



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.



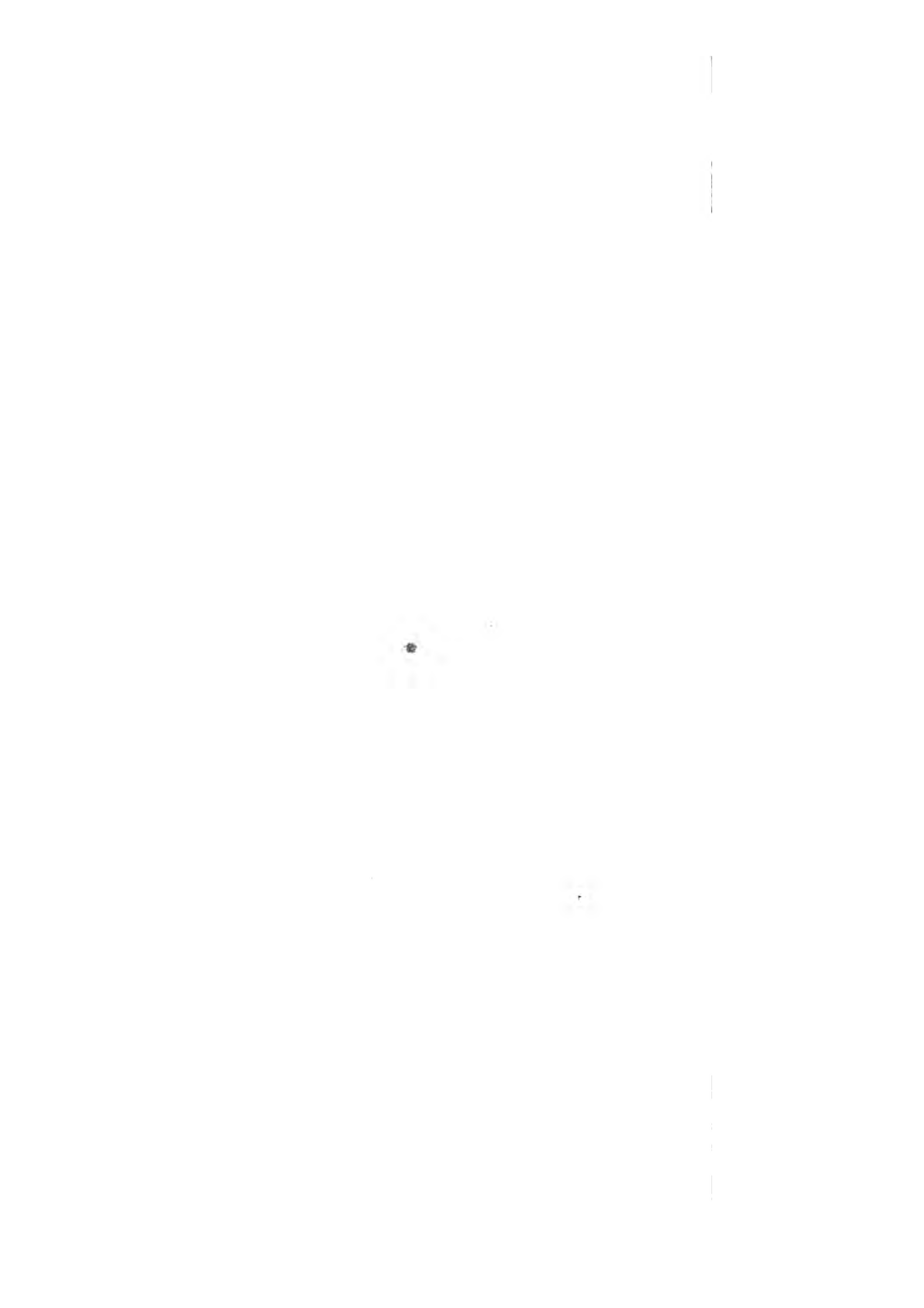
File. 27623 f. 127



BODLEIAN LIBRARY
OXFORD







THE
HISTORY
OF THE

Life and Adventures

Of the famous KNIGHT

DON QUIXOTE,

DE LA MANCHA,

And his Humourous SQUIRE

SANCHO PANCA,

CONTINUED.

By ALFONSO FERNANDEZ DE AVELLANEDA.

Now first Translated from the original *Spanish*.
With a PREFACE, giving an Account
of the WORK.

By Mr. BAKER.

VOL. II.

ILLUSTRATED with Curious CUTS.

LONDON:

Printed for PAUL VAILLANT, facing *Southampton-*
Street, in the Strand. 1745.



Antiq. e E 1745





THE
CONTENTS.
BOOK IV.

V O L. II.

- Chap. I.  *F* one of Don Quixote's
greatest Adventures I
- Chap. 2.  *W*hat follow'd this Adven-
ture, and how the beautiful
Queen of the Amazons try'd
Sancho's Chastity 8
- Chap. 3. *W*hich proves that Knight-Errantry is the
most useful Profession in the World: And
gives an Account of the most commendable
Action Don Quixote ever did 14
- Chap. 4. *O*f the wonderful Consequences of Don
Quixote's Victory, which might pass for
Romantick Adventures, if our Arab had
not deliver'd them for certain Truths. 20
- A. 2. Chap.

The CONTENTS.

- Chap. 5. *The beautiful Engracia's Story* 28
 Chap. 6. *Gives an Account who Don Cæsar was* 37
 Chap. 7. *Of Don Quixote's Arrival at Madrid, and the Scuffle he had in the Prado* 45
 Chap. 8. *How Don Alvaro and Don Carlos received the Knight and his Princess; and how Sancho rejoic'd when he saw the little bandy-leg'd Cook again.* 52

B O O K. V.

- Chap. 1. *OF the weighty Considerations that perplex'd Don Quixote. Of the Resolution he came to for the Sake of his Honour; and of the Discourse he had with his Squire upon that Subject* 61
 Chap. 2. *Contains as much Extravagancy as any of them* 69
 Chap. 3. *Which ought to be read without Prejudice* 75
 Chap. 4. *Of Queen Zenobia's Picture; and what set Sancho a Laughing* 88
 Chap. 5. *Of what happen'd at the Earl's House. Of the Black Squire; and of the considerable Conquest Sancho made of the Island of the Force-Meat-Balls* 91
 Chap. 6. *Of the Resolution that was taken concerning Queen Zenobia, unknown to Don Quixote; and of the Adventure of the Serenade* 104
 Chap. 7. *Of Queen Zenobia's Departure, and Don Ferdinand de Peralta's coming to Madrid* 109
 Chap.

The CONTENTS.

- Chap. 8. *The Story of Don Ferdinand de Peralto* 113
- Chap. 9. *How Sancho Interrupted Don Ferdinand, and how much Don Quixote was afflicted, when he heard the Queen of the Amazons was gone* 139
- Chap. 10. *The Continuation and Conclusion of Don Ferdinand's Story.* 150

BOOK VI.

- Chap. 1. *OF the Great Arch-Banterer of the Indies: his Arrival at Madrid; and of the lofty Speeches Don Quixote and Sancho made him* 170
- Chap. 2. *Of the wonderful Adventure, the Thoughts whereof, afflicted the Arch-Banterer* 178
- Chap. 3. *Of the dreadful Combat between Don Quixote and the Giant Bramarbas Ironsides, King of Cyprus, and the strange Event of it* 185
- Chap. 4. *Containing the Infanta Banterina's surprising Relation* 192
- Chap. 5. *The Continuation of the Infanta Banterina's wonderful Adventures* 204
- Chap. 6. *Of the Expedient that was found out for finishing the Disenchantment of Banterina* 210
- Chap. 7. *How Sancho finish'd the Disenchantment of the Infanta Banterina* 214
- Chap. 8. *Which treats of several Things, and among the rest, of the Novel of the Curious Impertinent* 222
- Chap.

The CONTENTS.

Chap. 9.	<i>Of the extraordinary Honour that was done Don Quixote</i>	230
Chap. 10.	<i>Of the Amours of Don Quixote, and the Infanta Banterina</i>	235
Chap. 11.	<i>Which requires still more Attention.</i>	246
Chap. 12.	<i>The Adventures of the Farm-House</i>	254
Chap. 13.	<i>The Continuation of the Amours of Don Quixote and the Infanta Banterina</i>	262
Chap. 14.	<i>How Don Quixote and his Squire, met a Damsel as they were out a Hunting, and what passed between them</i>	266
Chap. 15.	<i>How strangely Don Quixote was perplex'd when Dulcinea's Damsel was gone; what inward Struglings he felt; and the happy Resolution he came to at last</i>	272
Chap. 16.	<i>Don Quixote and his Squire's sorrowful Farewell</i>	275
Chap. 17.	<i>How Don Quixote received unexpected Comfort</i>	278
Chap. 18.	<i>What the Barber's Design was: What Don Quixote did, after the Example of Don Belianis of Greece: And, lastly, of the most unfortunate Adventure that ever besel him.</i>	284





BOOKS printed for, and sold by PAUL
VAILLANT, facing Southampton - Street,
in the Strand.

THREE Treatises, the first concerning Art ; the
second concerning Music, Painting, and Poetry ;
the third concerning Happiness, by J. H. 8vo.

The Natural History of Bees, containing an Account of
their Production, their Economy, the Manner of their
making Wax and Honey, and the best Methods for the
Improvement and Preservation of them : Illustrated with
twelve Copper Plates, 8vo.

The Theory of the working of Ships applied to Prac-
tice, containing the Principles and Rules for Sailing,
with the greatest Advantage possible, by Mons. Pitot, of
the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, translated from
the French, by Mr. Edmund Stone, 8vo.

A new History of England in English and French, by
Question and Answer, extracted from the most cele-
brated English Historians, particularly M. de Rapin
Thoyras, the Third Edition, very much Improved by the
Author. 12mo.

Pharsalia and Philippi, or the two Philippi in Virgil's
Georgics, attempted to be explain'd and reconcil'd to
History ; and all the antient Poets and Historians vindi-
cated from the Aspersions thrown on them by several
Critics, on Account of their supposed Disagreement, with
regard to those Battles, in several Letters to a Friend,
and published at his Request, by Mr. Holdsworth, 4to.

An Essay on Maritime Power, and Commerce, par-
ticularly those of France, in an Epistolary Discourse, ad-
dress'd to the Count de Maurepas, Secretary of State,
and of the Marine, by Mr. Deslandes, 8vo.

The Life of Marianne, or the Adventures of the
Countess of ****, by Mr. de Marivaux, translated from
the original French, 2 Vols. 12mo.

The

BOOKS printed for, &c.

The Siege of *Calais*, by *Edward of England*, an Historical Novel, 12mo.

Regulus, a Tragedy, as it is acted by His Majesty's Servants, at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*, by Mr. *Harvard*, 8vo.

The *Lying Valet*, a Comedy in two Acts, by Mr. *Garrick*, 8vo.

A short and compendious Method for the Learning to Speak, Read and Write the *Spanish* Language, in which each Part of Speech is separately treated of, after a new Method, and a Syntax, such as hitherto has never been published in any Grammar, for the Modern Languages, composed by *Peter Pineda*, 8vo.

A new Dictionary *Spanish* and *English*, and *English* and *Spanish*; containing the Etymology, the proper and metaphorical Signification of Words, Terms of Art and Sciences, Names of Men, Families, Places, and of the principal Plants in *Spain* and the *West-Indies*, together with the *Arabick* and *Moorish* Words, now commonly received in the *Spanish* Tongue, An Explanation of the difficult Words, Proverbs and Phrases in *Don Quixote* and other the most celebrated Writers in that Language; correcting the Errors, and supplying the Defects in other Dictionaries, by the Addition of above six thousand *Spanish*, and twelve thousand *English* Words, more than in any Work of this Kind hitherto extant; very useful and necessary for the easy Reading and Understanding the *Spanish* and *English* Languages. Folio. By *Peter Pineda*.

Nomenclator Trilinguis, Lat Angl. & Gall. usitata ora Rerum Nomina continens; in quo præter Genus & Declinationem Nominum notatur etiam Syllabarum Quantitas, adjicitur Verborum et Adjectivorum Sylvula, una cum Proverbiis Miscellaneis ducentis et duodecim, auctore Lud. Vaslet. 8vo. Editio quarta.

Typi Declinationum & Conjugationum Nominum & Verborum Linguae Græcæ, in usum Scholarum.

* * *Where may be had all Sorts of Foreign Books in all Languages and Faculties, both antient and modern. And Foreign Maps of the best and most approved Authors.*



THE
HISTORY
OF
DON QUIXOTE
De la Mancha.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

Of One of Don Quixote's greatest Adventures.



WHILST *Don Quixote, Barbara,*
and *Sancho*, were gazing, with all
the Eyes they had, out at the Win-
dow, the Host came into the Room
to know what they would have for
Supper; but the Peoples shouts, the
Trumpets and the Chariot having put the Knight's
Brain into a Ferment, he made no Question but that

VOL. II.

B

was

2 *The HISTORY of*

was a most important Adventure; and having thank'd Heaven for offering him such a noble Opportunity to signalize himself, he said to his Squire. My Son, *Sancho*, we could not have come at a better Time. A mighty *Infanta* is this Day married, and there is a famous Tilting in this City to celebrate her Nuptials. The Lifts are open to all Knights, and the worst of them have been already thrown out. A Giant, stronger than *Orbion*, or *Bradamant*, has overthrown all that appear'd before him, and Fear has sunk the Hearts of all the rest. He is now proudly going about in a Triumphal Chariot, and fancies that no Knight will now dare to contend with him for the Prize of the Tilting. The Princes of this Country are griev'd to the Heart, and would give all they are worth, that some Knight would appear, and humble the Pride of this Pagan. Therefore, my Child, let us make haste and appear in the great Square. I fancy, I already see all the Ladies and great Lords in the Windows and Balconies, fixing their Eyes upon me. Methinks, I hear them admiring my martial Air and genteel Disposition, say to one another, that is doubtless the gallant Knight, that is to regain the Honour ours have lost, and to overthrow the Giant. As soon as ever I appear in the Lifts, the Trumpets will make the Air ring, which will put such Mettle into *Rocinante*, that he will fall a gneying for Eagerness to engage, and casting Sparks of Fire out at his Eyes, will bound so furiously, that the Earth will be in Danger of sinking under him. Then will I draw near the Giant, and, without any Ceremony, say to him, Proud Giant, I will fight you; but it must be upon Condition that the Conqueror shall cut off his conquered Enemy's Head. All Giants being naturally haughty, he'll grant the Condition, will come down from his Chariot, and mount a white Elephant, led by a little



the Dwarf, his Squire, who riding a black Elephant, carries his Master's Lance and Buckler. Then shall we take our Carreer, and both pressing furiously on, shall meet in the middle of the Race. He will strike my Armour, but not pierce it, because it is enchanted, and his Lance will fly in Shivers up into the Air: However, the great Force of the Shock, will make me bend down to the very Saddle-bows, and I shall be stunn'd; but coming immediately to myself, I shall give the Giant such a fierce thrust on the Breast with my Lance, that it will lay him flat on the Ground, where Shame and the Pain of his Fall will cause him to utter a thousand Blasphemies against Heaven, as is the Custom of Giants. Now, Knights being forbid to take any Advantage in fighting, I will alight from my Horse, will grasp my Buckler, and will advance with Sword in Hand towards the Monster; who being doubly enrag'd at my Sight, will get up, though feeble, and drawing a broad and weighty Scimiter, that hangs by his Side, shall attempt to let fall a mortal stroke on my Helmet, which I will shun by stepping nimbly aside, and then cutting off one of his Thighs with a Back-stroke of my excellent Sword, I will lay him flat, and, without allowing him Time to rise, will give him such a lucky Cut, between his Gorget and his Helmet, that his Head will drop off. All the Princes will rejoice, the conquer'd Knights will be comforted, and the People will applaud me. Go, *Sancho*, bridle *Rocinante* instantly, and let us go about it this Moment.

THE Host, who had listen'd to all this Harangue, and look'd upon it as a Jest, fell a laughing, and said to the Knight, by my Faith, Sir, you must have an excellent Memory to remember all that banter: For my part, tho' I have read as much forty times in *Romances*, I could as well be hang'd as repeat two Lines together. But, laying aside that Nonsense

4 *The HISTORY of*

will you please to tell me, what you would have me to get for your Supper. You time Things very well, my Friend, answered *Don Quixote*; you know what has happen'd in your Town, and how all your Knights have been affronted, and you talk to me of Supper, when I am preparing to revenge their Quarrel. I tell you, I'll neither eat nor drink, till I have slain the Giant. In the mean while, I humbly beseech the Queen to stay here; I shall soon be back. This said, he made *Barbara* a Bow, and went out, attended by his Squire, who, contrary to his Custom, did not oppose his Master's Intentions; doubtless, to keep his Oath he had taken not to contend with him. They took *Rocinante*, and *Dapple* out of the Stable, mounted and rode out into the Town. The Reader must understand, that the University of *Alcala*, that Day solemniz'd the Admission of a new Divinity Professor. He rode about the Town in a triumphal Chariot, and above two thousand Scholars attended him, some a Foot, others on Horseback, and others on Mules. *Don Quixote* and *Sancha* soon met the Scholars, going by two and two, with Garlands of Flowers on their Heads, and Laurel Branches in their Hands. In the Midst of them was a triumphal Chariot, wonderfully large: The Forepart of it fill'd with a Number of Musicians, singing, and playing on Instruments. In the Midst of it were several Scholars in Womens Cloaths, some of them representing Virtues, and others Vices; and every one bore an Inscription, declaring what he represented. Those that stood for Vices were loaded with Chains, and sat at the Feet of the others, and seem'd to look melancholly, as became the Condition of Slaves. At the other End of the Chariot, above all the Rest, sat the new Professor on a Throne, clad in a long Scarlet-robe, with a Crown of Laurel on his Head. What a Sight was this for a Knight Errant!

Errant! Both Master and Man view'd every Particular; but what they seem'd most to admire was, that the Mules which drew the Chariot, being quite covered with rich Cloths, and not to be seen, the whole Machine seem'd to move of itself. By the Lord quoth *Don Quixote*, this is very surprizing. I wish the Enchanters would give you the free Use of your Sight for a Moment; you would perceive, that the stately Chariot which comes towards us is enchanted, and moves of itself by Art Magick. Faith, Sir, said the Squire, I do not understand how it is manag'd; but the Enchanters do not deceive me in that Point. I plainly see all you tell of. I have look'd all about the Chariot, and I can neither see Oxen, nor white Unicorns, and don't see so much as a Flie that draws it; and yet I see it moves. Mother of God, if this be not Magick, there is no Magick in the World? Do you observe all those Princesses in the Chariot, said the Knight? I do, indeed, answered *Sancho*, and, by the same Token, some of them are standing, and others sitting, and have Iron-chains on their Hands. And don't you also see, added *Don Quixote*, a mighty Giant, a Monster in a red Gown, with a Crown on his Head? I do, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, and tho' I did not see him, I would take your Word for it. That Giant, said *Don Quixote*, is a King, as appears by his Crown; but I cannot tell you what Island, or what strange Kingdom, he is King of; for I might be mistaken, and a Man must not assert any Thing rashly. But those Ladies you see standing before him are Princesses he has stolen, and who had not Virtue enough to withstand his amorous Passion. Those you see chain'd are constant Women, not to be corrupted. In vain does he misuse and load them with Irons; they will undergo a thousands Deaths, rather than comply with his base Inclination. Let us move forward my

6 *The HISTORY of*

Son, now is the Time we must show what we are, lie to deliver those Princesses from the Tyranny of that Monster; and you may judge of *Bramarbas's* Fate, by the bloody and dangerous Combat I shall have with him. This said, he put on towards the Triumphal Chariot, and stopping short before it, grasp'd his Buckler, set his Lance in the Rest, and directed his Discourse to the Divinity Professor, saying, haughty and prodigious Giant, you who range proudly about in that magical Chariot, and think yourself a mighty Man, set all those *Infanta's* free immediately. Restore to them all the Jewels you have robb'd them of. Come down from your Chariot; mount your white Elephant, and come try your Strength with me. Do not fancy I will leave those lovely Damsels in your Hands; their Beauty sufficiently shews they are the Daughters of Sultans, of Emperors, or of Califfs, and the only Heiresses of their Parents. Do not think I will suffer you to go away with the Honour of the Tilting. Tho' you were supported by all the Powers of Hell, I would hinder you from going off this Day with the Glory of having vanquished all the Christian Knights. This said, he made the Chariot halt, and would not suffer it to proceed. The Scholars seeing the Knight stopp'd there Procession, and fancying it was one of their own Gang, who had arm'd and disguised himself after that Manner to make Sport, five or six of them stepp'd out of their Rank, and drawing near him, one of them said, Pray, Mr. Licentiate be pleas'd to stand aside and let the Chariot go by. You see Night draws on, and we have no Time to spare. That is much as to say, Scoundrels, answered *Don Quixote*, that you are this vile Giant's base Officers; and since you are, you, shall feel the Strength of my Arm, before I fight him. So saying, he spurr'd on his Horse upon one of the Scholars, designing to
run



Parr Sculp

Vol. 2. P. 6.

l. 2. P. 6.



run him through with his Lance; but the Scholar, being nimble and active, stepp'd aside and avoided the Thrust; but the Knight's Lance dropping out of his Hand, he drew his Sword, and coming up to another Scholar, gave him such a furious Stroak on the Head, that he fell down quite stunn'd, and dangerously wounded. All the Spectators set up a dreadful Cry; the Musick ceas'd, and all the Street was in an Uproar: Some ran a Foot, and others on Horse-back: The Musicians leap'd off from the Chariot; and the very *Infanta's* themselves, forgetting that *Don Quixote* was fighting their Battle, had like to have sided with the Rest. They all beset the Knight, who made his Sword to whistle in the Air, and laid about him so furiously, that no Man durst come near him; and had *Rocinante* been more mettlesom than he was, *Don Quixote*, might, perhaps, have gone off Scot-free from this Adventure. But the Scholars press'd upon him, and one of the lustiest of them laying hold of the Lance, gave him such a Stroak with the But-end of it on the Right-Arm, that the poor Knight dropp'd his Sword. Having no offensive Arms left him, they soon clos'd with him, and casting him from the Saddle on the Ground, trampled on him. They were all so incens'd against him, that they had certainly murdered him upon the Spot, had not the Comedian *Peter de Moya*, and some of the Players he sup'p'd with the Night before, as good luck would have it, happened to be present. But they understanding who he was, broke through the Crowd, crying out to the Scholars to hold their Hands, and telling them he was a Mad-man. These cries made the Scholars give over beating of him, and yet they left him senseless with the Comedian and Players, who carried him into a House, and whilst they brought him to himself, the Scholars fell into

8 *The H I S T O R Y of*

their Ranks again, the Musick play'd, and the Chariot went on.

C H A P. II.

What follow'd after this Adventure, and how the beautiful Queen of the Amazons tried Sancho's Chastity.

SANCHO having seen the Event of the Battle from afar off, was stark mad: Yet he had the Wit to make as if he did not know *Don Quixote*, and getting into the Throng, was taken for a Country-man that came to see the Solemnity. As soon as he found the Scholars held on the Proceffion, he made towards the Place whither he had seen his Master carried, and finding him senseless, began to weep, saying, Alas! poor *Loveless Knight*, how much you were mistaken! You thought to have kill'd the Giant, and Death sits upon your Lips. Cursed be the Scholars, and their cursed Proceffion. The Players comforted *Sancho*, and *Don Quixote* by their Means being come to himself, the Comedian said to him, open your Eyes, *Don Quixote*, and behold the wise *Alquife*, your Friend. I am come to your Assistance in this imminent Danger. The Knight, looking on the Comedian, and knowing him again, cried out, O my Protector, and my faithful Historian, what a Satisfaction is it to me to see you. I knew you would not forsake me in this dangerous Adventure; and I must own, that, were it not for you, I should have lost my Life there, through *Rocinante's* Fault, whose Mettle fail'd him this Time. Give me another Horse quickly, and let me renew the Combat. Permit me to flie after those

those Traitors, and take such Vengeance on them, as may make future Generations quake. Yes, I swear by the Order of Knighthood I have received, that I will put no bounds to my Rage. I will scour the Streets, and put to the Sword all the Men and Women in the Town; I will kill the very Dogs and Cats. In a Word, I will destroy every Thing that has Life in it. The wise *Alquife* was too conscientious to consent to so bloody a Resolution, and therefore put the Knight off from it; saying, *Don Quixote*, let us think of nothing now but your Cure: Let us see your Wounds. Then they disarm'd and search'd the Knight, who having only been trampled under Foot, had no Need of a Surgeon; which the Comedian observing, he said, cheer up, *Don Quixote*, all this will be nothing; I'll set you right again with one Draught of a Sovereign Balsam I'll give you by and by. Next he desir'd two of the Players to go seek out all that the Knight had lost in the Scuffle, viz. His Horse, his Head-piece, his Lance, and his Sword. They obey'd their Orders so exactly, that none of these Things were lost. When it was dark, the Comedian and his Companions held up *Don Quixote* under their Arms, and so led him to the Inn, where *Sancho* told him *Zenobia* was. They found her in the same Room *Don Quixote* had left her in: She was all alone, and very impatient to see the Knight again, believing some great Adventure staid him. When she saw him come supported by two Men, she said to him, good God, *Don Quixote*, who has put you in this Condition? Dear Princess, answered the Knight, the Fortune of War is doubtful. I alone attack'd a numerous Army, and the same Fate has attended me to Day, as did formerly *Orlando*, in the Plain of *Roncesvalles*. I slew so many Enemies, I laid about me, till being no longer able to support myself, through Weariness,

ness, meer Weakness made me drop down in the Field of Battle, where I do not Question but I must have perish'd, had not the wise *Alquife*, my great Friend, returned on Purpose from *Constantinople* to carry me off by his Enchantments. It is true, quoth the Comedian; but if you please, Sir, let us lose no Time; it is requisite that I cure you, and put you in a Condition to set out To-morrow for *Madrid*, where, if Heaven so pleases, you are to receive more dangerous Wounds than these, and to finish more important Adventures. Having so spoken, he caus'd a Fire to be lighted, and a Bed to be made. The lovely Queen of the *Amazons* disarm'd the Knight, undress'd him, and rubb'd him all over with Brandy. The Reader, who does not well understand Knight Errantry, must not imagine, that in so doing the Princess transgress'd the Rules of Modesty. When Knights bore *Infanta's* Company, if they came off wounded from any Combat, the Ladies generally dress'd their Wounds. Most of them understood Surgery, and learnt it on Purpose to dress Knights; and what is most to be admir'd is, they were so skilful, that never Knight died under their Hands, tho' he had received never so many mortal Wounds. The Host brought some good strong Broth, which the Comedian made *Don Quixote* take down, saying, Sir Knight, take this Porringer of Balsam, which is much better than that of *Fierabras*: Nay, I dare vouch, it is much better than that which *Ariobarzanes*, Prince of *Tartary*, carried in a Golden Bottle, hanging at his Saddle Bows. Then it must be the noblest of all Balsams, quoth *Don Quixote*, for that of Prince *Ariobarzanes* was wonderful. It wrought prodigious Effects, and I remember I have read, that *Don Belianis* being one Day at the Point of Death, nay, some say he was actually Dead, and yet no sooner had they let fall one Drop in his Mouth,

Mouth, but the Knight started up perfectly cured of his Wounds. As for this Balsam, replied the Comedian, it is not so quick in its Operation, it is requisite to sleep peaceably after taking it, and therefore, I intreat you to go to Bed immediately. The Knight did as he was directed, he was put to Bed, the Chamber-door was shut, and he left to take his Rest, and then the Comedian and his Company withdrew.

BARBARA and *Sancho*, being left alone, went into another Room, where they had Supper brought them. When they were seated, *Zenobia* said to the Squire, cheer up *Sancho*, be merry Lad: You are still melancholy about your last Adventure. Your Master is not wounded: he has only his Ribs a little bruis'd; but that's nothing. I rubb'd him so well, that by To-morrow he'll be as brisk as a Body-Louse. Come, let us make much of ourselves, Boy; let us be merry. I like the Sport well enough, said *Sancho*, but we shall be forced to pay for our Mirth, and that I don't like. Your Mule and your Silk Cloaths have cost us a great deal of Money already. My Mule and my Cloaths stick in your Stomach, answered *Hackt-Face*, you have never done upbraiding me with them. Nay, Faith, replied the Squire, had we conquered some Kingdom, I should not mind it so much. I am none of those that love to starve in a Cook's Shop, and I would To-morrow speak to my Master to buy you a Pair of new Shoes to appear in at Court; for I see yours are worn out: But, to deal plainly, I am afraid we shall never be Emperors. We are too unlucky: When we think to bake, the Oven falls. All our Adventures end the wrong Way for Governments or Empires, and I fear we shall tumble down backwards, and break our Noses. Patience, my dear Friend, cried *Zenobia*, after foul Weather comes

fair. In the mean while, let us taste that Wine, and see whether it is good. Tope, replied *Sancho*, by my Troth, I am not at all troubled with the Spirit of Contradiction, and I had rather take off twenty Bumpers, than refuse one. This said, he laid hold of the Bottle, and fill'd *Barbara's* Glass, who made but one Gulp of it; and he having done the like, said to *Zenobia*, Well, Madam Queen, how do you like this Wine? Methinks it is not amiss. In truth, I have not drank enough to give my Opinion of it, answered *Barbara*; I will not tell you my Opinion till the twentieth Glass; for I have heard say, that a good Judge ought to be full of a Cause before he decides it. Faith quoth *Sancho*, you would agree well with my Governess at Home. She loves this Liquor better than her Honour, as you do; and I durst lay a Wager, she would take off her three Bottles while she is spinning one Distaff of Flax. I am very well pleas'd, answered *Zenobia*, that I am like your Wife. To be like her, quoth *Sancho*, pray have a Care of that: She has no Scar on her Cheeks, as you have. You are not at all complaisant, replied *Barbara*; you delight in affronting me; you hate me: But no more of it, I am resolv'd to be your Friend. They pass'd away the Supper Time in such Talk, and when they had eaten and drank at discretion, that is, till they were ready to burst, *Barbara*, who was one of that sort of Ladies, who grow wanton when they are full, looking on the Squire with leud Eyes, said, by my faith, *Sancho*, we must make Peace to Night; and from hence forwards love one another like a new married Couple; but first tell me, whether you know what it is to Love? Yes sure, answered *Sancho*, I love my Master *Don Quixote*, my Wife, and Children, my *Dapple*, and Mr. *Curate*. That is not what I talk of, replied *Zenobia*; I ask whether you never play'd with the Maids?

Maids? O Lord, yes, quoth *Sancho*; there is ne're a one in our Village, but what I have play'd with. Every *Sunday* after Even-Song we meet near the Mill, and there we divert ourselves all together. *Barbara* perceiving that the Squire did not guess at her Meaning, stroak'd his Chin down gently with her Hand, saying, Good God, what a rough Beard you have, Friend. I pity the Women you kifs. I have no Women to kifs, but my Wife, answer'd *Sancho*, thrusting away *Barbara's* Hand rudely; and if any others have a mind to be kifs'd, let the Mothers that bore them kifs them, if they will. You need not thrust away my Hand so roughly, replied *Zenobia*, there are few Scholars in this University, but would be glad of the Favour. O! but I am no Scholar, quoth *Sancho*; What would you have me do with your Hand! I had rather go to Bed just now. Well, said *Barbara*, since you have such a Mind to sleep, we must both lie together; for the Nights grow cold, and I am naturally very chilly. Nay, if you only want warming, quoth the Squire, let me alone for that; I'll go ask the Host for two or three Blankets, which you may lay on you double. By the Lord, cried *Barbara*, thou art the filliest Fellow I ever beheld. Why is it possible, *Sancho*, you should not understand what I have been driving at this Hour? Don't you conceive that I design you should serve me instead of a Husband to Night, and make much of me? That I should make much of you, replied *Sancho*. Mother of God, what do you mean! I am not so gamefome I'faith. I should have enough to Answer, for that is forbid in the Mafs-Book, and you being Queen *Zenobia*, would not save me broiling in the other World. This said, he left the amorous *Zenobia*, and went to Bed elsewhere.

C H A P. III.

Which proves, that Knight Errantry is the most useful Profession in the World; and gives an Account of the most commendable Action Don Quixote ever did in all his Life.

DON Quixote having rested well all Night, found himself much easier in the Morning; not but that he felt much Pain in several Parts of his Body; yet that did not hinder him from rising, or put him by the Belief that *Peter de Moya's* Balsam had wonderful Vertue. *Barbara* and *Sancho* coming into his Chamber, to see what Condition he was in; he said to *Hackt-Face*: Beautiful Princess, God be prais'd, your white Hands and the wise *Alquife's* wonderful Balsam have cur'd my Wounds; and it must be granted, that you understand Surgery, as well as the *Persian Infanta*, who learnt it of the great Master *Lugon* himself. I have no great Skill, answer'd *Barbara*; but a Maid, who has no Fortune, must understand a little of every thing. I once serv'd a Surgeon of this Town, who had more Skill than all the *Lugo's* in the Kingdom. It was a Satisfaction to see him spread his Plaisters; they were always as round as a Juggler's Box. He trimmed and cut Hair delicately, and it was he that cur'd all the Chief of the University. Sometimes I made the Lint for him, and attended his Prentices, who put me to do several Things. Oh, ho, Madam *Zenobia*, quoth *Sancho*, then you have been a Barber's Servant. I don't disown it, replied *Barbara*, for mean Persons must not forget what they are when in Prosperity. Master *Don Quixote*, quoth *Sancho*, you hear what the Princess says, and she is
neither

neither drunk nor asleep. I fancy Queens don't often use to work among Prentices. A Dutcheſs could do no more, and yet ſhe would not boaſt of it. O! thou perfidious Enchanter *Pamphus*, ſaid the Knight, ſighing and liſting up his Eyes to Heaven; When will you ceaſe distracting Queen *Zenobia's* Mind? Don't you perceive, *Sancho*, added he, that the Princeſs has not the right Uſe of her Reaſon? That it is the Traytor *Pamphus* who makes her talk ſuch Nonſenſe. Right, right, Sir, answer'd the Squire, by my Faith I had forgot it. It is the malignant Regent *Pamphus* that makes her talk ſo madly. Nay, he is not ſatisfied with making her talk fooliſhly, but makes her act ſo. For laſt Night after Supper ſhe would have— Oh, the curſed Enchanter! When you had him under you the other Day, you ſhould have thruſt your Sword down his Throat, and have ſent him into the other World. I ſhould not have ſpar'd him, reply'd *Don Quixote*, had not Queen *Zenobia's* Compaſſion ſtopp'd my Hand; but I'll undo that Charm at the Court of *Spain*. I own it is no leſs difficult to diſſolve than that the Enchanter *Friſton* made at *Babylon* to ſteal away *Florisbella*. The Knight of the *Baſilisks* finiſh'd that Adventure, and I flatter my ſelf that this is reſerv'd for me, and therefore let us away to *Madrid* this Moment. I think long till the Queen of the *Amazons* is reſtor'd to her own Form. Sir, ſaid *Sancho*, we muſt Breakfaſt firſt, Madam *Zenobia*, will have Patience ſo long, and for your part I fancy the wiſe Skiffs Baſam has not over-loaded your Stomach. I conſent, ſaid the Knight, let us eat a Bit, and be gone immediately. They all Breakfaſted together, and having paid the Hoſt, ſet out for *Madrid*, *Barbara* keeping her Face ſo cloſe veil'd that no body knew her.

ABOUT a ſmall League from *Alcala*, paſſing
along

along the Side of a Wood, which border'd on the Road, they heard the Cries of a frighted Woman, and some Gun and Pistol-Shot. Tho' the Noise seem'd to be near enough to them, they could not presently see the Cause of it, because the Wood run out in an Angle just there. *Sancho*, quoth the Knt. of *La Mancha*, to his Squire, here are certainly some unfortunate Persons, whom ill Fate or Injustice pursues. Let us hasten to their Relief, my Son. This said, he spurr'd *Rocinante* so home, that the fiery Creature, us'd only to Walk, fell on a sudden, not into an Hand-gallop, but into a Trot, not much inferior to it. As for Dapple and the Mule, thus much must be said in their Praise, that as soon as they saw their Companion move so briskly, this Novelty, rais'd such an Emulation in them, that they both trotted after of their own accord. They soon discover'd what they were so desirous to know, and *Don Quixote* was pleasingly surpriz'd by a dismal Spectacle. He saw two Men a Horse-back, who fought bravely with Seven or Eight Foot-pads, two of whom had Carabines, and the rest were only arm'd with Swords and Bayonets. A young Maid plainly dress'd but charmingly beautiful, stood by the Combatants, and seem'd to be a forc'd Spectator of the Fight. She rent the Air with her Cries, calling upon Heaven and Man to her Assistance, and she struggled in vain to get out of the Hands of a lusty old Woman, who seeming to side with the Robbers, held her, and endeavour'd to stop her Mouth with a Handkerchief. The two Horse men that were set upon, one of whom was the Master, and the other the Servant, made a vigorous Defence. The first had laid one of the Robbers flat with his Pistol, and the latter had done the same by another with his Gun, and both of them had the good Fortune to escape the first Discharge of their Enemies

Carabines

Carabines. They might then have avoided that unequal Combat by the Swiftneſs of their Horſes; but the Danger they muſt leave the young Maiden in, ſo far prevail'd upon them, that tho' they knew her not, they rather choſe to expoſe themſelves to ſuch Danger, than to leave her in the Hands of thoſe Villains. Heaven gave a Bleſſing to their generous Reſolution. One of the Robbers having charg'd his Carabine again, levell'd it at the Chief of the two Horſe-men; but he, making uſe of his Time, rode up briskly to him, and ſtriking down the Muzzle of the Carabine with the Piſtol he had not yet fired, did double Service, ſaving his own Life, and killing the old Woman, for the Carabine going off that very Moment, that wicked Wretch receiv'd the Shot in her Head, and dropp'd down Stone dead. Her Blood flew upon the young Maiden's Face, who in that Conſternation thought ſhe had been wounded her ſelf, and fell down in a Swoon upon the old Woman. The Horſe-man having avoided the Shot, as has been ſaid, prefs'd on upon the Robber, and clapping the Muzzle of his Piſtol to his Forehead, made his Brains fly about. Yet his Death would not have put him out of Danger, for there were ſtill four or five Highway-men, but who had no Fire-Arms, yet were ne'er the leſs reſolute; and one among them was juſt going to run him through with his Sword, when our brave Redreſſer of Wrongs, flying with his Lance couch'd to the Aſſiſtance of the weaker Side, prevented the Robber, and run him quite through the Back, leaving his Lance in the Wound. Tho' the Robber was one of the luſtieſt and the ſtouteſt Rogues in the Kingdom, he could not withſtand the Fury of ſuch a Thruf from ſo redoubted a Hand; he fell flat on his Face, and that I may uſe *Homer's* Words, he made as great a Noiſe falling, as a ſturdy Oak
does

18 *The HISTORY of*

does in the Forest, when overthrown by the Wind, or hew'd down by the Ax. The Knight, well pleas'd with this Encounter, drew his Sword, and was going to fall upon the other Robbers ; but those Villains frighted at *Don Quixote's* strange Figure, thought he had been a Devil let loose from Hell to punish them for their Crimes, and fled into the Wood.

THE Gentleman, and *Don Quixote* did not think fit to pursue them. Their first Care was to help the unknown Beauty. Finding her in a Swoon and all bloody, they thought at first she had been dead ; but feeling her Pulse beat, the Knight hasted to fetch some Water from a little Brook that ran out of the Wood, and brought it in his Helmet. The first she cast her Eyes on, was *Don Quixote*, whose Mein and Garb being such, as seem'd not to promise much Security, the poor Maiden could not tell whether she might think herself out of Danger. But the Gentleman satisfied her, giving an Account of the Success of the Combat, and how the Rest of the Robbers fled upon the Approach of the brave Knight in the bright Armour. In short, he recover'd the Damsel from her Fright, and she having wip'd her Face, found she was not wounded, discovering such a ravishing Beauty, as abundantly paid her Deliverers for all the Pains they had taken. When she was perfectly come to herself, she return'd them Thanks suitable to the Service they had done her, and our *Arab* assures us, she performed it with as much good Grace as Wit. Each of them answer'd for himself, but with this Difference, that our Hero stil'd her, Sovereign *Infanta*, and us'd such Words as made it plain, that his Inside was as extraordinary as his outward Appearance. The Gentleman on his Side, made his acknowledgements to *Don Quixote*, for his seasonable Succour. To which the Knight of *la Mancha* made such an unusual Answer, that the Gentleman

Gentleman and the Lady, knew not what to think of him, both of them being far enough from dreaming of the noble System of Knight Errantry. *Sancho* and the *Amazon* Queen, who had kept far enough from the Fray, perceiving the Highwaymen were fled before our Knight, made haste to the Field of Battle to congratulate the Conqueror. By all the Gods and Goddesſes, cried *Sancho*, as ſoon as he came near, Maſter *Don Quixote*, this Bout we have had no Cudgelling, or Bangs of Slings. Now this may be call'd a good Hit, I'faith. Let's have five or ſix Adventures more like this, and I'll undertake for twenty Empires, and forty Governments, or the Devil is in them. Son *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, trouble not yourſelf about that. Empires and Governments will come in due Season; yet, ſhould Fortune be ſo unjuſt as not to grant us them, the Glory we ſhall gain by performing the Duties of our Profeſſion, will abundantly make amends for all our Toils. This Dialogue between the Maſter and the Man, only ſerv'd to puzzle the Gentleman, and the Lady the more, as to *Don Quixote's* Character. Cudgelling and Bangs from Slings, intermix'd with Empires and Governments, were Miſteries they could not comprehend. In ſhort, whiſt *Don Quixote* was making new Tenders of his Service to the beautiful Unknown, the Gentleman went up to *Sancho*, and began to examine him. Friend, ſaid he to him ſoftly, What is your Maſter's Name? Sir, answered the Squire, laſt Year he call'd himſelf, *The Knight of the Sorrowful Aſpect*; but Man propoſes, and God diſpoſes. Now he is called, *The Loveleſs Knight*, or *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. But pray tell me what Profeſſion he is of, quoth the Gentleman? for by his rich Armour I am apt to judge he has ſome conſiderable Poſt in the Army. As yet, ſaid *Sancho*, he is but a Knight Errant,

Errant, and tho' he has had many a good Basting, he has not been able to make himself Emperor of any Place; but he cannot miss of a Kingdom. And I, who am his Squire *Sancho Panca*, do make as sure of some good Island, as if I had it in my Hand. And who is the Lady I see upon the Mule, ask'd the Gentleman? It is the Princess *Zenobia*, replied *Sancho*, who, as my Master says, is a Queen; tho' the Scar on her Face makes her look more like a Tripe-Woman of *Alcala*. And to say the Truth, a Man had need to be a Knight Errant not to be mistaken in her.

C H A P. IV.

Of the wonderful Consequences of Don Quixote's Victory, which might pass for a Romantick Adventure, but that our Arab delivers it for a certain Truths.

DON *Cæsar*, for that was the Gentleman's Name, needed no more Information from *Sancho* to comprehend *Don Quixote's* Madness; being satisfied with what he had discover'd, he went up to the beautiful Unknown, who was still talking to the Knight; but as soon as he came to them, they heard they were call'd by the Highway-man, whom *Don Quixote* had run thro' with his Lance. "Gentlemen, said he, with a weak and intermitting
"Voice, if Pity has any Place in your Hearts, do
"me the Favour to draw this Lance out of my Bo-
"dy, not to save a Life I have too well deserved
"to lose, but that before I die, I may discover to
"you a Secret, which troubles my Conscience,
" and

“ and lies heavier upon me than all my other
 “ Crimes, and I am persuaded it will be of some
 “ Use to you to know it.” These Words he uttered with much Pain, and at several Times, by Reason of his great Weakness. The Gentlemen were moved at the Wretch’s Complaints, and fancying that the Help he desired, might give them an Opportunity of performing some charitable Act, they drew out the Lance, which stuck in his Back ; but the extreme Pain it put him to, and the great Loss of Blood, made him faint: Nay, they thought he had given up the Ghost, and repented that they had drawn out the Lance, when finding some Signs of Life in him, they hoped he might be brought to himself, if Care were taken to stanch the Blood, and bind up the Wound. *Sancho* immediately drew I know not how many Rolls and Bits of Linnen out of his Portmanteau, which he carried to supply the dismal Occasions of Knight Errantry. *Barbara*, who was so skilful at making Lint, put her helping Hand to it, and the Gentleman’s Servant, who was a Piece of a Surgeon, perform’d the Operation, putting a Sort of Tent into the Wound. They put the wounded Man to so much Pain, that it made him open his Eyes ; but he was still senseless, and they were forc’d to use other Means to bring him to himself. Yet they were never the better, for he was so weak, that he could not speak. They believing he had something of Moment to say to them, us’d all their Endeavours to revive him ; but it would have prov’d in Vain, had not *Don Cæsar’s* Man bethought himself, that he had a good Bottle of Brandy, which he always took Care to keep full. As soon as the Robber had swallowed three Gulps of that rare Liquor, he recover’d his Speech, as it were miracuoufly, and cried out,
 “ O Heavens ! How just are thy Judgments ! I
 “ receive

“ receive my Death in the same Place, where I
 “ once committed a horrid Murder. About two
 “ and twenty Years ago, near this Wood, I and
 “ another of my Companions stopp’d a rich Far-
 “ mer, who was coming from *Alcala*, with a Nurse,
 “ who had a Child in her Arms. The Farmer
 “ making some Resistance, and the Nurse in the
 “ mean while crying so loud, as gave us Cause to
 “ fear she might be heard by some of the Brother-
 “ hood, I soon cut the Woman’s Throat. Then
 “ we kill’d the Farmer, and having taken about
 “ sixscore Ducats in Gold he had about him, we
 “ dragg’d the two dead Bodies into the Wood, and
 “ buried them in a Ditch, to conceal the Murder.
 “ When we had done, we stood a good while to
 “ consider what we should do with the Infant.
 “ Tho’ so very young, he had such a majestick
 “ Look, that we fancied, if we spar’d his Life, he
 “ would be a great Man ; but my Companion
 “ fearing we might be discovered by his crying,
 “ was for killing him: I consented, I came up to
 “ the Child, and had lifted my Hand to run him
 “ through, but at the same Time I felt such an
 “ Impulse of Compassion, as prevented the fatal
 “ Stroak. The little Infant, who was as yet too
 “ young to have any Sense of the Loss of his
 “ Nurse, look’d upon me with such a smiling
 “ Countenance, as must have mov’d Pity in the
 “ cruel most Barbarian. In short, I was overcome,
 “ and resolv’d to save his Life, whatever my Com-
 “ panion could say to me ; who thereupon left me,
 “ saying, he would not stay any longer with a Man
 “ that would venture his Undoing, out of an indis-
 “ creet Compassion, which among Men of our
 “ Profession, could not be counted any other than
 “ downright Folly. I took Care to get the Child
 “ a Nurse ; but I durst not carry him to the next
 “ Village,

“ Village, because the Farmer and the Nurse hav-
 “ ing been both Inhabitants there, the Mifs of them
 “ would in all likelihood give an Alarm, and caufe
 “ an Enquiry to be made after them. In fine, I
 “ refolved to —” Here the Robber was forc’d to
 flop fhort: His Tongue fail’d him on a Sudden, his
 Eyes began to roll in his Head, and he grew fo
 weak, that all there prefent thought he would have
 died immediately. The beautiful Unknown feemed
 much concerned, and laboured to help him. A
 double Dofe was given him of the Medicine, which
 the firft Time proved fo fuccefsful, and now wrought
 a fecond Miracle. The wounded Man foon reco-
 vered his Senses, and was in a Condition to conti-
 nue his Relation, which he did, after being told
 where he left off, for he had forgot it, and faid:
 “ refolved to carry the Infant to *Torrefva*. It
 “ pleas’d Heaven, which feemed to favour the Pre-
 “ fervation of the Child, that going into a Houfe to
 “ enquire for a Nurfe, I met with one *Mary Xi-*
 “ *menex*, whose Husband had been dead but a Fort-
 “ night, and who had juft loft a Child of Fourteen
 “ Months old, to which ſhe gave Suck. The bet-
 “ ter to engage her to take Care of the Infant, I
 “ told her, ſhe would make her Fortune by it, for
 “ it was a Child of great Quality; but that the Mo-
 “ ther, for particular Reafons, was obliged to have
 “ it brought up privately. The Richnefs of the
 “ Infant’s Mantles, and Linnen, gave a Reputa-
 “ tion to what I fo confidently affirmed. *Mary*
 “ *Ximenez* believed what I faid, took the Child,
 “ and promis’d to be very tender of it. Since then
 “ I never knew what became of it, or ever enquir’d.
 “ Therefore, Gentlemen, I charge you to enquire
 “ at *Alcala*, whether ſome Woman of Quality has
 “ not loft a Child, which I left with *Mary Xi-*
 “ *menex*, a Peafant of *Torrefva*.

W H E N

WHEN the Robber had ended his Relation, both the Lady, and the Gentleman, who had listen'd to him very attentively, seem'd much concern'd, tho' likely upon different Motives. The Lady, full of Trouble, told her Deliverers, it would be a great Satisfaction to her, if they could save the Highwayman's Life, because she desir'd to be better inform'd as to some Particulars, which extremely concern'd her, and which she thought that poor Wretch might give an Account of. *Don Cæsar*, who thought he had more weighty Reasons than the Lady to desire the same Thing, ordered his Man to set the Robber the best he could on his Horse, in order to carry him to the next Village; but *Don Quixote*, said, that in the Condition the wounded Man was in, he could not sit the Horse, or be carried any other way than lying along, and made fast with Ropes, and that uneasy Posture, together with the jolting of the Horse, would be likely to kill him before he could get to the Village, for which Reason it were better to seek for some Country People to carry him upon Boughs of Trees. *Don Cæsar* approved of his Contrivance. He sent out to find four or five of the lustiest Fellows thereabouts, which was easily done. The Noise of the Fight having brought many, who stood aloof off gazing at that dismal Sight. When the Peasants were come, they cut some Boughs of Trees, and put them together, making a sort of a Bier, on which they laid the wounded Man, who desir'd them to see whether the old Woman, who lay by his dead Companions, and was his Wife, were past Recovery. It was done to please him, but when he was told she was dead, Heaven be blest'd, said he, then the Wretch who made me commit this last Crime, has received her due Reward. He said no more; but this was enough to make it appear, that the old Woman had been the Cause of his being
in

in that Action. The Peasants being ready, *Don Quixote* ask'd the Damsel unknown, Whether she would have the wounded Man carried? She said, she had some Reasons to desire he might be carried to *Torresva*. The Peasants made many Difficulties, alledging, that it was two great Leagues to that Place, the Way bad, and the wounded Man very heavy. *Don Quixote*, who would have gone beyond the Kingdom of *Congo*, to serve the ugliest Servant Wench in an Inn, was amaz'd that those Men should think much to go two Leagues for one of the finest Women in the World, and he was likely enough to compel them to go; but *Don Cæsar* promising them a considerable Reward, made the Way short and easy, and the wounded Man light. The Peasants set forward, but the beautiful Unknown being a Foot, the Question was to mount her. *Don Cæsar* offered to take her up behind him: but *Don Quixote*, urg'd it Home, that the Damsel might not ride any Horse but his, because it was one of the principal Duties of Knights Errant, to mount forsaken Damsels, and that only *Rocinante* was worthy to carry Princesses. It is true, that Horse had such a long Back and Rump, that he might have carried the Seven * *Infantes* of *Laura*, provided his Belly had been propp'd up. The Damsel had rather, perhaps, have accepted of *Don Cæsar's* Offer, as liking his Person better, and being less frightful; but she durst not follow her own Inclination, for fear of disobliging the Knight, whose Character seemed to deserve to be complied with. To put an End to the Controversy, quoth *Sancho*, the Princess may mount my Ass, since he is a Limb of Knight Errantry, as well as *Rocinante*; he has already serv'd Princesses,

VOL. II.

C

and

(*) *Seven Brothers much talked of in Spanish Romances and Ballads.*

and Madam *Zenobia*, who has tried him, knows his Worth. *Sancho's* Advice was followed. *Don Cæsar* took the Damsel up in his Arms, and set her upon *Dapple*. Then they made away from the Wood, and from the Place where that tragical Scene had been acted, but they mov'd slowly, being resolv'd not to stir from the Bier.

DON Cæsar took much Notice of the concern the Damsel shew'd at the Robber's Relation, and he began to look on her more earnestly than he had done before. Her Person was in all Respects so charming, that notwithstanding her mean Habit, he took her for something Divine. Her Behaviour was so pleasing and modest, and the Trouble, which appeared on her Face, gave her such a moving Air, that had not the Gentleman's Heart been pre-engage'd, he could not but have been passionately in Love with her, and tho' he was devoted to another Beauty, yet such Charms could not but have some Operation on him. The Damsel on the other Side seeing *Don Cæsar*, felt herself drawn by a certain Sympathy, she could give no Reason for. The Gentleman having plac'd himself so, as he might view and discourse her, and being impatient to know her, had not the Power any longer to withstand his Curiosity. Madam, said he, the Amazement I am in to find you on the High-way alone afoot, and expos'd to the Insolency of wicked Men, who stick at no Villany, confounds me, and I bless God for the Part I had in delivering you from that mighty Danger; but may not I know by what hard Turn of Fortune you was brought into that deplorable Condition? I am apt to flatter myself with the Hopes, that when I am acquainted with your Troubles and Misfortunes, I may still be so happy as to serve you further. These Words put the Damsel to a Stand, and she was silent a while, considering what reply she should make. At length
she

ſhe answered him thus : Sir, my Obligation to you is ſo great, for having hazarded your Life for my ſake, that I can conceal nothing from you. It would be a wrong to your Generoſity to miſtruſt your Wiſdom. Since you deſire it, I will unlock the Secrets of my Heart to you, and acquaint you with my diſmal Fate, which is ſuch, that I cannot promiſe myſelf ſo much as a Sanctuary in any Part of the World. O Sovereign *Infanta*, quoth *Don Quixote*, interrupting her, I will not ſuffer ſuch Injuſtice. I'll be no longer call'd *The Loveleſs Knight*, if I do not ſecure you a ſafe Retreat in any Kingdom in the World you ſhall make Choice of ; and if any Emperor, or Sultan, is ſo diſcourteous, as not to honour you at his Court, as you deſerve, you ſhall ſee with your own Eyes, how I will overturn all his Dominions, and I will expel him, as a Prince unworthy of a Crown! Nay, by my Troth, quoth *Sancho*, who had heard the laſt Words his Maſter ſpoke ; Lady Princeſs, you need not make the leaſt Queſtion of it ; my Maſter, *Don Quixote* will do it, with more Eaſe than he ſays it. And pray, why ſhould not he do it ? He who is ready to do as much for naſty lowſy Princeſſes, that are not fit to wipe your Shoes. Hold your Tongue, Blockhead, ſaid *Don Quixote* in a Paſſion, do not impertinently interrupt our Diſcourſe. Get you farther, and let me not bid you twice. The Knight ſpoke theſe Words ſo ſternly, that the Squire fell back without making any Answer. *Don Quixote*, ſaid *Don Cæſar* to the Knight, there is no need of overturning Empires ; but if this Lady pleaſes to accept of my Service, I do engage to ſecure her, whereſoever ſhe ſhall think fit, without dethroning any Prince. Now, Madam, added he, looking on the Damſel, be pleas'd to recount to us your Miſfortunes, and then aſſure yourſelf, that *Don Quixote* and I will do our beſt for you. Then the Damſel ſpoke as in the next Chapter.

C H A P. V.

The beautiful Engracia's Story.

I Liv'd not long since at *Alcala*, in a Family that was very kind to me, and whose Nobility and Wealth made me be sought after by the Best. But why should I talk of the Happiness I enjoy'd; since cruel Fortune has not only robb'd me of it, but even of the Credit that might be given to what I say. Here is nothing to vouch for me, and my Tears are the only Testimony of my Sincerity. The unfortunate *Don Ferdinand*, my Father, of the noble Family of the *Peraltus*, died in the Flower of his Age in the fatal Expedition of the mighty Fleet King *Philip* fitted out against *England*. He commanded a Ship that was cast away in the Storm. My Mother being big with Child when she received this dismal News, was deliver'd before she expected. However, being near her Time, it was hoped, that the Birth might repair the Loss of the deceas'd Parent: So it prov'd. My Brother and I were the unhappy Off-spring of a dying Father, and we had all the Symptoms of a strong and hale Constitution. But alas; the Hopes that had been grounded on us, prov'd short liv'd. The Boy, who as they say, was the very Picture of our Father, and yet more like him in his Misfortunes than his Features, was lost in his Infancy, so that we could never hear any certain Tidings of him more than what I can guess by what this Man has now told us. We had each of us a Nurse. My Brothers having one Day ask'd Leave to go see a Friend of hers, that liv'd at the furthest End of the Town from us, my Mother *Eugenia*, who could not foresee the fatal Consequences, made no Difficulty

culty to grant it her. The Nurse took her Child in her Arms, and went out ; but the Day passing without any News of her, the Family began to be uneasy. She was expected a while longer, but at last my Mother, out of Patience, sent to the House where she said she was going. The Woman answered, that the Nurse had been there, but was gone a League from *Alcala* to see her Husband, who, she was told, lay sick, and durst not ask Leave of *Donna Eugenia*, for fear of a Denial, and that she went with a Farmer of the same Village, whom she happened to meet going Home. This Account troubled my Mother, who was much more concerned, when, having sent a Man on Horse-back to the Nurse's Husband's, she understood they had neither seen the Child nor the Nurse, and that all the Village affirm'd the same Thing. She caus'd all possible Enquiry to be made about *Alcala* for six Months, and all her Friends us'd their utmost Endeavours to hear some News of the Nurse, and my young Brother *Don Ferdinand*, for he had his Father's Name given him ; but all in vain, and the Farmer's Parents could never hear of him. This Misfortune put all our Family into a great Consternation. My Mother *Eugenia* could not have had a greater Affliction befall her. My Uncle *Don James de Paralta* was so much concerned, that, being before very disconsolate for his Brother's Death, he could not endure to stay any longer in *Alcala*, and whatever my Mother could do to prevent it, he went away to *Madrid*, where he had an Estate. However, he did not fail to come now and then to *Alcala* to see, and assist her with his Advice ; for she repos'd such entire Confidence in him, and was so thoroughly convinc'd of his Wisdom and Probity, that she did nothing without consulting him.

DON Cæsar was much discompos'd, when he her talk of the Loss of that young *Don Ferdinand*, and comparing this Account, with what the Highway-man had said, he grew very uneasy; but being unwilling to interrupt the Damsel, he curb'd himself, and she went on as follows.

