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THE

HISTORY

Of the most Renowned

Don Quixote

OF

MANCHA:

And his Trusty Squire

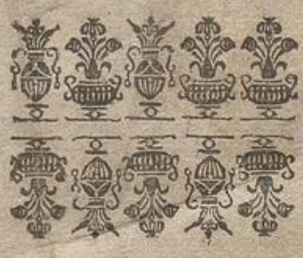
Sancho Pancha.

Now made ENGLISH according to the Humour of our Modern Language.

AND

Adorned with several Copper Plates.

By *J. P.*



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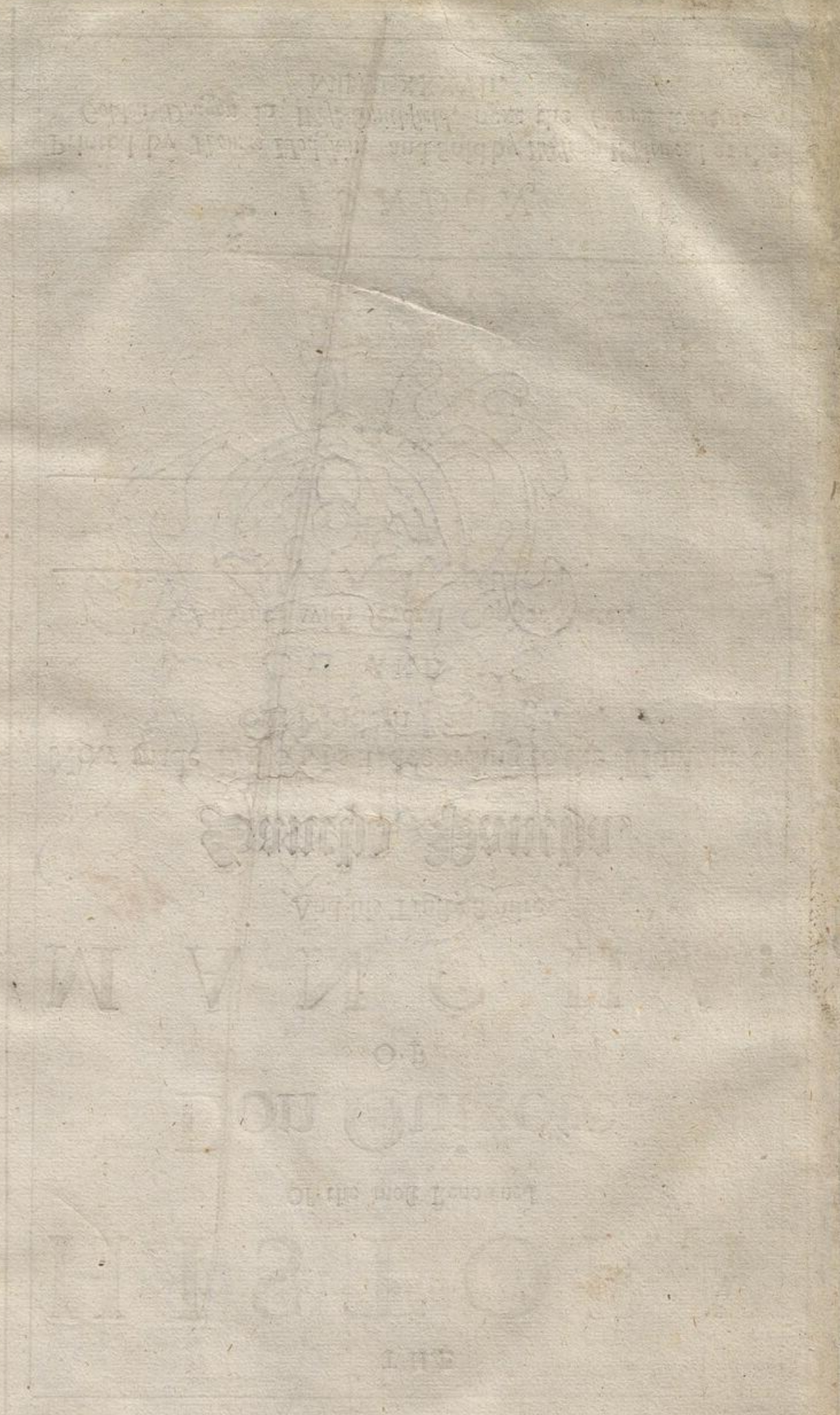

To the Right Honourable

WILLIAM

Earl of Yarmouth,

TREASURER

OF

His MAJESTIES HOUSHOLD.

My Lord,

THE Story of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, no leſs pleaſant than gravely Moral, has been always highly Favour'd and Careſs'd by Perſonages of moſt Illuſtrious note in all the Learned Parts of Europe; to which it has been made familiar by frequent Tranſlations. And therefore it is, that your Lordſhip being equally Eminent, if not

not Superiour to any of them, for your Ancient Decent, and the Politeneſs of your Hereditary Learning and Judgment, I humbly preſume to lay this Oblation at your Lordſhips Feet; not knowing where a Work ſo generally Applauded abroad, could find in *Engliſh* Dreſs a more generous and ſafe Protection, or my ſelf a greater Honour then to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips moſt Humble,

And moſt Obedient Servant.

J. PHILIPS.

SOME-

SOMETHING

Instead of an

Epistle to the Reader,

By way of

DIALOGUE.

YOU are come out into the World, Sir, very unmannerly, methinks. Your meaning, Sir.

What! nere a Curteous, nor a Gentle Reader under your Girdle?

Oh, Sir, that were a Romance indeed, to call Readers Courteous and Gentle in this Age. Coffee has so inspir'd Men with Contradiction and ill Nature, that Readers are as hard to be pleas'd as Ladys in a Mercer's Shop. Here's nothing but Carping and Momussing now adays; this is not well, and that is amiss; this might ha' been better, and that's stark nought: All find fault, but none will mend. Ask your Acquaintance what he thinks of such a Book?—Idle, cryes one—Insipid, cries another—The thing's quite spoil'd, cries a third—And so the Book's presently condemn'd with a Pfuh—and a Toss o' the Nose.

Why then, in my Opinion you venture very hard the running such a Terrible Tongue-Gauntlet.

Not so neither—This Book has an Advantage above all others; 'tis a *Book-Errant*, it has *Don Quixote*'s Lance and Buckler, his old Armour and the Barbers Bason, to boot, to defend it self. And therefore as it expects no other, then what befel all the *Knights-Errant* i' the world, Rubs and Snubs, and Buffets and Challenges. So where it cannot get the upper hand and kill the Dragon, there it is bound by the Constitutions of its Order to suffer all Misfortunes; which tho they may be terrible to others, to a *Book-Errant* can be no more then Unluckie Adventures—Come, come, Sir, the World's wide, and tho your *Knight-Errants* were many times rudely thwackt and thumpt by the ignorant Gyants, yet they were many times more kindly entertain'd by Kings and Princes.

But why *Don Quixote*? Had you nothing else to trouble your Brain with?

Distinguish, Sir, you take it for a bare Romance; and I look upon it as a pleasant Story, to shew how vainly Youth mispend their hours in heightning their Amorous Fancies, by reading those bewitching Legends of *Tom Thumb* and *Amadis de Gual*; and Thousands more of that Nature, not worth the naming. Now Instructions are like Pills, for they meet with many humours that keck at their bitterness, unless guilded over with Fable and Fancy. People are sooner ridicul'd, then rated out of an ill Habit; and the best way to represent the Deformity of any thing, is to expose it in a pleasing Mirrour. But 'tis none of my Business to preach over *Don Quixote*—Have yee any more to say, Sir?

Not that I can think of at present.

Then God buy to yee.

Amadis de Gaul *to* Don Quixote de la Mancha.

BEſhrew thy Heart, Sir Knight, what haſt thou done?
Thou haſt alarum'd all Elyſium.
What Upſtart Champion's this? quo they, whoſe worth
Gives a new Luſtre to the Fading Earth?
Like ſoaring Rockets, or Mayor's day Wild-fire,
That ſpit and crackle, and with a Bounce expire;
So have I ſeen in Vintners Chimney layd
A ſingle Bruſh, that ſuch a Blaze has made
More then five Faggots, Bands and all could do:
Hold, Valiant Knight, and leave an Ell or two
Of the wide World for others to ſubdue.
By Styx, it coſt me many a broken Crown,
Many years Toil, ere I could get renown:
But thou, great Quixote, *juſt as Horſes run,*
Haſt all our Wonders in a Heat out-done.
To Witty Benengeli *thanks, who wrote*
With the ſame Spirit, that his Champion fought;
While our damn'd Hum-drum *Dottrels, dull* John Dory's,
But rather digg'd our Graves, then wrought our Story's;
Fuel for Satan—— may they burn as long,
They and their Legends, as th' have done us wrong.

Don Belianis *of* Greece *to* Don Quixote de la mancha.

BUt for great Hector, Troy *had nere been known;*
And when her Glory was decay'd and gone,
'Twas I to Greece *reſtor'd her firſt Renown.*
And Mancha *had been little* Mancha *ſtill,*
But for thy Fame, that all the World does fill.
And now I'me ſorry, by my Troth I'me ſorry,
That I ſhou'd Gyants, Knights and Draggons worry,
With ſo much deadly feud, to leave not one
For thee, old Bully Rock, to piſs upon.
But pardon th' Errours of a Hair-braind Sword,
That nere fore-ſaw thy Birth upon my Word:
Elſe I had ſurely left a ſmall Recruit
For thee to reap thy Valours noble Fruit.
Howere I Lyons left, and Paſt-board Kings,
And over them thy Tryumph loudly rings:
The Paſtboard King had not a word to ſay;
For Why?—— his Head was off, and there he lay.
The Lyon crouch'd and quak'd like any Wether;
And ſtunk too, for by Jove *I ſmelt him hither.*
Thus thou haſt done enough, in doing well,
While thy great Fame has reach'd the depths of Hell:
Now then give o're, and ere thou Feeble prove,
Let Dulcinea *taſt the ſweets of Love.*

Orlando Furioſo *to* Don Quixote de la Mancha.

KNight of the Lyons, *from the Place call'd Hell,*
Orlando Furioſo *greets thee well.*
After ſuch Feats perform'd by Sons of Thunder,
What doſt thou muddling in the World, I wonder?

