



THE  
HISTORY and ADVENTURES  
OF THE RENOWNED  
DON QUIXOTE.

Translated from the SPANISH of

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA,

To which is prefixed,

Some ACCOUNT of the AUTHOR'S LIFE.

By T. S. MOLLETT, M. D.

Illustrated with Twenty-eight new Copper-Plates, designed by HAYMAN,  
And engraved by the best ARTISTS.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.

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L O N D O N :

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MDCCLV.

To his EXCELLENCY

**DON RICARDO WALL,**

PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE TO HIS MOST  
CATHOLIC MAJESTY,

LIEUTENANT GENERAL OF THE ARMIES OF SPAIN,

COMMENDARY OF PENAUZENDE IN THE  
ORDER OF St. JAGO, &c. &c.

AND HERETOFORE

AMBASSADOR AND PLENIPOTENTIARY  
AT THE COURT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

S I R,

**T**HE permission I obtained to inscribe the following translation of DON QUIXOTE to your Excellency, while you resided in this Capital, affords me a double pleasure; as it not only gives me an opportunity of expressing that profound respect and veneration with which I contemplate your Excellency's character; but also implies your approbation, which cannot fail to influence the public in behalf of the performance: I have the honour to be,

S I R,

Your Excellency's most obedient

Humble Servant,

LONDON, Feb. 7,  
1755.

T. SMOLLETT.

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THE  
L I F E  
O F  
C E R V A N T E S.

**M**IGUEL de Cervantes Saavedra was at once the glory and reproach of Spain; for, if his admirable genius and heroic spirit conduced to the honour of his country, the distress and obscurity which attended his old age, as effectually redounded to her disgrace. Had he lived amidst Gothic darkness and barbarity, where no records were used, and letters altogether unknown, we might have expected to derive from tradition, a number of particulars relating to the family and fortune of a man so remarkably admired even in his own time. But, one would imagine pains had been taken to throw a veil of oblivion over the personal concerns of this excellent author. No inquiry hath, as yet, been able to ascertain the place of his nativity; and, although in his works he has declared himself a gentleman by birth, no house has hitherto laid claim to such an illustrious descendant.

One \* author says he was born at Esquivias; but, offers no argument in support of his assertion: and probably the conjecture was founded upon the encomiums which Cervantes himself bestows on that place, to which he gives the epithet of Renowned, in his preface to *Perfiles and Sigismunda*. Others affirm he first drew breath in Lucena, grounding their opinion upon a vague tradition which there prevails: and a † third set

\* Thomas Tamayo de Vargas.

† Don Nicholas Antonio.

take it for granted that he was a native of Seville, because there are families in that city known by the names of Cervantes and Saavedra; and our author mentions his having, in his early youth, seen plays acted by Lope Rueda, who was a Sevillian. These, indeed, are presumptions that deserve some regard, tho', far from implying certain information, they scarce even amount to probable conjecture: nay, these very circumstances seem to disprove the supposition; for, had he been actually descended from those families, they would, in all likelihood, have preserved some memorials of his birth, which Don Nicholas Antonio would have recorded, in speaking of his fellow-citizen. All these pretensions are now generally set aside in favour of Madrid, which claims the honour of having produced Cervantes, and builds her title on an expression \* in his Voyage to Parnassus, which, in my opinion, is altogether equivocal and inconclusive.

In the midst of such undecided contention, if I may be allowed to hazard a conjecture, I would suppose that there was something mysterious in his extraction, which he had no inclination to explain, and that his family had domestic reasons for maintaining the like reserve. Without admitting some such motive, we can hardly account for his silence on a subject that would have afforded him an opportunity to indulge that self-respect which he so honestly displays in the course of his writings. Unless we conclude that he was instigated to renounce all connexion with his kindred and allies, by some contemptuous slight, mortifying repulse, or real injury he had sustained; a supposition which, I own, is not at all improbable, considering the jealous sensibility of the Spaniards in general, and the warmth of resentment peculiar to our author, which glows through his productions, unrestrained by all the fears of poverty, and all the maxims of old age and experience.

Whatever may have been the place of his nativity, we gather from the preface to his novels, that he was born in the year 1549: and his writings declare that his education was by no means neglected; for, over and above a natural fund of humour and invention, he appears to have possessed a valuable stock of acquired knowledge: we find him intimately acquainted with the Latin classics, well read in the history of nations, versed in the philosophy, rhetoric, and divinity of the schools, tinctured with astrology and geography, conversant with the best Italian authors, and perfectly

\* He describes his departure from Madrid in these words: "Out of my country and myself I go!"

master of his own Castilian language. His genius, which was too delicate and volatile to engage in the severer studies, directed his attention to the productions of taste and polite literature, which, while they amused his fancy, enlarged, augmented, and improved his ideas, and taught him to set proper bounds to the excursions of his imagination.

Thus qualified, he could not fail to make pertinent observations in his commerce with mankind: the peculiarities of character could not escape his penetration; whatever he saw became familiar to his judgment and understanding; and every scene he exhibits, is a just well-drawn characteristic picture of human life.

How he exercised these talents in his youth, and in what manner the first years of his manhood were employed, we are not able to explain, because history and tradition are altogether silent on the subject; unless we admit the authority of one \* author, who says, he was secretary to the duke of Alva, without alledging any one fact or argument in support of his assertion. Had he actually enjoyed a post of such importance, we should not, in all probability, have wanted materials to supply this chasm in his life; nor should we find him afterwards in the station of a common soldier.

Others imagine that he served as volunteer in Flanders, where he was raised to the rank of ensign in the company commanded by Don Diego de Urbina; grounding this belief on the supposition that the history of the Captive, related in the first part of Don Quixote, is a literal detail of his own adventures. But, this notion is rejected by those who consider that Cervantes would hardly have contented himself with the humble appellation of soldier, which, in speaking of himself, he constantly assumes, had he ever appeared in any superior station of a military character. In a word, we have very little information touching the transactions of his life but what he himself is pleased to give through the course of his writings; and from this we learn that he was chamberlain to cardinal Aquaviva in Rome, and followed the profession of a soldier for some years, in the army commanded by Marco Antonio Colona †, who was, by pope Pius V. appointed general of the ecclesiastical forces employed against the Turk, and received the consecrated standard from the hands of his holiness, in the church of St. Peter.

\* Nicholas Antonio, Biblioth. Hisp.

† His dedication of Galatea.

Under this celebrated captain, Cervantes embarked in the christian fleet commanded by Don John of Austria, who obtained over the Turks the glorious victory of Lepanto, where our author lost his left hand by the shot of an arquebus. This mutilation, which redounded so much to his honour, he has taken care to record on divers occasions: and, indeed, it is very natural to suppose his imagination would dwell upon such an adventure, as the favourite incident of his life. I wish he had told us what recompence he received for his services, and what consolation he enjoyed for the loss of his limb, which must have effectually disqualified him for the office of a common soldier, and reduced him to the necessity of exercising some other employment.

Perhaps it was at this period he entered into the service of cardinal Aquaviva, to whose protection he was entitled by his gallantry and misfortune; and now, in all likelihood, he had leisure and opportunity to prosecute his favourite studies, to cultivate the muse, and render himself conspicuous by the productions of his genius, which was known and admired by several authors of distinction even before his captivity; for, Louis Galvez de Montalvo, in his poem prefixed to *Galatea*, says, the world lamented his misfortune in tears, and the muse expressed a widow's grief at his absence. I will even venture to suppose, that, in this interval, his situation was such as enabled him to raise an independent fortune; for, we find him afterwards relieving the wants of his fellow-captives in Barbary, with such liberality as denoted the affluence of his own circumstances; and, in his voyage to Parnassus, which was published in his old age, Apollo upbraids him with want of œconomy, and reminds him of his having once made his own fortune, which in the sequel he squandered away.

I make no doubt but this was the most fortunate period of Saavedra's life, during which he reformed and improved the Spanish theatre, and ushered into the world a number of dramatic performances which were acted with universal applause. He \* tells us that he had seen plays acted by the great Lope de Rueda, who was a native of Seville, and originally a gold-beater: when this genius first appeared, the Spanish drama was in its infancy: one large sack or bag contained all the furniture and dress of the theatre, consisting of four sheepskin jackets with the wool on, trimmed with gilt leather; four beards and periwigs, and the same number of pastoral crooks. The piece was no other than a dialogue or eclogue be-

\* In the preface to his plays.

tween two or three swains and a shepherdess, seasoned with comic interludes, or rather low buffoonery, exhibited in the characters of a black-moor, a bravo, a fool, and a Biscayan. The stage itself was composed of a few boards, raised about three feet from the ground, upon four benches or forms. There was no other scenery than a blanket or horse-cloth stretched across, behind which the musicians sung old ballads unaccompanied by any sort of instrument. Lopè de Rueda not only composed theatrical pieces, but also acted in every character with great reputation; in which he was succeeded by Naharro, a Toledan, who improved and augmented the decorations, brought the music from behind the blanket and placed it forwards to the audience, deprived the actors of their counterfeit beards, without which no man's part had been hitherto performed, invented machines, clouds, thunder and lightening, and introduced challenges and combats with incredible success: but, still the drama was rude, unpolished, and irregular; and the fable, tho' divided into five acts, was almost altogether destitute of manners, propriety, and invention.

From this uncultivated state of ignorance and barbarity, Cervantes raised the Spanish theatre to dignity and esteem, by enriching his dramatic productions with moral sentiments, regularity of plan, and propriety of character; together with the graces of poetry, and the beauties of imagination. He published thirty pieces, which were represented at Madrid with universal applause; so that he may be justly deemed the patriarch of the Spanish drama; and, in this particular, revered above Lopè de Vega himself, who did not appear until he had left off writing for the stage.

