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Fig. 27623 f. 126



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## P R E F A C E .

**T** *H E R E* seems to be little Need of recommending whatever has any relation to the admirable History of Don Quixote; yet, as there is something necessary to render the Plan of this Continuation perfectly intelligible, it may be proper to give a succinēt Account of that Matter in a Preface.

*W H E N* Cervantes published the first Part of his excellent Book, it was not known whether he intended a Second, or not; that induc'd our Author to undertake this Continuation. It was very well received on its first appearance, and has always had its Admirers.

Of this, the printing a new Edition lately in Spain, is a pregnant Proof; and we have still a stronger, deriv'd from its being lately translated into French, by the celebrated Mr. Le Sage, Author of Gil Blas, who is undoubtedly too good a Judge; and has too fine a Taste in Spanish Literature, to be suspected of taking so much Pains about a Book that did not deserve it.

*T H E* Reader will find, that the Character of Don Quixote is extremely well supported, and that honest Sancho Panca, makes



iv P R E F A C E.

*to the full as good a Figure in this Second Part, as he did in the first; and, as we are in England remarkably fond of Humour, I think there scarce needs any thing more to recommend this Book, which may be very justly said to be no less instructive, and to the full as entertaining, as the first Part, which has been, and ever will be, read with the highest Applause, by such as have a true Taste for Wit, and a competent Knowledge of human Nature.*


*I shall only add, that this Continuation is a very necessary Supplement to all the Translations that have been published of Don Quixote, none of which are perfectly intelligible without it. These were Motives sufficient to induce a Belief that this Work would meet with a very favourable Reception from the Public, especially as it is a very just and accurate Translation from the Spanish, and comparable in every respect with Shelton's Version of what Cervantes wrote.*

*T H E reigning Taste for Works of Amusement, leaves us no room to doubt, that this will be well received, and that the Admirers of Don Quixote will think themselves much oblig'd, by having so agreeable, so pleasant a Continuation of his Adventures put into their Hands; and, therefore, we shall not detain them from the Pleasure of reading it, by the unnecessary Length of a tedious Preface.*

T H E



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THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
DON QUIXOTE  
*De la Mancha.*

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CHAP. I.

*Which mentions another Arabian besides Benengeli, and treats of the Success of Don Quixote's Imprisonment in the Cage.*



THE Wife *Alifolan*, an Historian as faithful as *Benengeli*, gives an Account in his Memoirs, that the *Moors*, from whom he descended, having been expell'd the Kingdom of *Arragon*, he accidentally found certain Annals wrote in *Arabick*, containing the Third Sally the Invincible Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha* made from his Village of *Argamasilla*, to be present at the publick Tilting, to be perform'd

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form'd soon after in the City of *Zaragona*. The Relation he gives us, is as follows.

*Don Quixote* having been convey'd home in the Cage by the officious care of *Peter Peres* the Curate, and Master *Nicholas* the Barber, he was kept shut up in a Chamber with a Chain at his Heels. There he was daily ply'd with good strong Broths and Cordial Liquors, in which, I don't question, there was good store of Hellebore; and in short, nothing was spar'd that might conduce to restore him to his Reason. The poor Gentleman was well dispos'd, for he so much dreaded relapsing into his Madness, that he never ceas'd pressing his Niece *Magdalen* to find him out some excellent Book, which might employ and divert him during the seven hundred Years his Enchantment was to last. She by the Curates direction gave him *Villegass's Flos Sanctorum* the Gospels of the Year, and *Granada's Sinners Guide*. The reading of these Books insensibly blotted out all the Ideas he had conceiv'd of Knight Errantry, so that in six Months time he seem'd to be perfectly restor'd to his Reason. Then his Chain was taken off, he was no longer lock'd up in his Chamber, but was allow'd the Liberty of going to Church, where he heard Mass, and was so attentive to his Curates Lectures, that all People were very much edifyed at it. In short Mr. *Martin Quixada*, for he was no longer call'd *Don Quixote*, was look'd upon as a Man perfectly restor'd to his Wits, and all Men bless'd Heaven for it. However, none as yet durst talk to him of any thing that might seem to have any relation to his former Madness; which indeed was a great Argument of their discretion; tho' it must be own'd that the pleasant Companions of the Village made amends for this Caution, by diverting themselves with his Adventures in his Absence. It happened about this  
Time

Time that the great Heat of the Weather cast his Niece into such a Fever as the Physicians call *Ephemera*, which tho' it generally lasts but a Day, yet very often proves dangerous; and to be brief poor *Magdalen* died of it. *Don Quixote* could not but be much concern'd at her Death, notwithstanding it was worth to him eight hundred Duca tsas her Heir; but having still a good old House-keeper, who was an excellent Housewife, and took great Care of him, the Trouble wore off insensibly.

ON a Holy-day after Dinner, as he sat in his Chamber reading the Lives of Saints, his old Squire *Sancho Pancha* came to give him a Visit, as he was wont to do frequently at other 'Times. Are you there my Friend, said *Don Quixote*? You come very opportunely to hear the Life of a great Man. By no means Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, I will not enquire into other Mens Lives and Conversation, for that is an unlawful Curiosity. Every Man must mind his own Business, without concerning himself with anothers. What a piece of simplicity that is, answer'd *Don Quixote*? What I design to read to you is Holy, and for your Improvement. Draw a Chair that you may listen to me more at your Ease. What is it that lyes before you, said *Sancho*, is it not some Book of Knight Errantry? No, reply'd *Don Quixote*, it is the *Flos Sanctorum*. And pray who was that *Sanctorum*, quoth the Squire? Was he a King, or was he one of those Giants that were converted into Windmills last Year? What a silly Fellow thou art, answer'd *Don Quixote*, this Book contains the Lives of Saints, as *St. Lawrence* who was broil'd on a Gridiron, *St. Bartholomew* who was flead and so of all other Saints, whether Martyrs, or Confessors, whose Festivals are kept by the Church. As God shall save me, said *Sancho*, interrupting him, I believe you design



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to become a Saint Errant, to gain the Terrestrial Paradise. But pray tell me Sir, when St. *Bartholomew* was flead, and St. *Lawrence* broil'd, were they dead or alive? Both of them alive, answer'd *Don Quixote*. Bless me! exclaim'd the Squire, that's ten times worse then tossing in a Blanket. Hang me if ever I follow the Example of your Saints. As far as mumbling over the Creed and Lord's Prayer half a score times on my Knees, I'll not be out-done by e're a Capucin of them all; but for being roasted, or boil'd alive, I am your humble Servant, my Talent does not lye that way. Enough of that, quoth *Don Quixote*, let us read the Life of St. *Bernard*, whose Festival is kept to Day. Tho' the honest Gentlemen had read one half of it before, yet he was so complaisant as to begin it again, and every Leaf he turn'd over, he made such judicious Comments upon the Text, that the best Moral Philosopher would have been puzzel'd to out do him. Tho' for the most Part all that was but labour lost on *Sancho*, yet did it so far move him, that he cry'd out; let me die if you do not Preach as well as the Curate, when he makes a Sermon for the Tithes. But now you talk of St. *Bernard*, I remember that last Sunday, *Peter Alonso's* Son, that goes to School, read a Book to us under the Tree by the Mill. By'r Lady 'tis the finest Book! Oh 'tis quite another Thing than your *Flos Sanctorum*. In the first Place before you read a Word, just at the beginning of the Book you see a Knight a Horse-back, who with a Sword broader than my Hand strikes a Rock, and cleaves it asunder. I know who that is, quoth *Don Quixote*, it is *Don Florisbran* of *Candaria*, a most worthy Knight. Besides that Book mentions several other valiant Knights; as the Admiral of *Quasia*, *Palmerin* of *Oliva*, *Blastordas* of the Tower, the  
dreadful

dreadful Giant *Maleorto* of *Brandanquia*, and the famous Enchantresses *Zuldaria* and *Dalphadea*. Right, quoth *Sancho*, and the Book says, that those two Enchantresses, carry'd away I know not what King, I know not how, into I know what Castle. It is the Castle of *Azefaros*, said *Don Quixote*. But *Peter Alonso's* Son must certainly have stolen that Book from me. If so quoth the Squire, he shall not enjoy it long, for I'll take my turn and steal it from him, and will bring it you next *Sunday*, that we may read it instead of your *Flos Sanctorum*. Nothing pleases me like the Stories of those Ancient Knights, who at one stroke would cut both Man and Horse in two. You will do me a Pleasure, reply'd *Don Quixote*, if you can bring it me again; but pray let it be done so privately that no Body may know of it. Let me alone for that, answer'd the Squire, till then Sir I wish you well. I must go to my Wife, who perhaps may want me. *Sancho* being gone, *Don Quixote's* Head began to be much turmoil'd with those Things that had lain bury'd, and were now reviv'd in his Memory. He put by the *Flos Sanctorum*, and walking about the Room in a disorderly manner, began to recall into his disturb'd Imaginations all the former Ideas of his Knight Errantry. However, as much discompos'd as he was, hearing the Bell ring for Even-Song, he took his Cloak and Beads and went away to Church.

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C H A P. II.

*Of Don Quixote's Relapse.*

NOTWITHSTANDING Mr. *Martin Quixada* was discompos'd in his Intellects, yet he made no outward shew of it, and he might

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by degrees have recover'd his Peace of Mind, had not *Sancho* distracted him again the next *Sunday*; but that Visit put him past all Recovery; for the Moment *Don Quixote* took into his Hands the History of *Don Florisbran of Candaria*, the very Picture of that arm'd Knight overthrew all his Reason, and made him as mad as ever. *Sancho*, said he to his Squire, the Book you have brought me without all doubt contains most wonderful Feats of Chivalry; but it is much better that we endeavour to imitate, and if possible to out do them, than to spend our Time in reading them, We have already sacrificed several Months to a Criminal unactive Course of Life, and omitted the Exercise of those Duties incumbent on us, on me as a Knight Errant, and on you as a faithful Squire. It behoves us, my Friend, to return to our Employment, which will be very pleasing to God, and beneficial to the World, since we shall deliver the Earth from those immense and haughty Giants and Ladies. Thus shall we revive the Fame of our Ancestors, and purchase infinite Glory for our selves and our Posterity. This it is, my Lad, will make us Rich for ever. We go to conquer Kingdoms for ourselves and for our Friends. Fair and softly, quoth *Sancho* interrupting him. It is no such easy matter to catch them. Pray good Sir, do not buz my Ears any more with your Chivalry. You promis'd me last Year that you would make me a King, or Governor of some considerable Country, my Wife an Admiral, and my Children Princes. And what is come of it? I am still but poor *Sancho Pancha*, and all Governments shun me as if I had a Plague. Let us talk no more of it, good Master *Don Quixote*, let us both keep ourselves well whilst we are well; and let those Fools be beaten, who make it their business

ness to look for it. The (a) *Yangueshians*, God be prais'd, did so curry my Sides, that they left no itching in them. Besides, it cost me my Dapple, and when (b) the Mule is dead, the Doctor must walk a Foot. As for that *Sancho* reply'd *Don Quixote*, we will be better provided this Year to perform the Duties of our Profession, than we were the last, I will buy you a bigger Ass than that which was stole from you, and we will take along with us Provisions, Money and Linnen; for to say the Truth, I have observ'd that those are very necessary precautions. Upon these Terms, said the Squire, and provided you pay me my Wages every Month, I am at your Service: I'll return with you to the Exercise of Chivalry. Give me but the Money, and I'll away immediately to my Gossip *Thomas Cecial*, who has a stately Ass to sell, and we'll set out to Morrow. I am pleas'd to see you so eager, answer'd *Don Quixote*, and I take it for a good Omen, but we cannot be so expeditious, my Friend. I must first provide me with Arms, for I know not what is become of mine. Besides, that our Sally may prove more Auspicious, I must send you to the Princess *Dulcinea*, to inform her from me that I am going to seek new Adventures. Were not that cruel Enemy of my repose the most hard hearted Princess in the World, I would go to prostrate myself in her Presence, and make a tender to her celestial Beauty of all the Heroick Actions, my Courage is going to undertake; but so unparallel'd is her Rigour, that she will not permit me to be bless'd with her ravishing sight, till I have by infinite Atchievements obliterated the Memory of the Exploits of the most famous Knights Errant,

B 4

and

(a) *Yangueshians* in Spain, they call Carriers of *Galicia*.

(b) In Spain all the Physicians ride on Mules.

and even of *Hercules* himself. And therefore I think fit, my Friend, that you go this very Day to that adorable inhuman Creature. Describe to her the excess of my amorous Pain, in so lively a Manner, as may move her Compassion. In short, speak to her so feelingly, that your relation may touch her Heart, and be sure to remember all she says to you, that you may repeat it to me Word for Word. Nay, as for matter of talking, quoth *Sancho*, I defy a Lawyer to out do me. I'll answer for it, and will not fail to make it good. There is but one Thing that troubles me, and that is to know what I shall say to her. You shall say, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that her most humble Slave the Knight of the most sorrowful Aspect, is still ready to expose himself for her sake, to the most dreadful Dangers; and that he conjures her Sovereign Beauty not to forsake him, when he shall invoke her in his Adventures. Enough Sir, answer'd the Squire, I shall well enough remember what I can of those Words. Let us hear I pray you, said *Don Quixote*, whether you can repeat them well. Deliver yourself to me as if I were the Princess *Dulcinea*: That is very pleasant, quoth *Sancho*, how would you have me take you for the Lady *Dulcinea*, when you are my Master *Don Quixote*. Why Numskul, reply'd the Knight, cannot you, whilst you talk to me, imagine you are speaking to *Dulcinea*? No, by my Grandames Soul can't I, answer'd the Squire, for when I talk to you, I know very well I don't talk to another. And again, I am positive that you are my Master *Don Quixote*. What a Blockhead you are, quoth the Knight, Peasants are generally Sharp and Malicious; but for your Part it must be own'd your Simplicity is not to be match'd. It is better that I write to my amiable Queen, and that you carry her  
my

my Letter, for you would entertain her with some foolish Discourse. Some foolish Discourse, replied the Squire, no by Jove, for God be prais'd, I have as much Wit as another in my Understanding ; and you must not think to persuade me that the Moon is made of green Cheese. However, *Don Quixote* resolving not to trust to *Sancho's* Memory, went into his Closet, took Pen, Ink, and Paper, and after long pausing about what he had in Hand, writ a Letter in a most peculiar Stile. Before he would write it out fair, he read it to his Squire, who cry'd out in a Transport, by the Lord, a most curious Letter ! A School-master would scarce write a better. It is a Bow shot beyond that you sent Madam *Dulcinea* from the *Black Mountain*. I understand some few Words of that, but I can make nothing at all of this, with a Pox to it. Give it me and I'll be gone immediately with it to *Toboso*, and this very Night will bring you a good, or a bad Answer. *Don Quixote* read his Letter over and over several Times, then writ it out fair, and delivering it to his Squire, said to him ; take it my Son, and go see that Heavenly Wonder, who has the Supreme disposal of my Destiny. Farewell. I expect your return with impatience. Heavens grant you may bring back a favourable Answer.

A few Minutes after *Sancho* was gone, one of the (c) *Alcaldes* of the Town came to call *Don Quixote*, and took him along to the Market-place, or Square, where they found the Curate, the Barber, and other Men of Note of the Place in a little Ring. Whilst they stood there discoursing of such Things as were most suitable to the Time, they spy'd coming up towards them four Gentle-

B 5

men

(c) An Alcalde of a small Town or Village in Spain, is equivalent to a Bailiff of a Country Town with us.

men attended by several Pages, and by twelve Grooms leading as many Horses with rich Furniture. They all beheld this stately Cavalcade with attention, when the Curate turning to *Don Quixote*, indiscreetly, contrary to his Custom, said to him, tell us the Truth Mr. *Quixada*, if you had seen these Gentlemen arrive here six Months ago in this Equipage, would it not have puzzel'd your Brain? You would have imagin'd that those Gentlemen were no less than the four immense Giants, Keepers of *Bramiforan* the Enchanters Castle, and that they were come Abroad to steal away some Princess of high Renown. Tho' these Words were such as might have mov'd *Don Quixote* to some extravagant Action, considering his Brains were already in a ferment; yet he answer'd very discreetly. Mr. Curate, said he, if you please let us lay aside all Raillery, and let us rather go up to those Gentlemen, who stop in the Village; let us know who they are, and what they look for. His Advice was follow'd, all the Company drew near the Gentlemen, and after the usual Salutations, the Curate very courteously ask'd them who they were, and whether they design'd to lie in the Village. Master Licentiate, reply'd one of them, we are Gentlemen of *Granada*, who are going to the Tilt-ing at *Zaragoza*. Our design was to have gone two Leagues farther, but our Servants and Horses were so tir'd, that we thought fit to rest them here; and we must desire you to give us Leave, tho' it were to lie in your Church, rather than oblige us to go any further. Well Gentlemen, said the Curate, since there is no Inn in this Place fit to entertain so many, I will take Care to Lodge you myself. The two *Alcades* shall each of them take one Gentlemen, and his followers, and Mr. *Quixada* and I, will take Care of the other two. You will

## D O N Q U I X O T E. II

will not be treated Gentlemen, suitable to your Quality, nor as we could wish, but it shall be with a great deal of good Will and Affection. The Curate having thus order'd their Lodging, every Man carried his Guest Home, the Gentlemen having first concerted among them that they would set out very early in the Morning to avoid the great Heat of the Weather.

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### C H A P. III.

*How Don Quixote Entertained his Guest, and of what Discourse passed between them.*

**D**O N-*Quixote* having conducted his Gentleman to his House, order'd his House-keeper to make Supper ready, and not to spare the Poultry, with which, as good luck would have it, he was then well stor'd. Whilst Supper was dressing, his Guest, and he, were taking the fresh Air, in the Court. *Don Quixote* being desirous to know his Name, ask'd his Family, and why he came from so remote a Part to the Tilting of *Zaragoza*. The Gentleman answer'd, that his Name was *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, that he was descended from the Ancient Family of the *Tarfe's*, a Race of noble *Moors* in *Granada*, nearly ally'd to their first Kings. You know, said he, what account there is in History of these Affairs, and how all the *Abencerrages*, the *Zegrís*, the *Gomeles*, the *Macas*, and other noble Families of *Granada* embrac'd the Christian Religion, and remain'd in *Spain*, after the Catholick King, *Ferdinand*, had conquer'd that flourishing Kingdom. As for the Motive of my Journey, I must confess it is Love. A Lady I admire will have



me be present at the Tilting at *Zaragoza*, as her Knight; and to please her, I go thither to put in for the Prize, that is, to be the Conquerors Reward. I wish you may succeed, said *Don Quixote*; however, tho' Fortune which disposes of Events, should not prove favourable, you will still have the Satisfaction of approving yourself a faithful Lover, performing all that in you lies for the Honour of your Lady. Be so kind as to give me an Account of that most excellent Person's rare Qualities, and of the principal Adventures of her Life. It would take up more Time than I shall stay here, replied *Don Alvaro*, to satisfy your Curiosity. I can only tell you, that my Mistress is in the sixteenth Year of her Age, and that she is counted the greatest Beauty in *Andalusia*. It is true she is of the smaller Size, but — That is pity, said *Don Quixote* interrupting him, for *Aristotle* says, that a Woman to be perfect, must be large. With *Aristotle's* leave, reply'd the *Granadine* smiling, I am not of his Opinion in that particular, no more than in many others. I admire Nature as much in its small, as in its greatest Works. Precious stones are small, and the Eyes, which are the most Beautiful and most moving Parts of Human Bodies are the least. You are in the right, quoth *Don Quixote*, yet you cannot deny but that tall well proportion'd Women, have a more Noble and Majestick Air than the others. This Debate concerning the size of Women, held them till one of *Tarfe's* Pages was sent by the House-keeper to acquaint them that Supper was ready. Then *Don Quixote* led his Guest into the Room where the Cloth was laid, and both sat down to Table. During the Supper *Don Quixote* fell into a deep Study. One while he would sit with the bit in his Mouth gazing earnestly on the Cloth, without so much as winking;

winking; another Time *Don Alvaro* asking him whether he was married, he answer'd, that *Rocinante* was the best Horse ever *Cordova* bred. The *Granadine* being much surprized at this extraordinary disorder, was desirous to know the cause of it after Supper. Mr. *Quixada*, said he to him, if you will give me Leave to be free with you, I must declare, that you seem'd to me but now, so wholly plung'd in your Thoughts, that I have reason to believe, you have some discontent upon you: If so, I beseech you do not hide it from me, I will give some ease to your Trouble, if it be in my Power. Grief when confin'd, and, as it were, shut up in the Heart, has always violent Effects; whereas communicated to a Friend that bears a Part, it is dissipated and becomes less. I am oblig'd to you *Don Alvaro*, answer'd *Don Quixote*, very formally, and I wish I could serve you in Return for your Generosity. But be not surpriz'd at having seen me decompos'd.

It is not easy for us, who gloriously profess Knight-Errantry, who daily engage with Giants, or Enchanters, with Monsters, or Rinoceros, to disenchant Princesses, and to undo all Wrongs. It is not easy for us, I say, to keep down our Thoughts, fill'd with all these Ideas, from soaring aloft. *Tarfe* was astonish'd to hear *Don Quixote* talk so wildly, he perceiv'd the poor Gentleman was not sound in his Intellects, and to be more fully convinc'd of what he fancied, he said to him; for all this, Mr. *Quixada*, I do not comprehend, what it was that so wholly took up your Thoughts at Supper. Tho' it does not well become Knights to reveal such Secrets, reply'd *Don Quixote*, nevertheless, since you are a Gentleman and Subject as well as myself to the God of Love, I will not conceal from you the Troubles of my Soul. The  
incomparable

incomparable Princess, who has captivated my Liberty, seems insensible to my Passion; and yet *Don Alvaro*, I protest before God and Man, that I have never transgress'd the Laws of Chivalry. I have ever strictly follow'd the Examples set before me, by those Antient and Primitive Knight-Errants, the invincible *Amadis* of Gaul, his Son *Esplandian*, *Palmerin de Oliva*, the Knight of the Sun, *Tablantes* of *Richemont*, *Don Belianis* of *Greece*, and in fine, by all others who have had the Honour to profess the sacred Order of Knight-Errants. *Don Alvaro*, who had a ready Wit, hearing this extravagant Discourse, found immediately how the Matter stood. He perceiv'd that his Friend had given himself too much to reading of Books of Chivalry, and therefore resolving to divert himself, he said to him, Pray Mr. *Quixada*, is the Lady you adore of this Country? for you being a Person so judiciously nice, she must be at least another *Diana* of *Ephesus*, that could charm you. She surpasses in Beauty, replied *Don Quixote*, not only *Diana* of *Ephesus* and *Polixena* of *Troy*, but even *Dido* of *Carthage*, and *Doralice* of *Granada*. Her Eyes and her Complexion are like the rising Sun, and the natural Red on her Cheeks resembles a Rose, when it is new blown; her Teeth are of Ivory, her Lips of Coral, and her Neck is whiter than Alabaster; her Name is the Princess *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and mine *Don Quixote de la Mancha* the Knight of the *Sorrowful Aspect*. *Don Alvaro* had much ado to forbear laughing, when he heard *Don Quixote* stile himself the Knight of the *Sorrowful Aspect*, a Name of Distinction he highly approv'd of, because it so lively express'd the Original. It is that Princess, continued our Hero, who gives Life to my Thoughts, who raises my Imagination, and causes those Distractions which  
make

make me so much a stranger to myself. I quitted my House and Country, to perform a thousand glorious undertakings Abroad for her Honour, and I sent her all the fierce Giants, and unparalell'd Knights I met, conquer'd and in submissive Manner, And yet would you believe it *Don Alvaro*? Notwithstanding such unheard of Services, she is to me more cruel than an *African* Lionsess, or an *Hircanian* Tiger. She receives my passionate Letters with disdain, or rather with Horror. I have made Speeches to her longer than those of *St. Catharine* to the Senate of *Rome*; I compos'd Verses for her full of more tenderness, than *Petrarch's* to his belov'd *Laura*, and Poems more Sublime, than *Homer's* or *Virgil's*, and more full of Digressions than *Lucan's Pharsallia*. I have this very Day sent her a Letter full of the most respectful Expressions, and I expect no other but an Answer full of Rigour. No sooner he had spoke these Words but he saw his Squire. Well *Sancho*, said he to him, what News do you bring me from my (*d*) Infanta? Am I to live? Or must I die? Sir, replied the Squire, here is a Letter, she got the Sexton of *Toboso* to write for her, and which she order'd me to deliver to you. A Letter from her, quoth *Don Quixote*, transported with Joy, what a mighty Favour? Good God, is she at length grown sensible to my Love? Sir, said *Sancho*, read the Letter first, perhaps you have no such great cause to rejoice. Be pleas'd, I beseech you *Don Alvaro*, said our Knight, to give me Leave to read this Note, and satisfy the impatience I am under to know my Doom. This said, he kiss'd the Letter, and open'd it, and after having read it to himself, he cried out, O Heavens,  
can

(*d*) In Spain they call all the Daughters of the King Infantas, only the Eldest being called Princess.

can I receive such an Answer without dying for Grief? Never did Lady send such an unworthy Threat to a Knight. Did the Infanta *Oliva* use the Prince of *Portugal* thus, tho' she had never so great an Aversion for him? What now, *Don Quixote*, said *Don Alvaro*, can the Infanta *Dulcinea del Toboso* despise you, when there's no Princess in the World but would look upon it as an Honour to be belov'd by you: Do you judge of it, answer'd *Don Quixote*, hear what that inhuman Creature writes to me. Then he read to *Don Alvaro*, *Dulcinea's* Letter, which was as follows.

*To Martin Quixada the Brainless.*

**I***T is long since my Brothers ought to have treated you with a good Cudgelling, in return for all the impertinent Letters you have sent me. Had they been at Home, when that old Fool Sancho Pancha brought me your last, he had not gone away with all his Ribs whole; but Patience, if ever he comes hither again he shall pay for it altogether. And as for you Mr. Martin, I would have you to take Notice, that if ever, for the Future, you call me Dulcinea del Toboso, and entitle me Queen, Infanta, or Empress, you may have cause to repent having given me those Shrovetide-Tides, the longest Day you have to live. Be it known to you, that by Sea, and by Land, my Name is Aldonza Lorenzo, alias Nogales.*

By this abusive Letter you may judge *Don Alvaro*, said *Don Quixote*, whether I have not reason to complain of the unparalell'd ingratitude of *Dulcinea*. O the Jade, cry'd *Sancho*! Mind me, good Sir, I wish I may be troubled with the Snivel as long as I live, if my Master has not perform'd more Acts  
of

of Chivalry by Day and by Night, for that Jilt, than another would have done for a Lady Abbess. But what a Pox need he trouble himself? He who has Garlick eats it with his Bread, he that has none, must be content without it. Between Friends, my Master, *Don Quixote*, is too patient. If instead of writing to that brazen Face, he had sent her by the Post, or any other Way, half a score good kicks in the Guts, she would never have been so squeamish. I am well acquainted with that sort of Cattle. If you give them their Way they'll shew no Mercy. If a Man turns a Sheep, the Wolves will devour him: If he takes a cuff on the Ear, he shall have two, and so forth. I would fain see them put their Tricks upon me; but, I gad, they not such Fools. I can fence with my Foot, as well as Brother *Jerome's* Mule, when I have my Sunday Shoes on full of Hob-nails. If *Dulcinea* had made her two Brothers, *Basil*, and *Bertrand Nogales*, beat me, it had been the dearest beating they ever bestow'd in their Days. *Sancho's* Hand was too much in to stop here, and *Don Quixote* was fain to bid him hold his Peace; but all would not do. I must tell you, continued he, how that Toad serv'd me one Day when I carried her another Letter from my Master. I found her in the Stable filling a Pannier of Dung with a Shovel, and no sooner I open'd my Mouth to tell her that my Master *Don Quixote* most humbly kiss'd her Hands, but she saluted me with a Shovel full of Dung, steep'd in Horse-piss across the Face. My Beard being that Day, unfortunately for me, thicker than Master *Nicholas* the Barbers Brush, the Filth stuck to it like Pitch. Good God, said *Don Alvaro* smiling, that was an ill Reward, my Friend, for carrying the Letter. *Dulcinea*, as far as I can perceive, does not

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not follow the Examples set her by the antient Heroines of Chivalry, who loaded the Squires that brought them Love Letters, with Presents. Love Letters, said *Sancho*; on my Conscience, if a Cardinals Squire should carry her an Asses Burthen of them, she would not so much as thank him. What a damn'd Face our Lady makes when a Letter is delivered to her. A body would think she was eating Crabs; and may the Devil blow Wind in her Tail. Hold *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, do not curse that Princess; ingrate, unjust, and barbarous as she is, still I adore her. Think she is the Sovereign over my Will, and respect what I love. In truth worthy *Don Quixote*, said the *Granadine*, I cannot but be amaz'd. I confess your *Infanta's* Stile is harsh. But have not you perhaps, through inadvertency, given her some cause of Offence: Examine yourself well; perhaps you have, without reflecting on it, clapt into your this Days Letter, some word which we might have taken in a wrong Sense; you know that sometimes happens among Ladies. No *Don Alvaro*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, there is nothing in that Letter which could give her cause of Offence, and to convince you it is so, I will this Moment shew you the foul Copy. He went immediately and brought it out of his Closet, and sitting down again, read distinctly, in a grave tone, these following words.

To the Matchless Princess *Dulcinea del Toboso*.

*WOULD* the faithful Love which boils over in the Veins of this your Slave, O ungrateful Fair, permit me, to be Angry to Rebellion, against your Perfection and absolute Empire, I should soon by Oblivion take Revenge of the Contempt with which you treat my scorching Flames. But perhaps you my  
sweet

*sweet Enemy, imagine that I never employ my Thoughts in any Thing but undoing of Wrongs, and punishing of Felons; yet tho' every Day I have employ'd my Body against outragious Giants, and have often shed the Blood of such Monsters, my thought, which is so nimble wing'd, hath nevertheless not forbore joyfully to call to Mind your so beauteous parts, and that it was captivated by the most excellent Lady among the Queens of high Rank. However, O Noble Princess, be pleas'd to receive me to Mercy, if I have committed any Discourtesy towards your high Majesty, and Royal Beauty. And I may well deserve it, for through Love all faults are pardonable. 'Tis the Favour humbly su'd for to your imperial Perfections by him who is so much yours, till his Departure out of this World. The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect,*

Don Quixote de la Mancha.

In good truth, said *Don Alvaro*, smiling, I never saw any Thing more pleasant than that Letter. It is so good that it might have been writ at that Time by (e) *Sancho* King of *Leon*, to the noble Lady *Ximena Gomez*, when the famous *Cid Ruy Diaz* comforted her in his Absence. But how comes it, *Don Quixote*, that being so Polite and Elegant in your Discourse, you writ to your *Infanta* in that stile, which, as you well know, is quite out of Date? I'll tell you the Reason, said *Don Quixote*. I did it to try whether in imitating the Sile of our Ancient Knights, I could bow the inflexible *Dulcinea*, and soften that Heart of Adamant, whose hardness my common expressions only serve to increase. And why, quoth the *Granadine*,

(e) *An old Story in Spain, of which there are Ridiculous Ballads.*



dine, did you take the Name of *the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*? As for that, quoth *Sancho*, you must excuse him; for it was I that gave it him, and to deal plainly it does not misbecome him. I took the Name of the Knight of the *Sorrowful Aspect*, said *Don Quixote*, because my Absence from my Sovereign Lady, made me sorrowful to Excess, and in it I imitated *Amadis*, who took the Name of *Beltenebros*, which is interpreted the dark Beau. *Tarfe* seem'd concern'd at *Don Quixote's* afflictions, and said to him, positively that Letter is very full of respect, and I cannot conceive what should set *Dulcinea* so unreasonably against you, or why she thus abuses a Knight of your worth. Then changing the Discourse, he said, being to set out to Morrow before Day to avoid the Heat, I would willingly go to Bed with your Leave. *Don Quixote* answer'd, he might use his Pleasure, and went out to fetch some Sweat-meats to treat his Guest before he went to Bed. The *Granadine* drawing near to the Bed they had made for him in the Chamber they were then in, call'd two of his Pages to undress him. But *Sancho* fearing to loose the Privileges of a Squire, would not suffer any but himself to do him that Service, which was so pleasing to *Don Alvaro*, that holding out his Leg to draw off his Boot, he said to him, Go to then, my Friend, since your good will is such, draw steadily, for it will be a great Honour to me to be able to boast, I was unbooted by one of the most famous Squires of Knight Errantry. Give me Leave *Don Alvaro*, quoth *Sancho*, I do really believe I am as good as another; and tho' I have not the Title of *Don*, yet my Father had. How so, said *Tarfe*, if your Father bore that Title of Honour; have you degenerated from it? No, Sir, replied *Sancho*, but my Father placed that Honourable Title as best pleas'd him,

him, and instead of placing it before his Name, as you Gentlemen do, he put it after, or behind. Then his Name, said the *Granadine*, was *Francis Don*, *John Don*, or *Martin Don*. You have not hit it yet Sir, answer'd the Squire, his Name was (f) *Peter Remendon*. *Don Alvaro* could not forbear laughing at this dull piece of Wit, and he ask'd *Sancho* whether his Father were yet living. No Sir, quoth *Sancho*, he died of Kibe'd Heels ten Years ago. Of Kibe'd Heels, cried the *Granadine* laughing? he is the first Man I ever heard of that died of such a Distemper. God take me *Don Alvaro*, cried the Squire, may not every Man die of the Distemper that pleases him best? *Don Alvaro* and his Pages were still furnish'd with new Subject of Laughter, when *Don Quixote* return'd follow'd by his House-keeper bringing a Plate of dry Sweet-meats, and a Flask of White Wine; but *Tarfe* would accept of none. I dare not eat, said he, for I never eat between Meals but I suffer for it. I have often made the Experiment on my self, of the Aphorism of *Avicen*, or *Galen*, that to eat before the last Nourishment taken be digested, is prejudicial to Health. Well, cried *Sancho*, there is never *Avillain*, nor a *Gilian* of them worth a Straw: I would no more forbear eating when I had a good bit in my Hand, than I would spitting when I have occasion, tho' those Fellows should jobber more Latin to me than there is in the A, B, C. You are in the right, Friend *Sancho*, quoth *Don Alvaro*, and with your Masters leave you must take this bit from me. This said, he took up a preserv'd Pear on the Point of a Knife and gave it him. Pray excuse me Sir, said the Squire, these dainties do me harm when the Quantity is too small. Yet  
he

(f) *Remendon* in Spanish, is a Botcher or Cobler.

he took and eat it. Then *Don Quixote* bid his Guest good Night, who was not long out of his Bed after it.

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#### C H A P. IV.

*Of Don Quixote's mighty Projects and Designs, which were all approv'd by his Squire.*

**D**ON QUIXOTE being gone out of *Don Alvaro's* Chamber, led *Sancho* into another, where he said to him; stay here, my Friend, and lye with me this Night, I have an Affair of the greatest Moment to communicate to you. Hold a little Sir, replied the Squire, I must first take one turn in the Kitchen, for I have not had my Supper yet, and I am like the *Cuckow*, I cannot sing till my Belly is full. Go down then to Supper, said *Don Quixote*, and come to me again instantly. Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I'll put double bits to have done the sooner, I'll be with you in a very little Time, and perhaps sooner than I could wish myself; for I am much afraid that *Don Alvaro's* Servants have not left me much to do. This said, he went down into the Kitchen, and *Don Quixote* went to Bed to wait his return. The Housekeeper had kill'd so many Fowls, that there was enough to satisfy *Sancho*; she set before him all that was left of the Supper, and he cramm'd himself up to his Throat. Then returning in a good Humour to his Master's Chamber, so now Sir, said he, we may talk about Business. I am now fit to give Advice, for I am as full as a Tick. Shut the Door, quoth *Don Quixote*, and come to Bed to me. The Squire stripp'd without any Ceremony, and his Master having him by his side, spoke to him as follow,

follows. Friend *Sancho*, I have one of the greatest Designs in Hand that ever Knight Errant thought of; but before I acquaint you with it, 'twill be convenient I put some Questions to you which I did not think fit to ask before *Don Alvaro*. How did *Dulcinea* look when she receiv'd my Letter? Did she read it? No Sir, answer'd the Squire, but she caus'd it to be read. And did she not express any Token of satisfaction, replied *Don Quixote*. I beg your Pardon, quoth *Sancho*, she laugh'd like a mad Woman till her sides shook again. She is a very reserv'd Princess, said the Knight. And what do we know but it was the better to conceal the tender Affection she has for me, that she counterfeited so much Rigour, and writ to me in such a harsh Manner? But in short, since a Heart that is full of Love cannot but betray itself, did she not, when she dismiss'd you let slip some word that might cherish my Love? Did not some obliging expression escape her against her Will? Yes indeed Sir, replied the Squire, she spoke words enough. She told me that you and I were the two greatest mad Men in all this Country of *La Mancha*, besides, I don't know how much more, which I am sorry I did not remember to have told you again word for word, as you commanded me. Nay, that is too much, cried *Don Quixote*, I begin to open my Eyes, I perceive the haughty one despises me; and that I impose upon myself when I give a favourable Construction to her Cruelty. It is decreed, I must set myself free from her unworthy Bands; I say unworthy Bands, because never Princess threatned to Cudgel a Knight Errant. This way of proceeding is abusive. For Knights to be hated is tolerable; let it pass, they are not therefore the less Amorous or Faithful; but they must not endure to be despis'd.

will therefore obliterate the Memory of *Dulcinea*; the Resolution is fix'd; and this is one of the great Designs I had to acquaint you with. Faith and Troth, quoth *Sancho*, I am glad at my Heart that Madam *Dulcinea* is no longer one of us, for her having taken so much pains to daub me in her Stable. May I never get my Government, if she does not one Time or other bite her Nails for Madness, when she hears you are a King, and I a Governour, and that it is her own Fault she is not an Empress, and her two Brothers Princes, who are now never like to be any Thing but poor labouring Fellows. God knows how they will curry her Hide, for having behav'd herself so like a Sow towards you, instead of receiving your Letters like a Gentlewoman, and granting you all Knightly Favours you desir'd. Oh how mad she will be! but then it will be a Day after the Fair; after Meat Mustard, and like sending for the Doctor after the Patient is Dead. And when a Man has scalded his Throat and Guts it is too late to blow. That is not all neither *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, I have another Project in my Head, which I am pleas'd to take your Advice in. Be quick then Sir, quoth the Squire, for I perceive by the many and powerful wamblings of my Brain, that I shall soon fall a-sleep. I have understood, answer'd *Don Quixote*, that there is to be a Solemn Tilting at *Zaragoza* very suddenly. We must not by any Means let slip so favourable an Opportunity, and I design To-morrow to go about providing myself with new Arms, that we may set forward immediately. *Sancho* told his Master he was ready to follow him through the World, which so pleas'd *Don Quixote*, that he embrac'd him for joy; but the Squire was so far overcome with sleep, that he scarce felt the Hug. However, the  
Knight,

Knight, who did not perceive it, held on his Discourse in this Manner. Then we will go to *Zaragoza*, where I shall win the first Prize at Tilting; and since that ingrate *Dulcinea*, has repaid my Constancy with Contempt, I will seek some other Lady who will better requite my Services. Perhaps you will say I ought to make a Scruple of changing my Mistress; but to that, my Friend, I answer, that the Knight of the Sun, forsook *Clardiana*, for the Princess *Landabrides*, tho' he had not the least Cause to complain of her. And that I may find a Person worthy of such a Knight as I am, I design to repair to the Court of *Spain*, where my Reputation has already made me known. The beautiful Princesses that make up the Queen's Court, charm'd with my Mien and Fame, will vie with one another to make a Conquest of my Heart; but I will not submit it to the disposal of any, but of her who shall give me the greatest Testimonies of her Love, either by endeavouring to dress herself to please me, or by the passionate Letters, the Scarfes, the Bracelets, and other noble Favours she will send me. The Court Knights, and particularly those of the Golden Fleece, envious of my Honour, and good Fortune, will use a thousand Artifices to lessen me in the King's opinion. I will demand satisfaction of them, and having kill'd, or disarm'd them all in the Presence of the King, and all the Court, I shall certainly gain the Reputation of being the best Knight in the World. What do you think of my Resolution? He held his Peace a while to hear his Squires answer; but finding he was a-sleep he shov'd him with his Elbow, saying, hey, my Friend, give ear to me, I conjure you. You are in the right Sir, cry'd *Sancho*, betwixt sleeping and waking, all that Mob of Giants is only fit to be hang'd, and it is

well done to lay them on. Heaven's confound thee and thy Giants, quoth *Don Quixote*, I am breaking my Brains to beat into your Head that which, under God, most behoves you, and me, in this World, and you sleep like a Dormouse. Good Sir, said the Squire, be pleas'd to let me sleep, and I will allow all that you have before-said, or shall hereafter say to me, to be good and true. By the living God, answer'd the Knight, it is none of the least Misfortunes, to be forc'd to communicate important Affairs to such a Clown as you. Well, sleep on, poor Wretch, and be for ever a Slave to your Senses. For my part, I will not deliver myself up to sleep, till I have first imprint-ed in my Imagination the Means I am to use to win the first Prize at the Tilting. I will imitate the wise Architect, who before he puts a Hand to the Work, first contrives and disposes in his Fancy all the Parts of the Structure he intends to raise. In this Employment *Don Quixote* spent the greatest Part of the Night: He represented to himself, by the Force of his distracted Imagination, all that was to happen to him at the Tilting. Sometimes he talk'd to the Knights he was to run against, another while he demanded of the Judges of the Field the Prize he had deserv'd. Then having in most humble and grave Manner saluted a Lady, whom he conceited most beautiful and most richly adorn'd sitting in a Balcony, he gracefully presented her, as he set a Horse-back on the Point of his Lance, the Jewel he had won as her Knight. At length sleep overcoming his Senses, for a while dispell'd all those extravagant Ideas, his distracted Notion of Knight Errantry, had form'd in his Fancy.

An Hour before Day, some Body knock'd hard at the Door of the House. The Knight awak'd,  
and

and having not without difficulty, calling and shaking him, rous'd his Squire, he bid him rise and go see who it was. *Sancho* got up, tho' not without Cursing those that broke his Rest. There was the Curate, and the two *Alcades*, who came to call up *Don Alvaro*, that he might set out in the Cool of the Morning with the other Gentlemen of *Granada*, as had been agreed among them the Night before. That done the Curate and *Alcades*, return'd Home to give their Guests their Breakfast, who were then to come and take up *Tarfe* in their way. All Persons were presently up in *Don Quixote's* House, and whilst the Stranger's Servants pack'd up all Things to be gone, the House-keeper and *Sancho*, made ready the Breakfast. In the mean while the *Granadine* having dress'd himself, said to *Don Quixote*, who came into his Chamber to bid him good Morrow; Sir Knight, I have a Favour to beg of you; I am inform'd one of my Horses is Lame, and cannot carry the least Weight, which will oblige me to leave here such part of my Equipage as is most cumbersome, and not absolutely necessary. Among other Things, I have a Suit of Armour wrought at *Milan*, which I do not much care to carry to *Zaragoza*; for besides that, it is more fit to run at the Ring, than for Tilting; I have another Suit, which I put a greater Value upon. I desire you will order it to be laid up safe for me in your House till my return. He had no sooner spoke these Words, but two of his Servants brought in a great Trunk, and laid it at *Don Quixote's* Feet, who having had the Curiosity to view the whole Suit of Armour, piece by piece, was in an extasy of Joy at so agreeable a Sight. The Armour was compleat, Back, and Breast, Gorge, Head-piece, Greaves-Gantlets, Arms and Knees;



in short nothing was wanting. Our Knight, whose Fancy travell'd far in a short Time, presently conceiv'd what excellent Use he could make of such a Trust; and therefore, being possess'd with this Imagination, he said to the *Granadine*, with a cheerful Countenance, I hope, *Don Alvaro*, you will not have cause to repent intrusting me with so precious a Treasure. Then he ask'd of him what sort of Equipage he would appear in at the Tilting, what Liveries he would give, and what Device he would bear. To all which *Tarfe* answer'd him precisely, without imagining in the least what strange Projects his curious Examiner had in his Head. Whilst they were putting up the Armour into the Trunk, *Sancho* came in saying, *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, may be pleas'd to come and sit down to Table, for I have taken care to get Breakfast ready. Say you so Friend *Sancho*, quoth the *Granadine*, I perceive you are a Man of dispatch: But is your Stomach come to you so early in the Morning? As for that, replied *Sancho*, you need not question it, and it deserves to be recorded in the Parish Book; for in spight of the Devil and all his Works my Stomach is so good, that I never remember I did rise full cram'd from Table in all my Life Time, unless it were a Twelvemonth ago when my Uncle *James Alonso*, being Steward of the Brotherhood of the Rosary, employ'd me to distribute the Dole of Bread and Cheese. That Day Sir, I must confess, I was forc'd to let out two Holes of my Girdle. God continue your good Appetite, answer'd *Don Alvaro*, I would give a great deal to have such a sound Constitution of Body. *Tarfe* had scarce eaten a bit, before the other *Granadine* Gentlemen came in; and Day beginning to appear, he mounted a Horseback after returning Thanks to *Don Quixote*

ote for his courteous Entertainment. But our Knight thinking himself oblig'd by all the Rules of Chivalry, as well Errant, as Sedentary, to bear them Company some part of the Way, caus'd *Rocinante* to be brought out of the Stable, ready saddled and bridled, and placing him before *Don Alvaro*, behold, says he, the finest Horse you ever heard of. *Bucephalus*, *Alfano*, *Sayan*, *Rapieca*, *Bayard*, *Cornelin*, and *Pegasus* himself, were not to compare to him. I believe so, since you say it, replied *Tarfe* smiling, after viewing the Skeleton Beast with astonishment; but in truth, good Sir *Don Quixote*, a Man by his looks would never believe what you say of him. Most certain it is that *Rocinante*, being prodigious tall and long, and withal so thin and lean, that one might have shot Straws through him; he did not seem to promise all his Master said of him. To conclude, the *Granadines* set forwards, and when they had rode about a quarter of a League, they intreated *Don Quixote* not to give himself the Trouble of going any farther. There past betwixt them some little courteous Contest, but at length the most obliging Knight of the *Mancha* gave way to the pressing Instances of the Strangers, and return'd to his Village.

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C H A P. V.

*Of the first Use Don Quixote made of the Armour Don Alvaro had intrusted him with.*

AS soon as *Don Quixote* came Home, he presently sent for *Sancho*, who was just then got to his own House. The Squire came running very readily upon his Master's Orders, who im-

mediately double lock'd his Chamber Door, that no Body might come to interrupt him. Rejoice my Son, said our Knight, I have an agreeable piece of News to tell you. We may make our Sally when we please, for I have Armour already. Pray where is it, said the Squire? In that Trunk, replied *Don Quixote*, shewing him that in which *Don Alvaro's* Armour lay. Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I doubt you know not what you say: We must not suffer ourselves to be tempted by other Mens Goods. That Trunk is none of yours; it belongs to *Don Alvaro Tarfe*. That's your mistake, answer'd *Don Quixote*. I must discover all the Mistry to you my Friend. These Arms are Enchanted, and it is the Wife *Alquife*, my Protector, who sent them me privately last Night by *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, that I may go to the Tilting at *Zaragoza*, and there win the most valuable Prize. This is a common Practice of Enchanters, when they will not shew themselves to the Knights they Favour. It was thus, and by the Hands of the Infanta *Imperia*, that the Wife *Belonia* sent Armour to her favourite *Don Belianis*, when he undertook to fight for the Dutchess of *Iperia*, whom the great Cham of *Tartary* would have caus'd to be burnt. Be not therefore so silly as to believe this Armour belongs to *Don Alvaro*. It belongs to none but me, and I will tell you it is a Present the Wife *Alquife* sends me by him. If so, said *Sancho*, let us see that Armour a little, since the Key is still in the Trunk. *Don Quixote* instantly open'd it, and took out the Armour. When the Squire saw it so bright, and curiously polish'd, and all over adorn'd with Flowers, Trophies, and other curious engraving, after the *Milanese* Manner, he fancied it was all of beaten Silver, and in this Rapture he cried out, by the Lord,

Lord, my dear Master *Don Quixote*, that curious Armour did doubtless belong to him that first laid the Foundation of the Tower of *Babel*! If it were mine, I would cut it all out into curious shining pieces of Eight, such as are current at this Time. Having so said, he took up the Head-piece, and having view'd it attentively, went on saying, by the sacred Beard of *Pontius Pilate*, this Silver Cap were fit for an Arch-deacon; and if the brim were but two Fingers broader, the King himself might wear it. The Curate had best put it on at the Procession of the Rosary; this curious Cap and his fine brocard Cope, will make him outshine the Sun-Dial. By my Father's Ghost I'll lay a Wager that this Armour is worth above sixty Thousand Millions. But tell me, pray Sir, who was it that made it? Was it the wise old Thief himself? Or did it come into the World ready made? How silly you are, replied *Don Quixote*. The Wise *Alquife* may very likely have been the Workman, for doubtless it could not be wrought but by some great Enchanter. And when I examine the curious Workmanship of it, methinks I see the beautiful Armour of *Achilles*, which *Homer* says was made by *Vulcan*, the Infernal Blacksmith, at the Request of the Goddess *Thetis*. A Plague rot him, cried *Sancho*, for a cursed Blacksmith that works at the Devil's Forge. I'll go to his Shop to get him to mend my Plough share, but let him stay a while, with a Pox to him. It must be confess'd (quoth *Don Quixote* without regarding what his Squire said, he was so taken up with his own Notions) that this is admirable Armour. I am resolv'd, my dear Lad, to try it on immediately, help me on with it. By my Faith, said *Sancho*, at every piece of Armour he put on, these Plates of Silver delight my Eyes,

they look like a glittering Piece of Church stuff. But above all the Gantlets pleas'd him. He could never sufficiently admire them, and he said, if he had the like he should never want Gloves as long as he liv'd. *Don Quixote* now seeing himself in Armour Cap-a-pe, began to be puff'd up with Pride. Well *Sancho*, said he, in a louder Tone than ordinary, what do you think of this Armour? Does it not add new Lustre to my good Mein? Tell me, do you think, the genteel *Don Seraphin* of *Spain*, whom none could behold without admiring, had so fine an Air as I? At the same Time he uttered these Words, he walked strutting about the Room, thrusting out his Belly, and stalking with his Legs. Sometimes he stamp'd on the Ground like one in a Passion; sometimes he lifted his Arms as if he threatned. Then would he move five or six Paces hastily; presently he stopp'd all on a sudden; and at last, his wild Notions starting up again stronger than ever, transported him into a perfect Frenzy. He drew his Sword, and gazing on *Sancho* in a furious Manner, stay thou devouring Dragon, said he to him, in a Tone that might have frighted all the *Sanchos* in *Spain* out of their Senses, thou dreadful Monster of *Lybia*; thou Infernal Basilisk, stay and thou shalt feel the wonderful Force of my Arm. Thou shalt see whether with one stroke of my redoubtable Sword, I cannot cut in two, not only thy venemous and monstrous Figure, but even the two sturdiest Giants that ever the haughty Gigantick Race produc'd. This said, he advanced towards *Sancho*, who perceiving him make towards him in that outrageous Manner, sheltered himself behind the Bed, which, as good luck would have it, being at a distance from the Wall, gave him the Opportunity to avoid his Master's

Master's first strokes. Still the raving Knight did not recover himself from his Frenzy ; he behav'd himself in the Room as if he had been possess'd, waving his Sword round his Head so dexterously, and with such vivacity, that the most active Gladiator could not have out-done him. He laid about him to the Right, and to the Left, back stroke and fore stroke, flashing all that stood in his way, cutting the Hangings, and other Goods, in most dismal Manner ; but above all the Bed Curtains, and Counterpane on the Bed, were all hack'd to shivers. Thou proud Giant, cried he to quaking *Sancho*, thou haughty Animal, thy last Hour is now come ; thou shalt now satisfy the Divine Vengeance, for all the Ills thou hast done in this World.