Thou

Thou ſayſt, Example ſet thee' at work—ſuppoſe ſo;
But not to match Orlando Furioſo:
Does thy Name ſound like his, Nickapoopoſo?
Does Quixote *rumble like* Orlando Furioſo?
Hadſt thou intended that the World ſhou'd note thee,
Thy Miſtreſs ſhou'd ha' been the Fair Quihotee;
And Thou Don *Fluſtro Bluſtro* del Toboſo,
Then thou hadſt nick'd Orlando Furioſo.
But as thou nere didſt chine at one ſmart blow,
A Gyant cas'd in Steel, from Top to Toe;
Nor carve an Armed Knight, as Carver ſlices
A roaſted Wild-duck till it drops in pieces;
Thou art no Peer of mine, and I deſie
Both thee and all thy Genealogie.
Beſides, I hear th' art one of Hamet's *Fools,*
Set up to make Knights-Errant *Knaves and Fools:*
If ſo, By Jove, *and all this gloomy ſpace,*
Go creep to Heaven, and come not neer this Place;
For if thou doſt, by Proſerpines *fair Thighs,*
Death and the Cobler meet thy Villanies.
A Thouſand Torments are thy endleſs doom,
And I'le my ſelf ſupply the Devils Room.

The Knight of the ~~Lyons~~ *to* Don Quixote de la Mancha.

KNight of the Lyons, *as but fitting,*
To thee, the Knight o' th' Sun ſends greeting.
Great is the Noiſe which in the World
Thy Fame has made, while toſs'd and hurl'd
From Poſt to Pillar, thou haſt done
Such Deeds that Story ſcarce dares own.
Then to my ſelf I thus did cry,
Nowns— what a Sheepshead Knight was I
To this ſame ſpark of Chivalry?
But growing cool, I caught thee tripping;
Poor Sancho *from his Wife kidnapping,*
And ſhameleſly thy ſelf belying,
How Queens and Empreſs lay dying,
Neglecting People, Kingdoms, Laws,
And all for love of thy lean Jaws;
A Tale to tell unfore-skind Jew,
For I'le be hang'd if it were true.
Then, wherefore ſuch a hideous Racket
'Bout Madam Dulcinea's *Placket?*
For after all, 'mong Poor and Rich,
I nere could hear of any ſuch.
And therefore by this burning Hole,
I take thee for ſome arrant Fool;
For ſurely no true Errant Knight
Would ſhadows Love, and ſhadows fight.
Only as Thou didſt Lyon dare,
That Style I give thee leave to wear;
So Knight o' th' Lyons. *fare thee well,*
Wiſhing thee like my ſelf in Hell.

The

The Unknown Knight *to* Don Quixote de la Mancha.

*RE*nowned *Knight, thou mak'ſt me March-hare-mad,*
To hear thy Feats, and I among the dead;
They call thee Fool—but by my death, they lye——
Fools Fortune favour, thee ſhe nere came nigh;
But ſuffer'd Carrier-ſlaves to thraſh thy Bones,
While Hunting after her, 'mong Rocks and Stones.
Little they think, that lye on Beds of Down,
The pains Knights-Errant *take to win Renown;*
To Fortune, Slaves, and Vaſſals to their Miſſes;
Three Gyants Heads for half a dozen Kiſſes.
Only thy Dulcinea *ſhe's a Pattern,*
Chaſt as the Moon, and modeſt as St. Kattern;
She claim'd no Arms of Knight, nor Gyants Face,
Leſt broad blew Spot ſhould Baby's Cheek diſgrace;
Yet thou didſt both preſent, to roaſt and boyl,
The welcom Fruits of thy Laborious Toil.
Then, after all, if Fool thou art, farewel;
I'me glad on't, Fools fare beſt in Hell.

The *Princeſs* Oriana *to* Dulcinea del Toboſo.

MAdam, the Reaſon why I write you this,
Is to enquire your health, and hand to kiſs;
I hear y' are one of us, Don Quixote's *Lady,*
But ſcandulous Tongues approbriouſly upbraid yee.
They ſay, your Mother bak't Ox Cheeks, your Father
Cry'd 'em at Nine at Night, or ſometimes rather:
If this be true, as fleering Rumours ſpeak all,
I would not make a Kitchin-Wench my equal;
For I'me a Princeſs born, I do aſſure yee,
And ſhouldſt thou be home-ſpun, ſhould nere endure thee.
Pray ſend me word how you your time do ſpend,
When you ſit down to Cards, when make an end,
How coach'd abroad, how viſited at home,
How deep i' th' Mercers Books, what's Laceman's ſumm;
Do but unfold theſe Anxious doubts of mine,
I'le then reſolve to be, or not be thine.

Gandalin, *Squire to* Amadis de Gaul *to* Sancho Pancha, *Squire to* Don Quixote.

AH! Brother Sancho, *what good luck hadſt thou!*
Thou and thy Maſter lov'd like Calf and Cow;
He like the Cat, that hears her Kittens cry,
Didſt thou but bawle, to thy Relief would fly;
Hadſt thou a mind to talk, talk on cry'd he,
And ſo both talk'd by Turns moſt lovingly;
Thou hadſt an Aſs to ride on, at thy eaſe,
And eke a Wallet for thy Bread and Cheeſe;
While we with Snapſacks trudg'd a foot, God knows,
With thouſand Bliſters on our founderd Toes,
And ſpeak a word, tho' nere ſo ſmooth and racy,
'Twas, dam ye Dogbolt, who made you ſo ſawcy?

A' —

Ah—— Sancho— Sancho, *hadst thou flouriſh'd then,*
Or I liv'd now, we both had happy been;
With Proverbs then thou hadſt inſpir'd my Breſt;
For I was not ſo wicked as the reſt:
I could not play at Cards and ſwear i' th' Hall,
While Maſters drank above, the Devil and all:
No, I had been another Governour
With ample Rule and Legiſlative Power,
Fam'd like thy ſelf, in every Bodies Mouth
Extoll'd, proclaim'd and prais'd from North to South.
But miſſing thee, ill fortune turn'd up Trump,
I dy'd, and in oblivion lye upon my Rump.

A Dialogue between *Roſinante* and *Sancho's* Aſs.

Aſs. *FRiend* Roſinante, *thou look'ſt wondrous lean.*
Roſ. *How can I chooſe, that taſte nor Oat nor Bean.*
Aſs. *The Horſe that eats no Oats, no Oats can ſhite,*
How couldſt thou carry then both Arms and Knight?
Roſ. *My Heart was good altho' my Fleſh were low.*
Aſs. *'Tis not the Faſhion though, as times now go*
To ſerve great Men without reward. Roſ. *'Tis true,*
But he would promiſe fair, tho' deeds were few.
Aſs. *Words feed not Horſes, Aſſes oft they do.*
Roſ. *Elſe thou hadſt ſtarv'd ere now.* Aſs. *Good* Roſinante *why?*
Roſ. *Becauſe thy Maſter's poor.* Aſs. *Then let me dye,*
I'le rather ſerve him then ſome Lords. Roſ. *How ſo?*
Aſs. *Becauſe the Poor themſelves are Aſſes too,*
And love the Beaſts that carry as they do.
Roſ. *How might I change? it is too late I fear:*
Aſs. *Not ſo, if thou an Aſſes voice wilt hear.*
To England *go, where Fools are rich in Purſe,*
There give it out, thou art Don Quixote's *Horſe:*
Thou ſhalt be ſought and bought, and taught to vault;
Then ſhewn at Fairs, for every one a Groat;
Thus ſhalt thou live at eaſe, lamented dye;
And Smithfield *Bards at laſt ſhall write thy Elegy.*

THE

THE

CONTENTS.

THE FIRST PART.

BOOK I.

CHap. 1. *The Condition and Quality of* Don Quixote, *with the Reasons and manner of his first Engaging himself in Hazardous Enterprizes and Noble Atchievments.* Page 1.

Chap. 2. *Of* Don Quixote's *first Frolick, or his solemn Departure from his Native Habitation.* p. 6.

Chap. 3. *The pleasant Relation of* Don Quixote's *being Dubb'd a* Knight-Errant. p. 10.

Chap. 4. *What befel the new Knight after he had left the Inn.* p. 15.

Chap. 5. *A farther Continuation of the Knights Misfortunes.* p. 19.

Chap. 6. *Of the delightful and diligent Survey which the Curate and the Barber took of the Squires Library.* p. 22.

Chap. 7. *Of* Don Quixote's *second departure from his House.* p. 26.

Chap. 8. *Of* Don Quixote's *good success in his dreadful and unheard of Encounter with the Windmills.* p. 29.

BOOK II.

Chap. 1. *The Event of the dreadful Combat between the Couragious* Biscayner, *and the Valiant* Don Quixote. Page 35.

Chap. 2. *Containing the pleasant Discourse between* Don Quixote *and* Sancho Pancha. p. 38.

Chap. 3. *What happened to* Don Quixote *among the Goat-herds.* p. 41.

Chap. 4. *Being the Relation of a Story which one of the Goat-herds told to those that were with* Don Quixote. p. 46.

Chap. 5. *A Continuation of the Story of* Marcella. p. 50.

Chap. 6. *The Verses of the dispairing Shepherd repeated, with other unexpected Accidents.* p. 57.

THE CONTENTS.

BOOK III.

Chap. 1. *Giving an Account of* Don Quixote's *unfortunate Rencounter with certain* Yanguesian *Carriers.* Page 61.

Chap. 2. *What befel* Don Quixote *in the Inn, which he took for a Castle.* p. 66.

Chap. 3. *A Continuation of the innumerable Hardships, that* Don Quixote *and his Squire sustain'd in the Inn.* p. 70.

Chap. 4. *Of the Discourse between* Don Quixote *and* Sancho Pancha, *with several other remarkable Passages.* p. 75.

Chap. 5. *Of the pleasant Discourse between* Don Quixote *and his Squire; and of the Adventure of the Dead Corps.* p. 80.

Chap. 6. *Of the most wonderful Adventure that ever happen'd to* Knight-Errant, *which* Don Quixote *accomplish'd without any danger.* p. 84.

Chap. 7. *Of the winning of* Mambrino's *Helmet.* p. 91.

Chap. 8. *How* Don Quixote *releas's'd a great number of miserable Wretches which their Masters were driving to a place against their Wills.* p. 97.

Chap. 9. *What befel the famous* Don Quixote *in the Mountain of* Sierra Morena, *which was one of the strangest Adventures in all this Real History.* p. 102.

Chap. 10. *The Continuation of the Adventure in the* Black-Mountain. 108.

Chap. 11. *Of the strange Accidents that befel the Valiant Knight of* Mancha *in the* Black Mountain; *and of his imitating the Penance perform'd by the* Lovely-Obscure. p. 112.

Chap. 12. *A Continuation of the Amorous Pranks which the Courtly Knight of* Mancha *plai'd in the* Black Mountain. p. 121.

Chap. 13. *How the Curate and the Barber accomplish'd their Design; with many other Occurrences of great Importance.* p. 125.

BOOK IV.

Chap. 1. *Of the new and Pleasant Adventure which befel the Curate and the Barber in the* Black Mountain. Page 135.

Chap. 2. *Where perhaps you may meet with something worth your reading.* p. 144.