In the year 1574, he was unfortunately taken by a Barbary corsair, and conveyed to Algiers, where he was sold to a Moor, and remained a slave for the space of five years and an half; during which he exhibited repeated proofs of the most enterprising genius and heroic generosity. Though we know not on what occasion he fell into the hands of the Barbarians, he himself gives us to understand, in the story of the Captive, that he resided at Algiers in the reign of Hassan Aga, a ruffian renegado, whose cruelty he describes in these terms: "He was every day hanging one, impaling another, maiming a third, upon such slight occasions, frequently without any cause assigned, that the Turks themselves owned he acted thus out of meer wantonness of barbarity, as being naturally of a savage disposition, and an inveterate enemy to the whole human race. The person who used the greatest freedom with him, was one Saavedra, a Spanish  
a foldier,



foldier, who, tho' he did many things which those people will not soon forget, in attempting to regain his liberty, he never gave him one blow, nor ordered him once to be chastised, nor even chid him with one hafty word; and yet, the least of all his pranks was sufficient, as we thought, to bring him to the stake; nay, he himself was more than once afraid of being impaled alive. If time would permit, I could here recount some of that foldier's actions, which, perhaps, might entertain and surprize you more than the relation of my own story."

Thus, Cervantes ascertains the time of his own slavery, delineates, with great exactness, the character of that inhuman tyrant, who is recorded in history as a monster of cruelty and avarice; and proves to demonstration, that his own story was quite different from that which the Captive related of himself. Saavedra's adventures at Algiers were truly surprizing; and tho' we cannot favour the public with a substantial detail of every incident, we have found means to learn such particulars of his conduct, as cannot fail to reflect an additional lustre on a character which has been long the object of admiration.

We are informed by a respectable historian \*, who was his fellow slave and an eye witness of the transaction, that Don Miguel de Cervantes, a gallant, enterprizing Spanish cavalier, who, tho' he never wanted money, could not obtain his release without paying an exorbitant ransom, contrived a scheme for setting himself free, together with fourteen unhappy gentlemen of his own country, who were all in the like circumstances of thralldom under different patrons. His first step was to redeem one Viana, a bold Majorcan mariner, in whom he could confide, and with whom he sent letters to the governor of that island, desiring, in the name of himself and the other gentlemen captives, that he would send over a brigantine, under the direction of Viana, who had undertaken, at an appointed time, to touch upon a certain part of the coast, where he should find them ready to embark. In consequence of this agreement, they withdrew themselves from their respective masters, and privately repaired to a garden near the sea-side, belonging to a renegado Greek, whose name was Al-Caid Hassan; where they were concealed in a cave, and carefully screened from the knowledge of the owner, by his gardener, who was a christian captive. Viana punctually performed his promise, and returned in a vessel, with which he was supplied by the governor of Majorca; but, some Moors chancing to pass, just as he anchored at the appointed place,

\* F. Diego de Haedo.

the coast was instantly alarmed, and he found himself obliged to relinquish the enterprize. Meanwhile, the captives, being ignorant of this accident, remained in the cavern, which they never quitted except in the night, and were maintained by the liberality of Cervantes, for the space of seven months, during which the necessaries of life were brought to them by a Spanish slave, known by the appellation of El Dorador or The Gilder. No wonder that their hope and patience began to fail, and their constitutions to be affected by the dampness of the place, and the grief of their disappointment, which Don Miguel endeavoured to alleviate by the exercise of his reason, good humour and humanity; 'till, at last, their purveyor turned traitor, and, allured by the hope of receiving a considerable reward, discovered the whole affair to Hassan Basha. This tyrant, transported with joy at the information, immediately ordered the guardian Basha, with a body of armed men, to follow the perfidious wretch, who conducted them to the cave, where they seized those unhappy fugitives, together with their faithful gardener, and forthwith carried the whole number to the public Bagnio, except Cervantes, touching whose person they had received particular directions from Hassan, who knew his character, and had been long desirous of possessing such a notable slave. At present, however, his intention was to persuade Don Miguel to accuse Oliver, one of the fathers of the redemption then at Algiers, as an accomplice in the scheme they had projected, that he might, on this pretence, extort from the frier, by way of composition, the greatest part of the money which had been collected for the ransom of christian slaves. Accordingly, he endeavoured to inveigle Saavedra with artful promises, and to intimidate him with dreadful threats and imprecations, into the confession or impeachment, on which he wanted to lay hold: but, that generous Spaniard, with a resolution peculiar to himself, rejected all his offers, and despising the terrors of his menaces, persisted in affirming that he had no associate in the plan of their escape, which was purely the result of his own reflection.

After having in vain tampered with his integrity, in repeated trials that lasted for several days, he restored him and his companions to their respective patrons, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Al-Caid Hassan, owner of the garden in which they had been apprehended, who, probably with a view to manifest his own innocence, strenuously exhorted the Basha to inflict the most exemplary punishment on the offenders, and actually put his own gardener to death. Cervantes had so often signalized his genius, courage, and activity, that Hassan resolved to make him his

own, and purchased him from his master for five hundred ducats: then he was heard to say, "While I hold that maimed Spaniard in safe custody, my vessels, slaves, and even my whole city are secure." For, he had not only concerted a number of schemes for the deliverance of his fellow captives, but his designs had even aspired to the conquest of Algiers, and he was at four different times on the point of being impaled, hooked, or burned alive. Any single attempt of that kind would have been deemed a capital offence, under the mildest government that ever subsisted among the Moors; but, there was something in the character or personal deportment of Cervantes, which commanded respect from barbarity itself; for, we find that Hassan Basha treated him with incredible lenity, and his redemption was afterwards effected by the intercession of a trinitarian father, for a thousand ducats\*.

From this account of his behaviour in Barbary, it appears that he acted a far more important part than that of a poor mutilated soldier: he is dignified with the appellation of Don Miguel de Cervantes, and represented as a cavalier whose affluent fortune enabled him to gratify the benevolence and liberality of his disposition. We must therefore take it for granted that he acquired this wealth after the battle of Lepanto, where he surely would not have fought as a private soldier, could he have commanded either money or interest to procure a more conspicuous station in the service. Be that as it will, his conduct at Algiers reflects honour upon his country, and while we applaud him as an author, we ought to revere him as a man; nor will his modesty be less the object of our admiration, if we consider that he has, upon this occasion, neglected the fairest opportunity a man could possibly enjoy, of displaying his own character to the greatest advantage, and indulging that self-complacency which is so natural to the human heart.

As he returned to his own country, with those principles by which he had been distinguished in his exile, and an heart entended and exercised in sympathizing with his fellow creatures in distress; we may sup-

\* To this adventure he, doubtless, alludes, in the story of the Captive; who says, that when he and his fellow slaves were deliberating about ransoming one of their number, who should go to Valencia or Majorca, and procure a vessel with which he might return and fetch off the rest, the renegado, who was of their council, opposed the scheme, observing, that those who are once delivered seldom think of performing the promises they have made in captivity: as a confirmation of the truth of what he alleged, he briefly recounted a case which had lately happened to some christian gentleman, attended with the strangest circumstances ever known, even in these parts, where the most uncommon and surprising events occur almost every day.

pose he could not advert to the lessons of œconomy, which a warm imagination seldom or never retains; but, that his heart glowed with all the enthusiasm of friendship, and that his bounty extended to every object of compassion which fell within his view.

Notwithstanding all the shafts of ridicule which he hath so successfully levelled against the absurdities of the Spanish romance, we can plainly perceive, from his own writings, that he himself had a turn for chivalry: his life was a chain of extraordinary adventures, his temper was altogether heroic, and all his actions were, without doubt, influenced by the most romantic notions of honour.

Spain has produced a greater number of these characters, than we meet with upon record in any other nation; and whether such singularity be the effect of natural or moral causes, or of both combined, I shall not pretend to determine. Let us only affirm, that this disposition is not confined to any particular people or period of time: even in our own country, and in these degenerate days, we sometimes find individuals whom nature seems to have intended for members of those ideal societies which never did, and perhaps never can exist but in imagination; and who remind us of the characters described by Homer and Plutarch, as patriots sacrificing their lives for their country, and heroes encountering danger, not with indifference and contempt, but, with all the rapture and impetuosity of a passionate admirer.

If we consider Cervantes as a man inspired by such sentiments, and actuated by such motives; and at the same time, from his known sensibility and natural complexion, suppose him to have been addicted to pleasure and the amusements of gallantry; we cannot be surpris'd to find his finances in a little time exhausted, and the face of his affairs totally reversed. It was probably in the decline of his fortune, that he resolv'd to re-appear in the character of an author, and stand candidate for the public favour, which would be a certain resource in the day of trouble: he, therefore, compos'd his *Galatea* in six books, which was published in the year 1584, dedicated to Ascanio Colonna, at that time abbot of St. Sophia; and afterwards cardinal of the holy cross of Jerusalem.

The rich vein of invention, the tenderness of passion, the delicacy of sentiment, the power and purity of diction, displayed in this performance, are celebrated by Don Louis de Vargas Manrique, in a commendatory

datory sonnet, which is a very elegant and honourable testimony of our author's success. Nevertheless, the production has been censured for the irregularity of its stile, the incorrectness of its versification, and the multiplicity of its incidents, which encumber and perplex the principal narration; and, over and above these objections, the design is not brought to a conclusion, so that the plan appears meagre and defective. He himself pleads guilty to some part of the charge, in the sentence pronounced by the curate, in the first part of *Don Quixote*, who when the barber takes up the *Galatea* of Miguel de Cervantes; "That same Cervantes, says he, has been an intimate friend of mine these many years, and is, to my certain knowledge, more conversant with misfortunes than with poetry. There is a good vein of invention in his book, which proposes something, tho' it concludes nothing. We must wait for the second part which he promises, and then, perhaps, his amendment may deserve a full pardon, which is now denied."

Whether the success of *Galatea* encouraged our author to oblige the world with some of those theatrical pieces, which we have already mentioned as the first regular productions of the Spanish drama, or the whole number of these was written and acted before his captivity, I have not been able to determine; but, in all probability, his first essays of that kind were exhibited in the interval between the battle of Lepanto and the commencement of his slavery, and the rest published after his redemption.