THUS he cried out, and at the same Time made such home thrusts, that had the Bed been narrower, or had not the Curtains broke the Push, there had been an End of the faithfulest of all Squires. The poor Wretch did not spare for crying out in that pressing danger, and to avoid being reach'd by the fatal Blade, he thrust himself up against the Wall as flat as a Flounder, and it had been happy for him to have been as strong as *Sampson*, that he might have thrust back the Wall a Pikes length ; still he cried out, as loud as he could stretch his Throat ; alas my dear Lord, and Master, by all the Miseries the Devil brought upon holy *Job*, by the Wounds of Master Saint *Lazarus*, by the holy Arrows of Sir Saint *Sebastian*, I conjure you have Compassion on my poor sinful Soul. These Words instead of appealing *Don Quixote's* Rage, seemed rather to confirm him in his Folly, and to encourage him the more to pursue a Revenge, which he thought necessary for the publick Safety, honourable to Knight

Errantry, and meritorious towards purchasing Heaven. Ah! subtle Serpent, replied he in the same haughty Tone, thou crawlest at present, and hopest to appease my Wrath with humble expressions; but thou art deceived. Thou shalt not impose on me by thy deceitful words. Deliver, deliver up I say, thou lustful Monster, all the Princesses, whom, contrary to all Right and Reason, thou detainest in thy Castle, that harbour of Robbers like thyself. Restore, thou infamous Thief, the immense Treasures thou hast stolen. Set free the Knights thou hast kept enchanted for so many Ages, and put into our Hands the wicked Enchantress, that has been the occasion of so much Mischief. Good Master *Don Quixote*, cried the Squire, consider for God's sake, that I am neither Knight, nor Princess, nor much less that cursed Enchantress you talk of. I am poor *Sancho Pancha*, your Neighbour; and your faithful Squire, and Husband to honest *Mary Gutierrez*, whom you have above half made a Widow, you have put me in such a Fright. Ah! ill luck on her that bore me. If then you will have me give over pursuing you, quoth *Don Quixote*, cause the Empress I demand of you to be forth coming immediately, but let her be brought safe and sound, pure and unspotted, and I will receive thy haughty Figure to Mercy, after thou shalt have own'd thyself vanquished. Wilt thou perform this, thou arrogant Monster? I will in the Name of all the Devils in Hell, quoth *Sancho*; but open the Door for me first, and put up that cursed Sword which pierces me with Fear, and I will instantly bring you hither, not only all the Princesses you require, but even *Annas*, and *Caiphas*, if you desire it. This promise laid the Storm, Our Knight recovered his Sword with as much gravity and deliberation,

liberation, as if nothing extraordinary hath been done; yet very much tir'd, and the Sweat running down, occasioned by the terrible blows he had laid upon the Bed, and elsewhere, thinking to reach the imaginary Giant. *Sancho* having somewhat recovered himself, come out from behind the Bed, pale, and looking ghastly, and his Eyes still flowing in Tears. He cast himself at his Master's Feet saying, with a weak and feeble Voice, Sir Knight Errant, I own myself vanquished, and beg of you to forgive me, and I will never return to this Place again. The grave *Don Quixote*, gave him his Hand to Kiss, in Token of Forgiveness, repeating a Latin Verse he was often wont to make use of.

*Parcere prostratis docuit nos ira Leonis.*

The Lion's noble Wrath taught us to spare the Vanquished.

I will receive thee to Mercy, Giant, continued the Knight, in imitation of some ancient Knights, whose Example I design to follow; but it must be upon condition that thou shalt thoroughly mend thy Life, and shalt be ready to do all Service to young Damsels, according to the Rules of ancient Chivalry, ceasing to commit any outrage against them, and righting all Wrongs, to the utmost of thy Power. I do vow and promise so to do, replied *Sancho*, withal my Soul, and do offer the Curate to be my Security for performance, who I am sure will be bound for me upon this Occasion. But that there may be no mistake, your Worship will be pleas'd to tell me, whether, when you oblige me to set right all that is wrong, you suppose that Clause to include the Licentiate *Peter Garcia*, Prior of *Toboso*, who is



naturally Lame, and has a Club Foot. For to deal plainly with you, good Sir, it is God that made him so, and I will not concern myself with it.

THESE Words removed the Cloud from before *Don Quixote's* Eyes, who being at length come to himself, easily concluded, that after the Scene he had been acting, *Sancho* would have no great Stomach to the Profession; and therefore resolving to turn it all into Railery, he said to him in a pleasant Tone, and smiling, well, what think you of all this, my Lad? Is not the Man that could give you such a Proof of his Courage in a Chamber lock'd up, is not he, I say, able to overthrow a multitude of Enemies, tho' never so brave, in open Field? By my troth, quoth *Sancho*, all I can say to you is, that if you design to give me such proofs as these often, I have done with the Calling. You may from this Time provide yourself another Squire. No Wages, no As's, nor no Equipage shall draw me along. I leave it all to you. Enough, Friend, answered *Don Quixote*, all that I did was only to shew you my Courage and Activity. Well, well, replied *Sancho*, you make a pretty Business of it, by my troth. What is past is past; but pray why did you make those Thrusts and Cuts so home, that they grated upon my very Ears? I have not hurt you, rejoined *Don Quixote*, and I took a great deal of Care to avoid it. Once more I tell you, all this is but meer Pastime, which you ought not to take ill in the Least. Let it pass then for once, said the Squire, but come no more there, for by the Lord *Harry* I don't like such Pastime. Let us talk no more of it, quoth *Don Quixote*, help to disarm me, and let us think of nothing but our Progress. Then they began to lay the Project of their Sally, and  
it

it was agreed that they would take with them, the 800 Ducats of *Don Quixote's* Niece *Magdalen's* Inheritance. That *Thomas Cecial's* Asfs should be bought that very Day, and that all the rest should be put up in a Cloak Bag with some Linnen. It was all accordingly put in Execution to a Tittle, as our Arabian Historian relates it. *Sancho* bought his Gossips Asfs, and came the next Day to *Don Quixote* to acquaint him with it. I come to tell you Sir, said he, that I have the finest Asfs betwixt this and *Salamanca*. You need but hear him bray to be convinc'd. Oh the Rogue will perform the drudgery of Chivalry most compleatly! I long to be upon him. You shall not be detained long, quoth *Don Quixote*, for I design to set out this Night. We have nothing to do now, but to prepare all Things for it. And we have nothing to hinder us, because we are alone, and my House-keeper is gone to wash the Linnen at the Pond of *Toboso*. Now let us see whether *Rocinante* be in good plight, and wants for nothing. Then will we search all the House to see if we can find the Lance and the Buckler, I had last Year. If we do not find them, we cannot miss of something to make others. With submission to your better Judgment, said the Squire, I think we had best begin by searching the House, and if we happen to find your last Years Lance and Target, we will then carry *Rocinante* a Measure of Barley, we will Saddle him, and all under one, make him just ready to set out, which will put us in some forwardness. No great Matter, replied *Don Quixote*, but since you will have it so, I am content, let us search the House out of Hand. They went directly into the Kitchen, where *Sancho* spying a Broom, laid hold of it, and having viewed it well, Sir, said he to his Master,

I have a Thought come into my Head; by my Troth, I believe this is your Lance, without doubt your Lady House-keeper has made a Broomstick of it. I should be loath to swear for her, answer'd *Don Quixote*, the poor House-keeper knows not the Value of such Things; and besides, she is so ill affected to Knights Errant, that she is likely enough to have put one of the most glorious Instruments of Knight Errantry to that vile use. Well Sir, quoth the Squire, where the Needle is lost, there it is found. If Madam House-keeper, has made a Broomstick of a Lance, may not we make a Lance of a Broomstick? Why not? Nothing is easier. It is only kicking off the Broom, and fastning a Spear at the End of the Staff. You are in the Right, said *Don Quixote*, and I have a sharp piece of Iron in my Chamber, which will be fit for the Purpose. Good, quoth *Sancho*, if so, we want nothing but a Buckler, and we are in the Field to rights. Let us look about narrowly and perhaps we may meet with it. From the Kitchen they went into a Room where the House-keeper lay, and there left no Place unsearched. Nor did they lose their Labour; for our Knight spying an old great Brass Plate, on which they us'd to dry Linnen, on the Top of a Cup-board, which had been thrown there, because the Foot was broke off, and the Plate bruised and battered. Ah! what is this said he? What a Miracle *Sancho*! I spy on that Cup-board, the most precious Buckler in the World. Having spoke these Words, he got upon a Chair to reach the Brass Plate, and when he had it in his Hands, cried out, O wife *Alquife*, how much is *Don Quixote de la Mancha* obliged to you? How shall I be able to acknowledge such Favours. Son *Sancho*, admire what this great Enchanter

chanter my Protector does for me. He is not satisfied with sending me enchanted Armour, but to that Present, he adds this wonderful Buckler, which is the same the matchless Emperor *Bendanazar* formerly bore. Sir, replied the Squire, shaking his Head, I can assure you that is none of the Buckler you talk of; for it is an old rusty Brass Plate to dry Linnen on. I grant it is like one, rejoyn'd *Don Quixote*, and it is that which deceives you. So you took *Mambrino's* Helmet for a Barber's Bason, because it was like a Bason. You give too much Credit to outward Appearances; but you may rely on me. Knights are never impos'd upon. You must understand Friend, that *Bendanazar* had three Things which made him invincible, and by means whereof, he conquer'd the Empires of *Babylon*, of *Persia*, and of *Trabizond*. The first of them was a Ring, whose Virtue was such, that the Person who wore it, could not be enchanted. The second was a Sword, which at one stroke without any Labour would cut in pieces the best temper'd Armour. And lastly, the Third was this wonderful Buckler you see here, which cannot be pierc'd, and which would resist a Thunderbolt. Heaven be prais'd Sir, said *Sancho*, in truth it is well done of you to tell me all this; for the Devil take him that would ever have thought that *Target* to be any other than an old Brass Plate to dry Linnen on, which I should not have thought worth taking off the Ground. Would to God we had the Ring, and the good Sword of that *Bendanazar*! But we cannot have all, and must be satisfied with what we have. The Batchelor *Sampson Carrasco*, was in the right the other Day, when he said, that all Men could not be Popes, or Arch-Deacons, and that so he had but a good Mitre, and Crozier, he  
car'd

car'd for no more. *Don Quixote* was overjoy'd that he was Master of a Buckler, whose excellency he was so well acquainted with. Yet he found one Objection against it, and was a long while before he could contrive how to make it serviceable, for it had no Ring within, to hold it on the Arm; but he being ingenious soon found a Remedy for it. He made two Holes through it, and fastned in them a great Leather Thong, which had formerly serv'd him for a Girdle. The Squire perceiving that his Master had pierc'd the Buckler, said to him, ho Sir! did not you say this *Target* was not to be pierc'd? I perceive there is no Duty laid upon Lying. Do not wonder at that, replied *Don Quixote*, for the great Magician who made it, enchanted it after such a Manner, that the Knights who are possess'd of it, may make what they please of it; whereas in Battle, it cannot be pierc'd, cut, or broken, as you may plainly see by these dreadful blows that have fallen upon it, and which have only made a small Impression on it. This he said, shewing him the many Bruises there were on the Brass Plate. When the Knight had fitted his Shield and Lance, *Sancho*, and he, went to the Bin where the Barley lay, and taking out a double Measure, carried it to the Stable. *Rocinante* who had a good Nose, soon smelt it, and began to Gney, which *Don Quixote* look'd upon as an undoubted good Omen of the Success of his Sally. They saddled that excellent Horse, and had leisure to prepare all Things for their departure, before the House-keeper return'd, who not dreaming of any Thing that was in Agitation, went to Bed peaceably, as she was wont. *Don Quixote* taking the Advantage of her first sleep, arm'd himself, went down without making the least Noise into the  
Court,

Court, opened the Street Door to let in *Sancho*, as had been agreed between them, and taking *Rocinante* out of the Stable, they both left the Village.

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## CHAP. VI.

*Of Don Quixote's third Sally; of the New Appellative he made Choice of; and of his first Adventure.*

IT was towards the latter End of *August*, at least five Hours before break of Day, when the famous Knight of *la Mancha*, set out of the Village of *Argamasilla*, mounted on *Rocinante*, and fearfully equipp'd with the Armour of the *Granadine*. On his left Arm he bore *Bandanazar's* precious Buckler, and in his Right Hand his Lance. His matchless Squire follow'd him on his new Afs, with his Portmanteau behind him, and a Wallet, in which he had some Provision. They had rode without speaking a considerable Time, when *Don Quixote* at length broke silence: You see, said he, my Son, how favourable all Things seem to our design. The Moon lights us with all her borrow'd Rays, and we have as yet seen nothing which we can interpret to be an ill Omen. All is well hitherto, quoth the Squire, but I am very much afraid least To-morrow, Master *Nicholas*, and the Curate, missing us in the Village, should pursue us with all their Retinue; and if once they catch us, beware of the Cage, good Sir, *Don Quixote*, you are well acquainted with every Inch of it. By the Lord, the Relapse would be worse than the Disease itself. O thou Cowardly

ardly and Perfidious Barber, cried our Hero, I could find in my Heart to go back to the Village, to challenge Man to Man, all the Barbers, Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries, in the World; as also all the Curates, Arch-Deacons, Canons, and Chanters, of the Greek and Latin Church. Is it possible, Friend, you shall make so small Account of my Valour, as to think I can be afraid of such weak Enemies. Could you bring more Lions than *Africa* contains in its vast compass, more *Tygers* than *Hircania* produces, and more *Monsters* than the Desert *Lybia* can breed on its burning Sands, for me to engage them all, you should see your undaunted Master deliver himself up to the most dreadful Dangers with such Resolution, that you could not but compare him to *Alexander* the Great; and you would be in the Right in so doing. For I'll lay a Wager, and it is past all Dispute, that if my Breast were open'd, my Heart would be found hairy, as was that valiant Kings. Do not therefore give Ear, my Son, to the Suggestions of that base fear, and from this Time think of nothing but the Honour that waits me at *Zaragoza*, part of which will redound upon you. But for the fulfilling in all Points the Statutes and Ordinances of ancient Chivalry, I must adorn this Buckler, which is infinitely better tempered than *Atlas's* was, with some ingenious Device; and it being convenient that every Device should express the inward Sentiments of the Knights Heart, who appears at the Tilting, I will therefore cause two Damsels ravishingly beautiful to be painted on my Shield, and they shall be deeply in Love with my genteel Mien and Courage. On the Top shall be plac'd the God of Love, who extending his Arms with his bended Bow, shall level all his Arrows at me; but I will appear  
unconcerned

unconcerned at his Threats, receiving his Arrows on my Shield, and they shall drop without doing Execution at my Feet. At the Bottom of the Buckler, shall be these Words, *The Loveless Knight*. Upon my Life Sir, quoth *Sancho*, it is a rare Device, and the Name fits it well. I find by my Hand we shall do well enough without a Mistress, and we shall live the longer for it; for I have often heard the Barber say, that is the Way to be long liv'd.

SUCH was the Discourse between our Adventurers, who rode on all the rest of the Night, and most part of the Day without resting. But now the Squire, who was not so indefatigable as his Master, was upon the point of beginning to rail against knight Errantry, when they discovered an Inn at a good distance from them. God be prais'd cry'd *Sancho*, I spy a good likely Inn, where we may pass the Night, and to-morrow we will prosecute our Journey merrily. *Don Quixote* who was then in the Vein of taking Inns for Castles, looking on this, said, upon the Word of a Knight, that is one of the strongest Castles in all *Spain*. I scarce think there is such another in all *Lombardy*: Pray Sir, quoth *Sancho*, take heed what you say. Methinks you are too rash in Swearing by your Knighthood. Perhaps that which to you looks like a Castle, and to me like an Inn, may more likely be the one than the other. I tell you it is a Castle, answer'd *Don Quixote*, and a wonderful piece of Architecture. How regular it is, and how advantageously seated! Don't you see its lofty Towers, and its Battlements, its great Draw-Bridge, and the two fierce Griffins that guard the Entrance. *Sancho* open'd his Eyes as wide as he could stare, the better to discover the Towers and the Griffins, and it was none of his Fault if he saw them not. Sir, said



said he, you'll make me mad. That House has neither Towers, nor Griffins, and all I can say of it is, that if this be not an Inn, there never was an Inn in this World. The Knight stiffly maintained the contrary, and whilst they were thus contending, two Men a Foot pass'd by them. The Squire ask'd them, whether the House he saw was an Inn, or a Castle. They answer'd it was an Inn, and known in that Country by the Name of the Inn the Man was hang'd out of, because formerly the Inn-keeper had been hang'd, for murdering a Passenger that lay in his House. That cannot be, cry'd *Don Quixote* in a rugged Tone, away and be pox'd t'ye, you are base Fellows, thus to take away the Constables Reputation, who has always been look'd upon among us as a worthy honest Knight. And as for that Castle I maintain it is no Inn. It is a Castle in spight of you, and all others that shall think the contrary. The two Travellers were no less surpriz'd at these Words, than at the strange figure of him that pronounc'd them; but seeing him in such a Passion they durst not contradict him, and so went on their way not knowing what to think of this Encounter. When *Don Quixote* was within Musket shot of the Inn, he stop'd, and said to his Squire. Friend *Sancho*, we must not engage here rashly. Let us join Prudence with Valour, and since you serve me in the quality of a Squire, it belongs to you to go view the Place. Draw therefore as near as conveniently you can to that Castle, and view it exactly, that you may be able to make a just Report of all things to me. Take by your Eye nicely the Breadth and Depth of the Ditch. Observe well the Situation and Manner of the Gates, the Draw-bridges, the Turnpikes, the Towers and Turrets, the Platforms, the Covert-way, the Counterscarp, the Parapets, the  
Caponniers,

Caponniers, the Redouts, the Gabions, and the Corps-de-garde. But above all enquire what Ammunition they have, and how many Years Provision, whether they have Water in their Cisterns, and in short, what Sort of People and what Numbers they are that defend so important a Fortrefs. Hey day! said *Sancho*, interrupting him, where the Devil do you find all that Stuff? Why you'll make me as mad as a March Hare. We have here an Inn at Hand, and may go into it this Minute, and eat and drink for our Money without quarrelling or fighting with any Body; and you would have me to go find out Bridges, Ditches, Towers and all the Rest of that confounded Bead-rolle you have just now run over. If the Inn-keeper sees me rounding his House, he will fancy I design to steal his Hens, and will come out and break my Bones. For God's Sake Sir, let us not play the Devil in Inns, least we meet with more blanket Toffers and Enchanters in them. Let us not run ourselves into mischief when we are well; and since we can walk dry-shod, why should we go wet our Feet. Do what I bid you, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and talk no more. Be docible, and let your Valour be accompanied by a ready and exact Obedience. It is that, my Son, which has rendred the *Spaniards* so formidable; and it is no wonder, for the Subalterns being obedient to their Superiors, all things are perform'd orderly and regularly; which makes them more stanch and solid. Whereas other Nations do not observe such strict Discipline, which is the Key to Success, are easily broke and routed. Well Sir, said the Squire, i'll obey you; or else we should never have done. *Dapple* and I will go put your Orders in Execution. *Rocinante* and you may follow us gently; but I must tell you that if I find none of all that you have said, I will go directly  
into

into the Inn, and will there give Orders for our Supper. For by my Faith my Guts are so empty that they twist again for meer Hunger. Having so said he clapt his Heels to his Asses sides, and soon got to the Inn. There he look'd all about him, and seeing nothing but a plain House and a Sign to it. I knew well enough, said he to himself in a Transport of Joy, that this House was a good Inn, an heavenly Inn, and more useful than all the Castles in *Spain*. This said, he went up to the Door and ask'd the Inn-keeper, whether he had Entertainment. I have quoth the Host, who was a pleasant Fellow, your Ass and you shall be treated like Princes. Upon this fair Promise, *Sancho* alighted, and taking off his Portmanteau desired the Landlord to lock it up for him. Then inquiring what there was to eat, and he was told there was an excellent Cabbage Soop, and if that was not enough they would lay down a curious young Rabbit. *Sancho* gave two Skips in the Air when he heard that blessed Soope mentioned, and hoping to stuff his Carcass with it, he led his *Dapple* to the Stable, and whilst he was giving him Straw and Barley, and ordering some for *Rocinante*, *Don Quixote* come up to the House.

THE Inn-keeper and some Travellers, who were then standing at the Door, spying that Fantome in Armour, thought they had seen some Figure cut out of an old Tapisstry Hanging. They view'd him attentively from head to foot, whilst he casting a side glance upon them and looking very gravely, pass'd by without stopping, or speaking one Word. He rounded the Inn, examined the Wall nicely, and measured its height with his Lance in several Places. At length having been clear round the House, and come to the Door again, he then stopp'd, and raising himself fiercely on his Stirrups,  
 indefa-

indefatigable Governour, said he with a dreadful Voice, and you redoubted Knights, who watch Day and Night to guard this Place you have been entrusted with, behold here *the loveless Knight*. I do summon and require you to deliver to me instantly and without the least Reply my faithful Squire, whom you contrary to the Laws of good Chivalry have taken by Treachery, or by the Fatal Art of the old Sorcerers who affords you her black Assistance. It is an excess of Courtesy towards you, which inclines me to demand him by Words, when it is in my Power to right myself by Force of Arms. Restore him to me then, unless you will have me put you all to the Sword, and raise this impregnable Castle to the Ground. But restore him to me safe and sound, pure and unspotted, as also, all the Knights and Damsels, whom your unheard of Cruelty has shut up in deep Dungeons. If not come out all together against me, not unarm'd as I see you are now, but with your best tempered Arms, and your Lances of hard Ash, which you brandish in such dreadful Manner. Mount your swiftest Coursers, and come all full tilt upon me. Here I expect you, to chastise your boldness. Whilst he thus spoke, he was forc'd every Moment to Rein in *Rocinante* hard, and had much ado to make him give back, because the poor Beast finding himself so near the Stable, labour'd hard to get at it. The pretended Defendants of the Castle, were much surpriz'd at the Knights Discourse, and perceiving that in pursuance to his Challenge, he endeavoured to provoke them to the Combat, calling them Slaves and Cowards; the Inn-keeper undertook to Answer him, and said, Sir Knight, here is no Castle that I know of, nor any Knights to defend it. All our strength is in our Wine, which

which is so brisk that it will not only knock a Man down, but will make him say as much, or more than we have heard from you. I assure your Worship, we have no Squire shut up in our Inn. If you have a Mind to take up your Lodging in it, why do not you alight. We will treat you handsomly, and if you have a Fancy to it, we will furnish you with a brisk *Galician* Lass to pull off your Stockings, and she is as ready to perform as to offer her Service. These courteous offers did not satisfy our *Loveless Knight*. I vow, cried he, by the sacred Order of Knight Errantry, that unless this Minute you deliver up to me the flour of trusty Squires, and that *Galician* Princess you talk of, you shall all perish by my Sword. He was not a Man that would vent such Threats in vain, and I know not what might have happen'd, if *Sancho* hearing them had not stept out to pacify his Master. He ran to him, and laying hold of his Bridle. The noble *Don Quixote*, said he, is welcome. He may safely come in. As soon as ever they saw me, they all submitted themselves. Alight then Sir, continued he, they are all our Friends, and only wait to treat us with such a Cabbage Soop, as *St. Christopher* himself would be glad to meet with, and which I think long till I am at it. But, my Son, said *Don Quixote*, has no Body wrong'd you? Tell me ingenuously. I am ready to Revenge your Quarrel. No, no Sir, replied the Squire, no Body in this House has touch'd the tip of my Finger, and all my Limbs are as sound as when I came out of my Mother's Belly. If so, quoth *Don Quixote*, take this Buckler in one Hand, and with the other, hold my Stirrup till I alight, Our Knight being dismounted, went into the House, and *Sancho* led *Rocinante* to the Stable. Whatever the Host could say to him *Don Quixote*



Parr Sculp

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Inn-keeper, yet I am a Damsel and a Maid of Honour. But unhappy Orphan as I am, I am left alone, and in want, without hopes of any Relief but what I must expect from Heaven, and from the Generosity of the Knight that hears me. Would to God some good Christian to Revenge me, would pierce the Heart of the Traytor that has deceived me. Most beautiful Princess, quoth *Don Quixote*, interrupting her eagerly, leave that to me. It is the Duty of Knights Errant, to right such wrongs as those, and I swear by the Order of Knighthood which I profess, that after the Tilting at *Zaragoza*, at which I cannot avoid being present, I will punish that perfidious Man, who has so basely forsaken you. To morrow you shall mount your white *Palfrey*, and covering your beautiful Countenance with a Veil, that the Affliction which causes your Tears to flow may not appear, you shall go with me, if you please, to the Royal Tilting at *Zaragoza*, attended by your faithful Dwarf. Do not make any longer stay here, most charming Virgin, retire to your Apartment to taste the sweet Repose of the Night on that happy Bed, which alone enjoys the Blessing of holding your tender Limbs, and rely on a Word which cannot fail. The *Galician* Wench finding herself dismiss'd with such singular expressions, presently concluded that *Don Quixote* was not a Man like Muletiers that us'd to travel that Road; but her design being to draw a few (g) Royals from him, and perceiving that the Story of the Captain had not succeeded as she expected, she immediately altered her Method. Sir Knight, said she, if you have any Kindness for me, I beseech you

(g) *A Royal Plate is Six-pence, but a Royal Bass only a Great.*

you to lend me two or three Royals, because I am in great need, for Yesterday as I was washing the Dishes, I had the Misfortune to break two curious Earthen Plates, and my Master swears he will break my Bones, if I do not pay for them. Fear nothing, my Princess, replied *Don Quixote* very gravely, the audacious Man that dares touch you, shall touch me in the Apples of my Eyes. I am much obliged to you, good Sir, quoth the Wench, and I should be so much more, if you would be pleas'd to give me the two Royals I ask. That will save me the beating my Master has promis'd me, and he is the most punctual Man in the World at keeping such promises. How, two Royals, said *Don Quixote*, I'll sooner give you two hundred Ducats, nay three hundred if you want them. The Wench who look'd no higher than two Royals, supposing by his offer she should easily have them, drew near to the Knight without any Ceremony to requite him with a Hug; but *Don Quixote*, like another *Joseph*, started up frighted at the Danger this amorous Inn-keeping Wife of *Potiphar* was like to bring him into. I have never read, quoth he, in great disorder, that ever any Knight Errant, of those I intend to imitate, gave way, upon the like Occasion, to any dishonest Action. This said, he call'd upon his faithful Squire, to come to the Relief of his Virtue, which was so dangerously attack'd. *Sancho*, *Sancho* cried he, bring me our Portmanteau.

The Squire, who was then talking with the Landlord, running up. Open that Portmanteau, said the Knight, and give this beautiful *Infanta* two hundred Ducats. We shall be no losers by it, my Son, for when I shall have taken Revenge of an Outrage done her, she will not only return us that Sum, but she will give part of the

Jewels and precious Stones, a discourteous Knight has ungraciously robb'd her of. The saving Squire hearing such an extravagant Order, thought his very Soul was going to be torn from him. What do you talk of two hundred Ducats, quoth he in a surly Manner? Is it not much easier to give this impudent Baggage two hundred kicks on the Guts? By the Giant *Goliath's* Ears, I'll give no such Sum. Does the brazen Jilt think her Bitches Face, and her tann'd Hide, are worth half that Money? Was it not she that ask'd me just now in the Stable to give her a Groat. Oh the Jade. As I hope to live Sir, if I lay hold of her Hair, I'll make her skip down all the Stairs at once. When the Wench saw *Sancho* in such a Rage, she drew him aside, and said to him. My dear Friend, your Master only bids you give me two Royals, and I desire no more. For I am sensible enough, there is no thinking of two hundred Ducats. The Knight of *la Mancha* was not a little surpriz'd to see his Squire treat a Princess with so much familiarity. *Sancho*, said he to him, do what I bid you immediately, and let me hear no more of you. We will set out To-morrow with the *Infanta*, to Conduct her back into her Country, where we shall be repaid with Interest. The Squire perceiving he must submit, said to his Master. Well Sir, I'll go pay her that Money below Stairs at my leisure, let us go Madam *Infanta*, will you please to walk down and help me to carry this Portmanteau? I'll pay you immediately. As silly as *Sancho* was, he had more Wit than to obey his Master. He gave the Wench but a Groat, swearing he would beat her like Stock-fish, if she did not tell *Don Quixote* she had received two hundred Ducats. To which the sly Gipsy made answer. I am very well satisfied with

with this Groat, Master Squire, and I wish you good Night. The Inn-keeper took the Wench into the Kitchen, and *Sancho* went to Bed on a Quilt they had laid for him upon two Mules Panels, making a Pillow of his dearly beloved Portmanteau, which he had so lately preserved from a dreadful Gutting.

The first Thing he did the next Morning, was to give Straw and Barley to *Rocinante*, and the Ass. Then he caus'd a good Piece of Lamb, or Mutton, for none but the Inn-keeper could decide which it was, to be laid to the Fire. That done he went up to his Master's Chamber, to awake him. The poor Knight was but then got to Sleep, he had not been able to close his Eyes all Night, his Head was so full of the Tilting and of the Revenge he was to take of the perfidious Captain. He was so discompos'd with these Whimfies, that awakning in a Consternation, when his Squire call'd him, he cried out. O thou disloyal Knight! Who after breaking thy plighted Faith art not asham'd to see the Light of the Sun; behold here the Avenger of the Princess of *Galicia*. Do not put yourself into a Passion, good Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, the Princess is well paid and kisses your Errant Worships Hands. Rise quickly, for Breakfast will soon be ready. I am resolv'd to set out immediately, said *Don Quixote* getting up, for I think it long till I am at *Zaragoza*. Help me on with my Armour, and let us stay here no longer. As soon as he was arm'd he went down into the Kitchen, where he took two or three Mouthfuls standing, and then causing *Rocinante* to be brought out, he leaped into the Saddle very nimbly, and raising his Voice said to the Inn-keeper, and other standers by. Generous *Castelan*, and you valiant Knights of this Fortrefs, confi-

der whether I can do you any Service. Sir Knight, answered the Host, we want nothing at present God be prais'd, but that you order your Squire to pay for your Meat, and the Straw and Barley, for your Beasts. Friend, replied *Don Quixote*, pray, with your Leave, where did you ever read, that *Castellans*, who have had the good Fortune to entertain Knights Errant in their Castles, made them pay for their Entertainment? Every Man has his way, quoth the Inn-keeper, and my Method is not to Lodge any Man for nothing. Well, said *Don Quixote*, since you will be taken for an Inn-keeper, what is it you demand? fourteen Royals, quoth the Host. It is enough, replied the Knight; and ordered *Sancho* to pay him; but at the same Time spying the *Galician* Wench with a Broom in her Hand, he cried out, O Sovereign *Infanta*, here I am ready to undergo all hazards for performing the Promise I made you. I am full of impatience till I restore you to all your Rights, and bring you back to your illustrious Parents, whose Eyes, since they saw you, are become inexhausted Fountains of Tears. I am grieved to the Heart, to see so worthy a Princess in the Habit of a Servant of an Inn, and sweeping the House of such infamous Wretches as these are. Mount then your *Palfrey* immediately; or if ill Fortune has deprived you of it, make use of my Squires indefatigable Steed, and come along with us to *Zaragoza*. The Inn-keeper, who was apt to take what he heard in the worst Sense, fancied, by his talk, that our Knight had a mind to debauch his Servant, and that she was consenting to it. This put him into a Passion, and made him cry to her, how now Impudence, how do you dare to put Tricks upon me? By the Lord I'll make you repent your Intrigue with this Madman.

man. May never Barbers Bason come near my Beard if you do not pay for this. Away you Slut, go wash your Dishes, and leave off your leud intreagues with a crack-brain'd Fellow. The *Calician* relying on her Innocence, would have clear'd herself; but the furious Inn-keeper would not give her Time, stopping her Mouth with an unmannerly Cuff, followed by half a score good kicks which overthrew the Princess almost crippled.

O ye Heavens! What a Spectacle was this for the Knight of *la Mancha*! To what a degree of Passion did that dismal fight transport him! *Achilles* when he ran to Revenge the Death of *Patroclus*, the God *Mars*, when he saw the Blood run from the Goddess *Litherea*, did not appear so enraged. It would require a Pen dipt in the Streams of *Tartarus*, to represent how dreadful *Don Quixote* appeared at that Time. He drew his Sword immediately, and raising himself as high as he could on his Stirrups, address'd himself in these Words to the Inn-keeper, with a Voice like that with which the God of War makes the Mountains of *Thrace* to Tremble. O thou rash Knight, quoth he, who hast dar'd presume in my Presence to insult the most noble Lady in all *Spain*, do not think so hainous a Crime shall go unpunished! He said, and spurring *Rocinante* fiercely forward upon the Constable of the Castle, who thought of nothing less than this Invasion, let fall such a terrible cut on his Head, that had not the thickness of his Hat fortunately slanted it off, the Kitchen Princess had been compleatly Reveng'd of the Knight of the Inn. However, the cruel Blade touch'd his Skull, mow'd down all one Side of his Hair, and carried away a small piece of his Ear. The Blood running from the Wound a-

larm'd all the Inn, and every Man laid hold of the Weapon that came next to Hand. The Inn-keeper ran into the Kitchen roaring like a Bull, and laying hold of the longest Spit he had, thought of nothing but speedy Revenge. In the mean while *Don Quixote*, contrary to his Custom, had very discreetly made away, the better to stand the fierce Attack design'd to be made upon him. The Inn was seated on a rising Ground, and about a Stones throw from it was a large Meadow. In the midst of that Meadow, the courageous Avenger of insulted Beauties, thought fit to encamp. There he cried aloud, War, War, obliging *Rocinante* to traverse the Ground every way in a most awkward Manner, and fiercely brandishing his Sword, for *Sancho* was left behind in the Inn with his Lance and Target. The Judicious Squire, perceiving that as the Matter stood, he was in Danger at least of being toss'd in a Blanket a second Time, labour'd all that in him was to still the Storm. But the Host, who had laid aside his Spit, seeing his Enemy at such a Distance, call'd for his Gun; and if by good luck, his Wife had not thought of hiding it, our Knight had then certainly ended his Days, and all his noble Adventures. The Hostess, and all the Passengers represented to the Inn-keeper, that he was going about to kill a Madman, and that since his Wound was not dangerous, he ought rather to let him go to the Devil. *Sancho* put in to back all that was said, and made not the least Exception against all the Qualifications they assign'd his Master, perceiving that was the way to quell the disturbance. He paid the fourteen Royals to a Doit, and then took Leave of the Inn-keeper, his Wife, and all their Guest, making them a thousand Legs, and using all Manner of Civility to pacify their Resentment

ment. This done, drawing his Afs after him by the Halter in one Hand, and carrying the Lance and Buckler in the other, he went away with all speed to his Master in the Meadow. Good God Sir, said he coming up to him, was it wisely done of you to hazard your Carcass for a Wench ten Times uglier than *Pontius Pilate's* Maid? On my Word you have scaped a scowring. Had the Inn-keeper found his Gun, you had gone away with a brace of Bullets in your Guts, and all your fine Armour would not have saved you, tho' it had been lined in Velvet to boot. Tell me *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, how strong is the Enemy. Do they march in *Pelotons* like advanc'd Bodies, or in Battalions? Have they a great Train of Artillery, many Curiaffiers and Pikemen? Are they Veteran Troops, or new Levies? Are they well paid? Is there either Plague or Famine in their Camp? Who is it Commands in Chief? What General Officers have they? Inform me what Numbers there are of *English, Germans, Swiss, Spaniards, Flemmings, French, and Italians*? Tell me quickly that we may provide for our defence. Let us draw Lines in this Meadow, let us dig Ditches, and throw up Trenches. Let us raise Bastions and Redouts. Let us cover ourselves with Curtins, and Palisadoes, let us secure ourselves my Lad. Mercy on me, cried *Sancho*, where are we now? Consider for God's sake, good Master *Don Quixote*, that here is nothing of all that you talk of. All about is as smooth as my Hand. And since Heaven has rescued us out of the Inn-keeper's Clutches, let us fly from his Inn, as one would from the *Whale* to *Jonas*. Ay but Friend, quoth *Don Quixote*, shall we leave the Princess in the Hands of her Enemies? We ought to return to the Castle to deliver her from them,



and to chastise that Clown of a *Castellan*, who has been so base as to make himself an Inn-keeper contrary to all the Laws of Chivalry. Adds my Life Sir, quoth *Sancho*, han't you punished him sufficiently, since it costs him an Ear? But you don't consider, replied *Don Quixote*, that I cannot fly without disgracing myself. Very Good, answer'd the Squire, that's a pretty Story. Have not I often heard you say, that a Knight must be courageous, but not rash? It is true, quoth *Don Quixote*, and you now put me in mind of it seasonably; for I am sensible my Valour carries me a little too far at this Time. It is reasonable to give way to Numbers, and not run into dangers anadvisedly. A good Retreat is equal to a Victory. What is delayed is not lost. When we return from *Zaragoza*, we shall find means to relieve the Princess of *Galicia*. Therefore, I consent that we retire, provided we do it in good order, and in such Manner, as may not in the least look like flying, for Fear has no Power over my Heart, and that none may be ignorant of it, I here solemnly declare that I retire, but that I do not fly. Having spoke these Words, he rode out of the Meadow, with a fierce and martial Countenance, and took the Road towards *Ariza*, followed by his courageous Squire, who every Moment looked behind him, believing the furious *Castellan* was at his Heels.

## C H A P. VII.

*Of the strange and dangerous Combat Don Quixote had with Orlando Furioso.*

WHEN *Sancho* was out of sight of the Inn, he fell again into his usual good Humour, which the Fear of tossing in a Blanket, had with good Reason put him out of for a While. So Sir, said he to his Master, are you resolved in earnest, never more to think of Madam *Dulcinea*, nor to perform any Acts of Chivalry for her? There is no doubt to be made of it, answered *Don Quixote*, for she has worn out my Constancy. I own her no longer for my Mistress, and it being my Will from this Time forward, to be call'd, *The Loveless Knight*, it is convenient that I Merit that Name, by some remarkable Action. To this effect, as soon as he came into *Ariza*, he wrote a Challenge which *Sancho* affixed to one of the Pillars or Columns of the great Square, or Market-Place, the Contents whereof were as follows, *That any Knight whatsoever, whether Errant, or Seditary, who would maintain that the Ladies deserved to be beloved, Ly'd falsly, and that he would make him own the contrary, by force of Arms, either Man to Man, or Ten to Ten. That it was true that according to the Laws of Chivalry, there was no refusing to defend them, and to Revenge the Outrages committed against them; and that it was also lawful to make use of them for Procreation, provided it was under the indissoluble Knot of Matrimony. That the unheard of Ingratitude of the Matchless Infanta, the Renowned Dulcinea del Toboso, was a sufficient proof of this undeniable Truth.* The Challenge was

subscribed, *The Loveless Knight*. All the People of *Ariza*, laughed heartily at this Challenge, but no Man so far concerning himself as to engage in the Fair Sexes Quarrel, *The Loveless Knight* left the Place, after causing the ingenious Device he had contrived to be painted on his Shield.

WHEN he came near *Ateca*, a large open Town in the Neighbourhood of *Calatayud*, he spied, and at the same Time shew'd it to his Squire, a little Hovel covered with Thatch in the midst of a Field of Melons, and at the Door of it stood a Country Fellow, who looked to the Melons with a long Bill in his Hand. He gazed steadily on him, and then said to *Sancho*. Let us hast, my Son, if I am not much mistaken, here is one of the greatest Adventures we can meet with. You see that redoubted Warriour, who stands at the Gate of that mighty Castle with a Lance, or a Javelin in his Hand; that is one of the most famous Knights you ever heard of. Good again, quoth *Sancho*, one Day one mistake, and the next Day another. In short, Sir, either you are mope-ey'd, or I am not the flour of Errant Squires. The Man you shew me there, is a Country Fellow guarding his Field of Melons, and he is in the right; for there are People continually travelling this great Road to *Zaragoza*, who might make bold to step into his Field to refresh themselves with his Melons. Ay *Sancho*, replied the Knight altogether wrapp'd in his Imagination, it is the famous Earl of *Angiers*, the most Renowned of all the *Palladins* of *France*, it is *Orlando Furioso*, I tell you once again Sir, said the Squire, that is an honest Country-Man who is guarding his Melons, and looks no more like an Earl than I do, much less like a Parlasin. Sure I know better than you, what he looks like, answered *Don Quixote*, that Prince, as the most Authentick

thentick Book call'd, *The Mirror of Chivalry*, informs us, was enchanted by a *Moor*, who by his wonderful Art brought him into that Fortrefs you see, to defend the Entrance of it against any Mortal whatsoever, It is this same *Orlando*, who transported with jealous Rage, because *Medorus*, a young *Moor* of *Agramante's* Army, had stole away his Mistress the beautiful *Angelica*, tore up the tallest Trees by the Roots. So that, my dear Child, I can this Day say, as once the great Conqueror of *Asia* did, that I have at length met with a Danger worthy of me. I will not therefore go any farther, till I have tried this Adventure, since my good Fortune has thrown it in my way. *Sancho* thought to have diverted his Master from that dangerous Enterprize by his usual discretion. Sir, quoth he, it is my Opinion that we go to rights into the Village, and that we do not meddle with that *Orlando*, who has done us no harm; for if the (b) Holy Brother-hood once lays hold of us, we shall most certainly be sent to the Gallies, and be kept there till the grey Hairs grow out at the Calves of our Legs. Ah *Sancho*, replied the Knight, how ill you relish Adventures. What would become of us, if I should follow your timorous Advice? I should shun all opportunities of acquiring Honour, and should become the Scandal of Knight Errantry. Islands and Empires are not to be gained after that Manner. My Friend, if you would have me make your Fortune for you, rouze up your Courage and shew yourself worthy of the Post you may expect from my Valour.

Well

(b) *The Holy Brother-hood in Spain, is an Ancient Institution, being Men enrolled in all Parts, who ride about to apprehend Robbers and other Felons, and shoot them with Cross-Bows, or send them to the Gallies.*

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Well Sir, quoth the Squire, since it is absolutely necessary, for the gaining of Kingdoms, to Murder that poor Melon-keeper, I'll oppose it no longer. You may e'en put your Hand to the Plough. Since I am among Wolves I must howl as well as they. It is true, that *Orlando* has done no wrong; but why should he stand in our Way? When it Rains, unhappy they who stand under the Spouts. Now that *Paladius* Body being rendered invulnerable by Enchantment, said *Don Quixote*, and there being no possibility of wounding him any where but on the Sole of the Foot, you may plainly see I am going to encounter the greatest Danger that ever Knight Errant was in. I must therefore recommend one Thing to you. Do you perform the Duty of a faithful Squire. Apply yourself to the God of War, and beg of him in the most fervent Manner your Zeal shall suggest, that I may come off Conqueror in this Combat; but if he shall dispose otherwise, if I fall under the irresistible Force of the Earl of *Angiers*, if I perish, do not fail to carry me back to my House at *Argamafilla*, thus as I am in the beautiful Armour of my great Friend *Alquise*, provided, that *Orlando* pleas'd with its goodness, and finding his own battered by the Weight of my strokes, does not take them away, as formerly the haughty *Ferragus* took away those of the beautiful *Angelica's* Brother. This is not all neither, you shall cause me in all my Armour, and in a fierce Posture, to be seated on a great Chair of black Cloth; and pray remember, that I will have my excellent Sword in my Hand, as the (i) *Cid Ruy Diaz* had, to the End that if any impudent  
Moor

(i) Ruy Diaz was a great Spanish General against the Moors, of whom many Fables are told, and among the  
Rest

*Moor* comes to pull me by the Beard, as a *Jew* did by that brave Defender of the Faith, I may like him take my Revenge immediately.

*SANCHO* could not forbear shedding Tears, when he heard him talk after this Rate. Ah, my good Master *Don Quixote*, cried he, I conjure you by *Noah's Ark*, and by all the Beasts in it not to meddle with this *Orlando*. Should you cut off one of his Ears, yet you would not have an Ear the more yourself. *Sancho*, who lov'd his Master entirely, and who was sensible that if he lost him, all his hopes would vanish, fell into such a dismal fit of sighing and sobbing, that it was shocking to behold him. Alas! said he, in that sorrowful Tone, what need was there that I, unhappy Wretch as I am, should come to serve you as your Squire for so short a Time? If you perish in this cursed Battle, tell me, what will become of your poor Squire in these *Indies*, so remote from his own Country? What will become of the poor forsaken Damsels? They'll have no Protector left them. Who will defend them against the Giants? Who will do and undo all wrongs? There's an End of all, Knight Errantry is gone to the Dogs. Why did I not die last Year, at the Hands of the *Yanguessians*? Do not weep, my Friend, said *Don Quixote*, I am not dead yet. Have not all Knights been in the same Danger I am in? And yet how many of them ended their Days in Peace in their ancient Seats, with their Wives and Children about them. Yet I may cease to live this Day, and since I am ignorant what Fate is reserv'd for me ;

*Rest that he sat in a Chair after his Death several Years, with his Sword in his Hand, and a Jew coming to pull him by the Beard he struck him. The Moors gave him the Title of Cid, which in Arabick signifies Lord.*

me ; what is said, is said. If I die you shall punctually perform what I have ordered. Having spoke these Words, he very gravely gave *Sancho* his Hand to kiss, and spurr'd on towards the Field of Melons.

*ROCINANTE* was so spent with Hunger and Weariness, that he could scarce stand, which made him not regard the Spur, but stop at every turn to take a Bite of the Leaves from the Hedges that stood in the Way. His Master upbraided him that he did not perform to his satisfaction the Duties of Knight Errantry, and yet the poor Beast mov'd ne're the faster. At last *Don Quixote* being got into the Field made directly to the Cottage. The imaginary *Orlando*, cried out to him with all his might and main, that if he did not get him out of the Field, he might have cause to repent him. But still the Knight advanced. When he was come within forty or fifty Paces of the Peasant, he stopp'd, and brandishing his Lance with a martial Air, spoke to him in this Manner. Most valiant Earl of *Angiers*, whose Exploits have been sung to such melodious layes by the Prince of Poets, the divine *Ariosto* ; this Day I am to try the wonderful Force of my Arm with you. A Day memorable in Knight Errantry ! At this Time, fierce *Paladin*, it shall not avail you to have your whole Body enchanted and invulnerable, for I will give you your Death wound, by thrusting a long Pin up the Sole of your Foot. Reflect great Warrior, on the various Fortunes of Heroes. Thy proud Head, which was the Terror of the *Sarazen* Camp, and whose angry looks, no Mortal till this Day could beat, shall be cut off by my sharp dreadful Sword, after a long and tedious Combat ; and then born away on the Point of my Lance to the Tilting at *Zaragoza*, and the Emperor *Charles*  
his

his Army, shall not be able to deliver you out of my Hands. Nothing shall save you, the Valour of your Cousin *Raynold* of *Montalvan*, the Practices of *Montefinos*, of the Marquis *Olivier*, and of the genteel *Astolphus* of *England*, shall not guard you from my strokes. Your two Cousins *Grifon* the White, and *Aquilan* the Black, and the Enchantments of the subtle *Maugis* of *Aigren* shall stand you in no stead. Come then, renowned Frenchman, I make use of no Fraud against you, and I am come not to destroy you attended by a numerous Army, like *Bernard del Carpio*, and the *Moorish* King *Marsilius* of *Aragon*. I am but a single *Spaniard*, with my Horse and Arms. What is it detains you? Advance. Let not Cowardice have any Power over such a Heart as yours; and if you cannot avoid the sad Fate that waits you, yet at least preserve your antient Glory above the reach of Slander. Here our Knight made a Stand, thinking he had said enough to persuade *Orlando*, that he ought to prefer a glorious Death, tho' certain, before an infamous Life. But the Peasant continuing silent, as not knowing what to Answer, *Don Quixote* went on in this Manner. Tell me, O Warlike *Orlando*, whence comes this heaviness, which renders you so unlike yourself? Is it a Time to stand Idle, when you hear yourself challenged to Fight? Draw near, great *Paladin*, mount your trusty and swift (*k*) *Bridgedor*. But I remember, continued our Knight, that the *Moorish* Enchanter, who posted you here to guard his Castle, left you no Horse. I will therefore alight from mine, for it shall not be said, that I fought you at an Advantage. This said, he alighted

(*k*) *Bridgedor*, the pretended Name of the Horse signifies Golden Bridle.



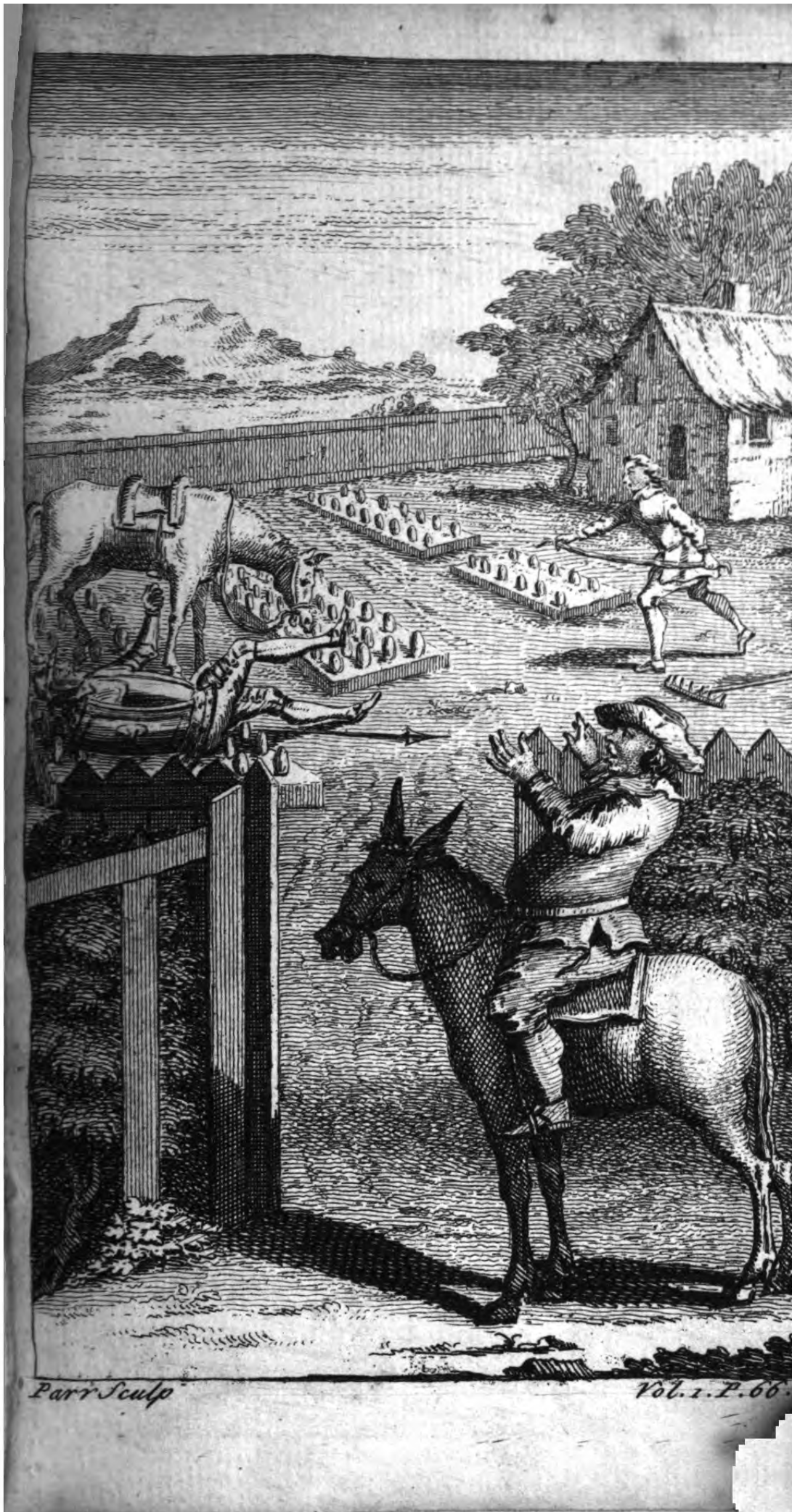
lighted. Courage, Courage, cried *Sancho* at a great Distance, Courage Master *Don Quixote*, fall on couragiously. I help you at this distance, praying for you like a Mad-man. I have already twice said the *de profundis* for your Intention. The Melon-keeper seeing *Don Quixote* come towards him, covering himself with his Shield, and brandishing his Lance in such a Manner, as made him believe, he could have no other design but to kill him, which was all he could make of his strange harangue, he cried out to him to advance no farther. But *Don Quixote* not regarding him, the Peasant laid down his Staff, or Bill, and pick'd up a good round Stone, and clapping it into his Sling, threw it at *Don Quixote* with all his Force. By good Fortune, his enchanted *Target* being made of Brass, was Proof against the Stone, which fell down at his Feet, without doing any Execution. But the Earl of *Angiers*, soon gathered up another Stone bigger than the former, and letting it fly with all his might, hit *Don Quixote* on the Breast. His Armour rung like a Bell, and he fell down senseless upon a Bed of Melons. Which done, the expert Slinger thinking he had killed his Man, fled as fast as he could into the Town.