Chap. 3. *The pursuit of the History of the Princess of* Micomicon, *containing the cunning Policies and Stratagems of the* Curate *and* Barber, *to free the Enamour'd Knight from the rigorous Penance which he had undertaken.* p. 152.

Chap. 4. *Containing the pleasant Discourse between* Don Quixote *and his*

his Squire; with other Remarkable Passages. p. 159.
Chap. 5. *Of what happen'd at the Inn.* p. 166.
Chap. 6. *The* Novel *of the* Curious Impertinent. p. 171.
Chap. 7. *The Sequel of the* Novel *of the* Curious Impertinent p. 179.
Chap. 8. *The conclusion of the* Novel *of the* Curious Impertinent. p. 191.
Chap. 9. *Recounting several rare Adventures that happen'd in the Inn.* p. 197.
Chap. 10. *Being a continuation of the History of the famous Princess of* Micomicona, *with other delightful Adventures.* p. 204.
Chap. 11. *Containing the farther curious Discourse of* Don Quixote *upon Arms and Arts* p. 211.
Chap. 12. *The History of the Slave.* p. 215.
Chap. 14. *Wherein the Captive goes on with his Story.* p. 222.
Chap. 15. *Of what happen'd in the Inn; and of other remarkable Passages, worthy to be known.* p. 233.
Chap. 16. *Relating the story of the young Mule-driver, with other strange Passages that happen'd in the Inn.* p. 238.
Chap. 17. *Being a continuation of unheard of Adventures.* p. 245.
Chap. 18. *Wherein are decided the Controversies touching the Helmet and Pannel, with other Adventures as they really happen'd.* p. 251.
Chap. 19. *Containing the notable Adventure of the Bailiffs, and declaring withal the horrible Wrath of the most Noble* Don Quixote. p. 257.
Chap. 20. *Containing several Occurrences.* p. 263.
Chap. 21. *Wherein the Prebend pursues his Discourse upon Books of* Knight-Errantry. p. 269.
Chap 22. *Containing the excellent Discourse between* Sancho Pancha *and his Master* Don Quixote. p. 272.
Chap. 23. *Containing the pleasant Dispute between the Prebend and* Don Quixote. p. 277.
Chap. 24. *Containing the Goatherds Story.* p. 282.
Chap. 25. *Containing the Quarrel between* Don Quixote *and the Goatherd, and the rare Adventure of the Penitents, which cost him the sweat of his Brows to accomplish.* p. 286.

THE

THE CONTENTS.

THE SECOND PART.

BOOK I.

CHap. 1. *Containing the manner of* Don Quixote's *third escape.* Page 295.

Chap. 2. *Of the pleasant quarrel that happen'd between* Sancho Pancha *and* Don Quixote's *Niece and Governante.* p. 302.

Chap. 3. *Containing the learned Discourse between* Don Quixote Sancho Pancha, *and the young* Carrasco. p. 305.

Chap. 4. *Wherein* Sancho *satisfies all the young Schollars queries, with other things profitable to know, and fit to be related.* p. 310.

Chap. 5. *Containing the pleasant Discourse between* Sancho Pancha *and his Wife, &c.* p. 313.

Chap. 6. *Containing what pass'd between* Don Quixote, *his Niece, and his Maid; which is one of the most important Chapters in the whole History.* p. 317.

Chap. 7. *Containing a second Colloquie between* Don Quixote *and his Squire, with other most Famous Adventures.* p. 320.

Chap. 8. *What befel* Don Quixote *going to visit his Lady* Dulcinea. p. 325.

Chap. 9. *Which when you have read, you will see what is in it.* p. 329.

Chap. 10. *Containing a Relation how* Sancho *found out a way to Enchant the Lady* Dulcinea; *with other Passages, no less certain than rediculous.* p. 331.

Chap. 11. *Containing the prodigious Adventure of the Chariot of the Officers of Death.* p. 337.

Chap. 12. *Containing the strange Adventure that befel the Valiant* Don Quixote, *with the Gallant* Knight *of the* Wood. p. 341.

Chap. 13. *Containing a continuation of the Adventure of the* Knight *of the* Wood; *and the pleasant Discourse that pass'd between the two Squires* p. 346.

Chap. 14. *Containing the Continuation of the Adventure of the* Knight *of the* Wood. p. 350.

Chap. 15. *Giving an Account who the Knight of the* Looking-glasses, *and his Squire with the Toting Nose, were.* p. 356.

Chap. 16. *What befel* Don Quixote *with a sober Gentleman of* Mancha. p. 358.

Chap. 17. *Wherein is set forth the greatest mark of Courage that ever* Don Quixote *shew'd in his Life, and the happy conclusion of the Adventure of the Lyons.* p. 363.

BOOK

THE CONTENTS.

BOOK II.

Chap. 18. *What befel* Don Quixote *at the Knight of the Green Cassock's House, with other extravagant Passages.* p. 371.

Chap. 19. *Of the Adventure of the Amorous Shepherd, and several other things.* p. 379.

Chap. 20. *Containing very strange Accidents, as well in reference to* Martin *the* Brave, *as* Basilius the Poor. p. 383.

Chap. 21. *Containing a farther Relation of* Don Martin's *Nuptials, and several other strange Accidents.* p. 390.

Chap. 22. *Of the un-heard-of Adventure of the Cavern of* Montesinos, *which* Don Quixote *accomplish'd with great success.* p. 394.

Chap. 23. *Containing a Relation of the wonderful things which the Unparallell'd* Don Quixote *saw in the Cave of* Montesinos; *the strangeness and impossibility of which makes this Chapter to be taken for Apocrypha.* p. 399.

Chap. 24. *Where you will find a hunder'd Fiddle-faddles and Impertinences, as ridiculous as necessary for the understanding this true History.* p. 405.

Chap. 25. *Containing the Braying Adventure; with the Adventure of the Puppit-Player, and the Fortune-telling Ape.* p. 409.

Chap. 26. *Continuing the Pleasant Adventure of the Puppit-Player, with other pleasant Passages.* p. 415.

Chap. 27. *Wherein is discover'd who Mr.* Peter *was, together with the ill success which* Don Quixote *had in the Adventure of Braying, which did not fall out according to his wishes.* p. 420.

Chap. 28. *Containing several remarkable Passages written by* Benengeli, *which he that reads the next Chapter with attention may know.* p. 424.

Chap. 29. *Containing the Adventure of the Enchanted Bark.* p. 427.

Chap. 30. *Containing what happen'd to* Don Quixote *upon his meeting with the fair Huntress.* p. 431.

Chap. 31. *Containing several extraordinary Matters.* p. 434.

Chap. 32. *Containing* Don Quixote's *Answer to the Chaplain.* p. 440.

BOOK III.

Chap. 1. *Containing the pleasant Discourse between the Dutchess, her Damsels and* Sancho Pancha, *worthy to be read with attention.* p. 449.

Chap. 34. *Relating the method that was taken to disinchant Madam* Dulcinea del Toboso, *which is one of the most famous Adventures*

in this Book. p. 453.
Chap. 2. *Containing the Means that were us'd to disinchant* Dulcinea, *with other admirable Passages.* p. 458.
Chap. 3. *Containing the strange and wonderful Adventure of the Lady* Dolorida, *otherwise Countess of* Trifaldi, *with a Letter which* Sancho *wrote to his Wife* Teresa Pancha. p. 462
Chap. 4. *Being a Continuation of the famous Adventure of the Lady* Dolorida. p. 466.
Chap. 5. *Wherein Madam* Dolorida *recounts her Misfortunes.* p. 467.
Chap. 6. *Being a Continuation of the Wonderful History of the Countess of* Three-Skirts. p. 471.
Chap. 7. *Containing several Matters that appertain and belong to this remarkable Adventure.* p. 473.
Chap. 8. *Containing the Arrival of Skrew-Peg, and the End of this Tedious Adventure.* p. 477.
Chap. 9. *Containing the Counsel which* Don Quixote *gave* Sancho *before he went to his Government.* p. 483.
Chap. 10. *Being a Continuation of* Don Quixote's *Instructions to* Sancho. p. 486.
Chap. 11. *How* Sancho *went to take Possession of his Island, and of the strange Adventure that befel* Don Quixote *in the Castle.* p. 489.
Chap. 12. *How the famous* Sancho Pancha *took possession of his Island, and how he behav'd himself in his Government.* p. 494.
Chap. 13. *Of the Strange Accident that befel* DonQuixote *while he was pondring upon Madam* Joan Tomboy. p. 498.
Chap. 14. *Containing a Continuation of* Sancho's *Government.* p. 502.
Chap. 15. *What befel* Don Quixote *with Madam* Doroty *the Dutchesses Waiting-woman, with other Accidents worthy Eternal Memory.* p. 507.
Chap. 16. *What befel* Sancho *in his Progress round the Island.* p. 512.
Chap. 17. *Who they were that whipp'd Madam* Doroty *and claw'd* Don Quixote; *with the success of the Page that carried* Sancho's *Letter to his Wife.* p. 519.
Chap. 18. *Containing the Continuation of* Sancho's *Government.* p. 524.
Chap. 19. *The Adventure of the Second Madam* Sorrowful, *otherwise Mistress* Doroty. p. 528.

BOOK IV.

Chap. 1. *Containing the toilsome Conclusion of* Sancho Pancha's *Government.* p. 533.
Chap. 2. *Containing several things that tend to the Illustration of this History, and no other.* p. 537.

Chap.

THE CONTENTS.

Chap. 3. *What befel* Sancho *upon the Road, which is all truth.* p. 540.

Chap. 4. *Of the ſtrange Combat between* Don Quixote *and the Lacquey* Toſilos, *in vindication of Madam* Doroty's *Daughter.* p. 544.

Chap. 5. *How* Don Quixote *took his leave of the Duke, and what paſſ'd between him and the Diſcreet, but Impudent Hoyden Madam* Tomboy. p. 547.

Chap. 6. *How* Don Quixote *met with Adventures upon Adventures, ſo thick that he knew not which way to turn himſelf.* p. 550.

Chap. 7. *What happen'd to* Don Quixote, *which may be truly call'd an Adventure.* p. 557.

Chap. 8. *What befel* Don Quixote *going to* Barcellona. p. 562.

Chap. 9. *What happen'd to* Don Quixote *upon his entry into* Barcellona, *with other things that carry more of Truth than Probability.* p. 568.

Chap. 10. *Containing the Adventure of the Enchanted Head, &c.* p. 570.

Chap. 11. *What befel* Sancho *going aboard the Galleys, and of the Adventure of the Beautiful* Moorels. p. 576.

Chap. 12. *Containing that unlucky Adventure which* Don Quixote *layd moſt to his heart of any that ever befel him.* p. 581.

Chap. 13. *Who the Knight of the* White Moon *was; and of the News of* Don Gregorio's *Liberty, and ſeveral other Adventures.* p. 583.