EUGENIA for several Years lamented the Loss of her Husband, and Child; she could take no Comfort, but every Thing seem'd to renew her Grief. *Engracia*, my dear *Engracia*, said she to me often, clasping me in her Arms, I may well make much of you, since you are all the Treasure that is left me. But, alas! Fortune seems to delight in robbing me of all I hold dear; and, perhaps, whilst I am fondling of you, she cruelly prepares to deprive me of you. Such tender Words she spoke, and bath'd my Cheeks with her Tears, and tho' I was but an Infant, I grew sensible of her Love and Sorrow; but I did not in those tender Years imagine, that my hard Fate would part me from my unfortunate Mother. My first Years pass'd away in this sorrowful Manner. At last, Time, which mitigates the greatest Afflictions, made *Eugenia's* more Easy, and my Education became her only Care. My natural Disposition, as they said, being such as deserv'd improving, I learnt all those Things that were proper for my Sex. But, above all, my Mother endeavoured to instil into my Heart the Love of Virtue, and to bring me up with that Modesty and Discretion, that becomes a Maid of a noble Family. I never went Abroad without covering my Face very carefully, or sitting back in a Coach so as I might not be seen. Yet all these Precautions did not protect me against the Snares of Love. A Gentleman of Birth, and graceful Presence, saw me upon a publick Festival, and tho' my Face was cover'd with a Veil, yet my Shape and Mien drew his Atten-

Attention. I perceiv'd it, and observ'd that he follow'd us after the Service was done, I did not think fit to tell my Mother, who was with me, or acquaint her with the Discovery I had made; and therefore, there being no Way to give the Gentlemen the Slip, or disappoint his Curiosity, he soon knew who I was. That was enough to make him resolve to follow me. From that Time he never ceas'd watching me, nor did he let pass any Opportunity of making his Intentions known to me. If I appear'd at the Window, I was sure to see him in the Street; and when I went Abroad, I never fail'd of meeting him. Yet, notwithstanding all his Endeavours, I took such Care, that for a long Time he never saw my Face, and I fancied he would grow weary at last; but he was far enough from it. He pursu'd me so incessantly, that at length he had the Opportunity of seeing me; and this was at a Play. He seated himself very near me, and in such a Manner, that I could not without Affectation hinder him looking on me, or forbear seeing him. I perceived how eagerly he view'd me, tho' my Face was still cover'd, and methinks I could discern in him a Desire to please me. I must confess, this Thought made me take the more Notice of him. I lik'd his Mien, and whether I was too busy, or that I did not take care enough of myself, my Veil flew open, and he saw my Face for a Moment. Whether he counterfeited, or whether it was real Sympathy, he seem'd to be surpris'd, concern'd and transported. I took a private Satisfaction in it, but gave him no Opportunity to perceive it. He had gone too far to be deterr'd by any Difficulties, and tho' he had seen me but a Moment, yet my Picture remain'd so deeply imprinted in his Soul, that he redoubled his Vigilance and his Courtship. The Spies he had employed to observe me, having informed him, that

I was to be at the Wedding of a Friend of mine, he found Ways to get Admittance to it. I being a Guest formally invited, had dress'd myself to the best Advantage to grace the Ceremony, and had no Veil to hide me from the Eyes of my importunate Lover. He had Leisure enough to view me at his Pleasure. He seem'd to be all transported. He was amaz'd, or, if I may so say, enchanted with my Sight. My Dress doubtless added much to his Astonishment; but, however it was, my Mother at that Time was not with me, being then indispos'd. The Gentleman laying hold of this Opportunity, ventured to speak to me, whilst the Rest were dancing. He declared his Love in the most passionate Manner. Tho' I was convinced of the Truth of what he said, yet I pretended to look upon it all as meer Gallantry. One that took me out to dance, parted us. The Gentleman tried all Ways to renew his Discourse, but I prevented him. Another Day meeting me mask'd at the *Carnaval*, he came up close to me. I endeavoured to put him off, but he gave me to understand he knew me. Then I began to be plain, and was very severe upon him; but whether I did it with an Air that betrayed me, or whether he was too far gone to be daunted, all I could say signified nothing, or rather my hard Usage only served to carry on the Discourse, which at length proved my Ruin. What Woman can promise herself to hold out always against a Man she does not dislike? When she hears him, she pities him; when she pities, her Heart is engag'd, and this Return is not far from Love. In short, I yielded to his Constancy, and the Fierceness of his Love. I found his Expressions were too tender to proceed from less Sufferings than he described. However, tho' I felt some Kindness for him, yet I fled with as much Cruelty in outward Appearance, as I felt real Compassion in my Heart. I made him despair, and perplex'd

perplex'd him more than if I had really hated him. But Alas! He was not the only Sufferer by my counterfeit Cruelty; I endured as much as he, and revenged him on myself. At last I thought fit to come to some Resolution, and either to put an End to his Sufferings, or render them desperate. I enquired into his Quality and Reputation, and understood that his Name was *Don Christopher de Luna*, that he was handsome, without valuing himself upon it; a Man of Courage, and beloved by all Persons of Worth. I began to use him better, and allowed him to write to me, and to appear under my Windows at Night. In fine, after several private Conferences, we promis'd one another Marriage. Our Impatience to be so happily united, made us agree, that he should be admitted one Night into my Chamber, there to take the most suitable Measures for our Design, and to contrive to bring *Don James*, my Uncle, over to our Party, thinking it necessary to secure him, before we spoke to my Mother. But, alas! What a dismal Night it prov'd! How can I think of it without dying for Grief?

HERE the beautiful *Engracia* was forc'd to make a full Stop. Sighs choak'd her Words, and Streams of Tears ran down her Cheeks; which made her Audience conclude, that something extraordinary happened that Night. They repeated their Tenders of Service, and so far prevail'd, that, after having dried her Tears, she went on in this Manner.

THE fatal Night we had pitch'd upon being come, my Lover hastened by his Impatience, came to the Rendezvous before the Time. I was at my Window, I saw him, and went down to tell him he was come too soon; that I still heard a Noise in the House, and my Mother was not gone to Bed. *Don Christopher* went away to wait the Hour in another Street. An Hour after, supposing by the Stilness that

every Body was a Bed, I went down, and open'd the Street Door. *Don Christopher* came in that Moment; I took him by the Hand, and having led him into the House, left him at the Stair-foot, going up myself before, to see whether all was clear; but I bid him follow me, and stop at the Top of the Stairs. I went into my Chamber to light a Candle; but the Weather being damp, my Tinder would not take Fire, and I was almost a Quarter of an Hour before I could light it. When I had done, I went back to the Stairs, to light *Don Christopher* into my Apartment; but the Candle went out before I had gone half Way. However, I went on, calling him softly to lead him in. He answered not; I was amaz'd, and still call'd in the dark, till stumbling at something, I fell down, and laid my Hand upon it, and it seem'd to me like a Man lying on the Ground, and his Cloaths very wet. I fancied it was some Servant that was got drunk, and had fallen a-sleep in that Place. However, it startled me, and I went back into my Chamber to light my Candle. You may consider what a fright I was in, when I found my Hand all bloody. I was so distracted, that, forgetting myself, I went out with my Candle; but, Good God! What a Condition was I in, when drawing near that Body which put me into such a Fright, I spied the unfortunate *Don Christopher* wallowing in his Blood, pale, and dead. O Heavens, what a Sight was this for a Lover to behold! I let fall the Candle, which went out upon the Ground. A deadly Shivering seiz'd me. All my Senses fail'd me, and I dropp'd down upon that insensible bloody Body. I lay some Time in a Swoon, and if I may so say, as dead as my Lover. At length, coming to myself, I began to reflect on that dismal Adventure, to which Night seem'd to add more Terror. I form'd all the dismal Ideas that such a Fright could

could suggest. I took a full View of all my ill Fortune ; but amidst this Confusion of tormenting Thoughts, I could not imagine how, or by whom *Don Christopher* had been thus murdered. However, I fixed upon one Thought. I fancied my Kindred, and perhaps my Mother, having got Intelligence of our Assignment, and concluding my Honour was lost, had committed this Outrage to punish my Lover's Presumption. This Notion soon fill'd me with many more. I guess'd, that the same Penalty, which had been inflicted on *Don Christopher*, would, perhaps, fall upon me, if I did not speedily prevent it. How powerful is the Love of Life over weak Souls, since it could make me forget my Duty to myself, and to *Don Christopher*. The fear of Death made me resolve to go beg a Sanctuary. And, thinking that Delay still made the Danger the greater, I hasted back to light my Candle, I put up all my Jewels, and some Money I had got together, and went out of the House. Notwithstanding the Darknes of the Night, I made my way into one of the Suburbs of the Town. I knock'd at a Door, where I saw a Light, which was the House of a poor Woman, whose Name was *Paula*, and who told me her Husband was then Abroad. She not knowing me, I told her I was a Stranger, whom Misfortunes oblig'd to lie conceal'd, and that I came to her for shelter, supposing no Body would look for me there. She received me kindly enough ; but whatever she could say to assure me of her Secrecy, I would not trust her. My Tears moving her, she us'd all her Endeavours to comfort me. I know not whether she heard of the Search my Family made after me ; but she took no Notice of it to me. I durst not ask any Questions, for fear of causing a Jealousy ; and perceiving she was of a covetous Temper, I began to fear she might betray me in

Hopes of a good Reward. This Apprehension troubled me, but yet that was not my greatest Concern. Five Weeks were past, and I was very uneasy that I could not know what had happened at Home after I came away; what Construction my Mother did put upon my Flight, and, in short, what had been *Don Christopher's* Fate, whom my Love sometimes conceited living, tho' I had so much Cause to believe him dead. This Curiosity tormenting me, I could no longer withstand my Impatience to be satisfied, but resolv'd to go to *Madrid* to my Uncle *Don James*. I was willing to believe, that if I confess'd my Fault to him ingenuously, I should prevail upon his good Nature to grant me his Protection. I acquainted *Paula* with my Design, and made her such Promises, as prevail'd with her to bear me Company. To conclude what remains in a few Words, when I had got these poor Cloaths you see, that I might be the less observed, *Paula* and I set out this Morning from *Alcala* a foot, for I would not buy or hire a Litter, or Mules for fear of Discovery. But as soon as ever we came near this Wood, where you found me, I was seiz'd by seven or eight Men. At first I thought they had been Persons employed by the Magistrates, or my own Family to secure me. The wicked Woman that bore me Company so well counterfeited a Surprise and Fear, that she confirmed me in that Belief; but it was not long before I discovered my Mistake. The Robbers beset me, and whilst some of them search'd me, others, after gazing leudly on me, had the impudence to handle me indecently- I pierc'd the Air with my cries, and call'd upon all that might protect me to defend my Honour. Then the wicked *Paula*, whom I had not before mistrusted, fearing lest my cries might be heard by any of the Officers of the holy Brotherhood, threw off her Mask, and endea-

endeavour'd to stop my Mouth with her Hands, and her Handkerchief. She egg'd on the Robbers to search me more narrowly, and told them where she had observed I had hid my Gold and Jewels, when Heaven, that protects Innocence, brought you to my Relief. This is, Gentlemen, what you desir'd to hear, and what I would not have told you, were I not so deeply indebted to you both, for which I can make no other Return, but by reposing an entire Confidence in you.

C H A P. VI.

Which gives an Account who Don Cæsar was.

AS soon as *Engracia* had concluded her Story, *Don Cæsar* spoke first, and said, Madam, tho' you do not know me, I am more deeply concerned in your Misfortunes than you imagine. I am particularly acquainted with *Don Christopher*, and I do assure you he is not dead; nay, he is perfectly recovered of his Wounds; but I must tell you at the same Time, that the same *Don Christopher*, who on so many Accounts ow'd you an eternal Love, is a false Man, and unjust to you. Let not this News discompose you, beautiful *Engracia*, I take your Misfortune upon me, and your Wrong is done to me. You shall know the Reason another Time. In the mean while, assure yourself, I will lose my Life before I will suffer *Don Christopher* to marry any Woman but you. *Engracia* was much surpris'd to hear *Don Cæsar*, who at once comforted, and added to her Sorrow, by acquainting her with *Don Christopher's* Recovery, and his Infidelity. On the other Side, she could not imagine how *Don Cæsar* should

should come to be concern'd in her Misfortune, or why he so passionately espous'd her Quarrel. Whilst she labour'd under these confus'd Thoughts, and was preparing to Answer *Don Caesar*, an old Gentleman passing by, stopp'd short to view *Don Quixote*. However, tho' he was amaz'd to see the Knight, his Astonishment was much greater, when *Engracia* knowing him, threw herself off the Ass, and running to him with all Speed, clasp'd one of his Knees, saying, O my dear Uncle *Don James*; I implore your Goodness! I cannot doubt, after what has happened, but you are incens'd against me. But notwithstanding all outward Appearances, which seem to condemn me, I dare assure you I rather deserve your Pity, than your Anger, for my Misfortune is greater than my Offence. This said, she wept so bitterly, that her two Protectors could not but pity her. But *Don James* looking on her angrily answered. Do not think, base Woman, to impose upon my Credulity. Who can think, you Innocent, when your own Flight, and *Don Christopher's* Wounds, are your Accusers? Then *Don Caesar* thinking, that *Engracia's* Virtue stood in need of his Assistance to be fully clear'd, said to the old Man, You will wonder, *Don James*, that a Stranger, who has nothing about him to recommend him to you, should undertake to vouch for your Niece's Virtue; and you shall think it still stranger, when I tell you, that I never knew *Engracia* before this Day. Nay, I am satisfied that seeing me with her, you rather look upon me as accessary to her Offence, than as a Protector and Witness of her Innocence, But be pleas'd to suspend your Judgment, and assure yourself, that I am so far from designing to wrong your Honour; that it is my Duty as much as yours to maintain it, since I have all the Reason in the World to believe I am your Nephew.

My

My Nephew. replied *Don James* in Amaze, and looking upon *Don Cæsar* as an Impostor, I wonder at your boldness to pretend to be of my Family, when I have never seen you. Take Notice, I have no Relations but what I know, and that I never had any other Nephew, but my Brother *Don Ferdinand's* Son. And what if I should tell you, replied *Don Cæsar*, that I am the young *Don Ferdinand*, whose Loss you and the vertuous *Eugenia* have so much lamented, and should bring you Proofs of it? These Proofs, answered the old Man, will not be equivalent to the Testimony of twenty Years, which assure us he is dead. Should we have been so long without hearing any News of him, if he had been alive? That very Ignorance, said *Don Cæsar*, makes his Death the more dubious. Were it certain, some Circumstances of it might have been known: But, Sir, I would not have you rely upon what I say. Do but believe that wounded Robber we are carrying to *Torresva*. When you have heard what he has now told us, and shall be satisfied that I was brought up in my Infancy by that *Mary Ximenez* he talks of, you will then, perhaps, think my Conjecture likely enough to deserve to be further enquir'd into. Then *Don Cæsar* told him all that the Highway-man had said. This Account amaz'd *Don James*, who then looking earnestly upon the young Gentleman, felt his very Bowels began to earn towards him; but being resolved to have more convincing Proofs, he said to *Don Cæsar*, I must confess, young Gentleman unknown, that a Voice within speaks in your Behalf, and that in you I find my Brother's Air and Features. Yet give me Leave still to doubt of one Particular, which I heartily desire to be convinc'd of, when we shall see *Mary Ximenez*. This said, he made his Niece mount *Sancho's* Ass again, and went along with the

Rest

Rest towards *Torresva*, to get more certain Information of *Don Cæsar's* Birth.

As soon as they came to the Villiage, they put the Robber into the best Bed in the Inn; then a Surgeon search'd the Wound, and finding it very dangerous, ordered all to clear the Room, and leave the Man to take some rest. In the mean while, *Don Cæsar* paid and dismis'd the Peafants, and *Don James* enquir'd of the Host for *Mary Ximenez*. The Inn-Keeper told him, that Woman had liv'd in Affliction for ten Years, because she had not in all that Time heard of her only Son. Are you sure, said *Don James*, that *Mary Ximenez*, is the true Mother of that Son, whose Loss she laments. I have not liv'd long enough in the Village, answered the Host, to be able to give you an Account of that; but if it any way concerns you, I'll send for *Mary Ximenez*, and have her brought hither. I shall thank you for so doing, replied *Don James*, go to her, and tell her, there is a wounded Person in your House, who would speak to her about a Matter of great Moment, which will be to her Satisfaction. The Host ran to the Country-woman's House, and because what he had said did not clear the Truth, the old Gentleman was pleas'd that he had not been too forward in crediting the Robber's Relation; but whilst he was thus dubious, *Mary Ximenez* came into the Room, where all the Company was, except *Don Cæsar*, whom the old Gentleman caus'd to withdraw, not thinking fit that the Country-woman should see him before she had been confronted with the Robber, thinking he might thus discover what he sought after the better. The Woman was so pale, and spent with Grief, that it would grieve one to see her. She look'd all about, but not seeing what she look'd for, it increas'd her Sorrow. Good Woman said *Don James* to her, pray come along with me

me into the next Room ; there you will see a Man whom, perhaps, you may know. The poor Woman was mov'd at these Words, and followed the old Gentleman without speaking one Word. When she was in the Robber's Chamber, they led her to the Bed, and as soon as ever she beheld the wounded Man, tho' it was so long since she saw him, her Heart fail'd her, and she wept so bitterly, that *Don James* look'd upon it as a good Omen. At last directing her Discourse to the Robber, she said sighing, O you are certainly come to demand of me the Child you trusted me with twenty two Years ago. But, alas ! Fortune has cruelly depriv'd me of him, and I shall lament his Death all my Days. Good Woman, said *Don James*, do not afflict yourself, we do not come to demand him of you, but to bring you News of him, and to requite you for the Care you took of his Education. You shall see one, who is more concern'd in it than we. This said, he ordered *Don Cæsar's* Man to call in his Master, who stood listening at the Door, and only waited to be call'd. *Mary Ximenez* was surpris'd at his Sight, and cried out, O my Son ! Her Joy was so excessive, that she could say no more. She turn'd pale, and fainted away in the Arms of *Don James* and *Don Cæsar*, who ran in to hold her. *Don Cæsar* was much mov'd at his Nurse's Concern for him, *Engracia* wept, and the old Gentleman relented. They all made haste to bring her to herself ; and as soon as it was done, she clasp'd her Arms about *Don Cæsar's* Neck, and hugging him closely, cried, O my Son, how many Tears have I shed for you ! Mother, replied the Gentleman, kissing her lovingly, compose yourself, I beseech you, for my Sake. I fear this Disorder may be prejudicial to you. In short *Mary Ximenez* growing more calm after the first Transports, confirm'd all that the Robber

ber had said; and *Don James* no longer doubting but *Don Cæsar* was his Nephew *Don Ferdinand*, was full of Joy. He drew near the young Man, and said, My dear *Don Ferdinand*, I neither can nor ought any longer to oppose Nature and Reason, I own you as my Nephew, and my Brother's Son. This said, he embraced, and expressed all possible Kindness for him. *Engracia* was no less pleasingly surpris'd, to find in her Deliverer, a Brother worthy her Affection, and both of them gave each other Testimonies of their Love.

DON Quixote and his Squire were very attentive to this extraordinary Passage, which they admir'd in Silence. The Knight looking upon it as an Effect of Chivalry, applauded himself for having taken to a Profession so beneficial to Mankind, and so fruitful in Wonders, *Sancho* took so much Part in the Affairs of all Parties that the Tears stood in his Eyes. However, *Don James*, after he had given way to all the Transports of Joy, which Nature could inspire, thought it requisite to make a further Enquiry to clear the Honour of his Family. He ask'd his Nephew, What certainty he had, that nothing scandalous had pass'd between *Engracia* and *Don Christopher*, since he had never known her before that Day? To remove all your Doubts, answered *Don Cæsar*, I must inform you, that for some Time I was *Don Christopher's* best Friend, that he conceal'd nothing from me, and that he entrusted me with Secrets relating to my Sister, which I have no Cause to be ashamed of. If you mistrust what I say, I will further tell you what I have of my own Knowledge concerning the sad Accident, which was the Cause of *Engracia's* Flight, and will acquaint you with such Circumstances as no Man knows. In the mean while, you may rely upon me. If that be not enough, *Don James*, said *Don Quixote*,

Quixote, and that you stand in Need of a Knight Errant's Testimony to satisfy you. I am ready to Answer for the beautiful *Engracia's* Honour, and to Challenge all Knights that shall dare to maintain, she had any dishonourable Affection for *Don Christopher*. *Don James* was strangely surpris'd to hear *Don Quixote* talk at that rate, having at first been sufficiently amaz'd at his Mien and Garb, but the finding of his Niece and Nephew, had wholly taken him off from that Object. *Don Ferdinand* perceiving his Amazement, told him the Knight's Name, and how much his Sister and he were beholding to him, This Account serv'd but to encrease *Don James's* Astonishment; for, till then, he had look'd upon that renowned Person's History, the first Part whereof he had read, as a Piece of the *Arab Bene-geli's* Wit, rather than as true Adventures. Yet, notwithstanding his Gravity, he lov'd to make himself Sport, and was glad to meet with the real Hero those Annals treated of. It is true, He made less Account of his Testimony, than of *Don Ferdinand's*; however, he thought himself oblig'd to make the Knight think otherwise, and to seem to give all the Honour of the Adventure to him, and therefore turning to him, he said, Great *Don Quixote*, that you may be sensible how much I regard the Word of a Knight Errant, so renowned as yourself, I am willing for your sake to restore *Engracia* to my Favour and Friendship. This said, he embraced his Niece, assuring her of his good Offices with her Mother. Then making hast to be gone, he said to *Don Ferdinand*, Two Things make me impatient to be at *Alcala*. The one is the desire of comforting your Mother, by carrying her such pleasing News; and the other *Engracia's* Concerns; for I have been inform'd; that the false *Don Christopher*, is within these two Days to marry *Donna Anna de Montoya*.

Montoya. It is true, that Marriage is concerting, answer'd *Don Ferdinand*, but it is not yet concluded on, and, I hope, *Don Christopher*, when he is convinced of my Sister's Innocence, will do her Justice; or, if he does not, he shall give me Satisfaction. *Engracia* could not hear that Marriage mentioned without being much concerned; but she saw her Uncle and her Brother, so set upon opposing it, that she could not but hope they would break it off; and she had been less troubled, had she known all the Reasons her Brother had to cross it. They hir'd a Mule for *Mary Ximenez*, *Don James* and *Don Ferdinand*, resolving to carry her to *Eugenia*, to be rewarded, as she deserved. When they were ready to set out, they desir'd the Knight and his Lady to bear them Company, being willing to give their Friends at *Alcala* some Diversion. But the Knight said. He was sorry he could not grant their Request, being oblig'd to repair speedily to *Madrid*, upon Business of great Consequence; but to make some amends, he promis'd to go visit them at his Return. They were satisfied with his Promise, and set out for *Alcala*. *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, and *Zenobia*, continued their Journey towards *Madrid*. The Highway-man was left in the Inn, where he died of his Wounds two Days after. And thus says our *Arab*, he disprov'd the Astrologers, who by his Stars foretold, he was to die of a Suffocation in the Throat.

C H A P. VII.

Of Don Quixote's Arrival at Madrid, and the Scuffle he had in the Prado.

OUR Knight and his Companions were too full of this Adventure to pass it over in Silence. Is not this very wonderful, said *Don Quixote*? A Damsel falls into the Hands of Robbers, and a Gentleman, who knows her not, comes in accidentally, and saves her Life and Honour. She tells him her Story, as if it did not concern him, and at last, by her Discourse, he is inform'd she is his own Sister. O wonderful Accident! There is no Question but that such Things occur in Knight-Erranty, as are not usual in the common Course of Life; and therefore it is, doubtless, that the noblest Adventures of ancient Knights Errant are at present look'd upon as Fables. How do you mean, Fables, cry'd *Sancho*, I dare take my Oath, that all that has happened to us is true. You did Wonders in the Fight, and run the Robber through the Back, and at a Time, when he least thought of it; and whoever says the contrary, lyes. What a Comfort will it be to *Eugenia*, quoth *Don Quixote*, to see her Two Children! What Thanks will she return to Heaven. I don't question it, said the Squire. Methinks, I see her hug first one, and then the other; then this again, and then that once more. In short, I fancy I see her pull out great Handfuls of Gold and Silver out of her Cupboard, and give them to *Mary Ximenez*, who pockets it up, as well pleas'd as I was, when I put up *Cardenio's* Crown-pieces in *Sierra Morena*. I'll warrant her, *Eugenia* will be ready to throw the House out at the Windows. There will be nothing but Feasting and Merry-

Merry-making in her House. The Duce take me, Sir, it is a considerable Loss to us that we did not follow *Don James*. We should have been treated like Archbishops, and I dare answer for it, that the Princess *Zenobia* would desire no better. They held on this Discourse till they came in Sight of *Madrid*. Then *Don Quixote* calling a new Cause, said to his Squire, At length, *Sancho*, you see *Madrid*, the happy Residence of our Kings, the most famous Town in *Spain*; but I know not whether I ought to enter into it, till I have signaliz'd myself by some notable Exploit. For the most renowned Knights Errant, before they would enter the Cities, where Emperors kept their Courts, always perform'd some glorious Action, the Fame whereof went before them to the Palace, and dispos'd the Emperor, Empress and *Infanta* to give them a more favourable Reception. *Rosclair* did not enter *Constantinople*, till he had slain the Giant *Mandrake*; and the Knight of the *Rich-Figure* would not go into *Persopolis*, till he had finish'd the Adventure of the Unhappy Bridge. I wish there were such another Bridge here, defended by four valiant Knights, and two dreadful Giants. God deliver us, Sir, cry'd the Squire, we should never get over the Bridge without broken Bones. And in short, this Day's Combat is enough to carry you not only into *Madrid*, but into *Rome*, if you had a Mind to it, and I assure you, the Pope would be satisfied with it. You are in the Right, *Sancho*, replied the Knight, and I believe my last Combat is enough to gain me a favourable Reception from King, the Queen, and *Infanta*. I must own, the Action had been more glorious, if I had fought Knights; but we are not to chuse our Adventures, my Friend, but to take them as Fortune throws them in our Way. So let us say no more

more of it, but make hast into the Town. This said, he clapt Spurs to *Rocinante*; *Barbara* and *Sancho* did the like, and thus they soon came to *St. Jerom's Meadow*, commonly called *El Prado*.

O Mirror of Knights Errant, cries the *Arabian Author* in this Place! Incomparable *Don Quixote*, give Thanks to Heaven that has brought you to this Place. You are here talk'd of, more than ever the Knight of *Basilisks* was in *Babylon*. Your unheard-of Exploits are here in Print, and every Body reads them with so much Admiration, that they can scarce believe any Mortal was able to perform them. Appear your self in Person to justifie them. Shew your self. Make it appear that you are no imaginary Hero. Nothing but your Presence can make out the Truth of your Heroic Actions. The Sun was set, and consequently People were walking in the *Prado*; for the Pleasantness of the Place, and the many Assignations made in it, draws abundance of People to it every Night. *Don Quixote* put on a stern Countenance, holding his Lance in one Hand, and his Buckler in the other. As soon as he appeared, all that saw him stood amaz'd at his strange Figure, and ask'd one another, what it could mean: But not being able to satisfy themselves, they drew near to view him the better. His Mien and his Device seem'd so ridiculous, that they could not forbear laughing. O my God, said a merry Fellow, there's a genteel Knight. I'll lay a Wager it is the Knight of the *Rich-Figure*, who conducted the *Infanta Aurora* to the *Sultan* of *Babylon*. No, cried another, I'll lay it is the Knight of the Chariot, who comes to defend the *Scythian Princess's* Beauty. Our Adventurer hearing what the two Men said, halted, and said to them very gravely, Gentlemen, if you would know my Name, you may ask it of my Squire, who

who follows me. That Account belongs to him. By the Lord, cried one of the Lookers-on, this must certainly be that *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whose History was lately printed in this Town. I know him by his Horse. Right, said another, for that is a perfect *Rocinante*. Besides, here is *Sancho* and his Ass, and this Damsel that hides her Face, is certainly the famous *Dulcinea del Toboso*. Gentlemen, quoth *Sancho*, you are in the Right, as far as regards *Rocinante*, my Master *Don Quixote*, my Dapple, and my self. We are the very same, God be prais'd, and here we are all four before you in Soul and Body: But as for Madam *Dulcinea*, she is at this Time at *Toboso*, and perhaps, a filling a Pair of Panniers with Dung in her Father's Stable; and if so, beshrew the Squires that carry her any Love-Letters. She has play'd the Devil with us so long, till we have e'en left her to herself, and we had rather the Devil had taken her, than that we had made, I will not say an *Infanta*, but so much as a plain Countess of her. As for the Lady on the Mule, it is Queen *Zenobia*, whom an Enchanter has converted into a Tripe-woman, *Barbara* took care to keep her Face cover'd all this while, and though all the Company desir'd her to unveil, she was too modest to grant their Request. Beautiful Princess, said a Gentleman waggishly, be pleas'd to let us see your Lillies and Roses. Let your fair Hands, though but for one Moment, remove the Veil, which hides your Charms. Gentlemen, quoth *Don Quixote*, pray be satisfied without desiring Queen *Zenobia* to unveil. She is still enchanted, and you can make but an ill Judgment of her Beauty at present. These Words only serv'd to heighten the Spectators Curiosity. They so earnestly intreated the Knight to prevail with the Queen to discover herself, that at
last

last he turn'd to her, and said, Madam, I join with these Gentlemen, to beg you will suffer your Face to be seen. Perhaps, you may not appear so beautiful to them, as you do to me, who see you as you really are; but I protest your Beauty is matchless, and they may rely upon my Word: *Barbara*, fearing the Spectators would rather believe their own Eyes, than the Knight, had no Mind to discover herself. She stood out a long Time; but was forc'd at last to submit, and expose her scarified Countenance. All that beheld her, burst out a laughing, shrugg'd their Shoulders, and some young Fellows had the Presumption to speak disrespectfully of the Tripe-woman. Among the rest, a Gentleman of *Galicia*, lifting up his Hands, cry'd out, Bless us, what a Princess! She is like an old Mule I have in my Stable, as one Egg is like another. It is easie to imagine what Effect these Words had on *Don Quixote*; his Eyes sparkled with Fury, and brandishing his Lance in a dreadful Manner, he said to the *Galician*, Stay, rash Man, and I will chastize thy Insolence. I here challenge thee to single Combat, and at the same Time I challenge all those that have insulted Queen *Zenobia*, who, I do maintain, surpasses in Beauty the Princess *Materosa*, and even King *Olivier's* Daughter. All the whole Company burst out a laughing at these Words, and the *Galician*, being a jocose Fellow, he answer'd *Don Quixote*, Sir Knight, though you are in Armour up to your Chin, and mounted on a haughty Courser, more lofty than that of *Alexander the Great*, I will not refuse your Challenge. I will fight you with only my Sword, as I am a-foot and unarm'd, and defend the Beauty of my Mule, which I would not give for your *Zenobia*. Since you are a-foot and unarm'd, replied *Don Quixote*, it is but reason that

I alight, and lay by my Armour; for Knights are not to take any Advantage in Fight. This said, he alighted. *Sancho* did the like, and running to disarm his Master, said, You were wishing for an Adventure before you came to the Court, and I think you have met with one. Go to, defend the Princess *Zenobia's* Beauty bravely, and make that Scoundrel Knight own, that she is handsomer than his Mule. If you have the ill Fate to be overcome, I may very well fight him after you, in Defence of my Dapple, which I do maintain to be handsomer than his Mule, though she were more beautiful than Master *Valentine's* Mare, which is reckon'd at *Ateca* the fattest Beast belonging to the Chapter. *Don Quixote* was so far from taking any Advantage, that he stripp'd to his very Shirt and Drawers, to remove all Cause of Suspicion. Some sober Persons seeing the Knight was preparing for the Combat in good Earnest, endeavour'd to dissuade the *Galician*, telling him, that such Jest is for the most part end in Earnest; but the *Galician*, relying on his Strength and Skill, laugh'd at what they said, and drawing one of the longest Swords that ever *Spaniard* wore, stood upon his Guard, stretching such a Distance from his Left Foot to the Point of his Sword, that they were at least two Fathom asunder. *Don Quixote* in the same Manner drew his dreadful Sword, and they made a thousand Sparks of Fire fly in a Moment from their furious Blades. The *Galician*, when he had a while try'd his Adversary's Skill, with a Jerk threw his Sword over his Head, and dropping his own, clos'd with him, took him by the Collar, and shook him so furiously, and with so much ease, that the ancient Poets would have compar'd *Don Quixote*, in that Condition, to a Shrub that plays in the Wind. The Knight was sensible he had





had not the feeble Defender of *Mambrino's* Helmet to deal with; and the Dread of being vanquish'd before *Queen Zenobia*, put him into such a Rage, as is not to be express'd. He rally'd all his Strength, and gave the *Galician* such a terrible Blow under the Ear with his Gantlet, which he had forgot to take off, that he laid him flat on the Ground, senseless, and much hurt. Every Body was concern'd; but the *Galician* having, by his Indiscretion, brought this Misfortune upon himself, his Friends could not think themselves oblig'd to revenge his Quarrel upon a Mad-man, and therefore only thought of taking care of him. As soon as *Sancho* saw the *Galician* down, he cried out with great Joy, Courage, Master *Don Quixote*, follow the Laws of Chivalry to the utmost. Take up your Sword, and thrust it down that Knight's Throat, if he refuses to own, that *Madam Zenobia* is more beautiful than his Mule. The Knight approv'd of the Advice, laid hold of his Sword, and made towards the *Galician*; but several came in and held him, telling him, He ought to be satisfied, that he had overthrown the best Knight in *Galicia*. Let him then confess, said *Don Quixote*, that all the World cannot Match *Queen Zenobia's* Beauty. He shall own it another Time, said one of the Company; for, by my Troth, at this Time, he is not in a Condition to confess his Sins. Well, cry'd *Sancho*, then let him say, he owns himself conquer'd. Methinks that is not very hard to be said. *Don Quixote* would fain have had the *Galician* own his Defeat; but at length, overcome by Reason, he look'd upon his Combat as a perfect Victory, and went away to put on his Cloaths and Armour. Whilst he was fixing himself, two of *Don Alvaro Tarfe's* Pages happen'd to come into the *Prado*, and knowing the Knight, drew near to salute him. *Don Quixote*

and *Sancho* received them with smiling Countenances, and enquired after *Don Alvaro*. *Don Carlos* and he, said one of the Pages, have been here some Days, and expect you with Impatience. I am very desirous to embrace them both, answered *Don Quixote*. That you may soon do, replied the Page, for, if you please, we will conduct you to *Don Alvaro's* Lodgings. These Words made *Sancho* leap for Joy; he was full of the Thoughts of Pleasure and good Eating, and as soon as his Master was arm'd, they followed the Pages, with *Queen Zenobia*, leaving the *Galician* among his Friends, who took care to carry him Home, and see him dress'd.

C H A P VIII.

How Don Alvaro and Don Carlos received the Knight, and his Princess; and how Sancho rejoic'd, when he saw his little bandy-legg'd Cook again.

IT was dark, as the History tells us, when our Adventurers came to *Don Alvaro's* Lodgings, which was the Reason the People had not the Satisfaction of seeing him. They did not find the *Granadine* at Home; but, however, his Servants receiv'd them kindly; and whilst one of the Pages went to give him an Account of their Coming, the Steward conducted them into a good Apartment. *Sancho*, when he had seen the Beasts into the Stable, went directly to the Kitchen, where he had enough to do to embrace all his Friends. But as soon as he spy'd the little bandy-legg'd Cook,

Cook, that dear Friend above the rest, he ran to him with open Arms, and kissing both his Cheeks in a Rapture, said, O! my dear little Bandy, how glad am I to see you once more before I die; for, to deal ingenuously, I love you almost as well as I do my Dapple. I shall never forget the good Bits you gave me at *Zaragoza*. You gave me the Carcases of Turkies, and such Leavings of Sauce, as had been fit for an Emperor; and I remember, at Night you would give me a sort of Wine to drink, which was sweeter than Honey: Hang me, if I could not feel it warm at my Heart all Night. Let me die, if that be not rare Wine for one's Health. Friend *Sancho*, answer'd the Cook, this Country Wine is better still than that at *Zaragoza*. I can't believe that, replied the Squire, nor shall any Man persuade me to it, till I have tasted it. Well then, quoth Bandy, you must drink immediately. I am sure you'll be of my Opinion. So much the better, said *Sancho*, and you may be satisfied in my Judgment, for I am not enchanted for Wine, as I am for Things that relate to Knight Errantry. What is that, *Sancho*, cried one of the Pages, have the Enchanters put some Trick upon you since you left *Zaragoza*? That's a good one, quoth *Sancho*, do we ever escape a Day without some Knavery being put upon us by them? I find you don't know them. If they miss doing us a Mischief an Hour, they think they have been too kind to us. In short, all I can tell you is, that they have so bewitch'd my Sight, that I see every Thing quite contrary to what my Master does. They impose upon me every Moment, and it is not above two Days since they made me take the Prince of *Cordova's* Garter for a Mules Crupper. The Servants would needs know that Adventure, which *Sancho* very freely told them; but he made several

Halts; for the Cook having brought some Wine, made him wet his Lips every now and then.

AT length *Don Alvaro* came Home, with *Don Carlos*, and a young Earl, who was to be the latter's Brother-in-Law. They went up to *Don Quixote's* Apartment, and found him talking with *Barbara* and the Steward of the Household. The Knight embrac'd the *Granadine* and *Don Carlos*, and presented *Hackt-Face* to them, saying, Gentlemen, behold here the Great Queen of the *Amazons*, the Princess *Zenobia*, whom good Fortune cast into my Way, and whose Beauty I now come to defend publicly in the Court of *Spain*. The Princess's Face suited so little with what the Knight said, that the Gentlemen had enough to do to hold their Countenances. However, they did, and *Tarfe* made *Don Quixote* this Answer, Sir Knight, you have done me the greatest Honour in taking up your Lodging in my House with that Queen, whose Merit must be very extraordinary, since you undertake to protect her; but though the Value you put upon her were not Commendation enough, a Man needs but look upon her to give a near Guess at what she is. She has such a Physiognomy as soon makes her known, and I can assure you, that the more I look on her, the worthier I judge her fit for the great Enterprize you have undertaken for her Sake. Then the *Granadine* and *Don Carlos* presented the Earl to the Knight, and acquainted him that was the young Lord the Princess *Trebafina* was design'd for, and that they were to be married out of hand. This was enough to put *Don Quixote* upon making the Earl a long Harangue, who on his side muster'd up all the common Places in Rhetoric he could think of to answer the Knight. *Don Carlos* and *Tarfe* took that Opportunity to talk to *Barbara* apart. Madam Queen *Zenobia*, said
Don

Don Alvaro to her, do us the Favour as to tell us what Country-woman, and who you are. Gentlemen, replied open-hearted *Barbara*, you may believe me if you please; I swear to you I am none of Queen *Zenobia*. I am but a poor Woman of *Alcala*, who live by my Labour, and my honest Trade of a Tripe-woman. My Name is *Barbara Villalobos*, a Name left me by a Grandmother that was very fond of me. My Life has been all Ups and Downs, like the Land in *Galicia*. I am now old, but I know the Time when I was young, and I have been as much made of as another. I am now good for nothing, but to dress Meat; for I can make a Soup, and fry Tripe with any Body, and I defy any Body to season Sauce better than I can. However, a Scholar of *Alcala* made me sell all my Goods, drew me out of *Alcala*, carried me into a Wood, ty'd me to a Tree in my Smock, and then ran away with all my Money and Cloaths. By good Luck, *Don Quixote*, on whom Heaven has bestow'd more Charity than Sense, passing by, heard my Cries, and unbound me, calling me Queen *Zenobia*. I told him I was no such, but he would not believe me, and he bought me a Mule, and these Cloaths you see. In short, when we came to *Alcala*, I begg'd of him to leave me there; but I could not prevail, and was forc'd to come along with him. He has promis'd to give me fifty Ducats, when he has defended my Beauty at Court. I am come to be as good as my Word, and when he has perform'd his, I'll return to my own Country, where I'll set up my Shop again, an't please the Lord, and let me die if ever I trust a Scholar again, though he promis'd me the Philosopher's Stone.

AT this Time *Sancho* came into the Room, and being in a merry Humour, cry'd, A good Day to

you, Gentlemen, I wish you a good Stomach, and a merry Heart, which two Things will keep you in Health, as Master *Nicholas*, our Barber, says. O! my Friend *Sancho*, said *Don Alvaro*, giving him his Hand, I am very glad to see you again in Health and good Humour. God reward you, answered the Squire, and bless you, and make you merry. And don't you know me, my dear *Sancho*, said *Don Carlos*, or am I not of the Number of your Friends. Excuse me, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, making up to him, I must kiss your Hands too, with your Leave, tho' sometimes Men kiss those Hands they could wish cut off. O Heavens! quoth *Don Carlos*, what is that you say? What have I done to you, that you should wish me so much Harm? By my troth, I beg your Pardon, answered the Squire. That Proverb slipt from me, before I thought of it. Just so I us'd to let them fly last Year. As fast as they came up, I us'd to spit them out, and the Dog of the *Arab* that writ our History, has not left out one of them. He has done like one that sells Small-Nuts, who throws in Good and Bad to fill up the Measure the sooner. Therefore, let me tell you, *Don Carlos*, I do not wish to see your Hands cut off; I had rather see them full of that delicate white Meat, and of those Force-Meat-Balls you know of. By *Jove*, I can never think of them, but my Mouth waters. The *Granadine* perceiving, that *Don Quixote* was not pleas'd to hear his Squire talk so, broke off the Discourse, and said to the Knight, *Don Quixote*, the great Concern we have for all that relates to you, and that tends to the Glory of Knight Errantry, makes us very desirous to know what Adventures you have met with since you left *Zaragoza*. *Don Tarse*, quoth the Squire, it is my Business to tell you all that, as I am Squire to my Master *Don Quixote*,

Quixote. Well then, *Sancho*, replied *Don Alvaro*, give us a true Relation. The Squire complied, he began at the Scuffle he had with *Bracamonte* the Soldier, and ended with the Combat of the *Galician*. The three Gentlemen were mightily pleas'd, but above all with the Adventure of the Players, and the Batchelor's Ceremony for Disenchanting of *Sancho*. *Don Carlos*, and the *Granadine*, were extremely delighted; for *Barbara*, who sat between them whispered to 'em all the Circumstances *Sancho* forgot, or did not know. Supper Time drew on, and the Gentleman-Sewer came to tell them all was ready. Then the three Gentlemen, *Don Quixote*, and *Zenobia*, went into another large Room, where they sat down to Table, and *Sancho* returned into the Kitchen, where, whilst he supped, he was obliged to repeat all his Master's Exploits.

THE grave Knight of *la Mancha*, whose Head always ran on his mighty Projects, asked the Gentlemen, Whether *Bramarbas* was at *Madrid*? He is not yet come, answer'd *Don Carlos*, he is gone to *Cyprus*, to carry several young Damsels, he has stole, to his *Seraglio*; but he will soon be here, before we dream of him; for the wise *Silfenus* favours him; and will transport him hither in the Twinkling of an Eye. On my Word, that Giant is a great Ravisher of Maidens, and I assure you, that I should be much afraid of my Sister, if *Don Quixote* were not here, and I could not but fear as much for the Earl that is present; for you know, Gentlemen, how he designs to use the Earls and Barons of this Court. Let not that Trouble you, said *Don Quixote*. Marry your Sister, and let the Earl fear nothing; I'll protect him, and will Answer he shall have a numerous Issue. The Earl

could not forbear Laughing at the Prediction ; but tho' he thought himself able to make it good, yet he omitted not to return him Thanks for his Protection. Then *Don Quixote* told them of the Combat he was to have with the Prince of *Cordova*, and at last after Supper, the Discourse changing to Queen *Zenobia*, *Don Carlos*, and the Earl, told *Don Quixote*, they highly approved of his Design of maintaining that Princess's Beauty, for she well deserved it. But the *Granadine*, being somewhat nicer in Points of Knight Errantry, said, Gentlemen, I am not of your Opinion ; I do not altogether approve of *Don Quixote's* Resolution. I wonder he will assert the Beauty of a Lady he is not in Love with. Can the Knight of *la Mancha* think of doing any Thing that is contrary to the Rules of Knight Errantry, which he has always so strictly observed ? *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, replied *Don Quixote*, I own, I have not rightly considered that Affair ; and yet I think, I shall not in it do any Thing blame worthy, or unprecedented. Nay, I must say, answered the *Granadine*, I Question whether you can find any Examples of that Nature among the Ancients. We know that others have bore Princesses Company, whom they have disenchantred, or delivered from some mighty Danger, as you do ; they showed them about the World, restored them to their Parents, or re-installed them in their Rights, but they never went about to maintain their Beauty. Pox of the Devil, that is quite another Story, cried *Don Carlos*, it is a very nice Point ; but what looks to me most irregular in the whole Matter, is that a Lady's Beauty should be asserted by a Knight, whose Name, and Device, reflect on the Fair Sex. I grant, answer'd *Don Quixote*, that my Name of
The

The Loveless Knight seems opposite to my Design; but my Intention reconciles those Contradictions, I only maintain the Princess is beautiful, because being enchanted she seems deformed. I will have Justice done her Beauty, in Spight of her Enchantment. This is all I aim at, and consequently I perform an Act of Justice, and not of Love. Take heed *Don Quixote*, replied *Don Alvaro*; take heed, you do not impose upon yourself. Our severe Grand-children will not make that Distinction, but will flatly condemn your Proceeding. Then he must not be guilty of it, said the Earl, *Don Quixote* ought not to do any Thing that may bear a double Construction, for no Man ought to take more Care than he, to be in favour with Posterity. Let us consider of some *Medium*. Do ye thing it were amiss for him to change his Name, and make choice of another *Dulcinea*? For my part, I must make bold to own, that I look upon his Contempt of Ladies, as a great Fault; and I cannot conceive how he dares to continue without a Mistress; and especially he, who, as his History informs us, us'd to say last Year, That a Knight without a Lady, was like a Body without a Soul; and that it were better to be in Love with an imaginary Object, than not to Love at all. *Don Quixote*, not knowing what Answer to make to such convincing Reasons, fell into a deep Study. *Don Alvaro*, seeing he was put to a *Non-plus*, said, Gentlemen, enough for this Time. Let us give *Don Quixote* Time to consider this Point seriously. He has a sound Judgment, and will know how to chuse that which shall be most for his Glory. Let us consider, he has gained two Victories this Day, and must needs want Rest, as well as Queen *Zenobia*. This said, he called

60 *The HISTORY of*

to his Servants, and whilst *Barbara* was conducted into a Chamber altogether inaccessible to Coachmen, he himself conveyed *Don Quixote* to another, leaving a Page to undress and disarm him, *Sancho* being still in the Kitchen. *Don Carlos* went away with his Brother-in-law, at whose House he and his Sister were entertained.

The End of the Fourth Book.



THE



THE
HISTORY
OF
DON QUIXOTE
De la Mancha.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER I.

Of the weighty Considerations that perplex'd Don Quixote: Of the Resolution he came to for the sake of his Honour; and, of the Discourse he had with his Squire upon that Subject.



WHEN the Page had disarm'd the Knight, he went out of the Room, and shut the Door after him, as his Master had order'd. *Don Quixote*, being perplexed with the Difficulties those Gentlemen had started, was glad to be alone, as wanting an Opportunity to consult with himself what was best

to be done, and therefore went to Bed to confider on it with more Eafe. Good God! Said he, tumbling from fide to fide, is it poffible I may not be allow'd to maintain a Lady's Beauty without being in Love. Let us call to mind the Actions of the moft famous Knights Errant; and let us fee whether what I think to do was not done before. This faid, he called over all the Adventures of the two *Amadis's*, of *Efpalandian*, of *Palmerin of England*, and of *Palmerin de Oliva*; and not finding what he fought for in thofe Books, he run over the Mirror of Chivalry, *Don Belianis of Greece*, *Tirante the White*, *Aquilant the Black*, *Don Florismarte of Hircania*, and *Don Olivante de Laura*. But, alafs! the poor Knight laboured in vain, and he perceived he could not maintain the Queen of the *Amazons* Beauty, without doing a Thing never heard of in Knight Errantry. Well then, cried he, what is it you are about, unhappy innovator? Will you, who never transgress'd the leaft Rule of your Profession, give yourfelf the Lie? Perhaps, you imagine your Fame will juftify your Fault, or, at leaft, that Pofterity, aftonifhed at your mighty Feats, will forgive it; but do not deceive yourfelf, the bafe Actions *Alexander the Great* did in Heat of Wine or Paftion, are not yet forgot. Heroes muft not deceive themfelves, they muft not think the Glory of their Laurels will ferve to fhroud their Failings. If their Faults efcape the Cenfure of one Age, another will follow that may expofe them to the whole World. I muft obferve the Laws of Knight Errantry inviolably, if I defign to tranfmit my Fame, pure and untainted to Pofterity. On the other hand, muft I abandon the Queen to her ill Fortune! Shall I leave her in the wretched Condition ſhe now is? Shall I grant the Malice of Enchanters that Satisfaction? No, it is better I change my Device,
and

and that I fall in Love with this same Peerless Princess. It shall be so, and certainly Heaven as inspir'd this Thought into me, for a Blessing to my Life, and for the Glory of my Memory. O! thou beautiful *Dulcinea del Toboso*, first sovereign Lady of my Soul, who now seest me submit myself Captive again, do not complain of me. I had still been thine, hadst not thou obliged me to shake off thy Yoke. The Hero of *la Mancha* having thus resolved to become the most humble Slave to the rare Perfections of Queen *Zenobia*, spent the rest of the Night in forming Projects worthy both of the Person belov'd, and of the Lover.

WHEN it was Day, *Sancho*, being impatient to see his Master again, came into the Room, saying: Up, *Don Quixote*, up. Knights Errant are very lazy to Day. You went to Bed last Night with the Hens, and they have skimm'd the Pots by this Time; come, get up. Are you not weary of sleeping so long? You upbraid me without Reason, Friend *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*. I have not slept one Wink all this Night. Perhaps, you eat too much Supper last Night, quoth the Squire. I am like you, for when I have eaten two or three Pounds more than ordinary, I do not Sleep so well as at other Times. Glutton, cried *Don Quixote*, do you think that every Body eats unreasonably, as you do. You need not wonder, I could not lay my Eyes together all this Night. True Knights Errant are not born to Rest. Their Nicety touching the Duties and Decencies of Chivalry always finds them some Matter of Disquiet. You saw me justly provok'd by *Dulcinea's* Scorn, resolutely break my Chains, and revolting from the Ladies, fiercely take the Name of *The Loveless Knight*; now you see me quite otherwise dispos'd. I will again offer Incense on the Altars of that irresistible God, who, as
the

the Poets say, dips the Points of his Arrows in Gall. That is to say, *Sancho*, I will love; for, besides that I am of a very gentle Disposition, I am of Opinion, that a Mistress is so essential a Part of a Knt. Errant, that I much fear I shall be blamed for all the Time I have not been in Love. I'll not swear for it, said the Squire; for we ought not to swear at all, and the World often condemns that which it ought to praise. Mr. *Curate* is much found fault with for making his Sermons too long, and yet he is never above two Hours in the Pulpit. But pray tell me, Sir, who is the Lady you are resolved to Love? Where is she? She is in this Palace, answered *Don Quixote*, and is Queen *Zenobia*. Out upon it, replied *Sancho*, abruptly, what do you think to do with Madam *Barbara Zenobia*? What! I'll warrant you would call upon her in your Battles. Pox take me, an excellent confounded Invocation. I would as soon call upon *Antichrist*. Take my Advice for once, Sir, let us shake of that Gipsy. Let the Scholar that ran away with her Money become her Knight, if he will; it is his Business, and none of ours, since he has got the Child, let him rock it. It is a strange Thing, answered *Don Quixote*, that you cannot beat it into your Head, that Queen *Zenobia* is enchanted. I have told you a hundred Times, that tho' to you she seems frightful, yet she is certainly the most beautiful Princess in the World. Remember this Block-head, and do not give me the Trouble of repeating it to you again. I am in the Wrong, Sir, I am in the Wrong, quoth the Squire, a Plague on it, I always mind my own Way of seeing, without thinking of yours. See what it is to have an ill Habit; but, Patience, sure after all I shall mend, or it will not be in my Power: I have made Choice, as I tell you replied the Knight, of the Queen of the *Ama-*
zons,

zons, for my Sovereign Lady. All I fear is, lest she be deeply in Love with *Hiperborean* of the *Floating-Islands*, my Rival. That is likely enough, answered *Sancho*, for the Princess is a Lady, that will exchange Commodities with any one that pleases, that will stroke down a Chin very dexterously, and drink Bumpers — But I'll say no more; for you will be sure to tell me I did not see what I have seen; that my Eyes are enchanted, and the rest of that usual Story. However, God knows the Truth of all Things. But to return to that *Hiperborean* of the Island you talk of, if the Queen's Ladyship is in Love with him, you must not take her for your Mistress; you had better send her to those Islands. It is not certain she is in Love with *Hiperborean*, replied *Don Quixote*; but tho' I knew it for certain, that would not hinder me loving her. The Laws of Knight Errantry do not forbid me loving a Lady, who is before engaged to another Knight. And tho' I tell you, I fear *Hiperborean* is beloved, do not think that Fear is any Trouble to me. I rather look upon it as a Satisfaction, since it gives me an excellent Subject to complain. The Knight, who has no Rival, never tastes of the Sweets of Love. If he is satisfied of his good Fortune, his Life is too much of a Piece. Hope and Despair ought to distract him by Turns; Jealousy, Fear and Restlessness must continually disturb his Repose. Nay, it is good he should sometimes think his Lady hates him, that this Thought may rouse him up to perform immortal Actions. Being very nice, I must own it, I should be sorry to enjoy Queen *Zenobia's* Heart peaceably. I have before me a perfect Idea of what she will make me endure, and I warn you, that when you hear me sigh and groan, you do not indiscreetly come to interrupt me, under Pretence of comforting of me; for you must understand there

66 *The HISTORY of*

is a Secret Pleasure in the fiercest Pains of Love, which makes them pleasing. I do not Question but *Amadis de Gaule* found a thousand Sweets in the rigid Pennance he perform'd on the poor Rock, and I can assure you my Soul was plung'd in Joy, when I gave all those dangerous Skips in *Sierra Morena*. Amorous Pains have abundance of Charms for those Knights who know how to Love. One while I will take a Lute from thy Hands, and playing on it more harmoniously than *Orpheus* did, I'll sing to it so sweetly, as shall ravish the King and all his Court; and composing an hundred Verses *Ex tempore*, I will express Anguish and secret Pains so cunningly, that none, but my Princess, shall understand one Word. Another while, when I am Sad, Jealous, and in Despair, I will leave the Palace at Night, to retire into a thick Wood, whence I will send forth a Plaintiff Voice. I will tell the Trees and Ecchos, that I am the most unfortunate of created Beings, since my Ingrate, more beautiful than *Helen*, prefers another Knight before me. Then will I make the Woods ring with my Complaints, calling upon Death to relieve me. Then will I lay myself on the Grass, and giving way to my deadly Grief, will shed so many Tears, and breathe out so many Sighs, till I faint away. In short, I shall be ready to give up the Ghost, when the pityful *Aurora*, having heard my doleful cries at the Bottom of the Waves, shall hasten to open the Sky-lights of Day, and come to call me to Life. Then shall I start up nimbly, and discover one of the valiantest Knights in the World, who comes in Quest of me, and who hearing of my Name, shall come from the farthest Part of *Tartary* to fight me. I shall overcome him with much Difficulty, and shall then return to the Palace, covered with Blood and Wounds. Ah! *Sancho*, what a Pleasure is this for

for an amorous Knight! What a Happiness! By my Faith, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, if it be so great a Happiness for a Knight to despair, and not to be belov'd by his Lady, there was no Need of forsaking Madam *Dulcinea*. She hated you as she did the Devil, and she'd have given you Cause enough to hang yourself at last. I would not have left her, answered *Don Quixote*, tho' she repaid all my Services with Cruelty; but she plainly made me see she despis'd me; and you must understand, my Son, that Contempt provokes a Knight, and consequently extinguishes his Passion; whereas Cruelty being no Affront or Provocation, he must be constant even to Insensibility. *Perianeus* of *Persia*, that perfect Model of unfortunate Lovers, had never lov'd *Floribella* so constantly, had she despis'd him; but tho' she mortally hated that Prince, she was so far from despising him, that she sometimes pitied his unhappy Love, which paid him with Interest for all his Sufferings. But, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, methinks now you are in Love with Madam *Zenobia*, the Name of *The Loveless Knight* does not at all become you. No sure, answered *Don Quixote*, I must change my Name and Device, and I will consider of it this Moment. Hold a little, Sir, replied the Squire; as I gave you the Name of *The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect* last Year, so will I endeavour to find another for you now. This said, he was silent, and began to study, scratching his Head. *Don Quixote*, was not idle; but tho' he was quicker than any other at that sort of Thoughts, yet *Sancho* was too quick for him, and cried, by St. *Crispin*, I have hit the Nail on the Head. God take me, if a Man has but a good Memory, he may invent what he pleases. I have found one of the bravest Names for a Knight that e're was hatch'd. You must call yourself, *The Knight of the Robbers*, in Remembrance of him
you

you ran thro' the Back. I don't like that Name, said *Don Quixote*. I will have one that may express the Sentiments of my Heart. You have not succeeded this Time so well as you did the last, tho' you have taken more Pains about it. I wonder how you could hit it off hand last Year so exactly. This makes me think, that most curious Inventions, most extraordinary Discoveries, and most surprizing Thoughts in Authors, are rather meer Flights and accidental Productions, than the Work of much Study and Labour. Well then, Sir, answered the Squire, call yourself, *The Knight of the Enchanted Lady*, since *Madam Zenobia* is so. On my Conscience, that is a rare Name to be found off hand; is it not? That is not amiss, replied *Don Quixote*; but I have a wonderful Fancy come into my Head, and which I think I must follow. I will cause *Queen Zenobia* to be painted on my Buckler, holding out one of her delicate Hands to me, which I shall lovingly kiss, and several little *Cupids* shall appear, some skipping about her, and others binding me in Chains. As for my Name, I will take it from my Buckler, according to the usual Practice of Knights Errant, and will be called, *The Knight of the Cupids*. A Name I like the better, because it will make some Amends for that I bear at Present. For Goodness Sake, quoth *Sancho*, where do you meet with all that Stuff? You must needs be a great Scholar to find out such a Device. By my Troth, I defy all the Friars in *Rome* and *Constantinople*, to find out a better.

CHAPTER II.

Which contains as much Humour as any of the Rest.

WHILST the Squire was extolling his Master's Device, *Don Alvaro* came into the Room. Dear *Tarfe*, cried *Don Quixote*, going forward to meet him, how infinitely am I oblig'd to you? Had it not been for you, I had transgress'd the Laws of Knight Errantry, and laid an eternal Blemish upon my Reputation; but, God be prais'd, it is now out of Danger, and in Compliance to our sacred Rules, I am resolv'd to love the Queen of the *Amazons*. My Name and my Device will no longer offend your nice Taste, for from hence forward I will be call'd, *The Knight of the Cupids*. Then he told him, how he would cause himself to be painted on his Buckler, with Queen *Zenobia*, which the *Granadine* highly approv'd of. I am overjoyed, said he to the Knight, that you are in Love, and that you have made so good a Choice. But, *Don Quixote*, added he, will not you go immediately to wait on Queen *Zenobia*, to let her know your Mind? I shall take care how I do that, answered the Knight; a regular and discreet Knight must not discover his Love so soon. The gallant *Don Brianel* of *Macedon* did not declare his Love, till he had placed his Mistress on the Throne of *Antioch*. And therefore I will conceal my Passion, till I have disenchanted my Princess, and caus'd her to be crown'd Queen of the Island of *Cyprus*. Yet in the mean while, I may do all that belongs to an amorous Knight. I will this Moment change my Name and Device. You are in the Right, answer'd *Don Alvaro*, and a Painter must be sent for out of hand.

