fetter him, knowing him to be so tame and so little gamesome, that all the mares of the pastures of *Cordova* would not provoke him to any unlucky pranks. But fortune, or the devil,

¹ Carriers of *Galicia*, commonly so called.

who

who is not always asleep, so ordered it, that there were grazing in that valley a parcel of *Galician* mares belonging to certain *Yanguese* carriers, whose custom it is to pass the mid-day, with their drove, in places where there is grass and water: and that, where *Don Quixote* chanced to be, was very fit for the purpose of the *Yangueses*. Now it fell out, that *Rozinante* had a mind to solace himself with the fillies, and, having them in the wind, broke out of his natural and accustomed pace, and, without asking his master's leave, betook himself to a smart trot, and went to communicate his need to them. But they, as it seemed, had more inclination to feed than any thing else, and received him with their heels and their teeth, in such a manner, that in a little time his girths broke, and he lost his saddle. But what must have more sensibly affected him, was, that the carriers, seeing the violence offered to their mares, ran to him with their pack-staves, and so belaboured him, that they laid him along on the ground in wretched plight.

By this time *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, who had seen the drubbing of *Rozinante*, came up out of breath: and *Don Quixote* said to *Sancho*; By what I see, friend *Sancho*, these are no knights, but rascally people, of a scoundrel race: I tell you this, because you may very well help me to take ample revenge for the outrage they have done to *Rozinante* before our eyes. What the devil of revenge can we take, answered *Sancho*, if they are above twenty, and we no more than two, and perhaps but one and a half? I am as good as a hundred, replied *Don Quixote*; and, without saying more, he laid his hand on his sword, and flew at the *Yangueses*; and *Sancho* did the same, incited and moved thereto by the example of his master. At the first blow *Don Quixote* gave one of them a terrible wound, through a leathern doublet which he wore, on the shoulder. The *Yangueses*, seeing themselves assaulted in this manner by two men only, they being so many, betook themselves to their clubs, and, hemming them in, began to belabour them with great vehemence and animosity. It is true, that at the second peal they brought *Sancho* to the ground, and the same befel *Don Quixote*, neither his dexterity nor courage standing him in any stead: And, as fate would have it, he fell just at *Rozinante's* feet, who had not yet got up: whence we may learn how unmercifully pack-staves will bruise, when put into rustic and wrathful hands. Now the *Yangueses*, perceiving the mischief they had done, loaded their beasts with all speed, and pursued their journey, leaving the two adventurers in evil plight.

The first who came to himself was *Sancho Pança*; who, finding he lay close to his master, with a feeble and plaintive voice, cried, Signor *Don Quixote!* ah, Signor *Don Quixote!* What would you have, brother *Sancho?* answered *Don Quixote*, in the same feeble and lamentable tone. I would fain, if it were possible, answered *Sancho Pança*, that your worship would give me two draughts of that drink of the *Feo Blas*, if so be you have it here at hand; perhaps it may do as well for broken bones, as it does for wounds. O that I had
it!

it here! unhappy I, that we have it not! answered *Don Quixote*. But I swear to you, *Sancho Pança*, on the faith of a knight-errant, that, before two days pass (if fortune does not order it otherwise) I will have it in my power, or my hand shall be very much out. But in how many days do you think, Sir, we shall recover the use of our feet, replied *Sancho Pança*? For my part, said the battered knight *Don Quixote*, I cannot limit the number: but it is all my own fault; for I ought not to have laid hand on my sword against men, who were not dubbed knights like myself. And therefore, I believe heaven has permitted this chastisement to fall upon me, as a punishment for having transgressed the laws of chivalry. Wherefore, brother *Sancho*, it is requisite you be forewarned of what I shall now tell you; for it highly concerns the good of us both: and it is this; that when you see we are insulted by such rascally rabble, do not stay 'till I lay hand on my sword against them; for I will in no wise do it; but do you draw your sword, and chastise them to your own heart's content: but if any knights shall come up to their aid and defence, I shall then know how to interpose, to defend you, and offend them with all my might: for you have already seen, by a thousand tokens and experiments, how far the valour of this strong arm of mine extends: so arrogant was the poor gentleman become by his victory over the valiant *Biscainer*. But *Sancho Pança* did not so thoroughly like his master's instructions, as to forbear answering, and saying; Sir, I am a peaceable, tame, quiet man, and can dissemble any injury whatsoever; for I have a wife and children to maintain and bring up: so that give me leave, Sir, to tell you by way of hint, since it is not my part to command, that I will upon no account draw my sword, neither against peasant, nor against knight; and that from this time forward, in the presence of god, I forgive all injuries any one has done, or shall do me, or that any person is now doing, or may hereafter do me, whether he be high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, without excepting any state or condition whatever. Which his master hearing, answered: I wish I had breath to talk a little at my ease, and that the pain I feel in this rib would cease ever so short a while, that I might convince you, *Pança*, of the error you are in. Harkye, finner, should the gale of fortune, hitherto so contrary, come about in our favour, filling the sails of our desires, so that we may safely, and without any hindrance, make the port of some one of those islands I have promised you, what would become of you, if, when I had gained it, and made you lord thereof, you should render all ineffectual by not being a knight, nor desiring to be one, and by having neither valour nor intention to revenge the injuries done you, or to defend your dominions? For you must know, that, in kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the minds of the natives are never so quiet, nor so much in the interest of their new master, but there is still ground to fear that they will endeavour to bring about a change of things, and once more, as they call it, to try their fortune: and therefore the new possessor ought to have understanding to know how

to

to conduct himself, and courage to act offensively and defensively, whatever shall happen. In this that hath now befallen us, answered *Sancho*, I wish I had been furnished with that understanding and valour your worship speaks of; but I swear, on the faith of a poor man, I am at this time fitter for plaisters than discourses. Try, Sir, whether you are able to rise, and we will help up *Rozinante*, though he does not deserve it; for he was the principal cause of all this mauling. I never believed the like of *Rozinante*, whom I took to be as chaste and as peaceable as myself. But it is a true saying, that *much time is necessary to come to a thorough knowledge of persons*; and that *we are sure of nothing in this life*. Who could have thought, that, after such swinging slashes as you gave that unfortunate adventurer-errant, there should come post, as it were, in pursuit of you, this vast tempest of pack-staves, which has discharged itself upon our shoulders? Thine, *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*, should, one would think, be used to such storms; but mine, that were brought up between muslins and cambricks, must needs be more sensible of the grief of this mishap. And were it not that I imagine (do I say, imagine?) did I not know for certain, that all these inconveniencies are inseparably annexed to the profession of arms, I would suffer myself to die here out of pure vexation. To this replied the squire: Sir, since these mishaps are the genuine fruits and harvests of chivalry, pray tell me whether they fall out often, or whether they have their set times in which they happen; for, to my thinking, two more such harvests will disable us from ever reaping a third, if god of his infinite mercy does not succour us. Learn, friend *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, that the life of knights-errant is subject to a thousand perils and mishaps: but then they are every whit as near becoming kings and emperors; and this experience hath shewn us in many and divers knights, whose histories I am perfectly acquainted with. I could tell you now, if the pain would give me leave, of some, who by the strength of their arm alone have mounted to the high degrees I have mentioned: and these very men were, before and after, involved in sundry calamities and misfortunes. For the valorous *Amadis de Gaul* saw himself in the power of his mortal enemy, *Arche-laüs* the magician, of whom it is positively affirmed, that, when he had him prisoner, he gave him above two hundred lashes with his horse's bridle, after he had tied him to a pillar in his court-yard. And moreover there is a private author, of no small credit, who tells us, that the *knight of the sun*, being caught by a trap-door, which sunk under his feet, in a certain castle, found himself, at the bottom, in a deep dungeon under ground, bound hand and foot; where they administered to him one of those things they call a clyster, of snow-water and tard, that almost did his business; and if he had not been succoured in that great distress by a certain sage, his special friend, it had gone very hard with the poor knight. So that I may very well suffer among so many worthy persons, who underwent much greater affronts than those we now undergo: for I would have you know, *Sancho*, that the wounds, which are given with instruments that are
accidentally

accidentally in ones hand, are no disgrace or affront. And thus it is expressly written in the law of combat, that if the shoemaker strikes a person with the last he has in his hand, though it be really of wood, it will not therefore be said, that the person thus beaten with it was cudgelled. I say this, that you may not think, though we are mauled in this scuffle, that we are disgraced: for the arms those men carried, wherewith they mashed us, were no other than their pack-staves; and none of them, as I remember, had either tuck, sword, or dagger. They gave me no leisure, answered *Sancho*, to observe so narrowly; for scarcely had I laid hand on my whyniard¹, when they crossed my shoulders with their saplins, in such a manner, that they deprived my eyes of sight, and my feet of strength, laying me where I now lie, and where I am not so much concerned to think whether the business of the threshing be an affront or no, as I am troubled at the pain of the blows, which will leave as deep an impression in my memory, as on my shoulders. All this notwithstanding, I tell you, brother *Pança*, replied *Don Quixote*, there is no remembrance, which times does not obliterate, nor pain, which death does not put an end to. What greater misfortune can there be, replied *Pança*, than that, which remains 'till time effaces it, and 'till death puts an end to it? If this mischance of ours were of that sort, which people cure with a couple of plaisters, it would not be altogether so bad: but, for ought I see, all the plaisters of an hospital will not be sufficient to set us to rights again. Have done with this, and gather strength out of weakness, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*; for so I purpose to do: and let us see how *Rozinante* does; for, by what I perceive, not the least part of this misfortune has fallen to the poor beast's share. We must not wonder at that, answered *Sancho*, since he also appertains to a knight-errant. But what I wonder at, is, that my ass should come off scot-free, where we have paid so dear. Fortune always leaves some door open in disasters whereby to come at a remedy, said *Don Quixote*. I say this, because this poor beast may now supply the want of *Rozinante*, by carrying me hence to some castle, where I may be cured of my wounds. Nor do I take the being mounted in this fashion to be dishonourable; for I remember to have read, that the good old *Silenus*, governor and tutor of the merry god of laughter, when he made his entry into the city of the hundred gates, went delightfully mounted on a most beautiful ass. It is like he went mounted as your worship says, answered *Sancho*: but there is a main difference between riding and lying athwart, like a sack of rubbish. To which *Don Quixote* answered: The wounds received in battle rather give honour than take it away; so that, friend *Pança*, answer me no more, but, as I have already said to you, raise me up as well as you can, and place me in whatever manner you please upon your ass, that we may get hence, before night comes on and overtakes us in this uninhabited place. Yet I have heard your worship say,

¹ *Tizona*: a romantic name given to the sword of *Roderick Diaz de Bivar*, the famous Spanish General against the Moors.

quoth *Pança*, that it is usual for knights-errant to sleep on heaths and deserts most part of the year, and that they look upon it to be very fortunate. That was, said *Don Quixote*, when they could not help it, or were in love: and this is so true, that there have been knights, who, unknown to their mistresses, have exposed themselves, for two years together, upon rocks, to the sun and the shade, and to the inclemencies of heaven. One of these was *Amadis*, when, calling himself *Beltenebros*¹, he posted himself on the *poor rock*, whether for eight years or eight months I know not, for I am not perfect in his history. It is sufficient, that there he was, doing penance for I know not what distaste shewn him by the lady *Oriana*. But let us have done with this, *Sancho*, and dispatch, before such another misfortune happens to the ass as hath befallen *Rozinante*. That would be the devil indeed, quoth *Sancho*; and sending forth thirty alas's, and sixty sighs, and a hundred and twenty curses on whosoever had brought him thither, he raised himself up, but staid bent by the way like a *Turkish* bow, entirely unable to stand upright: and with all this fatigue he made a shift to saddle his ass, who had also taken advantage of that day's excessive liberty, to go a little astray. He then heaved up *Rozinante*, who, had he had a tongue to complain with, it is most certain would not have been outdone either by *Sancho* or his master. In fine, *Sancho* settled *Don Quixote* upon the ass, and tying *Rozinante* by the head to his tail, led them both by the halter, proceeding now faster now slower toward the place where he thought the road might lye. And he had scarce gone a short league, when fortune (which was conducting his affairs from good to better) discovered to him the road, where he espied an inn, which, to his sorrow and *Don Quixote's* joy, must needs be a castle. *Sancho* positively maintained it was an inn, and his master that it was a castle; and the obstinate dispute lasted so long, that they had time to arrive there before it ended; and without more ado *Sancho* entered into it with his string of cattle.

C H A P. II.

Of what happened to the ingenious gentleman in the inn, which he imagined to be a castle.

THE inn-keeper, seeing *Don Quixote* laid across the ass, enquired of *Sancho*, what ailed him? *Sancho* answered him, that it was nothing but a fall from a rock, whereby his ribs were somewhat bruised. The inn-keeper had to wife one of a different disposition from those of the like occupation; for she was naturally charitable, and touched with the misfortunes of her neighbours: so that she presently set herself to cure *Don Quixote*, and made her daughter, a very comely young maiden, assist her in the cure of her guest. There was also a servant in the inn, an *Asturian* wench, broad-faced, flat-headed, and saddle-nosed, with one eye squinting, and the other not much bet-

¹ The lovely obscure.



ter. It is true, the activity of her body made amends for her other defects. She was not seven hands high from her feet to her head; and her shoulders, which burthened her a little too much, made her look down to the ground more than she cared to do. Now this agreeable lass helped the maiden; and they two made *Don Quixote* a very sorry bed in a garret, which gave evident tokens of having formerly served many years as a horse-loft. In which room lodged also a carrier, whose bed lay a little beyond that of our *Don Quixote*. And though it was composed of pannels, and other trappings of his mules, it had much the advantage of *Don Quixote's*, which consisted of four not very smooth boards, upon two not very equal tressels, and a flock-bed no thicker than a quilt, and full of knobs, which, if one had not seen through the breaches that they were wool, by the hardness might have been taken for pebble-stones; with two sheets like the leather of an old target, and a rugg, the threads of which, if you had a mind, you might number without losing a single one of the account. In this wretched bed was *Don Quixote* laid; and immediately the hostess and her daughter plaistered him from head to foot, *Maritornes* (for so the *Asturian* was called) holding the light. And as the hostess stuck on the plaisters, perceiving *Don Quixote* to be so full of bruises in all parts, she said, that they seemed to be rather marks of blows than of a fall. They were not blows, said *Sancho*; but the rock had many sharp points and knobs, and every one has left its mark: he said also; pray, forsooth, order it so, that some towe may be left; somebody else may have occasion for it, for my sides also ake a little. So then, said the hostess, you too have had a fall. No fall, said *Sancho Pança*; but the fright I took at seeing my master fall has made my body so sore, that methinks I have received a thousand drubs. That may very well be, said the girl; for I have often dreamed that I was falling down from some high tower, and could never come to the ground; and when I have awaked, I have found myself as bruised and battered, as if I had really fallen. But here is the point, mistress, answered *Sancho Pança*, that I, without dreaming at all, and more awake than I am now, find myself with almost as many bruises as my master *Don Quixote*. How is this cavalier called, quoth the *Asturian Maritornes*? *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, answered *Sancho Pança*: he is a knight-errant, and one of the best and most valiant that has been seen this long time in the world. What is a knight-errant, replied the wench? Are you so lately come into the world, that you do not know, answered *Sancho Pança*? Then learn, sister of mine, that a knight-errant is a thing that, in two words, is seen cudgelled and an emperor; to-day is the most unfortunate creature in the world, and the most necessitous; and to-morrow will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give to his squire. How comes it then to pass, that you being squire to this so worthy a gentleman, said the hostess, have not yet, as it seems, got so much as an earldom? It is early days yet, answered *Sancho*; for it is but a month since we set out in quest of adventures, and hi-

therto we have met with none that deserve the name. And now and then one looks for one thing, and finds another. True it is, if my master *Don Quixote* recovers of this wound or fall, and I am not disabled thereby, I would not truck my hopes for the best title in *Spain*.

All this discourse *Don Quixote* listened to very attentively; and setting himself up in his bed as well as he could, and taking the hostess by the hand, he said to her: Believe me, beautiful lady, you may reckon yourself happy in having lodged my person in this your castle, and such a person, that, if I do not praise myself, it is because, as is commonly said, self-praise depreciates: but my squire will inform you who I am. I only say, that I shall retain the service you have done me eternally engraved in my memory, and be grateful to you whilst my life shall remain. And had it pleased the high heavens, that love had not held me so enthralled, and subjected to his laws, and to the eyes of that beautiful ingrate, whose name I mutter between my teeth, the eyes of this lovely virgin had been mistresses of my liberty.

The hostess, her daughter, and the good *Maritornes*, stood confounded at hearing this our knight-errant's discourse; which they understood just as much as if he had spoken *Greek*: though they guessed that it all tended to compliments and offers of service. And not being accustomed to such kind of language, they stared at him with admiration, and thought him another sort of man than those now in fashion; so, thanking him with inn-like phrase for his offers, they left him. The *Asturian Maritornes* doctored *Sancho*, who stood in no less need of it than his master. The carrier and she had agreed to solace themselves together that night; and she had given him her word, that, when the guests were a-bed, and her master and mistress asleep, she would repair to him, and satisfy his desire as much as he pleased. And it is said of this honest wench, that she never made the like promise, but she performed it, though she had given it on a mountain, and without any witness: for she stood much upon her gentility, and yet thought it no disgrace to be employed in that calling of serving in an inn; often saying, that misfortunes and unhappy accidents had brought her to that state.

Don Quixote's hard, scanty, beggarly, feeble bed, stood first in the middle of that illustrious cock-loft; and close by it stood *Sancho's*, which consisted only of a flag-matt, and a rug that seemed to be rather of beaten hemp than of wool. Next these two in course stood the carrier's, made up, as has been said, of pannels, and the whole furniture of two of the best mules he had; which were twelve in number, sleek, fat and stately: for he was one of the richest carriers of *Arevalo*, as the author of this history relates, who makes particular mention of this carrier, whom he knew very well; nay, some went so far as to say, he was somewhat of kin to him. Besides, *Cid Hamet Benengeli* was a very curious, and very punctual historiographer in all things: and this appears plainly from the circumstances already related, which, however

seemingly



seemingly minute and trivial, he would not pass over in silence. Which may serve as an example to the grave historians, who relate facts so very briefly and succinctly, that we have scarcely a smack of them, leaving the most substantial part of the work, either through neglect, malice, or ignorance, at the bottom of the inkhorn. The blessing of god a thousand times on the author of *Tablante*, of *Ricamonte*, and on him who wrote the exploits of the Count *de Tomillas*! with what punctuality do they describe every thing!

I say then, that, after the carrier had visited his mules, and given them their second course, he laid himself down upon his pannels, in expectation of his most punctual *Maritornes*. *Sancho* was already plaistered, and laid down; and though he endeavoured to sleep, the pain of his ribs would not consent; and *Don Quixote*, through the anguish of his, kept his eyes as wide open as a hare. The whole inn was in profound silence, and no other light in it than what proceeded from a lamp, which hung burning in the middle of the entry. This marvellous stillness, and the thoughts which our knight always drew from the accidents recounted in every page of the books, the authors of his misfortune, brought to his imagination one of the strangest whimsies that can well be conceived: which was, that he fancied he was arrived at a certain famous castle (for, as has been said, all the inns where he lodged were, in his opinion, castles) and that the inn-keeper's daughter was daughter to the lord of the castle; who, captivated by his fine appearance, was fallen in love with him, and had promised him, that night, unknown to her parents, to steal privately to him, and pass a good part of it with him. And taking all this chimera (which he had formed to himself) for real and true, he began to be uneasy, and to reflect on the dangerous crisis, to which his fidelity was going to be exposed; and he resolved in his heart not to commit disloyalty against his lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, though queen *Ginebra* herself, with the lady *Quintaniona*, should present themselves before him.

Whilst his thoughts were taken up with these extravagancies, the time and the hour (which to him proved an unlucky one) of the *Asturian's* coming drew near; who in her smock, and bare-footed, her hair tucked up under a fustian coif, came with silent and cautious steps into the room, where the three were lodged, to find her carrier. But scarce was she come to the door, when *Don Quixote* perceived her, and sitting up in his bed, in spite of his plaisters and the pain of his ribs, stretched out his arms to receive his beauteous damsel the *Asturian*, who crouching, and holding her breath, went with hands extended feeling for her lover. Thus she encountered *Don Quixote's* arms, who caught fast hold of her by the wrist, and pulling her toward him, she not daring to speak a word, made her sit down on the bed by him. Presently he fell to feeling her smock, which, though it was of canvas, seemed to him to be of the finest and softest lawn. She had on her wrist a string of glass-beads; but to his fancy they were precious oriental pearls. Her hairs, not unlike those of
a horse's

a horse's mane, he took for threads of the brightest gold of *Arabia*, whose splendour obscures that of the sun itself. And though her breath doubtless smelled of stale last-night's salt-fish, he fancied himself sucking from her lips a delicious and aromatic odour. In short he painted her in his imagination in the very form and manner, he had read described in his books, of some princess, who comes, adorned in the manner here mentioned, to visit the dangerously wounded knight, with whom she is in love. And so great was the poor gentleman's infatuation, that neither the touch, nor the breath, nor other things the good wench had about her, could undeceive him, though enough to make any one but a carrier vomit. Yet he imagined he held the goddess of beauty between his arms; and clasping her fast, with an amorous and low voice, he began to say to her: O! that I were in a condition, beautiful and high lady, to be able to return so vast a favour, as this you have done me by the presence of your great beauty; but fortune, who is never weary of persecuting the good, is pleased to lay me on this bed, where I lye so bruised and disabled, that, though I were ever so much inclined to gratify your desires, it would be impossible. And to this is added another still greater impossibility, which is the plighted faith I have given to the peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, the sole mistress of my most hidden thoughts. Had it not been for these obstacles, I should not have been so dull a knight, as to let slip the happy opportunity your great goodness has put into my hands. *Maritornes* was in the utmost pain, and in a violent sweat, to find herself held so fast by *Don Quixote*; and not hearing or minding what he said to her, she struggled, without speaking a word, to get loose from him. The honest carrier, whose loose desires kept him awake, heard his sweetheart from the first moment she entered the door, and listened attentively to all that *Don Quixote* said; and jealous that the *Asturian* had broken her word with him for another, he drew nearer and nearer to *Don Quixote's* bed, and stood still, to see what would come of those speeches which he did not understand. But, seeing that the wench strove to get from him, and that *Don Quixote* laboured to hold her, not liking the jest, he lifted up his arm, and discharged so terrible a blow on the lanthorn jaws of the enamoured knight, that he bathed his mouth in blood: and not content with this, he mounted upon his ribs, and paced them over, somewhat above a trot, from end to end. The bed, which was a little crazy, and its foundations none of the strongest, being unable to bear the additional weight of the carrier, came down with them to the ground: at which great noise the host awaked, and presently imagined it must be some prank of *Maritornes's*; for having called to her aloud, she made no answer. With this suspicion he got up, and lighting a candle went toward the place where he had heard the bustle. The wench, perceiving her master coming, and knowing him to be terribly passionate, all trembling and confounded, betook herself to *Sancho Pança's* bed, who was now asleep; and creeping in, she lay close to him, and as round as an egg. The inn-keeper entering said;

Where

Where are you, strumpet? these are most certainly some of your doings. Now *Sancho* awaked, and perceiving that bulk lying as it were a-top of him, fancied he had got the night-mare, and began to lay about him on every side: and not a few of his fifty-cuffs reached *Maritornes*, who, provoked by the smart, and laying all modesty aside, made *Sancho* such a return in kind, that she quite roused him from sleep, in despite of his drowziness: who finding himself handled in that manner, without knowing by whom, raised himself up as well as he could, and grappled with *Maritornes*; and there began between them two the toughest and pleasantest skirmish in the world. Now the carrier perceiving, by the light of the host's candle, how it fared with his mistress, quitted *Don Quixote*, and ran to give her the necessary assistance. The landlord did the same, but with a different intention; for his was to chastize the wench, concluding without doubt, that she was the sole occasion of all this harmony. And so, as the proverb goes, the cat to the rat, the rat to the rope, and the rope to the stick: the carrier belaboured *Sancho*, *Sancho* the wench, the wench him, the in-keeper the wench; and all laid about them so thick, that they gave themselves not a minute's rest: and the best of it was, that the landlord's candle went out; and they, being left in the dark, threshed one another so unmercifully, that let the hand light where it would, it left nothing sound.

There lodged by chance that night in the inn an officer, of those they call the old holy brotherhood of *Toledo*¹; who, likewise hearing the strange noise of the scuffle, caught up his wand, and the tin-box which held his commission, and entered the room in the dark, crying out; Forbear, in the name of justice; forbear, in the name of the holy brotherhood. And the first he lighted on was the battered *Don Quixote*, who lay on his demolished bed, stretched upon his back, and quite senseless; and laying hold of his beard, as he was groping about, he cried out incessantly, I charge you to aid and assist me: but, finding that the person he had laid hold of neither stirred nor moved, he concluded that he must be dead, and that the people within the room were his murderers: and with this suspicion he raised his voice still louder, crying; Shut the inn-door, see that nobody gets out; for they have killed a man here. This voice astonished them all, and each of them left the conflict the very moment the voice reached them. The landlord withdrew to his chamber, the carrier to his panels, and the wench to her straw: only the unfortunate *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* could not stir from the place they were in. Now the officer let go *Don Quixote's* beard, and went out to get a light, to search after and apprehend the delinquents: but he found none; for the inn-keeper had purposely extinguished the lamp, when he retired to his Chamber; and the officer was forced to have recourse to the chimney, where, after much pains and time, he lighted another lamp.

¹ They patrol in squadrons, to apprehend robbers and disorderly persons.

C H A P. III.

Wherein are continued the numberless hardships, which the brave Don Quixote and his good squire Sancho Pança underwent in the inn, which he unhappily took for a castle.

BY this time *Don Quixote* was come to himself, and with the very same tone of voice, with which, the day before, he had called to his squire, when he lay stretched along in the valley of pack-staves, he began to call to him, saying; *Sancho*, friend, sleepest thou? sleepest thou, friend *Sancho*? How should I sleep? woe is me! answered *Sancho*, full of trouble and vexation; I cannot but think all the devils in hell have been in my company to-night. You may very well believe so, answered *Don Quixote*; and either I know little, or this castle is enchanted. For you must know---but what I am now going to tell you, you must swear to keep secret till after my death. Yes, I swear, answered *Sancho*. I say it, replied *Don Quixote*, because I am an enemy to the taking away any body's reputation. I do swear, said *Sancho* again, I will keep it secret till after your decease, and god grant I may discover it to-morrow. Have I done you so many ill turns, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, that you would willingly see me dead so very soon? It is not for that, answered *Sancho*; but I am an enemy to keeping things long, and I would not have them rot with keeping. Be it for what it will, said *Don Quixote*; I trust for greater matters than that to your love and your kindness: and therefore you must know, that this night there has befallen me one of the strangest adventures imaginable; and, to tell it you in few words, know, that a little while ago there came to me the daughter of the lord of this castle, who is the most accomplished and beautiful damsel that is to be found in a great part of the habitable earth. What could I not tell you of the gracefulness of her person? what of the sprightliness of her wit? what of other hidden charms, which, to preserve the fidelity I owe to my lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, I will pass over untouched and in silence? only I would tell you, that heaven, envying so great happiness as fortune had put into my hands; or perhaps (which is more probable) this castle, as I said before, being enchanted; at the time that she and I were engaged in the sweetest and most amorous conversation, without my seeing it, or knowing whence it came, comes a hand, fastened to the arm of some monstrous giant, and gave me such a douse on the chops, that I was all bathed in blood, and it afterwards pounded me in such sort, that I am in a worse case than yesterday, when the carriers, for *Rozinante's* frolic, did us the mischief you know. Whence I conjecture, that the treasure of this damsel's beauty is guarded by some enchanted *Moor*, and is not reserved for me. Nor for me neither, answered *Sancho*; for more than four hundred *Moors* have cudgelled me in such a manner, that the basting of the pack-staves was turts and cheese-cakes to it. But tell me, pray, Sir, how can
you

you call this an excellent and rare adventure, which has left us in such a pickle? though it was not quite so bad with your worship, who had between your arms that incomparable beauty aforesaid. But I, what had I, besides the heaviest blows that, I hope, I shall ever feel as long as I live? Woe is me, and the mother that bore me! for I am no knight-errant, nor ever mean to be one; and yet, of all the misadventures, the greater part still falls to my share. What! have you been pounded too? answered *Don Quixote*. Have I not told you, yes? Evil befall my lineage! quoth *Sancho*. Be in no pain, friend, said *Don Quixote*; for I will now make the precious balsam, with which we will cure ourselves in the twinkling of an eye. By this time the officer had lighted his lamp, and entered to see the person he thought was killed; and *Sancho* seeing him come in, and perceiving him to be in his shirt, with a night-cap on his head, a lamp in his hand, and a very ill-favoured countenance, he demanded of his master; Pray, Sir, is this the enchanted *Moor* coming to chastise us again, if any thing be left at the bottom of the ink-horn¹? It cannot be the *Moor*, answered *Don Quixote*; for the enchanted suffer not themselves to be seen by any body. If they will not be seen, they will be felt, said *Sancho*; witness my shoulders. Mine might speak too, answered *Don Quixote*: but this is not sufficient evidence to convince us, that what we see is the enchanted *Moor*.

The officer came, and, finding them communing in so calm a manner, stood in suspense. It is true indeed, *Don Quixote* still lay flat on his back, without being able to stir, through mere pounding and plaistering. The officer approached him, and said: How fares it, honest friend? I would speak more respectfully, answered *Don Quixote*, were I in your place. Is it the fashion of this country to talk in this manner to knights-errant, blockhead? The officer, seeing himself so ill-treated by one of so scurvy an appearance, could not bear it, and lifting up the brass-lamp, with all its oil, gave it *Don Quixote* over the pate, in such sort, that he broke his head; and, all being in the dark, he ran instantly out of the room. Doubtless, Sir, quoth *Sancho Pança*, this is the enchanted *Moor*; and he reserves the treasure for others, and for us only blows and lamp-knocks². It is even so, answered *Don Quixote*; and it is to no purpose to regard this business of enchantments, or to be out of humour or angry with them; for as they are invisible and phantastical only, we shall find nothing to be revenged on, though we endeavour it never so much. Get you up, *Sancho*, if you can, and call the governour of this fortress; and take care to get me some oil, wine, salt, and rosemary, to make the healing balsam; for, in truth, I believe I want it very much at this time; for the wound this phantom has given me bleeds very fast.

¹ *Si se dexò algo en el tintero.* The meaning of which phrase is clear from the like expression in the preceding chapter, where *Cervantes* praises the punctuality of *Cid Hamete Benengeli* in recounting the minutest circumstances of the history; whereas other historians relate facts too succinctly, leaving the most substantial part of the work at the bottom of the ink-horn (*dexándose en el tintero, &c.*) that is, leaving the work imperfect.

² *Candilazos.* A new coined word in the original.

Sancho got up, with pain enough of his bones, and went in the dark towards the landlord's chamber, and meeting with the officer, who was listening to discover what his enemy would be at, said to him; Sir, whoever you are, do us the favour and kindness to help us to a little rosemary, oil, salt and wine; for they are wanted to cure one of the best knights-errant that are in the world, who lies in yon bed, sorely wounded by the hands of the enchanted *Moor* that is in this inn. The officer, hearing him talk at this rate, took him for one out of his senses. And the day beginning to dawn, he opened the inn-door, and calling the host, told him what that honest man wanted. The inn-keeper furnished him with what he desired, and *Sancho* carried them to *Don Quixote*, who lay with his hands on his head, complaining of the pain of the lamp-knock, which had done him no other hurt than the raising a couple of bumps pretty much swelled: and what he took for blood was nothing but sweat, occasioned by the anguish of the last night's hurricane. In fine, he took his simples, and made a compound of them, mixing them together, and boiling them a good while, 'till he thought they were enough. Then he asked for a viol to put it in; and there being no such thing in the inn, he resolved to put it in a cruze, or oil-flask of tin, which the host made him a present of. And immediately he said over the cruze above fourscore *Pater-nosters* and as many *Ave-maries*, *Salves* and *Credos*, and every word was accompanied with a cross by way of benediction: at all which were present *Sancho*, the inn-keeper, and the officer: as for the carrier, he was gone soberly about the business of tending his mules.

Now the dose being ready, he resolved immediately to make trial of the virtue of that precious balsam, as he imagined it to be; and so he drank about a pint and a half of what the cruze could not contain, and which remained in the pot it was infused and boiled in; and scarcely had he done drinking, when he began to vomit so violently, that nothing was left in his stomach: and thro' the convulsive reachings and agitation of the vomit, he fell into a most copious sweat: wherefore he ordered them to cover him up warm, and to leave him alone. They did so, and he continued fast asleep above three hours, when he awoke, and found himself greatly relieved in his body, and so much recovered of his bruising, that he thought himself as good as cured. And he was thoroughly persuaded that he had hit on the true balsam of *Fierabras*, and, that with this remedy he might thenceforward encounter without fear any dangers, battles, and conflicts whatever, though never so perilous.

Sancho Pança, who likewise took his master's amendment for a miracle, desired he would give him what remained in the pipkin, which was no small quantity. *Don Quixote* granting his request, he took it in both hands, and with a good faith and better will, tossed it down into his stomach, swilling very little less than his master had done. Now the case was, that poor *Sancho's* stomach was not so nice and squeamish as his master's; and therefore, before he could throw it up, it gave him such pangs and loathings, with so many cold sweats
and

and faintings, that he verily thought his last hour was come : and finding himself so afflicted and tormented, he cursed the balsam, and the thief that had given it him. *Don Quixote*, seeing him in that condition, said to him : I believe, *Sancho*, that all this mischief has befallen you because you are not dubbed a knight : for I am of opinion, this liquor can do no good to those who are not. If your worship knew that, replied *Sancho* (evil betide me and all my generation!) why did you suffer me to drink it? By this time the drench operated effectually, and the poor squire began to let fly at both channels with so much precipitation, that the flag-mat upon which he lay, and the blanket in which he wrapped himself, were never after fit for use. He sweated and sweated again, with such faintings and fits, that not only himself, but every body else thought he was expiring. This hurricane and evacuation-errant lasted him near two hours; at the end of which he did not remain as his master did, but so shattered and broken, that he was not able to stand. But *Don Quixote*, who, as is said, found himself at ease and whole, would needs depart immediately in quest of adventures, believing, that all the time he loitered away there was depriving the world, and the distressed in it, of his aid and protection; and the rather through the security and confidence he placed in the balsam : and thus, hurried away by this strong desire, he saddled *Rozinante* with his own hands, and pannelled his squire's beast, whom he also helped to dress, and to mount him upon the ass. He presently got on horseback, and, coming to a corner of the inn, he laid hold of a pike that stood there, to serve him for a lance. All the folks in the inn stood gazing at him, being somewhat above twenty persons : among the rest the host's daughter stared at him, and he on his part removed not his eyes from her, and now and then sent forth a sigh, which he seemed to tear up from the bottom of his bowels; all imagining it to proceed from the pain he felt in his ribs, at least those, who the night before had seen how he was plastered.

They being now both mounted, and standing at the door of the inn, he called to the host, and, with a very solemn and grave voice, said to him ; Many and great are the favours, Signor governor, which in this your castle I have received, and I remain under infinite obligations to acknowledge them all the days of my life. If I could make you a return by revenging you on any insolent, who has done you outrage, know that the duty of my profession is no other than to strengthen the weak, to revenge the injured, and to chastise the perfidious. Run over your memory, and if you find any thing of this nature to recommend to me, you need only declare it ; for I promise you, by the order of knighthood I have received, to procure you satisfaction and amends to your heart's desire. The host answered with the same gravity : Sir knight, I have no need of your worship's avenging any wrong for me ; I know how to take the proper revenge, when any injury is done me : I only desire your worship to pay me for what you have had in the inn, as well for the straw and barley for your two beasts, as for your supper and lodging. What, then, is this an inn? replied *Don Quixote*? And a very creditable

ble one, answered the host. Hitherto then I have been in an error, answered *Don Quixote*; for in truth I took it for a castle, and no bad one neither: but since it is so, that it is no castle, but an inn, all that can now be done, is, that you excuse the payment; for I cannot act contrary to the law of knights-errant, of whom I certainly know (having hitherto read nothing to the contrary) that they never paid for lodging, or any thing else, in any inn where they have lain; and that because, of right and good reason, all possible good accommodation is due to them, in recompence of the insufferable hardships they endure in quest of adventures, by night and by day, in winter and in summer, on foot and on horseback, with thirst and with hunger, with heat and with cold, subject to all the inclemencies of heaven, and to all the inconveniencies upon earth. I see little to my purpose in all this, answered the host: pay me what is my due, and let us have none of your stories and knight-errantries; for I make no account of any thing, but how to come by my own. Thou art a blockhead, and a pitiful inn-keeper, answered *Don Quixote*: so clapping spurs to *Rozinante*, and brandishing his lance, he sallied out of the inn, without any body's opposing him, and, without looking to see whether his squire followed him or not, got a good way off.

The host, seeing him go off, without paying him, ran to seize on *Sancho Pança*, who said, that since his master would not pay, he would not pay neither; for being squire to a knight-errant, as he was, the same rule and reason held as good for him as for his master, not to pay any thing in publick-houses and inns. The inn-keeper grew very testy at this, and threatned him, if he did not pay him, he would get it in a way he should be sorry for. *Sancho* swore by the order of chivalry, which his master had received, that he would not pay a single farthing, though it should cost him his life; for the laudable and ancient usage of knights-errant should not be lost for him, nor should the squires of future knights have reason to complain of, or reproach him for the breach of so just a right.

Poor *Sancho's* ill luck would have it, that, among those who were in the inn, there were four cloth-workers of *Segovia*, three needle-makers of the horse-fountain of *Cordova*¹, and two butchers of *Sevil*, all arch, merry, unlucky, and frolicksome fellows; who, as it were, instigated and moved by the self-same spirit, came up to *Sancho*, and dismounting him from the ass, one of them went in for the landlord's bed-blanket: and putting him therein, they looked up and saw that the cieling was somewhat too low for their work, and determined to go out into the yard, which was bounded only by the sky. There, *Sancho* being placed in the midst of the blanket, they began to toss him aloft, and to divert themselves with him, as with a dog at *Shrovetide*. The cries, which the poor blanketed squire sent forth, were so many, and so loud, that

¹ *El potro de Cordova*. A square in the city of *Cordova*, where a fountain gushes out from a horse's mouth; near which is also a whipping-post.

they reached his master's ears; who, stopping to listen attentively, believed that some new adventure was at hand, 'till he found plainly that he who cried was his squire; and turning the reins, with a constrained gallop, he came up to the inn; and finding it shut, he rode round it to discover, if he could, an entrance. But he was scarce got to the wall of the yard, which was not very high, when he perceived the wicked sport they were making with his squire. He saw him ascend and descend through the air with so much grace and agility, that, if his choler would have suffered him, I am of opinion he would have laughed. He tried to get from his horse upon the pales; but he was so bruised and battered, that he could not so much as alight, and so from on horseback he began to call those, who were tossing *Sancho*, so many strange and abusive names, that it is impossible to put them down in writing: but they did not therefore desist from their laughter, nor their labour; nor did the flying *Sancho* forbear his complaints, mixed sometimes with menaces, sometimes with intreaties: yet all availed little, nor would have availed; but at last they left off for pure weariness. They then brought him his ass, and, wrapping him in his loose coat, mounted him thereon. The compassionate *Maritornes*, seeing him so harassed, thought good to help him to a jug of water, which she brought from the well, because it was coolest. *Sancho* took it, and, as he was lifting it to his mouth, stopped at his master's calling to him aloud, saying; Son *Sancho*, drink not water; child, do not drink it; it will kill thee: see here, I hold the most holy balsam (shewing him the cruze of the potion) by drinking but two drops of which, you will doubtless be whole and sound again. At these words *Sancho* turned his eyes as it were askew, and said with a louder voice; Perhaps you have forgot, Sir, that I am no knight, or you would have me vomit up what remains of my entrails, after last night's work. Keep your liquor, in the devil's name, and let me alone. His ceasing to speak, and beginning to drink, was all in a moment: but at the first sip finding it was water, he would proceed no further, and prayed *Maritornes* to bring him some wine: which she did with a very good will, and paid for it with her own money; for they say of her, that, though she was in that station, she had some shadows and faint out-lines of a christian. As soon as *Sancho* had done drinking, he fell a kicking his ass; and the inn-gate being thrown wide open, out he went, mightily satisfied that he had paid nothing, and had carried his point, though at the expence of his accustomed surety, his carkass. The landlord, indeed, was in possession of his wallets for payment of what was due to him; but *Sancho* never missed them, so confused was he at going off. The inn-keeper would have fastened the door well after him, as soon as he saw him out; but the blanketteers would not consent, being persons of that sort, that, though *Don Quixote* had really been one of the knights of the round table, they would not have cared two farthings for him.

C H A P. IV.

In which is rehearsed the discourse, which Sancho Pança held with his master Don Quixote, with other adventures worth relating.

SANCHO came up to his master, pale, and dispirited to that degree, that he was not able to spur on his ass. *Don Quixote*, perceiving him in that condition, said; Now am I convinced, honest *Sancho*, that that castle or inn is doubtless enchanted; for they who so cruelly sported themselves with you, what could they be but hobgoblins, and people of the other world? And I am confirmed in this by having found, that, when I stood at the pales of the yard, beholding the acts of your sad tragedy, I could not possibly get upon them, nor so much as alight from *Rozinante*; so that they must certainly have held me enchanted: for I swear to you, by the faith of what I am, that, if I could have got over, or alighted, I would have avenged you in such a manner, as would have made those poltroons and assassins remember the jest as long as they lived, though I knew I had transgressed the laws of chivalry thereby: for, as I have often told you, they do not allow a knight to lay hand on his sword against any one who is not so, unless it be in defence of his own life and person, and in case of urgent and extreme necessity. And I too, quoth *Sancho*, would have avenged myself if I could, dubbed or not dubbed; but I could not: though I am of opinion, that they, who diverted themselves at my expence, were no hobgoblins, but men of flesh and bones, as we are; and each of them, as I heard while they were tossing me, had his proper name: one was called *Pedro Martinez*, another *Tenorio Hernandez*; and the landlord's name is *John Palomeque the left-handed*: so that, Sir, as to your not being able to leap over the pales, nor to alight from your horse, the fault lay in something else, and not in enchantment. And what I gather clearly from all this, is, that these adventures we are in quest of will at the long run bring us into so many disventures, that we shall not know which is our right foot. So that, in my poor opinion, the better and surer way would be to return to our village, now that it is reaping-time, and look after our business, and not run rambling from *Ceca* to *Mecca*¹, leaping out of the frying-pan into the fire. How little do you know, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, what belongs to chivalry! peace, and have patience; the day will come, when you will see with your eyes how honourable a thing it is to follow this profession: for tell me, what greater satisfaction can there be in the world, or what pleasure can be compared with that of winning a battle, and triumphing over one's enemy? none without doubt. It may be so, answered *Sancho*, though I do not know it. I only know, that since we have

¹ *Ceca* was a place of devotion among the *Moors* in the city of *Cordova*, to which they used to go in pilgrimage from other places; as *Mecca* is among the *Turks*: whence the proverb comes to signify *Jaunting about to no purpose*. — A banter upon popish pilgrimages.

been knights-errant, or you have been, Sir, (for there is no reason I should reckon myself in that honourable number) we have never won any battle, except that of the *Biscainer*; and even there you came off with the loss of half an ear, and half a helmet; and, from that day to this, we have had nothing but drubbings upon drubbings, cuffs upon cuffs, beside the blanket-tossing into the bargain, and that by persons enchanted, on whom I cannot revenge myself, to know how far the pleasure reaches of overcoming an enemy, as your worship is pleased to say. That is what troubles me, and ought to trouble you, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*: but henceforward I will endeavour to have ready at hand a sword made by such art, that no kind of enchantment can touch him that wears it. And perhaps fortune may procure me that of *Amadis*, when he called himself *knight of the burning sword*, which was one of the best weapons that ever knight had in the world: for, beside the virtue aforesaid, it cut like a razor, and no armour, though ever so strong, or ever so much enchanted, could stand against it. I am so fortunate, quoth *Sancho*, that though this were so, and you should find such a sword, it would be of service and use only to those who are dubbed knights, like the balsam: as for the poor squires, they may sing sorrow. Fear not that, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*; heaven will deal more kindly by thee.

Don Quixote and his squire went on thus conferring together, when *Don Quixote* perceived on the road they were in a great and thick cloud of dust coming towards them; and seeing it, he turned to *Sancho*, and said: This is the day, O *Sancho*, wherein will be seen the good that fortune has in store for me. This is the day, I say, wherein will appear, as much as in any, the strength of my arm; and in which I shall perform such exploits, as shall remain written in the book of fame, to all succeeding ages. See you yon cloud of dust, *Sancho*? it is raised by a prodigious army of divers and innumerable nations, who are on the march this way. By this account there must be two armies, said *Sancho*; for on this opposite side there rises such another cloud of dust. *Don Quixote* turned to view it, and, seeing it was so, rejoiced exceedingly, taking it for granted, they were two armies coming to engage in the midst of that spacious plain: for at all hours and moments his imagination was full of the battles, enchantments, adventures, extravagancies, amours, and challenges which he found in the books of chivalry; and whatever he said, thought, or did, had a tendency that way. Now the cloud of dust he saw was raised by two great flocks of sheep going the same road from different parts, and the dust hindered them from being seen, 'till they came near. But *Don Quixote* affirmed with so much positiveness, that they were armies, that *Sancho* began to believe it, and said; Sir, what then must we do? What, replied *Don Quixote*, but favour and assist the weaker side? Now then you must know, *Sancho*, that the army, which marches towards us in front, is led and commanded by the great emperor *Alifanfaron*, lord of the great island of *Taprobana*:

bana : this other, which marches behind us, is that of his enemy, the king of the *Garamantes*, *Pentapolin* of the naked arm; for he always enters into the battle with his right arm bare¹. But why do these two princes hate one another so, demanded *Sancho*? They hate one another, answered *Don Quixote*, because this *Alifanfaron* is a furious pagan, and is in love with the daughter of *Pentapolin*, who is a most beautiful and superlatively graceful lady, and a christian; and her father will not give her in marriage to the pagan king, unless he will first renounce the religion of his false prophet *Mahomet*, and turn christian. By my beard, said *Sancho*, *Pentapolin* is in the right, and I am resolved to assist him to the utmost of my power. In so doing, you will do your duty, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*; for, in order to engage in such fights, it is not necessary to be dubbed a knight. I easily comprehend that, answered *Sancho*; but where shall we dispose of this ass, that we may be sure to find him when the fray is over? for I believe it was never yet the fashion to go to battle upon such a kind of beast. You are in the right, said *Don Quixote*; and what you may do with him is, to let him take his chance, whether he be lost or not: for we shall have such choice of horses after the victory, that *Rozinante* himself will run a risk of being trucked for another. But listen with attention, whilst I give you an account of the principal knights of both the armies. And that you may see and observe them the better, let us retire to yon rising ground, from whence both the armies may be distinctly seen. They did so, and got upon a hillock, from whence the two flocks, which *Don Quixote* took for two armies, might easily have been discerned, had not the clouds of dust they raised obstructed and blinded the sight: but our knight, seeing in his imagination what he did not see, nor was to be seen in nature, began with a loud voice to say:

The knight you see yonder 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 *Micocolemo*, grand duke of *Quiracia*: the third, with gigantic limbs, who marches on his right, is the undaunted *Brandabarbaran* 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 *Sampson* pulled down, when with his death he avenged himself upon his enemies. But turn your eyes to this other side, and you will see, in the front of this other army, the ever victorious and never vanquished *Timonel de Carcajona*, prince of the *New Biscay*, who comes armed with armour *quartered*, *azure*, *vert*, *argent*, and *or*, bearing in his shield a cat *or* in a field *gules*, with a scroll inscribed *MIAU*, being the beginning of his mistress's name, who, it is reported, is the peerless *Miaulina*, daughter to *Alphenniquen* duke of *Algarve*. The other, who burthens and oppresses the back of yon spirited steed, whose armour is as white as

¹ Alluding to the story of *Scanderbeg* king of *Epirus*.

snow, and his shield white, without any device, is a new knight, by birth a *Frenchman*, called *Peter Papin*, lord of the baronies of *Utrique*. The other, whom you see, with his armed heels, pricking the flanks of that pyed fleet courser, and his armour of pure azure, is the powerful duke of *Nerbia*, *Espartafilardo* of the wood, whose device is an *asparagus-bed*¹, with this motto, in *Castilian*, *Rastrea mi suerte, Thus drags my fortune*. In this manner he went on, naming sundry knights of each squadron, as his fancy dictated, and distributing to each their arms, colours, devices, and mottoes, *ex tempore*, carried on by the strength of his imagination and unaccountable madness: and so, without hesitation, he went on thus. That body fronting us is formed and composed of people of different nations: ² here stand those, who drink the sweet waters of the famous *Xanthus*; the mountaineers, who tread the *Massilian* fields; those, who sift the pure and fine gold-dust of *Arabia Felix*; those, who dwell along the famous and refreshing banks of the clear *Thermodon*; those, who drein, by sundry and divers ways, the golden veins of *Paetolus*; the *Numidians*, unfaithful in their promises; the *Persians*, famous for bows and arrows; the *Parthians* and *Medes*, who fight flying; the *Arabians*, perpetually shifting their habitations; the *Scythians*, as cruel as fair; the broad-lipped *Ethiopians*; and an infinity of other nations, whose countenances I see and know, though I cannot recollect their names. In that other squadron come those, who drink the chrystal streams of olive-bearing *Betis*; those, who brighten and polish their faces with the liquor of the ever-rich and golden *Tagus*; those, who enjoy the profitable waters of the divine *Genil*; those, who tread the *Tartesian* fields, abounding in pasture; those, who recreate themselves in the *Elysian* meads of *Xereza*; the rich *Manchegans*, crowned with yellow ears of corn; those, clad in iron, the antique remains of the *Gothic* race; those, who bathe themselves in *Pisuerga*, famous for the gentleness of its current; those, who feed their flocks on the spacious pastures of the winding *Guadiana*, celebrated for its hidden source; those, who shiver on the cold brow of shady *Pyreneus*, and the snowy tops of lofty *Apeninus*; in a word, all that *Europe* contains and includes.

Good god! how many provinces did he name! how many nations did he enumerate! giving to each, with wonderful readiness, its peculiar attributes, wholly absorbed and wrapped up in what he had read in his lying books. *Sancho Pança* stood confounded at his discourse, without speaking a word; and now and then he turned his head about, to see whether he could discover the knights and giants his master named: But seeing none, he said; Sir, the devil a man, or giant, or knight, of all you have named, appears any where; at least I do not see them: perhaps all may be enchantment, like last night's

¹ This passage has been utterly mistaken by all translators in all languages. The original word *Esparaguera* is a mock allusion to *Espartafilardo*, and the gingle between the words is a ridicule upon the foolish quibbles so frequent in heraldry; and probably this whole catalogue is a satire upon several great names and founding titles in *Spain*, whose owners were arrant beggars.

² An imitation of *Homer's* catalogue of ships.

goblins. How say you, *Sancho*? answered *Don Quixote*. Do you not hear the neighing of the steeds, the sound of the trumpets, and rattling of the drums? I hear nothing, answered *Sancho*, besides the bleating of sheep and lambs: and so it was; for now the two flocks were come very near them. The fear you are in, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, makes you, that you can neither see nor hear aright; for one effect of fear is to disturb the senses, and make things not to appear what they are: and if you are so much afraid, get you aside, and leave me alone; for I am able, with my single arm, to give the victory to that side I shall favour with my assistance. And saying this, he clapped spurs to *Rozinante*, setting his lance in its rest, and darted down the hillock like lightening. *Sancho* cried out to him; Hold, Signor *Don Quixote*, come back; as god shall save me, they are lambs and sheep you are going to encounter: pray come back; woe to the father that begot me! what madness is this? Look; there is neither giant, nor knight, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered nor entire, nor true azures nor be-devilled: sinner that I am! what is it you do? For all this, *Don Quixote* turned not again, but still went on, crying 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*. And saying thus, he rushed into the midst of the squadron of the sheep, and began to attack them with his lance, as courageously and intrepidly, as if in good earnest he was engaging his mortal enemies. The shepherds and herdsmen, who came with the flocks, called out to him to desist; but seeing it was to no purpose, they unbuckled their slings, and began to let drive about his ears with stones as big one's fist. *Don Quixote* did not mind the stones, but, running about on all sides, cried out; Where are you, proud *Alifanfaron*? present yourself before me; for I am a single knight, desirous to try your force hand to hand, and to punish you with the loss of life, for the wrong you do to the valiant *Pentapolin Garamanta*. At that instant came a large pebble-stone, and struck him such a blow on the side, that it buried a couple of his ribs in his body. Finding himself thus ill-treated, he believed for certain he was slain, or sorely wounded; and remembering his liquor, he pulled out his cruze, and set it to his mouth, and began to let some go down: but, before he could swallow what he thought sufficient, comes another of those almonds, and hit him so full on the hand and on the cruze, that it dashed it to-pieces, carrying off three or four of his teeth by the way, and grievously bruising two of his fingers. Such was the first blow and such the second, that the poor knight tumbled from his horse to the ground. The shepherds ran to him, and verily believed they had killed him; whereupon in all haste they got their flock together, took up their dead, which were above seven, and marched off without farther enquiry.

All this while *Sancho* stood upon the hillock, beholding his master's extravagance, tearing his beard, and cursing the unfortunate hour and moment that
 ever



ever he knew him. But seeing him fallen to the ground, and the shepherds already gone off, he descended from the hillock, and running to him found him in a very ill plight, though he had not quite lost the use of his senses. Did I not desire you, said he, Signor *Don Quixote*, to come back? Did I not tell you, that those you went to attack were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men? How easily, replied *Don Quixote*, can that thief of an enchanter, my enemy, make things appear or disappear! You must know, *Sancho*, that it is a very easy matter for such to make us seem what they please; and this malignant, who persecutes me, envious of the glory he saw I was like to acquire in this battle, has transformed the hostile squadrons into flocks of sheep. However, do one thing, *Sancho*, for my sake, to undeceive yourself, and see the truth of what I tell you: get upon your ass, and follow them fair and softly, and you will find, that, when they are got a little farther off, they will return to their first form, and, ceasing to be muttons, will become men, proper and tall, as I described them at first. But do not go now; for I want your help and assistance: come hither to me, and see how many grinders I want; for it seems to me that I have not one left in my head. *Sancho* came so close to him, that he almost thrust his eyes into his mouth; and it being precisely at the time the balsam began to work in *Don Quixote's* stomach, at the instant *Sancho* was looking into his mouth, he discharged the contents, with as much violence as if it had been shot out of a demi-culverin, directly in the face and beard of the compassionate squire. Blessed virgin! quoth *Sancho*, what is this has befallen me? without doubt this poor sinner is mortally wounded, since he vomits blood at the mouth. But reflecting a little, he found by the colour, savour, and smell, that it was not blood, but the balsam of the cruze he saw him drink; and so great was the loathing he felt thereat, that his stomach turned, and he vomited up his very guts upon his master; so that they both remained exactly in the same pickle. *Sancho* ran to his ass, to take something out of his wallets, to cleanse himself, and cure his master; but not finding them he was very near running distracted. He cursed himself afresh, and purposed in his mind to leave his master, and return home, though he should lose his wages for the time past, and his hopes of the government of the promised island.

Hereupon *Don Quixote* got up, and laying his left hand on his mouth, to prevent the remainder of his teeth from falling out, with the other he laid hold on *Rozinante's* bridle, who never had stirred from his master's side (so trusty was he and good-conditioned) and went where his squire stood leaning his breast on his ass, and his cheek on his hand, in the posture of a man overwhelmed with thought. *Don Quixote* seeing him in that guise, with the appearance of so much sadness, said: Know, *Sancho*, that one man is no more than another, unless he does more than another. All these storms that fall upon us are signs that the weather will clear up, and things will go smoothly: for it is impossible that either evil or good should be durable; and hence it follows, that, the evil

having lasted long, the good cannot be far off. So that you ought not to afflict yourself for the mischances that befall me, since you have no share in them. How, no share in them! answered *Sancho*: peradventure he they tossed in a blanket yesterday was not my father's son; and the wallets I miss to-day, with all my moveables, are some body's else? What! are the wallets missing, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*? Yes they are, answered *Sancho*. Then we have nothing to eat to-day, replied *Don Quixote*. It would be so, answered *Sancho*, if these fields did not produce those herbs, you say you know, with which such unlucky knights-errant as your worship are wont to supply the like necessities. For all that, answered *Don Quixote*, at this time I had rather have a slice of bread, and a couple of heads of salt pilchards, than all the herbs described by *Dioscorides*, though commented upon by Dr. *Laguna* himself. But, good *Sancho*, get upon your ass, and follow me; for god, who is the provider of all things, will not fail us, and the rather seeing we are so employed in his service as we are, since he does not fail the gnats of the air, the wormlings of the earth, nor the froglings of the water; and so merciful is he, that he makes his sun to shine upon the good and the bad, and causes rain to fall upon the just and unjust. Your worship, said *Sancho*, would make a better preacher than a knight-errant. *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, the knights-errant ever did and must know something of every thing; and there have been knights-errant in times past, who would make sermons or harangues on the king's high-way, with as good a grace as if they had taken their degrees in the university of *Paris*: whence we may infer, that the lance never blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance. Well! let it be as your worship says, answered *Sancho*; but let us be gone hence, and endeavour to get a lodging to-night; and pray god it be where there are neither blankets, nor blanket-heavers, nor hobgoblins, nor enchanted *Moors*: for if there be, the devil take both the flock and the fold. Child, said *Don Quixote*, do you beseech god, and lead me whither you will: for this time I leave it to your choice where to lodge us: but reach hither your hand, and feel with your finger how many grinders I want on the right side of my upper jaw; for there I feel the pain. *Sancho* put in his fingers, and feeling about said; how many did your worship use to have on this side? Four, answered *Don Quixote*, beside the eye-tooth, all whole and very sound. Take care what you say, Sir, answered *Sancho*. I say four, if not five, replied *Don Quixote*; for in my whole life I never drew tooth nor grinder, nor have I lost one by rheum or decay. Well then, said *Sancho*, on this lower side your worship has but two grinders and a half; and in the upper neither half nor whole: all is as smooth and even as the palm of my hand. Unfortunate that I am! said *Don Quixote*, hearing the sad news his squire told him: I had rather they had tore off an arm, provided it were not the sword-arm; for, *Sancho*, you must know, that the mouth without grinders is like a mill without a stone; and, in good sooth, a diamond is not so precious as a tooth. But all this we are subject to who profess
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the strict order of chivalry. Mount, friend *Sancho*, and lead on, for I will follow you what pace you will. *Sancho* did so, and went toward the place where he thought to find a lodging, without going out of the high road, which was thereabouts very much frequented. As they thus went on fair and softly (for the pain of *Don Quixote's* jaws gave him no ease, nor inclination to make haste) *Sancho* had a mind to amuse and divert him by talking to him, and said, among other things, what you will find written in the following chapter.

C H A P. V.

Of the sage discourse that passed between Sancho and his master, and the succeeding adventure of the dead body; with other famous occurrences.

IT is my opinion, dear master, that all the disventures, which have befallen us of late, are doubtless in punishment of the sin committed by your worship against your own order of knighthood, in not performing the oath you took, not to eat bread on a table-cloth, nor solace yourself with the queen, with all the rest that you swore to accomplish, until your taking away that helmet of *Malandrino*, or how do you call the *Moor*? for I do not well remember. *Sancho*, you are in the right, said *Don Quixote*: but to tell you the truth, it was quite slipped out of my memory; and you may depend upon it, the affair of the blanket happened to you for your fault in not putting me in mind of it in time: but I will make amends; for in the order of chivalry there are ways of compounding for every thing. Why, did I swear any thing? answered *Sancho*. It matters not that you have not sworn, said *Don Quixote*: it is enough that I know you are not free from the guilt of an accessory; and, at all adventures, it will not be amiss to provide ourselves a remedy. If it be so, said *Sancho*, see, Sir, you do not forget this too, as you did the oath: perhaps the goblins may take a fancy to divert themselves with me, and perhaps with your worship, if they find you persist.

While they were thus discoursing, night overtook them in the middle of the high-way, without their lighting on or discovering any place of reception; and the worst of it was, they were perishing with hunger: for with the loss of their wallets they had lost their whole larder of provisions. And, as an additional misfortune, there befel them an adventure, which, without any forced construction, had really the face of one. It happened thus. The night fell pretty dark; notwithstanding which they went on, *Sancho* believing that, since it was the king's high-way, they might very probably find an inn within a league or two.

Thus travelling on, the night dark, the squire hungry, and the master with a good appetite, they saw advancing towards them on the same road a great number of lights, resembling so many moving stars. *Sancho* stood aghast at the sight of them, and *Don Quixote* could not well tell what to make of them. The

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one checked his ass by the halter, and the other his steed by the bridle, and stood still, viewing attentively what it might be. They perceived the lights were drawing toward them, and the nearer they came the bigger they appeared. *Sancho* trembled at the sight as if he had been quick-silver, and *Don Quixote's* hair bristled upon his head: who, recovering a little courage, cried out; *Sancho*, this must be a most prodigious and most perilous adventure, wherein it will be necessary for me to exert my whole might and valour. Who is me! answered *Sancho*; should this prove to be an adventure of goblins, where shall I find ribs to endure it? Let them be never such goblins, said *Don Quixote*, I will not suffer them to touch a thread of your garment: for if they sported with you last time, it was because I could not get over the pales: but now we are upon even ground, where I can brandish my sword at pleasure. But if they should enchant and benumb you, as they did the other time, quoth *Sancho*, what matters it whether we are in the open field or no? For all that, replied *Don Quixote*, I beseech you, *Sancho*, be of good courage; for experience will shew you how much of it I am master of. I will, an't please god, answered *Sancho*; and leaving the high-way a little on one side, they looked again attentively to discover what those walking lights might be: and soon after they perceived a great many persons in white¹; which dreadful apparition entirely sunk *Sancho Pança's* courage, whose teeth began to chatter, as if he were in a quartan ague; and his trembling and chattering increased, when he saw distinctly what it was: for now they discovered about twenty persons in white shirts, all on horseback, with lighted torches in their hands: behind whom came a litter covered with black, which was followed by six persons in deep mourning; and the mules they rode on were covered likewise with black down to their heels; and it was easily seen they were not horses by the slowness of their pace. Those in shirts came muttering to themselves in a low and plaintive tone.

This strange vision at such an hour, and in a place so uninhabited, might very well suffice to strike terror into *Sancho's* heart, and even into that of his master; and so it would have done, had he been any other than *Don Quixote*. As for *Sancho*, his whole stock of courage was already exhausted. But it was quite otherwise with his master, whose lively imagination at that instant represented to him, that this must be one of the adventures of his books. He figured to himself, that the litter was a bier, whereon was carried some knight sorely wounded or slain, whose revenge was reserved for him: and without more ado he couched his spear, settled himself firm in his saddle, and with a sprightly vigour and mien posted himself in the middle of the road, by which the men in white must of necessity pass; and when he saw them come near, he raised

¹ The original is *encamisados*, which signifies persons who have put on a shirt over their clothes. It was usual for soldiers, when they attacked an enemy by night, to wear shirts over their armour or clothes, to distinguish their own party: whence such nightly attacks were called *encamisadas*.

his voice, and said: Hold, knights, whoever you are, give me an account to whom you belong; from whence you come; whither you are going; and what it is you carry upon that bier: for, in all appearance, either you have done some injury to others, or others to you; and it is expedient and necessary that I be informed of it, either to chastise you for the evil you have done, or to revenge you of the wrong done you. We are going in haste, answered one of those in white: the inn is a great way off, and we cannot stay to give so long an account as you require; and so spurring his mule he passed forward. *Don Quixote*, highly resenting this answer, laid hold of his bridle, and said: Stand, and be more civil, and give me an account of what I have asked you; otherwise I challenge you all to battle. The mule was skittish, and started at his laying his hand on the bridle; so that, rising upright on her hind-legs, she fell backward to the ground with her rider under her. A lacquey that came on foot, seeing him in white fall, began to revile *Don Quixote*; whose choler being already stirred, he couched his spear, and without staying longer assaulted one of the mourners, and laid him on the ground grievously wounded; and turning him about to the rest, it was worth seeing with what agility he attacked and defeated them, insomuch that you would have thought *Rozinante* had wings grown on him in that instant, so nimbly and proudly did he bestir himself. All those in white were timorous and unarmed people, and of course presently quitted the skirmish, and ran away over the field, with the lighted torches in their hands, looking like so many masqueraders on a carnival, or a festival night. The mourners likewise were so wrapped up and muffled in their long robes, that they could not stir: so that *Don Quixote*, with entire safety to himself, demolished them all, and obliged them to quit the field solely against their wills: for they thought him no man, but the devil from hell broke loose upon them, to carry away the dead body they bore in the litter¹.

All this *Sancho* beheld, with admiration at his master's intrepidity, and said to himself: without doubt this master of mine is as valiant and magnanimous as he pretends to be. There lay a burning torch on the ground, just by the first whom the mule had overthrown; by the light of which *Don Quixote* espied him, and coming to him set the point of his spear to his throat, commanding him to surrender, or threatening to kill him. To which the fallen man answered: I am more than enough surrendered already; for I cannot stir, having one of my legs broken. I beseech you, Sir, if you are a christian gentleman, do not kill me: you would commit a great sacrilege: for I am a licentiate, and have taken the lesser orders. Who the devil then, said *Don Quixote*, brought you hither, being an ecclesiastic? Who, Sir? replied he that was overthrown. My misfortune. A greater yet threatens you, said *Don Quixote*, if you do not satisfy me in all I first asked of you. Your worship shall soon be satisfied, an-

¹ The success of this adventure was proper to encourage our knight to attempt any enterprize. — The author seems here to have intended a ridicule on these funeral solemnities.

swered

swered the licentiate; and therefore you must know, Sir, that, though I told you before I was a licentiate, I am indeed only a batchelor of arts, and my name is *Alonzo Lopez*. I am a native of *Alcovendas*: I come from the city of *Baeça* with eleven more ecclesiastics, the same who fled with the torches: we are accompanying a corps in that litter to the city of *Segovia*: it is that of a gentleman who died in *Baeça*, where he was deposited; and now, as I say, we are carrying his bones to his burying-place, which is in *Segovia* where he was born. And who killed him? demanded *Don Quixote*. God, replied the batchelor, by means of a pestilential fever he sent him. Then, said *Don Quixote*, our lord has saved me the labour of revenging his death, in case any body else had slain him: but since he fell by the hand of heaven, there's no more to be done but to be silent and shrug up our shoulders; for just the same must I have done, had it been pleased to have slain me. And I would have your reverence know, that I am a knight of *la Mancha*, *Don Quixote* by name, and that it is my office and exercise to go through the world, righting wrongs and redressing grievances. I do not understand your way of righting wrongs, said the batchelor; for from right you have set me wrong, having broken my leg, which will never be right again whilst I live; and the grievance you have redressed in me is, to leave me so aggrieved, that I shall never be otherwise; and it was a very unlucky adventure to me, to meet with you who are seeking adventures¹. All things, answered *Don Quixote*, do not fall out the same way: the mischief, master batchelor *Alonzo Lopez*, was occasioned by your coming, as you did, by night, arrayed in those surplices, with lighted torches, chaunting, and clad in doleful weeds, that you really resembled something wicked, and of the other world; so that I was under a necessity of complying with my duty and of attacking you, and would have attacked you though I had certainly known you to be so many devils of hell; for 'till now I took you to be no less. Since my fate would have it so, said the batchelor, I beseech you, Signor knight-errant, who have done me such errant mischief, help me to get from under this mule; for my leg is held fast between the stirrop and the saddle. I might have talked on 'till to-morrow morning, said *Don Quixote*: why did you delay acquainting me with your uneasiness? Then he called out to *Sancho Pança* to come to him: but he did not care to stir, being employed in ransacking a sumpter-mule, which those good men had brought with them, well stored with eatables. *Sancho* made a bag of his cloke, and cramming into it as much as it would hold, he loaded his beast; and then running to his master's call, he helped to disengage the batchelor from under the oppression of his mule, and setting him thereon gave him the torch; and *Don Quixote* bid him follow the track of his comrades, and beg their pardon in his name for the

¹ The author's making the batchelor quibble so much, under such improper circumstances, was probably designed as a ridicule upon the younger students of the universities, who are so apt to run into an affectation that way, and to mistake it for wit; as also upon the dramatic writers, who frequently make their heroes, in their greatest distresses, guilty of the like absurdity.

injury, which he could not avoid doing them. *Sancho* said likewise; if perchance those gentlemen would know, who the champion is that routed them, tell them, it is the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise called *the knight of the sorrowful figure*.

The batchelor being gone, *Don Quixote* asked *Sancho*, what induced him to call him *the knight of the sorrowful figure* at that time more than at any other? I will tell you, answered *Sancho*; it is because I have been taking notice of you by the light of the torch, which that unfortunate man carried; and in truth your worship makes at present very near the most woful figure I have ever seen; which must be occasioned either by the fatigue of this combat, or by the want of your teeth. It is owing to neither, replied *Don Quixote*; but the sage, who has the charge of writing the history of my achievements, has thought fit I should assume a surname, as all the knights of old were wont to do: one called himself *the knight of the burning sword*; another *he of the unicorn*; this *of the damsels*; that *of the Phoenix*; another *the knight of the Griffin*; and another *he of death*; and were known by these names and ensigns over the whole globe of the earth. And therefore I say, that the aforesaid sage has now put it into your head, and into your mouth, to call me *the knight of the sorrowful figure*, as I purpose to call myself from this day forward: and that this name may fit me the better, I determine, when there is an opportunity, to have a most sorrowful figure painted on my shield. You need not spend time and money in getting this figure made, said *Sancho*; your worship need only shew your own, and stand fair to be looked at; and without other image or shield they will immediately call you *him of the sorrowful figure*; and be assured I tell you the truth; for I promise you, Sir (and let this be said in jest) that hunger, and the loss of your grinders, makes you look so ruefully, that, as I have said, the sorrowful piece of painting may very well be spared.

Don Quixote smiled at *Sancho's* conceit, yet resolved to call himself by that name, and to paint his shield or buckler as he had imagined, and said; I conceive, *Sancho*, that I am liable to excommunication for having laid violent hands on holy things, *Juxta illud, Siquis suadente diabolo, &c.*¹ though I know I did not lay my hands, but my spear, upon them: besides, I did not think I had to do with priests, or things belonging to the church, which I respect and revere like a good catholic and faithful christian as I am, but with ghosts and goblins of the other world. And though it were so, I perfectly remember what befel the *Cyd Ruy Diaz*, when he broke the chair of that king's embassador in the presence of his holiness the pope, for which he was excommunicated; and yet honest *Roderigo de Vivar* passed that day for an honourable and courageous knight.

The batchelor being gone off, as has been said, without replying a Word, *Don Quixote* had a mind to see whether the corps in the hearse were only bones

¹ i. e. According to that, If any one at the instigation of the devil, &c. Canon 72. *Distin.* 134.

or not; but *Sancho* would not consent, saying; Sir, your worship has finished this perillous adventure at the least expence of any I have seen; and though these folks are conquered and defeated, they may chance to reflect that they were beaten by one man, and, being confounded and ashamed thereat, may recover themselves, and return in quest of us, and then we may have enough to do. The ass is properly furnished; the mountain is near; hunger presses; and we have no more to do but decently to march off; and, as the saying is, *To the grave with the dead, and the living to the bread*: and driving on his ass before him, he desired his master to follow; who, thinking *Sancho* in the right, followed without replying. They had not gone far between two little hills, when they found themselves in a spacious and retired valley, where they alighted. *Sancho* disburthened the ass; and lying along on the green grass, with hunger for sauce, they dispatched their breakfast, dinner, after-noon's luncheon, and supper all at once, regaling their palates with more than one cold mess, which the ecclesiastics that attended the deceased (such gentlemen seldom failing to make much of themselves) had brought with them on the sumpter-mule. But another mishap befel them, which *Sancho* took for the worst of all; which was, that they had no wine, nor so much as water to drink; and they being very thirsty, *Sancho*, who perceived the meadow they were in covered with green and fine grass, said what will be related in the following chapter.

C H A P. VI.

Of the adventure (the like never before seen or heard of) atchieved by the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, with less hazard, than ever any was atchieved by the most famous knight in the world.

IT is impossible, dear Sir, but there must be some fountain or brook hereabouts to water and moisten these herbs, as their freshness plainly proves, and therefore we should go a little farther on: for we shall meet with something to quench this terrible thirst that afflicts us, and is doubtless more painful than hunger itself. *Don Quixote* approved the advice, and taking *Rozinante* by the bridle, and *Sancho* his ass by the halter, after he had placed upon him the relicks of the supper, they began to march forward through the meadow, feeling their way; for the night was so dark they could see nothing: but they had not gone two hundred paces, when a great noise of water reached their ears, like that of some mighty cascade pouring down from a vast and steep rock. They rejoiced them exceedingly, and, stopping to listen from whence it came, they heard on a sudden another dreadful noise, which abated their pleasure occasioned by that of the water, especially *Sancho's*, who was naturally fearful and pusillanimous. I say, they heard a dreadful din of irons and chains rattling across one another, and giving mighty strokes in time and measure; which, together with the furious noise of the water, would have struck terror into any other heart but that

that of *Don Quixote*. The night, as is said, was dark; and they chanced to enter among certain tall trees, whose leaves, agitated by a gentle breeze, caused a kind of fearful and still noise: so that the solitude, the situation, the darkness, and the noise of the water, with the whispering of the leaves, all occasioned horror and astonishment; especially when they found that neither the blows ceased, nor the wind slept, nor the morning approached; and, as an addition to all this, a total ignorance where they were. But *Don Quixote*, accompanied by his intrepid heart, leaped upon *Rozinante*, and bracing on his buckler brandished his spear, and said: Friend *Sancho*, you must know, that by the will of heaven I was born in this age of iron, to revive in it that of gold, or, as people usually express it, *the golden age*: I am he, for whom are reserved dangers, great exploits, and valorous achievements. I am he, I say again, who am destined to revive the order of the round table, that of the twelve peers of *France*, and the nine worthies, and to obliterate the memory of the *Platirs*, the *Tablantes*, *Olivantes*, and *Tirantes*, the *knights of the sun*, and the *Belianises*, with the whole tribe of the famous knights-errant of times past, performing in this age, in which I live, such stupendous deeds and feats of arms, as are sufficient to obscure the brightest they ever achieved. Trusty and loyal squire, you observe the darkness of this night, its strange silence, the confused and deaf sound of these trees, the fearful noise of that water we come to seek, which, one would think, precipitated itself headlong from the high mountains of the moon; that incessant striking and clashing that wounds our ears: all which together, and each by itself, are sufficient to infuse terror, fear, and amazement into the breast of *Mars* himself; how much more into that which is not accustomed to the like adventures and accidents. Now all I have described to you serves to rouse and awaken my courage, and my heart already beats in my breast with eager desire of encountering this adventure, however difficult it may appear. Wherefore straiten *Rozinante's* girths a little, and god be with you; and stay for me here three days, and no more: if I do not return in that time, you may go back to our town; and thence, to do me a favour and good service, you shall go to *Tobosá*, where you shall say to my incomparable lady *Dulcinea*, that her intralld knight died in the attempting things that might have made him worthy to be styled her's.

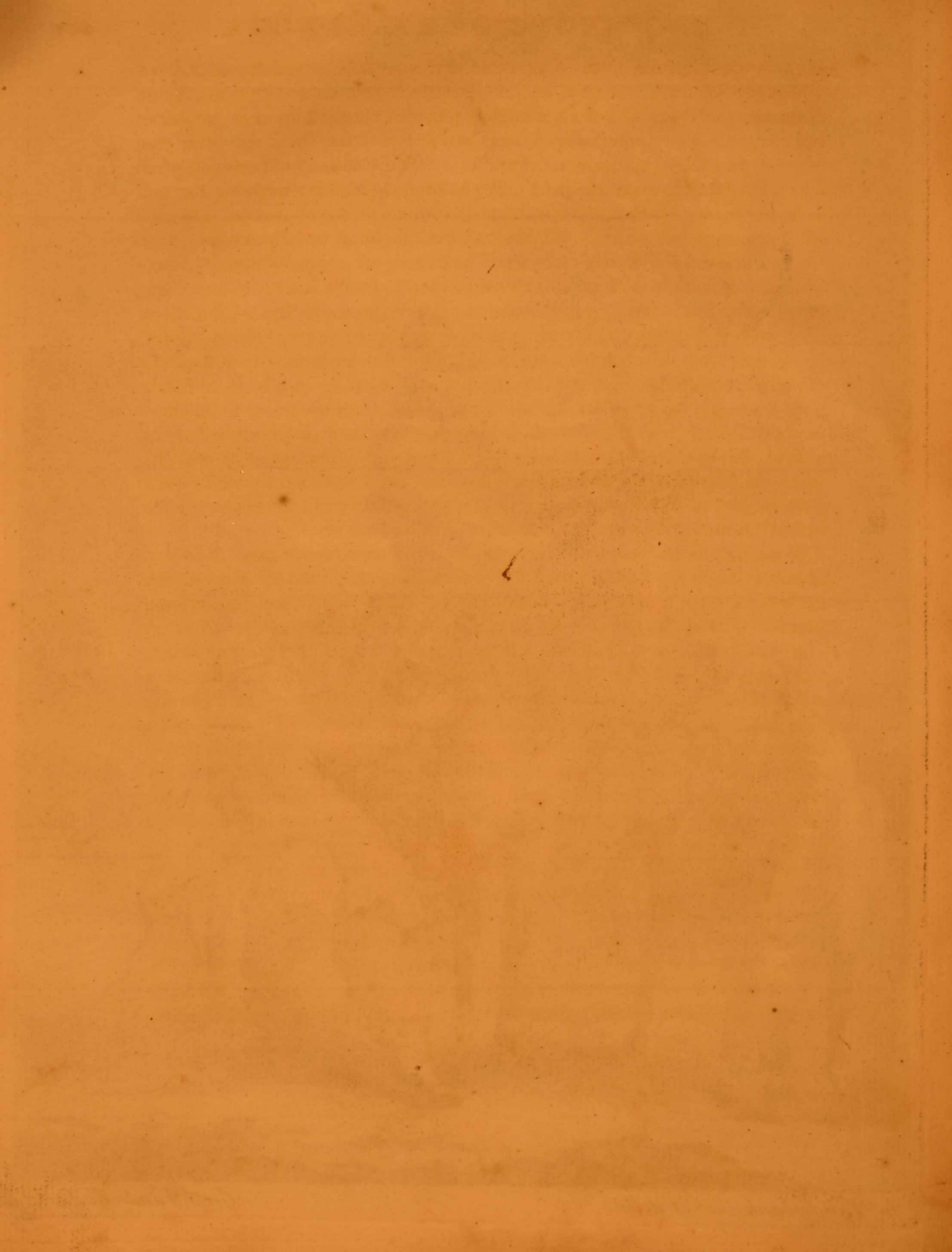
When *Sancho* heard these words of his master, he began to weep with the greatest tenderness in the world, and to say: Sir, I do not understand why your worship should encounter this so fearful an adventure: It is now night, and no body sees us; we may easily turn aside, and get out of harm's way, though we should not drink these three days: and as no body sees us, much less will there be any body to tax us with cowardice. Besides, I have heard the priest of our village, whom your worship knows very well, preach, that *he who seeketh danger, perisheth therein*: so that it is not good to tempt god, by undertaking so extravagant an exploit, whence there is no escaping but by a miracle. Let it suf-

vice that heaven has delivered you from being tossed in a blanket, as I was, and brought you off victorious, safe, and sound, from among so many enemies as accompanied the dead man. And though all this be not sufficient to move you, nor soften your stony heart, let this thought and belief move you, that scarcely shall your worship be departed hence, when I, for very fear, shall give up my soul to whomsoever it shall please to take it. I left my country, and forsook my wife and children, to follow and serve your worship, believing I should be the better, and not the worse, for it: but, as covetousness bursts the bag, so hath it rent from me my hopes: for when they were most lively, and I just expecting to obtain that cursed and unlucky island, which you have so often promised me, I find myself, in exchange thereof, ready to be abandoned by your worship in a place remote from all human society. For god's sake, dear Sir, do me not such a diskindness; and since your worship will not wholly desist from this enterprize, at least adjourn it 'till day-break, to which, according to the little skill I learned when a shepherd, it cannot be above three hours; for the muzzle of the north-bear¹ is at top of the head, and makes midnight in the line of the left arm. How can you, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, see where this line is made, or where this muzzle or top of the head you talk of, is, since the night is so dark that not a star appears in the whole sky? True, said *Sancho*; but fear has many eyes, and sees things beneath the earth, how much more above in the sky: besides, it is reasonable to think it does not now want much of day break. Want what it will, answered *Don Quixote*, it shall never be said of me, neither now nor at any other time, that tears or intreaties could dissuade me from doing the duty of a knight: therefore pr'ythee, *Sancho*, hold thy tongue; for god, who has put it in my heart to attempt this unparalleled and fearful adventure, will take care to watch over my safety, and to comfort thee in thy sadness. What you have to do is, to let *Rozinante* be well girted, and stay you here; for I will quickly return alive or dead.

Sancho then seeing his master's final resolution, and how little his tears, prayers, and counsels prevailed with him, determined to have recourse to stratagem, and oblige him to wait 'till day, if he could: and so, while he was buckling the horse's girths straiter, softly, and without being perceived, he tied *Rozinante's* two hinder feet together with his ass's halter; so that when *Don Quixote* would have departed, he was not able; for the horse could not move but by jumps. *Sancho*, seeing the good success of his contrivance, said; Ah Sir! behold how heaven, moved by my tears and prayers, has ordained that *Rozinante* cannot go; and if you will obstinately persist to beat and spur him, you will but provoke fortune, and, as they say, but *kick against the pricks*. This made *Don Quixote* quite desperate, and the more he spurred his horse, the less he could move him: and, without suspecting the ligature, he thought it best to be quiet, and either stay 'till day appeared, or 'till *Rozinante* could stir, believing certainly

¹ Literally the mouth of the hunting-horn or cornet: so they call the *ursa minor*, from a fancied configuration of the stars of that constellation.







that it proceeded from some other cause, and not from *Sancho's* cunning, to whom he thus spoke: Since it is so, *Sancho*, that *Rozinante* cannot stir, I am contented to stay 'till the dawning smiles, though I weep all the time she delays her coming. You need not weep, answered *Sancho*; for I will entertain you till day with telling you stories, if you had not rather alight, and compose your self to sleep a little upon the green grass, as knights-errant are wont to do, and so be the less weary when the day and hour comes for attempting that unparalleled adventure you wait for. What call you alighting or sleeping? said *Don Quixote*. Am I one of those knights, who take repose in time of danger? Sleep you, who were born to sleep, or do what you will: I will do what I see best befits my profession. Pray, good Sir, be not angry, answered *Sancho*; I do not say it with that design: and, coming close to him, he put one hand on the pommel of the saddle before, and the other on the pique behind, and there he stood embracing his master's left thigh, without daring to stir from him a finger's breadth, so much was he afraid of the blows, which still sounded alternately in his ears. *Don Quixote* bade him tell some story to entertain him, as he had promised: to which *Sancho* replied, he would, if the dread of what he heard would permit him: notwithstanding, said he, I will force myself to tell a story, which, if I can hit upon it, and it slips not through my fingers, is the best of all stories; and pray, be attentive, for now I begin.

What hath been, hath been; the good that shall befall be for us all, and evil to him that evil seeks. And pray, Sir, take notice, that the beginning, which the ancients gave to their tales, was not just what they pleased, but rather some sentence of *Cato Zonzorinus* ¹ the Roman, who says, *And evil to him that evil seeks*; which is as apt to the present purpose as a ring¹ to your finger, signifying, that your worship should be quiet, and not go about searching after evil, but rather that we turn aside into some other road; for we are under no obligation to continue in this, wherein so many fears overwhelm us. Go on with your story, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, and leave me to take care of the road we are to follow. I say then, continued *Sancho*, that in a place of *Estremadura* 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 called *Torralva*; which shepherdess called *Torralva* was daughter to a rich herdsman, and this rich herdsman----- If you tell your story after this fashion, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, repeating every thing you say twice, you will not have done these two days. Tell it concisely, and like a man of sense, or else say no more. In the very same manner that I tell it, answered *Sancho*, they tell all stories in my country; and I can tell it no otherwise, nor is it fit your worship should require me to make new customs. Tell it as you will then, answered *Don Quixote*; since fate will have it that I must hear thee, go on.

¹ A mistake for *Cato the Censor*.

And so, dear sir of my soul, continued *Sancho*, as I said before, this shepherd was in love with the shepherdess *Torralva*, who was a jolly strapping wench, a little scornful, and somewhat masculine: for she had certain small whiskers; and methinks I see her just now. What, did you know her? said *Don Quixote*. I did not know her, 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 and swear I had seen it all. And so, in process of time, the devil, who sleeps not, and troubles all things, brought it about, that the love, which the shepherd bore to the shepherdess, was converted into mortal hatred; and the cause, according to evil tongues, was a certain quantity of little jealousies she gave him above measure, and within the prohibited degrees¹: and so much did he abhor her from thenceforward, that, to avoid the sight of her, he chose to absent himself from that country, and go where his eyes should never behold her more. *Torralva*, who found herself disdained by *Lope*, presently began to love him better than ever she had loved him before. It is a natural quality of women, said *Don Quixote*, to slight those who love them, and love those who slight them: go on, *Sancho*.

It fell out, proceeded *Sancho*, that the shepherd put his design in execution, and, collecting together his goats, went on towards the plains of *Estremadura*, in order to pass over into the kingdom of *Portugal*. *Torralva* knowing it went after him, following him on foot and bare-legged, at a distance, with a pilgrim's staff in her hand, and a wallet about her neck, in which she carried, as is reported, a piece of a looking-glass, a piece of a comb, and a sort of a small galypot of pomatum for the face. But, whatever she carried (for I shall not now set myself to vouch what it was) I only tell you, that, as they say, the shepherd came with his flock to pass the river *Guadiana*, which at that time was swollen, and had almost overflowed its banks: and, on the side he came to, there was neither boat nor any body to ferry him or his flock over to the other side: which grieved him mightily; for he saw that *Torralva* was at his heels, and would give him much disturbance by her entreaties and tears. He therefore looked about 'till he espied a fisherman with a boat near him, but so small, that it could hold only one person and one goat: however he spoke to him, and agreed with him to carry over him, and his three hundred goats. The fisherman got into the boat and carried over a goat: he returned and carried over another: he came back again, and again carried over another. Pray, Sir, keep an account of the goats that the fisherman is carrying over; for if one slips out of your memory, the story will be at an end, and it will be impossible to tell a word more of it. I go on then, and say, that 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 for others, and for ano-

¹ Alluding to certain measures not to be exceeded on pain of forfeiture and corporal punishment, as swords above such a standard, &c.

ther. Make account he carried them all over, said *Don Quixote*, and do not be going and coming in this manner; for, at this rate, you will not have done carrying them over in a twelvemonth. How many are passed already? said *Sancho*. How the devil should I know? answered *Don Quixote*. See there now; did I not tell you to keep an exact account? Before god, there is an end of the story, I can go no farther. How can this be? answered *Don Quixote*. Is it so essential to the story, to know the exact number of goats that passed over, that, if one be mistaken, the story can proceed no farther? No, Sir, in no wise, answered *Sancho*: for when I desired your worship to tell me how many goats had passed, and you answered, you did not know, in that very instant all that I had left to say fled out of my memory; and in faith it was very edifying and satisfactory. So then, said *Don Quixote*, the story is at an end. As sure as my mother is, quoth *Sancho*. Verily, answered *Don Quixote*, you have told one of the rarest tales, fables, or histories, imaginable; and your way of telling and concluding it is such as never was, nor will be, seen in one's whole life; though I expected nothing less from your good sense: but I do not wonder at it; for perhaps this incessant din may have disturbed your understanding. All that may be, answered *Sancho*: but, as to my story, I know there's no more to be said; for it ends just where the error in the account of carrying over the goats begins. Let it end where it will, in god's name, said *Don Quixote*, and let us see whether *Rozinante* can stir himself. Again he clapt spurs to him, and again he jumped, and then stood stock still, so effectually was he fettered.