Chap. 14. *Which treats of that which he ſhall ſee who reads, and he ſhall hear that liſtens with attention.* p. 586.

Chap. 15. *Containing* Don Quixot's *Reſolution to turn Shepherd all the time of his being confin'd from bearing Arms.* p. 589.

Chap. 16. *Containing the Adventure of the Briſtles.* p. 592.

Chap. 17. *Containing the ſtrangeſt Adventure that ever* Don Quixote *met with, and the moſt ſurprizing in all this large Hiſtory.* p. 596.

Chap. 18. *Which follows the Seventeenth, and treats of ſeveral things neceſſary for the Illuſtration of this Hiſtory.* p. 599.

Chap. 19. *What befel* Don Quixote *and his Squire in their way home.* p. 602.

Chap. 20. *How* Don Quixote *and* Sancho *arriv'd at their Village.* p. 607.

Chap. 21. *Of the ſtrange ill Omens that happen'd to* Don Quixote *before he enter'd the Village.* p. 610.

Chap. 22. *How* Don Quixote *fell ſick, of the Will that he made, and of his Death.* p. 613.

THE

Don Quixot Dubb'd a Knight Errant by the Innkeeper. page 10.

Don Quixot's Encounter with the Windmills. page 29.

THE

LIFE and ATCHIEVEMENTS

Of the most Renown'd

Don Quixote

OF

MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

The Condition and Quality of DON QUIXOTE; *with the Reasons and Manner of his first Engageing Himself in Hazardous Enterprizes and Noble Atchievements.*

IN some part of *Mancha*, of which the Name is at present slipt out of my Memory, not many years ago, there liv'd a certain Country Squire, of the Race of King *Arthur*'s Tilters, that formerly wander'd from Town to Town, Cas'd up in Rusty old Iron, with Lance in Rest, and a Knight-Templers Target; bestriding a forlorn *Pegasus*, as Lean as a *Dover* Post-Horse, and a confounded Founder'd Jade to boot. Beef-steaks stew'd in a Nasty Pipkin, with a Red-Herring to taste his Liquor a Nights; Fasting and Prayer a Fridays, parch'd Pease a Saturdays, with a Lark now and then a Sundays to mend his Commons, consum'd three parts of his Estate. The rest he as prodigally wasted in an extravagant Wardrobe: In which was an ancient Plush-Jacket, purchas'd from a Mountebanks Widow; a Pair of Black Bays Breeches for Holidays, purchas'd of the Hangman; and a Pair of Boots, first Exchang'd for Heath-Brooms, and then new Vamp't by the Cobler; with one Spur and Spur-Leather; well knowing, that if one side of the Horse went forward, the other must follow. And you may add to these his Extravagances, one Sute more of *Irish* Frize for Worky-days. He kept in his House a grave Matron of Fifty for Service, a Niece of Twenty for private Recreation, and a Skip-kennel to Saddle his Horse, and Rob Orchards for Second Course. The Master himself was in his Fortieth year; strong of Constitution, but the Skin of his Face wither'd

like a Winter-Pippin; an Early Riſer, and a great Night-Walker. Some there are who aſſert, that he bore the Sirname of *Quixada*, or *Queſada* (tho they who write his Life are at great variance one amongſt another as to this particular), yet by moſt probable conjectures the Addition of *Quixada* may be well enough allow'd him. But let that paſs, it not being a ſtraw matter to our purpoſe what his Sirname was, or whether he had a Sirname or no; For it is our buſineſs to Write the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth.

Know then, That this ſame Worſhipful Gentleman, whenever he had any leiſure time to ſpare (which was for the moſt part all the Year long) dedicated his vacant Hours to the Reading Stories of Knight Errantry; which he did with ſuch an eager Appetite and earneſt Devotion, that he forgot all his other Exerciſes, and let his Eſtate go at ſix and ſevens. Nay, ſuch was the Folly of this Country Squire in the proſecution of his vain Studies, that he made his Lands *Errant* before himſelf, and ſold a fair Eſtate to buy Books of Knight-Errantry to gratifie his Curioſity; inſomuch, that he ſtufft his ſmall Cottage with whole Wheel-barrow Loads of that ſort of Waſte Paper. Yet none of thoſe famous Writers tickl'd his Fancy like the Works of the Renown'd *Feliciano de Sylva*: For he look'd upon the clearneſs of his Stile, enterlac'd and embelliſh'd with certain quaint Ginglings and chiming Expreſſions, as ſo many Jewels of Eloquence; eſpecially when he came to read the Love-Letters and Amorous Billets of the Knights to their Ladies; and the haughty Challenges which the diſguſted Champions ſent one to another. As where he found theſe Charms of his Underſtanding:

The Reaſon of your Unreaſonableneſs, which has affronted my Reaſon, has incens'd my Reaſon in ſuch a manner, that I have juſt Reaſon to Complain of your Beauty.

And when in another place he met with the following Rapture:

The Sublime Heavens of your Divinity, that raiſe you to the Stars, and make you the Deſerver of the Deſert which your Grandeur Deſerves.

Such Conceits and Whimſies as theſe, had ſo diſturb'd the Thoughts of our diſtracted Knight, that he took no Repoſe Day or Night, but continually plagu'd and tormented his Brains, to unravel thoſe profound Myſteries which *Ariſtotle* himſelf would ne're have been able to have done, could they have rais'd him from the Dead to that intent.

He could by no means endure to hear of thoſe unreaſonable and inhuman Cuts and Gaſhes which Don *Belianis* both gave to others and receiv'd himſelf. For he conſider'd, that ſuch curſed Slaſhes as thoſe, let the Surgeon be never ſo skilful, could ne're be Cur'd without the Face and Body being ſtrangely diſfigur'd with the Scars and Marks of Quarrelſom Honour. Nevertheleſs, he highly applauded in that Author, the concluding his Book with a Promiſe of the Remaining part of thoſe wond'rous Adventures. And many times, not finding Him ſo good as his word, he had an itching deſire to have turn'd Romancer, and to have ſupply'd the unfortunate neglect of that forgetful Gentlemen, by putting an end to the Story himſelf: Which others ſay he certainly had done, had not his Thoughts been wholly employ'd upon far more important and weighty Deſigns. Moreover, this Scorbutic Humour of his had like to have

have been prejudicial to his Soul's Health: For the Curate of the Parish and He could never meet over a Pot of Nappy Drink and a Game at Back-Gammon, but they were always at Daggers-drawing about who was the bravest Kill-Giant, *Palmerin* of *England* or *Amadis de Gaul*: But *Didymus*, a Barber of the same Village, affirm'd to his Teeth, that there was none to compare with the Knight of the *Sun*; yet if any one came near him, for fore-stroke and back-stroke, 'twas Don *Galaor* the Brother of *Amadis de Gaul*; for besides that he was better born by the Mothers side, and better bred, for a true Bear-Garden Cut and Slash there was no man living out-did him.

Fix'd in his Resolutions he betook himself so passionately and with so much eagerness to his Studies, that a Nights he por'd on from Sun-set to Sun-rise, and a Days from Sun-rise to Sun-set. And thus, by Sleeping so little and Reading so much, he exhausted the moisture of his Brain to that Degree, that the Vehicle of his Understanding being quite dry'd up, his Senses forsook their Quarters. In the mean time, his empty *Pericranium* was stufft with nothing but the Lumber of Enchantments, Quarrels, Encounters, Battels, Challenges, Wounds, Love-Letters, Amorous Addresses, Torments of Despair, Horrible Woes, Dire Distresses, Labyrinths, Intrigues, Possibilities, Impossibilities, and a World of other Trompery. And these charming Follies had taken so deep a root in his Fancy, that he believ'd for Gospel all the frivolous Fables and Chimera's that he read. He admir'd the *Cid Rudiaz* for a most Valiant Knight; but not to be compar'd with the Knight of the *Burning Pestle*; for he with one back swinge of his Faulchion cut in two i'the middle two famous Gyants, both near as tall as two ordinary Steeples, and about ten Yards about i'the Wast. But he had an extraordinary opinion of *Bernardo del Carpio*, who sent the Enchanted *Roldan* to the Devil, lifting him up from the Ground by the Buttocks with one Hand, and griping his Wezant so hard with the other, that he Choak'd him in four Minutes, as *Hercules* did *Anteus*. He always spoke very Honourably of the Gyant *Morgante*; who tho he were descended from the most cruel and savage Race of all the Gyants, yet always carried himself like a person that had something of Breeding and Gentility in him. But above all the rest he Extoll'd to the Skies *Raynaldo* of *Montalbon*; among whose Atchievements, there was none pleas'd him so to the Life, as when he Sally'd out of his Castle and Rob'd all that he met upon the Road, Man, Woman, and Child: And then again, when he stole the Idol of *Mahomet*, which was all of Gold, and pawn'd it when he had done to new Rig his Harlot.

In short, having thus lost his Wits, the strangest Whimsie enter'd his Noddle, that ever pester'd a Distracted Skull. For now, such was the Result of all his Studies and Meditations, That as a thing that was not only convenient, but absolutely necessary, as well for the increase of his Honour as for the public Good, nothing else in the World would serve him, but he must needs Dub himself and turn *Knight Errant*; with a design to roam about the World in quest of Adventures, and to put in practice whatever he had Read, in imitation of those wand'ring Champions in former times, that trotted from Post to Pillar, Pot valiant and Fool-hardy, seeking all occasions to pick Quarrels for the Relief of injur'd Virgins, abus'd Marry'd Women, and oppress'd Widows, in defiance of all Danger; and after great Atchievements thus perform'd, to rest his weary Bones and Bruis'd Limbs in the Bed of immortal Honour. Poor in Purse, but Rich in Conceit, he had already in Imagination the Diadem of *Persia*. And therefore flat-

ACADEMIA BIBLIOTECA

ter'd with these bewitching Dreams, and puff't up with a thousand soaring Thoughts, he prepares with expedition to take the Field. The first thing he did, was to scour an old Suit of Armour, that had been his Father's Grandfather's Great-Grandfather's Father's; as Rusty as the Key-hole of a Miser's Powdering Tub, which for many Ages had been laid up and forgotten in a mouldy Hamper among the Garret-Lumber. But when he had Rubb'd with a dry Brick (as bright as their Age would permit) the Cuirace, Vambraces, and Gauntlets, the Devil of any Helmet could be found, but only a single Head piece. However his Industry and Ingenuity supply'd that defect, by pasting together several pieces of Brown Paper; of which he made himself a most complete Vizor to defend his Nose and Eyes. This Invention pleas'd him wonderfully; nevertheless to make Tryal whether it were proof against a Giants strong Arm and keen Cutlace to boot, he presently drew forth his own Sword. But so it was, shame light on all ill luck, that with one puissant stroke he spoil'd the Toil and Labour of a whole Week. Scorning, however, to be daunted by his first Misfortune, he fell again to work with his brown Paper and Paste; and warn'd by his first Miscarriage, he bethought himself of putting a thin Plate of *Iron* between every piece of Paper; which he did so artificially, as if he had been *Tubal-Cain* himself, that now fully satisfi'd with the strength and sufficiency of his Workmanship, he resolv'd to confide in his Ingenuity, without any farther Trial.