Then

Then he called one of his Pages, and bid him in his Ear go bring the next Painter he could meet with. Whilst he was given his Orders, *Don Carlos*, the Earl, and another Gentleman, came in. *Don Alvaro*, said the Earl to the *Granadine*; *Don Carlos* and I have brought *Don Peter de Luna* with us, and come to dine with you; but upon Condition, that the Great *Don Quixote* and his Peerless Lady, will be pleas'd to sup with me to Night, where there are several fine Ladies v̄ery impatient to see them. The Knight having accepted of the Invitation, *Don Carlos* said, I was very well satisfied, that *Don Quixote*, would not deny Ladies that Favour; for tho' he will be call'd, *The Loveless Knight*, yet he is nevertheless the most accomplish'd Knight in the World. *Don Carlos*, quoth *Sancho*, interrupting him, with your Leave, my Master is no longer *The Loveless Knight*; he is now call'd, *The Knight of the Cupids*, for he is in Love with Madam *Zenobia*. *Don Quixote* confirmed what his Squire said, and whilst *Don Carlos* and the Earl were congratulating him upon that Account, the Page that was sent to call the Painter, returned. Well, have you found a Painter, said his Master? I have, Sir, answer'd the Page, and I can assure you he is the best Master in *Spain* at drawing after the Life. Such a one we would have, quoth *Don Alvaro*, bid him come up. The Painter, who was instructed by the Page, and had Wit enough for a Dauber, came up, and when he had saluted the Company, said Gentlemen, What is your Will with me? Sir, quoth *Don Alvaro*, you must now exert the utmost of your Art; for you are now to paint the matchless *Don Quixote, de la Mancha*, who is here present, and his Peerless Mistress, who will soon appear. Gentlemen, answered the Painter, you know it does not look well in a Man to praise himself, and therefore I will not extol

tol my Skill; but only I must tell you, that I draw like *Michael Angelo*, and that I paint like *Titian*, and have all *Raphael's* Graces. I will use my utmost Endeavours to be called for the future. The Hero of *la Mancha's Apelles*. Gentlemen, said the Count, *Don Quixote* is fallen into good Hands. I am acquainted with this famous Painter, and can assure you his Skill is not inferior to his Modesty. He has such a wonderful quick Hand, that I undertake, in three Hours Time he will paint *Don Quixote* and Queen *Zenobia*, with all their Adventures, which is no small Piece of Work. That's most certain, quoth the Painter, and you need only put me upon the Trial whensoever you please. *Don Quixote*, said *Don Alvaro*, you know these Great Men have no Time to lose; we must send to desire Queen *Zenobia* to come into this Room, which is fitter for the Purpose than her's. Well, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, go see whether it be Day with the Queen, and tell her an excellent Painter expects her here. Yes, yes, Sir, answered the Squire; I know where she lies, and I'll go fetch her to rights. Accordingly he went, and knock'd at the Chamber-Door, crying, Soho, Madam *Zenobia*, awake, if you please. The Princess, who had not spent the Night like her Lover, was then getting up. She knew the Squire by his Voice, and opening the Door, said, My dear Friend *Sancho*, is it you? What Wind blew you hither this Morning? Can I do you any Service? No, I thank God, answered the Squire, I only come to bid you dress yourself quickly, and go down. There is a Painter below that asks for you. A Painter cried *Barbara*, Lord, what would he have with me? There is a great deal of News, answer'd *Sancho*, my Master has invented a new Device, fit for the three Kings of the *East*. He will have you and himself painted on his Buckler, with

with other comical Figuers, and all this, because he fell in Love with you last Night. It is impossible, cried *Barbara*. Yes faith, quoth the Squire, for all your Scar, there is nothing more certain. You would never have thought it, I'll warrant you. You are very fortunate to be Mistress to such an ancient Knight as my Master *Don Quixote*. I' Gad, when the Scholar left you in the Wood, and gave you so many Kicks on the Guts, you did not think it was for your Good. To tell you the Truth, *Sancho*, replied the Tripe-woman, I cannot believe all that you say. Had your Master fallen in Love with me last Night, he would have come himself and told me so. Oh! you are out there, quoth *Sancho*, Knights Errant don't do like other Men; they don't discover their Secrets so soon. Before they come to that they must play on the Lute, they must sing, they must weep their Belly full, and must despair in the Woods; and, in short, they begin by Pennance, which is quite contrary with others. But I will tell you no more; for my Master *Don Quixote* will not have you know that he is in Love with you as yet; and since Squires are not to tell what relates to their Masters, I am glad I only let slip a Word by the by. Dress yourself quickly, and follow me down.

WHEN *Barbara* was dress'd, she went down, and the Squire conducted her into the Room where the Company was. Gentlemen said he, here I bring you Queen *Zenobia* ready saddled and bridled. *Don Quixote* did not hear these Words, for he had just then done acquainting the Painter with his Design. When every Body had saluted the Princess, the Painter looking on her, seemed so surpris'd, that our Knight perceived it, and said to him, Master Painter. I perceive you are astonish'd that you cannot discover that divine Beauty in the Queen, which I described to you. But you must understand, this
Princess

Princess is enchanted, and consequently not in her natural Shape. And therefore I desire you to paint her not as she now appears, but as she will be after her Disenchantment. If you would draw a Picture extraordinary like her, you need only add to *Venus's* Beauty the Majesty and lofty Air of *Pallas*, and then you cannot miss. Never fear it, quoth the Painter, I'll do it nicely. We draw such Pictures every Day. It is very rare that we draw the Ladies as they are. Queen *Zenobia*, said *Don Quixote*, does not need to be flattered; and if you don't believe me, ask *Don Alvaro*, who being dubb'd a Knight, has the Privilege, as well as I, of seeing the Queen as she really is. On the Word of a Knight Errant, replied the *Granadine*, that is a beautiful Princess. Her Hair, which looks half Black, half Grey, is the most beautiful bright Fair in the World. That wrinkled Fore-head is as smooth as Glass. That Scar looks like a Rainbow, and, in short, all her Face is a Wonder of Nature. Happy a thousand Times the Knight who shall have the Pleasure to die for Love, when he sees her lovely little Foot. Nay, as for her little Foot, quoth *Sancho*, in Troth I will never allow of that. I have seen the Princess's Foot, and I don't think the Great *Turk* has such another. I grant you, answered *Don Alvaro*, that the Queen may have a very great Foot, but it must be observed, that she an *Amazon*, and not so tenderly bred as other Princesses are. She is an *Infanta*, enur'd to the most laborious Exercises, and, in short, a Heroine, bred in the *Corps de Garde*, and in the Camp. Besides, said *Don Carlos*, that is rather a Perfection than a Fault; for there are local Beauties, and I have been told, that great Feet are in as much Request in *Cappadocia*, as little ones are in *Spain*. That may very well be, quoth the Painter, for Nations differ in Fancy; but to return to

Queen *Zenobia*, I must tell you the Truth, that being no Knight Errant she looks to me most dreadfully. Yet I must allow, that even under that Deformity, methinks I see something that is curious, but it is so little, that it is scarce worth the speaking of. *Barbara*, a little concerned at all this Discourse, could not forbear shewing her Simplicity, and said, Gentlemen, I know I am now old and ugly, but I was not always so. I once had no grey Hair, nor Scar on my Face, and in my younger Days, as simply as I look here, I have received as many *Bille doux* as a Lady Abbess. But every one that would could not come at me. I was so reserv'd, that of about fifty Scholars that courted me, I turn'd off almost half. This made all the Gentlemen burst out a laughing; but *Don Quixote*, putting on a double Shew of Gravity, said, Pray Gentlemen, take notice that the Queen is disorder'd in her Intellects, and that it is an Enchanter that makes her talk so. Master Painter, added he, can you fall to Work immediately? I can Sir, reply'd the Painter, I have all Things ready; but if you would have me draw a Picture very like, Queen *Zenobia* must be pleas'd to withdraw, for the Sight of her would spoil all. Only my fancy must furnish me with Features. Well Gentlemen, said *Don Alvaro*, let us leave the Painter to his Work here, and let us go down to Dinner, for I believe it is ready. Then they all went out, and the Painter having *Don Quixote's* Buckler brought him, fell to Work.

C H A P. III.

Which ought to be read without Prejudice.

AT Dinner the Gentlemen discours'd of our Knight's great Adventures, whereupon the Earl, as it were astonish'd, cry'd out, O Gentlemen! What a wonderful Story will this be to after Ages: With what Amazement will they read the incredible Account of such heroick Actions? Provided some wise Enchanter, a Friend to *Don Quixote*, delivers them more faithfully than the *Arab Cid Hamet Benengeli* has done. That Author, said *Don Quixote*, is my mortal Enemy, and his Work a whole Series of Falshoods. Why, have you read it, quoth *Don Carlos*? I have seen it, answer'd the Knight, but I did not vouchsafe to read it all out. It is true, said the Earl, he ridicules most of your Actions. Sometimes he makes you take Mills for Giants, and sometimes Flocks of Sheep for Armies. In short, according to him, you are a meer Whim, and, if a Man may credit him, there never were any Enchanters, nor Knights Errant in the World, whatever the *Palmerins*, and the *Amadis* can say to the contrary. That shews, answer'd *Don Quixote*, that he is an Author of no Credit, who regards nothing, tho' never so sacred, since he does not regard such authentick Books. That it is I can never forgive him, said the Earl; but laying that aside, and allowing his Work to be no better than a comical Romance, I can assure you it is very diverting. Nay, I look upon it to be a Master-piece in its Kind. I cannot allow that, said *Don Pedro de Luna*. I have found several Faults in it; for I am unhappy, that I cannot read without making

my Reflections; and that is the Reason I cannot laugh, as others do at several Things, that are not coherent, or judicious. As for your part, answer'd the Earl, I know you do not like those sort of Books. You only delight in serious Works. So far from it, reply'd *Don Pedro*, that I am very fond of good Raillery, and nothing displeases me more, than the serious Discourses I frequently meet with in that Book, and, for the most part, nothing to the Purpose. I admire the Diversity of Tasts, said the Earl, and I know some, who like none, but those very Passages in the Book. I am not of their Opinion, quoth *Don Pedro*. I would not have a comical Romance full of idle Dissertations, and serious moral Reflections. *Benengeli*, with his Leave, sets up too much for a Politician. He does not at all apprehend tiring the Reader's Patience. For Instance, when he makes *Don Quixote* talk for an Hour together of the Use of Arms and Letters, what is all that to the Purpose? How tedious it is. A meer Run of Rhetorick, scarce fit to credit a Scholar. However, said the Earl, that very Book is now all the Diversion of the Town and Court. That does not save it, quoth *Don Pedro*, from being full of Faults in point of Judgment, of contradictory Adventures, and of Defects in Nature or Probability. I will convince you of it whenever you please. You will oblige me answer'd the Earl; for I must confess I have not observ'd any Absurdity in it. For my part, said *Don Carlos*, I read it since I came to *Madrid*, but I was so wholly taken up with the base Reflections I found in it upon *Don Quixote*, that I did not mind any of the rest. I have read it too, quoth *Don Alvaro*, and I must own, I made the same Judgment on it as *Don Pedro* has done. Methinks, *Benengeli* makes his Hero too much a moral Philosopher. Besides, he has so little Regard
 for

for Probability, that is, Nature and Reason, that there is scarce an Adventure in the whole Work which has not some Circumstance added to it, that makes it impossible. Besides, I find he is too fond of making Sport, and that he chuses rather to forget his Characters, than to lose the Opportunity of breaking a Jest. This he does in some of his first Chapters, when he makes the Peasant, that carries *Don Quixote* Home, say, *Open the doors to Lord Valdovinos, and to the Lord Marquess of Mantua, who comes very sore wounded and hurt, and to the Lord Moor Abindarraez, whom the valorous,* &c. I don't remember the rest. I must confess, my Memory is bad; for tho' I have read these odd Names several times, I cannot remember them so well as the Peasant, who yet never heard them but once, and that confusely amidst abundance of mad Talk. I think that is well observ'd, said *Don Carlos*, the Peasant ought to have murder'd those Names, which would have no ways lost the Jest, and the Character of a Peasant had been more closely follow'd. The Author commits the same Fault again, quoth *Don Pedro de Luna*, when *Don Quixote* and his Squire discover'd the Fulling-Mills. Then *Sancho* in Raillery repeats Word for Word all his Master said to him the Night before, when he resolv'd to try that dreadful Adventure. Sure the Peasants of *Toboso* must have good Memories. In Troth, quoth *Sancho*, the Dog of an *Arab* ly'd when he said so. How would the Whelp have me repeat a long Speech from one End to the other? How should I do't above all Men, who could not remember one Word of the Letter my Master *Don Quixote* writ in *Sierra Morena* to Madam *Dulcinea del Toboso*; and yet he read it to me several times, that I might have it in my Noddle, in case I happen'd to lose *Gardenio's* Pocket-Book. There Gen-

tlemen, said the Earl, you criticize without Reason. That Place must be taken in the most favourable Sense. And tho' *Benengeli* says, that *Sancho* repeated all his Master spoke Word for Word, it is plain he only meant the Sense of it. That's good, answer'd *Don Pedro*, the Author tells us an unlucky Story, and you would lay the blame on the Readers, as if they were bound to supply his Defects, and to believe he did not mean as he says. But what do I talk of Meaning? Does he not make *Sancho* use the very same Words his Master had done before? Let us not insist on those Trifles. Let us proceed to the Adventures. Hold Gentlemen, said *Don Alvaro*, we must first examine the Chapter, which gives an Account how *Don Quixote* was Knighted. It would not be proper to pass that over in Silence. *Don Quixote* kneels down before the Host, and begs he will Knight him, that he may be capable of seeking Adventures in all Parts of the World, relieving the Distress'd, and punishing wicked Persons, according to the Laws of Knight Errantry. Pray do but observe what Answer the Host makes *Don Quixote*. He commends him for his noble Resolution; says, he once followed that honourable Exercise himself, and to convince him, adds, he has been in several Parts of the World, gallanting Widows, debauching Maidens, imposing on Fools, and, in a Word, doing the Worst he could. Pray, my Lord, are not those Jest's very ill placed there, and wholly nonsensical? And would not such an Account startle a Man so well vers'd in the Laws of Knight Errantry, as *Don Quixote* is, and yet *Don Quixote*, takes no Notice of it. *Benengeli* is an Impostor, answered *Don Quixote*. The *Castelan* that Knighted me said no such Thing, and had he said it, I would never have received the glorious Character of a Knight Errant at his Hands. Since we
 are

are got into that Chapter, said *Don Carlos*, Pray Gentlemen, don't you admire the Temper of the Mule Drivers that were in the Inn? *Don Quixote* wounds Two of their Companions dangerously, and they in Revenge fall a throwing of Stones at him; the Host bids them hold their Hands, telling them he is a Mad-man, and they presently give over. I fancy those People, when once provok'd, do not so easily hearken to Reason. Is it not true, Friend *Sancho*? No truly, *Don Carlos*, answer'd the Squire, you need not break those People's Heads to heat their Blood; I am as well acquainted with those Sparks as any Man, and I can assure you they are very free of their Cudgels.

LET us come to the Adventures, said *Don Pedro*, and to begin with that of the *Biscainer*, I find one Circumstance in it which perplexes me. The Author says, that at the same time *Don Quixote* made at the *Biscainer* with his Arm lifted up, the said *Biscainer* snatch'd a Cushion out of the Coach, and made use of it instead of a Buckler. I must confess I cannot comprehend that. I'll grant it might not be so large as those generally us'd for the Seats of Coaches are, and that it was not made fast with Leather-Straps, as is usual; but still the Ladies are sitting on it; the Coach was full, *Don Quixote* press'd on; now how could he get out the Cushion so soon? I would fain make it out, and endeavour with the Author it should seem possible, but I cannot do it. In the Adventure of the Monks of *St. Benedict*, said *Don Alvaro*, can you perceive how they could tear off *Sancho's* Beard, without leaving one Hair behind. But my Lord here will say, that *Benengeli* design'd to make us laugh, and I must own, that it is a very pleasant Story. You are wonderful at Observation, answer'd the Earl, if you have nothing more material to urge, you may

be sure, that the merry Companions, who laugh at it, will not side with you. Have a little Patience, reply'd the *Granadine*, the Author says, that *Sanchó* was mounted on an Ass, and had no Sword; and in another Place *Don Quixote* bids his Squire be sure not to draw his Sword to assist him, whatever Danger he is in. Is not this a Contradiction? I grant it, quoth the Earl, but these are very poor Objections. Shew me one Adventure that wants the least Probability in the Relation, and which contains any palpable Contradictions, or Absurdities. I will, answer'd *Don Pedro*, it is easy to give you that Satisfaction. For Instance, let us examine the Story of the Galley-Slaves, perhaps, we may there find very great Want of Judgment. *The Chain of Galley-Slaves*, says *Benengeli*, was convoy'd by Four Men, Two on Horseback, and Two a-foot. The Horse-men had Firelocks, and those a-foot had Swords and Half-Pikes. We who are acquainted with the Knight of *La Mancha's* Strength and Valour, must not wonder that he should put these Conductors of the Slaves to Flight; but I admire that the Author, who describes him in old Armour, with a Coat over it, a scurvy Lance, made of the Bough of a Tree in his Hand, a Barber's Bason on his Head, mounted on a very poor Horse, and follow'd only by an unarm'd Peasant, did not take Notice, that in such an Equipage *Don Quixote* was not likely to fright four Men so well arm'd. You are too nice, said the Earl, that Book was not intended to be so strictly examin'd, but only for Diversion. It would be a pity, answer'd *Don Pedro*, to give you a perfect Work to read; and if all the World were like you, it would be needless to take so much Pains to write what is proper and judicious. If you can find nothing else in the Adventure said the Count, to displease you, that is not worth speaking

speaking of. It will not come off so easily, reply'd *Don Pedro*. The Author says, *The Galley-Slaves had Chains about their Necks, and Hand-bolts on their Wrists*; and he add, *That Gines de Passamonte had, over and above all the rest, such a Chain at his Heels, that it was wound about his Body: Two Collars about his Neck, one of them made fast to the Chain, and the other had two Irons fix'd to it, which reach'd down to his Waste, and had two large Hand-bolts to them, secur'd by two heavy Padlocks; so that he could neither lift his Hands to his Mouth, nor bow down his Head to his Hands.* I cannot conceive how those Galley-Slaves could knock off their Chains so soon, and especially *Gines de Passamonte*, who was loaded with so many Irons and Padlocks. I would fain know how such a difficult Matter was so soon perform'd. But *Sancho*, you may inform us, since the Author says it was by your Assistance that *Gines* got loose. Tell us what Art you had, or rather what Miracle you wrought to compass it? What Tools did you make use of? Had you any Files? Files, quoth *Sancho*, by my Troth, if all those Chains must have been fil'd, I should have had Work enough till *Christmas*. I'll be hang'd, if a *Locksmith* with all his Tools, could have done it under a Week. Tell us then how it was, said *Don Pedro*. I'll tell you answer'd the Squire, here before my Master *Don Quixote*, who may disprove me, if I don't speak the Truth. You must understand, that Two of the Galley-Slaves, who were not so fast as the rest, contriving to break loose, whilst my Master attack'd the Commissary, began to throw Stones at the other Guards so thick, and so smartly, that they put them to Flight. Then they stripp'd the Commissary, and taken from him the Keys of all those Padlocks, which he carry'd about him, they let him go after his Companions,

and then we went into *Sierra Morena*, where with the Keys we set loose all the Galley-Slaves. *Sancho* says nothing, but what is very true, said *Don Quixote*. All the Slaves, except those Two he tells you of were deliver'd from their Irons in *Sierro Morena*, and especially *Gines de Passamonte*, whom we had much ado to rid of his Chains, tho' we were Masters of the Keys. The Thing is likely now, reply'd *Don Pedro*, but *Benengeli* tells it after another manner; for first he tells us, the Slaves were fast bound, and then he says, they got loose without shewing us how. There is still another Thing which does not look likely in my Opinion. He says the Galley Slaves gather'd about *Don Quixote*, to listen to a long Speech he made them; and methinks when they were once free, they should have thought of nothing but making their Escape. Do you think that Men, who stood in dread of the Holy Brotherhood, would stand so patiently to hear an Harangue? No Faith, cry'd *Sancho*, but with the *Arab's* leave, he ly'd: I can assure you, they had not the Manners to hear my Master out; for as fast as they were let loose, whip, they fled into the Wood like so many Bucks, so great was the Fear they were in of the Holy Brotherhood. Since we are upon this Adventure, said *Don Alvaro*, and I am so much concern'd for every thing that relates to my Friend *Sancho*, I would fain know of him whether the Galley-Slaves stole his Cloak or not; for *Benengeli* talks *Pro* and *Con*. He says, Friend *Sancho*, that you had made a Wallet of your Cloak, in which you carry'd the Provisions you had taken from the Clergymen that accompany'd the dead Body; which, says he, the Slaves did not mind to steal. And yet afterwards he says, they stole your Cloak. What a Contradiction this is! Pox take him, quoth *Sancho*, what a down-right Knave of an Author is that, to
blow

blow hot and cold all with one Breath. There is no doubt, Gentlemen, but that if the Galley-Slaves had got the least Scent of our Provisions, there had been an End of them; and, Faith, my Cloak is indebted a good Candle to the Church. However, I have it still, in spite of all the *Arabs* that pretend to write Histories, and when I have worn it Ten or Twelve Years longer, I'll send it to my little Daughter *Sancha*, to make her a Wedding-Jerkin. Gentlemen, I grant your Observations are good, said the Earl; yet, after all, you criticize upon Trifles. I grant it, answer'd *Don Alvaro*; but what is it you would have us criticize? Is there any thing in the Book but Trifles? Trifles, reply'd the Earl, I'll maintain it there are very solid Matters. Tho' there were nothing but the Curate's and Barber's Trial of *Don Quixote's* Books, that must be allow'd for a Piece of very pleasant, very nice, and very judicious Criticism. I grant it is pleasant, answer'd *Don Pedro*, but not nice. What nicety is it to say, that one Book is good, and another naught? What is that you say, reply'd the Earl? The Curate criticizes upon every Book, and speaks well or ill of it very pleasantly and judiciously. Right, quoth *Don Pedro*, smiling, and to make good what you say, I remember, that the Barber taking up a Book, and opening it, says, *This is the Mirror of Chivalry. I have the Honour to be acquainted with it*, says the Curate, *and if my Advice may be follow'd, it shall only be condemn'd to perpetual Banishment, because it has something of Boyardo's Invention, from whom the chaste Ariosto, had his. As for that Ariosto, adds the Curate, if I meet with him in any Language, but his own, he must expect no Mercy. To say the Truth, I have a great Esteem for him in his own Language. I have him in Italian*, quoth the Barber, *but I understand him not. So much the better for you,* an-

swers the Curate, *it is ne'er the worse for you.* Is this now the Curate's wonderful Judgment? He thinks *Ariosto* excellent in *Italian*, and yet he congratulates with the Barber for his not understanding him. You see the Curate contradicts himself, and I would not advise you to boast of his Decisions any more. For my part, I make no great Account of him, especially since he is so favourable to *Galatea*. He ought to have condemn'd her to the Flames, if he would be thought an impartial and judicious Critick.

WELL, for all that, Gentlemen, said the Earl, *Benengeli's Don Quixote* is an incomparable Book. All Men of Wit have approv'd of it; and you had best not to make your self singular. I don't question it, answer'd *Don Pedro*, few Men are so judicious, as to own they were in the Wrong, and that they made a false Judgment on a Piece of Wit. That is the Reason why many ancient Authors are still in Vogue; none will disown their first Sentiments. I perceive, quoth the Earl, you read these Books with too much Application, and I'll undertake there is scarce an Adventure in this Book, but what you will find some Fault in. But at least own that the Novels are excellent, and above your Criticizing. I shall not own that, answer'd *Don Pedro*, and you cannot but grant your self, that the Story of the Shepherdes *Marcella* is of a tiresome Length. Yet it has nothing surprizing in it, and all the whole Matter of it is, that the said *Marcella* had many Lovers; that she rejected them all, and that her Cruelty was the Death of the Shepherd *Chrystom*. Every Creature is sensible of the Meanness of that Story. But now you talk of the amorous *Chrystom*, pray let us say something of the fine Verses that were read at his Funeral. What do you think of them, Gentlemen? Have not you
been

been mightily taken with them? O! now you put me in mind of them, cry'd *Don Carlos*, O good God! they are—; but I will not say what they are, since they are under the Earl's Protection. Nay, as for the Verses, reply'd the Earl, I leave them to you. *Benengeli* is a very scurvy Poet, I could ne'er fancy any of his Poetry. But to return to the Novels in *Don Quixote*, that of the *Curious Impertinent*, pleases me well. It is well writ, quoth *Don Pedro*, but is a loose Piece, foisted in, and not to the Purpose. That is true, answer'd the Earl; but you know there are sometimes Digressions in Books, which are better than the Books themselves. No matter for that, said *Don Pedro*, it is a Fault, and *Benengeli* ought to have avoided it, which might easily have been done, without much straining his Brain. As for the Story of the beautiful *Zoraida*, and the Captive Captain, it is too verbose; but that is the Author's Stile. Let us on to that of *Dorothy*. It is that I would be at, quoth the Earl, I defy you to make the least Criticism upon it. There you are mistaken again, reply'd *Don Pedro*, Do but hear me without Prepossession. *Dorothy* tells her Story to the Curate and his Company. She gives them a particular Account of her Misfortunes, in such Words as persuade them she is as full of Affliction as her Condition deserves. And yet for all this, no sooner does the Curate acquaint her, that he designs to disguise the Barber like a Princess, to get *Don Quixote* back to his Village; but she of her own Accord offers to play that Part, assuring him she can do it better than the Barber. I would fain know of you, whether *Dorothy*, under all her Misfortunes, was then fit to act a comical Part. When you would have me excuse the Author for these Errors in Judgment, you put me in mind of those Admirers of ancient Pieces.

If you tell them, methinks this Piece has no good Colouring; they answer, That was not the Master's Talent. Ay but, say you again, this Posture is strain'd, this Figure looks uneasy, this Piece answers two several Lights. It is true, say they, but that is a Liberty they take, the greatest Masters have done the same. Such Pieces as this are not to be consider'd after this manner; we must consider the Connexion, the whole together, and a sort of I know not what to call it, which is altogether Divine. There is no answering what you say, reply'd *Don Alvaro*, and to tell you my Opinion of *Dorothy's* Story, to me it seems almost all of it remote from Probability. I cannot believe, that a young Maid genteely bred, can have the Courage and Resolution to put on Men's Cloaths, and go serve a Peasant in a frightful Mountain; nor can I believe, that *Dorothy* could live three Months with the Peasant, without being discover'd. Tho' her Beauty had not betray'd her, yet she had very long Hair, and a great deal of it; and how could she hide it under her Cap? Nor is this all; we never see any Body talk all alone in a Desert; much less, to talk so loud, as to be heard thirty or forty Paces off. And yet *Dorothy* does all this. She talks by herself in the Wood, and the Curate and his Company, tho' at a great Distance from her, don't lose one Word of all she says. That may pass in heroic Romances, where such Wonders are allow'd of; but not in the Comical, where all the Actions of Life are to be naturally represented. I should ne'er have done, should I go about to tell you all that displeases me in that Story. And what do you think of *Cardenio's*, said the Earl? It has more of Probability, answer'd the *Granadine*. *Cardenio* does nothing but what is possible. You are in the right, quoth *Don Pedro*, his Madness is well contriv'd,
and

and excellently describ'd; but, however, when I find all on a sudden that he is no longer mad, without telling me how he came to his Wits again; that, indeed, is a Wonder I do not understand, I see him run mad as soon as *Don Quixote* talks to him of Romances, and presently after, when he sees the Comedy of the Princess *Micomicona* acted, and bears a Part in it himself, he is not moved at all. Methinks the Author ought to have taken some Notice of this sudden Change; for nothing had happen'd to *Cardenio* to restore him to his right Senses. He had not yet found his *Lucinda*. On the contrary, *Dorothy's* Adventures, the Account whereof he had heard, and which had great Relation to his, should have caus'd a great Commotion in him; and then again, when he sees *Don Ferdinand*, his mortal Enemy, and the Cause of all his Sufferings, should not he in all likelihood fall into his mad Fit? What was it that had so perfectly cur'd him? I cannot imagine why *Benengeli* forgot to give us an Account of that. I am willing to forgive him all the impertinent Circumstances he generally thrusts into the Relation of every Adventure, provided he does not omit those that are necessary. Gentlemen, said the Earl, I am almost persuaded you are in the Right; and perceive that Books without Faults are scarcer than I imagin'd. I protest from this Time forwards, I will read witty Books with more Attention, and will not be so hasty in giving my Approbation of them. The Discourse being ended, they all arose from Table, and went up into the Room where the Painter was. *Sancho* followed *Don Alvaro's* Pages, and went to Dinner with them.

C H A P. IV.

Of Queen Zenobia's Picture, and what set Sancho a Laughing.

THE daubing Painter had not been above two Hours at Work, and yet he had laid about him with his Pencil so lustily, that he had not only painted *Don Quixote* and his *Hackt-Face Lady*, but all the little *Cupids* too. And to say the Truth, it was as curiously done, as if it had been design'd for a Country Sign. All the Figures were Lame. The Knight had one Leg four Times as big as the other; and besides that *Queen Zenobia's* Head stood all a wry, her Nose, Mouth and Chin all met. She was dress'd in her Hair, but after such a Manner, that she look'd exactly like a Fury. The *Cupids* were not quite so ill painted; but they held Links of Saufages and Puddings, knotted at Distances with Lawrel-Leaves in the Shape of Garlands, which the Painter thought became the Tripe-Woman of *Alcala* better than Garlands of Flowers. The *Granadine* and his Company who did not expect to find the Princess's Picture so richly adorn'd, had much ado to hold their Countenances. The Painter himself had as good a mind to laugh as any of them. Gentlemen, said he, I desire you will view my Work nicely; I fancy you will like it. I am amaz'd, answered *Don Carlos*, that you could perform so rarely in so short a Time. You must not wonder at that, replied the Painter; when a Man has so much Liberty of Thought allowed him, the Performance is the least. The boldest and most lively Stroaks are for the most Part the Work of a Moment.

Moment. But Gentlemen, what say you to *Don Quixote*? Do you think I have express'd him with that noble Mien, and that austere Look, for which Men respect, and Ladies love him? You have certainly, answered *Don Carlos*; and indeed, seeing him thus arm'd at all Points, and kneeling before the young and beautiful *Zenobia*, a Man would be apt to take him for the God of War, making humble suit to the Goddess *Citherea*. Gentlemen, quoth *Don Quixote*, let us rather admire the Queen's Picture. How brisk and lively that Colouring looks? What a noble Air there is in that Head? How graceful is that Face? I do not think that among all the Antiquities of *Rome*, there is a Piece of Painting to compare to this, which quite puts down *Raphael's Galatea*, the *Medicis Venus*, and even that of *Titian*. I declare Master Painter, your Pencil has happily express'd all the Beauties and Perfections the Imagination can conceive. Sir, said the Painter, you having assur'd me that Queen *Zenobia* is a Perfect Beauty, I have put together all the Excellencies of ancient Princesses to express her. I have given her *Helen's* Brow, *Penelope's* Nose and Mouth, *Andromache's* Chin, *Angelica's* Eyes, *Nichea's* Complexion, and *Dido's* Neck. By putting all that together, said *Don Quixote*, you have represented the Queen, as she will be, when I have disenchant'd her. God be prais'd, answered the Painter; pray do you look to it, Sir Knight, for if she should happen not to be so beautiful as I have Painted her, take Notice you shall Answer for it yourself, since I took your Word for it; and I declare I wash my Hands of it. Don't you trouble yourself for that, replied *Don Alvaro*, you'll never suffer any Discredit upon that Account. The *Infanta* of the *Amazons*, when disenchant'd, will be still more beautiful than her Picture; for she will then be as charming as she is now frightful.

He

He had no sooner spoke these Words, but in came the Squire of *The Knight of the Cupids*, to whom he said, Come hither, *Sancho*, and tell us what you think of these Pictures. The Squire drew near, and began to gaze on them with all the Eyes he had; but when he had view'd all Parts, the Garlands pleas'd him so well, that he burst out a laughing. Friend *Sancho*, said the Earl, may we know what it is you laugh at so heartily? The Squire made no other Answer, but laugh'd on, holding his Sides as if they would crack. Tell us, thou Brute, quoth *Don Quixote*, what is it thou laughest at so like a Mad-man? Pray, Sir, be not Angry, answered *Sancho*, I can assure you at this Time I neither laugh at you, nor at the Princess. It is at those Fancies the *Cupids* hold in their Hands. The Garlands you mean, said *Don Quixote*. What the Devil is there in them so ridiculous, as to cause such immoderate Laughter. By my Troth, Sir, answered the Squire, there is my plaguy cheating Sight come in Play again. You will never guess at what I see. Faith, the Enchanters are meer Wags; instead of those Garlands you see, they look to me like Black-Puddings and Saufages. These Words made all the Company burst out a laughing. *Sancho, Sancho*, cried *Don Carlos*, put on your Spectacles. Can you take the Garlands of Myrtle and Laurel for Black-Puddings and Saufages? Nay, pray Sir, replied the Squire, when a Man is enchanted, he does not see as he would, I can assure you. If you should tell me they are Garlands never so often, I cannot help it, for my Part I see nothing but Black-Puddings; and Puddings so well Painted, that a Body would think they could speak. Gentlemen, said *Don Quixote*, I am glad you are Witnesses yourselves of this surprising Prodigy. Now let *Benengeli* talk on, and say there are neither Enchanters nor Enchantments.

Is it natural, that what to all us looks like Garlands, should appear quite otherwise to my Squire; all the Gentlemen allowed, that *Don Quixote* was in the Right, and began to make Sport with *Sancho's* Enchantment. The Knight would have had his Portmanteau brought, to give the Dauber some Ducats, but the generous Painter, whom *Don Alvaro* had paid privately, utterly refus'd, and went away, telling *Don Quixote*, That the Honour of having painted the greatest Knight, and most beautiful Princess in the World, was a sufficient Reward for him. When Night drew on, two Coaches were made ready. The Earl and his Brother-in-law went into one Coach, with *Don Quixote* and his Lady; *Don Alvaro*, *Don Pedro*, and *Sancho*, got into the other, and went all to the Earl's House.

C H A P. V.

Of what happen'd at the Earl's House: Of the Coming of the Black Squire: And, of the considerable Conquest Sancho made of the Island of the Force-Meat-Balls.

AS soon as the Earl came Home, he led *Don Quixote*, and *Zenobia*, into his Sister's Apartment, where several Ladies expected them with all the Impatience that is natural to Women, who design to make themselves merry at their Neighbour's Cost. At length, Ladies, said the Earl to them, I have brought you the Hero of *La Mancha*, that great and gallant Knight, of whom you have been told so many Wonders. The Ladies made their profound Obeifance to *Don Quixote*, and received him
in

in the most serious Manner they were able; but when they spied the scarrified Tripe-woman, with her gaudy Cloaths, her irregular Shape, and her hideous Face, they could not possibly withstand an Object so ridiculous. They all burst out a laughing, and set the Gentlemen and Pages into such a violent Fit, that *The Knight of the Cupids*, was not at all pleas'd with the Harmony. It scandaliz'd him very much, and tho' he profess'd himself the Ladies Servant, I cannot tell but he might have laid aside the profound Respect he bore them, if *Don Carlos*, who was apprehensive of it, had not wisely said to him, *Don Quixote*, you see these fair Ladies have not been inform'd that Queen *Zenobia* is enchanted; and they make their Judgment of the outward Appearance. The Ladies hearing these Words, put on serious Countenances, and made their Excuse to the Knight, who told them, that the next Day he intended to begin to maintain the Queen of the *Amazon's* Beauty, against all the Knights of the Court. But pray, Sir Knight, said one of the Ladies, had you not better stay till the Princess is disenchant'd? Methinks she would be then in a better Condition to make good the Assertion? No, Madam, answered *Don Quixote*; for after her Disenchantment, she will appear so full of all sorts of Perfections, that no Knight will presume to set his Mistress against her: The Sight of her, like that of the beautiful *Nichea*, will overcome Sense and Reason, and I shall not then have the Satisfaction of fighting for her Beauty, which I can assure you is a very poignant Pleasure. And therefore I lay hold of the Opportunity, whilst Queen *Zenobia* is in such a Condition, as does not rob me of the Hopes of finding some Knight, that will combat with me. Nay, by my Troth, cried *Sancho*, let those Knights come before us. My Master *Don Quixote* will, by down-
right

right dint of Cuffs with his Gantlet, make them all own, that Madam *Zenobia*, out-strips all the Court Ladies, as well as the Mules. This sudden Flight set them all a laughing, and *Don Carlos*, to put the Squire's Hand in, said to him, Friend *Sancho*, with your Master's Leave, pray tell these Ladies all that befell you since you left *Zaragoza*. With all my Heart, quoth *Sancho*, for I am in a very good Humour to give the Ladies any Satisfaction. Take heed then, said *Don Quixote*; mind what you say, and do not talk madly. Nay Faith, Sir, replied the Squire. I must tell your Adventures. Let me alone; I will go talk like an Apothecary; all my Sentences shall be Words. Then he fell to telling of all his Master's Exploits and his own, with such a voluble Tongue and in such Words, as much diverted the Ladies. He had not yet done, for he never gave over himself, when a Page came in, and said aloud, that there was a Man in the Anti-Chamber in a strange Dress, and as black as the Devil, who desir'd to speak to all that Company. Let him come in, said the Earl; let us see what he is, and what he would have. The Door was open'd, and in came *Don Carlos's* Secretary disguis'd much after the same Manner as he was when at *Zaragoza*, he acted the Embassador. He had black'd his Face with Soot, had on a long Robe of black Velvet, a tall Cap, adorn'd with Feathers, great Pendants at his Ears, and about his Neck a vast Ruff, painted of all the Colours in the Rainbow, with several Chains of Gold and Silver, to which hung a prodigious Number of Medals and Steel-plates. He had no Sword on, but only a great Dagger hung by his Side. He did not pull off his Cap when he came in, and, without paying the least Respect to any Body, when he was in the midst of the Room, he said, Princes, and Princesses here present, you see hear before you

Halimet

Halimet Salducian Micronsa Cordovan the Smoaky, Tyrannical Governor of the Island of the *Force-meat-balls*, discreet, and only Squire to the haughty Giant *Bramarbas Ironsides*, King of *Cyprus*, Overseer of his Pleasures, &c. I come to seek the arrogant Knight of *La Mancha*. Here he is cried *Don Quixote*, what would you have with him? I come to tell you, said the Black Squire, that my Master is at present at *Valladolid*, where in a Tilting he has kill'd above two thousand Knights with a Steel Club the *Moorish* Enchanter his Friend gave him, and is the same the dreadful Giant *Brumaleon* formerly us'd, when in one Battle he slew eight thousand Knights Errant. He impatiently longs to knock out your Brains, and he will do it whensoever you please. Go back to your Master, answered *Don Quixote*. Bid him come to this Town immediately. That Wretch has too long sully'd the Light of the Sun, by his execrable Life. Be gone without making any stay, and tell him he may appear before me with his fatal Club, which I fear as little as *Don Lucidanor* of *Thessaly* did *Grindalajo's*. Before I go Back, replied *Cordovan*, I must be revenged of your Squire *Sancho Panca*, I have let it slip from me, that he saucily boasts he is a braver Fellow than I. If he is in this Company, I challenge him to single Combat. I will tear his Body into a thousand Bits, and cast them to be devour'd by the Birds of the Air.

SANCHO making no Answer to all these Threats, and seeming rather to hide himself behind *Don Quixote*, the Earl said to him, How now, *Sancho*, do not you Answer these Threats. I am not here at present, quoth *Sancho*, let Mr. *Cordovan* come another Time, and perhaps, I may be here. He may knock at another Door, for this is not like to be open'd. O! are you there, cried the black Squire. You are a Hen-hearted Fellow to say you
are

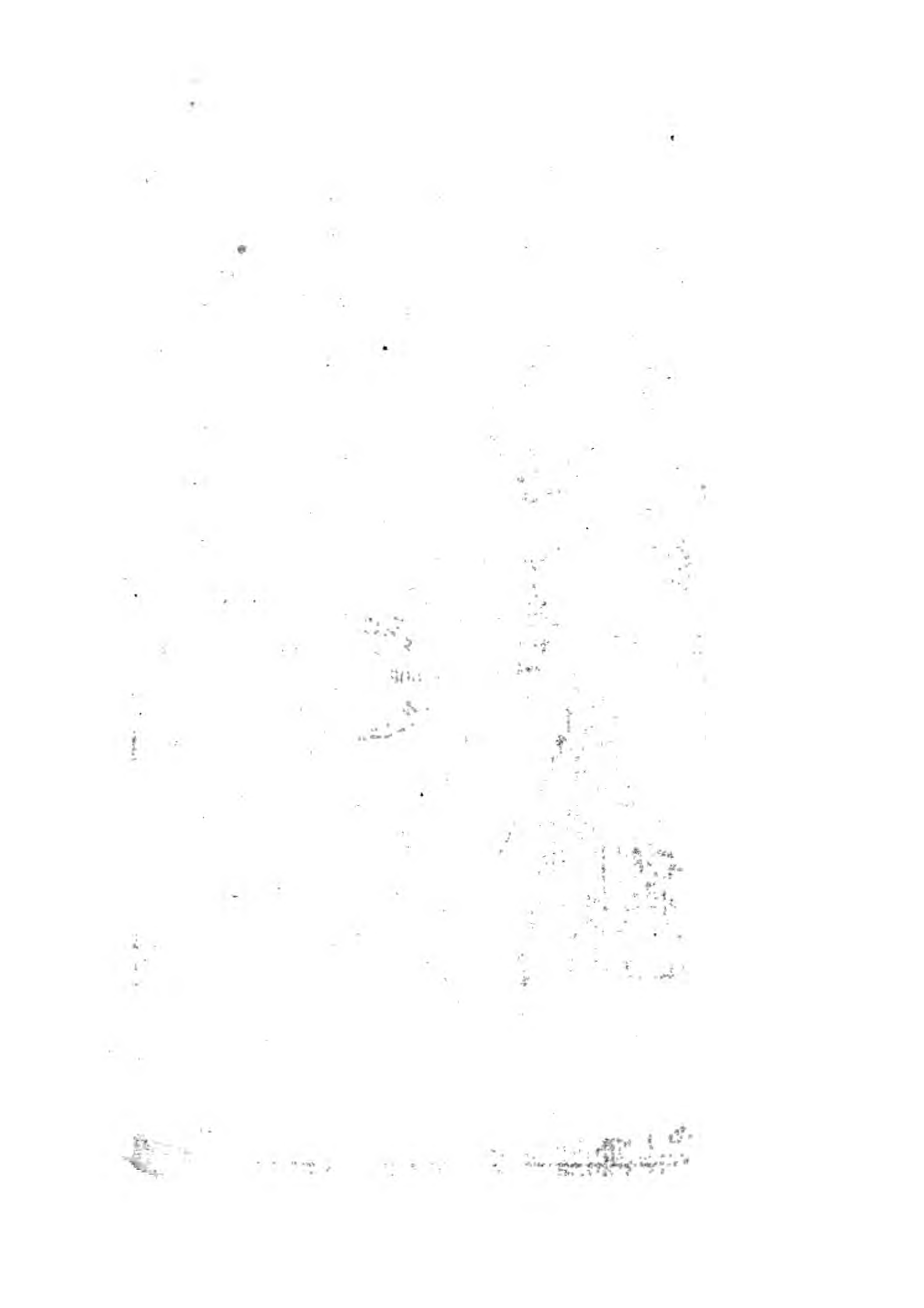
are not here. And you are a Woodcock, answer'd *Sancho*, to say I am here, whether I will or no. By Thunder and Lightning, if you put me into a Passion, and I once lay my Talonson that Hell-Cook Face, you may have Cause to remember me the longest Day you have to live. Take my Word for it, Drunkards do not love Raifins. I don't love Fooling, and when an old Dog shews his Teeth, the best Way is to keep off. Great Talkers are commonly little Doers, answer'd *Cordovan*, and I am mistaken if you accept of my Challenge. If he did not accept of it, replied *Don Quixote*, would he be worthy to be my Squire. Cheer up, *Sancho*, let these Ladies see you are not inferior in Valour, to any Squire in the Universe. Very good, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I knew you would not forbear meddling in this Business. Why the Plague must I fight to humour every Body? Was it for that I list'd myself again in Knight Errantry? No, pray Sir, I came to be your Squire, to receive my Wages, and to look to *Rocinante*, and yourself. And, after all, what do we get by our Combats? Why, broken Heads, Teeth knock'd out, and that is all. Well, said the Smoaky Squire, since your Valour is mercenary, and you don't care for fighting but for Gain, I will propose that which ought to be very acceptable to you. If you overcome me, I'll yield up to you the Government of the Island of the *Force-meatballs*. All the Company approved of the Prize, and *Sancho*, encouraged by the Hopes of gaining of it, said to the Black Squire, Master *Cordovan*, upon those Terms, I am ready to fight you, provided it be not with a Sword; for the Devil is mischievous, and we may chance, when we least think of it, to run the Point in to our Eyes. That is to say, cried *Cordovan*, that you are afraid of a Sword. Well then, we'll say no more of it, neither ought we to
make

make use of it, because we are not yet dubb'd Knights. If so, answered the Squire of *la Mancha*, we ought not to go against the **L**aws of Chivalry. Heaven forbid, quoth the Smoaky Squire, I have observed them as inviolably as I do my Grandmother's Instructions. And so we may fight with Bayonets. No, no, cried *Sancho*, that won't do neither: Bayonets are too like Swords, and ill Accidents may happen. What Weapons will you fight with then, said *Cordovan*? What better Weapons than our Caps, answered *Sancho*, we will stand at a good Distance, and throw them at one another, and then it will be bad Luck, if we have much need of Lint, or Plaisters, when the Combat is ended. You don't mind what you said, replied the Black Squire, People would think we were in Jest, and we are not now talking of making Sport, but of fighting in good Earnest. Stay till next Winter, quoth the Squire of *la Mancha*, and we will then pelt one another with Snow-Balls; or else let us now fall to Fisticuffs. Be it at Fisticuffs, answered *Cordovan*, I am content our Difference be so decided. The Government of my Island is well enough worth a Bout at Fisticuffs. But before we come to Blows, we must agree all Points, and settle the Conditions of the Combat. If I am overcome, as I told you, my Island is yours; but if I conquer you, I will shut you up in a Tower, where you shall be allowed but a Pound of Bread a Week. If so, I am off again, quoth *Sancho*. Why so, Monster, said *Don Quixote*? Did you ever hear that the Conditions of the Combat hinderd any from fighting? Do not all Men fight, as if they were sure to overcome, without regarding the Conditions, tho' never so hard? It is a Custom generally received in Knight Errantry. So much the worse, Sir, answered *Sancho*, it is good to look before one leaps. A Man must think
he



W. G. Sculp

Vol. 2. P. 90



he may loose, when he sits down to Play. But especially we, who have such ill Luck, that for the most Part we come off but lamely. D'ye see Sir, tho' my Hands are as good as another's, I can assure you I am not too sure of the Victory, that I am not. And for ought I know the Battle might end in the Tower, and the Pound of Bread. And hang me, I had rather the Devil had taken the Island and all the Governors it has had, since the two Thieves died. Go to, fear nothing, my Son, said *Don Quixote*. If you have the ill Fortune to be overcome, I swear to you before all the Princesses here present, that I'll force the King of *Cyprus* to restore you to me safe and sound. That shall be the first Condition of my Combat. *Sancho* encouraged by this Promise, at length resolved to fight. Then the two Squires divided the Field of Battle betwixt them, and running together began to give one another some Bangs; but the Victory did not long continue dubious, the Squire of *la Mancha* had soon the better; for the Secretary being a tender Youth, was more sensible of the Blows than his Adversary, who was strong and hardy. Therefore chusing rather to lose his Island, than to stand more Buffeting, after four or five thumps, he demanded a Cessation, which being granted. I perceive, said he, that the Immortal Gods favour my Enemy. I was in hopes he would have fallen by my Valour; and I thought to have kept him to a Sort of Diet, that would have brought him to a delicate Shape; but since the Gods will have him to continue round, and fat, that he may die of an Apoplexy, it would be to no Purpose to oppose the Divine Will. Therefore I give over the Battle, and own myself conquer'd. Then your Island is mine, cried *Sancho*. It belongs of Right to you, answered the Black Squire, and you may go take Possession of it, when you please; I only de-

fire Time to remove my Effects. What the Devil is the Meaning of all this, said the victorious Squire? Is an Island to be won at the first Cast of the Dice? Does a Man become a Governor in the twinkling of an Eye? Am I drunk, or asleep. I am sensible I have not supp'd yet, and that I have received some Cuffs. You need not be surpriz'd at that, Son *Sancho*, cried *Don Quixote*, Islands and Empires are gain'd no otherwise in Knight Errantry. Don't you remember, when the Hardships and Fatigues of this Profession caus'd you to mutter, that I us'd to bid you have Patience, that you would one Day reap the Fruits of your Labours. The Day is come at last. You are a Governor. Now you cannot but own, that when Knights promise their Squires Islands, they do not promise more than they can perform. Nay, pray Sir, replied *Sancho*, do not mistake yourself. It was not you that gave me this Government; I have earn'd it by my own Industry, and you have contributed nothing towards it, unless you mumbled over some short Prayer for my Intention. But who the Duce would have thought that I should make my Fortune at Fisticuffs. I have given above a Thousand in my Time, that never turn'd to any more Account, than if I had thrown them into the Water. I find by my Hand a Man must know on whom he bestows them. There lies all the Cunning. What was I the better the other Night, for giving the Mule-driver two Bangs, I was ne'er the Richer for it; but this Bout I have thrash'd good Corn. Come of it what will, *Sancho Panca* is a Governor. Well, I'll e'en make much of myself, tumble about the Ducats with a Shovel, and laugh at poor Fellows. He spoke these Words with the greatest Demonstrations of Joy. Every Body congratulating his Conquest, and they call'd him nothing but Mr. Governor.

WHEN

WHEN it was Supper-Time, and the Company was in the Room where the Cloth was laid, the Earl said to the Ladies. I believe fair Princesses, you will not refuse our new Governor *Sancho*, to eat with us. You know we are bound to honour him, and it would not be good Manners to send him to eat with our Servants. No indeed, answered one of the Ladies; and the more to honour him, I am of Opinion that he sup apart with the beautifullest and the greatest Lady in the Company, that is, the *Amazon* Queen; for all the Ladies here know themselves too well to equal themselves with such a Princess. This Contrivance was generally approved of, especially by the Ladies, for tho' all they did was but for Sport, yet they could not endure to suffer such a mean Creature as *Barbara* to sit by them. *Don Quixote* took the Thing as it was spoke, and look'd upon that Preference they gave to his Tripe-woman, as a Piece of Justice they could not refuse her. A little Table was brought accordingly with two Plates, which *Sancho* perceiving: Come, Madam Queen, said he to *Zenobia*, let us sit down without any Ceremony. We shall be better pleas'd to sup together, than with all those Gentlemen and Ladies, for we shall not be oblig'd to eat little Bits, and to drink by Rule and Measure. *Barbara*, tho' naturally impudent enough, could not but be a little out of Countenance to see herself made the Laughing-stock of the Company. But she was not come so far to recant, and therefore following *Sancho's* Example, she sat down at the little Table. *Don Quixote*, the Gentlemen, and the Ladies sat about the great One; and when they were all seated, the Black Squire, who was still there, said to *Don Quixote*. Farewel, Sir Knight, I am going back to *Valladolid*, to carry my Master your Answer. Stay, Mr. *Cordovan*, cried *Sancho*, give me some Account of my



Island, before you go. I must be inform'd how the People live there. That is but reasonable, answered the Black Squire; and to satisfy your Curiosity, I must tell you in the first Place, that learning Flourishes in your Island. There are great Men, who understand *Greek, Arabick, Hebrew, Syriack, and High-Dutch*. There are rare Astrologers, who in the Night-time put on their Spectacles to Star-gaze, and know exactly when it is Night, and when it is Day. There are curious Persons, who have so far div'd into Nature, that they have discovered the Secret of reducing four Ounces of Gold to two, and to convert considerable Revenues into Smoak and Coals. Besides, you have abundance of Poets in your Island, who write Elegies, Ballads, Songs, Sonnets, Satyrs, Roundo's, and Tragedies in Rhime. As for the Poets, said the Squire of *la Mancha*. I'll give them whole Handfuls of Gold and Silver, to write Verses for me, I love them so dearly. Take heed what you design to do, said *Don Quixote*, be moderate in your Presents. Poets must be fed, but not fat'ned; for Wealth lays the Muses to Sleep instead of rousing them. Sir, replied the Squire, when you are King of *Cyprus*, or Emperor of *Trabyzond*, you may do as you please. For my part, I will pay down upon the Nail for what I bespeak, that it may not be said in my Island that I do not pay Labourers their Hire. I should be very sorry to get that ill Name; Governors have bad ones enough besides. In short, had you paid the *Arab*, who writ your History, he would not have told so many foolish Tales of you. I do not value his Impostures, answered *Don Quixote*, they are too gross to make any Impression upon Men of Sense. Ay, but *Sancho*, said *Don Alvaro*, you don't consider, that if you reward the Poets, they will hide your Faults, and will say nothing but the Best of you. Nay Faith, quoth

quoth *Sancho*, I do not design to pay them for speaking ill of me. By your Talk, Gentlemen, one would think that Poets were never to write but to abuse Folks. Why pray, are not they bound, as well as others to conceal their Neighbours Faults, rather than to scandalize them. The Ladies were wonderfully pleas'd with this Discourse, and could not but admire *Sancho's* Simplicity, and his Master's Judgment; for he would talk so politely, that they could not conceive how a Man that discoursed so well, should be the greatest Mad-man in all *Spain*. The new Governor whilst he satisfied his Curiosity, fail'd not to stuff his Carcass; and it was pleasant to see him ask Questions, with his Chops cramm'd full. Mr. *Cordovan*, said he, pray tell, what sort of humour'd Women are they in my Island. Are they always at Work? O! no, answer'd the Black Squire, they love their Pleasure too well to take so much Pains. They are not kept up, as the Fashion is in this Country. They enjoy an unbounded Liberty. But to give them their Due, they make very good Use of it. Every Body commends their Behaviour, only the Husbands find fault with it. Why do they complain, quoth *Sancho*? Don't they find their Dinner ready when they come Home? Or do they look sour on them? Quite contrary, replied *Cordovan*, it is because they find the Cloth laid, and their Wives in too good a Humour: It is that vexes them. Madam's good Humour, puts Master out of Humour. Those are meer Block-heads of Husbands, cried the Squire of *la Mancha*, to be angry at what they ought to be pleas'd at. You are in the Right, replied the Smoaky Squire; and the Worst of it is, that these block-headed Husbands, have no more Wit than to make their Complaints to the Courts of Justice; and the Judges are so barbarous as to lock up their Wives. Oh ho! quoth *Sancho*, then there

are Judges in my Government too? That there are, I can assure you, answered *Cordovan*, and very learned Ones. Why they understand there Business so well, that they try Causes fast asleep; and as fast asleep as they are, they know how to Ruin whole Families. O! the Knaves, cried our Governor, don't they think they shall pay for't when they are dead. Not at all, said the Black Squire, that does not at all disturb their Consciences. Nay, 'tis true, quoth *Sancho*, after all there is no great Harm in that. For I have heard the Prior of *Toboso* say, that all the Harm we do in our Sleep is forgiven us. And yet the Families are ne'er the less ruin'd. O! those cursed Vermin of Judges, cannot I drive them all out of my Island? Why would you banish them, said *Don Carlos*? Ads curse, cried *Sancho*, don't you see the Reason, as well as I. When I am grown rich with long governing in my Government, those Sparks need only fall a Snoring, and my Family goes a Begging. By my Faith, it is not worth while to lie whole Nights in Woods, to endure Heat and Cold, and to dance in a Blanket to gain Islands, if the Governors must walk out again, with only a Staff in their Hand. Who the Devil would desire to be a Governor at that rate? I am sure my Ass would not. Mr. Governor, said the Black Squire, you put yourself into a Heat without a Cause. The Governor is above all the Judges. Whatever Wealth he has, and howsoever he got it, he is only accountable in the other World; and the Judges cannot take one Cross from him, tho' they snor'd all the Days of their Life. Why, did not you tell me so then, answered the Squire of *la Mancha*; provided the Judges and I have no Controversy, we shall agree well enough. Diamond cuts Diamond. They need only let me govern as I please, and I'll let them snore their Belly full. The Earl's Sister
who

who had not spoke before, said ; Mr. Governor, I don't hear you ask whether there are any Physicians in your Island. Ay Faith, quoth *Sancho*, I had like to have forgot the Best. Tell me Mr. *Cordovan*, whether there are any good Physicians in my Government, for I shall want them to trim my Beard and Hair. I expected you would be there, answer'd the Black Squire ; I can assure you it is a Pleasure to be sick in your Island. The Physicians there are all *Machaons*, *Esculapius's* and *Galens*. There is one of them has most divine Medicines, and talks like an Oracle of all Distempers. I must needs tell you a wonderful Cure of his. A President falling one Day into a Pleurisy, as he was giving Judgment, Six Physicians were sent for. This wonderful Man was one of them. They saw the Patient, prescrib'd their Medicines, he took them, his Distemper increas'd, and he was at Death's Door. Well, what came of it ? Five of the Physicians gave him over, and concluded he would not out-live *Sunday*. Our great Man was left alone, and by his wonderful Skill, the President did not die till *Monday*. Pox take it, quoth *Sancho*, you have made a Fool of me. I would have sworn that great Physician had quite cur'd the President. Nay, that's another Matter, said *Cordovan*. God take me ! If the Physicians could work such Cures as those, I would never make a Jest again of their bad Medicines, nor their good *Latin*. *Sancho* put several other Questions to the Secretary, which the wise *Alifolan*, does not mention in his Memoirs, perhaps because he did not know them ; or else it may be because he did not think them fit to be inserted in such a grave History as this is.

C H A P. VI.

Of the Resolution that was taken concerning Queen Zenobia, unknown to Don Quixote, and of the Adventure of the Serenade.