Unless we suppose him to have been employed at Madrid in this manner for his subsistence, we must pass over two and twenty years, which afford us no particular information touching the life of Saavedra; tho', in that period, he married Donna Catalina de Saazar, dissipated the remains of his fortune, experienced the ingratitude of those he had befriended in his prosperity, and, after having sustained a series of mortifications and distress, was committed to prison in consequence of the debts he had contracted.

In this dismal situation, he composed that performance which is the delight and admiration of all Europe; I mean, the first part of *Don Quixote*, which he wrote with a view to ridicule and discredit those absurd romances, filled with the most nauseous improbability and unnatural extravagance, which had debauched the taste of mankind, and were indeed a disgrace to common sense and reason. Not that Cervantes had any intention to combat the spirit of knight-errantry, so prevalent among the Spaniards;

Spaniards; on the contrary, I am persuaded he would have been the first man in the nation, to stand up for the honour and defence of chivalry, which when, restrained within due bounds, was an excellent institution, that inspired the most heroic sentiments of courage and patriotism, and on many occasions conduced to the peace and safety of the commonwealth. In the character of Don Quixote, he exhibits a good understanding, perverted by reading romantic stories, which had no foundation in nature or in fact. His intellects are not supposed to have been damaged by the perusal of authentic histories, which recount the exploits of knights and heroes who really existed; but, his madness seems to have flowed from his credulity and a certain wildness of imagination which was captivated by the marvelous representation of dwarfs, giants, negromancers, and other preternatural extravagance. From these legends he formed his whole plan of conduct; and tho' nothing can be more ridiculous than the terms upon which he is described to have commenced knight-errant, at a time when the regulations of society had rendered the profession unnecessary, and indeed illegal; the criterion of his frenzy consists in that strange faculty of mistaking and confounding the most familiar objects with the fantastical illusions which those romances had engendered in his fancy. So that our author did not enter the lists against the memory of the real substantial chivalry, which he held in veneration; but, with design to expel an hideous phantome that possessed the brains of the people, waging perpetual war with true genius and invention.

The success of this undertaking must have exceeded his most sanguine hopes. Don Quixote no sooner made his appearance, than the old romances vanished like mist before the sun. The ridicule was so striking, that even the warmest admirers of Amadis and his posterity seemed to wake from a dream, and reflected with amazement upon their former infatuation. Every dispassionate reader was charmed with the humorous characters of the knight and squire, who straight became the favourites of his fancy; he was delighted with the variety of entertaining incidents, and considered the author's good sense and purity of style with admiration and applause.

He informs us, by the mouth of the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, that even before the publication of the second part, twelve thousand copies of the first were already in print, besides a new impression then working off at Antwerp. "The very children, says he, handle it, boys read it, men understand, and old people applaud the performance. It is no sooner  
laid

laid down by one, than another takes it up, some struggling, and some entreating for a sight of it: in fine, this history is the most delightful and least prejudicial entertainment that ever was seen; for, in the whole book, there is not the least shadow of a dishonourable word, nor one thought unworthy of a good catholic."

Nor was this applause confined to the kingdoms and territories of Spain. The fame of Don Quixote diffused itself through all the civilized countries of Europe; and the work was so much admired in France, that some gentlemen who attended the French ambassador to Madrid, in a conversation with the licentiate Marques Torres, chaplain to the archbishop of Toledo, expressed their surprize that Cervantes was not maintained from the public treasury, as the honour and pride of the Spanish nation.—Nay, this work which was first published at Madrid in the year 1605, had the good fortune to extort the approbation of royalty itself: Philip III. standing in a balcony of his palace and surveying the adjacent country, perceived a student on the bank of the Manzanares, reading a book, and every now and then striking his forehead and bursting out into loud fits of laughter. His majesty having observed his emotions for some time; "That student, said he, is either mad, or reading Don Quixote." Some of the courtiers in attendance had the curiosity to go out and inquire, and actually found the scholar engaged in the adventures of our Manchegan.

As the book was dedicated to the duke de Bejar, we may naturally suppose that nobleman, either by his purse or interest, obtained the author's discharge from prison; for, he congratulates himself upon the protection of such a patron, in certain verses prefixed to the book, and supposed to be written by Urganda the unknown. He afterwards attracted the notice of the count de Lemos, who seems to have been his chief and favourite benefactor; and even enjoyed a small share of the countenance of the cardinal archbishop of Toledo: so that we cannot, with any probability, espouse the opinion of those who believe his Don Quixote was intended as a satire upon the administration of that nobleman. Nor is there the least plausible reason for thinking his aim was to ridicule the conduct of Charles V. whose name he never mentions without expressions of the utmost reverence and regard. Indeed, his own indigence was a more severe satire than any thing he could have invented against the ministry of Philip III. for, tho' their protection kept him from starving, it did not exempt him from the difficulties and mortifications of want; and no  
man

man of taste and humanity can reflect upon his character and circumstances, without being shocked at the barbarous indifference of his patrons. What he obtained was not the offering of liberality and taste, but the scanty alms of compassion : he was not respected as a genius, but relieved as a beggar.

One would hardly imagine that an author could languish in the shade of poverty and contempt, while his works afforded entertainment and delight to whole nations, and even sovereigns were found in the number of his admirers : but, Cervantes had the misfortune to write in the reign of a prince whose disposition was sordid, and whose talents, naturally mean, had received no manner of cultivation ; so that his head was altogether untinged with science, and his heart an utter stranger to the virtues of beneficence. Nor did the liberal arts derive the least encouragement from his ministry, which was ever weak and wavering. The duke de Lerma seems to have been a proud, irresolute, shallow-brained politician, whose whole attention was employed in preserving the good graces of his master ; tho' notwithstanding all his efforts, he still fluctuated between favour and disgrace, and at last was fain to shelter himself under the hat of a cardinal. As for the count de Lemos, who had some share in the administration, he affected to patronize men of genius, tho' he had hardly penetration enough to distinguish merit ; and the little taste he possessed, was so much warped by vanity and self-conceit, that there was no other avenue to his friendship but the road of adulation and panegyric : we need not, therefore, wonder that his bounty was so sparingly bestowed upon Cervantes, whose conscious worth and spirit would not suffer him to practise such servility of prostration.

Rather than stoop so far beneath the dignity of his own character, he resolved to endure the severest stings of fortune, and, for a series of years, wrestled with unconceivable vexation and distress. Even in this low situation, he was not exempted from the ill offices of those who envied his talents and his fame. The bad writers vilified his genius, and censured his morals ; they construed *Don Quixote* into an impertinent libel, and endeavoured to depreciate his exemplary novels, which were published at Madrid, in the year 1613. This performance is such as might be expected from the invention and elegance of Cervantes, and was accordingly approved by the best judges of his time. Indeed, it must have been a great consolation to him, in the midst of his misfortunes, to see himself celebrated by the choicest wits of Spain ; and, among the rest, by the



renowned Lope de Vega, prince of the Spanish theatre, who, both during the life, and after the death of our author, mentioned him in the most respectful terms of \* admiration.

But, of all the insults to which he was exposed from the malevolence of mankind, nothing provoked him so much, as the outrage he sustained, from the insolence and knavery of an author, who, while he was preparing the second part of Don Quixote for the press, in the year 1614, published a performance, intituled, The second Volume of the sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha, containing his third fally. Composed by the licentiate Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, a native of Tordefillas; dedicated to the alcalde, regidores, and gentlemen of the noble town of Argamefilla, the happy country of Don Quixote de la Mancha. This impostor, not contented with having robbed Cervantes of his plan, and, as some people believe, of a good part of his copy, attacked him personally, in his preface, in the most virulent manner; accusing him of envy, malice, peevishness, and rancour; reproaching him with his poverty, and taxing him with having abused his cotemporary writers, particularly Lope de Vega, under the shade of whose reputation this spurious writer takes shelter, pretending to have been lashed, together with that great genius, in some of our author's critical reflexions.

In spite of the disguise he assumed, Cervantes discovered him to be an Arragonian; and in all probability knew his real name, which, however, he did not think proper to transmit to posterity; and, his silence in this particular, was the result either of discretion, or contempt. If he was a person of consequence, as some people suppose, it was undoubtedly prudent in Cervantes to pretend ignorance of his true name and quality; because, under the shadow of that pretence, he could the more securely chastise him for his dulness, scurrility, and presumption: but, if he knew him to be a man of no character or estimation in life, he ought to have deemed him altogether unworthy of his resentment; for, his production was such as could not possibly prejudice our author's interest or reputation. It is altogether void of invention and propriety: the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho are flattened into the most insipid absurdity; the adventures are unentertaining and improbable; and the stile barbarous, swollen, and pedantic.

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Howsoever Saavedra's fortune might have been affected by this fraudulent anticipation, I am persuaded, from the consideration of his magnanimity, that he would have looked upon the attempt with silent disdain, had the fictitious Avellaneda abstained from personal abuse; but finding himself so injuriously upbraided with crimes which his soul abhorred, he gave a loose to his indignation and ridicule, which appear through the preface and second part of *Don Quixote*, in a variety of animadversions equally witty and severe. Indeed, the genuine continuation, which was published in the year 1615, convinced the world that no other person could complete the plan of the original projector. It was received with universal joy and approbation; and, in a very little time translated into the languages of Italy, France, England, and other countries, where, tho' the knight appeared to disadvantage, he was treated as a noble stranger of superlative merit and distinction.

In the year after the publication of his novels, Cervantes ushered into the world a poem, called, *A Voyage to Parnassus*, dedicated to Don Rodrigo de Tapia, knight of St. Jago. This performance is an ironical satire on the Spanish poets of his time, written in imitation of Cæsar Caporali, who lashed his cotemporaries of Italy under the same title: tho' Saavedra seems to have had also another scope; namely, to complain of the little regard that was payed to his own age and talents. Those who will not allow this piece to be an excellent poem, cannot help owning that it abounds with wit and manly satire; and that nothing could be a more keen reproach upon the taste and patronage of the times, than the dialogue that passes between him and Apollo; to whom, after having made a bold, yet just recapitulation of his own success in writing, he pathetically complains, that he was denied a seat among his brethren; and takes occasion to observe, that rewards were not bestowed according to merit, but in consequence of interest and favour.