In the next place, he went to visit his Warlike Steed; which tho a lean ill-favour'd Jade, whose Bones stuck out like the Corners of a Spanish *Reyal*, with more Defects than a Brewer's Mill-horse, yet he valu'd equal to *Alexander*'s *Bucephalus*, or *Cesar*'s cloven-footed Barb. Four Days together he spent in considering what Name to give him; for (as he argu'd very well with himself) there was no Reason that a Hobby, which carry'd so famous a Knight, should be without a remarkable Name, especially a Beast so serviceable as he was; and therefore he labour'd to give him such a Name, as should demonstrate as well what he had been before he had the Honour to bear the burthen of a Knight-Errant, as what he was afterwards. Besides, he thought it but fit, since the Master had chang'd his Condition, that the Horse also should change his Name, and get him a new one, a brave sonorous Word, to make a noise in the Air, as it parted from Tongue, befitting the Respect and Esteem that was due to the Quality and Profession of his Owner. And so at length, after several Names, which with long Study and Meditation, came into mind, rejecting some, blotting out others, chopping and changing, dashing out, putting in, scratching his Pate, rubbing his Forehead, twitching his Beard, at last he pitch'd upon the celebrated and altisonant Name of *Rozinante*. A Name to his heart's desire, a lofty, loud sounding, Riddle-unfolding, Sense-explaining Name, pointing from his first Condition of a Pack-horse, to the high Degree of a *Hackney-Errant*.

Now having found out a Name, so much to his satisfaction for his Horse, his next care was to find out some signal *Appellative* for himself; to which purpose he sate in serious Council with his own Thoughts Eight Days more. At the end of which, he concluded upon the Worshipful, Right-Worshipful, Honourable, Right-Honourable Name of *Don Quixote*: From whence the most celebrated Authors of this unquestionable History infer, That his true Name was *Quixada*, and not *Quesada*, as others erroneously conjecture. And finding that the valiant *Amadis*, not content with the bare plain Name of *Amadis*, without the Addition of his Nation and Coun-

try,

try, to lace it, and render it famous, gave himſelf the Title of *Amadis de Gaul*; he deem'd it moſt highly proper to embelliſh his own Name like a fring'd Pair of Gloves, with the Trimming of his Country's Denomination, and therefore call'd Himſelf *Don Quixote* of the *Mancha*, as well to honour the Hamlet of his Nativity, as to let the World know the place of his Birth.

And thus having ſcour'd his Arms, made himſelf a Beaver to his Iron Scul-cap, and found out a Name both for his Beaſt and Himſelf; he conſider'd, that there was nothing now wanting more, but to find out a *Gypſie Mort* for the exerciſe of his Courtſhip, and to be the Lady of his Affections; for that a *Knight-Errant* without a Doxie, was like a Tree without Leaves, or a Body without a Soul. Said he to himſelf, ſhould it happen, for the puniſhment of my Sins, or for ſome ſpite the Devil may owe me, that I ſhould meet with ſome Giant, as it is uſual for *Knight-Errants* to do, and I ſhould lay him ſprawling at the firſt Encounter, or ſliver him into two equal parts, and ſo become the Lord and Maſter of his miraculous Carkace, would it not be proper for me to ſend theſe Trophies of my Valour to ſome Lady or other? And that the Giant, vanquiſh'd and mangl'd as he was, ſhould, at his firſt entry into her preſence, throw himſelf at her Feet, and with a low and trembling Voice, ſhould cry, *Faireſt of Ladies, I am the Giant* Caraculiambro, *Lord of the Iſland of* Malindrama, *vanquiſh'd in ſingle Fight by the ever, as he ought to be, moſt renown'd and valiant Knight*, Don Quixote *of the* Mancha, *who has here ſent me to preſent my ſelf a proſtrate Captive to your* Illuſtrious Sublimity, *for your* Highneſs *to diſpoſe of at your own moſt abſolute Will and Pleaſure.* You cannot imagine how the Knight was tranſported with Joy, after he had thus diſcours'd with himſelf; more eſpecially, having withal bethought himſelf where to find a *Trugmallion* fit for his turn. For, as concurring Fates would have it, there liv'd, it ſeems, in a Village adjoining to his own Lordſhip, a young freſh-colour'd ſmerking Country-Wench that went for a Maid, but in truth, was a crackt piece of Ware, with whom the Knight had formerly been in Love; tho for her part, ſhe knew nothing of it, nor took any Cognizance of his Kindneſs. Her Name was *Aldonça Lorenço*; and this was ſhe of whom he made choice to be the Idol of his amorous Devotions; and then pumping for a Name to call her by, that might be ſutable to his own, and correſpond with the Dignity of ſo great a Lady and Princeſs, as ſhe was like to be; at length he pitch'd upon the Name of *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, for that his Miſtreſs was a Native of that Village. An Invention that wonderfully pleas'd him, to hear the ſmooth, muſical, poetical Running of the Syllables, ſo proper for Sonnets, Madrigals, and Serenades; and the Majeſty of *Toboſo*, that brought up the *Tail* of the *Name*.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Of Don Quixote's *first Frolick; or his ſolemn Departure from his Native Habitation.*

HAving made theſe Proviſions, and ſecured himſelf againſt all Accidents, he reſolv'd no longer to delay his entrance upon the Stage of the World, as now believing himſelf guilty of all the Miſchiefs, all the Wrongs and Injuſtices committed among mortal men, which he had power both to redreſs and prevent. And ſo, one morning before day, in the Summer-heat of *July*, without imparting his Deſign ſo much as to his Shirt, or being perceiv'd by any Creature living, he caſes himſelf in Iron from top to toe, laces on his Helmet, hangs his Target at his left ſhoulder, takes Lance in Hand, and then mounting *Rozinante*, away he ſneak'd out at a private Gate of a Back-yard into the free and open Field, tranſported at the proſperous Succeſs of ſuch a noble Deſign. But hardly had he jogg'd on above a hundred ſlow Paces from his Habitation, when a moſt terrible ſcruple of Conſcience had like to have ruin'd all, and put him upon the diſmal Reſolution of renouncing the whole Enterpriſe. For it came into his Mind, wretched Man as he was, that he had never yet been Dubb'd, as the Laws of Knighthood requir'd; and therefore that he neither could, nor ought to Challenge, or Combate any profeſs'd Knight. And, which was more, that as a *Probationer* only, it became him to wear white Armour, and not to carry any *Device* or *Motto* in his Shield, till he had ſignaliz'd himſelf by ſome remarkable Encounter.

Theſe weighty Conſiderations put him in a ſtrange *Quandary*, till at length his Vanity having ſurmounted his Reaſon, he reſolv'd to be *dubb'd* by the next Perſon he met, in imitation of ſeveral others, who had done the like, as he had obſerv'd in the continual Progreſs of his Studies. As for that Nicety concerning the Colour of his Arms, he was ſoon rid of it, when he bethought himſelf that he had both powder'd Brick, and leiſure ſufficient, to polliſh and burniſh 'em, that they ſhould look as white as the *driv'n Snow*. And thus having appeas'd theſe mutinous Qualms, on he troop'd the pace of a Butter-woman's old Mare, leaving it to the Diſcretion of his Horſe to go which Way he pleas'd; believing aſſuredly, that it was only in that, wherein the very Eſſence and Being of all *Adventures* conſiſted. In this ſlow March, a thouſand Dreams and Fancies rocking his delighted Soul; What a charming Pleaſure will it queſtionleſs be, ſaid he, for Ages to come, to read the *Story* of my famous Acts! When the grave and ſerious *Penman* of this my firſt Career in Search of Fame, ſhall thus begin.

"Scarce had the Bright-hair'd *Phœbus* began to diſhevel his gold'n Treſ-
"ſes o're the ſilent Earth; and ſcarce the little Birds had tun'd their Pipes to
"ſing their early Welcomes to the beautiful *Aurora*, who having newly left
"her jealous *Paramour*'s Bed, began to ſhew her ſelf to drowzie Mortals, from
"the Balconies of *La Mancha*'s Horizon, when the renowned Knight, *Don*
"*Quixote* diſdaining effeminate Repoſe, and the ſoft Pleaſures of voluptuous
"Dreams, mounting his fierce Courſer, *Roſinante*, entred the ancient and
"delightful Plains of *Montiel*. For to tell ye truth, that was the very Road
"he took. And then proceeding; Oh happy Age, ſaid he, and happy Sons
"of Men, which now the Gods have deem'd worthy to behold tranſcen-
"dent Acts of Valour, and be the Witneſſes of my Atchievements, more fit

"to

" to be engraven on Columns of Braſs, and cut in Marble Pillars, as Monu-
" ments of my Glory, and Examples for future Ages. And thou, whoſe
" Fate ſoever it ſhall be to regiſter th' Effects of my aſtoniſhing Proweſs,
" Forget not, I beſeech thee, to publiſh to the World the Vigour and Cou-
" rage of my *Roſinante*, the faithful and conſtant Companion of my Adven-
" tures. Out of theſe he rambl'd into other Diſcourſes; and, as if he had been really and truly up to the hard Ears in Love. "Oh, Princeſs *Dulcinea*,
" quo He, ſole Miſtreſs of this Captive Heart! Juſtly muſt I complain of
" your Injuſtice in thus condemning me to live an Exile from your Preſence,
" and impoſing on me your ſevere and rigorous Commands never to behold
" your Beauties more. Remember, moſt illuſtrious Lady, and th' only Em-
" preſs of my Thoughts, remember, I ſay, the Pains I take, and the Hard-
" ſhip which I undergo, all for love of Thee.

With raving, ſuch as theſe, he entertain'd his Thoughts, and ſuch like Ejaculations, which he had cond' by Heart from Volumes of Romances; and theſe enchanting Dotages had ſo poſſeſs'd and ſtupify'd his Reaſon, that he never minded the parching Heat of the Sun, which now ſhot down his Beams ſo perpendicular upon his Coxcomb, enough to have broil'd his Brains, had he but had a Scull to have contain'd a Dram of *Intellect*.

He travel'd all that Day however, without meeting any Adventure worthy the Trouble of Relation, which put him into a kind of Deſpair; ſuch was his Impatience to try the Strength of his Arm.