Now, whether the cold of the morning, which was at hand, or whether some lenitive diet on which he had supped, or whether the motion was purely natural (which is rather to be believed) it so befel, that *Sancho* had a desire to do what no body could do for him. But so great was the fear that had possessed his heart, that he durst not stir the breadth of a finger from his master; and, to think to leave that business undone, was also impossible: and so what he did for peace sake, was, to let go his right hand, which held the hinder part of the saddle, with which, softly, and without any noise, he loosed the running-point, that kept up his breeches; whereupon down they fell, and hung about his legs like shackles: then he lifted up his shirt the best he could, and exposed to the open air those buttocks which were none of the smallest: this being done, which he thought the best expedient towards getting out of that terrible anguish and distress, another and a greater difficulty attended him, which was, that he thought he could not ease himself without making some noise: so he set his teeth close, and squeezed up his shoulders, and held in his breath as much as possibly he could. But notwithstanding all these precautions, he was so unlucky after all, as to make a little noise, very different from that which had put him into so great a fright. *Don Quixote* heard it, and said: What noise is this? *Sancho*. I do not know, Sir, answered he: it must be some new business; for adventures and misadventures never begin with a little matter. He tried his fortune a second time,

time, and it succeeded so well with him, that, without the least noise or rumbling more, he found himself discharged of the burden that had given him so much uneasiness. But as *Don Quixote* had the sense of smelling no less perfect than that of hearing, and *Sancho* stood so close, and as it were sewed to him, some of the vapours, ascending in a direct line, could not fail to reach his nostrils : which they had no sooner done, but he relieved his nose by taking it between his fingers, and with a tone somewhat snuffing said : Methinks, *Sancho*, you are in great bodily fear. I am so, said *Sancho* ; but wherein does your worship perceive it now more than ever ? In that you smell stronger than ever, and not of ambergrease, answered *Don Quixote*. That may very well be, said *Sancho* ; but your worship alone is in fault for carrying me about at these unseasonable hours, and into these unfrequented places. Get you three or four steps off, friend, said *Don Quixote* (all this without taking his fingers from his nostrils) and henceforward have more care of your own person, and more regard to what you owe to mine ; my over-much familiarity with you has bred this contempt. I will lay a wager, replied *Sancho*, you think I have been doing something with my person that I ought not. The more you stir it, friend *Sancho*, the worse it will favour, answered *Don Quixote*.

In these and the like dialogues the master and man passed the night. But *Sancho*, perceiving that at length the morning was coming on, with much caution untied *Rozinante*, and tied up his breeches. *Rozinante* finding himself at liberty, though naturally he was not over-mettlesome, seemed to feel himself alive, and began to paw the ground ; but as for curvetting (begging his pardon) he knew not what it was. *Don Quixote*, perceiving that *Rozinante* began to bestir himself, took it for a good omen, and believed it signified, he should forthwith attempt that fearful adventure. By this time the dawn appeared, and every thing being distinctly seen, *Don Quixote* perceived he was got among some tall chestnut-trees, which afforded a gloomy shade : he perceived also that the striking did not cease ; but he could not see what caused it. So without farther delay he made *Rozinante* feel the spur, and, turning again to take leave of *Sancho*, commanded him to wait there for him three days at the farthest, as he had said before, and that, if he did not return by that time, he might conclude for certain, it was god's will he should end his days in that perilous adventure. He again repeated the embassy and message he was to carry to his lady *Dulcinea* ; and as to what concerned the reward of his service, he need be in no pain, for he had made his will before he sallied from his village, wherein he would find himself gratified as to his wages, in proportion to the time he had served ; but if god should bring him off safe and sound from that danger, he might reckon himself infallibly secure of the promised island. *Sancho* wept afresh at hearing again the moving expressions of his good master, and resolved not to leave him to the last moment and end of this business. The author of this history gathers from the tears, and this so honourable a resolution of *Sancho Pança's*,

Pançá's, that he must have been well born, and at least an old christian¹. Whose tender concern somewhat softened his master, but not so much as to make him discover any weakness: on the contrary, dissembling the best he could, he began to put on toward the place from whence the noise of the water and of the strokes seemed to proceed. *Sancho* followed him on foot, leading, as usual, his ass, that constant companion of his prosperous and adverse fortunes, by the halter. And having gone a good way among those shady chestnut-trees, they came unawares to a little green spot, at the foot of some steep rocks, from which a mighty gush of water precipitated itself. At the foot of the rocks were certain miserable huts, which seemed rather the ruins of buildings than houses; from whence proceeded, as they perceived, the sound and din of the strokes, which did not yet cease. *Rozinante* started at the noise of the water and of the strokes, and *Don Quixote*, gently striking him, went on fair and softly toward the huts, recommending himself devoutly to his lady, and beseeching her to favour him in that fearful expedition and enterprize; and, by the by, besought god also not to forget him. *Sancho* stirred not from his side, stretching out his neck, and looking between *Rozinante's* legs, to see if he could perceive what held him in such dread and suspense. They had gone about a hundred yards farther, when, at doubling a point, the very cause (for it could be no other) of that horrible and dreadful noise, which had held them all night in such suspense and fear, appeared plain and exposed to view.

It was (kind reader, take it not in dudgeon) six fulling-mill-hammers, whose alternate strokes formed that hideous sound. *Don Quixote*, seeing what it was, was struck dumb, and in the utmost confusion. *Sancho* stared at him, and saw he hung down his head upon his breast, with manifest indications of being quite abashed. *Don Quixote* stared also at *Sancho*, and saw his cheeks swollen, and his mouth full of laughter, with evident signs of being ready to burst; and notwithstanding his vexation, he could not forbear laughing himself at sight of *Sancho*; who, seeing his master had led the way, burst out in so violent a manner, that he was forced to hold his sides with his hands to save himself from splitting with laughter. Four times he ceased, and four times he returned to his laughter with the same impetuosity as at first. Whereat *Don Quixote* gave himself to the devil, especially when he heard him say, by way of irony; 'You must know, friend *Sancho*, that I was born by the will of heaven in this our age of iron, to revive in it the golden, or that of gold. I am he, for whom are reserved dangers, great exploits, and valorous achievements.' And so he went on, repeating most or all of the expressions, which *Don Quixote* had used at the first hearing those dreadful strokes. *Don Quixote*, perceiving that *Sancho* played upon him, grew so ashamed, and enraged to that degree, that he lifted up his lance, and discharged two such blows on him, that, had he received them on his head, as he did on his shoulders, the knight had acquitted himself of the

¹ In contradistinction to the *Jewish* or *Moorish* families, of which there were many in *Spain*.

payment of his wages, unless it were to his heirs. *Sancho*, finding he paid so dearly for his jokes, and fearing lest his master should proceed farther, cried out with much humility: Pray, Sir, be pacified: by the living god, I did but jest. Though you jest, I do not, answered *Don Quixote*. Come hither, merry Sir; what think you? suppose these mill-hammers had been some perilous adventure, have I not shewed the courage requisite to undertake and atchieve it? Am I, do you think, obliged, being a knight as I am, to distinguish sounds, and know which are, or are not, of a fulling-mill? besides, it may be, (as it really is) that I never saw any fulling-mills in my life, as you have, like a pitiful rustic as you are, having been born and bred amongst them. But let these six fulling-hammers be transformed into six giants, and let them beard me one by one, or all together, and if I do not set them all on their heads, then make what jest you will of me. It is enough, good Sir, replied *Sancho*; I confess I have been a little too jocose: but, pray, tell me, Sir, now that it is peace between us, as god shall bring you out of all the adventures that shall happen to you, safe and sound, as he has brought you out of this, was it not a thing to be laughed at, and worth telling, what great fear we were in, at least what I was in; for, as to your worship, I know you are unacquainted with it, nor do you know what fear or terror are. I do not deny, answered *Don Quixote*, but that what has befallen us is fit to be laughed at, but not fit to be told; for all persons are not discreet enough to know how to take things by the right handle. But, answered *Sancho*, your worship knew how to handle your lance aright, when you pointed it at my head, and hit me on the shoulders; thanks be to god, and to my own agility in slipping aside. But let that pass; it will go out in the bucking: for I have heard say; he loves thee well, who makes thee weep: and besides, your people of condition, when they have given a servant a hard word, presently give him some old hose and breeches; though what is usually given after a beating, I cannot tell, unless it be that your knights-errant, after bastinados, bestow islands or kingdoms on the continent. The die may run so, quoth *Don Quixote*, that all you have said may come to pass; and forgive what is past, since you are considerate; and know that the first motions are not in a man's power: and henceforward be apprized of one thing (that you may abstain and forbear talking too much with me) that in all the books of chivalry I ever read, infinite as they are, I never found, that any squire conversed so much with his master, as you do with yours. And really I account it a great fault both in you and in me: in you, because you respect me so little; in me, that I do not make my self be respected more. Was not *Gandalin*, squire to *Amadis de Gaul*, earl of the firm island? and we read of him, that he always spoke to his master cap in hand, his head inclined, and his body bent after the *Turkish* fashion. What shall we say of *Gafabal*, squire to *Don Galaor*, who was so silent, that, to illustrate the excellency of his marvellous taciturnity, his name is mentioned but once in all that great and faithful history. From what I have said, you may infer,

Sancho,

Sancho, that there ought to be a difference between master and man, between lord and lacquey, and between knight and squire. So that from this day forward, we must be treated with more respect; for which way soever I am angry with you, it will go ill with the pitcher. The favours and benefits I promised you, will come in due time; and if they do not come, the wages, at least, as I have told you, will not be lost. Your worship says very well, quoth *Sancho*: but I would fain know (if perchance the time of the favours should not come, and it should be expedient to have recourse to the article of the wages) how much might the squire of a knight-errant get in those times? and whether they agreed by the month, or by the day, like labourers? I do not believe, answered *Don Quixote*, that those squires were at stated wages, but relied on courtesy. And if I have appointed you any in the will I left sealed at home, it was for fear of what might happen; for I cannot yet tell how chivalry may succeed in these calamitous times of ours, and I would not have my soul suffer in the other world for a trifle: for I would have you to know, *Sancho*, that there is no state more perilous than that of adventurers. It is so in truth, said *Sancho*, since the noise of the hammers of a fulling-mill were sufficient to disturb and discompose the heart of so valorous a knight as your worship. But you may depend upon it, that from henceforward I shall not open my lips to make merry with your worship's matters, but shall honour you as my master and natural lord. By so doing, replied *Don Quixote*, your days shall be long in the land; for, next to our parents, we are bound to respect our masters, as if they were our fathers.

C H A P. VII.

Which treats of the high adventure and rich prize of Mambrino's helmet, with other things which befell our invincible knight.

ABOUT this time it began to rain a little, and *Sancho* had a mind they should betake themselves to the fulling-mills. But *Don Quixote* had conceived such an abhorrence of them for the late jest, that he would by no means go in: and so turning to the right hand, they struck into another road like that they had lighted upon the day before. Soon after *Don Quixote* discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head something which glittered, as if it had been of gold; and scarce had he seen it, but, turning to *Sancho*, he said: I am of opinion, *Sancho*, there is no proverb but what is true; because they are all sentences drawn from experience itself, the mother of all the sciences; especially that which says; *Where one door is shut, another is opened*. I say this, because, if last night fortune shut the door against what we looked for, deceiving us with the fulling-mills, it now sets another wide open for a better and more certain adventure, which if I fail to enter right into, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my little knowledge of fulling-mills, or to the darkness

of the night. This, I say, because, if I mistake not, there comes one toward us, who carries on his head *Mambrino's* helmet¹, about which I swore the oath you know. Take care, Sir, what you say, and more what you do, said *Sancho*; for I would not wish for other fulling-mills, to finish the milling and mashing our senses. The devil take you! replied *Don Quixote*: what has a helmet to do with fulling-mills? I know not, answered *Sancho*; but in faith, if I might talk as much as I used to do, perhaps I could give such reasons, that your worship would see you are mistaken in what you say. How can I be mistaken in what I say, scrupulous traitor? said *Don Quixote*. Tell me, see you not yon knight coming toward us on a dapple-grey steed, with a helmet of gold on his head? What I see and perceive, answered *Sancho*, is only a man on a grey ass like mine, with something on his head that glitters. Why that is *Mambrino's* helmet, said *Don Quixote*: get you aside, and leave me alone to deal with him; you shall see me conclude this adventure (to save time) without speaking a word; and the helmet, I have so much longed for, shall be my own. I shall take care to get out of the way, replied *Sancho*: but, I pray god, I say again, it may not prove another fulling-mill adventure. I have already told you, brother, not to mention those fulling-mills, nor so much as to think of them, any more, said *Don Quixote*: if you do, I say no more, but I vow to mill your soul for you. *Sancho* held his peace, fearing lest his master should perform his vow, which had struck him all of a heap.

Now the truth of the matter, concerning the helmet, the steed, and the knight, which *Don Quixote* saw, was this. There were two villages in that neighbourhood, one of them so small, that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had one; and the barber of the bigger served also the lesser; in which a person indisposed wanted to be let blood, and another to be trimmed; and for this purpose was the barber coming, and brought with him his brass basin. And fortune so ordered it, that, as he was upon the road, it began to rain, and, that his hat might not be spoiled (for belike it was a new one) he clapt the basin on his head, and being new scowered it glittered half a league off. He rode on a grey ass, as *Sancho* said; and this was the reason why *Don Quixote* took the barber for a knight, his ass for a dapple-grey steed, and his basin for a golden helmet: for he very readily adapted whatever he saw to his knightly extravagancies and wild conceits. And when he saw the poor cavalier approach, without staying to reason the case with him, he advanced at *Rozinante's* best speed, and couched his lance low, designing to run him through and through. But when he came up to him, without stopping the fury of his career, he cried out: Defend yourself, caitif, or surrender willingly what is so justly my due. The barber, who, not suspecting or apprehending any such thing, saw this phantom coming upon him, had no other way to avoid the

¹ *Almonte* and *Mambrino*, two Saracens of great valour, had each a golden helmet. *Orlando Furioso* took away *Almonte's*, and his friend *Rinaldo* that of *Mambrino*. *Ariosto*, *Canto* I.



thrust of the lance, but to let himself fall down from the ass : and no sooner had he touched the ground, when, leaping up nimbler than a roe-buck, he began to scower over the plain, with such speed, that the wind could not overtake him. He left the bason on the ground, with which *Don Quixote* was satisfied, and said ; The miscreant had acted discreetly in imitating the beaver, who, finding itself closely pursued by the hunters, tears off, with its teeth, that for which it knows, by natural instinct, it is hunted. He ordered *Sancho* to take up the helmet, who, holding it in his hand, said ; Before god, the bason is a special one, and is as well worth a piece of eight as a farthing. Then he gave it to his master, who immediately clapped it on his head, twirling it about, to find the vizor ; and not finding it he said ; Doubtless the pagan, for whom this famous helmet was first forged, must have had a prodigious large head ; and the worst of it is, that one half is wanting. When *Sancho* heard the bason called a helmet, he could not forbear laughter ; but, recollecting his master's late choler, he checked it in the middle. What do you laugh at ? *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*. He answered ; I laugh to think what a huge head the pagan had, who owned this helmet, which is, for all the world, just like a barber's bason. Do you know, *Sancho*, what I take to be the case ? this famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by some strange accident, must have fallen into the hands of some one, who, being ignorant of its true value, and not considering what he did, seeing it to be of the purest gold, has melted down the one half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this, which, as you say, does look like a barber's bason : but be it what it will, to me, who know it, its transformation signifies nothing ; for I will get it put to rights in the first town where there is a smith, and in such sort, that even that, which the god of smiths made and forged for the god of battles, shall not surpass, nor equal it : in the mean time, I will wear it as I can, for something is better than nothing ; and the rather, since it will be more than sufficient to defend me from stones. It will so, said *Sancho*, if they do not throw them with slings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed your worship's chops, and broke the cruze, in which was contained that most blessed drench, which made me vomit up my guts. I am in no great pain for having lost it ; for you know, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, I have the receipt by heart. So have I too, answered *Sancho* ; but if ever I make or try it again while I live, may I never stir from this place. Besides, I do not intend to expose myself to the hazard of standing in need of it ; for I intend to keep myself, with all my five senses, from being wounded, or from wounding any body. As to being tossed again in a blanket, I say nothing ; for it is difficult to prevent such mishaps : and if they do come, there is nothing to be done, but to shrug up one's shoulders, hold one's breath, shut one's eyes, and let one's self go whither fortune and the blanket please to toss us. You are no good christian, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, at hearing this ; for you never forget an injury once done you : but know, it is inherent in generous
and

and noble breasts to lay no stress upon trifles. What leg have you lamed, what rib or what head have you broken, that you cannot yet forget that jest? for, to take the thing right, it was mere jest and pastime; and had I not understood it so, I had long ago returned thither, and done more mischief in revenging your quarrel, than the *Greeks* did for the rape of *Helen*; who, if she had lived in these times, or my *Dulcinea* in those, would never, you may be sure, have been so famous for beauty as she is: and here he uttered a sigh, and sent it to the clouds. Let it then pass for a jest, said *Sancho*, since it is not likely to be revenged in earnest: but I know of what kinds the jests and the earnest were, and I know also, they will no more slip out of my memory than off my shoulders. But setting this aside, tell me, Sir, what we shall do with this dapple grey steed, which looks so like a grey ass, and which that catif, whom your worship overthrew, has left behind here to shift for itself; for, to judge by his scowering off so hastily, and flying for it, he does not think of ever returning for him; and, by my beard, dapple is a special one. It is not my custom, said *Don Quixote*, to plunder those I overcome, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take from them their horses, and leave them on foot, unless the victor hath lost his own in the conflict; for, in such a case, it is lawful to take that of the vanquished, as fairly won in battle. Therefore, *Sancho*, leave this horse or ass, or what you will have it to be; for when his owner sees us gone a pretty way off, he will come again for him. God knows whether it were best for me to take him, replied *Sancho*, or at least to truck mine for him, which methinks is not so good: verily the laws of chivalry are very strict, since they do not extend to the swapping one ass for another; and I would fain know whether I might exchange furniture, if I had a mind. I am not very clear as to that point, answered *Don Quixote*; and in case of doubt, 'till better information can be had, I say you may truck, if you are in extreme want of them. So extreme, replied *Sancho*, that I could not want them more, if they were for my own proper person: and so saying, he proceeded with that license to a change of caparisons, and made his own beast three parts in four the better¹ for his new furniture. This done, they breakfasted on the remains of the plunder of the sumpter-mule, and drank of the water of the fulling-mills, without turning their faces to look at them, such was their abhorrence of them for the fright they had put them in. Their choler and hunger being thus allayed, they mounted, and, without taking any determinate route (for knights-errant are peculiarly in their element, when out of their road) they put on whithersoever *Rozinante's* will led him, which drew after it that of his master, and also that of the ass, which followed in love and good fellowship, where-ever he led the way. Notwithstanding which, they soon came back again into the great road, which they followed at a venture, without any design at all.

¹ Literally, leaving him better by a tierce and a quint. A figurative expression borrowed from the game of piquet, in which a tierce or a quint may be gained by putting out bad cards, and taking in better.

As they thus fauntered on, *Sancho* said to his master: Sir, will your worship be pleased to indulge me the liberty of a word or two; for since you imposed on me that harsh command of silence, sundry things have rotted in my breast, and I have one just now at my tongue's end, that I would not for any thing should miscarry. Out with it, said *Don Quixote*, and be brief in thy discourse; for none that is long can be pleasing. I say then, Sir, answered *Sancho*, that, for some days past, I have been considering how little is gained by wandering up and down in quest of those adventures your worship is seeking through these deserts and cross-ways, where, though you overcome and atchieve the most perilous things, there is no body to see or know any thing of them; so that they must remain in perpetual oblivion, to the prejudice of your worship's intention, and their deserts. And therefore I think it would be more adviseable, with submission to your better judgment, that we went to serve some emperor or other great prince, who is engaged in war; in whose service your worship may display the worth of your person, your great courage, and greater understanding: which being perceived by the lord we serve, he must of necessity reward each of us according to his merits; nor can you there fail of meeting with some body to put your worship's exploits in writing, for a perpetual remembrance of them. I say nothing of my own, because they must not exceed the squirely limits; though I dare say, if it be the custom in chivalry to pen the deeds of squires, mine will not be forgotten between the lines. ¹ You are not much out, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*: but before it comes to that, it is necessary for a knight-errant to wander about the world, seeking adventures, by way of probation; that, by atchieving some, he may acquire such fame and renown, that, when he comes to the court of some great monarch, he shall be known by his works beforehand; and scarcely shall the boys see him enter the gates of the city, but they shall all follow and surround him, crying aloud; this is the *knight of the sun*, or of *the serpent*, or of any other device, under which he may have atchieved great exploits. This is he, will they say, who overthrew the huge giant *Brocabruno* of the mighty force, in single combat; he who disenchanting the great *Mameluco* of *Persia* from the long enchantment, which held him confined almost nine hundred years. Thus, from hand to hand, they shall go on blazoning his deeds; and presently, at the bustle of the boys, and of the rest of the people, the king of that country shall appear at the windows of his royal palace; and, as soon as he espies the knight, knowing him by his armour, or by the device on his shield, he must necessarily say; ho, up, Sirs, go forth, my knights, all that are at court, to receive the flower of chivalry, who is coming yonder: at whose command they all shall go forth, and the king himself, descending half way down the stairs, shall receive him with a close embrace,

¹ In the following speech of *Don Quixote* we have a perfect system of chivalry, which was designed by the author as a ridicule upon romances in general: notwithstanding which the *Beaux Esprits* of *France*, who have written romances since, have copied this very plan.

saluting and kissing him; and then, taking him by the hand, shall conduct him to the apartment of the queen, where the knight shall find her accompanied by her daughter the infanta, who is so beautiful and accomplished a damsel, that her equal cannot easily be found in any part of the known world. After this it must immediately fall out, that she fixes her eyes on the knight, and he his eyes upon hers, and each shall appear to the other something rather divine than human; and, without knowing how, or which way, they shall be taken and entangled in the inextricable net of love, and be in great perplexity of mind through not knowing how to converse, and discover their amorous anguish to each other. From thence, without doubt, they will conduct him to some quarter of the palace richly furnished, where, having taken off his armour, they will bring him a rich scarlet mantle to put on; and, if he looked well in armour, he must needs make a much more graceful figure in ermins. The night being come, he shall sup with the king, queen, and infanta, where he shall never take his eyes off the princess, viewing her by stealth, and she doing the same by him with the same wariness: for, as I have said, she is a very discreet damsel. The tables being removed, there shall enter, unexpectedly, at the hall-door, a little ill-favoured dwarf, followed by a beautiful matron between two giants, with the offer of a certain adventure, so contrived by a most antient sage, that he, who shall accomplish it, shall be esteemed the best knight in the world. The king shall immediately command all who are present to try it, and none shall be able to finish it, but the stranger knight, to the great advantage of his fame; at which the infanta will be highly delighted, and reckon herself overpaid for having placed her thoughts on so exalted an object. And the best of it is, that this king, or prince, or whatever he be, is carrying on a bloody war with another monarch as powerful as himself; and the stranger knight, after having been a few days at his court, asks leave to serve his majesty in the aforesaid war. The king shall readily grant his request, and the knight shall most courteously kiss his royal hands for the favour he does him. And that night he shall take his leave of his lady the infanta at the iron rails of a garden, adjoining to her apartment, through which he had already conversed with her several times, by the mediation of a certain female confidante, in whom the infanta greatly trusted. He sighs, she swoons; the damsel runs for cold water: he is very uneasy at the approach of the morning-light, and would by no means they should be discovered, for the sake of his lady's honour. The infanta at length comes to herself, and gives her snowy hands to the knight to kiss through the rails, who kisses them a thousand and a thousand times over, and bedews them with his tears. They agree how to let one another know their good or ill fortune; and the princess desires him to be absent as little a while as possible; which he promises with many oaths: he kisses her hands again, and takes leave with so much concern, that it almost puts an end to his life. From thence he repairs to his chamber, throws himself on his bed, and cannot sleep for grief at the parting: he rises early

early in the morning, and goes to take leave of the king, the queen, and the infanta: having taken his leave of the two former, he is told that the princess is indisposed, and cannot admit of a visit: the knight thinks it is for grief at his departure; his heart is pierced, and he is very near giving manifest indications of his passion: the damsel confidante is all this while present, and observes what passes; she goes and tells it her lady, who receives the account with tears, and tells her that her chief concern is, that she does not know who her knight is, and whether he be of royal descent, or not: the damsel assures her he is, since so much courtesy, politeness, and valour, as her knight is endowed with, cannot exist but in a royal and grave subject. The afflicted princess is comforted hereby, and endeavours to compose herself, that she may not give her parents cause to suspect any thing amiss, and two days after she appears in public. The knight is now gone to the war; he fights, and overcomes the king's enemy; takes many towns; wins several battles; returns to court; sees his lady at the usual place of interview; it is agreed he shall demand her in marriage of her father, in recompence for his services: the king does not consent to give her to him, not knowing who he is. Notwithstanding which, either by carrying her off, or by whatever other means it is, the infanta becomes his spouse¹, and her father comes to take it for a piece of the greatest good-fortune, being assured that the knight is son to a valorous king, of I know not what kingdom, for I believe it is not in the map. The father dies; the infanta inherits; and, in two words, the knight becomes a king. Here presently comes in the rewarding his squire, and all those who assisted him in mounting to so exalted a state. He marries his squire to one of the infanta's maids of honour, who is doubtless the very confidante of this amour, and daughter to one of the chief dukes.

This is what I would be at, and a clear stage, quoth *Sancho*: this I stick to; for every tittle of this must happen precisely to your worship, being called *the knight of the sorrowful figure*. Doubt it not, *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*; for by those very means, and those very steps I have recounted, the knights-errant do rise, and have risen, to be kings and emperors. All that remains now to be done, is, to look out and find what king of the christians, or of the pagans, is at war, and has a beautiful daughter²: but there is time enough to think of this; for, as I have told you, we must procure renown elsewhere, before we repair to court. Besides, there is still another thing wanting; for supposing a king were found, who is at war, and has a handsome daughter, and that I have gotten incredible fame throughout the whole universe, I do not see how it can be made appear that I am of the lineage of kings, or even second

¹ In the former circumstances of this extract most romances agree, and therefore the author exhausts the whole subject; which in this he cannot do, because in those stories there are several ways of obtaining the lady; and therefore he leaves that point at large.

² The ridicule is admirably heightened by the incapacity both knight and squire are under of putting this scheme in practice, the former by his loyalty to *Dulcinea*, and *Sancho* by having a wife and children already: nevertheless the idea is so pleasing, that it quite carries them away, and they resolve upon it.

cousin to an emperor: for the king will not give me his daughter to wife, 'till he is first very well assured that I am such, though my renowned actions should deserve it ever so well. So that, through this defect, I am afraid I shall lose that which my arm has richly deserved. It is true, indeed, I am a gentleman of an antient family, possessed of a real estate of one hundred and twenty crowns a year¹; and perhaps the sage, who writes my history, may so brighten up my kindred and genealogy, that I may be found the fifth or sixth in descent from a king. For you must know, *Sancho*, that there are two kinds of lineages in the world. Some there are, who derive their pedigree from princes and monarchs, whom time has reduced, by little and little, 'till they have ended in a point like a pyramid reversed: others have had poor and low beginnings, and have risen by degrees, 'till at last they have become great lords. So that the difference lies in this, that some have been what now they are not, and others are now what they were not before; and who knows but I may be one of the former, and that, upon examination, my origin may be found to have been great and glorious; with which the king my father-in-law, that is to be, ought to be satisfied: and though he should not be satisfied, the infanta is to be so in love with me, that, in spite of her father, she is to receive me for her lord and husband, though she certainly knew I was the son of a water-carrier; and in case she should not, then is the time to take her away by force, and convey her whither I please; and time or death will put a period to the displeasure of her parents. Here, said *Sancho*, comes in properly what some naughty people say, *Never stand begging for that which you may take by force*: though this other is nearer to the purpose; *A leap from a hedge is better than the prayer of a good man*². I say this, because if my lord the king, your worship's father-in-law, should not vouchsafe to yield unto you my lady the infanta, there is no more to be done, as your worship says, but to steal and carry her off. But the mischief is, that, while peace is making, and before you can enjoy the kingdom quietly, the poor squire may whistle for his reward; unless the damsel go-between, who is to be his wife, goes off with the infanta, and he share his misfortune with her, 'till it shall please heaven to ordain otherwise; for I believe his master may immediately give her to him for his lawful spouse. That you may depend upon, said *Don Quixote*. Since it is so, answered *Sancho*, there is no more to be done but to commend ourselves to god, and let things take their course. God grant it, answered *Don Quixote*, as I desire and you need, and let him be wretched who thinks himself so. Let him, in god's name, said *Sancho*; for I am an old

¹ The original is *y de devengar quinientos sueldos*, literally, *to revenge five hundred sueldo's*. It is a proverbial expression to signify a person's being a gentleman, and took its rise from the following occasion. The *Spaniards* of *Old Castile* being obliged to pay a yearly tribute of five hundred virgins to the *Moors*, after several battles, in which the *Spaniards* succeeded, the tribute was changed to five hundred *sueldo's* or pieces of *Spanish* coin. But in process of time the *Spaniards*, by force of arms, delivered themselves from that gross imposition; and that heroic action being performed by men of figure and fortune, they characterize by this expression a man of bravery and honour, and a true lover of his country.

² That is, it is better to rob than to ask charity.

christian, and that is enough to qualify me to be an earl. Ay, and more than enough, said *Don Quixote*: but it matters not whether you are or no; for I, being a king, can easily bestow nobility on you, without your buying it, or doing me the least service; and, in creating you an earl, I make you a gentleman of course; and, say what they will, in good faith, they must style you *your lordship*, though it grieve them never so much. Do you think, quoth *Sancho*, I should not know how to give authority to the indignity? Dignity, you should say, and not indignity, said his master. So let it be, answered *Sancho Pança*: I say, I should do well enough with it; for I assure you I was once beadle of a company, and the beadle's gown became me so well, that every body said I had a presence fit to be warden of the said company. Then what will it be when I am arrayed in a duke's robe, all shining with gold and pearls, like a foreign count? I am of opinion folks will come a hundred leagues to see me. You will make a goodly appearance indeed, said *Don Quixote*: but it will be necessary to trim your beard a little oftener; for it is so rough and frowzy, that, if you do not shave with a razor every other day at least, you will discover what you are a musket-shot off. Why, said *Sancho*, it is but taking a barber into the house, and giving him wages; and, if there be occasion, I will make him follow me like a gentleman of the horse to a grandee. How came you to know, demanded *Don Quixote*, that grandees have their gentlemen of the horse to follow them? I will tell you, said *Sancho*: some years ago I was about the court for a month, and there I saw a very little gentleman riding backward and forward, who, they said, was a very great lord: a man followed him on horseback, turning about as he turned, that one would have thought he had been his tail. I asked, why that man did not come up even with the other, but went always behind him? they answered me, that it was his gentleman of the horse, and that noblemen commonly have such to follow them; and from that day to this I have never forgotten it. You are in the right, said *Don Quixote*, and in the same manner you may carry about your barber; for all customs do not arise together, nor were they invented at once; and you may be the first earl, who carried about his barber after him: and indeed it is a greater trust to shave the beard, than to saddle a horse. Leave the business of the barber to my care, said *Sancho*; and let it be your worship's to procure yourself to be a king, and to make me an earl. So it shall be, answered *Don Quixote*, and, lifting up his eyes, he saw, what will be told in the following chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

How Don Quixote set at liberty several unfortunate persons, who were carrying, much against their wills, to a place they did not like.

CID Hamet Benengeli, the Arabian and Manchegan author, relates in this most grave, lofty, accurate, delightful, and ingenious history, that, during those discourses, which passed between the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha* and *Sancho Pança* his squire, as they are related at the end of the foregoing chapter, *Don Quixote* lifted up his eyes, and saw coming on, in the same road, about a dozen men on foot, strung like beads in a row, by the necks, in a great iron chain, and all hand-cuffed. There came also with them two men on horseback, and two on foot; those on horseback armed with firelocks, and those on foot with pikes and swords. And *Sancho Pança*, espying them, said; This is a chain of galley-slaves, persons forced by the king to the galleys. How! persons forced! quoth *Don Quixote*: is it possible the king should force any body? I say not so, answered *Sancho*, but that they are persons condemned by the law for their crimes to serve the king in the galleys *per force*. In short, replied *Don Quixote*, however it be, since they are going, it is still by force, and not with their own liking. It is so, said *Sancho*. Then, said his master, here the execution of my office takes place, to defeat violence, and to succour and relieve the miserable. Consider, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, that justice, that is the king himself, does no violence nor injury to such persons, but only punishes them for their crimes. By this the chain of galley-slaves were come up, and *Don Quixote*, in most courteous terms, desired of the guard, that they would be pleased to inform and tell him the cause or causes why they conducted those persons in that manner. One of the guards on horseback answered, that they were slaves belonging to his majesty, and going to the galleys, which was all he could say, or the other need know, of the matter. For all that, replied *Don Quixote*, I should be glad to know from each of them in particular the cause of his misfortune. To these he added such other courteous expressions, to induce them to tell him what he desired, that the other horseman said: Though we have here the record and certificate of the sentence of each of these wretches, this is no time to produce and read them: draw near, Sir, and ask it of themselves: they may inform you, if they please; and inform you they will, for they are such as take a pleasure both in acting and relating rogueries. With this leave, which *Don Quixote* would have taken though they had not given it, he drew near to the chain, and demanded of the first, for what offence he marched in such evil plight. He answered, that he went in that manner for being in love. For that alone? replied *Don Quixote*: if they send folks to the galleys for being in love, I might long since have been rowing in them. It was not such love as your worship imagines, said the galley-slave:
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mine was the being so deeply enamoured of a flasket of fine linnen, and embracing it so close, that, if justice had not taken it from me by force, I should not have parted with it by my good-will to this very day. I was taken in the fact, so there was no place for the torture; the process was short; they accommodated my shoulders with a hundred lashes, and have sent me, by way of supplement, for three years to the *Gurapas*¹, and there is an end of it. What are the *Gurapas*? quoth *Don Quixote*. The *Gurapas* are galleys, answered the slave, who was a young man about twenty-four years of age, and said he was born at *Piedrahita*. *Don Quixote* put the same question to the second, who returned no answer, he was so melancholy and dejected: but the first answered for him, and said; This gentleman goes for being a canary-bird, I mean, for being a musician and a singer. How so? replied *Don Quixote*; are men sent to the galleys for being musicians and singers? Yes, Sir, replied the slave; for there is nothing worse than to sing in an agony. Nay, said *Don Quixote*, I have heard say, *Sing away sorrow*. This is the very reverse, said the slave; for here, he who sings once weeps all his life after. I do not understand that, said *Don Quixote*: but one of the guards said to him; Signor cavalier, to sing in an agony, means, in the cant of these rogues, to confess upon the rack. This offender was put to the torture, and confessed his crime, which was that of being a *Quatrero*, that is, a stealer of cattle; and, because he confessed, he is sentenced for six years to the galleys, besides two hundred lashes he has already received on the shoulders. And he is always pensive and sad, because the rest of the rogues, both those behind and those before, abuse, vilify, flout, and despise him for confessing, and not having the courage to say *no*: for, say they, *no* contains the same number of letters as *ay*; and it is lucky for a delinquent, when his life or death depends upon his own tongue, and not upon proofs and witnesses; and, for my part, I think they are in the right of it. And I think so too, answered *Don Quixote*; who, passing on to the third, interrogated him as he had done the others: who answered very readily, and with very little concern; I am going to *Mesdames* the *Gurapas* for five years, for wanting ten ducats. I will give twenty with all my heart, said *Don Quixote*, to redeem you from this misery. That, said the slave, is like having money at sea, and dying for hunger, where there is nothing to be bought with it. I say this, because, if I had been possessed in time of those twenty ducats you now offer me, I would have so greased the clerk's pen, and sharpened my advocate's wit, that I should have been this day upon the market-place of *Zocodover* in *Toledo*, and not upon this road, coupled and dragged like a hound; but god is great; patience; I say no more. *Don Quixote* passed on to the fourth, who was a man of a venerable aspect, with a white beard reaching below his breast; who, hearing himself asked the cause of his coming thither, began to weep, and answered not a word: but the fifth lent him a tongue, and said; This

¹ A cant word.

honest gentleman goes for four years to the galleys, after having gone in the usual proceſſion pompouſly apparalled and mounted¹. That is, I ſuppoſe, ſaid *Sancho*, put to public ſhame. Right, replied the ſlave; and the offence, for which he underwent this puniſhment, was his having been a broker of the ear, yea, and of the whole body: in effect, I would ſay, that this cavalier goes for pimping, and exerciſing the trade of a conjurer. Had it been meerly for pimping, ſaid *Don Quixote*, he had not deſerved to row in, but to command, and be general of the galleys: for the office of a pimp is not a ſlight buſineſs, but an employment fit only for diſcreet perſons, and a moſt neceſſary one in a well-regulated common-wealth; and none but perſons well born ought to exerciſe it: and in truth there ſhould be inſpectors and comptrollers of it, as there are of other offices, with a certain number of them deputed, like exchange-brokers; by which means many miſchiefs would be prevented, which now happen, becauſe this office and profeſſion is in the hands of fooliſh and ignorant perſons, ſuch as ſilly waiting-women, pages, and buffoons, of a few years ſtanding, and of ſmall experience, who, in the greateſt exigency, and when there is occaſion for the moſt dexterous management and addreſs, ſuffer the morſel to freeze between the fingers and the mouth, and ſcarce know which is their right hand. I could go on, and aſſign the reaſons why it would be expedient to make choice of proper perſons, to exerciſe an office ſo neceſſary in the commonwealth: but this is no proper place for it; and I may one day or other lay this matter before thoſe, who can provide a remedy. At preſent I only ſay, that the concern I felt at ſeeing thoſe grey hairs, and that venerable countenance, in ſo much diſtreſs for pimping, is entirely removed by the additional character of his being a wizzard: though I very well know, there are no forceries in the world, which can affect and force the will, as ſome fooliſh people imagine; for our will is free, and no herb nor charm can compel it. What ſome ſilly women and crafty knaves are wont to do, is, with certain mixtures and poiſons, to turn peoples brains, under pretence that they have power to make one fall in love; it being, as I ſay, a thing impoſſible to force the will. It is ſo, ſaid the honeſt old fellow: and truly, Sir, as to being a wizzard, I am not guilty; but as for being a pimp, I cannot deny it; but I never thought there was any harm in it; for the whole of my intention was, that all the world ſhould divert themſelves, and live in peace and quiet, without quarrels or troubles: but this good deſign could not ſave me from going where I ſhall have no hope of returning, conſidering I am ſo loaden with years, and ſo troubled with the ſtrangury, which leaves me not a moment's reſt: and here he began to weep, as at firſt; and *Sancho* was ſo moved with compaſſion, that he drew out from his boſom a real, and gave it him as an alms.

Don Quixote went on, and demanded of another what his offence was; who

¹ Such malefactors as in *England* are ſet in the pillory, in *Spain* are carried about in a particular habit, mounted on an aſs, with their face to the tail; the cryer going before and proclaiming their crime.

anſwered,

answered, not with less, but much more alacrity than the former : I am going for making a little too free with two she-cousin-germans of mine, and with two other cousin-germans not mine : in short, I carried the jest so far with them all, that the result of it was the encreasing of kindred so intricately, that no casuist can make it out. The whole was proved upon me ; I had neither friends, nor money ; my windpipe was in the utmost danger ; I was sentenced to the galleys for six years ; I submit ; it is the punishment of my fault ; I am young ; life may last, and time brings every thing about : if your worship, Signor cavalier, has any thing about you to relieve us poor wretches, god will repay you in heaven, and we will make it the business of our prayers to beseech him, that your worship's life and health may be as long and prosperous, as your goodly preference deserves. This slave was in the habit of a student ; and one of the guards said, he was a great talker, and a very pretty *Latinist*.

Behind all these came a man some thirty years of age, of a goodly aspect ; only to look at he seemed to thrust one eye into the other : he was bound somewhat differently from the rest ; for he had a chain to his leg, so long, that it was fastened round his middle, and two collars about his neck, one of which was fastened to the chain, and the other, called a *keep-friend*, or *friend's-foot*, had two straight irons, which came down from it to his waste, at the ends of which were fixed two manacles¹, wherein his hands were secured with a huge padlock ; insomuch that he could neither lift his hands to his mouth, nor bend down his head to his hands. *Don Quixote* asked, why this man went fettered and shackled so much more than the rest. The guard answered, because he alone had committed more villainies than all the rest put together ; and that he was so bold and desperate a villain, that, though they carried him in that manner, they were not secure of him, but were still afraid he would make his escape. What kind of villainies has he committed, said *Don Quixote*, that they have deserved no greater punishment than being sent to the galleys ? He goes for ten years, said the guard, which is a kind of civil death : you need only be told, that this honest gentleman is the famous *Gines de Passamonte*, alias *Ginesillo de Parapilla*. Fair and softly, Signor commissary, said then the slave ; let us not be now lengthening out names and surnames. *Gines* is my name, and not *Ginesillo* ; and *Passamonte* is the name of my family, and not *Parapilla*, as you say ; and let every one turn himself round, and look at home, and he will find enough to do. Speak with more respect, Sir thief above standard, replied the commissary, unless you will oblige me to silence you to your sorrow. You may see, answered the slave, that man goeth as god pleaseth ; but some body may learn one day, whether my name is *Ginesillo de Parapilla* or no. Are you not called so, lying rascal, said the guard ? They do call me so, answered *Gines* ; but I will make them that they shall not call me so, or I will flea them where I care not at present to say. Signor cavalier, continued he, if you have any

¹ The original is *esposas* (spouses) so called because they joined the hands together like man and wife.

thing to give us, give it us now, and god be with you ; for you tire us with enquiring so much after other mens lives : if you would know mine, know that I am *Gines de Passamonte*, whose life is written by these very fingers. He says true, said the commissary ; for he himself has written his own history, as well as heart could wish, and has left the book in prison in pawn for two hundred reals. Ay, and I intend to redeem it, said *Gines*, if it lay for two hundred ducats. What ! is it so good, said *Don Quixote* ? So good it is, answered *Gines*, that woe be to *Lazarillo de Tormes*, and to all that have written or shall write in that way. What I can affirm to your worship is, that it relates truths, and truths so ingenious and entertaining, that no fictions can come up to them. How is the book intituled ? demanded *Don Quixote*. *The life of Gines de Passamonte*, replied *Gines* himself. And is it finished ? quoth *Don Quixote*. How can it be finished ? answered he, since my life is not yet finished ? what is written, is from my cradle to the moment of my being sent this last time to the galleys. Then belike you have been there before, said *Don Quixote*. Only four years, the other time, replied *Gines*, to serve god and the king ; and I know already the relish of the biscuit and bull's-pizzle : nor does it grieve me much to go to them again, since I shall there have the opportunity of finishing my book : for I have a great many things to say, and in the galleys of *Spain* there is leisure more than enough, though I shall not want much for what I have to write, because I have it by heart. You seem to be a witty fellow, said *Don Quixote*. And an unfortunate one, answered *Gines* ; but misfortunes always pursue the ingenious. Pursue the villainous, said the commissary. I have already desired you, Signor commissary, answered *Passamonte*, to go on fair and softly ; for your superiors did not give you that staff to misuse us poor wretches here, but to conduct and carry us whither his majesty commands : now by the life of----- I say no more ; but the spots, which were contracted in the inn, may perhaps one day come out in the buck-washing ; and let every one hold his tongue, and live well, and speak better ; and let us march on, for this has held us long enough. The commissary lifted up his staff, to strike *Passamonte*, in return for his threats : but *Don Quixote* interposed, and desired he would not abuse him, since it was but fair, that he, who had his hands so tied up, should have his tongue a little at liberty. Then, turning about to the whole string, he said : From all you have told me, dearest brethren, I clearly gather, that, though it be only to punish you for your crimes, you do not much relish the pains you are going to suffer, and that you go to them much against the grain and against your good-liking : and perhaps the pusillanimity of him who was put to the torture, this man's want of money, and the other's want of friends, and in short the judge's wresting of the law, may have been the cause of your ruin, and that you did not come off, as in justice you ought to have done. And I have so strong a persuasion that this is the truth of the case, that my mind prompts, and even forces me, to shew in you the effect for which heaven threw

me

me into the world, and ordained me to profess the order of chivalry, which I do profess, and the vow I made in it to succour the needy, and those oppressed by the mighty. But knowing that it is one part of prudence, not to do that by foul means, which may be done by fair, I will entreat these gentlemen your guard, and the commissary, that they will be pleased to loose you, and let you go in peace, there being people enough to serve the king for better reasons: for it seems to me a hard case to make slaves of those, whom god and nature made free. Besides, gentlemen guards, added *Don Quixote*, these poor men have committed no offence against you: let every one answer for his sins in the other world; there is a god in heaven, who does not neglect to chastise the wicked, nor to reward the good; neither is it fitting that honest men should be the executioners of others, they having no interest in the matter. I request this of you in this calm and gentle manner, that I may have some ground to thank you for your compliance: but if you do it not willingly, this lance and this sword, with the vigour of my arm, shall compel you to do it. This is pleasant fooling, answered the commissary; an admirable conceit he has broke out with at the long run: he would have us let the king's prisoners go, as if we had authority to set them free, or he to command us to do it. Go on your way, Signor, and adjust that bason on your noddle, and do not go feeling for three legs in a cat. You are a cat, and a rat, and a rascal to boot, answered *Don Quixote*; and so, with a word and a blow, he attacked him so suddenly, that, before he could stand upon his defence, he threw him to the ground, much wounded with a thrust of the lance. And it happened luckily for *Don Quixote*, that this was one of the two who carried firelocks. The rest of the guards were astonished and confounded at the unexpected encounter; but recovering themselves, those on horseback drew their swords, and those on foot laid hold on their javelins, and fell upon *Don Quixote*, who waited for them with much calmness; and doubtless it had gone ill with him, if the galley-slaves, perceiving the opportunity, which offered itself to them, of recovering their liberty, had not procured it, by breaking the chain, with which they were linked together. The hurry was such, that the guards, now endeavouring to prevent the slaves from getting loose, and now engaging with *Don Quixote*, who attacked them, did nothing to any purpose. *Sancho*, for his part, assisted in loosing of *Gines de Passamonte*, who was the first that leaped free and disembarassed upon the plain; and setting upon the fallen commissary, he took away his sword and his gun, with which, levelling it, first at one, and then at another, without discharging it, he cleared the field of all the guard, who fled no less from *Passamonte's* gun, than from the shower of stones, which the slaves, now at liberty, poured upon them.

Sancho was much grieved at what had happened; for he imagined that the fugitives would give notice of the fact to the holy brotherhood, which, upon ringing a bell, would fall out in quest of the delinquents; and so he told his

master, and begged of him to be gone from thence immediately, and take shelter among the trees and rocks of the neighbouring mountain. It is well, said *Don Quixote*; but I know what is now expedient to be done. Then having called all the slaves together, who were in a fright, and had stripped the commissary to his buff, they gathered in a ring about him, to know his pleasure; when he thus addressed them. To be thankful for benefits received, is the property of persons well born; and one of the sins, at which god is most offended, is ingratitude. This I say, gentlemen, because you have already found, by manifest experience, the benefit you have received at my hands; in recompence whereof my will and pleasure is, that, loaden with this chain, which I have taken off from your necks, you immediately set out, and go to the city of *Toboso*, and there present yourselves before the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and tell her, that her knight of the sorrowful figure sends you to present his service to her; and recount to her every tittle and circumstance of this memorable adventure to the point of setting you at your wished-for liberty: this done, you may go, in god's name, whither you list. *Gines de Passamonte* answered for them all, and said; What your worship commands us, noble Sir, and our deliverer, is of all impossibilities the most impossible to be complied with: for we dare not be seen together on the road, but must go separate and alone, each man by himself, and endeavour to hide ourselves in the very bowels of the earth from the holy brotherhood, who, doubtless, will be out in quest of us. What your worship may, and ought to do, is, to change this service and duty¹ to the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* into a certain number of *Ave Marias* and *Credos*, which we will say for the success of your design; and this is what we may do by day or by night, flying or reposing, in peace or in war: but to think that we will now return to the brick-kilns of *Egypt*, I say, to take our chains, and put ourselves on to the way to *Toboso*, is to think it is now night already, whereas it is not yet ten a-clock in the morning; and to expect this from us, is to expect pears from an elm-tree. I vow then, quoth *Don Quixote*, already enraged, *Don* son of a whore, *Don Ginesillo de Parapilla*, or however you call yourself, you alone shall go with your tail between your legs, and the whole chain upon your back. *Passamonte*, who was not over-passive, and had already perceived that *Don Quixote* was not wiser than he should be, since he committed such an extravagance as the setting them at liberty, seeing himself treated in this manner, winked upon his comrades; and they all, stepping aside, began to rain such a shower of stones upon *Don Quixote*, that he could not contrive to cover himself with his buckler; and poor *Rozinante* made no more of the spur than if he had been made of brass. *Sancho* got behind his ass, and thereby sheltered himself from the storm and hail that poured upon them both. *Don Quixote* could not screen himself so well, but that he received I know not how many thumps on the body with such force, that they brought him to the ground; and scarce was he fallen,

¹ *Montazgo*, a duty to the king upon cattle.



when the student set upon him, and, taking the bason from off his head, gave him three or four blows with it on the shoulders, and then struck it as often against the ground, whereby he almost broke it to pieces. They stripped him of a jacket he wore over his armour, and would have stripped him of his trowsers too, if the greaves had not hindered them. They took from *Sancho* his cloak, leaving him in his doublet¹; and sharing among themselves the spoils of the battle, they made the best of their way off, each a several way, with more care how to escape the holy brotherhood they were in fear of, than to load themselves with the chain, and to go and present themselves before the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*. The ass and *Rozinante*, *Sancho* and *Don Quixote*, remained by themselves; the ass hanging his head and pensive, and now and then shaking his ears, thinking that the storm of stones was not yet over, but still whizzing about his head; *Rozinante* stretched along close by his master, he also being knocked down with another stone; *Sancho* in his doublet, and afraid of the holy brotherhood; and *Don Quixote* very much out of humour, to find himself so ill treated by those very persons to whom he had done so much good.

C H A P. IX.

Of what befell the renowned Don Quixote in the sable mountain, being one of the most curious and uncommon adventures of any related in this faithful history.

DON *Quixote*, finding himself so ill treated, said to his squire; *Sancho*, I have always heard it said, that to do good to low fellows, is to throw water into the sea. Had I believed what you said to me, I might have prevented this trouble; but it is done, I must have patience, and take warning from henceforward. Your worship will as much take warning, answered *Sancho*, as I am a *Turk*; but since you say, that, if you had believed me, you had avoided this mischief, believe me now, and you will avoid a greater; for, let me tell you, there is no putting off the holy brotherhood with chivalries: they do not care two farthings for all the knights-errant in the world; and know, that I fancy I already hear their arrows² whizzing about my ears. You are naturally a coward, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*: but that you may not say I am obstinate, and that I never do what you advise, I will for once take your counsel, and get out of the reach of that fury you fear so much; but upon this one condition, that, neither living nor dying, you shall ever tell any body, that I retired, and withdrew myself from this peril, out of fear, but that I did it out of mere compliance with your intreaties: for if you say otherwise, you will lye in so doing; and from this time to that, and from that time to this, I tell you, you lye, and will

¹ *En pelota*. The phrase signifies to be stark naked. *Pelota* is likewise a garment formerly used in Spain, but now unknown. The reader will easily see, that it ought not to be understood here in the first of these senses.

² The troopers of the holy brotherhood carry bows and arrows.

lye, every time you say or think it : and reply no more ; for the bare thought of withdrawing and retreating from any danger, and especially from this, which seems to carry some or no appearance of fear with it, makes me, that I now stand prepared to abide here, and expect alone, not only that holy brotherhood you talk of and fear, but the brothers of the twelve tribes of *Israel*, and the seven *Maccabees*, and *Castor* and *Pollux*, and even all the brothers and brotherhoods that are in the world. Sir, answered *Sancho*, retreating is not running away, nor is staying wisdom, when the danger over-balances the hope : and it is the part of wise men to secure themselves to-day for to-morrow, and not to venture all upon one throw. And know, though I am but a clown and a peasant, I have yet some smattering of what is called good conduct : therefore repent not of having taken my advice, but get upon *Rozinante* if you can, and if not, I will assist you ; and follow me ; for my noddle tells me, that for the present we have more need of heels than hands. *Don Quixote* mounted, without replying a word more ; and, *Sancho* leading the way upon his ass, they entered on one side of the fable mountain ¹, which was hard by, it being *Sancho's* intention to pass quite cross it, and to get out at *Viso*, or at *Almodovar del Campo*, and to hide themselves, for some days, among those craggy rocks, that they might not be found, if the holy brotherhood should come in quest of them. He was encouraged to this by seeing that the provisions carried by his ass ² had escaped safe from the skirmish with the galley-slaves, which he looked upon as a miracle, considering what the slaves took away, and how narrowly they searched.

That night they got into the heart of the fable mountain, where *Sancho* thought it convenient to pass that night, and also some days, at least as long as the provisions he had with him lasted : so they took up their lodging between two great rocks, and amidst abundance of cork-trees. But destiny, which, according to the opinion of those who have not the light of the true faith, guides, fashions, and disposes all things its own way, so ordered it, that *Gines de Passamonte*, the famous cheat and robber, whom the valour and madness of *Don Quixote* had delivered from the chain, being justly afraid of the holy brotherhood, took it into his head to hide himself in those very mountains ; and his fortune and his fear carried him to the same place where *Don Quixote's* and *Sancho Pança's* had carried them, just at the time he could distinguish who they were, and at the instant they were fallen asleep. And as the wicked are always ungrateful, and necessity puts people upon applying to shifts, and the present conveniency overcomes the consideration of the future, *Gines*, who had neither gratitude nor good-nature, bethought himself of stealing *Sancho Pança's*

¹ *Sierra morena*. A great mountain (or rather chain of mountains, for so *Sierra* signifies) which divides the kingdom of *Castile* from the province of *Andaluzia*, and remarkable for being (*morena*) of a Moorish or swarthy colour.

² The provisions were eaten before, and the wallet left in the inn for the reckoning ; besides, the loose coat, or cloak, which the galley-slaves had taken away from *Sancho*, had been made use of as a bag for the provisions when they were first taken. *Quare*, how came *Sancho* by a fresh wallet of provisions ?

asses, making no account of *Rozinante*, as a thing neither pawnable nor saleable. *Sancho Pança* slept; the varlet stole his asses; and, before it was day, he was too far off to be found.

Aurora issued forth rejoicing the earth, and saddening *Sancho Pança*, who missed his *Dapple*, and, finding himself deprived of him, began the dolefullest lamentation in the world; and so loud it was, that *Don Quixote* awakened at his cries, and heard him say; O dear child of my bowels, born in my own house, the joy of my children, the entertainment of my wife, the envy of my neighbours, the relief of my burdens, and, lastly, the half of my maintenance! for, with six and twenty *Maravedis* he earned every day, I half supported my family. *Don Quixote*, hearing the lamentation, and learning the cause, comforted *Sancho* with the best reasons he could, and desired him to have patience, promising to give him a bill of exchange for three young asses out of five he had left at home. *Sancho* was comforted herewith, wiped away his tears, moderated his sighs, and thanked his master for the kindness he shewed him. *Don Quixote's* heart leaped for joy at entering into the mountains, such kind of places seeming to him the most likely to furnish him with those adventures he was in quest of. They recalled to his memory the marvellous events, which had befallen knights-errant in such solitudes and deserts. He went on meditating on these things, and so wrapped and transported in them, that he remembered nothing else. Nor had *Sancho* any other concern (now that he thought he was out of danger) than to appease his hunger with what remained of the clerical spoils: and thus, sitting fideling, as women do, upon his beast¹, he jogged after his master, emptying the bag, and stuffing his paunch: and, while he was thus employed, he would not have given a farthing to have met with any new adventure whatever. Being thus busied, he lifted up his eyes, and saw his master had stopped, and was endeavouring, with the point of his lance, to raise up some heavy bundle that lay upon the ground: wherefore he made haste to assist him, if need were, and came up to him just as he had turned over with his lance a saddle-cushion, and a portmanteau fastened to it, half, or rather quite, rotten and torn; but so heavy, that *Sancho* was forced to alight and help to take it up; and his master ordered him to see what was in it. *Sancho* very readily obeyed; and, though the portmanteau was secured with its chain and padlock, you might see through the breaches what it contained; which was, four fine holland shirts, and other linnen, no less curious than clean; and, in an handkerchief, he found a good heap of gold crowns; and, as soon as he espied them, he cried; Blessed be heaven, which has presented us with one beneficial adventure². And, searching further, he found a little pocket-book, richly

¹ It is scarce twenty lines since *Sancho* lost his asses, and here he is upon his back again. The best excuse for this evident blunder is *Horace's aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*.

² The remembrance of this profitable adventure, and the hopes of meeting with such another, carry *Sancho* through many doubts and difficulties in the ensuing history.

bound. *Don Quixote* desired to have it, and bid him take the money and keep it for himself. *Sancho* kissed his hands for the favour; and, emptying the port-manteau of the linnen, he put it in the provender-bag. All which *Don Quixote* perceiving, said; I am of opinion, *Sancho* (nor can it possibly be otherwise) that some traveller must have lost his way in these mountains, and have fallen into the hands of robbers, who have killed him, and brought him to this remote and secret part to bury him. It cannot be so, answered *Sancho*; for, had they been robbers, they would not have left this money here. You say right, said *Don Quixote*, and I cannot guess, nor think, what it should be: but stay, let us see whether this pocket-book has any thing written in it, whereby we may trace and discover what we want to know. He opened it, and the first thing he found was a kind of rough draught, but very legible, of a sonnet, which he read aloud, that *Sancho* might hear it, to this purpose.

*Or love doth nothing know, or cruel is,
Or my affliction equals not the cause
That doth condemn me to severest pains.
But if love be a god, we must suppose
His Knowledge boundless, nor can cruelty
With reason be imputed to a god.
Whence then the grief, the cruel pains, I feel?
Chloë, art thou the cause? impossible!
Such ill can ne'er subsist with so much good;
Nor does high heaven's behest ordain my fall.
I soon shall die; my fate's inevitable:
For where we know not the disease's cause,
A miracle alone can hit the cure.*

From this parcel of verses, quoth *Sancho*, nothing can be collected, unless by the *clue* here given you can come at the whole bottom. What clue is here? said *Don Quixote*. I thought, said *Sancho*, your worship named a *clue*. No, I said *Chloë*, answered *Don Quixote*; and doubtless that is the name of the lady, whom the author of this sonnet complains of; and, in faith, either he¹ is a tolerable poet, or I know but little of the art. Why then, said *Sancho*, your worship, belike, understands rhyming. Yes, and better than you think, answered *Don Quixote*; and you shall see I do, when you carry a letter to my lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, written in verse from top to bottom: for know, *Sancho*, that all, or most of the knights-errant of times past were great poets, and great musicians, these two accomplishments, or rather graces, being annexed to Lovers-errant. True it is, that the couplets of former knights have more of passion than elegance in them. Pray, Sir, read on farther, said *Sancho*: perhaps you may find something to satisfy us. *Don Quixote* turned

¹ *Cervantes* himself.

over the leaf, and said; This is in prose, and seems to be a letter. A letter of business, Sir? demanded *Sancho*. By the beginning, it seems rather one of love, answered *Don Quixote*. Then pray, Sir, read it aloud, said *Sancho*; for I mightily relish these love-matters. With all my heart, said *Don Quixote*, and reading aloud, as *Sancho* desired, he found it to this effect.

Your promise, and my certain hard fate, hurry me to a place, from whence you will sooner hear the news of my death, than the cause of my complaint. You have undone me, ungrateful maid, for the sake of one, who has larger possessions, but not more merit, than I. Were virtue a treasure now in esteem, I should have had no reason to envy any man's good-fortune, nor to bewail my own wretchedness: what your beauty built up, your behaviour has thrown down: by that I took you for an angel, and by this I find you are a woman. Farewel, O authoress of my disquiet; and may heaven grant, that your husband's perfidy may never come to your knowledge, to make you repent of what you have done, and afford me that revenge which I do not desire.

The letter being read, said *Don Quixote*; We can gather little more from this, than from the verses; only that he who wrote it is some slighted Lover. And, turning over most of the book, he found other verses and letters, some of which were legible, and some not: but the purport of them all was, complaints, lamentations, suspicions, desires, dislikings, favours, and slights, some extolled with rapture, and others as mournfully deplored. While *Don Quixote* was examining the book, *Sancho* examined the portmanteau, without leaving a corner in it, or in the saddle-cushion, which he did not search, scrutinize, and look into; nor seam, which he did not rip; nor lock of wool, which he did not carefully pick, that nothing might be lost for want of diligence, or through carelessness; such a greediness the finding the gold crowns, which were more than a hundred, had excited in him. And though he found no more of them, he thought himself not ill paid for the tossings in the blanket, the vomitings of the balsam, the benedictions of the pack-staves, the cuffs of the carrier, the forgetting the wallet, and the loss of his cloak; together with all the hunger, thirst, and weariness he had undergone in his good master's service.

The knight of the sorrowful figure was extremely desirous to know who was the owner of the portmanteau, conjecturing, by the sonnet and the letter, by the money in gold¹, and by the fineness of the shirts, that it must doubtless belong to some lover of condition, whom the slights and ill treatment of his mistress had reduced to terms of despair. But, there being no one in that uninhabitable and craggy place to give him any information, he thought of nothing but going forward, which way soever *Roxinante* pleased, and that was wherever he found the way easiest; still possessed with the imagination that he could not fail of meeting with some strange adventure among those briars and rocks.

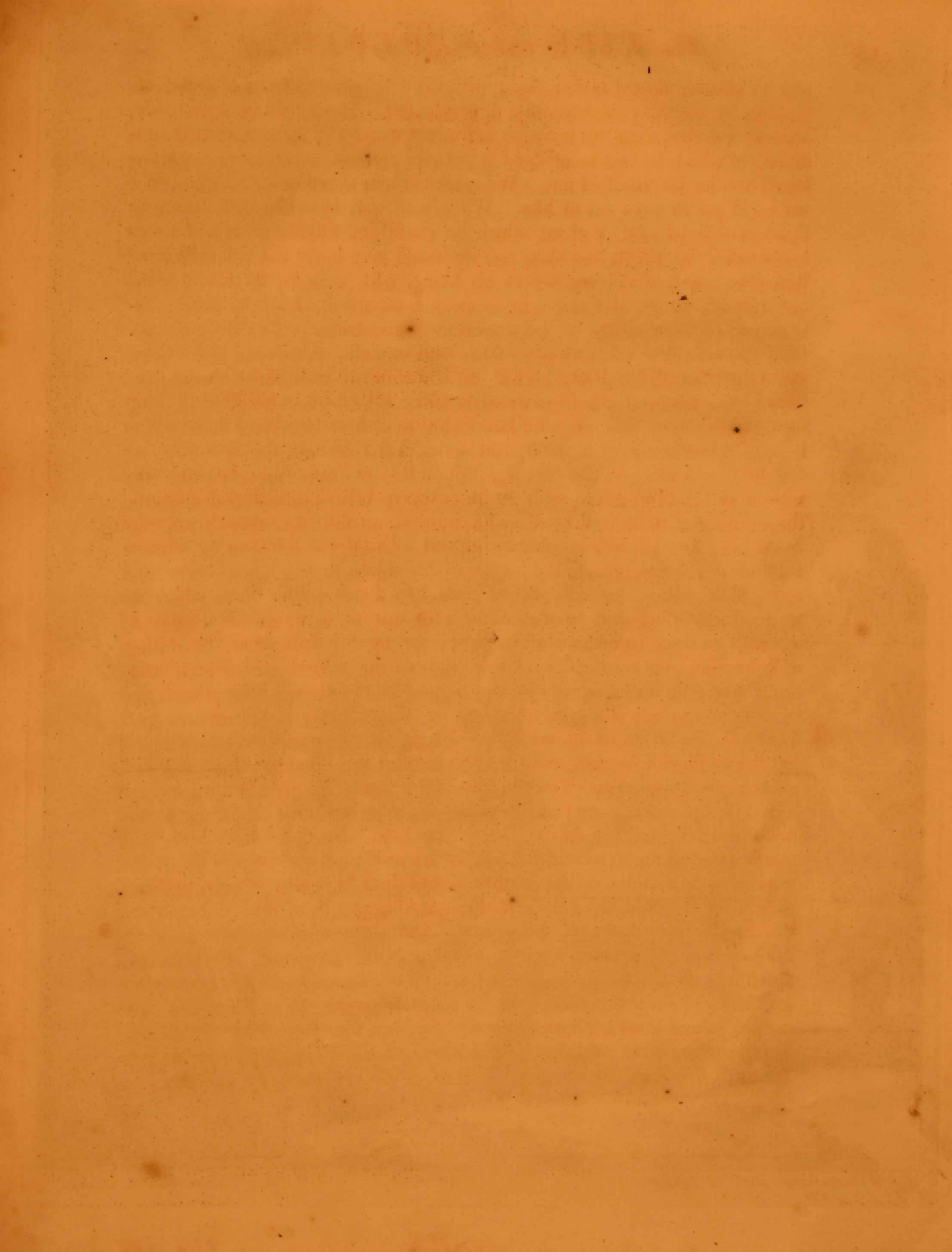
¹ Gold was not current in those days among the common people of *Spain*.

As he thus went on musing, he espied on the top of a small rising, just before him, a man skipping from crag to crag, and from tuft to tuft, with extraordinary agility. He seemed to be naked, his beard black and bushy, his hair long and tangled, his legs and feet bare: on his thighs he wore a pair of breeches of sad-coloured velvet, but so ragged, that his skin appeared through several parts. His head was likewise bare; and, though he passed with the swiftness already mentioned, the *knight of the sorrowful figure* saw and observed all these particulars: but, though he endeavoured to follow him, he could not; for *Rozinante's* feebleness had not the gift of making way through those craggy places; and besides he was naturally slow-footed and flegmatic. *Don Quixote* immediately fancied this must be the owner of the saddle-cushion and portmanteau, and resolved to go in search of him, though he were sure to wander a whole year among those mountains, before he should find him: wherefore he commanded *Sancho* to cut short over one side of the mountain, while he coasted on the other, in hopes, that by this diligence they might light on the man, who had so suddenly vanished out of their sight. I cannot do it, answered *Sancho*; for the moment I offer to stir from your worship, fear is upon me, assaulting me with a thousand kinds of terrors and apparitions: and let this serve to advertise you, that, from henceforward, I have not the power to stir a finger's breadth from your presence. Be it so, said he of *the sorrowful figure*, and I am very well pleased that you rely upon my courage, which shall never be wanting to you, though your very soul in your body should fail you: and now follow me step by step, or as you can, and make spying-glasses of your eyes; we will go round this craggy hill, and perhaps we may meet with the man we saw, who doubtless is the owner of our portmanteau. To which *Sancho* replied; It would be much more prudent not to look after him; for, if we should find him, and he perchance proves to be the owner of the money, it is plain I must refund it: and therefore it would be better, without this unnecessary diligence, to keep possession of it, *bona fide*, 'till, by some way less curious and officious, its true owner shall be found; and perhaps that may be at a time when I shall have spent it all, and then I am free by law. You deceive yourself in this, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*; for, since we have a suspicion who is the right owner, we are obliged to seek him, and return it: and if we should not look for him, the vehement suspicion we have, that this may be he, makes us already as guilty as if he really were. So that, friend *Sancho*, you should be in no pain at searching after him, considering the uneasiness I shall be freed from in finding him. Then he pricked *Rozinante* on, and *Sancho* followed at the usual rate: and having gone round part of the mountain, they found a dead mule lying in a brook, saddled and bridled, and half devoured by dogs and crows. All which confirmed them the more in the suspicion that he, who fled from them, was owner of the mule and of the bundle.

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While they stood looking at the mule, they heard a whistle, like that of a shepherd tending his flock; and presently, on their left hand, appeared a good number of goats, and behind them, on the top of the mountain, the goatherd that kept them, who was an old man. *Don Quixote* called aloud to him, and desired him to come down to them. He answered as loudly, and demanded, who had brought them to that desolate place, seldom or never trodden, unless by the feet of goats, wolves, or other wild beasts, which frequented those mountains? *Sancho* replied, if he would come down, they would satisfy his curiosity in every thing. The goatherd descended, and, coming to the place where *Don Quixote* was, he said: I will lay a wager you are viewing the hackney-mule, which lies dead in this bottom: in good faith, it has lain there these six months already. Pray, tell me, have you lighted on his master hereabouts? We have lighted on nothing, answered *Don Quixote*, but a saddle-cushion and a small port-manteau, which we found not far from hence. I found it too, answered the goatherd, but would by no means take it up, nor come near it, for fear of some mischief, and lest I should be charged with having stolen it; for the devil is subtle, and lays stumbling-blocks and occasions of falling in our way, without our knowing how or how not. I say so too, answered *Sancho*: for I also found it, and would not go within a stone's-throw of it: there I left it, and there it lies as it was, for me; for I will not have a dog with a bell. Tell me, honest man, said *Don Quixote*, do you know who is the owner of these goods? What I know, said the goatherd, is, that six months ago, more or less, there arrived at the huts of certain shepherds, about three leagues from this place, a genteel and comely youth, mounted on this very mule, which lies dead here, and with the same saddle-cushion and portmanteau, you say you found and touched not. He enquired of us, which part of this hill was the most craggy, and least accessible. We told him, it was this where we now are: and so it is, truly; for if you were to go on about half a league farther, perhaps you would not easily find the way out: and I admire how you could get even hither, since there is no road nor path that leads to this place. The youth then, I say, hearing our answer, turned about his mule, and made toward the place we shewed him, leaving us all pleased with his goodly appearance, and in admiration at his question, and the haste he made to reach the mountain: and, from that time, we saw him not again, 'till some days after he issued out upon one of our shepherds, and, without saying a word, came up to him, and gave him several cuffs and kicks, and immediately went to our sumpter-afs, which he plundered of all the bread and cheese she carried; and, this done, he fled again to the rocks with wonderful swiftness. Some of us goatherds, knowing this, went almost two days in quest of him, through the most intricate part of this craggy hill; and at last we found him lying in the hollow of a large cork-tree. He came out to us with much gentleness, his garment torn, and his face so disfigured and scorched by the sun, that we should scarcely have known him, but

that his cloaths, ragged as they were, with the description given us of them, assured us he was the person we were in search after. He saluted us courteously, and, in few, but complaisant terms, bid us not wonder to see him in that condition, to which he was necessitated in order to perform a certain penance enjoined him for his manifold sins. We entreated him to tell us who he was, but we could get no more out of him. We desired him likewise, that, when he stood in need of food, without which he could not subsist, he would let us know where we might find him, and we would very freely and willingly bring him some; and, if this was not to his liking, that, at least, he would come out and ask for it, and not take it away from the shepherds by force. He thanked us for our offers, begged pardon for the violences passed, and promised from thenceforth to ask it for god's sake, without giving disturbance to any body. As to the place of his abode, he said, he had no other than what chance presented him, wherever the night overtook him; and he ended his discourse with such melting tears, that we, who heard him, must have been very stones not to have born him company in them, considering what he was the first time we saw him, and what we saw him now to be: for, as I before said, he was a very comely and graceful youth, and, by his courteous behaviour and civil discourse, shewed himself to be well-born, and a court-like person: for, though we, who heard him, were country-people, his genteel carriage was sufficient to discover itself even to rusticity. In the height of his discourse he stopped short, and stood silent, nailing his eyes to the ground for a considerable time, whilst we all stood still in suspense, waiting to see what that fit of distraction would end in, with no small compassion at the sight: for by his demeanour, his staring, and fixing his eyes unmoved for a long while on the ground, and then shutting them again; by his biting his lips, and arching his brows; we easily judged, that some fit of madness was come upon him: and he quickly confirmed us in our suspicions; for he started up, with great fury, from the ground, on which he had just before thrown himself, and fell upon the first that stood next him with such resolution and rage, that, if we had not taken him off, he would have bit and cuffed him to death. And all this while he cried out; Ah traitor *Fernando!* here, here you shall pay for the wrong you have done me; these hands shall tear out that heart, in which all kinds of wickedness, and especially deceit and treachery, do lurk and are harboured: and to these he added other expressions, all tending to revile the said *Fernando*, and charging him with falshood and treachery. We disengaged him from our companion at last, with no small difficulty; and he, without saying a word, left us, and running away plunged amidst the thickest of the bushes and briars; so that we could not possibly follow him. By this we guess, that his madness returns by fits, and that some person, whose name is *Fernando*, must have done him some injury of as grievous a nature, as the condition, to which it has reduced him, sufficiently declares. And this has been often confirmed to us, since that time, by his issuing out
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one while to beg of the shepherds part of what they had to eat, and at other times to take it from them by force: for, when the mad fit is upon him, tho' the shepherds freely offer it him, he will not take it without coming to blows for it; but, when he is in his senses, he asks it for god's sake, with courtesy and civility, and is very thankful for it, not without shedding tears. And truly, gentlemen, I must tell you, pursued the goatherd, that yesterday I, and four young swains, two of them my servants, and two my friends, resolved to go in search of him, and, having found him, either by force, or by fair means, to carry him to the town of *Almodovar*, which is eight leagues off, and there to get him cured, if his distemper be curable; or at least inform ourselves who he is, when he is in his senses, and whether he has any relations, to whom we may give notice of his misfortune. This, gentlemen, is all I can tell you in answer to your enquiry, by which you may understand, that the owner of the goods you found is the same, whom you saw pass by you so swiftly and so nakedly: for *Don Quixote* had already told him, how he had seen that man pass skipping over the craggy rocks. *Don Quixote* was in admiration at what he heard from the goatherd; and, having now a greater desire to learn who the unfortunate madman was, he resolved, as he had before purposed, to seek him all over the mountain, without leaving a corner or cave in it unsearched, 'till he should find him. But fortune managed better for him than he thought or expected: for in that very instant the youth they sought appeared from between some clefts of a rock, coming toward the place where they stood, and muttering to himself something, which could not be understood, though one were near him, much less at a distance. His dress was such as has been described: but, as he drew near, *Don Quixote* perceived, that a buff doublet he had on, though torn to pieces, still retained the perfume of ambergreece; whence he positively concluded, that the person, who wore such apparel, could not be of the lowest quality. When the youth came up to them, he saluted them with an harsh unmusical accent, but with much civility. *Don Quixote* returned him the salute with no less complaisance, and alighting from *Rozinante*, with a genteel air and address, advanced to embrace him, and held him a good space very close between his arms, as if he had been acquainted with him a long time. The other, whom we may call *the ragged knight of the sorry figure* (as *Don Quixote* of the *sorrowful*) after he had suffered himself to be embraced, drew back a little, and, laying both his hands on *Don Quixote's* shoulders, stood beholding him, as if to see whether he knew him; in no less admiration, perhaps, at the figure, mien, and armour of *Don Quixote*, than *Don Quixote* was at the sight of him. In short, the first, who spoke after the embracing, was the *ragged knight*, and he said what shall be told in the next chapter.

A continuation of the adventure of the sable mountain.

THE history relates, that great was the attention wherewith *Don Quixote* listened to the *ragged knight* of the mountain, who began his discourse thus: Assuredly, Signor, whoever you are (for I do not know you) I am obliged to you for your expressions of civility to me; and I wish it were in my power to serve you with more than my bare good-will, for the kind reception you have given me: but my fortune allows me nothing but good wishes to return you, for your kind intentions towards me. Mine, answered *Don Quixote*, are to serve you, insomuch that I determined not to quit these mountains 'till I had found you, and learned from your own mouth, whether the affliction, which, by your leading this strange life, seems to possess you, may admit of any remedy, and, if need were, to use all possible diligence to compass such a remedy; and though your misfortune were of that sort, which keep the door locked against all kind of comfort, I intended to assist you in bewailing and bemoaning it the best I could; for it is some relief in misfortunes to find those who pity them. And, if you think my intention deserves to be taken kindly, and with any degree of acknowledgment, I beseech you, Sir, by the abundance of civility I see you are possessed of, I conjure you also by whatever in this life you have loved or do love most, to tell me who you are, and what has brought you hither to live and die, like a brute beast, amidst these solitudes; as you seem to intend, by frequenting them in a manner so unbecoming of yourself, if I may judge by your person, and what remains of your attire. And I swear, added *Don Quixote*, by the order of knighthood I have received, though unworthy and a sinner, and by the profession of a knight-errant, if you gratify me in this, to serve you to the utmost of what my profession obliges me to, either in remedying your misfortune, if a remedy may be found, or in assisting you to bewail it, as I have already promised. The *knight of the wood*, hearing him of the *sorrowful figure* talk in this manner, did nothing but view him and review him, and view him again from head to foot; and when he had surveyed him thoroughly, he said to him; If you have any thing to give me to eat, give it me, for god's sake, and, when I have eaten, I will do all you command me, in requital for the good wishes you have expressed toward me. *Sancho* immediately drew out of his wallet, and the goatherd out of his scrip, some meat, wherewith the *ragged knight* satisfied his hunger, eating what they gave him, like a distracted person, so fast, that he took no time between one mouthful and another; for he rather devoured than eat: and, while he was eating, neither he nor the by-standers spoke a word. When he had done, he made signs to them to follow him, which they did; and he led them to a little green meadow not far off, at the turning of a rock, a little out of the way. Where being arrived, he stretched

stretched himself along upon the grass, and the rest did the same : and all this without a word spoken, 'till the *ragged knight*, having settled himself in his place, said ; If you desire, gentlemen, that I should tell you, in few words, the immensity of my misfortunes, you must promise me not to interrupt, by asking questions, or otherwise, the thread of my doleful history ; for, in the instant you do so, I shall break off, and tell no more. These words brought to *Don Quixote's* memory the tale his squire had told him, which, by his mistaking the number of the goats that had passed the river, remained still unfinished. But, to return to our *ragged knight* ; he went on, saying ; I give this caution, because I would pass briefly over the account of my misfortunes ; for the bringing them back to my remembrance serves only to add new ones : and though the fewer questions I am asked, the sooner I shall have finished my story, yet will I not omit any material circumstance, designing entirely to satisfy your desire. *Don Quixote* promised, in the name of all the rest, it should be so ; and, upon this assurance, he began in the following manner.

My name is *Cardenio* ; the place of my birth one of the best cities of all *Andaluzia* ; my family noble ; my parents rich ; my wretchedness so great, that my parents must have lamented it, and my relations felt it, without being able to remedy it by all their wealth ; for the goods of fortune seldom avail any thing towards the relief of misfortunes sent from heaven. In this country there lived a heaven, wherein love had placed all the glory I could wish for. Such is the beauty of *Lucinda*, a damsel of as good a family and as rich as myself, but of more good fortune, and less constancy, than were due to my honourable intentions. This *Lucinda* I loved, courted, and adored from my childhood and tender years ; and she, on her part, loved me with that innocent affection, proper to her age. Our parents were not unacquainted with our inclinations, and were not displeas'd at them ; foreseeing, that, if they went on, they could end in nothing but our marriage : a thing pointed out, as it were, by the equality of our birth and circumstances. Our love encreas'd with our years, insomuch that *Lucinda's* father thought proper, for reasons of decency, to deny me access to his house ; imitating, as it were, the parents of that *Thisbe*, so celebrated by the poets. This restraint was only adding flame to flame, and desire to desire : for, though it was in their power to impose silence on our tongues, they could not on our pens, which discover to the person beloved the most hidden secrets of the soul, and that, with more freedom than the tongue ; for oftentimes the presence of the beloved object disturbs and strikes mute the most determined intention, and the most resolute tongue. O heavens ! how many *billets-doux* did I write to her ! what charming, what modest answers did I receive ! how many sonnets did I pen ! how many love-verses indite ! in which my soul unfolded all its passion, described its enflam'd desires, cherish'd its remembrances, and gave a loose to its wishes. In short, finding myself at my wit's end, and my soul languishing with desire of seeing her, I resolv'd at once to put in execu-

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tion what seemed to me the most likely means to obtain my desired and deserved reward : and that was, to demand her of her father for my lawful wife ; which I accordingly did. He answered me, that he thanked me for the inclination I shewed to do him honour in my proposed alliance with his family ; but that, my father being alive, it belonged more properly to him to make this demand : for, without his full consent and approbation, *Lucinda* was not a woman to be taken or given by stealth. I returned him thanks for his kind intention, thinking there was reason in what he said, and that my father would come into it, as soon as I should break it to him. In that very instant I went to acquaint my father with my desires ; and, upon entering the room where he was, I found him with a letter open in his hand, which he gave me before I spoke a word, saying to me ; By this letter you will see, *Cardenio*, the inclination duke *Ricardo* has to do you service. This duke *Ricardo*, gentlemen, as you cannot but know, is a grandee of *Spain*, whose estate lies in the best part of *Andaluzia*. I took and read the letter, which was so extremely kind, that I myself judged, it would be wrong in my father not to comply with what he requested in it ; which was, that he would send me presently to him, for he was desirous to place me (not as a servant, but) as a companion to his eldest son ; and that he engaged to put me into a post answerable to the opinion he had of me. I was confounded at reading the letter, and especially when I heard my father say : Two days hence, *Cardenio*, you shall depart, to fulfill the duke's pleasure ; and give thanks to god, who is opening you a way to that preferment I know you deserve. To these he added several other expressions, by way of fatherly admonition. The time fixed for my departure came ; I talked the night before to *Lucinda*, and told her all that had passed ; and I did the same to her father, begging of him to wait a few days, and not to dispose of her, 'till I knew what duke *Ricardo*'s pleasure was with me. He promised me all I desired, and she, on her part, confirmed it with a thousand vows and a thousand faintings. I arrived at length where duke *Ricardo* resided, who received and treated me with so much kindness, that envy presently began to do her office, by possessing his old servants with an opinion, that every favour the duke conferred upon me was prejudicial to their interest. But the person the most pleased with my being there was a second son of the duke's, called *Fernando*, a sprightly young gentleman, of a genteel, generous, and amorous disposition, who, in a short time, contracted so intimate a friendship with me, that it became the subject of every body's discourse ; and though I had a great share likewise in the favour and affection of the elder brother, yet they did not come up to that distinguishing manner in which *Don Fernando* loved and treated me. Now, as there is no secret, which is not communicated between friends, and as the intimacy I held with *Don Fernando* ceased to be barely such by being converted into an absolute friendship, he revealed to me all his thoughts, and especially one relating to his being in love, which gave him no small disquiet. He loved a country girl,
a vassal

a vassal of his father's: her parents were very rich, and she herself was so beautiful, reserved, discreet, and modest, that no one who knew her could determine in which of these qualifications she most excelled, or was most accomplished. These perfections of the country-maid raised *Don Fernando's* desires to such a pitch, that he resolved, in order to carry his point, and subdue the chastity of the maiden, to give her his promise to marry her; for, otherwise, it would have been to attempt an impossibility. The obligation I was under to his friendship put me upon using the best reasons, and the most lively examples, I could think of, to divert and dissuade him from such a purpose. But finding it was all in vain, I resolved to acquaint his father, duke *Ricardo*, with the affair. But *Don Fernando*, being sharp-sighted and artful, suspected and feared no less, knowing that I was obliged, as a faithful servant, not to conceal from my lord and master the duke a matter so prejudicial to his honour; and therefore, to amuse and deceive me, he said, that he knew no better remedy for effacing the remembrance of the beauty that had so captivated him, than to absent himself for some months; and this absence, he said, should be effected by our going together to my father's house, under pretence, as he would tell the duke, of seeing and cheapening some very fine horses in our town, which produces the best in the world. Scarcely had I heard him say this, when, prompted by my own love, I approved of his proposal, as one of the best concerted imaginable, and should have done so, had it not been so plausible a one, since it afforded me so good an opportunity of returning to see my dear *Lucinda*. Upon this motive, I came into his opinion, and seconded his design, desiring him to put it in execution as soon as possible; since, probably, absence might have its effect, in spite of the strongest inclinations. At the very time he made this proposal to me, he had already, as appeared afterwards, enjoyed the maiden, under the title of a husband, and only waited for a convenient season to divulge it with safety to himself, being afraid of what the duke his father might do, when he should hear of his folly. Now, as love in young men is, for the most part, nothing but appetite, and as pleasure is its ultimate end, it is terminated by enjoyment; and what seemed to be love vanishes, because it cannot pass the bounds assigned by nature; whereas true love admits of no limits. I would say, that, when *Don Fernando* had enjoyed the country girl, his desires grew faint, and his fondness abated; so that, in reality, that absence, which he proposed as a remedy for his passion, he only chose, in order to avoid what was now no longer agreeable to him. The duke gave him his leave, and ordered me to bear him company. We came to our town; my father received him according to his quality; I immediately visited *Lucinda*; my passion revived, though, in truth, it had been neither dead nor asleep: unfortunately for me, I revealed it to *Don Fernando*, thinking that, by the laws of friendship, I ought to conceal nothing from him. I expatiated to him, in so lively a manner, on the beauty, good humour, and discretion of *Lucinda*, that my praises excited in him a desire

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of seeing a damsel adorned with such fine accomplishments. I complied with it, to my misfortune, and shewed her to him one night by the light of a taper at a window, where we two used to converse together. He saw her, and such she proved to him, as blotted out of his memory all the beauties he had ever seen before. He was struck dumb; he lost all sense; he was transported; in short, he fell in love to such a degree, as will appear by the sequel of the story of my misfortunes. And the more to inflame his desire, which he concealed from me, and disclosed to heaven alone, fortune so ordered it, that he one day found a letter of hers to me, desiring me to demand her of her father in marriage, so ingenious, so modest, and so full of tenderness, that, when he had read it, he declared to me, that he thought in *Lucinda* alone were united all the graces of beauty and good sense, which are dispersed and divided among the rest of her sex. True it is (I confess it now) that, though I knew what just grounds *Don Fernando* had to commend *Lucinda*, I was grieved to hear those commendations from his mouth: I began to fear and suspect him; for he was every moment putting me upon talking of *Lucinda*, and would begin the discourse himself, though he brought it in never so abruptly: which awakened in me I know not what jealousy; and though I did not fear any change in the goodness and fidelity of *Lucinda*, yet still my fate made me dread the very thing the esteem I had for her secured me from. *Don Fernando* constantly procured a sight of the letters I wrote to *Lucinda*, and her answers, under pretence that he was mightily pleased with the wit of both. Now it fell out, that *Lucinda*, who was very fond of books of chivalry, desired me to lend her that of *Amadis de Gaul*.

Scarce had *Don Quixote* heard him mention books of chivalry, when he said; Had you told me, Sir, at the beginning of your story, that the lady *Lucinda* was fond of reading books of chivalry, there would have needed no other exaggeration to convince me of the sublimity of her understanding; for it could never have been so excellent as you have described it, had she wanted a relish for such favourable reading: so that, with respect to me, it is needless to waste more words in displaying her beauty, worth, and understanding; for, from only knowing her taste, I pronounce her to be the most beautiful and the most ingenious woman in the world. And I wish, Sir, that, together with *Amadis de Gaul*, you had sent her the good *Don Rugel of Greece*; for I know that the lady *Lucinda* will be highly delighted with *Daraida* and *Garaya*, and the witty conceits of the shepherd *Darinel*; also with those admirable verses of his *Bucolics*, which he sung and repeated with so much good humour, wit, and freedom: but the time may come when this fault may be amended, and the reparation may be made, as soon as ever you will be pleased, Sir, to come with me to our town; where I can furnish you with more than three hundred books, that are the delight of my soul, and the entertainment of my life: though, upon second thoughts, I have not one of them left, thanks to the malice of wicked and envious

vious enchanters. Pardon me, Sir, the having given you this interruption, contrary to what I promised; but, when I hear of matters of chivalry and knights-errant, I can as well forbear talking of them, as the sun-beams can cease to give heat, or the moon to moisten. So that, pray excuse me, and go on; for that is of most importance to us at present.

While *Don Quixote* was saying all this, *Cardenio* hung down his head upon his breast, with all the signs of a man profoundly thoughtful; and though *Don Quixote* twice desired him to continue his story, he neither lifted up his head, nor answered a word. But, after some time, he raised it, and said; I cannot get it out of my mind, nor can any one persuade me to the contrary, and he must be a blockhead who understands or believes otherwise, but that that great villain master *Elisabat* lay with queen *Madasima*¹. It is false, I swear, answered *Don Quixote*, in great wrath; it is extreme malice, or rather villainy, to say so: queen *Madasima* was a very noble lady, and it is not to be presumed, that so high a princess should lie with a quack; and whoever pretends she did, lies like a very great rascal: and I will make him know it on foot or on horseback, armed or unarmed, by night or by day, or how he pleases. *Cardenio* sat looking at him very attentively, and, the mad fit being already come upon him, he was in no condition to prosecute his story; neither would *Don Quixote* have heard him, so disgusted was he at what he had heard of *Madasima*: and strange it was to see him take her part with as much earnestness, as if she had really been his true and natural princess; so far had his cursed books turned his head.

I say then, that *Cardenio*, being now mad, and hearing himself called liar and villain, with other such opprobrious words, did not like the jest; and catching up a stone that lay close by him, he gave *Don Quixote* such a thump with it on the breast, that it tumbled him down backward. *Sancho Pança*, seeing his master handled in this manner, attacked the madman with his clenched fist; and the ragged knight received him in such sort, that with one blow he laid him along at his feet; and presently getting upon him, he pounded his ribs, much to his own heart's content. The goatherd, who endeavoured to defend him, fared little better: and when he had beaten and threshed them all, he left them, and very quietly marched off to his haunts amidst the rocks. *Sancho* got up, and in a rage to find himself so roughly handled, and so undeservedly withal, was for taking his revenge on the goatherd, telling him, he was in fault for not having given them warning, that this man had his mad fits; for had they known as much, they should have been aware, and upon their guard. The goatherd answered, that he had already given them notice of it, and that, if he had not heard it, the fault was none of his. *Sancho Pança* replied, and the goatherd rejoined; and the replies and rejoinders ended in taking one another by the beard,

¹ *Elisabat* is a skilful surgeon, in *Amadis de Gaul*, who performs wonderful cures; and queen *Madasima* is wife to *Gantasi*, and makes a great figure in the aforesaid romance. They travel and lye together in woods and deserts, without any imputation on her honour.

and cuffing one another so, that, if *Don Quixote* had not made peace between them, they would have beat one another to pieces. *Sancho*, still keeping fast hold of the goatherd, said; Let me alone, Sir knight of the sorrowful figure; for this fellow being a bumpkin, like myself, and not dubbed a knight, I may very safely revenge myself on him for the injury he has done me, by fighting with him hand to hand, like a man of honour. True, said *Don Quixote*; but I know that he is not to blame for what has happened. Herewith he pacified them; and *Don Quixote* enquired again of the goatherd, whether it were possible to find out *Cardenio*; for he had a mighty desire to learn the end of his story. The goatherd told him, as at first, that he did not certainly know his haunts; but that, if he walked thereabouts pretty much, he would not fail to meet with him, either in or out of his senses.