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### C H A P. VIII.

*Of the wonderful Things Don Quixote said to his Squire, and how that curious Discourse was interrupted.*

**A**LASS, poor *Loveless Knight*, cried *Sancho*, when he saw his Master fall. I told you this cursed Melon-keeper, who is a greater Heretick than



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than the Giant *Goliath*, would spoil your dancing. Having so said, he entered the Field, leading his Ass by the Halter drawing near *Don Quixote*, to see whether he was in a Condition to receive any help, he found him stretched out at his full Length, and not at all unlike a dead Body. However, at Length, the Knight came to himself, and *Sancho* asking him whether he was Wounded, he answer'd he was not; but that *Orlando* in his Fury, had thrown a whole Mountain upon him, the Weight whereof had almost crush'd him in Pieces. Help me to get up *Sancho*, quoth he, and be not afflicted, since I can boast I have obtained the Victory. Ay, Ay, said the Squire, you are the Stoutest, for you have bore the Blows. Is it not enough for me, answered *Don Quixote*, that my Enemy is fled? Is not that a plain Demonstration that he durst not stand me? But let him go for the Present. I shall meet with him another Time, and make him finish the Combat we have begun. The worst on it is, that I feel myself bruised all over, with a dreadful Blow of a Club he gave me, and can hardly Breath. By my Faith it was no Club he had in his Hand, replied the Squire, but a damn'd Sling, with which he threw the two Stones, that have put you in this sweet Pickle. Support me my Son, said *Don Quixote*, when he was got up, and let us go into that Castle to rest us, and to set free all the Knights and Ladies, that have been kept Incharnted there for so many Ages. Whilst he spoke, he moved towards the Cottage, leaning on his Squire, who had enough to do to support him and his Armour. But when he came to the Door, he stopp'd short, and seeming to be mightily astonished, said, what is it I see, I find nothing here but a poor Cottage. The magnificent Palace, which but now appeared to me, is vanish'd.

nish'd. As for my part, quoth *Sancho*, I am not deceived in the Least; for from first, to last, this Cottage, seem'd to me no more than a Cottage; and I am glad that once in your Life, you will grant, you took a Pig, for a Dog. I grant nothing, replied *Don Quixote*, every Man sees after his own Manner. It is no Wonder that you, who are but a Peasant, can see Things but like a Peasant. But I, who am Knighted, and consequently see Things as they really are, have cause to be surpris'd to find nothing here but a little Hut. Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I am of Opinion, it is better for us to go into the Cottage to rest us, than to stand here arguing, whether I ought to see like a Peasant, or like a Knight; and when we are there, we may eat of the Melons, if we please, since they are in our Power. I consent, my Friend, answered *Don Quixote*, for I am all bruised, and it is my Courage that supports me more than my Strength.

WELL, they went into the Cottage, and *Sancho* having set his Master in the best Posture he could, to rest him on a Wicker Chair there happen'd to be in the Place, went and unbridled *Rocinante*, and took off *Dapple's* Pannel, and leaving the two Beasts to range at discretion in the Melon Ground, he return'd to his Master, bringing on his Back the Portmanteau, and the Pannel, and *Rocinante's* Bridle in his Hand. Ah, *Sancho* said *Don Quixote* to him, I don't wonder now that I see no Knights, nor Ladies here. I see into the Mystery. I have discovered the Slight. That malignant *Moorish* Enchanter I told you of, ten thousand Times more crafty than *Atlas* the Magician, knowing that all his Conjurati'on could not defend the Earl of *Angiers*, against my matchless Force, nor exclude me his stately Castle; what has he  
done

done to disappoint me? He has carried away the *Paladin*, and transported him, and his Castle, by the Hands of his familiar Devils, to the Top of the highest Mountain of *Armenia*, near *Noah's Ark*; and has left us nothing here, but a wretched Hut, to deceive our Eyes; but he must not think to put upon me. For as soon as ever I have won the Prize at the Tilting, we will go into *Armenia*, we'll to the Top of that high Mountain, we'll besiege the Enchanter's Castle, and when we have made ourselves Masters of it, killing *Orlando*, we will set free the great *Cham* of *Tartary*, the two Princesses his Daughters, his Bastard, his Uncle, and his Sister, whom the false Negromancer, keeps there enchanted. Ay, but Sir, quoth the Squire, if that *Orlando Furioso* guards the Castle Gate, with his Staff that has a Spear at the End of it, and his devilish Sling, I declare to you, I will not come within an hundred Leagues of him. Let not that trouble you, replied *Don Quixote*, I'll take Care he shall not hurt you; and to do you Honour, it is my Will that you kill him, by running a long Pin into the Sole of his Foot, when I have him under me. Then you must be sure, quoth *Sancho*, to hold him so fast, that he can neither stir Hand, nor Foot. I'll grasp him so hard, said the Knight, that he shall not be able to breath. If so, answered the Squire, we shall be very unlucky if we do not compass our design. By Jove, I'll clap my four Fingers and my Thumb into it, and I'll thrust the Pin up to his Guts. But Sir, went he on, I have a nicety come into my Head. I would fain know why that *Moorish* Enchanter, enchanted the Bastard of *Tartary*? Why, replied *Don Quixote*; I'll tell you, for I know all the Sequel of the Story. The Enchanter fell in Love with the great *Cham* of *Tartary's* youngest Daughter.

ter. That Princess who was as beautiful as the Sun, was called *Gueniſſea*. She was thought to be Daughter to *Charlemain*, and there was reason to believe it. Because, that Prince in his younger Days going Abroad to ſeek Adventures, like a Knight Errant, as he was, the great *Cham's* Wife ſeeing him, fell in Love, and the History tells us, that the Matchleſs *Gueniſſea*, was the Fruit of their tender Affections. However it was, the *Mooriſh* Enchanter, us'd all the Methods, generally practis'd by Lovers to pleaſe their Miſtreſſes, to gain that Princeſſes Affection; but *Gueniſſea*, who hated him mortally, becauſe he was red hair'd, made ſuch harſh returns to his Courtſhip, that the *Moor* deſpairing ever to gain her Love by his Addreſſes, had recourſe to the Secrets of his Art: But Enchantments, as you well know, having no Power over the Affections, and the Princeſs requiting all his Love, with Hatred, he reſolved to ſteal her, and all her Family. To that end, he cauſ'd his Dæmons in one Night, to build the Palace you ſaw but a Moment ago, in this Melon Field, and in it, he ſhut up the great *Cham* and his Family. But you will aſk, and it will be an ingenious Queſtion, what Reason the Enchanter had to build a Caſtle upon ſuch a great Road; for I agree with you, that Magicians generally ſeat them in Deſerts, on the Top of a ſteep Rock in the miſt of the Sea, or in the moſt ſecret Part of a Forest; but now, I'll tell you what private Motive inclined the *Moor* ſo to do. His Intention being to humour the Princeſs *Gueniſſea*, and to make her Confinement as eaſy as poſſible, he cauſ'd the Caſtle to be built in this Field, well knowing, that the Princeſs was ſuch a lover of Melons, that ſhe could not live without them. In ſhort, *Sancho*, *Gueniſſea* is paſſionately fond of them;

them ; and I think I have read, that her Stars seem to foretel, she shall die of a Surfeit of Melons. Lord how I pity *Gueniſſea*, cried *Sancho*, for being now coop'd up on that high Mountain of *Vermis*, where I fancy there are no more Melons, than in the Pond of *Toboſo*. But Sir, now you talk of the Melons, let us taſte a little of thoſe that grow in this Ground. Since you have gain'd the Field of Battle, we had as good reap the Fruit of our Victory. Having ſo ſaid, he went and gather'd two Melons, which he choſe by making an Inciſion in them, and return'd with a joyful Heart, and ſmiling Countenance, bringing this Proviſion. He gave his Maſter ſome ſlices of them, who eat very little ; for his Part, he laid about him as faſt as he could ſwallow. But in the height of his Jollitry, the Earl of *Angiers*, and three other luſty Fellows of the Town, ſeeing *Rocinante*, and *Dapple*, living at diſcretion in the Melon-Ground, breaking the Hedges, eating ſome of the Melons, and trampling on the Reſt, ruſh'd into the Cottage, curſing and ſwearing, and rang a diſmal Peal of Baſtinadoes, upon the Bones of our Adventurers. *Don Quixote*, who had unfortunately taken off his Head-piece, to be the more at eaſe, among the reſt, receiv'd ſuch a Blow on his Head, that he fell down ſenſeleſs. The Squire had more fell to his ſhare than his Maſter, becauſe having no Armour to break the Fury of the Blows, he loſt nothing of the good Will, with which they were laid on. This ſharp piece of ſervice being over, the *Paladin*, and his Companions, not at all concerned for the wounded Men, whom they left ſenſeleſs on the Ground, return'd to *Ateca*, taking *Rocinante* and *Dapple*, along with them, in Satisfaction for the Damage, that had been done in the Melon Field.



## C H A P. IX.

*Of the great Sorrow and Affliction Don Quixote, and Sancho, were in for the Loss of Rocinante, and Dapple; and how they were entertain'd by Master Valentin, a Canon of Ateca.*

ALL this while *Don-Quixote*, and his Squire, lay entranced, stretched out on the Ground. At last, *Sancho* coming to himself, and finding all his Bones bruiz'd, cried out in an Angry, and at the same Time a sorrowful Tone. Well, Sir *Loveless*, or rather *Brainless* Knight, will you believe me another Time? I have advis'd you over and over again, to go about your Business and wrong No-body, and I could never prevail upon your dogged Disposition. Chew now upon these Apples of Affliction; and God grant, that half a Score more of those Jews, do not come to make an end of us, if we stay here any longer. Hey, lift up your Head a little, if you can brave Knight, and you'll find it full of Bunches, so that you'll have more reason now than ever you had, to call yourself, *The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*. *Don Quixote* at those Words, rais'd his Head a little, but all the Answer he made was this, (1) King *Sancho*, King *Sancho*, however you cannot say I did not forwarn you, that a Traytor would come out of *Zamora*, during the Siege, to surprize you. A Curse on the Soul of Anti-Christ, cried *Sancho* in a Rage, our Souls are just ready to skip out at our  
our

(1) *Sancho King of Castile was murder'd at the Siege of Zamora, by a Villain who pretended to Desert to him from the Place.*

our Mouths, and you are humming the Ballad of King *Sancho*. You had better sing the (m) *Swans Hymn*. For St. *Apollonia's* sake let us go Home, and look out for a Surgeon, to Plaister our Bodies all over. You must understand *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*, that the Traytor who has put me into this Condition, is the perfidious (n) *Bellido d'Olfos*, the lawful Son of *Olfos de Bellido*. The Plague confound him and all his Race, to the seventh Generation, said the Squire. Haste away to *Zamora*, continued the Knight, and when you are near the City, you'll discover at a Distance the good old Man *Arias Gonzalez*, standing betwixt two Battlements, in whose Presence, you shall change your Name, and take that of *Don Diego de Lara*. (o) and making use of the same Words that *Don Bermudo's* Son us'd, you shall charge with Treason, and challenge all the Knights, Squires, Women and Children, and in a Word, all the Town. Then you shall kill all the Sons of *Arias Gonzalez*, and of *Peter Arias*. Blessed Virgin Mother of God, cried *Sancho*, we are in a fine Condition. Four great swinging Hang-dogs of Melon-keepers, have been beating me to Mummy, and you would have me go to *Zamora*, to renounce my Baptism, and to challenge all the Town, that an hundred thousand millions of Men may come out of the City, and devour me with a grain of Salt. It is better for us to rise, if we can, and to go get ourselves dress'd in this next Town. This said, he call'd to his Assistance, all his little Strength, and got up. *Don Quixote* gave

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(m) *The Swan is said never to sing but just before it dies.* (n) *Bellido d'Olfos is the Traitor above-mentioned that kill'd King Sancho at Zamora.* (o) *An old Romantick Story in Ballads, that this Lara, challenged all the City of Zamora, for the Murder of King Sancho.*

him his Hand, and rose up with the greatest Trouble imaginable. But when they went out of the Hut, and could not see *Rocinante*, and *Dapple*, in the Melon Field; then it was they perceiv'd how implacable an Enemy the *Moorish* Enchanter, had been to them that Day. *Don Quixote* was griev'd to his Soul, and *Sancho*, more impatient than his Master, was stark mad for the Loss of his As. Alas, my dear *Dapple*, quoth he, weeping most bitterly, we have been too soon parted! Oh, my As, the delight of my Soul, the light of my Eyes, and the charming Object of my Thoughts! who are the Robbers that unmercifully drive you away, you, who for your long Ears, might be Dean of the Asses. We two understood one another, like two Foster Brothers. When I carried your Barley into the Stable, you made as harmonious Musick, as the Barber does when he goes at Night to play on his *Guitarre*, and sing under *Joan's* Window. Friend *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, what does it avail you thus to Torment yourself? Have not I lost the best Horse in the World. By the Lord Sir, replied *Sancho*, very roughly, I do not forbid you to lament your Horse, let me bewail my As. I tell you once more, my Son, answered *Don Quixote*, you ought to take comfort after this loss, tho' he were lineally descended from *Balaam's* As. It is a weakness to be inconsolable for Losses. If they are irreparable, Reason must assist, to make us bear them with Resolution. If they may be repair'd, why should we let Sorrow overwhelm us. I will make a strict search after *Rocinante*, and *Dapple*, and if it does not succeed, we have still our Portmanteau to relieve us. We'll buy another Horse, and another As, and thus we'll disappoint the Magician, who thought, he should prevent my appearing at the Tilting at *Zaragoza*,

*ragoza*, by causing my Horse to be stolen. In the mean while, you must carry the Portmanteau, and the Pannel, on your Back, as far as that Town, where we will rest ourselves. The hope *Sancho* conceived, that he should see his dear *Ais* again, mitigated his Grief; and tho' all his Body was bruised, yet he took up the Pannel, and Portmanteau, contriving it so that the Crupper of the Pannel, hung over his Mouth.

As soon as they entered *Ataca*, a crowd of Boys and idle People got about them, and attended them shouting, to the great Square, or Market-place. The Magistrates, and some of the Canons, or Prebends of the Church, were walking there at that Time. They were astonished to see *Don Quixote* in that uneasy Equipage, and his Squire loaded with Pannel, and the Crupper of it bridling up his Nose. The Scene seeming at once both comical and ferious, they knew not whether they ought to laugh, or commiserate them. But *Don Quixote*, finding himself in the midst of such a numerous Assembly, which seemed not to have Eyes enough to gaze on him, and being moved with a just Resentment, against the Ravishers of *Rocinante*, he addressed his Words to the Audience, particularly fixing his Eyes on the Magistrates and Churchmen. Are not you ashamed Gentlemen, said he, to allow of Robbers among you, who to please my Enemy the *Moorish* Enchanter, have by surprise, deprived me of my indefatigable Courser, and my Squire, of his excellent Steed. Order what has been stolen from us, to be restored immediately, and that those audacious Persons who have wounded us, because they catch'd us a Foot, and defenceless, be delivered up to us on discretion. Otherwise, I must look upon you all as Traitors, or as accessary to Treason, and as such I defy and challenge.

challenge you all, either Man to Man, or all of you at once against me. The Canons, and the Magistrates, could not forbear laughing, at so extravagant a Speech; but one of the Churchmen, taking some of the others aside, said to them. Gentlemen, I fancy this Mad-man, is *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whose History we lately read for our Diversion. You shall see I am not mistaking. Then he went up to *Don Quixote*, and said, Sir Knight Errant, for by your noble Mein, and by your Armour, we guess you are one, are not you I pray, that incomparable Knight of *la Mancha*, whose unheard of Exploits resound in all Parts? In a Word, are not you the Heroick *Don Quixote*? Yes, I am he, replied the Knight, very gravely, and I will make those Villains who have stolen *Rocinante*, sensible, that they must not put their Tricks upon me. Good Sir *Don Quixote*, answered the Canon, we here have too great a Veneration for Knights Errant, and particular for you, to suffer you to be wrong'd in the least. We will do you Justice for the Injury you have received; and will not only take Care that what you have lost shall be restor'd; but if you know the Men that have abus'd you, assure yourself, we will cause them to be most severely punished. As for him that I fought with, said *Don Quixote*, I know well enough where he is, and he shall soon hear from me. But the Villain that wounded me treacherously, was *Bellido de Olfo*s. No, no, cried *Sancho*, interrupting him, and putting aside the Crupper, which stopp'd his Mouth, hear me Gentlemen, he that knock'd down my Master with a Stone cast out of a Sling, is an Arch Knave, that guards a Field of Melons hard by here. A brawny back'd Fellow who squints, and has turn up Whiskers. It is that Dog, whom  
Heaven

Heaven confound, who came with other Madmen, and beat all our Bones to a Jelly, and when they had mau'd us to Death, carried away *Rocinante*, and my Ass, God knows whether. Master *Valentin*, for that was the Name of the Cannon that spoke to them, being naturally very Charitable, and believing *Don Quixote*, stood in need of some Relief, said to him, Sir Knight, all that has been stolen from you shall be restored; in the mean while, I beseech you to do me the Honour, to come to my House, with your Squire. *Sancho* press'd his Master to accept of the offer, and then Master *Valentin* carried them Home.

THE first Thing that good Churchman did, was to send for the Surgeon of the Town, to search the Wound the Knight had on his Head, which as good Fortune would have it, proved not dangerous. Whilst the Surgeon was making some Lint, and taking out all his Implements for the first dressing, *Don Quixote* looking earnestly upon him. Said to him, in truth Master *Elisabat*, my dear Friend, I am overjoyed, that I am this Day fallen into your skilful Hands; for I remember, I have read that you know how to apply such sovereign Medicines to Knight Errants Wounds, that *Averroes*, *Avicen*, and *Galen*, were scarce worthy to be your Prentices. But I pray you tell me, whether my Wounds are Mortal, for if they are the Laws of Chivalry, will not allow me to consent to have them dress'd, till I have had full revenge of *Bellido's* Treachery. The Surgeon not knowing what Answer to make to this Non-sense, look'd upon Master *Valentin*, who on his side, was no less astonished. There being cause to fear least too much talking, and earnestness, might put *Don Quixote* into a Fever, which might have rendred his Wound dangerous, the Surgeon dress'd him

without speaking one Word, for fear of putting him again into the Humour of talking. Only he assur'd him, that in a few Days, there would be no sign that he had been hurt. After the dressing, the Canon made all People quit the Room, leaving *Don Quixote* to repose himself on a very good Bed. *Sancho*, who held the Candle during the Operation, and had not spoke a Word in a long Time, was ready to burst to let his Tongue run, and make amends for such a long silence. No sooner was he out of the Room, but he said to *Master Valentin*. By my Faith, Master Licentiate, my Ribs smart cruelly. That *Bellido*, since it must be *Bellido*, was no kinder to me than to my Master, he has left no part sound about me, but my Stomach. And by the Lord, had he spoil'd that, as he has done all other parts of me, I should wish all the *Bellido's* in the World at the Devil. And therefore I beg of you Master Licentiate, that you'll order the Cloth to be laid immediately, that I may exercise my Jaws a little, for I have more need of it at present, than of picking my Teeth. But Friend, quoth the Canon, we must see whether you are not wounded, before *Master Elisabat* is gone, you need only speak, he'll make two Incisions for one. Oh! by my Conscience, I have done with him, answered the Squire, all these Surgeons wish for nothing but Wounds and Sores. Let them alone, they will thrust their Lancet into your Head, without any Ceremony, as if it were to pull out Worms. God be prais'd, I am not wounded, and I can be better without Lint this Bout, than without Bread and Wine. The Canon ordered him his Supper; and having sent out to enquire after the pretended *Bellido*, and his Companions, who were easily found, *Rocinante*, and *Dapple*, were soon brought. *Sancho* seeing them

them come, ran hastily out of the Porch, where he was at Supper, and coming up to his Ass, embraced him with all the Tenderness a Lover meets his Mistress, after a tedious Absence. Welcome, my dear *Dapple*, said he. I wish you Joy. Tell me, how have you been us'd during my Absence? Has that great flouch of *Orlando*, given thee Straw, and Barley enough to mumble? Oh the drunken Dog! Oh the flat footed Rogue! May it please St. *Nicolina*, my God-mothers Patroness, that I may see him hanged an hundred Years hence. *Valentin*, seeing *Sancho* so joyful for finding his Ass again, said to him smiling. Master Squire, tho' you had lost your Ass, yet you ought not to despair, for I would have presented you with a delicate she Ass, worth at least as much, if not more than he. O that cannot be. Master Licenciate, replied the Squire, my *Dapple* is worth his Weight in Gold, and we were made for one another. I understand him by half a Word, as if I had got him, I know whether he asks for Barley, or whether he would be carried to Water. In short, I can say no more, but that I know him better, than you do your Father. Then you understand the Language of the Asses, said *Valentin*. As well as any Licenciate, answered *Sancho*, there is not one Syllable escapes me.





## C H A P. X.

*Of the pleasant Discourse Don Quixote had with Master Valentin, and two other Canons, and what he said, when they shew'd him the first Part of his History.*

WHEN *Sancho* was gone from the Clergyman to carry *Rocinante*, and *Dapple*, to the Stable, two Canons of the great Church, came to visit their Brother *Valentin*. They ask'd him how he lik'd his two Guests? As well as can be, said *Valentin*, and I can assure you, I have now in my House a Princely pastime. *Don Quixote* really seems to me as Mad, as the Historian has represented him; and for *Sancho*, tho' he has his Senses, his simplicity is such, that I do not wonder he consents to all his Master's Chimeras. If you have a Mind to be diverted, come and dine with me to Morrow. The Knight rests at present, and it would be barbarous to disturb him. The Canons accepted of the Invitation, and as they were taking leave of their Brother, *Sancho* return'd from the Stable, *Valentin* stopt him, and having put him upon talking of his Master, the honest Squire, who desired no better than to have an Audience, acquainted the Canons, that *Don Quixote* no longer able to bear *Dulcinea's* Scorn, had changed his Name of *The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*, for that of *The Loveless Knight*, and that under this Denomination, he was going to exert his Dexterity and Valour, at the Tilting at *Zaragoza*. In short he told them all he could remember he had seen his Master do. The Canons were ready to die with laughing at every turn,

turn for *Sancho's* stile was no less diverting than the Follies he related. When they had heard him they went Home, not questioning, but they should have good sport the next Day. After they were gone, *Valentin* entered *Don Quixote's* Room very softly, intending if he was awake, to make him eat a few new laid Eggs, and drink a Glass of Wine ; but whether it was that after the beating, and fatigue the Knight had undergone, Nature being exhausted, required some rest, or whether a Canons Bed, had the Virtue of laying a Man soundly asleep, *Don Quixote* was so fast, that *Valentin* thought he could do no better, than to leave him so till till the next Day, and *Don Quixote* was so refresh'd, that he then got up very lightsome and sound.

THE Canons did not fail coming to dine with *Valentin*, and when they were all sat down at Table, they began to discourse of Knight Errantry. It were happy, said one of the Canons, that there were more Knights Errant at this Time, than there are, for the World is much leuder than it was in *Amadis de Gaul's* Time, and tho' there were as many Knights in *Spain*, as there are Gnats, God forgive me, I believe they would all find Employment enough. Injustice reigns every where, Falshood prevails, and there are infinite Wrongs to redress. In one Place, Detraction sullies Honour, and destroys Reputation ; in another, Orphans are crying for Assistance, and I'll forfeit my Prebendary, if there be any Thing more frequent than forsaking Damsels. It is true, quoth *Don Quixote*, that to the Shame of this Age, Knight Errantry is neglected, but it shall not be my fault, if that sacred Order is not set a Foot again ; and if all Men whose Courage, and Virtue, renders them worthy of being Knights Errant, would follow

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my Example, we would soon see Justice done to those Orphans, and Damsels you speak of. Ay, if they would follow your Example, answered the Canon, but there's the Point. Pray where will you find Men fit to encounter Giants, as tall as Wind-mills! Men bold enough to charge a whole Army, as if it were but a Flock of Sheep. Believe me, worthy *Don Quixote*, your Actions will be admir'd, but I much question, whether any Body will imitate them. *Sancho*, who waited at Table, and now and then drawing near the side Board, took a good draught by stealth, and another while, carrying off the Dishes that were served up, suffer'd nothing to return to the Kitchen without tasting it, hearing now his Master's Exploits discours'd of, soon put in for a Share of the Talk. Master Licentiate, quoth he, interrupting the Canon, you have forgot the best of the Story. Is the Adventure of the falling Miss but a Trifle d'ye think? Hang me, if I do not fancy, I still hear that confounded Noise, which made my Guts wamble in my Belly. Faith and Troth, I found that bout that my Mother's Son was in, Quake-breech fear. And you made your Master smell it, replied *Valentin* smiling. I don't deny it, answered the Squire, but you know very well, Master *Valentin*, that when that will come, there is no bidding of it stay. The shot must fly, or the Gun split. The Canons burst out a laughing, and he, who had been silent before, said, for my part I admire the Penance *Don Quixote* did in (p) *Siera Morena*, in imitation of *Beltenebros*, or the *Dark Beau*. And pray, was not the rescuing of the Gally Slaves, cried *Sancho*, a notable Exploit? And the Combat  
with

(p) *Sierra Morena* is a great Mountain in Spain, and the Name signifies the Brown Mountain.

with the *Biscainer*, and the Adventure of the *Yangueshians*? But hold Gentlemen, continued he, checking himself, no more of that, I beseech you; let that never be mentioned, there's a Reason for it. Well Friend *Sancho*, said *Valentin*, that Adventure for your sake must be buried in Oblivion, as well as that, of your being toss'd in a Blanket. And for my Part, whenever I read your Master's History over again, and I keep it very close in my Closet, I promise you, that when I come to those scurvy Passages, I'll turn over the Leaf without reading them.

*DON Quixote* was amaz'd to hear that *Valentin* had his History. Master *Licentiate*, said he, is it possible that the wife *Alquise*, who is to Record all my Actions, has already published those I have performed. The wife *Alquise*, quoth *Valentin*, is not the Author of the History I have. It is an *Arabian* Writer; whose Name if I mistake not is, *Cid Hamet Benengeli*. I am not acquainted with that *Negromancer*, answered *Don Quixote*, but it is no matter, do me the Favour to shew me his Work. With all my Heart, if you desire it, said *Valentin*; and rising from the Table he went into his Closet, whence he brought a Book, which he deliver'd to the Knight. Let us see pray, quoth *Sancho*, let us see, whether that Book mentions me. You need not question, Friend, said one of the *Canons*, for it mentions your *Afs*. My *Afs*, quoth the *Squire*, then it is the *Afs Ginefilla de Passamante*, stole from me; for this *Afs* I have now was not with us last Year. Alas, poor *Infant*, he is this Year in his Noviceship of *Knight Errantry*; but on my Conscience, if he holds on as he begins, he must have a whole History writ of him alone. In the mean while *Don Quixote* open'd the Book, and whilst he read, the *Canons*

ey'd him attentively. He stopp'd at the first Page, where the Author describing him says. "None  
 " ravished him like the Works of *Felician de Sil-*  
 " *va*, whose intricate Sentences seem'd to him  
 " most exquisite, especially, he admir'd his A-  
 " mourous and gallant *Billets Deux*, in which he  
 " found these chiming Words. *The Reason of*  
 " *the Unreasonableness, which you offer to my Rea-*  
 " *son, does so weaken my Reason, that with all*  
 " *Reason, I complain of your Beauty, &c."* *Be-*  
*nengeli*, quoth *Don Quixote*, shutting the Book in  
 a Passion, is an Impostor, or rather a Slanderer. I  
 perceive he has compil'd this Work, only to rob  
 me of my Honour, that I might be taken for a  
 Mad-man by those that do not know me. He made  
 haste to be before-hand with the wise *Alquise*, my  
 faithful Historian, well knowing that the first Im-  
 pressions are scarce to be defac'd. He charges me  
 with being fond of fustian bombastick Stuff, do you  
 do me right Gentlemen. Tell me whether my  
 Words make good that Charge? By this you may  
 discover that ancient Historians are to be read with  
 Circumspection, and that their Censures, are no more  
 to be regarded than their Praises; since an Author  
 dares slander me whilst I am yet living. I de-  
 clare I disapprove of *Felician de Silva's* Stile. I  
 am not pleas'd with his impertinent gingle of  
 Words; and Heaven be prais'd, I am so far from  
 falling short in my Judgment in that Point, that I  
 flatter myself, I have Sense enough to find fault  
 with better Works than that of *Felician de Silva*,  
 and I cannot tell, but I might make good Criti-  
 scisms even upon (q) *Galatea*. I will recite to  
 you a few Verses of my own composing, not  
 that I value myself upon being a good Poet, but  
 only

(q) *A Spanish Poem in great Vogue.*

only to convince you that I do not love Bombast; for if I affect it, it must appear in my Poems, rather than in my Conversation, for you know that Poets giving a loose to their Fancies, may easily swerve from their natural Strain, and fly into extravagancies, if Judgment does not guide them. The Canons declaring it would be the greatest Satisfaction imaginable to hear his Verses. Well then, said he, hear a Sonnet I writ last Year, upon the Princess *Dulcinea's* recovering of a fit of Sickness.

*The Conquest's gain'd Dulcinea was your due,  
And vanquish'd Death does cease the cruel Strife,  
Our Vows o're Fate prevail to spare your Life,  
And Natures fairest Work is sav'd in you.*

*You languish'd, but Beauty still budded anew.  
And Death, in your Face, did seem to delight,  
Your Eyes near eclips'd, and set in dark Night,  
At once Homage claim'd and Tears from us drew.*

*Those Stars will their former brightness impart,  
Redoubled your Charms with Health you'll regain,  
What then shall I do, great Queen with my Heart?  
Your Cure will not ease my torturing Pain.  
If you die, for Grief my Soul will depart,  
And if you are well, I fall by disdain.*

THIS, I thing may suffice, continued *Don Quixote*, to satisfy you that *Benengeli* gives a very false Account of me. Sir Knight, said one of the Canons, your Works and your Discourse, much discredit that *Arabian* Author; yet, after all, he deserves Pardon, for tho' in the first Page of his Book, he does you that Wrong, I can assure you, that throughout all the rest of his History, he does you Justice, making you talk like a Man of Sense.

Sense. So much the worse replied *Don Quixote*, for an Author ought to make good his Characters. Read all *Homer's Iliad*, and see whether *Achilles's* Character fails in any Part. Do not you see the same *Achilles* who brav'd *Agamemnon*, and who chose rather to suffer the *Grecian* Ships to be burnt than his Rage to be disarm'd, do not you see, I say, the same passionate Prince in the Answers he returns to good old *Priam*, who desires he will restore to him *Hector's* dead Body. Thus *Homer* makes good all his Characters; you'll not find that ever he departs from any of them. *Ulysses* is always crafty, *Nestor* still continues the Oracle of the Army, In a Word, all his Characters are kept up to the last. And therefore, *Benengeli* designing to make me pass for a Madman, ought not make me Discourse like a discreet Person.

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## C H A P. XI.

*How Don Quixote parted with Master Valentin, and how Sancho found Archbishop Turpin's Club.*

THE Canons could not but admire that extravagant medley of Folly and Judgment, that appeared in *Don Quixote's* Discourse; and being conscientious Men, who pitied their Neighbours frailties, they curs'd in their Hearts those pernicious Books, which had destroyed such an excellent natural Wit. *Sancho*, who had stood listning to his Master, with a great deal of Attention, perceiving he had done, said in his turn to the Canons. Well Gentlemen, what say you now to my

my

my Master *Don Quixote*. P'faith you must own he has both Rhime and Reason, at his Fingers ends. Had he been an Arch-Bishop, he had made Lectures in every Corner. Words multiply under his Hands. I could here him talk for ever. And when he talks I fancy I hear a Book read. By my Faith, I would give Six-pence I have in my Pouch this Moment, with all my Heart, to have Words always at command as he has. Ah, what brave Stories I would tell the Wenches at the Bake-house in our Village. I love Men of Sense, I declare it. And if Fortune should so Order it that my Wife and I, should have a Son by our holy Endeavours, I here make a Vow, I'll send him to learn Divinity at *Salamanca*. But the Dog must not think he shall go to spend his Father's Means, Gaming with other Sons of Wh---res like himself, for I'll give him more Lashes with this Girdle I have on, than there are Hairs in my venerable Beard. So saying, he took off his Girdle, and began to Lash the Canons Legs, crying out in a Passion. Study you hang Dog, learn your Book, if you design to be a Governor after me. Enough, enough, Mr. *Sancho*, said one of the Canons holding his Arm, remember the Boy you are Whipping is not begot yet. Well I'll have done then for this Time, replied the Squire, since your Worships are so pleas'd; and he may thank you for it, for if I am so satisfied for the first Fault, he may assure himself he shall pay for all, the next he commits. What madness is that, said *Don Quixote* to him very gravely, you have no Son yet, and you pretend to Whip him already, because he will not go to School. Ah Sir, quoth *Sancho*, don't you know that Children must be corrected in Time; and that if they are humour'd when they are little, they grow lazy and wilful. They must understand



understand from their Mothers Belly, that Learning is to be whip'd into them; for so my Father bred me, and if I have any Guts in my Brains, by my Troth I may thank good banging for it. He laid me on so mercifully, that the old Curate who then liv'd, (God have Glory of his good Soul) every Time he met me in the Street, laying his Hand on my Head would say. If this Boy is not beaten to Death, he will grow by Inches. Nay, then Friend *Sancho*, quoth *Valentin*, I perceive your old Curate was a great Prophet. Yes Sir, replied the Squire, I'll assure you he was a Man of Parts. In his younger Days he had been at the University of *Alcala*, and he was so learned, that he could say part of his Even-song by Heart. The Canons were mightily pleas'd with *Sancho's* Flights, and perceived he was no wiser, but yet pleasanter than his Master; and therefore they came every Day to their Brother Canons, where our Adventurers still furnish'd them with fresh Scenes of Diversion.

*DON Quixote* finding his Wound perfectly cur'd at the end of eight Days, thought he could not make any longer stay there, without infringing the Laws of Chivalry; and therefore the ninth Day after Dinner, he said to his Host. I think it is Time you give me leave to depart for *Zaragoza*. You are very sensible how much that concerns Knight Errantry. If Fortune proves favourable to my Undertakings, I design to send you the first Prize of the Tilting, which I now conjure you to accept of. It is the least I can do for one that has taken care to see my Wounds perfectly cured. The charitable *Valentin*, who longed to discourse the Knight, and to try whether it was not possible to incline that distracted Soul, to some profitable Employment, call'd up all his Eloquence to his Assistance, and answered *Don Quixote* in this Manner:  
Mr.

Mr. *Quixada*, you are free to go when you please; but I beseech you, consider you are strangely misled. Others would please themselves with humouring your extravagant Notions; but for my part, I know nothing more deplorable, and I think it a Duty of my Profession, to endeavour to remove your blindness. Consider, that *Amadis de Gaule*, *Esplandian*, and all those other ancient Knights, mention'd in your ridiculous Books of Chivalry, and whose examples you fondly endeavour to follow, are but imaginary Heroes. What Historian, what wise Author of any Nation whatsoever, writes of them as of Men that have truly had a Being. All that is said of them in those fabulous Books, which have disturbed your Reason, is nothing but Lies invented to amuse and divert idle People. Pernicious Works, which Magistrates ought to prohibit under the severest Penalties, since such vain reading does but keep People in Ignorance, and make them neglect those Things that are profitable and instructing. Bethink yourself Master *Quixada*, it is a mortal Sin for you thus to forsake your House, and neglect your Affairs, to range about the World like a Mad-man, with that poor Peasant you draw in to bear a Part in your wild Notions. Don't you discern in the midst of your Madness, that you make yourself the Sport of great and small, and that you expose the Honour of a Gentleman to the Scorn of the Rabble. Under the mad Pretence of righting Wrongs, which are not done, you molest Travellers upon the Road, and perhaps e're long the holy Brotherhood may lay hold of you, for murdering some innocent Creature, and then without any Regard to your distempered Brain, will inflict some Punishment on you which will be a dishonour to all your Family. Let me intreat you once again Mr. *Quixada*,

*ada*, feriously to confider with yourfelf; put away all thofe fantaftical Notions of Chivalry, and get Home as faft as you can, and give your Friends and Kindred, who deplore your Folly, the Satisfaction of feeing you once more, make the right Ufe of your Reason. Read good Books, and follow fuch Exercifes, as may gain you the Esteem of all good Men. If you please to take my Advice, I do promife to bear you Company to your Houfe, tho' it be above forty Leagues from hence to *Argamafilla*. I'll defray all the Charge of the Journey, that you may be perfuaded I have no other defign in what I have faid, but to promote your Honour, and take care of your Soul.

As foon as Mr. *Valentin* had ended his Speech, *Sancho*, who had given great Attention to him, took upon him to fpeak, and without rifing off his Affes Pannel, on which he was then fitting, faid, indeed Mr. *Licentiate*, you are no Fool. All you have faid to my Master *Don Quixote* is moft true, and it is no more than has been told him an hundred thoufand Millions of Times, by the Curate *Peter Peres*, Master *Nicholas* the Barber, and myfelf; but as they fay, my Mother corrects me, and I laugh at her. 'Tis a vile Child that will not mend. You'll never rid his mad Head of the Whim he has taken, of going about to look for Wrongs, or rather for Melon-keepers or Mule-tiers, to beat us like Dogs. Befides, he every Moment takes Inns for Castles, abufes all we meet, calling them *Renards* and *Orlando's*, and giving them fuch Names the Devil himfelf would not endure. Look ye now, Mr. *Valentin*, this is Matter of Fact. But the other Day, he gave the Title of *Infanta* of *Galicia*, to a nafty Wench that came to me in the Stable, and offer'd to commit the feven mortal Sins for a Groat. Before  
George,

George he talk'd to her with more breeding, than he would do to the Daughter of the Arch-deacon of *Toledo*.

WHILST they both talk'd, *Don Quixote* was leaning upon a Window in a deep Study, which made *Mr. Valentin* fancy that this Harangue had wrought Wonders. But the Knight looking upon the Canon with Indignation, like one that wakes out of a Dream, said to him in a furious Manner. I am astonish'd, my Lord Arch-Bishop *Turpin*, that you being one of the Emperor *Charles's* chief Barons, and allied to the twelve Peers of *France*, should have quitted the noble Exercise of Chivalry, to come and live an idle and unprofitable Life. The Love of Knight Errantry is too prevalent in me, to follow your cowardly Advice. Talk to me no more on this frivolous Account, and be satisfied with saying your Breviary, since to the Detriment of your former Glory, you basely hang up, as an useless Weapon, that heavy, and sanctified Club, with which you us'd to beat out the Brains of Giants, and which has been so fatal to the fiercest Warriors in King *Marsilius*, and King *Agramante's* Arms. Ho, ho, *Mr. Valentin*, quoth *Sancho*, interrupting his Master, and turning to the Clergy-man, you have had a touch at Knight Errantry too it seems, tho' you don't boast of it. I'll warrant you then you are no Stranger to Cudgelling, and Bangs from a Sling. By my Soul I am glad of it. He who finds most fault with the Mare, is the Man that buys her. My Son *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, give me my Armour, presently, and lead out my Horse in a Moment. Let us get out of this Palace, which is more dangerous than *Armida's*. You see Master *Licentiate*, quoth *Sancho*, that your Lecture has signified nothing. In short, my Master *Don Quixote*,

*Quixote*, has too much Wit to want Sense. *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, Time is precious, do what I bid you presently. The Squire went immediately for his Armour, and when the Knight had put it on, he mounted *Rocinante*, and went away abruptly, after bowing to the Arch-Bishop gravely, but without speaking one Word, so incens'd was he at his Cowardice. As for *Sancho*, when he was got upon his Ass, he said to Master *Valentin*, Mr. *Licentiate*, I thank you for your good Cheer, and I pray God to keep you *persecutorum*. You are very learned, answered the Clergy-man, you talk Latin. Like a Canon, quoth *Sancho*, tho' we have not taken our Degrees as you have done, yet we know a little of every Thing as well as you. I could once have read my Criss-cross-row current, and if I had minded my God-father, who was Church-warden of our Parish, and would have given me learning, to help him make up his Accounts, I should have been by this Time the Top of our Parish. In short, Mr. *Valentin*, my Towns Name is *Argamasilla*, and I shall be always there ready to obey your Commands, provided it be not against God, or the holy See Apostolick. Farewel, I kiss your Hands, and I beseech holy St. *Agnes*, that you may live as long as our Grandfather *Abraham*, from whom we are all descended.

HAVING spoke these Words, he clapt his Heels to his Asses sides, and followed his Master; but as he pass'd through the Market-Place, he was stop'd by some Officers of the Town, who had a Mind to have a little Sport with him. Hey, whether are you bound Sir Knight, said one of them? Gentlemen, said *Sancho*, I am no Knight as yet; that is not to be done so hastily as you imagine. A Man must be Prentice before he can be Master; but when that Holiday comes we'll be sure  
to

to keep it. In the mean Time, we are going to the Tilting at *Zaragoza*, and from thence, we shall go take Griffins Nests on the Mountain of *Vermin*. Good Mr. Squire, said another, pray let us partake of the Jewels you shall win at the Tilting. As for the Jewels, answered *Sancho*, you should have spoke sooner, they are already promis'd to Master *Valentin*, who expects them as punctually as he does his four Meals a Day. But if you will accept of any Giants, you shall have them in all sorts of Dresses. This Answer set all the Officers a laughing, which the Boys of the Town observing, they all set up a shout after him, and began to make Faces, to hiss, and to shoot Pease out of Trunks at him. *Sancho* did not like this sport, and therefore approving himself a worthy Squire, of the renowned *Don Quixote* upon this occasion, he put on his Asfs boldly into the midst of the Boys, and laying about him to the Right, and to the Left, with his Staff, he drove away those that came nearest to offend him; and having thus soon made himself way by his Valour, he clapt both his Heels to *Dapple*, and overtook his Master, who seeing him come upon a full Trot, and in a Heat, said to him. What is the Matter my Son? You seem disturbed. The Business is over answered the Squire, and God be prais'd I had no need of your Assistance. The *Moorish* Enchanter, had set at least an hundred *Fairies* at my Heels, but by the help of this Staff, which I accidentally found in Master *Valentin's* Stable, I drove them all away like Flies. *Sancho*, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, with a great deal of Astonishment in his looks, let us go on fair and softly. You say you have put to flight the Enchanters Devils with that Staff you have now in your Hand. Yes Sir, replied the Squire, for by  
being

being us'd to Chivalry, I gather Courage. By the Lord, quoth *Don Quixote*, it is Arch-Bishop *Turpin's* Club that you have found; for in short, my Friend, a Cudgel of any length or thickness, whatsoever it be, cannot put Spirits to flight. That requires a Weapon which has been blest'd by some Minister of the Holy Church. By my Faith, said *Sancho*, I will not Answer for it, that it is Arch-Bishop *Turpin's* Club; but I know it did me Service at this Time, and may stand me in stead of another. Ay Child, quoth *Don Quixote*, it is better than *Heracles* his Club. Let us keep that good Weapon very chearily, it will be of great Use to us; for, altho' my Valour be supported by a wonderful strength of Body, yet it is of no force against the Powers of Hell; whereas by Virtue of that sanctified Club, which those rebellious Spirits cannot withstand, we shall easily drive away the Devils, and the Enchanters. So that if we had had this good Weapon last Year, said the Squire, we should not have been so unmercifully beaten. There is no doubt to be made of it, replied *Don Quixote*. Since it is so, answered *Sancho*, I'll keep it safer than my first Shirt. Oh holy Club, said he, kissing it, in an happy Hour were you found! When I took you up in Master *Valentin's* Stable, I would willingly have chang'd you for a bit of Cheefe. But by my Faith, I'll not take a dozen of Hogs Puddings for you now; tell me pray Sir, continued he, was it not by means of this Club, that Master *Valentin* came to be an Arch-Bishop. That may very well be, said *Don Quixote*. Adds Bobs, replied the Squire, since it has made an Arch-Bishop, it may as well make a Governor. Why not? Cannot he that threads a Needle, as easily string a Pearl? It is certainly the wise *Alquife*, said *Don Quixote*, that has convey'd

to us such a precious Treasure, to make amends for the Fault of forsaking us the other Day in the Melon-Field. It is true, quoth *Sancho*, that of late he has not minded where we begg'd our Bread. He leaves us to stretch the Leather with our Teeth. If you tumble in the Mire, there you may stick for him. By my Faith, I believe he only gave you that Armour to get you well beaten. Say no more, my Child, said *Don Quixote*, let us not complain of him. We may well forgive his past neglect, considering the Present he has made us this Day.



*The End of the first* B O O K.



T H E





THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
DON QUIXOTE

*De la Mancha.*

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BOOK II.

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CHAPTER I.

*Of the disagreeable Adventure Don Quixote met with as he entered the City of Zaragoza.*

**U**NFORTUNATE Knight of *La Mancha*, cries the wise *Alifolan*, at the beginning of this Chapter, how little Fortune favours your great undertakings? You left *Argamasilla*, to gain all the Honour of the Tilting at *Zaragoza*, and that is over before you come. In short, when *Don Quixote*,

*Quixote* was within a Mile of *Zaragoza*, he was inform'd the Tilting was over. This News troubled him very much, and tho' he need thank none but himself, for losing so fair an opportunity of gaining Renown, yet he could not forbear laying all the Blame on the *Moorish* Enchanter, and Archbishop *Turpin*. Those false Men, said he, have put a speedy end to the Tilting, to rob me of the Prizes I had certainly won, had I enter'd the Lists. *Sancho* on his side partaking of his Master's concern, found great fault that they had not stay'd for them. Oh the Rakes, said he, they were in mighty haste with their lousy Tilting, why did they not put it off till your coming. There had been much more Sport, for the more Fools, the more Laughing there is. What unmannerly People they are, to make so little account of us. What do they think you have a Scald Head, because your Scull is bald? *Don Quixote*, was so vex'd he had not been at the Tilting, that when he came to the *Aljaferia*, which is an ancient Palace of the *Moorish* King, of *Zaragoza*, he halted, and abundance of People flocking about him, to have the better View of him, and to ask him, why he came thus all in Armour, after the Tilting was over, he rais'd his Voice and spoke these Words. Knights of the City, and Knights of this strong Castle, give ear to me. That I may retrieve the Honour the Enchanters have made me lose, by hastning on the Tilting, I publickly challenge all those among you, whom Love has made subject to some Lady, or Princess; and you shall see To-morrow how unfortunate they'll prove, who shall come within the reach of my Lance, and feel the sharp Edge of my dreadful Sword. But at the same Time, I challenge the Governor, Lord-Mayor, Aldermen, and all other Magistrates of the City, to punish their incivility

vility in not putting off the Tilting for my sake. This said, he put on *Rocinante* towards *Zaragoza*, leaving about fifty, or sixty Persons, that had stood about him strangely surpriz'd. It is some mad Fellow that Rides about the Country, said some of them. If he is not a Fool said another, he is some Scoundrel fit to be pick'd up by the holy Brotherhood. *Sancho* could not endure to hear his Master so ill spoken of. Gentlemen, said he, have a Care what you say, you must not talk as you do of my Master. He is the best Knight Errant in our Village. I have seen him with my own Eyes, do such feats of Arms, that should I go about to tell you all the Story, I should stand in need of the great Giant *Goliab's* Pen. 'Tis true, that after fair Weather comes Rain. The wicked Enchanters have sometimes curried our Hides; but let them look to that. They shall pay for it, as I am an Errant Squire. All that heard him fell a Laughing, and admir'd his Discourse as much as they did *Don Quixote*. One of them asking him what Country Man he was. My Masters, replied *Sancho*, I am of my own Village, which is call'd *Argamasilla of la Mancha*. And what is that *Argamasilla*, quoth another. What is it, replied *Sancho*? Nay Faith, 'tis another guise Place than your *Zaragoza*. We have with us little Houses with great Courts, where there are above an hundred Head of Cattle. And God be praised, in our Village we have a *Smith*, who out-does *Aristotle* at sharpning a Plow-share. We want nothing but a Clock; but our Curate, Mr. *Peter Perez* vows we shall have a delicate pair of Organs, against the next Jubilee Year. When he had thus spoke, he would fain have gone after his Master, but one of the Standers by stopping him said. Pray Friend before you leave us, tell us, the Knight your Master's Name. It is answer'd  
*Sancho,*

*Sancho*, the great *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; but do not mistake him. He is not now call'd as he was last Year, *The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*; his Name now is, *The Loveless Knight*, by reason of the unjust disdain of *Madam Dulcinea*, alias, *Aldonca*, *Lorenzo*, or *Nogales*; and my Name is *Sancho Panca*, an honest Man, as is said in my Village, and Husband to *Mary Gutierrez*, who is so good natur'd and fair condition'd, that she would willingly serve every Body. Having so said, he put on his As's to overtake *Don Quixote*, which he easily did, because *Dapple's* Trot for the most Part, was not inferior to *Rocinante's* full speed, whose *Neplus ultra* was a Hand Gallop.

OUR Adventurers arrived at length at *Zaragoza*, and entered the City at the little Gate, *Don Quixote* very attentively view'd the Windows, and the Streets, and *Sancho's* whole Care, was what good Inn his Master would alight in, for *Rocinante* by natural Instinct, stop'd at every Sign he saw before an Inn, and the Knight was fain to spur him twenty Times before he could make him wag. As they both rode on in this Manner, they saw a Man coming towards them mounted on an As's, naked from the Waste upwards, with a Rope about his Neck. Another Man, who made but an uneasy Lackey, followed him a Foot nearer than he could have wish'd, holding in his Hand a large Bundle of Rods, with which he jerk'd his Back very frequently. They were attended by eight (q) *Alguaziles*, and above two hundred Boys shouting. It is easy to guess, without being told it, that this was a Thief catch'd in the Fact. Our Hero seeing this pitiful Spectacle, soon resolv'd what was most fit to be done by a redresser of Wrongs, and therefore, to put a stop

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to

(q) *Officers of Justice in Spain.*

to such injustice, he fiercely took his Post in the midst of the Street, cover'd himself with his Buckler, and set his Lance in the Rest against those Ministers of Felony and Treason, a People out-law'd in all Ages by Knight Errantry, and in a threatenng Tone cried out to them. You infamous and outrageous Knights, unbind, and let loose, that overhardy Knight, whom you have surpriz'd by your usual Wiles, as he rested himself full of Affliction for his Ladies Absence, or Disdain, without his Armour on the Bank of a purling Stream; under the shadow of the Green Willows. You have not only treacherously taken from him his Horse, Sword, and Lance, but you have stripp'd him of his Cloaths adorned with Diamonds and Rubies, and now you basely carry him on a sharp edg'd Rock, to shut him up in a strong Tower among all the rest of the Knights, Emperors and Sultans, you unjustly detain in your dark and dismal Prisons. Unbind him then instantly, or I shall know how to force you to it, Traitors and Robbers as you are. The *Alguaziles* surpris'd to hear a Man, arm'd Cap-a-pe talk so extravagantly, knew not what Answer to make him. They halted, as soon as ever they saw him brandish his terrible threatenng Lance, and look'd upon one another without speaking one Word. The very Executioner, tho' he had his Orders from the supreme Court of Justice, gave over tormenting the Patient, who benefiting somewhat by the Voice of this new (*r*) *Orpheus*, found his Punishment cease for some few Minutes. At last a Man that was a Horse-back and serv'd as a Clerk, or Notary, among the Officers of Justice, perceiving that so strange a Fellow alone stopp'd all the  
the

(*r*) Alluding to the Fable of Orpheus his descending to Hell, and causing the Torments of the Damned to cease.





urr Sculp

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the Company, drew near the Knight, and said to him. What a Pox is all this you prate to us. Stand aside. Are you mad? No sooner had he uttered these Words, but *Don Quixote* put back *Rocinante* to gain more Ground, and then advancing furiously upon the bold Man, that durst talk so disrespectfully to Knights Errant, he had infallibly run him through with his Lance, had not the Notary thought it the safest Way to let himself fall plum from off his Horse. However, the fierce Knight, and his Horse, ran so violently against the Wall, that they both tumbled over and over. To add to this Misfortune, the Lance was broken; and yet *Don Quixote* preserving a wonderful presence of Mind amidst this Danger, cleared himself of all that hindred his getting up, and tho' bruis'd with the Fall, presently drew his dreadful Sword, and fell upon the *Alguaziles*, who not knowing what to think of this Adventure, cried out, Gentlemen, we command you in the King's Name, to aid and assist us. Several Persons that were passing by, came in upon their cries, and drawing their Swords, hemm'd in *Don Quixote*, who nothing daunted at the Sight of so many Enemies, cried out with a loud Voice, *St. James, St. Dennis*, my Friends and Companions, the Day is our own. And at the same Time laid about him so dextrously, that many came off with slashes on their Ears and Jaws; till at last some Body laying hold of him behind, threw him down undermost. Then his Valour became useless. There was no Remedy but submitting to the greater Number, and do what he could they bound his Hands, which done, five or six of the *Alguaziles*, put him on his own Horse, with his Face to his Tail, and convey'd him to Prison.