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At the very time of this dedication, the poverty of Cervantes had increased to such a degree of distress, that he was fain to sell eight plays, and as many interludes, to Juan Villaroel, because he had neither means nor credit for printing them at his own expence. These theatrical pieces, which were published at Madrid in the year 1615, tho' counted inferior to many productions of Lope de Vega, have, nevertheless, merit enough to persuade the discerning reader that they would have succeeded in the representation ; but, he was no favourite with the players, who have always arrogated to themselves the prerogative of judging and rejecting the productions of the drama ; and, as they forbore to offer, he disdained to solicit their acceptance. The truth is, he considered actors as the servants of the public, who, tho' intitled to a certain degree of favour and encouragement for the entertainment they afforded, ought ever to demean

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It is sometimes in the power of the most inconsiderable wretch to mortify a character of the highest dignity. Cervantes, notwithstanding his contempt of such petty critics, could not help feeling the petulance of a puny player, who presumed to depreciate the talents of this venerable father

ther of the stage. "Some years\* ago, says he, I had recourse again to my old amusement, and, on the supposition that the times were not altered since my name was in some estimation, I composed a few pieces for the stage; but, found no birds in last year's nests: my meaning is, I could find no player who would ask for my performances, tho' the whole company knew they were finished; so that I threw them aside and condemned them to perpetual silence. About this time, a certain bookseller told me he would have purchased my plays, had he not been prevented by an actor, who said that from my prose much might be expected; but, nothing from my verse. I confess, I was not a little chagrined at hearing this declaration; and said to myself, Either I am quite altered or the times are greatly improved, contrary to common observation, by which the past is always preferred to the present. I revised my comedies, together with some interludes which had lain some time in a corner, and I did not think them so wretched, but that they might appeal from the muddy brain of this player, to the clearer perception of other actors less scrupulous and more judicious.—Being quite out of humour, I parted with the copy to a bookseller, who offered me a tolerable price: I took his money, without giving myself any further trouble about the actors, and he printed them as you see. I could wish they were the best in the world, or, at least, possessed of some merit. Gentle reader, thou wilt soon see how they are, and if thou canst find any thing to thy liking, and afterwards shouldst happen to meet with my back-biting actor, desire him, from me, to take care and mend himself; for, I offend no man: as for the plays, thou mayest tell him, they contain no glaring nonsense, no palpable absurdities."

The source of this indifference towards Cervantes, we can easily explain, by observing that Lope de Vega had, by this time, engrossed the theatre, and the favour of the public, to such a degree as ensured success to all his performances; so that the players would not run any risk of miscarriage, in exhibiting the productions of an old neglected veteran, who had neither inclination nor ability to support his theatrical pieces by dint of interest and cabal. Far from being able to raise factions in his favour, he could hardly subsist in the most parsimonious manner, and in all probability would have actually starved, had not the charity of the count de Lemos enabled him barely to breathe.

The last work he finished was a novel, intituled, *The Troubles of Persiles and Sigismunda*, which, however, he did not live to see in print. This

\* In his preface to his plays.



child of his old age he mentions\* in the warmest terms of paternal affection, preferring it to all the rest of his productions; a compliment which every author pays to the youngest offspring of his genius; for, whatever sentence the world may pronounce, every man thinks he daily improves in experience and understanding; and that in refusing the pre-eminence to his last effort, he would fairly own the decay and degeneracy of his own talents.

We must not, however, impute the encomiums which Cervantes bestows upon his last performance to this fond partiality alone; because the book has indubitable merit, and, as he himself says, may presume to vie with the celebrated romance of Heliodorus† in elegance of diction, entertaining incidents, and fecundity of invention. Before this novel saw the light, our author was seized with a dropsy, which gradually conveyed him to his grave; and nothing could give a more advantageous idea of his character, than the fortitude and good humour which he appears to have maintained to the last moment of his life, overwhelmed as he was with misery, old age, and an incurable distemper. The preface and dedication of his *Perfiles* and *Sigismunda*, contain a journal of his last stage, by which we are enabled to guess at the precise time of his decease. “ Loving reader, said he, 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, &c. I heard somebody galloping after us, with intent, as I imagined, to join our company; and, indeed, he soon justified my conjecture, by calling out to us to ride more softly. We accordingly waited for this stranger, who, riding up to us upon a she ass, appeared to be a grey student; for, he was cloathed in grey, with country buskins such as peasants wear to defend their legs in harvest time, round toed shoes, a sword provided, as it happened, with a tolerable chape, a starched band, and an even number of three thread breeds; for, the truth is, he had but two; and, as his band would every now and then shift to one side, he took incredible pains to adjust it again. “ Gentlemen, said he, you are going, belike, to solicit some post or pension at court: his eminence of Toledo must be there, to be sure, or the king, at least, by your making such haste. In good faith, I could hardly overtake you, tho’ my ass hath been more than once applauded for a tolerable ambler.” To this address one of my companions replied, “ We were obliged to set on at a good rate,

\* Preface to his novels. Dedication of the last part of *Don Quixote*.

† *The Loves of Theagenes and Chariclea*.

to keep up with that there mettlesome nag, belonging to signor Miguel de Cervantes." Scarce had the student heard my name, when, springing from the back of his ass, while his pannel fell one way, and his wallet another, he ran towards me, and, taking hold of my stirrup, "Aye, aye, cried he, this is the found cripple! the renowned, the merry writer; in a word, the darling of the muses!" In order to make some return to these high compliments, I threw my arms about his neck, so as that he lost his band by the eagerness of my embraces, and told him he was mistaken, like many of my well-wishers. "I am, indeed, Cervantes, said I, but not the darling of the muses, or in any shape deserving of those encomiums you have bestowed: be pleased, therefore, good signor, to remount your beast, and let us travel together like friends the rest of the way." The courteous student took my advice, and as we jogged on softly together, the conversation happening to turn on the subject of my illness, the stranger soon pronounced my doom, by assuring me that my distemper was a dropfy, which all the water of the ocean, although it were not salt, would never be able to quench. "Therefore, signor Cervantes, added the student, you must totally abstain from drink, but, do not forget to eat heartily: and this regimen will effect your recovery without physick." "I have received the same advice from other people, answered I, but I cannot help drinking, as if I had been born to do nothing else but drink. My life is drawing to a period, and by the daily journal of my pulse, which, I find, will have finished its course by next funday at farthest, I shall also have finished my career; so that you come in the very nick of time to be acquainted with me, though I shall have no opportunity of shewing how much I am obliged to you for your good will." By this time we had reached the Toledo bridge, where finding we must part, I embraced my student once more, and he having returned the compliment with great cordiality, spurred up his beast, and left me as ill disposed on my horse, as he was ill mounted on his ass; although my pen itched to be writing some humorous description of his equipage: but, adieu my merry friends all; for, I am going to die, and I hope to meet you again in the other world, as happy as heart can wish."

After this adventure, which he so pleasantly relates, nay even in his last moments, he dictated a most affectionate dedication to his patron, the count de Lemos, who was at that time president of the supreme council in Italy. He begins facetiously with a quotation from an old ballad, then proceeds to tell his excellency, that he had received extreme unction, and was on the brink of eternity; yet he wished he could live to see the count's return,

return, and even to finish the *Weeks of the garden*, and the *Second part of Galatea*, in which he had made some progress.

This dedication was dated April 19, 1617, and in all probability the author died the very next day, as the ceremony of the unction is never performed until the patient is supposed to be in extremity: certain it is, he did not long survive this period; for, in September, a licence was granted to Donna Catalina de Salazar, widow of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, to print the *Troubles of Perfiles and Sigismunda*, a northern history, which was accordingly published at Madrid, and afterwards translated into Italian.

Thus have I collected and related all the material circumstances mentioned by history or tradition, concerning the life of Cervantes, which I shall conclude with the portrait of his person, drawn by his own pen, in the preface to his novels. His visage was sharp and aquiline, his hair of a chestnut colour, his forehead smooth and high, his nose hookish or hawkish, his eye brisk and chearful, his mouth little, his beard originally of a golden hue, his upper-lip furnished with large mustachios, his complexion fair, his stature of the middling size: and he tells us, moreover, that he was thick in the shoulders, and not very light of foot.

In a word, Cervantes, whether considered as a writer or a man, will be found worthy of universal approbation and esteem; as we cannot help applauding that fortitude and courage which no difficulty could disturb, and no danger dismay; while we admire that delightful stream of humour and invention, which flowed so plenteous and so pure, surmounting all the mounds of malice and adversity.



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The satire and propriety of many allusions, which had been lost in the change of customs and lapse of time, will be restored in explanatory notes; and the whole conducted with that care and circumspection, which ought to be exerted by every author, who, in attempting to improve upon a task already performed, subjects himself to the most invidious comparison.

Whatever may be the fate of the performance, he cannot charge himself with carelessness or precipitation; for it was begun, and the greatest part of it actually finished, four years ago; and he has been for some time employed in revising and correcting it for the press.



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# P R E F A C E

T O T H E

R E A D E R.

**I**DLE reader, without an oath thou mayest believe, that I wish this book, as the child of my understanding, were the most beautiful, sprightly and discreet production that ever was conceived. But, it was not in my power to contravene the order of nature, in consequence of which, every creature procreates its own resemblance: what therefore could be engendered in my barren, ill-cultivated genius, but a dry, meagre offspring, wayward, capricious and full of whimsical notions peculiar to his own imagination, as if produced in a prison, which is the seat of inconvenience, and the habitation of every dismal \* sound. Quiet, solitude, pleasant fields, serene weather, purling streams, and tranquillity of mind, contribute so much to the fecundity even of the most barren genius, that it will bring forth productions so fair as to awaken the admiration and delight of mankind.