C H A P. XI.

Which treats of the strange things that befel the valiant knight of la Mancha in the sable mountain; and how he imitated the penance of Beltenebros.

DON QUIXOTE took his leave of the goatherd, and, mounting again on *Rozinante*, commanded *Sancho* to follow him; which he did with a very ill will. They jogged on softly, entering into the most craggy part of the mountain; and *Sancho* was ready to burst for want of some talk with his master, but would fain have had him begin the discourse, that he might not break thro' what he had enjoined him: but, not being able to endure so long a silence, he said to him: Signor *Don Quixote*, will your worship be pleased to give me your blessing, and my dismissal; for I will get me home to my wife and children, with whom I shall, at least, have the privilege of talking, and speaking my mind; for, to desire me to bear your worship company through these solitudes, night and day, without suffering me to talk when I list, is to bury me alive. If fate had ordered it that beasts should talk now, as they did in the days of *Guisopete*¹, it had not been quite so bad; since I might then have communed with my ass as I pleased, and thus have forgotten my ill-fortune: for it is very hard, and not to be born with patience, for a man to ramble about all his life in quest of adventures, and to meet with nothing but kicks and cuffs, tossings in a blanket, and brick-bat bangs, and, with all this, to sew up his mouth, and not dare to utter what he has in his heart, as if he were dumb. I understand you, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*; you are impatient 'till I take off the embargo I have laid on your tongue: suppose it taken off, and say what you will, upon condition that this revocation is to last no longer than whilst we are wandering among these craggy rocks. Be it so, said *Sancho*: Let me talk now, for god knows what will be hereafter. And so beginning to enjoy the benefit of this license, I say; What had your worship to do to stand up so warmly for that

¹ Meaning *Æsop*, I suppose.

same queen *Magimasa*, or what's her name? or, what was it to the purpose whether that abbot ' was her galant, or no? for, had you let that pass, seeing you were not his judge, I verily believe the madman would have gone on with his story, and you would have escaped the thump with the stone, the kicks, and above half a dozen buffets. In faith, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, if you did but know, as I do, how honourable and how excellent a lady queen *Madafima* was, I am certain you would own I had a great deal of patience, that I did not dash to pieces that mouth, out of which such blasphemies issued. For it is very great blasphemy to say, or even to think, that a queen should be punk to a barber-surgeon. The truth of the story is, that that master *Elisabat*, whom the madman mentioned, was a very prudent man, and of a very sound judgment, and served as tutor and physician to the queen: but, to think she was his paramour, is an impertinence that deserves to be severely chastised. And, to shew you that *Cardenio* did not know what he said, you may remember, that, when he said it, he was out of his wits. So say I, quoth *Sancho*; and therefore no account should have been made of his words; for, if good-fortune had not been your friend, and the flint-stone had been directed at your head, as it was at your breast, we had been in a fine condition for standing up in defence of that dear lady, whom god confound. Besides, do you think, *Cardenio*, if he had killed you, would not have come off, as being a madman? Any knight-errant, answered *Don Quixote*, is obliged to defend the honour of women, be they what they will, as well against men in their senses, as against those out of them; how much more then ought they to stand up for queens of such high degree and worth, as was queen *Madafima*, for whom I have a particular affection, on account of her good parts: for, besides her being extremely beautiful, she was very prudent, and very patient in her afflictions, of which she had many. And the counsels and company of master *Elisabat* were of great use and comfort to her, in helping her to bear her sufferings with prudence and patience. Hence the ignorant and evil-minded vulgar took occasion to think and talk, that she was his paramour: and I say again, they lye, and will lye two hundred times more, all who say or think her so. I neither say, nor think so, answered *Sancho*; let those who say it eat the lye, and swallow it with their bread: whether they were guilty, or no, they have given an account to god before now: I come from my vineyard; I know nothing; I am no friend to enquiring into other men's lives; for he that buys and lyes, shall find the lye left in his purse behind: besides, naked was I born, naked I remain; I neither win, nor lose; if they were guilty, what is that to me? Many think to find bacon, where there is not so much as a pin to hang it on: but who can hedge in the cuckow? Especially, do they spare god himself? Bless me! quoth *Don Quixote*, what a parcel of impertinencies are you stringing! how wide is the subject we

¹ *Abad. Sancho*, remembering only the latter part of master *Elisabat's* name, pleasantly calls him an *Abbot*.

are handling from the proverbs you are threading like beads! Pr'ythee, *Sancho*, hold your tongue, and henceforward mind spurring your ass, and forbear meddling with what does not concern you. And understand, with all your five senses, that whatever I have done, do, or shall do, is highly reasonable, and exactly conformable to the rules of chivalry, which I am better acquainted with than all the knights, who have professed that science in the world. Sir, replied *Sancho*, is it a good rule of chivalry, that we go wandering through these mountains, without path or road, in quest of a madman, who perhaps, when he is found, will have a mind to finish what he begun, not his story, but the breaking of your head, and my ribs. Peace, I say, *Sancho*, once again, said *Don Quixote*: for you must know, that it is not barely the desire of finding the madman that brings me to these parts, but the intention I have to perform an exploit in them, whereby I shall acquire a perpetual name and renown over the face of the whole earth: and it shall be such an one as shall set the seal to all that can render a knight-errant complete and famous. And is this same exploit a very dangerous one? quoth *Sancho Pança*. No, answered he of *the sorrowful figure*; though the dye may chance to run so, that we may have an unlucky throw, instead of a lucky one: but the whole will depend upon your diligence. Upon my diligence? quoth *Sancho*. Yes, said *Don Quixote*; for if you return speedily from the place whither I intend to send you, my pain will soon be over, and my glory will soon commence: and because it is not expedient to keep you any longer in suspense, waiting to know what my discourse drives at, understand, *Sancho*, that the famous *Amadis de Gaul* was one of the most complete knights-errant: I should not have said *one of*; he was the sole, the principal, the only one, in short the prince of all that were in his time in the world. A fig for *Don Belianis*, and for all those, who say he equalled him in any thing! for, I swear, they are mistaken. I also tell you, that, if a painter would be famous in his art, he must endeavour to copy after the originals of the most excellent masters he knows. And the same rule holds good for all other arts and sciences that serve as ornaments of the commonwealth. In like manner, whoever aspires to the character of prudent and patient, must imitate *Ulysses*, in whose person and toils *Homer* draws a lively picture of prudence and patience; as *Virgil* also does of a pious son, and a valiant and expert captain, in the person of *Æneas*; not delineating nor describing them as they really were, but as they ought to be, in order to serve as patterns of virtue to succeeding generations. In this very manner was *Amadis* the polar, the morning star, and the sun of all valiant and enamoured knights, and he, whom all we, who militate under the banners of love and chivalry, ought to follow. This being so, friend *Sancho*, the knight-errant, who imitates him the most nearly, will, I take it, stand the fairest to arrive at the perfection of chivalry. And one circumstance, in which this knight most eminently discovered his prudence, worth, courage, patience, constancy and love, was, his retiring, when disdained by the lady *Oriana*, to do

do penance in the poor rock, changing his name to that of *Beltenebros*¹; a name most certainly significant, and proper for the life he had voluntarily chosen. Now, it is easier for me to copy after him in this, than in cleaving giants, beheading serpents, slaying dragons, routing armies, shattering fleets, and dissolving enchantments. And since this place is so well adapted for that purpose, there is no reason why I should let slip the opportunity, which now so commodiously offers me its forelock. In effect, quoth *Sancho*, what is it your worship intends to do in so remote a place as this? Have I not told you, answered *Don Quixote*, that I design to imitate *Amadis*, acting here the desperado, the senseless, and the madman; at the same time copying the valiant *Don Orlando*, when he found, by the side of a fountain, some indications that *Angelica the fair* had dishonoured herself with *Medoro*: at grief whereof he ran mad, tore up trees by the roots, disturbed the waters of the crystal springs, slew shepherds, destroyed flocks, fired cottages, demolished houses, dragged mares on the ground, and did an hundred thousand other extravagancies worthy to be recorded, and had in eternal remembrance. And suppose that I do not intend to imitate *Roldan*, or *Orlando*, or *Rotolando* (for he had all these three names) in every point, and in all the mad things he acted, said, and thought, I will make a sketch of them the best I can, in what I judge the most essential. And perhaps I may satisfy myself with only copying *Amadis*, who, without playing any mischievous pranks, by weepings and tenderesses, arrived to as great fame as the best of them all. It seems to me, quoth *Sancho*, that the knights, who acted in such manner, were provoked to it, and had a reason for doing these follies and penances: but, pray, what cause has your worship to run mad? What lady has disdained you? or what tokens have you discovered to convince you, that the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* has committed folly either with *Moor*² or christian? There lies the point, answered *Don Quixote*, and in this consists the *finesse* of my affair: to run mad upon a just occasion, deserves no thanks; but to do so without reason is the business; giving my lady to understand what I should perform wet, if I do so much dry³. How much rather, since I have cause enough given me, by being so long absent from my ever honoured lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*; for, as you may have heard from that whileome shepherd, *Ambrosio*, *The absent feel and fear every ill*. So that, friend *Sancho*, do not waste time in counselling me to quit so rare, so happy, and so unheard-of an imitation. Mad I am, and mad I must be, 'till your return with an answer to a letter I intend to send by you to my lady *Dulcinea*; and, if it proves such as my fidelity deserves, my madness and my penance will be at an end: but if it proves the con-

¹ The *Lovely obscure*.

² *Sancho* seems here to mistake *Medoro*, the name of *Angelica's* supposed galant, for *Mere*, which signifies a *Moor*.

³ A kind of profane allusion to a well-known text of scripture, which had not escaped the inquirers, but that they are ignorant of the bible: such another we have before, where *Don Quixote* promises long life on earth to *Sancho*, if he was obedient to his master.

trary, I shall be mad in earnest, and, being so, shall feel nothing: so that what answer soever she returns, I shall get out of the conflict and pain wherein you leave me, either enjoying the good you shall bring, if in my senses; or not feeling the ill you bring, if out of them. But tell me, *Sancho*, have you taken care of *Mambrino's* helmet, which I saw you take off the ground, when that graceless fellow would have broken it to pieces, but could not? whence you may perceive the excellence of its temper. To which *Sancho* answered; As god liveth, Sir knight of the sorrowful figure, I cannot endure nor bear with patience some things your worship says: they are enough to make me think that all you tell me of chivalry, and of winning kingdoms and empires, of bestowing islands, and doing other favours and mighty things, according to the custom of knights-errant, must be mere vapour, and a lye, and all fiction, or fiction, or how do you call it? for, to hear you say that a barber's basin is *Mambrino's* helmet, and that you cannot be beaten out of this error in several days, what can one think, but that he, who says and affirms such a thing, must be addle-brained? I have the basin in my wallet, all battered, and I carry it to get it mended at home, for the use of my beard, if god be so gracious to me, as to restore me one time or other to my wife and children. Behold, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, I swear likewise, that you have the shallowest brain that any squire has, or ever had, in the world. Is it possible, that, in all the time you have gone about with me, you do not perceive, that all matters relating to knights-errant appear chimera's, follies, and extravagancies, and seem all done by the rule of contraries? not that they are in reality so, but because there is a crew of enchanters always busy among us, who alter and disguise all our matters, and turn them according to their own pleasure, and as they are inclined to favour or distress us: hence it is that this, which appears to you a barber's basin, appears to me *Mambrino's* helmet, and to another will perhaps appear something else: And it was a singular foresight of the sage my friend, to make that appear to every body to be a basin, which, really and truly, is *Mambrino's* helmet: because, being of so great value, all the world would persecute me, in order to take it from me; but now, that they take it for nothing but a barber's basin, they do not trouble themselves to get it; as was evident in him who endeavoured to break it, and left it on the ground without carrying it off: for, in faith, had he known what it was, he would never have left it. Take you care of it, friend; for I have no need of it at present: I rather think of putting off my armour, and being naked as I was born, in case I should have more mind to copy *Orlando* in my penance, than *Anadis*.

While they were thus discoursing, they arrived at the foot of a steep rock, which stood alone among several others that surrounded it, as if it had been hewn out from the rest. By its skirts ran a gentle stream, and it was encircled by a meadow so verdant and fertile, that it delighted the eyes of all who beheld it. There grew about it several forest-trees, and some plants and flowers, which

which added greatly to the pleasantness of the place. This was the scene, in which the *knight of the sorrowful figure* chose to perform his penance, and, upon viewing it, he thus broke out in a loud voice, as if he had been beside himself. This is the place, O ye heavens, which I select and appoint for bewailing the misfortune in which yourselves have involved me. This is the spot, where my flowing tears shall increase the waters of this crystal rivulet, and my continual and profound sighs shall incessantly move the leaves of these lofty trees, in testimony and token of the pain my persecuted heart endures. O ye rural deities, whoever ye be that inhabit these remote deserts, give ear to the complaints of an unhappy lover, whom long absence, and some pangs of jealousy, have driven to bewail himself among these craggy rocks, and to complain of the cruelty of that ungrateful fair, the utmost extent and ultimate perfection of all human beauty. O ye wood-nymphs and dryads, who are accustomed to inhabit the closest recesses of the mountains (so may the nimble and lascivious satyrs, by whom you are beloved in vain, never disturb your sweet repose) assist me to lament my hard fate, or at least be not weary of hearing my moan. O *Dulcinea del Toboso*, light of my darkness, glory of my pain, the north-star of my travels, and over-ruling planet of my fortune (so may heaven prosper you in whatever you pray for) consider, I beseech you, the place and state, to which your absence has reduced me, and how well you return what is due to my fidelity. O ye solitary trees, who from henceforth are to be the companions of my retirement, wave gently your branches, in token of your kind acceptance of my person. And, O you my squire, agreeable companion in my most prosperous and adverse fortune, carefully imprint in your memory what you shall see me here perform, that you may recount and recite it to her, who is the sole cause of it all. And, saying this, he alighted from *Rozinante*, and, in an instant, took off his bridle and saddle, and giving him a slap on the buttocks, said to him; O steed, as excellent for thy performances, as unfortunate by thy fate, he gives thee liberty who wants it himself. Go whither thou wilt; for thou hast it written in thy forehead, that neither *Astolfo's Hippogriff*, nor the famous *Frontino*, which cost *Bradamante* so dear, could match thee in speed.

Sancho, observing all this, said: God's peace be with him, who saved us the trouble of unpannelling *Dapple*¹; for, in faith, he should not have wanted a slap on the buttocks, nor a speech in his praise: but, if he were here, I would not consent to his being unpannelled, there being no occasion for it; for he had nothing to do with love or despair, any more than I, who was once his master, when it so pleased god. And truly, Sir *knight of the sorrowful figure*, if it be so, that my departure and your madness go on in earnest, it will be needful to saddle *Rozinante* again, that he may supply the loss of my *Dapple*, and save me

¹ Here *Dapple* is lost again, though he has been with *Sancho* ever since the very morning that *Gines* stole him, 'till the minute that the bill for the colts was to be given.

time in going and coming; for, if I go on foot, I know not when I shall get thither, nor when return, being, in truth, a forry footman. Be it as you will, answered *Don Quixote*; for I do not disapprove your project; and I say, you shall depart within three days, for I intend in that time to shew you what I do and say for her, that you may tell it her. What have I more to see, quoth *Sancho*, than what I have already seen? You are very far from being perfect in the story, answered *Don Quixote*; for I have not yet torn my garments, scattered my arms about, and dashed my head against these rocks; with other things of the like sort, that will strike you with admiration. For the love of god, said *Sancho*, have a care how you give yourself those knocks; for you may chance to light upon such an unlucky point of a rock, that, at the first dash, you may dissolve the whole machine of this penance: and, I should think, since your worship is of opinion that knocks on the head are necessary, and that this work cannot be done without them, you might content yourself (since all is a fiction, a counterfeit, and a sham) I say, you might content yourself with running your head against water, or some soft thing, such as cotton; and leave it to me to tell my lady, that you dashed your head against the point of a rock harder than that of a diamond. I thank you for your good-will, friend *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*; but I would have you to know, that all these things that I do are not in jest, but very good earnest: for, otherwise, it would be to transgress the rules of chivalry, which enjoin us to tell no lye at all, on pain of being cashiered as apostates; and the doing one thing for another is the same as lying. And therefore my knocks on the head must be real, substantial, and sound ones, without equivocation or mental reservation. And it will be necessary to leave me some lint to heal me, since fortune will have it that we have lost the balsam. It was worse to lose the ass, answered *Sancho*; for, in losing him, we lost lint and every thing else; and I beseech your worship not to put me in mind of that cursed drench; for, in barely hearing it mentioned, my very soul is turned upside-down, not to say my stomach. As for the three days allowed me for seeing the mad pranks you are to perform, make account, I beseech you, that they are already passed; for I take them all for granted, and will tell wonders to my lady: and write you the letter, and dispatch me quickly; for I long to come back and release your worship from this purgatory wherein I leave you. *Purgatory*, do you call it, *Sancho*? said *Don Quixote*. Call it rather *Hell*, or worse, if any thing can be worse. I have heard say, quoth *Sancho*, that *out of hell there is no retention*¹. I know not, said *Don Quixote*, what *retention* means. *Retention* is, answered *Sancho*, that he who is once in hell never gets, nor never can get out. But it will be quite the reverse in your worship's case, or it shall go hard with my heels, if I have but spurs to enliven *Rozinante*: and let me but once get to *Toboso*, and into the presence of my lady *Dulcinea*, and I warrant you I will tell her such a story of the foolish and mad things (for they

¹ *No redemption*, he means.

are all no better) which your worship has done, and is doing, that I shall bring her to be as supple as a glove, though I find her harder than a cork-tree: with whose sweet and honeyed answer I will return through the air like a witch, and fetch your worship out of this purgatory, which seems a hell, and is not, because there is hope to get out of it; which, as I have said, none can have that are in hell; nor do I believe you will say otherwise. That is true, answered he of *the sorrowful figure*; but how shall we contrive to write the letter? And the ass-colt-bill? added *Sancho*. Nothing shall be omitted, said *Don Quixote*; and, since we have no paper, we should do well to write it, as the ancients did, on the leaves of trees, or on tablets of wax, though it will be as difficult to meet with these at present, as with paper. But, now I recollect, it may be as well, or rather better, to write it in *Cardenio's* pocket-book, and you shall take care to get it fairly transcribed upon paper, in the first town you come to, where there is a schoolmaster; or, if there be none, any parish-clerk will transcribe it for you: but be sure you give it to no hackney-writer of the law; for the devil himself will never be able to read their confounded court-hand. But what must we do about the signing it with your own hand? said *Sancho*. Billets-doux are never subscribed, answered *Don Quixote*. Very well, replied *Sancho*; but the warrant for the colts must of necessity be signed by yourself; for if that be copied, people will say the signing is counterfeited, and I shall be forced to go without the colts. The warrant shall be signed in the same pocket-book; and, at sight of it, my niece will make no difficulty to comply with it. As to what concerns the love-letter, let it be subscribed thus; *Yours, 'till death, the knight of the sorrowful figure*. And it is no great matter, if it be in another hand; for, by what I remember, *Dulcinea* can neither write nor read, nor has she ever seen a letter, or single character, of mine in her whole life; for our loves have always been of the *Platonic* kind, extending no farther than to modest looks at one another; and even those so very rarely, that I dare truly swear, in twelve years that I have loved her more than the sight of these eyes, which the earth must one day devour, I have not seen her four times; and, perhaps, of these four times she may not have once perceived that I looked at her. Such is the reserve and strictness, with which her father *Lorenzo Corchuelo*, and her mother *Aldonza Nogales*, have brought her up. Hey day! quoth *Sancho*, what, the daughter of *Lorenzo Corchuelo*! is she the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, alias *Aldonza Lorenzo*? It is even she, said *Don Quixote*; and she, who deserves to be mistress of the universe. I know her well, quoth *Sancho*; and I can assure you, she will pitch the bar with the lustiest swain in the parish: Long live the giver; why, she is a mettled lass, tall, straight, and vigorous, and can make her part good with any knight-errant that shall have her for a mistress: odds my life, what a pair of lungs and a voice she has! I remember she got one day upon the church-steeple, to call some young ploughmen, who were in a field of her father's; and, though they were half a league off, they heard her as

plainly as if they had stood at the foot of the tower : and the best of her is, that she is not at all coy ; for she has much of the courtier in her, and makes a jest and a may-game of every body. I say then, *Sir knight of the sorrowful figure*, that you not only may, and ought to run mad for her, but also you may justly despair and hang yourself, and no body that hears it but will say you did extremely well, though the devil should carry you away. I would fain be gone, if it were only to see her ; for I have not seen her this many a day, and by this time she must needs be altered ; for it mightily spoils womens faces to be always abroad in the field, exposed to the sun and weather. And I confess to your worship, Signor *Don Quixote*, that hitherto I have been in a great error ; for I thought for certain, that the lady *Dulcinea* was some great princess, with whom you was in love, or at least some person of such great quality, as to deserve the rich presents you have sent her, as well that of the *Biscainer*, as that of the galley-slaves ; and many others there must have been, considering the many victories you must have gained and won, before I came to be your squire. But, all things considered, what good can it do the lady *Aldonza Lorenzo* (I mean the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*) to have the vanquished, whom your worship sends or may send, fall upon their knees before her ? and who knows but, at the time they arrive, she may be carding flax, or threshing in the barn, and they may be ashamed to see her, and she may laugh, or be disgusted at the present ? I have often told you, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, that you are an eternal babler ; and, though void of wit, your bluntness often occasions smarting : but, to convince you at once of your folly, and my discretion, I will tell you a short story.

Know then, that a certain widow, handsome, young, gay and rich, and withal no prude, fell in love with a young, strapping, well-set lay-brother. His superior heard of it, and one day took occasion to say to the good widow, by way of brotherly reprehension : I wonder, Madam, and not without great reason, that a woman of such quality, so beautiful, and so rich, should fall in love with such a despicable, mean, silly fellow, when there are in this house so many graduates, dignitaries, and divines, among whom you might pick and choose, as you would among pears, and say, this I like, that I do not like. But she answered him with great frankness and good humour ; you are much mistaken, worthy Sir, and think altogether in the old-fashioned way, if you imagine that I have made an ill choice in that fellow, how silly soever he may appear, since, for the purpose I intend him, he knows as much or more philosophy than *Aristotle* himself. In like manner, *Sancho*, *Dulcinea del Toboso*, for the purpose I intend her, deserves as highly as the greatest princess on earth. The poets, who have celebrated the praises of ladies under fictitious names, imposed at pleasure, had not all of them real mistresses. Do you think that the *Amaryllis's*, the *Phyllis's*, the *Sylvia's*, the *Diana's*, the *Galatea's*, the *Alida's*, and the like, of whom books, ballads, barbers shops, and stage-plays are full, were really

really mistresses of flesh and blood, and to those who do, and have celebrated them? No certainly, but they are for the most part feigned, on purpose to be the subjects of their verse, and to make the authors pass for men of gallant and amorous dispositions. And therefore it is sufficient that I think and believe, that the good *Aldonza Lorenzo* is beautiful and chaste; and as to her lineage, it matters not; for there needs no enquiry about it, as if she were to receive some order of knighthood¹; and, for my part, I make account that she is the greatest princess in the world. For you must know, *Sancho*, if you do not know it already, that two things, above all others, incite to love, namely, great beauty and a good name: now both these are to be found in perfection in *Dulcinea*; for, in beauty, none can be compared to her, and, for a good name, few can come near her. To conclude, I imagine that every thing is exactly as I say, without addition or diminution; and I represent her to my thoughts just as I wish her to be, both in beauty and quality. *Helen* is not comparable to her, nor is she excelled by *Lucretia*, or any other of the famous women of antiquity, whether *Grecian*, *Latin*, or *Barbarian*. And let every one say what he pleases; for if, upon this account, I am blamed by the ignorant, I shall not be censured by the most severe judges. Your worship, replied *Sancho*, is always in the right, and I am an ass: but why do I mention an ass, when one ought not to talk of an halter in his house who was hanged? but give me the letter, and god be with you; for I am upon the wing.

Don Quixote pulled out the pocket-book, and stepping aside began very gravely to write the letter; and when he had done, he called *Sancho*, and said he would read it to him, that he might have it by heart, if he should chance to lose it by the way; for every thing was to be feared from his ill fortune. To which *Sancho* answered: write it, Sir, two or three times there in the book, and give it me, and I will carry it carefully: but to think that I can carry it in my memory, is a folly; for mine is so bad, that I often forget my own name. Nevertheless, read it to me; I shall be glad to hear it, for it must needs be a clever one. Listen then, said *Don Quixote*, for it runs thus.

Don Quixote's letter to Dulcinea del Toboso.

Sovereign and high lady,

The stabbed by the point of absence, and the pierced to the heart, O sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso, sends that health to you, which he wants himself¹. If your beauty despises me, if your worth profits me nothing, and if your disdain still pursues me, though I am enured to suffering, I shall ill support an affliction,

¹ Knights of *Malta* must be noble by father and mother for five generations &c. For other honours, it is required that they be old catholics, without any mixture of *Moorish* or *Jewish* blood.

² This is very like the beginning of some of *Ovid's* epistles; as,

*Qua, nisi tu dederis, caritura est ipsa, salutem
Mittit Amazonio Cressa puella viro.*

Phædra Hippolito, ep. 4.

which is not only violent, but the more durable for being so. My good squire Sancho will give you a full account, O ungrateful fair, and my beloved enemy, of the condition I am in for your sake. If it pleases you to relieve me, I am yours; and, if not, do what seems good to you: for, by my death, I shall at once satisfy your cruelty and my own passion.

Yours, until death,

The knight of the sorrowful figure.

By the life of my father, quoth *Sancho*, hearing the letter, it is the toppingest thing I ever heard. Ods my life, how curiously your worship expresses in it whatever you please! and how excellently do you close all with *the knight of the sorrowful figure!* Verily, your worship is the devil himself; for there is nothing but what you know. The profession I am of, answered *Don Quixote*, requires me to understand every thing. Well then, said *Sancho*, pray clap on the other side the leaf the bill for the three ass-colts, and sign it very plain, that people may know your hand at first sight. With all my heart, said *Don Quixote*, and having written it, he read as follows.

Dear niece, at sight of this my first bill of ass-colts, give order that three of the five I left at home in your custody be delivered to *Sancho Pança* my squire: which three colts I order to be delivered and paid for the like number received of him here in tale; and this, with his acquittance, shall be your discharge. ¹ Done in the heart of the sable mountain, the twenty-second of August, this present year -----

It is mighty well, said *Sancho*; pray sign it. It wants no signing, said *Don Quixote*; I need only put my cypher to it, which is the same thing, and is sufficient, not only for three asses, but for three hundred. I rely upon your worship, answered *Sancho*: let me go and saddle *Rozinante*, and prepare to give me your blessing; for I intend to depart immediately, without staying to see the follies you are about to commit; and I will relate that I saw you act so many, that she can desire no more. At least, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, I would have you see (nay, it is necessary you should see) I say, I will have you see me naked, and do a dozen or two of mad pranks; for I shall dispatch them in less than half an hour: and having seen these with your own eyes, you may safely swear to those you intend to add; for, assure yourself, you will not relate so many as I intend to perform. For the love of god, dear Sir, quoth *Sancho*, let me not see your worship naked; for it will move my compassion much, and I shall not be able to forbear weeping: and my head is so disordered with last night's grief for the loss of poor dapple, that I am in no condition, at present, to begin new lamentations. If your worship has a mind I should be an eye-witness of some mad pranks, pray do them cloathed, and with brevity, and let them be

¹ The king of Spain writes, Done at our court &c. as the king of England does, Given, &c.

such as will stand you in most stead : and the rather, because for me there needed nothing of all this ; and, as I said before, it is but delaying my return with the news your worship so much desires and deserves. If otherwise, let the lady *Dulcinea* prepare herself ; for if she does not answer as she should do, I protest solemnly, I will fetch it out of her stomach by dint of kicks and buffets ; for it is not to be endured, that so famous a knight-errant, as your worship, should run mad, without why or wherefore, for a-----Let not madam provoke me to speak out ; before god, I shall blab, and out with all by wholesale, though it spoil the market¹. I am pretty good at this sport : she does not know me : if she did, i' faith she would agree with me. In troth, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, to all appearance you are as mad as myself. Not quite so mad, answered *Sancho*, but a little more choleric. But, setting aside all this, what is it your worship is to eat 'till my return ? Are you to go upon the highway, to rob the shepherds, like *Cardenio* ? Trouble not yourself about that, answered *Don Quixote* : though I were provided, I would eat nothing but herbs and fruits, which this meadow and these trees will afford me ; for the *finesse* of my affair consists in not eating, and other austerities. Then *Sancho* said : Do you know, Sir, that I am afraid I shall not be able to find the way again to this place, where I leave you, it is so intricate and obscure. Observe well the marks ; for I will endeavour to be hereabouts, said *Don Quixote*, and will, moreover, take care to get to the top of some of the highest cliffs, to see if I can discover you when you return. But the surest way not to miss me, nor lose yourself, will be to cut down some boughs off the many trees that are here, and strew them, as you go on, from space to space, till you are got down into the plain ; and they will serve as land-marks and tokens to find me by, at your return, in imitation of *Theseus's* clue to the labyrinth. I will do so, answered *Sancho Pança* ; and, having cut down several, he begged his master's blessing, and, not without many tears on both sides, took his leave of him. And mounting upon *Rozinante*, of whom *Don Quixote* gave him an especial charge, desiring him to be as careful of him as of his own proper person, he rode towards the plain, strewing broom-boughs here and there, as his master had directed him : and so away he went, though *Don Quixote* still importuned him to stay and see him perform, though it were but a couple of mad pranks. But he had not gone above a hundred paces, when he turned back, and said ; Your worship, Sir, said very well, that, in order to my being able to swear with a safe conscience, that I have seen you do mad tricks, it would be proper I should, at least, see you do one ; though, in truth, I have seen a very great one already in your staying here. Did I not tell you so ? quoth *Don Quixote* : stay but a

¹ *Sancho* here, by threatening to blurt out something, gives a kind of sly prophecy of the *Dulcinea* he intended to palm upon his master's folly, and prepares the reader for that gross imposition of enchanting the three princesses and their palfreys, into three country wenches upon asses. No translation has made sense of this artful passage ; and even *Stephens*, with all his pretences to *Spanish*, was so accurate, as to leave it entirely out, as he has done some others preceding in the same page.

moment, *Sancho*; I will dispatch them in the repeating of a *Credo*¹. Then, stripping off his breeches in all haste, he remained naked from the waist downwards, and covered only with the tail of his shirt: and presently, without more ado, he cut a couple of capers² in the air, and a brace of tumbles, head down and heels up, exposing things that made *Sancho* turn *Rozinante* about, that he might not see them a second time; and fully satisfied him, that he might safely swear his master was stark mad: and so we will leave him going on his way 'till his return, which was speedy.

C H A P. XII.

A continuation of the refinements practised by Don Quixote, as a lover, in the sable mountain.

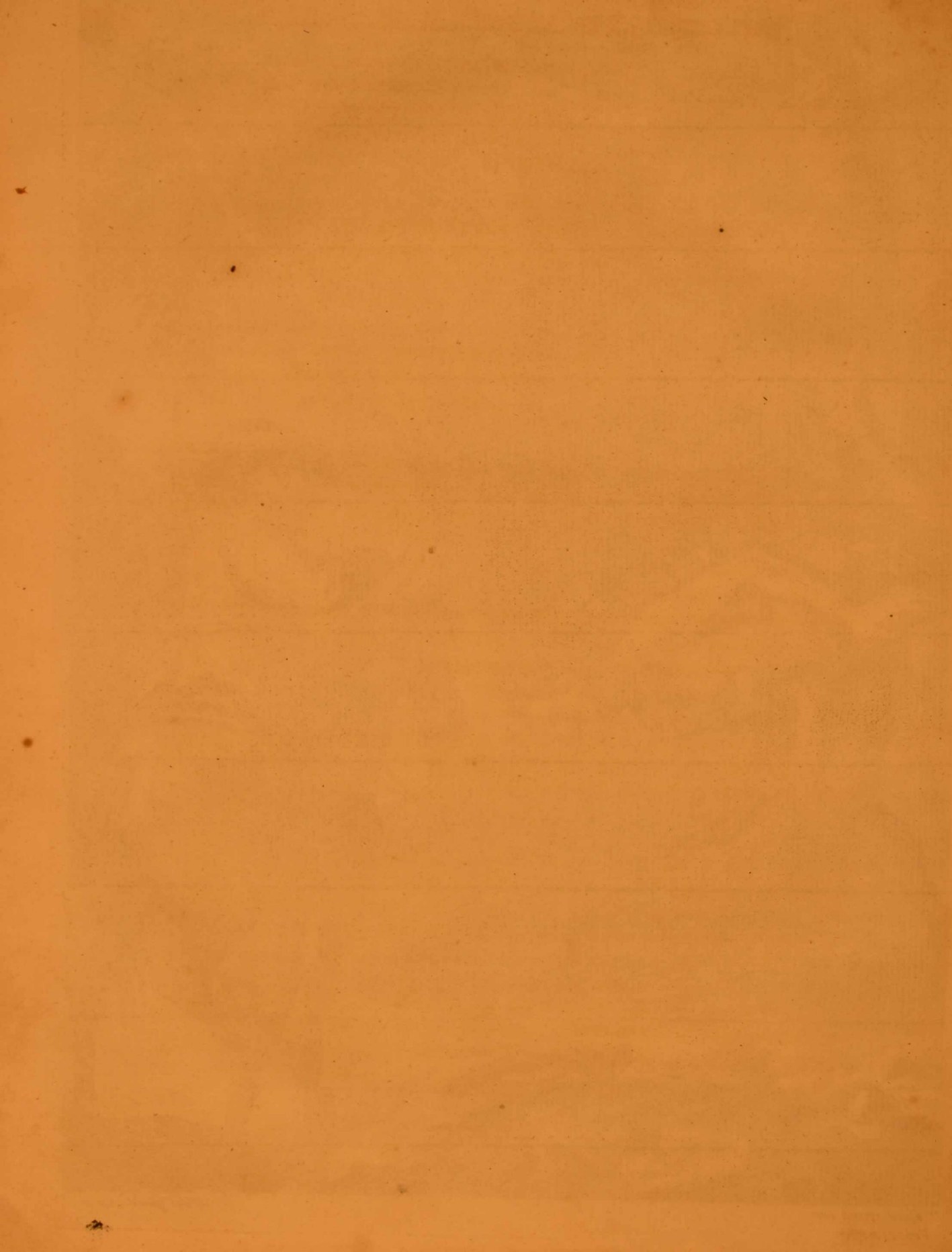
THE History, turning to recount what the *knight of the sorrowful figure* did when he found himself alone, informs us, that *Don Quixote*, having finished his tumbles and gambols, naked from the middle downward, and clothed from the middle upward, and perceiving that *Sancho* was gone without caring to see any more of his foolish pranks, got upon the top an high rock, and there began to think again of what he had often thought before, without ever coming to any resolution: and that was, which of the two was best, and would stand him in most stead, to imitate *Orlando* in his extravagant madness, or *Amadis* in his melancholic moods: and, talking to himself, he said; If *Orlando* was so good and valiant a knight, as every body allows he was, what wonder is it, since, in short, he was enchanted, and no body could kill him, but by thrusting a needle into the sole of his foot; and therefore he always wore shoes with seven soles of iron. These contrivances, however, stood him in no stead again *Bernardo del Carpio*, who knew the secret, and pressed him to death, between his arms, in *Roncevalles*. But, setting aside his valour, let us come to his losing his wits, which it is certain he did, occasioned by some tokens he found in the forest, and by the news brought him by the shepherd, that *Angelica* had slept more than two afternoons with *Medoro*, a little *Moor* with curled locks, and page to *Agramante*. And if he knew this to be true, and that his lady had played him false, he did no great matter in running mad. But how can I imitate him in his madnesses, if I cannot imitate him in the occasion of them? for, I dare swear, my *Dulcinea del Toboso* never saw a *Moor*, in his own dress³, in all her life, and that she is this day as the mother that bore her: and I should do her a manifest wrong, if, suspecting her, I should run mad of the same kind of madness with that of *Orlando Furioso*. On the other

¹ The *creed* is so soon run over in catholic countries, that the repeating it is the usual proverb for brevity.

² *Zapatetas*. A kind of capering, striking, at the same time, the sole of the shoe, or foot, with the hand.

³ Many persons in *Spain*, to all outward appearance *Spaniards*, are suspected of being privately *Moors*.





side, I see that *Amadis de Gaul*, without losing his wits, and without acting the madman, acquired the reputation of a lover, as much as the best of them. For, as the history has it, finding himself disdain'd by his lady *Oriana*, who commanded him not to appear in her presence, 'till it was her pleasure, he only retired to the *poor rock*, accompanied by an hermit, and there wept his belly full, 'till heaven came to his relief, in the midst of his trouble and greatest anguish. And if this be true, as it really is, why should I take the pains to strip myself stark-naked, or grieve these trees, that never did me any harm? neither have I any reason to disturb the water of these crystal streams, which are to furnish me with drink when I want it. Let the memory of *Amadis* live, and let him be imitated, as far as may be, by *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, of whom shall be said, what was said of the other, that, if he did not achieve great things, he died in attempting them'. And, if I am not rejected nor disdain'd by my *Dulcinea*, it is sufficient, as I have already said, that I am absent from her. Well then; hands, to your work: come to my memory, ye deeds of *Amadis*, and teach me where I am to begin to imitate you: but I know, that the most he did was to pray; and so will I do. Whereupon he strung some large galls of a cork-tree, which served him for a rosary. But what troubled him very much, was, his not having an hermit to hear his confession, and to comfort him; and so he pass'd the time in walking up and down the meadow, writing and graving on the barks of trees, and in the fine sand, a great many verses, all accommodated to his melancholy, and some in praise of *Dulcinea*. But those that were found entire and legible, after he was found in that place, were only these following.

I.

*Ye trees, ye plants, ye herbs that grow
So tall, so green, around this place,
If ye rejoice not at my woe,
Hear me lament my piteous case.
Nor let my loud-resounding grief
Your tender trembling leaves dismay,
Whilst from my tears I seek relief,
In absence from Dulcinea*

Del Toboso.

II.

*Here the sad lover shuns the light,
By sorrow to this desert led;
Here, exiled from his lady's sight,
He seeks to hide his wretched head.*

* This is plainly an allusion to that epitaph of *Phaeton*, in *Ovid*;
*Hic situs est Phaethon, currus auriga paterni,
Quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.*

Metam. l. 2. v. 327.

Here,

The *LIFE* and *EXPLOITS* of

*Here, bandied betwixt hopes and fears
By cruel love in wanton play,
He weeps a pipkin full of tears,
In absence from Dulcinea*
Del Toboso.

III.

*O'er craggy rocks he roves forlorn,
And seeks mishaps from place to place,
Cursing the proud relentless scorn
That banish'd him from human race.
To wound his tender bleeding heart,
Love's hands the cruel lash display ;
He weeps, and feels the raging smart,
In absence from Dulcinea*
Del Toboso.

The addition of *Toboso* to the name of *Dulcinea* occasioned no small laughter in those, who found the above-recited verses: for they concluded, that *Don Quixote* imagined, that if, in naming *Dulcinea*, he did not add *Toboso*, the couplet could not be understood; and it was really so, as he afterwards confessed. He wrote many others; but, as is said, they could transcribe no more than those three stanzas fair and entire. In this amusement, and in sighing, and invoking the fauns and sylvan deities of those woods, the nymphs of the brooks, and the mournful and humid echo, to answer, to console, and listen to his moan, he passed the time, and in gathering herbs to sustain himself 'till *Sancho's* return; who, if he had tarried three weeks, as he did three days, *the knight of the sorrowful figure* would have been so disfigured, that the very mother, who bore him, could not have known him. And here it will be proper to leave him, wrapped up in his sighs and verses, to relate what befel *Sancho* in his embassy.

Which was, that, when he got into the high road, he steered towards *Toboso*, and the next day he came within sight of the inn, where the mishap of the blanket had befallen him: and scarce had he discovered it at a distance, when he fancied himself again flying in the air; and therefore would not go in, though it was the hour that he might and ought to have stopped, that is, about noon: besides, he had a mind to eat something warm, all having been cold-treat with him for many days past. This necessity forced him to draw nigh to the inn, still doubting whether he should go in or not. And, while he was in suspense, there came out of the inn two persons, who presently knew him; and one said to the other; Pray, Signor licentiate, is not that *Sancho Pança* yonder on horse-back, who, as our adventurer's housekeeper told us, was gone with her master as his squire? Yes it is, said the licentiate, and that is our *Don Quixote's* horse. And no wonder they knew him so well, they being the priest and the barber
of

of his village, and the persons, who had scrutinized, and past a kind of inquisitorial-sentence ¹ on the books: and being now certain it was *Sancho Pança* and *Rozinante*, and being desirous withal to learn some tidings of *Don Quixote*, they went up to him, and the priest, calling him by his name, said; Friend *Sancho Pança*, where have you left your master? *Sancho Pança* immediately knew them, and resolved to conceal the place, and circumstances, in which he had left his master: so he answered, that his master was very busy in a certain place, and about a certain affair of the greatest importance to him, which he durst not discover for the eyes he had in his head. No, no, quoth the barber, *Sancho Pança*, if you do not tell us where he is, we shall conclude, as we do already, that you have murdered and robbed him, since you come thus upon his horse; and see that you produce the horse's owner, or woe be to you. There is no reason why you should threaten me, quoth *Sancho*; for I am not a man to rob or murder any body: let every man's fate kill him, or god that made him. My master is doing a certain penance, much to his liking, in the midst of yon mountain. And thereupon, very glibly, and without hesitation, he related to them in what manner he had left him, the adventures that had befallen him, and how he was carrying a letter to the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, who was the daughter of *Lorenzo Corchuelo*, with whom his master was up to the ears in love.

They both stood in admiration at what *Sancho* told them; and though they already knew *Don Quixote's* madness, and of what kind it was, they were always struck with fresh wonder at hearing it. They desired *Sancho Pança* to shew them the letter he was carrying to the lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*. He said, it was written in a pocket-book, and that it was his master's order he should get it copied out upon paper, at the first town he came at. The priest said, if he would shew it him, he would transcribe it in a very fair character. *Sancho Pança* put his hand into his bosom, to take out the book; but he found it not, nor could he have found it, had he searched for it 'till now; for it remained with *Don Quixote*, who had forgotten to give it him, and he to ask for it. When *Sancho* perceived he had not the book, he turned as pale as death; and feeling again all over his body, in a great hurry, and seeing it was not to be found, without more ado, he laid hold of his beard with both hands, and tore away half of it; and presently after he gave himself half a dozen cuffs on the nose and mouth, and bathed them all in blood. Which the priest and barber seeing, asked him what had happened to him, that he handled himself so roughly? What should happen to me, answered *Sancho*, but that I have lost, and let slip through my fingers, three ass-colts, and each of them as stately as a castle? How so? replied the barber. I have lost the pocket-book, answered *Sancho*, in which was the letter to *Dulcinea*, and a bill signed by my master, by which he

¹ *Auto general*. A kind of goal-delivery of the *Inquisition*, when the convicts are burnt, and the rest set at liberty.

ordered his niece to deliver to me three colts out of four or five he had at home. And at the same time he told them how he had lost his *Dapple*. The priest bid him be of good cheer, telling him, that, when he saw his master, he would engage him to renew the order, and draw the bill over again upon paper, according to usage and custom, since those that were written in pocket-books were never accepted, nor complied with. *Sancho* was comforted by this, and said, that, since it was so, he was in no great pain for the loss of the letter to *Dulcinea*, for he could almost say it by heart; so that they might write it down from his mouth where and when they pleased. Repeat it then, *Sancho*, quoth the barber, and we will write it down afterwards. Then *Sancho* began to scratch his head, to bring the letter to his remembrance; and now stood upon one foot, and then upon the other: one while he looked down upon the ground, another up to the sky: and after he had bit off half a nail of one of his fingers, keeping them in suspense, and expectation of hearing him repeat it, he said, after a very long pause; Before god, master licentiate, let the devil take all I remember of the letter; though at the beginning it said: *High and subterranean lady*. No, said the barber, not subterranean, but super-humane, or sovereign lady. It was so, said *Sancho*. Then, if I do not mistake, it went on: *the wounded, and the waking, and the smitten, kisses your honour's hands, ungrateful and regardless fair*; and then it said I know not what of *health and sickness that be sent*; and here he went on roving, 'till at last he ended with *Thine 'till death, the knight of the sorrowful figure*.

They were both not a little pleased, to see how good a memory *Sancho* had, and commended it much, and desired him to repeat the letter twice more, that they also might get it by heart, in order to write it down in due time. Thrice *Sancho* repeated it again, and thrice he added three thousand other extravagancies. After this, he recounted also many other things concerning his master, but said not a word of the tossing in the blanket, which had happened to himself in that inn, into which he refused to enter. He said likewise, how his lord, upon his carrying him back a kind dispatch from his lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, was to set forward to endeavour to become an emperor, or at least a king; for so it was concerted between them two; and it would be a very easy matter to bring it about, such was the worth of his person, and the strength of his arm: and, when this was accomplished, his master was to marry him (for by that time he should, without doubt, be a widower¹) and to give him to wife one of the empress's maids of honour, heiress to a large and rich territory on the main land; for, as to islands, he was quite out of conceit with them. *Sancho* said all this with so much gravity, and so little sense, ever and anon blowing his nose, that they were struck with fresh admiration at the powerful influence of *Don Quixote's* madness, which had carried away with it this poor fellow's un-

¹ Here *Sancho* recollects that he has a wife, and that he cannot marry the damsel go-between 'till *Theresa* is dead.

derstanding also. They would not give themselves the trouble to convince him of his error, thinking it better, since it did not at all hurt his conscience, to let him continue in it; besides that it would afford them the more pleasure in hearing his follies: and therefore they told him, he should pray to god for his lord's health, since it was very possible, and very feasible, for him, in process of time, to become an emperor, as he said, or at least an archbishop², or something else of equal dignity. To which *Sancho* answered: Gentlemen, if fortune should so order it, that my master should take it into his head not to be an emperor, but an archbishop, I would fain know what archbishops-errant usually give to their squires? They usually give them, answered the priest, some benefice, or cure, or vergership, which brings them in a good penny-rent, besides the perquisites of the altar, usually valued at as much more. Ay, but then it will be necessary, replied *Sancho*, that the squire be not married, and that he knows, at least, the responses to the mass; and, if so, woe is me; for I am married, and do not know the first letter of *A, B, C*. What will become of me, if my master should have a mind to be an archbishop, and not an emperor, as is the fashion and custom of knights-errant? Be not uneasy, friend *Sancho*, said the barber; for we will intreat your master, and advise him, and even make it a case of conscience, that he be an emperor, and not an archbishop; for it will be better for himself also, by reason he is more a soldier than a scholar. I have thought the same, answered *Sancho*, though I can affirm that he has ability for every thing. What I intend to do, on my part, is, to pray to our lord, that he will direct him to that, which is best for him, and will enable him to bestow most favours upon me. You talk like a wise man, said the priest, and will act therein like a good christian. But the next thing now to be done, is, to contrive how we may bring your master off from the performance of that unprofitable penance; and that we may concert the proper measures, and get something to eat likewise (for it is high time) let us go into the inn. *Sancho* desired them to go in, and said, he would stay there without, and afterwards he would tell them the reason, why he did not, nor was it convenient for him to go in: but he prayed them to bring him out something to eat that was warm, and also some barley for *Rozinante*. They went in, and left him, and soon after the barber brought him out some meat.

Then they two having laid their heads together, how to bring about their design, the priest bethought him of a device exactly fitted to *Don Quixote's* humour, and likely to effect what they desired. Which was, as he told the barber, that he designed to put himself into the habit of a damsel-errant, and would have him to equip himself, the best he could, so as to pass for his squire; and that in this disguise they should go to the place where *Don Quixote* was; and himself, pretending to be an afflicted damsel, and in distress, would beg a

² The archbishops of *Toledo* and *Sevil* make as great figure as most kings, having an annual revenue of little less than an hundred thousand pistoles.

boon of him, which he, as a valorous knight-errant, could not choose but vouchsafe: and that the boon he intended to beg, was, that he would go with her whither she should carry him, to redress an injury done her by a discourteous knight, intreating him, at the same time, that he would not desire her to take off her mask, nor enquire any thing farther concerning her, 'till he had done her justice on that wicked knight: and he made no doubt, but that *Don Quixote* would, by these means, be brought to do whatever they desired of him, and so they should bring him away from that place, and carry him to his village, where they would endeavour to find some remedy for his unaccountable madness.

C H A P. XIII.

How the priest and the barber put their design in execution, with other matters worthy to be recited in this history.

THE barber did not dislike the priest's contrivance; on the contrary, he approved so well of it, that it was immediately put in execution. They borrowed of the landlady a petticoat and head-dress, leaving a new cassock of the priest's in pawn for them. The barber made himself an huge beard of the sorrel tail of a pyed ox, in which the inn-keeper used to hang his comb. The hostess asked them, why they desired those things? The priest gave them a brief account of *Don Quixote's* madness, and how necessary that disguise was in order to get him from the mountain where he then was. The host and hostess presently conjectured, that this madman was he, who had been their guest, the maker of the balsam, and master of the blanketed squire; and they related to the priest what had passed between him and them, without concealing what *Sancho* so industriously concealed. In fine, the landlady equipped the priest so nicely, that nothing could be better. She put him on a cloth petticoat, laid thick with stripes of black velvet, each the breadth of a span, all pinked and slashed; and a tight waistcoat of green velvet, trimmed with a border of white fatten; which, together with the petticoat, must have been made in the days of king *Bamba*¹. The priest would not consent to wear a woman's head-dress, but put on a little white quilted cap, which he wore a nights, and bound one of his garters of black taffeta about his forehead, and with the other garter made a kind of vizard muffler, which covered his face and beard very neatly. Then he sunk his head into his beaver, which was so broad-brimmed, that it might serve him for an umbrella; and, lapping himself up in his cloak, he got upon his mule side-ways, like a woman: the barber got also upon his, with his beard, that reached to his girdle, between sorrel and white, being, as has been said, made of the tail of a pyed-ox. They took leave of all, and of good *Martornes*, who promised, though a finner, to pray over an entire rosary, that

¹ As we say, in the days of queen Bels. *Bamba* was an old Gothic king of Spain.

god might give them good success in so arduous and christian a business as that they had undertaken.

But scarcely had they got out of the inn, when the priest began to think he had done amiss in equipping himself after that manner, it being an indecent thing for a priest to be so accoutred, though much depended upon it: and acquainting the barber with his scruple, he desired they might change dresses, it being fitter that he should personate the distressed damsel, and himself act the squire, as being a less profanation of his dignity: and, if he would not consent to do so, he was determined to proceed no further, though the devil should run away with *Don Quixote*. Upon this, *Sancho* came up to them, and, seeing them both tricked up in that manner, could not forbear laughing. The barber, in short, consented to what the priest desired; and, the scheme being thus altered, the priest began to instruct the barber how to act his part, and what expressions to use to *Don Quixote*, to prevail upon him to go with them, and to make him out of conceit with the place he had chosen for his fruitless penance. The barber answered, that, without his instructions, he would undertake to manage that point to a tittle. He would not put on the dress, 'till they came near to the place where *Don Quixote* was; and so he folded up his habit, and the priest adjusted his beard, and on they went, *Sancho Pança* being their guide: who, on the way, recounted to them what had happened in relation to the madman they met in the mountain; but said not a word of finding the portmanteau, and what was in it; for, with all his folly and simplicity, the spark was somewhat covetous.

The next day they arrived at the place, where *Sancho* had strewed the broomboughs, as tokens to ascertain the place where he had left his master; and knowing it again, he told them, that was the entrance into it, and therefore they would do well to put on their disguise, if that was of any significancy toward delivering his master: for they had before told him, that their going dressed in that manner was of the utmost importance towards disengaging his master from that evil life he had chosen; and that he must by no means let his master know who they were, nor that he knew them: and if he should ask him, as no doubt he would, whether he had delivered the letter to *Dulcinea*, he should say he had, and that she, not being able to read, had answered by word of mouth, that she commanded him, on pain of her displeasure, to repair to her immediately, about an affair in which he was greatly concerned: for, with this, and what they intended to say to him themselves, they made sure account of reducing him to a better life, and managing him so, that he should presently set out, in order to become an emperor or a king; for, as to his being an archbishop, there was no need to fear that. *Sancho* listened attentively to all this, and imprinted it well in his memory, and thanked them mightily for their design of advising his lord to be an emperor, and not an archbishop; for he was entirely of opinion, that, as to rewarding their squires,
emperors

emperors could do more than archbishops-errant. He told them also, it would be proper he should go before, to find him, and deliver him his lady's answer; for, perhaps, that alone would be sufficient to bring him out of that place, without their putting themselves to so much trouble. They approved of what *Sancho* said, and so they resolved to wait for his return with the news of finding his master. *Sancho* entered the openings of the mountain, leaving them in a place, through which there ran a little smooth stream, cool, and pleasantly shaded by some rocks and neighbouring trees. It was in the month of *August*, when the heats in those parts are very violent: the hour was three in the afternoon: all which made the situation the more agreeable, and invited them to wait there for *Sancho's* return, which accordingly they did. While they reposed themselves in the shade, a voice reached their ears, which, though unaccompanied by any Instrument, sounded sweetly and delightfully: at which they were not a little surprized, that being no place where they might expect to find a person who could sing so well. For, though it is usually said, there are in the woods and fields shepherds with excellent voices, it is rather an exaggeration of the poets, than what is really true: and especially when they observed, that the verses, they heard sung, were not like the compositions of rustic shepherds, but like those of witty and courtlike persons. And the verses, which confirmed them in their opinion, were these following.

I.

What causes all my grief and pain?

Cruel Disdain.

What aggravates my misery?

Accursed jealousy.

How has my soul its patience lost?

By tedious absence cross.

Alas! no balsam can be found

To heal the grief of such a wound,

When absence, jealousy, and scorn

Have left me hopeleſs and forlorn.

II.

What in my breast this grief could move?

Neglected love.

What doth my fond desires withstand?

Fate's cruel hand.

And what confirms my misery?

Heav'n's fix'd decree.

Ah me! my boding fears portend

This strange disease my life will end:

For, die I must, when three such foes,

Heav'n, fate, and love, my bliss oppose.

III. My

III.

My peace of mind what can restore?

Death's welcome hour.

What gains love's joys most readily?

Fickle inconstancy.

Its pains what med'cine can assuage?

Wild phrenzy's rage.

'Tis therefore little wisdom, sure,

For such a grief to seek a cure,

As knows no better remedy,

Than phrenzy, death, inconstancy.

The hour, the season, the solitude, the voice, and the skill of the person who sung, raised both wonder and delight in the two hearers, who lay still, expecting if perchance they might hear something more : but, perceiving the silence continue a good while, they resolved to issue forth in search of the musician, who had sung so agreeably. And just as they were about to do so, the same voice hindered them from stirring, and again reached their ears with this Sonnet.

SONNET.

Friendship, that hast with nimble flight

Exulting gained th' empyreal height,

In heav'n to dwell, whilst here below

Thy semblance reigns in mimic show!

From thence to earth, at thy behest,

Descends fair peace, cælestial guest;

Beneath whose veil of shining hue

Deceit oft' lurks, conceal'd from view.

Leave, friendship, leave thy heav'nly seat;

Or strip thy livery off the cheat.

If still he wears thy borrowed smiles,

And still unwary truth beguiles,

Soon must this dark terrestrial ball

Into its first confusion fall.

The song ended with a deep sigh, and they again listened very attentively in hopes of more; but, finding that the music was changed into groans and laments, they agreed to go and find out the unhappy person, whose voice was as excellent, as his complaints were mournful. They had not gone far, when, at doubling the point of a rock, they perceived a man of the same stature and figure that *Sancho* had described to them, when he told them the story of *Cardenio*.

denio.

denio. The man expressed no surprize at the sight of them, but stood still, inclining his head upon his breast, in a pensive posture, without lifting up his eyes to look at them, 'till just at the instant when they came, unexpectedly, upon him. The priest, who was a well-spoken man, being already acquainted with his misfortune, and knowing him by the description, went up to him, and, in few but very significant words, intreated and pressed him to forsake that miserable kind of life, lest he should lose it in that place; which, of all misfortunes, would be the greatest. *Cardenio* was then in his perfect senses, free from those outrageous fits that so often drove him beside himself: and, seeing them both in a dress not worn by any that frequented those solitudes, he could not forbear wondering at them for some time; and especially when he heard them speak of his affair as a thing known to them; for, by what the priest had said to him, he understood as much: wherefore he answered in this manner. I am sensible, gentlemen, whoever you be, that heaven, which takes care to relieve the good, and very often even the bad, sometimes, without any desert of mine, sends into these places, so remote and distant from the commerce of human kind, persons, who, setting before my eyes, with variety of lively arguments, how far the life I lead is from being reasonable, have endeavoured to draw me from hence to some better place: but, not knowing, as I do, that I shall no sooner get out of this mischief, but I shall fall into a greater, they, doubtless, take me for a very weak man, and perhaps, what is worse, a fool or a madman. And no wonder; for I have some apprehension, that the sense of my misfortunes is so forcible and intense, and so prevalent to my destruction, that, without my being able to prevent it, I sometimes become like a stone, void of all knowledge and sensation: and I find this to be true, by people's telling and shewing me the marks of what I have done, while the terrible fit has had the mastery of me: And all I can do, is to bewail myself in vain, to load my fortune with unavailing curses, and to excuse my follies, by telling the occasion of them to as many as will hear me; for men of sense, seeing the cause, will not wonder at the effects: and, if they administer no remedy, at least they will not throw the blame upon me, but convert their displeasure at my behaviour into compassion for my misfortune. And, gentlemen, if you come with the same intention that others have done, before you proceed any farther in your prudent persuasions, I beseech you to hear the account of my numberless misfortunes: for, perhaps, when you have heard it, you may save yourselves the trouble of endeavouring to cure a malady that admits of no consolation. The two, who desired nothing more than to learn, from his own mouth, the cause of his misery, intreated him to relate it, assuring him they would do nothing but what he desired, either by way of remedy or advice: and, upon this, the poor gentleman began his melancholy story, almost in the same words and method he had used in relating it to *Don Quixote* and the goatherd, some few days before, when, on the mention of master *Elisabat*, and *Don Quixote's* punctuality,

punctuality in observing the decorum of knight-errantry, the tale was cut short, as the history left it above. But now, as good-fortune would have it, *Cardenio's* mad fit was suspended, and afforded him leisure to rehearse it to the end: and so, coming to the passage of the love-letter, which *Don Fernando* found between the leaves of the book of *Amadis de Gaul*, he said, he remembered it perfectly well, and that it was as follows.

LUCINDA to CARDENIO.

I every day discover such worth in you, as obliges and forces me to esteem you more and more; and therefore, if you would put it in my power to discharge my obligations to you, without prejudice to my honour, you may easily do it. I have a father, who knows you, and has an affection for me; who will never force my inclinations, and will comply with whatever you can justly desire, if you really have that value for me, which you profess, and I believe you have.

This letter made me resolve to demand *Lucinda* in marriage, as I have already related, and was one of those, which gave *Don Fernando* such an opinion of *Lucinda*, that he looked upon her as one of the most sensible and prudent women of her time. And it was this letter, which put him upon the design of undoing me, before mine could be effected. I told *Don Fernando* what *Lucinda's* father expected; which was, that my father should propose the match; but that I durst not mention it to him, lest he should not come into it; not because he was unacquainted with the circumstances, goodness, virtue, and beauty of *Lucinda*, and that she had qualities sufficient to adorn any other family of *Spain* whatever; but because I understood by him, that he was desirous I should not marry soon, but wait 'till we should see what duke *Ricardo* would do for me. In a word, I told him, that I durst not venture to speak to my father about it, as well for that reason, as for many others, which disheartened me, I knew not why; only I presaged, that my desires were never to take effect. To all this *Don Fernando* answered, that he took it upon himself to speak to my father, and to prevail upon him to speak to *Lucinda's*. O ambitious *Marius*! O cruel *Catiline*! O wicked *Sylla*! O crafty *Galalon*! O perfidious *Vellido*! O vindictive *Julian*! O covetous *Judas*! Traitor! cruel, vindictive, and crafty! what disservice had this poor wretch done you, who so frankly discovered to you the secrets and the joys of his heart? wherein had I offended you? what word did I ever utter, or advice did I ever give, that were not all directed to the increase of your honour and your interest? But why do I complain? miserable wretch that I am! since it is certain, that, when the strong influences of the stars pour down misfortunes upon us, they fall from on high with such violence and fury, that

¹ Every body knows *Marius*, *Catiline*, *Sylla*, and *Judas*. *Galalon* betrayed the army that came into *Spain* under *Charlemaine*; *Vellido* murdered king *Sancho*; and count *Julian* brought in the *Moors*, because king *Roderigo* had ravished his daughter.

no human force can stop them, nor human address prevent them. Who could have thought that *Don Fernando*, an illustrious cavalier, of good sense, obliged by my services, and secure of success wherever his amorous inclinations led him, should be so pestilentially inflamed, as to deprive me of my single ewe-lamb, which yet I had not possessed? But, setting aside these reflexions as vain and unprofitable, let us resume the broken thread of my unhappy story.

I say then, that *Don Fernando*, thinking my presence an obstacle to the putting his treacherous and wicked design in execution, resolved to send me to his elder brother for money to pay for six horses, which, meerly for the purpose of getting me out of the way, that he might the better succeed in his hellish intent, he had bought that very day, on which he offered to speak to my father, and on which he dispatched me for the money. Could I prevent this treachery? could I so much as suspect it? No certainly; on the contrary, with great pleasure I offered to depart instantly, well satisfied with the good bargain he had made. That night I spoke with *Lucinda*, and told her all that had passed between *Don Fernando* and me, bidding her not doubt the success of our just and honourable desires. She, as little suspecting *Don Fernando's* treachery, as I did, desired me to make haste back, since she believed the completion of our wishes would be no longer deferred than 'till my father had spoken to her's. I know not whence it was, but she had no sooner said this, than her eyes stood full of tears, and some sudden obstruction in her throat would not suffer her to utter one word of a great many she seemed endeavouring to say to me. I was astonished at this strange accident, having never seen the like in her before; for whenever good fortune, or my assiduity, gave us an opportunity, we always conversed with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction, nor ever intermixed with our discourse tears, sighs, jealousies, suspicions, or fears. I did nothing but applaud my good fortune in having her given me by heaven for a mistress. I magnified her beauty, and admired her merit and understanding. She returned the compliment, by commending in me what, as a lover, she thought worthy of commendation. We told one another an hundred thousand little childish stories concerning our neighbours and acquaintance: and the greatest length my presumption ever ran, was to seize, as it were by force, one of her fair and snowy hands, and press it to my lips, as well as the narrowness of the iron-grate, which was between us, would permit. But, the night that preceded the doleful day of my departure, she wept and sighed, and withdrew abruptly, leaving me full of confusion and trepidation, and astonished at seeing such new and sad tokens of grief and tender concern in *Lucinda*. But, not to destroy my hopes, I ascribed it all to the violence of the love she bore me, and to the sorrow, which parting occasions in those, who love one another tenderly. In short, I went away sad and pensive, my soul filled with imaginations and suspicions, without knowing what I imagined or suspected; all manifest presages of the dismal event reserved in store for me. I arrived at the place whither I was sent: I gave the letters to

Don

Don Fernando's brother : I was well received ; but my business was not soon dispatched ; for he ordered me to wait (much to my sorrow) eight days, and to keep out of his father's sight ; for his brother, he said, had written to him to send him a certain sum of money, without the duke's knowledge. All this was a contrivance of the false *Don Fernando* ; for his brother did not want money to have dispatched me immediately. This injunction put me into such a condition, that I could not presently think of obeying it, it seeming to me impossible to support life under an absence of so many days from *Lucinda*, especially considering I had left her in so much sorrow, as I have already told you. Nevertheless, I did obey, like a good servant, though I found it was likely to be at the expence of my health. But, four days after my arrival, there came a man to look for me with a letter, which he gave me, and which, by the superscription I knew to be *Lucinda's* ; for it was her own hand. I opened it with fear and trembling, believing it must be some very extraordinary matter that put her upon writing to me at a distance, a thing she very seldom did when I was near her. Before I read it, I enquired of the messenger, who gave it him, and how long he had been coming. He told me, that, passing accidentally through a street of the town about noon, a very beautiful lady, with tears in her eyes, called to him from a window, and said to him in a great hurry ; friend, if you are a christian, as you seem to be, I beg of you, for the love of god, to carry this letter, with all expedition, to the place and person it is directed to ; for both are well known ; and in so doing you will do a charity acceptable to our lord. And that you may not want wherewithal to do it, take what is tied up in this handkerchief ; and so saying she threw the handkerchief out at the window ; in which were tied up a hundred reals, and this gold ring I have here, with the letter I have given you : and presently, without staying for my answer, she quitted the window ; but first she saw me take up the letter and the handkerchief ; and I assured her, by signs, that I would do what she commanded. And now, seeing myself so well paid for the pains I was to take in bringing the letter, and knowing, by the superscription, it was for you (for, Sir, I know you very well) and obliged besides by the tears of that beautiful lady, I resolved not to trust any other person, but to deliver it to you with my own hands. And, in sixteen hours (for so long it is since I had it) I have performed the journey, which you know is eighteen leagues. While the kind messenger was speaking thus to me, I hung upon his words, my legs trembling so, that I could scarce stand. At length I opened the letter, and saw it contained these words.

The promise Don Fernando gave you, that he would desire your father to speak to mine, he has fulfilled more for his own gratification than your interest. Know, Sir, he has demanded me to wife ; and my father, allured by the advantage he thinks Don Fernando has over you, has accepted this proposal with so much earnestness, that the marriage is to be solemnized two days hence, and that

with so much secrecy and privacy, that the heavens alone, and a few of our own family, are to be witnesses of it. Imagine what a condition I am in, and consider whether it be convenient for you to return home. Whether I love you or not, the event of this business will shew you. God grant this may come to your hand, before mine be reduced to the extremity of being joined with his, who keeps his promised faith so ill.

These, in fine, were the contents of the letter, and such as made me set out immediately, without waiting for any other answer, or the money : for now I plainly saw, it was not the buying of the horses, but the indulging his own pleasure, that had moved *Don Fernando* to send me to his brother. The rage I conceived against *Don Fernando*, joined with the fear of losing the prize I had acquired by the services and wishes of so many years, added wings to my speed ; so that the next day I reached our town, at the hour and moment most convenient for me to go and talk with *Lucinda*. I went privately, having left the mule I rode on at the house of the honest man who brought me the letter. And fortune, which I then found propitious, so ordered it, that *Lucinda* was standing at the grate¹, the witness of our loves. She presently knew me, and I her ; but not as she ought to have known me, and I her. But who is there in the world that can boast of having fathomed and thoroughly seen into the intricate and variable nature of a woman ? No body, certainly. I say then, that, as soon as *Lucinda* saw me, she said : *Cardenio*, I am in my bridal habit : there are now staying for me in the hall the treacherous *Don Fernando* and my covetous father, with some others, who shall sooner be witnesses of my death than of my nuptials. Be not troubled, my friend ; but procure the means to be present at this sacrifice, which if my arguments cannot prevent, I carry a dagger about me, which can prevent a more determined force, by putting an end to my life, and giving you a convincing proof of the affection I have borne, and still do bear you. I replied to her, with confusion and precipitation, fearing I should want time to answer her : Let your actions, Madam, make good your words ; if you carry a dagger to secure your honour, I carry a sword to defend you, or kill myself, if fortune proves adverse to us. I do not believe she heard all these words, being, as I perceived, called away hastily ; for the bridegroom waited for her. Herewith the night of my sorrow was fallen ; the sun of my joy was set : I remained without light in my eyes, and without judgment in my intellects. I was irresolute as to going into her house, nor did I know which way to turn me : but when I reflected on the consequence of my being present at what might happen in that case, I animated myself the best I could, and at last got into her house. And as I was perfectly acquainted with all the avenues, and the whole family was busied about the secret affair then transacting, I escaped being perceived by any body. And so, without being

¹ In *Spain*, lovers carry on their courtship at a low window with a grate before it, being seldom admitted into the house till the parents on both sides are agreed.

seen,

seen, I had leisure to place myself in the hollow of a bow-window of the hall, behind the hangings where two pieces of tapistry met; whence, without being seen myself, I could see all that was done in the hall. Who can describe the emotions and beatings of heart I felt while I stood there? the thoughts that occurred to me? the reflexions I made? Such, and so many, were they, that they neither can, nor ought to be told. Let it suffice to tell you, that the bridegroom came into the hall without other ornament than the cloaths he usually wore. He had with him for brideman a cousin-german of *Lucinda's*, and there was no other person in the room, but the servants of the house. Soon after, from a withdrawing room, came out *Lucinda*, accompanied by her mother, and two of her own maids, as richly dressed and adorned as her quality and beauty deserved, and as befitted the height and perfection of all that was gallant and court-like. The agony and distraction I was in gave me no leisure to view and observe the particulars of her dress; I could only take notice of the colours, which were carnation and white, and of the splendour of the precious stones and jewels of her head-attire, and of the rest of her habit; which yet were exceeded in lustre by the singular beauty of her fair and golden tresses, which, vying with the precious stones, and the light of four flambeaux that were in the hall, struck the eyes with superior brightness. O memory, thou mortal enemy of my repose! why do you represent to me now the incomparable beauty of that my adored enemy? Were it not better, cruel memory, to put me in mind of, and represent to my imagination, what she then did; that, moved by so flagrant an injury, I may strive, since I do not revenge it, at least to put an end to my life. Be not weary, gentlemen, of hearing these digressions I make; for my misfortune is not of that kind, that can or ought to be related succinctly and methodically, since each circumstance seems to me to deserve a long discourse. To this the priest replied; that they were so far from being tired with hearing it, that they took great pleasure in the minutest particulars he recounted, being such as deserved not to be past over in silence, and merited no less attention than the principal parts of the story.

I say then, continued *Cardenio*, that, they being all assembled in the hall, the parish-priest entered, and having taken them both by the hand, in order to perform what is necessary on such occasions, when he came to these words, 'Will you, Madam *Lucinda*, take Signor *Don Fernando*, who is here present, for your lawful husband, as our holy mother the church commands?' I thrust out my head and neck through the partings of the tapistry, and, with the utmost attention and distraction of soul, set myself to listen to what *Lucinda* answered; expecting, from her answer, the sentence of my death, or the confirmation of my life. O that I had dared to venture out then, and to have cried aloud; Ah, *Lucinda*, *Lucinda!* see what you do; consider what you owe me: behold, you are mine, and cannot be another's. Take notice, that your saying *Yes*, and the putting an end to my life, will both happen in the same moment. Ah,
 traitor

traitor *Don Fernando*! ravisher of my glory, death of my life! what is it you would have? what is it you pretend to? consider, you cannot, as a christian, arrive at the end of your desires; for *Lucinda* is my wife, and I am her husband. Ah, fool that I am! now, that I am absent, and at a distance from the danger, I am saying I ought to have done what I did not do. Now that I have suffered myself to be robbed of my soul's treasure, I am cursing the thief, on whom I might have revenged myself, if I had had as much heart to do it, as I have now to complain. In short, since I was then a coward and a fool, no wonder if I die now ashamed, repentant, and mad. The priest stood expecting *Lucinda's* answer, who gave it not for a long time; and, when I thought she was pulling out the dagger in defence of her honour, or letting loose her tongue to avow some truth, which might undeceive them, and redound to my advantage, I heard her say, with a low and faint voice, *I will*. The same said *Don Fernando*, and, the ring being put on, they remained tied in an indissoluble band. The bridegroom came to embrace his bride; and she, laying her hand on her heart, swooned away between her mother's arms. It remains now to tell you what condition I was in, when I saw, in the consenting *Yes*, my hopes frustrated, *Lucinda's* vows and promises broken, and no possibility left of my ever recovering the happiness I in that moment lost. I was totally confounded, and thought myself abandoned of heaven, and made an enemy to the earth that sustained me, the air denying me breath for my sighs, and the water moisture for my tears: the fire alone was so increased in me, that I was all inflamed with rage and jealousy. They were all affrighted at *Lucinda's* swooning; and her mother unlacing her bosom to give her air, she discovered in it a paper folded up, which *Don Fernando* presently seized, and read it by the light of one of the flambeaux: and, having done reading it, he sat himself down in a chair, leaning his cheek on his hand, with all the signs of a man full of thought, and without attending to the means that were using to recover his bride from her fainting fit. Perceiving the whole house in a consternation, I ventured out, not caring whether I was seen, or not; and with a determined resolution, if seen, to act so desperate a part, that all the world should have known the just indignation of my breast, by the chastisement of the false *Don Fernando*, and of the fickle, though swooning, traitress. But my fate, which has doubtless reserved me for greater evils, if greater can possibly be, ordained, that, at that juncture, I had the use of my understanding, which has ever since failed me; and so, without thinking to take revenge on my greatest enemies (which might very easily have been done when they thought so little of me) I resolved to take it on myself, and to execute on my own person that punishment, which they deserved; and perhaps with greater rigour than I should have done on them, even in taking away their lives: for a sudden death soon puts one out of pain; but that, which is prolonged by tortures, is always killing, without putting an end to life. In a word, I got out of the house, and went to the place where I had

had left the mule: I got it saddled, and, without taking any leave, I mounted, and rode out of the town, not daring, like another *Lot*, to look behind me; and, when I found myself in the field alone, and covered by the darkness of the night, and the silence thereof inviting me to complain, without regard or fear of being heard or known, I gave a loose to my voice, and untied my tongue, in a thousand exclamations on *Lucinda* and *Don Fernando*, as if that had been satisfaction for the wrong they had done me. I called her cruel, false, and ungrateful; but above all covetous, since the wealth of my enemy had shut the eyes of her affection, and withdrawn it from me, to engage it to another, to whom fortune had shewn herself more bountiful and liberal: but, in the height of these curses and reproaches, I excused her, saying; it was no wonder that a maiden, kept up close in her father's house, and always accustomed to obey her parents, should comply with their inclination, especially since they gave her for a husband so considerable, so rich, and so accomplished a cavalier; and that, to have refused him, would have made people think she had no judgment, or that her affections were engaged elsewhere; either of which would have redounded to the prejudice of her honour and good name. But, on the other hand, supposing she had owned her engagement to me, it would have appeared that she had not made so ill a choice, but she might have been excused, since, before *Don Fernando* offered himself, they themselves could not, consistently with reason, have desired a better match for their daughter: and how easily might she, before she came to the last extremity of giving her hand, have said, that I had already given her mine: for I would have appeared, and have confirmed whatever she had invented on this occasion. In fine; I concluded, that little love, little judgment, much ambition, and a desire of greatness, had made her forget those words, by which she had deluded, kept up, and nourished my firm hopes and honest desires. With these soliloquies, and with this disquietude, I journeyed on the rest of the night, and at day-break arrived at an opening into these mountainous parts, through which I went on three days more, without any road or path, 'till at last I came to a certain meadow, that lies somewhere hereabouts; and there I enquired of some shepherds, which was the most solitary part of these craggy rocks. They directed me towards this place. I presently came hither, with design to end my life here; and, at the entering among these brakes, my mule fell down dead through weariness and hunger, or, as I rather believe, to be rid of so useless a burden. Thus I was left on foot, quite spent and famished, without having or desiring any relief. In this manner I continued, I know not how long, extended on the ground: at length I got up, somewhat refreshed, and found near me some goatherds, who must needs be the persons that relieved my necessity: for they told me in what condition they found me, and that I said so many senseless and extravagant things, that they wanted no farther proof of my having lost my understanding: and I am sensible I have not been perfectly right ever since, but so shattered and crazy, that I
commit

commit a thousand extravagancies, tearing my garments, howling aloud through these solitudes, cursing my fortune, and in vain repeating the beloved name of my enemy, without any other design or intent, at the time, than to end my life with outcries and exclamations. And when I come to myself, I find I am so weary, and so sore, that I can hardly stir. My usual abode is in the hollow of a cork-tree, large enough to be an habitation for this miserable carcass. The goatherds, who feed their cattle hereabouts, provide me sustenance out of charity, laying victuals on the rocks, and in places where they think I may chance to pass and find it: and though, at such times, I happen to be out of my senses, natural necessity makes me know my nourishment, and awakes in me an appetite to desire it, and the will to take it. At other times, as they tell me when they meet me in my senses, I come into the road, and, though the shepherds, who are bringing food from the village to their huts, willingly offer me a part of it, I rather choose to take it from them by force. Thus I pass my sad and miserable life, waiting 'till it shall please heaven to bring it to a final period, or, by fixing the thoughts of that day in my mind, to erase out of it all memory of the beauty and treachery of *Lucinda*, and the wrongs done me by *Don Fernando*: for, if it vouchsafes me this mercy before I die, my thoughts will take a more rational turn; if not, it remains only to beseech god to have mercy on my soul; for I feel no ability nor strength in myself to raise my body out of this strait, into which I have voluntarily brought it.

This, gentlemen, is the bitter story of my misfortune: tell me now, could it be borne with less concern than what you have perceived in me? And, pray, give yourselves no trouble to persuade or advise me to follow what you may think reasonable and proper for my cure: for it will do me just as much good, as a medicine prescribed by a skilful physician will do a sick man, who refuses to take it. I will have no health without *Lucinda*: and since she was pleased to give herself to another, when she was, or ought to have been, mine, let me have the pleasure of indulging myself in unhappiness, since I might have been happy if I had pleased. She, by her mutability, would have me irretrievably undone: I, by endeavouring to destroy myself, would satisfy her will: and I shall stand as an example to posterity of having been the only unfortunate person, whom the impossibility of receiving consolation could not comfort, but plunged in still greater afflictions and misfortunes; for I verily believe they will not have an end even in death itself.

Here *Cardenio* ended his long discourse, and his story, no less full of misfortunes than of love; and, just as the priest was preparing to say something to him, by way of consolation, he was prevented by a voice, which, in mournful accents, said, what will be related in the fourth book of this history: for, at this point, the wise and judicious historian *Cid Hamet Benengeli* put an end to the third.



THE
LIFE AND EXPLOITS
Of the ingenious gentleman
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

B O O K IV.

CHAPTER I.

Which treats of the new and agreeable adventure that befel the priest and the barber in the same sable mountain.



OST happy and fortunate were the times, in which the most daring knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha* was ushered into the world; since, through the glorious resolution he took of reviving and restoring to the world the long since lost, and as it were buried, order of knighterrantry, we, in these our times, barren and unfruitful as they are of amusing entertainments, enjoy not only the sweets of his true history, but also the stories and episodes of it, which are, in some sort, no less pleasing, artificial, and true, than the history itself: which,

resuming the broken thread of the narration, relates, that, as the priest was preparing himself to comfort *Cardenio*, he was hindered by a voice, which, with mournful accents, spoke in this manner.

O heavens! is it possible I have at last found a place that can afford a secret grave for the irksome burthen of this body, which I bear about so much against my will? Yes, it is, if the solitude, which these rocks promise, do not deceive me. Ah, woe is me! how much more agreeable society shall I find in these crags and brakes, which will at least afford me leisure to communicate my mi-

series to heaven by complaints, than in the conversation of men, since there is no one living, from whom I can expect counsel in doubts, ease in complaints, or remedy in misfortunes.

The priest, and they that were with him, heard all this very distinctly; and perceiving, as they easily might, that the voice was near them, they rose up in quest of it; and they had not gone twenty paces, when, behind a rock, they espied a youth, dressed like a peasant, sitting at the foot of an ash-tree; whose face they could not then discern, because he hung down his head, on account that he was washing his feet in a rivulet which ran by. They drew near so silently, that he did not hear them; nor was he intent upon any thing but washing his feet, which were such, that they seemed to be two pieces of pure crystal, growing among the other pebbles of the brook. They stood in admiration at the whiteness and beauty of the feet, which did not seem to them to be made for breaking of clods, or following the plough, as their owner's dress might have persuaded them they were: and finding they were not perceived, the priest, who went foremost, made signs to the other two, to crouch low, or hide themselves behind some of the rocks thereabouts: which they accordingly did, and stood observing attentively what the youth was doing: he had on a grey double-skirted jerkin, girt tight about his body with a linnen towel. He wore also a pair of breeches and gamashes of grey cloth, and a grey huntsman's cap on his head. His gamashes were now pulled up to the middle of his leg, which really seemed to be of snowy alabaster. Having made an end of washing his beauteous feet, he immediately wiped them with an handkerchief, which he pulled out from under his cap; and, at the taking it from thence, he lifted up his face, and the lookers-on had an opportunity of beholding an incomparable beauty, and such a beauty, that *Cardenio* said to the priest, with a low voice; Since this is not *Lucinda*, it can be no human, but must be a divine creature. The youth took off his cap, and shaking his head, there began to flow down, and spread over his shoulders, a quantity of lovely hair, that *Apollo* himself might envy. By this they found, that the person, who seemed to be a peasant, was, in reality, a woman, and a delicate one, nay, the handsomest that two of the three had ever beheld with their eyes, or even *Cardenio* himself, if he had never seen and known *Lucinda*; for, as he afterwards affirmed, the beauty of *Lucinda* alone could come in competition with her's. Her golden tresses not only fell on her shoulders, but covered her whole body, excepting her feet. Her fingers served instead of a comb; and if her feet in the water seemed to be of crystal, her hands in her hair were like driven snow. All which excited a still greater admiration and desire in the three spectators to learn who she was. For this purpose they resolved to shew themselves; and, at the rustling they made in getting upon their feet, the beautiful maiden raised her head, and, with both her hands, parting her hair from before her eyes, saw those who had made the noise; and scarcely had she seen them, when she rose up,



up, and, without staying to put on her shoes, or re-place her hair, she hastily snatched up something like a bundle of clothes, which lay close by her, and be-took herself to flight, all in confusion and surprize: but she had not gone six steps, when, her tender feet not being able to endure the sharpness of the stones, she fell down: which the three perceiving, went up to her, and the priest was the first who said; Stay, madam, whoever you are; for those you see here have no other intention but that of serving you: there is no reason why you should endeavour to make so needless an escape, which neither your feet can bear, nor we permit. To all this she answered not a word, being astonished and confounded. Then the priest, taking hold of her hand, went on saying: What your dress, madam, would conceal from us, your hair discovers; a manifest indication that no slight cause has disguised your beauty in so unworthy a habit, and brought you to such a solitude as this, in which it has been our good luck to find you, if not to administer a remedy to your misfortunes, at least to assist you with our advice, since no evil, which does not destroy life itself, can afflict so much, or arrive to that extremity, as to make the sufferer refuse to hearken to advice, when given with a sincere intention: and therefore, dear madam, or dear sir, or whatever you please to be, shake off the surprize, which the sight of us has occasioned, and relate to us your good or ill fortune; for you will find us jointly, or severally, disposed to sympathize with you in your misfortunes.

While the priest was saying this, the disguised maiden stood like one stupified, her eyes fixed on them all, without moving her lips, or speaking a word: just like a country clown, when he is shewn of a sudden something curious, or never seen before. But the priest adding more to the same purpose, she fetched a deep sigh, and, breaking silence, said: Since neither the solitude of these rocks has been sufficient to conceal me, nor the discomposure of my hair has suffered my tongue to bely my sex, it would be in vain for me now to dress up a fiction, which, if you seemed to give credit to, it would be rather out of complaisance, than for any other reason. This being the case, I say, gentlemen, that I take kindly the offers you have made me, which have laid me under an obligation to satisfy you in whatever you have desired of me; though I fear the relation I shall make of my misfortunes will raise in you a concern equal to your compassion; since it will not be in your power, either to remedy, or alleviate them. Nevertheless, that my honour may not suffer in your opinions, from your having already discovered me to be a woman, and your seeing me young, and alone, in this garb, any one of which circumstances is sufficient to bring discredit on the best reputation, I must tell you what I would gladly have concealed, if it was in my power. All this she, who appeared so beautiful a woman, spoke without hesitating, so readily, and with so much ease, and sweetness both of tongue and voice, that her good sense surprized them no less than her beauty. And they again repeating their kind offers, and entreaties to

her, that she would perform her promise; she, without more asking, having first modestly put on her shoes and stockings, and gathered up her hair, seated herself upon a flat stone; and the three being placed round her, after she had done some violence to herself in restraining the tears that came into her eyes, she began the history of her life, with a clear and sedate voice, in this manner.

There is a place in this country of *Andaluzia*, from which a duke takes a title, which makes him one of those they call *grandees of Spain*. This duke has two sons; the elder, heir to his estate, and, in appearance, to his virtues; and the younger, heir to, I know not what, unless it be to the treachery of *Vellido*¹, and the deceitfulness of *Galalon*². My parents are vassals to this nobleman: it is true, they are of low extraction, but so rich, that, if the advantages of their birth had equalled those of their fortune, neither would they have had any thing more to wish for, nor should I have had any reason to fear being exposed to the misfortunes I am now involved in; for, it is probable, my misfortunes arise from their not being nobly born. It is true, indeed, they are not so low, that they need to be ashamed of their condition, nor so high, as to hinder me from thinking, that their meanness is the cause of my unhappiness. In a word, they are farmers, plain people, without mixture of bad blood, and, as they usually say, old rusty christians³; but so rusty, that their wealth, and handsom way of living, is, by degrees, acquiring them the name of gentlemen, and even of cavaliers; though the riches and nobility they valued themselves most upon, was, their having me for their daughter: and, as they had no other child to inherit what they possessed, and were besides very affectionate parents, I was one of the most indulged girls that ever father or mother fondled. I was the mirror, in which they beheld themselves, the staff of their old age, and she whose happiness was the sole object of all their wishes, under the guidance of heaven; to which, being so good, mine were always entirely conformable. And, as I was mistress of their affections, so was I of all they possessed. As I pleased, servants were hired and discharged; through my hands passed the account and management of what was sowed and reaped. The oil-mills, the wine-presses, the number of herds, flocks, and be-hives; in a word, all that so rich a farmer as my father has, or can be supposed to have, was entrusted to my care: I was both steward and mistress, with so much diligence on my part, and satisfaction on theirs, that I cannot easily enhance it to you. The hours of the day that remained, after giving directions, and assigning proper tasks to the head-servants, overseers, and day-labourers, I employed in such exercises as are not only allowable, but necessary to young maidens, to wit, in handling the

¹ Who murdered *Sancho* king of *Castile*, as he was easing himself, at the siege of *Camora*.

² Who betrayed the *French* army at *Roncesvalles*.

³ That is, original *Spaniards*, without mixture of *Moor* or *Jew*, for several generations, such only being qualified for titles of honour.

needle, making lace, and sometimes spinning: and if now and then, to recreate my mind, I quitted these exercises, I entertained myself with reading some book of devotion, or touching the harp; for experience shewed me, that music composes the mind when it is disordered, and relieves the spirits after labour. Such was the life I led in my father's house; and if I have been so particular in recounting it, it was not out of ostentation, nor to give you to understand that I am rich, but that you may be apprized how little I deserved to fall from that state into the unhappy one I am now in. While I passed my time in so many occupations, and in a kind of voluntary confinement, that might be compared to that of a nunnery, without being seen, as I imagined, by any one besides our own servants, because, when I went to mass, it was very early in the morning, and always in company with my mother, and some of the maid-servants, and I was so closely veiled and reserved, that my eyes scarce saw more ground than the space I set my foot upon; it fell out, I say, notwithstanding all this, that the eyes of love, or rather of idleness, to which those of a lynx are not to be compared, discovered me by the industrious curiosity of *Don Fernando*; for that is the name of the duke's younger son, whom I told you of.