*SANCHO*, who had been an Eye Witness to all this Affair, was wonderfully afflicted, when he saw his Master carried away in this Manner; and following him at a Distance, but without taking Notice that he belonged to him, the poor Squire wept bitterly. A Curse on him, that does not love me, said he to himself; what Devil advis'd me to return again to Knight Errantry. A Murrein on all Islands, and Governments, would they were all in the Bottom of a Well. By St. *John's* Eagle, my Master is finely brought to Bed. Alas! What will become of me? What shall I do here alone without any Wife, or Children? Poor Fatherless Wretch as I am! I shall now be forc'd to live like an Abbot, and have nothing to eat but the Fowls of the Air, and the Beasts of the Earth. Amidst these sorrowful private Lamentations, he came to the Gate of the Prison, where having seen *Don Quixote* secur'd, he stood a long while, without knowing which way to bestow himself. He heard the People about him say, that the Man in Armour, deserv'd the severest Punishment for offering to hinder the Execution of Justice. Some thought him worthy of Death; but others more merciful, and compassionate only adjudg'd him to receive two hundred Lashes.

In the mean while, *Don Quixote* being brought into Prison, was stripp'd of his Armour, and Hand-cuff'd, for the more Security. The Jailor's Son would have put a Rope about his Neck, but the Knight misliking that usage, lifted up both his Hands as they were made fast together, and gave the young Man such a blow with his Hand-cuffs, that altho' the Hat in some measure broke the Force, yet his Head did not escape without a Contusion. He was about to second his stroke, when the Jailor prevented him by half a dozen good bangs, which made the



the Blood gush out fresh from *Don Quixote's* Nose and Mouth. The Jailor's Servants took his part, tho' there were no great need of it, and trampled the Prisoner under their Feet. Not so satisfied, the Jailor, and his Son, went to the Judge in Criminal Causes, and represented the Matter so hainously, that he without any farther Proof, order'd the Criminal to be immediately whipp'd in all the Markets, and then to be sent back to Prison, intending afterwards in course of Law to examine, what Motives induc'd him to what he had done, and what Accomplices he had. At the same Time they came back from the Judge, the Thief who had been whipp'd return'd with the *Alguaziles*. The Jailor said to the Executioner, Friend, take down this Man, but do not send away your Ass. You must first ring a Peal on the Back of that drunken Sot in Armour, who has wounded my Son, and was like to kill the Notary. *Sancho* hearing these Words, was griev'd to the Heart, and he had like to have made it known to all the World, when he saw they were preparing in earnest to lash his Master.

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C H A P. II.

*What more happened after Don Quixote's Imprisonment.*

WHILST *Sancho* was bewailing himself, some Gentlemen pass'd by who seeing abundance of People about the Prison Gate, had the Curiosity to ask what was the Matter. A young Fellow told them the whole Story, and as they were listning to him, it happened that *Sancho* drawing near, to hear what they talk'd of, which he

thought in all likelihood must concern his Master, knew *Don Alvaro Tarfe* among them. That *Granadine* Gentleman, had not yet left *Zaragoza*, having staid after the Tilting, to contrive among his Friends a course at the Ring, which Diversion they were to entertain the People with next *Sunday*. *Sancho* besides himself with Joy to see him, immediately leap'd off his Afs, took off his Cap, and cast himself at *Don Alvaro's* Feet, saying. Oh dear *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, I conjure by *St. Luke's* Ox, to take pity on me, and my Master *Don Quixote*, who is in the House of *Judas*. These wicked People design to bring him out this Moment, and whip him like a Pick-pocket, if your Worship, and good *St. Anthony*, do not prevent it. *Tarfe* soon knew *Sancho*, and seeing him, easily guess'd at the whole Adventure. Oh! my Friend *Sancho*, quoth he, is it possible your Master should be in so much danger. By all the Fairies in the Air it is true, answer'd the Squire, and here the (s) Afs waits for him. Good Sir *Don Alvaro*, go see my Master *Don Quixote*, from me, and tell him I kiss his Hands; and that if he must needs go where the *Alguaziles* please to carry him, that at least he will not ride the old Jade of an Afs they have provided for him; for she is as lean as a Rake, and goes all of one side: but desire him to make use of my Afs, who has young Leggs, and on whom he will look like *St. George* a Horse-back.

*SANCHO's* simplicity made *Don Alvaro* laugh, who bid him wait in that same Place, and perceiving there was no losing any Time, he went into the Prison, with two of his Friends. There they found *The Loveless Knight*, unmanacled, and ready  
to

(s) In Spain Malefactors that are whipp'd are carried on an Afs, instead of the Carts-Tail us'd with us.

to come out to begin his Walk. The Blows he had receiv'd, and the Blood that ran down his Face, had so disfigur'd him, that there was no knowing of him, unless they had been told before that it was he. What do I see, said *Don Alvaro*? What a condition are you in? Alas, good Sir *Don Quixote*, shall I hear tender you all the Service my Friends and I can do you? I believe at this Time my Service will not be unwelcome to you. *Don Quixote* knew the *Granadine* at first Sight, and imagining he had been brought thither by the Enchanters that favour'd Knight Errantry, to deliver him from the imminent Danger he was in. Oh my good Friend *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, said he very gravely, and smiling at the same Time, you are welcome; yet notwithstanding your great Valour, I own I am surpris'd to see you have compass'd such a difficult Adventure; since I who am the great Spaniard *Don Quixote*, the invincible *Loveless* Knight, have fallen under the Enchantments of the Traitor *Arcalaus*, Brother to the valiant *Ardan Canilla*, whom I slew in single Combat. Tell me, I beseech you, how got you into this inaccessible Castle, into which I have been brought by Art Magic, together with all these Princes you see here stretch'd out on the Straw, like so many poor Wretches. By what Art did you Chain up the two fierce Giants, who guarded the stately Gate, and continually wav'd their dreadful Clubs in the Air? By what lucky contrivance did you lay to Sleep that wakeful Griffin that watches Day and Night, in the first Court, and that in his mighty Talons, carries up a Knight arm'd at all Points to the very Clouds. Verily *Don Tarfe of Granada*, you are the very *Ne plus ultra* of Chivalry, since you alone have compass'd an Adventure, which has been before in vain attempted by the Emperor of Constantinople *Esplandian*, and

by the divine *Alastraxerce* the God *Mars* his own Daughter. I envy your Glory, since by your brave Hands, which *Arcabus* could not withstand, we shall be all this Day deliver'd from Bondage, and his Sister *Arcabonna*, who is no less to be dreaded than he, shall be shamefully whipp'd about this Castle as a Sorceress, notwithstanding the tender Love she bears me. *Don Alvaro*, replied noble *Don Quixote*, I laid to Sleep the Griffin, as dextrously as the God *Mercury* himself could have done. Besides, I have chain'd up the Giants, and kill'd your Enemy the Enchanter, but all this will not suffice to set you free. I must still make the Prophetick Brass Statue on the wonderful Pedestal, speak on your Behalf. Herein consists the greatest Difficulty of the Adventure. As soon as that speaks, your Irons will drop off of themselves, and till then no Valour, no Force, can set you free. I flatter myself, I shall succeed with the Assistance of an Enchanter, who is my Friend, and at my Request, will exert the utmost of his Art for you. When that is done, we'll cause your amorous Sorceress to be whipp'd as you desire. Go then valiant *Don Torfeyon*, cried *Don Quixote*, go perform these great Actions Fate has reserved for you to the Glory of Knight Errantry. And in acknowledgment for the important Service you design to do me, I give you Leave to bear me Company in my Adventures, which I would not grant to any other Knight; but you seem to me worthy of this Honour. You shall fight by my side, till I have conquer'd the mighty Empire of *Trabifond*, and am married to a beautiful Queen of *England*, by whom I shall have two Sons Twins, who shall be born after many Tears shed, and Prayers and Vows offer'd up. All that heard *Don Quixote* talk after this Rate, needed no other Testimony to convince them of his madness.

madness, They all burst out a laughing, except *Don Alvaro*, who still kept his Countenance, for fear, doubtless, lest our matchless Knight should recall the advantagious grant he had newly made him. But the Adventure of the wonderful Pedestal or Porch, would admit of no delay, because the *Alguaziles*, were earnest to set out with their new Procession. *Don Alvaro* desir'd them to put it off, till he had spoke to the Judge in behalf of the Prisoner, which they durst not refuse to a Man of his Quality, tho' they were eager and impatient to see *Don Quixote* flogg'd, in revenge for the Hurt he had done some of them, and the Fright he had put others into. *Don Alvaro*, who was well acquainted with the Nature of that sort of People, would not trust to them, and therefore left one of his Friends with *Don Quixote*, to see no harm should be done him, whilst he with the other, who was a Kinsman to the Judge, went to procure his Enlargement. *Sancho* seeing *Don Alvaro* come out of the Prison, ran to him in great haste, and said to him very earnestly. Well Sir *Don Alvaro*, what do all the *Jews* within? Shall not you get my Master out of their Clutches. Friend *Sancho*, said he, all will be well. Then he order'd one of his Pages to take that honest Country-man Home with him, and make much of him. When *Sancho* heard him give such Orders, he cried out, God reward *Don Alvaro*, but pray take Care if you please, that those wicked Farisees restore to us poor *Rocinante*, whom they have hurried away, without shewing him a Reason for it. Bid them give you the Enchanted Target, for my Master *Don Quixote*, would wish me hang'd, if I should not get it him again, and by my faith, it cost us thirteen Royals painting of it, by an old Painter at *Ariza*, who is as crooked at least, as the Prior of *Toboso*, and liv'd in a

Street I have forgot the Name of. Enough Friend *Sancho*, said *Don Alvaro*, leave all that to me, you need only follow that Page, who will entertain you well. *Sancho* follow'd the Page, and *Don Alvaro* went to the Judge, who as soon as he was acquainted with *Don Quixote's* strange madness, readily gave Orders, that he should be delivered safe and sound with all that had been taken from him, to the *Granadine*. *Tarfe* lost no Time, but return'd immediately to the Prison, took out the Prisoner, and carried him to his Lodging in a Hackney-Coach, which in the Knights conceit, pass'd for the Flying-Chariot of some Magician, who was a Friend to Knight Errantry.

WHEN *Don Quixote* came to *Don Alvaro's*, he was laid to Bed, that he might take some rest, and when it was Supper time, the Table was set close to his Bed, and the Meat serv'd up. Some of *Tarfe's* Friends that were at this Entertainment, admir'd *Don Quixote's* Countenance, and all he said, but the *Granadine*, being willing their Diversion should be compleat, order'd *Sancho* to be call'd in before Supper was ended. The honest Squire having eat and drank at discretion, that is as much as would have serv'd four Men, was then in a good Humour. He told all his Master's Adventures, with his usual simplicity; but when talking of the Princess of *Galicia*, he fairly own'd he had given her but a Groat, instead of two hundred Ducats, then *Don Quixote* in a Passion interrupted him. How now base Clown, said he, do you dare so to impose upon me? Infamous and contemptible Mortal! How plain it is you are but a Peasant, and not a Knight of noble Race, since you treat a Princess of such rare Worth so unworthily; but I vow, by the glorious Order of Knight-hood I have receiv'd, that in Punishment of your sordid Avarice, I will  
give

give that beautiful *Infanta* the first Kingdom I shall conquer, in spite of all the Enchanters, Curates, Barbers, and Peasants like you. Nay, faith Sir, quoth *Sancho*, interrupting him, if you had added *Susanna's* two Elders, I should not know how to help myself. But *Sancho*, said *Don Alvaro*, in good truth, you did not consider what you did? What a Groat, Friend! Was ever the like Present made to a Princess? Out upon't a Princess, answer'd *Sancho*, she is as much a Princess, as my *Dapple* is a Pope, Nay, God be prais'd, we have better skill in Princesses than that comes to. As for the Princess (t) *Micomicona*, let her pass, a Man might be deceiv'd in her; but for this, is it possible Master *Don Quixote*, that you who are so skilful in Phisomy, could not perceive by her Rags, that she was neither a Princess, nor an Admiral. *Sancho*, *Sancho*, quoth *Tarfe*, I doubt me, there is some Enchantment in that Affair. Enchanters are very subtle. They certainly represented the Princess of *Galicia* to you, in a nasty Habit, to the intent that *Don Quixote* taking her for a Servant to an Inn, might refuse her his Protection. But Heaven which made this matchless Knight, for the comfort of afflicted Princesses, gave him also an infallible instinct to discover them however disguised. You are in the right, *Don Tarfeyan*, quoth *Don Quixote*, the Enchanters cannot deceive me in that particular; and in spite of all their Sorcery, the Princess of *Galicia* is what she is. I own she appear'd to me very ill dress'd and ungentle; but as soon as she acquainted me with her Misfortunes I plainly perceiv'd how nobly she was descended. But my Squire goes no farther than outward Appearances, and tho' he

(t) Mention'd in the first Part of *Cervantes*.



he has been forty Times convinc'd of the malignity of Enchanters, yet he is never the more upon his Guard against them. The poor Fool believes nothing but what he sees, without considering that the Sight is the Sense, most easy to be impos'd upon. Good God, cried *Sancho*, had the Enchanters any Hand in that Matter too. There is no doubt to be made of it, quoth *Don Alvaro*, poor *Sancho*, you was put upon by the Enchanters that Bout, and you'll be so continually, as long as you believe your own Eyes, instead of giving Credit to *Don Quixote*, who looking upon Things as a Knight Errant, sees them without any change, or disguise. By my faith, quoth *Sancho*, if so, there is no swearing to any Thing; for, between us, the *Infanta of Galicia*, is like a Maid of an Inn, as ever I saw any Thing. She is ugly, lame, and crooked, and the Smock she wears, is as dirty as a Dish-clout. But since she is a Princess, let us talk no more of it. Let her mend, and God will bless her. I freely forgive her the Cuff she gave me, for eating a bit of Cheese she had hid in her Cupboard. The Gentlemen rose from the Table laughing, and went out of the Room, that *Don Quixote* might take his rest, who stood in need of it after his beating, and other fatigues of the Day. As for *Sancho*, he was deliver'd to the Servants, who made sport with him, and play'd him as many Pranks as he told them idle Stories.

## C H A P. III.

*Containing several Things worthy of Attention.*

**T**HE next Morning *Don Alvaro* came into our Knights Chamber, and sitting down by his Bed, said to him, how does *Don Quixote* the flower of the Knights of *la Mancha*, find himself to Day. I could wish some Adventure worthy his invincible Arm, would offer in *Aragon*. There are frequently very dangerous ones in this Kingdom, and I suppose you have been inform'd, how some haughty Giants appear'd of late at the Tilting at *Zaragoza*, to the Misfortune of a great Number of Knights. Alas! Why was not you here to rid the World of such Monsters. Dear Friend *Don Alvaro*, answer'd *Don Quixote* very disconsolately, I am sorry I was not at your Tilting; had I been there, the Giants had not gone Home to their own Countries with so much Honour, but I shall meet with them one Time or other, and they shall pay for all. You are in the right, replied the *Granadine*. But in the meanwhile till that happy Day comes, I must tell you, that I have concerted a Course at Ring, to be run next *Sunday* with the Principal Knights of the City, in which several Prizes of Value will be given to those that shall shew most dexterity. And the same Persons will set as Judges that did at the Tilting. An infinite Number of Princesses and Infantas will appear glittering like so many Stars on all sides at the Windows, and in the Balconies. We Knights will appear there in our most costly Equipage, with Devices painted on our Bucklers, and on little fluttering Streamers of all sorts of Colours. And if you, Sir, please to be one of the Knights of my Troop, I'll undertake to furnish you with Live-  
ries

ries that shall not disgrace you. Consider *Don Quixote*, whether you will be pleas'd to admit me by your side to partake of the Honour you cannot fail of gaining. With all my Heart, my dear *Tarfe*, replied our Knight sitting up in his Bed, tho' it were but to make you an Eye-Witness of the great Feats I can perform. I ought not to praise myself; but the wonderful Adventures I have finish'd are so notorious, that Modesty is no longer useful. You are in the Right, said the *Granadine*, but lay down if you please, I'll cause the Table to be set by your Bed-side, as it was last Night, and we'll dine together with the other Knights of the Troop. We will talk about the Preparatives for our Course at Ring, and we will therein be rul'd by your judicious Advice, seeing you are better skill'd in those Sports than we are. When he had so said, *Don Alvaro* went out of the Room, and *Don Quixote* not able to take any Rest after this Discourse, began to let his Thoughts run upon the Course at Ring, He was so full of this Imagination, that without considering what he did, he got up and began to dress himself; in this Rapture, he stopp'd with his Breeches about his Heels, and his Eyes fix'd on the Ground, then starting up and taking a Carrier, he run his Finger against the Wall. Having perform'd so dextrously with his Lance, he cried out as loud as as he could. My Lords Judges, you see I have born away the Ring. Your Excellencies will be pleas'd to order me the Prize. *Sancho* hearing his Master cry out, run up, and seeing him in the Posture before describ'd, and his Shirt as it happen'd very short, it offended his Modesty. For the Love of God, Sir, quoth he, pull up your Breeches, are not you asham'd thus to shew your Nakedness. These Words brought *Don Quixote* out of his Rapture, and he thought fit to follow his Squire's Advice; but as he stoop'd

to do it, he shew'd a Pair of dirty wither'd Buttocks. Well done, quoth *Sancho*, you have mended the Matter finely. You are resolv'd this Day to salute me with all the Filthiness the Lord has given you. Dress yourself quickly, and go down into the Kitchen, there you'll see Capons, and Partridges, turning before a good Fire, with swinging Ribs, and Surloins of Beef, which make the Spits bend under them by Jove, as I would bend a Rush. There you'll see Pots, Skillets, and Stew-pans, Pasties, and Forc'd Meats, in such abundance, that it over-joys one to see so much good Meat together. To stay my Stomach for Dinner, I cram'd my Guts with a good lunch of white Bread, and half a Turkey, the Cook gave me, who is a little Pleasant Bandy-legg'd Fellow. 'Tis true, our good Friend *Don Alvaro Tarfe's* Pages, made me swallow some Spoonfuls of Broth so hot, that one half of it came out at my Nose again; but that's no Matter, they are wild Fellows, who don't grudge what they give. I have drank three Pots of a Sort of Drink, they call Malmsey in this Country, which is much better than our Wine of *la Mancha*. Here they talk of nothing but good Cheer, and Merry-making; and don't you fear they'll starve *Rocinante*, who is next to you, the Flower of Chivalry. *Dapple* and he, are so well pleas'd, and fed, that a little tickling will make them laugh. To deal plainly with you Sir, these are the true Adventurers of Knight Errantry, and we ought to seek no others. Thou notorious Scoundrel, said *Don Quixote*. It plainly appears thou art, and never wilt be any other but a meer Glutton, that think'st of nothing but gorging thy Belly, like a Swine, instead, of seeking as I do, the true Glory of Knight Errantry.

At this Time *Don Alvaro*, and four Friends, he had invited to Dinner, came into the Room,  
and

and *Don Quixote* having scarce got up his Breeches yet, they could not forbear laughing. However, *Tarfe* putting on a grave Countenance, said, why would you get up Sir Knight? You are not yet well recover'd after your last Adventure. Pray go to Bed again, if you please, and we will dine, as we supp'd last Night. *Don Quixote* would have excus'd himself, and put on his Cloaths; but the *Granadine*, and his Friends, by their Intreaties, prevail'd with him to go to Bed again. As soon as he was there, the Table was brought in, and all being seated, they began to Discourse of the Excellency and Benefit, of Knight Errantry. It is needless to ask whether *Don Quixote*, did not exert his Talent upon this Subject, it heated him so far, that he acquainted them of his Projects, and told them all the mighty Feats he intended to perform at *Trabison*, against *Cocklindor* of the *Red Islands*, and against *Arficarabon*, the Giant with the three Faces. These extravagant Names, which could not come from any other, than such a distracted wild Fancy, set the Guests into such a violent fit of Laughter, that our Knight looking sternly on them, said, he was asham'd to see Men of their Worth, behave themselves so indiscreetly. *Don Alvaro* perceiving he was almost Angry, very wisely said to his Friends. Upon my Word, Gentlemen, it is very plain that you are meer Novices in Knight Errantry, since you are so little acquainted with the incomparable *Don Quixote*, the very Carbuncle of Knights Errant. If you would be inform'd what sort of Man he is, go ask it of the Knights and Giants, he has conquer'd, and then send to his former Mistress, the Infanta *Dulcinea del Toboso*. It is not above a Fort-night, as *Sancho*, has inform'd me, since he fought *Orlando Furioso*, whose Head he would have brought to our Tilting, had not a malicious Enchanter, after a tedious and bloody

bloody Combat carried away that *Paladin*, by his Magical Spells. The Guests pretending to be much astonish'd at what *Don Alvaro* told them, intreated the Knight in the gravest Manner they were able, to Pardon their indiscretion, and then rising from Table, they call'd a fresh Cause, and talk'd of their Course at Ring. Then onè of the Gentlemen, directing his Discourse to *Don Quixote*, said, what Liveries will it please the Heroick Knight of *la Mancha*, to appear with? For we will not deal away all the Cards from the best Gamester among us. I am of Opinion he should give a Green Livery, because it is the Colour that represents hope, and none has more cause than he, to promise himself the Prize of the Course. I fancy, said another Gentleman, his Livery ought to be of a Violet Colour, because it represents indifferency, and he is call'd *The Loveless Knight*. And I would have him Paint some sharp Device, against the Ladies on his Shield. The Third differ'd in Opinion, and advis'd *Don Quixote*, to give a White Livery, to betoken his extraordinary Chastity, and to express by his Device, that no Lady in this World, had ever yet Allurements enough, to lead him astray. For my part, said the Fourth, I think the redoubted Knight of *la Mancha*, who daily kills Giants upon Giants, ought to appear at the Course with black Liveries, to denote to all that shall be there to oppose him, that they must expect to reap no other Fruit for their Rashness, but a black and dismal Event. *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, taking his turn to speak, said, you will be pleas'd Gentlemen, to give me Leave to own, I differ in Sentiment from you all. *Don Quixote* being a Person most singular, it will not be proper for him to appear like the Rest, upon this Occasion, and in my Judgment, it will better become him to enter the Lists like a Knight Errant, arm'd at all Points, and that he may not  
make

make use of borrow'd Armour, I do now present him with a Suit; for you must understand, Gentlemen, that the Suit he now makes use of, is a curious Armour of *Milan*, which I left in his Custody at *Argamasilla*. And since he has done it the Honour to wear it, no other Knight in the World deserves to put it on. Let him therefore keep it to the Glory of Knight Errantry, and may it from this Time become more famous than *Sampson's*, which was formerly worn by the Renowned King *Gradassus*. But because it is somewhat tarnish'd with the Heat of the Sun, the Rain, and much more by the Blood of so many Monsters he has slain, I will order it to be new polish'd. As for his Device, he needs no other, than that he caus'd to be painted at *Ariza*, upon the wonderful Buckler he brought hither, which is a Present from his great Friend the wise *Alquise*. It has not been yet seen in *Zaragoza*, because he caus'd it to be cover'd with a Piece of fine *Taffata*, as was *Atlas's* thining Buckler. The ingenious Device, will be altogether new here, and will inform all Mankind, what Thoughts they are to entertain of *The Loveless Knight*. When *Don Alvaro* had spoke, they all agreed his contrivance was the best, and *Don Quixote* was so pleas'd with it that he said, expressing much Satisfaction. You are in the Right, *Don Tarfeyan*, it is convenient I appear in Armour, because it often happens that at such Diversions, there come some outrageous Giants, Kings of some strange Lands, who, according to their Custom reflect on the King's Honour, and arrogantly Challenge the Court Knights. As for my Armour, my dear *Don Alvaro* you are in the Wrong if you think it ever was yours. The wise *Alquise* never intended them for any Body but me; but since in his profound Wisdom, he thought fit to send me that noble Present by you, I will receive it at your  
Hands

Hands as if he had no share in it. *Don Alvaro* and his Friends, were never weary of hearing the Knights serious and sublime Discourses, which with *Sancho's* Simplicities made such a Medley, as rendered their Diversion compleat

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## C H A P. IV.

*Which shews how Don Quixote won the Prize at the Course of the Ring.*

**T**H E Day for running at the Ring being come, the Gentlemen that were to run made themselves ready, and gave all necessary Orders for rendering the Sport pleasant and magnificent. On the two sides of the Square, two Triumphal Arches were erected, through which they were to pass to enter the Lists, and on the Triumphal Arches, were several Inscriptions in praise of Love. The Windows and Balconies, were set out with the most beautiful Ladies of the City and Country about, who had spar'd for nothing that Art could invent, to add to their Beauty, and whose sparkling Eyes discover'd the Hopes they had conceiv'd, that they should receive the Prize of the Course at the Hands of their Lovers. The Viceroy, held the first Place with all his Family, and next him the prime Nobility of the Kingdom according to their Rank and Employments. The Procession began by the Judges of the Field, who after having rounded the Place three Times, richly Clad, and followed by a numerous Retinue, took their Seats at the End of the Course, on an Amphitheatre curiously adorn'd, the Trumpets sounding all the while. When they were seated, twenty handsome Gentlemen divided into two Troops, entered the Place, by two and  
two



two with rich Liveries, and all the glorious Equipage of a delighting Solemnity. I know not why our *Arabian* Historian omitted in this Place, to give us a Majestick Description of this great Entertainment, unless it was because he would not lose sight of his Hero. He thinks it enough to tell us that *Don Alvaro* mounted on a fierce *Andaluzian* dappled Grey-courser, with most costly Furniture, and whose majestic Motion added much to his Beauty, was clad in Cloth of Gold curiously embroider'd with Flower-de-Luces, and Roses link'd together. In his Shield he had caus'd *Don Quixote* to be painted to the Life with the whole Adventure of his Basting, which set every Body a Laughing. Our Knight was by *Don Alvaro's* side, as his Second, and entered the Lifts with a martial Countenance. He had his Helmet on his Head, and was arm'd at all Points, ready to fight all the Giants in the World. The Multitude, who do not always interpret Things in the best Sense, gave great shouts seeing the Figure of the Knight, and his peaceable Horse. The two Troops pass'd before the Ladies performing the usual Salutes, and other Gallantries; that is, making their Horses prance and curvet; in which Particular *Rocinante*, tho' untaught. play'd his Part to Admiration: When *Don Quixote*, and *Don Alvaro*, came before the Judges, and had saluted them, the Chief of them directing his Discourse to the Knight with much Gravity, said: Most famous Prince of *la Mancha*, Flower and Mirror of Knight Errantry, we look upon it as a great Favour of Fortune, that you have vouchsafed to Honour with your Presence, the Diversion we this Day give to the Ladies. The Knight with no less Gravity replied. Great Judge of martial Exercises, tho' this be but meer sport compar'd with the mighty Enterprises I daily attempt, yet I will  
not

not deny you the Satisfaction of seeing my Dexterity. Having so said, he went on with *Don Alvaro*, who when he came up to his Troop, gave *Don Quixote* to understand, that he must run last, least he should put the other Knights out of hopes of winning any of the Prizes; and since his Course must needs be the finest and most pleasing of all, it was fit to reserve it for the last, that the Sport might conclude with something that was extraordinary. *Don Quixote* could not offer any thing against such plausible Reasons, but drew to one Side, and by that means became a Spectator of the Sport.

THEN all the Gentlemen run their Carriers, Kettle-Drums and Trumpets founding, every one in his turn as had been appointed them by Lot, shewing their Dexterity and Art. *Don Alvaro* was admir'd above all the rest, for he bore away the first Prize, and gave good Proof that he was descended from the antient (u) *Abencerrages*, who first brought into *Spain* the Custom of Tilting, running at the Ring, and other noble Sports intended for the Diversion of the Ladies. When they had all run, *Don Alvaro* went up to *Don Quixote*, who began to be out of Patience, and leading him to the Starting-place, the Trumpets gave the Signal. *Don Quixote* clapt his Heels to *Rocinante's* Sides, who being ready to contribute as much as in him lay to his Master's Honour, appear'd full of Mettle, and after he had received about twenty Memorandums from the Spur, set out with a more than ordinary Swiftnes. But let us here bewail the Mutability of Fortune, which delights in destroying in a Moment, the best grounded Hopes. *Rocinante* had run over half the Course, and was near  
near

(u) *A Noble Race of Moors.*

near the Place where the Ring was set up, when his mighty Metal failing him, he made a false step, and fell down under his Master. This Accident set all the Spectators a laughing; but *Don Quixote* having help'd his Horse up, return'd fuming with Anger to the Place from whence he set out, where *Don Alvaro* who was ready to receive him, said to him. Be not cast down Sir Knight; it was your Horses fault that you did not bear away the Ring; your Carrier was beautiful to Admiration, and if you will take my Advice, you must begin it again, before *Rocinante* cools. *Don Quixote*, without answering one Word, set forward the second Time, and being beside himself with Passion and Concern, miss'd the Ring; but the *Granadine*, who had foreseen it, mended the Fault, for having followed him upon a Hand-gallop, he raised himself on his Stirrups, and taking off the Ring with his Hand, clapt it so cleverly upon the Point of *Don Quixote's* Lance, that he ne're perceived it; and at the same time he cry'd out with a loud Voice. Victory, Victory, the illustrious *Don Quixote*, the Ornament of Knight-Errantry, has bore away the Ring. The Knight cast his Eye upon his Lance, and seeing the Ring upon it, believed he had come off with Honour; then turning to *Don Alvaro*, he said, You see of how dangerous a Consequence it is to be Idle, *Rocinante* for want of being kept in his Wind, has notoriously affronted me. 'Tis true, said *Don Alvaro*, smiling, but you have made good Amends for it, and you must now go up to the Judges to demand the Prize that is become due to you. *Don Quixote* took his Advice, and coming before the Judges, held out his Lance to them, saying, Your Lordships may be pleas'd to look upon this Lance, methinks it says enough in my Behalf. The same  
Judge

Judge who had spoke to him before, undertook for the rest, and having made fast to the end of his Lance half a Score great Leather Points, he had caus'd to be brought for the Purpose, and which were worth about a Groat or Three-pence, he said to him; Invincible Knight-Errant, as a Prize for the Skill and Dexterity you have shewn in your incomparable Carrier, I present you with that precious Jewel. The wise *Lirgandus*, your Friend, brought it from the *Indies*, for you: In short, these wonderful Garters are made of the real Skin of the *Phenix*, that famous Bird, the only one of his Kin. And since you stile your self, *The Loveless Knight*, I would advise you to present them to the Lady in this Assembly you shall judge the most insensible to that Passion. But I do order you upon pain of my Displeasure, to come Sup with me to Night with *Don Alvaro*, and to bring your faithful Squire, who alone deserves to be Servant to a Knight of your Worth. I return you most humble Thanks, answered *Don Quixote*, for the noble Present the Wise *Lirgandus* sends me by your Righteous Hands, and you shall soon perceive how much I value your Advice. This said, he turn'd off to take an exact View of all the Windows and Balconies about the Square. At last, he halted at a low Window, where he saw an old Woman between two young lewd Wenches, scurvily painted. This was the Honourable Lady he pitch'd upon. He drew near, and resting the Spear of his Lance with the Points hanging at it, on the Edge of the Window, said to her in a grave and audible Voice: Most wise *Urganda* the unknown, you see here before you this Knight so entirely Yours, whom you have so often defended against the Wiles of your malignant Brother Enchanters. In return for these Favours, I beseech you to accept

at my Hands these precious Garters, which I have gain'd with your favourable Assistance, and which are made of the very Skin of that famous Bird, so much celebrated by our Poets. The wise *Urganda* and her vertuous Companions admiring this Discourse, and the present of the Leather Points, and hearing the Rabble shout continually, shut to the Window in a rude Manner, calling the Knight a thousand hard Names. *Don Quixote*, surpriz'd at this Incivility, knew not what to think, and stood silent as doubting how he should behave himself. *Sancho*, who was come up to his Master in the Square after the Course was over, seeing what small Account the Old Woman made of the Points, raising his Voice, cry'd out, O the old branded excommunicate Witch! What can she mean by refusing such curious delicate Points? Poor Jade, what a Fool she is. By my Father's Soul, if I catch up a Stone, I'll soon make her open the Window; but pray, Sir, let us leave the old Hen and her Chickens. Give me those Points, for those I have to my Breeches, are almost worn out, and the rest of them will serve in our Errantry to mend *Dapple's* Pannel, and *Rocinante's* Saddle. Take them my Son, said *Don Quixote* in a melancholy Mood, holding down the Point of his Lance, take those rare Garters, and lay them up carefully. I plainly perceive the wise *Urganda* is more my Enemy's Friend than mine. She has sufficiently convinc'd me by the ill Language she gave me. Ads! my Life Sir! quoth *Sancho*, don't you trouble your self about that ill Language, for it is all but Words, and the Wind carries them away. The Crow cannot be blacker than his Wings; and an old Whores Curfes are as good as Prayers.

## CHAPTER V.

Don Quixote and Tarfe go to Sup with Don Carlos. Sancho's good Humour. The dreadful Adventure Don Quixote met with in Don Carlos's House.

NIGHT drawing on, and all People beginning to repair to their Homes, *Don Alvaro* came up to the Knight of *La Mancha*, to acquaint him it was Time to go to *Don Carlos's* House. Let us go, answered *Don Quixote*, I am ready to follow you. The *Granadine* would have persuaded him to quit his Lance and his Buckler ; but the Knight would not consent, and went away arm'd as he was, to *Don Carlos's* House. He entered the Hall where they expected him, in the same manner as *Amadis* entered *Apollidon's* forbidden Room, when he compass'd the Adventure of the faithful Lover's Bow. *Don Carlos* embrac'd him, and said, Welcome the great Knight of *La Mancha* to this House, in which, all Persons wish him all manner of Prosperity. But, good Sir *Don Quixote*, be pleas'd to lay aside your Arms to rest you, after your glorious Carriers. You may do it here with all the safety imaginable, since you are among your Friends. To please you, replied the Knight, I may lay aside my Lance and my Shield, but for the rest of my Arms, I beseech you to give me leave to keep them on. Wherever I am, I never part with them for two Reasons. The first, by continual wearing these honourable Instruments of Knight Errantry, I inure my Body to them, and they become easy, according to the Maxim in Philosophy, *Ab assuetis non fit Passio*. The other Reason

Reason is, because a discreet Man must be always upon his Guard. For, I remember I have read in the wonderful Book of the Adventures of the Knight of the Sun, that the said Knight having lost himself one Day in a Wood, with his Friend *Oristides* the *Trojan*, they came at last into a curious Meadow, where they found ten or twelve Savages, roasting a Stag upon the Coals. Being come near, the Savages by Signs, invited them to eat. The Knights, who stood in great need of that Relief, accepted of the Offer. They alighted, and having unbridled their Horses, that they might graze freely in the Meadow, they sat down among the Savages, who show'd them much Civility. However, they would not take off their Helmets, and only lifted up their Beavers; but as soon as ever they began to eat, the Savages treacherously fell all upon them at once, and gave them so many Blows with their Clubs on their Heads, that had not the rare Temper of the Helmets defended them, the two Knights had been crush'd to death. They fell down senseless, and the Savages believing they were dead, would have stripped them; but not being used to disarm Knights, they knew not how to go about it. This gained *Oristides*, and the Knight of the Sun so much Time, that they came to themselves, call'd up their wonted Valour, and perceiving the Danger they were in, they leap'd up, drew their Swords, and charg'd the Savages with such Resolution, that they soon made a wonderful Havock. No stroke was lost, here tumbled a Head, there fell an Arm or a Leg. *Don Quixote* relating this sharp Expedition, drew his Sword, and the better to represent the Knight of the Sun, and his Companion's Valour, fell a fencing so eagerly, that all the Company fearing least he should mistake them for Savages, got as far off as they could, making

making a large Ring about him, in the Centre whereof he stood. This Scene diverted all the Assembly; but *Don Carlos* thinking fit to put an End to it, said to *Don Quixote* smiling, Enough, invincible Knight, those Savages have long since been destroyed, let us talk no more of them I beseech you. *Don Quixote* stood still on a sudden, and put his Sword up again with such Deliberation, as was scarce to be expected from him. Then *Don Carlos* drew near, and taking him by the Hand, lead him into another great Hall, where the Table was ready cover'd; but before they sat down, *Don Alvaro* missing *Sancho*, sent one of his Pages to look for him.

*SANCHO*, who had followed his Master to *Don Carlos's* House, took Occasion to walk into the Kitchen, where he was wonderful attentive to the Preparations for Supper. Master *Sancho*, said the Page, you are wanted in the Supping Room. They will not go to Supper without you. Come, taste of the delicate Dishes, and noble Wines. By my Faith, Mr. Page, quoth the Squire, those Gentlemen take me at a Time when I am very ready to oblige them, for I have not put one bit into my Belly these three Hours. So saying, he went into the Hall where the Company was. He took off his Cap with both his Hands, and making a low bow. Gentlemen, said he, God rest your Souls for thinking of me. How now, *Sancho*, said *Don Carlos*, you compliment us as if we were dead; we are still alive and well, God be praised, unless these Gentlemen be out of Order with the ill Entertainment they have. Mother of God, quoth *Sancho*, looking at the Dishes on the Table, how can that be? Then these Gentlemen would be like a Countryman's Geese with us, that died of the Pip in a Pond. This Table needs no Compliments;



I see so many Dishes full of Ostriches, Ragouts, and Fricasses, that my Mouth Waters for joy. Well, my Friend, said *Don Carlos*, giving him a Capon on a Plate, eat that to whet your Stomach: I am told you dispatch those Creatures with an extraordinary Air. You are not misinformed, replied the Squire, and it shall cost you nothing to see the Experiment tried. This said, he ask'd for Bread, and laid about him so vigorously, that the Capon vanish'd in a Trice. The Pages that waited at Table, were as well pleas'd as their Masters, to see him, and therefore, they took care to put upon his Plate, all that was left on those they took off the Table, and did not fail to fill him Wine at every Turn. This put him into such a rare Humour, that he could not forbear crying out: In truth *Don Carlos*, your Pages and You, are the very Picture of Plenty, you make so much of your Friends. Friend *Sancho*, answered *Don Carlos* smiling, you deserve our Love for being so frank and open-hearted, and therefore in reward of your plain dealing, take this Plate of Force-meat-balls. What do you call these Balls, replied the Squire, taking the Plate, I never saw any of them before. Taste them Friend *Sancho*, said *Don Alvaro*, and give us your Opinion of them. *Sancho* needed not twice bidding, he began to swallow them down one after another, as if they had been Grapes; and then said to *Don Alvaro*, By my Troth, *Don Alvaro*, these Balls are pretty Baubles; I fancy the Children in *Limbo* play with such Balls; when I go Home to my Country again, I'll sow a Peck of them in our Garden, and if they come up well, I'll sell them at a good rate. All that I am afraid of is, that I shall eat them before they are ripe; but to prevent that, whenever I go near them, my Wife shall Gag me. Your Wife, said *Don Carlos*,  
then

then you are marry'd *Sancho*, Is your Wife handsome? Handsome quoth-a, reply'd the Squire, I would not change her for the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, whose true Name is *Aldonca Lorenzo*, alias *Nogales*. It is true, my Wife will be fifty five Years old next Grass, and the Sun has somewhat tann'd her Face; but for all that, she is a Woman would puzzle a Doctor. She prates like a Magpye. The only Thing the Curate twits her with is, that as soon as ever she has scrap'd together a Groat or Five-pence, you may sooner take her by her Honour, than hinder her going to *John Perez*, the Vintner in our Village, to change her Money for the Juice of the Grape. Have you any Children, said one of the Guests? Ad take me, why what do you think we have done, said the Squire, that we should have none? Yes, indeed we have. And among the rest, we have a little *Sancha*, who is as cunning as her Mother already. Faith and Troth she is a dainty shap'd Girl, and as wise as a Gipsy. As for her Beauty, they are best Judges of it, who say, nothing can be more like our Curate, and he is the handsomest Man in all *la Mancha*. All the Company laugh'd at the Squires Simplicity, and *Don Alvaro* observing he had no more to eat, said to him, Friend *Sancho*, see whether you have ever an empty Corner in your Belly lto lay up this Plate of (w) White Meat. *Sancho* took it, saying, Master *Tarfe* I thank you, and I hope by the help of God, this shall not be left out. Immediately he clapt his Hand into the Plate, and in one Moment, all the White Meat vanish'd, except what stuck to his Beard.

G 4

WHEN

(w) This White Meat is the *Brawn* of Fowls bruiz'd and made into a *Masi*, with Sugar and other Ingredients very delicious.

WHEN Supper was over, the Master of the Feast led his Guests to the other end of the Hall, and seated them there till the Servants took away, and it being his Design that *Don Quixote* should have all the Honour of the Entertainments, he plac'd him between *Don Alvaro* and himself, and made Sign to *Sancho*, who that Night well deserv'd the Sir-name of (x) *Panca*, to sit down on the Ground at his Masters Feet. Then *Don Alvaro* began to tax *Don Quixote*, with having been Thoughty all Supper Time, without making merrry as the rest of the Company was, or so much as tasting the Meat that was set before him. It is a Sign, answer'd *Don Carlos*, that *Don Quixote*, did not like the Dressing of our Meat, and we need not wonder at it. How can private Gentlemens Entertainments as ours are, please so curious an Appetite as his. Can he find any Thing to relish with him here, he who after gaining the Prize of Tournaments, and finishing unheard of Adventures, is treated every Day in the Courts of Emperors, Sultans, and Caliphs, such as those of *Trabisond*, of *Niquea*, and of *Sycionia*, all of them so renowned for the Delicacy and Sumptuousness of their Tables. Pox take me quoth *Sancho*, interrupting him boldly, I cannot endure all that Bombast? They that told you all this *Don Carlos* are Liars. We are not for the most Part treated with any Thing in our Chivalry, but with Thumps of Stones; and if we chance to eat Melons, on my Conscience they make us pay for Sauce. It is true, we sometimes meet with good People, such as Master *Valentin*, but *Shrovetide* comes but once a Year; and as for those Emperors and *Caiphases* you talk of,

the

(x) *Panca*, in Spanish signifies Paunch, or Belly, or Tripe.

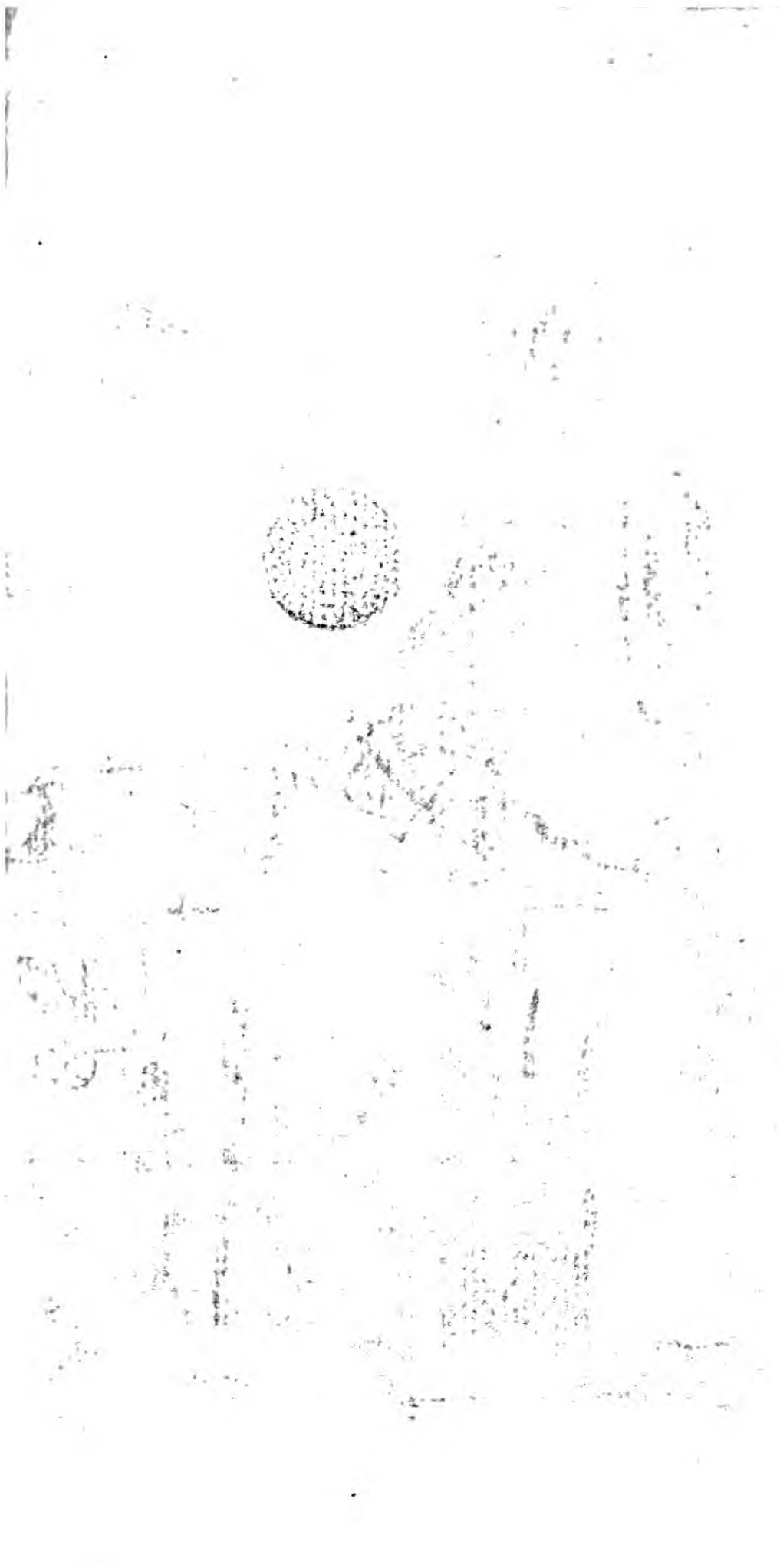
the Devil take him that ever saw any of them, unless it were in my Master's Head, who is a Fool if he does not pitch his Tent here for ever. *Don Quixote* could not bear with *Sancho's* impertinence any longer, and giving him a good kick on the Back. Thou base Scoundrel, said he to him in a Passion, will you hold your prating Tongue? What evill Genius moves thee to trouble this illustrious Company with your Follies? Good Sir *Don Carlos*, continued he, turning to the Master of the House, I beseech you forgive my Squires indiscretion, and rest satisfied, that if I have not eaten, it was not for want of relishing the Dainties your Table was furnish'd with; but because we Knights Errant, have always a Guard upon ourselves against Sensuality. We make use of good Food only to support Nature; and when the Emperors to whose Courts Fortune is pleas'd to guide us, will entertain us, we make less Account of the Dainties serv'd up, than of the Honour they do us, in admitting us to their Tables. In short, we despise a Life of Ease and Pleasure; and whilst we go about to redress Wrongs, and to re-establish good order in Countries, we take it for a mighty Pleasure to cross barren Deserts, to be expos'd to the Rigour of Seasons, and to go whole Days without eating, like *Amadis de Gaul*, who liv'd above three Months on the poor Rock, without sleeping, or taking the least Sustainance. There is another Thing yet, *Don Carlos*, which hindred me partaking of the publick Satisfaction, which is, that the wise *Urganda*, on whose Favour I rely'd, has very uncourteously refus'd the Prize with which you rewarded my Dexterity; which any other but she would have valu'd above an Empire. This Refusal is enough to damp the most undaunted Courage, and I confess, I am fain to call up all mine to bear up above it. I know not whence her

hatred to me can proceed. Some perfidious Enchanters must have given her a false Character of me, as finding no surer expedient to undermine the very Foundation of Knight Errantry, than by sowing discord among the most solid Supporters of it, and their wise Protectress. The grave *Don Quixote* would not have stopp'd here, he had taken this Affair so much to Heart, but that a Company of Musicians, and Dancers, *Don Carlos*, had sent for to divert the Company, then entered the Hall.