A man who is so unfortunate as to have an ugly child, destitute of every grace and favourable endowment, may be so hood-winked by paternal tenderness, that he cannot perceive his defects; but, on the contrary, looks upon every blemish as a beauty, and recounts to his friends every instance of his folly as a sample of his wit: but I, who, tho' seemingly the parent, am no other than the step-father of Don Quixote, will not sail with the stream of custom, nor like some others, supplicate the gentle reader, with the tears in my eyes, to pardon or conceal the faults which thou mayest spy in this production. Thou art neither its father nor kinsman; hast thy own soul in thy own body, and a will as free as the finest; thou art in thy own house, of which I hold thee as absolute master as the king of his revenue; and thou knowest the common saying, Under my cloak the king is a joke. These considerations free and exempt thee from all man-

\* This is a strong presumption, that the first part of Don Quixote was actually written in a jail.

ner of restraint and obligation; so that thou mayest fully and frankly declare thy opinion of this history, without fear of calumny for thy censure, and without hope of recompense for thy approbation.

I wished only to present thee with the performance, clean, neat and naked, without the ornament of a preface, and unincumbered with an innumerable catalogue of such sonnets, epigrams and commendatory verses, as are generally prefixed to the productions of the present age; for, I can assure thee, that although the composition of the book hath cost me some trouble, I have found more difficulty in writing this preface, which is now under thy inspection: divers and sundry times did I seize the pen, and as often laid it aside, for want of knowing what to say; and during this uneasy state of suspense, while I was one day ruminating on the subject, with the paper before me, the quill behind my ear, my elbow fixed on the table, and my cheek leaning on my hand; a friend of mine, who possesses a great fund of humour, and an excellent understanding, suddenly entered the apartment, and finding me in this musing posture, asked the cause of my being so contemplative. As I had no occasion to conceal the nature of my perplexity, I told him I was studying a preface for the history of Don Quixote; a task which I found so difficult, that I was resolved to desist, and even suppress the adventures of such a noble cavalier: for, you may easily suppose how much I must be confounded at the animadversions of that antient lawgiver the vulgar, when it shall see me, after so many years that I have slept in silence and oblivion, produce, in my old age, a performance as dry as a rush, barren of invention, meagre in stile, beggarly in conceit, and utterly destitute of wit and erudition; without quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end; as we see in other books, let them be never so fabulous and profane: indeed they are generally so stuffed with apothegms from Aristotle, Plato, and the whole body of philosophers, that they excite the admiration of the readers, who look upon such authors as men of unbounded knowledge, eloquence and erudition. When they bring a citation from the holy scripture, one would take them for so many St. Thomas's, and other doctors of the church; herein observing such ingenious decorum, that in one line they will represent a frantic lover, and in the very next begin with a godly sermon, from which the christian readers, and even the hearers receive much comfort and edification. Now, my book must appear without all these advantages; for, I can neither quote in the margin, nor note in the end: nor do I know what authors I have imitated, that I may, like the rest of my brethren, prefix them to the work in alphabetical order, beginning



ginning with Aristotle, and ending in Xenophon, Zoilus or Zeuxis, though one was a back-biter, and the other a painter. My history must likewise be published without poems at the beginning, at least without sonnets written by dukes, marquisses, counts, bishops, ladies, and celebrated poets: although, should I make the demand, I know two or three good natured friends, who would oblige me with such verses as should not be equalled by the most famous poetry in Spain.

In a word, my good friend, said I, signor Don Quixote shall be buried in the archives of la Mancha, until heaven shall provide some person to adorn him with those decorations he seems to want; for, I find myself altogether unequal to the task, through insufficiency and want of learning; and because I am naturally too bashful and indolent, to go in quest of authors to say, what I myself can say as well without their assistance. Hence arose my thoughtfulness and meditation, which you will not wonder at, now that you have heard the cause. My friend having listened attentively to my remonstrance, slapped his forehead with the palm of his hand, and bursting into a loud laugh: "Fore God! brother, said he, I am now undeceived of an error, in which I have lived during the whole term of our acquaintance; for, I always looked upon you as a person of prudence and discretion; but now, I see, you are as far from that character, as heaven is distant from the earth. What! is it possible that such a trifling inconvenience, so easily remedied, should have power to mortify and perplex a genius like yours, brought to such maturity, and so well calculated to demolish and surmount much greater difficulties? in good faith this does not proceed from want of ability, but from excessive indolence, that impedes the exercise of reason. If you would be convinced of the truth of what I alledge, give me the hearing, and, in the twinkling of an eye, all your difficulties shall vanish, and a remedy be prescribed for all those defects which, you say, perplex your understanding, and deter you from ushering to the light, your history of the renowned Don Quixote, the luminary and sole mirrour of knight-errantry." Hearing this declaration, I desired he would tell me in what manner he proposed to fill up the vacuity of my apprehension, to diffuse light, and reduce to order the chaos of my confusion; and he replied, "Your first objection, namely the want of sonnets, epigrams and commendatory verses from persons of rank and gravity, may be obviated by your taking the trouble to compose them yourself, and then you may christen them by any name you shall think proper to choose, fathering them upon Prester John of the Indies, or the emperor of Trebisond, who, I am well informed, were very famous poets;

poets; and even should this intelligence be untrue, and a few pedants and batchelors of arts should back-bite and grumble at your conduct, you need not value them three farthings; for, although they convict you of a lie, they cannot cut off the hand that wrote it\*.

With regard to the practice of quoting, in the margin, such books and authors as have furnished you with sentences and sayings for the embellishment of your history, you have nothing to do, but, to season the work with some Latin maxims, which your own memory will suggest, or a little industry in searching, easily obtain: for example, in treating of freedom and captivity, you may say, "Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro;" and quote Horace, or whom you please, in the margin. If the power of death happens to be your subject, you have at hand, "Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres." And in expatiating upon that love and friendship which God commands us to entertain even for our enemies, you may have recourse to the holy scripture, though you should have never so little curiosity, and say, in the very words of God himself, "Ego autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos vestros." In explaining the nature of malevolence, you may again extract from the Gospel, "De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ." And the instability of friends may be aptly illustrated by this distich of Cato, "Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos; tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris." By these, and other such scraps of Latin, you may pass for an able grammarian; a character of no small honour and advantage in these days. And as to the annotations at the end of the book, you may safely furnish them in this manner: when you chance to write about giants, be sure to mention Goliath, and this name alone, which costs you nothing, will afford a grand annotation, couched in these words: "The giant Goliath, or Goliath, was a Philistine, whom the shepherd David slew with a stone from a sling, in the valley of Terebinthus, as it is written in such a chapter of the book of Kings."

If you have a mind to display your erudition and knowledge of cosmography, take an opportunity to introduce the river Tagus into your history, and this will supply you with another famous annotation, thus expressed: "The river Tagus, so called from a king of Spain, takes its rise in such a place, and is lost in the sea, after having kissed the walls of the famous city of Lisbon; and is said to have golden sands, &c." If you treat of robbers, I will relate the story of Cacus, which I have by rote. If of harlots, the bishop of Mondoneda will lend you a Lamia, a

\* Alluding to the loss of his hand in the battle of Lepanto.

Lais, and a Flora, and such a note will greatly redound to your credit. When you write of cruelty, Ovid will surrender his Medea. When you mention wizzards and enchanterers, you will find a Calypso in Homer, and a Circe in Virgil. If you have occasion to speak of valiant captains, Julius Cæsar stands ready drawn in his own Commentaries; and from Plutarch you may extract a thousand Alexanders. If your theme be love, and you have but two ounces of the Tuscan tongue, you will light upon Leon Hebreo, who will fill up the measure of your desire: and if you do not choose to travel into foreign countries, you have at home Fonseca's treatise, *On the love of God*, in which all that you, or the most ingenious critic, can desire, is fully decyphered and discussed. In a word, there is nothing more to be done, than to procure a number of these names, and hint at their particular stories in your text; and leave to me the task of making annotations and quotations, with which I'll engage, on pain of death, to fill up all the margins, besides four whole sheets at the end of the book. Let us now proceed to the citation of authors, so frequent in other books, and so little used in your performance: the remedy is obvious and easy: take the trouble to find a book that quotes the whole tribe alphabetically, as you observed, from Alpha to Omega, and transfer them into your book; and though the absurdity should appear never so glaring, as there is no necessity for using such names, it will signify nothing. Nay, perhaps, some reader will be weak enough to believe you have actually availed yourself of all those authors, in the simple and sincere history you have composed; and if such a large catalogue of writers should answer no other purpose, it may serve at first sight to give some authority to the production: nor will any person take the trouble to examine, whether you have or have not followed those originals, because he can reap no benefit from his labour. But, if I am not mistaken, your book needs none of those embellishments in which you say it is defective; for, it is one continued satire upon books of chivalry; a subject which Aristotle never investigated, St. Basil never mentioned, and Cicero never explained. The punctuality of truth, and the observations of astrology, fall not within the fabulous relation of our adventures; to the description of which, neither the proportions of geometry, nor the confirmation of rhetorical arguments, are of the least importance; nor hath it any connection with preaching, or mingling divine truths with human imagination; a mixture which no christian's fancy should conceive. It only seeks to avail itself of imitation, and the more perfect this is, the more entertaining the book will be: now, as your sole aim in writing, is to invalidate the authority, and ridicule the absurdity of those books of chivalry,  
which

which have, as it were, fascinated the eyes and judgment of the world, and in particular of the vulgar, you have no occasion to go a begging maxims from philosophers, exhortations from holy writ, fables from poets, speeches from orators, or miracles from saints; your business is, with plain, significant, well chosen and elegant words, to render your periods sonorous, and your style entertaining; to give spirit and expression to all your descriptions, and communicate your ideas without obscurity and confusion. You must endeavour to write in such a manner as to convert melancholy into mirth, increase good humour, entertain the ignorant, excite the admiration of the learned, escape the contempt of gravity, and attract applause from persons of ingenuity and taste. Finally, let your aim be levelled against that ill-founded bulwark of idle books of chivalry, abhorred by many, but applauded by more, which if you can batter down, you will have achieved no inconsiderable exploit."