She had no sooner named *Don Fernando*, than *Cardenio's* colour changed, and he began to sweat with such violent perturbation, that the priest and the barber, who perceived it, were afraid he was falling into one of the mad fits, to which they had heard he was now and then subject. But *Cardenio* did nothing but sweat, and sat still, fixing his eyes most attentively on the country-maid, imagining who she must be; who, taking no notice of the emotions of *Cardenio*, continued her story, saying;

Scarcely had he seen me, when (as he afterwards declared) he fell desperately in love with me, as the proofs he then gave of it sufficiently evinced. But, to shorten the account of my misfortunes, which are endless, I pass over in silence the diligence *Don Fernando* used in getting an opportunity to declare his passion to me. He bribed our whole family; he gave and offered presents, and did favours to several of my relations. Every day was a festival and day of rejoicing in our street: no body could sleep o' nights for serenades. Infinite were the billet-douxes that came, I knew not how, to my hands, filled with amorous expressions, and offers of kindness, with more promises and oaths in them, than letters. All which was so far from softening me, that I grew the more obdurate, as if he had been my mortal enemy, and all the measures he took to bring me to his lure had been designed for a quite contrary purpose; not that I disliked the galantry of *Don Fernando*, or thought him too importunate: for it gave me I know not what secret satisfaction to see myself thus courted and respected by so considerable a cavalier, and it was not disagreeable to me to find my own praises in his letters: for, let us women be never so ill-favoured, I take it, we are always pleased to hear ourselves called handsome. But all this was opposed by my own virtue, together with the repeated good advice of my parents, who
plainly

plainly saw through *Don Fernando's* design; for, indeed, he took no pains to hide it from the world. My parents told me, that they reposed their credit and reputation in my virtue and integrity alone: they bid me consider the disproportion between me and *Don Fernando*, from whence I ought to conclude, that his thoughts, whatever he might say to the contrary, were more intent upon his own pleasure, than upon my good: and if I had a mind to throw an obstacle in the way of his designs, in order to make him desist from his unjust pretensions, they would marry me, they said, out of hand, to whomsoever I pleased, either of the chief of our town, or of the whole neighbourhood around us; since their considerable wealth, and my good character, put it in their power easily to provide a suitable match for me. With this promise, and the truth of what they said, I fortified my virtue, and would never answer *Don Fernando* the least word, that might afford him the most distant hope of succeeding in his design. All this reservedness of mine, which he ought to have taken for disdain, served rather to quicken his lascivious appetite; for I can give no better name to the passion he shewed for me, which, had it been such as it ought, you would not now have known it, since there would have been no occasion for my giving you this account of it. At length *Don Fernando* discovered, that my parents were looking out for a match for me, in order to deprive him of all hope of gaining me, or at least were resolved to have me more narrowly watched. And this news, or suspicion, put him upon doing what you shall presently hear: which was, that, one night, as I was in my chamber, attended only by a maid that waited upon me, the doors being fast locked, lest by any neglect my virtue might be endangered, without my knowing or imagining how, in the midst of all this care and precaution, and the solitude of this silence and recluseness, he stood before me; at whose sight I was struck blind and dumb, and had not power to cry out; nor do I believe he would have suffered me to have done it: for he instantly ran to me, and, taking me in his arms (for, as I said, I had no power to struggle, being in such confusion) he began to say such things, that one would think it impossible falsehood should be able to frame them with such an appearance of truth. The traitor made his tears gain credit to his words, and his sighs to his design. I, an innocent girl, bred always at home, and not at all versed in affairs of this nature, began, I know not how, to deem for true so many and so great falsities: not that his tears or sighs could move me to any criminal compassion. And so, my first surprize being over, I began a little to recover my lost spirits; and, with more courage than I thought I could have had, said: If, Sir, as I am between your arms, I were between the paws of a fierce lion, and my deliverance depended upon my doing or saying any thing to the prejudice of my virtue, it would be as impossible for me to do or say it, as it is impossible for that, which has been, not to have been: so that, though you hold my body confined between your arms, I hold my mind restrained within the bounds of virtuous inclinations, very different from yours, as you will see,

if

if you proceed to use violence. I am your vassal, but not your slave: the nobility of your blood neither has, nor ought to have, the privilege to dishonour and insult the meanness of mine; and though a country-girl, and a farmer's daughter, my reputation is as dear to me, as yours can be to you, who are a noble cavalier. Your employing force will do little with me; I set no value upon your riches; your words cannot deceive me, not can your sighs and tears mollify me. Any of these things would move me in a person, whom my parents should assign me for a husband, nor should my inclinations transgress the bounds which theirs prescribed it. And therefore, Sir, with the safety of my honour, though I sacrificed my private satisfaction, I might freely bestow on you what you are now endeavouring to obtain by force. I have said all this, because I would not have you think, that any one, who is not my lawful husband, shall ever prevail on me.

If that be all you stick at, most beautiful *Dorothea* (for that is the name of this unhappy woman) said the treacherous cavalier, lo! here I give you my hand to be yours, and let the heavens, from which nothing is hid, and this image of our lady you have here, be witnesses to this truth. When *Cardenio* heard her call herself *Dorothea*, he fell again into his disorder, and was thoroughly confirmed in his first opinion: but he would not interrupt the story, being desirous to hear the event of what he partly knew already; only he said: What! Madam, is your name *Dorothea*? I have heard of one of the same name, whose misfortunes very much resemble yours. But proceed; for some time or other I may tell you things, that will equally move your wonder and compassion. *Dorothea* took notice of *Cardenio*'s words, and of his strange tattered dress, and desired him, if he knew any thing of her affairs, to tell it presently; for, if fortune had left her any thing that was good, it was the courage she had to bear any disaster whatever that might befall her, secure in this, that none could possibly happen, that could in the least add to those she already endured. Madam, replied *Cardenio*, I would not be the means of destroying that courage in you, by telling you what I think, if what I imagine should be true; and hitherto there is no opportunity lost, nor is it of any importance that you should know it as yet. Be that as it will, answered *Dorothea*; I go on with my story. *Don Fernando*, taking the image that stood in the room, and placing it for a witness of our espousals, with all the solemnity of vows and oaths, gave me his word to be my husband; although I warned him, before he had done, to consider well what he was about, and the uneasiness it must needs give his father to see him married to a farmer's daughter, and his own vassal; and therefore he ought to beware lest my beauty, such as it was, should blind him, since that would not be a sufficient excuse for his fault; and, if he intended me any good, I conjured him, by the love he bore me, that he would suffer my lot to fall equal to what my rank could pretend to; for such disproportionate matches are seldom happy, or continue long in that state of pleasure, with which they set out. All

All these reasons here recited, and many more which I do not remember, I then urged to him; but they availed nothing towards making him desist from prosecuting his design; just as he, who never intends to pay, sticks at nothing in making a bargain. Upon that occasion I reasoned thus with myself. Well! I shall not be the first, who, by the way of marriage, has risen from a low to an high condition, nor will *Don Fernando* be the first, whom beauty, or rather blind affection, has induced to take a wife beneath his quality. Since then I neither make a new world, nor a new custom, surely I may be allowed to accept this honour, which fortune throws in my way, even though the inclination he shews for me should last no longer than the accomplishment of his will; for, in short, in the sight of god, I shall be his wife. Besides, should I reject him with disdain, I see him prepared to set aside all sense of duty, and to have recourse to violence; and so I shall remain dishonoured, and without excuse, when I am censured by those who do not know how innocently I came into this strait. For what reasons can be sufficient to persuade my parents, and others, that this cavalier got into my apartment without my consent? All these questions and answers I revolved in my imagination in an instant. But what principally inclined and drew me, thoughtless as I was, to my ruin, was, *Don Fernando's* oaths, the witnesses by which he swore, the tears he shed, and, in fine, his genteel carriage and address, which, together with the many tokens he gave me of unfeigned love, might have captivated any heart, though before as much disengaged, and as reserved, as mine was. I called in my waiting-maid, to be a joint witness on earth with those in heaven. *Don Fernando* repeated and confirmed his oaths. He attested new saints, and imprecated a thousand curses on himself, if he failed in the performance of his promise. The tears came again into his eyes; he redoubled his sighs, and pressed me closer between his arms, from which he had never once loosed me. And with this, and my maid's going again out of the room, I ceased to be one, and he became a finished traitor.

The day, that succeeded the night of my misfortune, came on, but not so fast as, I believe, *Don Fernando* wished. For, after the accomplishment of our desires, the greatest pleasure is to get away from the place of enjoyment. I say this, because *Don Fernando* made haste to leave me; and, by the diligence of the same maid, who had betrayed me, was got into the street before break of day. And, at parting, he said, though not with the same warmth and vehemency as at his coming, I might entirely depend upon his honour, and the truth and sincerity of his oaths: and, as a confirmation of his promise, he drew a ring of great value from his finger, and put it on mine. In short, he went away, and I remained I know not whether sad or joyful: this I can truly say, that I remained confused and thoughtful, and almost distracted at what had passed; and either I had no heart, or I forgot, to chide my maid for the treachery she had been guilty of in conveying *Don Fernando* into my chamber: for, indeed, I had not yet determined with myself whether what had befallen me

was to my good or harm. I told *Don Fernando*, at parting, he might, if he pleased, since I was now his own, see me on other nights by the same method he had now taken, 'till he should be pleased to publish what was done to the world. But he came no more after the following night, nor could I get a sight of him in the street, or at church, in above a month, though I tired myself with looking after him in vain; and though I knew he was in the town, and that he went almost every day to hunt, an exercise he was very fond of. Those days, and those hours, I too well remember, were sad and dismal ones to me; for in them I began to doubt, and at last to disbelieve, the fidelity of *Don Fernando*. I remember too, that I then made my damsel hear those reproofs for her presumption, which she had escaped before. I was forced to set a watch over my tears, and the air of my countenance, that I might avoid giving my parents occasion to enquire into the cause of my discontent, and laying myself under the necessity of inventing lyes to deceive them. But all this was soon put an end to by an accident, which bore down all respect and regard to my reputation, which deprived me of all patience, and exposed my most secret thoughts on the public stage of the world: which was this. Some few days after, a report was spread in the town, that *Don Fernando* was married, in a neighbouring city, to a young lady of surpassing beauty, and whose parents were of considerable quality, but not so rich, that her dowry might make her aspire to so noble an alliance. Her name, it was said, was *Lucinda*, and many strange things were reported to have happened at their wedding.

Cardenio heard the name of *Lucinda*, but did nothing more than shrug up his shoulders, bite his lips, arch his brows, and soon after let fall two streams of tears from his eyes. *Dorothea* did not, however, discontinue her story, but went on, saying: This sad news soon reached my ears; and my heart, instead of being chilled at hearing it, was so incensed and inflamed with rage and anger, that I could scarce forbear running out into the streets, crying out and publishing aloud, how basely and treacherously I had been used. But this fury was moderated, for the present, by a resolution I took, and executed that very night; which was, to put myself into this garb, which was given me by one of those, who, in farmer's houses, are called swains¹, to whom I discovered my whole misfortune, and begged of him to accompany me to the city, where I was informed my enemy dwelt. He, finding me bent upon my design, after he had condemned the rashness of my undertaking, and blamed my resolution, offered himself to bear me company, as he expressed it, to the end of the world. I immediately put up, in a pillow-case, a woman's dress, with some jewels and money, to provide against whatever might happen: and, in the dead of that very night, without letting my treacherous maid into the secret, I left our house, accompanied only by my servant and a thousand anxious thoughts, and took the way that led to the town on foot, the desire of getting thither adding

¹ A kind of apprentice or journeyman farmer.

wings to my flight, that, if I could not prevent what I concluded was already done, I might, at least, demand of *Don Fernando*, with what conscience he had done it. In two days and a half I arrived at the place, and, going into the town, I enquired where *Lucinda's* father lived; and the first person I addressed myself to answered me more than I desired to hear. He told me where I might find the house, and related to me the whole story of what had happened at the young lady's wedding; all which was so public in the town, that the people assembled in every street to talk of it. He told me that, on the night *Don Fernando* was married to *Lucinda*, after she had pronounced the *Yes*, by which she became his wedded wife, she fell into a swoon; and the bridegroom, in unclasping her bosom to give her air, found a paper written with *Lucinda's* own hand, in which she affirmed and declared, that she could not be wife to *Don Fernando*, because she was already *Cardenio's* (who, as the man told me, was a very considerable cavalier of the same town) and that she had given her consent to *Don Fernando*, merely in obedience to her parents. In short, the paper gave them to understand, that she designed killing herself as soon as the ceremony was over, and contained likewise her reasons for so doing: all which, they say, was confirmed by a ponyard they found about her, in some part of her cloaths. *Don Fernando*, seeing all this, and concluding himself deluded, mocked, and despised by *Lucinda*, made at her, before she recovered from her fainting fit, and, with the same ponyard that was found, endeavoured to stab her; and had certainly done it, if her parents, and the rest of the company, had not prevented him. They said farther; that *Don Fernando* immediately absented himself, and that *Lucinda* did not come to herself 'till the next day, when she confessed to her parents, that she was really wife to the cavalier afore-said. I learned moreover, it was rumoured that *Cardenio* was present at the ceremony, and that, seeing her married, which he could never have thought, he went out of the town in despair, leaving behind him a written paper, in which he set forth at large the wrong *Lucinda* had done him, and his resolution of going where human eyes should never more behold him. All this was public and notorious over the town, and in every body's mouth; but the talk encreased, when it was known that *Lucinda* also was missing from her father's house; at which her parents were almost distracted, not knowing what means to use, in order to find her. This news rallied my scattered hopes, and I was better pleased not to find *Don Fernando*, than to have found him married, flattering myself, that the door to my relief was not quite shut; and hoping that, possibly, heaven might have laid this impediment in the way of his second marriage, to reduce him to a sense of what he owed to the first, and to make him reflect, that he was a christian, and obliged to have more regard to his soul, than to any worldly considerations. All these things I revolved in my imagination, and, having no real consolation, comforted myself with framing some faint and distant hopes, in order to support a life I now abhor.

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Being, then, in the town, without knowing what to do with myself, since I did not find *Don Fernando*, I heard a public cryer promising a great reward to any one who should find me, telling my age, and describing the very garb I wore. And, as I heard, it was reported, that I was run away from my father's house with the young fellow that attended me: a thing, which struck me to the very soul, to see how low my credit was sunk; as if it was not enough to say that I was gone off, but it must be added with whom, and he too a person so much below me, and so unworthy of my better inclinations. At the instant I heard the cryer, I went out of the town with my servant, who already began to discover some signs of staggering in his promised fidelity; and that night we got into the thickest of this mountain, for fear of being found. But, as it is commonly said, that one evil calls upon another, and that the end of one disaster is the beginning of a greater, so it befel me; for my good servant, 'till then faithful and trusty, seeing me in this desert place, and incited by his own baseness rather than by any beauty of mine, resolved to lay hold of the opportunity this solitude seemed to afford him; and, with little shame, and less fear of God, or respect to his mistress, began to make love to me; but, finding that I answered him with such language as the impudence of his attempt deserved, he laid aside intreaties, by which, at first, he hoped to succeed, and began to use force. But just heaven, that seldom or never fails to regard and favour our righteous intentions, favoured mine in such a manner, that, with the little strength I had, and without much difficulty, I pushed him down a precipice, where I left him, I know not whether alive or dead. And then, with more nimbleness than could be expected from my surprize and weariness, I entered into this desert mountain, without any other thought or design, than to hide myself here from my father and others, who, by his order, were in search after me. It is I know not how many months, since, with this design, I came hither, where I met with a shepherd, who took me for his servant to a place in the very midst of these rocks. I served him, all this time, as a shepherd's boy, endeavouring to be always abroad in the field, the better to conceal my hair, which has now so unexpectedly discovered me. But all my care and sollicitude were to no purpose; for my master came to discover I was not a man, and the same wicked thoughts sprung up in his breast, that had possessed my servant. But, as fortune does not always with the difficulty present the remedy, and as I had now no rock nor precipice to rid me of the master, as before of the servant, I thought it more adviseable to leave him, and hide myself once more among these brakes and cliffs, than to venture a trial of my strength or dissuasions with him. I say then, I again betook myself to these deserts, where, without molestation, I might beseech heaven, with sighs and tears, to have pity on my disconsolate state, and either to assist me with ability to struggle through it, or to put an end to my life among these solitudes, where no memory might remain of this wretched creature, who, without any fault of

her's, has ministred matter to be talked of, and censured, in her own and in other countries.

C H A P. II.

Which treats of the beautiful Dorothea's discretion, with other very ingenious and entertaining particulars.

THIS, gentlemen, is the true history of my tragedy: see now, and judge, whether you might not reasonably have expected more sighs than those you have listened to, more words than those you have heard, and more tears than have yet flowed from my eyes: and, the quality of my misfortune considered, you will perceive that all counsel is in vain, since a remedy is no where to be found. All I desire of you is (what with ease you can and ought to do) that you would advise me where I may pass my life, without the continual dread and apprehension of being discovered by those, who are searching after me; for, though I know I may depend upon the great love of my parents toward me for a kind reception, yet so great is the shame that overwhelms me at the bare thought of appearing before them not such as they expected, that I choose rather to banish myself for ever from their sight, than to behold their face under the thought, that they see mine estranged from that integrity, they had good reason to promise themselves from me.

Here she held her peace, and her face was overspread with such a colour, as plainly discovered the concern and shame of her soul. The hearers felt in theirs no less pity than admiration at her misfortune. The priest was just going to administer to her some present comfort and counsel: but *Cardenio* prevented him, saying: It seems then, Madam, you are the beautiful *Dorothea*, only daughter of the rich *Cleonardo*. *Dorothea* was surprized at hearing her father's name, and to see what a sorry figure he made who named him; for we have already taken notice how poorly *Cardenio* was appalled: and she said to him; Pray, good Sir, who are you that are so well acquainted with my father's name? for, to this minute, if I remember right, I have not mentioned his name in the whole series of the account of my misfortune. I am, answered *Cardenio*, that unfortunate person, whom, according to your relation, *Lucinda* owned to be her husband. I am the unhappy *Cardenio*, whom the base actions of him, who has reduced you to the state you are in, have brought to the pass you see, to be thus ragged, naked, destitute of all human comfort, and, what is worst of all, deprived of reason; for I enjoy it only when heaven is pleased to bestow it on me for some short interval. I, *Dorothea*, am he, who was an eye-witness of the wrong *Don Fernando* did me; he, who waited to hear the fatal *Yes*, by which *Lucinda* confirmed herself his wife. I am he, who had not the courage to stay, and see what would be the consequence of her swooning, nor what followed the discovery of the paper in her bosom: for my soul could
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not bear such accumulated misfortunes ; and therefore I abandoned the house and my patience together ; and, leaving a letter with my host, whom I entreated to deliver it into *Lucinda's* own hands, I betook myself to these solitudes, with a resolution of ending here my life, which, from that moment, I abhorred as my mortal enemy. But fate would not deprive me of it, contenting itself with depriving me of my senses, perhaps to preserve me for the good fortune I have had in meeting with you ; and, as I have no reason to doubt of the truth of what you have related, heaven, peradventure, may have reserved us both for a better issue out of our misfortunes than we think. For, since *Lucinda* cannot marry *Don Fernando*, because she is mine, as she has publicly declared, nor *Don Fernando Lucinda*, because he is yours, there is still room for us to hope, that heaven will restore to each of us our own, since it is not yet alienated, nor past recovery. And, since we have this consolation, not arising from very distant hopes, nor founded in extravagant conceits, I intreat you, madam, to entertain other resolutions in your honourable thoughts, as I intend to do in mine, preparing yourself to expect better fortune. For I swear to you, upon the faith of a cavalier and a christian, not to forsake you, 'till I see you in possession of *Don Fernando*, and, if I cannot, by fair means, persuade him to acknowledge what he owes to you, then to take the liberty, allowed me as a gentleman, of calling him to an account with my sword for the wrong he has done you, without reflecting on the injuries done to myself, the revenge of which I leave to heaven, that I may the sooner redress yours on earth.

Dorothea was quite amazed at what *Cardenio* said ; and, not knowing what thanks to return him for such great and generous offers, she would have thrown herself at his feet, to have kissed them ; but *Cardenio* would by no means suffer her. The licenciado answered for them both, and approved of *Cardenio's* generous resolution, and, above all things, besought and advised them to go with him to his village, where they might furnish themselves with whatever they wanted, and there consult how to find *Don Fernando*, or to carry back *Dorothea* to her parents, or do whatever they thought most expedient. *Cardenio* and *Dorothea* thanked him, and accepted of the favour he offered them. The barber, who all this time had stood silent and in suspense, paid also his compliment, and, with no less good-will than the priest, made them an offer of whatever was in his power for their service. He told them also, briefly, the cause that brought them thither, with the strange madness of *Don Quixote*, and that they were then waiting for his squire, who was gone to seek him. *Cardenio* hereupon remembered, as if it had been a dream, the quarrel he had with *Don Quixote*, which he related to the company, but could not recollect whence it arose.

At this instant they heard a voice, and, knowing it to be *Sancho Pança's*, who, not finding them where he had left them, was calling as loud as he could to them.

them, they went forward to meet him; and asking him after *Don Quixote*, he told them, that he had found him naked to his shirt, feeble, wan, and half dead with hunger, and fighting for his lady *Dulcinea*; and though he had told him, that she laid her commands on him to come out from that place, and repair to *Toboso*, where she expected him, his answer was, that he was determined not to appear before her beauty, 'till he had performed exploits that might render him worthy of her favour: and, if his master persisted in that humour, he would run a risque of never becoming an emperor, as he was in honour bound to be, nor even an archbishop, which was the least he could be: therefore they should consider what was to be done to get him from that place. The licenciado bid him be in no pain about that matter; for they would get him away, whether he would or no.

He then recounted to *Cardenio* and *Dorothea* what they had contrived for *Don Quixote's* cure, or at least for decoying him to his own house. Upon which *Dorothea* said, she would undertake to act the distressed damsel better than the barber, especially since she had there a woman's apparel, with which she could do it to the life; and they might leave it to her to perform what was necessary for carrying on their design, she having read many books of chivalry, and being well acquainted with the style the distressed damsels were wont to use, when they begged their boons of the knights-errant. Then there needs no more, quoth the priest, to put the design immediately in execution; for, doubtless, fortune declares in our favour, since she has begun so unexpectedly to open a door for your relief, and furnished us so easily with what we stood in need of. *Dorothea* presently took out of her bundle a petticoat of very rich stuff, and a mantle of fine green silk; and, out of a casket, a necklace, and other jewels, with which, in an instant, she adorned herself in such a manner, that she had all the appearance of a rich and great lady. All these, and more, she said, she had brought from home, to provide against what might happen; but 'till then she had had no occasion to make use of them. They were all highly delighted with the gracefulness of her person, the gaiety of her disposition, and her beauty; and they agreed, that *Don Fernando* must be a man of little judgment or taste, who could slight so much excellence. But he, who admired most, was *Sancho Pança*, who thought (and it was really so) that, in all the days of his life, he had never seen so beautiful a creature; and therefore he earnestly desired the priest to tell him, who that extraordinary beautiful lady was, and what she was looking for in those parts? This beautiful lady, friend *Sancho*, answered the priest, is, to say the least of her, heiress in the direct male line of the great kingdom of *Micomicon*; and she comes in quest of your master, to beg a boon of him, which is, to redress her a wrong or injury done her by a wicked giant: for it is the fame of your master's prowess, which is spread over all *Guinea*, that has brought this princess to seek him. Now, a happy seeking, and a happy finding, quoth *Sancho Pança*, and especially if my master prove so fortunate as to redress that

that injury, and right that wrong, by killing that whorson giant you mention; and kill him he certainly will, if he encounters him, unless he be a goblin; for my master has no power at all over goblins. But one thing, among others, I would beg of your worship, Signor licenciante, which is, that you would not let my master take it into his head to be an archbishop, which is what I fear, but that you would advise him to marry this princess out of hand, and then he will be disqualified to receive archiepiscopal orders; and so he will come with ease to his kingdom, and I to the end of my wishes: for I have considered the matter well, and find, by my account, it will not be convenient for me, that my master should be an archbishop; for I am unfit for the church, as being a married man; and for me to be now going about to procure dispensations for holding church-livings, having, as I have, a wife and children, would be an endless piece of work. So that, Sir, the whole business rests upon my master's marrying this lady out of hand. I do not yet know her grace, and therefore do not call her by her name. She is called, replied the priest, the princess *Micomicona*; for her kingdom being called *Micomicon*, it is clear she must be called so. There is no doubt of that, answered *Sancho*; for I have known many take their title and surname from the place of their birth, as, *Pedro de Alcala*, *John de Ubeda*, *Diego de Valladolid*; and, belike, it may be the custom, yonder in *Guinea*, for queens to take the names of their kingdoms. It is certainly so, said the priest; and, as to your master's marrying, I will promote it to the utmost of my power. With which assurance *Sancho* rested as well satisfied, as the priest was amazed at his simplicity, and to see how strongly the same absurdities were riveted in his fancy as in his master's, since he could so firmly persuade himself, that *Don Quixote* would, one time or other, come to be an emperor.

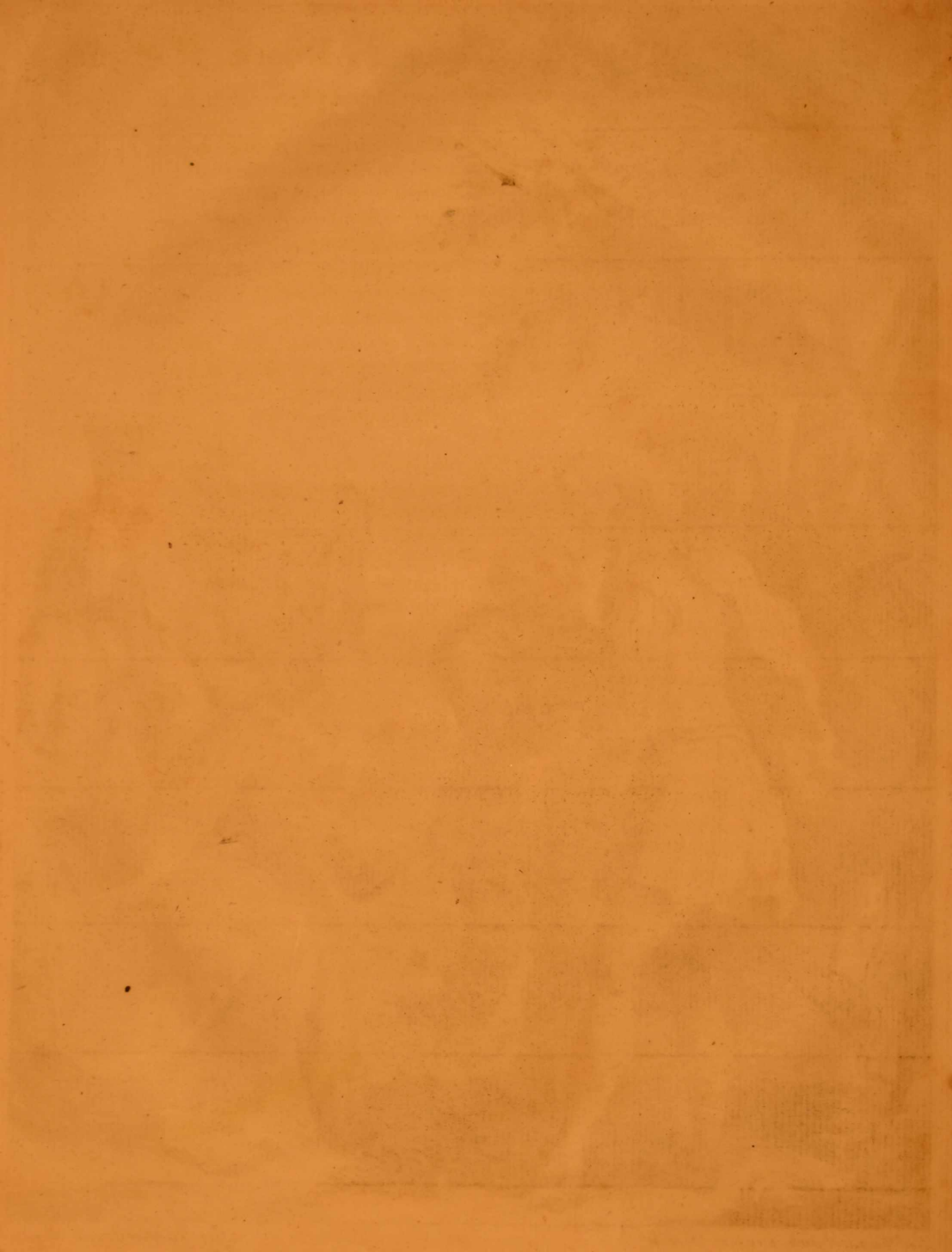
By this time *Dorothea* had got upon the priest's mule, and the barber had fitted on the ox-tail beard; and they bid *Sancho* shew them where *Don Quixote* was, cautioning him not to say he knew the licenciante or the barber, for that the whole stress of his master's coming to be an emperor depended upon his not seeming to know them. Neither the priest, nor *Cardenio*, would go with them; the latter, that he might not put *Don Quixote* in mind of the quarrel he had with him; and the priest, because his presence was not then necessary: and therefore they let the others go on before, and followed them fair and softly on foot. The priest would have instructed *Dorothea* in her part; who said, they need give themselves no trouble about that, for she would perform all to a tittle, according to the rules and precepts of the books of chivalry.

They had gone about three quarters of a league, when, among some intricate rocks, they discovered *Don Quixote*, by this time clothed, but not armed: and as soon as *Dorothea* espied him, and was informed by *Sancho*, that was his master, she whipped on her palfrey, being attended by the well-bearded barber; and, when she was come up to *Don Quixote*, the squire threw himself off his mule, and went to take down *Dorothea* in his arms, who, alighting briskly, went
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and kneeled at *Don Quixote's* feet: and, though he strove to raise her up, she, without getting up, address'd him in this manner.

I will never arise from this place, O valorous and redoubted knight, 'till your goodness and courtesy vouchsafe me a boon, which will redound to the honour and glory of your person, and to the weal of the most disconsolate and aggrieved damsel the sun has ever beheld. And if it be so, that the valour of your puissant arm be correspondent to the voice of your immortal fame, you are obliged to protect an unhappy wight, who is come from regions so remote, led by the odour of your renowned name, to seek at your hands a remedy for her misfortunes. I will not answer you a word, fair lady, replied *Don Quixote*, nor will I hear a jot more of your business, 'till you arise from the ground. I will not arise, Signor, answered the afflicted damsel, if, by your courtesy, the boon I beg be not first vouchsafed me. I do vouchsafe, and grant it you, answered *Don Quixote*, provided my compliance therewith be of no detriment or disservice to my king, my country, or her, who keeps the keys of my heart and liberty. It will not be to the prejudice or disservice of any of these, dear Sir, replied the doleful damsel. And, as she was saying this, *Sancho Pança* approached his master's ear, and said to him softly: Your worship, Sir, may very safely grant the boon she asks; for it is a mere trifle; only to kill a great lubberly giant: and she, who begs it, is the mighty princess *Micomicona*, queen of the great kingdom of *Micomicon* in *Æthiopia*. Let her be who she will, answered *Don Quixote*, I shall do what is my duty, and what my conscience dictates, in conformity to the rules of my profession: and, turning himself to the damsel, he said: Fairest lady, arise; for I vouchsafe you whatever boon you ask. Then, what I ask, said the damsel, is, that your magnanimous person will go with me, whither I will conduct you; and that you will promise me not to engage in any other adventure or demand whatever, 'till you have avenged me on a traitor, who, against all right, human and divine, has usurped my kingdom. I repeat it, that I grant your request, answered *Don Quixote*; and therefore, lady, from this day forward you may shake off the melancholy that disturbs you, and let your fainting hopes recover fresh force and spirits: for, by the help of god, and of my arm, you shall soon see yourself restored to your kingdom, and seated on the throne of your ancient and high estate, in despite of all the miscreants that shall oppose it: and therefore all hands to the work; for the danger, they say, lies in the delay. The distressed damsel would fain have kissed his hands; but *Don Quixote*, who was in every thing a most galant and courteous knight, would by no means consent to it, but, making her arise, embraced her with much politeness and respect, and ordered *Sancho* to get *Rozinante* ready, and to help him on with his armour instantly. *Sancho* took down the arms, which were hung like a trophy on a tree, and, having got *Rozinante* ready, helped his master on with his armour in an instant: who, finding himself armed, said: Let us go hence, in god's name, to
suc-





succour this great lady. The barber was still kneeling, and had enough to do to forbear laughing, and to keep his beard from falling, which, had it happened, would probably have occasioned the miscarriage of their ingenious device: and seeing that the boon was already granted, and with what alacrity *Don Quixote* prepared himself to accomplish it, he got up, and took his lady by the other hand; and thus, between them both, they set her upon the mule. Immediately *Don Quixote* mounted *Rozinante*, and the barber settled himself upon his beast, *Sancho* remaining on foot; which renewed his grief for the loss of his *Dapple*: but he bore it cheerfully, with the thought that his master was now in the ready road, and just upon the point of being an emperor: for he made no doubt that he was to marry that princess, and be at least king of *Micomicon*; only he was troubled to think, that that kingdom was in the land of the *Negroes*, and that the people, who were to be his subjects, were all blacks: but he presently bethought himself of a special remedy, and said to himself; What care I, if my subjects be blacks? What have I to do, but to ship them off, and bring them over to *Spain*, where I may sell them for ready money; with which money I may buy some title or employment, on which I may live at my ease all the days of my life? No! sleep on, and have neither sense nor capacity to manage matters, nor to sell thirty or ten thousand slaves in the turn of a hand¹. Before god, I will make them fly, little and big, or as I can: and, let them be never so black, I will transform them into white and yellow: let me alone to lick my own fingers. With these conceits he went on, so busied, and so satisfied, that he forgot the pain of travelling on foot.

All this *Cardenio* and the priest beheld from behind the bushes, and did not know how to contrive to join companies: but the priest, who was a grand schemist, soon hit upon an expedient; which was, that, with a pair of scissars, which he carried in a case, he whipped off *Cardenio's* beard in an instant; then put him on a grey capouch, and gave him his own black cloak, himself remaining in his breeches and doublet: and now *Cardenio* made so different a figure from what he did before, that he would not have known himself, though he had looked in a glass. This being done, though the others were got a good way before them, while they were thus disguising themselves, they easily got first into the high road; for the rockiness and narrowness of the way would not permit those on horseback to go on so fast as those on foot. In short, they got into the plain at the foot of the mountain; and, when *Don Quixote* and his company came out, the priest set himself to gaze at him very earnestly for some time, giving signs as if he began to know him: and, after he had stood a pretty while viewing him, he ran to him with open arms, crying aloud: In an happy hour are you met, mirror of chivalry, my noble country-man *Don Quixote de la mancha*, the flower and cream of gentility, the shelter and relief of the needy, the quintessence of knights-errant! and, in saying this, he embraced *Don Quixote*

¹ Literally, *while one may say, give me those straws.*

by the knee of his left leg; who, being amazed at what he saw and heard, set himself to consider him attentively: at length he knew him, and was surprized to see him, and made no small effort to alight; but the priest would not suffer it: whereupon *Don Quixote* said; Permit me, Signor licenciate, to alight; for it is not fit I should be on horseback, and so reverend a person as your worship on foot. I will by no means consent to it, said the priest: let your greatness continue on horseback; for on horseback you atchieve the greatest exploits and adventures, that our age hath beheld: as for me, who am a priest, though unworthy, it will suffice me to get up behind some one of these gentlemen who travel with you, if it be not too troublesome to them; and I shall fancy myself mounted on *Pegasus*, or on a *Cebra*¹, or the sprightly courser bestrid by the famous *Moor Muzaraque*, who lies to this day enchanted in the great mountain *Zulema*, not far distant from the grand *Compluto*². I did not think of that, dear Signor licenciate, said *Don Quixote*; and I know my lady the princess will, for my sake, order her squire to accommodate you with the saddle of his mule; and he may ride behind, if the beast will carry double. I believe she will, answered the princess; and I know it will be needless to lay my commands upon my squire; for he is so courteous and well-bred, that he will not suffer an ecclesiastic to go on foot, when he may ride. Very true, answered the barber; and, alighting in an instant, he complimented the priest with the saddle, which he accepted of without much entreaty. But it unluckily happened, that, as the barber was getting up behind, the mule, which was no other than an hackney, and consequently a vicious jade, flung up her hind-legs twice or thrice into the air, and, had they met with master *Nicholas's* breast or head, he would have given his coming for *Don Quixote* to the devil. However, he was so frightened, that he tumbled to the ground, with so little heed of his beard, that it fell off: and, perceiving himself without it, he had no other shift but to cover his face with both hands, and to cry out that his jaw-bone was broke. *Don Quixote*, seeing that bundle of a beard, without jaws, and without blood, lying at a distance from the face of the fallen squire, said: As god shall save me, this is very wonderful! no barber could have shaved off his beard more clean and smooth. The priest, who saw the danger their project was in of being discovered, immediately picked up the beard, and ran with it to master *Nicholas*, who still lay bemoaning himself; and, holding his head close to his breast, at one jerk he fixed it on again, muttering over him some words, which he said were a specific charm for fastening on beards, as they should soon see: and, when all was adjusted, he left him, and the squire remained as well-bearded, and as whole, as before: at which *Don Quixote* marvelled greatly, and desired the priest, when he had leisure, to teach him that charm; for he was of opinion, that it's virtue must extend farther than to the fastening-on of beards, since it was clear,

¹ A swift beast of *Africa*, like a mule.

² An university of *Spain*, now *Alcala de Henares*.

that,

that, where the beard was torn off, the flesh must be left wounded and bloody, and, since it wrought a perfect cure, it must be good for other things besides beards. It is so, said the priest, and promised to teach it him the very first opportunity. They now agreed, that the priest should get up first, and that they should all three ride by turns, 'till they came to the inn, which was about two leagues off.

The three being mounted, that is to say, *Don Quixote*, the princess, and the priest; and the other three on foot, to wit, *Cardenio*, the barber, and *Sancho Pança*; *Don Quixote* said to the damsel: Your grandeur, madam, will be pleased to lead on which way you like best. And, before she could reply, the licenciado said; Towards what kingdom would your ladyship go? toward that of *Micomicon*, I presume: for it must be thither, or I know little of kingdoms. She, being perfect in her lesson, knew very well she was to answer *Yes*, and therefore said; Yes, Signor, my way lies toward that kingdom. If it be so, said the priest, we must pass through our village, and from thence you must go straight to *Cartagena*, where you may take shipping in god's name; and, if you have a fair wind, a smooth sea, and no storms, in little less than nine years you may get sight of the great lake *Meona*, I mean *Meotis*, which is little more than an hundred days journey on this side of your highness's kingdom. You are mistaken, good Sir, said she; for it is not two years since I left it; and though, in truth, I had very bad weather during the whole passage, I am already got hither, and behold with my eyes, what I so much longed for, namely, Signor *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the fame of whose valour reached my ears the moment I set foot in *Spain*, and put me upon finding him out, that I might recommend myself to his courtesy, and commit the justice of my cause to the valour of his invincible arm. No more; cease your compliments, said *Don Quixote*, for I am an enemy to all sort of flattery; and though this be not such, still my chaste ears are offended at this kind of discourse. What I can say, dear madam, is, that, whether I have valour, or not, what I have, or have not, shall be employed in your service, even to the loss of my life: and so, leaving these things to a proper time, I desire, that Signor the licenciado would tell me, what has brought him into these parts, so alone, so unattended, and so lightly clad, that I am surprized at it. To this I shall answer briefly, replied the priest. Your worship, then, is to know, Signor *Don Quixote*, that I, and master *Nicholas*, our friend and barber, were going to *Sevil*, to recover some monies, which a relation of mine, who went many years ago to the *Indies*, had sent me: and it was no inconsiderable sum; for it was above sixty thousand pieces of eight, all of due weight, which is no trivial matter: and, passing yesterday thro' these parts, we were set upon by four highway robbers, who stripped us of all we had, to our very beards, and in such a manner, that the barber thought it expedient to put on a counterfeit one; and, as for this youth here (pointing to *Cardenio*)

you see how they have transformed his ¹. And the best of the story is, that it is publickly reported hereabouts, that the persons, who robbed us, were certain Galley-slaves, who, they say, were set at liberty, near this very place, by a man so valiant, that, in spite of the commissary and all his guards, he let them all loose: and, without all doubt, he must needs have been out of his senses, or as great a rogue as they, or one void of all conscience and humanity, that could let loose the wolf among the sheep, the fox among the hens, and the wasps among the honey. He has defrauded justice of her due, and has set himself up against his king and natural lord, by acting against his lawful authority: he has, I say, disabled the gallies of their hands, and disturbed the many years repose of the holy brotherhood: in a word, he has done a deed, whereby he may lose his soul and his body, and get nothing by the bargain. *Sancho* had related to the priest and the barber the adventure of the galley-slaves, atchieved with so much glory by his master; and therefore the priest laid it on thick in the relation, to see what *Don Quixote* would do, or say; whose colour changed at every word, and yet he durst not own, that he had been the deliverer of those worthy gentlemen. These, said the priest, were the persons that robbed us; and god of his mercy pardon him, who prevented their being carried to the punishment they so richly deserved.

C H A P. III.

Which treats of the pleasant and ingenious method of drawing our enamoured knight from the very rigorous penance he had imposed on himself.

SCARCE had the priest done speaking, when *Sancho* said: By my troth, Signor licenciate, it was my master who did this feat; not but that I gave him fair warning, and advised him to beware what he did, and that it was a sin to set them at liberty, for that they were all going to the gallies for being most notorious villains. Blockhead, said *Don Quixote*, knights-errant have nothing to do, nor does it concern them, to enquire, whether the afflicted, enchained, and oppressed, whom they meet upon the road, are reduced to those circumstances, or that distress, by their faults, or their misfortunes: they are bound to assist them merely as being in distress, and to regard their sufferings alone, and not their crimes. I lighted on a bead-roll and string of miserable wretches, and did by them what my profession requires of me; and for the rest I care not: and whoever takes it amiss, saving the holy dignity of Signor the licenciate, and his honourable person, I say, he knows little of the principles of chivalry, and lyes like a base-born son of a whore: and this I will make good with my sword in the most ample manner. This he said, settling himself in his stirrups, and clapping down the vizor of his helmet; for the barber's bason, which, in

¹ The priest had clipped off *Cardenio's* beard in haste.

his

his account, was *Mambrino's* helmet, hung at his saddle-bow, 'till it could be repaired of the damages it had received from the galley-slaves.

Dorothea, who was witty, and of a pleasant disposition, already perceiving *Don Quixote's* frenzy, and that every body, except *Sancho Pança*, turned him into ridicule, resolved not to be behind hand with the rest; and, seeing him in such a heat, said to him: Sir knight, be pleased to remember the boon you have promised me, and that you are thereby engaged not to intermeddle in any other adventure, be it ever so urgent: therefore assuage your wrath; for if Signor the licenciado had known, that the galley-slaves were freed by that invincible arm, he would sooner have sewed up his mouth with three stitches, and thrice have bit his tongue, than he would have said a word that might redound to the disparagement of your worship. I would so, I swear, quoth the priest, and even sooner have pulled off a *mustachio*. I will say no more, madam, said *Don Quixote*; and I will repress that just indignation raised in my breast, and will go on peaceably and quietly, 'till I have accomplished for you the promised boon. But, in requital of this good intention, I beseech you to tell me, if it be not too much trouble, what is your grievance, and who, how many, and of what sort, are the persons, on whom I must take due, satisfactory, and complete revenge. That I will do, with all my heart, answered *Dorothea*, if it will not prove tedious and irksome to you to hear nothing but afflictions and misfortunes. Not at all, dear madam, answered *Don Quixote*. To which *Dorothea* replied; since it is so, pray favour me with your attention. She had no sooner said this, but *Cardenio* and the barber placed themselves on each side of her, to hear what kind of story the ingenious *Dorothea* would invent. The same did *Sancho*, who was as much deceived about her as his master. And she, after settling herself well in her saddle, with a hem or two, and the like preparatory airs, began, with much good humour, in the manner following.

In the first place, you must know, gentlemen, that my name is----- Here she stopped short, having forgot the name the priest had given her: but he presently helped her out; for he knew what she stopped at, and said; It is no wonder, madam, that your grandeur should be disturbed, and in some confusion, at recounting your misfortunes; for they are often of such a nature, as to deprive us of our memory, and make us forget our very names; as they have now done by your high ladyship, who have forgotten that you are called the princess *Micomicona*, rightful heiress of the great kingdom of *Micomicon*: and with this intimation your grandeur may easily bring back to your doleful remembrance whatever you have a mind to relate. You are in the right, answered the damsel, and henceforward I believe it will be needless to give me any more hints; for I shall be able to conduct my true history to a conclusion without them.

My father, who was called *Tinacrio the wise*, was very learned in what they call art magic, and knew, by his science, that my mother, who was called queen

queen *Xaramilla*, should die before him, and that he himself must, soon after, depart this life, and I be left an orphan, deprived both of father and mother. But this, he used to say, did not trouble him so much, as the certain foreknowledge he had, that a monstrous giant, lord of a great island, almost bordering upon our kingdom, called *Pandafilando of the gloomy sight* (for it is averred, that, though his eyes stand right, and in their proper place, he always looks askew as if he squinted; and this he does out of pure malignity, to scare and frighten those he looks at :) I say, he knew that this giant would take the advantage of my being an orphan, and invade my kingdom with a mighty force, and take it all from me, without leaving me the smallest village to hide my head in: but that it was in my power to avoid all this ruin and misfortune, by marrying him; though, as far as he could understand, he never believed I would hearken to so unequal a match: and in this he told the truth; for it never entered into my head to marry this giant, nor any other, though never so huge and unmeasurable. My father said also, that, after his death, when I should find *Pandafilando* begin to invade my kingdom, he advised me not to stay to make any defence, for that would be my ruin; but, if I would avoid death, and prevent the total destruction of my faithful and loyal subjects, my best way was, freely to quit the kingdom to him without opposition, since it would not be possible for me to defend myself against the hellish power of the giant, and immediately to set out, with a few attendants, for *Spain*, where I should find a remedy for my distress, by meeting with a knight-errant, whose fame, about that time, should extend itself all over this kingdom, and whose name, if I remember right, was to be *Don Açote*, or *Don Gigote*. *Don Quixote*, you would say, madam, quoth *Sancho Pança*, or, as others call him, *the knight of the sorrowful figure*. You are in the right, said *Dorothea*. He said farther, that he was to be tall and thin-visaged, and that, on his right side, under the left shoulder, or thereabouts, he was to have a grey mole with hairs like bristles.

Don Quixote, hearing this, said to his squire: Here, son *Sancho*, help me to strip: I would know whether I am the knight prophesied of by that wise king. Why would you pull off your clothes, Sir? said *Dorothea*. To see whether I have the mole your father spoke of, answered *Don Quixote*. You need not strip, said *Sancho*; I know you have a mole with those same marks on the ridge of your back, which is a sign of being a strong man. It is enough, said *Dorothea*; for, among friends, we must not stand upon trifles; and whether it be on the shoulder, or the back-bone, imports little: it is sufficient that there is a mole, let it be where it will, since it is all the same flesh: and doubtless my good father hit right in every thing, and I have not aimed amiss in recommending myself to Signor *Don Quixote*; for he must be the knight, of whom my father spoke, since the features of his face correspond exactly with the great fame

fame he has acquired, not only in *Spain*, but in all *La Mancha*¹: for I was hardly landed in *Ossuna*, before I heard so many exploits of his recounted, that my mind immediately gave me, that he must be the very person I came to seek. But, dear madam, how came you to land at *Ossuna*? answered *Don Quixote*, since it is no sea-port town. But, before *Dorothea* could reply, the priest interposing said; Doubtless the princess meant to say, that, after she had landed at *Malaga*, the first place, where she heard news of your worship, was *Ossuna*. That was my meaning, said *Dorothea*. It is very likely, quoth the priest; please your majesty to proceed. I have little more to add, replied *Dorothea*, but that, having, at last, had the good fortune to meet with Signor *Don Quixote*, I already look upon myself as queen and mistress of my whole kingdom, since he, out of his courtesy and generosity, has promised, in compliance with my request, to go with me wherever I please to carry him; which shall be only where he may have a sight of *Pandafilundo of the gloomy sight*, that he may slay him, and restore to me what is so unjustly usurped from me: for all this is to come about with the greatest ease, according to the prophecy of the *wife Tinacrio* my good father; who, moreover, left it written in *Chaldean* or *Greek* (for I cannot read them) that, if this knight of the prophecy, after he has cut off the giant's head, should have a mind to marry me, I should immediately submit to be his lawful wife, without any reply, and give him possession of my kingdom, together with my person.

What think you now? friend *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*: do you not hear what passes? did not I tell you so? see whether we have not now a kingdom to command, and a queen to marry? I swear it is so, quoth *Sancho*, and pox take him for a son of a whore, who will not marry as soon as Signor *Pandafilundo's* weason is cut. About it then: her majesty's a dainty bit; I wish all the fleas in my bed were no worse. And so saying he cut a couple of capers in the air, with signs of very great joy; and presently, laying hold of the reins of *Dorothea's* mule, and making her stop, he fell down upon his knees before her, beseeching her to give him her hand to kiss, in token that he acknowledged her for his queen and mistress. Which of the by-standers could forbear laughing to see the madness of the master and the simplicity of the man? In short, *Dorothea* held out her hand to him, and promised to make him a great lord in her kingdom, when heaven should be so propitious, as to put her again in possession of it. *Sancho* returned her thanks in such expressions, as set the company again a laughing.

This, gentlemen, continued *Dorothea*, is my history: it remains only to tell you, that, of all the attendants I brought with me out of my kingdom, I have

¹ This whimsical *Anti-climax* puts one in mind of the instances of that figure in the *Art of sinking in poetry*, especially this:

*Under the tropicks is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders bath received our yoke.*

Pope and Swift's miscellanies, vol. III. p. 57.

Sbelton, taking it (I suppose) for an error of the press, has put *Æthiopia* for *La Mancha*.

none left but this honest squire with the long beard; for the rest were all drowned in a violent storm, which overtook us in sight of the port. He and I got ashore on a couple of planks, as it were by miracle; so that the whole progress of my life is all miracle and mystery, as you may have observed. And if I have exceeded in any thing, or not been so exact as I ought to have been, let it be imputed to what Signor the licenciado said, at the beginning of my story, that continual and extraordinary troubles deprive the sufferers of their very memory. I will preserve mine, O high and worthy lady, said *Don Quixote*, under the greatest that can befall me in your service; and so I again confirm the promise I have made you, and I swear to bear you company to the end of the world, 'till I come to grapple with that fierce enemy of yours, whose proud head I intend, by the help of god, and of this my arm, to cut off, with the edge of this (I will not say good) sword; thanks to *Gines de Passamonte*, who carried off my own¹. This he muttered between his teeth, and went on saying; And, after having cut it off, and put you into peaceable possession of your dominions, it shall be left to your own will to dispose of your person as you shall think proper; since, while my memory is taken up, my will enthralled, and my understanding subjected, to her---I say no more, it is impossible I should prevail upon myself so much as to think of marrying, though it were a phoenix.

What *Don Quixote* said last, about not marrying, was so displeasing to *Sancho*, that, in a great fury, he said, raising his voice; I vow and swear, Signor *Don Quixote*, your worship cannot be in your right senses: how else is it possible you should scruple to marry so high a princess as this lady is? Think you fortune is to offer you, at every turn, such good luck as she now offers? Is my lady *Dulcinea*, think you, more beautiful? No, indeed, not by half; nay, I could almost say, she is not worthy to tie this lady's shoe-string. I am like, indeed, to get the earldom I expect, if your worship stands fishing for mushrooms in the bottom of the sea. Marry, marry out of hand, in the devil's name, and take this kingdom that is ready to drop into your mouth; and, when you are a king, make me a marquis or a lord-lieutenant, and then the devil take all the rest if he will. *Don Quixote*, hearing such blasphemies against his lady *Dulcinea*, could not bear it, and lifting up his lance, without speaking a word to *Sancho*, or giving him the least warning², gave him two such blows, that he laid him flat on the ground; and, had not *Dorothea* called out to him to hold his hand, doubtless he had killed him there upon the spot. Think you, said he to him, after some pause, pitiful scoundrel, that I am always to stand with my hands in my pockets, and that there is nothing to be done but transgressing on your side, and pardoning on mine? Never think it, you ex-

¹ It does not appear by the story, either that *Gines* took away *Don Quixote's* sword, or that the knight had any way exchanged his own for another.

² Literally, *without saying, this mouth is mine.*

communicated varlet; for so you are without doubt, since you have dared to speak ill of the peerless *Dulcinea*. And do you not know, rustic, slave, beggar, that, were it not for the force she infuses into my arm, I should not have enough to kill a flea? Tell me, envenomed scoffer, who, think you, has gained this kingdom, and cut off the head of this giant, and made you a marquis (for all this I look upon as already done) but the valour of *Dulcinea*, employing my arm as the instrument of her exploits? she fights in me, and overcomes in me; and in her I live and breathe, and of her I hold my life and being. O whore-son villain! what ingratitude, when you see yourself exalted from the dust of the earth to the title of a lord, to make so base a return for so great a benefit, as to speak contemptuously of the hand that raised you! *Sancho* was not so much hurt, but he heard all his master said to him; and, getting up pretty nimbly, he ran behind *Dorothea's* palfrey, and from thence said to his master: Pray, Sir, tell me, if you are resolved not to marry this princess, it is plain the kingdom will not be yours, and then what favours will you be able to bestow on me? This is what I complain of. Marry her, Sir, once for all, now we have her, as it were, rained down upon us from heaven, and afterwards you may converse with my lady *Dulcinea*; for, I think, it is no new thing for kings to keep misses. As to the matter of beauty, I have nothing to say to that; for, if I must speak the truth, I really think them both very well to pass, though I never saw the lady *Dulcinea*. How! never saw her, blasphemous traitor! said *Don Quixote*: have you not just brought me a message from her? I say, I did not see her so leisurely, said *Sancho*, as to take particular notice of her beauty, and her features, piece by piece; but she looks well enough at a blush. Now I excuse you, said *Don Quixote*, and pardon me the displeasure I have given you; for the first motions are not in our own power. I have found it so, answered *Sancho*; and so, in me, the desire of talking is always a first motion, and I cannot forbear uttering, for once at least, whatever comes to my tongue's end. For all that, quoth *Don Quixote*, take heed, *Sancho*, what it is you utter; for the pitcher goes so often to the well-----I say no more. Well then, answered *Sancho*, god is in heaven, who sees all guiles, and shall be judge who does most harm, I, in not speaking well, or your worship in not doing so. Let there be no more of this, said *Dorothea*; run, *Sancho*, and kiss your master's hand, and ask him forgiveness; and henceforward go more warily to work with your praises and dispraises; and speak no ill of that lady *Toboso*, whom I do not know any otherwise than as I am her humble servant; and put your trust in god, for there will not be wanting an estate for you to live upon like a prince. *Sancho* went hanging his head, and begged his master's hand, which he gave him with great gravity; and, when he had kissed it, *Don Quixote* gave *Sancho* his blessing, and told him he would have him get on a little before, for he had some questions to put to him, and wanted to talk with him about some matters of great consequence. *Sancho* did so; and, when they two were got a little before the rest,

Don Quixote said : Since your return, I have had neither opportunity nor leisure to enquire after many particulars concerning the message you carried, and the answer you brought back ; and now, that fortune affords us time and leisure, do not deny me the satisfaction you may give me by such good news. Ask me what questions you please, Sir, answered *Sancho* : I warrant I shall get out as well as I got in. But I beseech your worship, dear Sir, not to be so very revengeful for the future. Why do you press that, *Sancho*? quoth *Don Quixote*. Because, replied *Sancho*, the blows you were pleased to bestow on me, even now, were rather on account of the quarrel the devil raised between us the other night, than for what I said against my lady *Dulcinea*, whom I love and reverence, like any relic (though she be not one) only as she belongs to your worship. No more of these discourses, *Sancho*, on your life, said *Don Quixote*; for they offend me : I forgave you before, and you know the common saying, *For a new sin a new penance*.

While they were thus talking, they saw coming along the same road, in which they were going, a man riding upon an ass ; and, when he came near, he seemed to be a gypsy : but *Sancho Pança*, who, wherever he saw an ass, had his eyes and his soul fixed there, had scarce seen the man, when he knew him to be *Gines de Passamonte*, and, by the clue of the gypsy, found the bottom of his ass : for it was really *Dapple*, upon which *Passamonte* rode ; who, that he might not be known, and that he might sell the ass the better, had put himself into the garb of a gypsy, whose language, as well as several others, he could speak as readily as if they were his own native tongues. *Sancho* saw and knew him, and scarce had he seen and known him, when he cried out to him aloud ; Ah, rogue *Ginesillo*, leave my darling, let go my life, rob me not of my repose, quit my ass, leave my delight ; fly, whoreson ; get you gone, thief, and relinquish what is not your own. There needed not so many words, nor so much railing : for, at the first word, *Gines* nimbly dismounted, and, taking to his heels, as if it had been a race, he was gone in an instant, and out of reach of them all. *Sancho* ran to his *Dapple*, and, embracing him, said ; How have you done, my dearest *Dapple*, delight of my eyes, my sweet companion ? and then he kissed and caressed him, as if he had been a human creature. The ass held his peace, and suffered himself to be kissed and caressed by *Sancho*, without answering him one word. They all came up, and wished him joy of the finding his *Dapple* ; especially *Don Quixote*, who assured him, that he did not, for all this, revoke the order for the three colts. *Sancho* thanked him heartily.

While this passed, the priest said to *Dorothea*, that she had performed her part very ingeniously, as well in the contrivance of the story, as in its brevity, and the resemblance it bore to the narrations in books of chivalry. She said, she had often amused herself with reading such kind of books, but that she did not know the situation of provinces or of sea-ports, and therefore had said

said at a venture, that she landed at *Offuna*. I found it was so, said the priest, and therefore I immediately said what you heard, which set all to rights. But is it not strange to see how readily this unhappy gentleman believes all these inventions and lyes, only because they are dressed up in the stile and manner of the follies of his books? It is, indeed, said *Cardenio*, and something so rare, and unseen before, that I much question whether there be any genius, with all the liberty of invention and fiction, capable of hitting so extraordinary a character¹. There is another thing remarkable in it, said the priest, which is, that, setting aside the follies this honest gentleman utters in every thing relating to his madness, he can discourse very sensibly upon other points, and seems to have a clear and settled judgment in all things; insomuch that, if you do not touch him upon the subject of chivalries, you would never suspect but that he had a sound understanding.

While the rest went on in this conversation, *Don Quixote* proceeded in his, and said to *Sancho*; Friend *Pança*, let us forget what is past; and tell me now, all rancour and animosity apart, where, how, and when did you find *Dulcinea*? what was she doing? what did you say to her? what answer did she return? how did she look, when she read my letter? who transcribed it for you? and whatever else, in this case, is worth knowing, enquiring after, or being satisfied in, inform me of all, without adding or diminishing to give me pleasure, or curtailing aught to deprive me of any satisfaction. Sir, answered *Sancho*, if I must tell the truth, no body transcribed the letter for me; for I carried no letter at all. It is as you say, quoth *Don Quixote*; for I found the pocket-book, I had written it in, two days after your departure; which troubled me exceedingly, not knowing what you would do, when you should find you had no letter; and I still believed you would come back, as soon as you should miss it. So I should have done, answered *Sancho*, had I not got it by heart, when your worship read it to me, and so perfectly, that I repeated it to a parish-clerk, who wrote it down, as I dictated it, so exactly, that he said, though he had read many letters of excommunication, he had never seen or read so pretty a letter as that in all the days of his life. And have you it still by heart, *Sancho*? said *Don Quixote*. No, Sir, answered *Sancho*: for, after I had delivered it, seeing it was to be of no farther use, I forgot it on purpose; and if I remember aught of it, it is that of *the high and subterrane* (I mean *sovereign*) lady, and the conclusion, *tbine, 'till death, the knight of the sorrowful figure*: and, between these two things, I put above three hundred souls and lives, and dear eyes.

¹ Our translators have all mistaken the sense of this passage, and render it as if *Cardenio* meant to say, that the character of *Don Quixote* was so extraordinary a one, that, in his opinion, the most ingenious writer could not draw such ANOTHER. But this is low and flat, in comparison of *Cervantes's* true meaning, which, by exaggerating the difficulty of drawing the *very* character (not one like it) of *Don Quixote*, does, in the most ingenious and artful manner, insinuate his own skill and dexterity in hitting it.

C H A P. IV.

Of the relishing conversation, which passed between Don Quixote and his squire Sancho Pança, with other accidents.

ALL this does not displease me; go on, said *Don Quixote*. You arrived; and what was that queen of beauty doing? Without doubt, you found her stringing pearls, or embroidering some device with threads of gold for this her captive knight. No, I did not, answered *Sancho*; but I found her winnowing two bushels of wheat in a back-yard of her house. Then make account, said *Don Quixote*, that the grains of that wheat were so many grains of pearl, when touched by her hands. And did you take notice, friend, whether the wheat was fine, or the ordinary sort? It was neither, answered *Sancho*, but of the reddish kind. Be assured however, quoth *Don Quixote*, that, when winnowed by her hands, it certainly made the finest manchet bread: but go on. When you gave her my letter, did she kiss it? Did she put it upon her head? Did she use any ceremony worthy of such a letter? or what did she do? When I was going to give it her, answered *Sancho*, she was very busy in winnowing a good sieve-full of the wheat; and she said to me: Lay the letter, friend, upon that sack; for I cannot read it 'till I have done winnowing all that is here. Discreet lady! said *Don Quixote*; this was, to be sure, that she might read it, and entertain herself with it, at leisure. Proceed, *Sancho*: while she was thus employed, what discourse had she with you? what did she enquire of you concerning me? and what did you answer? Make an end; tell it me all; leave not a tittle at the bottom of the ink-horn. She asked me nothing, said *Sancho*; but I told her how your worship was doing penance, for her service, among these rocks, naked from the waist upwards², as if you were a savage, sleeping on the ground, not eating bread on a napkin, not combing your beard, weeping, and cursing your fortune. In saying that I cursed my fortune, you said amiss, quoth *Don Quixote*: I rather bless it, and shall bless it all the days of my life, for having made me worthy to love so high a lady as *Dulcinea del Toboso*. So high indeed, answered *Sancho*, that, in good faith, she is a handful taller than I am. Why, how, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, have you measured with her? I measured thus, answered *Sancho*: as I was helping her to put a sack of wheat upon an ass, we stood so close, that I perceived she was taller than I by more than a full span. If it be so, replied *Don Quixote*, does she not accompany and set off this stature of body with a thousand millions of graces of the mind? But, *Sancho*, conceal not one thing from me: when you stood so near

¹ A mark of the profoundest respect.

² The author seems here to have forgot himself a little; for in the description of *Don Quixote's* penance (*book 3. ch. 11.*) we find him naked from the waist downwards; which occasioned *Sancho's* seeing what he should not have seen.

her, did you not perceive a *Sabean* odour, an aromatic fragrancy, and something so sweet, that I know not what name to give it? I say, a scent, a smell, as if you were in some curious glover's shop¹? All I can say, is, quoth *Sancho*, that I perceived somewhat of a mannish smell, which must have proceeded from her being in a dripping sweat with over-much pains-taking. It could not be so, answered *Don Quixote*: you must either have had a cold in your head, or have smelt your own self; for I very well know the scent of that rose among thorns, that lilly of the valley, that liquid amber. All that may be, answered *Sancho*; for the same smell often comes from me, as, methought, then came from my lady *Dulcinea*; but where's the wonder, that one devil should be like another? Well then, continued *Don Quixote*, she has now done winnowing, and the corn is sent to the mill. What did she do, when she had read the letter? The letter, quoth *Sancho*, she did not read; for she told me she could neither read nor write: on the contrary, she tore it to pieces, saying, she would not give it to any body to read, that her secrets might not be known in the village; and that what I had told her by word of mouth, concerning the love your worship bore her, and the extraordinary penance you were doing for her sake, was enough: lastly, she bid me tell your worship, that she kissed your hands, and that she remained there with greater desire to see you, than to write to you; and therefore she humbly intreated, and commanded you, at sight hereof, to quit those brakes and bushes, and leave off those foolish extravagancies, and set out immediately for *Toboso*, if some other business of greater importance did not intervene; for she had a mighty mind to see your worship. She laughed heartily, when I told her how you called yourself *the knight of the sorrowful figure*. I asked her whether the *Biscainer* of t' other day had been there with her: she told me, he had, and that he was a very honest fellow²: I asked her also after the galley-slaves; but she told me she had not yet seen any of them. All goes well, as yet, said *Don Quixote*. But tell me, what jewel did she give you at your departure, for the news you had brought her of me? For it is an usual and ancient custom among knights, and ladies-errant, to bestow some rich jewels on the squires, damsels, or dwarfs, who bring them news of their mistresses or servants, as a reward or acknowledgment for their welcome news. Very likely, quoth *Sancho*, and a very good custom it was; but it must have been in days of yore; for, now-a-days, the custom, I suppose, is, to give only a piece of bread and cheese: for that was what my lady *Dulcinea* gave me, over the pales of the yard; when she dismissed me; by the same token that the cheese was made of sheep's-milk. She is extremely generous, said *Don Quixote*; and if she did not give you a jewel of gold, it must be because she had not one about her: but sleeves are good after *Easter*³. I shall see

¹ In *Italy* and *Spain*, gloves are usually perfumed.

² Here the author softens the satire upon the *Biscainers*.

³ A proverbial expression, signifying that a good thing is always seasonable. The *Spaniards*, for the sake of

see her, and all shall be set to rights. But do you know, *Sancho*, what I am surprized at? it is, that you must have gone and come through the air; for you have been little more than three days in going and coming, between this and *Toboso*, though it is more than thirty leagues from hence thither: from whence I conclude, that the sage enchanter, who has the superintendance of my affairs, and is my friend (for such a one there is, and must of necessity be, otherwise I should be no true knight-errant) I say, this same enchanter, must have assisted you in travelling, without your perceiving it: for there are sages, who will take you up a knight-errant sleeping in his bed; and, without his knowing how, or in what manner, he awakes the next day above a thousand leagues from the place where he fell asleep. And, were it not for this, the knights-errant could not succour one another in their respective dangers, as they now do at every turn. For a knight happens to be fighting, in the mountains of *Armenia*, with some dreadful monster, or fierce spectre, or some other knight, and has the worst of the combat, and is just upon the point of being killed; and, when he least expects it, there appears upon a cloud, or in a chariot of fire, another knight his friend, who just before was in *England*; who succours him, and delivers him from death; and that night he finds himself in his own chamber, supping with a very good appetite, though there be the distance of two or three thousand leagues between the two countries. And all this is brought about by the industry and skill of those sage enchanters, who undertake the care of those valorous knights. So that, friend *Sancho*, I make no difficulty in believing, that you went and came, in so short time, between this place and *Toboso*, since, as I have already said, some sage our friend must have expedited your journey, without your being sensible of it. It may be so, quoth *Sancho*; for, in good faith, *Rozinante* went like any gypsy's ass with quicksilver in his ears. With quicksilver! said *Don Quixote*, ay, and with a legion of devils to-boot; a sort of cattle that travel, and make others travel, as fast as they please, without being tired. But, setting this aside, what would you advise me to do now, as to what my lady commands me, about going to see her? for, though I know I am bound to obey her commands, I find myself, at present, under an impossibility of doing it, on account of the boon I have promised to grant the princess, who is now with us; and the laws of chivalry oblige me to comply with my word, rather than indulge my pleasure. On the one hand, the desire of seeing my lady persecutes and perplexes me: on the other, I am incited and called by my promised faith, and the glory I shall acquire in this enterprize. But what I propose to do, is, to travel fast, and get quickly to the place where this giant is, and, presently after my arrival, to cut off his head, and settle the princess peaceably in her kingdom, and that instant to return and see that sun that enlightens my senses; to whom I will make such an excuse, that she shall

of warmth, wear sleeves in winter, 'till about *Easter*: but, if the weather continues cold, sleeves may be proper after *Easter*.

allow

allow my delay was necessary; for she will perceive that all redounds to the increase of her glory and fame, since what I have won, do win, or shall win, by force of arms, in this life, proceeds wholly from the succour she affords me, and from my being her's. Ah! quoth *Sancho*, how is your worship concerned about trifles¹! Pray, tell me, Sir, do you intend to take this journey for nothing? and will you let slip so considerable a match as this, when the dowry is a kingdom, which, as I have heard say, is above twenty thousand leagues in circumference, and abounding in all things necessary for the support of human life, and bigger than *Portugal* and *Castile* together. For the love of god, say no more, and take shame to yourself for what you have said already; and follow my advice, and pardon me, and be married out of hand at the first place where there is a priest; and, if there be none, here is our licenciante, who will do it richly. And, pray take notice, I am of age to give advice, and what I now give is as fit as if it were cast in a mould for you: for a sparrow in the hand is worth more than a bustard flying; and, he that may have good if he will, it is his own fault if he chooses ill. Look you, *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*, if you advise me to marry, that, by killing the giant, I may immediately become a king, and have it in my power to reward you by giving you what I promised you, I would have you to know, that, without marrying, I can easily gratify your desire: for I will covenant, before I enter into the battle, that, upon my coming off victorious, without marrying the princess, I shall be intitled to a part of the kingdom, to bestow it on whom I please; and, when I have it, to whom do you think I should give it, but to yourself? That is clear, answered *Sancho*: but pray, Sir, take care to choose it toward the sea, that, if I should not like living there, I may ship off my black subjects, and dispose of them as I said before². And trouble not yourself now to go and see my lady *Dulcinea*, but go and kill the giant, and let us make an end of this business; for, before god, I verily believe it will bring us much honour and profit. You are in the right, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, and I take your advice as to going first with the princess, before I go to see *Dulcinea*. And be sure you say nothing to any body, no, not to those, who are in our company, of what we have been discoursing and conferring upon: for since *Dulcinea* is so reserved, that she would not have her thoughts known, it is not fit that I, or any one else for me, should discover them. If it be so, quoth *Sancho*, why does your worship send all

¹ The original is, *como vuestra merced lastimado de esos cascos*; in which there is some ambiguity: for, *casco* signifying both a bit of a broken pot and a scull, it may be rendered, either *how is your worship troubled about these bits of a broken pot*, that is, *these trifles!* or, *how is your worship disordered in your head!* Our translators have chosen the last of these senses. But one would hardly expect *Sancho* should be so free with his master, after so late a drubbing for such sort of liberties; and therefore I have chosen the first, which agrees very well with what follows, as the reader will easily perceive.

² *Sancho* had not told his master in what manner he intended to dispose of his *Negroes*, but had only resolved upon it in soliloquy. But this is no negligence in our author, but rather a fine stroke of humour, as it supposes *Sancho* so strongly possessed with the thought, that he does not distinguish whether he had said it to his master, or to himself only.

those you conquer by the might of your arm, to present themselves before my lady *Dulcinea*, this being to give it under your hand that you are in love with her? If these persons must fall upon their knees before her, and declare they come from you to pay their obeysance to her, how can your mutual inclinations be a secret? How dull and foolish you are! said *Don Quixote*. You perceive not, *Sancho*, that all this redounds the more to her exaltation. For you must know, that, in this our style of chivalry, it is a great honour for a lady to have many knights-errant, who serve her merely for her own sake, without expectation of any other reward of their manifold and good desires, than the honour of being admitted into the number of her knights. I have heard it preached, quoth *Sancho*, that god is to be loved with this kind of love, for himself alone, without our being moved to it by the hope of reward, or the fear of punishment: though, for my part, I am inclined to love and serve him for what he is able to do for me. The devil take you, for a bumpkin, said *Don Quixote*; you are ever and anon saying such smart things, that one would almost think you have studied. And yet, by my faith, quoth *Sancho*, I cannot so much as read.

While they were thus talking, master *Nicholas* called aloud to them to halt a little; for they had a mind to stop and drink at a small spring hard by. *Don Quixote* stopped, much to the satisfaction of *Sancho*, who began to be tired of telling so many lyes, and was afraid his master should at last catch him tripping: for, though he knew *Dulcinea* was a farmer's daughter of *Toboso*, he had never seen her in all his life. In the mean while *Cardenio* had put on the cloaths, which *Dorothea* wore when they found her; and, though they were none of the best, they were far beyond those he had put off¹. They all alighted near the fountain, and, with what the priest had furnished himself with at the inn, they somewhat appeased the violence of their hunger.

While they were thus employed, a young stripling happened to pass by, travelling along the road; who, looking very earnestly at those who were at the fountain, presently ran to *Don Quixote*, and, embracing his legs, fell a weeping in good earnest, and said; Ah! dear Sir, does not your worship know me? Consider me well: I am *Andres*, the lad, whom you delivered from the oak, to which I was tied. *Don Quixote* knew him again, and, taking him by the hand, he turned to the company, and said: To convince you of what importance it is that there should be knights-errant in the world, to redress the wrongs and injuries committed in it by insolent and wicked men; you must know, good people, that, a few days ago, as I was passing by a wood, I heard certain outcries, and a very lamentable voice, as of some person in affliction and distress. I hastened immediately, prompted by my duty, toward the place, from which the voice seemed to come; and I found, tied to an oak, this lad, whom you see

¹ These must be the ragged apparel *Cardenio* wore before he was dressed in the priest's short cassock and cloak.

here (I am glad, in my soul, he is present; for he will attest the truth of what I say:) I say, he was tied to the oak, naked from the waist upward; and a country-fellow, whom I afterward found to be his master, was cruelly lashing him with the reins of a bridle: and, as soon as I saw it, I asked him the reason of so severe a whipping. The clown answered, that he was his servant, and that he whipped him for some instances of neglect, which proceeded rather from knavery than simplicity. On which this boy said; Sir, he whips me only because I ask him for my wages. The master replied, with I know not what speeches and excuses, which I heard indeed, but did not admit. In short, I made him untie the boy, and swear to take him home, and pay him every real down upon the nail, and perfumed into the bargain. Is not all this true, son *Andres*? and did you not observe with what authority I commanded, and how submissively he promised to do whatever I enjoined, notified, and required of him? Answer; be under no concern, but tell these gentlefolks what passed, that they may see and consider how useful it is, as I said, that there should be knights-errant upon the road. All that your worship has said is very true, answered the lad; but the business ended quite otherwise, Sir, than you imagine. How otherwise? replied *Don Quixote*: did not the rustic instantly pay you? He not only did not pay me, answered the boy, but, as soon as your worship was got out of the wood, and we were left alone, he tied me again to the same tree, and gave me so many fresh strokes, that I was flayed like any saint *Bartholomew*; and, at every lash he gave me, he said something by way of scoff or jest upon your worship; at which, if I had not felt so much pain, I could not have forborne laughing. In short, he laid me on in such manner, that I have been ever since in an hospital, under cure of the bruises the barbarous countryman then gave me. And your worship is in the fault of all this; for had you gone on your way, and not come whither you was not called, nor intermeddled with other folks business, my master would have been satisfied with giving me a dozen or two of lashes, and then would have loosed me, and paid me what he owed me. But, by your worship's abusing him so unmercifully, and calling him so many hard names, his wrath was kindled; and, not having it in his power to be revenged on your worship, no sooner had you left him, but he discharged the tempest upon me, in such sort, that I shall never be a man again while I live. The mischief, said *Don Quixote*, was in my going away: I should not have stirred 'till I had seen you paid; for I might have known, by long experience, that no rustic will keep his word, if he finds it inconvenient for him so to do. But you may remember, *Andres*, that I swore, if he did not pay you, I would seek him out, and find him, though he hid himself in the whale's belly. That is true, quoth *Andres*; but it signified nothing. You shall see now whether it signifies, said *Don Quixote*: and so saying, he arose up very hastily, and ordered *Sancho* to bridle *Rozinante*, who was grazing while they were eating. *Dorothea* asked him what it was he meant to do? He answered,

that he would go and find out the rustic, and chastise him for so base a proceeding, and make him pay *Andres* to the last farthing, in spite and defiance of all the rustics in the world. She desired he would consider what he did, since, according to the stipulation of the promised boon, he could not engage in any other adventure, 'till he had accomplished her's; and, since he could not but know this better than any body else, she entreated him to moderate his resentment 'till his return from her kingdom. You are in the right, answered *Don Quixote*, and *Andres* must, perforce, have patience 'till my return, as you say, madam; and I again swear and promise not to rest 'till he is revenged and paid. I do not depend upon these oaths, said *Andres*: I would rather have wherewithal to carry me to *Sevil*, than all the revenges in the world. If you have any thing to give me to eat, and to carry with me, let me have it; and god be with your worship, and with all knights-errant, and may they prove as luckily errant to themselves, as they have been to me. *Sancho* pulled a piece of bread, and another of cheese, out of his knapsack, and, giving it to the lad, said to him; Here, brother *Andres*, we all have a share in your misfortune. Why, what share have you in it? said *Andres*. This piece of bread and cheese, which I give you, answered *Sancho*: god knows whether I may not want it myself; for I would have you to know, friend, that we squires to knights-errant are subject to much hunger, and to ill luck, and to other things too, which are more easily conceived than told. *Andres* laid hold on the bread and cheese, and, seeing that no body else gave him any thing, he made his bow, and marched off. It is true, he said, at parting, to *Don Quixote*: For the love of god, Signor knight-errant, if ever you meet me again, though you see they are beating me to pieces, do not succour nor assist me, but leave me to my misfortune, which cannot be so great, but a greater will result from your worship's aid, whom may the curse of god light upon, and upon all the knights-errant that ever were born in the world. *Don Quixote* was getting up to chastise him; but he fell a running so fast, that no body offered to pursue him. *Don Quixote* was mightily abashed at *Andres*'s story: and the rest were forced to refrain, though with some difficulty, from laughing, that they might not put him quite out of countenance.

C H A P. V.

Which treats of what befel Don Quixote's whole company in the inn.

THE notable repast being ended, they saddled immediately, and, without any thing happening to them worthy to be related, they arrived the next day at the inn, that dread and terrour of *Sancho Pança*, who, though he would fain have declined going in, could not avoid it. The hostess, the host, their daughter, and *Maritornes*, seeing *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* coming, went out to meet them, with signs of much joy; and he received them with a grave de-

deportment, and a nod of approbation, bidding them prepare him a better bed than they had done the time before: to which the hostess answered, that, provided he would pay better than the time before, she would get him a bed for a prince. *Don Quixote* said, he would; and so they made him a tolerable one in the same large room where he had lain before: and he immediately threw himself down upon it; for he arrived very much shattered both in body and brains. He was no sooner shut into his chamber, but the hostess fell upon the barber, and, taking him by the beard, said; By my faith, you shall use my tail no longer for a beard: give me my tail again; for my husband's thing is tossed up and down, that it is a shame; I mean the comb I used to stick in my good tail. The barber would not part with it, for all her tugging, 'till the licenciado bid him give it her; for there was no farther need of that artifice, but he might now discover himself, and appear in his own shape, and tell *Don Quixote*, that, being robbed by those thieves the galley-slaves, he had fled to this inn; and, if he should ask for the princess's squire, they should tell him, she had dispatched him before with advice to her subjects, that she was coming, and bringing with her their common deliverer. With this the barber willingly surrendered to the hostess the tail, together with all the other appurtenances she had lent them, in order to *Don Quixote's* enlargement. All the folks of the inn were surprized, both at the beauty of *Dorothea*, and the comely personage of the shepherd *Cardenio*. The priest ordered them to get ready what the house afforded, and the host, in hopes of being better paid, soon served up a tolerable supper. All this while *Don Quixote* was asleep, and they agreed not to awake him; for at that time he had more occasion for sleep than victuals.

The discourse at supper, at which were present the inn-keeper, his wife, his daughter, and *Maritornes*, and all the passengers, turned upon the strange madness of *Don Quixote*, and the condition in which they had found him. The hostess related to them what befell him with the carrier; and looking about to see whether *Sancho* was by, and not seeing him, she gave them a full account of his being tossed in a blanket, at which they were not a little diverted. And the priest happening to say, that the books of chivalry, which *Don Quixote* had read, had turned his brain, the inn-keeper said: I cannot conceive how that can be; for really, as far as I can understand, there is no choicer reading in the world, and I have by me three or four of them, with some manuscripts, which, in good truth, have kept me alive, and not me only, but many others beside. For, in harvest-time, many of the reapers come hither every day for shelter, during the noon-day heat; and there is always one or other among them that can read, who takes one of these books in hand, and above thirty of us place ourselves round him, and listen to him with so much pleasure, that it prevents a thousand hoary hairs: at least, I can say for myself, that, when I hear of those furious and terrible blows, which the knights-errant lay on, I have a month's mind to be doing as much, and could sit and hear them day and night.

I wish you did, quoth the hostess; for I never have a quiet moment in my house but when you are listening to the reading; for then you are so besotted, that you forget to scold for that time. It is true, said *Maritornes*, and, in good faith, I too am very much delighted at hearing those things; for they are very fine, especially when they tell us how such a lady, and her knight, lie embracing each other under an orange-tree, and how a *Duenna* stands upon the watch, dying with envy, and her heart going pit-a-pat. I say, all this is pure honey. And pray, miss, what is your opinion of these matters? said the priest, addressing himself to the inn-keeper's daughter. I do not know indeed, Sir, answered the girl: I listen too; and truly, though I do not understand it, I take some pleasure in hearing it: but I have no relish for those blows and flashes, which please my father so much; what I chiefly like, is, the complaints the knights make when they are absent from their mistresses; and really, sometimes, they make, me weep, out of the pity I have for them. You would soon afford them relief, young gentlewoman, said *Dorothea*, if they wept for you. I do not know what I should do, answered the girl; only I know, that several of those ladies are so cruel, that their knights call them tigers, and lions, and a thousand other ugly names. And, Jesu! I cannot imagine what kind of folks they be, who are so hard-hearted and unconscionable, that, rather than bestow a kind look on an honest gentleman, they will let him die, or run mad. And, for my part, I cannot see why all this coyness: if it is out of honesty, let them marry them; for that is what the gentlemen would be at. Hold your tongue, hussy, said the hostess: methinks, you know a great deal of these matters; and it does not become young maidens to know, or talk, so much. When this gentleman asked me a civil question, replied the girl, I could do no less, sure, than answer him.

It is mighty well, said the priest; pray, landlord, bring me those books, for I have a mind to see them. With all my heart, answered the host, and, going into his chamber, he brought out a little old cloak-bag, with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it he took out three large volumes, and some manuscript papers written in a very fair character. The first book he opened he found to be *Don Cirongilio of Thrace*, the next *Felixmarte of Hyrcania*, and the third the history of the grand captain *Gonçalo Hernandez of Cordoua*, with the life of *Diego Garcia de Paredes*. When the priest had read the titles of the two first, he turned about to the barber, and said: We want here our friend's house-keeper and niece. Not at all, answered the barber; for I myself can carry them to the yard, or to the chimney, where there is indeed a very good fire. What, Sir, would you burn my books? said the inn-keeper. Only these two, said the priest, that of *Don Cirongilio*, and that of *Felixmarte*. What then, are my books heretical, or flegmatical, that you have a mind to burn them? *Schismatical*, you would say, friend, said the barber, and not *flegmatical*. It is true, replied the inn-keeper; but if you intend to burn any, let
it

it be this of the *Grand Captain*, and this of *Diego de Garcia*; for I will sooner let you burn one of my children, than either of the others. Dear brother, said the priest, these two books are great lyars, and full of extravagant and foolish conceits; and this of the *Grand Captain* is a true history, and contains the exploits of *Gonçalo Hernandez of Cordoua*, who, for his many and brave actions, deserved to be called by all the world the *Grand Captain*; a name renowned and illustrious, and merited by him alone. As for *Diego Garcia de Paredes*, he was a gentleman of note, born in the town of *Truxillo* in *Estremadura*, a very brave soldier, and of such great natural strength, that he could stop a mill-wheel, in its greatest rapidity, with a single finger; and, being once posted with a two-handed sword at the entrance upon a bridge, he repelled a prodigious army, and prevented their passage over it. And he performed other such things, that if, instead of being related by himself, with the modesty of a cavalier who is his own historian, they had been written by some other dispassionate and unprejudiced author, they would have eclipsed the actions of the *Hectors*, *Achillejes*, and *Orlandos*. Persuade my grandmother to that, quoth the inn-keeper; do but see what it is he wonders at, the stopping of a mill-wheel! before god your worship should have read, what I have read, concerning *Felixmarte* of *Hyrkania*, who, with one back-stroke, cut asunder five giants in the middle, as if they had been so many bean-cods, of which the children make little puppet-friars¹. At another time he encountered a very great and powerful army, consisting of above a million and six hundred thousand soldiers, all armed from head to foot, and defeated them all, as if they had been a flock of sheep. But what will you say of the good *Don Cirongilio* of *Thrace*, who was so stout and valiant, as you may see in the book, wherein is related, that, as he was sailing on a river, a fiery serpent appeared above water; and he, as soon as he saw it, threw himself upon it, and, getting astride upon its scaly shoulders, squeezed its throat with both his hands, with so much force, that the serpent, finding itself in danger of being choaked, had no other remedy, but to let it self sink to the bottom of the river, carrying along with him the knight, who would not quit his hold: and, when they were got to the bottom, he found himself in a fine palace, and in so pretty a garden, that it was wonderful; and presently the serpent turned to a venerable old man, who said so many things to him, that the like was never heard. Therefore, pray, say no more, Sir; for, if you were but to hear all this, you would run mad with pleasure. A fig for the *Grand Captain*, and for that *Diego Garcia* you speak of.

Dorothea, hearing this, said softly to *Cardenio*; Our landlord wants but little to make the second part of *Don Quixote*. I think so too, answered *Cardenio*; for, according to the indications he gives, he takes all that is related in these books for gospel, and neither more nor less than matters of fact; and the bare-

¹ Children in *Spain*, we are told, make puppets resembling friars out of bean cods by breaking as much of the upper end as discovers part of the first bean, which is to represent the bald head, and letting the broken cod hang back like a cowl.

footed friars themselves could not make him believe otherwise. Look you, brother, said the priest; there never was in the world such a man as *Felix-marte* of *Hyrkania*, nor *Don Cirongilio* of *Thrace*, nor any other knights, such as the books of chivalry mention: for all is but the contrivance and invention of idle wits, who composed them for the purpose of whileing away time, as you see your reapers do in reading them; for I vow and swear to you, there never were any such knights in the world, nor did such feats, or extravagant things, ever happen in it. To another dog with this bone, answered the host; as if I did not know how many make five, nor where my own shoe pinches: do not think, Sir, to feed me with pap; for, before god, I am no suckling. A good jest indeed, that your worship should endeavour to make me believe, that all the contents of these good books are lyes and extravagancies, being printed with the licence of the king's privy-council; as if they were people that would allow the impression of such a pack of lyes, battles, and enchantments, as are enough to make one distracted. I have already told you, friend, replied the priest, that it is done for the amusement of our idle thoughts: and as, in all well-instituted commonwealths, the games of chess, tennis, and billiards, are permitted for the entertainment of those who have nothing to do, and who ought not, or cannot work; for the same reason they permit such books to be written and printed, presuming, as they well may, that no body can be so ignorant as to take them for true histories. And, if it were proper at this time, and my hearers required it, I could lay down such rules for the composing books of chivalry, as should, perhaps, make them agreeable, and even useful to many persons: but I hope the time will come that I may communicate this design to those who can remedy it; and, in the mean while, Signor inn-keeper, believe what I have told you, and here take your books, and settle the point, whether they contain truths or lyes, as you please; and much good may do you with them, and god grant you do not halt on the same foot your guest *Don Quixote* does. Not so, answered the inn-keeper, I shall not be so mad as to turn knight-errant; for I know very well that times are altered since those famous knights-errant wandered about the world.

Sancho came in about the middle of this conversation, and was much confounded, and very pensive, at what he heard said, that knights-errant were not now in fashion, and that all books of chivalry were meer lyes and fooleries; and he resolved with himself to wait the event of this expedition of his master's; and, if it did not succeed as happily as he expected, he determined to leave him, and return home to his wife and children, and to his accustomed labour.

The inn-keeper was carrying away the cloak-bag and the books; but the priest said to him: Pray stay, for I would see what papers those are that are written in so fair a character. The host took them out, and having given them to him to read, he found about eight sheets in manuscript, and at the

the beginning a large title, which was, *The Novel of the Curious Impertinent*. The priest read three or four lines to himself, and said: In truth I do not dislike the title of this novel, and I have a mind to read it all. To which the inn-keeper answered: Your reverence may well venture to read it; for I assure you that some of my guests, who have read it, liked it mightily, and begged it of me with great earnestness: but I would not give it them, designing to restore it to the person, who forgot and left behind him this cloak-bag with these books and papers; for perhaps their owner may come this way again some time or other; and though I know I shall have a great want of the books, in faith I will restore them; for, though I am an inn-keeper, thank god I am a christian. You are much in the right, friend, said the priest; nevertheless, if the novel pleases me, you must give me leave to take a copy of it. With all my heart, answered the inn-keeper. While they two were thus talking, *Cardenio* had taken up the novel, and began to read it; and, being likewise pleased with it, he desired the priest to read it so as that they might all hear it. I will, said the priest, if it be not better to spend our time in sleeping than in reading. It will be as well for me, said *Dorothea*, to pass the time in listening to some story; for my spirits are not yet so composed as to give me leave to sleep, though it were needful. Well then, said the priest, I will read it, if it were but for curiosity; perhaps it may contain something that is entertaining. Master *Nicholas* and *Sancho* joined in the same request: on which the priest, perceiving that he should give them all pleasure, and receive some himself, said; Be all attentive then, for the novel begins in the following manner.

C H A P. VI.

In which is recited The Novel of the Curious Impertinent ¹.