FOR two Hours there was a delightful Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Musick, intermix'd with Dancing between whiles, and this Diversion concluded with a comical Entry, by a Man clad like a Peasant, who danc'd to Admiration. Whilst he danc'd *Don Carlos*, ask'd *Sancho* aloud, whether he could perform the like? The Squire grown heavy and sleepy, with the Weight of so much Meat as he had cram'd down, yawning and making the Sign of the Cross on his Mouth with his Thumb, answer'd. By my Hand, *Don Carlos*, I could cut Capers better upon a good Straw Bed, than in this Hall. As for that Fellow, who shakes himself as if he were possess'd, I fancy there is no making any Puddings of him, for I believe he has no Guts in his Belly. *Sancho's* conceit set the Company a Laughing, but it lasted not long. A dreadful Giant appearing suddenly in the Hall, struck a Terror into all the Assembly. This Giant was three Ells high, and proportionable big. He was forced to kneel down to get into the Hall, and when he stood up again, his Head touch'd the Ceiling. He was clad after the *Persian* Manner in a long Robe of Scarlet Cloth, by his side hung a mighty Scimiter at an Iron Chain, and it had a great Basket Hilt. About his Neck he wore a vast Ruff, and on his Head a high Cap, set round with a great Number of *Turkeys* Tails, which look'd like a  
Coronet

Coronet about it. All the Company started up in a Fright at this Sight, and stood close about *Don Quixote*, as a Flock of Sheep gathers about a Shepherd, at the Sight of the devouring Wolf. As for the Knight of *la Mancha*, he made it appear he was born to encourage People in a Fright. This undaunted Hero preserving his Temper on this dangerous Occasion, cried out with a resolute Voice. Fear nothing Gentlemen, this Affair belongs to me. I understand this sort of Adventures, they often occur in the Palaces of Emperors, lay aside your Fear, and let us hear what this Monstrous Giant would have. The Gentlemen being again seated, as *Don Quixote* order'd, the Giant with a hoarse Voice, such as is natural to all Giants, spoke these Words. Tell me who among you Princes, Pages, or Lackeys, is *The Loveless Knight*, formerly, *The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect*. I am he Giant, replied *Don Quixote* sternly. What would you have with me? O ye immortal Gods, replied the Monster, how shall I requite you, since it is your Pleasure that I find in this City, what I have been seeking with so much cost and trouble, these fourteen hundred Years. Be it known to you Princes, and Knights that here me, that you have here before you the dreadful *Bramarbas Iron-sides*, puissant Emperor of the Kingdom of *Cyprus*, which I conquer'd from its lawful Sovereign, by the Force of my invincible Arm, the Fame of the Knight *Don Quixote's* Adventures, and wonderful Actions, has reach'd my Imperial Palace; and I must own, there is no Place in the World, no Town, Street, Tavern, or Stable, where that great Bully of Knight Errantry is not talk'd of. I have left my Kingdom to come seek him, not being able to endure that so extraordinary a Person should live in the World. I design to fight him and to cut off his Head to carry it to *Cyprus*, and to Nail it up at my Palace

Gate, that it may be known I am stronger than he, and all that shall come after him. And therefore Illustrious *Don Quixote*, if you will not Combat with me, you need only let me cut off your Head this Moment, for I am in haste to go Home. There is also another Thing that brings me hither. I have been inform'd that *Don Carlos*, the Lord of this strong Castle has a young Sister, whose Beauty is cried up in all Parts, and it being one of my failings, to be fond of all pretty young Girls, I design also, to carry away that Princess with me, and put her into my *Seraglio*, and if *Don Carlos* shall oppose it, I Challenge him and all here present. The King of *Cyprus* stopping here, all the Audience expected with Amazement, what *Don Quixote* would Answer, when the Knight kneeling down before *Don Carlos*, said, Great *Trebatius*, Sovereign Emperor of *Greece*, who in the Absence of your Sons, have taken the Name of *Don Carlos*, to confound the false Enchanter, who is contriving the Ruin of your Empire; grant that I may here supply the Place of the Invincible Knight of the Sun, and of the valiant *Rosclair* his Brother, to whom it would belong of Right, to chastise the Insolence of this Monster. *Don Carlos*, who was fain to bite his Lips to avoid laughing, graciously held out his Hand to the Knight, and raising him up said. Illustrious Prince of *la Mancha*, this Affair in reality concerns us both; to deal plainly I am so terrified with *Bramarbas's* Threats, that I cannot avoid giving him the Princess *Trebafina*, my Sister, unless you shall order otherwise. Do therefore as you shall think fit, for whatever you shall decree will be most for our Honour. Hereupon, *Don Quixote* advanced towards the Giant, and accosted him in these Words. Proud *Bramarbas*, had not the respect I owe to the Emperor, and the other Princes here present







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present restrain'd me, thou hadst already receiv'd the Punishment thou deservest; but I accept of thy Challenge, and I make all the Vows usually made upon such occasions by the most renowned Knights, and particularly that I will not lie with the Queen, till I have laid your Monstrous Head at my Feet, which I design shall feed the Crows and Owls. O ye immortal Gods, replied the Giant with a dreadful Voice, must I endure a single Man thus to threaten me? I vow by the Whiskers of *Briareus* and *Enceledus*, my Ancestors, that I will not eat my Bread on the Ground, and that I will not lie down upon the Point of my Sword, till I have made fast your Arms to your Shoulder, and fix'd your Thighs to your Haunches. All these threats, answer'd the Knight, are to no Purpose. It shall be decided by Combat, which of us two is the Prime Knight in the World. Go then, prepare to make good your Boasts, and rid the Emperor of your odious Presence. *Sancho*, frighted at the King of *Cyprus's* vast bulk, could not forbear quaking when he heard these Threats, and getting between him and his Master, he cried. Good Master *Barrabas*, don't do my Master so much harm. I conjure you by *Malchus* his holy Ear, to leave him all his Limbs as God gave them him. It was happy for *Sancho*, that *Don Quixote* had then turn'd to the Emperor *Trebatius* to beg of him, he would be pleas'd to Honour the appointed Combat with his Presence; for had he heard his Squire talk so, he would not have fail'd to chastise his Cowardice. *Bramarbas* drew near *Don Quixote*, and throwing one of his Gloves in his Face, said, Knight, take up that little Glove of mine, which I give you as a Gage that I will expect you To-morrow after Dinner in the great Square; for I never fight till I have eaten and drank heartily. When he had spoke these

Words,

Words, he went out of the Hall in the same Manner he came in. *Don Quixote* was overjoy'd to receive a Challenge in the usual Forms of Knight Errantry, that he took no Notice of the Affront *Bramarbas* had done him, in throwing the Glove in his Face, but gave it to *Sancho*, who seeing it was above two Foot long, cried out, Mother of God, what dreadful Hands! Son of a Whore, what a Cuff he'll give! This Adventure being over, *Don Carlos*, because it was too late, order'd Flambeaux to be brought to light Home the Guests, who after taking Leave of one another, return'd to their Homes; and the History says, they all rested well except *Don Quixote*, who had the worst Night in the World; as will appear in the following Chapter.

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## C H A P. VI.

*Who the Giant Bramarbas was. Don Quixote's Dream, and the Consequences of it.*

OUR *Arabian* Author believing the Reader would have the Curiosity to desire to know, who the Giant *Bramarbas* was, would not omit informing us. He says, that *Don Carlos*, and *Don Alvaro*, had borrow'd one of those Pastboard Giants clad in long Robes, which in *Spain* they carry about the Streets upon great Festivals, to please the Multitude. *Don Carlos's* Secretary, a Youth of a Pleasant disposition, play'd the Part of *Bramarbas*. He held up the Pastboard Head on a Pole, and spoke through a long Tin Trunk, one end of which came to the Giants Mouth; and the better to deceive the Knight of *la Mancha*, and his Squire, the

the Lights were set at such a Distance, that the Giant's own Shadow hinder'd discovering his Past-board Face.

*DON Quixote's* fancy was so full of this Adventure, that he could not rest all Night; for as soon as he fell asleep, the earnest Desire he had to try his Strength with the King of *Cyprus*, wak'd him: However, towards Day Sleep overcame him, which yet only serv'd to disorder him the more. For he dreamt, that *Bramarbas* had treacherously stole into the Castle to kill him basely; and in this Consternation, started up, crying, stay Traitor, you shall soon find that all your Artifices, will not save you from my Sword. This said, he clapp'd on his Back and Breast-plate upon his Shirt, and laying hold of his Lance, and Shield, with his Helmet on his Head, he search'd all the Corners of the Room, and even under the Bed, to find the King of *Cyprus*, never considering that such a Giant as *Bramarbas*, could not be easily conceal'd. That done, he went down into the Hall, and thence into a little Room, where *Sancho*, as ill luck would have it, lay in a little Bed without Curtains. The honest Squire had cover'd himself over Head and Ears, that the Light of the Day, might not disturb him, and on the Pillow, lay the King of *Cyprus's* great Glove, which his Master gave him to keep. As soon as *Don Quixote* spied the Glove, he thought it was that the Giant had kept, and therefore he concluded, the Man that lay there asleep, was his haughty Enemy, who tir'd with scaling the Castle, took his Rest till he could find an Opportunity to put his Design in Execution. With this conceit, he rais'd up the but-end of his Lance, and discharg'd a furious blow on poor *Sancho's* Ribs, crying. It is thus, cowardly *Ironsides*, that they deserve to be treated, who having such Enemies as I am, do endeavour

deavour treacherously to surprize them. Such an uncourteous shock, was enough to awake a Man out of his Sleep. *Sancho* started almost stunn'd with the Blow, and roar'd most pityfully under the Blankets; nay, *Alifolan* assures us, that *Sancho* cried out before he was hurt. At length he look'd out to see, who it was that handled him so roughly. The Knight soon made himself known, for laying aside his Lance, which he could not wield in that narrow compass, he gave *Sancho* two or three good bangs with his Fist, on the Nose, still crying with a terrible Voice. Perfidious Giant, here thou shalt end thy Days in my Hands, for having scal'd this Castle. This fresh Attack made the Squire redouble his cries, and tho' he was half cripled already, he threw himself out of the Bed, and run into the Hall, crying out to his Master, who followed him close at the Heels. For God's sake Master *Don Quixote*, consider, I have not scal'd this Castle; I am *Sancho Pancha* your trusty Squire. That Artifice is too gross, answer'd *Don Quixote*, it will not avail you to conceal your Name. I know very well Traitor, thou art no other but *Bramarbas*. The Glove that lies on the Bed is a sufficient Proof. The Hall was dark of itself, and the Window-shuts being shut too, *Don Quixote* could not well know his Squire: And therefore still taking him for *Iron-sides*, notwithstanding all *Sancho's* Protestations to the contrary, he still pursu'd and struck him, the poor Wretch calling more Saints to his Assistance, than are to be found in the Legend. The unfortunate Squire would fain have got to the Hall Door, but the troublesome Knight still cut him off, whenever he made that Way. At last *Sancho's* cries wak'd *Don Alvaro's* Servants. They ran out in their Shirts to see what the Matter was; but their Presence, instead of disarming *Don Quixote*, only serv'd

serv'd to heighten his Fury ; for he no sooner saw them, but he fancied they were all Giants, brought thither by Enchantment, to succour *Bramarbas*, and therefore prepar'd to engage them altogether ; but having left his Lance in the little Room, he made his Buckler serve for an offensive Weapon, throwing some down, and hurting others with it, and tearing Shirts on all Hands, he perform'd such Exploits as will be talk'd of in *Zaragoza* in all Ages. Nothing was to be heard but cries, and cursing our Knight, who hitherto had the better of it ; because being in Armour as he was, and his Enemies naked and unarm'd, they could not strike him without doing themselves more hurt than they did him. But it happen'd that his Back and Breast, which was ill buckl'd on, broke loose and fell off in the Scuffle. Then his Adversaries drew near, and a lusty Groom clasp'd him in his Arms, lifting him up from the Ground. Whilst he thus held him in the Air, some of the Pages turn'd up his Shirt over his Head, and Day coming on brighter than it was at first, the Knights Buttocks visibly appear'd, and receiv'd at least a thousand Lashes. Nay, it is reported, that *Sancho* himself, unwilling to loose so good an Opportunity of being reveng'd on his Master, had the Presumption to lay his Hands on him : But since the discreet Squire never boasted of it, the Historian does not deliver this as a certainty, for he will not without good Authority, avouch any Thing that might be so injurious to *Sancho's* Memory. However, it was a terrible Peal was rung on *Don Quixote's* Buttocks ; and being in the Hands of People that were pleas'd with the Sport, there is no doubt, but it would have lasted much longer, had not *Don Alvaro* come into the Hall. He was in his Night-gown and Slippers, and had his Sword under his Arm. The first Thing he saw, was *Don Quixote* in the  
Posture

Posture he has been represented. The Sight was Pleasant enough, but he was too good-natur'd to suffer his Servants to carry on the Jest any farther, and therefore he made a Sign to the Groom to let him go, and to the Rest to make their Escape. Then drawing his Sword and standing by *Sancho*, he said: Oh! brave *Don Quixote*, you see *Sancho*, and I, am ready to Second you: Down with all the Villains that have wrong'd you. But first tell us who they are, and what they have done? Don't you see quoth *Don Quixote*, (who as good luck would have it, knew the *Granadine*) that they are all Giants. *Bramarbas* scalded this Castle last Night, with a Design to Murder me; but his Treason was prevented, for I was privately informed of it by the wife *Lirgandus*. Let us run then my dear *Don Tarfeyon*, let us run after those Traytors, and pursue them into the 'closest Woods in *Cyprus*. He was for making good his Words, and going after the pretended Giants, who fled with all the Speed they could into their Chambers, but *Don Alvaro* stopp'd him, saying: No, no, believe me, over valorous *Don Quixote*, such a vile Generation does not deserve, that you should take so a long Journey in your Shirt: Retire to your Apartment, and do not appear in Publick till we here what *Bramarbas* designs: In the mean while, *Sancho*, and I, will observe all his Motions, and faithfully report them to you. Go then and take your Rest; for you may be satisfied at present, that you have put him to Flight, and that he has left you his Glove, which will remain as a Monument of your Valour, and his Cowardice to your Posterity. *Don Quixote* approv'd of the Advice, and retired to his Chamber. But *Don Alvaro* to make sure of him, double-lock'd the Door on the outside, and took away the Key. Then he went back to look for  
*Sancho,*

*Sancho*, who was gone again into his little Room, and was dressing himself, swearing and cursing, at his Master. Well *Sancho*, said *Tarfe*, how do you find yourself after the Battle? Very well, quoth *Sancho*, I have but one Rib broken, and all my Bones bruised. By Heavens, I am quite weary of all these Frolicks; and in short, were it not for fear of losing the good Island my Master has promised me, Knight Errantry might go to the Devil for me. Then the King of *Cyprus* has hurt you, answered *Don Alvaro*. The King of *Cyprus* quoth-a, replied the Squire, it was the Mad-man my Master, who fancied I was *Barrabas*, and has beaten me like Stock-fish; but he had as good, if he pleases, leave off seeing Things like a Knight Errant, for I don't at all like his Way of seeing. All my comfort is, that his good Deeds have been rewarded: His Buttocks have been curiously handled by your Pages, whom God reward for the good they did in coming to my Assistance. Friend *Sancho*, said *Don Alvaro*, you must not say they were my Pages that whipp'd *Don Quixote*, but Enchanters in the shape of my Pages. Very fine, quoth *Sancho*, that is always the Burden of my Song. We can read but in one Book, and dance the same Dance over again. There is nothing but Enchanters here and there, and every where, God forgive me, I believe in a little Time they'll enchant the very Bread in our Mouths. The *Grandine* was so pleas'd, with *Sancho's* simplicity, that he took him up to his Chamber with him, to hear him talk whilst he dress'd himself.



## C H A P. VII.

*Why and in what Manner the Knight of la Mancha left Zaragoza to go to Court.*

AS soon as *Don Alvaro* was got into his Chamber, *Don Carlos* his Secretary came to him, to acquaint him that his Master had received Letters from Court, which obliged him to repair thither with all speed to conclude a Marriage between his Sister, and one of the King's prime Ministers. I am glad of that, by my Faith, quoth *Sancho*, for then that great Flat-foot *Barrabas*, will not have her. *Don Alvaro* taking the Secretary aside, told him in his Ear, he should be glad with all his Heart to bear him Company as far as *Madrid*. But, said he, how shall we get rid of our Knight Errant? If we take him along with us, he'll be sure to stop us by the Way with new Adventures his Madnes will suggest every Day. Then he told the Secretary, what had happ'ned that Morning, and when they had both laughed till they were weary. I must own, said he, both the Master, and the Man, are so diverting, that I would gladly give the Court the Pleasure of seeing them; but how shall we draw them to *Madrid*, so that they may not go along with us. Let me alone for that, quoth the Secretary, I'll go about it this Moment. He presently took leave of *Don Alvaro*, as it were to give his Master an Answer; but instead of going out of the House, he search'd all about to find Things as would make up a very extravagant Masquerade. He wrapp'd himself up in a great black Cloak, girt about him in several Places with Leather Straps; he made himself a strange shaped Cap, beset with Cock's Feathers of several

several Colours, and garnished with abundance of Clasps, Plates, Shells, bits of Glass, and Jeat. About his Neck, he had nine or ten Gold, Silver, Brass, and Iron Chains, and as many Strings of great and small Beads, with an infinite Number of Medals, and over all a prodigious Ruff, full of Red and Green Spots, and withered Leaves; at his side he wore a Musket, as if it had been a Sword, and his Fingers glittered with a vast Number of Rings: He daub'd his Face with Soot, and made himself a Pair of mighty Whiskers with Ink. In this fine Equipage, not unlike the Figure of King *Melchior*, as he is represented on Twelfth-day in Country Villages, the young Secretary, sent to desire Leave to speak to *Don Alvaro*, who in the Presence of *Sanchico*, said to him; tell me beautiful Srranger who you are, and what you seek? I seek, replied he, the Invincible Prince of *la Mancha*, the great *Don Quixote*, to deliver an Embassy of the greatest Consequence to him, and I have been informed he dwells in this stately Palace. You have been truly informed, answered the *Granadine*, and I will conduct you to his Apartment. This said, he conducted the Ambassador to *Don Quixote's* Chamber-door, and opening it, said, as he went in, to *Don Quixote*, redoubted Knight of *la Mancha*, here is an Ambassador from I know not what Prince, who will not deliver his Embassy to any but to you. Let him come forward, replied *Don Quixote*, very gravely, and as yet in his Shirt; whatsoever he has to say, let him speak freely: The Law of Nations, and the Dignity of his Character, are his Protection. Are you pray, *The Loveless Knight*, said the Ambassador, counterfeiting a coarse and broken Voice. Yes, I am, quoth *Don Quixote*. Know then, great Prince, replied the Ambassador, that the Invulnerable *Bramarbas*, my Master, sole Emperor

ror of all the Giants in the World, and most puissant King of *Cyprus*, and of the adjacent Provinces, Isles, and Meadows, sends you Word by me his most eloquent Squire, and Secretary, *Cordovan* the Smoaky, that a certain Adventure, which happened this Night, has obliged him to repair to *Madrid* immediately; and whereas, to answer the Gage, he flung in your Face last Night, you were to have fought him in this City, where he is jealous he should not have fair play, he now defies and challenges you anew, to fight him in the King of *Spain's* Court, where you have not so many Friends, Seconds, Bastards, and Mistresses. He therefore, requires you, by me the aforesaid *Cordovan*, the Secretary, that you appear at *Madrid*, within forty Days at farthest, upon pain of forfeiting the Dignity of Knighthood, and of losing your Reputation among all the Princesses of *Galicia*, and the *Infanta's* in all the Inns, upon the Face of the Earth. In this famous Combat my Master will try, whether all those mighty things Fame reports of you, are true. If after this solemn Challenge, you fail to appear at *Madrid*, *Bramarbas* will go even to the Moon, to make known your Cowardice: But if on the contrary, you happen to conquer him, you shall be Master, and lawful King, of our delicious Kingdom of *Cyprus*, where you'll have a thousand rich Governments to bestow; among the Rest, that of the Island of the *Force-meat-balls*, which is one of the Best of them all. I design that for myself, (quoth *Sancho*, interrupting him, tho' till then he had given great Attention to the Embassador's Words) but pray tell me Mr. *Cordovan* of the *Smoaky Face*, is that Island of the Balls very far off, or no? Whether it is towards *Sevil*, or *Barcelona*, or beyond *Rome*, and *Constantinople*. If I mistake not, said the Black Embassador, directing his Discourse to

*Sancho,*

*Sancho*, you are the most cudgelable Squire, to the matchless *Loveless Knight*, that *Sancho Pancha*, whose Moderation and Politeness, is every where applauded. Yes, I am he, quoth *Sancho*, in spite of all envious Knaves. I am very glad of it, answered the Embassador; but worthy Sir *Loveless Knight*, added he, turning to *Don Quixote*, give me my Answer quickly, for I have a great Way to go before I can overtake my Master, who by this Time is very far off. Discreet Squire, replied *Don Quixote*, tell the haughty *Bramarbas* from me, that I accept of the new Challenge he sends me, and that he shall see me on the Day appointed in the great Square of *Madrid*, as he saw me this Morning on the famous Bridge of this strong Castle. Withdraw, and be thankful to Heaven, that the Character you bear as Embassador, protects you from the just Indignation I have conceived against your Master, and all that belong to him; but before you go, pray inform me, what unexpected Adventure it is that obliges him to disengage his Word. To tell you the Truth, Sir Knight, said the Embassador, it is no Adventure, but only a Piece of News: He has been informed that *Don Carlos*, otherwise called the Emperor *Trebatius*, is To-morrow to conduct his Sister, the Princess *Trebasina*, to *Madrid*, to marry her to one of the King's prime Ministers. Nay, by my Conscience, cried *Sancho*, Master *Cordovan* does not lie this bout; for *Don Carlos* his Secretary came, in my Presence, to bring *Don Alvaro Tarfe* that good News: And God be prais'd, for having delivered the Princess out of that Scoundrel *Barrabas's* Clutches: A pretty Dog to have such a dainty Bit: but he may now go Whistle after her. This News, replied the Giant's Squire, put my Master into a mighty Rage, for he is of a very amorous Disposition: When he has once set his Mind upon a young Maid, it is a hard Matter to  
get

get her from him ; and he has vowed by the thirteen *Swiss Cantons*, that if the Princess *Trebafina* is married to the Minister, she is designed for, he will Castrate her Husband, and all the Barons in the Court of *Spain*. I'll take Care to hinder him, answered *Don Quixote* in a Heat ; bid him have a Care of harping upon that String, or I shall be with him : I here take under my Protection, not only the Princess *Trebafina*, and her lawful Husband, but also all the Court Barons. The King of *Cyprus's* Squire durst make no Return to those Words, but departed, after making *Don Quixote* such a low Bow that the Top of his Cap touch'd the Ground. He was scarce got out of the Chamber, before *Sancho* ran after him, saying, Master *Cardovan*, a Word with you, if you please : Pray tell me whether the Governor of that Island is subterraneous Lord of all the *Force-meat-balls*. Yes, Friend, replied the Embassador, he is sovereign Lord of them ; but he is to eat an hundred of them every Morning for his Breakfast ; that is the greatest Duty that lies on him. God for ever bless you, quoth *Sancho*, I submit to that Duty with all my Heart, and I will certainly perform it, tho' I burst for it. This said, he returned into his Master's Chamber, and the Secretary, went away to wash and dress himself.

AFTER receiving this Embassy, *Don Quixote* thought of nothing but setting out for *Madrid*. He told *Don Alvaro*, he could not in Honour stay one Moment longer in *Zaragoza*, that he was going in Pursuit of this haughty Enemy, who had such outrageous designs against all the Barons, and Baronesses in *Spain*. Ease me of the Trouble, added he, of returning you tedious Thanks for all the Obligations I have received from your Friendship ; but be assured of the Assistance of my invincible Arm,  
against

against all that shall go about to offend you. Then directing his Discourse to his Squire, away *Sancho*, said he, get my Arms, and *Rocinante*, ready immediately, let us haste to kill the King of *Cyprus*, and by his Death to take Possession of that delicious Island, the Government whereof you claim. That's well said Sir, quoth *Sancho*, but I am of Opinion it were better to go away directly for *Cyprus*, whilst *Iron-sides* is Abroad. It will be easier for us to conquer his Kingdom in his Absence, than when he is at our Heels. You don't know what you say, replied *Don Quixote*. Why how can I fail of meeting him at the Place appointed? I should lose my Honour, which is better than all the Kingdoms in the World. There is no doubt of that, said *Don Alvaro*, and the noble *Don Quixote* must take heed, how he fails in that Particular. Why so much Ceremony, quoth *Sancho*, very earnestly. He is not so very streight lac'd. He promis'd he would cut off your Head this Day, in the great Square of this City, and what is come of it? You may go wait for him till your Heels grow to the Ground. He is now trudging away for *Madrid*, as if he had a Squib ty'd to his Tail. Giants, quoth *Don Quixote*, are faithless lawless Persons, their example is no Rule for me to do any Thing against my Honour. The Word of a Knight Errant is sacred; the very Foundations of the Earth should be shaken, and Nature turned topsy turvey, before a Knight should be perjured. Besides *Sancho*, said *Don Alvaro*, how justly might your illustrious Master be blamed should he by his Absence, give the leud *Bramarbas* the Opportunity of ravishing the Princess *Trebafina*, and disabling all the Officers of the Crown. Would not that be an eternal Shame to Knight Errantry. The Squire could have wish'd that the Government of the Island of the *Force-*

*meat-balls*, had not depended on a Combat; but he must submit to his Master's and *Tarfe's* solid Reasons and so away he went to saddle *Rocinante*, and put the Pannel upon *Dapple*. Whilst he was preparing for the Journey, the Knight made an end of dressing himself. *Don Alvaro* took care to give them their Breakfast, and then *Don Quixote* took leave of the *Granadine*, vaulted into his Saddle, and set out loaded with his Buckler, and a new Lance he had caused to be made the Day before the running at the Ring. *Sancho* staid some Time after his Master, filling his Wallet with all that had been left at Breakfast, then taking Leave of *Don Alvaro*, and his Pages, he got up heavily on his Afs, who having been well pampered in so good a Stable, trotted away merrily. When our Adventurers were gone, *Don Alvaro* went to *Don Carlos's* House, and they both agreed, they would set out for *Madrid* the next Day, taking another Way than that *Don Quixote* went.

*The End of the second BOOK.*



THE



THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
DON QUIXOTE  
*De la Mancha.*

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BOOK III.

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CHAP. I.

*Of the Scuffle Sancho had with a Soldier, as he was going out of Zaragoza.*

**T**H O' Sancho made all the haste he could, yet he did not overtake his Master, till he was just going out of the Town. He found him jogging gently along with a ragged Soldier, and a good Hermit, who were both travelling towards *Castile*, as well as he. When Sancho came



up to them, he heard *Don Quixote* ask the Soldier, whence he came? To which the Soldier made answer, Sir, I come from *Flanders*, where I have served the King a considerable Time; but a certain Misfortune has befallen me, which made me quit the Service so hastily, that I had not Time to get my Discharge; and to add to my Misery, I met with four Robbers on the Way who stripped me. Tho' I was but one to four, I would have defended myself, and perhaps have saved my Purse, had not they asked it with fiery Mouths. With fiery Mouths, quoth *Sancho* in amaze, then they were Souls from the other World. The Soldier casting an Eye upon *Sancho*, and imagining by his looks that he was some sly Peasant of the Country, about the City, that had a Mind to play upon him, he took pet at his Reflection, and answered in a Passion. How now Slouch, do you pretend to railly me? By the dreadful Piece of Canon, *Mahomet* brought to the Siege of *Constantinople*, if I take you in Hand, I'll thrash you as long as ever I am able to stand over you. I'll warrant him, the Scoundrel does not know I have beaten more Clowns like himself, than I have drank gulps of Water, since I have been in the King's Service. These Words, tho' delivered in a threatning Tone, did not fright *Sancho*, who answered fair and softly goes far. You are very unlucky, I find you beat your younger Brother. Why sure good Mr. *Tatterrag*, we have seen othergues Men then you are. Don't you know that I could mumble a Crust before you were born. The Owls and the Sparrows shall feed on your Dogs Head. This said he would have put on his Afs upon the Soldier, as it were to trample him under Foot; but the Soldier, who did not understand Jestings, immediately drew out his Tilter, and laid half a dozen good strokes on *Sancho's* Shoulders, with the  
Flat

Flat of it so nimbly, that *Don Quixote*, and the Hermit, could not save one of them, and at the same Time laying hold of his Foot, whirled him about like a Gig, and threw him on the other Side his Ass flat upon his Back. And not thinking this enough, he was moving forwards to ring a Peal upon his Ribs, but *Don Quixote* interposed, and pushing him with *Rocinante's* Breast-plate, said to him very Magisterially, Stand rash Man, and pay a Respect to what belongs to me. Sir, replied the Soldier, I beg your Pardon for my Rashness, I did not know that Gentleman had the Honour to belong to you. This Satisfaction appeased the Knights Wrath; but *Sancho* still more enraged, took up a great Stone, and began to cry out to his Master very briskly. Stand aside Sir, stand aside, and I'll send that Rake with one Blow to the old Baud that bore him. *Don Quixote* being slower than he thought convenient in getting out of the Way, he cried out again. Stand aside I say, in the Devil's Name; let me finish my own Adventures. I don't disturb you in yours. How shall I learn to cut Giants in two, and disenchant Rocks and Palaces, if you will not let me chastise that Scoundrel? Don't you know that the Barber learns his Trade, by practising on forry Fellows Beards? As soon as the Words were out, he rais'd his Arm to throw the Stone at his Enemy; but the Hermit laid hold of him, saying, for the Love of God, Brother hold your Hand, do not bring yourself into more Trouble. I will yield to nothing, quoth *Sancho*, unless the Knave owns himself conquered. The Hermit perceiving some hope of an Accomodation, quitted *Sancho*, and ran to the Soldier; saying, Good Gentleman Soldier, that poor Peasant is more than half a Fool, pray let him alone. I will not meddle with him any more, answered the Soldier, since

your Reverence desires it, and he belongs to that Gentleman. Upon this promise, the Hermit took the Soldier by the Hand, and said to *Sancho*, honest Man, the Gentleman Soldier yields himself conquered, as you desire: Now you may be Friends and shake Hands. No, no, Father, quoth *Sancho*, that is not all, I perceive you don't understand Chivalry, Master Bumpkin shan't come off so easily. Then directing his Discourse to the Soldier; Thou haughty and monstrous Soldier, said he, in a very grave Manner, since I have conquered thee, I do command thee, according to the Custom of Knight Errantry, to go with a Chain about thy Neck, and appear before the Lady Admiral, *Mary Guiterrez*, my Wife; thou shalt fall down at her Feet, before my Daughter little *Sancha*, and the Curate, and shalt tell her how I have overcome thee in single Combat, or ten to ten. Having spoke these Words, the Squire turned to his Master, and said, Well Sir, what do you think of this? Is it thus Adventures are to be finished? By my Faith, you may see a Man may learn to bray, if he keeps Company with Asses. *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, you might have made choice of a more nobler Comparison, and have said, a Man might learn to roar among Lions. As you please, replied the Squire, it all comes to the same. In short, I can read in no Book but my own; every Man talks as he can, and not as he will, and when a Word is once gone, there is no calling it back. But in short, a Man must not always be a Warrior: besides, the Curate often tells us in his Lectures, that we must be charitable, that God may be merciful to us. So there's an end of all Quarrels, Master Soldier: Let us think no more of what is past, nor of our Debts; here take my Hand, and be thankful and proud of it, and let us be as loving as the four Fingers and  
the

the Thumb. As for the Journey to *Argamasilla*, I allow you to defer it till Master *Valentin* has cured you of the incurable Wounds I have given you. The Soldier took *Sancho* by the Hand very lovingly, and express'd a Kindness for him, which the honest Squire very affectionately embrac'd, and pulling a good Piece of cold Meat out of his Wallet, gave it him. The Soldier return'd him most hearty Thanks, and to shew he valu'd the Present, fell to it immediately, with the help of a Crust of Bread he pull'd out of his Pocket.

Thus ended the Fray, which once look'd as if it could not have been parted without Bloodshed. *Sancho* mounted his Ass again, without remembering how he dismounted, and they all four went on their way together. *Don Quixote*, after musing a while, said to his Squire, my Son *Sancho*, I am considering you have shewn a great deal of Courage, if you continue it, you may be capable of taking your Degrees in Knight Errantry. Pray why should I not, replied *Sancho*? Am not I already inur'd to the Fatigues of the Profession? And can any body tell better than I know my self, what basting and tossing in a Blanket is? No surely: Like Master, like Man: The Prentice often comes to be Master. The Hermit hearing this Talk, which sufficiently made known the Characters of our Heroes, said in the Soldiers Ear, I am much mistaken if these two be not the two Madmen we were told of in *Zaragoza*. The Soldier answer'd, there was no doubt to be made of it; and therefore the Hermit and he agreed they would make themselves Sport with them as long as they travell'd together. *Don Quixote* ask'd them who they were? The Hermit answer'd his Name was Brother *Stephen*; that he was born at *Toledo*, and came now from *Rome*, where he had been about Affairs of Moment. The Soldier

said his Name was *Don Antonio de Bracamonte*, and was born in the City of *Avila*. They travell'd all Day without resting, and towards Night, *Sancho* seeing no Houses all about, said, Gentlemen, I have look'd all about, and the Devil of any thing I can see that looks like an Inn ; and now Night draws on. *Bracamonte*, who knew the Country, assured them, they must travel two Leagues at least before they came to an Inn : Whereupon *Don Quixote* said, I spy a Meadow, where, if you'll be rul'd by me, we will pass this Night : Methinks we being all four of us what we are, need not much trouble ourselves about an Inn ; Brother *Stephen* is us'd to live in Solitude, and lie on the Ground ; and the Soldier having serv'd long, must needs be inur'd to Fatigue, and sleep any where. As for my self and my Squire, Knight Errantry, which we profess, has made us Enemies to all Daintiness : We are better pleas'd to lie upon the Grass, than in Emperors Palaces ; and I declare to you, that the most delightful Nights I have, are those I lie expos'd to the Wind and Weather. *Sancho* was not of the same Mind ; but however, he was wise enough to hold his Tongue ; not that he was afraid of offending Knight Errantry, for he never spar'd it when he was in a merry Mood, but because he saw this was a forc'd put. The Soldier and the Hermit, who were very low in Cash, and relied chiefly on *Sancho's* Wallet, answered the Knight, That they were ready to do whatsoever he pleas'd. They all struck out of the Highway, and took along a Path which led them to a Meadow, where a Christial Stream ran winding like a Snake. Here *Don Quixote* alighting, said to his Squire, Alight my Son, and take off *Rocinante's* Bridle, that your Afs and he may graze more freely ; the Grass to me seems good. I'll answer for it, quoth *Sancho*, there is no  
cause

cause to complain, they'll live here like two Patriarchs: You are in the right, said *Don Quixote*, make haste, and do what I bid you. The Squire instantly obey'd his Master, and having laid hold of his Wallet, which was made fast to *Dapple's* Pannel, went and set him down by the rest upon the Grass, saying. So, Gentlemen, what think you of it? Is it not time to see what is in this Wallet? What a blessed Condition should we be in, had I not taken care to fill it this Morning? By my Faith, we had made but a sorry Supper. Brother *Sancho*; quoth *Bracamonte*, your Forecast can never be sufficiently commended; you don't look like a Man that would go to Sea without Bisket. No, by my truth, quoth *Sancho*, for I have often heard say, That he who does not look before him, falls into the Ditch. This said, he empty'd the Wallet on Brother *Stephen's* Cloak, which serv'd for a Table-cloath, and all four fell to it with very good Stomach. I say all four; for *Don Quixote*, contrary to his usual Custom, kept Time with them; and all had been complete, had they not wanted Wine; but for Water they had their fill.

WHILST they fed, *Don Quixote* put several Questions to *Bracamonte*, and among the rest, whether he had been at any Siege? I have, replied the Soldier, and could give you a very good Account of the Siege of *Ostend*, for I was at it; and by the same Token, I there receiv'd two Musket Shot in my Thigh; and if you please, I'll show you one of my Shoulders, half burnt by a Granade the Enemy threw among five or six of us, who were attacking a Half-Moon. If Time and Place would permit, I could chalk you out exactly the principal Fortifications about *Ostend*; I would describe to you exactly the Mouth of the Harbour, and the General-Officers several Quarters; where

the Batteries are plac'd, and where the Attacks were carry'd on; but that must be some other time. All I can tell you at present is, that *Ostend* cost the Lives of very many Soldiers and Officers. *Sancho*, who had listen'd attentively to *Bracamonte's* Discourse, without losing one Mouthful, interrupted him, saying, Is it possible, Sir, there was never a Knight Errant among you at that time to cut off that Giant *Ostend's* Ears? I don't question but that if my Master *Don Quixote* had been there, he would have eaten him with a grain of Salt. Numskull, quoth *Don Quixote*, *Ostend* is a Town, and not a Giant. The Hermit smiling, said to the Squire, I perceive Friend *Sancho*, you don't trouble your Head with Geography, it is quite out of your way. On my Conscience, answer'd *Sancho*, I have liv'd so long without knowing what Geography is, and I believe I shall never go about to learn it, unless it be in the other World: And by my Truth, it does not belong to me, who am a plain Country Man, to understand all that Rhetorick. Every Man must cut his Coat according to his Cloth. Like to like, as the Devil said to the Collier. Give me Drink, and do not ask me how old I am. Away with it *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, heap Proverbs upon Proverbs, according to your cursed Custom. Nay, by *Jove*, Sir, answered *Sancho*, I believe you have had little Cause to complain this Year; I have taken care to mend that Fault. As for last Year, I have little to say to it. I own I tumbled them out right or wrong; the Truth is, a Million of them escaped me, which they might well enough have spar'd putting into our History. You ought rather to spare uttering them, replied *Don Quixote*, and then they would not have been printed. Ho, ho, cry'd *Sancho*, that's worth all the rest. Why, must every foolish Word that is spoken

spoken be printed? But no matter, if they print no more than I shall say for the Time to come, the Printers will not have so much Employment. Let them alone, I'll take care of my self; all the Proverbs I shall make use of for the future, will amount but to a small parcel; I'll chew them a good while before I spit them out. When *Sancho* had spoken, the Meat being eaten, he stretch'd himself out at full length, Yauning, and giving all other Tokens of Drowsiness. The Hermit and the Soldier being both very weary, lay them down upon the Grass, and soon fell asleep. *Don Quixote* laying aside, for some short Time, the heavy burden of his weighty Designs, tasted the sweetness of a quiet Repose.

C H A P. II.

*Of the Death of Brother James, and what happened at his Funeral.*

AS soon as Day appear'd, our Travellers continu'd their Journey to take the cool of the Morning. They had scarce gone two Leagues, before they spied abundance of People gather'd together at the foot of a Mountain. Curiosity leading them to the Place to know what the Matter was, when they came near, they saw a Clergyman talking to about fifty or sixty Peasants that stood about him. *Don Quixote* and his Gang, standing close to listen to him, heard him say, ' You know, my Friends, what a strange Life ' Brother *James* has led for these ten Years in this ' Solitude. He so carefully avoided the Conver- ' sation of Men, that there is ne'er a one among  

H 6 us,



' us, can boast he ever saw his Face. He fed on  
 ' nothing but Roots, refusing all the Provisions your  
 ' Charity offer'd him. He was for the most part  
 ' shut up in his Cave, and we should not have  
 ' known he was Dead yet, had not some Shepherds  
 ' who us'd to see him sometimes, mistrusted it. In  
 ' short, the austerity of his Life has been such, that  
 ' he is nothing Inferior to the ancient Anchorities.  
 ' Let us then pay him the last Duty with the great-  
 ' est Devotion we can.' When he had so said, the  
 Clergyman ordered them to dig a Grave near a Cave  
 there appear'd on the side of the Hill, whence he  
 caus'd the Body of Brother *James* to be brought  
 out, that every body might see it. This Hermit  
 had a white Beard, which reach'd down to his  
 Middle; but what seem'd much stranger, was that  
 his Hair appear'd blacker than Jeat. The Clergy-  
 man looking on him attentively, cry'd out, By  
 Heavens, this is not natural. At the same time he  
 laid hold of the Beard very roughly, which fell  
 off, to the great Amazement of the Spectators.  
 Brother *Stephen* then nicely examining the Features  
 of the deceas'd Party's Face, was discompos'd. We  
 must look into the Cave, said the Clergyman,  
 whether there be nothing in it that may explain this  
 Mystery to us. Having so said, he went into the  
 Cave, and soon return'd with a little Casket in his  
 Hands, but half shut, which he open'd. God be  
 praised, Gentlemen, quoth he, I see a Paper, which  
 will doubtless discover what we are in care to know.  
 In short, taking out the Paper, he read these Words  
 with an audible Voice. *You behold under the Habit of  
 an Hermit, a Religious Woman, whom lewd Love  
 drew out of her Monastery: Behold the Miseries of  
 a Soul given up to that fatal Passion. Happy I, if  
 ten Years Penance can satisfie divine Justice.*

As soon as Brother *Stephen* heard these Words, he was seiz'd with such an Agony, that it shook his whole Body; his Eye-sight fail'd him, and he swoon'd away in the Soldier's Arms. All the Spectators surpriz'd at this Accident, the Cause whereof they were far from imagining, ran hastily to help Brother *Stephen*, whom *Don Quixote*, *Bracamonte*, and *Sancho*, remov'd a few Paces from thence, under some Trees, where they us'd all possible means to bring him to himself. In the mean while the false Brother *James* was put into the Grave, and the Countrymen desiring some Relick of him, tore his Cloak, and every one carry'd away a Piece. When the Burial was over, the Clergyman went to see Brother *Stephen*, who after many Endeavours used, was at length come to himself, but could not yet Speak. He lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, and every now and then sigh'd so bitterly, that it gave cause to suspect there was some extraordinary Commotion in him. The Clergyman imagining this Hermit might be some way concerned in the Religious Woman's Story, was resolv'd to sift it out; and therefore said to him, Cheer up Brother, and come along with these Gentlemen to rest you at my House, which is in a Village on the other side this Hill, where I am Curate. That is well said cried *Sancho*, let us go Father *Stephen*, do you endeavour to fit my Ass, and let us follow Master Curate; the smell of his Kitchen will soon cure your Distemper. The Hermit having by this Time recover'd his Speech, in a few Words thank'd the Clergyman, and accepted of his Offer. *Bracamonte* and *Sancho* help'd him to rise, and set him upon *Dapple*; but being yet too weak to sit alone upon him, they plac'd themselves one on each side, and supporting him with their Hands, went away towards the Village. *Don Quixote* re-mounted *Rocinante*, and followed

followed the rest without speaking a Word; but with all the Gravity that became his Character. The Clergyman who had always kept his Eyes on Brother *Stephen*, had not till then, much minded *Don Quixote's* strange Figure; but at last coming to view him from Head to Foot, the more he ey'd him, the more he was amaz'd; and therefore, to discover something of him, he drew near *Bracamonte*, and in his Ear, ask'd *Don Quixote's* Name and Quality. *Bracamonte* made no scruple of telling him the whole Truth; and the Curate every now and then eying *Don Quixote*, whilst the Soldier satisfied his Curiosity: The Knight who perceiv'd it, endeavour'd to look the greater to confirm all the mighty Things he imagin'd *Bracamonte* told the Clergyman.

THEY soon came to the Curates, who immediately ordered Breakfast to be provided for them, and advis'd Brother *Stephen* to go to Bed; but the Hermit finding his Strength return, would not yield to it. He breakfasted with the rest, and then said to them, I must own Gentlemen, I am much oblig'd to you, and yet I know not whether I ought to thank or to blame you for having prolong'd my Days, since the Idea of the Spectacle I saw but now, will remain imprinted in my Soul as long as I live. I will acquaint you, who the Religious Woman is that dy'd in this Solitude, and at the same time will let you know my own Misfortunes; for I cannot tell you her Story without giving you my own. The Hermit having stopp'd a while, as it were to consider of what he was to say, went on with his Discourse, as it is deliver'd in the ensuing Chapter.

## C H A P. III.

*The Story of the Two Hermits.*

**D**ONNA Luisa, that is the religious Woman's Name, was born at *Toledo*. I am the only Son of a Gentleman of that City, and my Name *D. Gregory*. *Donna Luisa* was in Birth and Fortune equal to me, and almost of the same Age, and our Parents were Neighbours and Friends. We being brought up and conversing together every Day, took a Kindness for one another; but being Children, we forgot it, when we were parted. As soon as I could handle a Sword, my Father sent me into *Flanders*, and *Donna Luisa's* Friends put her into a Monastery, where she became a Nun, and fulfill'd all the Duties of her Profession very commendably for several Years. For my part, I thought of nothing but Honour, and only studied how to advance myself in the Service. At length *Spain* concluded a Peace, and I returned to *Toledo*. It happen'd, that going to a Monastery to visit a Kinswoman of mine, whilst I was discoursing with her, *Donna Luisa* accidentally came into the same Parlour where we were: I knew, and saluted her, and we had some Talk; but she soon withdrew, after whispering something in my Kinswoman's Ear. All the Time I stay'd after that in the Parlour, I felt a great Disorder in me, without knowing why. I ask'd my Kinswoman a thousand Questions concerning *Donna Luisa*; yet I thought I did it out of meer Curiosity, and my Disorder seem'd to me only to proceed from the Surprise of seeing *Donna Luisa* so unexpectedly. As soon as I was alone, I discover'd my Mistake; my religious Woman came too often  
into

into my Thoughts to need any other help to Undeceive myself. In short, I felt that Love I had kindled in my Infancy to break out again, which before I thought Time had quite quench'd. This shows how difficult a Matter it is to blot out the first Impressions of Love. I took no care to curb my Passion, though at the same time I gave way to it, I foresaw part of the Misfortunes that have since attended me. My only care was to please *Donna Luisa*, representing to myself the Satisfaction of possessing her Heart, and thus became insensible to every thing else. Accordingly the very next Day I went to visit her, and discover'd my Passion. She turned all my Words into Railery, and we parted without discovering any Thing of her Thoughts. Two Days after, I visited her again; when she would have begun to railly; I represented my Sufferings to her in such a lively and moving Manner, that at length she grew serious; and perceiving the Tears ran trickling down my Cheeks, How now, *D. Gregory*, quoth she, do you think you are talking to that *Donna Luisa*, who could then hear you without any Offence? Those Days are past; I am a religious Woman; I have renounc'd the World; I must not cherish your Love; fly from me, since Absence once banish'd me your Thoughts, you'll easily forget me again. When she had spoke these Words, she left me so abruptly, that I had not Time to answer her. I plainly perceiv'd her Design was to put me out of all Hope; and having no Cause to complain of a Severity which was the Duty of her Profession, I withdrew, resolving to be gone from *Taledo*. In short, my Father having given me leave to travel, I set out soon after, designing for *Italy*. I went to *Barcelona*, and thence by Sea into *Lombardy*: To be short, I visited the Courts of *Mantua*, *Parma*, *Modena*, and *Florence*; but all to no Purpose

pose, *Donna Luisa* pursued me every where, and triumph'd over the most beautiful Women I could see. In a Word, all the Benefit I reap'd by my Travels, was only the Conviction that they heightened my Passion. Despairing of overcoming it, I return'd to *Spain*. When I came to *Toledo*, I hastened to the Monastery to ask for *Donna Luisa*; but she sent me Word, she could not speak to me, and so she did several Days after. All this did not daunt me; I put myself into several Disguises, and once among the rest, I put myself into the Habit of a *Franciscan Fryar*, and with a false Name endeavoured to draw her to the Parlour; but she was as ingenious at discovering my Frauds, as I was at contriving them, and disappointed all the various Shapes Love made me put myself into to see her.

So many Difficulties, one might think, would have brought me to myself; but when a Passion is rais'd to a certain Pitch, there is nothing in Nature can curb it. At length, I fell Sick through Grief, and the Fever was so violent, that for two Days it was not known whether I should live or die, till Youth prevailed; but still my Love, instead of declining, seem'd to gather more Strength. In this desperate Condition, I refus'd all helps from Physic, and was resolv'd to die without taking any thing. This was my Condition, when an old Woman came one Day into my Chamber, and desiring to talk to me in private, told me *Donna Luisa* had sent her, to let me know, she was very much troubled at my Sicknes; and here is a little Note, added the old Woman, which she charg'd me to deliver into your own Hand. I was so surprized at this unexpected Accident, that I gaz'd on the old Woman a good while, without speaking a Word, not daring to believe what she said. However, I took the Note, and in it found these Words. *Live D. Gregory,*  
*Donna*

Donna Luisa commands you. She would be ever Comfortless, should she have cause to accuse herself of your death. You may guess in what a Transport of Joy I was. The inward Motion was so great, that it heighten'd my Fever; however, I did not fail to call up all my Strength, and with a trembling Hand, writ this Answer. *I will live, Madam, since you command me; but it shall only be to go die at your Feet for Joy that I mov'd you to Compassion.* When the old Woman was gone, I resolv'd to obey Donna Luisa, and in order to it, the Physicians coming into the Room, I ask'd for a Medicine I had before refus'd in hatred to my Life. But they found me too much disturb'd to give it me, and by unanimous Consent, contrary to their former Practice, judg'd it expedient to defer it till the next Day. However, my Mind being better at ease, I began to mend, and in a few Days found myself in a Condition to go make my Acknowledgements to Donna Luisa. She did not refuse to see me this Time; she received me with a smiling Countenance. Well D. Gregory, quoth she, are you perfectly recover'd of your Indisposition? Yes, Madam, replied I, and I come to return you Thanks as my Deliverer. I could not find in my Heart, said she, to let a Man Die, for whom I have so great an Esteem as I have for you; but I hope you will not make an ill Use of what I have done for you; and that you will endeavour to cast from you all that may be destructive to your inward Peace: I am willing for your Comfort, in the Circumstances you are in, to overcome myself, and to own, that had I staid in the World, I would have preferred you before all Mankind: After this, be not so unjust as to complain of Donna Luisa; endeavour to forget her, as she will endeavour to shun you: This is what I require of you. Alas! said I,

I,

I, interposing her, That is the only Thing you must not exact of my Obedience; the Will and Reason, are but feeble Weapons against so fierce a Love as mine is; I have already tried the Cure of Absence. Grant me, Madam, the Liberty of loving you, and of telling it you sometimes. You know with how much Respect I served you, even when you might be mine. I will not deviate from myself hereafter, and I will so govern my Passion, that your Severity shall be satisfied. Alas! What would the World say of me, said she, in a languishing Tone, if I should continue seeing you, when I can no longer permit you to Love me? What Trouble would you expose me to? I'll conceal my Love, replied I, so carefully that all the World shall be a Stranger to it. And shall not I know it, *Don Gregory*, said she, do you think I make no Account of my own Esteem? What conceit could I have of myself, were I sensible I was guilty of failing in my Duty? But could I overcome that nicety, yet I should be afraid of forfeiting your Esteem, should I condescend to what you propose. How Madam, quoth I, should I value you less, if you lov'd me. Let me beg of you not to put me into Despair; my Passion is so pure and disinterested, that you may allow of it without any Scruple. No, no, cried *Donna Luisa*, all in Disorder, I am not now the same I was, withdraw, and never talk to me of a Love, I neither will, nor ought to hear of. Well then Madam, answered I in a heat, I must rid you of the Complaints of an unhappy Man; I go to die, to avoid Evils a thousand Times worse than Death. I am satisfied, you are indifferent whether I live or die, since you will no longer endure my Presence. As soon as I had spoke these Words, I made some steps to be gone; but *Donna Luisa* stopp'd me, saying, *Don Gregory*, what are you going



going to do? Alas, added she, dropping some Tears against her Will, what will become of me, if I were to Answer for your Death? Live, to spare me a Trouble, which would be the utmost Trial of my Constancy. Madam, said I, either be more Cruel, or make me at once Happy, by giving me Leave to Love you. Come to some Resolution, I know not what I wish, nor what I am to do, answer'd she; all I know at present is, that I cannot consent you should die, nor forbid you to live for me. This said, she blush'd and withdrew, not daring to stay any longer, with a Man that had gained so much upon her. For my part, I went away well pleas'd with this Visit, and did not despair of overcoming all the Niceties of Vertue and Honour, which stood between *Donna Luisa*, and my Love. Nor was I deceived in my Expectation; for after some few Visits, she own'd her Affection was not inferior to mine, and she gave me leave to Love her, provided I always kept my Passion within the bounds of Respect and Innocence.

No Day pass'd without seeing her; but such frequent Visits, becoming of Necessity suspicious to the Nuns, who are generally Curious and Jealous, we agreed we would see one another but twice a Week. By this precaution, we thought we had secur'd the Secrecy of our Affairs: We writ to one another every Day, and reciprocally sent a thousand little Presents. All this while I had violent Impulses, which I durst not discover to *Donna Luisa*, for fear of incurring her Displeasure: But an Accident happened, which gave me the Opportunity of disclosing my Mind. Some of the Nuns had taken Notice of our Visits, and acquainted the Prioress, who to break off our Correspondence, order'd *Donna Luisa* to forbid me coming to the Monastery. She told it me with Tears in her Eyes, and seem'd

to me to be so concerned and exasperated against the Priors, and the Nuns, that I thought I could never have a better opportunity, to propose stealing her away. In short, she was not so much offended at the Proposal, as she would have been, if that had not happened; yet she rejected it with so much harshness, that I had Thoughts never to mention it to her again. However, a Separation threatening us, and the Time being short, I conjured her to come to a speedy Resolution. I begg'd, I wept, I made so many vows, that I perceiv'd her Resistance was only a small Remainder of Honour, easy enough to be overthrown. In conclusion, after some Difficulties, she consented to be stole away: We contrived the Manner of it, and thus we put it in Execution eight Days after. I open'd my Father's Closet with a false Key, and took out as much Gold, as I could conveniently carry away. I also found means to seize my Mother's Jewels; and one Night, when I thought all the House fast asleep, I took the two best Horses out of the Stable, and went away to the Monastery, between the Hours of eleven and twelve. The Nuns were all retired to their Cells. *Donna Luisa* was also in hers, in order to throw off her Religious Habit, and put on a Suit of Cloaths, I had sent her in the Day before. It is to be observed, that at this Time she had charge of the Church and Vestry, the Keys whereof, she carried to the Priors; but that Night instead of shutting the Doors, she left them all open. Thus she got out at the Church Door, and came to me where I expected her. I was so overjoy'd to have *Donna Luisa* in my Power, that I could not forbear holding her clasp'd in my Arms a long while, without considering we had not a Moment to lose. She put me in Mind of it, and having helped her on the Horse, I thought the easiest

Goer,

Goer, I mounted the other, and we took the Road for *Lisbon*; both of us equally pleas'd, that we were now in a Way to follow our Inclinations without restraint; but not without such Apprehensions, as in a great Measure moderated the Excess of our Pleasure; for we did not Question, but that the next Day, Men would be sent out every Way to look for us. We travelled all that Night, and the following Days without stopping any longer than was absolutely necessary to rest our Horses, and got as soon as possibly we could, to the Frontiers of *Portugal*. Then we began to be out of Fear, and made easy Journeys to *Lisbon*. There we took many Servants, hired a fine House, furnished it richly, and set up an Equipage. We began like Strangers, to admit of Company, and in a short Time our House became the Rendezvous of all the young People of the City. We counterfeited a Marriage Certificate, and under that Protection, gave ourselves up to the fatal Pleasures of a leud Love, living as contentedly as if we had been conscious of no Guilt.