I listened to my friend's advice in profound silence, and his remarks made such impression upon my mind, that I admitted them without hesitation or dispute, and resolved that they should appear instead of a preface. Thou wilt, therefore, gentle reader, perceive his discretion, and my good luck in finding such a counsellor in such an emergency; nor wilt thou be sorry to receive, thus genuine and undisguised, the history of the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, who, in the opinion of all the people that live in the district of Montiel, was the most virtuous and valiant knight who had appeared for many years in that neighbourhood. I shall not pretend to enhance the merit of having introduced thee to such a famous and honourable cavalier; but I expect thanks for having made thee acquainted with Sancho Panza, in whom I think are united all the squirish graces, which we find scattered through the whole tribe of vain books written on the subject of chivalry. So, praying that God will give thee health, without forgetting such an humble creature as me, I bid thee heartily farewell.

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THE  
LIFE and ATCHIEVEMENTS  
Of the SAGE and VALIANT  
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.  
PART I. BOOK I.

C H A P. I.

Of the quality and amusements of the renowned DON QUIXOTE  
DE LA MANCHA.

**I**N a certain corner of la Mancha, the name of which I do not choose to remember, there lately lived one of those country gentlemen, who adorn their halls with a rusty lance and worm-eaten target, and ride forth on the skeleton of a horse, to course with a sort of a starved greyhound.

Three fourths of his income were scarce sufficient to afford a dish of hodge-podge, in which the mutton bore\* no proportion to the beef, for dinner; a plate of salpicon, commonly at supper †; gripes and grumbings ‡ on saturdays, lentils on fridays, and the addition of a pigeon or some

\* Mutton in Spain is counted greatly preferable to beef.

† *Salpicon*, which is the word in the original, is no other than cold beef sliced, and eaten with oil, vinegar and pepper.

‡ Gripes and grumbings, in Spanish *Duelos y Quebrantos*: the true meaning of which, the former translators have been at great pains to invelligate, as the importance of the subject (no doubt) required. But their labours have, unhappily, ended in nothing else than conjectures, which, for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, we beg leave to repeat. One interprets the phrase into collops and eggs, "being," saith he, "a very sorry dish." In this decision, however, he is contradicted by another commentator, who affirms, "it is a mess too good to mortify withal;" neither can this virtuoso agree with a late editor, who translates the passage in question, into an amlet, but takes occasion to fall out with Boyer for his description of that dish, which he most sagaciously understands to be a "bacon froize," or "rather fryze, from its being fried, from *frit* in French;" and concludes with this judicious query,

such thing on the Lord's-day. The remaining part of his revenue was consumed in the purchase of a fine black suit, with velvet breeches and slippers of the same, for holy-days, and a coat of home-spun, which he wore in honour of his country, during the rest of the week.

He maintained a female house-keeper turned of forty, a niece of about half ~~that~~ age, and a trusty young fellow, fit for field and market, who could turn his hand to any thing, either to saddle the horse or handle the hough\*.

Our squire, who bordered upon fifty, was of a tough constitution, extremely meagre and hard-featur'd, an early riser, and in point of exercise, another Nimrod †. He is said to have gone by the name of Quixada, or Quexada, (for in this particular, the authors who mention that circumstance, disagree) though, from the most probable conjectures, we may conclude, that he was called by the significant name of Quixada ‡; but this is of small importance to the history, in the course of which it will be sufficient if we swerve not farther from the truth.

Be it known, therefore, that this said honest gentleman, at his leisure hours, which engrossed the greatest part of the year, addicted himself to the reading of books of chivalry, which he perused with such rapture and application, that he not only forgot the pleasures of the chase, but also utterly neglected the management of his estate: nay to such a pass did his curiosity and madness, in this particular, drive him, that he sold many good acres of Terra firma, to purchase books of knight-errantry, with which he furnished his library to the utmost of his power; but, none of them pleased him so much as those that were written by the famous Feliciano de Sylva, whom he admired as the pearl of all authors, for the brilliancy of his prose, and the beautiful perplexity of his expression. How was he transported, when he read those amorous complaints, and doughty challenges, that so often occur in his works.

“ The reason of the unreasonable usage my reason has met with, so unreasons my reason, that I have reason to complain of your beauty:” and how did he enjoy the following flower of composition! “ The high Heaven

\* after all these learned disquisitions, who knows but the author means a dish of nichils? If this was his meaning indeed, surely we may venture to conclude, that fasting was very expensive in la Mancha; for the author mentions the *Duro y Quebrantos*, among those articles that consumed three fourths of the knight's income.

Having considered this momentous affair with all the deliberation it deserves, we in our turn present the reader with cucumbers, greens and pease porridge, as the fruit of our industrious researches; being thereunto determined by the literal signification of the text, which is not “ grumblings and groanings,” as the last mentioned ingenious annotator seems to think; but rather pains and breakings; and evidently points at such estates as generate and expel wind; qualities (as every body knows) eminently inherent in those vegetables we have mentioned as our hero's saturday's repast.

\* *Praxada* literally signifies a pruning-hook.

† In the original, a lover of hunting.

‡ *Quixada* signifies jaws, of which our knight had an extraordinary provision.

of your divinity, which with stars divinely fortifies your beauty, and renders you meritorious of that merit, which by your highness is merited!"

The poor gentleman lost his senses, in poring over, and attempting to discover the meaning of these and other such rhapsodies, which Aristotle himself would not be able to unravel, were he to rise from the dead for that purpose only. He could not comprehend the probability of those direful wounds given and received by Don Bellianis, whose face, and whole carcase, must have remained quite covered with marks and scars, even allowing him to have been cured by the most expert surgeons of the age in which he lived.

He, notwithstanding, bestowed great commendations on the author, who concludes his book with the promise of finishing that interminable adventure; and was more than once inclined to seize the quill, with a view of performing what was left undone; nay, he would have actually accomplished the affair, and published it accordingly, had not reflexions of greater moment employed his imagination, and diverted him from the execution of that design.

Divers and obstinate were the disputes he maintained against the parson of the parish, (a man of some learning, who had taken his degrees at Sigüenza\*) on that puzzling question, whether Palmerin of England, or Amadis de Gaul, was the most illustrious knight-errant: but master Nicholas, who acted as barber to the village, affirmed, that none of them equalled the Knight of the Sun, or indeed could be compared to him in any degree, except Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul; for his disposition was adapted to all emergencies; he was neither such a precise, nor such a puling coxcomb as his brother; and in point of valour, his equal at least.

So eager and entangled was our Hidalgo † in this kind of history, that he would often read from morning to night, and from night to morning again, without interruption; till at last, the moisture of his brain being quite exhausted with indefatigable watching and study, he fairly lost his wits: all that he had read of quarrels, enchantments, battles, challenges, wounds, tortures, amorous complaints, and other improbable conceits, took full possession of his fancy; and he believed all those romantic exploits so implicitly, that, in his opinion, the holy scripture was not more true. He observed that Cid Ruydias was an excellent knight; but not equal to the Lord of the Flaming-sword, who with one back-stroke had cut two fierce and monstrous giants through the middle. He had still a

\* Sigüenza, a town situated on the banks of the Henares, in New Castile; in which there is a small university.

† *Hidalgo* has much the same application in Spain, as *squire* in England; though it literally signifies the son of something, in contradistinction to those who are the sons of nothing.

better opinion of Bernardo del Carpio, who, at the battle of Ronsevalles, put the enchanter Orlando to death, by the same means that Hercules used, when he strangled the earth-born Anteon. Neither was he silent in the praise of Morgante, who, though of that gigantic race which is noted for insolence and incivility, was perfectly affable and well-bred. But his chief favourite was Reynaldo of Montalvan, whom he hugely admired for his prowess, in falling from his castle to rob travellers; and above all things, for his dexterity in stealing that idol of the impostor Mahomet, which, according to the history, was of solid gold. For an opportunity of pummelling the traitor \* Galalon, he would willingly have given his housekeeper, body and soul, nay, and his niece into the bargain. In short, his understanding being quite perverted, he was seized with the strangest whim that ever entered the brain of a madman. This was no other, than a full persuasion, that it was highly expedient and necessary, not only for his own honour, but also for the good of the public, that he should profess knight-errantry, and ride through the world in arms, to seek adventures, and conform in all points to the practice of those itinerant heroes, whose exploits he had read; redressing all manner of grievances, and courting all occasions of exposing himself to such dangers, as in the event would entitle him to everlasting renown. This poor lunatic looked upon himself already as good as seated, by his own single valour, on the throne of Trebifond; and intoxicated with these agreeable vapours of his unaccountable folly, resolved to put his design in practice forthwith.

In the first place, he cleaned an old suit of armour, which had belonged to some of his ancestors, and which he found in his garret, where it had lain for several ages, quite covered over with mouldiness and rust: but having scoured and put it to rights, as well as he could, he perceived that, instead of a complete helmet, there was only a simple head-piece without a beaver. This unlucky defect, however, his industry supplied by a vizor, which he made of paste-board, and fixed so artificially to the morrion, that it looked like an intire helmet. True it is that, in order to try if it was strong enough to risk his jaws in, he unsheathed his sword, and bestowed upon it two hearty strokes, the first of which, in a twinkling, undid his whole week's labour: he did not at all approve of the facility with which he hewed it in pieces; and therefore, to secure himself from any such danger for the future, went to work anew, and faced it with a plate of iron, in such a manner, as that he remained satisfied of its strength, without putting it to a second trial, and looked upon it as a most finished piece of armour.

\* Galalon is said to have betrayed the Spanish army at Ronsevalles.