IN *Florence*, a rich and famous city of *Italy*, in the province called *Tuscany*, lived *Anselmo* and *Lothario*, two gentlemen of fortune and quality, and such great friends, that all who knew them stiled them, by way of eminence and distinction, *the two friends*. They were both bachelors, young, of the same age, and of the same manners: all which was a sufficient foundation for their reciprocal friendship. It is true indeed, that *Anselmo* was somewhat more inclined to amorous dalliance than *Lothario*, who was fonder of country sports; but, upon occasion, *Anselmo* neglected his own pleasures, to pursue those of *Lothario*; and *Lothario* quitted his, to follow those of *Anselmo*: and thus their inclinations went hand in hand with such harmony, that no pendulum clock kept such exact time. *Anselmo* fell desperately in love with a beautiful young lady of condition in the same city, called *Camilla*, daughter of such good parents, and herself so

¹ *Curioso Impertinente*. I have rendered this title (as all our translators have done) *verbatim*; though, in strict propriety of speech, I think the novel ought to be intitled, *The impertinently Curious*, since it is certain the subject of it is, not *Anselmo's Curious impertinence*, but his *Impertinent curiosity*.

good,

good, that he resolved (with the approbation of his friend *Lothario*, without whom he did nothing) to demand her of her father in marriage; which he accordingly did. It was *Lothario*, who carried the message; and it was he, who concluded the match, so much to the good liking of his friend, that, in a little time, he found himself in the possession of what he desired, and *Camilla* so satisfied with having obtained *Anselmo* for her husband, that she ceased not to give thanks to heaven, and to *Lothario*, by whose means such great good fortune had befallen her. For some days after the wedding, days usually dedicated to mirth, *Lothario* frequented his friend *Anselmo's* house as he was wont to do, striving to honour, please, and entertain him to the utmost of his power: but the nuptial season being over, and compliments of congratulation at an end, *Lothario* began to remit the frequency of his visits to *Anselmo*, thinking, as all discreet men should, that one ought not to visit and frequent the houses of one's friends, when married, in the same manner as when they were bachelors. For, though true and real friendship neither can nor ought to be suspicious in any thing, yet so nice is the honour of a married man, that it is thought it may suffer even by a brother, and much more by a friend? *Anselmo* took notice of *Lothario's* remissness, and complained greatly of it, telling him, that, had he suspected, that his being married would have been the occasion of their not conversing together as formerly, he would never have done it; and since, by the entire harmony between them, while both bachelors, they had acquired so sweet a name as that of *the two friends*, he desired he would not suffer so honourable and so pleasing a title to be lost, by over-acting the cautious part; and therefore he beseeched him (if such a term might be used between them) to return, and be master of his house, and come and go as heretofore; assuring him, that his wife *Camilla* had no other pleasure, or will, than what he desired she should have; and that, knowing how sincerely and ardently they loved each other, she was much surprized to find him so shy. To all these, and many other reasons, which *Anselmo* urged to *Lothario*, to persuade him to use his house as before, *Lothario* replied with so much prudence, discretion, and judgment, that *Anselmo* rested satisfied with the good intention of his friend; and they agreed, that, two days in a week, besides holy-days, *Lothario* should come and dine with him: and, though this was concerted between them two, *Lothario* resolved to do what he should think most for the honour of his friend, whose reputation was dearer to him than his own. He said, and he said right, that the married man, on whom heaven has bestowed a beautiful wife, should be as careful what men he brings home to his house, as what female friends she converses with abroad; for that, which cannot be done, nor concerted, in the markets, at churches, at public shows, or assemblies (things, which husbands must not always deny their wives) may be concerted and brought about at the house of a she-friend

³ The Spanish and Italian husbands are more inclined to jealousy than those of any other nation.

or relation, of whom we are most secure. *Lothario*¹ said also, that a married man stood in need of some friend to advertise him of any mistakes in his conduct; for it often happens, that the fondness a man has at first for his wife makes him either not take notice, or not tell her, for fear of offending her, that she ought to do, or avoid doing, some things, the doing, or not doing, whereof may reflect honour or disgrace; all which might easily be remedied by the timely admonition of a friend. But where shall we find a friend so discreet, so faithful, and sincere, as *Lothario* here seems to require? indeed I cannot tell, unless in *Lothario* himself, who, with the utmost diligence and attention, watched over the honour of his friend, and contrived to retrench², cut short, and abridge the number of visiting-days agreed upon, lest the idle vulgar, and prying malicious eyes, should censure the free access of a young and rich cavalier, so well born, and of such accomplishments, as he could not but be conscious to himself he was master of, to the house of a lady so beautiful as *Camilla*; and though his integrity and worth might bridle the tongues of the censorious, yet he had no mind that his own honour, or that of his friend, should be in the least suspected; and therefore, on most of the days agreed upon, he busied and employed himself about such things as he pretended were indispensable. And thus the time passed on in complaints on the one hand, and excuses on the other.

Now it fell out one day, as they two were walking in a meadow without the city, *Anselmo* addressed *Lothario* in words to this effect. I know very well, friend *Lothario*, I can never be thankful enough to god for the blessings he has bestowed upon me, first in making me the son of such parents as mine were, and giving me with so liberal a hand what men call the goods of nature and fortune; and especially in having given me such a friend as yourself, and such a wife as *Camilla*; two jewels, which, if I value not as high as I ought, I value, at least, as high as I am able. Yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, which usually are sufficient to make men live contented, I live the most uneasy and dissatisfied man in the whole world; having been for some time past harrassed and oppressed with a desire, so strange, and so much out of the common track of other men, that I wonder at myself, and blame and rebuke myself for it when I am alone, endeavouring to stifle and conceal it even from my own thoughts: and yet I have succeeded no better in my endeavours to stifle and conceal it, than if I had made it my business to publish it to all the world. And since, in short, it must one day break out, I would fain have it lodged in the archives of your breast; not doubting but that, through your secrecy, and friendly application to relieve me, I shall soon be freed from the vexation it gives me, and that, by your diligence, my joy will rise to as high a pitch, as my discontent has done by my own folly. *Lothario* was in great suspense at

¹ Both *Shelton* and *Motteux* have put this sentiment in *Anselmo's* mouth.

² The original is *dezmar*, to *decimate*.

Anselmo's discourse, and unable to guess at what he aimed by so tedious a preparation and preamble; and though he revolved in his imagination what desire it could be that gave his friend so much disturbance, he still shot wide of the truth; and, to be quickly rid of the perplexity into which this suspense threw him, he said to him, that it was doing a notorious injury to their great friendship to seek for round-about ways to acquaint him with his most hidden thoughts, since he might depend upon him, either for advice or assistance in what concerned them. It is very true, answered *Anselmo*; and in this confidence I give you to understand, friend *Lotbario*, that the thing which disquiets me is a desire to know, whether my wife *Camilla* be as good and as perfect as I imagine her to be; and I cannot be thoroughly informed of this truth, but by trying her in such a manner, that the proof may manifest the perfection of her goodness, as fire does that of gold. For it is my opinion, my friend, that a woman is honest only so far as she is, or is not, courted and solicited¹: and that she alone is really chaste, who has not yielded to the force of promises, presents, and tears, nor to the continual solicitations of importunate lovers. For, what thanks, said he, to a woman for being virtuous, when no body persuades her to be otherwise? what mighty matter if she be reserved and cautious, who has no opportunity given her of going astray, and knows she has a husband, who, the first time he catches her transgressing, will be sure to take away her life? The woman, therefore, who is honest out of fear, or for want of opportunity, I shall not hold in the same degree of esteem with her, who, after solicitation and importunity, comes off with the crown of victory. So that for these reasons, and for many more I could assign in support of my opinion, my desire is, that my wife *Camilla* may pass through these tryals, and be purified and refined in the fire of courtship and solicitation, and that by some person worthy of placing his desires on her: and if she comes off from this conflict, as I believe she will, with the palm of victory, I shall applaud my matchless fortune: I shall then have it to say, that I have attained the utmost of my wishes, and may safely boast, that the virtuous woman is fallen to my lot, of whom the wise man says, *Who can find her?* And if the reverse of all this should happen, the satisfaction of being confirmed in my opinion will enable me to bear, without regret, the trouble so costly an experiment may reasonably give me. And, as nothing you can urge against my design can be of any avail towards hindering me from putting it in execution, I would have you, my friend *Lotbario*, dispose yourself to be the instrument of performing this work of my fancy; and I will give you opportunity to do it, and you shall want for no means that I can think necessary towards gaining upon a modest, virtuous, reserved, and disinterested woman. And, among other reasons, which induce me to trust this nice affair to your management, one is, my being certain, that, if *Camilla* should be overcome, you will not push the victory to the last extremity,

¹ *Castra est, quam nemo rogavit.* Ovid.

but only account that for done, which, for good reasons, ought not to be done; and thus I shall be wronged only in the intention, and the injury will remain hid in the virtue of your silence, which, in what concerns me, will, I am assured, be eternal as that of death. Therefore, if you would have me enjoy a life that deserves to be called such, you must immediately enter upon this amorous combat, not languidly and lazily, but with all the fervour and diligence my design requires, and with the confidence our friendship assures me of.

This was what *Anselmo* said to *Lothario*; to all which he was so attentive, that, excepting what he is already mentioned to have said, he opened not his lips 'till his friend had done: but now, perceiving that he was silent, after he had gazed at him earnestly for some time, as if he had been looking at something he had never seen before, and which occasioned in him wonder and amazement, he said to him: I cannot persuade myself, friend *Anselmo*, but that what you have been saying to me is all in jest; for, had I thought you in earnest, I would not have suffered you to proceed so far; and, by not listening to you, I should have prevented your tedious harangue. I cannot but think, either that you do not know me, or that I do not know you. But no: I well know that you are *Anselmo*, and you know that I am *Lothario*: the mischief is, that I think you are not the *Anselmo* you used to be, and you must imagine I am not that *Lothario* I ought to be: for neither is what you have said to me becoming that friend of mine, *Anselmo*; nor is what you require of me to be asked of that *Lothario* whom you know. For true friends ought to prove and use their friends, as the poet expresses it, *usque ad aras*; as much as to say, they ought not to employ their friendship in matters against the law of god. If an heathen had this notion of friendship, how much more ought a christian to have it, who knows that the divine friendship ought not to be forfeited for any human friendship whatever. And when a friend goes so far, as to set aside his duty to heaven, in compliance with the interests of his friend, it must not be for light and trivial matters, but only when the honour and life of his friend are at stake. Tell me then, *Anselmo*, which of these two are in danger, that I should venture to compliment you with doing a thing in itself so detestable, as that you require of me? Neither, assuredly: on the contrary, if I understand you right, you would have me take pains to deprive you of honour and life, and, at the same time, myself too of both. For, if I must do that which will deprive you of your honour, it is plain I take away your life, since a man, without honour, is worse than if he were dead: and I being the instrument, as you would have me to be, of doing you so much harm, shall I not bring dishonour upon myself, and, by consequence, rob myself of life? Hear me, friend *Anselmo*, and have patience, and forbear answering 'till I have done urging what I have to say, as to what your desire exacts of me; for there will be time enough for you to reply, and for me to hear you. With all my heart, said *Anselmo*; say what you please.

Then *Lotbario* went on, saying: Methinks, O *Anselmo*, you are at this time in the same disposition that the *Moors* are always in, whom you cannot convince of the error of their sect, by citations from holy scripture, nor by arguments drawn from reason, or founded upon articles of faith; but you must produce examples that are plain, easy, intelligible, demonstrative, and undeniable, with such mathematical demonstrations as cannot be denied; as when it is said: *if from equal parts we take equal parts, those that remain are also equal.* And, when they do not comprehend this in words, as in reality they do not, you must shew it to them with your hands, and set it before their very eyes; and, after all, nothing can convince them of the truths of our holy religion. In this very way and method must I deal with you; for this desire, which possesses you, is so extravagant and wide of all that has the least shadow of reason, that I look upon it as mispending time to endeavour to convince you of your folly; for at present I can give it no better name: and I am even tempted to leave you to your indiscretion, as a punishment of your preposterous desire: but the friendship I have for you will not let me deal so rigorously with you, nor will it consent that I should desert you in such manifest danger of undoing yourself. And that you may clearly see that it is so, say, *Anselmo*, have you not told me, that I must solicit her that is reserved, persuade her that is virtuous, bribe her that is disinterested, and court her that is prudent? yes, you have told me so. If then you know that you have a reserved, virtuous, disinterested, and prudent wife, what is it you would have? And, if you are of opinion she will come off victorious from all my attacks, as doubtless she will, what better titles do you think to bestow on her afterwards, than those she has already? or what will she be more then, than she is now? Either you do not take her for what you pretend, or you do not know what it is you ask. If you do not take her for what you say you do, to what purpose would you try her, and not rather suppose her guilty, and treat her as such? But, if she be as good as you believe she is, it is impertinent to try experiments upon truth itself, since, when that is done, it will remain but in the same degree of esteem it had before. And therefore we must conclude, that to attempt things, from whence mischief is more likely to ensue, than any advantage to us, is the part of rash and inconsiderate men; and especially when they are such as we are no way forced nor obliged to attempt, and when it may be easily seen at a distance, that the enterprize itself is downright madness. Difficult things are undertaken for the sake of god, of the world, or of both together: those, which are done for god's sake, are such as are enterprized by the saints, while they endeavour to live a life of angels in human bodies: those, which are taken in hand for love of the world, are done by those, who pass infinite oceans of water, various climates, and many foreign nations, to acquire what are usually called *the goods of fortune*: and those, which are undertaken for the sake of god and the world together, are the actions of brave soldiers, who no sooner spy in the enemy's wall so much breach as may be made

made by a single cannon-ball, but, laying aside all fear, without deliberating, or regarding the manifest danger that threatens them, and borne upon the wings of desire to act in defence of their faith, their country, and their king, they throw themselves intrepidly into the midst of a thousand opposing deaths that await them. These are the difficulties, which are commonly attempted; and it is honour, glory, and advantage, to attempt them, though so full of dangers and inconveniencies. But that, which you say you would have attempted and put in execution, will neither procure you glory from god, the goods of fortune, nor reputation among men. For, supposing the event to answer your desires, you will be neither happier, richer, nor more honoured, than you are at present: and, if you should miscarry, you will find yourself in the most miserable condition that can be imagined; for then it will avail you nothing to think, that no body else knows the misfortune that has befallen you: it will sufficiently afflict and undo you, to know it yourself. And, as a farther confirmation of this truth, I will repeat the following stanza of the famous poet *Louis Tansilo*, at the end of his first part of the *Tears of saint Peter* ¹.

*When conscios Peter saw the blushing east,
He felt redoubled anguish in his breast,
And, though by privacy secured from blame,
Saw his own guilt, and seeing dyed with shame.
For generous minds, betrayed into a fault,
No witness want, but self-condemning thought:
To such the conscios earth alone and skies
Supply the place of thousand prying eyes.*

And therefore its being a secret will not prevent your sorrow, but rather make it perpetual, and be a continual subject for weeping, if not tears from your eyes, tears of blood from your heart, such as that simple doctor wept, who, as the poet ² relates of him, made trial of the cup, which the prudent *Reinaldo* more wisely declined doing. And, though this be a poetical fiction, there is a concealed moral in it, worthy to be observed, understood, and imitated. But I have still something more to say upon this subject; which, I hope, will bring you to a full conviction of the great error you are going to commit.

Tell me, *Anselmo*; if heaven, or good-fortune, had made you master and lawful possessor of a superlatively fine diamond, of whose goodness and beauty all the jewellers, who had seen it, were fully satisfied, and should unanimously declare, that, in weight, goodness, and beauty, it came up to whatever the nature of such a stone is capable of, and you yourself should believe as much, as

¹ This poem, written originally in *Italian*, was translated into *Spanish* by *Juan Sedeno*, and into *French* by *Malherbe*.

² Ariosto in *Orlando Furioso*.

knowing nothing to the contrary; would it be right that you should take a fancy to lay this diamond between the anvil and the hammer, and, by mere dint of blows, try whether it was so hard, and so fine, as it was thought to be? And further, supposing this put in execution, and that the stone resists so foolith a trial, would it acquire thereby any additional value or reputation? and, if it should break, as it might, would not all be lost? Yes certainly, and make its owner to pass for a simple fellow in every body's opinion. Make account then, friend *Anselmo*, that *Camilla* is this exquisitely fine diamond, both in your own opinion, and in that of other people, and that it is unreasonable to put her to the hazard of being broken, since, though she should remain entire, she cannot rise in her value; and, should she fail, and not resist, consider in time what a condition you would be in without her, and how justly you might blame your self for having been the cause both of her ruin and your own. There is no jewel in the world so valuable as a chaste and virtuous woman; and all the honour of women consists in the good opinion the world has of them: and since that of your wife is unquestionably good, why will you bring this truth into doubt? Consider, friend, that woman is an imperfect creature, and that one should not lay stumbling-blocks in her way, to make her trip and fall, but rather remove them, and clear the way before her, that she may, without hindrance, advance towards her proper perfection, which consists in being virtuous. Naturalists inform us, that the ermin is a little white creature with a fine fur, and that, when the hunters have a mind to catch it, they make use of this artifice: knowing the way it usually takes, or the places it haunts, they lay all the passes with dirt, and then frighten the creature with noise, and drive it toward those places; and when the ermin comes to the dirt, it stands still, suffering itself rather to be taken, than, by passing through the mire, destroy and sully its whiteness, which it values more than liberty or life. The virtuous and modest woman is an ermin, and the virtue of chastity is whiter and cleaner than snow; and he who would not have her lose, but rather guard and preserve it, must take a quite different method from that which is used with the ermin: for he must not lay in her way the mire of the courtship and assiduity of importunate lovers, since perhaps, and without a perhaps, she may not have virtue and natural strength enough to enable her, of herself, to trample down and get clear over those impediments: it is necessary, therefore, to remove such things out of her way, and set before her pure and unspotted virtue, and the charms of an unblemished reputation. A good woman may also be compared to a mirror of crystal, shining and bright, but liable to be sullied and dimmed by every breath that comes near it. The virtuous woman is to be treated in the same manner as relicks are, to be adored, but not handled. The good woman is to be looked after and prized, like a fine garden full of roses and other flowers, the owner of which suffers no body to walk among them, or touch any thing, but only at a distance, and through iron-rails, to enjoy its fragrancy and

and beauty. Lastly, I will repeat to you some verses which I remember to have heard in a modern comedy, and which seem very applicable to our present purpose. A prudent old man advises another, who is father of a young maiden, to look well after her, and lock her up; and, among other reasons, gives these following:

I.

*If woman's glass, why should we try
Whether she can be broke, or no?
Great hazards in the trial lie,
Because perchance she may be so.*

II.

*Who that is wise such brittle ware
Would careless dash upon the floor,
Which broken, nothing can repair,
Nor solder to its form restore?*

III.

*In this opinion all are found,
And reason vouches what I say,
Wherever Danaës abound,
There golden showers will make their way.*

All that I have hitherto said, O *Anselmo*, relates only to you: it is now fit I should say something concerning myself; and pardon me if I am prolix; for the labyrinth, into which you have run yourself, and out of which you would have me extricate you, requires no less. You look upon me as your friend, and yet, against all rules of friendship, would deprive me of my honour: nor is this all; you would have me take away yours. That you would rob me of mine, is plain: for, when *Camilla* finds that I make love to her, as you desire I should, it is certain she will look upon me as a man void of honour, and base, since I attempt, and do, a thing so contrary to what I owe to myself, and to your friendship. That you would have me deprive you of yours, there is no doubt: for *Camilla*, perceiving that I make addresses to her, must think I have discovered some mark of lightness in her, which has emboldened me to declare to her my guilty passion; and her looking upon herself as dishonoured affects you as being her husband. And hence arises what we so commonly find, that the husband of the adulterous wife, though he does not know it, nor has given his wife any reason for transgressing her duty, and though his misfortune be not owing to his own neglect, or want of care, is nevertheless called by a vilifying and opprobrious name, and those, who are not unacquainted with his wife's incontinence, are apt to look upon him with an eye, rather of contempt, than of pity. But I will tell you the reason, why the husband of a vicious wife is justly dishonoured, though he does not know that he is, nor has been at all in fault, or connived at,

or

or given her occasion to become such: and be not weary of hearing me, since the whole will redound to your own advantage.

When god created our first parent in the terrestrial paradise (as the holy scripture informs us) he infused a sleep into *Adam*; and, while he slept, he took a rib out of his left side, of which he formed our mother *Eve*: and, when *Adam* awaked, and beheld her, he said; *This is flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone.* And god said; *For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and they two shall be one flesh.* And at that time the holy sacrament of marriage was instituted, with such ties, as death only can loose. And this miraculous sacrament is of such force and virtue, that it makes two different persons to be but one flesh: nay, it doth more in the properly married; for though they have two souls, they have but one will. And hence it is, that, as the flesh of the wife is the very same with that of the husband, the blemishes or defects thereof are participated by the flesh of the husband, though, as is already said, he was not the occasion of them. For, as the whole body feels the pain of the foot, or of any other member, because they are all one flesh; and the head feels the smart of the ankle, though it was not the cause of it: so the husband partakes of the wife's dishonour by being the self-same thing with her. And as the honours and dishonours of the world all proceed from flesh and blood, and those of the naughty wife being of this kind, the husband must of necessity bear his part in them, and be reckoned dishonoured without his knowing it. Behold then, O *Anselmo*, the danger, to which you expose yourself, in seeking to disturb the quiet your virtuous consort enjoys. Consider, through how vain and impertinent a curiosity, you would stir up the humours that now lie dormant in the breast of your chaste spouse. Reflect, that what you adventure to gain is little, and what you may lose will be so great, that I will pass over in silence what I want words to express. But, if all I have said be not sufficient to dissuade you from your preposterous design, pray look out for some other Instrument of your disgrace and misfortune: for I resolve not to act this part, though I should thereby lose your friendship, which is the greatest loss I am able to conceive.

Here the virtuous and discreet *Lothario* ceased, and *Anselmo* was so confounded and pensive, that, for some time, he could not answer him a word; but at last he said: I have listened, friend *Lothario*, to all you have been saying to me, with the attention you may have observed; and in your arguments, examples, and comparisons, I plainly discover your great discretion, and the perfection of that friendship you have attained to: I see also, and acknowledge, that, in rejecting your opinion, and adhering to my own, I fly the good, and pursue the evil. Yet, this supposed, you must consider, that I labour under the infirmity, to which some women are subject, who have a longing to eat dirt, chalk, coals, and other things still worse, even such as are loathsome to the sight, and much more so to the taste. And therefore some art must be made use of to cure me;

and

and it may be done with ease, only by your beginning to court *Camilla*, though but coldly and feignedly, who cannot be so yielding and pliant, that her modesty should fall to the ground at the first onset; and with this faint beginning I shall rest satisfied, and you will have complied with what you owe to our friendship, not only in restoring me to life, but by persuading me not to be the cause of my own dishonour. And there is one reason especially, which obliges you to undertake this business, which is, that, whereas I am determined, as I am, to put this experiment in practice, it behoves you not to let me disclose my frenzy to another person, and so hazard that honour you are endeavouring to preserve: and though your own should lose ground in *Camilla's* opinion, while you are making love to her, it is of little or no consequence; since, in a short time, when we have experienced in her the integrity we expect, you may then discover to her the pure truth of our contrivance; whereupon you will regain your former credit with her. And, since you hazard so little, and may give me so much pleasure by the risque, do not decline the task, whatever inconveniencies may appear to you in it, since, as I have already said, if you will but set about it, I shall give up the cause for determined.

Lotbario, perceiving *Anselmo's* fixed resolution, and not knowing what other examples to produce, nor what farther reasons to offer, to dissuade him from his purpose, and finding he threatned to impart his extravagant desire to some other person, resolved, in order to avoid a greater evil, to gratify him, and undertake what he desired; but with a full purpose and intention so to order the matter, that, without giving *Camilla* any disturbance, *Anselmo* should rest satisfied: and therefore he returned for answer, that he desired he would not communicate his design to any other person whatever, for he would take the business upon himself, and would begin it whenever he pleased. *Anselmo* embraced him with great tenderness and affection, thanking him for this offer, as if he had done him some great favour; and it was agreed between them, that he should set about the work the very next day, when he would give him opportunity and leisure to talk with *Camilla* alone, and would also furnish him with money and jewels to present her with. He advised him to give her the music, and write verses in her praise, and, if he did not care to be at the pains, he would make them for him. *Lotbario* consented to every thing, but with an intention very different from what *Anselmo* imagined. Things thus settled, they returned to *Anselmo's* house, where they found *Camilla* waiting with great uneasiness and anxiety for her spouse, who had staid abroad longer that day than usual. *Lotbario*, after some time, retired to his own house, and *Anselmo* remained in his, as contented as *Lotbario* was pensive, who was at a loss what stratagem to invent to extricate himself handsomely out of this impertinent business. But that night he bethought himself of a way how to deceive *Anselmo*, without offending *Camilla*: and the next day he came to dine with his friend, and was kindly received by *Camilla*, who always entertained and treated him with much good-will,

knowing the affection her spouse had for him. Dinner being ended, and the cloth taken away, *Anselmo* desired *Lothario* to stay with *Camilla* while he went upon an urgent affair, which he would dispatch, and be back in about an hour and half. *Camilla* prayed him not to go, and *Lothario* offered to bear him company: but it signified nothing with *Anselmo*; on the contrary, he importuned *Lothario* to stay and wait for him; for he had a matter of great importance to talk to him about. He also desired *Camilla* to bear *Lothario* company 'till his return. In short, he knew so well how to counterfeit a necessity for his absence, though that necessity proceeded only from his own folly¹, that no one could perceive it was feigned.

Anselmo went away, and *Camilla* and *Lothario* remained by themselves at table, the rest of the family being all gone to dinner. Thus *Lothario* found himself entered the lists, as his friend had desired, with an enemy before him, able to conquer, by her beauty alone, a squadron of armed cavaliers: think then, whether *Lothario* had not cause to fear. But the first thing he did, was, to lay his elbow on the arm of the chair, and his cheek on his hand; and begging *Camilla* to pardon his ill-manners, he said he would willingly repose himself a little 'till *Anselmo*'s return. *Camilla* answered, that he might repose himself more at ease on the couch² than in the chair, and therefore desired him to walk in, and lie down there. *Lothario* excused himself, and slept where he was 'till *Anselmo*'s return; who, finding *Camilla* retired to her chamber, and *Lothario* asleep, believed, that, as he had staid so long, they had had time enough both to talk and to sleep; and he thought it long 'till *Lothario* awaked, that he might go out with him, and enquire after his success. All fell out as he wished. *Lothario* awaked, and presently they went out together, and *Anselmo* asked him concerning what he wanted to be informed of. *Lothario* answered, that he did not think it proper to open too far the first time, and therefore all he had done was, to tell her she was very handsome, and that the whole town rung of her wit and beauty; and this he thought a good introduction, as it might insinuate him into her good will, and dispose her to listen to him the next time with pleasure: in which he employed the same artifice, which the devil uses to deceive a person who is on his guard; who, being in reality an angel of darkness, transforms himself into one of light, and, setting plausible appearances before him, at length discovers himself, and carries his point, if his deceit be not found out at the beginning. *Anselmo* was mightily pleased with all this, and said he would give him the like opportunity every day, without going abroad; for he

¹ The original is *supo tan bien fingir la necesidad, ó necesidad de su ausencia, &c.* that is, *he knew so well how to feign the necessity, or rather folly of his absence, &c.* but it being impossible to retain the gingle of *necesidad* and *necedad* in the translation, it was thought proper to give the sentence somewhat a different turn. Note, *Shelton, Motteux, &c.* have quite omitted it.

² *Estrado.* A space of the visiting-rooms of ladies, raised a foot above the floor of the rest of the room, covered with carpets or mats, on which the ladies sit on cushions laid along by the wall, or low stools.

would so employ himself at home, that *Camilla* should never suspect his stratagem.

Now many days passed, and *Lotbario*, though he spoke not a word to *Camilla* on the subject, told *Anselmo* that he had, and that he could never perceive in her the least sign of any thing that was amiss, or even discover the least glimpse or shadow of hope for himself; on the contrary, that she threatened to tell her husband, if he did not quit his base design. It is very well, said *Anselmo*, hitherto *Camilla* has resisted words; we must next see how she will resist works: to-morrow I will give you two thousand crowns in gold to present her with, and as many more to buy jewels by way of lure; for women, especially if they are handsome, though never so chaste, are fond of being well dressed and going fine: and, if she resists this temptation, I will be satisfied, and give you no farther trouble. *Lotbario* answered, that, since he had begun, he would go through with this affair, though he was sure he should come off wearied and repulsed. The next day he received the four thousand crowns, and with them four thousand confusions, not knowing what new lye to invent: but, in fine, he resolved to tell him, that *Camilla* was as inflexible to presents and promises, as to words, so that he need not weary himself any farther, since all the time was spent in vain.

But fortune, which directed matters otherwise, so ordered it, that *Anselmo*, having left *Lotbario* and *Camilla* alone as usual, shut himself up in an adjoining chamber, and stood looking and listening through the key-hole, how they behaved themselves, and saw, that, in above half an hour, *Lotbario* said not a word to *Camilla*; nor would he have said a word, had he stood there an age. On which he concluded, that all his friend had told him of *Camilla*'s answers were mere fiction and lyes. And, to try whether they were so or not, he came out of the chamber, and, calling *Lotbario* aside, asked him, what news he had for him, and what disposition he had found *Camilla* in? *Lotbario* replied, that he was resolved not to mention that business any more to her, for she had answered him so sharply and angrily, that he had not the courage to open his lips again to her. Ah! said *Anselmo*, *Lotbario*, *Lotbario*! how ill do you answer your engagement to me, and the great confidence I repose in you! I am just come from looking through the key-hole of that door, and have found that you have not spoken a word to *Camilla*; whence I conclude, that you have never yet spoken to her at all. If it be so, as doubtless it is, why do you deceive me? Or why would you industriously deprive me of those means I might otherwise find to compass my desire? *Anselmo* said no more; but what he had said was sufficient to leave *Lotbario* abashed and confounded: who, thinking his honour touched by being caught in a lye, swore to *Anselmo*, that from that moment he took upon him to satisfy him, and would tell him no more lyes, as he should find, if he had the curiosity to watch him; which however he might save himself the trouble of doing; for he would endeavour so earnestly to procure

cure him satisfaction, that there should be no room left for suspicion. *Anselmo* believed him; and, to give him an opportunity, more secure and less liable to surprize, he resolved to absent himself from home for eight days, and to visit a friend of his, who lived in a village not far from the city. And, to excuse his departure to *Camilla*, he contrived that this friend should press earnestly for his company. Rash and unhappy *Anselmo!* what is it you are doing? what is it you intend? what is it you are contriving? Consider, you are acting against yourself, designing your own dishonour, and contriving your own ruin. Your spouse *Camilla* is virtuous; you possess her peaceably and quietly; no body disturbs your enjoyment of her; her thoughts do not stray beyond the walls of her house; you are her heaven upon earth, the aim of her desires, the accomplishment of her wishes, and the rule by which she measures her will, adjusting it wholly according to yours, and that of heaven. If then the mine of her honour, beauty, virtue, and modesty, yield you, without any toil, all the wealth they contain, or you can desire, why will you ransack those mines for other veins of new and unheard-of treasures, and thereby put the whole in danger of ruin, since, in truth, it is supported only by the feeble props of woman's weak nature. Consider, that he, who seeks after what is impossible, ought in justice to be denied what is possible; as a certain poet has better expressed it in these verses;

*In death I life desire to see,
Health in disease, in tortures rest,
In chains and prisons liberty,
And truth in a disloyal breast.*

*But adverse fate and heav'n's decree
In this, to baffle me, are joined,
That, since I ask what cannot be,
What can be I shall never find.*

The next day *Anselmo* went to his friend's house in the country, telling *Camilla*, that, during his absence, *Lothario* would come to take care of his house, and dine with her, and desiring her to treat him as she would do his own person. *Camilla*, as a discreet and virtuous woman should, was troubled at the order her husband gave her, and represented to him, how improper it was, that any body, in his absence, should take his place at his table; and if he did it, as doubting her ability to manage his family, she desired he would try her for this time, and he should see, by experience, that she was equal to trusts of greater consequence. *Anselmo* replied, it was his pleasure it should be so, and that she had nothing to do but to acquiesce and be obedient. *Camilla* said, she would, though much against her inclination. *Anselmo* went away, and the next day *Lothario* came to his house, where he was received by *Camilla* with a kind and modest

modest welcome. But she never exposed herself to be left alone with *Lothario*, being constantly attended by her men and maid-servants, especially by her own maid called *Leonela*, whom, as they had been brought up together from their infancy in her father's house, she loved very much, and, upon her marriage with *Anselmo*, had brought with her. *Lothario* said nothing to her the three first days, though he had opportunities when the cloth was taken away, and the servants were gone to make a hasty dinner: for so *Camilla* had directed; and farther *Leonela* had orders to dine before her mistress, and never to stir from her side: but she, having her thoughts intent upon other matters, of her own pleasure, and wanting to employ those hours, and that opportunity, to her own purposes, did not always observe her mistress's orders, but often left them alone, as if she had been expressly commanded so to do. Nevertheless the modest presence of *Camilla*, the gravity of her countenance, and her composed behaviour, were such, that they awed and bridled *Lothario's* tongue. But the influence of her virtues in silencing *Lothario's* tongue redounded to the greater prejudice of them both. For, if his tongue lay still, his thoughts were in motion; and he had leisure to contemplate, one by one, all those perfections of goodness and beauty, of which *Camilla* was mistress, and which were sufficient to inspire love into a statue of marble, and how much more into a heart of flesh. *Lothario* gazed at her all the while he might have talked to her, and considered how worthy she was to be beloved: and this consideration began, by little and little, to undermine the regards he had for *Anselmo*; and, a thousand times, he thought of withdrawing from the city, and going where *Anselmo* should never see him, nor he *Camilla*, more: but the pleasure he took in beholding her had already thrown an obstacle in the way of his intention. He did violence to himself, and had frequent struggles within him, to get the better of the pleasure he received in gazing on *Camilla*. He blamed himself, when alone, for his folly; he called himself a false friend, and a bad christian. He reasoned upon, and made comparisons between, his own conduct, and that of *Anselmo*, and still concluded, that *Anselmo's* folly and presumption were greater than his own infidelity: and, if what he had in his thoughts were but as excusable before god, as it was before men, he should fear no punishment for his fault. In fine, the beauty and goodness of *Camilla*, together with the opportunity, which the thoughtless husband had put into his hands, quite overturned *Lothario's* integrity. And, without regarding any thing but what tended to the gratification of his passion, at the end of three days from the time of *Anselmo's* absence, during which he had been in perpetual struggle with his desires, he began to solicit *Camilla*, with such earnestness and disorder, and with such amorous expressions, that *Camilla* was astonished, and could only rise from her seat, and retire to her chamber, without answering a word. But, notwithstanding this sudden blast, *Lothario's* hope was not withered: for hope, being born with love, always lives with it. On the contrary, he was the more eager in the pur-
suit

suit of *Camilla*; who, having discovered in *Lothario* what she could never have imagined, was at a loss how to behave. But thinking it neither safe, nor right, to give him opportunity or leisure of talking to her any more, she resolved, as she accordingly did, to send that very night one of her servants to *Anselmo* with a letter, wherein she wrote as follows.

C H A P. VII.

In which is continued The Novel of the Curious Impertinent.

CAMILLA's letter to ANSELMO.

AN army, it is commonly said, makes but an ill appearance without its general, and a castle without its governour; but a young married woman, I say, makes a worse without her husband, when there is no just cause for his absence. I am so uneasy without you, and so entirely unable to support this absence, that, if you do not return speedily, I must go and pass my time at my father's house, though I leave yours without a guard: for the guard you left me, if you left him with that title, is, I believe, more intent upon his own pleasure, than upon any thing which concerns you: and, since you are wise, I shall say no more, nor is it proper I should.

Anselmo received this letter, and understood by it that *Lothario* had begun the attack, and that *Camilla* must have received it according to his wish: and, overjoyed at this good news, he sent *Camilla* a verbal message, not to stir from her house upon any account, for he would return very speedily. *Camilla* was surprized at *Anselmo*'s answer, which encreased the perplexity she was under: for now she durst neither stay in her own house, nor retire to that of her parents; since in staying she hazarded her virtue, and in going she should act contrary to her husband's positive command. At length, she resolved upon that, which proved the worst for her; which was, to stay, and not to shun *Lothario*'s company, lest it might give her servants occasion to talk; and she already began to be sorry she had written what she did to her spouse, fearing lest he should think, *Lothario* must have observed some signs of lightness in her, which had emboldened him to lay aside the respect he owed her. But, conscious of her own integrity, she trusted in god, and her own virtuous disposition, resolving to resist, by her silence, whatever *Lothario* should say to her, without giving her husband any farther account, lest it should involve him in any quarrel or trouble. She even began to consider how she might excuse *Lothario* to *Anselmo*, when he should ask her the cause of her writing that letter.

With these thoughts, more honourable than proper or beneficial, the next day she sat still, and heard what *Lothario* had to say to her; who plyed her so warmly, that *Camilla*'s firmness began to totter; and her virtue had much ado to get into her eyes, and prevent some indications of an amorous compassion, which

which the tears and arguments of *Lotbario* had awakened in her breast. All this *Lotbario* observed, and all contributed to inflame him the more. In short, he thought it necessary, whilst he had the time and opportunity which *Anselmo's* absence afforded him, to shorten the siege of the fortress. And therefore he attacked her pride with the praises of her beauty; for there is nothing, which sooner reduces and levels the towering castles of the vanity of the fair sex, than vanity itself, when posted upon the tongue of flattery. In effect, he undermined the rock of her integrity with such engines, that, though she had been made of brass, she must have fallen to the ground. *Lotbario* wept, entreated, flattered, and solicited with such earnestness and demonstrations of sincerity, that he quite overthrew all *Camilla's* reserve, and at last triumphed over what he least expected, and most desired. She surrendered, even *Camilla* surrendered; and what wonder, when even *Lotbario's* friendship could not stand its ground? A plain example, shewing us, that the passion of love is to be vanquished only by flying, and that we must not pretend to grapple with so powerful an enemy, since divine succours are necessary to subdue such force, though human. *Leonela* alone was privy to her lady's frailty; for the two faithless friends, and new lovers, could not hide it from her. *Lotbario* would not acquaint *Camilla* with *Anselmo's* project, nor with his having designedly given him the opportunity of arriving at that point, lest she should esteem his passion the less, or should think he had made love to her by chance, rather than out of choice.

A few days after, *Anselmo* returned home, and did not miss what he had lost, which was what he took least care of, and yet valued most. He presently went to make a visit to *Lotbario*, and found him at home. They embraced each other, and the one enquired what news concerning his life or death. The news I have for you, O friend *Anselmo*, said *Lotbario*, is, that you have a wife worthy to be the pattern and crown of all good women. The words I have said to her are given to the wind; my offers have been despised, my presents refused; and, when I shed some few feigned tears, she made a meer jest of them. In short, as *Camilla* is the sum of all beauty, she is also the repository, in which modesty, good-nature, and reserve, with all the virtues which can make a good woman praise-worthy and happy, are treasured up. Therefore, friend, take back your money: here it is; I had no occasion to make use of it; for *Camilla's* integrity is not to be shaken by things so mean as presents and promises. Be satisfied, *Anselmo*, and make no farther trials; and since you have safely passed the gulf of those doubts and suspicions we are apt to entertain of women, do not again expose yourself on the deep sea of new disquiets, nor make a fresh trial, with another pilot, of the goodness and strength of the vessel, which heaven has allotted you for your passage through the ocean of this world: but make account, that you are arrived safe in port; and secure yourself

self with the anchor of serious consideration, and lie by, 'till you are required to pay that duty, from which no human rank is exempted.

Anselmo was entirely satisfied with *Lothario's* words, and believed them as if they had been delivered by some oracle. Nevertheless he desired him not to give over the undertaking, though he carried it on merely out of curiosity and amusement; however he need not, for the future, ply her so close as he had done: all that he now desired of him, was, that he would write some verses in her praise under the name of *Chloris*, and he would seem to *Camilla* to think that he was in love with a lady, to whom he had given that name, that he might celebrate her with the regard due to her modesty: and, if *Lothario* did not care to be at the trouble of writing the verses himself, he would do it for him. There will be no need of that, said *Lothario*; for the *Muses* are not so unpropitious to me, but that, now and then, they make me a visit. Tell you *Camilla* your thoughts of my counterfeit passion, and leave me to make the verses; which, if not so good as the subject deserves, shall, at least, be the best I can make. Thus agreed the impertinent and the treacherous friend. And *Anselmo*, being returned to his house, enquired of *Camilla*, what she wondered he had not already enquired, namely, the occasion of her writing the letter she had sent him. *Camilla* answered, that she then fancied *Lothario* looked at her a little more licentiously than when he was at home; but that now she was undeceived, and believed it to be but a mere imagination of her own; for *Lothario* had, of late, avoided seeing, and being alone with her. *Anselmo* replied, that she might be very secure from that suspicion; for, to his knowledge, *Lothario* was in love with a young lady of condition in the city, whom he celebrated under the name of *Chloris*; and, though it were not so, she had nothing to fear, considering *Lothario's* virtue, and the great friendship that subsisted between them. Had not *Camilla* been beforehand advertised by *Lothario*, that this story of his love for *Chloris* was all a fiction, and that he had told it *Anselmo*, that he might have an opportunity, now and then, of employing himself in the very praises of *Camilla*, she had doubtless fallen into the desperate snare of jealousy: but, being prepared for it, it gave her no disturbance.

The next day, they three being together at table, *Anselmo* desired *Lothario* to recite some of the verses he had composed on his beloved *Chloris*; for, since *Camilla* did not know her, he might safely repeat what he pleased. Though she did know her, answered *Lothario*, I should have no reason to conceal what I have written; for when a lover praises his mistress's beauty, and, at the same time, taxes her with cruelty, he casts no reproach upon her good name. But, be that as it will, I must tell you, that yesterday I made a sonnet on the ingratitude of *Chloris*; and it is this.

S O N N E T.

S O N N E T.

*In the dead silence of the peaceful night,
 When others cares are bus'd in soft repose,
 The sad account of my neglected woes,
 To conscious heaven and Chloris I recite.
 And when the sun, with his returning light,
 Forth from the east his radiant journey goes,
 With accents, such as sorrow only knows,
 My griefs to tell, is all my poor delight.
 And when bright Phœbus, from his starry throne,
 Sends rays direct upon the parched soil,
 Still in the mournful tale I persevere.
 Returning night renews my sorrow's toil;
 And though, from morn to night, I weep and moan,
 Nor heaven nor Chloris my complainings bear.*

Camilla was very well pleased with the sonnet, but *Anselmo* more: he commended it, and said, the lady was extremely cruel, who made no return to so much truth. What then! replied *Camilla*, are we to take all that the enamoured poets tell us for truth? Not all they tell us as poets, answered *Lothario*, but as lovers; for though, as poets, they may exceed, as lovers they always fall short of the truth. There is no doubt of that, replied *Anselmo*, resolved to second and support the credit of every thing *Lothario* said with *Camilla*, who was now become as indifferent to *Anselmo*'s artifice, as she was in love with *Lothario*. Being therefore pleased with every thing that was his, and besides taking it for granted, that all his desires and verses were addressed to her, and that she was the true *Chloris*, she desired him, if he could recollect any other sonnet or verses, to repeat them. I remember one, answered *Lothario*; but I believe it is not so good as the former, or, to speak properly, less bad; as you shall judge; for it is this.

S O N N E T.

*I dye, if not believed, 'tis sure I dye,
 For e'er I cease to love and to adore,
 Or fly, ungrateful fair, your beauty's pow'r,
 Dead at your feet you shall behold me lye.
 When to the regions of obscurity
 I hence am banish'd, to enjoy no more
 Glory and life, you, in that luckless hour,
 Your image graven in my heart shall see.*

The *LIFE* and *EXPLOITS* of

*That relique, with a lover's generous pride,
I treasure in my breast, the only source
Of comfort, whilst thy rigour lets me live.
Unhappy he, who steers his dangerous course
Through unfrequented seas, no star to guide,
Nor port his shatter'd vessel to receive.*

Anselmo commended this second sonnet as much as he had done the first; and thus he went on, adding link after link to the chain, wherewith he bound himself, and secured his own dishonour; for when *Lothario* dishonoured him most, he then assured him his honour was safest. So that every step of the ladder *Camilla* descended toward the center of contempt, she ascended, in her husband's opinion, toward the uppermost round of virtue and reputation.

Now it happened one day, that *Camilla*, being alone with her maid, said to her; I am ashamed, dear *Leonela*, to think how little value I set upon myself, in not making it cost *Lothario* more time to gain the entire possession of my inclinations, which I gave up so soon: I fear he will look upon my easiness in surrendering as levity, without reflecting on the violence he used, which put it out of my power to resist him. Dear madam, answered *Leonela*, let not this trouble you; for there is nothing in it: the value of a gift, if it be good in itself, and worthy of esteem, is not lessened by being soon given; and therefore it is said, he who gives quickly gives twice. It is said also, quoth *Camilla*, that which costs little is less valued. This does not affect your case, answered *Leonela*; for love, as I have heard say, sometimes flies and sometimes walks; runs with one person, and goes leisurely with another: some he warms, and some he burns; some he wounds, and others he kills: in one and the same instant he begins and concludes the career of his desires. He often in the morning lays siege to a fortress, and in the evening has it surrendered to him; for no force is able to resist him. And, this being so, what are you afraid of, if this be the very case of *Lothario*, love having made my master's absence the instrument to oblige us to surrender to him, and it being absolutely necessary for us to finish, in that interval, what love has decreed, without giving *Time* himself any time to bring back *Anselmo*, and, by his presence, render the work imperfect? for love has no surer minister to execute his designs than opportunity: it is that he makes use of in all his exploits, especially in the beginnings. All this I am well acquainted with, and from experience rather than hearsay; and, one day or other, madam, I may let you see, that I also am a girl of flesh and blood. Besides, madam, you did not declare your passion, nor engage your self so soon, but you had first seen in his eyes, in his sighs, in his expressions, in his promises, and his presents, *Lothario's* whole soul; and in that, and all his accomplishments, how worthy *Lothario* was of your love. Then, since it is so, let not these scrupulous and childish thoughts disturb you, but rest assured, that

that *Lothario* esteems you no less than you do him ; and live contented and satisfied, that, since you are fallen into the snare of love, it is with a person of worth and character, and one who possesses not only the four SS¹, which, they say, all true lovers ought to have, but the whole alphabet. Do but hear me, and you shall see how I have it by heart. He is, if I judge right, ² amiable, bountiful, constant, daring, enamoured, faithful, gallant, honourable, illustrious, kind, loyal, mild, noble, obliging, prudent, quiet, rich, and the SS, as they say ; lastly, true, valiant, and wise : the X suits him not, because it is a harsh letter ; the Y, he is young ; the Z, zealous of your honour ³. *Camilla* smiled at her maid's alphabet, and took her to be more conversant in love-matters, than she had hitherto owned ; and indeed she now confessed to *Camilla*, that she had a love-affair with a young gentleman of the same city. At which *Camilla* was much disturbed, fearing lest, from that quarter, her own honour might be in danger. And therefore she sifted her, to know whether her amour had gone farther than words. She, with little shame, and much boldness, owned it had. For it is certain, that the slips of the mistress take off all shame from the maid-servants, who, when they see their mistresses trip, make nothing of downright halting, nor of its being known. *Camilla* could do no more but beg of *Leonela* to say nothing of her affair to the person she said was her lover, and to manage her own with such secrecy, that it might not come to the knowledge of *Anselmo* or of *Lothario*. *Leonela* answered, she would do so : but she kept her word in such a manner, as justified *Camilla's* fears, that she might lose her reputation by her means. For the lewd and bold *Leonela*, when she found, that her mistress's conduct was not the same it used to be, had the assurance to introduce and conceal her lover in the house, presuming that her lady durst not speak of it, though she knew it. For this inconvenience, among others, attends the failings of mistresses, that they become slaves to their very servants, and are necessitated to conceal their dishonesty and lewdness ; as was the case with *Camilla*. For, though she saw, not once only, but several times, that *Leonela* was with her gallant in a room of her house, she was so far from daring to chide her, that she gave her opportunities of locking him in, and did all she could to prevent his being seen by her husband. But all could not hinder *Lothario* from seeing him once go out of the house at break of day ; who, not knowing who he was, thought, at first, it must be some apparition. But when he saw him steal off, muffling himself up, and concealing himself with care and caution, he changed one foolish opinion for another, which must have been the ruin of them all, if *Camilla* had not remedied it. *Lothario* was so far from thinking, that the man, whom he had seen coming out of *Anselmo's* house, at so unseasonable an hour, came thither upon *Leonela's* account, that he did not so much

¹ As if we should say, *fightly, sprightly, sincere, and secret.*

² It was impossible here to translate the original exactly, it being necessary to use words whose initial letters follow in an alphabetical order.

³ This is something like that play in use among us ; *I love my love with an A, because he is amorous, &c.*

as remember there was such a person as *Leonela* in the world. What he thought, was, that *Camilla*, as she had been easy and complying to him, was so to another also: for the wickedness of a bad woman carries this additional mischief along with it, that it weakens her credit even with the man, to whose intreaties and persuasions she surrendered her honour; and he is ready to believe, upon the slightest grounds, that she yields to others even with greater facility.

All *Lotbario's* good sense, and prudent reasonings, seem to have failed him upon this occasion: for, without making one proper, or even rational reflexion, without more ado, grown impatient, and blinded with a jealous rage, that gnawed his bowels, and dying to be revenged on *Camilla*, who had offended him in nothing, he went to *Anselmo* before he was up, and said to him: Know, *Anselmo*, that, for several days past, I have struggled with myself, to keep from you what it is no longer possible nor just to conceal. Know, that *Camilla's* fort is surrendered, and submitted to my will and pleasure; and if I have delayed discovering to you this truth, it was, to satisfy myself whether it was only some transient fancy of her's, or whether she had a mind to try me, and to see whether the love I made to her, with your connivance, was in earnest. And I still believed, if she was what she ought to be, and what we both thought her, she would, before now, have given you an account of my solicitations. But, since I find she has not, I conclude she intends to keep the promise she has made me of giving me a meeting, the next time you are absent from home, in the wardrobe (and, indeed, that was the place where *Camilla* used to entertain him.) And, since the fault is not yet committed, excepting in thought only, I would not have you run precipitately to take revenge; for, perhaps, between this and the time of putting it in execution, *Camilla* may change her mind, and repent. And therefore, as you have hitherto always followed my advice, in whole or in part, follow and observe this I shall now give you, that, without possibility of being mistaken, and upon maturest deliberation, you may satisfy yourself as to what is most fitting for you to do. Pretend an absence of three or four days, as you used to do at other times, and contrive to hide yourself in the wardrobe, where the tapestry, and other moveables, may serve to conceal you; and then you will see with your own eyes, and I with mine, what *Camilla* intends; and if it be wickedness, as is rather to be feared than expected, you may then, with secrecy and caution, be the avenger of your own injury.

Anselmo was amazed, confounded, and astonished at *Lotbario's* words, which came upon him at a time when he least expected to hear them; for he already looked upon *Camilla* as victorious over *Lotbario's* feigned assaults, and began to enjoy the glory of the conquest. He stood a good while with his eyes fixed motionless on the ground, and at length said: *Lotbario*, you have done what I expected from your friendship: I must follow your advice in every thing: do what you will,

will, and be as secret as so unlooked for an event requires. *Lothario* promised him he would ; and scarce had he left him, when he began to repent of all he had said, and was convinced he had acted foolishly, since he might have revenged himself on *Camilla* by a less cruel and less dishonourable method. He cursed his want of sense, condemned his heedless resolution, and was at a loss how to undo what was done, or to get tolerably well out of the scrape. At last he resolved to discover all to *Camilla* ; and, as he could not long want an opportunity of doing it, that very day he found her alone ; and immediately, on his coming in, she said : Know, dear *Lothario*, that I have an uneasiness at heart, which tortures me in such a manner, that methinks it is ready to burst it, and, indeed, it is a wonder it does not ; for *Leonela's* impudence is arrived to that pitch, that she, every night, entertains a gallant in the house, who stays with her 'till day-light, so much to the prejudice of my reputation, that it will leave room for censure to whoever shall see him go out at such unseasonable hours : and what gives me the most concern is, that I cannot chastise, or so much as reprimand her : for her being in the secret of our correspondence puts a bridle into my mouth, and obliges me to conceal her's ; and I am afraid of some unlucky event from this corner. At first, when *Camilla* said this, *Lothario* believed it a piece of cunning to mislead him, by persuading him that the man, he saw go out, was *Leonela's* galant, and not *Camilla's* : but, perceiving that she wept, and afflicted herself, and begged his assistance in finding a remedy, he soon came into the belief of what she said ; and so was filled with confusion and repentance for what he had done. He desired *Camilla* to make herself easy, for he would take an effectual course to restrain *Leonela's* insolence. He also told her what the furious rage of jealousy had instigated him to tell *Anselmo*, and how it was agreed that *Anselmo* should hide himself in the wardrobe, to be an eye-witness, from thence, of her disloyalty to him. He begged her to pardon this madness, and desired her advice how to remedy what was done, and extricate them out of so perplexed a labyrinth, as his rashness had involved them in. *Camilla* was astonished at hearing what *Lothario* said, and, with much resentment, reproached him for the ill thoughts he had entertained of her ; and, with many and discreet reasons, set before him the folly and inconsiderateness of the resolution he had taken. But, as women have naturally a more ready turn of wit, either for good or bad purposes, than men, though it often fails them, when they set themselves purposely to deliberate ; *Camilla* instantly hit upon a way to remedy an affair seemingly incapable of all remedy. She bid *Lothario* see that *Anselmo* hid himself the next day where he had proposed ; for by this very hiding she proposed to secure, for the future, their mutual enjoyment, without fear of surprize : and, without letting him into the whole of her design, she only desired him, after *Anselmo* was posted, to be ready at *Leonela's* call, and that he should take care to answer to whatever she should say to him, just as he would do, if he did not know that *Anselmo* was listening. *Lothario*
insisted

insisted on her explaining to him her whole design, that he might, with the more safety and caution, be upon his guard in all that he thought necessary. No other guard, said *Camilla*, is necessary, but only to answer me directly to what I shall ask you. For she was not willing to let him into the secret of what she intended to do, lest he should not come into that design, which she thought so good, and should look out for some other, not likely to prove so successful.

Lotbario then left her, and the next day *Anselmo*, under pretence of going to his friend's villa, went presently from home, but turned back to hide himself; which he might conveniently enough do: for *Camilla* and *Leonela* were out of the way on purpose. *Anselmo* being now hid, with all that palpitation of heart, which may be imagined in one, who expected to see with his own eyes the bowels of his honour ripped up, and was upon the point of losing that supreme bliss he thought himself possessed of in his beloved *Camilla*; she and *Leonela*, being secure and certain that *Anselmo* was behind the hangings, came together into the wardrobe; and *Camilla* had scarce set her foot in it, when, fetching a deep sigh, she said; Ah, dear *Leonela*, would it not be better, before I put that in execution, which I would keep secret from you, lest you should endeavour to prevent it, that you should take *Anselmo's* dagger, and plunge it into this infamous breast? But do it not; for it is not reasonable I should bear the punishment of another's fault. I will first know, what the bold and wanton eyes of *Lotbario* saw in me, that could give him the assurance to discover so wicked a design, as that he has discovered to me, in contempt of his friend, and of my honour. Step to the window, *Leonela*, and call him; for, doubtless, he is waiting in the street, in hopes of putting his wicked design in execution. But first my cruel, but honourable, purpose shall be executed. Ah, dear madam! answered the cunning and well-instructed *Leonela*, what is it you intend to do with this dagger? is it to take away your own life, or *Lotbario's*? Which-ever of the two you do, will redound to the ruin of your credit and fame. It is better you should dissemble your wrong, than to let this wicked man now into the house, while we are alone. Consider, madam, we are weak women, and he a man, and resolute; and, as he comes blinded and big with his wicked purpose, he may, perhaps, before you can execute yours, do what would be worse for you, than taking away your life. A mischief take my master *Anselmo*, for giving this impudent fellow such an ascendant in his house. But, pray, madam, if you kill him, as I imagine you intend, what shall we do with him after he is dead? What, child? answered *Camilla*; why, leave him here for *Anselmo* to bury him: for it is but just he should have the agreeable trouble of burying his own infamy. Call him, without more ado; for all the time I lose in delaying to take due revenge for my wrong, methinks I offend against that loyalty I owe to my husband.

All this *Anselmo* listened to, and his thoughts were continually changing at every word *Camilla* spoke. But when he understood, that she intended to kill *Lotbario*, he was inclined to prevent it by coming out and discovering himself, but was withheld by the strong desire he had to see what would be the end of so brave and virtuous a resolution; purposing however to come out time enough to prevent mischief. And now *Camilla* was taken with a fainting fit, and, throwing herself upon a bed that was there, *Leonela* began to weep bitterly, and to say: Ah, wo is me! that I should be so unhappy as to see die here, between my arms, the flower of the world's virtue, the crown of good women, the pattern of chastity; with other such expressions, that no body, who had heard her, but would have taken her for the most compassionate and faithful damsel in the universe, and her lady for another persecuted *Penelope*. *Camilla* soon recovered from her swoon, and, when she was come to herself, she said; Why do you not go, *Leonela*, and call the most faithless friend of all friends that the sun has seen, or the night covered? Be quick, run, fly; let not the fire of my rage evaporate and be spent by delay, and the just vengeance I expect pass off in empty threatnings and curses. I am going to call him, said *Leonela*; but, dear madam, you must first give me that dagger, lest, when I am gone, you should do a thing which might give those who love you cause to weep all their lives long. Go, dear *Leonela*, and fear not, said *Camilla*; I will not do it: for though I am resolute, and, in your opinion, simple in defending my honour, I shall not be so to the degree that *Lucretia* was, of whom it is said, that she killed herself without having committed any fault, and without first killing him, who was the cause of her misfortune. Yes, I will die, if die I must; but it shall be after I have satiated my revenge on him, who is the occasion of my being now here to bewail his insolence, which proceeded from no fault of mine.

Leonela wanted a great deal of entreaty, before she would go and call *Lotbario*; but at last she went, and, while she was away, *Camilla*, as if she was talking to herself, said: Good god! would it not have been more adviseable to have dismissed *Lotbario*, as I have done many other times, than to give him room, as I have now done, to think me dishonest and naught, though it be only for the short time I defer the undeceiving him? Without doubt it would have been better; but I shall not be revenged, nor my husband's honour satisfied, if he gets off so clean, and so smoothly, from an attempt, to which his wicked thoughts have led him. No! let the traitor pay with his life for what he enterprizes with so lascivious a desire. Let the world know (if perchance it comes to know it) that *Camilla* not only preserved her loyalty to her husband, but revenged him on the person, who dared to wrong him. But, after all, it would perhaps be better to give an account of the whole matter to *Anselmo*: but I have already hinted it to him in the letter I wrote him into the country; and I fancy his neglecting to remedy the mischief I pointed out to him, must be

be owing to pure good-nature, and a confidence in *Lothario*, which would not let him believe, that the least thought, to the prejudice of his honour, could be lodged in the breast of so faithful a friend: nor did I myself believe it for many days, nor should ever have given credit to it, if his insolence had not risen so high, and his avowed presents, large promises, and continual tears, put it past all dispute. But why do I talk thus? Does a brave resolution stand in need of counsel? No certainly. Traitor avaunt! Come, vengeance! Let the false one come, let him enter, let him die, and then befall what will. Unspotted I entered into the power of him, whom heaven allotted me for my husband, and unspotted I will leave him, though bathed all over in my own chaste blood, and the impure gore of the falsest friend that friendship ever saw. And saying this, she walked up and down the room, with the drawn dagger in her hand, taking such irregular and huge strides, and with such gestures, that one would have thought her beside herself, and have taken her, not for a soft and delicate woman, but for some desperate ruffian.

Anselmo observed all from behind the arras where he had hid himself, and was amazed at all, and already thought what he had seen and heard sufficient to balance still greater suspicions, and began to wish that *Lothario* might not come, for fear of some sudden disaster. And being now upon the point of discovering himself, and coming out to embrace and undeceive his wife, he was prevented by seeing *Leonela* return with *Lothario* by the hand; and, as soon as *Camilla* saw him, she drew with the dagger a long line between her and him, and said: Take notice, *Lothario*, of what I say to you: if you shall dare to pass this line you see here, or but come up to it, the moment I see you attempt it, I will pierce my breast with this dagger I hold in my hand: but, before you answer me a word to this, hear a few more I have to say to you, and then answer me as you please. In the first place, *Lothario*, I desire you to tell me, whether you know *Anselmo* my husband, and in what estimation you hold him? And, in the next place, I would be informed whether you know me? Answer me to this, and be under no concern, nor study for an answer; for they are no difficult questions I ask you. *Lothario* was not so ignorant, but that, from the instant *Camilla* bid him hide *Anselmo*, he guessed what she intended to do, and accordingly humoured her design so well, that they were able, between them, to make the counterfeit pass for something more than truth; and therefore he answered *Camilla* in this manner. I did not imagine, fair *Camilla*, that you called me to answer to things so wide of the purpose, for which I came hither. If you do it to delay me the promised favour, why did you not adjourn it to a still farther day? for the nearer the prospect of possession is, the more eager we are to enjoy the desired good. But, that you may not say, I do not answer to your questions, I reply, that I know your husband *Anselmo*, and that we have known each other from our tender years: of our friendship I will say nothing, that I may not be a witness against myself of the wrong which love, that powerful excuse

cuse for greater faults, has made me do him: you too I know, and prize you as highly as he does: for were it not so, I should not, for less excellence, have acted so contrary to my duty as a gentleman, and so much against the holy laws of true friendship, which I have now broken and violated through the tyranny of that enemy, love. If you acknowledge so much, replied *Camilla*, mortal enemy of all that justly deserves to be loved, with what face dare you appear before her, whom you know to be the mirror, in which *Anselmo* looks, and in which you might have seen upon what slight grounds you injure him? But ah! unhappy me! I now begin to find what it was that made you forget yourself; it was doubtless some indiscretion of mine: for I will not call it immodesty, since it proceeded not from design, but from some one of those inadvertencies, which women frequently fall into unawares, when there is no body present, before whom, they think, they need be upon the reserve. But tell me, O traitor, when did I ever answer your addresses with any word or sign that could give you the least shadow of hope, that you should ever accomplish your infamous desires? When were not your amorous expressions repulsed and rebuked with rigour and severity? When were your many promises, and greater presents, believed or accepted? But knowing, that no one can persevere long in an affair of love, unless it be kept alive by some hope, I take upon myself the blame of your impertinence; since, without doubt, some inadvertency of mine has nourished your hope so long: and therefore I will chastise, and inflict that punishment on myself, which your offence deserves. And to convince you, that, being so severe to myself, I could not possibly be otherwise to you, I had a mind you should come hither to be a witness to the sacrifice I intend to make to the offended honour of my worthy husband, injured by you with the greatest deliberation imaginable, and by me too through my carelessness in not shunning the occasion (if I gave you any) of countenancing and authorizing your wicked intentions. I say again, that the suspicion I have, that some inadvertency of mine has occasioned such licentious thoughts in you, is what disturbs me the most, and what I most desire to punish with my own hands: for should some other executioner do it, my crime, perhaps, would be more public. Yes, I will die, but I will die killing, and carry with me one, who shall entirely satisfy the thirst of that revenge I expect, and partly enjoy already, as I shall have before my eyes, to what place soever I go, the vengeance of impartial justice strictly executed on him, who has reduced me to this desperate condition.

At these words she flew upon *Lothario*, with the drawn dagger, so swiftly, and with such incredible violence, and with such seeming earnestness to stab him to the heart, that he was almost in doubt himself whether those efforts were feigned or real; and he was forced to make use of all his dexterity and strength to prevent his being wounded by *Camilla*, who played the counterfeit so to the life, that, to give this strange imposture a colour of truth, she resolved to stain

it with her own blood. For perceiving, or pretending, that she could not wound *Lothario*, she said: Since fortune denies a complete satisfaction to my just desires, it shall not however be in its power to defeat that satisfaction entirely: and so struggling to free her dagger-hand, held by *Lothario*, she got it loose, and, directing the point to a part, where it might give but a slight wound, she stabbed herself above the breast, near the left shoulder, and presently fell to the ground as in a swoon. *Leonela* and *Lothario* were in suspense, and astonished at such an accident, and were in doubt what to think of it, especially when they saw *Camilla* lying on the floor, and bathed in her own blood. *Lothario* ran hastily, frightened, and breathless, to draw out the dagger; but perceiving the slightness of the wound, the fear he had been in vanished, and he admired afresh at the sagacity, prudence, and great ingenuity of the fair *Camilla*. And now, to act his part, he began to make a long and sorrowful lamentation over the body of *Camilla*, as if she were dead, imprecating heavy curses, not only on himself, but on him who had been the cause of bringing him to that pass: and, knowing that his friend *Anselmo* listened, he said such things, that whoever had heard them would have pitied him more than they would have done *Camilla* herself, though they had judged her to be really dead. *Leonela* took her in her arms, and laid her on the bed, beseeching *Lothario* to procure somebody to dress *Camilla's* wound secretly. She also desired his advice and opinion what they should say to *Anselmo* about it, if he should chance to come home before it was healed. He answered, that they might say what they pleased; that he was not in a condition of giving any advice worth following: he bid her endeavour to staunch the blood; and, as for himself, he would go where he should never be seen more. And so, with a shew of much sorrow and concern, he left the house; and when he found himself alone, and in a place where no body saw him, he ceased not to cross himself in admiration at the cunning of *Camilla*, and the suitable behaviour of *Leonela*. He considered what a thorough assurance *Anselmo* must have of his wife's being a second *Porcia*, and wanted to be with him, that they might rejoice together at the imposture and the truth, the most artfully disguised that can be imagined. *Leonela*, as she was bidden, staunched her mistress's blood, which was just as much as might serve to colour her stratagem; and washing the wound with a little wine, she bound it up the best she could, saying such things, while she was dressing it, as were alone sufficient to make *Anselmo* believe, that he had in *Camilla* an image of chastity. To the words *Leonela* said *Camilla* added others, calling herself coward and poor-spirited, in that she wanted the resolution, at a time when she stood most in need, to deprive herself of that life she so much abhorred. She asked her maid's advice, whether she should give an account of what had happened to her beloved spouse, or no. *Leonela* persuaded her to say nothing about it, since it would lay him under a necessity of revenging himself on *Lothario*, which he could not do without great danger to himself; and

a good



a good woman was obliged to avoid all occasion of involving her husband in a quarrel, and should rather prevent all such as much as she possibly could. *Camilla* replied, she approved of her opinion, and would follow it; but that by all means they must contrive what to say to *Anselmo* about the wound, which he must needs see. To which *Leonela* answered, that, for her part, she knew not how to tell a lye, though but in jest. Then, pr'ythee, replied *Camilla*, how should I know how, who dare not invent, or stand in one, though my life were at stake? If we cannot contrive to come well off, it will be better to tell him the naked truth, than that he should catch us in a false story. Be in no pain, madam, answered *Leonela*; for, between this and to-morrow morning, I will study what we shall tell him; and perhaps, the wound being where it is, you may conceal it from his sight, and heaven may be pleased to favour our just and honourable intentions. Compose yourself, good madam; endeavour to quiet your spirits, that my master may not find you in so violent a disorder: and leave the rest to my care, and to that of heaven, which always favours honest designs.

Anselmo stood, with the utmost attention, listening to, and beholding represented, the tragedy of the death of his honour; which the actors performed with such strange and moving passions, that it seemed as if they were transformed into the very characters they personated. He longed for the night, and for an opportunity of slipping out of his house, that he might see his dear friend *Lothario*, and rejoice with him on the finding so precious a jewel, by the perfectly clearing up of his wife's virtue. They both took care to give him a convenient opportunity of going out; which he made use of, and immediately went to seek *Lothario*; and, having found him, it is impossible to recount the embraces he gave him, the satisfaction he expressed, and the praises he bestowed on *Camilla*. All which *Lothario* hearkened to, without being able to shew any signs of joy; for he could not but reflect how much his friend was deceived, and how ungenerously he treated him. And though *Anselmo* perceived that *Lothario* did not express any joy, he believed it was because *Camilla* was wounded, and he had been the occasion of it. And therefore, among other things, he desired him to be in no pain about *Camilla*; for, without doubt, the wound must be very slight, since her maid and she had agreed to hide it from him: and, as he might depend upon it there was nothing to be feared, he desired that thenceforward he would rejoice and be merry with him, since, through his diligence, and by his means, he found himself raised to the highest pitch of happiness he could wish to arrive at; and, for himself, he said, he would make it his pastime and amusement to write verses in praise of *Camilla*, to perpetuate her memory to all future ages. *Lothario* applauded his good resolution, and said, that he too would lend a helping hand towards raising so illustrious an edifice.

Anselmo now remained the man of the world the most agreeably deceived. He led home by the hand the instrument, as he thought, of his glory, but in reality the ruin of his fame. *Camilla* received *Lothario* with a countenance seemingly shy, but with inward gladness of heart. This imposture lasted some time, 'till, a few months after, fortune turned her wheel, and the iniquity, 'till then so artfully concealed, came to light, and his impertinent curiosity cost poor *Anselmo* his life.

C H A P. VIII.

The conclusion of The Novel of the Curious Impertinent, with the dreadful battle betwixt Don Quixote and certain wine-skins.

THERE remained but little more of the *Novel* to be read, when from the room, where *Don Quixote* lay, *Sancho Pança* came running out all in a fright, crying aloud: Run, sirs, quickly, and succour my master, who is over head and ears in the toughest and closest battle my eyes have ever beheld. As god shall save me, he has given the giant, that enemy of the princess *Micomicona*, such a stroke, that he has cut off his head close to his shoulders, as if it had been a turnip. What say you, brother? quoth the priest, leaving off reading the remainder of the *Novel*, are you in your senses, *Sancho*? How the devil can this be, seeing the giant is two thousand leagues off? At that instant they heard a great noise in the room, and *Don Quixote* calling aloud, Stay, cowardly thief, robber, rogue; for here I have you, and your scymitar shall avail you nothing. And it seemed as if he gave several hacks and slashes against the walls. There is no need of your standing to listen, quoth *Sancho*; go in and part the fray, or aid my master: though by this time there will be no occasion; for doubtless the giant is already dead, and giving an account to god of his past wicked life; for I saw the blood run about the floor, and the head cut off, and fallen on one side, and as big as a great wine-skin¹. I will be hanged, quoth the inn-keeper at this juncture, if *Don Quixote*, or *Don Devil*, has not given a gash to some of the wine-skins that stand at his bed's-head, and the wine he has let out must be what this honest fellow takes for blood: and so saying he went into the room, and the whole company after him; and they found *Don Quixote* in the strangest situation in the world. He was in his shirt, which was not quite long enough before to cover his thighs, and was six inches shorter behind: his legs were very long and lean, full of hair, and not over clean: he had on his head a little red cap, somewhat greasy, which belonged to the inn-keeper. About his left arm he had twisted the bed-blanket (to which *Sancho* owed a grudge, and he very well knew why) and in his right hand he held his drawn sword, with which he was laying about him on all sides, and uttering words, as if he had really been fighting with some giant: and the best of it

¹ In *Spain* they keep their wines in the skin of a hog, goat, sheep, or other beast.



In: *Vanderbank inv. et Delin.*
Vol. I. p. 236

Ger. al. Vandergucht sculp.

was, his eyes were shut ; for he was asleep, and dreaming that he was engaged in battle with the giant : for his imagination was so taken up with the adventure he had undertaken, that it made him dream he was already arrived at the kingdom of *Micomicon*, and already engaged in fight with his enemy ; and, fancying he was cleaving the giant down, he had given the skins so many cuts, that the whole room was afloat with wine. The inn-keeper, perceiving it, fell into such a rage, that he set upon *Don Quixote*, and, with his clenched fists, began to give him so many cuffs, that, if *Cardenio* and the priest had not taken him off, he would have put an end to the war of the giant ; and yet, notwithstanding all this, the poor gentleman did not awake, 'till the barber brought a large bucket of cold water from the well, and soufed it all over his body at a dash ; whereat *Don Quixote* awaked, but not so thoroughly as to be sensible of the pickle he was in. *Dorothea*, perceiving how scantily and airily he was arrayed, would not go in to see the fight between her champion and her adversary. *Sancho* was searching all about the floor for the head of the giant, and not finding it said : Well, I see plainly, that every thing about this house is nothing but enchantment : for, the time before, in this very same place where I now am, I had several punches and thumps given me, without knowing from whence they came, or seeing any body : and now the head is vanished, which I saw cut off with my own eyes, and the blood spouting from the body like any fountain. What blood, and what fountain ? thou enemy to god and his saints ! said the inn-keeper. Do you not see, thief, that the blood and the fountain are nothing but these skins pierced and ripped open, and the red wine floating about the room ? I wish I may see his soul floating in hell that pierced them ! I know nothing, said *Sancho* ; only that I shall be so unfortunate, that, for want of finding this head, my earldom will melt away like salt in water. Now *Sancho's* folly, though awake, was greater than his master's, asleep, so befotted was he with the promises he had made him. The inn-keeper lost all patience, to see the squire's flegm, and the knight's wicked handy-work, and swore they should not escape, as they did the time before, without paying ; and that, this bout, the privileges of his chivalry should not exempt him from discharging both reckonings, even to the patches of the pierced skins.

The priest held *Don Quixote* by the hands, who, imagining he had finished the adventure, and that he was in the presence of the princess *Micomicona*, kneeled down before the priest, and said : High and renowned lady, well may your grandeur from this day forward live more secure, now that this ill-born creature can do you no hurt ; and I also, from this day forward, am freed from the promise I gave you, since, by the assistance of the most high god, and through the favour of her by whom I live and breathe, I have so happily accomplished it. Did not I tell you so ? quoth *Sancho*, hearing this ; so that I was not drunk : see, if my master has not already put the giant in pickle : here are the
bulls ;

bulls'; my earldom is cock-sure. Who could forbear laughing at the absurdities of both master and man? They all laughed, except the inn-keeper, who cursed himself to the devil. But, at length, the barber, *Cardenio*, and the priest, with much ado, threw *Don Quixote* on the bed; who fell fast asleep, with signs of very great fatigue. They left him to sleep on, and went out to the inn-door, to comfort *Sancho* for not finding the giant's head: though they had most to do to pacify the inn-keeper, who was out of his wits for the murder of his wine-skins. The hostess muttered, and said: In an unlucky minute, and in an evil hour, came this knight-errant into my house: O that my eyes had never seen him! he has been a dear guest to me. The last time, he went away with a night's reckoning, for supper, bed, straw, and barley, for himself, and for his squire, for a horse and an ass, telling us, forsooth, that he was a knight-adventurer (may evil adventures befall him, and all the adventurers in the world!) and that therefore he was not obliged to pay any thing, for so it was written in the registers of knight-errantry: and now again, on his account too, comes this other gentleman, and carries off my tail, and returns it me with two penny worth of damage, all the hair off, so that it can serve no more for my husband's purpose. And, after all, to rip open my skins, and let out my wine! would I could see his blood so let out. But let him not think to escape; for, by the bones of my father, and the soul of my mother, they shall pay me down upon the nail every farthing, or may I never be called by my own name, nor be my own father's daughter. The hostess said all this and more, in great wrath, and honest *Maritornes*, her maid, seconded her. The daughter held her peace, but now and then smiled. The priest quieted all, promising to make them the best reparation he could for their loss, as well in the wine-skins as the wine, and especially for the damage done to the tail, which they valued so much. *Dorothea* comforted *Sancho Pança*, telling him, that whenever it should really appear, that his master had cut off the giant's head, she promised, when she was peaceably seated on her throne, to bestow on him the best earldom in her dominions. Herewith *Sancho* was comforted, and assured the princess she might depend upon it, that he had seen the giant's head, by the same token that it had a beard which reached down to the girdle; and if it was not to be found, it was, because every thing passed in that house by way of enchantment, as he had experienced the last time he lodged there. *Dorothea* said she believed so, and bid him be in no pain; for all would be well, and succeed to his heart's desire. All being now pacified, the priest had a mind to read the remainder of the novel; for he saw it wanted but little. *Cardenio*, *Dorothea*, and the rest intreated him so to do; and he, willing to please all the company, and himself among the rest, went on with the story as follows.

Now so it was, that *Anselmo*, through the satisfaction he took in the supposed virtue of *Camilla*, lived with all the content and security in the world;

¹ In allusion to the joy of the mob in *Spain*, when they see the bulls coming.

and *Camilla* purposely looked shy on *Lotbario*, that *Anselmo* might think she rather hated than loved him : and *Lotbario*, for farther security in his affair, begged *Anselmo* to excuse his coming any more to his house, since it was plain, the sight of him gave *Camilla* great uneasiness. But the deceived *Anselmo* would by no means comply with his request : and thus, by a thousand different ways, he became the contriver of his own dishonour, while he thought he was so of his pleasure. As for *Leonela*, she was so pleased to find herself thus at liberty to follow her amour, that, without minding any thing else, she let loose the reins, and took her swing, being confident that her lady would conceal it, and even put her in the most commodious way of carrying it on.

In short, one night *Anselmo* perceived some body walking in *Leonela's* chamber, and, being desirous to go in to know who it was, he found the door was held against him ; which encreased his desire of getting in ; and he made such an effort, that he burst open the door, and, just as he entered, he saw a man leap down from the window into the street : and running hastily to stop him, or to see who he was, he could do neither ; for *Leonela* clung about him, crying, Dear Sir, be calm, and be not so greatly disturbed, nor pursue the man who leaped out : he belongs to me ; in short, he is my husband. *Anselmo* would not believe *Leonela*, but, blind with rage, drew his ponyard, and offered to stab her, assuring her, that, if she did not tell him the whole truth, he would kill her. She, with the fright, not knowing what she was saying, said : Do not kill me, Sir, and I will tell you things of greater importance than any you can imagine. Tell me then quickly, said *Anselmo*, or you are a dead woman. At present, it is impossible, said *Leonela*, I am in such confusion : let me alone 'till to-morrow morning, and then you shall know from me what will amaze you : in the mean time be assured, that the person, who jumped out at the window, is a young man of this city, who has given me a promise of marriage. With this *Anselmo* was somewhat pacified, and was content to wait the time she desired, not dreaming he should hear any thing against *Camilla*, of whose virtue he was so satisfied and secure ; and so leaving the room, he locked *Leonela* in, telling her she should not stir from thence, 'till she had told him what she had to say to him. He went immediately to *Camilla*, and related to her all that had passed with her waiting-woman, and the promise she had given him to acquaint him with things of the utmost importance. It is needless to say whether *Camilla* was disturbed or not : so great was the consternation she was in, that verily believing (as indeed it was very likely) that *Leonela* would tell *Anselmo* all she knew of her disloyalty, she had not the courage to wait 'till she saw whether her suspicion was well or ill grounded : and that very night, when she found *Anselmo* was asleep, taking with her all her best jewels, and some money, without being perceived by any body, she left her house, and went to *Lotbario's*, to whom she recounted what had passed, desiring him to conduct her to some place of safety, or to go off with her,

her, where they might live secure from *Anselmo*. *Camilla* put *Lothario* into such confusion, that he knew not how to answer her a word, much less to resolve what was to be done. At length, he bethought himself of carrying *Camilla* to a convent, the prioress of which was a sister of his. *Camilla* consented, and *Lothario* conveyed her thither with all the haste the case required, and left her in the monastery; and he too presently left the city, without acquainting any body with his absence.

When it was day-break, *Anselmo*, without missing *Camilla* from his side, so impatient was he to know what *Leonela* had to tell him, got up, and went to the chamber, where he had left her locked in. He opened the door, and went in, but found no *Leonela* there: he only found the sheets tied to the window, an evident sign that by them she had slid down, and was gone off. He presently returned, full of concern, to acquaint *Camilla* with it; and, not finding her in bed, nor any where in the house, he stood astonished. He enquired of the servants for her, but no one could give him any tidings. It accidentally happened, as he was searching for *Camilla*, that he found her cabinet open, and most of her jewels gone; and this gave him the first suspicion of his disgrace, and that *Leonela* was not the cause of his misfortune. And so, just as he then was, but half dressed, he went sad and pensive, to give an account of his disaster to his friend *Lothario*: but not finding him, and his servants telling him, that their master went away that night, and took all the money he had with him, he was ready to run mad. And, to complete all, when he came back to his house, he found not one of all his servants, man nor maid, but the house left alone and deserted. He knew not what to think, say, or do, and, by little and little, his wits began to fail him. He considered, and saw himself, in an instant, deprived of wife, friend, and servants; abandoned, as he thought, by the heaven that covered him, but, above all, robbed of his honour, since, in missing *Camilla*, he saw his own ruin. After some thought, he resolved to go to his friend's country-house, where he had been, when he gave the opportunity for plotting this unhappy business. He locked the doors of his house, got on horseback, and set forward with great oppression of spirits: and scarcely had he gone half way, when, overwhelmed by his melancholy thoughts, he was forced to alight, and tie his horse to a tree, at the foot whereof he dropped down, breathing out bitter and mournful sighs, and stayed there 'till almost night; about which time, he saw a man coming on horseback from the city; and, having saluted him, he enquired what news there was in *Florence*? The strangest, replied the citizen, that has been heard these many days: for it is publickly talked, that last night *Lothario*, that great friend of *Anselmo* the rich, who lived at saint *John's*, carried off *Camilla*, wife to *Anselmo*, and that he also is missing. All this was told by a maid-servant of *Camilla's*, whom the governour caught in the night letting herself down by a sheet from a window of *Anselmo's* house. In short, I do not know the particulars; all I know is, that

that the whole town is in admiration at this accident; for no one could have expected any such thing, considering the great and entire friendship between them, which, it is said, was so remarkable, that they were stiled *The two friends*. Pray, is it known, said *Anselmo*, which way *Lothario* and *Camilla* have taken? It is not, replied the citizen, though the governour has ordered diligent search to be made after them. God be with you, said *Anselmo*: And with you also, said the citizen, and went his way.

This dismal news reduced *Anselmo* almost to the losing not only his wits, but his life. He got up as well as he could, and arrived at his friend's house, who had not yet heard of his misfortune; but seeing him come in pale, spiritless, and faint, he concluded he was oppressed by some heavy affliction. *Anselmo* begged him to lead him immediately to a chamber, and to let him have pen, ink, and paper. They did so, and left him alone on the bed, locking the door, as he desired. And now, finding himself alone, he so overcharged his imagination with his misfortunes, that he plainly perceived he was drawing near his end; and therefore resolved to leave behind him some account of the cause of his strange death: and, beginning to write, before he had set down all he had intended, his breath failed him, and he yielded up his life into the hands of that sorrow, which was occasioned by his impertinent curiosity. The master of the house, finding it grow late, and that *Anselmo* did not call, determined to go in to him, to know whether his indisposition increased, and found him with his face downward, half of his body in bed, and half leaning on the table, with the paper he had written open, and his hand still holding the pen. His friend, having first called to him, went and took him by the hand; and finding he did not answer him, and that he was cold, he perceived that he was dead. He was very much surprized and troubled, and called the family to be witnesses of the sad mishap that had befallen *Anselmo*: afterwards he read the paper, which he knew to be written with *Anselmo's* own hand, wherein were these words.

A N S E L M O's Paper.

A foolish and impertinent desire has deprived me of life. If the news of my death reaches Camilla's ears, let her know, I forgive her; for she was not obliged to do miracles, nor was I under a necessity of desiring she should: and, since I was the contriver of my own dishonour, there is no reason why-----

Thus far *Anselmo* wrote, by which it appeared, that, at this point, without being able to finish the sentence, he gave up the ghost. The next day his friend sent his relations an account of his death; who had already heard of his misfortune, and of *Camilla's* retiring to the convent, where she was almost in a condition of bearing her husband company in that inevitable journey; not through the news of his death, but of her lover's absenting himself. It is said, that, though she was now a widow, she would neither quit the convent, nor take the

veil, 'till, not many days after, news being come of *Lothario's* being kill'd in a battle, fought about that time between *Monfieur de Lautrec*, and the great captain *Gonzalo Fernandez of Cordoua*, in the kingdom of *Naples*, whither the too-late repenting friend had made his retreat, ſhe then took the religious habit, and ſoon after gave up her life into the rigorous hands of grief and melancholy. This was the end of them all, ſprung from indiscretion at the beginning.

I like this novel very well, ſaid the prieſt; but I cannot perſuade myſelf it is a true ſtory; and if it be a fiction, the author has erred againſt probability: for it cannot be imagined, there can be any husband ſo ſenſeleſs, as to deſire to make ſo dangerous an experiment, as *Anſelmo* did: had this caſe been ſuppoſed between a gallant and his miſtreſs, it might paſs; but, between husband and wife, there is ſomething impoſſible in it: however, I am not diſpleaſed with the manner of telling it.

C H A P. IX.

Which treats of other uncommon accidents that happened in the inn.

WHILE theſe things paſſed, the hoſt, who ſtood at the inn-door, ſaid: Here comes a goodly company of gueſts: if they ſtop here, we ſhall ſing *Gaudeamus*¹. What folks are they? ſaid *Cardenio*. Four men, answered the hoſt, on horſeback *a la Gineta*², with lances and targets, and black masks on their faces³; and with them a woman on a ſide-ſaddle, dreſſed in white, and her face likewiſe covered; and two lads beſides on foot. Are they near at hand? demanded the prieſt. So near, replied the inn-keeper, that they are already at the door. *Dorothea*, hearing this, veiled her face, and *Cardenio* went into *Don Quixote's* chamber; and ſcarcely had they done ſo, when the perſons the hoſt mentioned entered the yard, and the four horſemen, who, by their appearances, ſeemed to be perſons of diſtinction, having alighted, went to help down the lady, who came on the ſide-ſaddle: and one of them, taking her in his arms, ſet her down in a chair, which ſtood at the door of the room, into which *Cardenio* had withdrawn. In all this time, neither ſhe, nor they, had taken off their masks, or ſpoken one word: only the lady, at ſitting down in the chair, fetched a deep ſigh, and let fall her arms, like one ſick, and ready to faint away. The ſervants on foot took the horſes to the ſtable. The prieſt, ſeeing all this, and deſirous to know who they were in that odd guiſe, and that

¹ i. e. *O be joyful.*

² A kind of riding with ſhort ſtirrups, which the *Spaniards* took from the *Arabians*, and is ſtill uſed by all the *African* and eaſtern nations, with part of the northern, ſuch as the *Hungarians*, and is advantageous in fight: for, being ready to ſtrike with their ſabres, they riſe on their ſtirrups, and, following as it were the blow, give more force to it.

³ The original is *Antifaces*. *Antifaz* is a piece of thin black ſilk, which the *Spaniards* wear before their faces in travelling, not for diſguiſe, but to keep off the duſt and the ſun. We have nothing equivalent to it in our language, and therefore are obliged to ſubſtitute the term *masks*, though it does not convey the ſtrict and proper idea.

kept such silence, went where the lads were, and enquired of one of them; who answered him: In truth, Signor, I cannot inform you who these gentlefolks are; I can only tell you, they must be people of considerable quality, especially he who took the lady down in his arms: I say this, because all the rest pay him such respect, and do nothing but what he orders and directs. And the lady, pray who is she? demanded the priest. Neither can I tell that, replied the lacquey; for I have not once seen her face during the whole journey: I have indeed often heard her sigh, and utter such groans, that one would think any one of them enough to break her heart: and it is no wonder we know no more than what we have told you; for it is not above two days since my comrade and I came to serve them: for, having met us upon the road, they asked and persuaded us to go with them as far as *Andaluzia*, promising to pay us very well. And have you heard any of them called by their name? said the priest. No, indeed, answered the lad; for they all travel with so much silence, that you would wonder; and you hear nothing among them but the sighs and sobs of the poor lady, which move us to pity her: and, whithersoever it is that she is going, we believe it must be against her will; and, by what we can gather from her habit, she must be a nun, or going to be one, which seems most probable: and, perhaps, because the being one does not proceed from her choice, she goes thus heavily. Very likely, quoth the priest, and, leaving them, he returned to the room where he had left *Dorothea*; who, hearing the lady in the mask sigh, moved by a natural compassion, went to her, and said: What is the matter? dear madam; if it be any thing that we women can assist you in, speak; for, on my part, I am ready to serve you with great good-will. To all this the afflicted lady returned no answer; and, though *Dorothea* urged her still more, she persisted in her silence, 'till the cavalier in the mask, who, the servant said, was superior to the rest, came up, and said to *Dorothea*: Trouble not yourself, madam, to offer any thing to this woman; for it is her way not to be thankful for any service done her; nor endeavour to get an answer from her, unless you would hear some lye from her mouth. No, said she, who hitherto had held her peace; on the contrary, it is for being so sincere, and so averse to lying and deceit, that I am now reduced to such hard fortune: and of this you may be a witness yourself, since it is my truth alone which makes you act so false and treacherous a part.