Now here it is that Authors diſagree; for ſome aver, That the firſt Adventure which fleſh'd our Knight-Errant, was that of the *Lapicean Gate*: Others, that of the *Wind-mills*: But all that I can diſcover in this matter, and what I meet with in the *Annals* of *La Mancha*, is only this; That all that Day, his Horſe and He ſtept on, travelling fair and ſoftly; and that toward the Evening they were both ready to periſh for Hunger, and ſo tir'd, that *Roſinante* could hardly ſtand upon his Legs. At what time, *Don Quixote* looking wiſtly about him, in hopes to diſcover either ſome Caſtle, or Shepherd's lowly Cottage, where to reſt himſelf and his weary Steed, by and by eſpy'd an Inn; a Sight more welcome than a Land mark to a Tempeſt-driv'n Pilot. Thereupon, Neceſſity vanquiſhing Compaſſion, he quickn'd feeble *Roſinante* with a Spur, and arriv'd at the Inn upon the ſhutting in of Daylight. Now it happen'd, that at the ſame time two young Females, otherwiſe call'd Daughters of Joy, who were to go the next Day to *Sevile* with the Carrier, ſtood cooling themſelves at the Inn Door. This fell luckily out; for the Knight-Errant, whoſe Head was intoxicated with Romances, and made all his Conjectures by his Reading, no ſooner ſaw the Inn, but he imagin'd it to be a Caſtle with four Towers, which his ſtrong Fancy as ſoon had fortify'd with Motes and Draw-bridges, and all thoſe other Securities of Fortification deſcrib'd in the Stories of Knight-Errantry. Therefore he ſtopp'd a while at a diſtance from the Gate of this imaginary Fortreſs, expecting when ſome Dwarf would ſound his Horn upon the Plat-form, to give Notice of the Arrival of a ſtrange Knight. But finding that no Dwarf appear'd, and that *Roſinante* had more mind to be i'the Stable, he advanc'd to the Inn Gate, where eſpying the two young Hackney-Sinners before mention'd, he took 'em for Ladies of great Quality ſtanding for the benefit of the freſh Air, at the Gate of the Caſtle. It happen'd alſo at the inſtant Time, as Luck would have it, that a Swineherd, hard by, ſounded his Horn three times to call home his Hoggs; which was delicious Muſick in *Don Quixote*'s Ear, who now believed, that the Dwarf had given notice of his Approach. Thereupon, with a Joy unſpeakeable, he rode gravely

up

up to the two Jilts; who beholding a Man ſo formidable cas'd in Iron up to his very Teeth, and loaden beſide with his War like Lumber of Lance and Buckler, as thoſe that were more us'd to naked Converſation, and diſarm'd Carnality, were about to run for't. But then, *Don Quixote* rightly conjecturing their Terror by their Flight, lifting up his Paſt board Viſor, and diſcovering his wither'd, duſty Countenance, with a comely Grace, and grave Delivery: Ladies, quo he, be not afraid; for be ſecure, your Flight is groundleſs: The Order of Knighthood, which I profeſs, permits me not to injure any Perſon, much leſs ſuch fair and vertuous Ladies as your ſelves. Thoſe ſoft Expreſſions ſtopt their Career, ſo that they turn'd back to, and viewed with Admiration the ridiculous Figure of the ruſty Apparition, that ſpoke with ſo much Affability, and yet they could not ſee any Mouth he had. But that which made 'em moſt merry, was to hear themſelves call'd *Ladies*, a Title they had never been accuſtom'd to; inſomuch that it put 'em into a loud fit of Laughter, which ſo incens'd *Don Quixote*, who thought himſelf the Subject of their Mirth, that with a Countenance overcaſt of a ſudden, like a ſerene Sky; Give me leave to tell ye, Ladies, quo he, That Modeſty and Diſcretion would better become Damſels of Quality, which I take you to be; whereas Laughter without Ground, is an Imprudence next to Folly: "Nevertheleſs, bright Pair of "matchleſs Beauties, quo he, I ſpeak not this out of any ill Will, but by way "of wholeſom Advice to thoſe whom I am bound to ſerve and honour. This high-flown Mixture of Reproof and Ceremony, ſet the two young Wenches a gigling ten times worſe than before, and made the poor Knight as mad as a March Hare: ſo that 'tis hard to conjecture what would have been the Iſſue, had he not at the ſame time ſeen the Inkeeper appear: who obſerving ſuch a ſtrange Diſguiſe of human Shape, ſo odly accouter'd with an old Wardrobe of Marſhal Furniture, could hardly refrain bearing a part with the two Harlots himſelf. But having more reaſon than they to fear ſuch a World of Warlike Preparation, he reſolv'd to uſe him with more Reſpect, and therefore ſubmiſſively accoſting *Don Quixote*; "Sir Knight, "ſaid he, if you ſeek for Accommodation in this Place, you will fail of "nothing but a Bed; for all things elſe are here at your Service in abun- "dance. *Don Quixote*, mov'd with the Humility of the *Lord* of the *Caſtle* (for ſuch he had fancy'd the *Innkeeper* to be) and willing to return a becoming Anſwer; "Worthy *Paladine*, quo he, the meaneſt trifle in the "World ſuffices me, I am not a Perſon that ſtudies Delicacy of Diet, or "gaudy Curtains and Valence, as you may well ſee; my Arms are all the "Ornament and Equipage that I admire, and Combate is my Bed of Re- "poſe.

The Inn-keeper could not well apprehend at firſt why Don *Quixote* gave him the Apellation of *Paladine*. But having been an *Andaluzian* Bully, a *Jamaican* Buckaneer, as true a Thief as ever ſung *Pſalm* at *Tyburn*, and ſtill as wicked as a Northern Oſtler or a *French* Page, it was not long before he took the Elevation of the *Knight Errant*'s Pole, and ſo having his Anſwer ſoon ready: "Why then, Sir Knight, ſaid he, conſidering the courſe of "Life which you profeſs, methinks a good clean Pavement of hard Stones "ſhould be the beſt Bed in the World for your purpoſe; for I dare ſay "your Worſhip ſleeps no more then a Sentinel. Therefore Sir, 'tis but "alighting, and I'le ſecure ye a Lodging that ſhall not only keep ye awake "for one Night, but all the Year long, if you pleaſe. And having ſo ſaid, he went and held Don *Quixote*'s Stirrup; who, what with his ponderous Load of old Iron, and with Faſting all day, diſmounted with great trouble

trouble and difficulty: However, as ſoon as he found his Feet upon the firm ground, his firſt care was of his Steed, which he recommended to the more eſpecial charge of the *Paladine*; aſſuring him, that of all the Beaſts that ever taſted Hay, there was not a Better in the World. Upon which the Inn-keeper view'd him narrowly, with both his Eyes; but could not believe half ſo much as *Don Quixote* ſpoke in his Praiſe. Nevertheleſs, he led him to his Lodging in the Stable, rubb'd him down, litter'd him, fill'd his Rack; and ſo leaving the Horſe, he came to ſee what the Knight his Maſter wanted; whom he found pulling off his Armour by the aſſiſtance of the two Female Traders, to whom he was by this time perfectly reconcil'd. They had got off his Corſlet and his Cuirace, but do what they could for their Lives they could not unclaſp his Gorget; and which was worſe, his Helmet was ty'd ſo faſt under his Chin, with two Green Ribbands, that it was impoſſible to unlooſe the Knots without the help of a Knife, which the Knight would by no means permit to come ſo near his Throat. So that he was forc'd to keep on his Head-piece all Night; which was not a little pleaſant to behold. However, that he might not appear ingrateful to the two Jilts that had tugg'd and pull'd and moyl'd to help him from his Load, whom he took for no leſs then perſons of Honour, and Ladies that belong'd to the Caſtle, he made his Courtlike Addreſſes to their Ladyſhips in the following manner:

"Certainly, Ladies 'tis paſt Belief, that ever Knight was thus Honou-
"rably attended in a ſtrange place, as *Don Quixote*. Noble Ladies, take
"care of Him, and of his Horſe. *O Roſinante*! For that is my Horſes
"Name, and *Don Quixote* of the *Mancha* is mine, which I never thought
"to have diſcover'd, till I had render'd it famous by ſome Atchievement,
"for your ſakes. But Neceſſity conſtraining me to apply that ancient *Romance*
"of *Lancelot* to my preſent Occaſion, has enforc'd me to reveal a Secret
"e're I thought it ſeaſonable: Yet I hope the time will come, when you
"ſhall be pleas'd to honour me with your Commands; and then I doubt
"not but to give you full Aſſurances of my Obedience, and to let you ſee
"by the Terror of my Arm, both my Ability and Readineſs to ſerve ye.

To this the two young *Wagtails*, altogether unaccuſtom'd to ſuch kind of Romantick Rhetorick, and underſtanding as little the meaning of his Courtſhip, that ſignify'd nothing to their Employment, made no Reply; only they ask'd him, if he pleas'd to go to Supper; with all my Heart, quo *Don Quixote*; for I'le aſſure ye, I think it high time. But as ill luck would have it, it happen'd to be upon a *Friday* Night, when there was nothing in the *Inn*, but ſome few Remnants of a ſmall *Trout*; tho others affirm, it was only a Piece of inſiped *Poor John*. However, they gave it the Name of *little Trout*, and ask'd him, whether he thought he could fancy ſuch a ſort of Diet, eſpecially when there was nothing elſe to be had. 'Tis the ſame thing to me, quo *Don Quixote*, provided there be more then one; for many little Trouts make a large *Salmon-Trout*. For what is't to me, whether I am paid five Shillings in ten ſeveral Six-pences, or a whole Crown-piece? And beſides, 'tis probable a little Trout may prove the better Meat, as we find Lamb to be far more delicate then Mutton. In ſhort, what-e're it be, bring it in; for the Weight of Armour, and the Hardſhips of Travel, are neither to be ſupported without a full Belly. Thereupon they laid the Cloth at the Inn Gate, for the Benefit of the freſh Air; where the Knight was no ſooner ſate down, but the Hoaſt brought him a ſmall Commons of his *young Trout*, as he call'd it, but ſo ill dreſs'd, as if it had been

Cook'd in *Ram-Alley*, or *White-Fryers*, with a ſlice or two of a Bran loaf, and that mouldy to boot. But you would have ſplit your ſides to have ſeen him eat: For by reaſon that his Helmet was ty'd ſo ſtraight under his chin, his chaps had not liberty to play; and ſuch was the poſition of his Beaver above, that it was impoſſible for him to feed himſelf without help. So that his condition had been very ill, had not the Damſels that ſate by him been ſo kind as to mince his Meat fit for his ſwallow, and then put it into his Mouth. But then how to get the Glaſs to his Noſe the Devil himſelf could not find a way, till the Inn-keeper, more ſuttle then he, ſupply'd that defect with another Invention, by ſetting one end of a hollow Cane to his Mouth, and pouring the Wine in at the other. All this while the poor Gentleman ſuffer'd with patience all theſe inconveniences, and would have endur'd a thouſand more, rather then cut the Ribbands that occaſion'd all his Miſery.