He next visited his horse, which (though he had more corners than a \* rial, being as lean as Ganela's, that "tantum pellis et ossa fuit)" nevertheless, in his eye, appeared infinitely preferable to Alexander's Bucephalus, or the Cid's Babieca. Four days he consumed, in inventing a name for this remarkable steed; suggesting to himself, what an impropriety it would be, if an horse of his qualities, belonging to such a renowned knight, should go without some founding and significant appellation: he therefore resolved to accommodate him with one that should not only declare his past, but also his present capacity; for he thought it but reasonable, that since his master had altered his condition, he should also change his name, and invest him with some sublime and sonorous epithet, suitable to the new order and employment he professed: accordingly, after having chosen, rejected, amended, tortured and revolved a world of names, in his imagination, he fixed upon Rozinante †, an appellation, in his opinion, lofty, sonorous and expressive, not only of his former, but likewise of his present situation, which intitled him to the preference over all other horses under the sun. Having thus denominated his horse, so much to his own satisfaction, he was desirous of doing himself the like justice, and, after eight days study, actually assumed the title of Don Quixote: from whence, as hath been observed, the authors of this authentic history, concluded, that his former name must have been Quixada, and not Quesada, as others are pleased to affirm: but recollecting, that the valiant Amadis, not satisfied with that simple appellation, added to it that of his country, and, in order to dignify the place of his nativity, called himself Amadis de Gaul; he resolved, like a worthy knight, to follow such an illustrious example, and assume the name of Don Quixote de la Mancha; which, in his opinion, fully expressed his generation, and, at the same time, reflected infinite honour on his fortunate country.

Accordingly his armour being scoured, his beaver fitted to his head-piece, his steed accommodated with a name, and his own dignified with these additions, he reflected, that nothing else was wanting but a lady to inspire him with love; for a knight-errant without a mistress, would be like a tree destitute of leaves and fruit, or a body without a soul. "If," said he, for my sins, or rather for my honour, I should engage with some giant, an adventure common in knight-errantry, and overthrow him in the field, by cleaving him in twain, or in short, disarm and sub-

\* This is a joke upon the knight's steed, which was so meagre, that his bones stuck out like the corner of a Spanish rial, a coin of a very irregular shape, not unlike the figure in geometry, called *Trapezium*.

† *Rozinante* implies that which was formerly an horse, though the *ante* seems to have been intended by the knight as a badge of distinction, by which he was ranked before all other horses.

due him ; will it not be highly proper, that I should have a mistress, to whom I may send my conquered foe ; who, coming into the presence of the charming fair, will fall upon his knees, and say, in an humble and submissive tone : “ Incomparable princess, I am the giant Carculiambro, lord of the island Malindrania, who being vanquished in single combat by the invincible knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, am commanded by him to present myself before your beauty, that I may be disposed of, according to the pleasure of your highness ? ” How did the heart of our worthy knight dance with joy, when he uttered this address ; and still more, when he found a lady worthy of his affection ! This they say, was an hale, buxom country wench, called Aldonza Lorenzo, who lived in the neighbourhood, and with whom he had formerly been in love ; though, by all accounts, she never knew, nor gave herself the least concern about the matter. Her he looked upon as one qualified, in all respects, to be the queen of his inclinations ; and putting his invention again to the rack, for a name that should bear some affinity with her own, and at the same time become a princess or lady of quality, he determined to call her Dulcinea del Toboso, she being a native of that place, a name, in his opinion, musical, romantic and expressive, like the rest which he had appropriated to himself and his concerns.

## C H A P. II.

Of the sage DON QUIXOTE's first sally from his own habitation.

**T**H E S E preparations being made, he could no longer resist the desire of executing his design; reflecting with impatience on the injury his delay occasioned in the world, where there was abundance of grievances to be redressed, wrongs to be rectified, errors amended, abuses to be reformed, and doubts to be removed; he therefore, without communicating his intention to any body, or being seen by a living soul, one morning before day, in the scorching month of July, put on his armour, mounted Rozinante, buckled his ill-contrived helmet, braced his target, seized his lance, and, thro' the back-door of his yard, sallied into the fields, in a rapture of joy, occasioned by this easy and successful beginning of his admirable undertaking: but, scarce was he clear of the village, when he was assaulted by such a terrible objection, as had well nigh induced our hero to abandon his enterprize directly: for, he recollected that he had never been knighted; and therefore, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could nor ought to enter the lists with any antagonist of that degree; nay, even granting he had received that mark of distinction, it was his duty to wear white armour, like a new knight, without any device in his shield, until such time as his valour should intitle him to that honour\*.

These cogitations made him waver a little in his plan; but his madness prevailing over every other consideration, suggested, that he might be dubbed by the first person he should meet, after the example of many others who had fallen upon the same expedient; as he had read in those mischievous books which had disordered his imagination †. With respect to the white armour, he proposed, with the first opportunity, to scour his own, until it should be fairer than ermine; and having satisfied his conscience in this manner, he pursued his design, without following any other road than that which his horse was pleased to chuse; being persuaded, that in so doing, he manifested the true spirit of adventure. Thus proceeded our flaming adventurer, while he uttered the following soliloquy.

“ Doubtless, in future ages, when the true history of my famed exploits shall come to light, the sage author, when he recounts my first and early sally, will express himself in this manner: “ Scarce had ruddy Phœbus, o'er this wide and spacious earth, display'd the golden threads of his refulgent hair; and

\* According to the ancient rules of chivalry, no man was intitled to the rank and degree of knight-hood, until he had been in actual battle, and taken a prisoner with his own hand.

† It was common for one knight to dub another. Francis I. king of France was knighted, at his own desire, by the chevalier Bayard, who was looked upon as the flower of chivalry.

scarce

scarce the little painted warblers with their forky tongues, in soft mellifluous harmony, had hail'd the approach of rosy-wing'd Aurora, who stealing from her jealous husband's couch, thro' the balconies and aerial gates of Mancha's bright horizon, stood confessed to wondering mortals; when lo! the illustrious knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, up-springing from the lazy down, bestrode fam'd Rozinante his unrival'd steed! and thro' Montiel's ancient, well known field (which was really the case) pursu'd his way." Then he added, " O fortunate age! O happy times! in which shall be made public my incomparable atchievements, worthy to be ingraved in brass, on marble sculptured, and in painting shewn, as great examples to futurity! and O! thou sage enchanter, whosoever thou may'st be, doom'd to record the wondrous story! forget not, I beseech thee, my trusty Rozinante, the firm companion of my various fate!" Then turning his horse, he exclaimed, as if he had been actually in love, " O Dulcinea! sovereign princess of this captive heart, what dire affliction hast thou made me suffer, thus banished from thy presence with reproach, and fettered by thy rigorous command, not to appear again before thy beauteous face! Deign, princess, to remember this thy faithful slave, who now endures such misery for love of thee!" These, and other such rhapsodies, he strung together; imitating, as much as in him lay, the stile of those ridiculous books which he had read; and jogged along, in spite of the sun which beam'd upon him so intensely hot, that surely his brains, if any had remained, would have been fry'd in his skull: that whole day did he travel, without encountering any thing worth mentioning: a circumstance that grieved him sorely, for he had expected to find some object on which he could try the prowess of his valiant arm\*.

Some authors say his first adventure was that of the pass of Lapice, but others affirm, that the Windmills had the maidenhead of his valour: all that I can aver of the matter, in consequence of what I found recorded in the annals of la Mancha, is, that having travelled the whole day, his horse and he, about twilight, found themselves excessively wearied and half dead with hunger; and that, looking around for some castle or sheep cot, in which he might allay the cravings of nature, by repose and refreshment, he descried not far from the road, an inn, which he looked upon as the star that would guide him to the porch, if not the palace, of his redemption: in this hope, he put spurs to his horse, and just in the twilight reached the gate, where, at that time, there happened to be two ladies of the game, who being on their journey to Seville, with the carriers, had chanced to take up their night's lodging in this place.

\* He might have imitated the young knight described in Perceforest, who having been dubbed by King Alexander, rode into a wood, and attacked the trees with such fury and address, that the king and his whole court were convinced of his prowess and dexterity.

As our hero's imagination converted whatsoever he saw, heard or considered, into something of which he had read in books of chivalry; he no sooner perceived the inn, than his fancy represented it, as a stately castle with its four towers and pinnacles of shining silver, accommodated with a draw-bridge, deep moat, and all other conveniencies, that are described as belonging to buildings of that kind.

When he was within a small distance of this inn, which to him seemed a castle, he drew bridle, and stopt Rozinante, in hope that some dwarf would appear upon the battlements, and signify his arrival by sound of trumpet: but, as this ceremony was not performed so soon as he expected, and his steed expressed great eagerness to be in the stable; he rode up to the gate, and observing the battered wenchs before mentioned, mistook them for two beautiful maidens, or agreeable ladies, enjoying the cool breeze at the castle-gate. At that instant, a swine-herd, who, in a field hard by, was tending a drove of hogs, (with leave be it spoken) chanced to blow his horn, in order to collect his scattered subjects: immediately the knight's expectation was fulfilled, and concluding that now the dwarf had given the signal of his approach, he rode towards the inn with infinite satisfaction. The ladies no sooner perceived such a strange figure, armed with lance and target, than they were seized with consternation, and ran affrighted to the gate; but Don Quixote, guessing their terror by their flight, lifted up his paste-board vizor, and discovering his meagre lanthorn jaws besmeared with dust, addressed them thus, with gentle voice and courteous demeanour: "Fly me not, ladies, nor dread the least affront; for, it belongs not to the order of knighthood, which I profess, to injure any mortal, much less such high-born damsels as your appearance declares you to be."

The wenchs, who stared at him with all their curiosity, in order to discover his face, which the sorry beaver concealed, hearing themselves stiled HIGH-BORN DAMSELS, an epithet so foreign to their profession, could contain themselves no longer, but burst out into such a fit of laughing, that Don Quixote being offended, rebuked them in these words; "Nothing is more commendable in beautiful women than modesty; and nothing more ridiculous than laughter proceeding from a slight cause: but this I mention not as a reproach, by which I may incur your indignation; on the contrary, my intention is only to do you service."