Cardenio heard these words plainly and distinctly, being very near to her who spoke them; for *Don Quixote's* chamber-door only was between; and as soon as he heard them, he cried out aloud: Good god! what is this I hear? What voice is this, which has reached my ears? The lady, all in surprize, turned her head at these exclamations; and, not seeing who uttered them, she got up, and was going into the room: which the cavalier perceiving, stopped her, and would not suffer her to stir a step. With this perturbation, and her sudden rising, her mask fell off, and she discovered a beauty incomparable, and a countenance mi-

raculous, though pale and full of horror: for she rolled her eyes round as far as she could see, examining every place with so much eagerness, that she seemed distracted; at which *Dorothea*, and the rest, without knowing why she did so, were moved to great compassion. The cavalier held her fast by the shoulders, and, his hands being thus employed, he could not keep on his mask, which was falling off, as indeed at last it did; and *Dorothea*, who had clasped the lady in her arms, lifting up her eyes, discovered that the person, who also held her, was her own husband, *Don Fernando*: and scarcely had she perceived it was he, when, fetching from the bottom of her heart a deep and dismal *Oh!* she fell backward in a swoon; and, had not the barber, who stood close by, caught her in his arms, she would have fallen to the ground. The priest ran immediately, and took off her veil, to throw water in her face; and no sooner had he uncovered it, but *Don Fernando* (for it was he who held the other in his arms) knew her, and stood like one dead at the sight of her: nevertheless, he did not let go *Lucinda*, who was the lady that was struggling so hard to get from him; for she knew *Cardenio's* voice in his exclamations, and he knew hers. *Cardenio* heard also the *Oh*, which *Dorothea* gave when she fainted away; and believing it came from his *Lucinda*, he ran out of the room in a fright, and the first he saw was *Don Fernando* holding *Lucinda* close in his arms. *Don Fernando* presently knew *Cardenio*; and all three, *Lucinda*, *Cardenio*, and *Dorothea*, were struck dumb, hardly knowing what passed. They all stood silent, and, gazing on one another, *Dorothea* on *Don Fernando*, *Don Fernando* on *Cardenio*, *Cardenio* on *Lucinda*, and *Lucinda* on *Cardenio*. But the first who broke silence was *Lucinda*, who addressed herself to *Don Fernando* in this manner: Suffer me, Signor *Don Fernando*, as you are a gentleman, since you will not do it upon any other account, suffer me to cleave to that wall, of which I am the ivy; to that prop, from which neither your importunities, your threats, your promises, nor your presents, were able to separate me. Observe how heaven, by unusual, and to us hidden, ways, has brought me into the presence of my true husband; and well you know, by a thousand dear-bought experiences, that death alone can efface him out of my memory. Then (since all farther attempts are vain) let this open declaration convert your love into rage, your good-will into despite, and thereby put an end to my life; for if I lose it in the presence of my dear husband, I shall reckon it well disposed of, and perhaps my death may convince him of the fidelity I have preserved for him to my last moment.

By this time *Dorothea* was come to herself, and was listening to all that *Lucinda* said, whereby she came to find out who she was: but, seeing that *Don Fernando* did not yet let her go from between his arms, nor make any answer to what she said, she got up as well as she could, and went and kneeled down at his feet, and, pouring forth an abundance of lovely and piteous tears, she began to say thus.

If, my dear lord, the rays of that sun, you hold now eclipsed between your arms, had not dazzled and obscured your eyes, you must have seen, that she, who lies prostrate at your feet, is the unhappy (so long as you are pleased to have it so) and unfortunate *Dorothea*. I am that humble country girl, whom you, through goodness or love, did deign to raise to the honour of calling herself yours. I am she, who, confined within the bounds of modesty, lived a contented life, 'till to the voice of your importunities, and seemingly sincere and real passion, she opened the gates of her reserve, and delivered up to you the keys of her liberty: a gift by you so ill requited, as appears by my being driven into the circumstances in which you find me, and forced to see you in the posture you are now in. Notwithstanding all this, I would not have you imagine, that I am brought hither by any dishonest motives, but only by those of grief and concern, to see myself neglected and forsaken by you. You would have me to be yours, and would have it in such a manner, that, though now you would not have it to be so, it is not possible you should cease to be mine. Behold, my lord, the matchless affection I have for you may balance the beauty and nobility of her, for whom I am abandoned. You cannot be the fair *Lucinda's*, because you are mine; nor can she be yours, because she is *Cardenio's*. And it is easier, if you take it right, to reduce your inclination to love her, who adores you, than to bring her to love, who abhors you. You importuned my indifference; you solicited my integrity; you were not ignorant of my condition; you know very well in what manner I gave myself up entirely to your will; you have no room to pretend any deceit: and if this be so, as it really is, and if you are as much a christian as a gentleman, why do you, by so many evasions, delay making me as happy at last, as you did at first? And if you will not acknowledge me for what I am, your true and lawful wife, at least admit me for your vassal; for, so I be under your power, I shall account myself happy and very fortunate. Do not, by forsaking and abandoning me, give the world occasion to censure and disgrace me. Do not so sorely afflict my aged parents, whose constant and faithful services, as good vassals to yours, do not deserve it. And if you fancy your blood is debased by mixing it with mine, consider, there is little or no nobility in the world but what has run in the same channel, and that what is derived from women is not essential in illustrious descents: besides, true nobility consists in virtue, and if you forfeit that by denying me what is so justly my due, I shall then remain with greater advantages of nobility than you. In short, Sir, I shall only add, that, whether you will or no, I am your wife: witness your words, which, if you value yourself on that account, on which you undervalue me, ought not to be false; witness your hand-writing; and witness heaven, which you invoked to bear testimony to what you promised me. And though all this should fail, your conscience will not fail to whisper you in the midst of your joys, justifying this truth I have told you, and disturbing your most grateful pleasures and satisfactions.

These,

These, and other reasons, did the afflicted *Dorothea* urge so feelingly, and with so many tears, that all, who accompanied *Don Fernando*, and all who were present besides, sympathized with her. *Don Fernando* listened to her without answering a word, 'till she had put an end to what she had to say, and a beginning to so many sighs and sobs, that it must have been a heart of brass, which the signs of so much sorrow could not soften. *Lucinda* was gazing at her with no less pity for her affliction, than admiration at her wit and beauty: and though she had a mind to go to her, and endeavour to comfort her, she was prevented by *Don Fernando's* still holding her fast in his arms: who, full of confusion and astonishment, after he had attentively beheld *Dorothea* for a good while, opened his arms, and, leaving *Lucinda* free, said: You have conquered, fair *Dorothea*, you have conquered; for there is no withstanding so many united truths.

Lucinda was so faint, when *Don Fernando* let her go, that she was just falling to the ground; but *Cardenio*, who was near her, and had placed himself behind *Don Fernando*, that he might not know him, now laying aside all fear, and at all adventures, ran to support *Lucinda*; and, catching her between his arms, he said: If it pleases pitying heaven, that now at last you should have some rest, my dear, faithful, and constant mistress, I believe you can find it no where more secure than in these arms, which now receive you, and did receive you heretofore, when fortune was pleased to allow me to call you mine. At these expressions *Lucinda* fixed her eyes on *Cardenio*; and having begun first to know him by his voice, and being now assured that it was he by sight, almost beside herself, and without any regard to the forms of decency, she threw her arms about his neck, and joining her face to his, she said to him: You, my dear *Cardenio*, you are the true owner of this your slave, though fortune were yet more adverse, and though my life, which depends upon yours, were threatened yet more than it is.

A strange sight this was to *Don Fernando*, and all the by-standers, who were astonished at so unexpected an event. *Dorothea* fancied, that *Don Fernando* changed colour, and looked as if he had a mind to revenge himself on *Cardenio*; for she saw him put his hand toward his sword; and no sooner did she perceive it, but she ran immediately, and, embracing his knees, and kissing them, she held him so fast that he could not stir; and, her tears trickling down without intermission, she said to him: What is it you intend to do, my only refuge in this unexpected crisis? You have your wife at your feet, and she, whom you would have to be yours, is in the arms of her own husband: consider then, whether it be fit or possible for you to undo what heaven has done, or whether it will become you to raise her to an equality with yourself, who, regardless of all obstacles, and confirmed in her truth and constancy, is bathing the bosom of her true husband, before your face, with the tears of love flowing from her eyes. For god's sake, and your own character's sake, I beseech
you,



you, that this publick declaration may be so far from encreasing your wrath, that it may appease it in such sort, that these two lovers may be permitted, without any impediment from you, to live together in peace all the time heaven shall be pleased to allot them: and by this you will shew the generosity of your noble and illustrious breast, and the world will see, that reason sways more with you than appetite.

While *Dorothea* was saying this, *Cardenio*, though he held *Lucinda* between his arms, kept his eyes fixed on *Don Fernando*, with a resolution, if he saw him make any motion towards assaulting him, to endeavour to defend himself, and also to act offensively, as well as he could, against all who should take part against him, though it should cost him his life. But now *Don Fernando's* friends, together with the priest and the barber, who were present all the while, not omitting honest *Sancho Pança*, ran, and surrounded *Don Fernando*, intreating him to have regard to *Dorothea's* tears; and, as they verily believed she had said nothing but what was true, they begged of him, that he would not suffer her to be disappointed in her just expectations: they desired he would consider, that, not by chance, as it seemed, but by the particular providence of heaven, they had all met in a place, where one would least have imagined they should; and the priest put him in mind, that nothing but death could part *Lucinda* from *Cardenio*, and that, though they should be severed by the edge of the sword, they would account their deaths most happy: and that in a case, which could not be remedied, the highest wisdom would be, by forcing and overcoming himself, to shew a greatness of mind, in suffering that couple, by his mere good-will, to enjoy that happiness, which heaven had already granted them: he desired him also to turn his eyes on the beauty of *Dorothea*, and see how few, if any, could equal, much less exceed her; and that to her beauty he would add her humility, and the extreme love she had for him: but especially that he would remember, that, if he valued himself on being a gentleman, and a christian, he could do no less than perform the promise he had given her, and that, in so doing, he would please god, and do what was right in the eyes of all wise men, who know and understand, that it is the prerogative of beauty, though in a mean subject, if it be accompanied with modesty, to be able to raise and equal itself to any height, without any disparagement to him, who raises and equals it to himself: and that, when the strong dictates of appetite are complied with, provided there be no sin in the action, he ought not to be blamed, who yields to them. In short, to these they all added such and so many powerful arguments, that the generous heart of *Don Fernando*, being nourished with noble blood, was softened, and suffered itself to be overcome by that truth, which, if he had had a mind, he could not have resisted: and the proof he gave of surrendering himself, and submitting to what was proposed, was, to stoop down, and embrace *Dorothea*, saying to her: Rise, dear madam; for it is not fit she should kneel at my feet, who is mistress of my soul: and if hitherto

therto I have given no proof of what I say, perhaps it has been so ordered by heaven, that, by finding in you the constancy of your affection to me, I may know how to esteem you as you deserve. What I beg of you, is, not to reproach me with my past unkind behaviour and great neglect of you: for the very same cause and motive, that induced me to take you for mine, influenced me to endeavour not to be yours: and, to shew you the truth of what I say, turn, and behold the eyes of the now satisfied *Lucinda*, and in them you will see an excuse for all my errors: and since she has found and attained to what she desired, and I have found in you all I want, let her live secure and contented many happy years with her *Cardenio*; and I will beseech heaven, that I may do the like with my dear *Dorothea*. And saying this, he embraced her again, and joined his face to her's, with such tenderness of passion, that he had much ado to prevent his tears from giving undoubted signs of his love and repentance. It was not so with *Lucinda* and *Cardenio*, and almost all the rest of the company present; for they began to shed so many tears, some for joy on their own account, and some on the account of others, that one would have thought some heavy and dismal disaster had befallen them all. Even *Sancho Pança* wept, though he owned afterwards, that, for his part, he wept only to see that *Dorothea* was not, as he imagined, the queen *Micomicona*, from whom he expected so many favours.

Their joint wonder and weeping lasted for some time; and then *Cardenio* and *Lucinda* went, and kneeled before *Don Fernando*, thanking him for the favour he had done them, in such terms of respect, that *Don Fernando* knew not what to answer; and so he raised them up, and embraced them with much courtesy and many demonstrations of affection. Then he desired *Dorothea* to tell him how she came to that place so far from home? She related, in few and discreet words, all she had before related to *Cardenio*; with which *Don Fernando* and his company were so pleased, that they wished the story had lasted much longer, such was the grace with which *Dorothea* recounted her misfortunes. And when she had made an end, *Don Fernando* related what had befallen him in the city, after his finding the paper in *Lucinda*'s bosom, wherein she declared that she was wife to *Cardenio*, and could not be his. He said, that he had a mind to have killed her, and should have done it, if her parents had not hindered him; upon which he left the house, enraged and ashamed, with a resolution of revenging himself at a more convenient time; that, the following day, he heard that *Lucinda* was missing from her father's house, without any body's knowing whither she was gone; in fine, that, at the end of some months, he came to know, that she was in a convent, purposing to remain there all her days, unless she could spend them with *Cardenio*; and that, as soon as he knew it, choosing those three gentlemen for his companions, he went to the place where she was, but did not speak to her, fearing, if she knew he was there, the monastery would be better guarded; and so waiting for a day, when the porter's lodge was
open,

open, he left two to secure the door, and he with the other entered into the convent, in search of *Lucinda*, whom they found in the cloysters talking to a nun; and snatching her away, without giving her time for any thing, they came with her to a place where they accommodated themselves with whatever was needful for the carrying her off: all which they could very safely do, the monastery being in the fields, a good way out of the town. He said, that, when *Lucinda* saw herself in his power, she swooned away, and that, when she came to herself, she did nothing but weep, and sigh, without speaking one word: and that in this manner, accompanied with silence and tears, they arrived at that inn, which to him was arriving at heaven, where all earthly misfortunes have an end.

C H A P. X.

Wherein is continued the History of the famous Infanta Micomicona, with other pleasant adventures.

SANCHO heard all this with no small grief of mind, seeing that the hope of his preferment was disappearing and vanishing into smoke; and that the fair princess *Micomicona* was turned into *Dorothea*, and the giant into *Don Fernando*, while his master lay in a sound sleep without troubling his head about what passed. *Dorothea* could not be sure, whether the happiness she enjoyed was not a dream. *Cardenio* was in the same doubt; and *Lucinda* knew not what to think. *Don Fernando* gave thanks to heaven for the blessing bestowed on him in bringing him out of that perplexed labyrinth, in which he was upon the brink of losing his honour and his soul. In short, all that were in the inn were pleased at the happy conclusion of such intricate and hopeless affairs. The priest, like a man of sense, placed every thing in its true light, and congratulated every one upon their share of the good that had befallen them. But she who rejoiced most, and was most delighted, was the hostess, *Cardenio* and the priest having promised to pay her with interest for all the damages sustained upon *Don Quixote's* account. *Sancho*, as has been said, was the only afflicted, unhappy, and sorrowful person: and so with dismal looks he went in to his master, who was then awaked, to whom he said: Your worship may very well sleep your fill, Signor *Sorrowful Figure*, without troubling yourself about killing any giant, or restoring the princess to her kingdom; for all is done and over already. I verily believe it is so, answered *Don Quixote*; for I have had the most monstrous and dreadful battle with the giant that ever I believe I shall have in all the days of my life; and with one back-stroke I tumbled his head to the ground, and so great was the quantity of blood that gushed from it, that the streams ran along the ground, as if it had been water. As if it had been red wine, your worship might better say, answered *Sancho*: for I would have you to know, if you do not know it already, that the dead giant is a

pierced skin; and the blood, eighteen gallons of red wine contained in its belly: and the head cut off is --- the whore that bore me, and the devil take all for me. What is it you say, fool? replied *Don Quixote*; are you in your senses? Pray, get up, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, and you will see what a fine spot of work you have made, and what a reckoning we have to pay; and you will see the queen converted into a private lady called *Dorothea*, with other accidents, which, if you take them right, will astonish you. I shall wonder at nothing of all this, replied *Don Quixote*; for, if you remember well, the last time we were here, I told you, that all things in this place went by enchantment, and it would be no wonder if it should be so now. I should believe so too, answered *Sancho*, if my being tossed in the blanket had been a matter of this nature: but it was not, but downright real and true; and I saw that the innkeeper, who was here to-day alive, held a corner of the blanket, and canted me toward heaven with notable alacrity and vigour, and with as much laughter as force; and where it happens that we know persons, in my poor opinion, though simple and a finner, it is no enchantment at all, but much misusage and much mishap. Well, god will remedy it, quoth *Don Quixote*; give me my cloaths, that I may go and see the accidents and transformations you talk of.

Sancho reached him his apparel, and, while he was dressing, the priest gave *Don Fernando* and the rest an account of *Don Quixote's* madness, and of the artifice they had made use of to get him from the poor rock, to which he imagined himself banished, through his lady's disdain. He related also to them almost all the adventures, which *Sancho* had recounted; at which they did not a little wonder and laugh, thinking, as every body did, that it was the strangest kind of madness that ever entered into an extravagant imagination. The priest said farther, that, since madam *Dorothea's* good-fortune would not permit her to go on with their design, it was necessary to invent and find out some other way of getting him home to his village. *Cardenio* offered to assist in carrying on the project, and proposed that *Lucinda* should personate *Dorothea*. No, said *Don Fernando*, it must not be so; for I would have *Dorothea* herself go on with her plot: and as it is not far from hence to this good gentleman's village, I shall be glad to contribute to his cure. It is not above two days journey, said the priest. Though it were farther, said *Don Fernando*, I would undertake it with pleasure, to accomplish so good a work.

By this time *Don Quixote* sallied forth, compleatly armed with his whole furniture; *Mambrino's* helmet, though bruised and battered, on his head, his target braced on, and resting on his saplin or lance. The strange appearance he made greatly surprized *Don Fernando* and his company, especially when they perceived his tawny and withered lanthorn-jaws¹, his ill-matched armour,

¹ The expression is very bold in the original: *Su rostro de media legua de andadura. i. e. his face of half a league's travelling.*

and the stiffness of his measured pace; and they stood silent to hear what he would say, when, with much gravity and solemnity, fixing his eyes on the fair *Dorothea*, he said: I am informed, fair lady, by this my squire, that your grandeur is annihilated, and your very being demolished, and that from a queen and great lady, which you were wont to be, you are metamorphosed into a private maiden. If this¹ has been done by order of the necromantic king your father, out of fear lest I should not afford you the necessary and due aid, I say, he neither knows, nor ever did know, one half of his trade¹, and that he is but little versed in histories of knight-errantry: for had he read and considered them as attentively, and as much at his leisure, as I have read and considered them, he would have found at every turn, how other knights, of a great deal less fame than myself, have achieved matters much more difficult, it being no such mighty business to kill a pitiful giant, be he never so arrogant: for not many hours are past since I had a bout with one myself, and ---- I say no more, lest I should be thought to lye; but time, the revealer of all things, will tell it, when we least think of it. It was with a couple of wine-skins, and not a giant, quoth the inn-keeper: but *Don Fernando* commanded him to hold his peace, and in no wise to interrupt *Don Quixote's* discourse, who went on, saying: I say, in fine, high and disinherited lady, that, if for the cause aforesaid your father has made this metamorphosis in your person, I would have you give no heed to it at all: for there is no danger upon earth, through which my sword shall not force a way, and, by bringing down the head of your enemy to the ground, place the crown of your kingdom upon your own in a few days.

Don Quixote said no more, but awaited the princess's answer, who, knowing *Don Fernando's* inclination, that she should carry on the deceit, 'till *Don Quixote* was brought home to his house, with much grace and gravity, answered him: Whoever told you, valorous knight of the sorrowful figure, that I was changed and altered from what I was, did not tell you the truth: for I am the same to-day that I was yesterday: it is true indeed, some fortunate accidents that have befallen me, to my heart's desire, have made some alteration in me for the better: yet, for all that, I do not cease to be what I was before, and to have the same thoughts I always had of employing the prowess of your redoubted and invincible arm. So that, dear Sir, of your accustomed bounty, restore to the father who begot me his honour, and esteem him to be a wise and prudent man, since by his skill he found out so easy and certain a way to remedy my misfortune: for I verily believe, had it not been for you, Sir, I should never have lighted on the happiness I now enjoy; and in this I speak the very truth, as most of these gentlemen here present can testify: what remains is, that to-morrow morning we set forward on our journey; for to-day we could not go far:

¹ Literally, *one half of the mass*, the saying of which is one great part of the priestly office.

and for the rest of the good success I expect, I refer it to god, and to the valour of your breast.

Thus spoke the discreet *Dorothea*, and *Don Quixote*, having heard her, turned to *Sancho*, and, with an air of much indignation, said to him: I tell you now, little *Sancho*, that you are the greatest little rascal in all *Spain*: tell me, thief, vagabond; did you not tell me just now, that this princess was transformed into a damsel called *Dorothea*; and that the head, which, as I take it, I lopped off from a giant, was the whore that bore thee; with other absurdities, which put me into the greatest confusion I ever was in all the days of my life? I vow (and here he looked up to heaven, and gnashed his teeth) I have a great mind to make such a massacre of thee, as shall put wit into the noddles of all the lying squires of knights-errant that shall be from henceforward in the world. Pray, dear Sir, be pacified, answered *Sancho*; for I may easily be mistaken as to the transformation of madam the princess *Micomicona*; but as to the giant's head, or at least the piercing of the skins, and the blood's being but red wine, I am not deceived as god liveth: for the skins yonder at your worship's bed's-head are cut and flashed, and the red wine has turned the room into a pond; and if not, it will be seen in the frying of the eggs¹, I mean, you will find it when his worship Signor inn-keeper here demands damages. As for the rest, I rejoice in my heart that madam the queen is as she was; for I have my share in it, as every neighbour's child has. I tell you now, *Sancho*, you are a suckling; forgive me, that's enough. It is enough, said *Don Fernando*, and let no more be said of this; and since madam the princess says we must set forward in the morning, it being too late to-day, let us do so, and let us pass this night in agreeable conversation, 'till to-morrow, when we will all bear Signor *Don Quixote* company: for we desire to be eye-witnesses of the valorous and unheard-of deeds, which he is to perform in the progress of this grand enterprise, which he has undertaken. It is I that am to wait upon you, and bear you company, answered *Don Quixote*; and I am much obliged to you for the favour you do me, and the good opinion you have of me; which it shall be my endeavour not to disappoint, or it shall cost me my life, and even more, if more it could cost me.

Many compliments, and many offers of service, passed between *Don Quixote* and *Don Fernando*: but all was put a stop to by a traveller, who just then entered the inn; who by his garb seemed to be a christian newly come from among the *Moors*; for he had on a blue cloth loose coat, with short skirts, half sleeves, and no collar: his breeches also were of blue cloth, and he wore a cap of the same colour: he had on a pair of date-coloured stockings, and a *Moorish* scymitar hung in a shoulder-belt that came cross his breast. There came in immediately af-

¹ When eggs are to be fried, there is no knowing their goodness 'till they are broken. *Royal Dict. Or.* A thief stole a frying-pan, and the woman, who owned it, meeting him, asked him what he was carrying away: he answered, you will know when your eggs are to be fried. *Pineda.*

ter him a woman mounted on an afs in a *Moorish* drefs, her face veiled, a brocade turban on her head, and covered with a mantle from her foulders to her feet. The man was of a robuft and agreeable make, a little above forty years old, of a brownifh complexion, large whifkers, and a well-fet beard : in fhort, his mien, if he had been well drefsed, would have denoted him a perfon of quality, and well born. At coming in, he asked for a room, and, being told there was none to fpare in the inn, he feemed to be troubled, and going to the woman, who by her habit feemed to be a *Moor*, he took her down in his arms. *Lucinda*, *Dorothea*, the landlady, her daughter, and *Maritornes*, gathered about the *Moorifh* lady, on account of the novelty of her drefs, the like of which they had never feen before : and *Dorothea*, who was always obliging, complaifant, and difcreet, imagining that both fhe and her conductor were uneasy for want of a room, faid to her : Be not much concerned, madam, about proper accommodations ; it is what one muft not expect to meet with in inns. And fince it is fo, if you pleafe to take fhare with us (pointing to *Lucinda*) perhaps, in the courfe of your journey, you may have met with worfe entertainment. The unknown lady returned her no anfwer, but only, rifing from her feat, and laying her hands acrofs on her breaft, fhe bowed her head and body, in token that fhe thanked her. By her filence they concluded fhe muft be a *Moor*, and could not fpeak the chriitian language.

By this time her companion, who had hitherto been employed about fomething elfe, came in, and, feeing that they were all ftanding about the woman that came with him, and that, whatever they faid to her, fhe continued filent, he faid : Ladies, this young woman underftands fcarce any thing of our language, nor can fhe fpeak any other than that of her own country ; and therefore it is, that fhe has not answered to any thing you may have asked her. Nothing has been asked her, answered *Lucinda*, but only whether fhe would accept of our company for this night, and take part of our lodging, where fhe fhall be accommodated, and entertained, as well as the place will afford, and with that good will, which is due to all ftangers that are in need of it, and efpecially from us to her, as fhe is of our own fex. Dear madam, answered the ftanger, I kifs your hands for her and for myfelf, and highly prize, as I ought, the favour offered us, which, at fuch a time, and from fuch perfons as you appear to be, muft be owned to be very great. Pray tell me, Signor, faid *Dorothea*, is this lady a chriitian or a *Moor*? for her habit and her filence make us think fhe is what we wifh fhe were not. She is a *Moor*, answered the ftanger, in her attire and in her body ; but, in her foul, fhe is already very much a chriitian, having a very ftrong defire to become one. She is not yet baptized then? answered *Lucinda*. There has been no time for that yet, answered the ftanger, fince fhe left *Algiers*, her native country and place of abode, and fhe has not hitherto been in any danger of death fo imminent, as to make it neceffary to have her baptized, before fhe be instructed in all the ceremonies our holy mother

mother the church enjoins; but I hope, if it please god, she shall soon be baptized with the decency becoming her quality, which is above what either her habit or mine seem to denote.

This discourse gave all who heard him a desire to know who the *Moor* and the stranger were: but no body would ask them just then, seeing it was more proper, at that time, to let them take some rest, than to be enquiring into their lives. *Dorothea* took her by the hand, and led her to sit down by her, desiring her to uncover her face. She looked at the stranger, as if she asked him what they said, and what she should do. He told her in *Arabic*, that they desired she would uncover her face, and that he would have her do so: accordingly she did, and discovered a face so beautiful, that *Dorothea* thought her handsomer than *Lucinda*, and *Lucinda* than *Dorothea*; and all the by-standers saw, that, if any beauty could be compared with theirs, it must be that of the *Moor*; nay, some of them thought she surpassed them in some things. And as beauty has the prerogative and power to reconcile minds, and attract inclinations, they all presently fell to caressing and making much of the beautiful *Moor*. *Don Fernando* asked of the stranger the *Moor's* name, who answered, *Lela Zoraida*; and as soon as she heard this, understanding what they had enquired of the christian, she said hastily, with a sprightly but concerned air, No, not *Zoraida*; *Maria, Maria*, letting them know her name was *Maria*, and not *Zoraida*. These words, and the great earnestness with which she pronounced them, extorted more than one tear from those who heard her, especially from the women, who are naturally tender-hearted and compassionate. *Lucinda* embraced her very affectionately, saying to her: Yes, yes, *Maria, Maria*; to whom the *Moor* answered: Yes, yes, *Maria, Zoraida macange*; as much as to say, not *Zoraida*.

By this time it was four in the afternoon, and, by order of *Don Fernando* and his company, the inn-keeper had taken care to provide a collation for them, the best it was possible for him to get; which being now ready, they all sat down at a long table, like those in halls, there being neither a round, nor a square one, in the house. They gave the upper-end and principal seat (though he would have declined it) to *Don Quixote*, who would needs have the lady *Micomicona* sit next him, as being her champion. Then sat down *Lucinda* and *Zoraida*, and opposite to them *Don Fernando* and *Cardenio*, and then the stranger and the rest of the gentlemen; and next to the ladies sat the priest and the barber: and thus they banqueted much to their satisfaction; and it gave them an additional pleasure to hear *Don Quixote*, who, moved by such another spirit, as that which had moved him to talk so much, when he supped with the goat-herds, instead of eating, spoke as follows. In truth, gentlemen, if it be well considered, great and unheard-of things do they see, who profess the order of knight-errantry. If any one thinks otherwise, let me ask him, what man living, that should now enter at this castle-gate, and see us sitting in this manner, could judge or believe us to be the persons we really are? Who could say, that

that this lady, sitting here by my side, is that great queen that we all know her to be, and that I am that knight of *the sorrowful figure*, so blazoned abroad by the mouth of fame? There is no doubt, but that this art and profession exceeds all that have been ever invented by men, and so much the more honourable is it, by how much it is exposed to more dangers. Away with those, who say, that letters have the advantage over arms: I will tell them, be they who they will, that they know not what they say. For the reason they usually give, and which they lay the greatest stress upon, is, that the labours of the brain exceed those of the body, and that arms are exercised by the body alone; as if the use of them were the business of porters, for which nothing is necessary but downright strength; or as if in this, which we, who profess it, call chivalry, were not included the acts of fortitude, which require a very good understanding to execute them; or as if the mind of the warrior, who has an army, or the defence of a besieged city, committed to his charge, does not labour with his understanding as well as his body. If not, let us see how, by mere bodily strength, he will be able to penetrate into the designs of the enemy, to form stratagems, overcome difficulties, and prevent dangers which threaten: for all these things are acts of the understanding, in which the body has no share at all. It being so then, that arms employ the mind as well as letters, let us next see whose mind labours most, the scholar's, or that of the warrior. And this may be determined by the scope and ultimate end of each: for that intention is to be the most esteemed, which has the noblest end for its object. Now the end and design of letters (I do not now speak of divinity, which has for its aim the raising and conducting souls to heaven; for to an end so without end as this no other can be compared) I speak of human learning, whose end, I say, is to regulate distributive justice, and give to every man his due; to know good laws, and cause them to be strictly observed; an end most certainly generous and exalted, and worthy of high commendation; but not equal to that, which is annexed to the profession of arms, whose object and end is peace, the greatest blessing men can wish for in this life. Accordingly, the first good news, the world and men received, was what the Angels brought, on that night which was our day, when they sung in the clouds; *Glory be to god on high, and on earth peace and good-will towards men*: and the salutation, which the best master of earth or heaven taught his followers and disciples, was, that, when they entered into any house, they should say, *Peace be to this house*: and many other times he said; *My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you, peace be amongst you*. A jewel and legacy, worthy of coming from such a hand! a jewel, without which there can be no happiness either in earth or in heaven! This peace is the true end of war; for to say arms or war, is the same thing. Granting therefore this truth, that the end of war is peace, and that in this it has the advantage of the end proposed by letters, let us come now
to

to the bodily labours of the scholar, and to those of the professor of arms; and let us see which are the greatest.

Don Quixote went on with his discourse in such a manner, and in such proper expressions, that none of those who heard him at that time could take him for a madman. On the contrary, most of his hearers being gentlemen, to whom the use of arms properly belongs, they listened to him with pleasure, and he continued saying.

I say then, that the hardships of the scholar are these: in the first place, poverty; not that they are all poor, but I would put the case in the strongest manner possible: and when I have said, that he endures poverty, methinks no more need be said to shew his misery¹; for he, who is poor, is destitute of every good thing: he endures poverty in all its parts, sometimes in hunger and cold, and sometimes in nakedness, and sometimes in all these together. But notwithstanding all this, it is not so great, but that still he eats, though somewhat later than usual, or of the rich man's scraps and leavings, or, which is the scholar's greatest misery, by what is called among them going a *sopping*². Neither do they always want a fire-side or chimney-corner of some charitable person, which, if it does not quite warm them, at least abates their extreme cold: and lastly, they sleep somewhere under cover. I will not mention other trifles, such as want of shirts, and no plenty of shoes, the thinness and thread-bareness of their cloaths, nor that laying about them with so much eagerness and pleasure, when good-fortune sets a plentiful table in their way. By this way that I have described, rough and difficult, here stumbling, there falling, now rising, then falling again, they arrive to the degree they desire; which being attained, we have seen many, who, having passed these *Syrtes*, these *Scyllas* and *Charybdis's*, buoyed-up as it were by favourable fortune, I say, we have seen them from a chair command and govern the world; their hunger converted into satiety, their pinching cold into refreshing coolness, their nakedness into embroidery, and their sleeping on a mat to reposing in holland and damask: a reward justly merited by their virtue. But their hardships, opposed to and compared with those of the warrior, fall far short of them, as I shall presently shew.

C H A P. XI.

The continuation of Don Quixote's curious discourse upon arms and letters.

DON QUIXOTE, continuing his discourse, said: Since, in speaking of the scholar, we began with his poverty, and its several branches, let us see whether the soldier be richer. And we shall find that poverty itself is not poorer: for he depends on his wretched pay, which comes late, or perhaps ne-

¹ It is very observable, how feelingly *Cervantes* here speaks of poverty.

² The author means the sops in porridge, given at the doors of the monasteries.

ver; or else on what he can pilfer, with great peril of his life and conscience. And sometimes his nakedness is such, that his slashed buff-doublet serves him both for finery and shirt; and in the midst of winter, being in the open field, he has nothing to warm him but the breath of his mouth, which, issuing from an empty place, must needs come out cold, against all the rules of nature. But let us wait 'till night, and see whether his bed will make amends for these inconveniences: and that, if it be not his own fault, will never offend in point of narrowness; for he may measure out as many foot of earth as he pleases, and roll himself thereon at pleasure, without fear of rumpling the sheets. Suppose now the day and hour come of taking the degree of his profession; I say, suppose the day of battle come; and then his doctoral cap will be of lint, to cure some wound made by a musket-shot, which, perhaps, has gone through his temples, or lamed him a leg or an arm. And though this should not happen, but merciful heaven should keep and preserve him alive and unhurt, he shall remain, perhaps, in the same poverty as before; and there must happen a second and a third engagement, and battle after battle, and he must come off victor from them all, to get any thing considerable by it. But these miracles are seldom seen. And tell me, gentlemen, if you have observed it, how much fewer are they, who are rewarded for their services in war, than those, who have perished in it? Doubtless, you must answer, that there is no comparison between the numbers; that the dead cannot be reckoned up, whereas those, who live and are rewarded, may be numbered with three figures¹. All this is quite otherwise with scholars, who from the gown (I am loth to say the sleeves)² are all handsomely provided for. Thus, though the hardships of the soldier are greater, his reward is less. But to this it may be answered, that it is easier to reward two thousand scholars, than thirty thousand soldiers: for the former are rewarded by giving them employments, which must of course be given to men of their profession; whereas the latter cannot be rewarded but with the very property of the master whom they serve: and this impossibility serves to strengthen my assertion.

But, setting aside this, which is a very intricate point, let us turn to the pre-eminence of arms over letters; a controversy hitherto undecided, so strong are the reasons, which each party alledges on its own side: for, besides those I have already mentioned, letters say, that, without them, arms could not subsist: for war also has its laws, to which it is subject, and laws are the province of letters, and learned men. To this arms answer, that laws cannot be supported without them: for by arms republics are defended, kingdoms are preserved, cities are guarded, highways are secured, and the seas are cleared from corsairs

¹ *i. e.* Do not exceed hundreds.

² The original is, *porque de faldas (que no quiero dezir de mangas) &c.* which I have rendered literally, because the author's meaning is not very obvious. Perhaps it might be translated, to the taste of an English reader, thus: *who from the lawyer's (or judge's) gown (to say nothing of lawn-sleeves) &c.*

and pyrates ; in fhort, were it not for them, republics, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, journies by land and voyages by fea, would be fubject to the cruelties and confufion, which war carries along with it, while it lafts, and is at liberty to make ufe of its privileges and its power. Befides, it is paft difpute, that what cofts moft the attaining, is, and ought to be, moft efteemed. Now, in order to arrive at a degree of eminence in learning, it cofts time, watching, hunger, nakednefs, dizzinefs in the head, weaknefs of the ftomach, and other fuch like inconveniences, as I have already mentioned in part. But for a man to rife gradually to be a good foldier, cofts him all it can coft the fcholar, and that in fo much a greater degree, that there is no comparifon, fince at every ftep he is in imminent danger of his life. And what dread of neceffity and poverty can affect or diftrefs a fcholar, equal to that which a foldier feels, who, being befieged in fome fortrefs, and placed as a centinel in fome ravelin or cavalier¹, perceives that the enemy is mining toward the place where he ftands, and yet muft on no account ftir from his poft, or fhun the danger that fo nearly threatens him : all that he can do, in fuch a cafe, is, to give notice to his officer of what paffes, that he may remedy it by fome countermine, and, in the mean time, he muft ftand his ground, fearing and expecting when of a fudden he is to mount to the clouds without wings, and then defcend headlong to the deep againft his will. And if this be thought but a trifling danger, let us fee whether it be equalled or exceeded by the encounter of two gallies, prow to prow, in the midft of the wide fea ; which being locked and grappled together, there is no more room left for the foldier than the two-foot plank at the beakhead : and though he fees as many threatening minifters of death before him, as there are pieces of artillery and fmall arms pointed at him from the oppofite fide, not the length of a lance from his body ; and though he knows, that the firft flip of his foot will fend him to vifit the profound depths of *Neptune's* bofom ; notwithstanding all this, with an undaunted heart, carried on by honour that infpires him, he expofes himfelf as a mark to all their fire, and endeavours, by that narrow pafs, to force his way into the enemy's vefTel : and what is moft to be admired, is, that fcarce is one fallen, whence he cannot arife 'till the end of the world, when another takes his place ; and if he alfo fall into the fea, which lies in wait for him like an enemy, another and another fucceeds without any intermiffion between their deaths ; an inftance of bravery and intrepidity the greateft that is to be met with in all the extremities of war. A bleffing on thofe happy ages, ftrangers to the dreadful fury of thofe devilifh inftruments of artillery, whofe inventor, I verily believe, is now in hell receiving the reward of his diabolical invention ; by means of which it is in the power of a cowardly and bafe hand to take away the life of the bravelt cavalier, and to

¹ A mount raifed on fome work of a fortification, to command or overlook fome rifing ground, which the enemy might ufe to overlook that part of the fortification, where the cavalier is raifed to prevent their ufing it.

which

which is owing, that, without knowing how, or from whence, in the midst of that resolution and bravery, which enflames and animates gallant spirits, comes a chance ball, shot off by one, who, perhaps, fled and was frightened at the very flash in the pan, and in an instant cuts short, and puts an end to the thoughts and life of him, who deserved to have lived for many ages. And therefore, when I consider this, I could almost say, I repent of having undertaken this profession of knight-errantry, in so detestable an age, as this is in which we live; for though no danger can daunt me, still it gives me some concern, to think that powder and lead may chance to deprive me of the opportunity of becoming famous and renowned, by the valour of my arm and edge of my sword, over the face of the whole earth. But heaven's will be done: I have this satisfaction, that I shall acquire so much the greater fame, if I succeed, by how much the perils, to which I expose myself, are greater than those, to which the knights-errant of past ages were exposed.

Don Quixote made this long harangue, while the rest were eating, forgetting to reach a bit to his mouth, though *Sancho Pança* ever and anon desired him to mind his victuals, telling him, he would have time enough afterwards to talk as much as he pleased. Those who heard him were moved with fresh compassion, to see a man, who, to every body's thinking, had so good an understanding, and could talk so well upon every other subject, so egregiously want it, whenever the discourse happened to turn upon his unlucky and cursed chivalry. The priest told him, there was great reason in all he had said in favour of arms, and that he, though a scholar and a graduate, was of his opinion.

The collation being over, and the cloth taken away, while the hostess, her daughter and *Maritornes*, were preparing the chamber where *Don Quixote de la Mancha* lay, in which it was ordered that the ladies should be lodged by themselves that night, *Don Fernando* desired the stranger to relate to them the history of his life, since it could not but be extraordinary and entertaining, if they might judge by his coming in company with *Zoraida*. To which the stranger answered, that he would very willingly do what they desired, and that he only feared the story would not prove such as might afford them the pleasure he wished; however, rather than not comply with their request, he would relate it. The priest and all the rest thanked him, and entreated him to begin. And he, finding himself courted by so many, said; there is no need of entreaties, gentlemen, where you may command: and therefore, pray, be attentive, and you will hear a true story, not to be equalled, perhaps, by any feigned ones, though usually composed with the most curious and studied art. What he said made all the company seat themselves in order, and observe a strict silence; and he, finding they held their peace, expecting what he would say, with an agreeable and composed voice, began as follows.

Wherein the Captive relates his life and adventures.

I N a certain town in the mountains of *Leon* my lineage had its beginning, to which nature was more kind and liberal than fortune: though amidst the penury of those parts my father passed for a rich man, and really would have been such, had he had the knack of saving, as he had of squandering his estate. This disposition of his to prodigality and profusion proceeded from his having been a foldier in his younger days: for the army is a school, in which the niggardly become generous, and the generous prodigal; and if there are some soldiers misers, they are a kind of monsters, but very rarely seen. My father exceeded the bounds of liberality, and bordered near upon being prodigal: a thing very inconvenient to married men, who have children to inherit their name and quality. My father had three sons, all of age sufficient to choose our way of life: and seeing, as he himself said, that he could not bridle his natural propensity, he resolved to deprive himself of the means that made him a prodigal and a spendthrift, which was, to rid himself of his riches, without which *Alexander* himself could not be generous. Accordingly, one day calling us all three into a room by our selves, he spoke to us in this or the like manner.

My sons, to tell you that I love you, it is sufficient that I say, you are my children; and to make you think that I do not love you, it is sufficient that I am not master enough of my self to forbear dissipating your inheritance. But, that from henceforth you may see, that I love you like a father, and have no mind to ruin you like a step-father, I design to do a thing by you, which I have had in my thoughts this good while, and weighed with mature deliberation. You are all now of an age to choose for your selves a settlement in the world, or at least to pitch upon some way of life, which may be for your honour and profit, when you are grown up. Now, what I have resolved upon, is, to divide what I possess into four parts: three I will give to you, share and share alike, without making any difference; and the fourth I will reserve, to subsist upon for the remaining days of my life. But when each has the share that belongs to him in his own power, I would have him follow one of these ways I shall propose. We have a proverb here in *Spain*, in my opinion a very true one, as most proverbs are, being short sentences, drawn from long and wise experience; and it is this: *The church, the sea, or the court*: as if one should say more plainly; whoever would thrive and be rich, let him either get into the church, or go to sea and exercise the art of merchandizing, or serve the king in his court: for it is a saying, that *the king's bit is better than the lord's bounty*. I say this, because it is my will, that one of you follow letters, another merchandise, and the third serve the king in his wars; for it is difficult to get admission into his household; and though the wars do not procure a man much wealth, they usually procure him

him much esteem and reputation. Within eight days I will give you each your share in money, without wronging you of a farthing, as you will see in effect. Tell me now, whether you will follow my opinion and advice in what I have proposed; and then he bade me, being the eldest, to answer. After I had desired him not to part with what he had, but to spend whatever he pleased, we being young enough to shift for ourselves, I concluded with assuring him I would do as he desired and take to the army, there to serve god and the king. My second brother complied likewise, and chose to go to the *Indies*, turning his portion into merchandize. The youngest, and I believe the wisest, said, he would take to the church, and pursue his studies at *Salamanca*.

As soon as we had agreed, and chose our several professions, my father embraced us all, and, with the dispatch he had promised, put his design in execution, giving to each his share, which, as I remember, was three thousand ducats; for an uncle of ours bought the whole estate, and paid for it in ready-money, that it might not be alienated from the main branch of the family. In one and the self-same day we all took leave of our good father, and it then seeming to me inhuman to leave my father so old, and with so little to subsist on, I prevailed upon him to take back two thousand ducats out of my three, the remainder being sufficient to equip me with what was necessary for a soldier. My two brothers, incited by my example, returned him each a thousand ducats; so that my father now had four thousand in ready-money, and three thousand more, which was the value of the land that fell to his share, and which he would not sell. To be short, we took our leaves of him, and of our aforesaid uncle, not without much concern and tears on all sides, they charging us to acquaint them with our success, whether prosperous or adverse, as often as we had opportunity. We promised so to do; and they having embraced us, and given us their blessing, one of us took the road to *Salamanca*, the other to *Sevil*, and I to *Alicant*, where I heard of a *Genoese* ship that loaded wool there for *Genoa*. It is now two-and-twenty years since I first left my father's house, and in all that time, though I have written several letters, I have had no news, either of him, or of my brothers. As to what has befallen me in the course of that time, I will briefly relate it.

I embarked at *Alicant*, and had a good passage to *Genoa*: from thence I went to *Milan*, where I furnished myself with arms, and some military finery; and from thence determined to go into the service in *Piedmont*: and being upon the road to *Alexandria de la Paglia*, I was informed that the great duke *D'Alva* was passing into *Flanders* with an army. Hereupon I changed my mind, went with him, and served under him in all his engagements. I was present at the death of the counts *D'Egmont* and *Horn*. I got an ensign's commission in the company of a famous captain of *Guadalajara*, called *Diego de Urbina*. And, soon after my arrival in *Flanders*, news came of the league concluded between pope *Pius V* of happy memory, and *Spain*, against the com-
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mon enemy, the *Turk*; who, about the same time, had taken with his fleet the famous island of *Cyprus*, which was before subject to the *Venetians*; a sad and unfortunate loss indeed to *Christendom*! It was known for certain, that the most serene *Don John* of *Austria*, natural brother of our good king *Philip*, was appointed generalissimo of this league, and great preparations for war were every where talked of. All which incited a vehement desire in me to be present in the battle that was expected; and though I had reason to believe, and had some promises, and almost assurances, that, on the first occasion that offered, I should be promoted to the rank of a captain, I resolved to quit all, and go, as I did, into *Italy*. And my good-fortune would have it, that *Don John* of *Austria* was just then come to *Genoa*, and was going to *Naples* to join the *Venetian* fleet, as he afterwards did at *Messina*. In short, I was present at that glorious action, being already made a captain of foot, to which honourable post I was advanced, rather by my good-fortune, than by my deserts. But that day, which was so fortunate to *Christendom*; for all nations were then undeceived of their error in believing that the *Turks* were invincible by sea: on that day, I say, in which the *Ottoman* pride and haughtiness were broken; among so many happy persons as were there (for sure the christians, who died there, had better fortune than the survivors and conquerors) I alone remained unfortunate, since, instead of, what I might have expected, had it been in the times of the *Romans*, some naval crown, I found myself, the night following that famous day, with chains on my feet, and manacles on my hands. Which happened thus: *Ucbali* king of *Algiers*, a bold and successful corsair, having boarded and taken the captain-galley¹ of *Malta*, three knights only being left alive in her, and those desperately wounded; the captain-galley of *John Andrea D'Oria* came up to her relief, on board of which I was with my company; and, doing my duty upon this occasion, I leaped into the enemy's galley, which getting off suddenly from ours, my soldiers could not follow me; and so I was left alone among my enemies, whom I could not resist, being so many: in short, I was carried off prisoner, and sorely wounded. And, as you must have heard, gentlemen, that *Ucbali* escaped with his whole squadron, by that means I remained a captive in his power, being the only sad person, when so many were joyful; and a slave, when so many were freed: for fifteen thousand christians, who were at the oar in the *Turkish* galleys, did that day recover their long-wished-for liberty. They carried me to *Constantinople*, where the Grand Signor *Selim* made my master general of the sea, for having done his duty in the fight, and having brought off as a proof of his valour the flag of the order of *Malta*. The year following, which was *seventy-two*, I was at *Navarino*, rowing in the captain-galley of the *Three lanterns*; and there I saw and observed the opportunity that was then lost of taking the whole *Turkish* navy in port. For all the

¹ The Gallies are always commanded by a general, and not an admiral.

Levantines and *Janizaries* on board took it for granted they should be attacked in the very harbour, and had their baggage and their passamaques (or shoes) in readiness for running away immediately by land, without staying for an engagement: such terror had our navy struck into them. But heaven ordered it otherwise, not through any fault or neglect of the general, who commanded our men, but for the sins of *Christendom*, and because god permits and ordains, that there should always be some scourges to chastise us. In short, *Uchali* got into *Modon*, an Island near *Navarino*, and, putting his men on shore, he fortified the entrance of the port, and lay still till the season of the year forced *Don John* to return home. In this campaign, the galley, called the *Prize*, whose captain was a son of the famous corsair *Barbarossa*, was taken by the captain-galley of *Naples*, called the *She-wolf*, commanded by that thunderbolt of war, that father of the soldiers, that fortunate and invincible captain, *Don Alvaro de Basan*, marquis of *Santa Cruz*. And I cannot forbear relating what happened at the taking of the *Prize*.

The son of *Barbarossa* was so cruel, and treated his slaves so ill, that, as soon as they, who were at the oar, saw, that the *She-wolf* was ready to board and take them, they all at once let fall their oars, and, laying hold on their captain, who stood near the poop¹, calling out to them to row hard; and passing him along from bank to bank, and from the poop to the prow, they gave him such bites, that he had passed but little beyond the mast, before his soul was passed to hell: such was the cruelty wherewith he treated them, and the hatred they bore to him.

We returned to *Constantinople*, and the year following, which was *seventy-three*, it was known there that *Don John* had taken *Tunis*, and that kingdom from the *Turks*, and put *Muley Hamet* in possession thereof, cutting off the hopes that *Muley Hamida* had of reigning again there, who was one of the cruellest, and yet bravest *Moors*, that ever was in the world. The grand *Turk* felt this loss very sensibly, and putting in practice that sagacity, which is inherent in the *Ottoman* family, he clapped up a peace with the *Venetians*, who desired it more than he: and the year following, being that of *seventy-four*, he attacked the fortrefs of *Goleta*, and the fort, which *Don John* had left half finished near *Tunis*. During all these transactions, I was still at the oar, without any hope of redemption: at least I did not expect to be ransomed; for I was determined not to write an account of my misfortune to my father. In short, the *Goleta* was lost, and the fort also; before which places the *Turks* had seventy-five thousand men in pay, besides above four hundred thousand *Moors* and *Arabs* from all parts of *Africa*: and this vast multitude was furnished with such quantities of ammunition, and such large warlike stores, together with so

¹ Literally, *on the Estanterol*. The *Estanterol* is the pillar near the poop, on which is propped the awning of the poop, and it is at the end of the path of communication betwixt it and the prow, which runs exactly along the middle of the galley, and is called in *Spanish* the *Cruxia*.

many pioneers, that, each man bringing only a handful of earth, they might therewith have covered both the *Goleta* and the fort. The *Goleta*, 'till then thought impregnable; was first taken, not through default of the besieged, who did all that men could do, but because experience had now shewn, how easily trenches might be raised in that desert sand; for though the water used to be within two spans of the surface, the *Turks* now met with none within two yards; and so, by the help of a great number of sacks of sand, they raised their works so high, as to overlook and command the fortifications: and so levelling from a cavalier¹, they put it out of the power of the besieged to make any defence. It was the general opinion, that our troops ought not to have shut themselves up in the *Goleta*, but have met the enemy in the open field, at the place of debarkment: but they, who talk thus, speak at random, and like men little experienced in affairs of this kind. For if there were scarce seven thousand soldiers in the *Goleta* and in the fort, how could so small a number, though ever so resolute, both take the field, and garrison the forts, against such a multitude as that of the enemy? And how can a place be maintained, which is not relieved, and especially when besieged by an army that is both numerous and obstinate, and besides in their own country? But many were of opinion, and I was of the number, that heaven did a particular grace and favour to *Spain*, in suffering the destruction of that forge and refuge of all iniquity, that devourer, that sponge, and that moth of infinite sums of money, idly spent there, to no other purpose, than to preserve the memory of its having been a conquest of the invincible emperor *Charles the fifth*; as if it were necessary to the making that memory eternal, as it will be, that those stones should keep it up. The fort also was taken at last: but the *Turks* were forced to purchase it inch by inch; for the soldiers, who defended it, fought with such bravery and resolution, that they killed above twenty-five thousand of the enemy in two-and-twenty general assaults. And of three hundred that were left alive, not one was taken prisoner unwounded; an evident proof of their courage and bravery, and of the vigorous defence they had made. A little fort also or tower, in the middle of the lake, commanded by *Don John Zanoquera*, a cavalier of *Valencia*, and a famous soldier, surrendered upon terms. They took prisoner *Don Pedro Portocarrero*, general of *Goleta*, who did all that was possible for the defence of his fortress, and took the loss of it so much to heart, that he died for grief on the way to *Constantinople*, whither they were carrying him prisoner. They took also the commander of the fort, called *Gabrio Cerbellon*, a *Milanese* gentleman, a great engineer, and a most valiant soldier. Several persons of distinction lost their lives in these two garrisons; among whom was *Pagan D'Oria*, knight of *Malta*, a gentleman of great generosity, as appeared by his exceeding liberality to his brother the famous *John Andrea D'Oria*: and what made

¹ See the note in page 238.

his death the more lamented was, his dying by the hands of some *African Arabs*, who, upon seeing that the fort was lost, offered to convey him, disguised as a *Moor*, to *Tabarca*, a small haven, or settlement, which the *Genoese* have on that coast for the coral-fishing. These *Arabs* cut off his head, and carried it to the general of the *Turkish* fleet, who made good upon them our *Castilian* proverb, that, *though we love the treason, we hate the traitor*: for it is said, the general ordered that those, who brought him the present, should be instantly hanged, because they had not brought him alive. Among the christians, who were taken in the fort, was one *Don Pedro d' Aguilar*, a native of some town in *Andaluzia*, who had been an ensign in the garrison, a good soldier, and a man of excellent parts: in particular he had a happy talent in poetry. I mention this, because his fortune brought him to be slave to the same master with me, and we served in the same galley, and at the same oar: and before we parted from that port, this cavalier made two sonnets, by way of epitaphs, one upon *Goleta*, and the other upon the fort. And indeed I have a mind to repeat them; for I have them by heart, and I believe they will rather be entertaining than disagreeable to you.

At the instant the captive named *Don Pedro d' Aguilar*, *Don Fernando* looked at his companions, and all three smiled: and when he mentioned the sonnets, one of them said: pray, Sir, before you go any further, I beseech you to tell me what became of that *Don Pedro d' Aguilar* you talk of? All I know, answered the captive, is, that, after he had been two years at *Constantinople*, he went off in the habit of an *Arnaut*¹, with a *Greek* spy: and I cannot tell whether he recovered his liberty; though I believe he did: for, about a year after, I saw the *Greek* in *Constantinople*, but had not an opportunity of asking him the success of that journey. Then I can tell you, said the gentleman; for that *Don Pedro* is my brother, and is now in our town in health, and rich, is married, and has three children. Thanks be to god, said the captive, for the blessings bestowed on him; for, in my opinion, there is not on earth a satisfaction equal to that of recovering one's liberty. Besides, replied the gentleman, I have by heart the sonnets my brother made. Then, pray, Sir, repeat them, said the captive; for you will be able to do it better than I can. With all my heart, answered the gentleman: that upon *Goleta* was thus.

¹ A trooper of *Epirus*, *Dalmatia*, or some of the adjacent countries.

The LIFE and EXPLOITS of

C H A P. XIII.

In which is continued the history of the captive.

S O N N E T.

O Happy souls, by death at length set free
 From the dark prison of mortality,
 By glorious deeds, whose memory never dies,
 From earth's dim spot exalted to the skies!
 What fury stood in every eye confess'd!
 What generous ardor fired each manly breast!
 Whilst slaughter'd heaps distain'd the sandy shore,
 And the ting'd ocean blush'd with hostile gore.
 O'erpower'd by numbers gloriously ye fell:
 Death only could such matchless courage quell.
 Whilst dying thus ye triumph o'er your foes,
 Its fame the world, its glory heaven bestows.

S O N N E T.

From 'midst these walls, whose ruins spread around,
 And scatter'd clods that heap th' ensanguin'd ground,
 Three thousand souls of warriors, dead in fight,
 To better regions took their happy flight.
 Long with unconquer'd force they bravely stood,
 And fearless shed their unavailing blood;
 Till, to superior force compell'd to yield,
 Their lives they quitted in the well-fought field.
 This fatal soil has ever been the tomb
 Of slaughter'd heroes, buried in its womb:
 Yet braver bodies did it ne'er sustain,
 Nor send more glorious souls the skies to gain.

The sonnets were not disliked, and the captive, pleased with the news they told him of his comrade, went on with his story, saying.

Goleta and the fort being delivered up, the *Turks* gave orders to dismantle *Goleta*: as for the fort, it was in such a condition, that there was nothing left to be demolished. And to do the work more speedily, and with less labour, they undermined it in three places: it is true, they could not blow up what seemed to be least strong, the old walls; but whatever remained of the new fortification, made by the engineer *Fratin*¹, came very easily down. In short, the fleet returned to *Constantinople* victorious and triumphant; and within a few

¹ *Fratin* signifies a little lay-brother. Probably the engineer was one, and therefore so called.

months died my master the famous *Uchali*, whom people called *Uchali Fartax*, that is to say, in the *Turkish* language, *The scabby renegado*: for he was so; and it is customary among the *Turks* to nick-name people from some personal defect, or give them a name from some good quality belonging to them. And the reason is, because there are but four surnames of families, which contend for nobility with the *Ottoman*; and the rest, as I have said, take names and surnames either from the blemishes of the body, or the virtues of the mind. This leper had been at the oar fourteen years, being a slave of the grand Signor's; and, at about thirty-four years of age, being enraged at a blow given him by a *Turk* while he was at the oar, to qualify himself to be revenged on him, he renounced his religion. And so great was his valour, that, without rising by those base methods, by which the minions of the grand Signor usually rise, he came to be king of *Algiers*, and afterwards general of the sea, which is the third command in that empire. He was born in *Calabria*, and was a good moral man, and treated his slaves with great humanity. He had three thousand of them, and they were divided after his death, as he had ordered by his last will, one half to the grand Signor, who is every man's heir in part, sharing equally with the children of the deceased¹; and the other among his renegadoes. I fell to the lot of a *Venetian* renegado, who, having been cabin-boy in a ship, was taken by *Uchali*, and was so beloved by him, that he became one of his most favourite boys. He was one of the cruellest renegadoes that ever was seen: his name was *Azan-aga*. He grew very rich, and became king of *Algiers*; and with him I came from *Constantinople*, a little comforted by being so near *Spain*: not that I intended to write an account to any body of my unfortunate circumstances, but in hopes fortune would be more favourable to me in *Algiers*, than it had been in *Constantinople*, where I had tried a thousand ways of making my escape, but none rightly timed nor successful: and in *Algiers* I purposed to try other means of compassing what I desired: for the hope of recovering my liberty never entirely abandoned me; and whenever what I devised, contrived, and put in execution, did not answer my design, I presently, without desponding, searched out and formed to my self fresh hopes to sustain me, though they were slight and inconsiderable. Thus I made a shift to support life, shut up in a prison, or house, which the *Turks* call a bath, where they keep their christian captives locked up, as well those who belong to the king, as some of those belonging to private persons, and those also whom they call of the *Almazan*, that is to say, *captives of the council*, who serve the city in its public works, and in other offices. This kind of captives find it very difficult to recover their liberty; for as they belong to the public, and have no particular

¹ This is a mistake: for at that time the Grand Signor was universal heir, and seized all, the children shifting for themselves the best they could, and the sons often becoming common soldiers; but they have since begun to preserve families. That of *Kuprogli*, which began some years after our author's death, and whose founder was a common *Arnaut*, has produced many great men for several succeeding generations.

master, there is no body for them to treat with about their ransom, though they should have it ready. To these baths, as I have said, private persons sometimes carry their slaves, especially when their ransom is agreed upon; for there they keep them without work, and in safety, 'till their ransom comes. The king's slaves also, who are to be ransomed, do not go out to work with the rest of the crew, unless it be when their ransom is long in coming: for then, to make them write for it with greater importunity, they are made to work, and go for wood with the rest; which is no small toil and pains. As they knew I had been a captain, I was one upon ransom; and though I assured them I wanted both interest and money, it did not hinder me from being put among the gentlemen, and those who were to be ransomed. They put a chain on me, rather as a sign of ransom, than to secure me; and so I passed my life in that bath with many other gentlemen and persons of condition, distinguished and accounted as ransomable. And though hunger and nakedness often, and indeed generally, afflicted us, nothing troubled us so much as to see at every turn the unparalleled and excessive cruelties, with which our master used the christians. Each day he hanged one, impaled another, and cut off the ears of a third; and that upon the least provocation, and sometimes none at all, insomuch that the very *Turks* were sensible he did it for the mere pleasure of doing it, and to gratify his murderous and inhuman disposition. One *Spanish* foldier only, called such an one *de Saavedra*¹, happened to be in his good graces; and though he did things, which will remain in the memory of those people for many years, and all towards obtaining his liberty, yet he never gave him a blow, nor ordered one to be given him, nor ever gave him so much as a hard word: and for the least of many things he did, we all feared he would be impaled alive, and he feared it himself more than once: and, were it not that the time will not allow me, I would now tell you of some things done by this foldier, which would be more entertaining, and more surprizing, than the relation of my story.

But to return. The court-yard of our prison was overlooked by the windows of a house, belonging to a rich *Moor* of distinction, which, as is usual there, were rather peep-holes than windows; and even these had their thick and close lattices. It fell out then, that one day, as I was upon a terras of our prison, with three of my companions, trying, by way of past-time, who could leap farthest with his chains on, being by ourselves (for all the rest of the christians were gone out to work) by chance I looked up, and saw from out of one of those little windows, I have mentioned, a cane appear, with a handkerchief tied at the end of it: the cane moved up and down, as if it made signs for us to come and take it. We looked earnestly up at it, and one of my companions went and placed himself under the cane, to see whether they who held it would

¹ It is generally thought, that *Cervantes* means himself in this passage, it being certain that he was taken prisoner by the *Moors*, though, as to the particulars of his captivity, history is silent. See the *Life of Cervantes*, &c. by Don *Gregorio*, &c. §. 12.

let it drop, or what they would do : but, as he came near, they advanced the cane, and moved it from side to side, as if they had said, *No*, with the head. The christian came back, and the cane was let down with the same motions as before. Another of my companions went, and the same happened to him as to the former : then the third went, and he had the same success with the first and second : which I perceiving would not omit to try my fortune ; and, as soon as I had placed myself under the cane, it was let drop, and fell just at my feet. I immediately untied the handkerchief, and in a knot at a corner of it I found ten *Zianiys*, a sort of base gold coin used by the *Moors*, each piece worth about ten reals[†] of our money. I need not tell you whether I rejoiced at the prize ; and indeed I was no less pleased, than surprized to think from whence this good fortune could come to us, especially to me ; for the letting fall the cane to me alone, plainly shewed that the favour was intended to me alone. I took my welcome money ; I broke the cane to-pieces ; I returned to the terras ; I looked back at the window, and perceived a very white hand go out and in, to open and shut it hastily. Hereby we understood, or fancied, that it must be some woman, who lived in that house, who had been thus charitable to us ; and, to express our thanks, we made our reverences after the *Moorish* fashion, inclining the head, bending the body, and laying the hands on the breast. Soon after there was put out of the same window a little cross made of cane, which was presently drawn in again. On this signal we concluded, that some christian woman was a captive in that house, and that it was she who had done us the kindness : but the whiteness of the hand, and the bracelets we had a glimpse of, soon destroyed that fancy. Then again we imagined it must be some christian renegade, whom their masters often marry, reckoning it happy to get one of them ; for they value them more than the women of their own nation. All our reasonings and conjectures were very wide of the truth ; and now all our entertainment was to gaze at and observe the window, as our north-pole, from whence that star, the cane, had appeared. But full fifteen days passed, in which we saw neither hand, nor any other signal whatever. And though in this interval we endeavoured all we could to inform ourselves who lived in that house, and whether there was any christian renegade there, we never could learn any thing more, than that the house was that of a considerable and rich *Moor*, named *Agimorato*, who had been *Alcaide* of *Pata*, an office among them of great authority. But, when we least dreamed of its raining any more *Zianiys* from thence, we perceived, unexpectedly, another cane appear, and another handkerchief tied to it, with another knot larger than the former ; and this was at a time when the bath, as before, was empty, and without people. We made the same trial as before, each of my three companions going before me ; but the cane was not let down to either of them ; but when I went up to it, it was let fall. I untied the knot, and found in it forty *Spanish* crowns in

[†] About an *English* crown.

gold, and a paper written in *Arabic*, and at the top of the writing was a large cross. I kissed the cross, took the crowns, and returned to the terras: we all made our reverences; the hand appeared again; I made signs that I would read the paper; the hand shut the window, and we all remained amazed, yet overjoyed at what had happened: and as none of us understood *Arabic*, great was our desire to know what the paper contained, and greater the difficulty to find one to read it. In short I resolved to confide in a renegado, a native of *Murcia*, who professed himself very much my friend, and we had exchanged such pledges of our mutual confidence, as obliged him to keep whatever secret I should commit to him. For it is usual with renegadoes, when they have a mind to return to *Christendom*, to carry with them certificates from the most considerable captives, attesting, in the most ample manner, and best form they can get, that such a renegado is an honest man, and has always been kind and obliging to the christians, and that he had a desire to make his escape the first opportunity that offered. Some procure these certificates with a good intention: others make use of them occasionally, and out of cunning only; for going to rob and plunder on the christian coasts, if they happen to be shipwrecked or taken, they produce their certificates, and pretend that those papers will shew the design they came upon, namely, to get into some christian country, which was the reason of their going a pirating with the *Turks*. By this means they escape the first fury, and reconcile themselves to the church, and live unmolested; and, when an opportunity offers, they return to *Barbary*, and to their former course of life. Others there are, who procure, and make use of these papers with a good design, and remain in the christian countries. Now this friend of mine was a renegado of this sort, and had gotten certificates from all of us, wherein we recommended him as much as possible; and if the *Moors* had found these papers about him, they would certainly have burnt him alive. I knew he understood *Arabic* very well, and could not only speak, but write it. But, before I would let him into the whole affair, I desired him to read that paper, which I found by chance in a hole of my cell. He opened it, and stood a good while looking at it, and translating it to himself. I asked him, if he understood it. He said, he did very well, and, if I desired to know its contents word for word, I must give him pen and ink, that he might translate it with more exactness. We gave him presently what he required, and he went on translating it in order, and having done he said: What is here set down in *Spanish*, is precisely what is contained in this *Moorish* paper; and you must take notice, that where it says, *Lela Marien*, it means our lady the virgin *Mary*. We read the paper, which was as follows.

When I was a child, my father had a woman-slave, who instructed me in the christian religion, and told me many things of Lela Marien. This christian died, and I know she did not go to the fire, but to Ala; for I saw her twice afterwards,

wards, and she bid me go to a christian country to see Lela Marien, who loved me very much. I know not how it is: I have seen many christians from this window, and none has looked like a gentleman but yourself. I am very beautiful, and young, and have a great deal of money to carry away with me. Try, if you can find out how we may get away, and you shall be my husband there, if you please; and if not, I shall not care; for Lela Marien will provide me a husband. I write this myself: be careful to whom you give it to read: trust not to any Moor; for they are all treacherous: therefore I am very much perplexed; for I would not have you discover it to any body: for if my father comes to know it, he will immediately throw me into a well, and cover me with stones. I will fasten a thread to the cane; tie your answer to it: and if you have no body that can write Arabic, tell me by signs; for Lela Marien will make me understand you. She and Ala keep you, and this cross, which I very often kiss; for so the captive directed me to do.

Think, gentlemen, whether we had not reason to be overjoyed and surprized at the contents of this paper: and both our joy and surprize were so great, that the renegado perceived, that the paper was not found by accident, but was written to one of us; and therefore he entreated us, if what he suspected was true, to confide in him, and tell him all; for he would venture his life for our liberty: and, saying this, he pulled a brass crucifix out of his bosom, and, with many tears, swore by the God that image represented, in whom he, though a great sinner, truly and firmly believed, that he would faithfully keep secret whatever we should discover to him: for he imagined, and almost divined, that, by means of her, who had written that letter, himself and all of us should regain our liberty, and he, in particular, attain what he so earnestly desired, which was, to be restored to the bosom of holy church his mother, from which, like a rotten member, he had been separated and cut off through his sin and ignorance. The renegado said this with so many tears, and signs of so much repentance, that we unanimously agreed to tell him the truth of the case; and so we gave him an account of the whole, without concealing any thing from him. We shewed him the little window, out of which the cane had appeared, and by that he marked the house, and resolved to take especial care to inform himself who lived in it. We also agreed, it would be right to answer the Moor's billet; and, as we now had one who knew how to do it, the renegado that instant wrote what I dictated to him, which was exactly what I shall repeat to you; for of all the material circumstances, which befel me in this adventure, not one has yet escaped my memory, nor shall I ever forget them whilst I have breath. In short, the answer to the Moor was this.

The true Ala preserve you, dear lady, and that blessed Marien, who is the true mother of god, and is she who has put into your heart the desire of going into a christian

christian country ; for she loves you. Do you pray to her, that she will be pleased to instruct you how to bring about what she commands you to do ; for she is so good, she will assuredly do it. On my part, and that of all the christians with me, I offer to do for you all we are able, at the hazard of our lives. Do not fail writing to me, and acquainting me with whatever resolutions you take, and I will constantly answer you ; for the great Ala has given us a christian captive, who speaks and writes your language well, as you may perceive by this paper. So that you may without fear give us notice of your intentions. As to what you say of becoming my wife, when you get into a christian country, I promise you, on the word of a good christian, it shall be so ; and know, that the christians keep their words better than the Moors. Ala and Marien his mother have you in their keeping, dear lady.

This letter being written and folded up, I waited two days 'till the bath was empty, as before, and then presently I took my accustomed post upon the terras, to see if the cane appeared, and it was not long before it appeared. As soon as I saw it, though I could not discern who held it out, I shewed the paper, as giving them notice to put the thread to it ; but it was already fastened to the cane, to which I tied the letter, and, in a short time after, our star appeared again with the white flag of peace, the handkerchief. It was let drop, and I took it up, and found in it, in all kinds of coin, both silver and gold, above fifty crowns ; which multiplied our joy fifty times, confirming the hopes we had conceived of regaining our liberty. That same evening, our renegado returned, and told us he had learned, that the same *Moor*, we were before informed of, dwelt in that house, and that his name was *Agimorato* ; that he was extremely rich, and had one only daughter, heiress to all he had ; that it was the general opinion of the whole city, that she was the beautifullest woman in all *Barbary* ; and that several of the viceroys, who had been sent thither, had sought her to wife, but that she never would consent to marry : and he also learned, that she had a christian woman slave, who died some time before : all which agreed perfectly with what was in the paper. We presently consulted with the renegado, what method we should take to carry off the *Moorish* lady, and make our escape into *Christendom* : and in fine it was agreed for that time, that we should wait for a second letter from *Zoraida* ; for that was the name of her, who now desires to be called *Maria* : for it was easy to see, that she, and no other, could find the means of surmounting the difficulties, that lay in our way. After we were come to this resolution, the renegado bid us not be uneasy ; for he would set us at liberty, or lose his life. The bath, after this, was four days full of people, which occasioned the cane's not appearing in all that time ; at the end of which, the bath being empty, as usual, it appeared with the handkerchief so pregnant, that it promised a happy birth. The cane and the linnen
inclined

inclined toward me: I found in it another paper, and an hundred crowns in gold only, without any other coin. The renegado being present, we gave him the paper to read in our cell, and he told us it said thus.

I do not know, dear Sir, how to contrive a method for our going to Spain, nor has Lela Marien informed me, though I have asked it of her. What may be done, is; I will convey to you through this window a large sum of money in gold: redeem yourself and your friends therewith, and let one of you go to Christendom, and buy a bark, and return for the rest; and he will find me in my father's villa, at the Babazon-gate close to the sea-side, where I am to be all this summer with my father and my servants. Thence you may carry me off by night without fear, and put me on board the bark. And remember you are to be my husband; for, if not, I will pray to Marien to punish you. If you can trust no body to go for the bark, ransom yourself and go; for I shall be more secure of your return than another's, as you are a gentleman and a christian. Take care not to mistake the villa; and when I see you walking where you now are, I shall conclude the bath is empty, and will furnish you with money enough. Ala preserve thee, dear Sir!

These were the contents of the second letter: which being heard by them all, every one offered himself, and would fain be the ransomed person, promising to go and return very punctually. I also offered myself; but the renegado opposed these offers, saying, he would in no wise consent, that any one of us should get his liberty before the rest, experience having taught him, how ill men, when free, kept the promises they had made while in slavery; for several considerable captives, he said, had tried this expedient, ransoming some one to go to *Valencia* or *Majorca* with money, to buy and arm a vessel, and return for those who ransomed him, but have never come back: for liberty once regained, and the fear of losing it again, effaces out of the memory all obligations in the world. And, in confirmation of this truth, he told us briefly a case, which had happened very lately to certain christian gentlemen, the strangest that had ever fallen out even in those parts, where every day the most surprizing and wonderful things come to pass. He concluded with saying, that the best way would be, to give him the money designed for the ransom of a christian, to buy a vessel there in *Algiers*, upon pretence of turning merchant, and trading to *Tetuan* and on that coast, and that, being master of the vessel, he could easily contrive how to get them all out of the bath and put them on board. But if the *Moor*, as she promised, should furnish money enough to redeem them all, it would be a very easy matter for them, being free, to go on board even at noon-day: the greatest difficulty, he said, was, that the *Moors* do not allow any renegado to buy or keep a vessel, unless it be a large one to go a pirating; for they suspect, that he, who buys a small vessel, especially if he be a *Spaniard*, designs only to get into *Christendom* therewith: but this inconvenience,

he said, he would obviate, by taking in a *Tagarin*¹ Moor for partner of the vessel, and in the profits of the merchandize: and under this colour he should become master of the vessel, and then he reckoned the rest as good as done. Now though to me and my companions it seemed better to send for the vessel to *Majorca*, as the *Moorish* lady said, yet we did not dare to contradict him; fearing, lest, if we did not do as he would have us, he should betray our design, and put us in danger of losing our lives, in case he discovered *Zoraida's* correspondence, for whose life we would all have laid down our own: and therefore we resolved to commit ourselves into the hands of god, and those of the renegado. And in that instant we answered *Zoraida*, that we would do all that she had advised; for she had directed as well as if *Lela Marien* herself had inspired her; and that it depended entirely upon her, either that the business should be delayed, or set about immediately. I again promised to be her husband: and so the next day, the bath happening to be clear, she at several times, with the help of the cane and handkerchief, gave us two thousand crowns in gold, and a paper, wherein she said, that the first *Juma*, that is *Friday*, she was to go to her father's villa, and that, before she went, she would give us more money: and if that was not sufficient, she bid us let her know, and she would give us as much as we desired; for her father had so much, that he would never miss it; and besides she kept the keys of all. We immediately gave five hundred crowns to the renegado, to buy the vessel. With eight hundred I ransomed my self, depositing the money with a merchant of *Valencia*, then at *Algiers*, who redeemed me from the king, passing his word for me, that, the first ship that came from *Valencia*, my ransom should be paid. For if he had paid the money down, it would have made the king suspect, that the money had been a great while in his hands, and that he had employed it to his own use. In short, my master was so jealous, that I did not dare upon any account to pay the money immediately. The *Thursday* preceding the *Friday*, on which the fair *Zoraida* was to go to the villa, she gave us a thousand crowns more, and advertised us of her going thither, and entreated me, if I ransomed myself first, immediately to find out her father's villa, and by all means get an opportunity of going thither and seeing her. I answered her in few words, that I would not fail, and desired that she would take care to recommend us to *Lela Marien*, using all those prayers the captive had taught her. When this was done, means were concerted for redeeming our three companions, and getting them out of the bath, lest, seeing me ransomed, and themselves not, knowing there was money sufficient, they should be uneasy, and the devil should tempt them to do something to the prejudice of *Zoraida*: for, though their being men of honour might have freed me from such an apprehension, I had no mind to run the hazard, and so got them ransomed by the same means I had

¹ See the beginning of the next chapter.

been ransomed myself, depositing the whole money with the merchant, that he might safely and securely pass his word for us: to whom nevertheless we did not discover our management and secret, because of the danger it would have exposed us to.

C H A P. XIV.

Wherein the captive still continues the story of his adventures.

I N less than fifteen days our renegado had bought a very good bark, capable of holding above thirty persons; and to make sure work, and give the business a colour, he made a short voyage to a place called *Sargel*, thirty leagues from *Algiers* towards *Oran*, to which there is a great trade for dried figs. Two or three times he made this trip, in company of the *Tagarin* aforesaid. The *Moors* of *Aragon* are called in *Barbary* *Tagarins*, and those of *Granada* *Mudajares*; and in the kingdom of *Fez* the *Mudajares* are called *Elches*, who are the people the king makes most use of in his wars. You must know, that, each time he passed with his bark, he cast anchor in a little creek, not two bow-shot distant from the garden, where *Zoraida* expected us: and there the renegado designedly set himself, together with the *Moors* that rowed, either to act the *çala*¹, or to practise by way of jest what he intended to execute in earnest; and with this view he would go to *Zoraida's* garden, and beg some fruit, which her father would give him, without knowing who he was. His design was, as he afterwards told me, to speak to *Zoraida*, and to tell her that he was the person, who, by my direction, was to carry her to *Christendom*, and that she might be easy and secure: but it was impossible for him to do it, the *Moorish* women never suffering themselves to be seen either by *Moor* or *Turk*, unless when commanded by their husbands or fathers: christian slaves indeed are allowed to keep company and converse with them, with more freedom perhaps than is proper. But I should have been sorry if he had talked to her, because it might have frightened her, to see that the business was entrusted with a renegado. But god, who ordered it otherwise, gave the renegado no opportunity of effecting his good design: who finding how securely he went to and from *Sargel*, and that he lay at anchor, when, how, and where he pleased, and that the *Tagarin* his partner had no will of his own, but approved whatever he directed; that I was ransomed, and that there wanted nothing but to find some christians to help to row; he bid me consider who I would bring with me, besides those already ransomed, and bespeak them for the first *Friday*; for that was the time he fixed for our departure. Hereupon I spoke to twelve *Spaniards*, all able men at the oar, and such as could most easily get out of the city unsuspected: and it was no easy matter to find so many at that juncture; for there were twenty corsairs

¹ Some religious ceremony of the *Moors*.

out a pirating, and they had taken almost all the rowers with them; and these had not been found, but that their master did not go out that summer, having a galleot to finish that was then upon the stocks. I said nothing more to them, but that they should steal out of the town one by one, the next *Friday* in the dusk of the evening, and wait for me somewhere about *Agimorato's* garden. I gave this direction to each of them separately, with this caution, that, if they should see any other christians there, they should only say, I ordered them to stay for me in that place. This point being taken care of, one thing was yet wanting, and that the most necessary of all; which was, to advertise *Zoraida* how matters stood, that she might be in readiness, and on the watch, so as not to be affrighted if we rushed upon her on a sudden, before the time she could think that the vessel from *Christendom* could be arrived. And therefore I resolved to go to the garden, and try if I could speak to her: and under pretence of gathering some herbs, one day before our departure, I went thither, and the first person I met was her father, who spoke to me in a language, which, all over *Barbary*, and even at *Constantinople*, is spoken among captives and *Moors*, and is neither *Morisco* nor *Castilian*, nor of any other nation, but a medley of all languages, and generally understood. He, I say, in that jargon, asked me, what I came to look for in that garden, and to whom I belonged? I answered him, I was a slave of *Arnaute Mami*, who, I knew, was a very great friend of his, and that I came for a few herbs of several sorts to make a salad. He then asked me, if I was upon ransom or not, and how much my master demanded for me? While we were thus talking, the fair *Zoraida*, who had espied me some time before, came out of the house: and as the *Moorish* women make no scruple of appearing before the christians, nor are at all shy towards them, as I have already observed, she made no difficulty of coming where I stood with her father, who, seeing her walking slowly towards us, called to her, and bid her come on. It would be too hard a task for me to express now the great beauty, the genteel air, the finery and richness of attire, with which my beloved *Zoraida* appeared then before my eyes. More pearls, if I may so say, hung about her beauteous neck, and more jewels were in her ears and hair, than she had hairs on her head. About her ankles, which were bare, according to custom, she had two *Carcaxes* (so they call the enamelled foot-bracelets in *Morisco*) of the purest gold, set with so many diamonds, that, as she told me since, her father valued them at ten thousand pistoles; and those she wore on her wrists were of equal value. The pearls were in abundance, and very good; for the greatest finery and magnificence of the *Moorish* women consists in adorning themselves with the finest seed-pearls: and therefore there are more of that sort among the *Moors*, than among all other nations; and *Zoraida's* father had the reputation of having a great many, and those the very best in *Algiers*, and to be worth besides above two hundred thousand *Spanish* crowns; of all which, she, who is now mine, was once mistress. Whether, with all these ornaments,

she

She then appeared beautiful or not, and what she must have been in the days of her prosperity, may be conjectured by what remains after so many fatigues. For it is well known, that the beauty of some women has days and seasons, and depends upon accidents, which diminish or increase it: nay the very passions of the mind naturally improve or impair it, and very often utterly destroy it. In short, she came, extremely adorned, and extremely beautiful; to me at least she seemed the most so of any thing I had ever beheld: which, together with my obligations to her, made me think her an angel from heaven, descended for my pleasure and relief. When she was come up to us, her father told her, in his own tongue, that I was a captive belonging to his friend *Arnaute Mami*, and that I came to look for a fallad. She took up the discourse, and, in the afore-said medley of languages, asked me, whether I was a gentleman, and why I did not ransom myself. I told her, I was already ransomed, and by the price she might guess what my master thought of me, since he had got fifteen hundred pieces of eight for me. To which she answered: Truly had you belonged to my father, he should not have parted with you for twice that sum: for you christians always falsify in your accounts of yourselves, pretending to be poor, in order to cheat the *Moors*. It may very well be so, madam, answered I; but, in truth, I dealt sincerely with my master, and ever did, and shall do the same by every body in the world. And when go you away? said *Zoraida*. To-morrow, I believe, said I: for there is a *French* vessel which sails to-morrow, and I intend to go in her. Would it not be better, replied *Zoraida*, to stay 'till some ships come from *Spain*, and go with them, and not with those of *France*, who are not your friends? No, madam, answered I; but should the news we have of a *Spanish* ship's coming suddenly prove true, I would perhaps stay a little for it, though it is more likely I shall depart to-morrow: for the desire I have to be in my own country, and with the persons I love, is so great, that it will not suffer me to wait for any other conveniency, though ever so much better. You are married, doubtless, in your own country, said *Zoraida*, and therefore you are so desirous to be gone and be at home with your wife? No, replied I, I am not married; but I have given my word to marry, as soon as I get thither. And is the lady, whom you have promised, beautiful? said *Zoraida*. So beautiful, answered I, that, to compliment her, and tell you the truth, she is very like yourself. Her father laughed heartily at this, and said: Really, christian, she must be beautiful indeed, if she resembles my daughter, who is accounted the handsomest woman in all this kingdom: observe her well, and you will see I speak the truth. *Zoraida's* father served us as an interpreter to most of this conversation, being best skilled in the *Lingua Franca*; for though she spoke that bastard language, in use there, as I told you, yet she expressed her meaning more by signs than by words.

While we were thus engaged in discourse, a *Moor* came running to us, saying aloud, that four *Turks* had leaped over the pales or wall of the garden, and were

were gathering the fruit, though it was not yet ripe. The old man was put into a fright, and so was *Zoraida*: for the *Moors* are naturally afraid of the *Turks*, especially of their soldiers, who are so insolent and imperious over the *Moors*, who are subject to them, that they treat them worse than if they were their slaves. Therefore *Zoraida's* father said to her: Daughter, retire into the house, and lock yourself in, while I go and talk to these dogs; and you, christian, gather your herbs, and be gone in peace, and *Ala* send you safe to your own country. I bowed myself, and he went his way to find the *Turks*, leaving me alone with *Zoraida*, who also made as if she was going whither her father bid her. But scarcely was he got out of sight among the trees of the garden, when she turned back to me, with her eyes full of tears, and said: *Amexi, Cristiano, Amexi?* that is, *Are you going away, christian? are you going away?* I answered; Yes, madam, but not without you: expect me the next *Juma*, and be not frightened, when you see us; for we shall certainly get to *Christendom*. I said this in such a manner, that she understood me very well; and, throwing her arm about my neck, she began to walk softly and trembling toward the house: and fortune would have it (which might have proved fatal, if heaven had not ordained otherwise) that while we were going in that posture and manner I told you, her arm being about my neck, her father, returning from driving away the *Turks*, saw us in that posture, and we were sensible that he discovered us. But *Zoraida* had the discretion and presence of mind not to take her arm from about my neck, but rather held me closer; and leaning her head against my breast, and bending her knees a little, gave plain signs of fainting away: and I also made as if I held her up only to keep her from falling. Her father came running to us, and, seeing his daughter in that posture, asked what ailed her. But she not answering, he said: Without doubt these dogs have frightened her into a swoon: and, taking her from me, he inclined her gently to his bosom. And she, fetching a deep sigh, and her eyes still full of tears, said again; *Amexi, Cristiano, Amexi; Be gone, christian, be gone.* To which her father answered: It is no matter, child; why should he go away? he has done you no harm, and the *Turks* are gone off: let nothing fright you; there is no danger; for, as I have already told you, the *Turks*, at my request, are returned by the way they came. Sir, said I to her father, they have frightened her, as you say; but, since she bid me be gone, I will not disturb her: god be with you, and, with your leave, I will come again, if we have occasion, for herbs to this garden; for my master says there are no better for a fallad any where than here. You may come whenever you will, answered *Agimorato*; for my daughter does not say this, as having been offended by you or any other christian; but, instead of bidding the *Turks* be gone, she bid you be gone, or because she thought it time for you to go and gather your herbs. I now took my leave of them both, and she, seeming as if her soul had been rent from her, went away with her father. And I, under pretence of gathering herbs, walked



*Jn^o. Vanderbank inv^t et Delin
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Ger. Vandergucht sculp.

over and took a view of the whole garden at my leisure, observing carefully all the inlets and outlets, and the strength of the house, and every conveniency, which might tend to facilitate our business.

When I had so done, I went and gave an account to the renegado and my companions of all that had passed, longing eagerly for the hour, when, without fear of surprize, I might enjoy the happiness, which fortune presented me in the beautiful *Zoraida*. In a word, time passed on, and the day appointed, and by us so much wished for, came; and we all observing the order and method, which, after mature deliberation and long debate, we had agreed on, we had the desired success. For, the *Friday* following the day when I talked with *Zoraida* in the garden, *Morrenago* (for that was the renegado's name) at the close of the evening, cast anchor with the bark almost opposite to where *Zoraida* dwelt. The christians, who were to be employed at the oar, were ready, and hid in several places thereabouts. They were all in suspense, their hearts beating, and in expectation of my coming, being eager to surprize the bark, which lay before their eyes: for they knew nothing of what was concerted with the renegado, but thought they were to regain their liberty by meer force, and by killing the *Moors*, who were on board the vessel. As soon therefore as I and my friends appeared, all they that were hid came out, and joined us one after another. It was now the time that the city-gates were shut, and no body appeared abroad in all that quarter. Being met together, we were in some doubt whether it would be better to go first for *Zoraida*, or secure the *Moors*, who rowed the vessel. While we were in this uncertainty, our renegado came to us, asking us, what we staid for; for now was the time, all his *Moors* being thoughtless of danger, and most of them asleep. We told him what we demurred about, and he said, that the thing of the most importance was, first to seize the vessel, which might be done with all imaginable ease, and without any manner of danger, and then we might presently go and fetch *Zoraida*. We all approved of what he said, and so, without farther delay, he being our guide, we came to the vessel; and he, leaping in first, drew a cutlass, and said in *Morisco*: *Let not one man of you stir, unless he has a mind it should cost him his life.* By this time all the christians were got on board, and the *Moors*, who were timorous fellows, hearing the master speak thus, were in a great fright; and, without making any resistance (for indeed they had few or no arms) silently suffered themselves to be bound; which was done very expeditiously, the christians threatening the *Moors*, that if they raised any manner of cry, or made the least noise, they would in that instant put them all to the sword. This being done, and half our number remaining on board to guard them, the rest of us, the renegado being still our leader, went to *Agimorato's* garden, and, as good luck would have it, the door opened as easily to us, as if it had not been locked; and we came up to the house with great stillness and silence, and without being perceived by any one. The lovely *Zoraida* was expecting us at a window,

window, and, when she heard people coming, she asked in a low voice, whether we were *Nazarani*, that is, christians? I answered, we were, and desired her to come down. When she knew it was I, she staid not a moment, but, without answering me a word, came down in an instant, and opening the door, appeared to us all so beautiful, and richly attired, that I cannot easily express it. As soon as I saw her, I took her hand and kissed it: the renegado did the same, and my two comrades also; and the rest, who knew not the meaning of it, followed our example, thinking we only meant to express our thanks and acknowledgments to her as the instrument of our deliverance. The renegado asked her in *Morisco*, whether her father was in the house: she answered, he was, and asleep. Then we must awake him, replied the renegado, and carry him with us, and all that he has of value in this beautiful villa. No, said she, my father must by no means be touched, and there is nothing considerable here, but what I have with me, which is sufficient to make you all rich and content: stay a little, and you shall see. And, so saying, she went in again, and bid us be quiet, and make no noise, for she would come back immediately. I asked the renegado what she said: he told me, and I bid him be sure to do just as *Zoraida* would have him, who was now returned with a little trunk so full of gold crowns, that she could hardly lift it. Ill fortune would have it, that her father in the mean time happened to awake, and, hearing a noise in the garden, looked out at the window, and presently found there were christians in it. Immediately he cried out as loud as he could in *Arabic*, Christians, christians, thieves, thieves; which outcry put us all into the utmost terror and confusion. But the renegado, seeing the danger we were in, and considering how much it imported him to go through with the enterprize, before it was discovered, ran up with the greatest speed to the room where *Agimorato* was; and with him ran up several others of us: but I did not dare to quit *Zoraida*, who had sunk into my arms almost in a swoon. In short they that went up acquitted themselves so well, that in a moment they came down with *Agimorato*, having tied his hands, and stopped his mouth with a handkerchief, so that he could not speak a word, and threatening him, if he made the least noise, it should cost him his life. When his daughter saw him, she covered her eyes, that she might not see him, and her father was astonished at seeing her, not knowing how willingly she had put herself into our hands. But at that time it being of the utmost consequence to us to fly, we got as speedily as we could to the bark, where our comrades already expected us with impatience, fearing we had met with some cross accident. Scarce two hours of the night were passed, when we were now all got on board, and then we untied the hands of *Zoraida's* father, and took the handkerchief out of his mouth: but the renegado warned him again not to speak a word, for, if he did, they would take away his life. When he saw his daughter there, he began to weep most tenderly, and especially when he perceived that I held her closely embraced, and that she, with-

out making any shew of opposition, or complaint, or coyness, lay so still and quiet: nevertheless he held his peace, lest we should put the renegado's threats in execution. *Zoraida* now finding herself in the bark, and that we began to handle our oars, and seeing her father there, and the rest of the *Moors*, who were bound, spoke to the renegado, to desire me to do her the favour to loose those *Moors*, and set her father at liberty; for she would sooner throw herself into the sea, than see a father, who loved her so tenderly, carried away captive before her eyes, and upon her account. The renegado told me what she desired, and I answered that I was entirely satisfied it should be so: but he replied, it was not convenient; for, should they be set on shore there, they would presently raise the country, and alarm the city, and cause some light frigates to be sent out in quest of us, and so we should be beset both by sea and land, and it would be impossible for us to escape: but what might be done, was, to give them their liberty at the first christian country we should touch at. We all came in to this opinion, and *Zoraida* also was satisfied, when we told her what we had determined, and the reasons why we could not at present comply with her request. And then immediately, with joyful silence, and cheerful diligence, each of our brave rowers handled his oar, and, recommending our selves to god with all our hearts, we began to make toward the island of *Majorca*, which is the nearest christian land. But, the north wind beginning to blow fresh, and the sea being somewhat rough, it was not possible for us to steer the course of *Majorca*, and we were forced to keep along shore towards *Oran*, not without great apprehensions of being discovered from the town of *Sargel*, which lies on that coast, about sixty miles from *Algiers*. We were afraid likewise of meeting in our passage with some of those galeots, which come usually with merchandise from *Tetuan*; though, each relying on his own courage, and that of his comrades in general, we presumed, that, if we should meet a galeot, provided it were not a cruizer, we should be so far from being ruined, that we should probably take a vessel, wherein we might more securely pursue our voyage. While we proceeded in our voyage, *Zoraida* kept her head between my hands, that she might not look on her father; and I could perceive she was continually calling upon *Lela Marien* to assist us.