WHEN the Company had supp'd, the Black Squire vanish'd, and the Ladies being desirous to hear the *Amazon* Princess talk, stood about her. Madam Queen *Zenobia*, said the Earl's Sister, pray inform us why you are so silent. You have not spoke one Word all this Supper Time. Is your Enchantment the Cause of it? Or do the *Amazons* use to eat like the *Carthusians*? Madam, quoth *Barbara*, when I am among People of my own Rank, I talk as well as another; but little Ones must be silent before the great Ones; for I have always heard it said, that the best Thing a mean Person can say, is not so good as the worst that comes from Quality. By my Faith cried *Don Carlos*, the Princess is in the Right. A scurvy Pun, or an old Quibble, from a great Lord is admir'd, when at the same Time keen Wit in an ordinary Man is not taken Notice of. That is true, said *Don Pedro de Luna*, it fares with great Lords and indifferent People, just as it does with ancient and modern Authors. All the Ancients have writ is cried up, and their very Faults pass for Beauties. All the Moderns write is damn'd, and there Beauties are look'd upon as Faults. Gentlemen, said *Don Carlos's* Sister, pray let us lay aside Morality, if you please. Will you allow us the Liberty to talk a while with Queen *Zenobia* in private? We have something of Moment to say to her. The Gentlemen immediately retir'd with *Don Quixote*, and *Sancho*, to the other End, where

where they fell into Discourse of *Bramarbas*. Then the Ladies desir'd *Barbara*, to give them an Account of her Misfortunes, which she did in such Language as was very diverting to them; but when they had made Sport enough with the poor Creature, they began to pity her; and the Earl's Sister being charitably inclin'd, said to her: Well, good Woman, by what you have told us, we find you are like the Players, who wish the Play over that they may go take their Money. I perceive you only wait for the Fifty Ducats *Don Quixote* has promised you, and you'll go back to *Alcala*; and it being the same Thing to you, whether you have them from him, or from another; I will give them you this Moment, upon Condition, you will be gone To-morrow Morning, before *Don Quixote* or *Sancha* are awake. I desire no better, quoth *Barbara*; for tho' I have been a Queen but five or six Days, I can assure you I am as weary of it, as if I had been so all the Days of my Life. All Heads will not fit one Cap I find. I am fitter to fry Tripe for the Scholars of our University, than to come to Court to strut and trick myself up. The Earl's Sister took out her Purse, and clapping it into *Barbara's* Hand, without being seen by *Don Quixote*, or his Squire, said to her. Here, good Woman, there are sixty Ducats in it, I give them you, but be sure you be gone To-morrow Morning. I promise you I will. Madam answer'd *Hackt-Face*, and that is enough, for, God be prais'd, I was never worse than my Word to any Body. Then the Earl's Sister call'd *Don Alvaro*, and privately told him the Agreement she had made with *Zenobia*. The *Granadine* who was willing to get rid of the *Amazon*, undertook to see her gone privately. Bed Time drawing on, *Don Pedro*, the Earl, and *Don Carlos*, went to wait on the Ladies Home, that were not of the House, *Don*

Alvaro went Home in a Coach with *Zenobia*, *Don Quixote*, and *Sancho*. They were not above half Way, when they heard a confused Noise of *Guitars*, and *Theorboes*. They stopped the Coach to enquire what it meant, and looking out the better to listen, distinctly heard the following Words, sung by a tolerable good Voice, with sweet Musick.

*The God of Love forsakes the Skies
To fix his dwelling in my Heart,
And takes his standing in your Eyes
Into my Breast himself to dart.
Like Venus proud, and like her fair,
You've all her conq'ring Arts and Charms,
He'd take you for her by your Air,
But that you're Proof against his Arms.*

WHEN the Gentleman had done singing, the Instruments ceas'd, which made the *Granadine*, and the Knight conclude the Serenade was ended. It is pity, said *Don Alvaro* that we came so late, and miss'd of the Beginning. This was a good Consort, and well performed. Truly answered *Don Quixote*, the Musick was excellently fitted to the Words, which are nice and sprightly, and have the true Spirit of the Ancients. Let us listen a while, quoth *Tarfe*, I hear the Instruments tuning. They will sing again. Accordingly the same Voice began again as follows.

*Tho' you frown on each am'rous Creature,
Yet my Love by your Scorn is inspir'd ;
For the beautifull'st Object in Nature
Can never be too much admir'd.*

THE beautifull'st Object in Nature, cried *Don Quixote* in a Fury! What then will become of
Queen





Parr Sculp

Vol. 2. P. 107

Queen *Zenobia*. That said, he threw open the Coach, and leaping out, whatever *Don Alvaro* could do to hold him, drew his Sword, and ran at the Serenaders. Where is that rash Man, cried he, who dares say his Mistress is the beautifull'st Object in Nature. Know, Knight, that there is not a Princess in the World to compare with Queen *Zenobia*, who is the Phoenix of Beauty, and the most perfect Creature in the World, since her Sovereign Power has made me her Captive, and subdu'd all the Faculties of my Soul by her Royal Perfections. Grant then, that your Lady is inferior to her, or expect to receive the Punishment due to your Presumption. All the Musicians, who came not thither to fight, were in a Fright, and ran away with their Theorbores and Guitars. The Gentleman, who gave the Serenade, was left alone, and drew his Sword, without taking any Notice of the mad Words he had heard. He was too much concern'd at the Disappointing of this Concert, to parley with our Knight, and was just going to thrust at him, when he perceived, that *Don Quixote*, instead of standing upon his Guard, made up close, with his Arm list'd up, to cleave him down, and therefore he thought better to fight retiring; but at the same Time he ward'd off the Cuts, he made such home Thrusts, that had not the Knight been in Armour, he had soon put an End to his Adventures. *Don Alvaro*, who had followed *Don Quixote*, did all he could to part them, but in vain. At length the Serenading Gentleman perceiving he made so many home Thrusts, to no Purpose, and that his Sword met with Resistance, cried out: Coward, thou art certainly in Armour, or I had long since reach'd thy Heart. *Don Quixote* hearing these Words, stopp'd short, and answer'd, Why then have you, Knight, indiscreetly left your Armour behind you? Truly I
 F 6 thought

I thought you were in Armour as well as myself. The Darkness of the Night may excuse me. Stay, I will disarm, and we will then put an End to our Combat, according to the Rules of Chivalry. *Don Quixote de la Mancha* never yet fought with Odds. I should be ashamed of a Victory, were it not entirely due to my Valour. The Serenading Gentleman hearing *Don Quixote's* Name, was surprized, and ask'd the *Granadine*, Whether that was really the same *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whose History was so much in Vogue? It is himself in Person, answer'd *Don Alvaro*, the very true Original. He is come to the Court of *Spain*, there to defend Queen *Zenobia's* Beauty, for he is fallen in Love with it. And therefore you must not think it strange, that he cannot endure to hear you say, your Lady is the most beautiful Object in Nature. For tho' you only said so in singing, you know very well, that Knights Errant will not allow of such Songs. Nay, since it is *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, said the Serenader, I forgive him for spoiling my Concert, which I should not easily do to another. That is not enough, answer'd *Don Quixote*, you must own that Queen *Zenobia* is a more accomplish'd Beauty than your Lady. I am content, replied the Serenading Gentleman; but then you must grant, that next to your Mistress, mine outdoes all the Ladies in the World. That will satisfy us both. What you require of me is very extraordinary, said *Don Quixote*, but no Matter, I may grant it without any Offence to my Princess. Besides, since you durst fight me without Armour, I take you for one of the valiantest Knights in the Universe; and consequently your Mistress must be surprizing beautiful. And therefore, in Honour to your extraordinary Valour, I own that your Lady is the most beautiful Person in the World, next to Queen *Zenobia*, who is not to be compar'd with. And I in return

return confess, answered the Serenader, that my Mistress is not so beautiful as Queen *Zenobia*, to whom I wish all Happiness, tho' I have not the Honour to know her. After this reciprocal Acknowledgement, the Swords were put up, and several Compliments pass'd betwixt them; then the Serenading Knight went Home, and *Don Quixote*, and the *Granadine* returning to the Coach, did the same.

C H A P. VII.

Of Queen Zenobia's Departure, and Don Ferdinand de Peralta's coming to Madrid.

THE bright *Aurora* was getting out of her Watry Bed, and her Light had dispell'd the Darkness of the Night, when the beautiful Queen of the *Amazons* got up, being very impatient to return into her own Country to fry Tripe. Whilst she was dressing *Don Alvaro* came himself in his Night-gown to tell her, it was Time to depart. She went down into the Court, where finding her Mule ready, she mounted, and set out for *Alcala*, before *Don Quixote* and his Squire were awake. O unfortunate Knight of the *Cupids*, were are your Thoughts at this Time! Whilst you indulge yourself in Sleep, cruel Fortune robs you of the dear Object of your Love! What dismal Affliction attends you when you awake! What a desperate Condition will you be in! *Mene-lus* was not so much griev'd at the Loss of *Helen*, as you will be at the Miss of your Princess. *Don Alvaro* went to Bed again, and having rested some Hours, sent to acquaint *Don Carlos*, the Earl, and *Don Pedro*, that he expected them with a new Scene of Pleasure. They soon came, and he said to them,
Gentlemen,

Gentleman, you must understand, that *Barbara* is gone. I sent her away privately this Morning; we shall now see our Knight in great Disorder. I am sure he will give us good Diverſion. He had ſcarce ſpoke the Words before he ſpied *Sancho* coming from his Maſter's Chamber. Good Morrow, Mr. Governor, ſaid he, what News have you for us? How does *Don Quixote* to Day? He is very well, answered the Squire, and by the ſame Token, deſigns this Day, after Dinner, to defend Madam *Zenobia's* Beauty before the Court. He ſays, There ſhall be a high Pillar rais'd in the great Square, to which the Queen's Picture ſhall hang, and then there ſhall be a Challenge poſted up, and then this Thing, and t'other Thing; but, hold Gentlemen, here he comes: He'll tell you the reſt himſelf; for I am going to the Kitchen to find out the little bandy-legg'd Cook, my very good Friend, who waits to give me my Breakfast. The Gentlemen ſaluted *Don Quixote*, and when he had return'd their Salute, he ſaid, Gentlemen, I came to aſk *Don Alvaro's* Advice; but ſince I find you here, I will conſult with you all. I know not whether I ought to begin this Day to defend Queen *Zenobia's* Beauty, or whether I had better ſtay till I have overcome the King of *Cyprus*. Pray tell me your Opinion upon this. The Gentlemen, contrary to the Cuſtom of Councils, all agreed, that *Bramarbas* ought to be overcome firſt. Whiſt they were giving the Reaſons for their Opinion, one of the *Granadine's* Pages, came and told *Don Pedro*, that a young Gentleman, whoſe Name was *Don Cæſar*, enquir'd for him. Gentlemen, ſaid *Don Pedro*, I beg Leave to bring you acquainted with this young Man, who is my Pupil in Martial Affairs, the King has given him a Poſt at the Head of his Army againſt the *Moors*, under me, and at two and twenty Years of Age he is a General Officer, and has gain'd

gain'd the Reputation of an Excellent Commander. *Don Alvaro*, will you give me Leave to introduce him? *Tarfe* declar'd he should be proud of his Acquaintance, and then he was brought up. *Don Cæsar*, having embrac'd all the Gentlemen, at last went up to the Knight, and opening his Arms to receive him, said; *Don Quixote*, I am heartily glad to see you. How now *Don Cæsar*, cried *Don Pedro*, are you acquainted with the Knight of *la Mancha*? Do I know him, answered *Don Cæsar*; I owe him the greatest Obligations in the World. It is not above two Days since he sav'd my Life, and he is the Occasion that I have found out my Original, which but for him, perhaps, I had never done. *Don Quixote* observing, that *Don Pedro* was surprized at those Words, said to him. Yes *Don Pedro*, It was I who had the good Fortune to prevent the fatal Stroak, a Murderer aim'd at this young Gentleman, whom you are no longer to call *Don Cæsar*, but *Don Ferdinand de Peralta*, as being Brother to the beautiful *Engracia*, and Son to the unfortunate *Don Ferdinand*, who perish'd in the mighty Fleet, King *Philip* set out against *England*. O Heavens cried *Don Pedro*, what is it you tell us, *Don Quixote*? Is it possible this young Peasant to whom I have been a Father is of the Illustrious Family of the *Peralta's*? And that we can no longer blame Heaven for not giving a noble Birth to a Person so deserving for his Valour and brave Actions? But pray, added he, turning to *Don Cæsar*, tell us how you came to discover your Birth? My Friendship requires this Relation of you, and it will be a great Satisfaction to all the Gentlemen here. Then *Don Ferdinand* told them the Story, of the Robbers, what, he whom *Don Quixote* wounded had discover'd, *Engracia's* Story, and in short, all that happen'd at *Torresva*. All the Gentlemen gave great Attention to him, but he only relating what has been
already

already mention'd, they began to ask him other Questions. Some enquir'd, who it was that could wound *Don Christopher*; and *Don Quixote*, as the Revenger of forsaken Beauties desir'd to hear of *Engracia's* Success. *Don Ferdinand* said he, pray inform me whether *Don Christopher* has done your Sister Right? I would also know whether you have prevented that Gentleman's tying the Indissoluble Knot as he intended with *Donna Anna de Montoya*. When your Uncle *Don James de Peralta* talk'd to you about that Match, I remember you were concern'd; and if I mistake not, Love had as great a Share in your Disorder as Honour. You are not mistaken, Sir Knight, replied *Don Ferdinand*; I have been long in Love with that Lady. O! good God, cried *Don Pedro*, what do I hear? How can I learn so many surprising Accidents in one Day? Could you be in Love, *Don Ferdinand*, with the Daughter of *Don Bertrand de Montoya*, my intimate Friend, and conceal your Passion from me? Do not take it ill of me, answer'd *Don Ferdinand*; the Thoughts that I was Son to *Mary Ximenez* confounded me; and I fancied I could never sufficiently conceal such presumptuous Love, and that you would be the first that should condemn me. No, no, replied *Don Pedro*, I should not have condemn'd you. Tho' you were the Son of a Peasant, *Don Bertrand* might without any lessening to himself, have given you his Daughter, considering the Wonders you did in *Flanders*. I must say it, you deserve the Best. This great Commendation from a Person of Sincerity, had very much Influence on the Earl, *Don Carlos*, and the *Granadine*, to make them conceive highly of *Don Ferdinand*. They desir'd him to give them a Relation of his Life, and *Don Quixote* no less curious seconded them. He granted their Request, and perceiving they were all seated and attentive to him, began his Story as follows.

C H A P. VIII.

The Story of Don Ferdinand de Peralta.

THE Robber that murder'd my Nurse, having left me at *Torresva*, as I told you, with *Mary Ximenez*, the good Woman giving me suck, by Degrees grew wonderful fond of me. She was so far from desiring any Reward for Nursing me, that she fear'd nothing so much, as that some Body would take me from her, and therefore she gave out that I was her Son, and made me believe the same; for unless it were some particular Persons, who knew her Family, and whom she had earnestly intreated to keep the Secret, all the Village was under the same Mistake. Not knowing my true Name, she gave me the same her Son had that dy'd. Which perhaps she did to deceive herself, and if possible, to believe what she impos'd upon others. But whatever she could do to debase my Spirit to her Condition, and breed me up like a Peasant; Nature was above all her Endeavours, and my generous Inclinations discover'd the Nobility of my Birth. I was better pleas'd to see a Sword than a Shepherd's Hook. In short, I hated all Country Employments, and as soon as I came to fourteen Years of Age, no longer able to endure that wretched Life, I resolv'd to run away from *Mary Ximenez*, and to wipe off the Meanness of my Birth by my Courage in the Army. Accordingly I left the Village privately one Night, and went away to *Alcala*, where the better to disappoint the Search *Mary Ximenez* would make after me, I chang'd the Name of *Antony*, I then bore, for *Cæsar*. I made choice of that Name, because in the Village I had often heard them, talking of any brave Man, say he was another *Cæsar*. At
Alcala

Alcala I was inform'd that a Gentleman, being this fame *Don Pedro de Luna*, was raising a Regiment, and was lately come to the Town to make Levies there. I laid hold of the Opportunity, I offer'd my self to him, and in the best Manner my Years and Education would permit, signify'd the earnest Desire I had to go into the Service, which I did after such a Manner, that he could not but take Notice of me. He lik'd my Looks and Resolution, and took a Liking to me; but being yet too young to serve, he would not carry me with him to *Flanders*, whither his Regiment was commanded. He left me with his Brother at *Alcala* to accompany his Nephew *Don Christopher*, who was about my Age, and order'd me to be brought up with him. My Country Habit was taken from me, and I was taught every thing that young Gentlemen learnt, as if I had been his Equal. Our Masters were astonish'd to see me advance so fast in my Exercises. But I shew'd the greatest Ability in Riding and Fencing, and knowing how necessary it was for a Soldier to understand Fortification, I apply'd my self earnestly to that Study. I soon became a new Man, and forgot all my Country Behaviour, such is the Force of Education in Youth. Every Body lov'd me, because, to make some Amends for the Meanness of my Birth, I labour'd to be Courteous, and Well-behav'd. Above all, I paid great respect to *Don Christopher*, as Nephew to the Person to whom I ow'd all I was; and I must say this in Praise of him, that as young as he was, instead of taking upon him, or improving the Obligations I ow'd him to his own Advantage, he lov'd me so entirely, that he would have all Things to be in common between us. He was never well, but when we were together, he would have me share in all his Pleasures, and gave me an equal Part of what
little

little Money he had to dispose of at that Age. I must add, that he did not take the least Dislike to me, through Envy; because I sometimes out-did him at our Exercises, as is usual in Youth.

As eager as I was to be gone to *Flanders* to *Don Pedro*, I was forc'd to spend three Years to make my self perfect at my Exercises. Then I was detain'd no longer, but fitted out for the Army. *Don Christopher* would fain have gone with me, and ask'd Leave of his Father *Don Luis de Luna*; but the good old Man, who design'd to dispose of him otherwise, would not grant it. Thus *Don Christopher* and I was forc'd to part; we both wept, but he much more, because his Father obstructed his going to seek Honour. I went away to *Cadiz*, where I embark'd with some Gentlemen of *Andaluzia*, who were going to serve under the Arch-Duke *Albertus*, call'd the Cardinal *Infante*, then Governor of the Catholick *Low-Countries*, for the King of *Spain*. At *Dunkirk* I was inform'd that *Don Pedro* was then with his Regiment in Garrison at *Antwerp*, whither I went with all possible Expedition. He was glad to see me, and courteously told me, that as favourable an Opinion as he conceiv'd of me at first Sight, he now hop'd still better from the Progress I had made in my Exercises. I would have answer'd him, and made an Acknowledgment for the Favours receiv'd; but he interrupted me, and changing the Discourse, said smiling: I am sensible, *Cæsar*, you are not come hither to be idle; but be not too hasty; we shall soon see what you can do for the Honour of the Regiment, and the King's Service. He was as good as his Word; for Arch-Duke *Albertus* having laid Siege to *Hulst*, our Regiment was sent thither. As soon as we came, the Besieged made a Salley, supported by some Horse. They beat off our
Work-

Work-men, and press'd hard upon our Foot, but we repuls'd and pursu'd them at their Heels to the very Covert-Way. This I can say, that I was none of the last that came up with them, nor the first that retir'd, and for my Entrance I took a Standard, killing the Trooper that carry'd it. All the Officers of the Regiment commended me. This Beginning pleas'd me; and not being able to endure Idleness, when the Regiment was not upon Duty, I would slip away, and go every Night to see what was doing in the Trenches; where, if any thing was carry'd on, I put my helping Hand. I had special Success, and going out upon Parties, seldom return'd without some Advantage, or some good Intelligence. The Success of my little Expeditions, soon made a Noise in the Army, and I was look'd upon as one of the most resolute Partizans; but about the latter End of the ensuing Year, our Regiment being then in Garrison at *Bruges*, I perform'd an Action that gain'd me Reputation, and procur'd me a Commission. *Don Melchior de Sandoval*, a *Spanish* Officer, having been wrong'd by those that govern'd the *Spanish Netherlands*, before the Coming of the Arch-Duke, took it so to Heart, that he deserted to the *Dutch*, who being acquainted with his Experience in Martial Affairs, gave him the Government of the Town of *Dam*, whence he harras'd the *Spaniards*, making Excursions up to the Gates of *Antwerp*, *Bruges*, and *Ghent*. Being abroad one Day upon a Party, I was inform'd that *Don Melchior* was about marrying his Daughter to a considerable *Dutch* Officer, and that the Wedding was kept in a House that Governor had under the Cannon of the Place, a little without the Glacis. I undertook to go thither, and bring away *Don Melchior* and his Family. I will now tell you how I contriv'd it, and what Success

cess I had. I disguis'd my self like a Peasant to view the Avenues to the House, and when I had got a perfect Knowlege of them, I gather'd twenty Horse of our Regiment. We set out about Mid-night that the Enemy might have no Intelligence of our March, and we might get thither when they were all dead asleep. I knew the Way perfectly well, and the Darknes did not hinder us coming to the House at the intended Hour. There is a great Canal between *Bruges* and *Dam*, which secures the Enemy against our Incurfions, and was the Reason they stood not upon their Guard, as they wou'd have done but for that. It being then frozen, we pass'd it without any Difficulty. I had observ'd the Day before, that there was a little Wood, which reach'd from the Canal to *Don Melchior's* House, and came up to a corner of the Garden, being a Part of it little frequented, and overgrown with Briers and Brambles on both Sides of the Wall. We came to this Place about Two in the Morning; and leaving our Horses in the Wood, with five or six Men to look after them, we threw down the Wall with Tools we had brought for that End, and made a large Breach. The Distance of the Place from the House, and the Noise and Confusion of the Wedding, were the Cause they could not hear us. We entred the Garden with our Swords, and each of us a Brace of Pistols, and went on in the Dark, till by the Light of his Match we spy'd a Centinel, posted at the Door that parted the Garden from the Court. I slipp'd along the Pallisade, and before the Centinel could fire at me, I laid him flat with a Brace of Bullets. The Noise of the Shot would have alarm'd a *Corps de Garde*, they had posted in the Court for the Security of the House, but that they were so dead drunk, that we soon put them all to the Sword. My principal De-
sign

sign being to carry off the Governor, his Daughter, and his Son-in-law, we made all the Haste we could into the House. At the Stair-Foot I met one of *Don Melchior's* Servants, who was come down, hearing the Noise. I clapp'd a Pistol to his Head, and made him shew me his Master's Apartment; and whilst he led me to it, a Party of our Men made to the Nuptial Chamber. It was my ill Fortune that *Don Melchior*, having Notice given him of our Coming by a Serjeant of the Guard, who was not so drunk as the rest, made his Escape down the Back-Stairs. His Escape made me conclude we had no Time to lose, and that he would immediately send out Parties after us, and therefore I made haste to the rest of our Party, whom I found in the Wedding Room, having broke open the Door. The new marry'd Couple were just going to Bed, and you may easily imagine how they were surpriz'd, when they saw our Men rush in, enough to daunt the fiercest Lovers. They had scarce time allow'd them to put on their Morning-Gowns, but were forc'd away almost naked. I could not but pity them, but in War Compassion is useles. We return'd to our Horses in the Wood, repass'd the Canal with the same Ease we came over, and got Home without any Molestation. When we came to *Bruges*, I presented my Prisoners to *Don Pedro de Luna*, who entertain'd them very courteously, and carry'd them to the Governor, of whom he obtain'd that they might have the Liberty of the Town upon their Parole. Some Days after this Expedition, *Don Melchior* sent a Trumpet to *Bruges*, to enquire after his Daughter, and Son-in-Law, and writ to them to treat about their Ransom; but that Affair held them long, there being no Cartel as yet settled betwixt the *Dutch* and the *Spaniards*, and Ransoms at that Time were as Arbitrary, as they

they are now at *Tripoli*, or *Algiers*. However, it was drawing to a Conclusion, and the Sum was almost agreed on, when the Arch-Duke came to *Bruges*.

HE came from visiting all the Sea-Coasts upon Advice he had receiv'd, that *England* was preparing to succour the Rebels. He was very much pleas'd with my little Expedition; gave me more Commendation than I deserv'd, and very courteously told me, he would take Care to advance me, as I perform'd any notable Actions; and for the present, till he could better reward my last Enterprize, he added the Title of *Don* to the Name of *Cæsar* I then bore. I was extreamly pleas'd with that Title of Honour; it inflam'd my Courage, and resolving in some measure to deserve the good Opinion he had conceiv'd of me, I continu'd my Excurfions. Scarce a Day pass'd but I did something beneficial, or honourable for our Nation. Sometimes I brought home considerable Prisoners, and sometimes Hostages for Contributions I exacted. In short, I omitted no Opportunity of disturbing the Enemy. They often sent out great Parties to catch me; but still I either defeated, or cunningly avoided them. It is true, I paid the Country People that brought me Intelligence so generously, that I had always Notice of their March. The Arch-Duke, extreamly pleas'd with my Undertakings, did not fail to gratify me with considerable Sums, out of the Contributions I rais'd, and loaded me in public with Praises, which I valu'd above his Money. However, having hitherto been but a Voluntier Adventurer, I thought it long till I had a Commission; but the Arch-Duke's Generosity soon satisfy'd my Longing. He granted me a Commission to raise a Troop of Light-Horse, which he incorporated into *Don Pedro de Luna's* Regiment; and what was still more
peculiar,

peculiar, he gave me Leave to undertake whatsoever Enterprizes I should think fit for the public Service, excepting only when the Regiment was upon Duty. This great Trust repos'd in me, contrary to the known Rules, did so encourage me, that I thought of nothing but forming greater Designs. Being inform'd one Day by certain Peasants, that the Garrison of *Sas-van-Ghent* kept not strict Guards, and seem'd to neglect those Precautions that are usual in Time of War, and that the Gates of the Town were open all the Day; I began to conceit, that with good Conduct and Secrecy, it might not be impracticable to Surprize that Place. I acquainted *Don Pedro* with my Intention, who at first look'd upon it as a Chymera; but when I had given him a true Account of that Place, and Country about it, and told him we might make our Advantage of a hollow Way, which on one Side of the Place goes up to the Foot of the Glacis of the Covert-Way, and would facilitate our Approach, he no longer question'd the Feasableness of the Attempt. He spoke to the Arch-Duke, who approv'd of it, and left the whole Management to him. *Don Pedro* would not take any more than Two Thousand Horse, and a Thousand Foot with him, lest too great a Number should retard the March, and endanger a Discovery. Having made choice of such Troops as we best lik'd, we March'd all Night, and came to the hollow Way a while before Day. One of our Men drew near the Town, disguis'd like a Peasant, with Orders to make a Signal when the Gate was open'd; and I was order'd to be Ready with Sixty Troopers, and each a Foot Soldier behind him, to set out upon the Signal. What shall I say, Gentlemen! The Enemy had not the least Thought of our Design, and accordingly I made my self Master of a Gate without the
least

least Difficulty. The Garrison offer'd to make some Resistance, but *Don Pedro* was so close at my Heels, that, after a very considerable Fight, they begg'd Quarter. Thus a strong and regular Place cost us scarce any Thing. We lost but ten Soldiers, one Officer of a *Neapolitan* Regiment, and the Lieutenant Colonel of our own. The Arch-Duke look'd upon the taking of *Sas-van-Gant* as a very considerable Advantage gain'd, because it shut up the Enemy in their Fens. He gave Thanks to *Don Pedro*, who generously gave me all the Honour of the Action, saying, I had a greater Share in it than he, both in the Contrivance and the Execution. The Cardinal thought it not enough to commend, but he gave me the Post of Lieutenant-Colonel of our Regiment.

Tho' Princes endeavour to be never so private, yet their Actions cannot be hid from the Eyes of the *Argos's* that swarm in all Courts. It was discover'd that the Arch-Duke admir'd *Don Melchior's* Daughter's Beauty. He being sensible that young Folks are fond of Grandeur, took Care to exert all his Magnificence in splendid Entertainments to the Ladies; yet so as it sufficiently appear'd the beautiful *Spaniard* was the Object of his Thoughts; but tho' he spar'd nothing to please her, it was visible she did not receive his Addresses as he would have hop'd. The *Dutch* Officer was none of the last that discover'd the Princes Affection, and was so much disturb'd at it, that as soon as he had paid his Ransom, he made all possible haste out of *Bruges*, to save his Honour from the Danger that threatned it. The Arch-Duke was much troubled at the beautiful *Spaniard's* Departure, but his Grief lasted not long, and these Idea's were soon dispell'd, by the Hopes he conceived of marrying the Infanta *Elizabeth Clare Eugenia*, Daughter to King *Philip* the Second, then

living. The Conditions of that Match were very Advantageous to the Arch-Duke, for it was talk'd that the Princess was to have the *Low-Countries* and *Franche Comte* in Dower for her and her Heirs. *Albertus* had an Envoy at *Madrid*, who manag'd that Affair; but because it went not on fast enough to his Mind, and he well knew, that King *Philip* was slow in all his Deliberations, he thought fit to send some Person of known Ability, whom he could confide in, to be his Agent. He made Choice of *Don Pedro* for this Business, and having given him his Instructions, order'd him to be gone as soon as possible, and without any Retinue, for as much as the Matter requir'd Secrecy and Expedition. All that *Don Pedro* could obtain of him was, that I should go with him. We imbark'd at *Dunkirk*, and landed at *Corunna*. Thence we travel'd to *Segovia*, where we parted, because *Don Pedro* would go through *Avila*, where he had some Business to do before he went to Court. I took the Way to *Alcala* to carry the News of his Arrival to his Brother and his Nephew.

THE Nearness of my Native Country brought a thousand Thoughts into my Head concerning my unhappy Extraction. I could not reconcile my great Spirit with the Meanness of my Birth; and when I examin'd my Affection to *Mary Ximenez*, who had bred me as her Son, methought it did not feel like that which Nature and Blood inspire. In short, I only felt a Sense of Gratitude towards her, and being satisfied with my Resolution to requite her with a Sum of Money, I was not hasty to see her, nor concern'd that I had lost her so long, without the least Account what was become of me. Sometimes I fancied she was not my Mother, and the more to Root myself in this Opinion, I look'd back to my very Infancy, and call'd to mind all that could strengthen

strengthen it in me. In fine, I endeavoured to conceal from myself an Original so unworthy of my Courage, and which was a Bar to me against Love; for I thought not myself fit to Love a Woman of Quality, and was loth to give any such an Occasion ever to be ashamed of having given Ear to me; but I soon found, that to love, or to forbear, is not in our own Choice. I had now travell'd about five or six Leagues, and the Heat of the Sun began to be troublesome, when I came to the Edge of a Wood, where the full headed Trees afforded a pleasant Shade. I alighted to walk in it, leaving my Horse, and my *Valet de Chambre*. A long Path I trod giving me the Curiosity to see where it ended, I came to a great Iron-grate at the End of it, which look'd into a curious Garden, and a stately Castle within it. By the Iron-grate I spied a Door, which was only put to. I went into the Garden, and following a Walk of Orange Trees, came to a little Wilderness shut up by an Iron-grate. The Noise of the Fountains I heard within it as I drew near, made me conclude that was some pleasant Enclosure, that us'd to be lock'd up when any Body was within, to avoid Disturbance. Yet this Door was only shut too, like the other. I thrust it open, and tho' it was an indiscreet Action, Curiosity prevail'd, and I went along a Walk pal'd in Breast high with Grass Banks, on the Sides set with Yew and Orange Trees; and along both Sides of the Pales, at certain Distances, there were Statues of white Marble, on Pedestals of the same Colour. At the End of this Walk was a large Summer-house, rais'd three Steps from the Ground, and opening on two Sides with arch'd Glass Doors. I had gone too far to turn back without seeing the rest. I went into a great magnificent Hall I saw before me; but what I most admir'd in it, was a Statue of *Venus*. That Goddess was re-

sent lying on a Bed of black Marble; an unpolish'd Rock of the same Marble serv'd for a Pillow to rest her Head on, and spouted out abundance of little Streams, which washing her Body, fell into an Oval Bason, the Brims whereof were of a curious Marble of divers Colours. I thought I could never be weary of admiring that Figure, but whilst I gaz'd on it, I heard a Voice, which drew away my Attention. I made to the Place whence it seem'd to come. How was I surpriz'd, when I discover'd a young heavenly Creature, much more charming than the *Venus* I had so much admir'd in the Hall, in the Middle of a Green House, and in a Fountain of running Water, enclos'd with Green Sod. She was all alone, and her Bathing-smock was so fine, that it was easy to judge thro' it of the Whiteness of her Skin. She was near enough to me, and so conveniently seated, that I could easily see all the Features of her Face. The Nymph *Arethusa* did not expose more Charms to the Eyes of the amorous *Alpheus*. I cannot give you any lively Idea of what I felt at that Time. My dazzled Eyes, and my vanquish'd Reason, put my Heart past all Resistance. Love took Possession, without giving me Time to dispute his Admission. Yet what to do I knew not; for, tho' it was a Madness to think she would hearken to me, yet I could not prevail with myself to be gone from her, without acquainting her with the Passion I had conceived for her. I resolv'd to speak to her; but considering she was in a Posture, which in Modesty must oblige her to make me a severe Return, I thought to get back into the great Hall, and to wait her coming out of the Bath. It was my Misfortune to be too long a considering; as I drew back, she cast her Eyes upon me, and cried out. However, I went into the Hall, whilst she got out of the Water, that her Modesty might

might have no fresh Cause of Offence, and looking thro' the Glasses, I observ'd she had slipt on a Morning-Gown, which I saw before lying on the Grass, and made away hastily towards the Castle. I run to intercept, and soon came up with her. But what a mighty Confusion was I in when I drew near her? I accosted her with such a Trembling, that it lessen'd her Fear. What Insolence is this, said she, of yours, thus to surprize one of my Sex in this Place? She utter'd these Words in such a Tone, as quite put me beside myself. Madam, answer'd I, in great Disorder, Chance was the Cause of my Crime, and you are more than sufficiently reveng'd on my Presumption, since you have inspir'd me with a Passion, which cannot chuse but prove unfortunate. What, said she, looking on me with Anger and Scorn, is it not enough that you intrude into a Place, where Modesty thinks itself safe? but to add to that Offence, you pretend to make Love? Be gone immediately, and do not oblige me to call those who will punish your Presumption. Madam, replied I, now somewhat recover'd, perhaps those People you threaten me with may give little Satisfaction to your Resentment; for I can fear nothing, but your Anger. Once more I say be gone, answer'd she austerely; ease me of the Trouble of blushing any longer at the Posture you have seen me in, and at what you now have the Boldness to say to me. This said, she left me full of Confusion, and a thousand distracting Thoughts.

I went out of that fatal Place, whether Fortune seem'd to have led me for my Ruin. I return'd to my Servant, and we both mounted. Then did I give a full loose to my Thoughts. And must one Moment, said I, decide the Fate of all my future Life? Shall I who have not been mov'd with the beautifullest Ladies in *Flanders*, in a Moment be-

come the most amorous, or rather the maddest of all Men? And for whom? For one, whom I know not so much as by Name, and who will never allow me to see her again. What a Weakness is it to be overcome by a Look! I will collect all my Reason. Is it so hard to crush a Passion in its first Rise, and to oppose Love, when it only promises Pain? These Thoughts made me resolve to forget the Lady unknown; but an Accident I never could foresee, broke all my Resolutions. I spied three Horse-men in the Plain, riding full Speed, and he that was best mounted among them, carried away a Woman by Force, who struggled in his Arms, and cried out as loud as she was able for Help. Consider what my Thoughts were, when by the Colour of the Gown she had on, I perceived that was my beautiful Unknown. Hearing these Cries, which rent my Heart rather than my Ears, I ordered my Servant, who was a Man of Courage, to follow me, and make ready his Arms, and thus we flew to her Relief. Our Horses being swifter than those Gentlemens, we had soon come up with them, but that the Ravisher, guessing at my Design, detach'd his two Followers to stop us, whilst he endeavoured to carry off his Prey into a Wood, which appear'd at a Distance on the other Side of the Plain. I would willingly have shunn'd them, that I might the sooner come up with their Master; but they cross'd me, and I was forc'd to attack them. I rode up with my Arm stretch'd out to him that made towards me, we cross'd our Pistols, and my Arm being stronger than his, his Shot flew under my Arm; but mine being better levell'd, broke his Skull, and he dropp'd down. My Servant at the same Time dispatched his Man with his Firelock; so that there being nothing now to stop us, we made after the Ravisher,
and

and overtook him a Quarter of a League short of the Wood, where he was going to hide himself. I pressed so hard upon him, that he had scarce Time to set her down, and stand upon his Guard. I still rushed on upon him, and made such a strong Pass, that he could not put it by, and I run my Sword up to the Hilt into his Body, so that he dropped dead under his Horse's Belly. I presently alighted, and drawing near the Lady Unknown, cast myself at her Feet, saying, I am a happy Man, Madam, if this Service I have done you can atone for the Offence I committed. She made me no Answer, for she was still all disordered with the Fright of being stolen, and the Death of her Ravisher. But at length coming to herself, and looking upon me without that dreadful Anger I saw in her Eyes before : She said, She was willing to pardon my Indiscretion in Consideration of what I had done for her ; but that nothing less than so considerable a Service could have expiated my Crime. Then I may flatter myself, said I in a Transport of Passion, that I am no longer the Object of your Hatred and Aversion. Madam, that I may quite blot out the Guilt of having displeas'd you, give me Leave to express the Respect and Adoration I pay you. Let me beg of you, answered she, to talk of something else ; you lose the Merit of saving my Honour, by giving me fresh Cause of Complaint. Madam, replied I, what is it that is so offensive in my Words ? My Love is so pure, that it can't wrong your Virtue. Let me intreat you to give over, said she, consider that Decency will not allow me to be here alone with you. Besides, I must confess I cannot look upon this bloody Body without Horror. Let us remove from that unhappy Man, whose Misfortune I cannot but pity, as little Cause as I have to be troubled

at his Death. I offered to carry her back to the Castle; but she would not consent to it, and said, It was enough if I would bear her Company to a Village, which was about two or three hundred Paces from us, and whence she would be safely conveyed to the Castle. I would have had her got up upon my Horse, but she excusing herself, by shewing how short the Distance was, I gave her my Hand, and we took a long Path that led to the Village. Madam, said I to her since you deny me the Satisfaction of waiting on you to the Castle, do not refuse me the Comfort of knowing who the wonderful Person is, that at first Sight has such mighty Influence over Hearts? What you desire, answer'd the Lady, is so little worthy your Curiosity, that you must grant me the Request I make you, which is, to excuse me from giving you that Account. How, Madam, said I in a Surprize, can you desire any Thing so unreasonable of me? Nay, more than that, replied she again, you must promise me that you will not use any Means to enquire into it. Good God, cried I in sort of Anger I could not master. Do you consider, Madam, what it is you require of me? No, Madam, that Law is too severe, and you make me desperate, if you impose it on me. That will never make you desperate, answered she, such poor Features as mine, do not make such powerful Impressions, and when you have been a few Days without seeing me, you'll not remember any Thing of this Adventure, but on the Occasion of the Valour you have shewn in it? Ah, Madam, said I, why do you distract me with your Words? Will you destroy me? Will you deprive me of my Reason? Do not tell me who you are. Conceal yourself from my wretched Eyes, since you make their good Fortune an Offence. But to forbid me looking after

after you, and doing all that Love can inspire me to know you; that, Madam, is an unparallel'd Piece of Inhumanity. I am not so blind, but I can see, that if I do not make use of this Opportunity of knowing your Name, I must never hope to see you more. Alas! Do you think I can lay aside all Hopes, and can you be so barbarous as to be displeas'd at me, because I seek Relief? No, generous Stranger, answered the Lady, Heaven knows I do not take Offence at you. But, believe me, and do not refuse what I ask you: The Motive I have to ask is more obliging than you can imagine. But, be it a Humour, or a Nicety, I cannot depart from it; and if you advance one Step towards knowing of me, you set yourself at a Distance from me for ever. Madam, said I, the Laws you prescribe are hard. You remove me from you under Penalty of losing you for ever. And is it not losing you for ever, to grant what you require of me? No, replied the Lady Unknown, if you perform what I desire, you shall see me again; but I will first make Trial of your Discretion. If I like your Proceeding, I will make myself known to you. Only tell me your Name, and rely upon the Assurance I give you, that you have not serv'd an ungrateful Person. My Name is *Don Cæsar*, said I, and you may hear of me at *Alcala*, at *Don Luis de Luna's*. I desire to know no more, replied the Unknown, I will in Time make use of the Information you have given me, provided you deserve it. Be gone, *Don Cæsar*, leave it to my Gratitude to plead for you with me, and assure yourself you'll gain more upon my Heart by your Obedience, than you could do by many Years Service. I was so full of Grief, that I could not return one Word of Answer; but my Disorder spoke for me. It mov'd her, and holding out her Hand to me, she said, Farewel, *Cæsar*, be gone, do not forget

one that will always remember you, if you do not make yourself unworthy of her Remembrance. I put my Lips to her Hand, and bath'd it with Tears, holding it so long, till she pull'd it away blushing. I also perceived her charming Eyes were ready to weep, but she left me abruptly, to conceal her Tears from me, and give free Way to them when I was gone. In short, she went into the Village, and I lost Sight of her, returning to the High-way that leads to *Alcala* in the most violent Commotion that ever Lover felt. I durst not satisfy my Curiosity, but resolved punctually to obey my Mistress Unknown, to the End that if I was so unhappy as never to see her again, I should not have Cause to blame myself for having contributed to my own Misfortune.

THE next Day I came to *Alcala*, and went to pay my Respects to *Don Christopher*, and to his Father, who receiv'd me with all the Expressions of Joy I could wish. Particularly *Don Christopher* shew'd me all possible Tokens of true Friendship. His Friends and he endeavoured to make all the Time I was to stay with them as delightful as might be ; yet all the Diversions of Youth, and the most attracting Pleasures, could not prevent my falling into a deep Melancholy. *Don Christopher* us'd all Means to divert it ; sometimes he would upbraid the finest Ladies of the Town, telling them they had not Charms enough to ease me of my Heaviness ; and when he found that all his Care was ineffectual, he press'd me to reveal to him what I had in my Heart. Tho' I entirely confided in him, I was so exact in the Performance of what my Mistress had requir'd of me, that I durst not acquaint him with my Adventure, for fear lest he, either out of Friendship or Curiosity, should go about to make some Enquiry ; which would not fail to be
charg'd

charg'd upon me, and could not be any Advantage to me. Nevertheless, being obliged to give a Friend some Reason why I conceal'd any Thing from him, I told him, That I had such Reasons as no less than my future Happiness depended on to conceal the Cause of my Trouble, at least for some Time, from all Mankind; and that it was a great Affliction to me, that I could not impart that Matter to him, and therefore I begged of him not to insist upon it. He being fully convinced, that I loved him, and that I would not have conceal'd the Cause of my Grief from him, if it had been proper for me to disclose it; he pitied me, and left me at Liberty to devote myself entirely to my Love. I was so full of it, that nothing could draw my Thoughts away. My Unknown Mistress was continually before my Eyes. Sometimes she appeared to me, as when taking our last Farewel, moved at my piercing Sorrow; sometimes I fancied I saw her in the Bath, and called to Mind all that charming Whiteness which had ravish'd my Senses; but the more beautiful Shapes I represent'd her into myself, the more I increased my Torment. A considerable Time being pass'd, without the least News of her, my Heart was wholly seiz'd with Sorrow. The most dreadful Torments cannot be compared to the Distractions that then consumed me. I repented a thousand Times that I had let slip the Opportunity of knowing her, and that I was so weak as to trust to a Woman's Word. To add to my Sorrow *Don Pedro*, writ to me from *Madrid*, That he had concluded his Negotiation with Success, and would in a few Days come to me to *Alcala* in order to return to *Flanders*. I thought I should have run mad; for tho' I had all the Reason in the World to believe I should never hear of my Mistress unknown, yet I could not forget her, and I

was inconsolable, when I considered that my Departure destroyed the small Hopes I had left of seeing her. This was my Condition, and I had Thoughts of going to the Castle, where I saw her, when one Morning coming out of a Church a Woman in a Veil slipp'd a little Note into my Hand, and vanished, without allowing me Time to stop, or to ask her any Question. I presently opened the Paper, and in it found these Words. *It is but Justice that I be as good as my Word, since you have kept yours. Be you to Morrow at the same Time in the same Place where this Note is deliver'd to you. You shall be conducted, where you will hear such News as will please you, if your Mind is not chang'd.* I could not make any Doubt but this Note came from my Lady unknown. I read it twenty Times with all the Transports of a young Man beside himself with Love and Joy. The Satisfaction of understanding she was not insensible to my Passion, cast me into a Disorder, a Commotion, a sort of Distraction, which was all Charms. I was not Master of myself all the rest of the Day; but had enough to do to govern my Impatience arising from the Expectation of the Happiness I hoped for the next Day. The Sun seem'd to move too slow, and every Moment of the Night looked like an Age. I got up before Day, and was at the Place appointed long enough before the Time I was to be met. At last I saw the Person I waited for, come. I followed her to a little House, at the End of one of the Suburbs. I was carried into a Chamber very ill furnished, but it appeared to me the richest in the World, when I spied my Mistress in it. She came forwards to meet me. *Don Cæsar*, said she, I was resolved I would not seem any longer ungrateful to you, and by what I do for your sake you may perceive that, perhaps, I go too far in Compliance to my Gratitude.

tude. Madam, said I, I am fully sensible of the Value of such a Favour, I shall ever cherish the Memory of it; but, if my Actions could not deserve, you shall never have Cause to repent your granting of it. You have deserved it, answer'd she, by relying on my Word, and by your Secrecy. I know how your best Friends have endeavoured to tear your Secret from you, and how you have withstood their Importunities. This has obliged me to overcome all the Difficulties my Modesty suggested to oppose the ardent Desire you had to know me. I will now give you that Satisfaction, I will not have you any longer be ignorant of the Name of one that is so much indebted to you.

My Name is *Donna Anna de Montoya*, I am of one of the most ancient noble Families of *Castile*, my Father and I liv'd at *Siguenca*, when you come to that Castle where you saw me, which is a Duke's Country-House. You might guess by its Grandeur, that it did not belong to any private Person. A Niece of the Dutchess's falling sick, could not go with the Duke and Dutchess to Court at a Time when they were obliged to repair thither upon urgent Business. She was left in that Castle, as sole Mistress in their Absence. I went to Visit her with some other Ladies of our Town, who were her particular Friends, as well as myself. That House being a most delicious Place in the Heat of Summer, and having most stately Baths, I had bathed there several Days, as well for Health sake, as for Coolness. I had not the least Apprehension of being surpris'd in that delightful Place, and thought myself the safer that Day I saw you, because I had ordered a Maid that waited on me to lock up all the Doors that led to it; but the false Wretch had left them open, being corrupted by a Gentleman of *Siguenca*, that was in Love with me. His Name was *Don Livio*,

Livio, and he had asked me of my Father, who refused him for certain Reasons I need not tell you. Neither had I been any more favourable to his Courtship; and therefore not knowing how to satisfy his Love, he resolved to steal me away. My Maid, who was corrupted by him, took Care to let him know I was at the Duke's House, and that I bathed alone most Days; and in short, that he could never have a better Opportunity to steal me away, as he design'd, because there were none but Women in the Castle. For so it was, that all the Servants were gone to a Wedding at a Village a good Distance off. They agreed upon the Time when *Don Livio* should be at the Garden Gate next to the Wood, with his Attendance. He went up to the Summer-House; but not finding me in the Baths, because the Sight of you made me go away sooner than at other Times, and therefore he went on to the Castle with his Men. He seiz'd me in a great Room among my Companions, who were playing at *Ombre*, and I was telling them how I had been surpris'd in the Bath. He did not stand to talk, or make any Apology for his base Action; but made his Men carry me away, notwithstanding our Cries, and all the Resistance my Companions and I could make. They dragged me to the Wood, where they had left their Horses, and *Don Livio* having caus'd me to be set up before him, clasped his Arms so strongly about me, that I could not help myself: The rest of this Adventure you know as well as I. I will now tell you what happened afterwards, and the Reason why you see me here. When you were gone, I could not but have a great Esteem for you, and being moved at your Submission, was grieved to see you depart, nay, I did almost repent me for using you so cruelly, but I thought it convenient for my own Quiet. I was
resolved

resolved before I would admit of your Courtship, to make Trial of your Prudence, which yet I had no Reason to doubt of, and this made me adhere to my Resolution. I caus'd myself to be reconducted to the Castle by a great Number of Peasants, armed with Bills and Prongs. There I found my Companions in Distraction, and all the House in an Uproar. But my Return, and the Account I gave them, how I had been delivered from *Don Livio*, turned their Disorder into Joy. From that Time I grew thoughtful, and delighted to be alone. The Idea of you was the pleasing Object of my Thoughts. I took Delight in calling to mind the Passion I had discovered in your Eyes, and the disconsolate Condition I left you in, and repeated the last Words you spoke. In short, I called over all the Circumstances of our meeting twenty Times a Day. Next I had a Curiosity to know how you lived at *Alcala*, and whether your Actions did not disprove what your Words had signified to me. It was no difficult Matter for me to learn what I desired, because my Father has an Estate near the Town, and I wanted not Friends I could confide in. I was informed you pined away with some private Grief, which you carefully concealed from all Mankind. This confirmed me in the Resolution of being as good as my Word; whereas had I been told, that you were more easy, you should never have heard from me. My Father *Don Bertrand* looking upon what *Don Livio* had done, as a Design upon his Honour, took a Course at Law to have that Gentleman's Person and Memory declared infamous. But that was not to be done so soon; all the Town engaged in the Quarrel on one Side or other, as Kindred, Friendship, or Interest drew them. At last *Don Bertrand* perceiving the Affair was like to hold long, grew weary of that
troublesome

troublesome Life, and finding that at his Age he had more need of Rest, than so much Business, he resolved to leave *Siguenca*, where his Enemies Faction was stronger than his own, to spend the Remainder of his Days more peaceably in some other Town. I was not backward in strengthening his Resolution, and he seeming doubtful what Town to pitch upon, I persuaded him to fix upon this, where he has an Estate, and many Friends. Having settled our Affairs in *Siguenca*, we left that Place, and have now been here a few Days, my first Care was to find an Opportunity of discharging myself towards you ; and I think I have so done it, that you can have no just Cause of Complaint against me.

HERE *Donna Anna* concluded her Discourse. I returned Thanks for her Goodness, and, after much more Talk, we parted, but had other Meetings in the same Place. I was full of my good Fortune, and tho' she had never declared how far I might hope, yet no Apprehension disquieted me ; but in Love's Empire, Revolutions are too frequent for a Lover to continue long in a happy State. *Don Pedro*, cruel *Don Pedro*, came to rob me of my Bliss. He had at length concluded the Match between the Arch-Duke and the *Infanta*, after all the Difficulties and Delays in the Council at *Madrid*. The News was of too great Moment to delay giving the Arch-Duke an Account of it, and *Don Pedro* would have us ride Post. He could scarce be persuaded to grant a few Moments to his Brothers and Nephews Affection, who in vain us'd all their Endeavours to detain him, tho' it were but two or three Days. In short, he was so hasty, that all I could do was to gain one Interview more with *Donna Anna*. Good God, how moving it was ! She said a thousand kind Things, and plainly own'd
that

that she loved me as passionately as was possible I made such Returns as could be expected from a Man so entirely full of Love and Gratitude; but being desirous to know whether I might hope to marry her, notwithstanding the Meanness of my Birth, I said to her, Madam, since I am going to leave you, may I presume to ask, whether you'll allow me to hope, that we may one Day be perfectly united. May I raise my ambitious Desires so high? Shall I set out with that Expectation? Hear me *Cæsar*, answer'd she, shewing some Disorder by her Blushes; I must confess your Birth is some Trouble to me; not that I value your Person less than if you were descended from our first King's; but I know my Father's Humour, and I fear he will not be prevailed upon to admit as a Son-in-law a Man who is not so well born as himself. I am too sensible, said I, that your Father, justly disliking my Birth, will not approve of my Demand. I know that *Cæsar*, whilst he is only bare *Cæsar*, must not expect to enjoy you. But I must tell you, Madam, I have such a Heart, that I dare hope for that by my Sword, which might be refused to the Obscurity of my Family. Love has made many Heroes. Encouraged by my Passion, and by the Desire of rendering myself worthy of you, I shall, perhaps, perform such Actions, as my Courage would not attempt were the Object I aim at less valuable. But, Madam, should your Father, whilst I am fighting for you, be so cruel as to dispose of you, and give you up to some Man that does not love you, will you suffer yourself to be torn from me? I have never considered, said *Donna Anna*, what I should do upon that Exigency. I believe my Father is too good to force me; but, in short, should he make use of all the Power Heaven and Nature have given me him over me, I find I should not
 have

have the Courage to withstand him. I should pity you, and should pity myself if I saw my Heart so oppressed; but whatever Affection I have for you, do not flatter yourself, *Cæsar*, for I would sacrifice it to my Duty. Such a vertuous Resolution, was doubtless very honourable in *Donna Anna*; but I should have liked her ne'er the worse if she had not been altogether so obedient to her Father. She soon perceived what a dismal Effect her last Words had on me, and therefore to comfort me, she told me, we had no Occasion to fear, for her Father loved her so tenderly, that there was no Reason to imagine he would put her upon so hard a Trial. Go, my dear *Cæsar*, added she, lovingly pressing my Head between her Hands, go make your bright Actions, put Fortune to the Blush, for having dealt so unjustly with you at your Birth, and Return so full of Glory, that my Father may think it an Honour to him to bestow me on you. Go, I say again, where Duty calls you, and assure yourself I will do all that mine will permit me, that I may never have any Husband but *Cæsar*. When she had so spoke, I saw some Tears trickle down from her bright Eyes, which touch'd me so to the Quick, that falling down before her, I embraced her Knees, without being able to utter one Word. At length, after a thousand mutual Protestations of Love, and Fidelity, I returned to *Don Pedro*, and with him into *Flanders*.

CHAPTER IX.

How Sancho interrupted Don Ferdinand, and how much Don Quixote was afflicted, when he heard the Queen of the Amazons was gone.

DON Alvaro, the Earl, and the rest of the Company were attentively list'ning to *Don Ferdinand*, when *Sancho* returning from the Kitchen in a Heat, interrupted the Relation, crying out as loud as he was able: Great News, Master *Don Quixote*, mighty News! You design'd to Combat this Day at the Court for Madam *Zenobia*; but, by my Troth, you may save your self the Labour. The Setting-Dog may stay at Home, when the Partridges are flown. What do you mean by that, said *Don Quixote*? I mean Sir, answer'd the Squire, that the Nest is empty, and when the Cage is made, the Bird flies away. Have done with your Proverbs, reply'd the Knight, and be plain in few Words. Well, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, to be plain in few Words, I must tell you, that Madam *Zenobia*, whip. Speak that you may be understood, you Brute, said *Don Quixote*. What is the Meaning of all that? Why then answer'd the Squire, the Meaning is, that our Lady Queen has pack'd up her Nauls, and is no longer in *Madrid*. What do I hear, cry'd the Knight? But you mistake, Friend. It is impossible she should have left us so. Pray Sir, excuse me, quoth *Sancho*, there is nothing more certain. She went away last Night, and no Body in this House knows what is become of her. O Heavens! cry'd *Don Quixote*, rising from his Seat in such a manner as shew'd he was full of Grief and Despair; some Enchant-
er

er has certainly convey'd her away. O unfortunate Knight! You must die for Shame, that you guarded your Princess so ill. Who will trust you for the future with *Infanta's*? Son *Sancho*, go saddle *Rocinante*, and Dapple immediately; let us flie to seek the Peerless *Zenobia* in all Parts. I swear by the sacred Order of Chivalry, I profess, that I will not stop in any Place that is inhabited, and that I will eat without a Table-Cloth, or Napkin, till I have found that only Lady of my Affections. Ads Curse, cry'd *Sancho*, abruptly: Where the Devil shall we go look for her, when we don't know which Way she is gone? You'll make me renounce all my Generation. Why should leave these Gentlemen, who entertain us so Nobly, to run after a Sham Queen, who gives us the Slip with the Mule and her Silk Cloaths, without so much as thanking us? Do what I bid you, answer'd *Don Quixote*, and let me hear no more. This said, he would have gone to his Chamber for his Lance and Buckler; but the Earl and *Don Carlos* seeing him so resolv'd, endeavour'd to dissuade him, by representing to him the dangerous Consequences of his Departure. In short, *Don Quixote*, said the *Granadine*, do you consider what you are going to do? Don't you remember, that if you go from *Madrid*, the King of *Cyprus*, who is near at Hand, will not fail to accuse you of Cowardice? He'll say, you durst not wait his coming, and will proudly boast that he made you flie. I am sensible how much you are concern'd at the Loss of your Princess; but you know better than I, that a Knight is to prefer his Honour before his Affections. You are in the Right, *Don Alvaro*, answer'd *Don Quixote*, he is to mind three Things, the First is Religion, the Second is Honour, and the Third his Mistress. And therefore, since Honour obstructs my Departure, I will stay here till I have
slain

slain *Bramarbas*; but whilst I stay, I am in the Mind to send *Sancho* to seek the Queen every where, as ancient Knights us'd to do upon the like Occasions. Good, quoth the Squire, by my Troth, a hopeful Commiffion. Why d'ye think I have study'd Philosophy, to divine where the Princess is? And in case I should find her in the Paws of some Enchanter? Do you really think I am such a Fool as to go to have my Bones broken? No Friend, answer'd *Don Quixote*, I do not design you should expose your self to unheard of Dangers, to get her out of the Hands of a Negromancer. That is not lawful for you, who are not dubb'd a Knight; and provided you can but discover the Castle where she is confin'd, I desire no more of you. You see *Sancho*, said *Don Carlos*, that your Master requires nothing of you that is hard, or unreasonable. It is not hard to be said, answer'd the Squire, but it is quite another Matter to perform it. A Man does not always find what he seeks, I can assure you; and a Man may travel ten Leagues without finding such a Portmanteau as *Cardenio's*. Well, *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*, you must set out immediately, and that you may proceed regularly in your Search after *Zenobia*, I'll show you the Way you are to follow. Go directly into *France*, then into *Flanders*, and so into *Holland*, where you shall embark at the Mouth of the *Maese* for *England*. Then search *Ireland*, and *Scotland*, formerly call'd *Albania*. Thence make a Step into the Island of *Thule*, so much talk'd of among the Ancients, who thought it the furthest Part of the Earth, because they knew not the *New World*. Next, continuing your Voyage Northward, you shall go into the *Hyperborean* Regions, where you will find the floating Islands of the *Hyperborean* Prince, my Rival. There you must enquire narrowly after the Queen; for it is likely
the

what the Enchanter, who has taken her away, may have convey'd her thither, to satisfy the *Hyperborean Prince's* Passion. If upon strict Search you miss of her there, you shall embark on the frozen Sea of *Greenland*, where a wise Man my Friend, will not fail to furnish you with a Vessel to carry you to *Lapland*. You shall cross *Norway*, *Gothland*, and the Country of the *Vandals*, now call'd *Sweden*, whence you shall pass into *Denmark*, once call'd the Kingdom of the *Cimbrians*; and after visiting all Parts of *Germany*, you shall traverse *Illyria*, *Italy*, and *Sicily*; and when a Vessel has carry'd you from *Syracusa* into *Macedon*, you'll there see the famous Fields of *Philippi*; then you shall travel thro' *Bulgaria*, *Sclavonia*, *Servia*, and the other Parts of the famous *Grecian* Empire. After that, you shall go into *Sarmatia*; thence into *Circassia*, that flourishing Kingdom of the valiant *Sacripant*; and thence into the vast Empire of *Lucia*, whose mighty Power had like to have overthrown the flourishing Empire of *Greece*, in the Time of the Warlike *Amazons*. Then directing your Course to *Constantinople* by the *Euxine* Sea, and passing the Streights of *Hellespont*, famous for the Loves of *Hero* and *Leander*, you shall land in *Asia*. In that Part of the World, *Sancho*, the great Empire of the Sultan of *Niquea* will astonish you with its rich and stately Cities, and those sumptuous Palaces so curiously describ'd in Books of Knight Errantry. Next drawing towards *Cappadocia*, and the Banks of the clear River *Thermodon*, which Waters the delicious Plains of the noble Kingdom of the *Amazons*; you shall repair to *Themiscyra*, where you shall comfort those warlike Women for the Absence of their Queen, the Princess *Zenobia*; telling them, that I am her Knight, and will restore her to them in Spight of all Enchanters that shall pretend to oppose it. From
Cappadocia,

Cappadocia, be sure you go into *Armenia*, *Iberia*, *Georgia*, and the famous Empire of *Tartary*, now in the Possession of the Successors of the famous *Agrican*, and *Mandricard*, Lovers of the beautiful *Angelica*, and Rivals to that Earl of *Angiers*, whom you saw not long since near *Atteca*. Thence proceed to the Empire of *Cathay*, to that of *China*, to the *Indies*, and the *Mogul's* Country; but when you come to *Ispahan*, manage it so with Presents and Art, that you may get into the *Sophy's Seraglio*, to see whether the Princess *Zenobia* be not there. In short, *Sancho*, when you have satisfy'd your Curiosity at the Court of the Sultan of *Babylon*, you shall come back towards the Kingdoms of *Cyprus* and *Damascus*, where formerly Reign'd the good old Man *Norandin*, the great Friend of Knights Errant; but before you leave *Asia*, visit the *Arabia's*, and particularly that where the *Phœnix* is found. And when you have attentively view'd the Tomb of the *Sarazen* Prophet, you shall pass over the Isthmus that joins *Asia* and *Africa*. You may stay one Day to rest you in the great City of *Alexandria*, then going up the *Nile* along those fruitful Plains that River waters, you shall pass into the Empire of *Ethiopia* and the *Abissines*. Then turning away to the Southward, you shall advance into the Kingdom of the *Cafres*, so fatal to Strangers, because those barbarous People feed on human Blood. Next you shall turn again to the Northward, and will come into the Kingdoms of *Tombut* and *Senega*, and the vast Empire of the Blacks; whence crossing the Dominions of the King of *Morocco*, and those that once belonged to King *Agramant*, that fatal Enemy to the mighty *Charlemaign*, Emperor of the *Romans*, you shall embark at *Algier* to return into *Spain*. Mother of God, cry'd *Sancho*, what a Journey is that? I had rather go to the Shrine of *St. James* in *Galicia*. Faith, my Ass and I shall try what

what our Feet are made of. In truth, *Sancho*, said *Don Carlos*, laughing, Dapple and you are like to see abundance of Countries. You need but follow the Road your Master has laid before you, there is no Danger of missing it. Go quickly, and make hast back. Make hast back, quoth *Sancho*. Fair and softly, *Don Carlos*. I must first go to *Constantinople*, and thence into *France*; from *France* into the *Seraglio's Sophy*, and from thence to the Devil in Hell. Don't you consider, that tho' my As trotted all the Way, he could not perform that Journey in a Week. Be gone quickly my Lad, said *Don Quixote*, make all the hast you can; and return as soon as may be. You shall find me here. I will go shut my self up in my Chamber during that time; but the Laws of ancient Chivalry require, that I wholly give my self up to Sorrow, that I pine away with Grief, and that I perform all the Actions of a despairing Knight. That is but reasonable, said *Don Alvaro*; but I am of Opinion you had better dine with us first, the better to feed your Affliction. Heavens defend me from it, answer'd *Don Quixote*; I will be eight Days without Eating, or Drinking, or speaking one Word. This said, he gravely saluted the Company, and retir'd to his own Room, double locking the Door, for fear some indiscreet Person should come to disturb the Pleasure he was going to take in afflicting himself.