This address, which was wholly unintelligible to the ladies, together with the ludicrous appearance of him who pronounced it, increased their mirth, which kindled the knight's anger, and he began to wax wroth, when luckily the landlord interposed. This innkeeper, who, by reason of his unwieldy belly, was of a pacific disposition, no sooner beheld the prepos-

rous figure of our hero, equipped with such ill-suited accoutrements as his bridle, lance, target and corset composed, than he was seized with an inclination to join the nymphs in their unseasonable merriment; but, being justly afraid of incensing the owner of such unaccountable furniture, he resolved to behave civilly, and accordingly accosted him in these words: "Sir knight, if your worship wants lodging, you may be accommodated in this inn with every thing in great abundance, except a bed; for at present we have not one unengaged." Don Quixote perceiving the humility of the governor of the castle, for such he supposed the landlord to be, answered, "For me, signior Castellano, any thing will suffice; my dress is armour, battles my repose, &c." Mine host imagining that he called him Castellano\*, because he looked like a hypocritical rogue; tho' indeed he was an Andalusian, born on the coast of St. Lucar, as great a thief as Cacus, and more mischievous than a collegian or a page, replied with a sneer, "If that be the case, I suppose your worship's couch is no other than the flinty rock, and your sleep perpetual waking; so that you may alight with the comfortable assurance, that you will find in this mansion, continual opportunities of defying sleep, not only for one night, but for a whole year, if you please to try the experiment." With these words, he laid hold of the stirrup of Don Quixote, who dismounting with infinite pain and difficulty, occasioned by his having travelled all day long without any refreshment, bad the landlord take special care of his steed; for, he observed, a better piece of horse-flesh had never broke bread.

The innkeeper, tho' with all his penetration he could not discern any qualities in Rozinante sufficient to justify one half of what was said in his praise, led him civilly into the stable, and having done the honours of the place, returned to receive the commands of his other guest, whom he found in the hands of the high-born damsels, who having by this time reconciled themselves to him, were busied in taking off his armour: they had already disincumbered him of his back and breast-plates, but could fall upon no method of disengaging his head and neck from his ill-contriv'd helmet and gorget, which were fast tied with green ribbons, the gordian knots of which no human hands could loose; and he would, by no means, allow them to be cut; so that he remained all night, armed from the throat upwards, and afforded as odd and comical a spectacle as ever was seen†. While these kind harridans, whom he supposed to be the constable's lady and daughter, were

\* *Sano de Castilla*, signifies a crafty knave.

† This circumstance of the ladies disarming the knight, is exactly conformable to the practice of chivalry: tho' his refusing to lay aside his helmet, is no great argument of his courtesy or attachment to the laws and customs of his profession; for, among knights, it was looked upon as an indispensable mark of respect, to appear without the helmet in church, and in presence of ladies, or respectable personages, and indeed, in those iron times, this was considered as a necessary mark and proof of peaceable intention; hence we derive the custom of uncovering the head in salutation.

employed in this hospitable office, he said to them with a smile of inconceivable pleasure, " Never was knight so honoured by the service of ladies, as Don Quixote when he first ushered himself into the world; ladies ministred unto him, and princesses took charge of his Rozinante. O Rozinante! (for that, fair ladies, is the name of my steed, and Don Quixote de la Mancha the appellation of his master) not that I intended to have disclosed myself until the deeds atchieved in your service should have made me known; but, in order to accommodate my present situation to that venerable romance of Sir Lancelot, I am obliged to discover my name a little prematurely: yet, the time will come, when your highnesses shall command, and I will obey, and the valour of this arm testify the desire I feel of being your slave."

The charmers, whom nature never designed to expose to such extraordinary compliments, answered not a syllable, but asked if he chose to have any thing for supper? To which kind question Don Quixote replied, that from the information of his bowels, he believed nothing eatable could come amiss. As it was unluckily a meagre day, the inn afforded no other fare than some bundles of that fish which is called Abadexo in Castile, Baccalao in Andalusia, Curadillo in some parts of Spain, and Truchuela in others: so that they enquired if his worship could eat Truchuela; for there was no other fish to be had. " A number of troutlings, answered the knight, will please me as much as one trout: for, in my opinion, eight single rials are equivalent to one piece of eight; besides, those troutlings may be as much preferable to trouts, as veal is to beef, or lamb to mutton: be that as it will, let the fish be immediately produced; for, the toil and burthen of arms are not to be borne without satisfying the cravings of the stomach." A table being therefore covered at the inn-door, for the benefit of the cool air, mine host brought out a cut of Baccalao, wretchedly watered, and villanously cooked, with a loaf as black and greasy as his guest's own armour: but, his manner of eating afforded infinite subject for mirth; for, his head being inclosed in his helmet, and the beaver lifted up, his own hands could be of no service in reaching the food to his mouth; and therefore, one of the ladies undertook to perform that office; but, they found it impossible to convey drink in the same manner; and our hero must have made an uncomfortable meal, if the landlord had not bored a cane, and putting one end of it in his mouth, poured some wine into the other; an operation he endured with patience, rather than suffer the ribbons of his helmet to be destroyed.

While they were thus employed, a sow-gelder happened to arrive at the inn, and winding three or four blasts with his horn, confirmed Don Quixote in his opinion, that he sat in some stately castle, entertained with music; during his repast, which, consisting of delicate troutling and bread of the

finest flour, was served up, not by a brace of harlots, and a thievish innkeeper, but by the fair hands of two beautiful ladies, and the courteous governor of the place. This conceit justified his undertaking; and rendered him very happy in the success of his first sally; but, he was mortified when he recollected that he was not as yet knighted; because he thought he could not lawfully achieve any adventure without having been first invested with that honourable order.

### C H A P. III.

The diverting expedient Don QUIXOTE falls upon, in order to be knighted.

**H**Arrassed by this reflection, he abridged his sorry meal, and called for the landlord, with whom having shut himself up in the stable, he fell upon his knees, and addressed the supposed constable in these words. "Never will I rise from this suppliant posture, thrice valiant knight, until your courtesy shall grant the boon I mean to beg; a boon! that will not only redound to your particular praise, but also to the inestimable benefit of mankind in general\*." The innkeeper hearing such discourse proceed from the mouth of his guest, who kneeled before him, was astonished; and gazed at our hero, without knowing what to say or do: at length, however, he intreated him to rise; but, this request was absolutely refused, until he assured him that his boon should be granted. "Signior," said Don Quixote, "I could expect no less from the courtesy of your magnificence: I will now therefore tell you, that the boon which I have begged, and obtained from your generosity, is, that you will, tomorrow morning, vouchsafe to confer upon me the order of knighthood. This night will I watch my arms in the chapel of your castle; that the morning, as I said, may fulfill my eager desire, and enable me, as I ought, to traverse the four corners of the world, in search of adventures for the relief of the distressed, according to the duty and office of chivalry, and of those knights-errant whose genius, like mine, is strongly addicted to such achievements."

The landlord, who, as we have already observed, was a sort of a wag, and had from the beginning suspected that his lodger's brain was none of the soundest, having heard him to an end, no longer entertained any doubts about the matter, and in order to regale himself and the rest of his guests with a dish of mirth, resolved to humour him in his extravagance. With this view, he told him, that nothing could be more just and reasonable than his request, his conceptions being extremely well suit-

\* This request was a little premature. inasmuch as the practice of chivalry did not authorise the suppliant to ask a boon of his godfather, until he was dubbed, and then he had a right to demand it.



ed, and natural to such a peerless knight as his commanding presence and gallant demeanour demonstrated him to be: that he himself had, in his youth, exercised the honourable profession of errantry, strolling from place to place, in quest of adventures, in the course of which he did not fail to visit the suburbs of Malaga, the isles of Riaran, the booths of Seville, the market-place of Segovia, the olive-gardens of Valencia, the little tower of Grenada, the bay of St. Lucar, the spout of \*Cordova, the public-houses of Toledo, and many other places, in which he had exercised the dexterity of his hands as well as the lightness of his heels, doing infinite mischief, courting widows without number, debauching damsels, ruining heirs, and in short, making himself known at the bar of every tribunal in Spain: that, at length, he had retired to this castle, where he lived on his own means, together with those of other people; accommodating knights-errant of every quality and degree, solely on account of the affection he bore to them, and to the coin which they parted with in return for his hospitality. He moreover informed him, that there was no chapel in the castle at present, where he could watch his armour, it having been demolished in order to be rebuilt; but, that in case of necessity, as he very well knew, he might choose any other place; that the court-yard of the castle would very well serve the purpose, where, when the knight should have watched all night, he, the host, would in the morning, with God's permission, perform all the other ceremonies required, and create him not only a knight, but such an one as should not have his fellow in the whole universe.

He then asked, if he carried any money about with him, and the knight replied, that he had not a soure; for he had never read in the history of knights-errant, that they had ever troubled themselves with any such incumbrance. The innkeeper assured him that he was very much mistaken; for, that though no such circumstance was to be found in those histories, the authors having thought it superfluous to mention things that were so plainly necessary as money and clean shirts, it was not to be supposed that their heroes travelled without supplies of both: he might, therefore, take it for granted and uncontrovertible, that all those knights, whose actions are so voluminously recorded, never rode without their purses well-lined in cases of emergency †; not forgetting to carry a stock of linnen, with

\* Literally the colt of Cordova, because the water gushes out of a fountain, resembling an horse's mouth. These are places of resort frequented by thieves and sharpers.

† Here the landlord was more selfish than observant of the customs of chivalry; for, knights were actually exempted from all expence whatever; except when damages were awarded against them in a court of justice, and in that case they paid for their rank. This they looked upon as a mark of their preheminance; in consequence of which, at the siege of *Dun le Roi*, in the year 1411, each knight was ordered to carry eight fascines, while the squire was quit for half the number.