HERE the Hermit was interrupted by *Sancho's* cries, who returning from the Kitchen, where he had been at Breakfast with the Curate's Man, came into the Room, crying and tearing his Beard and Hair. What is the Matter, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*? O Lord, Sir, answered the disconsolate Squire, we may now have done with Chivalry, and go Home again; a Clodpate of a Peasant that was below, has taken away our enchanted Club, and is run away as swift as an Elephant. You mean as swift as an Fawn, said *Don Quixote*. But you are in the Wrong *Sancho*, to be as much concern'd as if you had lost your Wife and Children. O my dear Club, cried *Sancho*, without minding his Master, my beloved Club, I shall never see you again then!

then! Unhappy Mother that begot you! a Curse on the Clown that stole you! may you only serve to break his Bones! Now we may e'en give ourselves up to the Enchanters; they'll steal the very Teeth out of our Mouths. Take comfort Child, said *Don Quixote*, I own we have a considerable lots of Archbishop *Turpin's* Club; but the Enchanters cannot take my Valour and my Strength from me, and I need no other Weapons to overcome them. The Soldier, and the Curate, added as much to what the Knight had said, as comforted *Sancho*, and then the Hermit prosecuted his Story as follows.

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### C H A P. III.

*The Conclusion of the Story of the two Hermits.  
Don Quixote in a great Rage.*

**D**ONNA *Luisa* and I were at *Lisbon*, continued the Hermit, in the Condition I have already told you. Having above 20000 Ducats value in Jewels, we might with good Management, have secured ourselves a long Time against Want; but we lived so extravagantly, that at two Years end our Money was gone. We were forced to part with our Equipage; to dismiss our Servants, and to sell our goods by piecemeal to subsist. Being now reduced to the last Extremity, I made Money of all my Cloaths, and went away to a Gaming-house to try my Fortune, resolving either to win a considerable Sum to set us up again, or to hasten our Ruin. The latter of this happened. I lost all to my very Sword and Cloak, and having no more to lose, I went Home to *Donna Luisa*, who expected me, making sad Reflections on our deplorable Condition.

I doubted her Trouble, when I told her, I had lost all the Rest of our Money. She fell a crying, and could not forbear shedding some Tears: Madam, said I, you have sufficient cause to hate me; I have forc'd you from your Sanctuary, to make you miserable. Had it not been for me, your days had still glided on in Innocence and Peace: Alas! why did not you let me die? Why have you preserved my Life, so fatal to yourself? *Donna Luisa* made Answer, My Dear, *Don Gregory*, cease to impute my Misfortunes to yourself; I have drawn them on myself by my Crimes, and Heaven punishes me as I have deserved; you ought rather to abhor me. I have been the cause of your Parents inconsolable Grief, and perhaps of their Death, by taking from them their only Son, and that after such a Manner as admits of no Comfort. In a Word, I have ruin'd you. In short, *Donna Luisa* and I, instead of complaining of one another, and railing, did but condole ourselves; and what is yet stranger, our Calamity was so far from extinguishing our Passion, that it rather seem'd to give it new Life.

HOWEVER, it being absolutely necessary to come to some Resolution, I told *Donna Luisa*, that having made such a Figure in the City, it was requisite we should immediately remove to another, where having never been known to any Body, we might easily conceal our Quality, and might there live in Obscurity, I serving some Man of Quality, and she working at her Needle. She approved of my Project, and that very Night we set out from *Lisbon* a Foot, and very ill Clad. We stopped at every Village we came to, and begged from Door to Door. My greatest Trouble was, to see *Donna Luisa's* Feet blister'd with walking, and made her Rest often, and sometimes took her upon my Back to ease her. In this Manner we went to *Badajoz*,

a Frontier City of *Castile*. We were forc'd to take up in the Hospital, having no Money to pay for a Lodging. But we lay there only one Night, for the next Day an Accident befell us, which might be looked upon as Fortunate, considering our Condition. It is to be observed, that the Magistrates of *Badajoz*, to the End the City may not swarm with Vagabonds, do appoint Inspectors to visit the Hospital every Day, and to take a particular Account of the Wants, and of the Circumstances of all Strangers that repair to it. As soon as the Inspector, whose turn it was that Day, saw *Donna Luisa*, he asked her what Country Woman she was? I answered that, we where both of *Valladolid*, and that we were Man and Wife, and then drew out the Certificate I had forg'd at *Lisbon*. The Inspector having seen it, seemed satisfied, and asked us, what brought us to *Badajoz*, and what was our Profession? *Donna Luisa* answered, that she was by Trade a Sempstress, and that she had always served Persons of Quality; and that we were now come to *Badajoz*, to settle there, if we could. The Inspector told us, that if what we said was true, he would take Care of us, and if we did not want the Will, we should not want for Employment. Then he ordered one of his Servants to carry us to his House. We thank'd him, as the Thing seemed to deserve. And when he was gone, we desir'd the Servant to tell us his Master's Name and Quality. His Name is *Don Francisco de Furna*, said the Servant: He is one of the best Families in this City; he is an old Batchelor, very Rich, who spends all he has in relieving the Poor. We were very glad we had met with that Inspector, from whom we hoped to receive some Relief. He came Home soon after us. He asked us several Questions concerning our Marriage, and the Reasons that obliged us to leave *Val-*

*dolid.* He examined us apart, to try whether he could catch us tripping : But we had framed such a plausible Story, and got it so perfectly, that he thought us worthy of his Compassion. And therefore he hired a Chamber for us, and bought us all Utenfils to keep House ; besides, he gave us a Months Subsistence in Money, and cloath'd us from Head to Foot. In short, he plentifully supplied all our Wants. We were so sensible of his Goodness, that we gave him a thousand Blessings ; but we were too Wicked to deserve that Heaven should suffer us to live happy long.

THO' *Donna Luisa* wore only a plain Stuff Suit, yet she looked very lovely, and I soon suspected *Don Francis de Furna* was in Love with her. 'Tis true, he had never yet in all his Discourse with her, let any Thing fall that might be a Ground to my Jealousy ; but he seemed to me to look upon her with a tender and passionate Eye ; and perhaps because I was so fond of her, I fancied every Body that saw her was in Love with her. *Donna Luisa*, who had not taken Notice of what I had, made a Jest of my Observation. But one Day I left her at Home alone, she was convinc'd I was not deceiv'd. *Don Francis* went to see her, and after talking of indifferent Things, looking on her very lovingly, he said ; Madam, I cannot but blame you, you conceal from me who you are ; but your Behaviour betrays you : You are too Witty and Polite, to be meanly Born, and your Husband has too much of the Air of Quality to be of low Birth : I am wholly yours, Madam ; I offer you my Estate, and my Service : Is not this enough, to deserve you should put some Confidence in me ? *Donna Luisa* looked down blushing, and said ; Sir, since I have received so many Favours at your Hands, I can no longer conceal myself from you, and must own  
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that my Husband and I, are of the best Families of *Toledo*; and to give you our Story in a Word, we loved one another; but there being a mortal Hatred between our Families, we thought they would never give their consent for us to marry; and therefore my Husband, after having married me privately, stole me away: We have lived some Time at *Lisbon*, where we spent all our Money extravagantly, still hoping our Parents might be reconciled, and that our Marriage might give them occasion of becoming Friends: But we are informed, that they are greater Enemies than ever, and would use us with the utmost Severity, if we were in their Power. This made us come to *Badajoz*, here to live concealed, resolving to endure any Hardships whatsoever, rather than return to *Toledo*. *Don Francis* believed all that *Donna Luisa* said to him, and made her fresh tenders of his Service, but in such an earnest Manner, that she had not Reason to doubt any longer of his being in Love with her. The next Day he sent her a Piece of fine Silk to cloath her, and a Purse of Ducats; and very few Days pass'd without making her some Present.

As soon as we began to appear in better Garb, ill Tongues did not spare *Donna Luisa*, and it was believed that *Don Francis* had an unlawful Familiarity with her. Upon this Notion several Persons would be acquainted with *Donna Luisa*, and some stuck very close to her hoping to be admitted to share with *Don Francis*. So many lovers began to be offensive to me, and I was many Times in the Mind to fight them; but considering the ill Consequences it might have, I left it to *Donna Luisa* to contrive to rid me of my Rivals. She treated them so harshly, that part of them desisted; but others were the more inflamed and redoubled there



Courtship. By Day they followed us, wheresoever we went, and spent the Nights under our Windows, singing and playing on all sorts of Musical Instruments. All this seemed to confirm the ill Reports spread abroad, against *Donna Luisa's* Reputation, and we thought of nothing but the Means of ridding ourselves of the Gallants. At length one Night they fought in the Street, and one of them was left Dead upon the spot, which proved to be the Son of one of the Chief Magistrates of the City. As soon as the Nature of the Thing was known, *Donna Luisa* was seiz'd and thrown into Prison. I should also have been apprehended, had I been at Home, but I was then at *Don Francis's* House, and as soon as ever I heard the News, fearing to fall into the Hands of Justice, which I had so much cause to be apprehensive of, I left *Don Francis* abruptly, and it being then Night, got safe out of *Badajoz*, designing for *Merida*. I had scarce gone half Way, when reflecting that *Donna Luisa* was left behind expos'd to the utmost Calamities, it was not in my Power to withstand this Apprehension, and therefore despising the Danger that had terrified me at first, I returned to *Badajoz* and went directly to *Don Francis's* House. He told me he had prevailed by his Interest to have *Donna Luisa* set at Liberty, but that the very Night after, she came out of Prison she vanished, and tho' he had made the most diligent Search and Enquiry, he could never hear of her. I presently fancied *Don Francis* had hid her; hoping he should prevail upon her when I was out of the Way; but he seemed so sincerely troubled for losing her, that I could not suspect him Guilty of that Fraud any longer. I spent several Years in seeking *Donna Luisa*, in most Parts of *Spain* and *Portugal*, and not finding her, I believed Heaven had taken Compassion on her, and inspired her with  
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the Thoughts of shutting herself up in some Monastery to lament her Sins. At the same Time I felt I know not what divine impulse, which carried me away. In short I went to *Rome*, and having received the Pope's Absolution, as I desired, I returned to *Spain* in the Habit you see, resolving to dedicate the rest of my Days to Pennance, to make amends for my past Disorders. I was desirous to become a *Carthusian*, but Providence having brought me hither, seems to require me to follow the Example of *Donna Luisa*, and that like her I should die in this Solitude.

*DON Gregory* having ended his Discourse, the Curate commended his Resolution, and said it would be opposing the Will of God to contradict him. *Don Quixote* took upon him to talk in his Turn, and inveighing against such as blindly devote themselves to the Pleasures of Love, proved by a thousand Instances gather'd out of History, that Man could never be too much upon his Guard, against that dangerous Passion. In short, he made such an ingenious Harangue, that the Curate began to think all he had been told of the Knight was false, and the Hermit himself, was so much surpris'd at it, that he could not forbear saying. In truth Sir, there is no hearing without admiring you, How is it possible that being a Man of so much Sense and Judgment, as you have now made appear, you, can conceit there ever really were any Knights Errant? Mr. Curate, continued he, you see here a Person of extraordinary worth, he has but one Fault, which is, that he will not be undeceived as to the Falshood of Books of Knights Errantry, but believes them to be True and Authentick. Pray assist me in convincing him of his Error. The Curate, who was a very pious, and understanding Man offer'd to second the Hermit. Ac-

cordingly they both began to Discourse *Don Quixote*, and laboured to undeceive him. They us'd all Arguments to dissuade him from continuing the Practice of Knight Errantry, alledging all that could in Reason be urged in that Point. They us'd intreaties, examples, persuasions. The Curate proceeded so far as to quote the Canons of the Church, and Brother *Stephen* cited the Constitutions of antient Anchorites. But all their Eloquence was lost, for the Knight growing into as great a Passion, as if they had persuaded him to permit the Giant *Bramarbas* to cut off his Head, and looking on the Clergy-man with scornful Disdain, said, Pray, Mr. Curate, do you mind your Lectures, and take Notice that there have not only formerly been Knights Errant, but that there are such still, and will be to the End of the World, in spite of all the Country Curates upon the Face of the Earth. And as for you Brother *Stephen*, or *Don Gregory*, continued he turning to the Hermit, or what other Name soever may be given to a Ravisher of Nuns, remember that I know better than you, whether the Books of Knight Errantry contain Truths or Falshoods. You talk to no Purpose. All your Words will not move me. I am not so easy to be deluded as a poor silly Nun. Take my Advice, and instead of losing Time about what does not belong to you, begin that rigorous Pennance you design to perform immediately, for you stand in great Need of it. Having spoke these Words, he ordered *Sancho* to Bridle *Rocinante* out of Hand, and what ever they could say to him, he set out that Moment. The Soldier, who hitherto had observed an exact Neutrality, was now obliged to declare, that is, either to quit *Don Quixote*, or Brother *Stephen*, and therefore taking that side which was most for his

his Interest, he followed the Knight, who he reckoned would bear his Charges as far as *Siguenza*.

## CHAP. IV.

*The curious Discourse Don Quixote had with Bracamonte and Sancho. And the fine Story of the Geese.*

THE Hero of *la Mancha* was so enraged against the Curate, and the Hermit, that *Bracamonte* and *Sancho*, had enough to do to appease him. Is it possible, said he, that I must every where meet with People, who call in Question, whether ever there were Knights Errant? For my Part, answered the Soldier, I never made any doubt of it, but I believe it as firmly, as if I had really seen them in Flesh and Bones. We must not speak ill of our Neighbours, but to say the Truth, I would not trust too much to Brother *Stephen*; perhaps he has been debauched by Enchanters to cry down Chivalry. What do we know; a Man that could be so wicked as to steal a Nun, may be likely enough to contrive to debauch a Knight from Knight Errantry. That's likely enough, quoth *Sancho*, and the Spark would come off again with going back to *Rome* for his Pardon. It may very well be, replied *Don Quixote*, for you can never imagine Mr. *Bracamonte*, what contrivances Enchanters have to suppress Knight Errantry; and it is not long since Arch-Bishop *Turpin*, whom they have brib'd for that Purpose, employed all his Eloquence to persuade me to forsake this noble Profession. Arch-Bishop *Turpin*, cried *Bracamonte* laughing; Good God, sure you don't say so. Is that Prelate in this

World still? I thought he had been dead I know not how many Ages ago. It was generally so believed till now, replied the Knight, because he vanished about 700 Years since. But I who am acquainted with all that relates to him, do know, that an Enchanter going over to *Asia* to seek him among many other Christian Princes, who had cross'd themselves to deliver the Holy City out of the Hands of Infidels, enchanted him for some Ages. If so Sir, said *Bracamonte*, Enchanters have Power to prolong the Lives of those they Enchant. Who doubts of it answered *Don Quixote*. *Orlando* has been so preserv'd by the *Moorish* Enchanter, as may appear by the Combat I had but the other Day, with that *Paladin*. According to that, quoth the Soldier, the Enchanters themselves never die. They are not Immortal, replied the Knight, for all Mankind is subject to Death; but Enchanters out-live hundreds of Ages: Years to them are like Moments to us, and therefore it is, that they generally have venerable Aspects, and long grey Beards. Why then, quoth *Sancho*, in his turn, has the *Moorish* Enchanter a red Beard? I durst lay a Wager, it is because he is not above seven or eight hundred Years old. That may very well be, said *Don Quixote*, for all Enchanters haue not grey Beards, and some of them grow Grey towards their latter Days. But pray, Sir Knight, said the Soldier, tell us, to what Purpose did the Negromancer Enchant Arch-Bishop *Turpin*? to dissuade me from Knight Errantry, replied *Don Quixote*; and the whole Matter was thus. The Enchanter even then foreseeing that I should follow Knight Errantry at this Time, and might be a Means to restore that Order, made choice of Arch-Bishop *Turpin*, a crafty and eloquent Person, to dissuade me from it. To this Purpose, he inspired into him a perfect Aversion to Knight Errantry, which he had till then profess'd with

with Honour ; and having at length prevailed with him to quit his Arch-bishoprick of *Reimes*, he gave him a Prebendary at *Ateca*, placing him there by the Name of Master *Valentin*, as well knowing I should pass through that Place, in the Course of my Adventures. Ods my Life, quoth the Soldier, laughing at such a mad Conceit, then the Enchanter served him a base Trick, to make him quit an Arch-bishoprick for a Prebendary at *Ateca*: By my troth, had I been the Arch-bishop, I would never have consented to so ill a Bargain ; that is as the Proverb says, for the Bishop to turn Clerk. Don't think much of that, quoth *Sancho*, for I have heard our Curate, who understands the ways of Sorcerers very well, say, that Enchanters will often make us take Oaken Leaves for pure Gold, and bits of Glass for Diamonds, and therefore the Enchanter might very well make Master *Valentin*, take a Prebendary for an Arch-bishoprick ; for let me tell ye, the Devil is very Crafty. I am of your Opinion, Brother *Sancho*, answered the Soldier, I believe the Magician has made that Juggle pass upon him. The cowardly Arch-bishop, said *Don Quixote*, made a very formal Harangue to me in his House, to dissuade me to forsake Knight Errantry ; but I listened to him as *Ulysses* did to the *Syrens* singing, and left him abruptly.

OUR Adventures travelled four good Leagues conversing after this Manner, but began to be much fatigued with the Heat, which that Day proved excessive. But particularly, he that was a Foot, not being able to go a Step further for Weariness, applied himself to the Knight of *la Mancha*, saying, Sir, since the Sun is so very hot, that it scorches us to the very Bones, and there being but two Leagues from hence to the Village, where we must lie to Night, I would advise to get out of the Road, that we may rest a little under the Willows you see

there. We may spend a few Hours there in the Shade, on the Bank of a Pleasant Rivulet, that washes the Feet of those Trees, and when the Sun is somewhat lower, we may proceed on our Journey with more ease. The Advice was approved of, and more especially by *Sancho*, who from that Time forward, looked upon *Bracamonte*, as a very Judicious Man. Accordingly they went to the Willows, where they found two Canons of *Calatayud*, and an Alderman of *Siguenza*, who were withdrawn thither, with the same Design of resting themselves. They saluted one another, and *Bracamonte* said to the Canons, Gentlemen, will you be pleas'd that the great Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, take the cool Air a while with you in the Shade? As soon as ever the Canons heard the Knight of *la Mancha* nam'd, they Complimented him in the highest Manner. The Adventure of the Melon Field, had made such a Noise throughout all the Country, that there was scarce any Body but knew who *Don Quixote* was: Besides, the Canons had heard all that pass'd at Mr. *Valentin's*; so that they had the true Characters both of Master and Man. When they were seated on the Grass, the Knight said to them, Gentlemen, I am of Opinion, that to avoid Idleness, the Bane of the best Dispositions, it were fit for us, whilst the heavenly Charioteer abates the Heat of his Rays, to divert ourselves with the Relation of some considerable Story worthy the Consideration of wise Men. That was well thought of, quoth *Sancho*, very abruptly; and if that be all, I'll tell a pretty Tale, for I have choice of them. And to begin, Gentlemen, you must understand, there was and there was, and as I tell you of my Story, Evil be to him that Evil thinks. Hold your Peace, you Dunce, said *Don Quixote*, interrupting him in a Passion. Why don't you listen to these Gentle-

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men, and not go about to Trouble them with your Impertinencies? The Canons, who were eager to here *Sancho* talk, intreated the Knight to let him go on. Come good Master Squire, quoth one of them, proceed; I am convinced these Gentlemen will be as well pleas'd as myself, to hear you tell a Story your own Way. Hark you, Master Licentiate, replied *Sancho*, you have touched a String that will make Musick enough: But if you will have me tell you Wonders, my Master *Don Quixote*, must not cut me off short. Well, said the Knight, considerthen what you are going to say; do not trouble us with such a dull Relation as that you made to me in the Wood, where we found the six Giants converted into Fulling-Mills; nor such an impertinent Tale as that of the wandering *Toralva*, who followed the Shepherd *Lope Ruiz* with a Piece of a Comb, and a broken Looking-glass, when he fled from her jilting Tricks: Nor such a tiresom Story, as that of the Goats that lay down in the Dirt, and which have infected my Scent and Fancy. Nay, by my faith, quoth *Sancho*, it is a Sign those Tales were not so bad, since you remember so well: And I am glad of it, for by that you will like this, I am going to tell you the better. There was a certain King and Queen, said he, who lived in there own Kingdom: All that was of the Male Kind in that Kingdom, belonged to the King, and all that was of the Female, as of right it ought, to the Queen. Now this King, and Queen, had a Chamber as big as the Stable my Master *Don Quixote* keeps *Rocinante* in, in our Village: This Chamber, was so full of white and yellow Royals, that they reached up to the Roof: So Time coming and going, the King said to the Queen, my dear Queen, you see how much Money we have, we ought to improve it, that we might buy more Kingdoms. The Queen presently answered, Ho-



ney King, I think it would not be amiss for us to buy Sheep. No, Queen, said the King, we had better buy Kine. No, King, quoth the Queen, it will turn to better Account to deal in Swine, at *Toboso* Fair. The King did not agree to it, and took a Fancy always to say No, when his Wife said Yes. At last they agreed to buy Geese, reckoning by their Fingers, that they would go into *Old Castile*, where there is great Plenty of Geese, and where they might buy them for two Royals a-piece, and then sell them again at *Toledo* for four. What was said, was done. The King and Queen went with all their Money into *Old Castile*, and bought such a world of Geese, such a world of Geese, that they covered the Ground for twenty Leagues round. Heaven confound thee and thy Geese, quoth *Don Quixote*, interrupting him a second Time; did not I tell you this Blockhead would tell us some impertinent Story? The Canons fearing to lose such a curious Tale, appeas'd the Knight, and earnestly intreated him to let *Sancho* go on to the End. The Squire finding himself so well back'd, without staying for Leave, went on after this Manner. There was such abundance of Geese then, Gentlemen, that *Spain* was all covered with Geese, as the World was with Water, in *Noah's* Flood. The King and the Queen went along the Road driving their Geese with a Wand, till they came to a River which had no Bridge. Then the King said to the Queen, and the Queen to the King, how shall we get our Geese over? For if we turn them into the Water, the Stream will carry them away to *Rome*, or *Constantinople*. The Queen said, that's right, we must advise with the Lawyers about it. But the King, who was a piece of a Scholar, said; We are hard put to it, we need only make a Bridge so narrow, that only one Goose can pass it at once, and by that means they will not straggle. The Queen

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proved of the King's Project, and the Workmen were set to work. When the Bridge was finish'd, the Geese began to pass one by one. *Sancho* stopping short here, his Master said to him. Get you over then with your Geese, you Dunce, and put an end quickly to your scurvy Tale. That cannot be, Sir, replied the Squire; Lord, how would you have a Flock of Geese, twenty Leagues square, to get over in a Moment: It will take up at least two Years. And so Gentlemen, two Years hence I'll tell you the Rest; for I deal plainly with you, I will not end my Tale, till the Geese are all over. This unaccountable conclusion of a Story, set all that heard it a Laughing, except only the serious *Don Quixote*, who wished the Tale, and the Teller, at the Devil.

THE Canons were not at all weary of our Adventurers Company; but perceiving the Sun was now low enough, and that they had no more Time than was absolutely requisite to carry them to *Calatayud*, they mounted their Mules, and departed after the usual Compliments upon such Occasions. *Don Quixote*, and his Company for the same Reason, left the Willows, and went their way. The Alderman of *Siguenza*, being upon his return Home, and intending to lie at the same Village with our Adventurers, bore them Company, concluding the Knight of *la Mancha* was really a Mad-man, tho' not knowing as yet what sort of Madness his was. But he was soon sufficiently informed by a strange Adventure, which they will see in the ensuing Chapter, who will take the Pains to read it.

## C H A P. V.

*Of the strange and dangerous Adventures. Don Quixote's brave Squire had the boldness to attempt.*

**D**ON Quixote and his Company, were got half Way to the Inn where they were to lie, when passing by the Side of a little Wood of Fir-trees, they heard a doleful Voice from among them, as it were of a Woman in distress: They halted, the better to listen to it, and being near enough, heard these words distinctly, *Alas! unhappy Woman as I am, shall I find no Body to relieve me in this Extremity? Must I end my days miserably torn to Pieces by the cruel Beasts that Inhabit this Place?* As soon as the Knight heard these Words, he said to his Companions, behold here, Gentlemen, the most glorious and most dangerous Adventure I ever met with, since I received the Order of Knighthood. This Wood we see, is enchanted, and very difficult to be penetrated: The wise *Friston*, my antient Enemy, has a large Den in it, where he keeps a great Number of Knights and Princesses enchanted; among whom is of late, the wise *Urganda the Unknown*: She is cruelly bound with mighty Iron Chains to a vast Mill-stone; which two deform'd Dæmons continually whirl about, and every Time her Body violently strikes the Rock on which the Millstone stands, the terrible Pain she endures, makes her cry out as we have heard. This sort of Language seemed very strange to the Alderman, who being naturally Innocent, with all imaginable simplicity, said to *Don Quixote*. Sir Knight, Enchanters are not at all us'd in this Country, and I don't believe

believe there is any Thing of what you say in this Wood; all we can judge of it is, that some Highway-men, have dragg'd some Woman into the Wood, where they have robbed and abused her; it behoves us to go in, and see whether she is still in a Condition to be help'd. Mr. Alderman, answered *Don Quixote* very sternly, don't you know I do not love to contend, and especially with little Aldermen, who ought to hold their Peace before Knts Errant. *Bracamonte* to prevent any Contest, drew near the Alderman, and in few Words told him what *Don Quixote* was, who as one deeply concerned in *Urganda's* Deliverance, had already drawn his Sword, and was entering the Wood, saying, it only belonged to him to finish that Adventure. But *Sancho* laying hold of *Rocinante's* Bridle, stopped his Master, and knelt down before him with his Cap in his Hand. *Don Quixote* judging by this Posture, that the Squire desired leave to speak, asked him what he had to say. Sir, replied *Sancho*, you saw how the other Day, as we came out of *Zaragoza*, I made my Party good with Mr. *Bracamonte*; I humbly beseech you to leave this Adventure to me, that I may one Day, by my own Feats, deserve to become a Knight Errant, and to be inserted as well as you in the Legend. I will go up fairly upon my Ass, to see who this Princess is, that makes such a grievous Complaint; and if I can catch that Scoundrel of *Friskin* our Enemy, asleep, I'll drag him before you by the Collar, and will give him a Score of good Bangs before he awakes. However, since none can tell who is to live, or who is to die, and that very often a Man is his himself shorn when he goes for Wool, therefore I desire, that if my *Dapple*, and I should fall in the Combat, we may be both buried together. Friend *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, that you may see I desire nothing more ardently

ardently, than your Advancement in Adventures, I am willing to grant you this one; but I cannot agree to give you up all the Honour of it, unless it be upon Condition, that if you finish it, you shall lay aside your Peasants Habit, and cause yourself to be Knighted by the King himself, as soon as we come to Court; that you may then mount a stately *Andalusian* Courfier, and arm'd at all Points, enter the Lists to kill Giants, and disenchant Knights and Ladies. Sir, replied the Squire, you need only slip the Hounds after the Hare; I am not a Man to be sent of a Fool's Errand; whensoever I shall be put to stir my Stumps, assure yourself, I will do more in a Day, than two others shall in an Hour; and whatever Enemy I shall engage, I can but contrive to have a good Distance between us, and Stones enough in my Way, you shall see I can make use of both my Hands; Victory shall be on my Side, or I'll know why it shant; and in short, all those plaguy Giants shall be slain upon the Spot, tho' there were a whole Bushel of them. Farewell dear Sir, give me your Blessing, for that is all the Signal I wait for to fall on. Go, my dear Child, answered the Knight, the God of Hosts give you the Success I wish you. The Squire encouraged by these Words, went away directly upon his Expedition; but before he had gone a dozen Paces, he returned towards his Master, saying; Sir, I had like to have forgot the best of it. Pray take Notice of what I am going to say to you. If I have the ill Fate to fall into any great Danger, and cry out for help, do not fail to make haste to my Assistance, that yonder Scoundrel of *Friskin*, may not have any cause to laugh at us. Fear nothing my Son, said *Don Quixote*, I'll be with you before you can be slain; or at least, I'll come in so soon after, that I'll revenge your Death the same Moment.

That

That is not enough Sir, replied *Sancho*, you must be at my Heels before the Giants come within a Stone's throw of me. In short, when you hear me cry hither, hither, that shall be a Sign there is no Time to lose, and that I am then actually dead. *Sancho*, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, you'll do no Wonders this bout, since you are so much afraid. Pshoo pox, said the Squire, you talk at Random, Sir, I am not yet Knighted, and you'd have me attack a million of Giants, as if they were a dozen of Chickens. But since I have engaged myself, I must on; there is no running after the Pudding when another has got it betwixt his Teeth. Having spoke these Words, the couragious Squire entered the Wood. He had not been a Moment there, before he began to cry out hither, hither, they kill me, they murder me. *Don Quixote* hearing these cries, clapp'd both Spurs to *Rocinante*, and rushed into the Wood, followed by the Soldier and the Alderman. But being come up to *Sancho*, and finding him peaceably seated on his Ass, the Knight asked him what disaster he had met with. Well done, answered the Squire, you are a Man of your Word; I have seen nothing as yet, God be thank'd, and I only cried out, to see whether you would come at the first call; and so Gentlemen, you may go back, for I will now finish the Adventure.

To conclude, he went on further, and soon heard these Words uttered just by him. *O Holy Mother of God! will you send no Body this Way to release me. Good honest Country-man, deliver me from the Danger I am in.* The young Novice Knight looking about towards the Place whence the Voice came, spied a Woman naked to her Smock and bound to a Tree. This sight put him into such a Consternation that he fell down plum from his Ass, and began to run as fast as ever he could; without

out minding which Way, crying out. Help, Murder. Now Master *Don Quixote*, your trusty Squire is slain. *Don Quixote*, and the other two, who were gone out of the Wood, returned immediately, and found poor *Sancho* in such disorder and confusion, that he tumbled every step he gave, and scratch'd his Face against the Bushes. *Bracamonte* laid hold of his Arm, and had enough to do to stop him, for he struggled with all his might to get out of the Wood. What is the Matter Sir Future Knight, quoth the Soldier? O good Mr. *Bracamonte*, replied *Sancho*, do not forsake me, I beseech you; for all the Souls in Purgatory are at my Heels. My sinful Eyes have seen one bound to a Pine Tree, and clad in White, as our Curate describes them; and had I not made use of my Heels, and recommended myself to the good Thief, she had swallowed me like a Pill, for she has not eaten any Thing else, these six thousand Years, but only my Ass, who is certainly devoured, since I see him not. *Don Quixote* and the Alderman began to search all about, and *Sancho* crying out to them to look to themselves, the Woman that was bound hearing a Noise about her; conceived some hopes of relief, and began her complaints again. *Don Quixote*, and his Companions spying her at last, drew near to her, only the Squire kept behind the Soldier, and durst not look at her, but only by stealth. However, he could not forbear saying, quaking as he was. Madam, Soul, be pleas'd to restore me my Dapple, or I swear to you by the *Flisantorum*, that my Master *Don Quixote*, will fetch him out of your Maw with his Lance. Peace *Sancho*, said *Bracamonte* laughing, this Ladies Soul, is an honest and conscientious Soul, and has stole nothing from you. See there your Ass is Grazing very quietly. All this while the Knight of *la Mancha*, earnestly viewed



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NOTICE



viewed that wretched Woman, whose Body seemed to be all over full of Bruises with beating. When he had ey'd her for some Time, he said to *Bracamonte*, and the Alderman. Gentlemen, I own I was deceived. This Lady you see is not the wife *Urganda*, but the famous *Zenobia*, that great Queen of the *Amazons*. She went from her Pallace this Morning, attended by the Principal Ladies of her Court, to divert herself with Hunting. Her Retinue was great. She was clad in a rich green Velvet embroidered with Gold, and precious Stones, holding an Ebony Bow in her Hand, and at her Back hung a Quiver full of gilded Arrows. She was mounted on a *Tartarian* white Horse, dappled with Black and Red, who made his Bit all white with Foam, and the Air resound with his Gneying. Her beautiful flaxen Hair, covered with a slightly Cap, adorned with white and yellow Feathers, played in the Wind in large Tresses on her Shoulders. Being intent in Pursuit of a fierce Bear, that had already devour'd some of the Dogs, the swiftness of her Horse soon parted her from her Company. She lost herself in this Wood, and having alighted to refresh herself on the Bank of a Christal Bank, which is but a little Way off, she was surpris'd by a Troop of insolent Giants, who have taken away her mighty Courser, robb'd her of her Cloaths and Jewels, and then bound her in her Smock to this Tree, as you behold. Therefore, Mr. *Bracamonte* unbind her quickly, and let us hear from her Royal Mouth, the Particulars of this Adventure: The Soldier obey'd his Commands out of Hand, to the great Comfort of the poor Wretch, who was not so well pleas'd with the Knights relation, as the Soldier and the Alderman were.

## C H A P. VI.

*Which continues the Account of the happy Deliverance of Queen Zenobia, otherwise call'd Barbara Hackt-Face.*

QUEEN *Zenobia* was near fifty Years of Age, and besides that she had a hanging Look, her right Cheek was adorn'd with a long Scar of a Gash, or Cut, which reached to her Ear, and which it is likely she received in the Prime of her Age, for her holy Life, and modest Words. The Soldier having view'd her well, said to *Don Quixote*, I can assure you Sir, this Lady has nothing of the Air, nor is she in her Face any Thing like Queen *Zenobia*, and I am much mistaken, if I have not seen her at *Alcala*, among the little Tippling Houses, and I think her Name is *Barbara Hackt-Face*, or something like it. You have said all in a Word, Mr. Soldier, quoth the Princess, that is my Name, and God Reward you for your seasonable Relief. The Alderman considering what a Posture the Queen of the *Amazones* was in, whose proper Name as has been said, was *Barbara Hackt-Face*, alias *Machicon* the *Tripe Woman*, Charitably took off his Cloak to cover her, that she might appear more decently in the Town, where they were to lie that Night. *Barbara* put it about her without any Ceremony, and judging by *Don Quixote's* Garb, and that Air of Authority he took upon him over the Rest, that it was to him she ought to make her Compliment; she said to him, Sir Knight, I return you Thanks for your generous Relief, had it not been for you, and this noble Company, Heaven was pleas'd to bring this Way, I must infallibly have died this Night. *Don Quixote* with a great deal

deal of Gravity answered her thus. Beautiful *Zenobia*, mighty Queen, whose valour was so dreadful to the famous Princes of *Greece*, and so advantageous to the *Sultan of Babylon*, whom you assisted against the warlike Emperor of *Constantinople*, I think myself happy this Day, that it was in my Power to do you this small Service, till I can perform greater. The Queen, who, as yet, did not know *Don Quixote*, thought his Compliment very strange, and not knowing how to answer it, said, Sir Knight, I must beg your Pardon, for taking the freedom to tell you, that I am nothing a-kin to Queen *Zenobia*, nor the *Sultan of Babylon*; but if you call me so in Derision, because I am old, you must understand there was a Time when I was not despis'd. When I was a young Wench at *Alcala*, the finest Scholars in the University, were as fond of me as of their own Eyes. True it is, that ever since a great Dog of a Regent, God reward him in this World, or in the next, made this Mark you see in my Cheek, I was not so much in vogue as before; and yet for all that I have lived merrily enough; for every Apple that has a blemish, is not Rotten. O Heavens! O just Heavens! cried the Knight of *la Mancha*, what do I hear? I never was so sensible of the Need there is of Knight Errantry, as I am at present; do but observe Mr. *Braacamonte*, how far the malignity of Enchanters extends; those vile Wretches thought it not enough to cause this beautiful Queen to be inhumanly stripp'd and tied to a Tree, by a Parcel of Giants, the proper Instruments of their Malice; but they have also distracted her, by their Sorceries blotting out of her Memory all the Ideas of her Grandeur, they make her think she is old, ugly, has Scars on her Face, is of the meanest Condition, and of a very leud Conversation. The enchanted Tripe-Woman a little

little nettled at these last Words of *Don Quixote's*, said to him. Sir Knight, with your leave, I am not quite such a leud Liver as you have been informed; for tho' I have a little wrong'd my Honour, yet I never did any Body harm. Cease, great Princess, cease to debase your high Birth, and the Majesty of your Race, quoth *Don Quixote*, I know you think yourself a poor Wretch, a Servant to a Tippling House, if you please, because the vile Enchanters have cast a Mist before the Light of your Understanding; but I am not to be impos'd upon, I still in you behold that mighty Queen *Zenobia*, whose Valour is equal to her Beauty; God forbid I should be so unjust as to believe, you could ever stoop to prostitute your matchless perfections to Scholars, or even to Regents; when I know the greatest Princes of the East, have pined for Love of you, and the brave *Hyperborean* of the floating Islands, has performed so many glorious Exploits for your sake. On him alone ought you to lavish yours Favours, to requite the Victory he obtained over the four Brass Giants, and the fiery Fantom, which guarded the Christial Tower, in which the wife *Pamphus*, the King your Father's Enemy kept you inclos'd by his magical Power.

*BRACAMONTE*, and the Alderman, were amaz'd to hear *Don Quixote* talk so extravagantly. As for *Sancho*, he being recovered of his Panick Fear, and finding nothing in *Barbara*, to answer his Master's fine Speech, could not forbear saying. By *Dapple's* Soul, Sir, you don't consider what you say, why where the Devil are all those Beauties you see in this Lady Trollop! I have view'd her all over, and God knows what I see. I'll be hang'd, if my Ass had but a Hood on, if he would not look more like a Princess than she, and I'll lay a Wager, Mr. *Bracamonte*, and the Alderman, are of my Mind.

I don't Question it, said *Don Quixote*, but be not deceived my Friend. The Queen appears to me, as well as you, ugly, old, ungain'd, and impudent, because the Eyes of the Body are charm'd by *Pamphus* the Enchanter; but I make use of the Eyes of the Understanding, to frame a true Judgment of the rare Qualities of this Princess. I lift myself above the Senses, and by means of a peculiar Privilege inherent to Knight Errantry, which ever tends directly to the Truth, I discover in this, to outward Appearance, disagreeable Object, a Complexion of Lillies and Roses intermixt, a Head of delicate fair Hair, more beautiful than *Apollo's*, heavenly conquering Eyes, Coral Lips, Teeth like Oriental Pearls, a Neck, and Arms, as white as Alabaster, a pleasing and delightful Air, a charming Smile, a curious Shape, a majestick Mein, and easy modest Action. In short, *Sancho*, when I shall have overcome *Pamphus's* Enchantment, you will perceive which of us is in the Right. Nay, I have done with you Sir, replied the Squire, you are an absolute Master at those Things, but is it possible that *Dame Barbara*, with her great Scar, and her tann'd Leather Hide, should have Coral Eyes and Teeth, and all the Rest you talk of! Well I long to be a Knight, that I may see Things otherwise than they really are.

THIS Dialogue had not ended so soon, but that the Alderman put *Don Quixote* in mind, that the Sun was set, and it was Time to go on their Way. Then the Knight said to his Squire. *Sancho*, bring *Dapple* hither, and let him have the Honour this Day to serve the Queen, instead of a white Palfrey. This said he gravely, saluted *Zenobia*, and went away before alone, to meditate the Revenge he would take of *Pamphus*, *Sancho*, willingly obeyed his Master. He brought his Ass, and lying down on all  
four,

four, that the Queen might mount with more Ease. Lady Princess, said he, you may set your Feet on my Back, and mount *Dapple*. He is so gentle, that he would not wrong a Child; but the Duce take me, added he, looking up under her Nose, I did not know you was so handsome. Lord how I long to see you with the Eyes of the Understanding, for to deal plainly with you that Regent *Pompous* has made you as ugly as *Lucifer*. *Barbara* did not well like that Compliment, and therefore in Revenge, being of a Gigantick Stature, as she was mounting *Dapple*, she trod so hard upon the poor Devil of the Squire, that she overthrew and half crippled him. Help, cried *Sancho*, falling, I am a Dead Man! What is the Matter, quoth the Soldier, going to help him up. O Master *Bracamonte*, answered *Sancho*, that damn'd Whore of a Queen, has broke two of my Ribs at least. Would the Dogs had eaten her to her Fingers ends. Fair and softly *Sancho*, replied *Bracamonte* laughing, pray pay Queen *Zenobia* more respect, and don't Fancy it was she that hurt you. She is too tender a Princess, and has such a delicate light Foot that she scarce treads down the Grass or Flowers. O ho, Mr. Soldier, cried *Sancho*, you talk like a Knight Errant, and a Body would think you saw the Queen with the Eyes of your Understanding. No doubt of it, quoth *Bracamonte*, for their being no other Difference, betwixt a Soldier and a Knight, but only the Dubbing, all martial Men enjoy most of the Privileges belonging to Knight Errantry, and particularly that you speak of, but if you would be advis'd by me, we will talk no more of this Matter; but as we travel on to our Lodging, will listen to the Queen, who is going to tell us how she fell into this Misfortune. Mrs. *Barbara*, added he, directing his Discourse to the *Amazon*; pray, if you please, tell us what Robber  
has

has us'd you so ill, and why you left *Alcala*, where you lived like a Queen? Did you then see me, Mr. Soldier, said *Barbara*, in the Time of my Prosperity? Was you ever in my Shop? Did you ever eat any of that pure fried Tripe, I us'd to dress so curiously? No, replied *Bracamonte*, but I was then a Commoner in the College of the three Languages, and I remember you were reckon'd the best in the World at Soucing of Hogs Feet, and making black Puddings. Black Puddings, quoth *Sancho* in a Rapture. Nay faith, if her Majesty's Grace, has such a knack at making of black Puddings, I'll hire her this Moment to be my Cook in my Government. With all my Heart, quoth *Barbara*, and I assure you, I'll make you such rare black Puddings, and such dainty Hotchpoes, that you'll lick your Fingers after them. God be prais'd, said the Squire, I could wish I were at that Sport already. But, may it please your Majesty, to tell us the Cause of your Mis-adventure. *Barbara*, who never denied any Man, soon granted the Request, and said.

SINCE you desire it, Gentlemen, you must understand, that my Mother, being convinced there is no better Inheritance than a good Education, taught me to make black Puddings, to Souse Hogs Feet, and to Fry Tripe. So that before she died, she had the Satisfaction, of seeing me in a Way to get my Living. I had a little Cooks Shop in the Tavern Street, whether the Scent of my Cookery, drew abundance of Scholars. Among the Rest, there was one, who would a made a curious Picture, and was about twenty-three of Age. I found him so courteous and civil, and grew so fond of him, that I was never well any longer than I was in his Company. I treated him like a Prince at Meals, and I bought him Books, Shoes, Stockings, Bands, and in a Word, whatever he wanted, nor was he



sparing, but had every Thing he could ask. When he had lived with me in this Manner almost a Year, he told me one Day, making much of me, that he must go to *Zaragoza*, where he had some Estate, and if I would go with him, he was so in Love with me, that he would marry me. Lord what Fools Women in Love are! I had so little Wit, that without thinking any harm. I told him I would follow him to the *Antipodes*. Accordingly the very next Day, I began to sell all my Goods, being the Furniture of two Rooms, and a good Quantity of Linnen, which brought me fourscore Ducats. In short, we left *Alcala* Yesterday; but the Devil being in him, as we were passing by this Wood this Morning, he propos'd to go into it to take the cool Air, God grant he may take it after the same Manner, but I will not Curse him; for perhaps we may chance to meet again, and I am apt to believe that should he repent, God forgive me, I could Love him again. Well, into the Wood I went with that Villain, who looking stern on a sudden, and drawing his Dagger, bid me deliver all the Money I had, and because I did not comply soon enough to his Mind, he began to pinch my Nose and Ears, to cuff me over the Face with his Fist, and to hunch my Belly with his Knees, saying, you old Witch will you be quick, will you make haste and deliver me the Money you have got so ill, and which I know better how to spend? I must confess, I am still in a Passion, when I call to Mind the ill Language he gave me; and he ly'd like a Rogue, when he called me Witch; for tho' I was (a) tied to the Ring, upon the Steps of the Church of *Santa Justa*, I may thank some of my Neigh-

(a) *A Part of the Punishment inflicted on Persons convicted of Witchcraft, or Superstitious Practises.*

Neighbours, who did me that good turn, and swore falsely against me. A Pox choak them for a Parcel of envious Jades! But I was revenged of one them, for I poisoned a pretty little Dog she had. Lord, Madam Queen, quoth *Sancho*, interrupting her, what harm had the poor Beast done you? Was it he that swore falsely against you? No, replied *Barbara*, but they that can't hurt the Master, are revenged on the Dog. There is no Reason for that, answered the Squire, the Vicar is not bound to pay the Curates Debts. I grant it, quoth *Hackt-Face*, but to return to my Story; when I found there was no way to appease that Wretch that abus'd me, without complying with him, I delivered him my fourscore Ducats to a Farthing. But yet that did not content him, he stripp'd me to my Smock, and tying me to a Tree, went away with all my Cloaths. Oh! the confounded Son of a Woman, cried *Sancho*, what say you to that Mr. *Bracamonte*? Ought not I to go from College to College to find that outrageous Scholar, and challenge him to fight Man to Man, or ten to ten? I vow by the Order of Errant Squireship I profess, that I will cut off his Head, and carry it sticking upon the Point of a Lance to a Tilting. All I am afraid of, for a Man must have a Care when he gathers a Rose, that he does not prick his Fingers, is least I should meet with some plaguy Scholars, like those I met in a College at *Zaragoza*. The cursed Dogs! One of those Rakes, whom Heaven burn like *Gomorrhah*, gave me such a furious Cuff on my left Jaw, that my Cap fell off, and as I was stooping to take it up, another gave me such a Kick on the Breech, that I came over upon my Nose. Nor was that all; for when I got up, there poured down upon my Face such a Shower of Glanders, that I knew not which way to turn myself.

## C H A P. VII.

*How Don Quixote alarm'd a whole Village,  
where the Fright was much more than the  
Hurt.*

**S**ANCHO's Hand being once in a talking, he never gave over, till coming into the Village, they found the Knight of *la Mancha* at the Door of the Inn, with a considerable Number of People about him, very earnestly holding forth after this Manner. Brave Warriors, whose Valour and Vigilance defend this famous City. I come to warn you to make ready for Battle. The Enchanter *Pamphus*, will soon be at your Gates with a dreadful Army of Giants. He designs to ravish from us the chaste Queen *Zenobia*, to expose her again to a cruel Death, from which my invincible Arm, has but now delivered her. Let us not suffer such an indignity, my Friends, to be put upon the most amiable Princess in the World. Stand by me, and we will easily rout *Pamphus*, and all his Giants, and will pursue them to the farthest Parts of their Dominions. But take heed, I intreat you, least emulation in Point of Valour, and about dividing the Kingdoms we shall conquer from them, do not sow Discord and Animosities among you; for it is absolutely necessary that we be always Unanimous, to put a happy End to this War. The Inhabitants of the Village, were so amaz'd at what *Don Quixote* said, that they knew not what to think of him. Some looked upon him as a Mad-man; but others by his rich Armour, and grave Discourse, thought he was some famous General, the King had appointed to command his Army against *France*,  
which

which was then reported to be about breaking with *Spain*. All they could not understand was the coming of the Enchanter *Pamphus*, and the Protection of Queen *Zenobia*, and they were about enquiring into it, when they saw a Coach drawn by six Mules attended by five or six Men a Horse-back, coming from towards *Siguenza*. As soon as ever *Don Quixote* spied that Company, he cried out in a martial Tone. To Arms, my Friends, to Arms.

BEHOLD, here the Enchanter coming towards us with all his Forces. Those that had been bantered by the first Part of the Knight's Discourie, were Fools enough to fancy the Enemy was at hand; and as generally it happens, that fear multiplies Objects, that small Retinue looked to them like an Army. They were all full of Confusion, and began to run into their Houses for such Weapons as they had; but *Bracamonte* and the Alderman, set all right, by telling them that *Don Quixote* was a poor distracted Gentleman, that was going to the Hospital at *Toledo*, to be cured. In the mean While, the Knight had posted himself in the midst of the Street, covered himself with his Buckler, clapt his Lance into the Rest, and couragiously waited to encounter the Enemy: But the Soldier to prevent any Disaster, came up to the Knight, and said. Noble *Don Quixote*, no Man knows better than yourself, that it was always requisite to view the Numbers, and the Disposition of an Army before engaging, and therefore give me Leave to advance upon Discovery. You may stay here, I will observe the Enemy so near at hand, that you shall not fail of a particular Account of them. The Knight of *la Mancha*, approving of what he said, the Soldier went towards the Coach, and when he was near enough, desir'd Leave to speak to those that were in it, to give them an Account of *Don*

*Quixote's* Madnefs; but as soon as he caſt his Eyes upon a Gentleman who was in the Coach with two Ladies, he was ſtruck dumb with ſurpriſe, and could not ſpeak one Word. The Gentleman was no leſs amaz'd to ſee the Soldier; but after viewing him well, he ſat cloſe to the Door of the Coach, and reaching out his Arms to him, ſaid, Oh my Brother, my dear *Bracamonte*, is it you! The wretched Condition I ſee you in, does not hinder me from knowing you.

THEY embraced one another ſeveral Times, weeping for Joy they had met; for they had not ſeen one another in fifteen Years, and were in Care for one another. After their Father's Death, they had divided betwixt them a ſmall Inheritance; and the Soldier, who was the Youngeſt, took to the Army: But tho' he had behaved himſelf bravely in *Flanders*, yet he had gain'd nothing but the Honour of his Actions. The Elder, whoſe Name was *Don Raphael de Bracamonte*, was now returning from *Peru* very Rich, and with two Ladies, one of which was his Wife, and the other his Mother-in-law. In ſhort, the two Brothers had never enough of embracing one another, and that with the greateſt tranſports of Joy, that could be imagined from Kindred, and true Friendſhip. As ſoon as the Ladies underſtood who the Soldier was, tho' his Garb would not much honour their Kindred, yet they ſhewed him ſo much Civility, that he had enough to do, to make ſuitable Returns.

WHILST this happened, *Don Quixote* perceiving the Soldier did not return, and fancying he had been taken by the Enemy, advanced to reſcue him, and ſpurr'd on towards the Coach, but before he could come up to it, the Soldier had in a few Words acquainted his Brother, and the Ladies with his Madnefs, and having thus prepared them to receive

ceive him, he let him draw near, and then with a loud Voice said, Sir Knight, whose redoubted Arm has Thunderstruck more Giants than ever *Jupiter* did, you must understand, that the Enchanter *Pamphus* is not here. All these Gentlemen you see, are no Enemies to the Princess *Zenobia*, but on the contrary, it is the Queen her Mother, who is in the Coach, attended by a Damsel and a Squire, and she comes to return you Thanks, for having delivered her Daughter from a certain Death, She could not have avoided, but by your undaunted Courage. *Don Quixote* hearing these Words, drew near to the Coach, and after saluting the Ladies gravely, without alighting from his Horse, or giving them Time to speak, he directed his Discourse to *Don Raphael's* Mother-in-law, saying; great Queen, who may boast that you have brought forth the most famous Princess in the World, as being Mother to the peerless Princess *Zenobia*: I am sorry you have left your Dominions for my sake, and undergone the Fatigue of so long a Journey: I have not yet done any Thing worthy your acknowledgment; but I hope, when I have overcome the Giant *Bramarbas Ironsides*, King of *Cyprus*, in single Combat, I hope I say, I shall then cause the *Infanta*, your Daughter, to be crowned Queen of that delicious Island, formerly the Place of Abode of the Goddess of Love. Tho' *Zenobia's* Mother was fore-warn'd of the Knights extravagant Humour, yet she knew not what Answer to make him: But the Soldier, to ease her of that Trouble, told *Don Quixote*, that the Queen was much tir'd, and therefore they must make haste to the Inn, where they might Discourse more at their Ease. When they came to it, *Don Quixote* would needs himself introduce the Queen of the *Amazons* to the Ladies, who were not a little surpris'd, seeing her, as she still

was, wrapped up in the Alderman's Cloak: Which the Knight perceiving, he said, I am not at all amaz'd, that you should look for the lovely *Zenobia*, when you have her before you, or that her own Mother should not know her. This horrid Metamorphosis, is the Work of the Enchanter *Pamphus*; but I swear by all that is most sacred in Knight Errantry, that I will dispel the fatal Spells which surround this renowned Queen, and will soon restore her to her former Beauty. *Don Raphael's* Mother-in-law having had leisure to study a Compliment, applauded the Knight's generous Resolution, and spoke to him in such Language, as fully convinced our Hero, that she was *Zenobia's* Mother.