IN the mean while the Gentlemen having kept *Sancho* with them, began to rally him about his Journey. Then you are going to leave us, Mr. Governor, said *Don Alvaro*? Won't you Dine before you go? Dine with you, answer'd the Squire? You need not question it *Don Alvaro*; and if you please I design to fill my Wallet, as I did at *Zaragoza*; for I have a great Way to go, and you know it is the Belly that carries the Legs. You are in the
Right,

Right, said *Don Carlos*; it is a long Way, and you will do well to lay in Provisions. I could wish you were come back already, to give us a curious Account of your Progreis; to tell us the Rarities of strange Countries, and, like other Travellers, to talk of a Thousand fine Things you never saw. I have one Favour to ask of you Mr. Governor; said the Earl. Pray bring me the largest Pearls you can find in the *Indies*, to make the Princess *Trebafina*, my Wife a Necklace. Pearls d'ye say; answer'd *Sancho*. Why is the Country I am going to a Pearl Country? No question of it, reply'd the Earl. Pox on it, why did not you tell me so sooner, and I had been gone an Hour ago, and by this time I had been in *England*. May I presume said *Don Pedro*, to desire another small Kindness of Mr. Governor? You may, answer'd *Sancho*, you need only name what you would have, and it is done. Would you have some Pearls too? I desire neither Pearls, nor Diamonds, reply'd *Don Pedro*, I would only have you, as you pass through the Country of the *Cafres*, to enquire how many Squires they have eaten this Year. I have a Curiosity to know it. Nay, as for that damn'd Kingdom, quoth *Sancho*, I am your humble Servant. I will not come within an Hundred Paces of it. I know what a Spit with three Points is; and by my Troth, when a Man has once had the Cholick, he has Reason to be afraid of the Gripes. *Don Carlos* and the *Granadine* gave the Squire other Commissions; but whilst they were given their Instructions, there came into the Room a Reverend old Man. He was clad in a long Robe of black Sattin, girt about him with a broad yellow Ribband. On his Head he had a Cap of Goat's Hair, and a white Beard, which reach'd down to his Knees. He leant on a Staff he held in his Right Hand, and in the Left he had a great

Book. The Gentlemen soon perceiv'd that the old Man was *Don Carlos's* young Secretary, and this new Disguise was the more pleasing to them, because they knew nothing of it. As soon as *Sancho* spy'd the old Man's long Beard, he cry'd out. Good God, what a Beard there is ! No Horses Tail is like it. Friend, said the Secretary, talk more respectfully of a Beard twelve hundred Years old. Mercy on us, reply'd the Squire, is it possible you should be twelve hundred Years of Age? Then you are an Enchanter. Right, quoth the old Man. By my Troth, I fancied as much, answer'd *Sancho*, for I have heard say, that Enchanters live so long, that they bury their Grandfathers. You have been rightly inform'd, replied the Secretary ; and I must tell you, I am call'd the Wise *Lirgandus*. I believe you are no Stranger to my Name. No faith, quoth the Squire, I know you well enough. You are a Friend to my Master *Don Quixote*. We have often call'd upon you in our Combates. But so it is, my Brother may cry on, for my Father does not rock him. To deal plainly, you have left us so often sticking in the Mire, that it is a Wonder we ever pull'd our Legs out. O ! my poor *Sancho*, answer'd the Enchanter. You have no Cause to complain. We Enchanters cannot be here and there and everywhere. We have so many Damsels to Enchant, so many Knights to cast into Prisons, so many Squires to toss in Blankets ; and in short, we have so much Business on all Hands, that we cannot always come just in time to help out a Knight we protect. Is it not enough that we come when he is well beaten to rub him down, or bring him some Balsom. I can assure you, it is not for want of good Will, and your Master would be in the wrong should he complain, that I am unconcern'd at his Misfortunes. I come to *Madrid* on purpose to comfort him upon the Departure

ture of Queen *Zenobia*. Then you are welcome said *Sancho*, but in the Name of God, Mr. *Lirgandus*, take care to hinder him by your Magick from being eight Days without Eating or Drinking; and satisfy him that there is no need I should pass over the Hellish Ponds, and all the other Ponds in the World to run after the Princess. Pray order it so, that I may not leave this Place. Save my Ass this Jaunt, and he will give you a thousand Blessings for it. Well Friend, said the Enchanter, lead me to your Master's Chamber, and I engage for it, you shall not go. The Squire overjoy'd at this Promise, conducted him as he desir'd. The Gentlemen being willing to know what the Wife *Lirgandus* would say, follow'd him; and when they came to the Chamber-door, they heard the Knight crying out aloud. O Quintessence of Beauty, Eighth Wonder in the World! Where are you at this Time? Alas! Perhaps you are beset with Monsters, making some Negromancer's Castle resound with your doleful Cries. I impatiently expect my Squire's Return, that I may fly to your Relief. In the mean while listen to my dismal Moan, and sorrowful Complaints, thou adorable Queen of my Soul.

OPEN the Door, Sir, open the Door, cry'd *Sancho*, knocking furiously. You need not despair, Madam *Zenobia* is not lost. *Don Quixote* knowing his Squire's Voice, open'd the Door, saying, What now, my Son, have you found out already where the Queen is? No Sir, answer'd *Sancho*; but here is the wife *Lirgandus* your Friend, who is come to bring you Tidings of her. It is so, Knight of the *Cupids*, said the Secretary, embracing *Don Quixote*; I come to tell you what is become of her; but cease your Affliction, and think no more of Queen *Zenobia*. The wife *Artemidorus* has taken her from you, to restore her to her lawful Husband. What

do I hear, cried *Don Quixote*, is the Princess married? Has she espous'd *Hyperborean*, the Prince of the Floating Islands? You have said it, answered *Lirgandus*; you have read in that Prince's History, with how much Valour he deliver'd that Princess from the Chrystal Tower, in which the Enchanter *Pamphus* had confin'd her. But since the History goes no further, I must tell you the rest. The beautiful *Zenobia*, being set free by the Prince of the Floating Islands, grew so fond of him, that she resolv'd to let him know it. And the Princesses of her Country making no Bones, as you well know, to go meet Princes in their Camps, this chaste Queen went away to see *Hyperborean* in his. He receiv'd her with all the Kindness of a passionate Lover, made a great Feast, and they were married before Dinner was over. Then he carried her to his Floating Islands, where, for a Proof of his Manhood, she was deliver'd of three Children. But about a Month after she had given this rare Demonstration of her Fruitfulness, the Enchanter, or rather the mad Fellow *Pamphus*, who was always in Love with that Princess, tho' she hated him, to be revenged of her, one Day as she was hunting, brought her over into a Wood in *Spain*, where having unmercifully stripp'd her to her Smock, he bound her to a Tree, and to add to her Misfortune, gave her the perfect Resemblance of a base Tripe-Woman at *Alcala*, call'd *Barbara*, *Hackt-Face*. By Heavens, that is true, cried *Sancho*, interrupting him; for *Bracamonte* the Soldier was mistaken in her, and I dare lay a Wager, that the Players we met the other Day, don't know they spent the Night a drinking with a Princess. *Pamphus*, the Enchanter, continued the Secretary, having thus left *Zenobia* in the Wood, where you found her, made no Question but the Wolves would devour her. But when he understood, that you had rescu'd

rescu'd her, and she was under your Protection, he was ready to run mad. He attempted to steal her from you ; but missing of his Aim, he was so vex'd, that he retir'd to one of his Cattles, and has never stirr'd Abroad since. On the others Side, Prince *Hyperborean* led a sad Life for the Loss of his Wife ; but the wise *Artemidorus* found out, by his Art, that she was here, and that you was in Love with her. For which Reason he stole her away from you last Night. Dry up your Tears then, Knight ; banish from your Heart and Memory the Resemblance of that Princess ; and think of nothing now, but your Combat with *Bramarbas*. I must let you know, that Giant will be in Town To-morrow, and you will stand in need of all your Strength to overcome him. Enough, wise *Lirgandus*, answer'd *Don Quixote* ; I should be unworthy of your Friendship, did I not entirely follow your Advice. Since Queen *Zenobia* is married, I will be her Knight no longer, I take back my Heart again. By that worshipful Beard, cried *Sancho*, my Master is the better for our Curate's Lectures. This it is to be an honest and a conscientious Knight, thus to let his Neighbour's Wife alone. Would to God the worst in the World were like him. O how glad am I ! There's an end of my Journey. But, my Friend *Sancho*, said the Earl ; if you don't go, Farewel my Pearls. As for that, answered the Squire, send for them by the Post. Is there no Body in the World can fetch them but I. In short I had rather you should go without Pearls, than my *Dapple* should batter all his Feet. Come Gentlemen, said the *Granadine*, since *Don Quixote* is no longer oblig'd to lock himself up, and to do Penance for Queen *Zenobia*, let us go sit down to Table ? Will the wise *Lirgandus* do us the Honour to dine with us. I return you Thanks, Gentlemen, answer'd the Enchanter ; I cannot stay here any longer. I am in haste to be gone

into *Cochinchina*. All the Enchanters in the World are to be there this Afternoon, to decide a Controversy that is risen between two of our Brethren, about an *Infanta* they have stolen from her Parents, and each of them would keep her to himself. Farewel, Gentlemen, till we meet again, remember, brave Knight of *la Mancha*, you shall see the dreadful *Bramarbas* To-morrow, and take Notice, that if he falls by your Hand, you will finish one of the noblest Adventures that ever was performed by Knight Errant. This said, he embraced *Don Quixote*, saluted the Company, and went into another Room to *Unlirgandise* himself; that is, to take off his magick Robe, and his Horse-tail Beard, and to put on his Secretary's Cloaths. Then the Gentlemen finding *Don Quixote* comforted for the Loss of *Zenobia*, carried him into the Dining-Room, where the Table was covered. They all sat down, and after Dinner they desired young *Don Ferdinand* to prosecute his Story, which he did in this Manner.

C H A P. X.

The Continuation and Conclusion of Don Ferdinand's Story.

DON Pedro and I, as I told you, returned to *Flanders*, with all the Expedition we could, to carry the Arch-Duke our pleasing News. We came to *Antwerp*, where that Prince received us with extraordinary Kindness and Satisfaction. *Don Pedro* delivered to him the original Contract, which was so advantageous to him, and with it a Picture of the *Infanta*. She was extremely like her Mother, who was Daughter to *Henry* the Second, King of *France*, and the beautifullest Princess in *Europe*.
The

The Arch-Duke was much taken with the Picture, and made mighty Preparations for the Reception of the *Infanta*, who was to set out as soon as possible from *Madrid*. He preferred *Don Pedro* to the greatest Employments in the Army, and gave me fresh Hopes. Tho' the Campaign was then drawing to an End, yet understanding that the Towns of *Sluys* and *Grave*, were not well garrison'd, or provided, he resolv'd to besiege those two Places, to put a more honourable End to the Campaign, and give that happy Omen to his Marriage. To this End he gathered two Armies, of twenty thousand Men each, made up of the Forces that were before in the Field, and such as he could draw out of Garrison, without exposing the Frontier Places to any Danger. He gave *Don Pedro* the Command of the Army designed for *Grave*, the other was commanded by a General Officer, who took *Sluys* in a Month. *Grave* held out but eight Days from the opening of the Trenches, which was occasioned by an Accident seldom seen at such important Sieges. Our Trenches were well advanced, when the Governor of the Place, believing we should soon be in a Condition to attack the Covert-Way, thought fit to make a great Salley with the Choice of his Foot, supported by all his Horse. We were upon our Guard, expecting some such Design. *Don Pedro* posted several Bodies of Men in convenient Places to second our Work-men, and I was ordered to support them with our Regiment. The besieged made a vigorous Attack upon our Trenches, our Infantry oppos'd them gallantly; and then the Horse fell in on both Sides. The Fight was bloody, and lasted long; but at last we repuls'd them, and entered the Town with them Pell-Mell. My first Care was to secure the Gate, and to send away a Trooper in haste for our next Troops to come to Sup-

port me. They did so, and the best Part of our Army was in the Town before the Enemy thought of repulsing us, their Confusion was so great. We made all the Garrison Prisoners, except those that fled out at the opposite Gate from us, and even most of them fell into the Hands of our Troops that were posted on that Side. Thus we became Masters of *Grave*. When the Arch-Duke received this News, he could scarce believe it. He gave me great Commendations, declared he was beholding to me for that important Conquest, and gave me the Command of a Regiment, with a Pension to live up to it. That Great Prince's Generosity was a mighty Satisfaction to me; for every Thing fill'd my Heart with Joy, which seemed to set me any Thing nearer to *Donna Anna*. As for *Don Pedro*, the Arch-Duke shewed him the greatest Tokens of Esteem and Honour, and commended him for his Conduct of the Works against the Place, and the Measures he had taken to prevent its being relieved. At this happy Time the *Infanta* arrived at *Dunkirk*. The Arch-Duke went thither to meet her, and found she was more beautiful than her Picture. I shall not pretend to tell you the publick Rejoicings there were throughout all the *Low-Countries*. I will only tell you, that he carried her to *Bruges*, to *Ghent*, and to *Antwerp*, where all the People strove to exert their Zeal to them. He freely renounced the Scarlet-Robe to marry a Princess, who, besides her Charms, brought him in Dower such considerable Dominions. The Wedding was kept at *Brussels*, with such Magnificence as was suitable to such illustrious Lovers. Among other publick Shews, there was a gallant Tilting in the chief Market-Place, or Square of the Town. All the Nobility appeared at it in great Splendor. I had the Honour

to be of *Don Pedro's* Troop, and was none of those that gain'd least Applause.

As much as the Arch-Duke was full of his good Fortune, yet the Sweets of Love did not make him forget the Care of the War. He had applied himself diligently since he governed, to reduce the Rebels; but the Assistance they had from *France* had been an Obstacle to his Success. To remove this Let, Conferences were held at *Vervins* between the Ministers of *Spain* and *France*, for settling a Peace between the two Crowns, that *Spain* might bend all its Power against the *United-Provinces*. The Peace being concluded, he took the Field, and defeated a considerable Body of *Dutch* near *Nieuport*; but, thinking to perfect his Victory, and presuming to attack the Enemy in their Entrenchments, contrary to the Advice of his Generals, he was defeated by Prince *Maurice*. This Misfortune nothing abated his Courage, for the next Year he formed the famous Siege of *Ostend*, which will ever remain a memorable Instance of the Constancy of the Besiegers, and the Obstinacy of Rebels, for it lasted three Years, three Months, and three Days. I shall not go about to give you the Particulars of an Action so well known; but will only tell you, that Prince *Maurice* us'd all possible Means to raise the Siege; but rather than forsake it, we suffered him to take *Grave* and *Sluys*.

Tho' I was employed in the War, my Thoughts still ran upon *Donna Anna*, and my Love was so great, that I could never have lived so long without seeing her, had I not thought it absolutely necessary to gain a great Name by my Sword to make myself worthy to be her Husband. However, my Heart was not at Rest; but Fortune favouring my Design, brought me back to *Donna Anna*, when I least expected it. *Philip* the Third by his Father's

Death, was sole Heir of this mighty Monarchy ; and the *Moors* looking upon *Tangier, Ceuta, Oran, Mazagan,* and the other Places we have on the Coast of *Africa*, as an Eye-sore to them, resolved to make themselves Masters of them. They durst not attempt it during the Reign of *Philip* the Second, whom they dreaded ; but believing they might make an easy Conquest at the Beginning of a new Reign, they made great Preparations in order to it. The Duke of *Lerma*, who had the Charge of those Affairs, being informed of their Design, began to raise Forces. All the Quality of *Spain*, fit to be employed in the *African War*, being then in the Service of *Flanders*, or *Italy*, where the Strefs of the War lay, the King writ to the Arch-Duke to send over some Officers, but particularly two General Officers, on whose Conduct he might rely. The Arch-Duke, amidst all the Great Men in his Court, pitched upon *Don Pedro*, and made Choice of me to Command under him. I was, you must think, sufficiently overjoyed to see myself now become a General Officer ; nothing could add to it, but the Pleasure of returning to *Spain*, where I hoped to see *Donna Anna*. We had scarce Time to return our Thanks to that Prince, before we were obliged to take our Leave. This I may say, that all Persons of any Note were sorry to part with us, and the Arch-Duke himself, when we took our Leave very kindly, declared, that he looked upon it as a great Loss to himself to be deprived of our Service ; but that the Obligations he had to the Crown of *Spain*, prevailed with him to sacrifice all to it.

WE left *Brussels*, and the Peace lately concluded with *France* giving us Liberty of passing thro' that noble Kingdom, we thought fit to go by Land. We entred *Spain* by the Way of *Navarre*, and as soon as we came to *Madrid*, waited on the Duke
of

of *Lerma*, and other great Ministers, who received us very honourably upon the favourable Account the Arch-Duke gave of us. Then they conducted us to receive the King's Orders, who did us much Honour, and promis'd we should have our Commissions forthwith. All the Business depending on *Don Pedro*, who was to Command our little Army, I had no more to do at *Madrid*, till our Departure for *Africa*, which was not like to be in haste, because our inferior Officers were very backwards in their Levies, and a Fleet was to be fitted at *Cadix*, to carry us over. This proved very advantagious to me, for it gave me the Opportunity of spending some Months at *Alcala*. Thither I went, and was too impatient to see *Donna Anna*, to think of any Thing else ; therefore leaving my Man and my Horses in an Inn, I hasted to the Place, where I had often seen her. There I understood that she had been gone some Days since to *Siguenca*, with her Father about their private Concerns, and they knew not when she would Return. This News troubled me, and I returned to the Inn, to rest me, for it was then late, but as I was passing by a House, a Woman came out of it, and taking me by the Hand, without speaking one Word ; led me into it. I followed without considering what I did at first ; but when I came to myself, that Woman bid me shut the Door, and follow her. I guess'd it was some amorous Intrigue I was fallen into, and that the Woman being disordered by the Thoughts of what she was doing unknown to her Parents, or deluded by her Imagination, took me for another in the Dark. I was about drawing back, tho' the Opportunity was such as might make a Man bold, yet I would not be obliged to Change my good Fortune, and was too nice for to accept of Favours, which Love did not design for me. However, Cu-

sity stopped me. I had a Mind to see whether the Lady was beautiful, and what could be the Meaning of this Adventure; and perhaps, Fate had so ordered that I should this Way come to discover from whom I had my Being. I followed the Lady up to the Stair Head, having only put too the Street-door, without locking it, that I might get out the better, if there was Occasion. She having bid me stay there for her, I waited, till hearing some Body come up the Stairs softly, I stood up close in the Corner, that I might not be in the Way; but what I did to shun him, threw me just into his Arms; for the Man, who in all Likelihood knew the Ways in the House no better than I, crept along the Wall, and met me in the Corner. Tho' I had not much Time to consider, I soon concluded that was the Party designed for the Intrigue. We began to feel one another without speaking a Word; but having Reason to fear he would not fail to be the Death of me when he felt I was a Man, I took Care to prevent him, and drawing my Dagger, stuck it twice into his Breast. I heard him drop down at my Feet, fetching a deep Groan. I slipped down the Stairs, and out of the House shutting the Door after me, that I might not be followed, and made Haste to my Inn, where I took Care not to mention my Adventure. I spent the rest of the Night making serious Reflections on the Extravagancies of Youth, which runs itself into all Misfortunes, when Prudence does not guide it, and I could not forgive myself for what I had done only out of a meer foolish Curiosity. But what a Trouble was I in, when going the next Day to *Don Christopher's* I found all the Family in Confusion. I enquired into the Cause of it, and was told, that *Don Christopher* had the Night before received two Stabs of a Dagger at *Donna Eugenia de Peralta's* House, and no Body knew how, or to what

what Purpose he went into that Place. I desired to see him, but he knew no Body, and lay struggling for Life. His Friends endeavoured to help him, *Don Luis* was distracted, the Servants wept. What a dismal Spectacle was this for me! I had no Reason to doubt but I had been the Murderer of my Friend. You may guess at my Concern. I curs'd my own Folly, and would have laid violent Hands on myself, had not the Surgeons declared the Wounds were not mortal; and tho' his Weakness gave us Cause to fear, yet they said they would answer for his Life, if he fell not into a Fever in two Days. This Declaration made me hold my Hand, and prevented my making a Sacrifice to *Don Christopher* of his Murderer. The House was in great Affliction during the two Days. I never left the wounded Man, but kept by his Bed-side Day and Night, felt his Pulse every Moment, and dreaded the Thoughts of a Fever. And to shew how great Concern was, I must tell you, that for those two Days I had no Thoughts of my Love. It pleas'd God he had no Fever, and such Care was taken of him, that he began by degrees to gather Strength.

WHEN he was out of Danger, every Body was guessing at the Cause, and Circumstances of his Adventure, but no Body could imagine I had so great a Hand in it. Whilst he was under Cure, *Eugenia* made all possible Search after her Daughter. The Magistrates on their Side enquired into *Engracia's* Flight, and *Don Christopher's* Wounds. The Judge in Criminal Causes thought it not enough to examine him, but carried *Eugenia* to his House to confront them. *Don Christopher* concealed no part of what he knew. He frankly owned his Love for *Engracia*, and their Assignation. Whereupon the Judge said to her, Madam, by this we may easily guess, that you looking upon *Don Christopher* as
the

the Deluder of your Daughter, employed some of your Kindred, or Servants, to revenge your Quarrel. And thus the Suspicion of the intended Murder falls upon you. *Eugenia* to clear herself, answer'd, that she was never acquainted with *Don Christopher's* Love to her Daughter. Then, said *Don Christopher*, Madam, I do not accuse you of any Design to murder me. I do not Question your Innocence, and I wish your Daughter was not more to blame than you. But I have Reason to think some Rival has carried her off, after leaving me in that Condition so unable to oppose him. Is there any Likelihood, said *Eugenia*, That my Daughter should make any Affignation to murder you? It is that which confounds me, answer'd *Don Christopher*, and hinders my being positive in my Censure. The Judge finding so little Light by them, could not make any Judgment, and therefore resolv'd upon a further Search.

DURING this Time *Donna Anna* returned from *Siguenca*, was overjoyed to find me, and the more because she did not expect to see me. On my part, besides the Satisfaction of finding her more beautiful than ever, I had the Comfort to see she continued Faithful and Constant. We had several Interviews in the same House I told you of before. The Title of a General Officer I had obtained, made us hope her Father would approve of my Pretensions, so that we both thought ourselves happy. But Fortune soon cross'd our Bliss. *Don Christopher* recovering his Strength within a Month, went Abroad. As I was one Day congratulating with him he appeared discontented, and said, my Father has propos'd to marry me to the Daughter of a Friend of his, and he is so bent upon the Match that he will not allow me to make any Objections. This is very ungrateful to me, because I have still a Kindness
for

for *Engracia*, whatever Cause I have to suspect her Fidelity. Do you know, said I, the Lady that is designed for you. No, replied he ; my Father has not yet told me her Name. He designs to let me see her first. He has only told me that she is very Rich, of noble Parentage, and that I cannot dislike her Person. I listened to what he said, as no further relating to me than as it concerned him ; but the next Day going to see *Donna Anna* at the usual Place, I found her all in Tears. It touched me to the Heart, and falling down before her, to enquire the Cause of her Affliction, was strangely surprized to hear that her Father was about marrying of her to *Don Christopher*, and had positively resolved it. This struck such a Damp upon my Soul, that I dropp'd down at her Feet, who fearing some ill Consequence, gave her Hand to help me up, and tho' her Trouble was not inferior to mine, she did all she could to comfort me. For a long Time I could not speak one Word ; I recovered my Senses, but only so far as to be more sensible of my Grief. O Heavens ! Cried I, will you give me over to my ill fate ? Must all my Hopes, that were the Joy of my Life, vanish in a Moment ! Then looking on *Donna Anna* in the greatest Disorder imaginable, I added ; Madam, can you consent to that Match ? Will you not make the least Step in Favour of an unhappy Man ? Must the first Efforts of a Father's Will thus easily tear you from my Heart ? I have done all, answer'd she, that Decency will allow of. I have told my Father I dislike'd the Match, I have conjured him not to force me to Obedience, and would still oppose him, could I think it were to any Purpose ; but I know I shall not prevail upon him, since his Word is engaged ; my Prayers and Tears will but exasperate him. Yet I will speak to him once more, and will spare nothing that may move him. In short, if I cannot
be

be yours, I promise you shall have no Cause to Complain of me. This said, she left me to make her last Effort upon her Father.

I went away to my Inn, where I spent the rest of the Day lamenting my hard Fortune. But Hope never failing, even in Extremity, I called to Mind how I had left *Don Christopher*, and thought, that if I advis'd him to continue faithful to *Engracia*, notwithstanding his Father's Importunity, that might be a Means to break off the Match with *Donna Anna*. I went to his House full of this Design, and hop'd for Success; but he spying me, came to meet me full of those Transports that proceed from an Excess of Joy. O! my dear *Cæsar* cried he, my Condition is much altered since Yesterday. I have seen that charming Creature my Father designs for me. You see I am in a Rapture. She is an Angel. I was impatient till I saw you; come now and partake of my Joy. You may well guess these Words were Death to me, but I answer'd. How so, *Don Christopher*, can you leave the unhappy *Engracia* to all her Misfortunes! Can you give her that stabbing Stroke, to make her sensible she has ruin'd herself for a false Lover. *Engracia*, answered he, is most certainly base, it plainly appears by her Flight. But whether she was carried away by Force, or by her own Consent; whether she is Innocent or Guilty, I will not think of her any more. Do not oppose my new Love, my dear Friend. I find a thousand Advantages in the Match with *Donna Anna*. Her Birth, her Fortune, her Beauty, do all plead for my Love. I Love her more passionately than ever I did *Engracia*. These Words quite overcame me. I turned Colour, my Eyes failed me, a cold Sweat spread all over my Body, and I was ready to faint. My Friend, thinking I was not well, did all he could to assist me, but as soon as I came to myself,

I left him, pretending to go to repose me at my Inn; but being very earnest to see *Donna Anna*, I repaired to our usual Rendezvous. Word was sent her, that I expected her. She soon came, and I as soon read in her Face, the sad News she brought. Madam, said I, I perceive I am a lost Man, and that *Don Bertrand*, has no more Compassion than *Don Christopher*. Do not fear to pronounce the Sentence of my Death, I am prepared for it. Did you know, answer'd she, how much I have talk'd to my Father to dissuade him; but alas! He is inexorable, and we must not any longer hope to live for one another. These Words made me exclaim against Heaven, and I was so overcome with Grief, that I had like to have died at *Donna Anna's* Feet. She could not forbear crying, to see me in that deplorable Condition; and tho' she wanted comforting herself, yet she encouraged me to bear this Misfortune with Resolution. I was inconsolable, and answered, Madam, the Subject of our Sorrow is not the same; you only lose a Man, who had nothing worthy your Charms to offer; but I, together with my Life, am deprived of the most ravishing Hopes, the most glorious Fortune that ever Mortal could wish. My dear, *Don Cæsar*, replied she, your Loss is great, since in me you lose, a faithful and loving Heart. I should be sorry if you were not troubled for the Loss of me, but your Sorrow may contain itself within Bounds, and your Valour must triumph over it. Ah! Madam, cried I, your Resolution is great; but tho' your Courage were never so extraordinary, you could scarce bear up, were you as sensible of the Loss of *Cæsar*, as *Cæsar* is of losing you. *Donna Anna* did all she could to appease me; but, at that Time, all she could say, rather heightned my Affliction than comforted me. In short, the Conclusion of this dismal Interview was, that I should

once

once more try *Don Christopher*, acquainting him with my Passion, and telling him how fatal it must be to our Friendship, if he still persisted to rob me of my Love. *Donna Anna* could hardly be brought to consent I should try this Expedient; but at last she yielded, because it was our last Anchor of Hope.

I went to see *Don Christopher*, whom I found much concerned for me. *Don Cæsar*, said he, I am glad to see you, I was afraid your Distemper might have some ill Consequences. It is not yet over, answered I, but is greater than you imagine. What can be the Cause, replied he? It is such, said I, that I have Cause to apprehend lest it break off that Friendship you have always honoured me with. That cannot be, cried *Don Christopher*, our Friendship is too strongly linked, and nothing can shake it. And if I should own, it was I that stabb'd you at *Engracia's*, answered I. Who you, cried he abruptly; Could you be my Murderer! But, if you did, it was without knowing me, and I have no Reason to be angry with you. It is true, said I, the Night was guilty of that Crime, and I was not consenting; but what you cannot forgive me, is loving a Person you have thought worthy of your Affection. These Words made *Don Christopher* change Countenance; but being liable to a double Meaning, because *Donna Anna* was not nam'd, he recovered himself, and answered, If it is *Engracia*, you are in Love with, the Declaration you have made, will make no Breach in our Friendship. Nay more, I should be glad to see my second Self fill up that Place, which I cannot forsake without some Regret. It is not *Engracia* I Love, answered I in a melancholly Tone; you appeared to me last Time I saw you too averse from her, for me to imagine you should be concerned at her Infidelity to you in favour of me. *Donna Anna* is the Object----*Donna Anna*

Anna, cried he in a Passion. What do you tell me, *Don Cæsar*? I forgive you for stabbing me, but I cannot forgive you for aspiring to the only Person that can make me happy. Had I staid till now, answered I, before I offered up my Vows to *Don Bertrand's* Daughter, I should think myself deserving of the severest Punishment; but I have ador'd her for several Years. Remember that dismal Sadness you saw me labour under the first Time I return'd from *Flanders*; it was *Donna Anna* that then filled my Heart, Ah, cruel Man, cried *Don Christopher*, why did you not tell me so then? Must you needs stay till I was myself bewitch'd by her before you would own it? You did not confide in me, when you ought. Had I known your Passion, I would have fortified my Heart against loving your Mistress, and Friendship would have assisted me. But you concealed your Love, and that Mistrust has ruin'd us both. We must needs be both unhappy; for it is now too late for me to withstand my new Passion. Do not expect I should quit Claim to *Donna Anna*. I have form'd to myself too sweet an Idea of enjoying her, to be able to make a Sacrifice of it to you. You may sooner ask this Life you have already attempted, and I will sooner grant it you. I know replied I, that I owe all I have to you, and that I ought not to contend with you for a Heart; but pray consider, that I loved *Donna Anna* before ever you heard her Name, or I could think you would even know her. Take my Advice, my dear *Don Christopher*, do not be positive in robbing me of my Mistress. You will never be happy in her. In Spight of all your Merit, your Love has already cost her abundance of Tears. Then you are beloved, answered he, since you are so well acquainted with her Aversion to me. I had the good Fortune, said I, to do her a considerable Piece of Service, and she

she has been as obligingly thankful as I could in Reason wish. O Heavens, cried he in a Fury! May I believe my Ears? It is not enough that I am informed my best Friend is my Rival; but I must be told, he is well received, and I am hated. I tell it you, answered I, for your own Good, to prevent the Discontent that might follow, should you deprive me of *Donna Anna*. Such a Discovery, replied he, is fitter to distract, than compose me. Can you then, said I, think of marrying a Lady, whose Heart you can never be Master of? No certainly, you deserve better; and you have too great a Soul to make a Woman wretched. Much more I added to dissuade him from the Match; but all to no Purpose. However, I found his Soul was full of Distraction, and that Friendship struggled hard for me; but the Violence of his Passion prevailed above his Generosity.

THAT same Day I gave *Donna Anna* an Account of this Discourse. Madam, said I to her, we must now take our Leave for ever. I come directly from *Don Christopher*; neither my Despair, nor *Engracia's* Cause, will move him, and he is resolved, rather than forsake you, to transgress the most sacred Laws of Love and Friendship. *Donna Anna* hearing these Words, could not forbear weeping, and fell down in a Swoon. My Condition was not much better. At last she recovered, and said, my dear *Cæsar*, this is the Time to shew Resolution. We must part, since cruel Fate will have it so. Instead of suffering these Sorrows to melt our Hearts, we must resolve to harden them. Ah, Madam, answer'd I, when I think of losing you, my Heart has not the Courage to withstand that dreadful Shock! O Heavens! What a dismal Separation is this? Our Words were continually interrupted with Sighs, I kiss'd *Donna Anna's* Hands, and moistened them with my
Tears;

Tears; but perceiving, that, as much as she was concern'd at my Sorrow, still she was earnest for us to part. Well, Madam, said I, it is in vain to struggle. I yield to Fate, which has decreed my Ruin. Farewel, I go to seek Death at a Distance from you. My Presence shall no more disturb your Quiet; and I pray Heaven, that the Happiness I wish you may not be disturbed by the least thought of me. This said, I forc'd myself away, went to my Inn, and the next Morning set out for *Madrid*. As I went out of the Town, I met *Don Christopher* coming from a Friend's House. He was surpriz'd, and would have shunn'd me; but the Sight of him having put a Thought into my Head, I went up to him, and said, *Don Christopher*, may the unhappy *Don Cæsar* beg one Favour of you. You have a better Claim to it, answered he, than any other Man. May a Soldier of Fortune, replied I, hope you will do him the Honour to try your Sword with him? I know you cannot but be surpriz'd at what I propose; I have not forgot how much I am obliged to you, and I own I have nothing but what I owe to your Uncle *Don Pedro's* Goodness; but no Consideration can prevail with a despairing Lover. I only desire to die; and certainly Fortune will have me fall by your Hand, since you have already given me my mortal Wound, in robbing me of *Donna Anna*. *Don Christopher* could not be moved at my Words; but having recovered himself, he replied, *Don Cæsar*, I shall not refuse the Satisfaction you desire. I take it as an Honour, that you should look upon me as a Rival worthy of your Valour. Yet I must confess, it grieves me to be forced to draw my Sword against my dearest Friend. But I will submit to Fate. I did not at all Question your Courage, answered I, all I feared was, lest *Don Christopher* should upon this Occasion reflect upon the Inequality

lity of our Birth. But since we are to fight without Malice, and only Love is the Cause of it, I could wish it might be done without exposing a Life so dear to me, as your's is; and therefore, if I am so fortunate to get the better of you, I desire you will desist from your Design on *Donna Anna*. I would lose ten thousand Lives, said he, rather than make you such a Promise. If I am worsted, spare not my Life. Whilst I live, *Donna Anna* shall never be yours. These Words perplex'd me to a high Degree; for I had not propos'd fighting, but in Hopes of disarming him, and then he should be oblig'd not to cross my Love. But finding him now resolved never to resign *Donna Anna*, I cried out in a sort of a Passion, Why, can you entertain such a Thought of me, as that I would take away your Life? I would sooner stab myself to the Heart a thousand Times. Tho' you are the Cause of my Misfortune, you are still more dear to me than my own Happiness. Farewel, cruel *Don Christopher*; the Wounds you give me are more cruel, than the Stabs you received at my Hands. Go, and, if you can without Remorse, enjoy the Blessing you rob me of. Follow the Inconstancy of your Inclinations, in Contempt of your first Mistress, and with the Loss of your best Friend. This said, I left him, without expecting an Answer. I had not yet recover'd myself, when I met my Sister *Engracia*, in the midst of seven or eight Robbers. I ran to her Assistance, without knowing her; but I had perished there, had not the brave Knight of *la Mancha* come to my Assistance. I have already told you that Adventure. I must now give you an Account of what happened after *Don Quixote* and I parted at *Torresva*.

WHEN we came to *Alcala*, my Uncle *Don James de Peralta*, left my Sister and me at an Inn;
not

not thinking it convenient on a sudden to bring us to our Mother *Eugenia*, lest such a sudden Joy should have some fatal Effect on her Body, already much weakened with Sorrow. He went to her alone, and told her how he had found *Engracia*, and when he had prepared her for the happy News that was to complete her Joy, he sent for my Sister and me. We fell down at my Mother's Feet, and whilst I kiss'd one of her Hands, *Engracia* wash'd the other with her Tears, begging Pardon for her Offences. *Eugenia* shedding Tears of Joy, made us both rise, and embraced us. After all the Transports of a tender Mother, she shewed all possible Kindness to *Mary Ximenez*. Then she desired to know all the wonderful Passages of my Life, which I related to her, much after the same Manner as I have to you. This done, the next Thing was to contrive to take such Measures as might oblige *Don Christopher* to marry *Engracia*. I was of Opinion, that Force must be us'd, in case he refus'd to comply. My prudent Uncle could not at first approve of my Proposal: but at length he consented, in regard the Honour of the Family of the *Peralta's* was too deeply concerned to suffer *Don Christopher* to marry any Woman but my Sister, after the publick Scandal occasioned by his Wounds. I went to *Don Christopher's* with a Resolution to challenge him, if he refus'd to marry my Sister: I was told, he was indispos'd, and would see no Body. But as soon as he was told I was there, and desired to see him, he ordered me to be brought in. I found him lying upon his Bed so disconsolate, that I could not, but admire at it. Come, *Cæsar*, said he, you have vanquished me. The Struggle is over, Friendship has got the better of Love. I restore you your Mistress. I cannot deny, but this Resolution has cost me dear; but your despair inclin'd me, and my
OWN

own Thoughts have done the rest. O! my dear *Don Christopher*, answered I, embracing him in a Rapture of Joy, Heaven has given you that Resolution, that you might not sully the Splendor of your Virtues, by tearing my Mistress from me, and being unjust to *Engracia*. As for *Engracia*, said he, she has no Share in the Offering I make you. Her Flight, so unknown to me in all its Circumstances, absolves me from any Fidelity to her. *Engracia's* Truth has never failed, answered I, and her Flight ought not to set you against her. You need only be informed of her Innocence. Alas! cried he, who can inform me? I myself, said I. Then I told him the Adventure of the Robbers, and repeated to him all I had heard from my Sister; and, lastly, I acquainted him with the Discovery I had made of my Birth. He listened to me very attentively, and when I had done: O! my dear Friend, cried he, how surprizing are the Things you tell me. I cannot but admire the Ways of Providence, which by such unusual Means has brought you to the Knowledge of your Parents, and you may believe my Joy is great as yours. As for *Engracia*, telling me she is Innocent, you revive my Love, I restore her my Heart, and entail the Happiness of my Life on her. Not to lose this favourable Disposition in *Don Christopher*, I presently led him to *Eugenia's* House, who received him as her Son-in-law. He thought my Sister so beautiful, that he was ashamed of having been false to her, and he protested he had ever continued true to her, had he not unfortunately mistrusted her Innocence. To conclude in a Word, my Uncle *Don James*, went to find out *Don Bertrand de Montoye*, and *Don Luis de Luna*, and having giving them a full Account of all that had pass'd, obtained Leave of the latter for his Son to marry *Engracia*, and the other granted me

me his Daughter. I come to *Madrid*, to bring *Don Pedro* this happy News, and to acquaint him, that all his Kindred and mine, only expect his Company, to consummate these two Matches.

DON Ferdinand having ended his Story, all the Company express'd their Satisfaction in his good Fortune. Then they parted. *Don Carlos* and the Earl went out together to pay some Visits, *Don Pedro*, and *Don Ferdinand*, to prepare for their Journey to *Alcala*, and *Don Alvaro* staid at home with the Knight of *La Mancha*, and his Squire.

The End of the Fifth Book.





THE
HISTORY
OF
DON QUIXOTE
De la Mancha.

BOOK VI.

CHAP. I.

*Of the Great Arch-banterer of the Indies:
His Arrival at Madrid, and of the lofty
Speeches Don Quixote and Sancho made
him.*



HE wife *Alifolan* continuing the faithful Relation of the Matchless *Don Quixote's* Heroick Adventures tells us, That the next Morning, *Don Carlos* his Secretary came to, *Don Alvaro's*, to acquaint him with a Plot his Master and the Earl had laid the Night before to divert themselves, together with a Friend
of

of theirs called the Marquess *de Orisalvo*, who having heard them talk of *Don Quixote* had a great Mind to see and to make Sport with him. *Tarfe* being acquainted with the Design, which he thought very pleasant, dismiss'd the Secretary, telling him he would take care to prepare *Don Quixote* for the Sport, and accordingly went to his Chamber, and said to him, Sir, Knight, I am come to bring a most agreeable Piece of News, the Great *Arch-banterer* of the *Indies* came last Night to Town. The *Arch-banterer* of the *Indies*, replied *D. Quixote* in amaze? I never heard of that Prince before. I wonder at it answered *Don Alvaro*. How can you, who know all Things, be unacquainted with that Monarch, who is doubtless one of the greatest Princes upon the Face of the Earth? Pray, what Part of the World lies his Empire in, ask'd the Knight? It lies, answered the *Granadine*, betwixt the Dominions of the Great *Mogul*, and those of the Empire of *China*. If so; said the Knight, he must have conquer'd the Kingdoms of *Barantola*, of *Pegu*, of *Aracan*, of *Cochinchina*, and all the other Places that lie from the Mouth of *Ganges*, to the *Phillipine* Islands, and have taken the haughty Title of *Arch-banterer* of the *Indies*, as Superior to the others. That may very well be, replied *Tarfe*; or rather, it must needs be so; for he also calls himself Emperor and Lord of the Kingdoms of *Aracan*, *Cochinchina*, and all the rest of the Dominions you have named. I long to see him, and if you'll be rul'd by me, we will go wait on him to Day. With all my Heart, answer'd *Don Quixote*, and with mine too, *Don Alvaro*, cried *Sancho*; I would fain see the great *Arch-bantlin* you talk of. It is a commendable Curiosity, answer'd *Don Alvaro*, and you may soon satisfy it at your Leisure. *Don Carlos*, and the Earl, who design the same Thing, sent me Word, they would come and take us up this Afternoon. *Don Quixote*, was never weary of

talking with *Tarfe*, about the *Arch-banterer*, of whom he formed to himself a mighty Conceit, because his Title was not common, and he had never heard of it before. *Don Carlos* and the Earl came for them about four in the Afternoon. *Don Alvaro* presently ordered the Mules to be put into his Coach; and *Don Quixote* having armed himself at all Points, they went away together, *Don Carlos*, and the Knight in one Coach, and *Tarfe*, the Earl, and *Sancho*, in another.

IN the mean while, the *Marquess de Orisalvo*, under the Burlesk Title of the *Arch-banterer*, was preparing to receive *Don Quixote*, in a noble-great Room, lighted with a vast Number of Candles, tho' it was not yet Dark. Being perfectly acquainted with the Custom of ancient Chivalry; he had caus'd a small Throne to be erected at the end of the Room, under a stately Canopy, and to make up a numerous Court, he had invited all his Friends, and abundance of Ladies. Besides he had made himself a sort of a Diadem of Cloth of Gold, and a Scepter of a little Stick, wound about with red Ribbands. As soon he heard *Don Quixote* was at hand, he seated himself on the Throne, and put on all the Gravity he could. When the Knight entered the Room, and saw the *Arch-banterer*, with his Crown and Scepter, under a rich Canopy, he presently called to mind what he had so often read in his Books, and conceived as great a Satisfaction, as the ancient Knights us'd to do, when they appeared before Emperors. *Don Alvaro*, the Earl, and *Don Carlos*, saluted the *Arch-banterer*, with all the Tokens of the most profound Respect. Then the *Granadine*, taking *Don Quixote* by the Hand, led him up to the Canopy, and presenting him to the *Marquess*, said, Renowned *Arch banterer*, behold the famous *Don Quixote*, the Flower of *La Mancha*, the Lanthorn
of

of Chivalry; the Terror of Giants, your Mightiness's sworn Friend, and the Protector of your Kingdoms. This said, he fell back, leaving *Don Quixote* in the middle of the Room. Then the Knight, setting the But-end of his Lance on the Ground, looked all about him, without speaking a Word, till judging by the general Silence, that it was expected he should speak, he rais'd his Voice, and directed his Discourse as follows, to the Marquess, who had enough to do to hold his grave Countenance, seeing the Knight's ridiculous Gestures. August and Magnanimous Monarch, Supreme Head of the Ebb and Flood of the *Indian Ocean*, Emperor and Sovereign of the Kingdoms of *Aracan*, of *Pegu*, of *Tonquin*, of *Cochinchina*, and of *Barantela*, I am highly obliged to Fortune for the Happiness I this Day enjoy in your Imperial Presence. I have travelled the greatest Part of this vast Hemisphere, I have slain an infinite Number of Giants, righted Wrongs, disenchant'd Palaces, set Princesses at Liberty, revenged offended Princes, subdued Provinces, and restored usurped Kingdoms to their lawful Owners. If all this can incline you to desire I should devote my redoubt'd Sword to your Mightiness's Service, I hear make an offer of it; assuring you, that as long as it shall Support your Interest, you will be respected by the *Mogul*, and the Emperor of *China*, your Neighbours, and dreaded by all your Enemies. The Fame of my unheard of Exploits will pierce thro' their Ears, into their very Hearts. But to the End you may be yourself a Witness of my wonderful Valour; I humbly beseech your great Mightiness to grant me a Boon. Worthy and genteel Knight, answer'd the *Arch-banterer*, I freely grant whatever it is, were it my very *Arch-bantership*. Great Monarch, replied *Don Quixote*, I neither ask your Dominions

nor your Wealth. The Empires of *Greece*, *Babylon*, and *Trabifond* have enough to satisfy my Ambition. The Boon I ask, is that you will permit me in your Presence to combat the Giant *Bramarbas*, who will be speedily in this Town. I grant it, answer'd the *Arch-banterer*, and will be myself Judge of the Combat, which will doubtless be as delightful to behold, as was that the valiant *Clarineus* of *Spain* had with the dreadful *Brolandio*. I do not Question but the Event will prove to your Honour; your martial Air warrants it, and puts us out of all Concern for the Success.

WHILST the *Arch-banterer* spoke *Don Carlos* drew near *Sancho*, and wispered him in the Ear; saying, So Friend, your Turn is next. It is Time for you to shew yourself. Go salute the *Arch-banterer*, and make him a Speech. I am satisfied he will dub you a Knight, when he perceives you are a Man of Parts. As for that, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, if there goes nothing but making a fine Speech towards dubbing me a Knight, let me alone for that, the Business is half done. Having spoke these Words, he went forwards into the middle of the Room, and kneeling before his Master, with his Cap in his Hand, said to him. Master *Don Quixote*, if ever I did you any Service in my Life, I beseech you by *Rocinante's* Merits, to give me Leave to let fly half a Score Words to Mr. *Arch-banterer*, that he may know I am a Man of Parts, and may bestow on me the Order of Knighthood back-stroke and fore-stroke. Hark ye, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, I consent you should have the Honour of speaking to the *Arch-banterer*, provided you neither say nor do any Thing that is impertinent. Nay Faith, Sir, answered *Sancho*, if you are so much afraid, stand behind me, and if I happen to say any Thing amiss, you need only tell me so, and I'll unsay it the next Word. In plain
Terms

Terms, answer'd the Knight, if I give you Leave to speak, I fear I shall have Cause to repent it. No, no, Sir, cried *Sancho*, fear nothing; every Word I speak will be worth its Weight in Gold; for I remember some Words of your Speech, and will clap them in so pat, that the Devil himself shall be mistaken in me. Take heed then, said *Don Quixote*, I will intreat that great Prince to give you a Hearing. Then directing his Discourse to the Emperor, he proceeded thus. Great Monarch, be pleas'd to grant my Squire Leave to speak to your noble Mightiness. I can assure you, he has all the Qualifications of *Bignano* the Knight of the Sun's Squire. He is prudent, discreet, and faithful; and when I send him to any Princess, he performs his Commission exactly. Besides, he is very brave, and it is not past two Days since, he gained a Island by his own Valour. Most hardy Knight, replied the *Arch-banterer*, I give full Credit to all you say in praise of your Squire. His Mien, and Physiognomy discover his Worth, and me that he is most worthy of such a Knight as you. He may talk as long as he pleases, I am ready to hear him out, tho' he were as copious as a Rhetorician.

SANC HO having obtained Leave to harangue the *Arch-banterer*, turned to his Master and said. Sir, give me your Lance, and your Buckler, that I may put myself into the same Posture you were in, when you made your Speech. Brute, answered *Don Quixote*, to what Purpose should you have my Lance, and my Buckler? Don't you consider you are not dubb'd a Knight? You begin to play the Fool already. Fair and softly, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, do not put yourself in a Passion. Tho' I am not a Knight now, I shall be by and by; for I shall make a curious Speech, or I am much mistaken. And as for your Lance, and Buckler, you shall see I'll do well
I 4
enough

enough without them. This said, he put his Cap upon his Head, strutted out his Legs, set his Arms a kimboe, and having paus'd a while, as his Master did, began his Speech after this Manner. Great Monarch, *Arch-banterer* of the Ebb and Flood of the *Indies*, Lord of the Hemispheres, Emperor of *Cuckoldina*, and *Barrentoola*. No more, filly Wretch, said *Don Quixote*, interrupting him in a low Voice, you had better be quiet than talk any more. What will the Emperor think of you? By my Troth Sir, answered the Squire, he'll think what he pleases; but in short, he ought not to think any I'll; for I mean no Harm, and God knows my Meaning. And do you think that I have a Memory like a Scholar, to keep cramp Words in my Head? By the Lord, not I; I can never remember all that high Stuff; but if an Ass cannot sing, he can bray, and that is enough for a Governor. Let me go on my own Way, fair and softly, and you shall see I'll not trip. You may listen to me, for I'll go on with my Speech, and will make an End of it, or I shall have very ill Luck. I say then Mr. *Arch-banterer*; went he on raising his Voice; that my Wife's Name is *Mary Gutierres*, and I am called *Sancho Panza* the Black, born in the Village of *Argamasilla*, near *Toboso*, Good, said *Don Quixote*, interrupting him again; Won't you tell us your Children's Names too? Why not, Sir, replied *Sancho*, they are not Scabby, that I should be afraid to Name them. Yes, Mr. *Arch-banterer*, I have a Daughter called little *Sancha*, another called *Teresa*, and a Third *Jean Peter Taymado*, the Scrivener, is Godfather to little *Sancha*, *Thomas Cecial* to *Teresa*, and *John Peres* the Vintner to *Jean*. A Plague confound thee and all thy Generation, cried *Don Quixote*, what needs the Emperor be told all that Bead Roll, you Coxcomb. This is to let him understand, quoth *Sancho*,

Sancho, that I am no Liar. For every Word I speak is true, and I had better speak the Truth, then say I have kill'd Giants, and all those lying Stories Knights Errant let fly in their Speeches. *Don Quixote*, who expected no such Answer, was in a mighty Rage, but the Emperor's Presence curbing him, he said in a low Voice to his Squire. Well, talk on as much as you will, Scoundrel; but I assure you, you shall pay for this, when we are alone. *Sancho*, little regarding these Threats, went on with his Discourse after this Manner: To come to my Story again, Mr. *Arch-banterer*, you must understand, that last Night I won the Island of the *Force-meat-balls*, fighting the Black Squire at Fisticuffs. Therefore, I desire you to dub me a Knight. Don't go to put me off, saying I am a Peasant; for, before *George*, d'ye see, I am of the Race of antient Christians; and when I am upon my Ass, I look as like a Doctor as ever you saw any Thing. And, in short, I am Squire to *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, who is such a good Man, that he never hurt any Body; for ever since we have been gadding about Chivalry, I never saw him kill so much as a Fly, till the other Day, he run a Highway-man through the Back. But that was a very good Piece of Work, and he will be rewarded for it in the other World. *Sancho* having no more to say, the *Arch-banterer* answer'd, Brave Squire, I am very well satisfied with you. I am of Opinion, you are very fit for the Duties of a Righter of Wrongs, and therefore I will not refuse you the Honour of Knighthood you desire. You have a sufficient Right to it as Squire to *Don Quixote*. But this Ceremony, with your Leave must be put off till another Time; because at present, I am under an Affliction, which will not allow me to attend to any Thing of Pleasure. This said, he drew out of his Pocket a laced Handkerchief, and covered his

Face with it, like one that gives way to dismal Thoughts, at the sudden Remembrance of some great Disaster.

C H A P. II.

Of the wonderful Adventure, the Thoughts whereof afflicted the Arch-banterer.

WHILST the *Arch-banterer's* Face was covered with his Handkerchief, *Don Carlos*, the Earl, and *Tarfe*, made shew, as if they were much concerned at his Sorrow, and could wish to know the Cause of it. But *Don Quixote* was really troubled, and his profound Respect, which hindred him for asking the Reason of the Emperor, added to his Grief. At length the *Arch-banterer* pull'd up a good Heart, and applying to himself an Adventure he had read in *Don Belianis of Greece*, he related it to the Company, particularly directing his Discourse to the Knight of *La Mancha* in these Words.

You have sufficient Reason, Gentlemen, seeing me thus overwhelm'd with Grief, to believe my Affliction does not proceed from a small Cause; but believe me, it is above all you can possibly imagine. The Gods have given me an only Daughter, and I was thankful to them for having bestowed on her a charming Beauty, whereas I ought rather to find fault with them for their fatal Gift. Her Name was *Banterina*, I loved her tenderly, and the Empress *Merry Dame*, her Mother, could not be a Moment from her. Thus were we delighted with our dear Daughter, when on a certain Day some Barons of my Court came to acquaint me, that there was a wonderful rich Tent set up in a great Square,

Square, about 300 Paces from my Palace, and no Body could tell how it came there. I went with the Empress, and the *Infanta* to see that surprizing Sight. Being come to the Square, we were astonished at the Richness and Rarity of its Fashion. We stood a long Time admiring it; and drawing near to have the better Sight of it, heard a charming Symphony within, so delightful and harmonious, that nothing could exceed it. A most ravishing Voice was heard at the same Time above all the Musick, which at certain Intervals was interrupted by a dreadful Noise of Trumpets and Kettle-Drums, as it were sounding a Charge. When we a while had receiv'd the Satisfaction of hearing these many Instruments, we saw four wonderful well-built Knights come out of the Tent, with their Helmets on their Heads, and green Armour motled with Gold Stars, leading four very swarthy Damsels, clad in long Robes of Cloth of Silver. They all came up to us, and fell down at our Feet. Whatever we could say to them, we could not persuade them to rise; but one of those fine Damsels Directing her Discourse to me, with a loud Voice, that was heard by all my Barons, said: Most renowned *Arch-banterer*, Puissant Lord of the Oriental Pearls, Emperor and Sovereign of the Kingdoms of *Aracan*, *Tonquin*, and *Cochinchina*; great Prince, to whom all the Kingdoms of the Earth ought to submit, since you out do all the Kings upon the Face of the Earth in Gallantry, and Gentleness, you must understand, we are under the greatest of Afflictions. Nothing can equal our Misfortune, and we are persuaded that unless we find some Relief in this Place, it will be Needless for us to seek it elsewhere. Therefore we most humbly beseech your Sovereign Highness, as also the Right Honourable *Merry Dame*, and the amiable *Bante-*
16
rina,

rina to grant us a Boon. Charming Damsel, answered I, ask what Boon you please, I grant it you; and assure yourself, the Empress and the *Infanta*, will not oppose it. Accordingly my Wife *Merry-Dame*, and *Banterina*, confirmed my grant. Then the Knights and Damsels stood up, and she that spoke before went on, saying, Most famous Emperor, you must understand, that the Califf of *Siconia* is in the Tent you see before you, and I must tell you how he comes to be kept there. I know not whether you ever heard of the *Infanta Cerizetta*, his Daughter, whose Beauty has made such a Noise in the World. The wise *Herodian*, King of the Island of Pearls, and one of the bravest Giants that ever was seen, sent to demand her in Marriage of her Father, who refus'd him, which so incens'd *Herodian*, that on a Day when there was a glorious Tilting in *Syconia*, in which the Califf himself gave wonderful Proofs of his Strength and Dexterity, this Giant appeared in the Lists, with these four Knights in the green Armour, and among them, in less than a Quarter of an Hour slew or lam'd above a thousand Knights, which struck such a Terror into all there present, that the Spectators fled in Confusion among those that came to have a Part in the Combat. The undaunted *Califf* was almost the only Man that held out; for he could rally but only ten Knights, with whom he fell upon *Herodian* and his Men; but he had the ill Fortune to be overthrown, and his Ten brave Companions were all slain. Immediately this Tent appear'd in the Square, in the same Manner as you now see it. The Giant clapt the *Califf* and the *Infanta* into it, after enchanting them both, and plac'd these four Knights to guard the Entrance of it; and they are such Men as cannot be overcome by any Human Force; for tho' above two thousand Knights of all Nations have come to deliver the *Califf* and
Cerizetta,

Cerizetta, yet none of them could ever prevail. All the *Califf's* Court was in a Consternation, and we knew not what Course to take, till upon a *Friday* Morning at Sun-rising, a Magician we consulted informed us, that the Whole was a sort of Enchantment we could never dissolve, unless we found out a Princess more beautiful than *Cerizetta*. But in case we could, we needed only to persuade her to try the Adventure. That she would enter the Tent without any Difficulty, and *Cerizetta* would deliver to her a Sword she holds in her Hand, with which the Knights in the green Armour would be easily overcome. The Magician further added, that all he could do for us, was to carry about the Tent where-soever we pleas'd. That four of *Cerizetta's* Damsels might go into it, and should be guarded by the same Knights. I presently went into the Tent, with these three Damsels, and thus we have been at the Courts of most Pagan Princes. But, to say the Truth, we never yet met with any Princesses we could think worthy to try the Adventure. We now despaired of finding any, when Fame informed us, that your Daughter *Banterina* was as beautiful as we could desire. The Tent was in a Moment remov'd hither by Art Magick, and we come to intreat you to permit the Peerless *Banterina* to try the Adventure. This is the Boon you have granted us.