Hardly was this Paſtime over, when it happen'd that a *Sow-gelder* drawing near the Inn, blew his Horn ſome three or four times as he came along; and that pleaſing Harmony put all things out of doubt: For that he took to be a Conſort of Muſick ſent to play at his Table. And therefore now more then ever confirm'd that the *Poor John* was Trout, that the brown Loaf was *Kingſton* white bread, that the two Strumpets were Ladies of Honour, and the Inn-keeper ſome Potent *Paladine*, to whom the Caſtle belong'd, he fell into an extaſie of joy for the happy fortune of his firſt Cariere; the ſucceſs of which flatter'd him with ſo fair a Proſpect of future Proſperity. Nothing troubled him, but that he yet wanted the *Ceremony* of *Dubbing*, without which he could not lawfully undertake any meritorious Enterprize.

CHAP. III.

The Pleaſant Relation of Don Quixote's *being Dubb'd a Knight-Errant.*

BUT that vexatious care tormenting his mind with reſtleſs Anguiſh, caus'd him to make all the quick diſpatch imaginable of his ſhort and homely Commons. So that after he had clean'd his Trencher and his Diſh with the remainder of his Bread, up he roſe in great haſt, and carried the *Inn-keeper* along with him into the Stable, where after he had ſhut the Door, *Don Quixote* fell at his feet, and in an unwonted tranſport of Grief and Melancholy, 'This is the Place, cry'd he, moſt Noble *Paladine*, from 'whence I never mean to riſe again, till your Lordſhip has vouchſaf'd to 'grant me one ſingle Boon, which I have to requeſt, and which will no 'leſs redound to your Honour, then the Benefit of the Univerſe. The Inn-keeper amaz'd to ſee the Knight proſtrate at his feet, and talking at ſuch a rate, was in a peck of troubles, either what to ſay, or what to do; finding all that he could poſſibly do or ſay, was to importune him to riſe; but all in vain, till he had aſſur'd him to fulfil his deſires. ''Twas no more then 'what I always never queſtion'd from your Magnanimity, reply'd *Don* '*Quixote*. Then proceeding, The Boon, ſaid he, which I crave, and which you ſo obligingly condeſcend to grant me, is no more then this, that to morrow by break of day, you will do me the favour to dubb me into the

the Order of Knight-hood; and that this Night you will permit me to keep my Vigils arm'd in the Chappel belonging to your Caſtle, and prepare my ſelf for that Illuſtrious Character which I ſo paſſionately thirſt after; to the end I may be in a condition to ſeek Adventures in all Quarters of the World, and like another *Theſeus*, to relieve the diſtreſſed, and rid the Earth of Violence and Injuſtice, according to the Laws of Knight-Errantry, which I profeſs.

The Inn-keeper, who was as arch as the Devil could make him, and now had made a full diſcovery of the ſoft place in *Don Quixote*'s Head, which he ſuſpected before, to make himſelf ſport, and for a jolly Scene of Mirth to invite Cuſtomers to his Houſe, reſolv'd to gratifie his Humour. To that purpoſe, he applauded his judgment in the choice of ſuch a Deſign, then which there could be nothing more Honourable, or more glorioufly enterpriz'd by a Brave and Valiant Knight, ſuch he judg'd him to be, by his Graceful Aſpect and Deportment. That he himſelf had purſu'd the ſame Chace of Honour in his Youth, travelling through all parts of the World in ſearch of bold Adventures; to which purpoſe he had left no corner unviſited of the *Kings-Bench Rules*, the skulking holes of *Alſatia*, the Academy of the *Fleet*, the Colledge of *Newgate*, the Purliews of *Turnboll*, and *Pickt-Hatch*; the *Bordello's* of St. *Giles's*, *Banſtead-Downs*, *Newmarket-Heath*: The Pits of Play-Houſes, the Retirements of Ordinaries, the Booths of *Smithfield* and *Sturbridge*; not a Publick Bowling-Green where he had not exercis'd his heels; nor an Execution-crowd, nor a Hedge-Tavern, where he had not employ'd his pauming, topping, cogging Fingers; bubling young Heirs, ſolliciting Widows, abuſing Virgins; and in a word, that he had ſignaliz'd his Name in all the Seſſions-Houſes, Criminal Courts of Judicature, and Pillories of the Nation; till at length he came to retire to that Caſtle, where he liv'd upon his own Revenues, and the Spoils of others, Entertaining all Knights Errant, of what Quality or Condition ſoever, out of that reſpect which he bare to their Profeſſion, and to partake of what they got in recompence of the good which they did in the World.

As for any Chappel, he confeſs'd he had none at that time, having pull'd it down, out of a deſign to build another much more beautiful; however he knew well that in a caſe of Neceſſity, a Probationer might keep his Vigils where he pleas'd; which he might therefore do in a Tower of the Caſtle, that ſeem'd to have been built for the ſame purpoſe; and that in the Morning he would not fail to compleat the Ceremony, ſo that he might aſſure himſelf of being as true a Knight as any in the World. Have you any Money? then added the Inn-keeper. Money! reply'd *Don Quixote*; not a Groat. Nor did I ever read in any Story, that ever any Knight-Errant but one ever carry'd Money about him. That's your miſtake, cry'd the Inn-keeper: for tho you do not read of any ſuch Cuſtom in your Books, it was not becauſe it was not ſo, but becauſe the Writers could not imagine their Readers to be ſuch ſots, as to believe that Knights-Errant went unprovided of two ſuch neceſſary Accommodations, as Money and change of freſh Linnen. Otherwiſe he might as well believe that all *Knights-Errant* were louſie, and went a begging: And therefore he might well think, they carry'd both Money and clean Shirts along with 'em, beſides a little Box of Oyntment to dreſs their Wounds. For it ſo happens many times that your Knight-Errants may be Engag'd in a deſperate Combat in the midſt of a wild and ſpacious Deſart, where they may ride a hundred Miles before the meet with they Sign of an Anatomy-Lecture, and ſo a Knight-

Errant might rot before he could find a Surgeon; unleſs, which rarely falls out, he has ſome kind Enchantreſs for his Friend, to ſend him ſome fair Damſel or Dwarf in a Cloud with a Box of Balm of *Gilead*; of which one ſingle drop tented into the Wound upon the tip of the Dwarf or Damſels Tongue, makes him as ſound in three Minutes as ere he was in this World. But becauſe there is no depending upon ſuch accidents as theſe, therefore in former days, your Knight-Errants had their Squires to carry their Money and other Neceſſaries; as their Dreſſing-Box, Lint, and Rags: Or elſe if they had no Squires, they carry'd thoſe things themſelves in a little Bag fitted ſo neatly to their Saddles, that it was hardly to be diſcern'd. So that it is not only my Advice, but a Charge which I lay upon you, as to my Son and Darling in Chivalry, never to ride without Money and other Neceſſaries, which you will find to ſtand you in ſtead, when your beſt Friends forſake ye.

Don Quixote having liſten'd with great attention to the pretended *Paladine*, promis'd punctual Obedience to all his Commands, and then prepar'd himſelf for the *watch of his Arms*. To which purpoſe, he went and fetch'd all his ruſty Furniture together, and plac'd it all in great Order in a Horſe-Trough, cloſe by a Well in the Yard, which he fancy'd to be the *Tower*; and then embracing his Target and his Lance, he took ſeveral turns before the *Horſe-Trough* with an Aſpect no leſs fierce and haughty then graceful and pleaſant at the ſame time. In the mean while, the Inn-keeper, to make himſelf ſport, diſcover'd to all that were in the Inn, the Extravagancies of *Don Quixote*, his watching his Arms, and his impatience to be Dubb'd a Knight; who all admiring at the Folly of the Perſon, deſir'd to be Spectators of the Scene; and ſo ſtanding at a diſtance, they beheld *Don Quixote* with a grave and ſerious countenance, ſometimes dancing ſtep-ſtately before the Trough; ſometimes leaning upon his Lance, with his Eyes all the while wiſtly fix'd upon his Arms; for the Moon, that by this time began to ſhine as clear as in a froſty Night, diſcover'd the whole Ceremony. But while the Knight was thus performing his *Vigils*, one of the Carriers that lodg'd in the *Inn*, came forth to Water his Mules, which he could not do without removing the Arms out of the *Trough*. *Don Quixote* no ſooner eſpy'd him, but he knew his deſign, and therefore by way of prevention, cry'd out to him in a loud and furious tone, 'Fool-hardy Knight, who 'ere thou art, that daringly thus preſum'ſt to approach the Arms of the 'moſt valiant Combatant that was ever girt with a Sword, take heed what 'thou doſt, and be not ſo adventurous to touch thoſe Arms, unleſs weary of 'thy Life, thou haſt a mind to forfeit it, for the puniſhment of thy head-'long Temerity.

A warning ſufficient, one would have thought, but the indiſcreet Carrier was ſo far from regarding *Don Quixote*'s terrible Menaces, that as if he had rather ſcorn'd his Threats, he took the Arms and toſs'd 'em from the Trough, as if he had been playing at Coits. But he had better have been aſleep in his Bed. For then it was, that *Don Quixote* lifting up his Eyes to Heav'n, and elevating his thoughts to his fair Miſtreſs, 'Aſſiſt me, Madam, 'cry'd he, in the Revenge of this Affront, the firſt ere offer'd to your Vaſſal; 'and while my injur'd Honour lies at ſtake, let not your Protection bauk 'the firſt Tryals of my Courage. Which ſhort Ejaculation ended, he laid by his Target, took his Lance in both hands, and letting drive with all his force at the audacious Carrier, gave him ſuch a blow upon his inconſiderate Pate, that he laid him ſprawling at his feet; one more ſuch, and the ſawcy Raſcal had ne're known who had hurt him. Which Exploit thus

valiantly

valiantly perform'd, *Don Quixote* gather'd up the ſcatter'd pieces of his Armour, put 'em into the Horſe-trough again, and renew'd his Ceremonies as before, without the leaſt Diſturbance or Diſcompoſure i' the World.