AT this Time *Sancho*, who till now had been in the Stable, or in the Kitchen, came into the Room all in a Heat, clapping his Hands for Joy, and crying, good News, my Masters, good News; we shall be all littered up to our Bellies. Why, what is the matter *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, have you found out where the Giants are that stripped the Queen? That's well enough, I'faith quoth the Squire, that's likely to be the Matter that pleases me. Perhaps it is replied the Knight, that *Bramarbas* is come to this Village, for us to put an end to our Combat. God deliver us, answered *Sancho*, I have better News than all that, what I can tell you, is, that I saw a delicate Soup below, stewing upon the Fire, and it is that has rejoiced me. Scoundrel, said *Don Quixote* in a Passion, can't you open your Mouth without discovering your Greediness? Then turning to the Ladies, the Knight intreated them to forgive his Squire's Impertinence, and fell into Discourse with them, which held till Supper. In the mean While, the Soldier who had acquainted his Brother with *Sancho's* Ingenuity drew him into the Corner of the Room, and in the Presence

sence of *Don Raphael*, said to him; Dear *Sancho* we have a great deal of Business upon our hands; perhaps you don't know who that old Lady is your Master is talking with: she is a Princess my Friend. She is Queen *Zenobia's* Mother. Master *Bracamonte*, quoth *Sancho*, throw that Bone to another Dog: You must not make me believe the Moon is made of Green Cheese: Faith, I remember very well, that her Ladyship the Queen, told us a while ago that her Mother was dead. That's true, answered the Soldier, but have you forgot already that *Pamphus* the Enchanter, has put the Princess *Zenobia* beside herself? Nay don't you observe, that all the Story she told us from first, to last, is not to be looked upon any other than a Fable, the said Enchanter has put into her Head. By my Soul, I am sorry for it, replied *Sancho*, for if so, I durst lay a Wager, she has forgot how to make Black-puddings. Nay, as for the Black-puddings, quoth the Soldier laughing, it is possible she may know how to make them still; for the Princess was nicely bred. But be it as it will, there is her Mother, who has been thanking your Master for releasing of Queen *Zenobia*. In troth, quoth the Squire, looking upon the Ladies; I am glad of it: And who is that young Damsel by her? It is her Maid of Honour, said the Soldier, and this is her Squire, added he, pointing to *Don Raphael*. *Sancho* saluted him, and they soon grew acquainted. When Supper was ready, there arose a Controversy about sitting down to Table. *Don Raphael's* Mother-in-law, having seated herself at the upper End, said to *Don Quixote*, Sir Knight, will you give my Damsel, and Squire, leave to Sup with us, that they may boast they had the Honour of eating with the great *Don Quixote*. The Knight having given his consent by a gracious Nodd, *Don Raphael* and his Wife, sat



down by *Zenobia*; the Alderman and young *Bracamonte*, by *Don Quixote*. All were seated but *Sancho*, who drawing a Chair, took his Place without any Ceremony, at the lower End, saying, with loud Voice to his Master: Sir, since you give leave for the Princess's Squire to eat with you, perhaps she will give me leave to eat with her; and why not? I am a Christian as well as another; and God be prais'd, I han't the Itch: So Gentlemen, added the Squire without any Ceremony, faint Heart never won a fair Lady. Here the wife *Alifolan* makes a good Remark. He says, *Don Quixote* was not at all displeas'd at *Sancho's* taking this Liberty, because the Knight being naturally very Haughty, he was glad that his Squire should be as much honoured as the Princess's. There was no other Discourse at Supper, but concerning Knight Errantry; and the Soldier having ordered his Brother's Servants that waited at Table, to ply *Sancho* with Wine pretty often; the honest Squire was soon put in a pleasant Humour, and diverted the Company very much, telling them his Master's unheard of Exploits, who concluded the favourable Attention they gave to his Squire's Relation, was all in honour of him. When it was Time to go to Bed, the Inn-keeper shew'd the two Ladies into the best Room in the House, and the Hostess led *Barbara* into a Closet, which looked out over the Stables. The two *Bracamontes* stay'd in the Room, where they had supped; the Alderman went to Bed in another, and *Sancho* was shew'd into the Garret. *Don Quixote*, who could smell out an Adventure at a great Distance, resolv'd to watch in his Armour in the Court of the Inn, to guard the Princess, because, he said, he foresaw, that *Pamphus* the Enchanter would Endeavour to steal away *Zenobia*.

CHAP.



## C H A P. VIII.

*The Story of Don Raphael de Bracamonte.*

WHEN the two *Bracamontes* were left alone to themselves, they began to ask one another what had befallen them since their Father's Death parted them. For my part, said the Soldier, I have serv'd ever since in *Flanders*, and was always unfortunate. Which is all I can tell you at this Time. But as for you Brother, I find you in such a flourishing Condition, that I am impatient till I hear, where, and in what Manner you have advanc'd yourself so considerably. I shall satisfy your Curiosity, replied *Don Raphael*, and acquaint you with such Things as it most highly concerns me to conceal from all the World; but I will hide nothing from a Brother I love so entirely, as I do you; and besides, all that relates to my Honour, concerns you as much as myself. Then he began his Story as follows.

You know we two parted, after dividing the small Fortune *Don Bernard* our Father left us. You went away for *Flanders*, and I to *Corunna*, where I shipped myself Aboard the first Vessel that sailed for *Peru*. When I arrived at *Nombre de Dios*, I there found very many *Spaniards*, all designing for *Lima*; but hearing that *Gonzalo Pizarro*, had made himself Master of that Kingdom, we durst not go thither. Tho' we were very eager to make our Fortunes, yet we were two loyal to side with *Pizarro*, and therefore staid a considerable Time at *Nombre de Dios*, without knowing which way to bestow ourselves. At last we understood there was one *Melchior Verdugo*, a Spanish Commander,

come to *Panama*. He came to rouse up the King's loyal Subjects, and to raise Forces against *Pizarro*. This was enough for us, we immediately went away to *Verdugo* at *Panama*. He received us with extraordinary Tokens of Joy, and Affection, and asking every one of us from what part of *Spain* he came; as soon as I told him my Country, and my Name, he embraced me, saying, he was also of the City *Avila*, and had been formerly my Father's particular Friend. *Verdugo* was a mighty Rich Man, all the Province of *Caxamalca* was his, and he was then the only Man in *Peru*, able to cope with *Pizarro*. I presently resolved to stick to *Verdugo*, and soon understood his Humour so well, that in less than a Year, I had so insinuated myself into his Favour, that he entirely confided in me. I shall not go about to tell you the Particulars of our Success, against several Officers of *Pizarros* he sent to oppose us. That would take up too much Time, and I am not now to give you an Account of the Wars in *Peru*. I shall only tell you, that the King hearing of the Troubles of that Kingdom, pitched upon the Licentiate *Peter Gasca*, one of the Council of the Inquisition, a Man of known Wisdom, and whose Prudence had been tried in several Negotiations. His Majesty sent him to *Peru*, with the Title of President of the supreme Council, and full Power to use such Means as he should judge most expedient for restoring Peace in that Country. As soon as the President came to *Nombre de Dios*, and it was known in *Panama*, on what Account he was going to *Peru*, all Persons openly declared for the King, and even some of *Pizarro's* Officers came to him, declaring they were resolved to submit themselves to his Majesty. The President thanked them in the King's Name assuring them his Intention was to Pardon the Rebels,

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provided they returned to their Duty. *Pizarro's* best way had been to embrace his Majesty's Mercy ; but he obstinately stood out, and refus'd to submit. Then the President rais'd Forces, joined *Verdugo*, and we fought *Pizarro*, who was routed at *Xaquixaguana*, and afterwards executed. After his Death, and the entire subduing of his Party, the President punished those that had supported him, and divided their Estates among us. I had a good share in this Dividend, and settled at *Potosi*, where there had been very rich Mines lately discovered. These are silver Mines, but the Veins are so large, and the Metal so fine, that they yield more than all the others in *Peru*. In short, an hundred Weight of Ore, yielded fourscore (b) Marks of Plate, which is very extraordinary. I contracted with my *Indians* to pay me two Marks a Week each, and to keep the rest for their Wages, which they did with such ease, that they got more themselves than they paid me. I did not let slip such an Opportunity of enriching myself, and in eight Years time, had gathered above an hundred thousand Crowns. I had a great Mind to return into *Spain*, to live comfortably with you, and let you share in my Fortune, and therefore I parted with my *Indians*, and went away to *Lima* with all my Treasure. There I found some other *Spaniards*, who having, like me, made their Fortunes in *Peru*, were very desirous to return to their own Country. We joined Companies, hired a Ship, and put Aboard our Effects. *Verdugo*, who was then at *Lima*, us'd all his Endeavours to dissuade me from my Resolution ; but I would not give Ear to him, and went Aboard.

WE set sail with a fair Gale, and had no Reason to doubt of a good Voyage ; nay we came in sight  
of

(b) A Mark is eight Ounces.

of the Port of *Panama*, but the Sailors Joy cost us dear ; for the Captain having made his Crew drink to Excess, and the Pilot being drunk, there was so little Care of the Helm, that about Mid-night, No-body looking out, the Ship was drove by the Wind and Tide, so furiously upon a Rock, that we gave ourselves for lost. It was then so dark that we could see nothing, and therefore did not presently discern that we had sprung a Leak ; but when Day appeared and discovered the Mischief, nothing was to be heard among the Sailors, but cries and lamentations. Then laying hold of Planks, and other Things, that might bare us up, we endeavoured to swim to the Shore, I was the First that got safe, good Fortune having thrown me into a sort of a little Bay that stretched out into the Sea, between two Rocks. From thence I encouraged my Companions to follow my Example, and many of them far'd the better for my Advice. Some of the People of the Country having observed from Land, that our Ship was like to be cast away, came off to our Assistance in Fishing Boats ; but it proved too late, for above half the Ship's Crew was already drowned, part because they could not swim, and others beaten by the Waves against the Shoales, or against the Ship itself, which soon sunk, so that nothing of her appeared above the Water, but only the Vane at the Main-top-mast-head, which only seemed to rise above the Water, to shew where the Wreck lay. When we were got to Shore, I proposed to have the Ship weighed, but there was scarce any Body else of my Opinion. They all said, that the Ship being old and rotten, the Iron Grapples that were fix'd to it, would tear out those Parts they laid hold of, and so being pulled to Pieces, the Plate would still be left at the Bottom.

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WE travelled along the Coast towards *Panama*, and when we came into the Town, some People hearing of our Shipwreck, and taking pity on us, came to comfort, and carried us to their Houses, where they endeavoured by all Manner of Courtesy to mitigate our Sorrow. I happened to be in the House of one *Don Michael de la Vega*, a generous Man. He omitted nothing that might raise up my Spirits under my Misfortune. He made me a thousand tenders of his Service; and offered to make use of his Friends, to get me some Employment under the Viceroy in *New Spain*. Whilst he was making Interest for me, I took Care to write to *Verdugo*, giving him an Account of all that had happened to me, conjuring him to advise me what in his Wisdom and Friendship, he should think best for me. In the mean while *Don Michael*, and I, contracted a strict Friendship; he brought me acquainted with the principal Men in *Panama*, and one Day he carried me to Visit a Lady that was his Kinswoman, whose Name was *Donna Maria de Almagro*. This Lady had a young Daughter called *Donna Theodora*. They both received me so very courteously, that I had no sooner left them, but I wished to see them again. *Don Michael* ask'd me, what I thought of them, and he might well judge by my Answer that he would oblige me in carrying me thither again. He did so, and in short, I visited them almost every Day for three Months. This intercourse having produced much familiarity between us, it was not long before I discovered that the young *Theodora*, had taken a Kindness for me; and I was confirmed in my Opinion one Morning, when I saw a little well look'd *Morisco* Woman born in the *Indies*, come into my Chamber, who brought me a Note from her, with several Pair of Spanish Garters, embroidered with Gold and Silver,  
and

and a very rich Scarf of *Spanish* Lace. The Note was not writ in very courtly Language, but the Stile had such an Air of Kindness and Ingenuity, that it discovered a naked Heart unus'd to those Intrigues. That I might not be behind hand in Generosity, I sent her back by the same Messenger, some part of what little I had saved from my Shipwreck; that is a Pair of Ear-rings, and a Ring worth fifty Pistoles, and with it an Answer full of passionate Expressions. That same Day I went to see her after Dinner, and finding her at Work with two little Blacks, I had an Opportunity of thanking her for the Favour she had done me, her Mother being then taking her Afternoons Nap. *Donna Theodora* could not look upon me, after what she had done without concern. I know not, what you will think of me, said she. I shall think replied I; that you are the most lovely Creature in the World, and I shall remember your Goodness as long as I live: We came close to the Point by degrees, but *Donna Maria* came and interrupted us, and we were forc'd to call a new Cause.

THE next Day a Fly-boat came to an Anchor in the Port from *Lima*, and the Pilot brought me a Letter from *Verdugo*, who gave me an Account he had received my Letter; and advis'd me to Return to *Peru*, and he would put me in a Way to retrieve my Fortune. This Letter perplexed me very much, for then I perceived I was so in love with *Theodora*, that I could not think of parting from her, yet I could not tell what my Passion would produce, my Condition being such, that I could not flatter myself so much as to think that *Donna Maria*, who was very rich, would give me her only Daughter. I shew'd *Don Michael*, *Verdugo's* Letter, who being no Stranger to the Passion I had for his Niece, told me it was not worth while to return to *Peru*,

to lay the Foundation of a new Fortune, for mine was already made, and that it was in my Choice to marry *Donna Theodora*. I have had Thoughts of this Marriage a long Time, said he, and have taken such Care that I have already dispos'd *Donna Maria* to consent to it. When I heard this, I clasp'd my Arms about *Don Michael's* Neck, and told him in the best Words I could think of, that I was most sensible of the Favour he did me, and would use my utmost endeavours to deserve it, since I had done nothing to Merit it, and was only beholding to his Goodness for it. He embraced me again, and returned me a most obliging Answer. We went together to *Donna Maria's* House, whom he discoursed a while in Private. Then he went out and left me alone with her. *Donna Maria* presently led me into her Closet, where when we were seated, she told me without any Preamble, that the Pity she had for my great Loss, the great Commendations *Don Michael* gave of me, and the good Qualities she daily discovered in me, had made her at last resolve to bestow her Daughter on me, with a Portion of 400,000 Crowns, if I thought fit to marry her. I thought she had bantered, when she ask'd a Man that was not worth a Groat, whether he would marry a rich Heiress, and I knew not what to Answer, when she went on and said. I perceive *Don Raphael* you are astonished to hear me talk, as if I doubted whether you would marry my Daughter; but tho' she is young, rich, and handsome, you must understand, that perhaps there is not a Gentleman in this Country, but would refuse to be my Son-in-law. This looks strange to you, but I will soon satisfy you. About twenty Years ago, I had a Brother I loved most tenderly. He had a Misfortune befell him, for one Night he killed a Gentleman, who was the Governor of the  
Towns



Towns Nephew. Whatever means he used to make his escape, the Governor made such a strict search that he was taken, and Orders were given that he should suffer as a Murderer, tho' he had kill'd the Gentleman fairly. All our Kindred and Friends sued for his Pardon; but the Governor who was both Judge, and Party, prov'd inexorable. The Day appointed for my Brother's Execution drew near, the Danger that threatned a Life, I held so dear, obliging me to lay aside all the reservedness of my Sex, I hasted to the Governor's House, I cast myself at his Feet, and gave way in his Presence to all the Transports of a piercing Grief. He seemed to be moved at my Affliction, and I thought my Tears had gain'd Compassion; but he soon gave me to understand, that the sight of me, made another sort of Impression on him than I had imagined. In short, the Brute told me his wicked desires, and said, I must resolve either to give him content, or see my Brother die. I started at that frightful Proposal, and looked upon the Judge as a Monster; but at length the Time he had given me to consider being almost expired, the Thoughts of losing a Brother, and of the Shame that would redound upon all our Family distracted me, and I complied with the Governor's wicked Will, after making him swear he would send me my Brother the next Day. The Villain did send him, but he first caus'd him to be strangled. This Action put me into a Rage, and thus breathing Revenge, I went to *Mexico*, to the Viceroy, and gave him a just Account of all that had happened. My Calamity moved him, and he was so incens'd at the Governor's perfidiousness, that he sent immediately several Officers of his Guards to *Panama*, with Orders, to seize the Governor, and carry him to *Mexico*, which was accordingly done. I was there to confound him, and the Vice-roy

roy having made him confess the Fact, condemned him to the same Death he had put my Brother to. After the Governor's Death I returned to *Panama*, with the Satisfaction of an entire Revenge, but at the same Time with the Shame of having publish'd my dishonour; for in short, I was with Child, and delivered of *Donna Theodora*. This is my Story, *Don Raphael*, and I was willing to tell it myself, to satisfy you what Reason I have to give you my Daughter. I design to leave this Country, where I have the Misfortune of seeing my Reputation lost, and the dissatisfaction of living among People that have something to upbraid me with. Besides, since my Daughter is grown up, I fancy all People look upon her to my Shame. I will go with you into *Spain*, where my Daughter, and I, being known to no Body, we shall live more comfortably, and I am so much the more pleased with my Resolution, because at the same Time I provide for my own quiet, I fancy I make an honest Man's Fortune. There remains nothing now, but to know your Mind. I answered, she could not propose any Thing more pleasing to me, that her Daughter was very well bred, and too deserving for a Man to Mind such a Chimerical point of Honour, and that for my part, I should never despise her Virtue and Worth, for such a foolish Nicety. *Donna Maria* was well pleas'd at my Answer, and a few Days after I Married *Donna Theodora*.

WE thought of nothing after this but our Departure, and the appointed Day being come, we left *Panama*, only concerned to part with *Don Michael*. We went to *Nombre de Dios*, where we embarked with all our Treasure on a Man of War bound for *Spain*, and arrived safe at *Cadiz*. There we set up an Equipage, and hired Servants, for we had brought none with us, because *Donna Maria* would not have

have any she should be obliged to stand in awe of. From *Cadiz* we travelled towards *Avila*, hoping there to hear some News of you ; but when we came thither, we were told, you had not been seen there for several Years, and no Body knew what was become of you. We lived there half a Year, and should have continued, but that I was informed there was a fine Estate to be sold near *Zaragoza*. We are going thither to purchase it, if we like it, and to settle there. I bless God for having found you, and that I am in a Condition to make some amends for the little Regard the Court has had for your long Service. You shall go with us To-morrow, and I dare assure you my Mother-in-law, and my Wife, will be pleas'd with all I should do, to put you into a better Condition. When *Don Raphael* had done speaking, the Soldier returned him Thanks for his kindness, and the two Brothers gave one another a thousand Testimonies of their Affection.

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## C H A P. IX.

*How Don Quixote prevented Pamphus the Enchanter from stealing away Queen Zenobia ; and of other Matters worthy of Attention.*

**D**ON *Quixote* being resolved to be under Arms all Night, as was said before, for fear of any Surprise from *Pamphus* the Enchanter, which there was Reason enough to fear, posted himself as a Centinel, walking about the Court of the Inn, holding his Lance in one Hand, and his Buckler in the other. All People were gone to Bed, and began to  
taste

taste the Sweet of a quiet Sleep, when the Knight tir'd with walking about the Court, lean'd against the Wall of a Well to rest himself a little, being still watchful, and looking about, by the small light of the Moon, which was then almost down, he discerned an Object that took up all his Attention. He saw a Man in his Shirt come out of the Stable, with a Ladder on his Shoulder. This was *Don Raphael's* Coach-man, who having been an old Acquaintance of Queen *Zenobia's*, and knowing where she lay, was going to offer his Service to her, designing to get in at the Window, which he thought might be easily done with his Ladder. *Barbara*, who was not at all afraid of such Attempts, had left the Window open to let in the cool Air of the Night; which the Coach-man observing, he planted his Ladder against it, not in the least doubting of the Success of his Enterprize, and without considering that Projects, tho' never so easy in Appearance, do not always succeed. He was not got quite up, when the Knight of *la Mancha*, who observed him, and presently fancied it was the treacherous *Pamphus*, who designed to get into the Castle to steal away Queen *Zenobia*; drew softly near the Ladder, and laying his Buckler on the Ground, laid hold of his Lance with both Hands, and with the but-end, gave the amorous Coach-man such a dreadful blow on the Buttocks, that he made him come down faster than he went up. Then *Don Quixote* cried out, this is the Reward, false Negromancer, due to your base Designs: What you thought to deceive my Vigilance, and to steal away the Queen? But take Notice, that she is better guarded than *Inachus's* Daughter; and that the *Loveless Knight* is not to be surpris'd. The poor Negromancer, who had received as much hurt by the Fall, as he had done by the Blow, made *Don Quixote*

*Quixote* no Answer, but roar'd out in such a dreadful Manner, that he waked the whole Inn. The Ladies fancied they were got into some harbour of Robbers, and fell to their Prayers, expecting to have their Throats cut immediately: The Host and Hostess cried out Fire, without knowing what the Matter was. *Sancho*, and the Alderman, got up in great confusion, and ran down into the Court almost naked: The two *Bracamontes*, who were not yet gone to Bed, came in the First upon the Noise. They found the Knight who had now quitted his Lance, was just making ready to run his Sword into the Enchanter's Throat, and at the same Time said to him with a thundering Voice; Monster, thy last Hour is now come, and thou shalt receive thy Death's Wound at my Hands; but before I shorten thy wicked Days, tell me base Wretch, tell me in what Part of *Asia*, or *Africk*, you keep Princes, and Infanta's shut up in horrible Dungeons, that I may go this Minute to carry them the happy News of your Death, and their Deliverance. Ha, Master *Bracamonte*, added he, knowing the Soldier by his Voice, see here the Enchanter *Pamphus*, whom I have knock'd down at my Feet: The Traitor would have entered Queen *Zenobia's* Chamber to steal her away, and you may still see the Ladder he brought for that Purpose, at the Window. *Barbara* appearing then at the Window, the two *Bracamontes* easily guess at above half the Truth; and *Don Raphael* observing that the Enchanter was very like his Coach-man, to bring him off, said to *Don Quixote*, Sir Knight, take heed of killing that Enchanter, his Life is behoveful to your Honour; forgive him, upon condition he shall go and declare all the World over, that notwithstanding all the Power of his Art, you have vanquished him in single Combat. You will gain

gain more Honour by that, than by his Death. That is most certain, said the Soldier; yet that is not all, the Enchanter must engage not to disturb Queen *Zenobia* any more, and he must swear by all the Enchanters hold most sacred, that he will never more attempt to steal into the Chambers of Princesses by Night, since he has no better Fortune in such Enterprizes. Gentlemen, said *Don Quixote*, you are not so well acquainted with Enchanters as I am; they will take as many Oaths as you please, but they do not value their Word, for they are faithless and lawless Men. You are in the right, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, spare him not: Nay faith, since 'tis the first Time we have overcome an Enchanter, we must drub this Dog till we are weary, that he may go and tell the rest of them, and then they will Trouble us no more. Tho' he does not deserve to live, said *Don Quixote*, yet I will Pardon him, provided the Queen with her royal Mouth, Commands it from that golden Balcony, to which the Fame of my Victory, has brought her. *Barbara*, who began to be us'd to *Don Quixote's* ways, cried to him from her Window. Sir Knight, do not hurt him, I beseech you, I heartily forgive what he has done to me, tho' it had been ten times as much, for we ought not to bear Malice in our Hearts. The Coach-man being let loose upon these words, got up with much trouble, and retir'd to his Bed the best he could. Then *Don Raphael* told *Zenobia*, her Majesty might safely go to Bed again; for after what had happen'd, *Pamphus* the Enchanter would not be soon in a condition to disturb her Rest. The Princes took his Advice, and went to Bed again, without shutting the Window, or so much as causing the Ladder to be taken away, leaving all Enchanters at their Liberty, to try whether they could prove more successful than *Pamphus*. The  
two

two *Bracamontes* got *Don Quixote* into the House, and had a Room provided for him, where whilst the Soldier and *Sancho* were disarming him, *Don Raphael* supposing the Ladies could not chuse but be frighted, went to satisfy them, by telling the Adventure. Then he returned to his Brother, with whom he rested the Remainder of the Night. The Alderman went back into his Room with the same Design, and *Sancho* mounted into the Garret.

NEXT Morning, when every Body was up, the Ladies complimented the Knight upon his Encounter, and *Donna Maria*, as Mother to the Hackt-Face Queen, said to him: Sir Knight, I intended to have taken the Princess my Daughter along with me, but I fear lest her Enemy *Pamphus*, seeing her so ill guarded, should come to force her away, and therefore I would have her bear you Company, where you go, that being under your Protection, the Enchanter may not carry her away. The Knight returned the old Lady Thanks for the Confidence she repos'd in his Valour, and swore to her by the Order of Knighthood, that he would place the Princess her Daughter so high, that *Pamphus* should not be able to offend her.

THE two Brothers and the Ladies having a long Journey to perform that Day, and the Coach-man, notwithstanding his Hurt, being in a Condition to drive the Coach, they soon took leave of *Don Quixote*, and the Alderman, with a thousand offers of Service, never to be performed. As soon as *Don Raphael's* Retinue was gone, *Sancho* said to *Don Quixote*, do you really believe, Sir, that Queen *Barbara's* Mother is in the Coach? No doubt of it, answered the Knight. Very pretty, quoth *Sancho*, I durst lay a Wager, they are not a-kin in the hundredth Degree, or I understand nothing. Who the Devil saw a Mother go away as this does? She  
has

has scarce looked upon her Daughter; and pray do but mind how she leaves her here naked, without giving her a Rag to put on. You take Things wrong, quoth *Don Quixote*, you look upon that as ill Nature, which is the Effect of Civility. Don't you observe, that Queen *Zenobia* being under my Protection, the Queen her Mother would have thought it an Affront to me to give any Money? She durst not so much as leave her one of her Palfreys, to carry her to *Madrid*, for fear of offending my nice Honour, she is so very observant and circumspect, which yet she might have done, without offence to the Laws of Chivalry. So that the Care of cloathing the Queen, and getting her a white Palfrey, lies wholly upon me, and I shall be well pleas'd to be at that charge. The Host who stood by, laying hold of this Opportunity, said to our Hero, Sir Knight, I have a good Mule in my Stable, which I will sell you, if you please. *Don Quixote* desired to see, and liking her, he ordered his Portmanteau, where his whole Revenue lay, to be brought out, and told out twenty six Ducats to the Host upon the Spot. Then the Mule was saddled, and *Barbara* mounting her, our Adventurers set out for *Siguenza* with her.

THEY got to the Town between four and five in the Afternoon, and alighted at the first Inn they found. The Alderman desiring to have his Cloak again, a Broker was sent for, who brought Women's Cloaths of several Colours. The Knight desir'd *Zenobia* to please herself, but she would have his Advice; and *Don Quixote* was not a little pleas'd to see his fancy and the Queen's agree. They both pitched upon a Veil and Petticoat of Taffeta, with yellow, green, and black Stripes; and once when their Hands were in at strip'd Stuff, they made choice of a Sattin Gown with flame colour, Violet, and



brown Stripes ; which *Barbara* put on immediately. *Sancho*, seeing *Zenobia* thus clad, burst out a Laughing. By our holy Mother *Eve's* Soul, said he, methinks my Lady the Queen in these fine Cloaths, looks like an old House new White wash'd. Pox take me, if this gay Garb does not make her look like ——— by my Faith, she is comically clad.

*DON Quixote* having paid the Broker, and the Queen now seeming to him worthy the Design he had of defending her Beauty in Publick, he called for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and shutting himself up in his Chamber, writ his Challenge.

*The Challenge.*

*The Loveless Knight, the Mirrour and Flower of la Mancha, does Challenge to single Combat him, or them, that shall refuse to own that the Princess Zenobia, is the most noble and most beautiful Princess in the World: And the said Loveless Knight, with the said Edge of his redoubted Sword, will Maintain and Defend, the rare and singular Beauty, of the said Princess To-morrow, from Morning till Noon; and from Noon till Night, Those that shall think fit to fight the said Knight, need only write their Names under this Challenge, tho' there be an hundred thousand of them.*

He wrote several Copies of this Challenge; and then calling his Squire, said, here *Sancho*, take these Papers, and go paste them up at all the cross Streets of this City, but put them up, so that every Body may read them, and give ear to what the Knights say to them; be sure you remember all the Blasphemies they utter in their Passion, for their own Ladies Honours, that I may go immediately to teach them the Respect, they owe to such a beautiful and chaste Princess, *Sancho* did not well like his Commission.

mission. Pox take such Princesses, quoth he, who are the Cause that we are every Day engaged in Battles, when we might live in Peace, with the holy Catholick Church. Suppose any Knight Errant takes Pet at this Challenge, and for my pains gives me a thousand — Coward, said *Don Quixote*, interrupting him, You are a pretty Fellow to think of receiving the glorious Order of Knighthood. Away, thou Wretch, that Honour is not to be granted to any but Men of Courage, and not to Heartless things as you. *Sancho* was concerned at this Reproach, and leaping like *Homer's* Heroes, at once from a Panick Fear, or Undauntedness: Well Sir, said he, give me your Papers, I'll go Paste them up one by one, at the Corner of Streets, and if any Man asketh me my Name, saith I know not what to say to him. These Words pacified the Knight, who answered, Go then, my dear *Sancho*, and observe all Particulars nicely, as you value your Life. Run, Fly, and bring me back a just Account. The Squire took the Papers, and went out to paste them up; but as ill luck would have it, they had not the Effect *Don Quixote* designed; for all the Knights of *Siguenza*, from the highest to the lowest, were so far from being in a Rage, that they only laughed when they read them. The (c) *Corrigidor*, and some other Gentlemen, who had heard of the Fame of our Knight, had the Curiosity to see him; and the *Corrigidor* undertaking for the Rest, own'd in the Name of the City and Suburbs, That *Barbara Hackt-Face*, was the most singular Princess in the World. Having received this Publick Satisfaction, *Don Quixote* left *Siguenza*, the next Day very well pleas'd.

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C H A P.

(c) *The Supreme Civil Magistrate in a City, appointed by the King.*

## C H A P. X.

*How Don Quixote met two Scholars, and what Discourse they had.*

**D**ON *Quixote* being gone before, *Barbara* and *Sancho*, followed without speaking one Word; but the Squire seeming to be melancholy and thoughty, at last *Hackt-Face* asked him what he ail'd. What ailes me, said *Sancho*, I wish I could see the Dog hanged, who was the Occasion of our meeting. Faith, I know not what my Master thinks of it, but I am of the Mind that giving of Mules, and Silk Cloaths, is not the Way to be Rich. Be not troubled, Friend *Sancho*, quoth *Barbara*, for if it please God to bring us safe to *Alcala*, I'll treat you there like a Prince. Then the Case is altered, replied *Sancho* smiling. Prithee, what good Meat will you treat me with? Nay, don't you Trouble yourself for that, replied *Barbara*, you shall taste of a pretty young Wench, about fifteen Years of Age, which you'll like better than a Partridge. Blessed Virgin, cried *Sancho* in amaze, what do you talk of Mistress Queen? Do you take me for one of those *Lutherans* of *Constantinople* that eat Mans Flesh, Gad take me, that's enough to have me condemned to the Gallies for three hundred Years.

THIS Discourse had not ended so, but that they overtook *Don Quixote*. They found him talking with two Scholars he met, who where both going to *Alcala* a Foot. As soon as *Sancho* perceived by their Habit, that they were Scholars, he said to his Master very earnestly. Pray Sir, have a Care of yourself; for these are of the same Race of those that belong'd to the College, where I was so curiously

riously handled at *Zaragoza*, and if they fall a spitting in our Face, by the Lord we are gone. The Scholars knowing who the Adventurers were, as having heard of them at *Siguenza*, one of them said to *Sancho*. Mr. Squire, we are not so unlucky as the Scholars of *Zaragoza* are, tho' we are of the same Profession; and we are so far from designing you the least Harm, that we are ready to serve you to the utmost of our Power. These Words having pacified *Sancho*, *Don Quixote* fell again into the Discourse that had been interrupted, and said to the Scholars, Gentlemen, to return to what I was now saying, the Order of Knight Errantry, which I profess, is no Enemy to Learning. Tho' I employ myself wholly in redressing Wrongs, and fighting of Giants, yet I admire ingenious Works, and and if you have compos'd any Thing of that sort, you will oblige me in letting me see it; I will give you my Opinion, with all the Sincerity an Author ought to desire from those he Consults. The great Queen *Zenobia*, will also give ear to you: That Princess has so curious and nice a Taste, that if your Works deserve her Approbation, you may then boldly expose them to publick Censure, for they cannot fail of being admired. The Scholars, who were no Strangers to Queen *Zenobia*, had a Mind to make Sport, but the dread of angring *Don Quixote*, whose Lance and Sword, they stood in awe of restrained them; and therefore, one of them said to him, Sir, since you love Wit, my Comrade the Batchelor, can divert you whilst we travel together, for he composes to the Stage, and has already writ several Things, that have been well received by understanding Persons. For my part, I write only Trifles, such as Roundo's, Sonnets, Enigma's, and Epigrams. Do not mistake yourself, said *Don Quixote*, those Trifles are not so easy

to be done: Good Sonnets are very rare; Epigrams, such as *Martial's* are require a quick and sharp Wit. As for Enigma's, I own they are the easiest. But nothing in my Opinion, is more diverting. They sharpen the Wit, by puzzling it in a pleasant Manner, and you will oblige me in reciting some of yours. With all my Heart replied the Scholar, I will show you two I made this Morning, which I had not yet Time to put into Verse; but I will not repeat them, unless it be upon Condition, that *Sancho* shall Expound them. Agreed, says the Squire, I'll plunge into them up to my Chin. 'Tis true, I don't well understand all those Affairs, but no Matter, by God's help, and long Study, a Man may do any Thing. You are in the Right, replied the Scholar. Now mind, this is the first.

### *Enigma.*

*I am Bright, and of great Use to Men, who unmercifully load me with Chains; tho' I am no Offender. I am Day and Night in the Churches, and I cannot subsist without Water, tho' it is that which destroys me.*

*Don Quixote* made him repeat it, and while he was studying the Meaning of it, *Sancho* cried out very joyfully, Victory. Gentlemen, Victory! I have found out the *Pigmy*, or what do you call it? I did not Question, said the Scholar, but your sharp Wit would find it out. By my troth, quoth the Squire, the very first Time you spoke it, I understood it as well as my Cris-cross-row. Well then my Son, said *Don Quixote*, tell us what it is. 'Tis a Holy Water Pot, quoth *Sancho*, for that is Day and Night in the Church, and there is always Water

ter in it. The Scholars burst out a Laughing, and *Don Quixote* himself could not forbear smiling. Mr. Scholar, said *Sancho*, if it is not a Holy-water-pot, it must be something else. Tell us what it is, and my Master and I will submit. No, replied the Knight, give me leave, and I'll Expound the *Enigma*; for if I mistake not, it is a Lamp. Right said the Scholar, you have hit the Nail on the Head. Nay faith, Gentlemen, said *Sancho*, I must put a *Pigmy* to you, since you call those *Pigmies*. *What is it that is like a Horse, that has the Hair, Head, and Feet like a Horse, and yet is no Horse?* It is a Mare, cried *Barbara*. By my troth, you have hit it? quoth *Sancho*; and is not a Mare very like a Horse? Gentlemen, said *Don Quixote*, can you chuse but admire the Queen's readiness, and sharp Wit; there is no need of repeating Things to her over and over; she takes them at first sight, and is never in the Wrong. The Scholars pretended they admired the Queen's Wit, which gave the Knight great Satisfaction; and therefore he said to the Composer of the *Enigma's*, Mr. Scholar, will you please to let us here the other *Enigma*, you compos'd this Morning; and which I do not at all Question, is as Ingenious as the last you propos'd to us. Listen to it then, replied the Scholar.

*The Enigma.*

*I am Great and Little, and am often seen sitting on the Heads of Kings and Emperors; but I am so ill settled, on that Height, that the least puff of Wind can throw me down, I serve the Poor as well as the Rich; but I am of no Use in several Nations; as for Instance, among the Turks, where I am out of Fashion.*

'Tis a Gammon of Bacon, said *Sancho* very short, it can be nothing else; for as I have been told, the *Turks* don't eat Bacon. You are out again, quoth *Don Quixote*, it is rather a Hat; for the Hat serves Rich and Poor; it is worn on the Heads of Kings and Emperors, and a puff of Wind blows it down. It is useless to several Nations, for there are other People, as well as *Turks*, who wear Turbants, instead of Hats. Faith, and so it is a Hat, quoth the Squire. It is the easiest Thing in the World to guess now; and Mr. Scholar need but tell me his two *Pigmies* over again, and I'll lay any Man a Wager I Expound them. You are a very ingenious Man, replied the Knight, why who cannot do the same? For if the Word were named at first, it could be no longer an *Enigma*. Nay, what Matter is it, answered the Squire? Is it not better a Man should have the Word before-hand, than to crack his Brains to find it out? In short, a Man cannot tell a Thing, if he does not know it; and I would defie the Pope himself, to say his *Pater-noster*, which is the easiest Thing in the World, if he had not learned it before-hand. The Scholar having owned to *Don Quixote*, that a Hat was the true Exposition of the last *Enigma*, the Knight said, he would desire him to write them both out for him at the next Baiting-place, for he had a Mind to keep them. I have a Copy here, said the Scholar, and I'll give it you. He began to feel in his Pockets for it, and having dropp'd another Paper, as he pulled it out, *Don Quixote* had the Curiosity to ask what it was? It is a *Roundo*, replied the Scholar, which I wrote upon a Lady-in *Siguenza*, I am in Love with, but who does not yet know that I lov'd her. Pray read it to us, quoth *Don Quixote*. The Scholar did not want much intreating, but presently read these Verses.

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said to his Companion; Come, Master Batchelor, it is your turn next. Pray let the Knight see that I have not commended you without Reason. I have not so great a value for my Works answered the Batchelor, as to think any Body can take pleasure in hearing them. Yet such as they are, I would freely communicate them to *Don Quixote*, if I had them about me; but I am not like those Authors who always carry their Pockets full of their Works, and my Memory is so bad, that I cannot repeat two Verses together of all that ever I made in my Life; but since I have not any Thing to read to you Sir Knight; shall I advise with you about the Plot of a Play I have in my Head? You will oblige me, replied *Don Quixote*, but pray tell me, whether in your Plays, you stick close to *Aristotle's* Rules? No, truly, said the Batchelor, I do not. So much the worse, answered *Don Quixote*, for *Aristotle* is an infallible Oracle in that Point. Not to follow his Rules, is to swerve from Nature and Reason; and that is the Cause why Strangers do not approve of our Performances, which in all other respects are Excellent. I own, quoth the Batchelor, that most of the Dramatick Poets, seem to make little Account of *Aristotle's* Rules. For my own Part, I like them very well; I never depart from them out of meer lightness, but ever follow them when they will suit with my Plot; but to deal ingeniously, I do not pay so much deference to them, as to lose any surprising turn for their sake, which cannot subsist with them. That Turn must be cast away, quoth *Don Quixote*, interrupting him; all must be sacrificed to the severe Rules of that wise Master. But let us come to your Plot. This is it, replied the Batchelor. An Earl of *Barcelona* takes a Voyage into *England*, where he falls in Love with the King's Daughter, and is beloved again; but the  
 King

King for Politick Ends, marries the Princess to the King of *Bohemia*. The Earl of *Barcelona* in despair, Embarks and returns to his own Dominions. The King and Queen of *Bohemia*, live very happily together, tho' that Princess always preserves a tender Affection for the Earl of *Barcelona*: But soon after, a Favourite of the King of *Bohemia's*, falls passionate in Love with the Queen, and has the boldness to let her know it. She reproves him, and threatens to acquaint the King her Husband with his Baseness. The Favourite changing his Love into Rage, prepossesses that weak Prince, and accuses the Queen of being in Love with an Officer of his Guard. The King, who only sees with his favourite's Eyes, causes the Officer to be put to Death, and would do the same by the Queen; but she demands that according to the Custom of those Times, she may have leave to find Knights to defend her Honour against her Accuser. The King not knowing how to refuse the Combat the Queen demands, appoints a Day, which is proclaimed in *Bohemia* and *England*. When the Day comes, the Favourite appears in the Lists, to make good his Accusation, but no Body comes against him till it is late, and the Queen is like to suffer; then a Knight arm'd at all Points, enters the Lists, fights her Battle, and kills the Favourite. This Knight proves to be the very Earl of *Barcelona*, brought thither by the Fame of the Queen's Accusation, of whose Innocence he is satisfied. This Sir, is the whole Plot of my Play. It is a very good one, answer'd the Knight, but I know not whether you can make a regular Play of it. It is true, said the Batchelor, our Authors who follow *Aristotle* the closest, would make the first Act in *England*; the Second in *Barcelona*, and the Third in *Bohemia*: But I am bringing this Play to

Answer all the Rules ; and I do not despair of Success. I am satisfied you'll compass it, said the other Scholar, provided you omit the Combat in the Lists. Let him have a Care of that, said *Don Quixote*, interrupting him, that is the best Part of the Plot. But Sir, quoth the Batchelor, if you would have me adhere to *Aristotle's* Rules, I must pass by the Combat. *Aristotle*, replied the Knight, I grant was a Man of Parts ; but his Capacity was not unbounded ; and in short, his Authority does not extend over Combats in the Lists, which are above his Rules. Would you suffer the Queen of *Bohemia* to Perish ? Or how can you clear her Innocence ? Believe me, Combat is the most honourable Way ; and besides, it will add such Grace to your Play, that all the Rules in the World cannot stand in Competition with it. Well Sir Knight, replied the Batchelor, for your sake and for the Honour of Chivalry, I will not leave out the Combat ; and that it may appear the more Glorious, all the Court of *Bohemia* shall be present at it, from the Princes of the Blood, to the very Footmen. But still one difficulty occurs, which is that our common Theatres are not large enough for it. There must be one built a Purpose, answered *Don Quixote* ; and in a Word, rather than leave out the Combat, the Play had better be acted in a Field, or Plain. This Discourse held *Don Quixote*, and the Scholars to *Hyta*, where they rested till the next Day, a Day memorable among Enchanters, and which is mark'd down with red Letters in the Chronicles of the wise *Alifolan*, the faithful Author, of this true History.

## C H A P. XI.

*Of what happened betwixt Don Quixote, and a Company of Players, and how the Unfortunate Knight was struck Dumb by Enchantment.*

THE *Arab* tells us that when *Don Quixote* and his Company, had travelled all Day, entertaining themselves on several Subjects, they came in sight of a pretty large House which looked very like an old Castle. One of the Scholars pointing to it with his Finger, said to *Don Quixote*. Sir Knight, you see that House there, we may lie in it to Night, and find good Entertainment. It is an Inn, call'd *The Fairies Castle*; because, they say it was formerly a Castle and haunted. No sooner had the Scholar spoke these Words, but *Sancho* began to swear by his Grand-mother's Pluck, he would not lie there. Let us take heed, Sir, cried he, let us take heed how we go lie in that *Fairy Castle*; for it still looks to me very like one of those Enchanted Castles, where Enchanters, and Fantomes, have so often made us bewail our Sins. In short, my Heart forbodes no good, and you know that when the Partridge sings, it is a Sign of Rain. *Don Quixote* making no Account of his Fear, answered, *Sancho*, I have not forgot what we have endured in such Castles; but, what remedy Friend, Knights Errant are no sooner out of one Danger, but they seek another, and they must be always in a readiness to meet whatever comes. I will therefore draw near that Castle, to observe what sort of People inhabit it; you may all follow me

me at your leisure. This said, he put on towards the Inn. It happened that a Company of *Players* were there at that Time rehearsing a Play they were to Act the next Day at *Alcala*. As soon as ever the *Players* spied *Don Quixote* arm'd Cap-a-pe with his large Buckler, they all ran out to see a Sight, which to them seem'd very unusual. The Knight seeing them throng out, and that they stood to view him, halted a while to observe them, and then went back again the Way he came. *Sancho* seeing him come back upon a full Trot, cried out. What is the Matter Master *Don Quixote*, have the *Fairies* stung you already? O my Son *Sancho*, answered the Knight, it was not without Reason you had an ill conceit of that Castle. My Enemy *Friston*, the Enchanter, expects me there to load me with Irons, and cast me in a loathsom Dungeon. He intends by his magic Spells to stop me here, and so to obstruct my going to fight the King of *Cyprus*, that he may then fly about the World, spreading dishonourable Reports of me; but I have receiv'd intelligence of his designs from good hands, and my Valour being nothing inferior to his Art, I am going to endeavour to rid the World of that accursed Negromancer. They being then but a Musket shot from the Inn, the Scholars soon knew the *Players*, with whom they were particularly acquainted by Name, and the Batchellor desiring to undeceive *Don Quixote*, gave him the best Account he could of that Affair. But the Knight stood in it that they were Echanters. To convince you, said he, that I am in the Right, observe, among the Soldiers that guard the Door, that great black Fellow with a Wand in one Hand, and a Book in the other. That is the Author to the Company, replied the Batchelor, and his Name is *Peter de Moya*, the Book that he has in his Hand is likely some Play  
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he reads to the Actors. I know better than you, who he is, Mr Batchelor, answered *Don Quixote*, and I'll tell you once more, that great black Man is not *Peter de Moya*, as you imagine; but it is *Friston* the Enchanter himself. Don't you see he is making Circles with his Wand, and drawing magical Characters, and that Book he makes use of to Conjure up the Devils. If you would satisfy yourselves concerning this Truth, you need only go both of you before, and say you are my Pages, and then you'll see what will come of it. The Scholars agreed to it, and being soon come to the *Players*, they told them all they knew concerning *Don Quixote*, and Queen *Zenobia*, with whom they were all perfectly well acquainted, and some of them to their Cost. The *Players* fell a Laughing, and were very glad they had so good an Opportunity to make Sport. In the mean while, *Don Quixote* drew near the Inn, and having set the But-end of his Lance on the Ground, he thus accosted the Author. O thou, who from the Moment of thy Birth till this Instant, hast been my Enemy, and who hast never failed, tho' to no Purpose, to favour all the Knights, and Giants, who have had the boldness to try their Strength with me. Tell me, wicked and perfidious Negromancer, why durst thou, contrary to all the Laws of God, and Nature, go out upon the High-ways to commit the greatest Outrages, against Ladies and Princesses, who go in search of the Knights they so tenderly love, attended by their faithful Dwarfs, and trusty Squires. And thou art so far from being ashamed of doing what I say, that like a cruel Pagan as thou art, thou carriest them away to bury them alive in the dark Prisons, which the Sun only seems to light that they may discover the Horror of them. Set free, added he, seeing some Actresses look out at  
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the Window ; set free I say, all those Maidens I see, and all the Knights and Princesses, you keep enclos'd in dismal Dungeons, and restore to me all the Treasures you have Stole. If not, I swear by the wonderful Beauty of Queen *Zenobia*, whose Presence renders me invincible, I will this Moment take away that Life, you ought long since to have forfeited. Whilst he uttered these Words, he spurred *Rocinante*, from side to side, and made him curvet so awkwardly, that it was no small Diversion to the *Players*, a People naturally given to Raillery, and us'd to make sport with others. *Sancho*, who thought his Master's Harangue most curiously contrived to terrify the *Players*, seeing them laugh as if they would burst their sides, was much concerned at it, and said to them very sternly. Haughty and unmannerly *Players*, deliver up to us instantly those Princes, those Infantas, those Knights, and those Horses, you hold enchanted, and which my Master requires of you. Let us have done, I pray you, for we want to come in there. Or else send my Lady the Queen, and me, some lanches of Bread, for our Guts begin to grumble furiously. The Author drew near to *Don Quixote*, and made him this Answer. Sir Knight Errant, your Pages have acquainted us with your Valour, and your Strength, which is such as this Castle cannot withstand, and therefore all these Knights and Princes, who have been here with me these six hundred Years, do yield themselves overcome by you, and we are ready to do you Homage. Alight then from your beautiful Horse ; lay aside your Lance, and your Peerless Buckler, and take off your Rich Armour that you may be more at ease. Tho' I am a Pagan, as appears by my Bulk, and tawny Complexion, yet I am a Man of Honour, and you may securely enter this stately Castle, as may  
Queen

Queen *Zenobia*, alias *Barbara* the *Tripe-woman*, and we will all sup merrily together. O thou Traiterous Negromancer, answered *Don Quixote*, do not think ever to deceive me with fair Words, and to draw me into the deep Pitfall, which is at the Entrance of your Castle; I know you too well, to suffer myself to be surpris'd by your Artifices. No doubt of that, by my troth, quoth *Sancho*, set a Thief to catch a Thief. We are no Fools that are born in the Village of *Argamasilla*, and God be prais'd we know that four and five makes nine. As soon as these Words were spoken, *Don Quixote* pointing his Lance down, spurred on *Rocinante* upon the Author to run him through; but the Author stepping aside dextrously, avoided the Stroke, and laying hold of the Knight's Foot, threw him over the other side of his Horse. At the same Time others of the *Players* fell upon *Don Quixote*, took away his Lance, and his Buckler, and carried him by Force into the Inn, where they laid him on the Ground, pressing so close upon him, that he could not stir. Then the Author gave him three strokes with his Wand on the Shoulder, saying, Loveless Knight, I Enchant you for three hundred Years, and by the Power of my dreadful Art, I strike you dumb, yet without impairing your Reason; because I will have you to be sensible of your Misfortune, without affording you the Satisfaction of complaining of your Fate. Thus I treat all the Knights who are so rash as to encounter me. *Don Quixote* lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, and then let them fall again without uttering one Word, or so much as attempting to speak, so fully was he persuaded that *Friston* the Enchanter, had struck him dumb.

THE Author, having ordered four Giants, that is, four Servants belonging to the Company, to keep



keep the Knight in the same Posture he was, went out to look for *Sancho*, who was frighted out of his Wits at his Masters usage. Are you there then you knavish Scoundrel Squire, said the Author, I have caught you now, and you shall pay me all you owe, as well for last Year, as for this. Good Master Enchanter, cried *Sancho*, I beg your Pardon, if I ever wished you all the harm you have done us, and I do allow you to be a Man of Honour, tho' you are as much a Pagan as *Judas*. I am glad, answered the Author, that chance led your Master, and you hither; for I give a Supper to Night to some Enchanters my Friends, who feed on Man's Flesh. You could never come at a better Time, and particularly you who are as fat as a Bishop. Alas, good Master *Friskin*, said *Sancho*, weeping, and kneeling before the Author, I beseech you by holy St. *Lazarus* his Wounds, whose Soul I wish in Heaven, that you will have compassion on me. Rise Friend, replied the Author, and lose no Time in praying to me; Tears and Prayers do not move Enchanters, you shall be eaten to the very Bones. Mercy on us, cried *Sancho*, what have we brought ourselves into. Pray good Mr. Enchanter, give me leave at least before I die, to go take my leave of *Mary Gutierrez*, my Wife, for I can assure you she is so ill-natured, that should I suffer myself to be eaten, without bidding her Farewel, she would never look upon me with a good Eye again. You are very cunning *Sancho*, said the Author, if you were once gone, I suppose you would not be such a Fool as to come again. Pray excuse me, Mr. *Frisken*, said *Sancho*, St. *Anthony* shall be bound for me that I'll come again upon the Day appointed; and if I fail of my Word, I pray to St. *Barbara*, the Advocate against Thunder and Lightning, that this Cap may fail at the Hour of my Death. No,  
no,

no, answered the Author, this Matter will admit of no delay. Then raising his Voice, he added, some Body bring me hither that great three pointed Spit, I use to Roast fat Men upon, and let this Peasant be roasted out of Hand. *Sancho* fancying himself upon the Spit already, and seeing *Barbara* laughing with some of the *Players*, cried to her. Oh Lady of *Segovia*, you see your trusty Dwarf poor *Sancho* in Tribulation, and since you are a powerless Queen, be pleased to intreat Master Enchanter, to countermand the three pointed Spit. *Barbara* then applying herself to the Author, smiling said. Master *Peter de Moya*, Sovereign Constable of this Palace, spare *Sancho* this Time I beseech you, and he will never come again. Beautiful Princess, replied the Author, chaste Queen of the Tavern Street in *Alcala*, I cannot spare you this Peasant, or forbear putting him upon the Spit, unless he will turn *Mahometan*. Gad take me, quoth *Sancho*, with much comfort, why did you not say so at first, without beating the Bush so long? If there is nothing to do but to turn *Mahometan*, the great Spit and I shall keep far enough asunder, I had rather be a *Mahometan* than be roasted. Then from this Time forward, said the Author, you shall follow the *Alcoran*. I will, quoth *Sancho*, nay, if he pleases, I'll follow him to the *Indies*, provided *Dapple* can carry me so far. Friend, said the Author, I perceive you don't understand me, what I propose is, to embrace a new Religion, and believe in *Mahomet*. Well answered the Squire, if you please, I'll believe in all the *Mahomets*, betwixt this and *Jerusalem*. In short, I will believe all our Holy Mother the Church will allow me to believe, for which I would lay down a thousand Lives. If so, replied the Author, you need only be circumcised, and you'll be as perfect a *Moor* as I am. Now  
with

with a sharp Knife I must cut of— O no, good Mr. Enchanter, cried *Sancho*, pray do not cut any Thing off if you please, for all my Goods are in common with *Mary Guitierrez*, and she has taken so exact an Account of them, she'll immediately miss it, if there wants but a Farthings worth. But there is my Cap, you may cut and round that as shall best please the *Alcoran*. Tho' the Author was one of the most serious Men in his Country, yet he could not forbear laughing at *Sancho's* simplicity, and therefore taking him by the Hand, he said, well Mr. *Moor*, make ready to be gone to the Kingdom of *Fez*, for I must send you thither very soon. Hold a little Mr. Enchanter, replied *Sancho*, I must first take one turn into the Country, that I may give Orders about a couple of Oxen I have at Home. Besides, I have six Sheep, two Goats, eight Hens and a Cock, and you know a Man cannot leave all this at sixes and sevens. Besides when my Wife understands that I am turn'd *Mahometan*, perhaps she may have a mind to be a *Mahometaness*. What can we tell? If so, we must circumcise her Tongue, and by my troth we need not be sparing of the Stuff, for there will be more than enough left.