THIS was the Account *Cerizetta's* Damsel gave me, at which I was not a little surprized; but returned this Answer: Comely Damsel, I am much troubled at the *Califf* of *Syconia's* Misfortune; for we Potentates have a great Kindness for one another, and I had rather than any Thing that this rare Adventure were finished at my Court. But pray tell me, whether some unhappy Accident may not befall the Princess in the Trial, which may be the Death of her? No, Sir, replied the Damsel; for
the

the Magician told us, that in case the Damsel, who attempts it, is not more beautiful than *Cerizetta*, she shall be held back by an invisible Hand, and will not be able to go into the Tent. Well then, answered I, my Daughter *Banterina* has my Consent to make Trial of her Beauty; but I must first see those four Knights combat. There are those in my Court that may overcome them, and dispelling the Charm by their Valour, will, perhaps, save my Daughter the Shame of offering in vain to dissolve it. Sovereign Prince of *Cochinchina*, replied the Damsel, you may do as you please; but I would not advise you to expose your Knights to combat with these, who are so enchanted, that they alone can rout a whole Army. No matter, said I, I must satisfy my Curiosity. Then I ordered my Knights to prepare for fight, and in a Moment above three thousand appeared in the Square, all of them ambitious of finishing the Adventure. Then the four Damsels went with the four enchanted Knights into the Tent, which immediately opened, and presented a Spectacle of Compassion to our astonish'd Eyes. We discovered the *Califf* of *Syconia*, arm'd at all Points, sitting at the Foot of a Golden Throne, on Chrystial Steps, leaning his Head on his Hand, like one plunged in a deep Melancholy. The *Infanta*, his Daughter, was on the Right of him, holding a naked Sword, the Hilt whereof seem'd to be all of Diamonds; and on the Left stood the God of Love, with his Bow and Quiver, so lively represented, that he seem'd to breath. Below this God, a Knight lay stretch'd out, with one of his Arrows sticking in his Breast, and holding in his Hand a *Greek* Inscription, which no Body understood; but which express'd the *Califf's* and *Cerizetta's* Misfortunes in such Words, as made all weep. When we had taken a full View of all these Wonders, the next
Thing

Thing was to try the Adventure. The first that would attempt was Prince *Rozinel*, the very Flower and Cream of Pagan Knights. His Armour was of a Rose Colour, bestrew'd with Silver Flowers, and he was mounted on a beautiful Courser, lineally descended from the God *Boreas* and *Eriethonious*, his famous Mares, which trod so lightly, that they would gallop over the Ears of Corn, and not break them. He appeared before the Tent, attended by three of the valiantest Knights in all my *Arch-bantership*. The enchanted Knights came out to them; but the Combat was as soon ended as begun; for at the very first Rencounter, *Rozinel* and his Companions were thrown out of the Saddle, and came down so furiously, that they could not get up again. All the rest of my Knights being well acquainted with the Valour of those that had been overthrown, and concluding they could expect no better Success, retired in Disorder, and fled the Place, as the fearful Doves do before the cruel Eagle, that has just devoured a Kite. This only served to heighten the Desire I had of seeing the Adventure ended. I caus'd the wounded Men to be laid in rich Beds, and sent the beautifullest Princesses of my Court to rub their Sides. Then I ordered my Daughter to go up to the Entrance of the Tent. *Banterina*, who had always kept her Eyes fixed on *Cerizetta*, whom she thought beautiful to a Miracle, obeyed me trembling. She drew near the Tent, and went in without any Difficulty. But, O unheard of Prodigy! O dismal Misfortune, whose sad Remembrance causes such Grief in my Soul as is continually fresh! No sooner was she in, but the Tent shut to, and rising up in the Air, vanished with the *Califf*, *Cerizetta*, the Knights, the Damsels, and my dear *Banterina*. We concluded, but too late, that this was an Enchanter's Fraud. Hold, hold, treacherous

ous Negromancer, cried the Empress; restore me my *Infanta*, or come and take my Life. *Ban-terina*, O my dear Daughter! Can the righteous Gods suffer you to be taken from your Mother? But alas! her cries were in vain, her Voice was lost in the Air with her unhappy Daughter! Grief overcoming her, she fell down in the Arms of her Women, who sharing in her Sorrow, beat their Breasts, and made the Square eccho with their Sighs. I tore my Hair and Beard, I cast myself on the Ground, and my Barons were forced to hold my Hands, for fear I should kill myself. To conclude the rest of this Story in a few Words, the Empress was carried into her Apartment, and I into mine. We both of us spent a whole Month in immoderate Sorrow; but at length considering, that thus indulging our Grief, we neglected that which should have been sooner thought of, which was to send out Knights to seek *Banterina*, in all Parts of the World; I employed all those that were willing to undertake it, with strict Orders to search all the Castles upon the Face of the Earth narrowly, from the Castles of Princes, to the Palaces of Exchequer Men. This was not all, I caus'd my Daughter to be posted up from the Mouth of the River *Ganges* to the *Danube*; and from Mount *Caucasus*, to the Mountains of *Terra Australis*. Inasmuch, that the very Posting, in Paper and Paste has cost me five hundred thousand Ducats. And yet three whole Years are past, without hearing the least News of *Banterina*. This makes us apt to believe, that the Knights we have sent in Quest of her, spend their Time idly, rather than in fulfilling their Commission. Therefore the Empress and I considering, that ever Body does their Business better themselves than by a third Hand, we
have

have left the Government of our *Arch-banter-ship*, to an able and honest Minister, if ever any such was. We have crossed *Asia*, and after traversing *Africa*, are come into *Spain*, where we shall stay no longer than is requisite, to seek the *Infanta Banterina*.

CHAPTER III.

Of the dreadful Combat between Don Quixote, and the Giant Bramarbas Ironsides, King of Cyprus, and the strange Event of it.

WHAT Pen can express the Thoughts that turmoil'd the Knight of *la Mancha*, whilst the Emperor of *Cochinchina*, was making his dismal Relation? Who is able to express how much his tender Bowels were moved? All the Tongues in the World put together, have not Words enough to make known the different Struggles of Rage and Pity, that distorted a Heart so highly concerned at all Maidens Rapes. As soon as the Emperor had done, he took upon him to Answer, and in a Voice that sufficiently discovered his Disorder, said, Magnanimous Emperor, you may judge by my Concern for the Misfortunes of the meanest private Persons, how much I am disturbed for yours. Your Disasters are as grievous to me as to yourself, and I must inform you, it is the Enchanter *Friston* that has stole away the Peerless *Banterina*. I perceive it by the fatal Circumstances of the Adventure. He made use of the same Enchantment to steal away the Peerless *Florisbella*, at *Babylon*. He brought such another Tent, with four Knights in Green Armour,

Armour, adorned with Gold Stars, and the four Damsels clad in Cloth of Silver, who begg'd the same Boon of the Sultan. In short, the whole Story you have told us, is Word for Word in the Authentick Book of the Adventures of *Don Bellanis*; which is an undeniable Proof that the same Enchanter has committed this Rape upon the Princess your Daughter; but I swear by the sacred Order of Knight Errantry, that the Moment I have slain *Bramarbas*, I will depart *Madrid* to go seek that beautiful *Infanta*, throughout the World; and will never rest in any Place, till I have found her. The *Archbanterer* thank'd *Don Quixote* for his Kindness; but as he was thanking him, they heard five or six such Raps of knocking at the Door, as if they would have broke it down. See who is there, said the *Archbanterer* to his Pages; that must be some Giant, for that is the Way they use to scratch at Emperors Doors. So it prov'd; for when the Pages had opened the Door, in came the dreadful Giant *Bramarbas*. He wore a long Robe of blue Cloth napp'd, a vast Ruff of black Crape, and a Turbant of Muslin, with Gold Stripes, adorn'd with Feathers of all Sorts. He had a vast great Shoulder-Belt of pink'd Leather, at which hung a Wooden painted Sword, at least two Yards long, and a Foot broad. As soon as ever *Sancho* spied him, he ran, and sat himself down by the *Archbanterer*, crying out with all his might and Main, Mercy on us! Here is the Dog *Barrabas* come in the Nick. He is grown three Pikes Length since we saw him. Good God! What will my poor Master *Don Quixote* be in the Hands of that confounded *Goliath*, who is like to sell all our Guts for Fiddle-Strings, if good Saint *Tib* does not assist us. *Don Quixote* hearing these Words, squinted upon his Squire, and bid him hold his Peace. In the mean while, the King of *Cyprus*, who had been forc'd

forc'd to stoop very low to get into the Room, came forward turning his prodigious Head every way, and rousing his Eyes after a frightful Manner, but without speaking a Word, or so much as saluting the Emperor, who said to him, Genteel and courteous Giant, tell me who you are, and what brings you to my Court. I am the dreadful Giant *Bramarbas Ironsides*, King of *Cyprus*, answer'd the Giant with a broken Voice, and I am come to look for the Knight of *la Mancha*, who, I am told, is in this Imperial Chamber. You have been rightly inform'd, cried *Don Quixote*, and I am glad to see you; for I suppose you come to be as good as your Word to me. I do, Knight answer'd *Bramarbas*; I come to combat with you in Pursuance to my Challenge at *Zaragoza*. This Day my dreadful Sword shall put an End to your glorious Days. This Day will I cut off your bald Head, and carry it into my Dominions, to nail it up at my royal Chamber-Door, with an Inscription in *High-Dutch*, which shall most elegantly express how the Flower of *la Mancha* was mowed down by my invincible Hands. This Day will I cause myself to be crown'd King of all the Earth; for when you are gone, there will be none left that will dare to dispute it with me. This Day, in fine, will I make myself Master of all your Victories, and will carry away with me to *Cyprus* all the Ladies here, to put them into my *Seraglio*, which wants Recruits. If you are so brave as you are reported, you may come out immediately, and we will conclude the Business in this Imperial Chamber, if the Emperor will give us Leave. I consent, said the *Arch-banterer*, tho, it be not usual. These Combats are generally within Lists, but I have such a Mind to see you at Logger-heads, that I cannot stay any longer. I would not bring my deadly Club, said the Giant, because I can without much
 Trouble

Trouble overcome the Knight of *la Mancha* with only this Sword, which was made by *Vulcan*, a God I adore, as I do *Jove*, *Neptune*, *Mars*, *Mercury*, and *Proserpine*. Master *Barrabas*, cried *Sancho*, interrupting him, pray take heed what you say. You had better bite your Thumbs, than to call all those Scoundrels you speak of Gods; for should the Inquisition hear of it, black were the Day that you came into *Spain*. I don't speak to you, Numskul, answered *Bramarbas*; I would advise you to hold your Tongue. You advise me, quoth *Sancho*, don't you know, that at *Rome*, they laugh at one that gives Advice before he is ask'd? What a Pox, do you think I must not dare to say my Soul is my own, because you are as tall as *Antichrist*? Pray take Notice, that a little Worm eats thro' a great Log, and that a Gnat troubles a Man more than an Eagle can do him Good. Hold your Peace, I say again, you Knave, replied the Giant, or I swear by the *Alcoran*, I'll make an Example of all faucy Squires. The *Alcoran*, and you, quoth *Sancho*, are a Couple of lousy Rakes, and I value neither of you. How now, bold Man, said the King of *Cyprus*, do you dare to talk to me so faucily? To me, who make the *Sultans* and the *Califs* quake. By the God of the Herrings Trident, if I lay hold of you, I will crush you to Powder, and throw you up into the Air with such Force, that your Dust shall fly into *Japan*. You threaten me, answered the Squire, to fright my Master; but you must not think to beat the Dog before the Lion: Take Notice, that my Master *Don Quixote* is worth us both, and values your Hellish Carcass no more than he values the Jade that bore you. O Insolence! said *Ironsides*, advancing a few Steps towards *Sancho*, I'll teach you to pay a Respect to Giants of my Quality. Help, Help, Murder, cried *Sancho*, seeing the Giant move towards

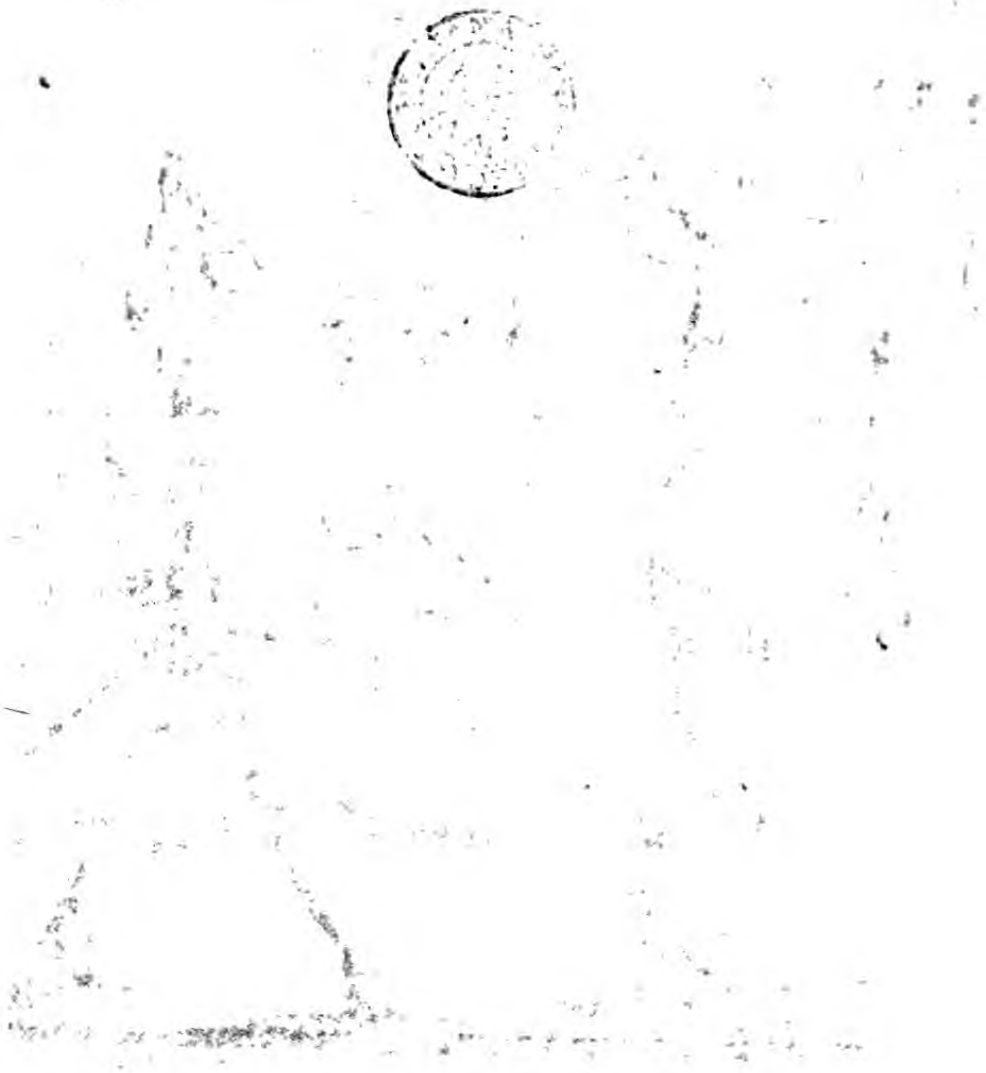
wards him, if he touches me, I am gone. Hold, *Bramarbas*, said *Don Quixote*, stepping in betwixt him and *Sancho*; do not attack a Man that is not in a Posture of Defence. If he has wrong'd you, I'll give you a Satisfaction. Let us combat in the Presence of the Great *Arch-banterer*, and all his Court; we can never have nobler Witnesses of our Valour. But since you have no Armour, I must take of mine. I will not fight with Odds. The Conquest would not be honourable. That you may see I do not fear you, I will take of my Helmet, Back, and Breast, and will meet you with my Sword only. If yours is longer, mine is in a better Hand. Having spoke these Words, he turned to his Squire, and said, Rise, my Son, and come help of my Armour. You shall soon see that dreadful Monster our Enemy stretch'd out upon the Ground. God grant it, Sir, answered *Sancho*, going towards his Master; but methinks, we and all these Gentlemen here had better fall upon him together; some might hold his Legs, and others his Head, till he were half dead. By Thunder and Lightning, could I once see him flat in this Room giving up the Ghost, I would give him more Bangs on his long Sides, than he has Hairs in his Whiskers. That is not lawful, answered *Don Quixote*; but I need no help to overcome a Giant, be he never so strong. Make haste to disarm me, and leave the rest to the Force of my Arm. *Sancho* did as he was bid; so that the Knight was soon disarm'd. The Company could not sufficiently admire his lean and withered Shape, and it was pleasant enough to see him bare-headed, and bald; in a black Sattin short Doublet, worn thread-bare; under which appeared a very dirty Shirt; for he had not shifted himself since he left *Zaragoza*.

IN this Posture he laid his Hand on his Sword, and drew near the King of *Cyprus*, saying, Come, proud Monster, since the Emperor gives Leave that we combat in this Room, let us lose no Time in idle Talk. Courage is known by Actions. This said he drew his Sword; but as it always happened that our Knight's Adventures proved very extraordinary; so now, the vast Giant dropped down all along, and instead of him appeared a Maiden clad like a Shepherdess, and her Face covered with a Napkin. They that had not been prepared for this Accident, were much surpriz'd; and *Don Quixote* dropping the Point of his Sword, fell back two Steps, and stood still, expecting what the Maiden would say. She after a Couple of Pages had dragged out *Bramarbas's* Body, spoke to the Knight in this Manner: Valiant *Don Quixote*, indefatigable *Atlas* of Chivalry, Father of Orphans, Comfort of Widows, Hope of enchanted *Infanta's*, fixed Star, that has led me to my desir'd Port, be not amaz'd to see a dreadful Giant on a sudden chang'd into a little tender Damsel; this *Metamorphosis* ought only to be surprizing to such as are unacquainted with the Arts of Enchanters. You have finished an Adventure, which will sink the Memory of the *Palmerins*, and will gain you as much Reputation among wise Nations, as the Disenchantment of *Polixena* did the valiant Knight *Don Lucidanor of Thessaly*. But, Illustrious Prince of *la Mancha*, you must crown this Work, by restoring me to my Parents, who are in the greatest Affliction imaginable for the Loss of me. I will, beautiful Princess, answered *Don Quixote*, you have Reason to expect it from me. I will conduct you into your Dominions. But pray tell us where they are, and who is the renowned Prince that gave you your Being? My Name is the *Infanta Banterina*, replied the Damsel, and I am the



Parr Sculp

Vol. 2. P. 290.



the only Daughter of the Great *Arch-banterer* of the *Indies*. The Emperor hearing these Words, and overcome by Fatherly Affection, came down hastily from his Throne, and lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, cried, O ye immortal Gods! Is it possible you restore me my Daughter, when I least expected it? In Return for this mighty Favour, I vow, as soon as I return to my Palace, I will offer you in Sacrifice, an Hundred horned Beasts; for there are abundance of them in my Empire. Then stepping forward to the *Infanta* with open Arms, he added, Dear *Banterina*, come and embrace your Father. Alas! What a dismal Grief pierced my Soul, when you was ravished from my Love; my sad Thoughts have never ceas'd to follow you. O! my Dear Father, answered the *Infanta*, I have not Words to express what I felt at that Time, and if you followed me with your Thoughts, I can assure you I left my Heart behind when I was carried away. By my Troth, quoth *Sancho*, methinks the Princess ought to shew her Face. Who the Devil ever saw a Daughter embrace her Father after that Manner? I should laugh to see my little *Sancha*, when I go Home to my Country again, come to kiss me, with her Nose muffled up in a Napkin. Pox take me, God knows my Meaning. *Sancho* is in the Right, said the *Arch-banterer*, why don't you shew your Face, Princess? Let fall that Veil, which hides those dear Features from me. Pray Sir, answer'd *Banterina*, excuse me from taking off my Veil. I have Reasons that move me to be covered. And to convince you, I must give you an Account of what has befallen me since you lost me. You will hear abundance of strange Adventures. I do not question it, answered the *Arch-banterer*; a Daughter that has been so long from her Father and Mother, must needs have fine Stories to tell. But no Matter, provided the Devil be not in them,

192 *The HISTORY of*
them, I'll take all in good part. You shall hear
how the Matter stands, replied *Banterina*; if you
will listen to me. Then she began the sad Relation
of her Adventures after this Manner.

C H A P. IV.

*Containing the Infanta Banterina's surprizing
Relation.*

AS soon as the Tent flew up into the Air, and I
heard the Cries of the Empress my Mother,
being of an excellent Disposition, my Senses fail'd
me, and I fell down in a Swoon upon the Christal
Steps at the Infanta *Gerizetta's* Feet. The four
Damsels took Care enough to help me; but tho' they
rubb'd my Nose with all sorts of Spirits, they could
not bring me to myself. There was no Sign of Life
left in me; and therefore thinking I was dead, they
began to weep bitterly. I can't tell what could
make them have such a Kindness for me; but cer-
tain it is, no Body ever was more troubled than they
were. My own Ladies of Honour, could not have
made more ugly Faces. They all sung the black
Psalm. Alas! What a black Psalm! Nothing so
dismal was ever heard. Their *Recitativo's* were
now and then interrupted by a full *Chorus* of all sorts
of Voices, repeating these Words:

*We labour in vain, in vain we deplore,
Alas! Banterina the Bright is no more,
Weep, weep; let Tears, like Fountains flow,
And sigh away your Breath;
We've stole all's perfect here below,
To yield it up to Death.*

For

For all that I did not die ; and whether Musick has the Power to call back the Spirits that are fled ; or that the Grief for the Loss of Parents is not mortal ; I recovered my Strength insensibly. The Damsels were overjoyed ; and nothing was then sung but curious moving Airs in Praise of me. Among the rest, I remember the following Verses were sung by an excellent Voice.

*Such Honours, Mortals to you daily pay,
That th' angry Gods design'd to steal you away.
But they durst not take you to the Skies,
For Venus has threatned them sore,
If you ever in Heaven she spies,
They shall never see her any more.
But they need not to Trouble their Brain
With that Goddess's Vapours and Spleen ;
They may abdicate her, it is plain,
And you'll honour them more as their Queen.*

All this while the Tent flew through the Air with incredible Rapidity, till stopping all on a sudden it opened, and I found myself at the Gate of a stately Palace. Then the Knights in the green Armour, the Damsels, the Tent, and all that was in it vanished, and I was left alone sadly out of Countenance. But it was not long before I spied six curious Ladies coming towards me, all clad in white Sattin, lined in Rose colour Taffety, slash'd, and all the Slashes embroidered with Pearls. They had long Sleeves hanging down, and on them a wonderful rich Embroidery. Their Hair was very fair, and delicately curled, and their Heads were stuck fuller with Diamonds than any Heroines upon the Stage. Judging at their Quality by the Riches of their Apparel, I thought they could be no less then Sultans

Daughters, and I was providing a high Compliment for them, when falling down before me, they all embraced my Knees, and when they had kiss'd my Hands over and over, one of them said to me, in a respectful Manner. Peerless *Banterina*, most lively Portraiture of the chaste Goddess *Venus*, universal Heirefs to all *Oriana's*, and the beautiful *Nichea's* Graces, behold here at your Feet six Damsels appointed to wait on you. The Owner of this Place has called us out from among an hundred thousand Matrons, to Honour us with this glorious Employment. I can assure you he could not have made a better Choice; for, without Vanity, my Companions and I are the cleverest Wenches in the World, at pinning a Gown, dressing a Head, colouring the Hair, mending the Complexion, and curing the Green-Sickness. Pretty Damsels, said I, pray tell me where I am, and what the Prince's Name is that Reigns here. You are, answered she, in the Palace of the King of *Terra Australis*. This Kingdom is of an infinite Extent, or rather, a new World unknown to the rest of the Inhabitants of the Earth, with the good Leave of the Apocryphal Accounts Strangers have given of it. Precious Stones, Gold and Silver grow up under our Feet, and are consequently of so little Value with us, that these Cloaths, which you think very costly, are but the common Habit of Tradesmens Wives. I would have you see our Women of Quality and our Princesses; they have other guise sort of Cloaths. By this you may guess, the King must be a puissant Sovereign; but what you don't know, and therefore is fit you be told, is, that this Prince is very young, and has a mind to marry; and understanding by an Enchanter his Friend, that you are the most beautiful Princess in the World, he caus'd the said Enchanter to steal you away. This News re-

doubled

doubled the Tears, which the Remembrance of my Parents made me shed incessantly; but another of the Damsels said, O beautiful *Infanta*, do not waste those precious Tears! When you have seen the King, your Affliction will cease. He will soon come from Hunting. In short, I soon spied him coming in a Chariot all of Saphirs and Topazes, drawn by six white Unicorns. I must confess, I never saw any Thing so fine. He leaped out nimbly, and perceiving he carried a Bow and Quiver, I took him for the God of Love. I cannot say whether that was any Enchantment, or the Work of Nature, but I was so taken with his Mien and Beauty, that I thought no more of my Parents. He seemed to me no less taken with my Features, and he was so disordered when he came up to me, that he made me a Compliment which was neither Rhime nor Reason. I returned an Answer without Head or Tail. The Damsels smiled, and had Reason to believe, as they did, that I had not over much Wit; but the Prince, who had as Little as myself, was very well pleas'd. He took me by the Hand, and led me into a stately Apartment, where, having recovered himself, after his Disorder, he confirmed all that the Damsels had told me concerning my Rape, with such a sort of Eloquence, as I did not expect from him. In short, he said such loving Things to me, that we need not admire *Psyche* yielded so easily to *Cupid's* fine Speeches. He soon perceiv'd I was coming, at which he was so overjoyed, and his Passion grew so fast upon him, that he earnestly intreated me not to defer his good Fortune one Moment, but to marry him immediately. Prince, said I to him then, so sweetly, that it quite charm'd him; you are very hasty. Consider that Marriage is a Matter of Moment, and requires mature Deliberation. Leave me here alone. I desire a full

Quarter of an Hour to consider. I was afraid he had been too deep in Love to grant this delay ; but on the contrary, instead of denying it, he commended my Discretion, and went out of the Room, saying, He had the greater Value for me, because Women for the most Part did not take so much Time to consider.

THUS was I left alone to make serious Reflections on his Proposal. I found it so advantageous to me, and my Head was fill'd with such pleasant Notions, that a sweet Sleep soon overcame me. But I slept not long, for being pull'd by the Arm, I awaked. It was the wife *Belonia*, and I knew her, because I had seen her sometimes at my Father the *Arch-banterer's* House, she being Protectress of his Dominions. Look to your Honour, my dear *Banterina*, said she, it is in wonderful Danger. You are now upon the Edge of the *Euxine* Sea, betwixt *Constantinople* and *Trabizond*. It is not the King of *Terra Australis* that is in Love with you, it is a false Enchanter, who has taken upon him the Shape of an amiable Prince to deceive you. My Power is inferior to his, and I cannot carry you hence ; but I bring you *Bandenazar's* famous Ring. As long as you keep it, the Enchanter will have no Power over you. You will see Things as they really are, and if you can once set your Foot out of this enchanted Palace, I will carry you away in my Chariot. Take Care to hide this Ring ; for if once the Enchanter gets it from you, you must never expect any further Assistance from me. This said, she gave me the Ring, and immediately flew out at the Chimney. When she was gone, I remained Melancholy and Thoughtfull ; as is usual when a young Woman has a great Fancy for a handsome Man, and is told his ill Qualities. I was not so well pleas'd that I had been undeceived, as I was vex'd to understand

stand that the Prince I had been so fond of was but a meer Cheat. However, I had the Ring in my Bosom, and continued in a Dumpse, when I saw a little old Fellow come into the Room, with a long grey Beard, and a Violet Colour Cloth Cap on his Head sticking above his Ears. He had on a Gown of Tigers Skins, and leant on a Staff, without which he could not go; for, notwithstanding his Crutch, he limp'd so wretchedly, that every Step he went, I thought he would have fell upon his Nose. *Beautiful Infanta*, said *Don Quixote*, interrupting her; that is certainly *Friston* the Enchanter, For he has been Lame ever since he broke his Leg at *Babylon*. It is very true, quoth *Banterina*, now you put me in mind of it, the wise *Belonia* told me it was *Friston* the Enchanter; and I forgot to tell you so. Now, Gentlemen, do you but consider, if you please, how much I was surprized, when by that little lame Scoundrel's Discourse, I found out he was the very same fine Prince I had been so much taken with. I look'd aside with Horror. He drew near to me, I shriek'd out, and a sudden Qualm made me faint away. He called in his Women to help me: Five or six Witches came in and unlac'd me, to give me Air. My Ring dropped down, the Enchanter catched it up, and having viewed it: Oh, ho, said he, here is the Knack on't. Who the Devil brought her this Jewel, and has been with her the Moment I was away. By my Troth, they are not deceived, who say it is hard to keep Maids. Adds bobs, quoth *Sancho*, *Friston* talks notably for an Enchanter, for I have heard our Batchelor *Sampson* say, that Maids are like Sheep; If the Shepherd has not always a watchful Eye over them, they run astray, and the Wolf devours them. But go on with your Story, Madam *Infanta*, these Gentlemen and I sit upon Thorns, till we hear the rest.

When I came to myself, said the *Infanta*, I look'd about for my Ring, and not finding it, was as much troubled as if I had lost my Lap-Dog, or my Monkey. I called the Enchanter old Goat, nasty Cripple, and damn'd Sorcerer. In short, I gave him such scurvy Language, that he chang'd all his Love into Hatred. He muttered some Words in *Dutch*, and then taking me about the Middle, threw me like an Arrow out at the Window, with such Force and Violence, that I flew from the Shore of the *Euxine* Sea, where I then was, and fell into Waters of the River *Lima*. What a damn'd Skip was that, cried *Sancho*. How the Devil could an old Fellow, that was not able to go without a Crutch, have Strength enough to throw you so far. Don't you consider, Friend, replied the *Infanta*, that he did it by Virtue of those hellish Words he had muttered to himself? But, Gentlemen, I should never have recovered after such a Fall; but that as good Luck would have it, a young Shepherd, who was playing on his Pipe, whilst he look'd to his Sheep on the Bank of the River, perceiving I was like to drown, came speedily to my Assistance. He laid me upon his Back, and swam ashore. Then perceiving that I still breathed, he carried me into his Hut, lighted a Fire, dried me, and brought me to myself. I returned him Thanks for his Care, in such Words as made him believe I had not been ill bred, which awakened his Curiosity, and he desired I would tell him my Story. I did so very precisely, but not without shedding abundance of Tears, which made him drop as many. He told me he was much concern'd at my Misfortunes, and that he might not seem to confide less in me than I had done in him, said; beautiful Princess, you have told your Misfortunes to a Shepherd, who is no less unhappy than yourself. I am the natural Son of the valiant
Perianeus

Perianeus of *Persia*; and, as if it were the Fate of his Family, to be unfortunate in Love, I loved a Lady, who requited me no better than *Floribella* did him. The Queen of the *Amazons*, the charming *Zenobia*, with whom I fell in Love, seeing her dandle a Pig she was mighty fond of, on her Lap, has been deaf to all the Testimonies of my Love I have given her. But what made me quite mad, was, that at the same Time I complained of her Cruelty, the Prince of the *Floating-Islands* had as much Cause to boast of her Kindness. For meer Vexation I gave over Knight Errantry, and removing for ever from my Father's Court, I came to the Banks of this famous River, with a Resolution to turn Shepherd. Since then I have been told, that *Pamphus* the Enchanter, has enchanted my ungrateful Fair, and has converted her into a frightful Tripe-woman; but I do not tell you that for a Certainty. Nay, before God, and on my Conscience, quoth *Sancho*, interrupting the *Infanta* again, whoever told the Shepherd that Story, did not lie, for their is nothing more certain. Madam *Zenobia*, is as perfect a Tripe-woman as ever you saw. She has a great Scar on one Cheek, is Blear-ey'd, Blubber-lipp'd, and all the rest suitable. When we found her in the Wood, where she was tied to a Pine-Tree, the Soldier *Bra-camonte*, the Alderman and I, took her rather for a dirty Kitchen-Wench, than a Princess. Only my Master was not mistaken in her. Let him alone he presently spied she was a great Queen. By my Soul, he knew her at first Sight, and called her by her Christian Name and Sur-name, as if they had been old School-Fellows. You need not wonder at that, quoth *Don Quixote*, if Knights Errant had not the Faculty of knowing *Infanta*'s under all sorts of Enchantments, how could they rescue them out of the Hands of Enchanters? But we do not consider,

Sancho, that we interrupt the Princess. No matter, Sir Knight, answered *Banterina*, I have a good Memory, and you shall see I am not put out of my Story.

I came to settle in this delightful Place, said the Shepherd. I soon got some Sheep, a Dog, a Reed, and a Bag-Pipe; and changing my Name from Prince *Persin*, as I was called before, I took that of the Shepherd *Persino*. My Squire would not follow my Example; but desired me to requite his long Services, and that I would bestow on him the Honour of Knight-hood; I being of a generous Temper, granted it, and presented him with my Horse and Arms; for before he rode upon a She Ass, which would not have been a proper Steed for a Knight. Then I sent him, with my Blessing, to seek Adventures. The Truth on't is, he was a clever Fellow, very fit for the Ladies Service, and if he had not had his Brains knock'd out in some Melon-Field, no doubt wou'd have comforted many Widows. For my part, I only contrive to lead a pleasant Life in this delightful Place. Sometimes I play on my Reed, and sometimes on my Bag-Pipe, and sometimes I make Verses on the wonderful Works of Nature. I describe the Pleasures of a Country Life. The Birds are heard to sing in my Poems; in them the silly Lambs are seen to skip after the careful Yews, and the murmuring Streams to glide their Christial Waves along the Grass. In short, I enjoy a thousand Pleasures. But, alas! I want one, which is the most Substantial, and without which I am sensible a Shepherd can never be truly happy; and that is a Shepherdess. Beautiful Princess, added he, looking on me very earnestly, I will not love *Zenobia* any longer. I am loving, kind, discreet, and faithful; give me Leave to dedicate my Thoughts to you, and do not think the Gods have brought you
hither

hither to no Purpose. It is certainly their Will that you should make me happy. Be obedient to their Sovereign Decrees. Be my Shepherdess. Ah! What a pleasant Thing it is to Love. E'en let us follow where Love calls. Let us give him up our Hearts. Let us renounce our Parents Empires. Let us despise our Grandeur. Let us forget our Kindred and Friends, and let us spend the rest of our Days in tender Sighs, and amorous Songs.

You may judge, Gentlemen, whether it was possible for me to withstand such an Offer. The Shepherd *Perfino* was gay, handsome, and sung well. What a Treasure this is for a young Girl at Fifteen? I could not deny him. I put on a Shepherdess's Dress, and got me a Crook. He gave me half his Flock to look to, and a Dog he called *Melampus*, and not thinking the Name of *Banterina* very fit for Verse, he called me *Phillis*. It is impossible to tell you exactly, how many Verses he compos'd upon me and my Dog *Melampus*; but the Devil take me, if in less than an Year he did not make two hundred Eclogues, as many Elegies, and above a thousand Roundo's. He had a very Poetical Fancy, and there was no End of his Invention. Sometimes, tho' he was never a Day without me, he complain'd of my long Absence. At another Time he would accuse me of Cruelty, with as little Reason. Another Time he would compose pleasantly, and all to divert his Muse, and vary his Subjects. All that he writ was so kind, that it ravish'd me. One Day, among the rest, I shall remember it as long as I live, he sung me a Song I will repeat to you. I was transported with it. I was quite out of Breath. I thought I should have died, my Rapture was so great. The Words are these:

*As Phillis was sleeping,
 Stretch'd out on the Grass,
 Perfino came creeping,
 To gaze on the Lass.
 He thought her a Beauty,
 And in that Surprize,
 Mistaking his Duty,
 Made Love with his Eyes.*

Besides the Pleasure of hearing such charming Songs every Day, I had the Satisfaction of seeing the Shepherd *Perfino's* Name and my own carved on every Tree, and the History of our faithful Loves writ on the Sands of the River *Lima* in such Characters, as were Proof against the Winds. I lived thus very merrily, when one Morning as I was looking to my Sheep, there pass'd by me a Knight, arm'd at all Points, who stopped to take a full View of me, and turning to his Squire, said, *Aurelio*, take Notice of that Shepherdess. Are not those the Features of the *Infanta*? Yes, indeed, Sir, answer'd the Squire; that Face is not at all unlike her. I am satisfied, replied the Knight, she is certainly *Banterina*. Her Country Habit cannot deceive my Eyes. This said, he alighted from his Horse, and lifting up his Vizor, that I might see him, I knew the valiant *Rozinel*, my Father's brave and worthy Bastard. The Surprise and Disorder I was in fully convinced him, that he was not mistaken. O! my dear *Infanta*, said he, the Gods have then at last been pleas'd I should find you. I have been these twelve Months seeking you all about. What Chance made you a Shepherdess? When I had satisfied his Curiosity, he told me my Parents were comfortless for the Loss of me; and having a notable Tongue, he describ'd their Affliction in such a lively Manner, that I had like to have cried.

cried. Come, *Banterina*, added he, let us hasten away to my Father's Court. Let us fly to deliver him from that dismal Melancholy I left him in, and drive away the sad Shades of Death, which by this Time sit about the Empress. I was mightily perplex'd. If I thought of comforting my Parents, I was no less concerned to leave *Perfino*. An afflicted Father, a weeping Mother, a despairing Shepherd, a whining Dog, and a straying Flock of Sheep; these were all distracting Thoughts, which succeeded one another. But I must resolve, and my Life being a Series of Wonders, I preferred my Family before my Lover. I chose rather to forsake such a discreet and well-behav'd Shepherd, than to be deaf to the calls of my disconsolate Kindred. I had fix'd my Resolution; but as I was preparing to follow *Rozinel*, *Perfino*, the unhappy *Perfino*, came up to us. He was looking for me, to sing me a new Song; but he had little mind to sing, when he understood he was like to lose me. He made the Woods and the Banks rattle with his doleful Complaints; he threw away his Reed, broke his Crook, tore his Eye-brows; and, that I may make use of one of *Homer's* most celebrated Comparisons, he rowl'd himself upon the Ground, as a Black-Pudding rowls upon the Fire. In short, the doubly and trebly unfortunate *Perfino* did his utmost, and downright died before us for meer Vexation and Love. I must here take Breath, Gentlemen, that I may the better be able to tell you the rest of the Transactions of that fatal Day. Here *Banterina* paus'd a while, and then continued her Discourse as follows.

C H A P. V.

The Continuation of the Infanta Banterina's wonderful Adventures.

WHEN I saw my Shepherd stretched out dead upon the Ground, I lent upon Prince *Rozinel*, was struck dumb for a while, motionless, and so over-loaded with Grief, that I felt none. But soon after I tore my Cloaths and Hair, and lifted up my Voice to Heaven, complaining of his Death with Words full of Fury and Rage. I rail'd so bitterly against *Jupiter* and *Calisto*, that the Prince and his Squire were amaz'd. The eloquent *Rozinel* thought fit to tell me, that Men in their greatest Afflictions are bound to honour the Gods; tho' he had read that Word for Word in *Seneca*, yet I took little Notice of it, and I never gave over abusing the Gods and Goddeses, till the Shepherd *Persino* was buried. Then my Sorrow began to grow lighter; I found my Reason returned; and I can safely boast, that at fifteen Years of Age I bore as good a Heart, as any Widow at Thirty. I wiped my Eyes, and comforted myself. Then my Brother took me up behind him, and we rode sixteen hundred Leagues, talking of Knights Adventures; for I am strangely fond of Books of Chivalry; and I do not yet despair, but I may, one Time or other, distract myself with reading them. Here *Don Quixote* put up his Hand to his Fore-head, and had a strong Temptation to interrupt the Princess in favour of the Books of Chivalry; but he forbore out of Respect to the Company, which shew'd he had a great Command of himself.

WE

WE travell'd without Disturbance to the Frontiers of *Colchis*, continued *Banterina*, I was full of Hopes I should soon see my dear Mother *Merry-Dame*, and my honoured Father the *Arch-banterer*; when in a Wood we met twelve Giants carrying away five *Infanta's* they had newly ravished. They stopp'd us, bidding my Brother surrender upon Discretion, if he would save his Life. The brave *Rozinel* made his Squire set me down, and, like another *Don Quixote*, had the Courage to fight all those Giants, who look'd like so many Wind-mills. But, alas! the poor Bastard had no better Luck, than if he had been lawfully begotten; for he received so many Stroaks of their Clubs on his Head, that he lost his Stirrups, and fell down Stone dead under his Horse's Belly. Then they laid hold of his unfortunate Squire, and toss'd him in a Blanket, making him cut such pleasant Capers in the Air, that I could have laugh'd heartily, had I not been so full of Trouble as I was, I fear'd like the rest of the *Infanta's*. They carried us directly to the *Moorish* Enchanter's Castle, which was but two Leagues off. But, Madam Princess, said *Sancho*, interrupting her again, pray tell me, whether those two handed Rogues took your Brother's Squire along with them, or whether they left him in the Wood, in that sweet Pickle. As for that, answer'd *Banterina*, they were not satisfied with tossing him in a Blanket, till they were weary; but they carried him to the Castle, where they shut him up in a Dungeon under Ground, which was fourscore and nineteen thousand Fathom deep. Bless us, what a Dungeon, cried *Sancho*, why a Man had as good be in *Limbo*. What a Parcel of damn'd Fellows those were. Hang me, if the very Enchanters be not civiler Persons; when they have toss'd a Squire very handsomely, they e'en turn him loose. That is a great Comfort for a Squire that

has been toss'd in a Blanket, answer'd the Princess, and would to God my Brother's had come off so well. But to return to my Story: You must understand, that as soon as I came to the Castle, with my five unfortunate Companions, in Bondage, the Enchanter desired to see us. Tho' I was but in a Shepherdess's Habit, and that all ragged; for I had not spared it, in my Transports of Grief at *Perfino's* Funeral, yet I was reckoned the prettiest of the half Dozen. I had the good Luck to please the Wizzard; and at the same Time he had the Misfortune to appear in my Eyes the most horrid *Individuum* of human Race. In a Word, his Hair is frizz'd, red as Blood, and his Face as black as Ink, and it is, doubtless, for that Reason they call him the *Moorish*, or the black Enchanter. I could not endure the Sight of the Monster. When I looked upon him I made a sort of a Face, which he did not think looked very favourably towards him; and in Truth, he needed not to be a great Conjuror to guess what it meant. He made another Face next, which was as plain as the other. He knit his Brow, and looking fiercely on me, How, now, little Gipsy, said he, in a Voice like a Mule-driver, I perceive you do not like us. To humour you, we must send for those fine effeminate Fellows, those starched up Beaus of our Sex. I could have borrowed one of those empty Shapes, as poor silly *Friston* did; but I would not put such an Affront upon Nature. I durst not make the Brute an Answer, for fear of provoking him yet further. But to pass by a Thousand needless Circumstances, and come to the Conclusion of my Adventures, I must tell you, that when he had in vain tormented me three Months, to bring me to comply with his Passion, he was so incens'd to see himself despis'd, that he resolv'd to be revenged on me; Which he has done
after

after such a Manner as has scarce any Precedent in History. He touched me with his Wand, then he pulled out of his Pocket a Book in *Folio*, and opened it; than he read to himself, and as he read, I felt my little Arms grew out in Length, and all my Body grew monstrously big. To be short, in less than a Quarter of an Hour, from an *Infanta* I was converted into a Giant from Head to Foot. Then the Enchanter said to me in a scornful Tone. Go, Termagant Princess, wander about the Earth now in that pleasing Shape. I command you, added he, in an imperious Tone; by the Soul of the great *Calchas*, who perfectly knew what was to come, what was present, and, best of all, what was past. Take the Name of *Bramarbas Ironsides*. Do all the Mischief you can in the World. Dethrone vertuous Princes, and support the Wicked. Slay all the Knights that shall fall under your Clutches, and seek out the most famous Men to fight them. By my magical Power I bestow on you Strength to destroy them all. There is but one in the World that can overcome you. I will not Name him to you. If you happen to meet him, and he does but draw his Sword against you, your Gigantick Figure will presently drop off, as if it were a meer Paste-board Frame, which my familiar Dæmons will carry off immediately, and you will become an *Infanta* again. But to perfect my Revenge, I must tell you, that at the same Time your Milk-white Skin shall be of my Complexion, which you so much abhor, and which you shall know by a white Veil shall cover your Head. I have been now two Years, ranging the World by the Force of the Enchantment, and performing devilish Actions. The best of it is, I was not obliged to dethrone many Princes. I only invaded the good King of *Cyprus* his Dominions, and it now troubles me to the Heart that I killed him.

him. As for Knights, I can assure you I have destroyed more than a great many, and I only came into *Spain* after *Don Quixote*, to serve him in the same Manner. But, Thanks to the heavenly Powers, it appears he was the most valiant Knight, who alone could disenchant me. The worst of it is, that I am still as black as a Sloe; for tho' no Body has told me so, and I have not yet seen my Face; since I have had this white Veil on my Head, I look upon that to be as convincing, as if I had been these four Hours looking in a Glass. So that you see I am not much in the Wrong in refusing to discover myself to the Company.

WHEN *Banterina* had concluded the Relation of her strange Adventures, the *Arch-banterer* said to her, My dear *Infanta*, I call to Witnesses all *Olympus*, from *Saturn's* mighty Son to the Eagle that stole his Cup-bearer, that I am overjoy'd for finding you. When I called to Mind the Prince of *Terra Australis*, the Giants, and above all the *Moorish* Enchanter, I perceive you have escaped a Scowering. As for the Innocent Shepherd *Persino*, his moving Songs make me very much concerned for his Death. But I have this Comfort, that his Soul must needs enjoy sweet Rest in the *Elisian* Fields; for I cannot think, that *Pluto* could be so unjust as to shut it up with *Tarquin's* Ghost. As for your Complexion, my dear Child, there's a Remedy for that, There are abundance of Ladies in my Court, that will communicate their Secrets to you; but as yet we have not seen your Face. How do we know whether it is so bad as you imagine. Perhaps the *Moorish* Enchanter has not carried on his Revenge to the utmost, and thought it enough to fright you. No, no, Sir, answer'd *Banterina*, I am too sure it is so. No Matter, replied the Emperor, discover yourself, your Father commands you. Then I
must

must obey, said the *Infanta*; but I can assure you, you'll find me much altered. At the same Time she took off her Napkin, and shew'd the Company a Face so far from being white, that it had been five or six Times daub'd over with shining Ink. The Ladies and Gentlemen seem'd much surpriz'd at that horrid Spell, and *Don Quixote*, was very highly concern'd at it, because this shew'd his Handywork was imperfect. As soon as *Sancho* spied that Sooty Phyz, he cried out as loud as he was able, Mother of God, what an *Infanta*! I would not be in her Coat, should St. *Michael* chance to meet with her. Good God, what is the Meaning of this: Shall we never see any but *Hackt-Face*, or Smooty Princesses! In Troth, Child, said the Emperor, you are in a fine swarthy Condition. I am much afraid we shall never wash off those Beauty Spots; but, however, we will spare no Cost upon them. We will try those Waters our tawny Complexion Ladies make use of to fetch their Skin of their Faces; and perhaps, with much Pains we may succeed. I scarce think it, answer'd *Banterina* in a sorrowful Tone. I had better renounce the World, and be always hid. But Alas! Added she weeping, what a Figure shall I make with this frightful Face? All young People will shun me, as if I were some old decayed Countess; and besides, the Grief of wanting a Lover myself, I shall have the Vexation to see other Women chop and change theirs every Day.

C H A P. VI.

Of the Expedient that was found out for finishing the Disenchantment of Banterina.

WHILST the poor Princess thus lamented her sad Fate, on a Sudden a Paper folded up like a Letter was seen to drop at her Feet, being thrown in by one of *Don Carlos's* Pages so dexterously, that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, never perceived it. What new Prodigy is this, cried the *Archbanterer*? Sure this is some Advice from an Enchanter our Friend. Let us read it, for we ought to slight nothing. This said, he catch'd up the Paper, opened it, and read these Verses aloud.

To the Smooty-Face Princess.

*Into my Fatal conjuring Book
For your sad Case I chanc'd to look,
And there I found your Ivory Face
Will ne'er retrieve its former Grace:
Unless the Conqueror, that brave Man,
Of Secretary Cordovan
Will keep a Fast for your sweet Sake;
A Thing most hard to undertake.
But if that gallant trusty Squire,
In Pity yields to your Desire;
And one whole Day will be content
To take no Food or Nourishment;
Then shall that Hellish Black take Flight,
And in its Place pure Red and White,
Shall Devils vex, and Men delight. }
This Vote was past, by full Consent
Last Night in Pluto's Parliament.*

The Moorish Enchanter.

BLES-

BLESSED be the Parliament, said the *Archbanterer*. Cheer up Child, you will soon recover your Beauty; for I cannot think the most obliging *Sancho Panca* will refuse to do you this Piece of Service. Sir quoth *Banterina*, there is nothing certain in the World. I cannot tell whether that illustrious Squire will live a Day without eating for my Sake. How! whether he will, cry'd *Don Quixote*! Alas! beautiful Princess, you do much Wrong to doubt of it. Is not this true, my Son? Don't you now reckon your self the happiest Squire that ever was, that is, or ever will be? Do not you feel a sort of Joy you are scarce able to contain? No, by my Troth, answer'd *Sancho*, I am not so full of Joy as you imagine. Do you think I am so well pleas'd to be four and twenty Hours without Eating, and to be biting my Nails, whilst others are exercising their Jaws till they are weary. Pox take me, 'tis a pretty Business to rejoice at. But pray, why must I do Penance for other Folks Sins? That's a pretty Fancy. I should have a long *Lent*, were I to fast for every Lady that has play'd the Devil. Hang me, I'll not do't at all. You don't consider what you say, replied *Don Quixote* in an angry Tone, tho' you are but a meer Squire, you may gain immortal Renown, worthy to be envy'd by the most applauded Knights. Faith Sir, said *Sancho*, Knights need not envy me on that Account. If my Fast tempts them, they need but say so, and they shall share in it; and if one Day is not enough, they may fast Ten. I promise you they shall not see me vie with them. But *Sancho*, answer'd *Banterina*, you don't consider that four and twenty Hours are soon gone. For all the Time you have fasted from Dinner must be reckon'd in, and you may Dine again To-morrow; and then all the Business is going to Bed without a Supper. That's too much, quoth

quoth *Sancho*; but it is easily said; and yet if you were to do it, you'd make many four Faces. Would to the Gods, answer'd the Princess, that the Success of this Affair depended on me, my Face would be as clear as Chrystal To-morrow. Why? Can you fancy I would think much to fast till To-morrow for a good Complexion? If you do, you don't take me for a Woman. By my Maidenhead, I'd fast a whole Year with Bread and Water for the least Glimpse of White, or any little agreeable Air. How hard you are to be brought to, said the *Arch-banterer*, as if you had never gone to Bed without a Supper. I believe you did not go to *Rome* for a Pardon every time you did it in the course of your Adventures. I grant it, Mr. *Arch-banterer*, answer'd *Sancho*, but neither did I tell you every time I was fretted to my Heart.

DON Carlos, the Earl, and *Don Alvaro*, who till then had continu'd silent, drew near the Squire to persuade him to do Things handsome. The *Arch-banterer* conjur'd him; and *Banterina*, as most concer'd in this Affair, did not only intreat, but fell down at his Feet to move him the more. *Don Quixote*, who had forbore a great while, seeing the Emperor condescend to intreat his Squire, was out of Patience, when he beheld the Princess in that humble Posture; and was ready to break out, when *Sancho* at length overcome by so much Courtship, and mov'd at the *Infanta's* Behaviour, lifted her up, saying: Well, rise Madam Princess; since the Child cries, it must be rock'd. I have a tender Heart enough, considering I am a Peasant. I'll do this Penance for you, and I promise I'll do it to a Miracle. The *Arch-banterer* hearing him, ran to embrace the generous Squire; *Banterina* thank'd him, the Ladies and Gentlemen commended him, and *Don Quixote* was pacify'd. My dear Friend *Sancho*,
said

said *Don Alvaro*, I am overjoy'd you should have the Honour of finishing the Disenchantment of such a beautiful *Infanta*. I am glad of it too, said the Squire, but the worst of it is, I never had a better Stomach than I have at this time. Hang me, I think the Devil is in it. My Guts cry a Famine, because I have nothing but Wind to feed them with. Right said the Earl, this is the humour of all Men; as soon as a Thing is forbid, every Man longs for it. Ay, and the Women too are of the same Humour, quoth *Sancho*, for I very well remember, that *John Aspado*, the *Shoe-maker* of our Village, one Day forbid his Wife to go to the Wood a Nutting, and yet the Jade went, and ne're got Home again till she had gather'd a lapful. But Gentlemen, added he, tho' I am forbid eating a Supper, yet I hope I may be allow'd to dip my Fingers Ends in the Sauce. That will not break my Fast. I beg your Pardon, answer'd *Don Carlos*, we can never be too nice when the Disenchantment of a Princess depends on it. You must not eat so much as a bit of Bacon a Fowl is larded with, for fear of infringing the Decree of the Parliament. Nay, I am of Opinion, you should keep as far as may be from the Kitchen, because I look upon the Steem of the Meat as sufficient to break the Order. By my Troth, *Don Carlos*, cry'd *Sancho*, I have an excellent Thought come into my Head. You can't imagine what I'll do. As soon as I can get to *Don Alvaro Tarfe's* House, I'll go to Bed; and if I can, I'll sleep till it be time to say Grace To-morrow. I like the Project well, said the Earl, and by that Means you'll avoid all Temptation. Besides the Proverb says, *That he who sleeps, dines*. Right, answer'd the Squire, let us talk no more of it, I'll way and fast like a Bishop, and then we shall see whether the Order of Knighthood can be deny'd me. No, no, my

my dear *Sancho*, answer'd the *Arch-banterer*, you may rest satisfy'd you shall be Dubb'd. That is the least Reward you can expect from me. The *Infanta* perceiving the Squire so favourably inclin'd to her, chang'd the Discourse, and said to the Emperor: Pray Sir, give me Leave to ask you, whether the Empress my Mother is in this Palace, or whether you have left her in your *Arch-banter-ship*. I long to hear from her. I am overjoy'd at your Earnestness, answer'd the *Arch-banterer*, your Mother is here, and in her Apartment, bewailing the Loss of you; and is still so Afflicted, that she will see no Body. Let us go dry up her Tears, replied the Princess, and let us bid the Company good Night, and so wait the Event of my Disenchantment, which cannot fail, since it wholly depends on *Don Quixote's* abstemious Squire. The Ladies and Gentlemen went away to their own Homes, very well pleas'd with the Actors in this Comedy, but particularly with *Don Carlos's* young Secretary, who had play'd the Part of the young *Banterina* so nicely.

C H A P. VII.

How Sancho finish'd the Disenchantment of the Infanta Banterina.

WHEN *Don Alvaro*, *Don Quixote* and his Squire return'd to their Lodging, the Knight who was full of what happened at the *Arch-banterer's*, said to the *Granadine*; I cannot tell, *Don Alvaro*, whether the Things we have seen and heard, have made so great an Impression on you as they have done on me. These are some of those wonderful Accidents, which have discredited the
Books

Books of Knight Errantry; and I am of Opinion, that when Posterity shall read the Adventure of the Infanta *Banterina* in my History, it will not be believed. I don't question it, answered *Don Alvaro*, nothing is more unlikely than that Princess's Enchantment, and all she told us. I am much concern'd at her Misfortunes. When I consider her in a Wood at the Mercy of twelve Giants, and then in the Clutches of a base *Moor*---What a sad Thing it is! For perhaps, the poor *Infanta* did not tell us all; she might conceal some Things out of meer Modesty. God grant I may be mistaken in my Guess, and that her Father find her as *Achilles* did *Briseis*. You know *Don Quixote*, that *Agamemnon* swore he return'd her pure and undefil'd; and that all the *Greeks* took his Word, as a Man would believe a Guardian, who swears he has not cheated his Pupil. *Don Alvaro*, answered *Don Quixote*, I grant you the chaste *Banterina* has run thro' great Dangers; but what may satisfy your Scruples is, that we read in the Authentick Books of Chivalry, that the *Infanta Aurora* came out pure and unspotted, after she had been 3 Years shut up in a Cave among Giants; and the same of a thousand other Princesses I could quote. Nay, if so replied the *Granadine* smiling, I shall set my Heart at Rest as to that Point. But pray Gentlemen, cry'd *Sancho*, did not you take Notice of the course Word Madam the *Infanta* let slip in her Story. What course Word, answered *Don Quixote*. Ads Curse, quoth *Sancho*, did she not say, *The Devil take me?* Methinks those are curious Words for an Emperor's Daughter; they favour something of the scoundrel Giants she kept Company with. I must confess, said *Don Quixote*, I was something startled at first to hear those Words; but I consider'd afterwards, that since the Princess made use of them, they

they must be an usual Way of Affirmative at her Father the Emperor's Court. I am of your Opinion, answer'd *Don Alvaro*; no doubt but the *Infanta* has been too well bred to use such Words, had not Custom authoriz'd them among the *Archbanterer's Ladies*.

AFTER some more such Talk, *Don Alvaro* changing the Discourse, said to the Knight, *Don Quixote*, I have a Favour to beg of you, which is, that you will excuse me from supping with you to Night: *Don Carlos* and the Earl expect me to settle some private Affairs depending betwixt us. Why so much Ceremony, answer'd *Don Quixote*. Friends must not confine one another. Go where you please, my dear *Tarfe*, I design to shut my self up in my Chamber with *Sancho*; for I am resolved not to leave him out of my Sight, till he has perfected the Disenchantment of the Princess *Banterina*. I approve of your Resolution, answer'd *Don Alvaro*; it will not be amiss for you to watch your discreet and abstemious Squire, that he may be the more exact in performing his Penance. Then he took Leave of the Knight, and went away to the Earl's House, where he found the Marquis *de Orisalvo*, *Don Carlos*, and his Secretary, laughing heartily at the Trick they had put upon *Don Quixote*, and contriving more Sport for the next Day.