We had rowed about thirty miles, when day-break came upon us, and we found ourselves not above three musket-shot distant from the shore, which seemed to be quite a desert, and without any creature to discover us: however, by mere dint of rowing, we made a little out to sea, which was by this time become more calm; and when we had advanced about two leagues, it was ordered that they should row by turns¹, whilst we took a little refreshment; the bark being well provided: but the rowers said, that it was not a time to take any rest, and that they would by no means quit their oars, but would eat and

¹ The original is *bogasse à quarteles*, i. e. every fourth man should row, whilst the rest took their ease, or were refreshing themselves.

row, if those, who were unemployed, would bring the victuals to them. They did so; and now the wind began to blow a brisk gale, which forced us to set up our sails, and lay down our oars, and steer directly to *Oran*, it being impossible to hold any other course. All this was done with great expedition; and so we sailed above eight miles an hour, without any other fear than that of meeting some cruizer. We gave the *Moorish* prisoners something to eat, and the renegado comforted them, telling them they were not slaves, and that they should have their liberty given them the first opportunity: and he said the same to *Zoraida's* father, who answered: I might, perhaps, expect or hope for any other favour from your liberality and generous usage, O christians; but as to giving me my liberty, think me not so simple as to imagine it; for you would never have exposed yourselves to the hazard of taking it from me, to restore it me so freely, especially since you know who I am, and the advantage that may accrue to you by my ransom; which do but name, and from this moment I promise you whatever you demand, for myself, and for this my unhappy daughter, or else for her alone, who is the greater and better part of my soul. In saying this, he began to weep so bitterly, that it moved us all to compassion, and forced *Zoraida* to look up at him; who, seeing him weep in that manner, was so melted, that she got up from me, and ran to embrace her father, and laying her face to his, they two began so tender a lamentation, that many of us could not forbear keeping them company. But when her father observed, that she was adorned with her best attire, and had so many jewels about her, he said to her in his language: How comes it, daughter, that yesterday evening, before this terrible misfortune befell us, I saw you in your ordinary and household undress, and now, without having had time to dress yourself, and without having received any joyful news, to be solemnized by adorning and dressing yourself out, I see you set off with the best cloaths that I could possibly find to give you, when fortune was more favourable to us? Answer me to this; for it holds me in greater suspense and admiration, than the misfortune itself, in which I am involved? The renegado interpreted to us all that the *Moor* said to his daughter, who answered him not a word: but when he saw in a corner of the boat the little trunk, in which she used to keep her jewels, which he knew very well he had left in the town of *Algiers*, and had not brought with him to the villa, he was still more confounded, and asked her, how that trunk had come to our hands, and what was in it? To which the renegado, without staying till *Zoraida* spoke, answered; Trouble not yourself, Signor, about asking your daughter so many questions; for with one word I can satisfy them all: and therefore be it known to you, that she is a christian, and has been the instrument to file off our chains, and give us the liberty we enjoy: she is here, with her own consent, and well pleased, I believe, to find herself in this condition, like one who goes out of darkness into light, from death to life, and from suffering to glory. Is this true, daughter? said the *Moor*. It is, answered *Zoraida*.

raida. In effect then, replied the old man, you are become a christian, and are she, who has put her father into the power of his enemies? To which *Zoraida* answered: I am indeed a christian; but not she, who has reduced you to this condition: for my inclination never was to forsake you, nor do you harm: my design was only to do myself good. And what good have you done yourself, my daughter? Ask that, answered she, of *Lela Marien*, who can tell you better than I can.

The *Moor* had scarce heard this, when with incredible precipitation he threw himself headlong into the sea, and without doubt had been drowned, had not the wide and cumbersome garments he wore kept him a little while above water. *Zoraida* cried out, to save him, and we all presently ran, and, laying hold of his garment, dragged him out, half drowned and senseless; at which sight *Zoraida* was so affected, that she set up a tender and sorrowful lamentation over him, as if he had been really dead. We turned him with his mouth downward, and he voided a great deal of water, and in about two hours came to himself. In the mean time, the wind being changed, we were obliged to ply our oars, to avoid running upon the shore: but by good fortune we came to a creek by the side of a small promontory, or head, which by the *Moors* is called the cape of *Cava Rumia*, that is to say, in our language, *The wicked christian woman*; for the *Moors* have a tradition, that *Cava*¹, who occasioned the loss of *Spain*, lyes buried there; *Cava* signifying in their language a *wicked woman*, and *Rumia*, a *christian*; and farther, they reckon it an ill omen to be forced to anchor there; and otherwise they never do so; though to us it proved, not the shelter of a wicked woman, but a safe harbour and retreat, considering how high the sea ran. We placed scouts on shore, and never dropped our oars: we eat of what the renegado had provided, and prayed to god and to our lady very devoutly for assistance and protection, that we might give a happy ending to so fortunate a beginning. Order was given, at *Zoraida's* entreaty, to set her father on shore with the rest of the *Moors*, who 'till now had been fast bound; for she had not the heart, nor could her tender bowels brook, to see her father, and her countrymen, carried off prisoners before her face. We promised her it should be done at our going off, since there was no danger in leaving them in so desolate a place. Our prayers were not in vain: heaven heard them; for the wind presently changed in our favour, and the sea was calm, inviting us to return and prosecute our intended voyage. Seeing this, we unbound the *Moors*, and set them one by one on shore; at which they were greatly surprized: but, when we went to disembark *Zoraida's* father, who was now perfectly in his senses, he said; Why, christians, think you, is this wicked woman desirous of my being set at liberty? think you it is out of any filial piety she has towards me? No, certainly: but it is, because of the disturbance my presence would give her, when she has a mind to put her evil inclinations in practice. And think not

¹ Count *Julian's* daughter, the cause of bringing the *Moors* into *Spain*.

that she is moved to change her religion because she thinks yours is preferable to ours: no, but because she knows, that libertinism is more allowed in your country than in ours. And, turning to *Zoraida* (I and another christian holding him fast by both arms, lest he should commit some outrage) he said: O infamous girl, and ill-advised maiden! whither goest thou blindfold and precipitate, in the power of these dogs our natural enemies? Cursed be the hour, wherein I begat thee, and cursed be the indulgence and luxury in which I brought thee up! But perceiving he was not likely to give over in haste, I hurried him ashore, and from thence he continued his execrations and wailings, praying to *Mabomet* that he would beseech god to destroy, confound, and make an end of us: and when, being under sail, we could no longer hear his words, we saw his actions; which were, tearing his beard, plucking off his hair, and rolling himself on the ground: and once he raised his voice so high, that we could hear him say: Come back, beloved daughter, come back to shore; for I forgive thee all: let those men keep the money they already have, and do thou come back, and comfort thy disconsolate father, who must lose his life in this desert land, if thou forsakest him. All this *Zoraida* heard; all this she felt, and bewailed, but could not speak, nor answer him a word, only: May it please *Ala*, my dear father, that *Lela Marien*, who has been the cause of my turning christian, may comfort you in your affliction. *Ala* well knows, that I could do no otherwise than I have done, and that these christians are not indebted to me for any particular good-will to them, since, though I had had no mind to have gone with them, but rather to have stayed at home, it had been impossible for me; for my mind would not let me be at rest, 'till I performed this work, which to me seems as good, as you, my dearest father, think it bad. This she said, when we were got so far off, that her father could not hear her, nor we see him any more. So I comforted *Zoraida*, and we all minded our voyage, which was now made so easy to us by a favourable wind, that we made no doubt of being next morning upon the coast of *Spain*.

But, as good seldom or never comes pure and unmixed, without being accompanied or followed by some ill to alarm and disturb it, our fortune would have it, or perhaps the curses the *Moor* bestowed on his daughter (for such are always to be dreaded, let the father be what he will) I say, it happened, that, being now got far out to sea, and the third hour of the night well-nigh past, and under full sail, the oars being lashed, for the fair wind eased us of the labour of making use of them; by the light of the moon, which shon very bright, we discovered a round vessel, with all her sails out, a little a-head of us, but so very near to us, that we were forced to strike sail, to avoid running foul of her; and they also steered, and, as they call it, put the helm hard up, to give us room to go by. The men had posted themselves on the quarter-deck, to ask, who we were, whither we were going, and from whence we came: but asking us in *French*, our renegado said; Let no one answer; for these

these without doubt are *French* corsairs, to whom all is fish that comes to net. Upon this caution no body spoke a word: and having sailed a little on, their vessel being under the wind, on a sudden they let fly two pieces of artillery, and both, as it appeared, with chain-shot; for one cut our mast through the middle, both that and the sail falling into the sea, and the other at the same instant came through the middle of our bark, so as to lay it quite open, without wounding any of us. But, finding ourselves sinking, we all began to cry aloud for help, and to beg of those in the ship to take us in, for we were drowning. They then struck their sails, and hoisting out the boat or pinnace, with about twelve *Frenchmen* in her, well armed with muskets, and their matches lighted, they came up close to us, and, seeing how few we were, and that the vessel was sinking, they took us in, telling us, that all this had befallen us because of our incivility in returning them no answer. Our renegado took the trunk, in which was *Zoraida's* treasure, and, without being perceived by any one, threw it overboard into the sea. In short we all passed into the *French* ship, where, after they had informed themselves of whatever they had a mind to know concerning us, immediately, as if they had been our capital enemies, they stripped us of every thing, and *Zoraida* they stripped even of the bracelets she wore on her ankles: but the uneasiness they gave her gave me less than the apprehension I was in, lest they should proceed, from plundering her of her rich and precious jewels, to the depriving her of the jewel of most worth, and that which she valued most. But the desires of this sort of men seldom extend farther than to money, with which their avarice is never satisfied, as was evident at that time; for they would have taken away the very cloaths we wore as slaves, if they had thought they could have made any thing of them. Some of them were of opinion, it would be best to throw us all overboard, wrapped up in a sail: for their design was to trade in some of the *Spanish* ports, pretending to be of *Britany*; and, should they carry us with them thither, they would be seized on and punished, upon discovery of the robbery. But the captain, who had rifled my dear *Zoraida*, said, he was contented with the prize he had already got, and that he would not touch at any port of *Spain*, but pass the *Streights of Gibraltar* by night, or as he could, and make the best of his way for *Rochel*, from whence he came; and therefore in conclusion they agreed to give us their ship-boat, and what was necessary for so short a voyage as we had to make: which they did the next day in view of the *Spanish* coast; at which sight all our troubles and miseries were forgotten as entirely as if they had never happened to us; so great is the pleasure of regaining one's lost liberty. It was about noon, when they put us into the boat, giving us two barrels of water, and some biscuit; and the captain, moved by I know not what compassion, gave the beautiful *Zoraida*, at her going off, about forty crowns in gold, and would not permit his soldiers to strip her of these very cloaths she has now on.

We

We went on board, giving them thanks for the favour they did us, and shewing ourselves rather pleased than dissatisfied. They stood out to sea, steering toward the *Streights*, and we, without minding any other north-star than the land before us, rowed so hard, that we were, at sun-set, so near it, that we might easily, we thought, get thither before the night should be far spent: but the moon not shining, and the sky being cloudy, as we did not know the coast we were upon, we did not think it safe to land, as several among us would have had us, though it were among the rocks, and far from any town; for by that means, they said, we should avoid the danger we ought to fear from the corsairs of *Tetuan*, who are over-night in *Barbary*, and the next morning on the coast of *Spain*, where they commonly pick up some prize, and return to sleep at their own homes. However it was agreed at last, that we should row gently towards the shore, and, if the sea proved calm, we should land wherever we could. We did so; and, a little before midnight, we arrived at the foot of a very large and high mountain, not so close to the shore, but there was room enough for our landing commodiously. We ran our boat into the sand; we all got on shore, and kissed the ground, and with tears of joy and satisfaction gave thanks to god for our late providential deliverance. We took our provisions out of the boat, which we dragged on shore, and then ascended a good way up the mountain; and, though it was really so, we could not satisfy our minds, nor thoroughly believe, that the ground we were upon was christian ground. We thought the day would never come: at last we got to the top of the mountain, to see if we could discover any houses, or huts of shepherds; but as far as ever we could see, neither habitation, nor person, nor path, nor road, could we discover at all. However we determined to go farther into the country, thinking it impossible but we must soon see some body, to inform us where we were. But what troubled me most, was, to see *Zoraida* travel on foot through those craggy places; for, though I sometimes took her on my shoulders, my weariness wearied her more, than her own resting relieved her: and therefore she would not suffer me to take that pains any more; and so went on with very great patience, and signs of joy, I still leading her by the hand.

We had gone in this manner little less than a quarter of a league, when the sound of a little bell reached our ears, a certain signal that some flocks were near us; and all of us looking out attentively to see whether any appeared, we discovered a young shepherd at the foot of a cork-tree, in great tranquillity and repose, shaping a stick with his knife. We called out to him, and he, lifting up his head, got up nimbly on his feet; and, as we came to understand afterwards, the first, who presented themselves to his sight, being the renegado and *Zoraida*, he, seeing them in *Moorish* habits, thought all the *Moors* in *Barbary* were upon him; and, making toward the wood before him with incredible speed, he cried out as loud as ever he could; *Moors!* the *Moors* are landed: *Moors!* *Moors!* arm, arm! We, hearing this outcry, were confounded, and
knew

knew not what to do: but, considering that the shepherd's outcries must needs alarm the country, and that the militia of the coast would presently come to see what was the matter, we agreed, that the renegado should strip off his *Turkish* habit, and put on a jerkin or slave's cassock, which one of us immediately gave him, though he who lent it remained only in his shirt and breeches; and so, recommending ourselves to god, we went on, the same way we saw the shepherd take, expecting every moment when the coast-guard would be upon us: nor were we deceived in our apprehension; for, in less than two hours, as we came down the hill into the plain, we discovered about fifty horsemen coming towards us on a half-gallop; and, as soon as we saw them, we stood still, to wait their coming up. But as they drew near, and found, instead of the *Moors* they looked for, a company of poor christian captives, they were surprized, and one of them asked us, whether we were the occasion of the shepherd's alarming the country? I answered, we were; and being about to acquaint him whence we came, and who we were, one of the christians, who came with us, knew the horseman, who had asked us the question, and, without giving me time to say any thing more, he cried: God be praised, gentlemen, for bringing us to so good a part of the country; for, if I am not mistaken, the ground we stand upon is the territory of *Velez Malaga*, and, if the length of my captivity has not impaired my memory, you, Sir, who are asking us these questions, are *Pedro de Bustamante*, my uncle. Scarce had the christian captive said this, when the horseman threw himself from his horse, and ran to embrace the young man, saying to him: Dear nephew of my soul and of my life, I know you; and we have often bewailed your death, I, and my sister your mother, and all your kindred, who are still alive; and god has been pleased to prolong their lives, that they may have the pleasure of seeing you again. We knew you were in *Algiers*, and by the appearance of your dress, and that of your companions, I guess you must have recovered your liberty in some miraculous manner. It is so, answered the young man, and we shall have time enough hereafter to tell you the whole story. As soon as the horsemen understood that we were christian captives, they alighted from their horses, and each of them invited us to accept of his horse to carry us to the city of *Velez Malaga*, which was a league and half off. Some of them went back to carry the boat to the town, being told by us where we had left it. Others of them took us up behind them, and *Zoraida* rode behind our captive's uncle. All the people came out to receive us, having heard the news of our coming from some who went before. They did not come to see captives freed, or *Moors* made slaves; for the people of that coast are accustomed to see both the one and the other; but they came to gaze at the beauty of *Zoraida*, which was at that time in its full perfection; and what with walking, and the joy of being in *Christendom*, without the fear of being lost, such colours came into her face, that I dare say, if my affection did not then deceive me, there never was in the world a more beautiful creature; at least none that I had ever seen.

We

We went directly to the church, to give god thanks for the mercy we had received, and *Zoraida*, at first entering, said, there were faces there very like that of *Lela Marien*. We told her they were pictures of her, and the renegado explained to her the best he could what they signified, that she might adore them, just as if every one of them were really that very *Lela Marien*, who had spoke to her. She, who has good sense, and a clear and ready apprehension, presently understood what was told her concerning the images. After this they carried us, and lodged us in different houses of the town: but the christian, who came with us, took the renegado, *Zoraida*, and me, to the house of his parents, who were in pretty good circumstances, and treated us with as much kindness, as they did their own son. We staid in *Velez* six days, at the end of which the renegado, having informed himself of what was proper for him to do, repaired to the city of *Granada*, there to be re-admitted, by means of the holy inquisition, into the bosom of our holy mother the church. The rest of the freed captives went every one which way he pleased: as for *Zoraida* and myself, we remained behind, with those crowns only, which the courtesy of the *Frenchman* had bestowed on *Zoraida*; with part of which I bought this beast she rides on; and hitherto I have served her as a father and gentleman-usher, and not as an husband. We are going with design to see if my father be living, or whether either of my brothers have had better fortune than myself: though, considering that heaven has given me *Zoraida*, no other fortune could have befallen me, which I should have valued at so high a rate. The patience, with which *Zoraida* bears the inconveniences poverty brings along with it, and the desire she seems to express of becoming a christian, is such and so great, that I am in admiration, and look upon myself as bound to serve her all the days of my life. But the delight I take in seeing myself hers, and her mine, is sometimes interrupted and almost destroyed by my not knowing whether I shall find any corner in my own country, wherein to shelter her, and whether time and death have not made such alterations, as to the affairs and lives of my father and brothers, that, if they are no more, I shall hardly find any body that knows me.

This, gentlemen, is my history: whether it be an entertaining and uncommon one, you are to judge. For my own part I can say, I would willingly have related it still more succinctly, though the fear of tiring you has made me omit several circumstances, which were at my tongue's end.

C H A P. XV.

Which treats of what farther happened in the inn, and of many other things worthy to be known.

HERE the captive ended his story; to whom *Don Fernando* said: Truly, captain, the manner of your relating this strange adventure has been such as equals the novelty and surprizingness of the event itself. The whole is extraordinary, uncommon, and full of accidents, which astonish and surprize those who hear them. And so great is the pleasure we have received in listening to it, that, though the story should have held 'till to-morrow, we should have wished it were to begin again. And, upon saying this, *Cardenio* and the rest of the company offered him all the service in their power, with such expressions of kindness and sincerity, that the captain was extremely well satisfied of their good-will. *Don Fernando* in particular offered him, that, if he would return with him, he would prevail with the marquis his brother to stand god-father at *Zoraida's* baptism, and that for his own part he would accommodate him in such a manner, that he might appear in his own country with the dignity and distinction due to his person. The captive thanked him most courteously, but would not accept of any of his generous offers.

By this time night was come on, and about the dusk a coach arrived at the inn, with some men on horseback. They asked for a lodging. The hostess answered, there was not an inch of room in the whole inn but what was taken up. Though it be so, said one of the men on horseback, there must be room made for my lord judge here in the coach. At this name the hostess was troubled, and said; Sir, the truth is, I have no bed: but if his worship my lord judge brings one with him, as I believe he must, let him enter in god's name; for I and my husband will quit our own chamber to accommodate his honour. Then let it be so, quoth the squire: but by this time there had already alighted out of the coach a man, who by his garb presently discovered the office and dignity he bore: for the long gown and tucked-up sleeves he had on shewed him to be a judge, as his servant had said. He led by the hand a young lady seemingly about sixteen years of age, in a riding-dress, so genteel, so beautiful, and so gay, that her presence struck them all with admiration, insomuch that, had they not seen *Dorothea*, *Lucinda*, and *Zoraida*, who were in the inn, they would have believed that such another beautiful damsel could hardly have been found. *Don Quixote* was present at the coming-in of the judge and the young lady; and so, as soon as he saw him, he said: Your worship may securely enter here, and walk about in this castle; for though it be narrow and ill-accommodated, there is no narrowness nor incommodioufness in the world, which does not make room for arms and letters, especially if arms and letters bring beauty for their guide and conductor, as your worship's letters do in this fair maiden, to whom not only castles

ought to throw open and offer themselves, but rocks to separate and divide, and mountains to bow their lofty heads, to give her entrance and reception. Enter, Sir, I say, into this paradise; for here you will find stars and suns to accompany that heaven you bring with you. Here you will find arms in their zenith, and beauty in perfection. The judge marvelled greatly at this speech of *Don Quixote's*, whom he set himself to look at very earnestly, admiring no less at his figure than at his words: and not knowing what to answer, he began to gaze at him again, when he saw appear *Lucinda, Dorothea, and Zoraida*, whom the report of these new guests, and the account the hostels had given them of the beauty of the young lady, had brought to see and receive her. But *Don Fernando, Cardenio*, and the priest complimented him in a more intelligible and polite manner. In fine, my lord judge entered, no less confounded at what he saw, than at what he heard; and the beauties of the inn welcomed the fair stranger. In short, the judge easily perceived, that all there were persons of distinction; but the mien, visage, and behaviour of *Don Quixote* distracted him. After the usual civilities passed on all sides, and enquiry made into what conveniences the inn afforded, it was again ordered, as it had been before, that all the women should lodge in the great room aforesaid, and the men remain without as their guard. The judge was contented that his daughter, who was the young lady, should accompany those Ladies; which she did with all her heart. And with part of the inn-keeper's narrow bed, together with what the judge had brought with him, they accommodated themselves that night better than they expected.

The captive, who, from the very moment he saw the judge, felt his heart beat, and had a suspicion that this gentleman was his brother, asked one of the servants that came with him, what his name might be, and if he knew what country he was of? The servant answered, that he was called the licentiate *John Perez de Viedma*, and that he had heard say, he was born in a town in the mountains of *Leon*. With this account, and with what he had seen, he was entirely confirmed in the opinion that this was that brother of his, who, by advice of his father, had applied himself to learning: and overjoyed and pleased herewith, he called aside *Don Fernando, Cardenio*, and the priest, and told them what had passed, assuring them that the judge was his brother. The servant had also told him, that he was going to the *Indies* in quality of judge of the courts of *Mexico*. He understood also, that the young lady was his daughter, and that her mother died in childbed of her, and that the judge was become very rich by her dowry, which came to him by his having this child by her. He asked their advice what way he should take to discover himself, or how he should first know, whether, after the discovery, his brother, seeing him so poor, would be ashamed to own him, or would receive him with bowels of affection. Leave it to me to make the experiment, said the priest, and the rather because there is no reason to doubt, Signor captain, but that you will

will be very well received: for the worth and prudence, which appear in your brother's looks, give no signs of his being arrogant or wilfully forgetful, or of his not knowing how to make due allowances for the accidents of fortune. Nevertheless, said the captain, I would fain make myself known to him by some round-about way, and not suddenly and at unawares. I tell you, answered the priest, I will manage it after such a manner, that all parties shall be satisfied.

By this time supper was ready, and they all sat down at table, excepting the captive, and the ladies, who supped by themselves in their chamber. In the midst of supper, the priest said: my lord judge, I had a comrade of your name in *Constantinople*, where I was a slave some years; which comrade was one of the bravest soldiers and captains in all the *Spanish* infantry; but as unfortunate, as he was resolute and brave. And pray, Sir, what was this captain's name? said the judge. He was called, answered the priest, *Ruy Perez de Viedma*, and he was born in a village in the mountains of *Leon*. He related to me a circumstance, which happened between his father, himself, and his two brethren, which, had it come from a person of less veracity than himself, I should have taken for a tale, such as old women tell by a fire-side in winter. For he told me, his father had divided his estate equally between himself and his three sons, and had given them certain precepts better than those of *Cato*. And I can assure you, that the choice he made to follow the wars succeeded so well, that, in a few years, by his valour and bravery, without other help than that of his great virtue, he rose to be a captain of foot, and saw himself in the road of becoming a colonel very soon. But fortune proved adverse; for where he might have expected to have her favour, he lost it, together with his liberty, in that glorious action, whereby so many recovered theirs; I mean, in the battle of *Lepanto*. Mine I lost in *Goleta*; and afterwards, by different adventures, we became comrades in *Constantinople*. From thence I came to *Algiers*, where, to my knowledge, one of the strangest adventures in the world befell him. The priest then went on, and recounted to him very briefly what had passed between his brother and *Zoraida*. To all which the judge was so attentive, that never any judge was more so. The priest went no farther than that point, where the *French* stripped the christians that came in the bark, and the poverty and necessity wherein his comrade and the beautiful *Moor* were left: pretending that he knew not what became of them afterwards, whether they arrived in *Spain*, or were carried by the *Frenchmen* to *France*.

The captain stood at some distance, listening to all the priest said, and observed all the emotions of his brother; who, perceiving the priest had ended his story, fetching a deep sigh, and his eyes standing with water, said: O Sir, you know not how nearly I am affected by the news you tell me; so nearly, that I am constrained to shew it by these tears, which flow from my eyes, in spite of all my discretion and reserve. That gallant captain you mention is my

elder brother, who, being of a stronger constitution, and of more elevated thoughts, than I, or my younger brother, chose the honourable and worthy profession of arms; which was one of the three ways proposed to us by our father, as your comrade told you, when you thought he was telling you a fable. I applied myself to learning, which, by god's blessing on my industry, has raised me to the station you see me in. My younger brother is in *Peru*, so rich, that, with what he has sent to my father and me, he has made large amends for what he took away with him, and besides has enabled my father to indulge his natural disposition to liberality. I also have been enabled to prosecute my studies with more decorum and authority, 'till I arrived at the rank, to which I am now advanced. My father is still alive, but dying with desire to hear of his eldest son, and begging of god with incessant prayers, that death may not close his eyes, until he has once again beheld his son alive. And I wonder extremely, considering his discretion, how, in so many troubles and afflictions, or in his prosperous successes, he could neglect giving his father some account of himself; for had he, or any of us, known his case, he needed not to have waited for the miracle of the cane to have obtained his ransom. But what at present gives me the most concern is, to think, whether those *Frenchmen* have set him at liberty, or killed him, to conceal their robbery. This thought will make me continue my voyage, not with that satisfaction I began it, but rather with melancholy and sadness. O my dear brother! did I but know where you now are, I would go and find you, to deliver you from your troubles, though at the expence of my own repose. O! who shall carry the news to our aged father that you are alive? though you were in the deepest dungeon of *Barbary*, his wealth, my brother's, and mine, would fetch you thence. O beautiful and bountiful *Zoraida*! who can repay the kindness you have done my brother? Who shall be so happy as to be present at your regeneration by baptism, and at your nuptials, which would give us all so much delight? These and the like expressions the judge uttered, so full of compassion at the news he had received of his brother, that all, who heard him, bore him company in demonstrations of a tender concern for his sorrow.

The priest then, finding he had gained his point according to the captain's wish, would not hold them any longer in suspense, and so rising from table, and going in where *Zoraida* was, he took her by the hand, and behind her came *Lucinda*, *Dorothea*, and the judge's daughter. The captain stood expecting what the priest would do; who, taking him also by the other hand, with both of them together went into the room where the judge and the rest of the company were, and said: My lord judge, cease your tears, and let your wish be crowned with all the happiness you can desire, since you have before your eyes your good brother, and your sister-in-law. He, whom you behold, is captain *Viedma*, and this the beautiful *Moor*, who did him so much good. The *Frenchmen* I told you of reduced them to the poverty you see, to give you

an opportunity of shewing the liberality of your generous breast. The captain ran to embrace his brother, who set both his hands against the captain's breast, to look at him a little more afunder: but when he thoroughly knew him, he embraced him so closely, shedding such melting tears of joy, that most of those present bore him company in weeping. The words both the brothers uttered to each other, and the concern they shewed, can, I believe, hardly be conceived, and much less written. Now they gave each other a brief account of their adventures: now they demonstrated the height of brotherly affection: now the judge embraced *Zoraida*, offering her all he had: now he made his daughter embrace her: now the beautiful christian and most beautiful *Moor* renewed the tears of all the company. Now *Don Quixote* stood attentive, without speaking a word, pondering upon these strange events, and ascribing them all to chimeras of knight-errantry. Now it was agreed, that the captain and *Zoraida* should return with their brother to *Sevil*, and acquaint their father with his being found and at liberty, that the old man might contrive to be present at the baptizing and nuptials of *Zoraida*, it being impossible for the judge to discontinue his journey, having received news of the flota's departure from *Sevil* for *New Spain* in a month's time, and as it would be a great inconvenience to him to lose his passage. In fine, they were all satisfied and rejoiced at the captive's success; and, two parts of the night being well-nigh spent, they agreed to retire, and repose themselves during the remainder. *Don Quixote* offered his service to guard the castle, lest some giant or other miscreant-errant, for lucre of the treasure of beauty inclosed there, should make some attempt and attack them. They who knew him returned him thanks, and gave the judge an account of his strange frenzy, with which he was not a little diverted. *Sancho Pança* alone was out of all patience at the company's sitting up so late; and after all he was better accommodated than any of them, throwing himself upon the accoutrements of his ass, which will cost him so dear, as you shall be told by and by. The ladies being now retired to their chamber, and the rest accommodated as well as they could, *Don Quixote* sallied out of the inn, to stand centinel at the castle-gate, as he had promised.

It fell out then, that, a little before day, there reached the ladies ears a voice so tuneable and sweet, that it forced them all to listen attentively; especially *Dorothea* who lay awake, by whose side slept *Donna Clara de Viedma*, for so the judge's daughter was called. No body could imagine who the person was that sung so well, and it was a single voice without any instrument to accompany it. Sometimes they fancied the singing was in the yard, and other times that it was in the stable. While they were thus in suspense, *Cardenio* came to the chamber door, and said: You that are not asleep, pray listen, and you will hear the voice of one of the lads that take care of the mules, who sings enchantingly. We hear him already, Sir, answered *Dorothea*. *Cardenio* then went away, and *Dorothea*, listening with the utmost attention, heard, that this was what he sung.

C H A P. XVI.

Which treats of the agreeable history of the young muleteer, with other strange accidents that happened in the inn.

S O N G.

A *Mariner I am of love,
And in his seas profound,
Toss'd betwixt doubts and fears, I rove,
And spy no port around.*

*At distance I behold a star,
Whose beams my senses draw,
Brighter and more resplendent far
Than Palinure e'er saw.*

*Yet still, uncertain of my way,
I stem a dangerous tide,
No compass but that doubtful ray
My wearied bark to guide.*

*For when its light I most would see,
Benighted most I sail:
Like clouds, reserve and modesty
Its shrouded lustre veil.*

*O lovely star, by whose bright ray
My love and faith I try,
If thou withdraw'st thy chearing day,
In night of death I lye.*

When the singer came to this point, *Dorothea* thought it would be wrong to let *Donna Clara* lose the opportunity of hearing so good a voice; and so, jogging her gently to and fro, she awaked her, saying; Pardon me, child, that I wake you; for I do it, that you may have the pleasure of hearing the best voice, perhaps, you have ever heard in all your life. *Clara* awaked, quite sleepy, and at first did not understand what *Dorothea* had said to her; and having asked her, she repeated it; whereupon *Clara* was attentive. But scarce had she heard two verses, which the singer was going on with, when she fell into so strange a trembling, as if some violent fit of a quartan ague had seized her; and, clasping *Dorothea* close in her arms, she said to her: Ah! dear lady of my soul and life, why did you awake me? for the greatest good that fortune could do me at this time, would be to keep my eyes and ears closed, that I might neither see nor hear this unhappy musician. What is it you say, child?

pray

pray take notice, we are told, he that sings is but a muleteer. Oh no, he is no such thing, replied *Clara*; he is a young gentleman of large possessions, and so much master of my heart, that, if he has no mind to part with it, it shall be his eternally. *Dorothea* was in admiration at the passionate expressions of the girl, thinking them far beyond what her tender years might promise. And therefore she said to her: You speak in such a manner, miss *Clara*, that I cannot understand you: explain yourself farther, and tell me, what it is you say of heart, and possessions, and of this musician, whose voice disturbs you so much. But say no more now; for I will not lose the pleasure of hearing him sing, to mind your trembling; for methinks he is beginning to sing again, a new song and a new tune. With all my heart, answered *Clara*, and stopped both her ears with her hands, that she might not hear him; at which *Dorothea* could not choose but admire very much; and being attentive to what was sung, she found it was to this purpose.

S O N G.

*Sweet hope, thee difficulties fly,
To thee disheartning fears give way:
Not ev'n thy death impending nigh
Thy dauntless courage can dismay.*

*No conquests bless, no lawrels crown
The lazy general's feeble arm,
Who sinks reposed in bed of down,
Whilst ease and sloth his senses charm.*

*Love sells his pretious glories dear,
And vast the purchase of his joys;
Nor ought he set such treasures rare
At the low price of vulgar toys.*

*Since perseverance gains the prize,
And cowards still successless prove,
Born on the wings of hope I'll rise,
Nor fear to reach the heav'n of love.*

Here the voice ceased, and *Donna Clara* began to sigh afresh: all which fired *Dorothea's* curiosity to know the cause of so sweet a song, and so sad a plaint. And therefore she again asked her, what it was she would have said a while ago. Then *Clara*, lest *Lucinda* should hear her, embracing *Dorothea*, put her mouth so close to *Dorothea's* ear, that she might speak securely, without being overheard, and said to her: The singer, dear madam, is son of a gentleman of the kingdom of *Arragon*, lord of two towns, who lived opposite to my father's house at court. And though my father kept his windows with canvas in the
winter,

winter, and lattices in summer, I know not how it happened, that this young gentleman, who then went to school, saw me ; nor can I tell whether it was at church, or elsewhere : but, in short, he fell in love with me, and gave me to understand his passion, from the windows of his house, by so many signs, and so many tears, that I was forced to believe, and even to love him, without knowing what I desired. Among other signs, which he used to make, one was, to join one hand with the other, signifying his desire to marry me ; and though I should have been very glad it might have been so, yet, being alone and without a mother, I knew not whom to communicate the affair to ; and therefore I let it rest, without granting him any other favour, than, when his father and mine were both abroad, to lift up the canvas or lattice window¹, and give him a full view of me ; at which he would be so transported, that one would think he would run stark mad. Now the time of my father's departure drew near, which he heard, but not from me ; for I never had an opportunity to tell it him. He fell sick, as far as I could learn, of grief, so that, on the day we came away, I could not see him, to bid him farewell, though it were but with my eyes. But after we had travelled two days, at going into an inn in a village a day's journey from hence, I saw him at the door, in the habit of a muleteer, so naturally dressed, that, had I not carried his image so deeply imprinted in my soul, it had been impossible for me to know him. I knew him, and was both surprized and overjoyed. He stole looks at me unobserved by my father, whom he carefully avoids, when he crosses the way before me, either on the road, or at our inn. And knowing what he is, and considering that he comes on foot, and takes such pains for love of me, I die with concern, and continually set my eyes where he sets his feet. I cannot imagine what he proposes to himself, nor how he could escape from his father, who loves him passionately, having no other heir, and he being so very deserving, as you will perceive, when you see him. I can assure you besides, that all he sings, is of his own invention ; for I have heard say he is a very great scholar and a poet. And now, every time I see him, or hear him sing, I tremble all over, and am in a fright, lest my father should come to know him, and so discover our inclinations. In my life I never spoke a word to him, and yet I love him so violently, that I shall never be able to live without him. This, dear madam, is all I can tell you of this musician, whose voice has pleased you so much : by that alone you may easily perceive he is no muleteer, but master of hearts and towns, as I have already told you.

Say no more, my dear *Clara*, said *Dorothea*, kissing her a thousand times ; pray, say no more, and stay 'till to-morrow ; for I hope in god so to manage your affair, that the conclusion shall be as happy as so innocent a beginning de-

¹ The casements are made of canvas in winter, and of lattice in summer, like trap-doors, that, when they are set open, they may shade the room from the sun, or from the too glaring light of the day ; for in those countries, though you turn your back to the sun, your eyes cannot look up at the azure sky itself, without pain.

serves. Ah! madam, said *Donna Clara*, what conclusion can be hoped for, since his father is of such quality, and so wealthy, that he will not think me worthy to be so much as his son's servant, and how much less his wife? and as to marrying without my father's consent or knowledge, I would not do it for all the world. I would only have this young man go back, and leave me: perhaps, by not seeing him, and by the great distance of place and time, the pains I now endure may be abated; though, I dare say, this remedy is like to do me little good. I know not what forcery this is, nor which way this love possessed me, he and I being both so young; for I verily believe we are of the same age, and I am not yet full sixteen, nor shall be, as my father says, 'till next *Michaelmas*. *Dorothea* could not forbear smiling, to hear how childishly *Donna Clara* talked, to whom she said; Let us try, madam, to rest the short remainder of the night; to-morrow is a new day, and we shall speed, or my hand will be mightily out.

Then they set themselves to rest, and there was a profound silence all over the inn: only the inn-keeper's daughter and her maid *Maritornes* did not sleep; who very well knowing *Don Quixote's* peccant humour, and that he was standing without doors, armed, and on horseback, keeping guard, agreed to put some trick upon him, or at least to have a little pastime, by over-hearing some of his extravagant speeches.

Now you must know, that the inn had no window towards the field, only a kind of spike-hole to the straw-loft, by which they took in or threw out their straw. At this hole then this pair of demi-lasses planted themselves, and perceived that *Don Quixote* was on horseback, leaning forward on his lance, and uttering every now and then such mournful and profound sighs, that one would think each of them sufficient to tear away his very soul. They heard him also say, in a soft, soothing, and amorous tone: O my dear lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, perfection of all beauty, sum total of discretion, treasury of wit and good-humour, and pledge of modesty; lastly, the idea and exemplar of all that is profitable, decent, or delightful in the world! and what may your ladyship be now doing? Are you, peradventure, thinking of your captive knight, who voluntarily exposes himself to so many perils, merely for your sake? O thou triformed luminary, bring me tidings of her: perhaps you are now gazing at her, envious of her beauty, as she is walking through some gallery of her sumptuous palace, or leaning over some balcony, considering how, without offence to her modesty and grandeur, she may assuage the torment this poor afflicted heart of mine endures for her sake; or perhaps considering, what glory to bestow on my sufferings, what rest on my cares, and lastly, what life on my death, and what reward on my services. And thou, sun, who by this time must be hastening to harness your steeds, to come abroad early, and visit my mistress, I entreat you, as soon as you see her, salute her in my name: but beware, when you see and salute her, that you do not kiss her

face ; for I shall be more jealous of you, than you were of that swift ingrate, who made you sweat, and run so fast over the plains of *Thessaly*, or along the banks of *Peneus* (for I do not well remember over which of them you ran at that time) so jealous, and so enamoured.

Thus far *Don Quixote* had proceeded in his piteous lamentation, when the inn-keeper's daughter began to call softly to him, and to say ; Dear Sir, pray, come a little this way, if you please. At which signal and voice, *Don Quixote* turned about his head, and perceived, by the light of the moon, which then shone very bright, that some body called him from the spike-hole, which to him seemed a window with gilded bars, fit for rich castles, such as he fancied the inn to be : and instantly it came again into his mad imagination, as it had done before, that the fair damsel, daughter of the lord of the castle, being irresistibly in love with him, was returned to court him again : and with this thought, that he might not appear discourteous and ungrateful, he wheeled *Rozinante* about, and came up to the hole ; and, as soon as he saw the two wenches, he said : I pity you, fair lady, for having placed your amorous inclinations, where it is impossible for you to meet with a suitable return, such as your great worth and gentleness deserve : yet ought you not to blame this unfortunate enamoured knight, whom love has made incapable of engaging his affections to any other than to her, whom, the moment he laid his eyes on her, he made absolute mistress of his soul. Pardon me, good lady, and retire to your chamber, and do not, by a farther discovery of your desires, force me to seem still more ungrateful : and if, through the passion you have for me, you can find any thing else in me to satisfy you, provided it be not downright love, pray, command it ; for I swear to you, by that absent sweet enemy of mine, to bestow it upon you immediately, though you should ask me for a lock of *Medusa's* hair, which was all snakes, or even the sun-beams enclosed in a viol. Sir, quoth *Maritornes*, my lady wants nothing of all this. What is it then your lady wants, discreet *Duenna* ? answered *Don Quixote*. Only one of your beautiful hands, quoth *Maritornes*, whereby partly to satisfy that longing, which brought her to this window, so much to the peril of her honour, that, if her lord and father should come to know it, the least slice he would whip off would be one of her ears. I would fain see that, answered *Don Quixote* : he had best have a care what he does, unless he has a mind to come to the most disastrous end that ever father did in the world, for having laid violent hands on the delicate members of his beloved daughter. *Maritornes* made no doubt but *Don Quixote* would give his hand, as they had desired, and so, resolving with herself what she would do, she went down into the stable, from whence she took the halter of *Sancho Pança's* ass, and returned very speedily to her spike-hole, just as *Don Quixote* had got upon *Rozinante's* saddle, to reach the gilded window, where he imagined the enamoured damsel stood, and said, at giving her his hand ; Take, madam, this hand, or rather this chastizer of the evil-doers



doers of the world: take, I say, this hand, which no woman's hand ever touched before, not even her's, who has the entire right to my whole body. I do not give it you to kiss, but only that you may behold the contexture of its nerves, the firm knitting of its muscles, the largeness and spaciousness of its veins, whence you may gather what must be the strength of that arm, which has such a hand. We shall soon see that, quoth *Maritornes*; and making a running knot on the halter, she clapped it on his wrist, and, descending from the hole, she tied the other end of it very fast to the staple of the door of the hay-loft. *Don Quixote*, feeling the harshness of the rope about his wrist, said; You seem rather to rasp than grasp my hand: pray, do not treat it so roughly, since that is not to blame for the injury my inclination does you; nor is it right to discharge the whole of your displeasure on so small a part: consider, that lovers do not take revenge at this cruel rate. But no body heard a word of all this discourse; for, as soon as *Maritornes* had tied *Don Quixote* up, they both went away, ready to die with laughing, and left him fastened in such a manner, that it was impossible for him to get loose.

He stood, as has been said, upright on *Rozinante*, his arm within the hole, and tied by the wrist to the bolt of the door, in the utmost fear and dread, that, if *Rozinante* stirred ever so little one way or other, he must remain hanging by the arm: and therefore he durst not make the least motion; though he might well expect from the sobriety and patience of *Rozinante*, that he would stand stock-still an entire century. In short, *Don Quixote*, finding himself tied, and that the ladies were gone, began presently to imagine, that all this was done in the way of enchantment, as the time before, when, in that very same castle, the enchanted *Moor* of a carrier so mauled him. Then, within himself, he cursed his own inconsiderateness and indiscretion, since, having come off so ill before, he had ventured to enter in a second time; it being a rule with knights-errant, that, when they have once tried an adventure, and could not accomplish it, it is a sign of its not being reserved for them, but for some body else, and therefore there is no necessity for them to try it a second time. However, he pulled his arm, to see if he could loose himself: but he was so fast tied, that all his efforts were in vain. It is true indeed, he pulled gently, lest *Rozinante* should stir; and though he would fain have got into the saddle, and have sat down, he could not, but must stand up, or pull off his hand. Now he wished for *Amadis's* sword, against which no enchantment had any power; and now he cursed his fortune. Then he exaggerated the loss the world would have of his presence, all the while he should stand there enchanted, as, without doubt, he believed he was. Then he bethought himself afresh of his beloved *Dulcinea del Toboso*. Then he called upon his good squire *Sancho Pança*, who, buried in sleep, and stretched upon his ass's pannel, did not, at that instant, so much as dream of the mother that bore him. Then he invoked the sages *Lirgandeo* and *Alquise*, to help him: then he called upon his special friend *Urganda*, to

assist him : lastly, there the morning overtook him, so despairing and confounded, that he bellowed like a bull ; for he did not expect, that the day would bring him any relief ; for, accounting himself enchanted, he concluded it would be eternal : and he was the more induced to believe it, seeing *Rozinante* budged not at all ; and he verily thought, that himself and his horse must remain in that posture, without eating, drinking, or sleeping, 'till that evil influence of the stars was overpast, or 'till some more sage necromancer should disenchant him. But he was much mistaken in his belief : for scarcely did the day begin to dawn, when four men on horseback arrived at the inn, very well appointed and accoutered, with carabines hanging at the pummels of their saddles. They called at the inn-door, which was not yet opened, knocking very hard : which *Don Quixote* perceiving, from the place where he still stood sentinel, he cried out, with an arrogant and loud voice : Knights, or squires, or whoever you are, you have no business to knock at the gate of this castle ; for it is very plain, that, at such hours, they, who are within, are either asleep, or do not use to open the gates of their fortrefs, 'till the sun has spread his beams over the whole horizon : get you farther off, and stay 'till clear day-light, and then we shall see whether it is fit to open to you or no. What the devil of a fortrefs or castle is this, quoth one of them, to oblige us to observe all this ceremony ? if you are the inn-keeper, make some body open the door ; for we are travellers, and only want to bait our horses, and go on, for we are in haste. Do you think, gentlemen, that I look like an inn-keeper ? answered *Don Quixote*. I know not what you look like, answered the other ; but I am sure you talk preposterously, to call this inn a castle. It is a castle, replied *Don Quixote*, and one of the best in this whole province ; and it has in it persons, who have had scepters in their hands, and crowns on their heads. You had better have said the very reverse, quoth the traveller ; the scepter on the head, and the crown in the hand : but, perhaps, some company of strolling players is within, who frequently wear those crowns and scepters you talk of : otherwise, I do not believe, that, in so small and poultry an inn, and where all is so silent, there can be lodged persons worthy to wear crowns, and wield scepters. You know little of the world, replied *Don Quixote*, if you are ignorant of the accidents, which usually happen in knight-errantry. The querist's comrades were tired with the dialogue between him and *Don Quixote*, and so they knocked again with greater violence, and in such a manner, that the inn-keeper awaked, and all the rest of the people that were in the inn ; and the host got up to ask who knocked.

Now it fell out, that one of the four strangers horses came to smell at *Rozinante*, who, melancholy and sad, his ears hanging down, bore up his distended master without stirring ; but, being in short of flesh, though he seemed to be of wood, he could not but be sensible of it, and smell him again that came so kindly to caress him : and scarce had he stirred a step, when *Don Quixote's* feet slipped, and, tumbling from the saddle, he had fallen to the ground, had he

he not hung by the arm: which put him to so much torture, that he fancied his wrist was cutting off, or his arm tearing from his body: yet he hung so near the ground, that he could just reach it with the tips of his toes, which turned to his prejudice: for, feeling how little he wanted to set his feet to the ground, he strove and stretched as much as he could to reach it quite: like those, who are tortured by the strappado, who, being placed at touch or not touch, are themselves the cause of encreasing their own pain, by their eagerness to extend themselves, deceived by the hope, that, if they stretch never so little further, they shall reach the ground.

C H A P. XVII.

A continuation of the un-beard-of adventures of the inn.

IN short, *Don Quixote* roared out so terribly, that the host in a fright opened the inn-door hastily, to see who it was that made those outcries; nor were the strangers less surprized. *Maritornes*, who was also waked by the same noise, imagining what it was, went to the straw-loft, and, without any body's seeing her, untied the halter, which held up *Don Quixote*, who straight fell to the ground in sight of the inn-keeper and the travellers; who, coming up to him, asked him what ailed him, that he so cried out? He, without answering a word, slipped the rope from off his wrist, and, raising himself up on his feet, mounted *Rozinante*, braced his target, couched his lance, and, taking a good compass about the field, came up at a half-gallop, saying: Whoever shall dare to affirm, that I was fairly enchanted, provided my sovereign lady the princess *Micomicona* gives me leave, I say, he lies, and I challenge him to single combat. The new-comers were amazed at *Don Quixote's* words; but the inn-keeper removed their wonder by telling them who *Don Quixote* was; and that they should not mind him, for he was beside himself. They then enquired of the host, whether there was not in the house a youth about fifteen years old, habited like a muleteer, with such and such marks, describing the same cloaths that *Donna Clara's* lover had on. The host answered, there were so many people in the inn, that he had not taken particular notice of any such. But one of them, espying the coach the judge came in, said: Without doubt he must be here; for this is the coach it is said he follows: let one of us stay at the door, and the rest go in to look for him; and it would not be amiss for one of us to ride round about the inn, that he may not escape over the pales of the yard. It shall be so done, answered one of them; and accordingly two went in, leaving the third at the door, while the fourth walked the rounds: all which the inn-keeper saw, and could not judge certainly why they made this search, though he believed they sought the young lad they had been describing to him. By this time it was clear day, which, together with the noise *Don Quixote* had made, had raised the whole house, especially *Donna Clara* and *Dorothea*, who had slept but indifferently, the one through concern

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at being so near her lover, and the other through the desire of seeing him. *Don Quixote*, perceiving that none of the four travellers minded him, nor answered to his challenge, was dying and running mad with rage and despite; and could he have found a precedent in the statutes and ordinances of chivalry, that a knight-errant might lawfully undertake or begin any other adventure, after having given his word and faith not to engage in any new enterprize, 'till he had finished what he had promised, he would have attacked them all, and made them answer whether they would or no. But thinking it not convenient, nor decent, to set about a new adventure, 'till he had reinstated *Micomicona* in her kingdom, he thought it best to say nothing and be quiet, 'till he saw what would be the issue of the enquiry and search those travellers were making: one of whom found the youth, he was in quest of, sleeping by the side of a muleteer, little dreaming of any body's searching for him, or finding him. The man, pulling him by the arm, said; Upon my word, Signor *Don Louis*, the dress you are in is very becoming such a gentleman as you; and the bed you lie on is very suitable to the tenderness with which your mother brought you up. The youth rubbed his drowzy eyes, and, looking wistfully at him who held him, presently knew him to be one of his father's servants: which so surprized him, that he knew not how, or could not speak a word for a good while; and the servant went on, saying: There is no more to be done, Signor *Don Louis*, but for you to have patience, and return home, unless you have a mind my master your father should depart to the other world; for nothing less can be expected from the pain he is in at your absence. Why, how did my father know, said *Don Louis*, that I was come this road, and in this dress? A student, answered the servant, to whom you gave an account of your design, discovered it, being moved to pity by the lamentations your father made the instant he missed you: and so he dispatched four of his servants in quest of you; and we are all here at your service, overjoyed beyond imagination at the good dispatch we have made, and that we shall return with you so soon, and restore you to those eyes that love you so dearly. That will be as I shall please, or as heaven shall ordain, answered *Don Louis*. What should you please, or heaven ordain, otherwise than that you should return home? quoth the servant; for there is no possibility of avoiding it.

The muleteer, who lay with *Don Louis*, hearing this contest between them, got up, and went to acquaint *Don Fernando* and *Cardenio*, and the rest of the company, who were all by this time up and dressed, with what had passed: he related to them, how the man had stiled the young lad *Don*, and repeated the discourse which passed between them, and how the man would have him return to his father's house, and how the youth refused to go. Hearing this, and considering besides how fine a voice heaven had bestowed upon him, they had all a great longing to know who he was, and to assist him, if any violence should be offered him: and so they went towards the place where he was talking and con-

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tending with his servant. Now *Dorothea* came out of her chamber, and behind her *Donna Clara* in great disorder: and *Dorothea*, calling *Cardenio* aside, related to him in few words the history of the musician and *Donna Clara*; and he on his part told her what had passed in relation to the servants coming in search after him; and he did not speak so low, but *Donna Clara* overheard him; at which she was in such an agony, that, had not *Dorothea* caught hold of her, she had sunk down to the ground. *Cardenio* desired *Dorothea* to go back with *Donna Clara* to their chamber, while he would endeavour to set matters to rights. Now all the four, who came in quest of *Don Louis*, were in the inn, and had surrounded him, pressing him to return immediately to comfort his poor father, without delaying a moment. He answered, that he could in no wise do so, 'till he had accomplished a business, wherein his life, his honour, and his soul, were concerned. The servants urged him, saying they would by no means go back without him, and that they were resolved to carry him whether he would or no. That you shall not do, replied *Don Louis*, except you kill me; and which ever way you carry me, it shall be without life. Most of the people that were in the inn were got together to hear the contention, particularly *Cardenio*, *Don Fernando* and his companions, the judge, the priest, the barber, and *Don Quixote*, who now thought there was no farther need of continuing upon the castle-guard. *Cardenio*, already knowing the young man's story, asked the men, who were for carrying him away, why they would take away the youth against his will? Because, replied one of the four, we would save the life of his father, who is in danger of losing it by this gentleman's absence. Then *Don Louis* said: There is no need of giving an account of my affairs here; I am free, and will go back, if I please; and if not, none of you shall force me. But reason will force you, answered the servant; and though it should not prevail upon you, it must upon us, to do what we came about, and what we are obliged to. Hold, said the judge, let us know what this business is to the bottom. The man, who knew him, as being his master's near neighbour, answered: Pray, my lord judge, does not your honour know this gentleman? he is your neighbour's son, and has absented himself from his father's house in an indecent garb, as your honour may see. Then the judge observed him more attentively, and, knowing and embracing him, said: What childish frolic is this, Signor *Don Louis*? or what powerful cause has moved you to come in this manner, and this dress, so little becoming your quality? The tears came into the young gentleman's eyes, and he could not answer a word. The judge bid the servants be quiet, for all would be well; and taking *Don Louis* by the hand, he went aside with him, and asked him, why he came in that manner?

While the judge was asking this and some other questions, they heard a great outcry at the door of the inn, and the occasion was, that two guests, who had lodged there that night, seeing all the folks busy about knowing what the four men

men searched for, had attempted to go off without paying their reckoning. But the host, who minded his own business more than other people's, laid hold of them as they were going out of the door, and demanded his money, giving them such hard words for their evil intention, that he provoked them to return him an answer with their fists; which they did so roundly, that the poor inn-keeper was forced to call out for help. The hostess and her daughter, seeing no body so disengaged, and so proper to succour him, as *Don Quixote*, the daughter said to him; Sir knight, I beseech you, by the valour god has given you, come and help my poor father, whom a couple of wicked fellows are beating to mummy. To whom *Don Quixote* answered, very leisurely and with much flegm: Fair maiden, your petition cannot be granted at present, because I am incapacitated from intermeddling in any other adventure, 'till I have accomplished one I have already engaged my word for: but what I can do for your service, is, what I will now tell you: run, and bid your father maintain the fight the best he can, and in no wise suffer himself to be vanquished, while I go and ask permission of the princess *Micomicona* to relieve him in his distress; which if she grants me, rest assured I will bring him out of it. As I am a sinner, quoth *Maritornes*, who was then by, before your worship can obtain the licence you talk of, my master may be gone into the other world. Permit me, madam, to obtain the licence I speak of, answered *Don Quixote*: for if so be I have it, no matter though he be in the other world; for from thence would I fetch him back in spite of the other world itself, should it dare to contradict or oppose me; or at least I will take such ample revenge on those, who shall have sent him thither, that you shall be more than moderately satisfied. And, without saying a word more, he went and kneeled down before *Dorothea*, beseeching her in knightly and errant-like expressions, that her grandeur would vouchsafe to give him leave to go and succour the governor of that castle, who was in grievous distress. The princess gave it him very graciously; and he presently, bracing on his target, and drawing his sword, ran to the inn-door, where the two guests were still lugging and worrying the poor host: but when he came, he stopped short and stood irresolute, though *Maritornes* and the hostess asked him why he delayed succouring their master and husband. I delay, quoth *Don Quixote*, because it is not lawful for me to draw my sword against squire-like folks: but call hither my squire *Sancho*; for to him this defence and revenge does most properly belong. This passed at the door of the inn, where the boxing and cuffing went about briskly, to the inn-keeper's cost, and the rage of *Maritornes*, the hostess, and her daughter, who were ready to run distracted to behold the cowardice of *Don Quixote*, and the injury then doing to their master, husband, and father.

But let us leave him there awhile; for he will not want some body or other to relieve him; or, if not, let him suffer and be silent, who is so fool-hardy as to engage in what is above his strength; and let us turn fifty paces back, to see
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what *Don Louis* replied to the judge, whom we left apart asking the cause of his coming on foot, and so meanly apparelled. To whom the youth, squeezing him hard by both hands, as if some great affliction was wringing his heart, and pouring down tears in great abundance, said: All I can say, dear Sir, is, that, from the moment heaven was pleased, by means of our neighbourhood, to give me a sight of *Donna Clara*, your daughter, from that very instant I made her sovereign mistress of my affections; and if you, my true lord and father, do not oppose it, this very day she shall be my wife. For her I left my father's house, and for her I put myself into this dress, to follow her whithersoever she went, as the arrow to the mark, or the mariner to the north-star. As yet she knows no more of my passion than what she may have perceived from now and then seeing at a distance my eyes full of tears. You know, my lord, the wealthiness and nobility of my family, and that I am sole heir: if you think these are motives sufficient for you to venture the making me entirely happy, receive me immediately for your son; for though my father, biased by other views of his own, should not approve of this happiness I have found for myself, time may work some favourable change, and alter his mind. Here the enamoured youth was silent, and the judge remained in suspense, no less surprized at the manner and ingenuity of *Don Louis* in discovering his passion, than confounded and at a loss what measures to take in so sudden and unexpected an affair: and therefore he returned no other answer, but only bid him be easy for the present, and not let his servants go back that day, that there might be time to consider what was most expedient to be done. *Don Louis* kissed his hands by force, and even bathed them with tears, enough to soften a heart of marble, and much more that of the judge, who, being a man of sense, soon saw how advantageous and honourable this match would be for his daughter; though, if possible, he would have effected it with the consent of *Don Louis's* father, who, he knew, had pretensions to a title for his son.

By this time the inn-keeper and his guests had made peace, more through the persuasion and arguments of *Don Quixote* than his threats, and had paid him all he demanded; and the servants of *Don Louis* were waiting 'till the judge should have ended his discourse, and their master determined what he would do; when the devil, who sleeps not, so ordered it, that, at that very instant, came into the inn the barber, from whom *Don Quixote* had taken *Mambrino's* helmet, and *Sancho Pança* the ass-furniture, which he trucked for his own: which barber, leading his beast to the stable, espied *Sancho Pança*, who was mending something about the pannel; and as soon as he saw him, he knew him, and made bold to attack him, saying; Ah! mister thief, have I got you! give me my bason and my pannel, with all the furniture you robbed me of. *Sancho*, finding himself attacked so unexpectedly, and hearing the opprobrious language given him, with one hand held fast the pannel, and with the other

gave the barber such a dowse, that he bathed his mouth in blood. But for all that the barber did not let go his hold: on the contrary, he raised his voice in such a manner, that all the folks of the inn ran together at the noise and scuffle; and he cried out; Help, in the king's name, and in the name of justice; for this rogue and highway-robber would murder me for endeavouring to recover my own goods. You lye, answered *Sancho*, I am no highway-robber: my master *Don Quixote* won these spoils in fair war. *Don Quixote* was now present, and not a little pleased to see how well his squire performed both on the defensive and offensive, and from thenceforward took him for a man of mettle, and resolved in his mind to dub him a knight the first opportunity that offered, thinking the order of chivalry would be very well bestowed upon him. Now, among other things, which the barber said during the skirmish, Gentlemen, quoth he, this pannel is as certainly mine as the death I owe to god, and I know it as well as if it were the child of my own body, and yonder stands my ass in the stable, who will not suffer me to lye: pray do but try it, and, if it does not fit him to a hair, let me be infamous: and moreover by the same token, the very day they took this from me, they robbed me likewise of a new brass bason, never hanfelled, that would have fetched above a crown¹. Here *Don Quixote* could not forbear answering; and thrusting himself between the two combatants, and parting them, and making them lay down the pannel on the ground in public view, 'till the truth should be decided, he said: Sirs, you shall presently see clearly and manifestly the error this honest squire is in, in calling that a bason, which was, is, and ever shall be, *Mambrino's* helmet: I won it in fair war, so am its right and lawful possessor. As to the pannel, I intermeddle not: what I can say of that matter is, that my squire *Sancho* asked my leave to take the trappings of this conquered coward's horse, to adorn his own withal: I gave him leave; he took them, and, if from horse-trappings they are metamorphosed into an ass's pannel, I can give no other reason for it, but that common one, that these kind of transformations are frequent in adventures of chivalry: for confirmation of which, run, son *Sancho*, and fetch hither the helmet, which this honest man will needs have to be a bason. In faith, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, if we have no other proof of our cause but what your worship mentions, *Mambrino's* helmet will prove as errant a bason, as this honest man's trappings are a pack-saddle. Do what I bid you, replied *Don Quixote*; for sure all things in this castle cannot be governed by enchantment. *Sancho* went for the bason, and brought it; and as soon as *Don Quixote* saw it, he took it in his hands, and said: Behold, gentlemen, with what face can this squire pretend this to be a bason, and not the helmet I have mentioned? I swear by the order of knighthood, which I profess, this helmet is the very same I took from him, without addition or diminution. There is no doubt of that, quoth

¹ Señora de un escudo. Literally, *Mistress of a crown-piece.*



Sancho; for, from the time my master won it 'till now, he has fought but one battle in it, which was when he freed those unlucky galley-slaves; and had it not been for this bason-helmet, he had not then got off over-well; for he had a power of stones hurled at him in that skirmish.

C H A P. XVIII.

In which the dispute concerning Mambrino's helmet, and the pannel, is decided; with other adventures that really and truly happened.

PRAY, gentlemen, quoth the barber, what is your opinion of what these gentlefolks affirm; for they persist in it, that this is no bason, but a helmet? And whoever shall affirm the contrary, said *Don Quixote*, I will make him know, if he be a knight, that he lyes, and, if a squire, that he lyes and lyes again a thousand times. Our barber, who was present all the while, and well acquainted with *Don Quixote's* humour, had a mind to work up his madness, and carry on the jest, to make the company laugh; and so, addressing himself to the other barber, he said: Signor barber, or whoever you are, know, that I also am of your profession, and have had my certificate of examination above these twenty years, and am very well acquainted with all the instruments of barber-furgery, without missing one. I have likewise been a soldier in my youthful days, and therefore know what is a helmet, and what a morion or steel-cap, and what a casque with its bever, as well as other matters relating to soldiery, I mean to all kinds of arms commonly used by soldiers. And I say (with submission always to better judgments) that this piece here before us, which this honest gentleman holds in his hands, not only is not a barber's bason, but is as far from being so, as white is from black, and truth from falsehood. I say also, that, though it be an helmet, it is not a compleat one. No certainly, said *Don Quixote*; for the bever that should make half of it is wanting. It is so, quoth the priest, who perceived his friend the barber's design; and *Cardenio*, *Don Fernando*, and his companions, confirmed the same: and even the judge, had not his thoughts been so taken up about the business of *Don Louis*, would have helped on the jest; but the concern he was in so employed his thoughts, that he attended but little, or not at all, to these pleasantries. Lord have mercy upon me! quoth the bantered barber, how is it possible so many honest gentlemen should maintain, that this is not a bason, but an helmet! a thing enough to astonish a whole university, though never so wise: well, if this bason be an helmet, then this pannel must needs be a horse's furniture, as this gentleman has said. To me it seems indeed to be a pannel, quoth *Don Quixote*; but I have already told you, I will not intermeddle with the dispute, whether it be an ass's pannel, or a horse's furniture. All that remains, said the priest, is, that Signor *Don Quixote* declare his opinion; for in matters of chivalry all these gentlemen,

tlemen, and myself, yield him absolutely the preference. By the living god, gentlemen, said *Don Quixote*, so many and such unaccountable things have befallen me twice that I have lodged in this castle, that I dare not venture to vouch positively for any thing that may be asked me about it : for I am of opinion, that every thing passes in it by the way of enchantment. The first time I was very much harrassed by an enchanted *Moor* that was in it, and *Sancho* fared little better among some of his followers ; and to-night I hung almost two hours by this arm, without being able to guess how I came to fall into that mischance. And therefore, for me to meddle now in so confused a business, and to be giving my opinion, would be to spend my judgment rashly. As to the question, whether this be a bason, or an helmet, I have already answered : but as to declaring, whether this be a pannel or a caparison, I dare not pronounce a definitive sentence, but remit it, gentlemen, to your discretion : perhaps, not being dubbed knights as I am, the enchantments of this place may have no power over you, and you may have your understandings free, and so may judge of the things of this castle as they really and truly are, and not as they appear to me. There is no doubt, answered *Don Fernando*, but that Signor *Don Quixote* has said very right, that the decision of this case belongs to us : and that we may proceed in it upon better and more solid grounds, I will take the votes of these gentlemen in secret, and then give you a clear and full account of the result.

To those acquainted with *Don Quixote*, all this was matter of most excellent sport ; but to those, who knew not his humour, it seemed to be the greatest absurdity in the world, especially to *Don Louis's* four servants, and to *Don Louis* himself as much as the rest, besides three other passengers, who were by chance just then arrived at the inn, and seemed to be troopers of the holy brotherhood, as in reality they proved to be. As for the barber, he was quite at his wit's end, to see his bason converted into *Mambrino's* helmet before his eyes, and made no doubt but his pannel would be turned into a rich caparison for a horse. Every body laughed to see *Don Fernando* walking the round, and taking the opinion of each person at his ear, that he might secretly declare whether that precious piece, about which there had been such a bustle, was a pannel or a caparison : and, after he had taken the votes of those who knew *Don Quixote*, he said aloud : The truth is, honest friend, I am quite weary of collecting so many votes ; for I ask no body that does not tell me, it is ridiculous to say, this is an ass's pannel, and not a horse's caparison, and even that of a well-bred horse : so that you must have patience ; for, in spite of you and your ass too, this is a caparison, and no pannel, and the proofs you have alledged on your part are very trivial and invalid. Let me never enjoy a place in heaven, quoth the bantered barber, if your worships are not all mistaken ; and so may my soul appear before god, as this appears to me a pannel, and not a caparison : but, so

go the laws¹---I say no more; and verily I am not drunk, for I am fasting from every thing but sin.

The barber's simplicities caused no less laughter than the whimsies of *Don Quixote*, who, at this juncture, said: there is now no more to be done, but for every one to take what is his own; and to whom god has given it, may *St. Peter* give his blessing². One of *Don Louis's* four servants said: If this be not a premeditated joke, I cannot persuade myself, that men of so good understanding, as all here are, or seem to be, should venture to say, and affirm, that this is not a bason, nor that a pannel: but seeing they do actually say, and affirm it, I suspect there must be some mystery in obstinately maintaining a thing so contrary to truth and experience: for, by ----- (and out he rapped a round oath) all the men in the world shall never persuade me, that this is not a barber's bason, and that a jack-ass's pannel. May it not be a she-ass's? quoth the priest. That is all one, said the servant; for the question is only whether it be, or be not, a pannel, as your worships say. One of the officers of the holy brotherhood, who came in, and had over-heard the dispute, full of choler and indignation, said: it is as much a pannel as my father is my father; and whoever says, or shall say to the contrary, must be drunk. You lye like a pitiful scoundrel, answered *Don Quixote*; and lifting up his lance, which he never had let go out of his hand, he went to give him such a blow over the head, that, had not the officer slipped aside, he had been laid flat on the spot. The lance was broke to splinters on the ground; and the other officers, seeing their comrade abused, cried out, Help, help the holy brotherhood. The inn-keeper, who was one of the troop, ran in that instant for his wand and his sword, and prepared himself to stand by his comrades. *Don Louis's* servants got about him, lest he should escape during that hurly-burly. The barber, perceiving the house turned topsy-turvey, laid hold again of his pannel, and *Sancho* did the same. *Don Quixote* drew his sword, and fell upon the troopers. *Don Louis* called out to his servants, to leave him, and assist *Don Quixote*, *Cardenio*, and *Don Fernando*, who all took part with *Don Quixote*. The priest cried out, the hostess shrieked, her daughter roared, *Maritornes* wept, *Dorothea* was confounded, *Lucinda* stood amazed, and *Donna Clara* fainted away. The barber cuffed *Sancho*, and *Sancho* pummeled the barber. *Don Louis* gave one of his servants, who laid hold of him by the arm lest he should escape, such a dash on the chops, that he bathed his mouth in blood. The judge interposed in his defence. *Don Fernando* got one of the troopers down, and kicked him to his heart's content. The inn-keeper reinforced his voice, demanding aid for the holy brotherhood. Thus the whole inn was nothing but weepings, cries, shrieks, confusions, fears, frights, mischances, cuffs, cudgel-

¹ He stops in the middle of the proverb, *Alla van leyes donde quieren reys*, meaning that the powerful carry what they please; or, as we say, *might overcomes right*.

² The form of benediction at a wedding.

lings, kicks, and effusion of blood. And, in the midst of this chaos, this maſs, and labyrinth of things, it came into *Don Quixote's* fancy, that he was plunged over head and ears in the discord of king *Agramante's* camp¹; and therefore ſaid, with a voice which made the inn ſhake: Hold all of you; all put up your ſwords; be pacified all, and hearken to me, if you would all continue alive. At which tremendous voice they all deſiſted, and he went on, ſaying: Did I not tell you, Sirs, that this caſtle was enchanted, and that ſome legion of devils muſt certainly inhabit it? in confirmation whereof I would have you ſee with your own eyes how the discord of *Agramante's* camp is paſſed over and transferred hither among us: behold how there they fight for the ſword, here for the horſe, yonder for the eagle, here again for the helmet; and we all fight, and no one underſtands another. Come therefore, my lord judge, and you miſter prieſt, and let one of you ſtand for king *Agramante*, the other for king *Sobrino*², and make peace among us; for, by the eternal god, it is a thouſand pities, ſo many gentlemen of quality as are here of us, ſhould kill one another for ſuch trivial matters. The troopers, who did not underſtand *Don Quixote's* language, and found themſelves roughly handled by *Don Fernando*, *Cardenio*, and their companions, would not be pacified: but the barber ſubmitted; for both his beard and his pannel were demolished in the ſcuffle. *Sancho*, as became a dutiful ſervant, obeyed the leaſt voice of his maſter. *Don Louis's* four ſervants were alſo quiet, ſeeing how little they got by being otherwiſe. The inn-keeper alone was refractory, and inſiſted that the inſolencies of that madman ought to be chaſtized, who at every foot turned the houſe upſide down. At laſt the buſtle ceaſed for that time: the pannel was to remain a capariſon, the baſon a helmet, and the inn a caſtle, in *Don Quixote's* imagination, 'till the day of judgment.

Now all being quieted, and all made friends by the perſuaſion of the judge and the prieſt, *Don Louis's* ſervants began again to preſs him to go with them that moment; and while they were debating, and ſettling the point, the judge conſulted *Don Fernando*, *Cardenio*, and the prieſt, what he ſhould do in this emergency, telling them all that *Don Louis* had ſaid. At laſt it was agreed, that *Don Fernando* ſhould tell *Don Louis's* ſervants who he was, and that it was his deſire *Don Louis* ſhould go along with him to *Andaluzia*, where he ſhould be treated by the marquis his brother according to his quality and worth; for he well knew his intention and reſolution not to return juſt at that time into his father's preſence, though they ſhould tear him to pieces. Now *Don Fernando's* quality, and *Don Louis's* reſolution, being known to the four ſervants, they determined among themſelves, that three of them ſhould return to give his father an account of what had paſſed, and the other ſhould ſtay to wait upon *Don*

¹ *Agramante*, in *Ariſto*, is king of the infidels at the ſiege of *Paris*. This is a burleſque upon that paſſage, where discord is ſent by an angel into the pagan camp in favour of the chriſtians.

² An auxiliary king of the *Moors* at the above-mentioned ſiege.



Louis, and not leave him 'till the rest should come back for him, or 'till they knew what his father would order. Thus this mass of contentions was appeased by the authority of *Agramante*, and the prudence of king *Sobrino*. But the enemy of peace and concord, finding himself illuded and disappointed, and how thin a crop he had gathered from that large field of confusion, resolved to try his hand once more by contriving fresh brangles and disturbances.

Now the case was this: the troopers, upon notice of the quality of those that had attacked them, had desisted and retreated from the fray, as thinking that, let matters go how they would, they were likely to come off by the worst. But one of them, namely, he who had been kicked and mauled by *Don Fernando*, bethought himself, that, among some warrants he had about him for apprehending certain delinquents, he had one against *Don Quixote*, whom the holy brotherhood had ordered to be taken into custody for setting at liberty the galley-slaves, as *Sancho* had very justly feared. Having this in his head, he had a mind to be satisfied whether the person of *Don Quixote* answered to the description; and, pulling a parchment out of his bosom, he presently found what he looked for; and setting himself to read it leisurely (for he was no great clerk) at every word he read, he fixed his eyes on *Don Quixote*, and then went on, comparing the marks in his warrant with the lines of *Don Quixote's* physiognomy, and found that without all doubt he must be the person therein described: then, as soon as he had satisfied himself, rolling up the parchment, and holding the warrant in his left hand, with his right he laid so fast hold on *Don Quixote* by the collar, that he did not suffer him to draw breath, crying out aloud: Help the holy brotherhood! and, that every body may see I require it in earnest, read this warrant, wherein it is expressly commanded to apprehend this highway-robber. The priest took the warrant, and found it all true that the trooper had said, the marks agreeing exactly with *Don Quixote*; who, finding himself so roughly handled by this scoundrel, his choler being mounted to the utmost pitch, and all his joints trembling with rage, caught the trooper by the throat, as well as he could, with both hands; and, had not the fellow been rescued by his comrades, he had lost his life sooner than *Don Quixote* had loosed his hold. The inn-keeper, who was indispensably bound to aid and assist his brethren in office, ran immediately to his assistance. The hostess, seeing her husband again engaged in battle, raised her voice anew. Her daughter and *Maritornes* joined in the same tune, praying aid from heaven, and from the standers-by. *Sancho*, seeing what passed, said; As god shall save me, my master says true, concerning the enchantments of this castle; for it is impossible to live an hour in quiet in it. At length *Don Fernando* parted the officer and *Don Quixote*, and, to both their contents, unlocked their hands, from the doublet-collar of the one, and from the wind-pipe of the other. Nevertheless the troopers did not desist from demanding their prisoner, and to have him bound and delivered up to them; for so the king's service, and that of the holy brotherhood, required, in whose
name

name they again demanded help and assistance in apprehending that common robber, padder, and highwayman. *Don Quixote* smiled to hear these expressions, and with great calmness said: Come hither, base and ill-born crew; call ye it robbing on the highway, to loose the chains of the captived, to set the imprisoned free, to succour the miserable, to raise the fallen and cast down, and to relieve the needy and distressed? Ah scoundrel race! undeserving, by the meanness and baseness of your understandings, that heaven should reveal to you the worth inherent in knight-errantry, or make you sensible of your own sin and ignorance in not reverencing the very shadow, and much more the presence, of any knight-errant whatever! Come hither, ye rogues in a troop, and not troopers, highwaymen with the licence of the holy brotherhood, tell me, who was the blockhead that signed the warrant for apprehending such a knight-errant as I am? Who is he that can be ignorant, that knights-errant are exempt from all judicial authority, that their sword is their law, their bravery their privileges, and their will their edicts? Who was the madman, I say again, that is ignorant, that no preamble to a nobleman's patent contains so many privileges and exemptions, as are acquired by the knight-errant, the day he is dubbed, and set apart for the rigorous exercise of chivalry? What knight-errant ever paid custom, poll-tax, subsidy, quit-rent, porteridge, or ferry-boat? What tailor ever brought in a bill for making his cloaths? What governor, that lodged him in his castle, ever made him pay a reckoning? What king did not seat him at his table? What damsel was not in love with him, and did not yield herself up to his whole pleasure and will? and lastly, what knight-errant has there ever been, is, or shall be in the world, who has not courage singly to bestow four hundred bastinados on four hundred troopers of the holy brotherhood, that shall dare to present themselves before him?

C H A P. XIX.

In which is finished the notable adventure of the troopers of the holy brotherhood, with the great ferocity of our good knight Don Quixote.

WHILE *Don Quixote* was talking at this rate, the priest was endeavouring to persuade the troopers, that *Don Quixote* was out of his wits, as they might easily perceive by what he did, and said, and that they need not give themselves any farther trouble upon that subject; for though they should apprehend and carry him away, they must soon release him as being a madman. To which the officer that had produced the warrant answered; that it was no business of his to judge of *Don Quixote's* madness, but to obey the orders of his superior, and that, when he had once secured him, they might set him free three hundred times if they pleased. For all that, said the priest, for this once you must not take him, nor do I think he will suffer himself to be taken. In effect, the priest said so much, and *Don Quixote* did such extravagancies, that the officers

cers must have been more mad than he, had they not discovered his infirmity: and therefore they judged it best to be quiet, and moreover to be mediators for making peace between the barber and *Sancho Pança*, who still continued their scuffle with great rancour. At last they, as officers of justice, compounded the matter, and arbitrated it in such a manner, that both parties rested, if not entirely contented, at least somewhat satisfied; for they exchanged pannels, but not girths nor halters. As for *Mambrino's* helmet, the priest, underhand and unknown to *Don Quixote*, gave eight reals ¹ for the bason, and the barber gave him a discharge in full, acquitting him of all fraud from thenceforth and for evermore, amen.

These two quarrels, as being the chief and of the greatest weight, being thus made up, it remained, that three of *Don Louis's* servants should be contented to return home, and leave one of their fellows behind to wait upon him, whithersoever *Don Fernando* pleased to carry him. And as now good luck and better fortune had begun to pave the way, and smooth the difficulties, in favour of the lovers and heroes of the inn, so fortune would carry it quite through, and crown all with prosperous success: for the servants were contented to do as *Don Louis* commanded, whereat *Donna Clara* was so highly pleased, that no body could look in her face without discovering the joy of her heart. *Zoraida*, though she did not understand all she saw, yet grew sad or chearful in conformity to what she observed in their several countenances, especially that of her *Spaniard*, on whom her eyes were fixed, and her soul depended. The inn-keeper, observing what recompence the priest had made the barber, demanded *Don Quixote's* reckoning, with ample satisfaction for the damage done to his skins, and the loss of his wine, swearing, that neither *Rozinante* nor the ass should stir out of the inn, 'till he had paid the uttermost farthing. The priest pacified, and *Don Fernando* paid him all; though the judge very generously offered payment: and thus they all remained in peace and quietness, and the inn appeared no longer the discord of *Agramante's* camp, as *Don Quixote* had called it, but peace it self, and the very tranquillity of *Octavius Cæsar's* days ²: and it was the general opinion, that all this was owing to the good intention and great eloquence of the priest, and the incomparable liberality of *Don Fernando*.

Don Quixote, now, finding himself freed, and clear of so many brangles, both of his squire's and his own, thought it was high time to pursue his voyage, and put an end to that grand adventure, whereunto he had been called and elected: and therefore, being thus resolutely determined, he went and kneeled before *Dorothea*, who would not suffer him to speak a word 'till he stood up; which he did in obedience to her, and said: It is a common saying, fair lady, that *diligence is the mother of good success*, and experience has shewn in many

¹ i. e. Four shillings.

² Because he shut the temple of *Janus*, the signal of universal peace.

and weighty matters, that the care of the folicitor brings the doubtful fuit to a happy iffue: but this truth is in nothing more evident than in matters of war, in which expedition and difpatch prevent the defigns of the enemy, and carry the victory, before the adverfary is in a pofture to defend himfelf. All this I fay, high and deferving lady, becaufe our abode in this caftle feems to me to be now no longer neceffary, and may be fo far prejudicial, that we may repent it one day: for who knows but your enemy the giant may, by fecret and diligent fpies, get intelligence of my coming to deftroy him? and, time giving him opportunity, he may fortify himfelf in fome impregnable caftle or fortrefs, againft which my induftry and the force of my unwearied arm may little avail. And therefore, fovereign lady, let us prevent, as I have faid, his defigns by our diligence, and let us depart quickly in the name of good-fortune, which you can want no longer than I delay to encounter your enemy. Here *Don Quixote* was filent, and faid no more, expecting with great fedatenefs the anfwer of the beautiful Infanta, who, with an air of grandeur, and in a ftyle accommodated to that of *Don Quixote*, answered in this manner: I am obliged to you, Sir knight, for the inclination you fhew to favour me in my great need, like a true knight, whofe office and employment it is to fuccour the orphans and diftreffed: and heaven grant that your defire and mine be foon accomplifhed, that you may fee there are fome grateful women in the world. As to my departure, let it be infantly; for I have no other will but yours: and pray difpofe of me entirely at your own pleafure; for ſhe, who has once committed the defence of her perfon, and the reftoration of her dominions, into your hands, muft not contradict whatever your wifdom ſhall direct. In the name of god, quoth *Don Quixote*; ſince it is fo, that a lady humbles herfelf, I will not lofe the opportunity of exalting her, and ſetting her on the throne of her anceftors. Let us depart infantly; for I am ſpurred on by the eagernels of my defire and the length of the journey; and they fay, *delays are dangerous*. And ſince heaven has not created, nor hell ſeen, any danger that can daunt or affright me, *Sancho*, faddle *Rozinante*, and get ready your afs, and her majeſty's palfrey; and let us take our leaves of the governor of the caftle, and of thefe nobles, and let us depart hence this instant. *Sancho*, who was preſent all the while, faid, ſhaking his head from ſide to ſide: Ah! maſter, maſter, there are more tricks in a town than are dreamt of, with reſpect to the honourable coifs be it ſpoken. What tricks can there be to my difcredit in any town, or in all the towns in the world, thou bumpkin? ſaid *Don Quixote*. If your worſhip puts yourſelf into a paſſion, answered *Sancho*, I will hold my tongue, and forbear to fay what I am bound to tell, as a faithful ſquire and a dutiful ſervant ought to his maſter. Say what you will, replied *Don Quixote*, ſo your words tend not to making me afraid: if you are afraid, you do but like yourſelf; and if I am not afraid, I do like myſelf. Nothing of all this, as I am a ſinner to god, answered *Sancho*; only that I am ſure and poſitively certain, that this lady, who calls herſelf queen

of the great kingdom of *Micomicon*, is no more a queen than my mother: for were she what she pretends to be, she would not be nuzzling, at every turn, and in every corner, with somebody that is in the company. *Dorothea's* colour came at what *Sancho* said, it being true indeed that her spouse *Don Fernando*, now and then, by stealth, had snatched with his lips an earnest of that reward his affections deserved: which *Sancho* having espied, he thought this freedom more becoming a lady of pleasure, than a queen of so vast a kingdom. *Dorothea* neither could, nor would answer *Sancho* a word, but let him go on with his discourse, which he did, saying: I say this, Sir, because, supposing that, after we have travelled through thick and thin, and passed many bad nights and worse days, one, who is now solacing himself in this inn, should chance to reap the fruit of our labours, I need be in no haste to saddle *Rozinante*, nor to get the ass and the palfrey ready; for we had better be quiet; and let every drab mind her spinning, and let us go to dinner. Good god! how great was the indignation of *Don Quixote* at hearing his squire speak thus disrespectfully! I say, it was so great, that, with speech stammering, tongue faultering, and living fire darting from his eyes, he said: Scoundrel! designing, unmannerly, ignorant, ill-spoken, foul-mouthed, impudent, murmuring, and backbiting villain! dare you utter such words in my presence, and in the presence of these illustrious ladies? and have you dared to entertain such rude and insolent thoughts in your confused imagination? Avoid my presence, monster of nature, treasury of lies, magazine of deceits, storehouse of rogueries, inventor of mischiefs, publisher of absurdities, and enemy of the respect due to royal personages! Be gone; appear not before me, on pain of my indignation. And in saying this, he arched his brows, puffed his cheeks, stared round about him, and gave a violent stamp with his right foot on the floor; all manifest tokens of the rage locked up in his breast. At whose words and furious gestures *Sancho* was so frightened, that he would have been glad the earth had opened that instant, and swallowed him up. And he knew not what to do, but to turn his back, and get out of the enraged presence of his master. But the discreet *Dorothea*, who so perfectly understood *Don Quixote's* humour, to pacify his wrath, said: Be not offended, good Sir knight of the sorrowful figure, at the follies your good squire has uttered: for, perhaps, he has not said them without some ground; nor can it be suspected, considering his good understanding and christian conscience, that he would slander, or bear false witness against any body: and therefore we must believe, without all doubt, as you yourself say, Sir knight, that, since all things in this castle fall out in the way of enchantment, perhaps, I say, *Sancho*, by means of the same diabolical illusion, may have seen what he says he saw, so much to the prejudice of my honour. By the omnipotent god I swear, quoth *Don Quixote*, your grandeur has hit the mark, and some wicked apparition must have appeared to this sinner, and have made him see what it was impossible for him to see by any other way but that of enchant-

ment; for I am perfectly assured of the simplicity and innocence of this unhappy wretch, and that he knows not how to invent a slander on any body. So it is, and so it shall be, said *Don Fernando*: wherefore, Signor *Don Quixote*, you ought to pardon him, and restore him to the bosom of your favour, *sicut erat in principio*, before these illusions turned his brain. *Don Quixote* answered, that he pardoned him; and the priest went for *Sancho*, who came in very humble, and, falling down on his knees, begged his master's hand, who gave it him; and, after he had let him kiss it, he gave him his blessing, saying: Now you will be thoroughly convinced, son *Sancho*, of what I have often told you before, that all things in this castle are done by way of enchantment. I believe so too, quoth *Sancho*, excepting the business of the blanket, which really fell out in the ordinary way. Do not believe it, answered *Don Quixote*; for, were it so, I would have revenged you at that time, and even now. But neither could I then, nor can I now, find on whom to revenge the injury. They all desired to know what that business of the blanket was, and the inn-keeper gave them a very circumstantial account of *Sancho Pança's* tossing; at which they were not a little diverted. And *Sancho* would have been no less ashamed, if his master had not assured him afresh that it was all enchantment. And yet *Sancho's* folly never rose so high, as to believe, that it was not downright truth, without any mixture of illusion or deceit, being convinced he had been tossed in the blanket by persons of flesh and blood, and not by imaginary or visionary phantoms, as his master supposed and affirmed.

Two days had already passed since all this illustrious company had been in the inn; and thinking it now time to depart, they contrived how, without giving *Dorothea* and *Don Fernando* the trouble of going back with *Don Quixote* to his village, under pretence of restoring the queen of *Micomicon*, the priest and the barber might carry him as they desired, and endeavour to get him cured of his madness at home. *Don Quixote* was now laid down upon a bed, to repose himself after his late fatigues; and in the mean time they agreed with a waggoner, who chanced to pass by with his team of oxen, to carry him in this manner. They made a kind of cage with poles grate-wise, large enough to contain *Don Quixote* at his ease: and immediately *Don Fernando* and his companions, with *Don Louis's* servants, and the officers of the holy brotherhood, together with the inn-keeper, all, by the contrivance and direction of the priest, covered their faces, and disguised themselves, some one way, some another, so as to appear to *Don Quixote* to be quite other creatures than those he had seen in that castle. This being done, with the greatest silence they entered the room where *Don Quixote* lay fast asleep, and not dreaming of any such accident; and laying fast hold of him, they bound him hand and foot, so that, when he awaked with a start, he could not stir, nor do any thing but look round him, and wonder to see such strange visages about him. And presently he fell into the usual conceit, that his disordered imagination was perpetually presenting to him,

him, believing that all these shapes were goblins of that enchanted castle, and that without all doubt he must be enchanted, since he could not stir, nor defend himself: all precisely as the priest, the projector of this stratagem, fancied it would fall out. *Sancho* alone, of all that were present, was in his perfect senses, and in his own figure; and though he wanted but little of being infected with his master's disease, yet he was not at a loss to know who all these counterfeit goblins were, but durst not open his lips, 'till he saw what this surprisal and imprisonment of his master meant. Neither did the knight utter a word, waiting to see the issue of his disgrace: which was, that, bringing the cage thither, they shut him up in it, and nailed the bars so fast, that there was no breaking them open, though you pulled never so hard. They then hoisted him on their shoulders, and, at going out of the room, a voice was heard, as dreadful as the barber could form (not he of the pannel, but the other) saying; *O knight of the sorrowful figure!* let not the confinement you are under afflict you; for it is expedient it should be so, for the more speedy accomplishment of the adventure, in which your great valour has engaged you: which shall be finished when the furious *Manchegan* lion shall be coupled with the white *Tobosian* dove, after having submitted their stately necks to the soft matrimonial yoke; from which unheard-of conjunction shall spring into the light of the world brave whelps, who shall imitate the tearing claws of their valorous sire. And this shall come to pass before the pursuer of the fugitive nymph shall have made two rounds, to visit the bright constellations, in his rapid and natural course. And thou, *O* the most noble and obedient squire that ever had sword in belt, beard on face, and smell in nostrils, be not dismayed nor afflicted to see the flower of knight-errantry carried thus away before your eyes. For ere long, if it so please the fabricator of the world, you shall see yourself so exalted and sublimated, that you shall not know yourself, and shall not be defrauded of the promises made you by your noble lord. And I assure you, in the name of the sage *Fibberoniana*¹, that your wages shall be punctually paid you, as you will see in effect: follow therefore the footsteps of the valorous and enchanted knight; for it is expedient for you to go where ye may both rest: and because I am permitted to say no more, god be with you; for I return I well know whither. And, at finishing the prophecy, he raised his voice very high, and then sunk it by degrees with so soft an accent, that even they, who were in the secret of the jest, were almost ready to believe, that what they heard was true.