ALL this while *Don Quixote* lay in the Posture before mentioned, bitterly reflecting on his Enchantment. The wise *Friston*, having done with *Sancho*, went again into the Inn to begin a new Scene. He drew near to *Don Quixote*, and said, Well *Louelefs Knight*, you are at length fallen into my Hands, and you shall now increase the Number of those I keep enchanted, and loaded with Irons in dark and damp Dungeons. Yet you shall be releas'd, but when you come out, your Beard shall be twelve Ells long, and the Nails of your Fingers, and Toes, shall be bigger than an Elephant's Trunk.

Before

Before you are shut up in the dismal Dungeon I have appointed you. I must restore you your Speech for a Moment. I will hear you speak once more, to have the Pleasure of hearing your Complaints, for the Sufferings and the Lamentations of Knights Errant, are the greatest Delight of Enchanters. When he had so said, he touched the unfortunate Knight of *la Mancha* with his Wand, who spoke these Words to him. O thou treacherous Negro-mancer, who hast overcome me by Fraud, in vain dost thou give me a dreadful Description of the Evils thou hast in store for me. True Knights Errant know how to endure the utmost Torments unmoved, and nothing can terrify them. Therefore thou may'st at thy Will strike me dumb, and restore me to my Speech, and vent all thy Spleen upon me; but know thou shalt never have the Power to make me afraid. At worst I shall be discharged after three hundred Years Enchantment. Nay, perhaps my Enchantment may be sooner at an end; for the wise *Alquise* my Protector, will not be long before he relieves me, and I very well know that a *Grecian* Prince is to set out one Night from *Constantinople*, under the Conduct of a wise Man his Friend, to go gain immortal Glory, by exposing himself to all Dangers. When he has run through all the Kingdoms, and Provinces in the Universe, he shall come and besiege this strong Castle, he shall destroy the Giants that guard the Draw-bridge, he shall then kill the two Griffins that are at the first Gate, and shall then enter the first Court, without any opposition, where seeing no Body, he shall lie down on the Ground to rest him a-while, but he shall soon hear a dreadful Voice, which shall say to him. Arise, *Grecian* Prince, who to thy ill Fortune hast entred this Castle. And when he least thinks of it, he shall see a dreadful Dragon coming

towards him, whose very Looks are Venomous, and shall cast out Flames of Fire. Yet shall the undaunted Prince attack him, and fighting with Courage, answerable to the greatness of the Danger, he shall kill the Monster, and defeat all Enchantments by the Assistance of the wise Man his Friend. Then shall he enter the second Court in victorious Manner, and thence into a Garden full of sweet Flowers, and odoriferous Trees, watered by a thousand pleasant Streams, where he shall have the Satisfaction of hearing the harmonious Birds celebrate his Victory. In the midst of the Garden, he shall find a most beautiful Nymph, clad in a long Robe embroidered with Diamonds, Emeralds, Topazes, and Rubies. This charming Nymph having received him with a smiling Countenance, shall with one Hand deliver to him a Bunch of Gold Keys, and with the other, shall put on his Head a Garland of Amaranths, and Jasmins. Then the Prince with the Golden Keys, shall open all the Prisons and Dungeons, and shall knock off all the Irons of the illustrious Prisoners; and directing his Discourse to me, shall desire me to dub him a Knight Errant with my own Hands, and to grant him leave to become my inseparable Companion in all my Undertakings. The respect I shall have for such a valourous Prince, and Gratitude obliging me to grant all he can demand, we shall both range the World for an infinite number of Years, and shall finish all the Adventures we shall meet with.

## C H A P. XII.

*Containing a Continuation of what more pass'd  
between Don Quixote and the Players.*

THE Players were amaz'd at *Don Quixote's* strange Madness, and stood in Admiration at his last Harangue, and whilst they talked of it, *Sancho* returned from the Stable, where he had been putting *Rocinante*, *Dapple*, and *Barbara's* Mule. As soon as he came in, he drew near his Master, and said to him; Go to *Loveless Knight*, here we are by the Grace of God. My Son *Sancho*, asked *Don Quixote* in a doleful Tone, has our common Enemy done thee no harm? No, Sir, replied the Squire, but by my faith, had I not had so much Wit as to turn *Moor* immediately, I had by this Time been fairly turning upon a Spit, that has but three Points, for Mr. Enchanter, designed to have roasted me to Night to treat his Friends. What do I hear cried the Knight? Is it possible you are turned *Mahometan*? What do you mean Wretch? Can you be guilty of such Baseness? Ho, ho, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, what I had better have suffered myself to be roasted I'll warrant you. Yes faith, I turn'd *Moor*, and I would sooner have turned Hermit, had he desired it, and a Fig for those that find fault with it; when a Man is once in the Grave, he can neither be *Christian* nor *Moor*. But let us talk no more of that, Sir, if we can make our Escape from this Place, God knows my meaning. *Don Quixote* was so much concerned at what his Squire said, that it afflicted him no less than his own Enchantment; but his Sorrow was soon turned into Joy, for the Author changing Countenance all on a Sudden, said

to him smiling, so far good, noble *Don Quixote*, it is now Time to undeceive you. You must understand, I am not the wise *Friston*, your Enemy, as you imagine. On the contrary, I am the wise *Alquife*, your great Friend, and I have done this only to try your Constancy, and the Confidence you repose in me. Now I am satisfied, let us embrace, I beseech you, and assure yourself, you shall never implore my Assistance in vain. This said, he caus'd his Servants, who held *Don Quixote*, to withdraw, and the Knight finding himself at Liberty, and never doubting, but the Author was really the wise *Alquife*, got up and went to embrace him. Then he embraced all the *Players* in their turns, looking upon them as so many Princes protected by the wise Man his Friend. The *Actresses* seeing the ridiculous Figure the Knight made, had enough to do to forbear laughing in his Face; however they forbore, which was no small Matter among them, and when they had made their Obeisance, with all the Tokens of profound Respect, they could counterfeit, one of them, in the Name of all the Rest said; great Knight of *la Mancha*, North-star of Gallantry, you who see several Princesses, who desire your Protection. If it happen that any scoundrel Giants steal us away some Time or other, and only design to keep us enchanted as if we were Stocks, we beseech you to come to our Assistance, and not to suffer us to spend our Youth so uncomfortably. Beautiful *Infantas*, replied *Don Quixote* very graciously, you need not makeme that Request, as long as you are Friends to the wise *Alquife*, you need fear nothing; but laying aside his mighty Power, did the whole Universe conspire against your Beauty, should all the Magicians ever *Egypt* brought forth, come hither to hurt you, I would defy them to touch a Hair of your Heads. Worthy *Don Quixote*,

*ete,*

ote, said the Author, these Princesses are extremely obliged to you; but whilst some Giant shall give you an Opportunity of employing your Valour for them, think of nothing but taking your Ease, and making merry in this Castle, with the great Queen *Zenobia*, whose Arrival I am sure is a private Satisfaction to some of the Princes here present. Were not you in haste to be at *Madrid*, we would desire you to stay a few Days with us, but I am too much concerned for your Honour, to desire to stop you. I know you have no Time to spare, and therefore you may prosecute your Journey Tomorrow: In the mean while, let us all go sit down to Table, and after Supper I'll divert you with a Play, for I have brought a Company of *Players* hither on Purpose. This said, he took the Knight by the Hand, and led him into a great Room, where they found a good Supper provided for them. *Don Quixote* was so well pleas'd to be with his Friend the wise *Alquife*, that it appeared in his Countenance; and *Sancho* was so full of satisfaction, that he could not contain himself, but said to the Author: By my troth Master *Skiff*, I am glad to see you once in my Life, Face to Face, for I never saw you before, but in a Dream; and to say the Truth, when my Master *Don Quixote*, in our Walks talk'd so much of you, God knows what I thought. But pray Mr. *Skiff*, since all Things are possible to magick, I beseech you to make me a Christian again, for I have been considering I am not at all fit to be a *Moor*. And pray, why not *Sancho*, ask'd the Author. Because, said the Squire, I love Wine and Bacon, as I love my Life, and those two Things are forbid among the *Moors* more strictly than any Sin. The Thing is not to be easily done, replied the Author, but I shall make a shift to compass it, provided you will be three Days without



Eating or Drinking. I am sure if you perform that small Penance, you'll become a Christian again, and it will never appear in the least that you were a *Moor*. That Penance quoth *Sancho*, were very proper for my Master *Don Quixote*, who does not mind Eating or Drinking. But I am of another Constitution, for if I am, I will not say three days, but three hours without Eating, I can hear my Guts sing the black Psalm. How shall we do then, said the Author to *Unmahometanize* you. How, answer'd *Sancho*, why is there but one Medicine in Physick? You may command me, for Instance, to lye only upon one side, or not to drink but with the left Hand, and I promise before God, and on my Conscience, to obey your Commands. Whilst they were talking, *Don Quixote*, *Barbara* and the Scholars stood about the Table; but before they sat down, one of the Scholars said Grace aloud. The Author perceiving that *Sancho*, who stood behind, had not taken off his Cap during the Prayer, said to the Company: Pray Gentlemen observe what it is to be a *Moor*; whilst we stood with our Hats in our Hands, that irreligious *Sancho* kept his Cap on his Head. It is true Gentlemen, quoth *Sancho*, I am not ashamed to own it, for I do not take off my Cap, or say Grace, till I am to eat myself; but when others eat, I think I am no ways concern'd; every Man for himself, and God for us all. The Scholars fell a Laughing, and would have *Sancho*, as much a *Moor* as he was, to sit down at Table with them; and being well taken care of, he made the best Sport at Supper.

THE Players both Men and Women, having eaten and drank as it were for a Wager, made ready to rehearse the Play in the Hall, which they were to act the next day at *Alcala*. They lighted some Candles that stood in little wooden Candlesticks, and drew

drew an Horizontal line on the Floor, to divide the Stage from the Audience. *Don Quixote, Barbara, Sancho,* and the Scholars, and some others that were in the Inn, took their places to hear the Actors Rehearse, who soon began. A Prince of *Cordova* was the first that appear'd with his Confident, to whom he said: It is decreed my dear *Henry*, a Disdain'd Lover, becomes an implacable Enemy. I will be Reveng'd of the Queen of *Leon*. The King her Husband, whom you know I Govern, is already prepossess'd against her, and contrives her Death. The Prince of *Cordova* would have proceeded, but seeing the Queen appear, he withdrew. That Princess stept forward alone with an Handkerchief in her Hand, and after wiping her Eyes, which seem'd to drop Tears, and stepping about a while in Silence, she said: Perfidious Prince of *Cordova*, who not able to corrupt my Vertue with your Love, dost contrive to blacken it by thy Artifices: Can you, without remorse, accuse my Innocence? Alas! it is Not Death I fear, it is the dread of dying without Honour. Good God! who knows the Secrets of my Heart, pity my Sorrow. Will you permit Falshood to triumph over Vertue? The Act'ers representing her Passion to the Life, she touch'd the Knight of *la Mancha* to the Quick, and put him into such a Passion, that starting up abruptly and drawing his Sword, he cry'd out: The Prince of *Cordova* is a Traitor, a Villain, and a Slanderer, and as such I here Challenge him to single Combat: I will soon with my keen Sword, make him confess, that the Queen of *Leon*, is as Chast as the Princess *Zenobia* herself. The Players were not provided for this Adventure, and therefore burst out a Laughing; but the Knight going on with his Challenge to the Prince of *Cordova*, the Player, who represented him, drew his Sword, and stood up before him saying: *Don*

*Quixote*, there is no need of so much Noise for so small a matter; and since you will espouse the Queen's Quarrel, whose Chastity you are not so well acquainted with as I am, I consent to Fight you, not here, but in the Great Square of *Madrid*, before the King and all the Court. As he was speaking, the Player spy'd a Mule's Crupper, which hung to the Cieling of the Room, which he took down, and holding it to *Don Quixote*, went on, saying: There, Sir Knight, since I have neither Glove nor Gantlet to give you as a Gage, take one of my Garters, which may serve in the stead; and remember the Combat shall be twenty Days hence. All the Company fell a Laughing at the Player's Contrivance. Which so highly offended *Don Quixote*, that he said: Really Gentlemen, I wonder that such wise and courageous Princes should Laugh to see a Traytor accept my Challenge; you ought rather to Weep with the Queen, who has so much cause to be Troubled; but who ought now to take Comfort, since she has had the good Fortune to meet with me. Then he turn'd to his Squire, and giving him the Crupper, said. Here *Sancho*, keep this Gage safe. By my Faith, cry'd *Sancho*, the Crupper is none of the worst, I'll e'en make it fast to my Ass's Pannel, where it shall stay till we can find out the Owner. Fool quoth *Don Quixote*, to call that a Crupper. What the Devil is it then, reply'd *Sancho*, if it is not a Mule's Crupper? It is the Prince of *Cordova's* Garter, answer'd the Knight. Why sure you'll make me renounce *Anti-Christ*, said the Squire. One would think I had never seen a Crupper. Look ye Sir, I have handled more Cruppers than there are Stars in *Limbo*. Here Block-head, quoth *Don Quixote*, see whether ever there was a richer Garter. Observe those gold Fringes, and mind how a Diamond, or a Ruby, or an Emerald

raud of inestimable value, hangs at every end. Then I am certainly Drunk, said *Sancho*, for let me be Hang'd, if I see any of the gold Fringes you talk of, but only little Packthreads knotted at the ends. In short, it is possible this may be a Garter in the other World, but in this, I do affirm it is a Crupper. Friend *Sancho*, quoth the Author, do you Banter us in calling this a Crupper? I can assure you, it is a Garter of great Value. Nay, if you have any hand in it Mr. *Skiff*, cry'd *Sancho*, I say no more to it; for you Gentlemen Enchanters will turn White Black, and if you have it in your Head this must needs be a Garter, tho' it smells so strong of a Crupper.

WHILST they were in this pleasant contest; not unlike that about *Mambrino's* Helmet, a Mule-driver coming into the Room and seeing the Crupper in *Sancho's* Hand, said: Cousin, pray leave the Crupper where you found it; I did not buy it to make you Sport with it. Gentlemen cry'd *Sancho*; don't you hear what this honest Man says; I am sure I did not bid him say so. Then it is a Crupper, by *Jove*, I am glad of it. You may see by this that Enchanters and Knights Errant, are no such Conjurers as they take themselves to be. This said, he gave the Crupper to the Mule-driver: But *Don Quixote* having no mind to part with it, went up to him, and snatching it away rudely, said: You Dunce, it is likely such a rich Garter was made for you. The Mule-driver, who did not understand Jestings, and was much stronger than *Don Quixote*, laid hold of his Arm, and giving him a punch on the Stomach, threw him over; then getting a top of him, he soon forc'd the Crupper out of his Hands. The Squire seeing his Master fall, ran to his Assistance, and gave the Mule-driver two furious bangs with his Fist; one of which took him in the nape-

of the Neck, and the other on the right Ear. The Mule-driver was stunn'd for a while, but soon revenged himself, for he laid three or four strokes with the Crupper a-cross the Squire's Face, and then went out of the Room, because the Players and the Scholars threatened to second *Sancho*, if he did not give over. *Sancho* would have follow'd him, and said to the Scholars who stopp'd him; pray Gentlemen hold me, for if I go after that discourteous Mule-driver, I shall kill him and all his Race, to the twentieth Generation. No, *Sancho*, answer'd *Don Quixote*, let the Wretch go, since he flies before us; he is not worth our Anger. Knights are not to make ill Use of their Valour, and ought rather to make flight of, than to revenge a Wrong, when it comes from a Man of no Note, one of the meanest of the Rabble. You are in the Right, *Don Quixote*, said the Author, take true Measures in this Affair; great Men must shew Moderation and Calmness, that they may not do all the harm that is in their Power to the little ones. Well then, said *Sancho*, God speed the Mule-driver, with the two raps I laid him on about the Ears. Night being now well advanc'd, the Author led *Don Quixote* into a Room, where he double lock'd him in; then he return'd to the Actors, who perform'd their Rehearsal, and then went to Bed.

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### C H A P. XIII.

*How grievously Sancho was afflicted, because he could not see Things like a Knight Errant.*

**N**EXT Morning the *Players* got up as soon as it was Day, paid there Shot, and went away to *Alcala*. An Hour after they were gone, *Don Quix-*

*Quixote*, awaking, called his Squire, who hearing his Voice, came up, and opened his Chamber Door, which the Author had shut. *Sancho*, said the Knight, what News from Queen *Zenobia*? Did you take care she had an Apartment worthy her Person? By my troth Sir, answered the Squire, my Head was so full of our Combat last Night, that I thought of the Princess no more, than if she had not been Queen: But in short, she did not lie abroad; two of the Players took her along with them into their Chamber, whether she followed them without any Ceremony; and by the same Token, they eat a Pasty, and drank a great Pot of Wine. That cannot be, cried *Don Quixote*, I am well acquainted with the Queen's Chastity, and there is no likelihood of what you say: You certainly dream'd all that last Night. No, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I am sure the Pasty was no Dream, it was real Flesh and Bones, and but now, I saw what little was left of it on a Plate in the Kitchen. It is a strange Thing, replied *Don Quixote*, that having so long followed Knight Errantry, and convers'd with Princes and Emperors, thou should'st still be as unpolish'd as thou wert the first Day I rais'd thee from nothing. Will you never learn to see Things as they ought to be seen? Will you ever confound the Objects with the Idea's? Will nothing ever appear to you in its true Shape? In truth, there is no enduring of you any longer, I am weary of instructing you so often to so little Purpose, and will send you back to your Village like a dull Brute. These Words, and the Way of uttering them, had such effect upon *Sancho*, that he concluded for the present he was in the Wrong; yet he could not understand, what was the Cause he did not improve. My dear Master *Don Quixote*, answered he, weeping, I am as willing as any Man in the World, but do all that

I can, to see Things like a Knight Errant, I cannot compass it. Just then, the two Scholars entered the Room, and finding *Don Quixote* in a Passion, and the Squire weeping, they desired to know the Cause. Gentlemen, said the Knight, am not I to be pitied to have such a Clown, such a Block-head, for my Squire, who sees all Things the wrong Way; who takes Helmets for Barbers Basons, Paladins for Peasants, and Princesses for Maids of Inns. I dare say, should the Princess *Landabridis* come in just now, in the same Equipage the Knt. of the Sun met her the first Time, that this Ignoramus, would take her glorious triumphal Chariot for a Cart, and the two white Unicorns that drew it, for Oxen. Sir, said the Batchelor, you ought rather to pity, than to be angry with your poor Squire: Consider he loves you, and is trusty; and you may hope that Time may open his Eyes. Let me talk to him a little, while you dress yourself. Then he turned to the Squire and said; Friend *Sancho*, you have the best Master in the World, but you know not how to deal with him; he requires nothing of you but what is Reasonable, and yet he has not been hitherto able to force you to a Compliance: If he requir'd Impossibilities of you; if he would have you to bite the Moon, to find him out a Woman, or a witty Book without a Fault, I should excuse you, and be the First that should condemn him; but when he only desires you would see Objects as they really are, white Unicorns as white Unicorns, and not as Oxen; in truth Friend, it is a great deal of Obstinacy to be so Rebellious. Master Batchelor, answered *Sancho*, I agree to all you say; but I know not what to do; and I could wish myself hang'd. I often give myself good Cuffs and Thumps on the Jaws: Nay, sometimes I tear off my Hair, Eyebrows and Eye-lashes, and yet all to no Purpose; and

and I believe, God forgive me, that tho' I should pull out both my Eyes, I should see never the better. I always see quite contrary to my Master *Don Quixote*; certainly the wicked Enchanters have bewitched my Sight. I should be loath to swear for them, replied the Batchelor; those vile Fellows have served others of my Acquaintance so. O the wicked Rogues, cries *Sancho*, weeping again. Alas! how shall I govern my Island with these damn'd purblind Eyes? All my Servants will look like Animals to me, I shall take my Pages for Monkeys, my Maid-servants for Magpies, my Steward for a Fox, my Sewer for a Swine, and my Counsellors for Asses; and what is worst of all, I shall take anothers Goods for my own, and then the Governour will go to the Devil, or will be whipped out of his Government. Be not so much concerned my Friend, said the Batchelor, I will take off the magical Blemish you have on your Eyes. O dear Mr. Batchelor, quoth *Sancho*, if you have that Secret, do not grudge it me, I beseech you. I will teach it you, quoth the Batchelor, do not trouble yourself. O Lord, quoth the Squire, why would you not teach it me at first? Is not Work done, better than Work to do? Nay, but this Matter, said the Batchelor, smiling at *Sancho's* eagerness, is not to be done so lightly. It is a very misterious Ceremony, and requires many Preparations. It is enough for the Present, that you know the Receipt is Infallible, and you shall have trial of it before we part. I would fain be at it already, cried *Sancho*, for I have a great Heart, I am mad to think I cannot see as well as others; but in the mean while, Mr. Batchelor, pray resolve me one Difficulty; I know I am Enchanted; but how comes it my Enchantment does not extend to all I see, and particularly to what I do; for I am not always deceived. As for In-



stance, I see you all three as really you are, and I do not take you for Asses. Besides, when I tell Money, provided the Sum be not above twenty Shillings, I defy the best Divine to bestir his Fingers more nimbly, or tell truer than I do. Brother *Sancho*, quoth the Batchelor, I will give you the Reason of that difference, which depends wholly on the fancy of the Enchanter; it is in their Power to give Objects all sorts of Forms: They can Metamorphize all Mankind, turn Solicitors, into Leaches, Counsellors into Sirens, Attorneys into Monkeys, Courtiers into cringing Dogs, and tolerable Women into Phoenixes; but for the most Part, they pass by those trivial Matters, that they may wholly attend to Knight Errantry, which they use their utmost endeavours to suppress. And therefore *Friston* the Enchanter, who studies nothing but how he may harm you, pleases himself with disguising Things to you, that you may not be deceived every Moment; and he flatters himself with the Hopes that this blindness will hold you an hundred and fifty Years. Nay, but how do you know, replied the Squire in a Maze, that I must continue enchanted all that while. I'll tell you quoth the Batchelor, when I was in *Flanders*, for as silly as you see me look here I was six Years in the Service, there came thither a famous *Jew* from the farthest *Caldea*, and *Arabia*. He was the notablest Man upon the Face of the Earth at Magick. Nature to him was quite naked, and he knew all that is to come, as plain as what pass'd before the Creation of the World. I had the good Fortune to rescue him from a Party of the Enemies, that had been taken him Prisoner, in Return he honoured me with his Friendship, and repos'd singular Confidence in me. We were inseparable Companions during the two Years he stay'd in *Flanders*. He bore me Company in all our Marches;

Marches; he was always by my side, in all the Battles and Sieges I was at. Do you judge how advantageous his Company was to me? He brought me off safe from a thousand Dangers, and saved me by his Art, from fourscore and three Musket Shot, 15 whereof I should have received in my Head, 5 in the Lungs, nine in the Liver, seventeen in the Spleen, thirty in the Optick Nerve, and the Rest in the great Gut. He taught me abundance of Curiosities, and among the Rest, the Secret how to live four Times as long as *Nestor*, without feeling the inconveniencies of old Age; and this Secret is so infallible, that this rare *Jew* at the Moment when we parted, was thirteen hundred and sixty six Years seven Months, fourteen Hours, and sixteen Minutes old, and he had a Complexion like a young Girl, and was as strong as the Giant *Mandrake*, who was kill'd by the valiant *Sacridorus*. You mistake, Mr. Batchelor, quoth *Don Quixote*, interrupting him, King *Sacridorus* did not combat with the Giant *Mandrake*: It is true, that the Knights who followed the Giant, being desirous to revenge his Death, and falling all together upon *Rosclair*, his Friend *Sacridorus*, rushed in among them and slew six. *Don Quixote*, quoth the Batchelor, you may very well excuse me for that slip; because besides that, it is a long Time since I read the Story of the Knight of the *Sun*, you may please to remember I told you but Yesterday, that I had a bad Memory. But to return to my *Jew*, and have done in two Words; he taught me all the Tricks of the Mountebanks: And to conclude, Friend *Sancho*, he taught me the Secret of disenchanting you, telling me at the same Time, that the Enchanter *Friston*, had bewitched you for an hundred and fifty Years. Of all the *Jews* Learning, quoth *Sancho*, that is what I like best; I don't much care

to live many Ages; if I can live to Sixscore. I care for no more: After that, come what will, when a Man has once suck'd the Cherry, he need not much mind the Stone. The Knight admiring what he had heard, said to the Scholar, looking on him with Amazement. Truly Mr. Batchelor, I am mightily taken with the Wonders you have told us, and it is a great Misfortune, that you are not a Knight Errant; for, what with the Valour you shewed in *Flanders*, and that sublime knowledge you have attained, I do not Question, but you would in a short Time, have been a great Proficient in Knight Errantry. Most incomparable *Don Quixote*, replied the Batchelor, I have always looked upon Knight Errantry, as the Top and Noblest of all Professions; and I must own, I would devote myself to it Zealously; were I not subject to some ill Habits which I cannot break myself of, which I look upon as very opposite to that holy Exercise. Pray let me know them, answered the Knight, and no Man shall tell you better than I, whether they ought to obstruct your being a Knight Errant. Well then, Sir, replied the Batchelor, to acquaint you at once with all my Frailties, I must tell you in the first Place, that I am nothing near so chaste as *Amadis de Gaule*. I should be apt to fall in Love with all the Maidens that came in my way, and should not disenchant one of them, without making her pay for her disenchantment. Chastity, said *Don Quixote*, is doubtless a great Virtue, but yet not absolutely necessary in a Knight Errant; and tho' *Amadis de Gaule*, was like me a mirrour of Chastity, yet *Don Galaor*, his Brother, and the Worthy *Don Rogero of Greece*, did not make any scruple to admit of Favours, when they met with Ladies inclinable to bestow them; and that did not hinder them from becoming famous in the Order of Knight Errantry.

I grant it, answered the Batchelor, nor is it the want of Chastity, that is my greatest Obstacle. That is the least of my Faults, and I must tell you freely, that besides that leud Inclination, and I have others more unpardonable, I am Slothful, an Epicure, a Drunkard. — Out upon't cried *Don Quixote*, interrupting him, those are vile Failings. O Heavens! why must the greatest Men be subject to the greatest Vices? Those Faults are too opposite to our Rules, to permit you to be admitted into our holy Body; but use your Endeavours to mend, and if once you can compass it, I promise, I will myself dub you a Knight, and be your Second in the first Combat you shall undertake. The Batchelor thanked *Don Quixote* for that mighty Favour; and the Knight being dress'd and arm'd by this Time, they went down all four into the Court of the Inn.

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C H A P. XIV.

*Of the Ceremony the Batchelor us'd to disenchant Sancho, and what Success it had.*

THE Inn-keeper and Queen *Barbara*, were talking in the Kitchen, when our Knight appear'd. They both went out to meet him. The Host who was a pleasant Fellow, made him a Bow, saying to him with a smiling Countenance. How does the noble *Don Quixote*, the Flower and the Pearl of *la Mancha*, and the Jewel of Knights. *Don Quixote* having answered the Compliment, saluted the Queen, and then ask'd where the wife *Alquise* was, that he might take his leave of him. The Host answered, Sir Knight, the wife *Alquise* is no longer  
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in this Castle. He went away this Morning to *Constantinople*, whether he was called upon Affairs of the greatest Consequence. But before he went, he ordered me to Treat you handsomely during your stay ; which he needed not have done, for I naturally love Knights Errant, and not one of them passes by this Castle, but I give him a Taste of the best I have. *Don Quixote* knowing that Enchanters appear and vanish as they please, was not at all surpris'd at the News, and therefore said to the Host, Mr. *Castelan*, I thank you for your good Will ; but I am in haste to be at *Madrid*, and can stay no longer with you. If so, answered the Host, I shall not presume to stay you ; and you may depart when you please. O Master Batchelor, cried *Sancho*, if you leave us, farewell Secret. No, no, my Friend, answered the Batchelor, we shall meet again at *Alcala*. By my Hand, Mr. Batchelor, said the other Scholar, you ought rather to disenchant this poor Devil *Sancho* immediately. *Don Quixote* and I do beg it of you. If it may be done presently, quoth *Don Quixote*, Mr. Batchelor you'll oblige me not to put it off till another Time. I grant your request Gentlemen, replied the Batchelor, and since *Don Quixote* desires it, I am willing to put my Secret to the Trial immediately. Mr. *Castelan*, be pleas'd to shew us into the darkest part of the Castle, because Spirits do not love much light, they will not appear but in gloomy Places. Queen *Zenobia* must not go with us, if she pleases ; for we shall see Things not fit to be seen by a Princess: The Inn-keeper, who was a witty Fellow, guess'd at the Batchelors design, and being a Man that would lose no Pastime, lighted a Candle to rights, and led *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, and the Scholars into a Cellar so dark, that it might have satisfied the Spirits who are most afraid of light. When they were all  
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in, the Host set down the Candle upon a little rotten Table, there happened to be in the Place, and went out again with the Batchelor to speak to two young Mule drivers who were then in the Stable, and whose Assistance they thought they might stand in need of. When they had agreed together, what part every one was to Play, the Host returned into the Cellar, and soon after him came the Batchelor, with a great black Cloak about his Shoulders, and on his Head four Pastboard Caps, made Sugar-loaf Fashion, half an Ell long, and all four of them look'd as if they had been but one. He made *Sancho* a Bow lower than a Novice does to the General of his Order. He also saluted *Don Quixote*, and the Rest, and then all the Cask in the Cellar. Then turning to the Knight, he said, *Don Quixote* without doubt, is amaz'd to see me salute these Casks; but he must understand, that on these Hogheads there are several invissible Enchanters, who are come to be Spectators of our magical Operation. Having spoke these Words, he took off one of his Pastboard Caps, and put it upon the Squire's Head. The same he did to the other two Spectators, and then he ordered *Sancho* to strip to his Shirt. The Squire look'd upon this Prelude, as an ill Omen. He was all in disorder, and the Sweat ran down in great Drops. He was glad it is true, to think he should be soon disenchant'd; but judging by what the Batchelor had said, that he might happen to see some Scruvy Apparition, he began to be as much afraid of the Ceremony, as he was before desirous of it. However, come what would he stripp'd, and when he had done, the Batchelor said to the Host. Mr. *Castellan*, pray go fetch three great Christial Glasses, if you have any, and fill them with good white Wine. I have them, replied the Host, and they were made purposely for this Ceremony. In

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short, he fetched three of the largest he had, and fill'd them to the brim with the best Wine in the Cellar, the more to Honour the Operation. The Batchelor took them one after another with misterious Gestures, and placed them on the Table in a Triangle. Then he uttered these Words aloud, by *Belfegor*, by *Leviathan*, by *Beelzebub*, by *Afmodeus*. He made the Squire repeat them several Times, making him walk round the Table. Then he made him drink the three Bumpers and said to him. Courage Friend, I have a good Conceit of your Business. I find you have a good Heart. Mr. Batchelor, cried *Sancho*, you see I do not spare my Body. I use my poor Endeavours, the Lord must do the rest. Nay, replied the Batchelor, you have hitherto played your part to Admiration, bating that you did not pronouce one Word well. As for that, quoth the Squire, a Word is a meer Trifle. I would fain know whether all the Canons say their Matins without tripping. No, no, they don't go to *Rome* for a Pardon, every Time they turn over two leaves of their Breviary at once, and yet they are sure to find their Dinner ready. But however, lest we should lose a Hog for a Half-penny worth of Tar, you may order me another Bumper, in lieu of the Word I mistook, and perhaps one will make amends for the other. That won't do, replied the Batchelor, but it is likely you did not Murder that Word designedly, and since your Intention was good, all is well. By my troth I believe so, answered the Squire, I can assure you, the Wine has wrought Wonders. I begin to see like a Knight Errant already, for methinks I see a thousand Candles here. I find you are out in your reckoning, said the Batchelor, the Ceremony is not yet ended, and the best is to come. Or rather all that we have done is nothing to what is wanting. Now there being two Enchanters, who  
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are your Enemies; that is, *Friston*, and a *Moorish* Enchanter, you told me of Yesterday, I must make a Circle, and by Virtue of a Charm which commands them, I will oblige each of them to send a Devil hither to disenchant you. But dear Friend *Sancho*, added he, after making a great Circle on the Ground with Chalk, I must give you some Advice. The Devils will be sure to use all their Endeavours to make you go out of the Circle, in the Middle of which you are safe, because they cannot come within it, but you must be sure to stand fast in it, whatever they can do to you; for should you be so unfortunate as to stir out of it, they would swallow you like an Oyster. If on the contrary, you still keep within the Circle, they will drop at your Feet a Skin of white Vellom, which contains the Charm, and will take their flight houlng for Shame, and Vexation. Therefore, take care you do not go out for fear. For Fear, quoth *Don Quixote*, interrupting him, what can he fear, whilst I am present. Pull up *Sancho*, remember I am with you, I say no more. 'Tis enough Sir, replied the Squire, I know your Word can't fail in that Point. God be prais'd, in your Company I fear nothing. The worst of it is, that I quake a little. But let them give me another Glas of Wine, and I promise you I'll then stand within the Circle as upright as a Stake. With all my Heart, brave *Sancho*, said the Host, giving him at the same Time a great Bumper. Courage my Friend. The Squire, having taken that hartning Dose, entered the Circle boldly. So *Sancho*, said the Batchelor, now for the Charm; but remember you must be silent, till the Devils have thrown the Parchment at your Feet. For I must tell you, that if you speak one Word before, the Spirits will vanish immediately, and then there will be no disenchanting of you. It shall near miscarry for that Fault,



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Fault, quoth *Sancho*, you may fall to work as soon as you please. Then the Batchelor fell upon his Knees, and continued almost a quarter of an Hour with his Eyes fix'd on the Ground; after which he started up, and like one in a mad fit, sometimes roll'd his Eyes, and making many wild motions, gave himself several bangs on the Stomach. At last raising his Voice, and talking with a strange nimble Action, he began his Charm after this Manner,

*Beelfegor, Asmodeus* ye frightful Fiends that obey the Enchanter *Priston*, and the *Moorish* Enchanter, I conjure you to listen to my Voice.

By *Juno*, and by Mighty *Jove*,  
 By *Pluto*, and the God of *Love*,  
 By *Neptune's* Boots, and *Merc'ries* *Shon*,  
 And by the Horns of *Madam Moon*.  
 By *Leo*, *Libra*, and *Aquarius*,  
 By *Taurus*, *Cancer*, *Sagittarus*,  
 By the *Twins*, and the *Rams Horn*,  
 By *Pisces*, and by *Capricorn*,  
 By the *Scorpion's* poisonous Sting,  
 By the *Virgin*, that rare Thing,  
 By *Pans pipe*, and bed of *Grass*,  
 By *Silenus* gentle *Afs*,  
 By the Killing bold *Physicians*,  
 By the Senseless *Politicians*,  
 By the *Spirits*, great and small,  
 By the *Fairies*, *Devils* and all.

Ye cruel and mischievous Spirits, who in compliance to the Malice of Enchanters, the Knight of *la Mancha's* Enemies, have by your Sorceries infected the Eyes of his honest Squire, *Sancho Panca*, I command you to appear here presently, and to  
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cast into the Circle the Parchment containing the Charm ; come away I command you.

By *Proserpine's* black *Sooty Coat*,  
 By *Charon's Oars*, and *Rotten Boat*,  
 By the *Flambeaus* of the *Furies*,  
 By the Sense of Common *Furies*,  
 By their *Truth* who Buy and Sell ;  
 By the three mouth'd Dog of *Hell*,  
 By the *Sybils* and the *Oracles*,  
 By *Mahomet*, and his *Miracles*,  
 By the Conscience of a *Failor*,  
 By the Honesty of a *Taylor*,  
 By the *Spirits*, great and small,  
 By the *Fairies*, *Devils* and all.

The Batchelor stopping short here, a Noise was heard at the Cellar Door, and presently the two Confederate Devils came in. They were wrapp'd up in tattered old red Hangings, tied about them in several places with Ropes, and each of them had a Jack Chain about his Neck. Their Caps had two Horns, and their Faces were so daub'd with Soot, that no White appeared but the White of their Eyes. Besides, each of them had a Whip in the right Hand, and an Iron Prong, or Fork in the Left. But that which most of all deceived *Don Quixote*, and frighted his Squire, was a lighted Match each Devil had in his Mouth, which was so wrapp'd about with fine Flax, that whenever they blowed it looked as if they had spit Fire. They drew near the Circle, and made a thousand ugly Faces at *Sancho*, who shut his Eyes, that he might not see them, quaked like an *Aspen Leaf*, and prayed heartily. Then the Batchelor continued his Charm in this Manner.

Infernal

Infernal Spirits, who behold *Sancho's* undauntedness, throw down at his Feet your fatal Parchment, I command you.

By Fair *Hebe's* God-like Head,  
 By *Jove's* Love to *Ganymed*;  
 By *Orpheus Lute, Guitarre, or Fiddle,*  
 By cruel *Sphynx's* Fatal Riddle;  
 By *Comus* Revels in the Dark;  
 By Warlike *Mars,* that Bloody Spark,  
 By *Venus* and her chaste Embraces,  
 By *Vulcan's* Cyclops lovely Faces;  
 By *Olympus* when it Nods,  
 By all the whole and Demi-Gods,  
 By the *Spirits,* great and small,  
 By the *Fairies, Devils* and all.

The Devils tho' so powerfully conjured, were not over hasty to cast the Parchment into the Circle, and perceiving that *Sancho* still kept his Eyes shut, they began to jerk his Haunches, with their Mules Whips; but tho' their were only in Jest, being naturally rough Fellows, and *Sancho* in his Shirt, he could not but feel the Lashes. *Sancho* gnash'd his Teeth, shrugged his Shoulders, and cut Capers, kicking his Heels up to his very Breech. But took all, without stirring out of the Circle, or speaking one Word. The Devils, who would fain make him speak, and yet had rather fright, than hurt him, laid down their Whips, and began to tickle him with their Forks, till *Sancho* out of patience, cried out as loud as he could and weeping, said, O my good Master *Don Quixote,* have pity on me, I beseech you, and deliver me from these cursed Devils. The Knight was not deaf to his cries, but said with a dreadful Voice. Hold Devils,



*Parr Sculp*

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vils, and you shall see whether *Don Quixote*, is afraid of your Iron Prongs. This said, he drew his Sword; but he presently found himself in such dismal darkness, that he could see nothing; for as soon as *Sancho* opened his Mouth, the Mule-driver Devils, the Host, and the Scholars, who expected that Storm, put out the Candle, and flipp'd out of the Cellar as fast as they could.

Still *Don Quixote* threatned the Devils, tho' the Darkness check'd his Passion, and rendered his Valour useles. *Sancho* was so frighted, that he fancied he still felt the Forks. Master *Don Quixote*, said he, pray keep near me if you please, for perhaps the Devils put out the Candle, that they might use me the worse: Draw near, that I may know you are by me. Our Knight was going closer to encourage him, and both of them holding out their Arms to feel one another, the Squire happened to touch his Master's lean and hairy Hand, which made him cry out, I am a dead Man, I have felt *Lucifer's* Claw. No, Child said *Don Quixote*, it is I, be not frighted. Alas! replied the Squire, Fear has overcome me. The Devils are not hear, answered the Knight; but what I admire is, that methinks we two are left alone in this dismal Place. What can become of the Scholars and the *Castelan*? I do not hear them speak. This said, they both began to call upon them, but no Body answering. By my troth, quoth *Sancho*, the Devils have certainly carried them all away. As for Mr. Batchelor's part, he is well enough serv'd, and he deserves it for his damn'd Conjuring, which I shall never forget as long as I have a bit of Skin left upon my Breech. I don't believe that, answer'd *Don Quixote*, the Batchelor has too much Power over the Devils, to suffer them to hurt him. On my Conscience, quoth *Sancho*, there's no trusting to that. Dogs sometimes bite their Masters,

sters. But pray Sir, stay till I gather up my Breeches and Doublet, which I feel under my Feet, and then I will endeavour to get out of this Place; for in troth, I am not like the Spirits, I don't like dark Places at all; and I fancy I am in the other World. He put on his Breeches, and whilst they were groaping about for the Door, the Host and the Scholars came back into the Cellar, with each of them a lighted Candle in his Hand. Ho, ho, Gentlemen, quoth *Sancho*, are you there? What have you done with the Devils? Were you mad *Sancho*, said the Batchelor, don't you know you had like to have been the Death of us all, by calling upon your Master *Don Quixote*, to assist you. All Devils, and these more particularly hate to have any forcible means employed against them; they presently break loose, and no Charms can hold them any longer. The Conjuror himself is not safe; for they are a false Generation, and there's no more trusting of them, than the Rogues of the Galley-slaves you rescued last Year, and that was the Reason we presently fled. Yet they are not so fierce as you make them, replied *Don Quixote*, tho' they were arm'd with Prongs, and spit more Fire than the Monster *Amadis de Gaule* overcame, or than *Faunus* the Demoniack, slain by the Knight of the *Sun*, they durst not stand before me. I believe so too, answered the Batchelor, they are cunning Devils, who never fight but when they are strongest. All that vexes me, added he, turning to the Squire, is, that the Operation was not performed with more Success. But it is your Fault, Mr. *Sancho*, you ought to have had a little more Patience; however, if you will be more stanch, and not speak one Word, we will begin again. No, no, Mr. Batchelor, quoth *Sancho*, I had rather be enchanted till Doom's-day, than see those Hell-hounds any more. Why the Devil,

Devil, said *Don-Quixote*, did not you keep Silence till all was over. It would have been over by this Time. No doubt of it quoth *Sancho*, for I should have been Pink'd by this Time; a Pox on the Devil, I should stand still and be flead without Wincing should I? Faith, you take me for a pretty Fool. Had not I call'd you to my Assistance, they would have thrust their Hell-forks into my Guts, for I felt them grate upon my Ribbs already. In Short, if I never see things relating to Knight Errantry as I ought to do, the Loss is not great. What matter is to me, whether Madam *Zenobia* is handsome or ugly, I have a Wife already, God be thanked, and that's enough for a Peasant. I am not deceiv'd in Eating and drinking, and that concerns me most. O poor *Sancho*, said the Batchelor, not so hasty, Enchanters may as well hinder you from eating and drinking, and I wonder they have not done it already; sure *Friston* the Enchanter, reserves that for a finishing stroak, for that is the general way of Enchanting. O the Dog, cried *Sancho*, all the Devils in Hell take him before he does. But perhaps that may never come to pass, Mr. Batchelor. It does not always Rain when we fancy it.

AFTER some more such Discourse, they went out of the Cellar, and met Queen *Zenobia* in the Court, who seem'd very earnest to know the Success of their Enterprize, as if she had been quite a Stranger to it. Beautiful Princess, said *Don Quixote* to her, it was none of Mr. Batchelor's Fault, I am well satisfied, that his Secret did not take effect, my Squire disappointed it by his Impatience; and I forsee I am like to have trouble enough with him still. No, no, Sir, cried *Sancho*, we will argue no more about Chivalry; for I have consider'd on it. From this Time forwards I'll believe all what you say, as certain as if it were in the Almanack; whensoever



soever you say it is so, I will swear to, and by that means shall be too hard for the Enchanters. Now let them come as fast as they will, when they happen to shew me a Wind-mill, whip say I, there's a Giant; and so of the rest. O my Friend *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, if you say and hold, if you can so far prevail upon yourself, I desire no more of you: Do you but humbly submit the weakness of your Eyes, and Understanding, to your Master's clear Sight, and sound Reason, and then you have found the Secret of mortifying Enchanters, by disappointing their Malice. *Sancho* having oblig'd himself upon Oath, not to see any more but with his Master's Eyes; this Accomodation set all right again, and was some amends for the ill Success of the magical Operation. All the Company rejoiced, eat a bit, and drank a glass of Wine. Then *Don Quixote*, *Barbara*, *Sancho*, and the Scholars, return'd the *Castellan* Thanks for his kind Entertainment, and they all left the *Fairy-Castle*. The Host demanded no Reckoning. It is true, the Players paid for the Supper; but yet others of his Profession, would not have spar'd to reckon with *Don Quixote* and the Scholars. He took the Ceremony in the Cellar for full Payment, and shew'd as much Generosity as any *Castelan*, we meet with in the Books of Knight Errantry.

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## C H A P. XV.

*Which the Arabian Alifolan does not Esteem  
the most Excellent in the Book.*

WHEN our Adventurers were come near *Alcala*, the Scholars not caring to enter the Town with *Don Quixote*, as having Reason to believe,

believe, that his Figure would gather a Mob about him, stopp'd as it were to rest themselves, after taking leave of him and his Company. When they came just to the Suburbs, *Barbara* said to *Don Quixote*, Sir Knight, you have bought me a Mule, and Cloaths, and have brought me with you thus far, as if I were your Sister: I return you most humble Thanks; but if you have no other commands to lay on me, I will, by your leave, stay in this Town, where I was born, and where I should be glad to serve you more effectually than with bare Words. Oh my dear Princess! cried *Don Quixote*, much surpris'd, what is it you talk of? What strange Resolution is this you have taken? How will you leave me, after travelling together through so many Desarts? Alas! If you once go from me, who will defend you against your Enemy *Pamphus*, the Enchanter? Where can you be safe against his Practices? Be advis'd by me Madam, let us go to *Madrid* together, where I design publickly to defend your Beauty. Then you may do what you please. You shall go to *Cyprus*, if you think fit, or you shall stay in the Court of *Spain*, where I do not Question but the King will entertain you, as the Sultan of *Babylon* did the Princess *Hermiliana*, and the beautiful *Polixena*, Mistresses to the two young Princes of *Greece*, *Don Clarineus* of *Spain*, and *Don Lucidamer* of *Theffaly*. *Sancho* perceiving that his Master so earnestly oppos'd *Barbara's* design, grew into a Passion, and said, Pox take me, *Don Quixote*, I can't imagine to what Purpose you would have us take the Princess along with us; Is it not better she should stay in her own Country, than go along with us, to make us spend the rest of our Money to no Purpose: On my Conscience a pretty Jewel to carry to Court, and she must be treated too, and be hang'd to her. Ask her no more, we shall go to

*Madrid* well enough without her, and shall be ne'er the worse for't. See what State the Jade takes upon her, because she is call'd Madam Queen here, and Madam Princess there; tho' she is no more than she knows well enough, for I heard what she said to the Scholars. Let her pay us what the Mule and the Cloaths cost, and let us have no more of her. Incorrigible dunce, quoth *Don Quixote*, in a Rage, will you ever be the most indiscreet and the sauciest of Squires? Do you think, Sirrah, I shall always have patience to hear your Impertinent Babble, and particularly when it concerns the great Queen *Zenobia*? Vile Wretch, I could almost find in my Heart to strike my Lance through your Body. Having spoke these Words, he was drawing near *Sancho*, to strike him, but *Barbara*, who tho' she was such a Woman, did not love much Mischief, interpos'd and appeas'd the Knight, yet desiring to have some Revenge of *Sancho*, she said to the Hero, Sir Knight, It is true, I did design to stay here, but since your Worship desires it, I am ready to follow you to *Madrid*, and further too if need be, in spite of that base Peasant. Peasant, quoth *Sancho*, it is true, I am a Peasant in the Eyes of the World, but Quality signifies nothing before God. If a Man is a Christian, that's enough, and I had rather be a Peasant than go eat and drink all Night with Players. *Barbara* could not forbear Blushing at these Words, and answered the Squire thus; *Sancho, Sancho*, have a Care of making rash Judgments; all those that eat and drink together, are not therefore Naught. We must not always believe it is Day when the Cock crows; tho' I was in the Players Chamber, I did no Body any harm there; but you are Malicious. You call me Malicious, replied the Squire, by my troth, you dare not say it to my Face; for by my Soul, I am  
no

no such Fool, but I know there are more Days than Weeks. Beautiful Princess, said *Don Quixote* to *Hackt-Face*, I beseech you do not mind what that Brute says; let us leave him for a Blockhead as he is, and consider where we shall alight. Sir Knight, replied *Barbara*, I would advise you to stay in the Suburbs till To-morrow. *Don Quixote*, who was wholly at the Queen's Devotion, agreed to it, and they alighted at the first Inn they found in the Suburbs.

*DON Quixote* ask'd for two Rooms, one for himself and his Squire, and a better for the Princess: And whilst a Maid shew'd the Queen and the Knt. into a Chamber pretty well furnish'd, *Sancho* led the Beasts into the Stable. *Barbara* finding herself alone with the Knight, thought she ought not to let slip this Opportunity, and therefore accosted him in this Manner. I beseech you *Don Quixote*, to excuse me from going to Court; for I know I shall be laugh'd at there; or if you are resolv'd I shall go you must promise to give me fifty Ducats to set up my Shop again. In truth, that is not too much, and I defy you to find a Woman that will act *Queen Zenobia* cheaper. Great Princess, answered *Don Quixote*, I do not regard those Words that are dictated to you by your Enemy, *Pamphus* the Enchanter, but if you stand in need of fifty Ducats, I will tell them out to you immediately: I'll only call *Sancho*, to bring my Portmanteau. No, no, Sir, quoth *Barbara*, it will be enough if you give them me at *Madrid*; and I desire *Sancho* should know nothing of the Matter, for he is such a Thief, he would lead us a weary Life if he knew it. Verily, said *Don Quixote*, he is unsufferable in that Point: He makes me mad with his Covetousness; and tho' he is upon the Point of being made Governor of one of the best Islands belonging to the Kingdom of *Cyprus*,

*prus*, yet he is afraid he shall want. But after all he is a good Servant, and I should be loath to lose him. This Dialogue was interrupted by *Sancho*, who returned from the Stable in a Heat. Master *Don Quixote*, cried he, do you hear all that Mufick? What Mufick, replied the Knight? Why you need but look out at the Window, quoth *Sancho*, and you'll hear a Harmony for the Devil. *Don Quixote* having open'd a Window, that look'd into the Street, they presently heard the sound of Trumpets, and Hautboys, and of several other Instruments; and at the same Time they heard shouts as of a Mob, surpris'd at some Sight. They observ'd; that the Windows and Balconies were full of People; and they discern'd at a Distance, in a great Street that fac'd them, a Chariot painted of several Colours, attended by abundance of People, on Foot and Horse-back. In the first Chapter of the next Book, we shall find what all that was; what the Knight of *la Mancha* thought of it, and into what a dreadful Danger he was brought by the greatness of his Courage; for the wife *Alifolan* has so much still to relate, that he thought good to take a breathing Time here.

*The End of the First Volume.*



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