IN the mean while, our Knight being withdrawn into his Chamber with *Sancho*, the *Granadine's* Steward came to tell him Supper was ready. If you would oblige me, said *Don Quixote*, bring me a Glas of Wine and a Mouthful of Meat hither, for I would willingly Sup in my Chamber to Night. The Steward went out and return'd immediately with two Pages, one of them bringing a great Piece of Bread, a Bottle and a Glas, and the other the Table-Linnen, and a roasted Pullet on a Plate.

Plate: They left all upon the Table and withdrew, because *Don Quixote* dismiss'd them, saying, his Squire should wait. As soon as they were gone out, *Don Quixote* double-lock'd the Door; then he made *Sancho* disarm him, who in the mean while said to him: So Sir, now we are alone, pray talk to me as a good Master ought to talk to his Squire; must I of Necessity perform my Penance? What do you mean to question it, answer'd *Don Quixote*, have not you promis'd the *Infanta* and the Emperor so to do? Yes Sir, said the Squire, I have promis'd; but you know Words are but Wind, especially among Great Men. Can't you lessen my Penance? Do you think, if you give me a Leg of that little Bird, the *Infanta* will be e're the less Disenchanted? No doubt of it, replied *Don Quixote*; you must not eat the least Bit. Nay, I cannot tell, but the Will may be taken for the Deed. Good God, cry'd *Sancho*, what do you mean? Where are we then? I shall have made a fine Spot of Work of it To-morrow. It will appear that I went to Bed without a Supper, and that the Princess is no more Disenchanted than my Grand-mother. And if so, answer'd the Knight, you must begin again To-morrow. Then Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I must eat to Night, if you think I shall be oblig'd to begin my Fast again To-morrow. To tell you my Opinion, replied *Don Quixote*, I do not think you infringe the Order of the Enchanters, in only wishing to Eat; but however, I advise you to go to Bed, whilst I eat my Supper, if it were only to save the Trouble of withstanding the Temptation. Sir, I will take your Advice, answer'd the Squire, but first you will give me three good Glasses of Wine, for there is nothing better towards Disenchanted, and you know I had been Disenchanted the other Day, had I per-

formed the rest of the Ceremony as cleverly as I took down the three Bumpers the Batchelor gave me. This is not the same Case, said *Don Quixote*, you are absolutely forbid taking any Sustenance, and therefore you must neither eat nor drink. For God's Sake, *Sancho*, do what is requir'd of you nicely, that I may not be upbraided with keeping a base mean-spirited Squire, who has not the Heart to finish an Adventure. And pray what hard Matter is put upon you? I never knew any *Infanta* disenchant'd at such an easy rate; and you go about this glorious Action with so much Reluctancy. What would you do, Friend, if you were to give yourself ten Thousand Lashes? What would I do, said the Squire? By the Lord, I would lash my self so gently, that the Enchanters should have no Cause to laugh at me. And if any one did not like it, he might e'en lash himself for me. He is a great Fool who hurts himself to please another. I believe the antient Squires Errant did not use to flea themselves for *Infanta's*. There was not one of them, answered *Don Quixote*, but would have whipped himself till he had been raw all over for any plain Damsel. In those Days, replied *Sancho*, when the Sun went down, there were abundance of Beasts in the Shade. The Squires in our Days, God be prais'd, are no such Fools; and I could name you those that would not pull three Hairs out of their Beard for all the Princesses in the World. Will you never entertain nobler Thoughts, answer'd *Don Quixote*? You are finely qualified to receive the glorious Order of Knighthood. Had the *Arch-banterer* heard what you say, I am sure he would cause you to be turn'd out of his Palace To-morrow. As for that, quoth the Squire, I should take better heed how I talk'd before him; for I remember I have heard, that we are not to tell Emperors

perors all we think. That's true, answered *Don Quixote*, but you are little the better for the Instructions you receive. You talk'd a while ago so loosely before the *Arch-banterer*, that a Courtier could not have had the Impudence to do the like. But let us not rip up past Faults; I am willing to forget them. Undress you, and say no more. The Squire obeyed; but his Stomach being ill disposed towards his usual rest, he could not fall asleep, and lay tumbling in his Bed like a Widow. The Knight sat down at Table, and was satisfied with a Glass of Wine, a Bit of Meat, and a mouthful of Bread, envying *Sancho's* good Fortune, who opening the Curtains to have the better Sight of what was on the Table, ogled the Pullet so lovingly, that he would willingly have forfeited the Honour of disenchanting a thousand *Infanta's*, to be in his Master's Place. Master *Don Quixote*, cry'd he, that Fowl delights my Eyes: How purely it smells! By *Jove* it ravishes me. You should fall to it lustily: You only tickle its ribs. By the Lord, if I were at it, I would handle it after another Manner. Glutton, answered *Don Quixote*, it is better for you to fall asleep, than to gaze at this Pullet, that is such a Temptation to you. Sir, said *Sancho*, I cannot sleep; my Belly does not Love fasting, and I find it is stark mad: yet, it might be patient, for the Task is not yet near over. However, I will do all I can to fall asleep. This said, he sunk down into the Bed, and giving way to Thought, said to himself, (for the wise *Alifolan* reveals his most secret Meditations.) Alas! poor Governor of the *Force Meat-Balls*, must you be starved to death, when our Governors at this Time are at Table eating their Fill? By my Soul, I am a meer Fool to fast for a Gipsie *Infanta* I know nothing of; nor is any Kin to me. Besides, what shall I get by dis-

enchanting her? Honour, and that's all. Faith, I don't value that Profit which a Man cannot put up in his Pocket. And as for the Order of Knight-hood, the *Arch-banterer* is to bestow on me, I am not in such haste for it; and whenever I am, why should I be harder to please than my Master *Don Quixote*, I'll e'en make the first Inn-keeper I meet with dub me Knight. What shall I do then? Cannot I, when my Master is gone to Bed, get up softly, without any Ceremony, and go mumble the Pullet and the Lunch of Bread I saw upon the Table? That I may, and it was well thought on. Who will know any thing of it? No Body. Oh! but To-morrow, when they find the Princess is not disenchant'd, they will say, *Sancho*, you took some Sustenance. What Answer shall I make to that. Well, I'll say I did not. It is as easy to say No, as Yes, and I shall not be the first Squire that told a Lye. I shall be believed, and the Mule will be blam'd for the Driver's Fault. There's an End of it; I'm resolv'd I'll eat. In short, if I break my Fast, what Harm can it do. It is no Fast impos'd by our Holy Mother the Church; and I shall not suffer for it in the other World.

WHILST he was fixing this Resolution, *Don Quixote* made an End of his Supper. Then he walk'd a little about the Room, pulled off his little Doublet, put out the Candle, and went to Bed. As soon as *Sancho* felt him by his Side, he lost no Time, but got up to put his Design in Execution. Whether are you going, ask'd *Don Quixote*? Sir, said he, with your Leave, I must get up about some Business, perhaps that is not forbid. No, my Son, answered the Squire; that is lawful. The Squire groap'd out the Table, and meeting with the Pullet and the Bread, laid hold of it, and went to Bed again,

again. Be of good Heart, said *Don Quixote*, one Night is soon gone; and if you happen not to rest so well as at other Times, you may comfort yourself with the Thoughts that you shall restore the Princess to her former Beauty. I do comfort myself, answer'd *Sancho*, and I fancy to myself that the Princess's Face is by this Time, as white as a Sheet. Now you talk of the Princess, said *Don Quixote*, I am glad she told us, that the Prince *Perfin's* Squire rode on an Ass. Now I shall not fear being upbraided with your following me upon such another Creature. Hence I infer, that most of the antient Squires were mounted on Asses; and that therefore, there is no mention made in abundance of Books of Chivalry, of the Squires Steed. I tell you once more Friend, I am very glad the *Infanta* has told us a Thing which authorizes me to leave you your Dapple; for, to deal plainly with you, I was not satisfy'd as to that Point, and was about buying a Horse. Whilst the Knight talk'd, *Sancho* mumbled the Pullet and Bread, and lest his Master should over-hear the grinding of his Jaws, he eat as gently as he could, and for the most part swallow'd down Mouthfuls without chewing. Yet with all his Precaution, he made such a Cracking, that *Don Quixote* could not forbear saying, What is this I hear *Sancho*? You make a Noise with your Mouth, as if you were eating. Sir, answered the Squire, with such Presence of Mind, as one would scarce have thought him capable of; I am half asleep, and I dream I am at a Feast, laying about me handsomely: Pray do not awake me. *Don Quixote* smil'd at this Answer, without so much as mistrusting the Truth. Well, sleep then, my Son, said he. I will not deprive you of the Pleasure of a Dream you are so well pleas'd with, and which can no way pre-

judice *Banterina's* Disenchantment. The Squire rejoicing at the Success of his Cheat, carry'd it on to the utmost. For when he had eat up the Pullet and the Bread, considering so much Meat deserv'd some Drink, he got up to go to the Bottle. Do you rise again, said *Don Quixote*, are not you well. Sir, said *Sancho*, I can bear with my Distemper, and I will do so well this time, an't please God, that I shall have no more Occasion to rise to Night. In short, having found the Bottle, he put it to his Mouth, and at one pull, suck'd it so dry, that there was not enough left to drop *Supernaculum*. Then going to Bed again, he had no sooner laid his Head on the Pillow, but the lovely God of Sleep, who was generally so much his Friend, when his Stomach was so full, shrouded him all over with his heavy Vapours. The Knight on the other side, fell asleep insensibly without the least Jealousy of the horrid Breach *Sancho* had made of the Ordinance of *Pluto's* Parliament.

C H A P. VIII.

Which treats of several Things, and among the rest, of the Novel of The Curious Impertinent.

DON *Quixote* wak'd first in the Morning, and it being then broad Day, he call'd his Squire; but finding he was fast asleep, he hunch'd him so hard, with his Knees and Elbows, on the Ribs, that the poor Fellow cry'd out two or three Times. Pox take me, Sir, said he, do not thrust so hard.
Must

Must you kill a Man to wake him. Let us rise, my Lad, answer'd *Don Quixote*, it is a Shame for Men of our Profession to lie so long a Bed. I am impatient to hear from the *Infanta Banterina*. I have seen her, *Sancho*, I have seen her in a Dream last Night. O Heavens! how charming she appeared. O what a Beauty she is, my Friend! If so, Sir, said the Squire, she is disenchant'd. Yes certainly, replied *Don Quixote*, and I can assure you, your Fast has been successful already. Have a care, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, lest you be mistaken. Dreams are often false, and I have no Faith at all in them. Do not fancy, said the Knight, that my Dream is the Production of a strong Imagination. It is real. The wise *Alquife* laid before me a Picture of that Princess, even as the wise *Bellonia* shew'd the Knight of the *Rich Figure* the true Image of *Floribella* in the Prison of *Persepolis*. So that, my Lad, you may reckon the *Infanta* is disenchant'd. God be prais'd, Sir, quoth the Squire, but if she is not quite, I must tell you 'tis no Fault of mine. This Discourse kept them employed whilst they were getting up. The Knight, if he had but look'd towards the Table, might easily have perceived that the Penance had not been so religiously perform'd, as he imagin'd, but he was pleas'd to take no manner of Notice of it, and when they were almost ready, they heard knocking at the Chamber-door. *Don Alvaro*, the Earl, and *Don Carlos*, came to acquaint them with the *Infanta's* Disenchantment. This pleasing News did not at all surprize *Don Quixote*, who was prepar'd for it; but *Sancho* was so amaz'd, that he could not forbear crying out; Mother of God, is it possible the *Infanta* should be disenchant'd! Why so much Wonder, *Sancho*, said the *Granadine*? Have you broke your Fast? No Sir, answered the

Squire; my Master *Don Quixote* can witness for me. I fasted like a Dean, and am ready to begin again if the Princess wants but a Speck of Whiteness. But to deal plainly, I can hardly believe she has chang'd her Countenance so soon. It is certainly true, said *Don Carlos*, for this Morning one of the Empress *Merry Dame's* Pages gave me an Account of this wonderful Accident, and swore to me, that the Princess's Beauty was beyond all Expression. I grant Pages are very ready to swear; but they ought to be believed when they speak well of their Masters. *Don Carlos*, said the *Granadine*, the Empress's Page told you nothing but the Truth, for the *Arch-banterer* has sent me Word that his Daughter is disenchant'd, and that he expects *Don Quixote* and his Squire to return them Thanks. Gentlemen, said the Earl, I long to see that beautiful Princess; and since I don't question but you have the same Curiosity, we may satisfy it immediately, if you please, for we have a large Coach at the Door, drawn by six good Mules. Let us lose no Time; for you must know, the Emperor is removed from his Palace. Right, quoth *Don Alvaro*, he is not now in *Madrid*. He went Yesterday, with all his Court, to lie two Leagues off at a Palace a Prince has lent him, which is much more stately and befitting an *Arch-banterer*. The Gentlemen all resolv'd to set out, and as soon as the Knight was arm'd, they went into the Coach. A while after, *Sancho* set out upon his Ass, with his Portmanteau behind, and carrying his Master's Lance and Buckler, being guided by a Page, mounted on *Rocinante*.

THE Palace they went to was a Country-House belonging to the Earl: The Marquis *de Orisalva* was gone thither already with some of his Friends, and all the Ladies that were at his House the Day before

before. Being resolved to make some more Sport with *Don Quixote* and his Squire, they had thought fit to draw them out of the Town, that they might be more free in the Country. *Don Carlos's* Secretary was preparing to do Wonders: He had hir'd two Suits of Princesses Cloaths of the Players, one of which was to serve him to act the Part of the disenchantèd Princeis *Banterina* in, and the other was for an old Chamber-maid of the Earl's Sister, to represent the Empress *Merry-Dame*. Whilst they two were dressing, the Ladies and Gentlemen were in the Hall, where the Play was to be acted; and the Author of this various History tells us, they began to talk of the Knight of *La Mancha* and his Squire. Ladies, said the *Marquess de Orisalvo*; what think you of *Don Quixote*? Don't you find abundance of good Sense amidst all his Madness? And is not *Sancho's* Simplicity wonderful. He is very diverting answered one of the Ladies, I am mightily pleas'd with his Ingenuity. Every now and then something that is very sharp comes from him, and yet he has no Design in it; and it is amazing, that the simplest Fellow in the World should talk so wittily without being sensible himself of what he says. I am not at all pleas'd with *Benengeli* for having varied his Character, for sometimes he makes *Sancho* talk like an ingenious Peasant, and sometimes like a sharp malicious Clown. Madam, answer'd the *Marquess*, smiling, if you have not a Care, you'll fall foul upon *Benengeli*. God forbid, replied the Lady, his *Don Quixote* is an excellent Book, it is full of Morality, and besides the Comical Humour almost throughout it, there are most exquisite Novels in it. Amongst the rest, I think that of *The Curious Impertinent* is very pleasant, and Instructive. I am of the same Opinion, said the Earl's Sister, and I

have been mightily taken with that Novel. I must plainly own my ill Taste, said another Lady, I do not so well like *The Curious Impertinent*, as you do; because I observe in it, many Things contrary to Nature and Probability. Be pleas'd, Madam, said one of the Gentlemen, to give us your Remarks upon it. I own I am a great Admirer of *Benengeli*, and can scarce believe there is the least Fault in the Novel we speak of. If you had read it with Attention, answer'd the Lady, you would be of another Opinion. In the first place, there is one Thing in it unnatural, which you will soon grant me yourself. It is, when *Anselm* lies hid to observe his Wife *Camilla*. You know *Camilla* has Notice of it given her; she makes a long Speech, and does a thousand odd Actions, which are more than enough to cure *Anselm's* Jealousy. Then she walks about like a mad Woman, with a Dagger in her Hand, her Eyes full of Passion, as if she were resolv'd to kill *Lothair*. He comes in, she upbraids him with having entertain'd such Thoughts of her, as if she could be false to her Husband. *I am to blame*, says she to him, *that I have not punish'd you so severely as I ought to have done, and I will now revenge that Fault upon myself; but dying, I must kill you, and thus satisfy my Vengeance.* This said, she flew at him, acting as if she would stab him so lively, that he knew not what to think of it himself; and was forc'd to make use of all his Art and Strength to save himself. If the Lover was deceiv'd, the Husband could not choose but be so too, and since *Anselm* thought all that was in earnest, was it natural for him to lie still where he was hid, and not to step out to save his Friend's Life, by making known his Innocence to *Camilla*? Would he rather expose *Lothair* to two or three Stabs of a Dagger, than shew himself? Nay, he
does

does not only leave him exposed to the Danger, but still keeps close, after *Camilla* has wounded herself, and counterfeited fainting away. Surely he design'd to stay till she was dead and buried, before he would shew himself.

JUST so, said the Marquess, would a Husband have done, who had a mind to get rid of his Wife; which did not suit with *Anselm*, who was desperately in Love with his. You see then, said the Lady; that I am not so much out of my Criticism upon that Point; but there are many more that displease me. As for Instance, when the Author says, *Anselm hearing a Noise in Leonela's Chamber, and intending to go in to see what it was, perceiv'd that the Door was held against him. This Opposition heightned his Curiosity, and made him thrust so hard, till he got the better, and then he had a Glimpse of a Man slipping down out at the Window into the Street.* In the first Place, I don't understand what great Noise *Leonela*, and her Gallant could make to disturb *Anselm*, and oblige him to rise; and again, methinks two Lovers, who had reason to fear a Surprise, should not forget to lock the Door. Besides, what Need was there for *Leonela* to tell her Master, that only she was concerned in that Affair? Was not he sufficiently convinc'd it was so? Had he any Cause to suspect *Camilla*, after the Scene he had seen acted? And why did that Maid, when she had own'd that Intrigue was her own, tell *Anselm*, she would the next Day acquaint him with great Matters? What Design could she have in it? She only aggravated her own Crime by discovering the Familiarity between *Camilla* and *Lothair*, She brought all the Guilt upon herself, and lost her Mistress's Protection, which she was sure of, if she kept her Coun-

cil. Nay, Madam, said the Gentleman, that espous'd *Benengeli*, you don't consider, that *Anselm* threatned to kill *Leonela*, and held a Dagger to her Breast; and therefore the Maid was in great Disorder. She was so concerned she knew not what she said. Well, Sir, said the Lady, I will pass that by in Complaisance to you. But, supposing the Fear of Death made her talk wildly, and that those indiscreet Words might slip from her in that Distraction, you cannot but allow, that it was an unpardonable Fault in *Anselm* not to force *Leonela* to tell him those mighty Matters immediately, which she reserv'd for the next Day. How could he consent to put off that Information, especially being of such a curious Temper as he was. He was not in Disorder as the Maid was, and therefore he ought to press her to speak, and when he lock'd her up, he ought to have considered she might follow her Gallant's Example, and make her Escape out of the Window. That Reflection, answered the Gentleman, is very good, and I have nothing to object against it. Then let it be granted, replied the Lady, that the Author's Genius was deficient, and that not knowing how to unravel his Plot, he chose to break in upon Nature and Probability, for want of a natural and ingenious Contrivance to discover to *Anselm* the Familiarity betwixt his Wife and his Friend. I had not made all those Reflections, said the Earl's Sister; and when I read that Novel I only disliked *Camilla's* Flight. That's true, said the Marquess, considering how well she had acted her part till then, she took the Alarm too soon. Since her Husband did not yet suspect her, she only needed to pretend to be more angry at *Leonela* than her Husband, and pretending to go frighten her with Threats, she might have underhand given her Assurances of her
Protection,

Protection, or else have got her out of the House. In short, *Camilla* ought to have brought herself off by a fresh Piece of Confidence. Thus *Benengeli* would have made the Character of a crafty Woman, he gives *Camilla*, the more lively, and the Story had been the perfecter, and pleasanter in its Kind. That is not all, said another Lady, I would fain know why *Anselm* left the Town, when he found neither *Leonela*, nor his Wife, nor his Friend. Had it not been more to the Purpose to seek them out in *Florence*, and so to have been convinc'd of his Misfortune, which as yet he was only jealous of, than to run away into the Country, where, in all Likelihood, he could meet with nobody to inform him : Yet, for all that, Madam, said the Marquis, he there met a Gentleman ; and if you remember, this Gentleman came from the City. *Anselm* ask'd him, what News there was at *Florence*. Very strange News, answer'd the Gentleman ! It is reported, that *Lothair* last Night ran away with his Bosom Friend *Anselm's* Wife. *This was discovered*, added he, *by a Maid that serv'd Camilla, who was taken up by the Watch, as she was slipping down into the Street by her Sheets she had made fast to the Window.* How could they be told by *Leonela*, that *Camilla* was run away with *Lothair*, since *Leonela* knew nothing of it, for it happen'd after she was taken up by the Watch ? Is not that a Fault in Judgment ? Besides, *Anselm's* Death is very ill manag'd and not likely. He sat down to write a Letter. He had Strength enough to begin it, and dy'd half Way. What a wretched Conclusion !

C H A P. IX.

*Of the extraordinary Honour that was done
Don Quixote.*

THIS Discourse was interrupted by the young Secretary, and the old Chamber-Maid coming into the Room. All the Company gaz'd earnestly on those two Princesses, they were clad in Cloth of Gold, adorned with abundance of false Diamonds, and Caps embellished with Feathers of all Sorts of Colours, and on their Backs hung curious long Flaxen-Hair in lovely Curles, which never grew on their Heads. The Secretary being very long visaged and full of the Small-Pox, with a flat Nose, and a Mouth from Ear to Ear, it was much feared he would never Answer the Fame of the Princess that had been stole for her Beauty; but he had so contrived Matters, and had laid on such a vast Quantity of red and white Paint, that the Ladies highly approved of his Management. The Empress *Merry Dame*, otherwite called Mrs. *Uriques*, had taken no less Pains to look like a Princess. The Company had scarce taken their full View of their two Highnesses, before a Page told them *Don Quixote* was come. The Marquess hearing this News, clapt on his *Arch-banterer's* Crown, took up his Red-Scepter, and ran with the Princesses to seat themselves on three Thrones, under a great Canopy. *Don Quixote*, *Tarfe*, *Don Carlos*, and the Earl soon appeared, and made low Bows to the Imperial Family; but as soon the Emperor saw *Don Quixote*, he came down from his Throne, and ran to him with open Arms, saying, Welcome, brave Knight
of

of *La Mancha*: May the Gods ever prove favourable to you. Then *Don Quixote*, stepping forwards towards the Emperor, and kneeling upon one Knee, would have kiss'd his Hand; but the *Arch-banterer* drew it back, rais'd the Knight, and having kiss'd both his Cheeks, presented him to his Wife *Merry Dame*, and the *Infanta*, who came down from their Thrones to embrace him, according to the Custom of Ancient Empreses, who never fail'd to embrace such famous Knights as came before them, after finishing some important Adventure. Invincible *Don Quixote*, said the Empress, worthy Offspring of the God *Mars*, what Thanks can we return you? What can we do to requite your mighty Valour? Sovereign Princess, answer'd the Knight, Honour is the only Reward I propose to myself in all my Undertakings. No other Recompence can please me; and if I had the Honour to be the Cause of your finding the *Infanta*, It is enough for me that you should vouchsafe to open your Imperial Mouth to thank me. Well then, said the Emperor, expect nothing from us but Thanks. I had Thoughts of making you a Present of the noble Kingdom of *Cochinchina*, and of giving your Squire the best Government in my *Arch-bantership*; but no more of that. Let the Honour of having finished a glorious Adventure content you both. The Gods grant, cried *Banterina*, that all the World may soon ring with the Noise of my Disenchantment. May Fame hasten to spread the happy News from the fair *German*, to the Sun-burnt *Ethiopian*, from the Empire of *Trabifond*, to the little Shops in *Toledo*. And may the valiant *Don Quixote* follow Fame, to shew to all the World that he is far above all she can say of him. May his famous Name, said the Empress, be transmitted from Generation to Generation, and never fail but with the World. Gentlemen, said the

the *Arch-banterer* to the Company; How do you like *Banterina*? Don't you find she is changed from Black to White. *Tarfe* and the Earl assented, and *Don Quixote* having looked on her, like a Knight Errant, affirmed, and said, He was ready to maintain, that no Creature could exceed her in Perfection. *Don Carlos* to back such a reasonable Opinion, said, that the Princess's Beauty was a sufficient Proof of *Persino's* Death; and call'd all the Ladies to witness, who notwithstanding the natural Reluctancy of Women to commend a beautiful Person, were also so ingenuous, as to allow the Princess was Matchless. It was worth while to observe how the Princess behaved herself, whilst they gave her these Commendations. She was silent, but at every obliging Word that was said, she looked down, and made a Bow with such ridiculous Gestures and Motions, as made *Don Quixote* believe she was very bashful and modest. When it was Dinner-time the *Arch-banterer* said to *Don Quixote*, Sir, it is my Will, that you and all these Gentlemen Dine with me; and I desire you to make some Stay here. The Empress and the *Infanta* desire the same, you are too courteous and civil, to deny them that Satisfaction. *Don Quixote*, having civilly accepted of the Honour that was offered him, took the *Infanta* by the Hand, and followed the *Arch-banterer*, who led the Empress. The Gentlemen did the same by the Ladies, and when they were all come into a large Room, where the Cloth was laid, they sat down at a long Table. Then several Musicians, the Earl had brought from *Madrid*, began to Play on sundry Instruments, and to sing abundance of pleasant Songs. It is impossible to express how much *Don Quixote* was pleas'd, for he was seated right against the *Infanta*, who to try the Power of her Charms, smil'd upon him, cast amorous Glances, and wonderfully allur'd

allur'd him. He was too sharp sighted not to perceive the Lady lik'd him ; but he was not at all surprized at the Discovery. He very well knew it was no unusual Thing for *Infanta's* to fall in Love with Knights of his Renown, but he thought it strange she should be so touch'd to the Quick, and fancied the Princess must needs be desperately in Love with him, since she had not the Power to govern herself before her Father and Mother.

WHEN Dinner was almost over, an angry Voice of a Man was heard at the Door. The Musick ceas'd, and presently *Sancho* came into the Room in a Passion and Grumbling. What is the Matter, Friend, said the *Arch-banterer*? What ails you? Mr. Emperor, cried the Squire in a Heat, you must come quickly, if you please, and make them put *Rocinante* and my Ass into the Stable, for your Raskally Servants have a mind to thrust them into a Pig-Stigh, as if they were not fit Company for your Horses. The Ladies and Gentlemen could not hold their grave Countenances, hearing this Piece of Simplicity, their Highnesses, the Musicians, the Pages, and all the Company burst out a laughing, but the *Arch-banterer*, when he had laugh'd as well as the rest, perceiving that *Don Quixote* blush'd, reassum'd his Gravity, and said to the silly Squire: Fear nothing, my dear *Sancho*, I'll take Care, without going to the Stable myself, that such an Indignity shall not be put upon the famous *Rocinante*, and his illustrious Companion. I design them nobler Company. Go, said he, to one of his Pages, I charge you to see those two Peerless Aminals put up with the twelve Horses of my Imperial Chariot, and I expect they shall have the best Stalls. Nay, as for the best Stalls, answered *Sancho*, there is no Reason for that, Mr. *Arch-banterer*, your Greatness's Horses ought to take Place. When the Page was
gone

gone out to execute his Orders, the Squire fell into a good Humour again, and then the *Arch-banterer* said to him, Friend *Sancho*, here you see the Empress and the *Infanta* by me and they are both very well pleas'd with you. The Squire immediately cast his Eyes on *Merry Dame*, and then on *Banterina*, and was so dazled with the Luster of their Cloaths and Diamonds, that he was never weary of gazing at them. This is something like, cried he in the Excess of his Amazement; this is what we call *Infanta's* in my Country. A Man need not be Knighted to know them, they are known at first Sight by their Cloaths. Ads Bobs, these are not like the *Galician* Wenches Rags. Generous Squire, answered the Emperor, admire your own Handy-work; behold the blessed Fruit of your Penance; view my Daughter well; is not her Countenance chang'd? Yes, by my Faith, replied *Sancho*, she looks now perfectly like a Picture. I did not expect I should find her quite so handsome, and when I bethink myself how she looked last Night, by the Lord, I thought twenty *Lents* would have been little enough to cleanse her. For all that you see, said *Banterina*, that one Day's Fast has done it; and what pleases me most of all, is, that I shall not marry the King of *Ethiopia's* Son, on whom my Father thought to bestow me. It is true, said the *Arch-banterer*, that I had some Thoughts of that Match; but you may think I have no great Mind to it now. Oh, my dear *Sancho*, quoth the Empress, how I am pleas'd with you for performing such a Sovereign Penance for my Daughter's Complection. Madam Empress, answer'd *Sancho*, spare me not; I am ready to obey all your Commands, and to keep a Fast, if need be, for every Tooth your Highness wants. No, no, *Sancho*, said the Emperor, that would be imposing too much Hardship upon you. It is Time you should

should be made Amends for your Abstinence. You may go with my Courtiers, I have given them Orders to make much of you. This said, his High and Mightiness rose from Table, the Ladies and Gentlemen, did the like, and *Sancho* made towards the Kitchen, laughing in his Sleeve to think they attributed the Disenchantment of the Princess to his Abstinence; but took a great deal of Care of letting slip any Word touching that Affair. The Company went back into the Room, where they were before Dinner, but staid not long there, for the Emperor, the Empress, and the *Infanta* retiring to their Apartments to take a few Hours rest, the Ladies and Gentlemen did the same, and every one went to the Chamber the *Arch-banterer* had appointed,

C H A P. X.

Of the Amours of Don Quixote, and the Infanta Banterina.

AS soon as *Don Quixote* was alone, he began to meditate on the Delight he had perceived the *Infanta* took in looking at him; and was extremely overjoyed when he considered, there was no Reason to doubt but she was mightily taken with him. Whilst he was thus pleasantly wrapt in Thought, his Squire opened the Door, which was only put to, and came into the Room loaded with the Portmanteau, the Lance and the Buckler. Are you there, Friend, cried *Don Quixote*? I expected you; I have a Secret of Importance to communicate to you. But shut the Door first. When the Squire had done as he was bid: So, *Sancho*, said his Master, have you

you taken good Notice of the Princess *Banterina*? Own she has all that Beauty I told you of this Morning. No doubt, answered *Sancho*, but she is a fine as you dreamt she was last Night. O by'r Lady, it is she that has Coral Eyes, Ivory Lips, and all the rest you us'd to say of Madam *Zenobia*. But there is one Thing puzzles me still. I would fain know, why the Enchanters allow me to see the *Infanta Bantlina* as she really is, more than any of the others: Is it because disenchanting her, I disenchant myself at the same Time. Has my Fast kill'd two Birds with one Stone? That is not impossible, answer'd *Don Quixote*. But tell me, Lad, would not you think me very happy, if that beautiful Lady should chuse me for her Knight? Yes, by my Faith, Sir, replied *Sancho*; that would be a lucky Job for you; but to deal plainly, I fancy the Grapes are above the Fox's Reach. There's your Mistake, said the Knight; what would you say, Friend, if I should tell you, that Princess is in Love with me? In Earnest, Sir, cried *Sancho*; did you dream that too? There is nothing so certain, *Sancho*, answered *Don Quixote*, the *Infanta* Loves me; and what is most strange is, that her Passion is so great, that she could not forbear a while ago giving me many private Tokens of it before her Father, and the Empress.

HERE they were interrupted, for they heard knocking at the Door, and the Squire opening it, found it was a young handsome Damsel, well clad, who brought a Basket covered with a great Piece of green Taffety. The Gods preserve you, *Don Quixote*, said she, when she came in; May one talk to you before the Squire of an Affair of the highest Consequence? Yes, pretty Maiden, answered the Knight, I will answer for his Secrecy. If so, replied the Damsel, I must tell you my Name is *Laura*. I am one of the *Infanta Banterina's* Damsels, and have
the

the Honour to be trusted with all her Secrets, and I come from her to bring you this *Billet-deux*, written with her own Hand. This said she set the Basket on the Table, pull'd the *Billet-deux* out of her Pocket, and gave it to the Knight; who, after having read it to himself, cried out in a Rapture of Joy. O Peerless Princess! you shall not have the ill Fate of the *Infanta Imperia*. I am not pre-engag'd to another Lady, as was the Knight of the *Basilisks*. Son *Sancho*, open the Portmanteau immediately. The Squire guessing at his Master's Design, was vex'd, and did not obey without muttering; but *Don Quixote* made him hold his Peace, and taking a Handful of Ducats out of the Portmanteau, and giving them to the Damsel, said; Hear beautiful *Laura*, I intreat you to accept of this, till I can give you greater Proofs of my Gratitude. I thank you, Sir, answered *Laura*, taking the Ducats; I am glad my Mistress has made Choice of a Knight of your Worth. I will do you all the good Offices I can with her, and I swear it shall not be my Fault, if I do not often bring you such *Billets-deux*. But, Sir Knight, will not you answer this? I will not fail, replied *Don Quixote*, and my Squire shall carry it, who will perform it with as much Art as Secrecy. That is enough, said the Damsel; Farewel, Sir Knight, with your Leave, I will go back to my Mistress, for she is a very hasty *Infanta*. I am sure she expects me in her Chamber with as much Impatience, as a young Clergyman at the University expects a Benefice. Pretty Damsel, said *Don Quixote*, pray satisfy my Curiosity before you go. Tell me how comes it that the Emperor, the Empress, and the *Infanta* speak *Spanish*, as naturally as if it were their Mother-Tongue? I'll tell you the Reason, answered *Laura*, who had too much Wit to be gravell'd by such a Question; the *Cochinchinese*
Language

Language is generally spoken in the *Arch-banterer-ship*; yet there are abundance of Masters that teach all other Languages. But *Spanish* is particularly in Fashion, and the Emperor has taken such a Liking to it, that he cannot endure any other Language should be spoke at Court. *Don Quixote*, being very well pleas'd with this Answer, dismissed the Damsel, who saluted *Sancho* graciously, and said to him as she was going, Adieu, handsome Squire, cheer up. Ay, ay, answer'd *Sancho* in a sad Tone, let us cheer up, whilst Mrs. Procurer runs away with our Ducats. I must confess, Friend, said *Don Quixote*, you are too covetous of Money. Let me tell you, it is a great Fault in a Governor. Can you never curb yourself? I cannot conceive how it comes to pass, that my Words and my Actions have not inspir'd you with more Generosity, so long as you have serv'd me. Can Servants learn nothing, but their Masters ill Qualities? Sir, replied the Squire, those are fine Words; but, take my Word for't, 'tis good to lay up something for a Rainy Day. When we have given the Damsels all our Money, the Jades will laugh at us; and you shall see how we will be treated at Inns, when we have nothing but Love-Letters in our Portmanteau. Go, go, fear nothing, Lad, replied *Don Quixote*, we are not yet come to the bottom of our Bag. I do not spend it idly, and you cannot but grant, that it was no great Present I made the Damsel *Laura*. I am satisfied the *Infanta* will make you a greater, when you carry her my Answer. Nay, if that be so, cried *Sancho*, I have no more to say. Make hast then and write to her quickly; for here is Pen, Ink, and Paper, ready upon the Table. First let us see what is in this Basket, said *Don Quixote*, and let us admire the Princess's Favours. Then taking off the Taffety that covered the Basket, he pulled out above

two hundred Yards of old Ribbands of several Colours, and a Scarf of black Silk much worn. Good God, what a Parcel of Ribbands there is, cried *Sancho*; I question whether *Bertrand Ricacho*, the Mercer of our Town, has so many. But pray, Sir, what d'ye call that black Business I see there? It is a Scarf, said *Don Quixote*; Was there ever any Thing so fine? Yes, Faith and Troth, 'tis very fine, quoth *Sancho*; it would do rarely about a Hat at a Funeral. You don't know, my Lad, answer'd *Don Quixote*, what Use the *Infanta* would have me put this to. You'll never guess what she writes to me about it. I must read her Letter to you. I shall be glad of that, replied the Squire, for I have a great Mind to hear it. Then *Don Quixote* read to him the *Infanta's* Letter, which was to this Effect.

To the Hero of La Mancha, the Parapet of Orphans, the Curtain of Infanta's, and the Platform of Knights Errant.

“ VALOROUS *Don Quixote*, beautiful
 “ Flower of Chivalry, which all turns towards
 “ Glory, as the Sun-Flower does to the Sun; I
 “ ought to die for Shame, that I shake off the Yoak
 “ of Modesty to declare to you, that I Love you;
 “ but the unmerciful God, whose Slave I am, will
 “ have it so, and your rare Qualities will be my Ex-
 “ cuse. Besides, I do nothing that has not been
 “ done before. The *Infanta Imperia*, of pleasant
 “ Memory, made Love to the Knight of the *Ba-*
 “ *filisks*. But, alas! you know he made but an
 “ ill Return to her Forwardness. Heavens grant I
 “ may prove more fortunate than she. I send you
 “ some Ribbands I wore myself a long Time, and
 “ a rich Scarf, which was once *Prestor John's*
 “ Girdle. Do not fail to adorn your curious Shape
 “ with

“ with it ; and let all the Court see you anon deck’d
 “ with these rich Favours. But I beg of you to be
 “ as secret, as I am ashamed for you. Take Care
 “ when you shew Love’s Favours, that you do not
 “ discover the Lover.

WELL *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, what think you of this Letter. Has it not a curious Turn of Words? Don’t you think the *Infanta* has Wit? By my Troth, I think she has, answered the Squire, and she must be pretty well us’d to write Love Letters to Knights, to know how to do it so well. Hold there, Friend, quoth *Don Quixote*, interrupting him hastily, you sometimes have such Expressions, that tho’ you mean no Harm by them, yet they are offensive. If any Body should hear you Talk so, they would fancy *Banterina* was a meer Jilt, whereas she is the most virtuous, and the most accomplished Princess in the World. For, in short, tho’ she ventures so far for my Sake, tho’ she writes to me, yet only Love can be blam’d, who exercises such an absolute Power over her, that he makes her insensible of the Reservedness of her Sex, and causes her to forget what is due to the Nobility of her Birth. Sir, said *Sancho*, I can assure you, I did not think to affront the *Infanta*. But that I speak before I think, and that is the Mischief of it. By my Faith, the Rope will go after the Bucket. When my Tongue is once a running, there is no stopping it, and the Devil makes the most of it. So much the worse, answer’d *Don Quixote*, and you ought to take Care to curb yourself. I hope, Sir, I shall mend one Time or other, replied *Sancho*, and come what will, it is better to be naught and hope to be good, than to be good with a Design to be naught. Let us have done with that, said *Don Quixote*, I forget the *Infanta* is, perhaps, in an Agony, till she
 receives

ceives my Answer. I will write and send it her immediately. This said, he walk'd about the Room a while Studying, and then taking Pen and Ink, writ a Letter, which he read to his Squire, and was as follows.

To the Infanta Banterina, the Phoenix of Beauty, the Quintessence of Graces and Charms, the Source of Smiles, and Pleasures, and the Mirror of all Perfections.

“ I Most humbly thank your Sovereign Highness
 “ for the precious Favours you have heap'd upon
 “ me. I will make such Use of them, as you de-
 “ fire, with such Secrecy, as you shall have no
 “ Cause to complain of. But is it possible, noble
 “ Lady, that the sole Heirefs to the *Arch-banterer*
 “ of the *Indies*, should prefer a plain Knight, only
 “ commendable by unheard of Actions, before all
 “ the Princes in the World? How pleasing is this
 “ Preference to me. Verily, tho' Love has always
 “ treated me with much cruelty, I have now Cause
 “ to return him Thanks since he allows me to raise
 “ my bold Thoughts as high as your lofty and sub-
 “ lime Perfections. Could he have reserved a more
 “ beautiful *Infanta* for me? you are the Ornament
 “ of his Empire, and your Eyes seem to be the Ar-
 “ senal of his unavoidable Arrows. Be you then,
 “ Peerless *Banterina* from hence forward Queen of
 “ my Will, and grant me Leave, that seeking new
 “ Adventures under the Favour of your Charms I
 “ may go from Kingdom to Kingdom to make all
 “ Knights, who never had the Honour to see you,
 “ own, that you are the most beautiful Princess in
 “ the Universe.

HANG me cried *Sancho*, the Curate does not
 VOL. II. M preach

preach so well, but his Vicar will be even with him. Lord, Sir, that is a rare Answer, let me die, if it be not as good as *Greek*. Give it me quickly, that I may go receive my Present. In the Name of God, *Sancho* said *Don Quixote*, take heed you do not appear too covetous before the *Infanta*. I do not forbid you taking whatever she will give you, but take it not greedily, and in haste. I understand you, Sir, answer'd the Squire. Let me alone for that. When the *Infanta* says, Here, *Sancho*, this is for you, I'll take no Notice, but will hold out my Hand fair and softly, like the Prior of *Toboso*, when he takes the Money of the Brotherhood of St. *Agnes*. I have one Thing more to say to you, added *Don Quixote*, take heed how you talk, for fear you let fly some foolish Expressions. Enough replied *Sancho*, fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd. I'll hold so fast by the Mane, that I'll not fall, and I promise you I'll not spit out a Word, but I'll chew it first. Then the Knight having clos'd the Letter, gave it him, saying, Go then, my Lad, slip privately into the Princess's Apartment, and execute your Commission with all the Dexterity you are able. Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, it is enough that I go upon this Business. Gad, I'd defie a Monk to do it better with all his Divinity. This said, he went out from the Door when he met *Laura*. O is it you, Mrs. *Laura*, cried he, pray what do you do here. I waited for you, answer'd she, to conduct you to my Mistress's Apartment, for I am satisfied you don't know where it is. No truly, replied the Squire, but I would have desir'd some Body to direct me to it; for a Man may go to *Rome*, if he has but a Tongue in his Head. That was it I design'd to prevent, quoth *Laura*, you would have ask'd some prating Page, perhaps, who would have discover'd the whole Plot. Let me die, we that wait upon amorous Princesses must be very cunning,
and

and foresee Things long before they come to pass. We can never be too cautious in conveying *Billets-doux* to them, and I am of Opinion, you had best give me your Master's Letter, I'll deliver it to my Mistress, and you may go back. No, no, good Mrs. Busy-Body, cried *Sancho*, I'll carry it myself. I have Hands as well as you, God be prais'd, to receive Ducats, and the fairest Way is for every one to receive his Due. You don't take me right, answered *Laura*, I would only carry the Letter for the more Secrecy, but since you think I design'd to wrong you of your Vails, I'll soon undeceive you, come along with me. Then she led him into a Room, where they found *Banterina* lying on a Bed. Madam, said *Laura* to her, here is Mr. *Sancho Panza*, who brings you a *Billet-doux* from his Master. The *Infanta* hearing these Words, started up, and making towards *Sancho* very hastily, said to him, Well, wise and discreet Squire, do you come to bring me good News. I do, Madam Princess, answered *Sancho*, pulling the Letter out of his Pocket, I could not have brought you better, tho' you were my Mother, you need only read that Letter, and then you'll find the Day is your own. *Banterina* took the Letter, and when she had read it, cried out: O ye Gods! what an ingenious and witty Gentleman *Don Quixote* is, his Expressions charm me, how much am I beholding to my Stars for having brought this good Knight into my Way: All I fear is, lest I have not all his Love, for I have been told, he had still some Kindness for the *Hackt-Face* Princess, the Fat *Zenobia*. No, Madam, quoth *Sancho*, my Master, I can assure you, does not Love her any longer, since he knew she was married to Prince *Hiperbolan*. But is it certain, said the *Infanta*, that Prince has married her? Yes, Madam, answered the Squire, and by the same Token, she had three

Children at a Birth, as the wife *Lirgandus* told us. If *Lirgandus* told you so, replied *Banterina*, there is no doubt to be made of it, and on that Assurance I am resolv'd to make the Knight of *la Mancha's* Fortune for him. It is decreed, I will give way to my sweet Inclinations, nothing shall stay me. Go, *Sancho*, go tell your Master, that I wholly devote myself to my Passion for him, and that I joyfully accept of the glorious Empire, of his Heart. The Squire still expecting the *Infanta* should make him some Present, was not hasty to be gone, which the Princess seem'd to be uneasy at. What is it detains you, Friend, added she? Go back to your Master quickly, run and tell him I have made Choice of him for my Knight; make haste and carry him this joyful News. Get out of my Chamber immediately for fear you should be seen here. And what if I should be seen here, cried *Sancho*? Have I stole any Thing: That is not the Case, Mr. Squire, quoth *Laura*, don't you see the Princess's Reputation lies at Stake? If the Empress, who is very jealous, should find you hear, we are all undone. Therefore be gone quickly. *Sancho* perceiving they dismiss'd him in good Earnest, without any Present, was quite out of Patience, and cried out in a Fury, I vow to God, the *Infanta's* are Scurvy Jades, they send away a Squire as if they were bound to serve them. Hang me if I won't go tell my Master, he's a Fool to be in Love with a Griper, that dares not spit for fear of being dry. And as for you Mrs. Impertinence, who can Pocket up Knight Errants Ducats so nicely, if you come again. By the Lord, you shall not fail of a kick in the Arse to drink. The Princess *Banterina*, instead of being angry at this disrespectful Flight, said to the Squire: O! my poor *Sancho*, you have good Cause to be angry with me, I own it, how can I thus dismiss a Man who brings me a
Billet-

Billet-doux worth more than I am able to pay. Nay, a Man I am otherwise oblig'd to, as being the *Primum Mobile* of my Disenchantment. Pray, Friend, forgive my Oversight. I am so full of your Master's Love, that I can think of nothing else. Besides, I must own to you I am very subject to forget myself, insomuch, that one Day a Farmer of mine having paid me a thousand Ducats he owed me, I forgot to give him a Receipt, and soon after made him pay them over again. Was not that a pretty Piece of Forgetfulness for the poor Devil of the Farmer? But I'll make Amends for my Neglect towards you, my dear *Sancho*. Having spoke these Words, she went into a Closet, and returning soon with a great Leather-Bag, said to him: Here, brave Squire, take my Purse, which you see is pretty large, and well provided, I give it you as freely as if it were a very little one. *Sancho* laid hold of the Bag in a Rapture of Joy, and was going to thank the Princess, but, as ill Luck would have it, his usual Eloquence fail'd him, and he fell into such a Fit of Stammering, and Nonsense, that perceiving himself, he could make nothing of it, he return'd all his Compliment in Bows and Scrapes. He made *Banterina* and *Laura* above an Hundred of them, and tho' they were not very courtly, yet they came with a good Will. Then he went away to his Master, and the Damsel *Laura*, who did not care to be left alone with such a sort of an *Infanta* as *Banterina* was, return'd to her true Mistress who was one of the Ladies then in the House.

C H A P. XI.

Which requires still more Attention.

GOOD News, good News, cry'd *Sancho*, as he came into his Master's Chamber; I have now found the Hare in her Form. I have made my Fortune. My Lady *Infanta* has given me this Purse, and I'll warrant there is enough in it to purchase a good Farm-House. I knew well enough, said *Don Quixote*, you would not come away without a noble Present. Nay, by my Troth, answered the Squire, it was none of the Princess's Fault that I came not away empty handed; but I was no such Fool, or Madman, I let fall a few Words, and she presently dropt her Present. What have you done, cry'd *Don Quixote*? You ought not to have said any thing. I fear she will take you for a mercenary Squire. No, no, Sir, replied *Sancho*, she soon found she was in the wrong, and beg'd my Pardon for her Discretion. How do you mean? Pardon for her Discretion, quoth *Don Quixote*, What is the meaning of that Nonsense? It means, answered the Squire, that the Princess told me, she thought so much on you, that she forgot to make me a Present, and therefore she desir'd me to pardon her Discretion. Distraction you mean, said *Don Quixote*, now I understand you; but let us see, Friend, what the *Infanta* has given you. I must confess the Purse is monstrous big, and I am much mistaken, if there be not a considerable Sum of Money in it. *Sancho* being far more eager to be satisfied than his Master, unty'd the Strings, and pull'd out of the Bag an Handful of

of Brass-Medals, which had something of the Resemblance of Antiquity, yet were modern enough; for the Earl, who was curious in Medals, and understood them, had thrown those into the Bag as Refuse and of no Value. *Sancho's* Excess of Joy was soon cool'd, or rather turn'd into extream Sorrow, when instead of Gold Ducats, he saw nothing but rusty Pieces of blackish Metal. Good God! cry'd he, what Trumpery is this! Could the Princess find in her Heart to make me such a Present? Without Doubt the Enchanters have chang'd these Ducats into such scurvy Bits of Iron. The Dogs have ow'd me a Spite this long time. No, no, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, you are out, my Lad, you have no Cause to complain of the Enchanters this Bout. Those Pieces you see are Brass Medals of inestimable Value. The *Infanta Bantenerina* has made you a Present worth more than all the Treasures of *Asia*. It is certainly so, added he, viewing some of the Medals nicely, this is most curious Antiquaries so earnestly seek'd after. This must be a Genealogical Collection of the *Arch-banterer's* Ancestor's, they are wonderful, the Legends are scarce to be read. I know some People have counterfeited ancient Medals so exactly, that those very Persons, who pretend to have most Skill in them, are daily impos'd upon; but though there were many more false Medals in the World than there are, I am satisfied these are none of that sort. This Cast of theirs is a sufficient Proof of their Excellency, and therefore you must keep them most chearily. That's good, answered the Squire, and pray what would you have me do with them? By my Faith, I believe I must sell them to the Tinker at *Toboso*, and I question whether he will give any thing for them. God forbid, cry'd *Don Quixote*, you can never put as much Value on them as they

deserve. Out upon it, Sir, answered *Sancho*, don't you see they are all worn and rusty. They are pretty Jewels to be kept, with a Pox to them. You are a very ignorant Fellow, replied the Knight, it is that which makes them valuable. The more they are disfigur'd with Age, the more they are worthy the Curiosity of those great Men, who seek after, and study the Monuments of Antiquity. I wish you had applied yourself to the Understanding of Medals, that you might know the Value of these. I am concern'd as your Ignorance. I am as much concern'd as yourself, Sir, replied *Sancho*, I wish I had learnt Grammar and Divinity, but not to understand Medals. No, no, I should be sorry I had taken so much Pains to so little Purpose, but that I might cast Accounts, and know exactly how much Money twenty Sheep at two Crowns a Piece come to.

LET us have done with your Medals, said *Don Quixote*, we will talk of them another Time, let us now discourse about the *Infanta*. How did she receive you? She received me as if I had been a Prince, answer'd *Sancho*, for she ran to meet me, as if she were mad. And, perhaps, she fainted away, when she read my Letter, said *Don Quixote*. Excess of Joy has often wrought such Effects. No Sir, she did not, replied the Squire; but when she had read it, she fell a prating. A dad, it would do a Man good to hear her! She said all this, and that of you, and a great deal more besides, which made it plainly appear she had a soft Place in her Heart for you. That is, answered *Don Quixote*, that relying on your Secrecy, she gave a Loose to her Passion for me. That's right, replied *Sancho*, I meant so. I'll be hang'd for her, if she does not love you almost as well as she does her Grandfather, and I assure you, she is very good-natur'd for a Lady.

Lady. Why, what have you observ'd, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, that you could judge of her good Nature by. Sir, answer'd the Squire, when she went into her Closet to fetch me the Purse of Medals, her Damsel *Laura*, went in with her, and there I saw the *Infanta* throw her Arms about her Neck, and kiss both her Cheeks. Perhaps, replied *Don Quixote*, the Damsel spoke in Praise of me, and the *Infanta* embrac'd her to shew how much she was pleas'd with that Discourse. It may be so, said *Sancho*, but I believe Mrs. *Laura* is not so very good-natur'd, for she struggled in the Princess's Arms, as if she had been going to ravish her. The Damsel did not struggle, answered *Don Quixote*, she receiv'd the Princess's Kindness with an awful Respect which you don't know how to express. That may be too, replied the Squire, and for ought I know, perhaps, she was not so loth to be kiss'd as I fancied. By the Account you give me, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, I conclude the Princess *Banterina* adores me, and since I have chosen her for the Sovereign Lady of my Thoughts, I must now think of nothing, but performing such Actions as may be pleasing to her. And therefore to begin, help me on with these Ribbands and this Scarf. But I cannot tell, Friend, whether you are handy enough to do that Service: O Lord! yes, Sir, replied *Sancho*, I have been with the Clerk of our Parish an hundred Times on the Eve of *Twelfth-Day*, dressing up three Kings, and we did it so neatly, that the next Day every Body took them for three Bridegrooms. I believe I must be disarm'd, said *Don Quixote*, for you can never tie on those Ribbands over all my Armour. You are in the Right, Sir, quoth the Squire, you had better be in your Doublet and Shirt. *Don Quixote* consented, and laid all his Armour, except his Helmet,

which he did not think fit to leave off. Then *Sancho*; to shew his Dexterity began to tye on the Ribbands one by one; and the Quantity being so great, that he had full Scope to follow his own Genius, he was not at all sparing, but cover'd his Master all over from the Nape of the Neck to his very Ankles, and to compleat the Work, the Scarf was put on over all. The Knight was in Love with himself, like *Narcissus*, and his Squire, admiring him in that Posture, said, Upon my Life, Sir, fine Feathers make fine Birds. Hang me, if you are not as fine as the Fore-end of a Fiddle. These Ribbands are very comical, that they are, and the Scarf becomes you better than e're it did *Prestor John*. 'Tis a thousand Pities you have not a square Cap too, you'd out-do all the Lords of the Court a Bar's length. I admire your Simplicity, said *Don Quixote*; you think then, that *Prestor John* was a Priest, like our Curate *Peter Peres*. Why, what was he then, answer'd *Sancho*? I have often heard the Barber Master *Nicholas* talk of him, and I would have laid my Island he was a Priest. No, Lad, replied *Don Quixote*, I'll tell you what he was: I do not wonder you should be ignorant of it; for many, much more learned than you are so. I must confess, Historians do not agree upon it. But I'll tell you their different Opinions, and you may follow that you like best. Some say, that a great King of *India* bore the Name of *Priest John*, or *Prestor John*, as being descended from one *Joannes - Presbyter*, a *Nestorian*, who killed *Coirem-Cham*, and usurp'd the Crown. Others affirm, that *Prestor John* was a powerful *Nestorian* King in *Tartary*, next to *China*, and that his Subjects called him *Juhanna*, being the Name given to all the Princes of that Empire. Some Authors will have it that the Name *Prestor John* comes from

from the *Persian* Words *Preste Cham*, signifying Christian King; that he was first called *Prestor Cham*, that is King, or Emperor of the Christians; *Cham* signifying King, or Emperor, and *Preste* being the common Name of the Eastern Christians. I remember also, I have somewhere read, that the *Moguls*, who possess a great Part of *India*, have often taken the Name of *Schah-Gehan*, signifying King of the World, and you see *Sancho*, that the Word *Gehan* added to their Name, is not unlike that of *Prestor John*. Now, Friend, I'll tell you my Opinion in this Matter. I do verily believe the only and true *Prestor John* was in *Tartary*; and I must inform you, lest you should, like the greatest Part of the World, run into this Error, that the Name of *Prestor John* is very improperly given to the Emperor of the *Abissines*, or of *Ethiopia*. For when *Stephen de Gama*, Governor of *India*, for the King of *Portugal*, enter'd the *Red Sea*, and left some *Portugueze* under the Command of his Brother *Paul*, with *David* King of *Ethiopia*, to help him to drive the *Mahometans* out of Part of his Dominions they had possess'd themselves of, neither of those two Brothers ever gave an Account that the said Emperor of *Ethiopia* was called *Prestor John*, which they would certainly have done, had it been his Name.

THE Knight of *La Mancha* might very well have spar'd this Dissertation concerning *Prestor John*, and perhaps the Reader would have been better pleas'd without it; but it must be charg'd upon *Sancho's* Indiscretion, who was the Cause of it. Yet we cannot but admire *Don Quixote's* Memory, since he could remember the very barbarous Names Authors mention, who have writ concerning *Prestor John*. However, the wise *Alifolan* had like to have omitted this tiresome Discourse; and

would never have inserted it, had not many like it drop'd from *Benengeli*. This gave our Author an ill Example. Our Knight having thus told *Sancho* what *Prefter John* meant, went on as follows. So, Friend, now I have satisfied your Curiosity, pray listen attentively to the Advice I am going to give you. We are going into the Imperial Chamber, where the Emperor is by this time with all his Court; take Heed you do not let fall any Words that may discover I am in Love with the *Infanta*. Nay, you must seem to take no Notice of her, for fear lest Courtiers, who are sharp and subtle, should discover my Love in your Looks; for, in short, as the *Arch-banterer* is obliged to me, if he should happen to be told, that I am in Love with his Daughter, he would certainly treat me, as the Emperor *Marcelian* did the *Knight of the three Images*, and that is doubtless the Reason why the *Infanta* recommends Secrecy to me in her Letter. But, pray Sir, cry'd *Sancho*, what was it the Emperor you talk of did to the Knight of *The Three Images*? He made him depart his Court dishonourably, answered *Don Quixote*; and we may expect to receive the same Affront; but we shall prevent it, if you will take Care to be as private as I.

WHEN the Squire had promis'd his Master to be as secret as he, they both went into the Hall, where all the Company was met, and impatiently expected *Don Quixote*, whose most ridiculous Dress was very surprizing, though they were all prepared for it. His Fancy and Art were both commended, and then they play'd upon the Knight on Account of the Motive of his Garb. How comes this about, *Don Quixote*, said the *Arch-banterer*; what have the Ladies bestowed their Favours on you as soon as ever you come to my Court? Nothing

thing less than your Merit could have prevail'd so soon. The genteelst Knights of Ancient Times did not advance so fast. I should be glad to know, said the Empress, which is the happy Princess for whom *Don Quixote* fights; for, his putting on those Ribbands, and that rich Scarf, is a Token he repays the Ladies Love that sent them him. Why should you desire, Madam, quoth the Emperor, to know that happy Princess? Would you do the Knight of *la Mancha* any good Offices with her? I would, Sir, replied *Merry-Dame*; I can assure you, I would spare no Pains; what is it I could not do for him after the Obligations he has laid on us. *Don Quixote*, made the Empress a low Bow by way of Thanks, but took care not to satisfy her Curiosity; and whatever they could say to him, his Secret could never be got from him. Then one of the Ladies directing her Discourse to *Sancho*, said: Are you Friend as Proof against all Temptation as your Master? Is there no Way to get the Lady's Name he is in Love with, from you? Not a Word of it, answered *Sancho*, My Master has forbid me telling of it, and that's enough. It is better to hold ones Peace than say nothing to the Purpose. I will not so much as look upon the *Infanta*, for fear any Body should see in my Eyes, that my Master loves her; and that my Lord the Emperor should turn us out of the Court. These Words troubled and perplex'd *Don Quixote*, but the *Arch-banterer* pretending not to have taken Notice of them, started a new Discourse, and fell a talking of the ancient Knights. *Don Quixote*, recovered by Degrees out of his Disorder, and exerted his Talent upon that Subject. Whilst the Ladies and Gentlemen diverted themselves with that mad Talk, the Damsel *Laura* took the Squire aside, and said to him. Mr. *Sancho*, are you pleas'd with the Present my Mistress made you. No, by
my

my Troth, answered he, I would rather have had an Handful of Ducats, than those broken Bits of Iron which have neither Cross nor Pile upon them. Well then, Friend, replied *Laura*, let us make an Exchange; give me your Medals, and I'll give you all the Ducats I had of your Master, and we shall be both pleas'd. Faith, with all my Heart, quoth *Sancho*, and he's a Son of a Whore that does not stand to his Bargain. Nay, I shall not go from my Bargain, said she, for I shall never make a better. Not that I value those rusty Bits of Brass any more than you do; but because I know some that light a Candle at Noon-day, who will give me any Rate for them. In fine, they exchang'd; but it is certain the Damsel *Laura* only did it to rid her Hands of *Don Quixote's* Money, which she did not care to Pocket up, tho' she was a Chamber-Maid. 'Tis true, the Ducats being transferr'd to *Sancho*, the Restitution was not very exact; but the Trusty Squire had well deserved them for his Service. Our *Arabian* Historian tells us, that the Ladies and Gentlemen spent the rest of the Day in making themselves Sport with our Adventures; but that being willing to intermix the Pleasures that Place afforded, they appointed a Hunting Match the next Day.