Don Quixote remained much comforted by the prophecy he had heard; for he presently apprehended the whole signification thereof, and saw that it promised he should be joined in holy and lawful wedlock with his beloved *Dulcinea del Toboso*, from whose happy womb should issue the whelps, his sons, to the

¹ An equivalent word to the original *Mentironiana*, which needs no explanation.

everlasting honour of *La Mancha*. And, with this firm persuasion, he raised his voice, and, fetching a deep sigh, he said: O thou, whoever thou art, who hast prognosticated me so much good, I beseech thee to entreat, on my behalf, the sage enchanter, who has the charge of my affairs, that he suffer me not to perish in this prison, wherein I am now carried, 'till I see accomplished those joyous and incomparable promises now made me: for, so they come to pass, I shall account the pains of my imprisonment glory, the chains, with which I am bound, refreshment, and this couch, whereon I am laid, not a hard field of battle, but a soft bridal bed of downe. And, as touching the consolation of *Sancho Pança* my squire, I trust in his goodness and integrity, that he will not forsake me, either in good or evil fortune. And though it should fall out, through his or my hard hap, that I should not be able to give him the island, or something else equivalent, that I have promised him, at least he cannot lose his wages; for in my will, which is already made, I have declared what shall be given him, not indeed proportionable to his many and good services, but according to my own poor ability. *Sancho Pança* bowed with great respect, and kissed both his master's hands; for one alone he could not, they being both tied together. Then the goblins took the cage on their shoulders, and placed it on the waggon.

C H A P. XX.

Of the strange and wonderful manner in which Don Quixote de la Mancha was enchanted, with other remarkable occurrences.

DON QUIXOTE, finding himself cooped up in this manner, and placed upon a cart, said: Many and most grave histories have I read of knights-errant; but I never read, saw, or heard of enchanted knights being carried away after this manner, and so slowly as these lazy, heavy, animals seem to promise. For they always used to be carried through the air with wonderful speed, wrapped up in some thick and dark cloud, or in some chariot of fire, or mounted upon a hippogrif, or some such beast. But to be carried upon a team drawn by oxen, by the living god it puts me into confusion. But, perhaps, the chivalry and enchantments of these our times may have taken a different turn from those of the antients; and perhaps also, as I am a new knight in the world, and the first who have revived the long-forgotten exercise of knight-errantry, there may have been lately invented other kinds of enchantments, and other methods of carrying away those that are enchanted. What think you of this, son *Sancho*? I do not know what I think, answered *Sancho*, not being so well read as your worship in scriptures-errant. Yet I dare affirm and swear, that these hobgob'ins here about us are not altogether catholic. Catholic! my father! answered *Don Quixote*; how can they be catholic, being devils, who have assumed fantastick shapes on purpose to come and put me into this state?
and

and if you would be convinced of this, touch them and feel them, and you will find they have no bodies but of air, consisting in nothing but appearance only. Before god, Sir, replied *Sancho*, I have already touched them, and this devil, who is so very busy here about us, is as plump as a partridge, and has another property very different from what people say your devils are wont to have: for it is said, they all smell of brimstone, and other worse scents; but this spark smells of amber at half a league's distance. *Sancho* meant this of *Don Fernando*, who, being a cavalier of such quality, must have wore perfumes, as *Sancho* hinted. Wonder not at it, friend *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*; for you must know that the devils are a knowing sort of people; and, supposing they do carry perfumes about them, they have no scents in themselves, because they are spirits; or, if they do smell, it can be of nothing that is good, but of something bad and stinking: and the reason is, because, let them be where they will, they carry their hell about them, and can receive no kind of ease from their torments: now, a perfume being a thing delightful and pleasing, it is not possible they should smell of so good a thing: and if you think that this devil smells of amber, either you deceive yourself, or he would deceive you, that you may not take him for a devil. All this discourse passed between the master and the man; and *Don Fernando* and *Cardenio*, fearing lest *Sancho* should smell out their plot, he being already in the pursuit, and pretty far advanced towards it, they resolved to hasten their departure, and, calling the inn-keeper aside, they ordered him to saddle *Rozinante* and pannel the ass, which he did with great expedition.

In the mean while the priest had agreed, for so much a day, with the troopers of the holy brotherhood, that they should accompany *Don Quixote* home to his village. *Cardenio* took care to hang the buckler on one side, and the bason on the other, of the pummel of *Rozinante's* saddle, and made signs to *Sancho* to mount his ass, and take *Rozinante* by the bridle, and placed two troopers with their carabines on each side of the waggon. But before the car moved forward, the hostess, her daughter, and *Maritornes*, came out to take their leaves of *Don Quixote*, pretending to shed tears for grief at his misfortune; to whom *Don Quixote* said: Weep not, my good ladies; for these kind of mishaps are incident to those, who profess what I profess; and if such calamities did not befall me, I should not take myself for a knight-errant of any considerable fame: for such accidents as these never happen to knights of little name and reputation, since no body in the world thinks of them at all: but to the valorous indeed they often fall out; for many princes, and other knights, envious of their extraordinary virtue and courage, are constantly endeavouring by indirect ways to destroy them. Notwithstanding all which, so powerful is virtue, that of herself alone, in spite of all the necromancy that its first inventor *Zoroaster* ever knew, she will come off victorious from every encounter, and spread her lustre round the world, as the sun does over the heavens. Pardon me, fair ladies, if I have,

I have,

I have, through inadvertency, done you any displeasure; for willingly and knowingly I never offended any body: and pray to god, that he would deliver me from these bonds, into which some evil-minded enchanter has thrown me; for, if ever I find myself at liberty, I shall not forget the favours you have done me in this castle, but shall acknowledge and requite them as they deserve.

While the ladies of the castle were thus entertained by *Don Quixote*, the priest and the barber took their leave of *Don Fernando* and his companions, and of the captain and his brother the judge, and of all the now happy ladies, especially of *Dorothea* and *Lucinda*. They all embraced, promising to give each other an account of their future fortunes. *Don Fernando* gave the priest directions where to write to him, and acquaint him with what became of *Don Quixote*, assuring him that nothing would afford him a greater pleasure, than to know it; and that, on his part, he would inform him of whatever might amuse or please him, either in relation to his own marriage, or the baptizing of *Zoraida*, as also concerning *Don Louis's* success, and *Lucinda's* return to her parents. The priest promised to perform all that was desired of him with the utmost punctuality. They again embraced, and renewed their mutual offers of service. The inn-keeper came to the priest, and gave him some papers, telling him, he had found them in the lining of the wallet, in which the novel of the *Curious impertinent* was found, and, since the owner had never come back that way, he might take them all with him; for, as he could not read, he had no desire to keep them. The priest thanked him, and, opening the papers¹, found at the head of them this title, *The novel of Rinconete and Cortadillo*; from whence he concluded it must be some tale, and imagined, because that of the *Curious impertinent* was a good one, this must be so too, it being probable they were both written by the same author: and therefore he kept it with a design to read it when he had an opportunity. Then he and his friend the barber mounted on horseback, with their masks on, that *Don Quixote* might not know them, and placed themselves behind the waggon; and the order of the cavalcade was this. First marched the car, guided by the owner; on each side went the troopers with their firelocks, as has been already said; then followed *Sancho* upon his ass, leading *Rozinante* by the bridle: the priest and the barber brought up the rear on their puissant mules, and their faces masked, with a grave and solemn air, marching no faster than the slow pace of the oxen allowed. *Don Quixote* sat in his cage, with his hands tied and his legs stretched out, leaning against the bars, with as much patience and silence, as if he had not been a man of flesh and blood, but a statue of stone. And thus, with the same slowness and silence, they travelled about two leagues, when they came to a valley, which the waggoner thought a convenient place for resting and baiting his cattle; and acquainting the priest with his purpose, the barber was of opinion, they should travel a little further, telling them, that, behind a rising ground not far off, there was a vale that afforded more and much better grass, than that

¹ Written by *Cervantes* himself, and extant in the collection of his *Novels*.

in which they had a mind to stop. They took the barber's advice, and so went on.

Now the priest, happening to turn his head about, perceived behind them about six or seven horsemen, well mounted and accoutered, who soon came up with them; for they travelled, not with the flegm and slowness of the oxen, but as persons mounted on ecclesiastic mules, and in haste to arrive quickly, and pass the heat of the day in the inn, which appeared to be not a league off. The speedy overtook the slow, and the companies saluted each other courteously; and one of the travellers, who, in short, was a canon of *Toledo*, and master of the rest, observing the orderly procession of the waggon, the troopers, *Sancho*, *Rozinante*, the priest, and the barber, and especially *Don Quixote* caged-up and imprisoned, could not forbear enquiring what was the meaning of carrying that man in that manner; though he already guessed, by seeing the badges of the holy brotherhood, that he must be some notorious robber, or other criminal, the punishment of whom belonged to that fraternity. One of the troopers, to whom the question was put, answered thus: Sir, if you would know the meaning of this gentleman's going in this manner, let him tell you himself; for we know nothing of the matter. *Don Quixote* overheard the discourse, and said: If, perchance, gentlemen, you are versed and skilled in matters of chivalry, I will acquaint you with my misfortunes; but if not, I need not trouble myself to recount them. By this time the priest and the barber, perceiving the travellers were in discourse with *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, were come close up, to be ready to give such an answer, as might prevent the discovery of their plot. The canon, in answer to what *Don Quixote* said, replied: In truth, brother, I am more conversant in books of chivalry, than in *Villalpando's Summaries*; so that, if that be all, you may safely communicate to me whatever you please. With heaven's permission, replied *Don Quixote*, since it is so, you must understand, Signor cavalier, that I am enchanted in this cage, through the envy and fraud of wicked necromancers; for virtue is more persecuted by the wicked, than beloved by the good. A knight-errant I am, not one of those, whose names fame has forgot to eternize, but one of those, who, maugre and in despite of envy itself, and of all the magicians *Persia* ever bred, the *Bracmans* of *India*, and the gymnosophists of *Ethiopia*, shall enroll his name in the temple of immortality, to serve as an example and mirror to future ages, in which knights-errant may see the track they are to follow, if they are ambitious of reaching the honourable summit and pinnacle of arms. Signor *Don Quixote de la Mancha* says the truth, quoth the priest at this time; for he goes enchanted in this waggon, not through his own fault or demerit, but through the malice of those, to whom virtue is odious, and courage offensive. This, Sir, is the *knight of the sorrowful figure*, if ever you have heard him spoken of, whose valorous exploits and heroic deeds shall be written on solid brass and everlasting marble, though envy take never so much pains to obscure them, and

malice to conceal them. When the canon heard him that was imprisoned, and him at liberty, both talk in such a style, he was ready to cross himself with amazement, not being able to imagine what had befallen him; and all his followers were in equal admiration.

Now *Sancho*, being come up to them, and overhearing their discourse, to set all to rights, said: Look ye, gentlemen, let it be well or ill taken, I will out with it: the truth of the case is, my master *Don Quixote* is just as much enchanted as my mother; he is in his perfect senses, he eats, and drinks, and does his occasions like other men, and as he did yesterday before they cooped him up. This being so, will you persuade me he is enchanted? have I not heard many people say, that persons enchanted neither eat, sleep, nor speak? and my master, if no body thwarts him, will talk ye more than thirty barristers. And turning his eyes on the priest, he went on saying; Ah master priest, master priest, do you think I do not know you? and think you I do not perceive and guess what these new enchantments drive at? let me tell you, I know you, though you disguise your face never so much; and I would have you to know, I understand you, though you manage your contrivances never so slyly. In short, virtue cannot live where envy reigns, nor liberality subsist with niggardliness. Evil befall the devil! had it not been for your reverence, my master had been married by this time to the Infanta *Micomicona*, and I had been an earl at least; for I could expect no less, as well from the generosity of my master the *knight of the sorrowful figure*, as from the greatness of my services. But I find the proverb true, that *the wheel of fortune turns swifter than a mill-wheel*, and they, who were yesterday at the top, are to-day on the ground. I am grieved for my poor wife and children; for, when they might reasonably expect to see their father come home a governor or viceroy of some island or kingdom, they will now see him return a mere groom. All this that I have said, master priest, is only intended to put your paternity in mind to make a conscience of the evil treatment of my master; and take heed that god does not call you to an account in the next life for this imprisonment of my lord, and require at your hands all those succours, and all the good he might have done, during this time of his confinement. Snuff me these candles, quoth the barber at this juncture; what! *Sancho*, are you also of your master's confraternity? as god shall save me, I begin to think you are likely to keep him company in the cage, and to be as much enchanted as he, for your share of his humour and his chivalry. In an evil hour were you with child by his promises, and in an evil hour the island you so long for entered into your pate. I am not with child by any body, answered *Sancho*, nor am I a man to suffer myself to be got with child by the best king that may be; and though I am a poor man, I am an old christian, and owe no body any thing; and if I covet islands, there are others who covet worse things; and every one is the son of his own works; and, being a man, I may come to be pope, and much more easily governor of an island, especially since my master may

may win so many, that he may be at a loss on whom to bestow them. Pray, master barber, take heed what you say; for shaving of beards is not all, and there is some difference between *Pedro* and *Pedro*. I say this, because we know one another, and there is no putting false dice upon me: as for my master's enchantment, god knows the truth, and let that rest; for it is the worse for stirring. The barber would not answer *Sancho*, lest, by his simplicity, he should discover what he and the priest took so much pains to conceal: and for the same reason the priest desired the canon to get on a little before, and he would let him into the secret of the engaged gentleman, with other particulars that would divert him. The canon did so, and rode on before with his servants, listening to all the priest had to tell him of the quality, manner of life, and customs of *Don Quixote*; recounting to him briefly the beginning and cause of his distraction, with the whole progress of his adventures, to the putting him into that cage, and the design they had to carry him home, and try if by any means they might find a cure for his madness. The servants admired afresh, and the canon also, to hear the strange history of *Don Quixote*; and when he had heard it all, he said to the priest: Truly, Sir, I am convinced, that those they call books of chivalry are prejudicial to the common-weal; and though, led away by an idle and false taste, I have read the beginning of almost all that are printed, I could never prevail with myself to read any of them from the beginning to the end, because to me they appear to be all of the same stamp, and this to have no more in it than that, nor that than the other. And, in my opinion, this kind of writing and composition falls under the denomination of the fables they call *Milesian*, which are extravagant stories, tending only to please, and not to instruct; quite contrary to the moral fables, which at the same time both delight and instruct. And though the principal end of such books is to please, I know not how they can attain it, being stuffed with so many and such monstrous absurdities. For the pleasure, which is conceived in the mind, must proceed from the beauty and harmony it sees or contemplates in the things, which the sight or the imagination sets before it, and nothing, in itself ugly or deformed, can afford any real satisfaction. For what beauty can there be, or what proportion of the parts to the whole, and of the whole to the parts, in a book or fable, in which a youth of sixteen years hews down with his sword a giant as big as a steeple, and splits him in two, as if he were made of paste? And when they would give us a description of a battle, after having said, that, on the enemies side, there are a million of combatants, let but the hero of the book be against them, we must, of necessity and in despite of our teeth, believe, that such or such a knight carried the victory, by the single valour of his strong arm. Then, what shall we say to that facility, with which a queen or an empress throws herself into the arms of this errant and unknown knight? What genius, not wholly barbarous and uncultivated, can be satisfied with reading, that a vast tower, full of knights, scuds through the sea,

like a ship before the wind, and this night is in *Lombardy*, and the next morning in the country of *Prester John* in the *Indies*, or in some other, that *Ptolomy* never discovered, nor *Marcus Polus* ¹ ever saw? And if it should be answered, that the authors of such books write them professedly as lyes, and therefore are not obliged to stand upon niceties, or truth; I answer, that fiction is so much the better, by how much the nearer it resembles truth; and pleases so much the more, by how much the more it has of the doubtful and possible. Fables should be suited to the reader's understanding, and so contrived, that, by facilitating the impossible, lowering the vast, and keeping the mind in suspense, they may, at once, surprize, delight, amuse, and entertain in such sort, that admiration and pleasure may be united, and go hand in hand: all which cannot be performed by him, who pays no regard to probability and imitation, in which the perfection of writing consists: and I have never yet seen any book of chivalry, which makes a compleat body of fable with all its members, so that the middle corresponds to the beginning, and the end to the beginning and middle: on the contrary, they are composed of so many members, that the authors seem rather to design a chimæra or monster, than to intend a well-proportioned figure. Besides all this, their style is harsh, their exploits incredible, their amours lascivious, their civility impertinent, their battles tedious, their reasonings foolish, and their voyages extravagant; and lastly, they are devoid of all ingenious artifice, and therefore deserve to be banished the christian common-wealth, as an unprofitable race of people.

The priest listened to him with great attention, and took him to be a man of good understanding, and in the right in all he said; and therefore he told him, that, being of the same opinion, and bearing an old grudge to books of chivalry, he had burnt all those belonging to *Don Quixote*, which were not a few. Then he gave him an account of the scrutiny he had made, telling him, which of them he had condemned to the fire, and which he had reprieved: at which the canon laughed heartily, and said, notwithstanding all the ill he had spoken of such books, he found one thing good in them, which was, the subject they presented for a good genius to display itself, affording a large and ample field, in which the pen may expatiate without any let or incumbrance, describing shipwrecks, tempests, encounters, and battles; delineating a valiant captain with all the qualifications requisite to make him such, shewing his prudence in preventing the stratagems of his enemy, his eloquence in persuading or dissuading his soldiers; mature in council, prompt in execution, equally brave in expecting, as in attacking the enemy: sometimes painting a sad and tragical accident, then a joyful and unexpected event; here a most beautiful lady, modest, discrete, and reserved; there a christian knight, valiant and courteous; now an unruly and barbarous braggadocio; then an affable, valiant, and good-natured prince:

¹ Who, in the twelfth century, travelled, or pretended so, from *Persia*, through *Tartary*, into *China*; and gives an account of all the continent, and islands, to the south and east of *Asia*.

describing

describing the goodness and loyalty of subjects, the greatness and generosity of nobles : then again he may shew himself an excellent astronomer or geographer, a musician, or a statesman ; and, some time or other, he may have an opportunity, if he pleases, of shewing himself a necromancer. He may set forth the subtilty of *Ulysses*, the piety of *Æneas*, the bravery of *Achilles*, the misfortunes of *Hector*, the treachery of *Sinon*, the friendship of *Euryalus*, the liberality of *Alexander*, the valour of *Cæsar*, the clemency and probity of *Trajan*, the fidelity of *Zopyrus*, the wisdom of *Cato*, and finally all those actions, which may serve to make an illustrious person perfect ; sometimes placing them in one person alone, then dividing them among many : and this being done in a smooth and agreeable style, and with ingenious invention, approaching as near as possible to truth, will, doubtless, weave a web of such various and beautiful contexture, that, when it is finished, the perfection and excellency thereof may attain to the ultimate end of writing, that is, both to instruct and delight, as I have already said : because the unconfined way of writing these books gives an author room to shew his skill in the epic or lyric, in tragedy or comedy, with all the parts included in the sweet and charming sciences of poetry and oratory : for the epic may be written as well in prose as in verse ¹.

C H A P. XXI.

In which the canon prosecutes the subject of books of chivalry, with other matters worthy of his genius.

IT is just as you say, Sir, quoth the priest to the canon ; and for this reason those, who have hitherto composed such books, are the more to blame, proceeding, as they do, without any regard to good sense, or art, or to those rules, by the observation of which they might become as famous in prose, as the two princes of the *Greek* and *Latin* poetry are in verse. I myself, replied the canon, was once tempted to write a book of knight-errantry, in which I purposed to observe all the restrictions I have mentioned ; and, to confess the truth, I had gone through above a hundred sheets of it ; and, to try whether they answered my own opinion of them, I communicated them to some learned and judicious persons, who were very fond of this kind of reading, and to other persons, who were ignorant, and regarded only the pleasure of reading extravagancies ; and I met with a kind approbation from all of them : nevertheless I would proceed no farther, as well in regard that I looked upon it as a thing foreign to my profession, as because the number of the unwise is greater than that of the prudent : and though it is better to be praised by the few wise men, than mocked by a multitude of fools, yet I am unwilling to expose myself to the confused judgment of the giddy vulgar, to whose lot the reading

¹ The archbishop of *Cambray* might, probably, write his *Telemachus* upon this hint : at least it is an example of this assertion.

such books for the most part falls. But that which chiefly moved me to lay it aside, and to think no more of finishing it, was, an argument I formed to myself, deduced from the modern comedies that are daily represented, saying: If those now-a-days in fashion, whether fictitious or historical, all, or most of them, are known absurdities, and things without head or tail, and yet the vulgar take a pleasure in listening to them, and maintain and approve them for good; and the authors who compose, and the actors who represent them, say, such they must be, because the people will have them so, and no otherwise; and those, which are regular, and carry on the plot according to the rules of art, serve only for half a score men of sense, who understand them, while all the rest are at a loss, and can make nothing of the contrivance; and, for their part, it is better for them to get bread by the many, than reputation by the few: thus, probably, it would have fared with my book, after I had burnt my eye-brows with poring to follow the aforefaid precepts, and I should have got nothing but my labour for my pains¹. And though I have often endeavoured to convince the actors of their mistake, and that they would draw more company, and gain more credit, by acting plays written according to art, than by such ridiculous pieces, they are so attached and wedded to their own opinion, that no reason, nor even demonstration, can wrest it from them. I remember that, talking one day to one of these headstrong fellows, Tell me, said I, do you not remember, that, a few years ago, there were three tragedies acted in *Spain*, composed by a famous poet of this kingdom, which were such, that they surprized, delighted, and raised the admiration of all who saw them, as well the ignorant as the judicious, as well the vulgar as better sort; and that these alone got the players more money than any thirty of the best that have been written since? Doubtless, answered the actor I speak of, your worship means the *Isabella*, *Phyllis*, and *Alexandra*. The same, replied I; and pray see, whether they did not carefully observe the rules of art, and whether that hindered them from appearing what they really were, and from pleasing all the world. So that the fault is not in the people's coveting absurdities, but in those, who know not how to exhibit any thing better. For there is nothing absurd in the play of *Ingratitude revenged*, nor in the *Numantia*; nor can you find any in the *Merchant-lover*, much less in the *Favourable she-enemy*, and in some others, composed by ingenious and judicious poets, to their own fame and renown, and to the advantage of those who acted them. And to these I added other reasons, at which I fancied he was somewhat confounded, but not convinced nor satisfied, so as to make him retract his erroneous opinion.

Signor canon, said then the priest, you have touched upon a subject, which has awakened in me an old grudge I bear to the comedies now in vogue, equal

¹ Literally, I should have been like the taylor at the street-corner. The proverb entire is, *Ser como el sastre de la encrucixada, que costia de valde, y ponía el hilo de su casa.* That is, *To be like the taylor of the cross-way, who sewed for nothing, and found thread himself.*

to that I have against books of chivalry: for, whereas comedy, according to the opinion of *Cicero*, ought to be a mirror of human life, an exemplar of manners, and an image of truth, those that are represented now-a-days are mirrors of inconsistency, patterns of folly, and images of wantonness. For what greater absurdity can there be in the subject we are treating of, than for a child to appear, in the first scene of the first act, in swaddling-clothes, and in the second enter a grown man with a beard? and what can be more ridiculous, than to draw the character of an old man valiant, a young man a coward, a footman a rhetorician, a page a privy-counsellor, a king a water-carrier, and a princess a scullion? Then what shall we say to their observance of the time and place, in which the actions they represent are supposed to have happened? I have seen a comedy, the first act of which was laid in *Europe*, the second in *Asia*, and the third in *Africa*; and, had there been four acts¹, the fourth would doubtless have concluded in *America*; and so the play would have taken in all the four parts of the world. If imitation be the principal thing required in comedy, how is it possible any tolerable understanding can endure to see an action, which passed in the time of king *Pepin* or *Charlemain*, ascribed to the emperor *Heraclius*, who is introduced carrying the cross into *Jerusalem*, or recovering the holy sepulchre, like *Godfrey of Bouillon*; numberless years having passed between these actions; and besides, the comedy being grounded upon a fiction, to see truths applied out of history, with a mixture of facts relating to different persons and times; and all this with no appearance of probability, but, on the contrary, full of manifest and altogether inexcusable errors? But the worst of it is, that some are so besotted, as to call this perfection, and to say, that all besides is meer pedantry. If we come to the comedies upon divine subjects, what a pack of false miracles do they invent, how many apocryphal and ill-understood, ascribing to one saint the miracles of another? And even in the plays upon profane subjects, the authors take upon them to work miracles, for no other reason in the world, but because they think such a miracle will do well, and make a figure in such a place, that ignorant people may admire, and be induced to see the comedy. Now all this is to the prejudice of truth, and discredit of history, and even to the reproach of our *Spanish* wits: for foreigners, who observe the laws of comedy with great punctuality, take us for barbarous and ignorant, seeing the absurdities and extravagancies of those we write. It would not be a sufficient excuse to say, that the principal intent of well-governed commonwealths, in permitting stage-plays to be acted, is, that the populace may be entertained with some innocent recreation, to divert, at times, the ill humours, which idleness is wont to produce; and, since this end may be attained by any play, whether good or bad, there is no need of prescribing laws, or confining those, who write or act them, to the strict rules of compo-

¹ Note, the *Spanish* plays consist of but three acts. *Cervantes* himself, as *Don Gregorio* tells us in his *Life*, reduced them from five to three, and, instead of *acts*, called them *days*, *jornadas*.

fition,

fiction, since, as I have said, any of them serve to compass the end proposed by them. To this I would answer, that this end is, beyond all comparison, much better attained by those that are good, than by those that are not so: for the hearer, after attending to an artful and well-contrived play, would go away diverted by what is witty, instructed by what is serious, in admiration at the incidents, improved by the reasoning, forewarned by the frauds, made wise by the examples, incensed against vice, and in love with virtue: for a good comedy will awaken all these passions in the mind of the hearer, let him be never so gross or stupid. And, of all impossibilities, it is the most impossible not to be pleased, entertained, and satisfied much more with that comedy, which has all these requisites, than by one, which is defective in them, as most of our comedies now-a-days are. Nor is this abuse to be charged chiefly on the poets themselves: for there are some among them, who know very well wherein they err, and are perfectly acquainted with what they ought to do: but, as plays are made a saleable commodity, they say, and they say right, that the actors would not buy them, if they were not of that stamp; and therefore the poet endeavours to accommodate himself to what is required by the player, who is to pay him for his work. And that this is the truth, may be evinced by the infinite number of Plays composed by a most happy genius of these kingdoms ¹, with so much sprightliness, such elegant verse, expressions so good, and such excellent sentiments, and lastly with such richness of elocution, and loftiness of style, that the world resounds with his fame. Yet, by his sometimes adapting himself to the taste of the actors, they have not all reached that point of perfection that some of them ² have done. Others, in writing plays, so little consider what they are doing, that the actors are often under a necessity of absconding for fear of being punished, as has frequently happened, for having acted things to the prejudice of the crown, or the dishonour of families. But all these inconveniences, and many more I have not mentioned, would cease, if some intelligent and judicious person of the court were appointed to examine all plays before they are acted ³, not only those made about the court, but all that should be acted throughout all *Spain*; without whose approbation under hand and seal, the civil officers should suffer no play to be acted: and thus the comedians would be obliged to send all their plays to the court, and might then act them with entire safety; and the writers of them would take more care and pains about what they did, knowing their performances must pass the rigorous examination of somebody that understands them. By this method good plays would be written, and the design of them happily attained,

¹ *Lopez de Vega Carpio.*

² *Lopez* himself, in his *New art of making comedies*, &c. tells us of but *six* plays, to which he had given the requisite perfection; a very small number in comparison of 483, which he himself tells us he had then written.

³ This is the period of licensing plays in *Spain*, occasioned, it is said, by this Reflexion of our authors.

namely,

namely, the entertainment of the people, the reputation of the wits of *Spain*, the interest and security of the players, and the saving the magistrate the trouble of chastizing them. And if some other, or the same person, were commissioned to examine the books of chivalry that shall be written for the future, without doubt some might be published with all the perfection you speak of, enriching our language with the pleasing and precious treasure of eloquence, and might cause the old books to be laid aside, being obscured by the lustre of the new ones, which would come out, for the innocent amusement not only of the idle, but also of those who have most business; for the bow cannot possibly stand always bent, nor can human nature or human frailty subsist without some lawful recreation.

Thus far had the canon and the priest proceeded in their dialogue, when the barber, coming up to them, said to the priest: Here, Signor licentiate, is the place, I told you was proper for us to pass the heat of the day in, and where the cattle would have fresh grass in abundance. I think so too, answered the priest; and acquainting the canon with his intention, he also would stay with them, invited by the beauty of a pleasant valley, which presented itself to their view: and therefore, that he might enjoy the pleasure of the place and the conversation of the priest, of whom he began to be fond, and be informed likewise more particularly of *Don Quixote's* exploits, he ordered some of his servants to go to the inn, which was not far off, and bring from thence what they could find to eat for the whole company; for he resolved to stay there that afternoon. To whom one of the servants answered, that the sumpter-mule, which by that time must have reached the inn, carried provisions enough for them all, and that they need take nothing at the inn but barley. Since it is so, said the canon, take thither the other mules, and bring back the sumpter hither.

While this passed, *Sancho*, perceiving he might talk to his master without the continual presence of the priest and the barber, whom he looked upon as suspicious persons, came up to his master's cage, and said to him: Sir, to disburthen my conscience, I must tell you something about this enchantment of yours; and it is this, that they, who are riding along with us, and with their faces covered, are the priest and the barber of our town; and I fancy they have played you this trick, and are carrying you in this manner, out of the pure envy they bear you for surpassing them in famous achievements: and supposing this to be true, it follows that you are not enchanted, but gulled and befotted; for proof whereof I would ask you one thing, and if you answer me, as I believe you must, you shall lay your finger upon this palpable cheat, and find, that you are not enchanted but distracted. Ask whatever you will, son *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*; for I will satisfy you, and answer to your whole will. But as to what you tell me, that those yonder, who come with us, are the priest and

the barber, our townsmen and acquaintance, it may very easily be, they may seem to be so; but that they are so really and in effect, do not believe it in any wise. What you ought to understand and believe, is, that, if they seem to be those you say, it must be, that they, who have enchanted me, have assumed that appearance and likeness: for enchanters can easily take what form they please, and may have taken that of our two friends, in order to make you think as you do, and to involve you in such a labyrinth of imaginations, that you shall not be able to find your way out though you had *Theseus's* clue. Besides, they may have done it, to make me also waver in my judgment, and not be able to guess from what quarter this injury comes. For if, on the one side, you tell me, that the priest and the barber of our village bear us company, and, on the other side, I find myself locked up in a cage, and know of myself, that no force but that which is supernatural could be sufficient to imprison me; what can I say or think, but that the manner of my enchantment exceeds all I have ever read of in the histories of knights-errant that have been enchanted? So that you may set your heart at rest as to their being what you say; for they are just as much so, as I am a *Turk*. As to what concerns your asking me questions, ask them; for I will answer you, though you should continue asking from this time 'till to-morrow morning. Blessed virgin! answered *Sancho*, raising his voice, and is it then possible your worship can be so thick-skulled and devoid of brains, that you cannot perceive what I tell you to be the very truth, and that there is more roguery than enchantment in this confinement and disgrace of yours? and seeing it is so, I will prove most evidently that you are really not enchanted. Now tell me, as god shall save you from this storm, and as you hope to find yourself in my lady *Dulcinea's* arms, when you least think of it --- Cease conjuring me, said *Don Quixote*, and ask what questions you will; for I have already told you, I will answer them with the utmost punctuality. That is what I would have you do, replied *Sancho*, and what I have a mind to know is, that you tell me, without adding or diminishing a tittle, and with all truth and candour, as is expected from, and practised by, all who profess the exercise of arms, as your worship does, under the title of knights-errant ---- I tell you I will lye in nothing, answered *Don Quixote*: therefore make either a beginning or an end of asking; for, in truth, you tire me out with so many salvo's, postulums, and preparatives, *Sancho*. I say, replied *Sancho*, that I am fully satisfied of the goodness and veracity of my master, and, that being to the purpose in our affair, I ask, with respect be it spoken, whether, since your being cooped up, or, as you say, enchanted, in this cage, your worship has not had an inclination to open the greater or the lesser sluices, as people are wont to say? I do not understand, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, what you mean by opening sluices: explain yourself, if you would have me give you a direct answer. Is it possible, quoth *Sancho*, your worship should not understand that phrase, when the very chil-

children at school are weaned with it? Know then, it means, whether you have not had a mind to do what nobody can do for you? Ay, now I comprehend you, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*; and, in truth, I have often had such a mind, and have at this very instant: help me out of this streight; for I doubt all is not so clean as it should be.

C H A P. XXII.

Of the ingenious conference between Sancho Pança and his master Don Quixote.

HA! quoth *Sancho*, now I have caught you: this is what I longed to know with all my heart and soul. Come on, Sir, can you deny what is commonly said every where, when a person is in the dumps; I know not what such or such a one ails; he neither eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps, nor answers to the purpose when he is asked a question; he looks for all the world as if he were enchanted. From whence it is concluded, that they, who do not eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor perform the natural actions I speak of, such only are enchanted, and not they, who have such calls as your worship has, and who eat and drink when they can get it, and answer to all that is asked them. You say right, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*: but I have already told you, that there are sundry sorts of enchantments, and it may have so fallen out, that, in process of time, they may have been changed from one to another, and that now it may be the fashion for those, who are enchanted, to do as I do, though formerly they did not: so that there is no arguing, nor drawing consequences, against the custom of the times. I know, and am verily persuaded, that I am enchanted; and that is sufficient for the discharge of my conscience, which would be heavily burthened, if I thought I was not enchanted, and should suffer myself to lie idle in this cage like a coward, defrauding the necessitous and oppressed of that succour I might have afforded them, when, perhaps, at this very moment, they may be in extreme want of my aid and protection. But for all that, replied *Sancho*, I say, for your greater and more abundant satisfaction, your worship would do well to endeavour to get out of this prison; which I will undertake to facilitate with all my might, and to effect it too; and then you may once more mount your trusty *Rozinante*, who seems as if he were enchanted too, so melancholy and dejected is he. And, when this is done, we may again try our fortune in search of adventures: and should it not succeed well, we shall have time enough to return to the cage, in which I promise, on the faith of a trusty and loyal squire, to shut myself up with your worship, if perchance you prove so unhappy, or I so simple, as to fail in the performance of what I say. I am content to do what you advise, brother *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*; and when you see a proper opportunity for working my deliverance, I will be ruled by you in every thing; but, *Sancho*, depend upon it, you will find how mistaken you are in your notion of my disgrace.

With these discourses the knight-errant and the evil-errant squire beguiled the time, 'till they came where the priest, the canon, and the barber, who were already alighted, waited for them. The waggoner presently unyoked the oxen from his team, and turned them loose in that green and delicious place, whose freshness invited to the enjoyment of it, not only persons as much enchanted as *Don Quixote*, but as considerate and discreet as his squire, who besought the priest to permit his master to come out of the cage for a while; otherwise that prison would not be quite so clean as the decorum of such a knight as his master required. The priest understood him, and said, that he would, with all his heart, consent to what he desired, were it not that he feared, lest his master, finding himself at liberty, should play one of his old pranks, and be gone where no body should set eyes on him more. I will be security for his not running away, replied *Sancho*; and I also, said the canon, especially if he will pass his word as a knight that he will not leave us without our consent. I do pass it, answered *Don Quixote*, who was listening to all they said, and the rather, because whoever is enchanted, as I am, is not at liberty to dispose of himself as he pleases; for he, who has enchanted him, can make him that he shall not be able to stir in three centuries, and, if he should attempt an escape, will fetch him back on the wing: and, since this was the case, they might, he said, safely let him loose, especially it being so much for the advantage of them all; for should they not loose him, he protested, if they did not get farther off, he must needs offend their noses. The canon took him by the hand, though he was still manacled, and, upon his faith and word, they uncaged him; at which he was infinitely and above measure rejoiced to see himself out of the cage. And the first thing he did, was, to stretch his whole body and limbs: then he went where *Rozinante* stood; and, giving him a couple of slaps on the buttocks with the palm of his hand, he said: I have still hope in god, and in his blessed mother, O flower and mirror of steeds, that we two shall soon see ourselves in that state our hearts desire, thou with thy lord on thy back, and I mounted on thee, exercising the function for which heaven sent me into the world. And so saying, *Don Quixote*, with his squire *Sancho*, retired to some little distance; from whence he came back more lightsome, and more desirous to put in execution what his squire had projected. The canon gazed earnestly at him, and stood in admiration at his strange and unaccountable madness, perceiving, that, in all his discourse and answers, he discovered a very good understanding, and only lost his stirrups¹, as has been already said, when the conversation happened to turn upon the subject of chivalry. And so, after they were all sat down on the green grass, in expectation of the sumpter-mule, the canon, being moved with compassion, said to him.

¹ A metaphor taken from tilting at tournaments, where the knight that loses his stirrups is in danger of being dismounted.

Is it possible, worthy Sir, that the crude and idle study of books of chivalry should have had that influence upon you, as to turn your brain, in such manner as to make you believe you are now enchanted, with other things of the same stamp, as far from being true, as falsehood itself is from truth? How is it possible, any human understanding can persuade itself, there ever was in the world that infinity of *Anadis's*, that rabble of famous knights, so many emperors of *Trapifonda*, so many *Felixmartes* of *Hyrkania*, so many palfreys, so many damfels-errant, so many serpents, so many dragons, so many giants, so many unheard-of adventures, so many kinds of enchantments, so many battles, so many furious encounters, so much bravery of attire, so many princesses in love, so many squires become earls, so many witty dwarfs, so many billets-doux, so many courtships, so many valiant women, and lastly so many and such absurd accidents, as your books of knight-errantry contain? For my own part, when I read them, without reflecting that they are all falsehood and folly, they give me some pleasure: but, when I consider what they are, I throw the very best of them against the wall, and should into the fire, had I one near me, as well deserving such a punishment, for being false and inveigling, and out of the road of common sense, as broachers of new sects and new ways of life, and as giving occasion to the ignorant vulgar to believe, and look upon as truths, the multitude of absurdities they contain. Nay, they have the presumption to dare to disturb the understandings of ingenious and well-born gentlemen, as is but too notorious in the effect they have had upon your worship, having reduced you to such a pass, that you are forced to be shut up in a cage, and carried on a team from place to place, like some lion or tyger, to be shewn for money. Ah Signor *Don Quixote*, have pity on yourself, and return into the bosom of discretion, and learn to make use of those great abilities heaven has been pleased to bestow upon you, by employing that happy talent you are blessed with in some other kind of reading, which may redound to the benefit of your conscience, and to the encrease of your honour. But if a strong natural impulse must still lead you to books of exploits and chivalries, read, in the holy scripture, the book of *Judges*, where you will meet with wonderful truths, and achievements no less true than heroic. *Portugal* had a *Viriatus*, *Rome* a *Cæsar*, *Carthage* an *Hanibal*, *Greece* an *Alexander*, *Castile* a count *Fernando Gonzales*, *Valencia* a *Cid*, *Andaluzia* a *Gonzalo Fernandez*, *Estremadura* a *Diego Garcia de Paredes*, *Xerez* a *Garci Perez de Vargas*, *Toledo* a *Garcilasso*, and *Sevil* a *Don Manuel de Leon*; the reading of whose valorous exploits may entertain, instruct, delight, and raise admiration in the most elevated genius. This, indeed, would be a study worthy of your good understanding, my dear friend, whereby you will become learned in history, enamoured of virtue, instructed in goodness, bettered in manners, valiant without rashness, and cautious without cowardise: and all this will redound to the glory of god, to your own profit, and the fame of *La Mancha*, from whence, as I understand, you derive your birth and origin.

Don

Don Quixote listened with great attention to the canon's discourse; and when he found he had done, after having stared at him a pretty while, he said: I find, Sir, the whole of what you have been saying tends to persuade me, there never were any knights-errant in the world, and that all the books of chivalry are false, lying, mischievous, and unprofitable to the commonwealth; and that I have done ill in reading, worse in believing, and worst of all in imitating them, by taking upon me the rigorous profession of knight-errantry, which they teach: and you deny, that ever there were any *Amadis's*, either of *Gaul* or of *Greece*, or any other knights, such as those books are full of. It is all precisely as you say, quoth the canon. To which *Don Quixote* answered: You also were pleased to add, that those books had done me much prejudice, having turned my brain, and reduced me to the being carried about in a cage; and that it would be better for me to amend and change my course of study, by reading other books more true, more pleasant, and more instructive. True, quoth the canon. Why then, said *Don Quixote*, in my opinion, you are the madman and the enchanted person, since you have set yourself to utter so many blasphemies against a thing so universally received in the world, and held for such truth, that he, who should deny it, as you do, deserves the same punishment, you are pleased to say you bestow on those books, when you read them, and they vex you. For to endeavour to make people believe, that there never was an *Amadis* in the world, nor any other of the knights-adventurers, of which histories are full, would be to endeavour to persuade them, that the sun does not enlighten, the frost give cold, nor the earth yield sustenance. What genius can there be in the world able to persuade another, that the affair of the *Infanta Floripes* and *Guy* of *Burgundy* was not true; and that of *Fierabras* at the bridge of *Mantible*, which fell out in the time of *Charlemagne*; which, I vow to god, is as true, as that it is now day-light? and, if these be lyes, so must it also be, that there ever was a *Hector* or an *Achilles*, or a *Trojan* war, or the twelve peers of *France*, or king *Arthur* of *England*, who is still wandering about transformed into a raven, and is every minute expected in his kingdom. And will any one presume to say, that the history of *Guarino Mezquino*, and that of the law-suit of saint *Grial*¹, are lyes; or that the amours of Sir *Tristram* and the queen *Iseo*¹, and those of *Ginebra* and *Lancelot*, are also apocryphal; whereas there are persons, who almost remember to have seen the *Duenna Quintanona*, who was the best skinker of wine that ever *Great Britain* could boast of? And this is so certain, that I remember, my grandmother by my father's side, when

¹ It should be *Graal* and *Isotha*. But this is the author's fault, not the translator's. Either the *Spanish* translators of those books made these mistakes, or *Cervantes* was not so well versed in them as he pretends: or, perhaps, having read them in his youth, he had partly forgotten them. That he had read them, is highly probable, as also that he had himself written an hundred sheets of one, as he makes the canon say above: for whoever reads his *Perfiles* and *Sigismunda* will easily perceive, that the first part, written in his youth, is very different from the latter, which was the last work he published. It may be proper to observe here, that his *Don Quixote* has not quite cured the romantic folly of his countrymen, since they prefer his *Perfiles* and *Sigismunda* to it.

she saw any *Duenna* reverently coifed, would say to me; Look, grandson, that old woman is very like the *Duenna Quintanona*. From whence I infer, that she must either have known her, or at least have seen some portrait of her. Then, who can deny the truth of the history of *Peter of Provence* and the fair *Magalona*, since, to this very day, is to be seen, in the king's armory, the peg, wherewith he steered the wooden horse, upon which he rode through the air; which peg is somewhat bigger than the pole of a coach: and close by the peg stands *Babieca's* saddle. And in *Roncesvalles* is to be seen *Orlando's* horn, as big as a great beam. From all which I conclude, that there were the twelve *Peers*, the *Peters*, the *Cids*, and such other knights as those the world calls adventurers. If not, let them also tell me, that the valiant *Portuguese John de Merlo* was no knight-errant; he, who went to *Burgundy*, and, in the city of *Ras*, fought the famous lord of *Charni*, *Monseigneur* ¹ *Pierre*, and afterwards, in the city of *Basil* with *Monseigneur Enrique* of *Remestan*, coming off from both engagements conqueror, and loaded with honourable fame: besides the adventures and challenges, accomplished in *Burgundy*, of the valiant *Spaniards Pedro Barba*, and *Gutierre Quixada* (from whom I am lineally descended) who vanquished the sons of the count *Saint Paul*. Let them deny likewise that *Don Fernando de Guevara* travelled into *Germany* in quest of adventures, where he fought with *Messire* ² *George*, a knight of the duke of *Austria's* court. Let them say, that the jousts of *Suero de Quinones* of the *Pass* ³ were all mockery: with the enterprizes of *Monseigneur Louis de Falses* against *Don Gonzalo de Guzman* a *Castilian* knight; with many more exploits, performed by christian knights of these and of foreign kingdoms; all so authentic and true, that, I say again, whoever denies them must be void of all sense and reason.

The canon stood in admiration to hear the medley *Don Quixote* made of truths and lyes, and to see how skilled he was in all matters any way relating to knight-errantry; and therefore answered him: I cannot deny, Signor *Don Quixote*, but there is some truth in what you say, especially in relation to the *Spanish* knights-errant; and I am also ready to allow, that there were the twelve peers of *France*: but I can never believe, they did all those things ascribed to them by archbishop *Turpin*: for the truth is, they were knights chosen by the kings of *France*, and called peers, as being all equal in quality and

¹ In Spanish *Mosen*, abbreviated from *Monseigneur*.

² In Spanish *Micer*. The Noblesse in *France*, who are below the quality of *Monseignurs*, and above that of *Monseurs*, are styled *Messires*.

³ It was at certain *Passes* that the knights-errant obliged all that went that way to break a lance with them in honour of their mistresses. This custom was either invented by the real nobility in the days of ignorance, and taken from them by the romance-writers, or, more probably, borrowed from the *Juego de Canas* of the *Moors*, which was performed by them with the greatest magnificence, and is still continued by the *Spaniards*. It was called in *England* a tilt and tournament, but has been long out of use. The *French* practised it about fourscore years ago, with great expence, under the name of a *Carrousel*. The ceremonies, challenges, &c. used therein are preserved in some historians, as *Froissard*, *Monstrelet*, &c.

proweſs¹: at leaſt, if they were not, it was fit they ſhould be ſo: and in this reſpect they were not unlike our religious-military orders of Saint *Jago* or *Calatrava*, which preſuppoſe, that the profeſſors are, or ought to be, cavaliers of worth, valour, and family: and, as now-a-days we ſay, a knight of St. *John*, or of *Alcantara*, in thoſe times they ſaid, a knight of the twelve peers, thoſe of that military order being twelve in number, and all equal. That there was a *Cid*, is beyond all doubt, as likewiſe a *Bernardo del Carpio*; but that they performed the exploits told of them, I believe there is great reaſon to ſuſpect. As to *Peter of Provence's* peg, and its ſtanding cloſe by *Babieca's* ſaddle, in the king's armory, I confeſs my ſin, in being ſo ignorant, or ſhort-ſighted, that, though I have ſeen the ſaddle, I never could diſcover the peg; which is ſomewhat ſtrange, conſidering how big you ſay it is. Yet, without all queſtion, there it is, replied *Don Quixote*, by the ſame token that they ſay it is kept in a leathern caſe, that it may not take ruſt. It may be ſo, answered the canon; but, by the holy orders I have received, I do not remember to have ſeen it. But ſuppoſing I ſhould grant you it is there, I do not therefore think my ſelf bound to believe the ſtories of ſo many *Amadis's*, nor thoſe of ſuch a rabble rout of knights as we hear of: nor is it reaſonable, that a gentleman, ſo honourable, of ſuch excellent parts, and endued with ſo good an underſtanding as your ſelf, ſhould be perſuaded that ſuch ſtrange follies, as are written in the abſurd books of chivalry, are true.

C H A P. XXIII.

Of the ingenious conteſt between Don Quixote and the Canon, with other accidents.

A Good jeſt, indeed! answered *Don Quixote*; that books, printed with the licence of kings, and the approbation of the examiners, read with general pleaſure, and applauded by great and ſmall, poor and rich, learned and ignorant, gentry and commonalty, in ſhort, by all ſorts of people, of what ſtate or condition ſoever they be, ſhould be all lyes, and eſpecially carrying ſuch an appearance of truth! for do they not tell us the father, the mother, the country, the kindred, the age, the place, with a particular detail of every action, performed daily by ſuch a knight or knights? Good Sir, be ſilent, and do not utter ſuch blaſphemies; and believe me, I adviſe you to act in this affair like a diſcrete perſon: do but peruſe them, and you will find what pleaſure attends this kind of reading. For, pray, tell me; Can there be a greater ſatiſfaction than to ſee, placed as it were before our eyes, a vaſt lake of boiling pitch, and in it a prodigious number of ſerpents, ſnakes, crocodiles, and divers other

¹ This is as great a fable as any in the book: for they were great lords, choſen by the king to aſſiſt him in the trial of great lords equal to themſelves, and therefore called (*pares*) peers, they having no equals among the reſt of the people.

kinds of fierce and dreadful creatures swimming up and down; and from the midst of the lake to hear a most dreadful voice, saying: 'O knight, whoever thou art, that standest beholding this tremendous lake, if thou art desirous to enjoy the happiness that lies concealed beneath these sable waters, shew the valour of thy undaunted breast, and plunge thy self headlong into the midst of this black and burning liquor; for, if thou doest not, thou wilt be unworthy to see the mighty wonders, inclosed therein, and contained in the seven castles of the seven enchanted nymphs, who dwell beneath this horrid blackness'. And scarcely has the knight heard the fearful voice, when, without farther consideration, or reflecting upon the danger, to which he exposes himself, and even without putting off his cumbersome and weighty armour, recommending himself to god and to his mistress, he plunges into the middle of the boiling pool; and, when he neither heeds nor considers what may become of him, he finds himself in the midst of flowery fields, with which those of *Elysium* can in no wise compare. There the sky seems more transparent, and the sun shines with a fresher brightness. Beyond it appears a pleasing forest, so green and shady, that its verdure rejoices the sight, whilst the ears are entertained with the sweet and artless notes of an infinite number of little painted birds, hopping to and fro' among the intricate branches. Here he discovers a warbling brook, whose cool waters, resembling liquid crystal, run murmuring over the fine sands and snowy pebbles, out-glittering sifted gold and purest pearl. There he espies an artificial fountain of variegated jasper and polished marble. Here he beholds another of rustic work, in which the minute shells of the muscle, with the white and yellow wreathed houses of the snail, placed in orderly confusion, interspersed with pieces of glittering crystal, and pellucid emeralds, compose a work of such variety, that art imitating nature seems here to surpass her. Then on a sudden he descries a strong castle, or stately palace, whose walls are of massive gold, the battlements of diamonds, and the gates of hyacinths: in short, the structure is so admirable, that, though the materials, whereof it is framed, are no less than diamonds, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, gold, and emeralds, yet the workmanship is still more precious¹. And, after having seen all this, can any thing be more charming, than to behold, sallying forth at the castle gate, a goodly troop of damsels, whose bravery and gorgeous attire should I pretend to describe, as the histories do at large, I should never have done; and then she, who appears to be the chief of them all, presently takes by the hand the daring knight, who threw himself into the burning lake, and, without speaking a word, carries him into the rich palace, or castle, and, stripping him as naked as his mother bore him, bathes him in milk-warm wa-

¹ Cervantes certainly had in view Ovid's description of the palace of the Sun:

Regia solis erat sublimibus alta columnis,

Clara micante auro, &c.

Materiam superabat opus.

Metam. l. 2. init

ter, and then anoints him all over with odoriferous essences, and puts on him a shirt of the finest lawn, all sweet-scented and perfumed. Then comes another damsel, and throws over his shoulders a mantle, reckoned worth, at the very least, a city or more. What a sight is it then, when after this he is carried to another hall, to behold the tables spread in such order, that he is struck with suspense and wonder ! then to see him wash his hands in water distilled from amber and sweet-scented flowers ! to see him seated in a chair of ivory ! to behold the damsels waiting upon him in marvellous silence ! then to see such variety of delicious viands, so favourily dressed, that the appetite is at a loss to direct the hand ! To hear soft musick while he is eating, without knowing who it is that sings, or from whence the sounds proceed ! And when dinner is ended, and the cloth taken away, the knight lolling in his chair, and perhaps picking his teeth, according to custom, enters unexpectedly at the hall door a damsel much more beautiful than any of the former, and, seating herself by the knight's side, begins to give him an account what castle that is, and how she is enchanted in it, with fundry other matters, which surprisè the knight, and raise the admiration of those who read his history. I will enlarge no further hereupon ; for from hence you may conclude, that whatever part one reads of whatever history of knights-errant, must needs cause delight and wonder in the reader. Believe me then, Sir, and, as I have already hinted, read these books, and you will find, that they will banish all your melancholy, and meliorate your disposition, if it happens to be a bad one. This I can say for my self, that, since I have been a knight-errant, I am become valiant, civil, liberal, well-bred, generous, courteous, daring, affable, patient, a sufferer of toils, imprisonments, and enchantments : and though it be so little a while since I saw my self locked up in a cage like a mad-man, yet I expect, by the valour of my arm, heaven favouring, and fortune not oppugning, in a few days to see my self king of some kingdom, wherein I may display the gratitude and liberality enclosed in this breast of mine : for, upon my faith, Sir, the poor man is disabled from practising the virtue of liberality, though he possess it in never so eminent a degree ; and the gratitude, which consists only in inclination, is a dead thing, even as faith without works is dead. For which reason I should be glad that fortune would offer me speedily some opportunity of becoming an emperor, that I may shew my heart, by doing good to my friends, especially to poor *Sancho Pança* here my Squire, who is the honestest man in the world ; and I would fain bestow on him an earldom, as I have long since promised him, but that I fear, he will not have ability sufficient to govern his estate.

Sancho overheard his master's last words, to whom he said : Take you the pains, Signor *Don Quixote*, to procure me this same earldom, so often promised by you, and so long expected by me ; for I assure you I shall not want for ability sufficient to govern it. But supposing I had not, I have heard say, there

there are people in the world, who take lordships to farm, paying the owners so much a year, and taking upon themselves the whole management thereof, whilst the lord himself, with out-stretched legs lies along at his ease, enjoying the rent they give him, without concerning himself any further about it. Just so will I do, and give my self no more trouble than needs must, but immediately surrender all up, and live upon my rents like any duke, and let the world rub. This, brother *Sancho*, quoth the canon, is to be understood only as to the enjoyment of the revenue: but as to the administration of justice, the lord himself must look to that; and for this ability, sound judgment, and especially an upright intention, are required; for if these be wanting in the beginnings, the means and ends will always be erroneous; and therefore god usually prospers the good intentions of the simple, and disappoints the evil designs of the cunning. I do not understand these philosophies, answered *Sancho*; I only know, I wish I may as speedily have the earldom, as I should know how to govern it; for I have as large a soul as another, and as large a body as the best of them; and I should be as much king of my own dominion, as any one is of his: and being so, I would do what I pleased; and doing what I pleased, I should have my will; and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there's an end of it; and let the estate come, and god be with ye; and let us see it, as one blind man said to another. These are no bad philosophies, as you say, *Sancho*, quoth the canon; nevertheless there is a great deal more to be said upon the subject of earldoms. To which *Don Quixote* replied: I know not what more may be said; only I govern my self by the example set me by the great *Amadis de Gaul*, who made his squire knight of the *Firm-Island*; and therefore I may, without scruple of conscience, make an earl of *Sancho Pança*, who is one of the best squires that ever knight-errant had. The canon was amazed at *Don Quixote's* methodical and orderly madness, the manner of his describing the adventure of the knight of the lake, the impression made upon him by those premeditated lyes he had read in his books: and lastly, he admired at the simplicity of *Sancho*, who so vehemently desired to obtain the earldom his master had promised him.

By this time the canon's servants, who went to the inn for the fumptermule, were come back; and spreading a carpet on the green grass, they sat down under the shade of some trees, and dined there, that the waggoner might not lose the conveniency of that fresh pasture, as we have said before. And while they were eating, they heard on a sudden a loud noise, and the sound of a little bell in a thicket of briars and thorns that was hard by; and at the same instant they saw a very beautiful she-goat, speckled with black, white, and gray, run out of the thicket. After her came a goatherd, calling to her aloud, in his wonted language, to stop and come back to the fold. The fugitive goat, trembling and affrighted, betook herself to the company, as it were for their protection, and there

she stopped. The goatherd came up, and taking her by the horns, as if she were capable of discourse and reasoning, he said to her : Ah ! wanton, spotted, fool ! what caprice hath made thee halt thus of late days ? what wolves wait for thee, child ? wilt thou tell me, pretty one, what this means ? but what else can it mean, but that thou art a female, and therefore canst not be quiet ? a curse on thy humours, and on all theirs, whom thou resemblest so much ! turn back, my love, turn back ; for though, perhaps, you will not be so contented, at least, you will be more safe in your own fold, and among your own companions : and if you, who are to look after, and guide them, go your self so much astray, what must become of them ? The goatherd's words delighted all the hearers extremely, especially the canon, who said to him : I intreat you, brother, be not in such a hurry to force back this goat so soon to her fold ; for since, as you say, she is a female, she will follow her own natural instinct, though you take never so much pains to hinder her. Come, take this morsel, and then drink ; whereby you will temper your choler, and in the mean while the goat will rest herself. And in saying this he gave him the hinder quarter of a cold rabbit on the point of a fork. The goatherd took it and thanked him ; then drank, and sat down quietly, and said : I would not have you, gentlemen, take me for a foolish fellow, for having talked sense to this animal ; for in truth the words I spoke to her are not without a mystery. I am a country fellow, 'tis true, yet not so much a rustic but I know the difference between conversing with men and beasts. I verily believe you, said the priest ; for I have found by experience, that the mountains breed learned men, and the cottages of shepherds contain philosophers. At least, Sir, replied the goatherd, they afford men, who have some knowledge from experience ; and, to convince you of this truth, though I seem to invite my self without being asked, if it be not tiresome to you, and if you please, gentlemen, to lend me your attention, I will tell you a true story, which will confirm what I and this same gentleman (pointing to the priest) have said. To this *Don Quixote* answered : Seeing this business has somewhat of the face of an adventure, I for my part will listen to you, brother, with all my heart, and so will all these gentlemen, being discreet and ingenious persons, and such as love to hear curious novelties, that surprise, gladden, and entertain the senses, as I do not doubt but your story will do. Begin then, friend, for we will all hearken. I draw my stake, quoth *Sancho*, and hie me with this pasty to yonder brook, where I intend to stuff my self for three days ; for I have heard my master *Don Quixote* say, that the squire of a knight-errant must eat, when he has it, till he can eat no longer, because it often happens that they get into some wood so intricate, that there is no hitting the way out in six days, and then, if a man has not his belly well lined, or his wallet well provided, there he may remain, and often does remain, till he is turned into mummy. You are in the right, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote* : go whither you will, and eat what you can ; for I am already fated, and want only to give my mind its repast, which I am going

to do by listening to this honest man's story. We all do the same, quoth the canon, and then desired the goatherd to begin the tale he had promised. The goatherd gave the goat, which he held by the horns, two slaps on the back with the palm of his hand, saying: lie thee down by me, speckled fool; for we have time and to spare for returning to our fold. The goat seemed to understand him; for, as soon as her master was seated, she laid herself close by him very quietly, and, looking up in his face, seemed to signify she was attentive to what the goatherd was going to relate, who began his story in this manner.

C H A P. XXIV.

Which treats of what the goatherd related to all those who accompanied Don Quixote.

THREE leagues from this valley there is a town, which, though but small, is one of the richest in all these parts: and therein dwelt a farmer of so good a character, that, though esteem is usually annexed to riches, yet he was more respected for his virtue, than for the wealth he possessed. But that, which completed his happiness, as he used to say himself, was his having a daughter of such extraordinary beauty, rare discretion, gracefulness, and virtue, that whoever knew and beheld her was in admiration to see the surpassing endowments, wherewith heaven and nature had enriched her. When a child, she was pretty, and, as she grew up, became still more and more beautiful, 'till, at the age of sixteen, she was beauty itself. And now the fame of her beauty began to extend itself through all the neighbouring villages round: do I say, through the neighbouring villages only? it spread itself to the remotest cities, and even made its way into the palaces of kings, and reached the ears of all sorts of people, who came to see her from all parts, as if she had been some relic, or wonder-working image. Her father guarded her, and she guarded herself; for there are no padlocks, bolts, nor bars, that secure a maiden better than her own reserve. The wealth of the father, and the beauty of the daughter, induced many, both of the town, and strangers, to demand her to wife. But he, whose right it was to dispose of so precious a jewel, was perplexed, not knowing, amidst the great number of importunate suitors, on which to bestow her. Among the many, who were thus disposed, I was one, and flattered myself with many and great hopes of success, as being known to her father, born in the same village, untainted in blood, in the flower of my age, tolerably rich, and of no despicable understanding. With the very same advantages another person of our village demanded her also in marriage; which occasioned a suspense and balancing of her father's will, who thought his daughter would be very well matched with either of us: and, to get out of this perplexity, he determined to acquaint *Leandra* with it (for that is the rich maiden's name, who

has

has reduced me to this wretched state) considering, that, since our pretensions were equal, it was best to leave the choice to his beloved daughter: an example worthy the imitation of all parents, who would marry their children. I do not say, they should give them their choice in things prejudicial; but they should propose to them good ones, and out of them let them chuse to their minds. For my part, I know not what was *Leandra's* liking: I only know, that her father put us both off by pleading the too tender age of his daughter, and with such general expressions, as neither laid any obligation upon him, nor disobliged either of us. My rival's name is *Anselmo*, and mine *Eugenio*; for it is fit you should know the names of the persons concerned in this tragedy, the catastrophe of which is still depending, though one may easily foresee it will be disastrous.

About that time, there came to our town one *Vincent de la Rosa*, son of a poor farmer of the same village: which *Vincent* was come out of *Italy*, and other countries, where he had served in the wars. A captain, who happened to march that way with his company, had carried him away from our town at twelve years of age, and the young man returned at the end of twelve years more, in the garb of a soldier, set off with a thousand colours, and hung with a thousand crystal trinkets, and fine steel-chains. To-day he put on one finery, to-morrow another; but all slight and counterfeit, of little weight and less value. The country-folks, who are naturally malicious, and, if they have ever so little leisure, are malice itself, observed, and reckoned up all his trappings and gewgaws, and found that he had three suits of apparel, of different colours, with hose and garters to them: but he cooked them up so many different ways, and had so many inventions about them, that, if one had not counted them, one would have sworn he had had above ten suits, and above twenty plumes of feathers. And let not what I have been saying of his dress be looked upon as impertinent or superfluous; for it makes a considerable part of this story. He used to seat himself on a stone-bench, under a great poplar-tree in our market-place, and there he would hold us all gaping, and listening to the exploits he would be telling us. There was no country on the whole globe he had not seen, nor battle he had not been in. He had slain more *Moors* than are in *Morocco* and *Tunis*, and fought more duels, as he said, than *Gante*, *Luna*, *Diego Garcia de Paredes*, and a thousand others, and always came off victorious, without having lost a drop of blood. Then again he would be shewing us marks of wounds, which, though they were not to be discerned, he would persuade us were so many musket-shots received in several actions and fights. In a word, with an unheard-of arrogance, he would *thou* his equals and acquaintance, saying, his arm was his father, his deeds his pedigree, and that, under the title of soldier, he owed the king himself nothing. To these bravadoes was added, his being somewhat of a musician, and scratching a little upon the guitar, which some said he would make speak. But his
graces

graces and accomplishments did not end here; for he was also a bit of a poet, and would compose a ballad, a league and a half in length, on every childish accident that passed in the village.

Now this soldier, whom I have here described, this *Vincent de la Rosa*, this heroë, this galant, this musician, this poet, was often eyed and beheld by *Leandra*, from a window of her house which faced the market-place. She was struck with the tinsel of his gaudy apparel: his ballads enchanted her; and he gave at least twenty copies about of all he composed: the exploits he related of himself reached her ears: lastly (for so, it seems, the devil had ordained) she fell downright in love with him, before he had entertained the presumption of courting her. And, as, in affairs of love, none are so easily accomplished as those, which are favoured by the inclination of the lady, *Leandra* and *Vincent* easily came to an agreement, and, before any of the multitude of her suitors had the least suspicion of her design, she had already accomplished it: for she left the house of her dear and beloved father (for mother she had none) and absented herself from the town with the soldier, who came off from this attempt more triumphantly than from any of those others he had so arrogantly boasted of. This event amazed the whole town, and all that heard any thing of it. I, for my part, was confounded, *Anselmo* astonished, her father sad, her kindred ashamed, justice alarmed, and the troopers of the holy brotherhood in readiness. They beset the highways, and searched the woods, leaving no place unexamined; and, at the end of three days, they found the poor fond *Leandra* in a cave of a mountain, naked to her shift, and stripped of a large sum of money, and several valuable jewels, she had carried away from home. They brought her back into the presence of her disconsolate father; they asked her how this misfortune had befallen her: she readily confessed that *Vincent de la Rosa* had deceived her, and, upon promise of marriage, had persuaded her to leave her father's house, telling her he would carry her to *Naples*, the richest and most delicious city of the whole world; that she, through too much credulity and inadvertency, had believed him, and, robbing her father, had put all into his hands, the night she was first missing; and that he conveyed her to a craggy mountain, and shut her up in that cave, in which they had found her. She also related to them how the soldier plundered her of every thing, but her honour, and left her there, and fled: a circumstance which made us all wonder afresh; for it was no easy matter to persuade us of the young man's continency: but she affirmed it with so much earnestness, that her father was in some sort comforted, making no great account of the other riches the soldier had taken from his daughter, since he had left her that jewel, which, once lost, can never be recovered.

The very same day that *Leandra* returned, she disappeared again from our eyes, her father sending and shutting her up in a nunnery belonging to a town not far distant, in hopes that time may wear off a good part of the reproach his

his daughter has brought upon herself. Her tender years were some excuse for her fault, especially with those who had no interest in her being good or bad: but they, who are acquainted with her good sense and understanding, could not ascribe her fault to her ignorance, but to her levity, and to the natural propensity of the sex, which is generally unthinking and disorderly. *Leandra* being shut up, *Anselmo's* eyes were blinded; at least they saw nothing that could afford them any satisfaction: and mine were in darkness, without light to direct them to any pleasurable object. The absence of *Leandra* increased our sadness, and diminished our patience: we cursed the soldier's finery, and detested her father's want of precaution. At last, *Anselmo* and I agreed to quit the town, and betake ourselves to this valley, where, he feeding a great number of sheep of his own, and I a numerous herd of goats of mine, we pass our lives among these trees, giving vent to our passions, or singing together the praises, or reproaches, of the fair *Leandra*, or sighing alone, and each apart communicating our complaints to heaven. Several others of *Leandra's* suitors, in imitation of us, are come to these rocky mountains, practising the same employments; and they are so numerous, that this place seems to be converted into the pastoral *Arcadia*, it is so full of shepherds and folds; nor is there any part of it where the name of the beautiful *Leandra* is not heard. One utters execrations against her, calling her fond, fickle, and immodest: another condemns her forwardness and levity: some excuse and pardon her; others arraign and condemn her: one celebrates her beauty; another rails at her ill qualities: in short, all blame, and all adore her; and the madness of all rises to that pitch, that some complain of her disdain, who never spoke to her: yea some there are, who bemoan themselves, and feel the raging disease of jealousy, though she never gave any occasion for it; for, as I have said, her guilt was known before her inclination. There is no hollow of a rock, nor brink of a rivulet, nor shade of a tree, that is not occupied by some shepherd, who is recounting his misfortunes to the air: the echo, wherever it can be formed, repeats the name of *Leandra*: the mountains resound *Leandra*; the brooks murmur *Leandra*: in short, *Leandra* holds us all in suspense and enchanted, hoping without hope, and fearing without knowing what we fear. Among these extravagant madmen, he, who shews the least and the most sense, is my rival *Anselmo*, who, having so many other causes of complaint, complains only of absence, and to the sound of a rebeck, which he touches to admiration, pours forth his complaints in verses, which discover an excellent genius. I follow an easier, and, in my opinion, a better way, which is, to inveigh against the levity of women, their inconstancy, and double-dealing, their lifeless promises, and broken faith; and, in short, the little discretion they shew in placing their affections, or making their choice.

This, gentlemen, was the occasion of the odd expressions and language I used to this goat, when I came hither; for, being a female, I despise her, though she be the best of all my flock. This is the story I promised to tell you: if I have
been

been tedious in the relation, I will endeavour to make you amends by my service: my cottage is hard by, where I have new milk, and very savoury cheese, with variety of fruits of the season, not less agreeable to the sight than to the taste.

C H A P. XXV.

Of the Quarrel between Don Quixote and the Goatherd, with the rare adventure of the Disciplinants, which he happily accomplished with the sweat of his brows.

THE goatherd's tale gave a general pleasure to all that heard it, especially to the canon, who, with an unusual curiosity, took notice of his manner of telling it, in which he discovered more of the polite courtier, than of the rude goatherd; and therefore he said, that the priest was very much in the right in affirming, that the mountains produced men of letters. They all offered their service to *Eugenio*: but the most prodigal of his offers upon this occasion was *Don Quixote*, who said to him; In truth, brother goatherd, were I in a capacity of undertaking any new adventure, I would immediately set forward to do you a good turn, by fetching *Leandra* out of the nunnery, in which, doubtless, she is detained against her will, in spite of the abbess and all opposers, and putting her into your hands, to be disposed of at your pleasure, so far as is consistent with the laws of chivalry, which enjoin that no kind of violence be offered to damsels: though I hope in god our lord, that the power of one malicious enchanter shall not be so prevalent, but that the power of another and a better-intentioned one may prevail over it; and then I promise you my aid, and protection, as I am obliged by my profession, which is no other than to favour the weak and necessitous. The goatherd stared at *Don Quixote*; and observing his bad plight and scurvy appearance, he whispered the barber, who sat next him; Pray, Sir, who is this man, who makes such a strange figure, and talks so extravagantly? Who should it be, answered the barber, but the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the redresser of injuries, the righter of wrongs, the relief of maidens, the dread of giants, and the conqueror of battles? This, said the goatherd, is like what we read of in the books of knights-errant, who did all that you tell me of this man; though, as I take it, either your worship is in jest, or the apartments in this gentleman's scull are notably unfurnished. You are a very great rascal, said *Don Quixote* at this instant, and you are the empty-sculled and the shallow-brained; for I am fuller than ever was the whorson drab that bore thee: and, so saying, and muttering on, he snatched up a loaf that was near him, and with it

struck the goatherd full in the face, with so much fury, that he laid his nose flat. The goatherd, who did not understand raillery, perceiving how much in earnest he was treated, without any respect to the carpet or table-cloth, or to the company that sat about it, leaped upon *Don Quixote*, and, griping him by the throat with both hands, would doubtless have strangled him, had not *Sancho Pança* come up in that instant, and, taking him by the shoulders, thrown him back on the table, breaking the dishes and platters, and spilling and overturning all that was upon it. *Don Quixote*, finding himself loose, ran again at the goatherd, who, being kicked and trampled upon by *Sancho*, and his face all over bloody, was feeling about, upon all four, for some knife or other, to take a bloody revenge withal: but the canon and the priest prevented him; and the barber contrived it so, that the goatherd got *Don Quixote* under him, on whom he poured such a shower of buffets, that there rained as much blood from the visage of the poor knight, as there did from his own. The canon and the priest were ready to burst with laughter; the troopers of the holy brotherhood danced and capered for joy; and they stood hallooing them on, as people do dogs when they are fighting: only *Sancho* was at his wits end, not being able to get loose from one of the canon's servants, who held him from going to assist his master. In short, while all were in high joy and merriment, excepting the two combatants, who were still worrying one another, on a sudden they heard the sound of a trumpet, so dismal, that it made them turn their faces towards the way from whence they fancied the sound came: but he, who was most surprized at hearing it, was *Don Quixote*, who, though he was under the goatherd, solely against his will, and more than indifferently mauled, said to him: Brother devil (for it is impossible you should be any thing else, since you have had the valour and strength to subdue mine) truce, I beseech you, for one hour; for the dolorous sound of that trumpet, which reaches our ears, seems to summon me to some new adventure. The goatherd, who by this time was pretty well weary of mauling, and being mauled, immediately let him go, and *Don Quixote*, getting upon his legs, turned his face toward the place whence the sound came, and presently saw several people descending from a rising ground, arrayed in white, after the manner of disciplinants¹.

The case was, that the clouds, that year, had failed to refresh the earth with seasonable showers, and throughout all the villages of that district they made processions, disciplines, and public prayers, beseeching god to open the hands of his mercy, and send them rain: and for this purpose the people

¹ Persons, either volunteers or hirelings, who march in procession, whipping themselves by way of public penance.



of a town hard by were coming in procession to a devout hermitage, built upon the side of a hill bordering upon that valley. *Don Quixote*, perceiving the strange attire of the disciplinants, without recollecting how often he must have seen the like before, imagined it was some kind of adventure, and that it belonged to him alone, as a knight-errant, to undertake it: and he was the more confirmed in this fancy by thinking, that an image they had with them, covered with black¹, was some lady of note, whom those miscreants and discourteous ruffians were forcing away. And no sooner had he taken this into his head, than he ran with great agility to *Rozinante*, who was grazing about; and, taking the bridle and the buckler from the pommel of the saddle, he bridled him in a trice, and, demanding from *Sancho* his sword, he mounted *Rozinante*, and braced his target, and with a loud voice said to all that were present: Now, my worthy companions, you shall see of what consequence it is that there are in the world such as profess the order of chivalry: now, I say, you shall see, by my restoring liberty to that good lady, who is carried captive yonder, whether knights-errant are to be valued, or not. And so saying, he laid legs to *Rozinante* (for spurs he had none) and on a hand-gallop (for we no where read, in all this faithful history, that ever *Rozinante* went full-speed) he ran to encounter the disciplinants. The priest, the canon, and the barber, in vain endeavoured to stop him; and in vain did *Sancho* cry out, saying, Whither go you, Signor *Don Quixote*? What devils are in you, that instigate you to assault the catholic faith? Consider, a curse on me! that this is a procession of disciplinants, and that the lady, carried upon the bier, is an image of the blessed and immaculate virgin: have a care what you do; for this once I am sure you do not know. *Sancho* wearied himself to no purpose; for his master was so bent upon encountering the men in white, and delivering the mourning lady, that he heard not a word, and, if he had, would not have come back, though the king himself had commanded him. Being now come up to the procession, he checked *Rozinante*, who already had a desire to rest a little, and, with a disordered and hoarse voice, said: You there, who cover your faces, for no good I suppose, stop, and give ear to what I shall say. The first who stopped were they who carried the image; and one of the four ecclesiastics, who sung the litanies, observing the strange figure of *Don Quixote*, the leanness of *Rozinante*, and other ridiculous circumstances attending the knight, answered him, saying: Good brother, if

¹ These images are usually of wood, and as big as the life, and by the smoke of tapers, and length of time, become very black. This whole passage, as well as many others, is a sly satire on the superstition of the *Romish* church; and it is a wonder the inquisition suffered it to pass, though thus covertly.

you have any thing to say to us, say it quickly; for these our brethren are tearing their flesh to pieces, and we cannot, nor is it reasonable we should, stop to hear any thing, unless it be so short, that it may be said in two words. I will say it in one, replied *Don Quixote*, and it is this; that you immediately set at liberty that fair lady, whose tears and sorrowful countenance are evident tokens of her being carried away against her will, and that you have done her some notorious injury; and I, who was born into the world on purpose to redress such wrongs, will not suffer you to proceed one step farther, 'till you have given her the liberty she desires and deserves. By these expressions, all that heard them gathered that *Don Quixote* must be some madman; whereupon they fell a laughing very heartily; which was adding fuel to the fire of *Don Quixote's* choler: for, without saying a word more, he drew his sword, and attacked the bearers; one of whom, leaving the burthen to his comrades, stepped forward to encounter *Don Quixote*, brandishing a pole whereon he rested the bier when they made a stand, and receiving on it a huge stroke, which the knight let fly at him, and which broke it in two, with what remained of it he gave *Don Quixote* such a blow on the shoulder of his sword-arm, that, his target not being able to ward off so furious an assault, poor *Don Quixote* fell to the ground in evil plight. *Sancho Pança*, who came puffing close after him, perceiving him fallen, called out to his adversary not to strike him again, for he was a poor enchanted knight, who never had done any body harm in all the days of his life. But that, which made the rustic forbear, was not *Sancho's* crying out, but his seeing that *Don Quixote* stirred neither hand nor foot; and so, believing he had killed him, in all haste he tucked up his frock under his girdle, and began to fly away over the field as nimble as a buck. By this time all *Don Quixote's* company was come up, and the processioners, seeing them running toward them, and with them the troopers of the holy brotherhood with their cross-bows, began to fear some ill accident, and drew up in a circle round the image; and, lifting up their hoods¹, and grasping their whips, as the ecclesiastics did their tapers, they stood expecting the assault, determined to defend themselves, and, if they could, to offend their aggressors. But fortune ordered it better than they imagined: for all that *Sancho* did, was, to throw himself upon the body of his master, and to pour forth the most dolorous and ridiculous lamentation in the world, believing verily that he was dead. The priest was known by another priest, who came in the procession, and their being acquainted dissipated the fear of the two squadrons. The

¹ The Disciplinants wear hoods with holes to see through, that they may not be known.

first priest gave the second an account in two words who *Don Quixote* was; whereupon he and the whole rout of disciplinants went to see whether the poor knight was dead, or not, and they over-heard *Sancho Pança* say, with tears in his eyes; O flower of chivalry, who by one single thwack hast finished the career of thy well-spent life! O glory of thy race, credit and renown of *La Mancha*, yea of the whole world, which, by wanting thee, will be over-run with evil-doers, who will no longer fear the being chastized for their iniquities! O liberal above all *Alexanders*, seeing that, for eight months service only, you have given me the best island the sea doth compass or surround! O thou that wert humble with the haughty, and arrogant with the humble, undertaker of dangers, sufferer of affronts, in love without cause, imitator of the good, scourge of the wicked, enemy of the base; in a word, knight-errant, which is all that can be said! At *Sancho's* cries and lamentations *Don Quixote* revived, and the first word he said was: He, who lives absented from thee, sweetest *Dulcinea*, is subject to greater miseries than these. Help, friend *Sancho*, to lay me upon the enchanted car; for I am no longer in a condition to press the saddle of *Rozinante*, all this shoulder being mashed to pieces. That I will do with all my heart, dear Sir, answered *Sancho*; and let us return home in company of these gentlemen, who wish you well, and there we will give order about another fally, that may prove of more profit and renown. You say well, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, and it will be great prudence in us to wait 'till the evil influence of the stars, which now reigns, is passed over. The canon, the priest, and the barber, told him they approved his resolution; and so, having received a great deal of pleasure from the simplicities of *Sancho Pança*, they placed *Don Quixote* in the waggon, as before. The procession resumed its former order, and went on its way. The goatherd bid them all farewell. The troopers would go no farther, and the priest paid them what they had agreed for. The canon desired the priest to give him advice of what befel *Don Quixote*, and whether his madness was cured or continued, and so took leave, and pursued his journey. In fine, they all parted, and took their several ways, leaving the priest, the barber, *Don Quixote*, and *Sancho*, with good *Rozinante*, who bore all accidents as patiently as his master. The waggoner yoked his oxen, and accommodated *Don Quixote* on a truss of hay, and with his accustomed pace jogged on the way the priest directed. On the sixth day they arrived at *Don Quixote's* village, and entered it about noon; and it being *Sunday*, all the people were standing in the market-place, through the midst of which *Don Quixote's* car must of necessity pass. Every body ran to see who was in the waggon, and, when they found it was their townsman, they were greatly surprized, and a boy ran full speed to acquaint the house-keeper and niece, that their uncle and master was coming home weak and pale, and stretched

stretched upon a truss of hay, in a waggon drawn by oxen. It was piteous to hear the outcries the two good women raised, to see the buffets they gave themselves, and how they cursed afresh the damned books of chivalry; and all this was renewed by seeing *Don Quixote* coming in at the gate.

Upon the news of *Don Quixote's* arrival, *Sancho Pança's* wife, who knew her husband was gone with him to serve him as his squire, repaired thither; and as soon as she saw *Sancho*, the first thing she asked him was, whether the ass was come home well. *Sancho* answered he was, and in a better condition than his master. The lord be praised, replied she, for so great a mercy to me: but tell me, friend, what good have you got by your squireship? what petticoat do you bring home to me, and what shoes to your children? I bring nothing of all this, dear wife, quoth *Sancho*; but I bring other things of greater moment and consequence. I am very glad of that, answered the wife: pray, shew me these things of greater moment and consequence, my friend; for I would fain see them, to rejoice this heart of mine, which has been so sad and discontented all the long time of your absence. You shall see them at home, wife, quoth *Sancho*, and be satisfied at present; for if it please god, that we make another sally in quest of adventures, you will soon see me an earl or governor of an island, and not an ordinary one neither, but one of the best that is to be had. Grant heaven it may be so, husband, quoth the wife, for we have need enough of it. But pray tell me what you mean by islands; for I do not understand you. Honey is not made for the mouth of an ass, answered *Sancho*: in good time you shall see, wife, yea, and admire to hear your self stiled ladyship by all your vassals. What do you mean, *Sancho*, by ladyship, islands, and vassals? answered *Teresa Pança*; for that was *Sancho's* wife's name, though they were not of kin, but because it is the custom in *La Mancha* for the wife to take the husband's name. Be not in so much haste, *Teresa*, to know all this, said *Sancho*; let it suffice that I tell you the truth, and sew up your mouth. But for the present know, that there is nothing in the world so pleasant to an honest man, as to be squire to a knight-errant, and seeker of adventures. It is true, indeed, most of them are not so much to a man's mind as he could wish; for ninety nine of a hundred one meets with fall out cross and unlucky. This I know by experience; for I have sometimes come off tossed in a blanket, and sometimes well cudgelled. Yet for all that it is a fine thing to be in expectation of accidents, traversing mountains, searching woods, marching over rocks, visiting castles, lodging in inns, all at discretion, and the devil a farthing to pay.

All this discourse passed between *Sancho Pança*, and his wife *Teresa Pança*, while the house-keeper and the niece received *Don Quixote*, and, having

having pulled off his cloaths, laid him in his old Bed. He looked at them with eyes askew, not knowing perfectly where he was. The priest charged the niece to take great care, and make much of her uncle, and to keep a watchful eye over him, lest he should once more give them the slip, telling her what difficulty they had to get him home to his house. Here the two women exclaimed afresh, and renewed their execrations against all books of chivalry, begging of heaven to confound to the center of the abyss the authors of so many lyes and absurdities. Lastly, they remained full of trouble and fear, lest they should lose their uncle and master as soon as ever he found himself a little better : and it fell out as they imagined. But the author of this history, though he applied himself, with the utmost curiosity and diligence, to trace the exploits *Don Quixote* performed in his third sally, could get no account of them, at least from any authentic writings. Only fame has preserved in the memoirs of *La Mancha*, that *Don Quixote*, the third time he sallied from home, went to *Saragossa*¹, where he was present at a famous tournament in that city, and that there befel him things worthy of his valour and good understanding. Nor should he have learned any thing at all concerning his death, if a lucky accident had not brought him acquainted with an aged Physician, who had in his custody a leaden box, found, as he said, under the ruins of an ancient hermitage then rebuilding : in which box was found a manuscript of parchment written in *Gothic* characters², but in *Castilian* verse, containing many of his exploits, and giving an account of the beauty of *Dulcinea del Toboso*, the figure of *Rozinante*, the fidelity of *Sancho Pança*, and the burial of *Don Quixote* himself, with several epitaphs, and eulogies on his life and manners. All that could be read, and perfectly made out, were those inserted here by the faithful author of this strange and never before seen history : which author desires no other reward from those, who shall read it, in recompence of the vast pains it has cost him to enquire into and search all the archives of *La Mancha* to bring it to light, but that they would afford him the same credit that ingenious people give to books of knight-errantry, which are so well received in the world ; and herewith he will reckon himself well paid, and will rest satisfied ; and will moreover be encouraged to seek and find out others, if not as true, at least of as much invention and entertainment. The first words, written in the parchment which was found in the leaden box, were these.

¹ Hence the false second part, by *Avellaneda*, took the hint to send the *Don* to *Saragossa*.

² The use of which was prohibited in *Spain* in the time of *Alphonfus* the sixth.

The LIFE and EXPLOITS of

The Academicians of *Argamafilla*, a town of *La Mancha*,
on the life and death of the valorous *Don Quixote de La*
Mancha, hoc scripserunt.

Monicongo, Academician of *Argamafilla*, on the sepulture of *Don Quixote*.

E P I T A P H.

La Mancha's thunderbolt of war,
The sharpest wit and loftiest muse,
The arm, which from Gaëta far
To Catai did its force diffuse :

He, who, through love and valour's fire,
Outstript great Amadis's fame,
Bid warlike Galaor retire,
And silenc'd Belianis' name :

He, who with helmet, sword and shield,
On Rozinante, steed well known,
Adventures fought in many a field,
Lies underneath this frozen stone.

Paniaguado, Academician of *Argamafilla*, *in laudem Dulcineæ del Toboso.*

S O N N E T.

She, whom you see, the plump and lusty dame,
With high erected chest and vigorous mien,
Was erst th' enamour'd knight Don Quixote's flame,
The fair Dulcinea, of Toboso queen.

For

*For her, arm'd cap-a-pee with sword and shield,
 He trod the sable mountain o'er and o'er ;
 For her he travers'd Montiel's well-known field,
 And in her service toils unnumber'd bore.
 Hard Fate ! that death should crop so fine a flow'r,
 And love o'er such a knight exert his tyrant pow'r !*

*Caprichoso, a most ingenious Academician of Argamafilla, in praise of
 Don Quixote's horse Rozinante.*

S O N N E T.

*On the aspiring adamantin trunk
 Of an huge tree, whose root with slaughter drunk
 Sends forth a scent of war, La Mancha's knight,
 Frantic with valour, and return'd from fight,
 His bloody standard trembling in the air,
 Hangs up his glittering armour, beaming far,
 With that fine-temper'd steel, whose edge o'erthrows,
 Hacks, hews, confounds, and routs opposing foes.
 Unheard of prowess ! and unheard of verse !
 But art new strains invents new glories to rehearse.*

*If Amadis to Grecia gives renown,
 Much more her chief does fierce Bellona crown,
 Prizing La Mancha more than Gaul or Greece,
 As Quixote triumphs over Amadis.
 Oblivion ne'er shall shroud his glorious name,
 Whose very horse stands up to challenge fame,
 Illustrious Rozinante, wond'rous steed !
 Not with more generous pride, or mettled speed,
 His rider erst Rinaldo's Bayard bore,
 Or his mad lord Orlando's Brilladore.*

The *LIFE* and *EXPLOITS* of

Burlador, the little Academician of *Argamafilla*, on *Sancho Pança*.

S O N N E T.

See *Sancho Pança*, view him well,
 And let this verse his praises tell.
 His body was but small, 'tis true,
 Yet had a soul as large as two.
 No guile he knew, like some before him,
 But simple as his mother bore him.
 This gentle squire on gentle ass
 Went gentle *Rozinante's* pace,
 Following his lord from place to place.
 To be an earl he did aspire,
 And reason good for such desire:
 But worth, in these ungrateful times,
 To envied honour seldom climbs.
 Vain mortals, give your wishes o'er,
 And trust the flatterer, hope, no more,
 Whose promises, whate'er they seem,
 End in a shadow or a dream.

Cachidiablo, Academician of *Argamafilla*, on the sepulture of
Don Quixote.

E P I T A P H.

Here lies an evil-errant knight,
 Well-bruised in many a fray,
 Whose courser *Rozinante* hight
 Long bore him many a way.

Close by his loving master's side
 Lies booby *Sancho Pança*,
 A trusty squire, of courage tried,
 And true as ever man saw.

Tiquitoc,

Tiquitoc, Academician of Argamafilla, on the sepulture of Dulcinea del Toboso.

*Dulcinea, fat and fleshy, lies
Beneath this frozen stone,
But, since to frightful death a prize,
Reduced to skin and bone.*

*Of goodly parentage she came,
And had the lady in her;
She was the great Don Quixote's flame,
But only death cou'd win her.*

These were all the verses that could be read: the rest, the characters being worm-eaten, were consigned to one of the Academics, to find out their meaning by conjectures. We are informed he has done it, after many lucubrations, and much pains, and that he designs to publish them, giving us hopes of *Don Quixote's* third fallay.

End of the First Volume

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