C H A P. XII.

The Adventure of the Farm-House.

ALL Things being dispos'd for the Hunting agreed on, by the Earl, the whole Company, except the Empress and the *Infanta*, eat a good Breakfast, and went from the Castle to follow that Sport.

Sport. *Don Quixote* was mounted on *Rocinante*, and arm'd at all Points, hoping to meet with some Adventure. *Sancho*, followed on his *Dapple*, with the Portmanteau behind him, and a Wallet full of Provisions, as if he had been going a long Journey. The Ladies and Gentlemen being well mounted, soon left our Adventures behind, who finding themselves alone, stop'd short in a Wood, a Quarter of a League from the Castle. *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, I have a Thought come into my Head; I am of Opinion we had best seek Adventures, instead of Hunting. I have a strong Fancy we shall this Day meet with some good Adventure. Content, Sir, answered the Squire for *Rocinante* and *Dapple* are quite out of Wind with coming all this Way upon a Trot. This sort of Hunting does not agree with them. Let us rather walk gently, and when we have a mind to rest, we may sit down under a Tree. God be prais'd, I have a thousand pretty Bits in my Wallet; and there is none like the Beggars Feast, when they have put all their Scraps together. What a Glutton thou art, said *Don Quixote*, what Need was there of bringing any Provisions? Did not you Breakfast before you came from the Emperor's Palace? That I did, answer'd *Sancho*, but the Day is long, and a few Hours hence I shall be very ready to mumble what I have in my Wallet. But pray, Sir, which Way must we go to meet with Adventures? That must be left to *Rocinante's* Discretion, answer'd *Don Quixote*, he is a good Guide; I believe he is endued with Human Understanding, as well as *Bayard*. This said, he gave his Steed the Reins, who struck into a Way a-cross the Wood, which lead to a Farm-House belonging to the Castle. Let us go in God's Name, cried the Knight, Heavens grant that the *Infanta* may see me again anon crown'd with fresh Glory.

What

What praises shall I receive from the Emperor and the Empress. The Ladies will admire me; but I fear most of them charm'd with my Worth, will send me passionate Love-Letters, and over burden me with Favours; for if so, you may believe I will send back their *Billet-doux* without so much as reading them. This will put them into a Rage, and then they will never give over till they discover my Love for the *Infanta*. This Discovery will redouble their Fury; and those jealous Rivals consulting together, will, perhaps, Ruin my Reputation with *Banterina* by their false Practices. Well, well, cried *Sancho*, so much the better. That is what I would be at. Why so much the better, answered *Don Quixote*? You don't consider what you say. I beg your Pardon for that, replied the Squire, for if these Princesses put you out of the *Infanta's* Favour, the *Infanta* will turn you out of her Palace, you'll never see her again, you'll have your Belly-full of Vexation; if you have your Belly-full of Vexation, you'll be as well pleas'd as if you were a King, for then you may go weep and lament in the Woods. Did not you say, but the other Day, that it was a Happiness for a Knight not to be belov'd by his Lady? I did not tell you so, rejoined *Don Quixote*, it is always more pleasing to be belov'd, than to be hated. I told you, perhaps, that a nice Knight finds a Sweet in the Sorrows of Love; and that I don't deny. Nay, I must confess, I should be glad I had Rivals, and that *Banterina* would seem indifferent to us; for then I would perform a thousand famous Exploits to gain the Preference of them. However, tho' I have no known Rivals, yet our Amours will not be thwarted er'e the less; for I will not flatter myself! and I cannot think that the Emperor and the Empress, tho' they have never so great a Value for me, will bestow their sole Heiress on a plain

plain Knight, and that Obstacle will give me enough Cause for Complaints. But as all Worldly Things have an End, so my Sufferings will not last always. I shall with mighty Toils gain the Empire of *Tra-bisond*, and then the *Arch-banterer* of the *Indies* perceiving how honourable it must be for him to be allied to me, will freely consent that Love and *Hymen* shall unite his Daughter and me. Of us will come a Son, who will in Time be the very Model of Knights Errant; his Name shall be compos'd of both our Names, for we will call him *Don Quibanterin*, in Imitation of *Don Belianis* and *Florisbella*, who called their Son *Don Belfloran*. Hang me cried *Sancho*, if I would not give a Groat with all my Heart, all that were come to pass already. But Saying and Doing are two Things. We are far enough from that Sport, and God knows whether ever I shall live to see it.

THIS sort of Talk held them a-cross the Wood; and when they were got through, *Don Quixote* spying the Farm-House, which was but a small Distance from them, began to view it very earnestly. Then turning to his Squire, he said to him: Friend *Sancho*, here is the strangest Adventure we could ever have met with. That Fortrefs there before us is the Work of two Enchanters. The wise *Silfenus*, and the wise *Friston*, *Don Belianis's* mortal Enemies, caus'd it to be built formerly to secure *Florisbella*, whom they had stolen. There the unfortunate Princess was delivered of Prince *Belfloran* I told you of but now. Don't you see a Woman at the Door with a Child on her Lap? Yes, Sir, said *Sancho*; and by the same Token she fed it with Pap. Well, Lad, added *Don Quixote*, that Child is Prince *Belfloran* himself, who has been at least these fifty Years just in the same Condition you now see him. God bless me! What is that you say, cried *Sancho*?
Why?

Why? Is it possible that little Child should have been fifty Years in its Swaddling-Clouts? Nothing so sure, answered the Knight; that Woman is a Witch, who by the fatal Power of a horrid Charm, stops the Course of Nature, and keeps that Prince in an eternal Infancy; because it is foretold that he will one Day exceed his Father in Valour; and that Witch, who is an Enemy to the House of Greece, hinders his Growth, that he may never make good the Prediction. But Heaven has certainly brought me hither to put a Stop to such a felonious Practice. I will attempt to rescue *Belfloran*, I will espouse the Interest of the House of Greece; the Glory of Knight Errantry calls upon me to try such a noble Adventure, all those Monsters I see at the Gate of the Fortrefs do not deter me in the least. *Sancho* gaz'd with all the Eyes he had, and did all he could to discover the pretended Monsters, but seeing ne'er a one, he said to his Master; For my part, I can see nothing about that Farm-House, but three Goats, and a few Turkeys scratching on the Dung-hill. Those you call Goats, answered *Don Quixote*, are fierce Bears; and your Turkeys are the dreadfulest Griffins Enchanters ever made use of to guard the Entrance of their Castles. Since you say it, I believe it, replied *Sancho*; for you being dubb'd a Knight Errant can see all that is, and all that is not; whereas, I see nothing at present but the Witch and little Child fifty Years old, eating its Pap. But, Sir, some wiser than some; if you are sure of what you say, e'en down with those Griffins. I have a strong Fancy they may be catch'd, if they don't fly away. Hold a little, Lad, said *Don Quixote*, I must first offer up a Prayer to that Sovereign Lady of my Heart, beseeching her to give me Strength for this Adventure, which is so perilous, that I can never finish it without the particular Assistance of
that

that Peerless *Infanta*. Then the amorous Knight drew up a deep Sigh from the Bottom of his Breast, and accosted *Banterina* in these Words: O! thou Wonder of Nature, Princess, whose Beauty shall never be brought into Comparison, whilst I have Breath. Vouchsafe to favour me in this first Adventure I am going to try under your Banner. Let the World see by your taking part with me, that a Knight strengthened by your Divine Favour, is not to be overcome. He said no more, because he perceived an Object come out of the Farm, which took up all his Attention. It was a young Fellow in a Fustian Cap and Waistcoat; he was mounted on a black Mule, and had a Sack of Corn under him. *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, don't you see that dreadful Monster coming towards us? Nay, Sir, answered *Sancho*; as for him, I cannot agree with you. That is certainly no Monster. Tho' I were a thousand times worse enchanted than I am, I would lay a Wager, that is a young Fellow carrying Corn to the Mill to Grind. An Illusion, replied *Don Quixote*; I assure you he is a *Centaur*, a Monster, half Man and half Horse. He comes forward to fight us, fancying he can easily overcome us, and carry us into the Fortrefs, there to keep us enchanted for many Ages; but he shall soon fall by the Strength of my Blows. Be not therefore afraid of his dismal Shape, but let my Presence encourage you. Nay, Faith, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I am not afraid at all. I am not afraid either of the Bears or Griffins, nor do I stand any more in Awe of them, than if they were Goats and Turkeys.

By this Time the *Centaur* drew near them, and thought to have gone on his Way without Molestation, when *Don Quixote* designing to run him through, made at him with his Lance couch'd; but the young Man, who had only a Wand in his Hand,

Hand, not thinking fit to stand the Brunt, turned short about, and got back to the Farm-House as fast as he could. *Don Quixote* pursued, but not being able to overtake him, he drew his Sword, run at the Goats, wounded one, and put the other two to Flight. Then he fell foul of the Turkeys, but being frightened, they fled before him. Then losing no Time, but putting up his Sword, and giving *Sancho* his Lance, he ran to the Woman, who not knowing what to think of this Adventure, stood up in a Fright, and was running into the House with her Child, and the Sauce Pan the Pap was in. *Don Quixote* stopped her upon the Threshold, endeavouring to take away her Child; she cried out, struggled, made the best Defence she could, and turning her Sauce Pan into an offensive Weapon, struck the Knight over the Head with it, covering all his Face with Pap. However, he let not go his Hold; and Heaven at that Time favouring the House of Greece, he at length got Possession of *Don Bellanis* his Son. He delivered him to his Squire; but as soon as he had entrusted him with that precious Charge, they saw the Centaur come again a Foot with two other young Fellows belonging to the Farm, all of them armed with long Staves, and followed by their Mastiff Dogs, whose Barking, and the Woman's Cries made the Country about them eccho. As soon as ever *Sancho* spied them, he could not but call to Mind the dismal Adventure of the Melon-Field; and tho' he had not been frightened at the Bears, or the Griffins, yet now his Heart was full of dread. *Don Quixote*, on the other Hand, resolving not to quit his Prey, drew his Sword again, and stood them as undauntedly as did *Priam's* valiant Son the two *Ajax's*, when they came up to take away the Body of *Patroclus* from him. The young Men of the Farm were in a deadly Rage; and

and it is said, that Sparks of Fire flew from their Eyes; nay, there is a certain *Greek* Author affirms, that the cruel God, who delights in Blood, stood by, and egged them on to fight. However, it was the *Destinies* had now taken up the fatal Cizers, and their merciless Hands were ready to cut the Combatants Threads; but, as good Luck would have it, Heaven was pleas'd to interpose, and there was no Blood shed; for the Chase hap'ning to fall out that Way, the Earl's Presence appeas'd the *Centaur* and his Companions, and the Woman gave over crying. Then *Sancho*, as joyful as a Pilot, who has escaped a dangerous Rock, cried as loud as he was able. You are welcome, Gentlemen, you come as opportunely as *Easter* does after *Lent*. Had it not been for you, those three Wags there, would have handled us very roughly. But why do you take away that Child, *Sancho*, said the Emperor? To wean him, Mr. *Arch-banterer*, answer'd the Squire; Is it not a Shame he has throve no better, and has been these fifty Years at Nurse? The Ladies and Gentlemen easily guess'd by these Words, that *Don Quixote* had taken some new fancy in his Head, and not being able to look on him without laughing, they asked him who had daubed his Face. He answered, It was a Witch; then he told them all the Story of Prince *Belfloran*, and how he had finished the Adventure of his Deliverance. He would have fallen upon the young Men of the Farm, saying they were Villains that ought to be destroyed; but *Don Alvaro*, and *Don Carlos*, stopped and persuaded him to put up his Sword, alledging, that since they surrendered at Discretion, they ought to have good Quarter given them.

It is so, *Don Quixote*, said the *Arch-banterer*, you ought to rest satisfied with having rescued the
Heir

Heir of the House of *Greece*, all that remains, is to get him a better Nurse, that he may grow apace, and be soon in a Condition to fulfil the great Decrees of Fate. Leave that to me, quoth the Earl, I shall take a Pleasure in performing it, as being so entirely devoted to the Emperor *Trebacius*, whom I love and honour as my Friend and Brother-in-Law. This said, he took the Child from the Squire, who still held it, and privately convey'd it to the Farmer's Wife. Then the Ladies and Gentlemen returned to the Castle, making good Sport with the Adventure, and the Adventurers.

C H A P. XIII.

The Continuation of the Amours of Don Quixote, and the Infanta Banterina.

OUR Knights Face was still daubed with the Pap, when he appeared before the Empress and the *Infanta*. Princesses, said the *Arch-banterer*, I must inform you, that the Matchless *Don Quixote* has this Day gain'd as important a Victory, as that he gain'd Yesterday. Sir, answered *Banterina*, in a Tone that expressed how much she was pleas'd with the Honour the Knight gained: We can give a Guess by the Noble Dust on his Face, that he has performed some glorious Exploit, and the Empress and I should be very glad to know the Particulars of it. The Emperor having satisfied their Curiosity, they bestowed abundance of Praises on *Don Quixote*, wiped his Face themselves with Napkins, disarmed him with Musick playing all the while, put him on a Blue Satin Morning-Gown, and a Night-Cap,

Cap, and leading him in that Posture into the Room where Supper was serv'd up, they seated him at Table between them. After Supper there was a Ball. The Emperor and Empress began it dancing a *Pavane*; *Don Quixote*, and *Bantera* danc'd a *Saraband* next, and tho' the honest Gentleman had never learnt to dance, yet he was satisfied he did it to Perfection, as believing he that was dubb'd Knight could do all Things well. The Ladies and Gentlemen danc'd in their Turns, till it was Time to go to Bed. Then the Emperor dismiss'd them all, and every one retired to his Chamber.

WHEN *Don Quixote* was got into his, he began to reflect on the Honours the Empress and the *Infanta* had done him; and fill'd his Fancy with a Thousand pleasing Chimera's; but he soon heard a Noise which diverted his Thoughts. He perfectly heard scratching at his Door, and presently imagined it was some Court-Lady he had charm'd, and who being no longer able to govern her amorous Passion, was now come to make it known to him. He therefore prepared to act the cruel Part, and his nice Honour resolv'd to make a Sacrifice of that unhappy Lover to his admired Princess; but he had like to have died for Joy when he perceived it was the *Infanta* herself, which made him cry out in a Transport. O Glory of Mortals! Sovereign Lady of the Universe! Light that dispels the Darkness of my Soul! Is it possible you should come to see me? Can mortal Man be capable of such an Honour? Do I dream? Or am I awake? In short, dear Princess, is it you I behold? *Bantera* went into the Room, leaning in a melancholy Posture, on her Damsel *Laura*, without answering a Word, and being close to the Knight, she cast amorous Glances at him, and then fell a sighing and weeping, with all her Might and Main. *Don Quixote* surpriz'd at
this

this Prelude, earnestly intreated her to tell him the Cause of her Affliction. She opened her Mouth three several Times to speak; but the Greatness of her Sorrow overpowering her Spirits, she fainted away in the Arms of her Damsel, who being well acquainted with the Cause of her swooning, could not forbear crying out, Alas, poor *Infanta!* More unfortunate than all those mention'd in the dismal Books of Chivalry. How happy should I think you, could you die this Moment! For, if you live, I perceive your Days will be full of Bitterness. *Don Quixote*, who was touched to the Heart by his Mistress's Sorrow, did all he could to comfort her, and *Laura* spared no Pains. Good Fortune decreed they should not lose their Labour, the Princess came to herself, and then the Knight said to her: In the Name of God, most beautiful Queen, tell me what Cause you have to weep and to faint away, which goes to my very Heart. He spoke these Words in such a dismal Tone, that it renew'd *Banterina's* Grief, Then *Laura* full of Compassion to see her Mistress in that deplorable Condition, said to her, Madam, cease thus cruelly to torment yourself. Why do you put a Restraint upon yourself before *Don Quixote*, who adores and loves you so entirely? Break that inhuman Silence, or give me Leave to speak for you. Well then, *Laura*, my dear *Laura*, answered the Princess with a languishing Voice, do you acquaint *Don Quixote* with the Misfortune that threatens me; for I have not Strength enough to tell it him. Sir Knight, said the Damsel, I'll tell you the whole Matter in two Words. The Emperor has just now told my Mistress he designs to marry her out of Hand to his Neighbour the Great *Mogul's* Son, and to this Effect he will set out eight Days hence to return into *Asia*. This is it, said the Princess, bursting out into Tears again, this is it
- that

that makes me desperate. I had rather die than marry the Great *Mogul's* Son. Beauteous *Infanta*, quoth *Don Quixote*, I conjure you temper your Grief. Heaven is too just to permit you should be given up to a Prince you hate. 'Tis very true, Madam, cried *Laura*, and you should rather think of preventing the Mischief, than thus to indulge your Sorrow. Alas! answered *Banterina*, which way can I prevent it. How, prevent it, replied *Laura*? Love will shew you the Way. You need but leave your Parents, and go range about the World with *Don Quixote*. You don't consider what you say, *Laura*, answer'd the Princess. What, would you advise me to suffer myself to be stole away. Out upon it, Madam, replied *Laura*, you put an ill Construction upon my Words. In the Language of Chivalry, that is not call'd stealing away, it is making a Sally. And the best of it is, that among you *Infanta's*, such Slips are no Damage to your Reputation. Take my Advice, Madam, e'en let us follow the Knight of *la Mancha*, wheresoever he pleases to carry us. Lord! What a pleasant Life we shall lead! We shall be all Day from Morning till Night upon the Road, seeking Adventures, and at Night we shall lie in the Woods. Is not that a pleasant Way of Living? What Wonder that ancient Princesses took such Delight in it. Madam, said *Don Quixote*, your trusty *Laura* gives you good Advice. Since you hate the *Mogul's* Son, fly from that Violence which is offer'd to your Inclinations. Come along with me, and let us travel thro' the World together. If you admit me for your Knight, perhaps, you may see by my Actions, I am not unworthy of that Honour. O! my Knight, answer'd the Princess sighing, how hard a Matter is it to deny you? I find I shall accept of your Proposal; for I perceive, there is nothing but Honour, Duty, and

Vertue to contradict it. O! ye Great Gods, if you would not have had me make a false Step, you ought not to have made me a Maiden. Then, Madam, said *Laura*, you are resolved to go along with *Don Quixote*. I am, good Girl, replied *Ban-terina*, but let us be gone quickly to prevent second Thoughts; for I am apt to be troubled with a scurvy Modesty, if I consider, and sometimes my Conscience checks me. I must confess, I am somewhat Bashful for a Court-Lady. The Princess having given her Consent, it was agreed among them, that they would set out the next Night, as soon as the Emperor and the Empress were withdrawn to their Apartments. Then the Princess gave *Don Quixote* one of her tawny hairy Hands, which he kiss'd most lovingly, and she went away with *Laura*, to give the Ladies and Gentlemen an Account of this new Scene.

C H A P. XIV.

How Don Quixote and his Squire met a Damsel, as they went out a Hunting, and what pass'd between them.

ALL the Company went again a Hunting the next Day, and *Rocinante* and *Dapple* being no lighter heel'd than they had been the Day before, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* were soon left behind. The Knight was not displeas'd to be left alone with *Sancho*, for he had not talk'd to him a long Time. Friend *Sancho*, said he, I am overjoy'd I can discourse with you, I have a great deal to tell you. Are not you amaz'd at the Honours I have receiv'd

ceiv'd at this Court? Yes, Sir, answered the Squire, and I am asham'd for you when I think of it. Last Night, when I saw you at Table by the Empress, by my Troth, I was like Master *Peter's* Parrot, I said nothing but I thought the more. Why, what could you think, answer'd *Don Quixote*? Sir, replied *Sancho*, it is no hard Matter to guess at that. Methinks you, who are but a Country Gentleman, should not sit Cheek by Jole by the Empress, who is a topping Princess. I grant, replied *Don Quixote*, that my Extraction is infinitely inferior to her's; but you must understand, Friend, that Knights Errant of a certain Degree of Reputation, are equal to crown'd Heads, as appears by the Books of Chivalry, which testify this Truth. And therefore you ought not to wonder to see me sit by an Empress; but what you ought to be surpriz'd at, is that particular Regard, and those special Marks of Distinction all Persons have for me. I must own it, I am out of Countenance at so much Honour; and yet, as much as it pleases me, I take a more particular Satisfaction in *Banterina's* Goodness. That Peerless *Infanta* loves, or rather adores me. This to me is unconceivable. She came last Night to my Chamber, to acquaint me, that her Father designs to marry her to the great *Mogul's* Son. Had you seen her, my Son, her Sorrow would have griev'd you to the Heart. She had like to have died in her Damsel's *Laura's* Arms. In short, her Love to me makes her look upon the intended Match as such a deadly Affliction, that in order to shun it, and preserve herself entirely for my Love, she has resolv'd to forsake her Father's Court, to follow me wheresoever I will carry her, and we have agreed to be gone privately this Night. It is very well done, Sir, cried *Sancho*, but then we must take Mrs. *Laura* with us too; for she is a very genteel Dam-

fel. Mr. Squire, answered *Don Quixote* smiling, methinks the Damsel *Laura* has found a Place in your Heart. By the Lord, my Friend, you are now catch'd in Love's Net; and to prove what I say, I will now tell you what you feel within yourself. Is it not true, that you often think on that Damsel? And that you are pleas'd when you think of her? Yes, Faith, quoth *Sancho*, I think of her every Moment; and I don't know for what, but I am mightily pleas'd. Confess again, said *Don Quixote*, that you long to see her again, and that you could wish we were back at the Castle. God bless me, Sir, replied *Sancho*, how can you guess at all that without my telling you! Hang me, nothing so true. I am mad to be at the Castle again, and I, who never us'd to be weary of sitting upon my Ass, am now as uneasy as a Whore at a Sermon. Do not wonder at my Diving into your Secrets, said the Knight fighting, I am but too expert in those Affairs. But to say the Truth, I can never sufficiently admire the Power of Love. No Heart is proof against his Arrows since he has wounded yours. Spread open thy Soul, my Lad, to receive a Fullness of Joy, and thank your happy Stars, which entitle you to the most charming Hopes. The Damsel *Laura* will bear her Mistress Company, and your ravished Eyes shall daily behold the Object of their Love. But, Sir, said *Sancho*, may not I carry her away into my Island without any Ceremony? Can and Body have any Thing to say to it? Have not Governors always some Damsel in their Castles for their House-Keeper?

Don Quixote was about solving this Case of Conscience, and perhaps in favour of *Sancho*; but a Damsel suddenly appearing before them, broke off their Discourse, and by her Air and Garb drew their Eyes upon her. She was mounted on a white Palfrey,

Palfrey, and had a large Umbrello of a Rose-colour Taffety, and a Silver-lace hanging round the Edge of it. Her Cloaths were of white Damask with Gold Flowers, and a Sattin Veil of the same Colour. She made directly to our Adventurers, who thought they had not Eyes enough to look at her, and when she was near them, she took off her white Veil, and discovered a Face of a Woman at least threescore Years of Age. However, *Don Quixote* took her for some Princess still in her Teens, who had been stollen from her Parents by some false Knight, and then basely forsaken. This Fancy possessing his Brain, he bowed down to his Horse's Neck, and after saluting the Lady in the most respectful Manner, said to her: Beautiful *Infanta*, you have doubtless just Cause to complain of Fortune, since we see you travel without any Guard or Retinue. What Knight could find in his Heart to forsake you notwithstanding the repeated Vows he made you, and your ravishing Beauty? Tell me, I beseech you, the dismal Story of your Misfortunes. You cannot reveal it to any Knight that is more entirely devoted to the Service of Ladies than I am. Sir Knight, answered the Damsel, I perceive by your noble Mien and Air, that the beauteous Sex never implor'd your Assistance in vain. Therefore I beg of you to grant me a Boon. I will grant you an hundred thousand, replied *Don Quixote*; speak boldly, adorable Princess: What is it you require of me? I am no Princess, quoth she, I am but a Servant, and thank God for that, since I can be no better. But the Boon I ask of you is for an *Infanta* I serve, who is one of the most accomplish'd Princess's in the World, and you can never employ your Sword more honourably than for her. Command me, answered *Don Quixote*; explain yourself. What is the Matter in hand? The Matter is, replied the Damsel, to chastise a

Knight, who has prov'd false to my Mistrefs. Charming Maiden, said *Don Quixote*, I'll undertake that with all my Heart. You need only name the Traitor that could be guilty of such a felonious Act. O Sir, quoth the Damsel, I am very glad I have found you ; I am satisfied my Mistrefs cannot have a fitter Man to revenge her Quarrel. Yet do not deceive yourself, Sir, as much as I confide in your Courage ; I cannot still but quake for you ; for in short, I bring you into an extraordinary Danger ; you are to engage a famous Knight, who makes the whole Globe resound his Exploits, and seems to lead about Victory by the Hem of her Garment. When he has overcome me, answered *Don Quixote*, I shall think him invincible. I am impatient to try my Strength with him. Tell me his Name quickly, and where I may meet with him. Sir, replied the Damsel, I am told he is in this Country, and I will in a few Words tell you his Name and his Story. That Changeling, that Ingrate, that felonious Man is call'd, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and the unhappy Princess he has wrong'd is *Dulcinea del Toboso*. That false Man, after chusing her for his Lady, after offering up his Vows to her in a thousand Adventures, which he could never have finish'd without the Help of her Peerless Beauty, that base faithless Soul has undeservedly forsaken her, and is fallen in Love with a fat *Amazon Queen*, the Refuse of Prince *Hiperborean*, and of the Scholars at *Alcala*. You change Countenance, Sir, Knight, added the Damsel ; I perceive the Account of this Disloyalty displeases you. Your generous Heart rises at so base an Action, and you could wish you had already freed the Earth from that cursed Monster ; but let nothing stay you, make hast to seek him out, and shed his faithless Blood : *Don Quixote*, it is easy to believe, was strangely surprized at this

this Discourse, and no less concerned, and perceiving that the Damsel expected his Answer, he spoke to her as follows. Trusty Confident of the Princess *Dulcinea*. I am too much an Enemy to Dissimulation to conceal the Truth from you. I must confess I am that wretched Knight, whose Life you demand, you have before you the unfortunate *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. Who? You! cried the Damsel, as if she were frighted. Are you that Traitor my Mistress complains of? Nay, then I find there is no trusting to Faces. I am more unfortunate than guilty, answer'd *Don Quixote*, I take Heaven to Witness, I had still been the *Infanta Dulcinea's* Knight, had not she hated me; but I could no longer withstand her unworthy Contempt of my Love. She neither despis'd nor hated you, replied the Damsel; and it was only her nice Honour that made her abuse you. She was willing to make Trial of your Constancy before she would Reward it; but understanding by Fame, that you were in Love with another Lady, she sent me immediately to tell you, she will never see you more, and that she forbids you ever to set your Foot in *La Mancha* again. This is what I am ordered by her to tell you, and this is what I must tell you of my own. Do not think, false Knight, that Heaven will suffer you to go unpunish'd. It would no longer be just, should it forbear to punish the Wrong you have done to the Beautifullest of its Works. May the Enchanters your Enemies obstruct your Succeeding in any of your Undertakings. May they blot out of the Memory of Man all the Glory you have acquir'd. May they persuade all future Generations, that the dreadful *Bramarbas* you overcame was only a Pasterboard Giant. And may they make Posterity look upon all your Heroick Actions, as ridiculous and foolish. These are the Curses I bestow on you, inconstant

Don Quixote; and that your Squire, who has a Share in your Change, may not blame me for forgetting him: May he every Day meet with *Yan-guefians* to drub his Sides, or with Galley-Slaves to pelt him with Stones. And may you, Mrs. Bitchinton, cried *Sancho* in a Passion, fall into the next Cart-Rut with your Palfrey, and break your Whore's Neck. What the Devil ails her? And what have I done to her, that she should wish me so much Harm? The Damsel not regarding what *Sancho* said, presently turn'd about her Horse's Head, and put him on so briskly, that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* soon lost Sight of her.

C H A P. XV.

How strangely Don Quixote was perplex'd when Dulcinea's Damsel was gone; what inward Strugglings he felt, and the happy Resolution he came to at last.

THE Knight of *La Mancha* leaning in a dismal Posture on the Pommel of his Saddle, was now full of a thousand melancholy Thoughts, without knowing what Resolution to take. Sometimes he had a mind to follow *Dulcinea's* Damsel; and then again was with-held by the Force of his new Passion. *Sancho* seeing him thus cast down, said to him, Cheer up, Sir Knight of the *Cupids*; What, will you be troubled at the Words of a Gipsie? O my Son, cried *Don Quixote*, did you hear what she said? How wretched am I? But, alas! I deserve it. She said, Her Mistress did not despise, nay, she did not hate me; and I, too ready to take a Repulse, broke

broke that glorious Chain, and thro' my Impatience lost the Love of an adoreable Princess. Alas, poor cowardly Knight, who has not the Courage to hold out the Combat. Your Constancy ought not to have yielded to the Rigour and Disdain of that matchless Princess. Return to your first Chain, run, fly, go swear to that lovely Enemy, that you will for the Future only live for her. But I forget she has forbid me appearing in her Presence. Shall I then go provoke her just Indignation by my Disobedience? No, it is enough that I restore to her the Sovereignty over my Soul: She will soon know I have returned to my Duty. Fame will take Care to inform her. Let the Princess *Dulcinea* reign in my Heart. May she reign there for ever. But what do I say? Senseless Man, shall I forsake the Daughter of the *Arch-banterer* of the *Indies*? Can I in Honour do it, after what she has done for me? Will not the Provocation I shall give her be a juster Cause to hate me than *Dulcinea* has? Good God! How shall I get clear of this Perplexity without Detriment to my Honour? I cannot be true to *Dulcinea*, without being false to *Banterina*. What a heavy Burden is Honour! Whatever Way I turn me, I see my Memory blasted, and my Reputation lost. But the Time is short, the *Infanta* of the *Indies* presses to be gone with me this Night. What shall I do? Heavens inspire me with what Course to take.

HERE *Don Quixote* stopped a while to consider how he should come off this knotty Affair with Honour, and then said to his Squire, God be prais'd Son *Sancho*, I am now no longer dubious. I know what I am to follow. I remember what the Knight of the Sun did in the like Circumstances, and I will follow his Example. What was it he did, cried *Sancho*? I'll tell you, answer'd *Don Quixote*. He

was upon the Point of marrying *Landabrides*, when his first Mistress *Claridiana* sent her Damsel *Arcania* to him to upbraid him with Inconstancy. He was so much concerned at what she said, that he immediately left the Emperor *Alixander's* Court, and retir'd to a Desert, resolving there to die for Grief. Out upon it, Sir, cried *Sancho*, what a beastly Resolution was that? By the Lord take heed how you do the like. You don't know what you say, replied *Don Quixote*. Can I do better than tread in the Steps of such a renowned Knight? I must imitate him, my Friend, and accordingly giving way to a due Repentance, I this Moment banish *Banterina* my Heart and my Memory, and will remove at a Distance from the Court, to go finish the sad Course of my miserable Life in some solitary wild Place. The Squire being utterly averse to that strange Notion, endeavoured to dissuade his Master; but all his Arguments were of no Force. Forbear, *Sancho*, said *Don Quixote*, forbear so vainly to oppose a Resolution which so much concerns my Glory. Follow me, without contradicting any more, or else never more keep me Company. This said, he gave *Rocinante* his Head, who accidentally fell into the Road that leads to *Toledo*. Tho' it was a great Grievance to the Squire to leave the Castle, where he had far'd so daintily, yet he preferred his Duty before his Inclination, and followed his Master, whose Escape proved a great Disappointment to the Ladies and Gentlemen, who having employed the Damsel only to perplex the Knight, and make themselves Sport with his Anxiety, never imagined that would be the Means to lose him,

CHAP. XVI.

Don Quixote's and his Squire's sorrowful
Farewel.

OUR Adventurers were now near *Illescas*, when they left the High-way to strike into a little Wood they spy'd in the Plain. Being come into it, they alighted, and sat down on the Grass, and *Don Quixote* thinking the Place proper for the Execution of his Design, said to *Sancho*: It is here, my Friend, that I will submit to my Destiny, offering up my self a Sacrifice to *Dulcinea's* Displeasure; we have but a few Minutes to be together: We must now part for ever. The Squire hearing this dismal Sentence, could not forbear weeping, and said, O! my good Master *Don Quixote*, what Madness has possess'd you to resolve to die for having chang'd your Mistress? Does any Body die now a-days on that Account? Check your Sorrow, quoth the Knight, and set all the Strength of your Reason against the Rigour of our ill Fortune. Our Parting troubles me as much as you. I had flattered my self with the Hopes of a longer Life; but since my Honour stands not in need of it, and that dying, I have the Comfort of leaving you Governor of a good Island, I am willing to end my Days. I know you rely'd on me, and thought I would by my Advice ease you of part of the Weight of your Government. I design'd the same; but no matter, listen to me, my Son, I'll tell you how you shall govern your Island to gain the Love of all the Inhabitants. Be severe without being rigid: Be good without being too indulgent: Be generous, watchful, and ready
to

to relieve all that stand in need of you. Let not the Rich be dispatch'd before the Poor. Let not Favour or Interest turn you away from the Course of Justice. In short, let all the People of your Island live in Peace, and quietly enjoy their own. I will say no more; for, besides that I will not burden your Memory, I fear lest the wise Man, who is to write my History, shall trouble the Reader with all I could say. Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, it is needless to teach me how to govern my Island. I renounce all the Governments in the World. I will die here with you, and that will soon be done; for I have but one Day's Provision. No, Friend, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I will not allow you to share in my Fate. The Interest of your Family requires you should live, and keep your Government. It is enough that I die. *Dulcinea's* Wrath requires but one Victim. Alas! cried the Squire, renewing his Tears, what will become of poor Orphans? Who will defend Giants against Widows? O the cursed *Dulcinea*! Could not she have been quiet, without sending her Messengers after us? Hold *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, take Heed, Wretch, how you utter any Blasphemies against that divine Princess. I had rather all Nature should return to its first Chaos, than to hear one Word of Reflection on that Sovereign Lady. Instead of Cursing, you must go to her from me, and you must tell her, That, not being able to survive her Indignation, and the Prohibition to appear before her, I have pin'd away to Death in this Desert. Then shall you fall down at her Feet, and conjure her not to hate my Memory, and you shall never rise till her Royal Mouth has granted it. This is what I require of you. Now you may depart. Go, my Son, added he, holding out his Hand to him, and sometimes

D O N Q U I X O T E.

sometimes remember your Master.

freely give you all that is in the Po.

This Present, though pretty considerable, did not comfort *Sancho*, who, upon this dismal Occasion, gave good Proof that he was a true Friend to *Don Quixote*; for laying Hold of his Hand to kiss it, he bath'd it with his Tears, and appeared so transported with Sorrow, that our Knight could not but be concerned, and was forc'd to make him depart immediately, to remove such an Object of Compassion from his Eyes.

WHEN his Squire was out of his Sight, he drew near *Rocinante*, who stood upright on all Four, with his Bridle on his Neck, and his Eyes shut, peaceably expecting his Doom. Faithful Companion of my Labours, said the Knight to him, weeping bitterly, Heaven can testify I am as much troubled to forsake you, as the Knight of the Sun was to part with his *Cornelin*. I will make the same Speech to you, for you well deserve it, that he made to him in the Island of the *Demoniack Faunus*. O my good Horse! In recompence for the good Service you have done me, I must discharge you of your Bands. I set you free. Go, you are no longer subject to the Power of Man; for the future follow your own Inclination. Enjoy the same Liberty other Creatures do in this Desert; for what Knight would you serve after me? This said, he took off his Saddle and Bridle, and giving him two claps on the Buttocks, with his open Hand, added, Go then, beautiful Horse, remove at a Distance from this fatal Place I have chose to be my Tomb. The freed Beast, insensible of the Value of his Liberty, feeling himself eas'd of his Accoutrements, lay down upon the Ground to rest him. *Don Quixote* observing it, cry'd, O! my dear
Rocinante,

H I S T O R Y of

... you cannot leave me then. You pre-
before your Liberty, and will not sur-
... y Misfortunes. Be it so then, let us both
die here together, and when future Ages understand
that I dy'd for Grief of having offended my Lady,
let them know at the same Time, that you dy'd
for Grief of losing me. Having spoke these Words,
the unfortunate Knight made his Complaints to the
Eccho's, and laid him down upon the Grass, call-
ing upon Death to assist him, and resolving positive-
ly to die for Grief.

C H A P. XVII.

*How Don Quixote received unexpected
Comfort.*

IN the mean while, *Sancho* being got again into
the High-way that leads to *Toledo*, went on
gently, full of a Thousand sad Thoughts, sighing,
and stopping at every Turn to see the Place where
he had left his Master; but his Grief was soon
turn'd into Joy; for when he least thought of it,
a Man mounted on a Scurvy Beast pass'd by him,
and looking earnestly on the Squire, cried out, By
the Lord, I am not mistaken. It is certainly Mr.
Sancho Panza I see. O Mr. Barber, quoth *Sancho*,
knowing Master *Nicholas* his Country-man, is it
possible I have met you? What Chance brought
you into this strange Country? I'll tell you that
exactly, answer'd the Barber, when you have in-
form'd me what is become of *Don Quixote*. Alas!
Master *Nicholas*, reply'd *Sancho*, all that we can
say

say of *Don Quixote*, now is, God rest his Soul. He needs nothing now but Prayers. O! Heavens, cry'd the Barber in a Consternation, then your Master is dead. Not yet, replied the Squire; but his Life is in great Danger. I left him this Moment, and he designs to die through Despair for Madam *Dulcinea*. God be prais'd, said Master *Nicholas*, since he is not dead it is well enough. Cheer up, my Friend, *Don Quixote* shall not die; I come now to look him out, to tell him such News as will put him out of Conceit with his Journey into the other World. What News, quoth *Sancho*? The most suprising, answer'd the Barber, and the most pleasing he can ever hear. But let us make haste to convey it to him; for let Medicines be never so good, they are uselefs when applied to late. *Sancho*, who had great Confidence in Master *Nicholas*, laid much Strefs upon his Words, and conducted him speedily where *Don Quixote* was.

THEY found him stretch'd out on the Ground, leaning his Head on his Hand, wrapt in deep Imagination. Sir, cry'd *Sancho*, I beg your Pardon, for interrupting your Penance, and disturbing the Pleasure you take to die for Despair; but it must be so, for here is Master *Nicholas* the Barber come with me, who brings you good News. Alas! answer'd *Don Quixote*, what can he say that will avail me in this wretched Condition I am in. I know nothing of the Matter quoth the Squire; but I rely on him, and I am already overjoy'd at what he is going to tell you. You have a true foreboding, Friend *Sancho*, replied the Barber, and your Master will rejoice as much as you do, when I come to acquaint him, that the Princess *Dulcinea del Toboso* is resolv'd to make him happy. What
is

is it I hear, cried *Don Quixote*? What pleasing Words, are those have reach'd my Ears? O! my dear Friend Master *Nicholas*, perhaps, you only speak them to divert my Grief, and snatch me out of the Hands of Death. No, no, replied the Barber, I tell you nothing but the Truth; and to prove what I say, I have a Letter for you from that noble *Infanta*. Good God, a Letter, cried *Don Quixote* in a Transport; what Thanks shall I be able to return you, Mr. Barber? I am no longer a Barber, said Master *Nicholas*; I have sold my Razors, Basson and Wash-balls; I am now Squire to the Princess *Dulcinea*, and my Name is *Tobosin*. Let me be hang'd, cried *Sancho*, that is great News. But have you no Shop then? There is no Trimming at all there, and I'll tell you the Reason. But now let us mind more important Affairs. This said, he pulled the Letter he talked of out of his Pocket, and delivered it to *Don Quixote*, who took and read it aloud. The Contents were as follows.

The L E T T E R.

“ THE Princess *Dulcinea del Toboso*, the Slave
 “ to the Heavenly Fire-brands; to thee the
 “ Cause of all my Misfortunes, the Knight of the
 “ *Sorrowful Aspect*, Health. I ought to quake at
 “ thy very Name, and as a Punishment for thy
 “ Neglect in enquiring after me, I ought to blot
 “ out of my Memory all thy Exploits, which to
 “ my Sorrow are there engraved, as it were on
 “ Brass. But Ladies do not always what they
 “ ought to do; and therefore, instead of treating
 “ you with that Rigour you deserve, I write to you,
 “ to command you by the Power Love gives me
 “ over your Person, to return immediately upon
 “ Receipt hereof into *La Mancha*. My Squire, who
 “ is

“ well known to you, will inform you how much
 “ I stand in Need of your Valour and Assistance.
 “ Heaven keep you, and preserve my Life, which
 “ I much fear till I can enjoy your unworthy and
 “ dear Sight.

O Heavens, said the Knight, what a happy Change! I can scarce believe this Miracle. How obliging is this Letter. I am the more surpriz'd at it, because it differs so much from what the Damsel told me, whom we met this Morning. What Damsel did you meet, said the Barber? One of the Infanta *Dulcinea's* Damsels, answer'd *Don Quixote*. And what did she say to you, quoth Master *Nicholas*? She told me answer'd *Don Quixote*, that her Mistress forbid me ever appearing before her, or returning to *La Mancha*. This fatal Sentence made me pitch upon this Solitude to end my unhappy Days in. God forbid, replied the Barber, guessing that some Body had put that Trick upon him to make Sport. It is true, the Princess *Dulcinea* was in a great Passion when she sent that Damsel to you; but since then the Case is altered with the *Infanta*, and an Accident has happened which obliged her to deal more favourably with you. In the Condition she is in at present, it would ill become her to treat you like a *Turk* or a *Moor*. She has more need to make the best of it, and to court you; for to deal plainly, she stands in need of your Sword. Explain yourself Master *Tobosin*, said *Don Quixote* in a Transport; What Danger is my Princess in. Inform me quickly. She is in the greatest of Dangers, replied Master *Nicholas*. She refus'd some Months since to marry the Emperor of *Trabifand*, who to revenge himself, has laid a Design to steal her away; and to that End, he is come to *Toboso* with an Army of six hundred thousand Men. Heavens cried *Don Quixote*,

Quixote, interrupting him; can you favour such an Outrage? Tell me, my Friend, what did the Princess do in this Extremity. She summoned the Ban and Arrear-Ban to be in Arms, replied the Barber; and not only the Gentry, but all the Inhabitants of the Villages of *Toboso* and *Argamasilla* are got together in her Palace, with a Resolution to defend her to the last Drop of their Blood, and have all vow'd to let their Beards grow till they have defeated the Enemy. And this is the Reason why I told you they did not trim their Beards. Now you must understand there have been several Encounters. The Arrear-Ban has done Wonders, as it uses to do. The Pagans have always had the better. They have torn our Curate *Peter Perez* his new Cassock, and cut out the Tongues of our two *Alcaldes*, for having given Judgment wrongfully. O holy Virgin, cried *Sancho*; then our *Alcaldes* are finely brought to Bed. In short, *Don Quixote*, added the Barber, tho' the *Tobosines* behave themselves bravely, they must needs fall at long-run; and tho' *Dulcinea's* Palace were better defended than the Castle of *Albraca*, sooner or later the Emperor of *Trabifond* will make himself Master of it. So you see, that unless you speedily relieve my Mistress, she's a lost *Infanta*. Away, away, cried, *Don Quixote*; let us fly to her Relief. I am as able to rout a numerous Army, as *Orlando*. Let us saddle *Rocinante* quickly, and be gone. *Don Quixote*, said the Barber I find I am not deceived in my Expectation; I knew you could not fail being nettled when I told you this News. I assure you I am overjoyed to see your Readiness; and the Princess *Dulcinea* has good Reason to ground all her Hopes on you. Is it possible, Mr. *Tobosin* said the Knight, that beautiful Queen should take any Notice of my Valour? How do you mean, replied the Barber? By the Lord,
 she.

the values you more than all the twelve Peers of France put together. Go, my dear *Tobosin*, said she to me at parting ; go seek out the Knight of the *Sorrowful Aspect*. Bid him come to defend his Princess. Ah, were he here, how little should I fear the Emperor of *Trabifond*? When the Barber spoke these Words, the Knight embrac'd him, to express the Pleasure he conceiv'd.

AT this Time *Rocinante* having smelt out Master *Nicholas* his Beast, with whom he had formerly skipp'd in the Meadows of *Toboso*, he got up very heavily, and began to gney so loud, that the whole Wood resounded. *Don Quixote* took it for a happy Omen. Rejoice, my Friends, said he, *Rocinante* forebodes the Victory I am going to gain over the Emperor of *Trabifond*. We cannot set out under a better Presage. No truly, answer'd the Barber, smiling, if there were still a College of Augurs at *Rome*, he would well deserve to be one of them. But we must saddle and bridle him instantly ; for Time is precious. You may guess what an Havock an Army of six hundred thousand Men will make in a Country where they live at Discretion. O Lord, cried *Sancho*, what will become of my Oxen, my six Ews, my Goats, my eight Hens, and my Cock? I'll warrant those Dogs will soon dispatch them. That's done already, quoth Master *Nicholas*, it was the first Thing they did. The very first Day they came they devoured your Oxen, your Sheep, and your Goats, and the Emperor, who loves none but nice Bits, eat your Cock boiled with Bacon. And what became of my Hens, said *Sancho*? They made Broth for their sick Men with them, replied *Tobosin*. Bless us cried *Sancho*, I am undone. Good God, is it lawful to devour other Men's Substance after that Manner? The holy Brotherhood ought to take up all those Knaves, and send

send them to the Gallies. That is not so easily done, answer'd the Barber; but cheer up, my Friend, you serve a Master who keeps Fortune lock'd up in his Sword Scabbard; and for the Loss you have sustained, I promise you the Princess *Dulcinea* shall make it good. This Promise comforted *Sancho*. Then he saddled and bridled *Rocinante*, and they all went out of the Wood, taking the Road to *Toboso*.

C H A P. XVIII.

What the Barber's Design was: What Don Quixote did, after the Example of Don Belianis of Greece: And, Lastly, Of the most unfortunate Adventure that ever befel him.

OUR *Arabian* Historian begins this Chapter acquainting us with the Barber's Design, and tells us, that Mr. *Valentin* being informed by the Canons to whom *Sancho* told his Story of the Geese, that *Don Quixote* was gone to *Madrid*, had writ to Curate *Peter Perez*, giving him an Account of it, and exhorting him in his Charity not to suffer that honest Gentleman to be the Jest of all *Spain* any longer. The Curate shew'd the Letter to Master *Nicholas*, and, upon mature Deliberation, they both agreed, that *Don Quixote* must be put up into a Cage again, and for the Future be kept close, that he might not make his Escape. That the only Way to draw him into *La Mancha* was to possess him that *Dulcinea* was in some great Danger, and to write a Letter, in which that disconsolate Princess
was

was to beg his Assistance. That the Barber should go directly to *Madrid*, to deliver the Letter, and, to give the better Colour to the Cheat, should pretend to be *Dulcinea's* Squire. This was accordingly exactly performed, as has been seen; now let us return to our History.

OUR Adventurers were not yet got out of the Wood, when *Don Quixote* said to the Barber, Mr. *Tobosin*, I remember I have read, that *Don Belianis* understanding, that a puissant Army lay before *Babylon* to carry off *Floribella*, was four Days without speaking one Word, to express his Concern. Would not you advise me to follow his Example? No doubt of it, answer'd Master *Nicholas*, it is the best Thing you can do. To what Purpose do we read the Actions of Great Men, if we do not imitate them. Do, *Don Quixote*, speak not in four Days. *Dulcinea* will be charmed at such a notable Testimony of your Concern; and, upon my Word, I'll take Care to magnify it to her. Then I desire you both, said *Don Quixote*, not to interrupt my Silence. Do you two discourse as if I were not with you. This said, he was silent on a Sudden, to begin his Imitation of *Don Belianis*. So Friend *Sancho*, said the Barber, let us deal it about now. Let us talk a little to divert us. By my Faith, quoth *Sancho*, you have met with your Match. I thank God, my Tongue was never backward, and I know you can play your Part, so we shall make a fine Clattering. Well, said the Barber, to set your Hand in a Talking, tell me all your Adventures, since your last Sally, that I may entertain the Princess *Dulcinea* with them when I come Home. *Sancho* did as he was desired, and when he had ended the Relation, went on saying: Now, Master *Nicholas Tobosin*, pray do you explain one Thing to me,

me, which very much puzzles me. Is it possible there should be a Palace at *Toboso*, and that the Sister of *Bazil* and *Bertrand Nogales* is a Princess? For, in short, when I carried her my Master *Don Quixote's* Letters, I could see nothing, but a downright Peasant; and yet her Damself we met this Morning, was clad like a Lady of Quality. Then it is likely I was enchanted, when I saw Madam *Dulcinea*, and am so no longer now. There is no doubt to be made of that, answer'd the Barber. It is likely that when you disenchant'd the *Infanta Bouncerina* you tell me of, you disenchant'd yourself at the same Time. Your Fast might produce that Effect. My Fast, cried *Sancho*, laughing as if he were mad. By my Troth, that's a good one. Why do you laugh so heartily, said the Barber? I never laugh'd more heartily, replied he, and since my Master cares no more for the *Infanta Bouncerina*, I'll tell you how it was. All the *Arch-banterer's* Court, and my Master *Don Quixote* himself think I fasted for her; but the Devil take him that did. Yet for all that she is as well disenchant'd, as if I had not eaten a Bit; and thus you see sometimes a good Name is got by a Lie. *Don Quixote* hearing this Discourse, could not forbear talking. How now, Scoundrel, said he to his Squire, did not you go to Bed without your Supper. I grant it, Sir, quoth *Sancho*; but when you were got to Bed, don't you remember I got up. Well, and what then, replied the Knight? What then answer'd the Squire; why it was then I went to pillage the Pullet and the Piece of Bread you had left upon the Table. What Stories do you tell us, said *Don Quixote*. You talk of a Dream as if it had been a real Truth. I make no Question of it, said the Barber, that Night he fasted, he dreamt he got up to eat a Pullet

let and a Piece of Bread, and the Dream has made such an Impression on him, that we need not wonder he looks upon it as Truth. Master *Nicholas* spoke these Words so gravely, that *Sancho*, not knowing what to think of it, cried out, Good God! Is it possible I only eat the Pullet in a Dream? Then a Man broad awake cannot swear he is not asleep. You are no good Logician, answered *Don Quixote*, you must not say, that a Man broad wake is not sure he is not then asleep; but you must say, that a Man who thinks himself awake, may possibly be asleep, and then you'll argue Categorically. Nay, Faith, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, I do not understand those Morals; but God knows the Truth of it. Since the *Infanta* was disenchantèd, replied the Barber, you may be satisfièd that you fasted; for Enchanters are not to be impos'd upon. But *Don Quixote*, added he, to your Silence again; and lest you should be forced to break it a second Time, do not listen to what we shall say. The Knight took his Advice, gave no more Attention to their Discourse, and plunging himself in the Thoughts of the great Feats he was to perform before *Dulcinea*, was entirely rapt in Meditation, and observèd his Silence exactly for four Days.

By this Time they drew near *Argamasilla* and *Toboso*, and were almost in sight of those two Villages when the Barber said to *Don Quixote*. At length, Sir Knight, after a long Journey we are now near the Place where your Presence is so necessary. We can never come soon enough, my dear *Tobosin*, answer'd *Don Quixote*. What a Multitude of dismal Notions occur to me! My Valour is ready to sink under them. When I consider our ruined Country, our Fields thronged with Pagans, our Crops carried away by Strangers, our Friends
and

and Towns-men slaughtered, and above all, when I think on my Princess in Despair, and counting, as impatiently as I do, the Moments I am wanting; Good God, what a Torment is this for a Heart so tender as mine. I must confess, said *Tobosin*, those are dismal Thoughts; but we must hope *Dulcinea* will be more afraid than hurt. Let us think of defending her, and all three of us resolve to cut and thrust. Why all Three, quoth *Sancho*? Must we that are no Knights run ourselves into the Battle. Sure enough, answerd Master *Nicholas*. It is true, we cannot fight Knights, but it is lawful for us to engage Scoundrels and Rakes; and, I believe, there are enough of them in an Army of six hundred thousand Men. You need not second me, my Friends, said *Don Quixote*. Tho' this Army be very numerous, I shall soon put it to flight myself; for I'll go directly to the Emperor's Quarters; and finding out that Prince by the three Crowns he wears on his Head, as is the Custom of the Emperors of *Trabifond*, I'll make myself Way through the Soldiers and Knights that encompass him, and then I'll attack him. He'll not be able to withstand my Force, I'll strike him down, and cut off his Head; as one of his Predecessors was served by *Contumelian* of *Phœnicia*. Then the News of his Death being spread abroad among his Troops, they will fall into a Consternation and fly. So our Country, quoth the Barber, will be at once delivered from those Pagans, Heavens be prais'd. By my Troth, well fare the Books of Chivalry, they teach us curious Stratagems in War. Thus they discours'd till they discovered *Argamasilla*, and when they were come within two hundred Paces of it, the Barber designing to get into the Village to acquaint the Curate with the Arrival of their Country-man,
and

and to make ready the Cage; he said to the Knight. *Don Quixote*, do you halt here with *Sancho*. I will go view the Enemy, and will return in a Moment with an Account of the Posture I find them in. Be you upon your Guard, the mean while, for fear of a Surprize. Go, brave *Tobosin*, answer'd *Don Quixote*; and observe all Things distinctly. I will not fail, replied the Barber. I will examine all Things nicely, but I will endeavour chiefly to discover where the Emperor's Quarters are. This said, he left *Don Quixote*, and made haste into the Village. *Sancho*, my Lad, said the Knight, let us both stand Centinel. Let us look about, and be so watchful, that nothing may escape us. Would to God, answer'd the Squire, the six hundred thousand Pagans would make their Escape; by my Faith, I would never hinder them. As they stood looking about them on all sides, they happened to spy ten or twelve Men a Horse-back in the Plain, making towards *Toboso*, and these were a Party of the Holy Brotherhood. To Arms, to Arms, cried *Don Quixote*; there is a strong Detachment of the Pagan Army. They are the Flower of the Knights of *Trabifond*, whom the Emperor, being informed of my coming, sends out to hem me in. But I'll fall upon them, and having slain them, will by their Defeat strike a Terror into the Enemies Army. This said, he put on *Rocinante* towards the Knights of *Trabifond*. Alas, poor Knight of *La Mancha*, whether is your Valour dragging you? What a dismal Spectacle are you going to expose to the Eyes of the World: O ye *Tartars* and *Chineses*, ye Nations that see the bright *Aurora* open the Curtains of the Day, and ye People of the New World with whom the great Luminary that light us sets; ye scorch'd *Ethiopiens*, and ye frozen *Laplanders*,

Don Quixote is going to combat, attend all of ye to this mighty Event.

THE Troopers seeing *Don Quixote* make towards them, halted to expect him; but tho' they were surprized at his Mein and Garb, they were much more amaz'd, when being come within hearing, he cried out to them with a menacing Voice. O! ye contemptible Mortals, who do not deserve to be called Knights, since you are not asham'd to support the base Cause of the infamous Prince you serve; stand upon your Guard. The Officer, who commanded the Party, thinking that these Words reflected on the King his Master, answered *Don Quixote* thus. Sure thou art mad, or some damn'd insolent Fellow, as darest speak such Words of the most honourable of all Princes. *Don Quixote* hearing himself called, Mad-man, and damn'd Fellow, fet himself fast in the Saddle, couch'd his Lance, and ran full Tilt at the Officer, who having neither Time nor Skill to put by, or avoid the Thrust, received it in his Heart, and fell down Stone dead under his Horse's Belly. Then the Troopers drew their Swords and hemm'd in the Knight to seize him; but he drew as well as they, and charg'd them so furiously that he wounded two or three of them. The others fearing the same Fate, began to give way, when one of their Companions ashamed that the whole Party could not secure a single Man, laid hold of his Carabine, and taking aim at *Don Quixote's* Face, shot him through the Head with a Brace of Bullets. The poor Knight had no need of a second Shot. His feeble Hand dropp'd *Rocinante's* Bridle, and after tottering a while in the Saddle, he at last fell off, near the dead Body of the Officer he had slain. *Sancho* who beheld the Combat at a Distance, put on to help up his

BRITISH
10 NO 1900
MUSEUM





Parr Sculp

Vol. 2. P. 291.

his Master ; but finding him stretched out on the Ground, senseless, and his Face all Bloody, he fell into all the dismal Transports of an afflicted Squire. He wept, tore his Hair, Beard and Eye-brows, and made the Plain ring with his Cries, Sighs and Lamentations.

WHILST *Sancho* thus raved, the Curate *Peter Perez*, and the Barber came upon the Field of Battle, and finding no Signs of Life in *Don Quixote*, were much troubled. The Troopers would have taken Possession of *Don Quixote's* Body to form a Process against him as a common Disturber of the Peace, to render him and his Memory infamous ; but as soon as they were acquainted with his strange Madness, they left him to his Country-men, and went off with their Officer's dead Body, whom they buried in a Place the *Arab* has forgot to Name. When they were gone, the Curate and the Barber began to lament *Don Quixote's* Death, and were the more inconsolable, because they had been the Cause of it, tho' with an innocent Design. *Sancho* on his side renewed his Lamentations. O ! my good Lord and Master, cried he, shedding bitter Tears. Now it is we are parted : We shall never see one another more till we meet in the great Valley. Alas ! Poor Orphans, your Father is dead. Princesses may now cry, no Body will relieve them, and Chivalry will now fall all together since it has lost the Knight that supported it. Alas ! what shall I do in this World without you, my dear Master. I have neither Oxen, nor Sheep ; the Pagans have dispatched them, and the Emperor of *Trabifond* has eaten my Cocks Comb and all. I have nothing left but our Portmanteau, which you gave me the other Day ; and I cannot tell but Mr. Curate will come in for a Snack, for your Burial. No, *Sancho*, cried the Curate,

Curate, I shall ask nothing for that, my Friend; and if your Master has given you that Portmanteau, you shall keep it. The Barber having spoke some other comfortable Words, they carried *Don Quixote* between them all into the Village of *Argamasilla*, where it is to be suppos'd they paid him the last Duties with all the Pomp due to his Character. I say, it is to be suppos'd, for here the wife *Alifolan* drops his Pen for Grief. He is so concerned at the dismal Condition he sees his Hero in, that turning away his Eyes from the sad Spectacle, he forsakes his Work, and here ends his History.

F I N I S.



01
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100

101
102
103
104
105
106
107
108
109
110
111
112
113
114
115
116
117
118
119
120
121
122
123
124
125
126
127
128
129
130
131
132
133
134
135
136
137
138
139
140
141
142
143
144
145
146
147
148
149
150