Soon after, another Carrier, not knowing what had happen'd, came with deſign to water his Mules. But, as he was going to clear the Trough of that which he only thought to be old Lumber; Don *Quixote*, without ſpeaking a word, or imploring the aſſiſtance of Male or Female, a ſecond time laid by his Shield, and taking his Lance a ſecond time with both Hands, laid on ſo like a Kettle-Drummer, that he broke the Carrier's Pate in three or four places. Immediately the Fellow roar'd out Murder, and his Outcry ſummon'd forth all the reſt of the Carriers and Paſſengers in the Inn, to know what was the matter. *Don Quixote* ſeeing them coming, brac'd on his Target, and with his Sword drawn in his Hand, "Goddeſs of Beauty (cry'd he to his *Dulcinea*), Thou Strength and Vi-"gor of my Heart, in ſeaſon now enliven with the Beams of thy Gran-"deur, thy Captive Champion, ready to engage environing Dangers. And having thus invok'd his Female Deity, he found himſelf inſpir'd with ſuch a Reinforcement of Courage and Reſolution, that all the Carriers in the world could ne're have made him budg'd an Inch. On the other ſide, the Carriers, tho they were wary how they came too near, yet willing to revenge the Sufferings of their Fellow-Travellers, gave the Knight ſuch a Volley of Stones, that *Don Quixote* was forc'd to ſhelter himſelf under the covert of his Shield (that began to Ring as if the Women had been Charming down a Swarm of Bees) reſolving not to ſtir a foot, for fear of abandoning his beloved Armour. The Inn-keeper, on the other ſide, bawl'd out to the Carriers to let him alone; crying out, that he had told them already what a Fool he was; adding farther, that the Law would acquit him for a Madman ſhould he kill all the Carriers in the Kingdom. All this while the undaunted Hero made more noiſe than all the reſt, reproaching the Carriers for Rogues and Cowards, and calling the Paladine of the Caſtle Villain and Traitor, for ſuffering a Knight Errant to be ſo abus'd: "But I would make thee know, ſaid the Knight, "what a perfideous Raſcal thou art, had I but receiv'd the Order of Knight-"hood. But for you Scoundrels, Fling on, ſaid he, do your worſt; come "near and receive the wages of your Inſolence, which I queſtion not but "to pay ye without abatement. And this he utter'd with ſo much fury and reſolution, that he ſtroke a terror into all his Aſſailants: So that what with the dread that invaded the Carriers, and the loud perſwaſions of the Inn-keeper, the ſtorm of Gravel and Stones ceas'd; and *Don Quixote* permitting the Enemy to carry off their wounded, return'd to watch his Armour with ſuch calmneſs of Temper, and moderation of Mind, as if he had never been diſturb'd.

But now the Inn-keeper having had paſtime ſufficient, and weary'd with the Follies of his Gueſt, reſolv'd to diſpatch him forthwith, and to gratifie the Squire with the Curſe of unfortunate Knighthood, to prevent any miſchief in his Houſe. So that after he had excus'd the inſolence of thoſe ſawcy Bumpkins, as being done without his privity or conſent; he gave him to underſtand, that he had no Chappel in his Caſtle, as he had told him before, and that it was indeed needleſs; for that the remaining part of the Ceremony which conſiſted only in the ſtriking him upon the Neck and Shoulders with the Sword, might as well be perform'd in the Field as in any other place, as he had Read in the Regiſter of the

Cere-

Ceremonies of the Order. *Don Quixote*, who was greedy of being Dubb'd, as a hungry Kite of a dead Horſe, eaſily ſubmitted to the Inn-keepers arguments, deſiring the *Paladine* to make haſte; for that if he were once Knighted, and ſhould be once aſſail'd, as he had lately been, he did not believe he ſhould leave a Man alive in his Caſtle, but ſuch as the *Paladine* ſhould requeſt him to ſpare. Immediately the Inn-keeper, like a Perſon that would do nothing raſhly, went and fetch'd his Book where he ſet down the Carrier's Accompts for Straw and Provender, and then returning with the two young Harlots already mention'd, and a Boy that carry'd before him a lighted Candle's End, he caus'd *Don Quixote* to kneel: Then reading in his *Manual*, as if he had been mumbling ſome ſort of devout Prayer, he lifted up his Hand in the midſt of his Devotions, and gave him ſuch a Dabb i'th Neck, that he made him kiſs the Buttons of his Doublet, and at the ſame time, with the flat of his Sword, ſuch a ſlap upon the Blade-bone, as made him ſhrink up his Shoulders agen. Which done, he order'd one of the Truls to gird the Sword about the Knight's Waſte; which ſhe did with an extraordinary Grace and Dexterity, conſidering how hard a thing it was to forbear laughing at every particular of the Ceremony, had not her Experience admoniſh'd her, by what ſhe had ſeen the Knight ſo lately perform, that he was not a Perſon to be droll'd with. So far from that, that when ſhe had girded on the Sword, "*Heaven*, quo "ſhe, with a low Curtſie, grant ye Succeſs in all your Combates and Adventures. In return of which, the Knight deſir'd to know her Name, that he might underſtand to whom he was oblig'd for ſo great a Favour, and make her a Sharer in all the Honour of his valorous Atchievements. To which the Lady anſwer'd with all Humility, That her Name was *Betty*, the Daughter of a Cobbler in *Southwark*, that kept a Stall under a Chandler's Shop in *Kent-ſtreet*; and that ſhe would be his humble Servant in all Places where ſhe ſhould have the Happineſs to meet him. I beſeech ye, reply'd *Don Quixote*, hereafter, for my ſake, aſſume the Title of *Madam*, and call your ſelf *Madam Betty*; which ſhe gratefully promis'd to do.

The t'other *Nymph* put on his Spurrs, which occaſion'd a Dialogue of the ſame Nature between them two: For nothing would ſerve him, but he muſt know her Name likewiſe; who modeſtly anſwer'd him, That her Name was *Nancy-cock*, that her reputed Father liv'd in *Chick-lane*, and was call'd, *The End of the Law*, as being the Common Executioner of all Malefactors in the Palatinate of *Tyburn*. Thereupon the new Knight oblig'd, her alſo to call her ſelf *Madam Nancy-cock*, returning her a thouſand Thanks and making her large Proffers of his Service.

Theſe wonderful Ceremonies, the like to which were never heard of before, being thus perform'd with a kind of Tantivy ſpeed, *Don Quixote*, who was almoſt out of his Wits to be gadding after new Adventures, made haſte to ſaddle *Roſinante*; and being mounted, he embrac'd the Inn-keeper a Horſe-back, returning him a whole Ship's Lading of Thanks for Dubbing him, in a tedious Complement ſo full of Extravagances, as would argue a greater Folly to repeat 'em. To which the Inkeeper, over-joy'd to be rid of him, made ſhort Replies, and glad he was gone, diſcharg'd him without ſtopping his Horſe for the Reck'ning.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

What befel the new Knight after he had left the Inn.

Aurora now began to display her Vermillion Beauties, when *Don Quixote* quitted the Inn, so well pleas'd, so frolick, so jocond, to find himself Dubb'd a Knight, that he infus'd the same Satisfaction into his Horse, who was ready to burst his Girts for Joy. But calling to mind the Advice which the Inn-keeper had giv'n him, touching the Provision of necessary Accommodations for his Travels, he resolv'd to return home, to furnish himself with Money and Shirts, and to get him a Squire. For which Employment he had already design'd a Neighbour of his, a poor labouring Man, with a great Charge of Children, the fitter therefore to make a Shield-Porter. With this Resolution he took the Road back to his own Village; at what time, *Rosinante*, as if he had divin'd his Master's Design, carry'd him a round Trot so nimbly, and so lightly, that you could hardly perceive his Heels to touch the Ground. But *Don Quixote* had scarce rid two hundred Paces, when he fancy'd that he heard a mournful Voice that pierc'd his Ears, from a Thicket upon the right Hand. Thereupon he listen'd with both Ears, and being confirm'd that he was under no mistake, he gave Thanks to Heaven, that had sent him an Opportunity to perform the Duty of his Profession, and reap the Fruit of his pious Designs. These Moans, said he, are questionless the Moans of some distressed Creature, that has need of my Assistance, which it behoves me to give; and so saying, he gave *Rosinante* a gentle Remembrance with his Spurr of Knighthood, and hasten'd to that side of the Wood. Whither he was no sooner come, but he beheld a most doleful Spectacle; a young Lad of about fifteen Years of Age, naked from the Waste upward, and ty'd to a Tree. This was he that sent forth those miserable Lamentations, and not without good Reason. For a lusty Raw-bon'd Country Fellow was there tawing the Hide of the poor Stripling with a Brawny Arm, and an unmerciful Twist of Leather Thongs, and between every Lash he tuter'd him with a Proverb; crying ever and anon, *A short Tongue, Sirrah, and watchful Eyes.* To which the young Varlet made no other Reply, but, *Good Master, I will never do so agen; for the Passion of God, good Master, I will never do so agen— Pray Master, Indeed Master, I will be more careful for the future.* *Don Quixote* beholding this barbarous Cruelty of the Country Fellow, mov'd with Indignation in the surly Tone of Anger, "Discourteous Knight, cry'd he, 'tis a base and un-"worthy Act, to assail a naked Person that is not able to defend himself; "but mount thy Steed, and handle thy Lance (for he took the Farmer's "*Mole-sticker* that lay by him upon the Ground, for a Lance) and then I'le make thee know thou hast done like a Coward, and the Son of a Whore.

The Country-fellow giving himself over for lost at the sight of such an Apparition in Armour, with a Lance fix'd to his Breast, quaking and shivering, made Answer; Sir Knight, this young *Hedge-bird*, whom I am chastizing, is my Servant, imploy'd by me to look after my Sheep, but such a careless Rascal, that he loses one or two every Day, and therefore I punish him for his Carelessness, or rather his Knavery: 'Tis true, he complains that I do not pay him his Wages, but upon my Life and Soul, he tells a most impudent Lye. "The Lye in my Presence, Dog, cry'd *Don Quixote*,

"by

" by the Sun that ſhines, I could find in my Heart to run my Lance quite " through thy Lungs. Unbind the Boy, and pay him without more words, " or elſe by him that made me, I'le immediately annihilate thee. The Countryman not daring to ſpeak a word more, made him a low Bow, and preſently unbound the Boy; of whom *Don Quixote* demanded how much was owing him? Nine Months, ſaid he, at four Shillings and eight Pence a Month; which *Don Quixote* having caſt up, and finding to be two and forty Shillings, order'd the Farmer to pay the Fellow his Money down, unleſs he intended to be ſent forthwith to the other World. The poor Countryman ready to ſink into the Earth for fear, reply'd, That he would not forſwear himſelf in that Condition he was in for all the World; yet by his Oath already ſworn, he did not owe the Lad ſo much: beſides that, he was to abate for three Pair of Shoes, and Six-pence for his being let Blood when he was Sick. That may be, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but the Blood-letting and the Shoes muſt go in Satisfaction for the Stripes which you have giv'n him without a Cauſe; for if he have made uſe of your Leather in his Shoes, you have ſlaſh'd off as much of his Skin; and if the Surgeon let him Blood when he was ill, you have drawn Blood from him when he was in Health; ſo there's *Tit* for *Tott*, reck'n one for t'other. Alas, Sir! cry'd the Countryman, 'tis my Misfortune not to have ſo much Money about me; but let *Andrew* go home along with me, and I'le pay him to a Farthing. Go along with him! Cry'd the young Rogue, finding himſelf to be o'the better ſide the Hedge, God preſerve me, Sir, ſhould I go along with him, he would flea me like another St. *Bartholomew*. How! reply'd *Don Quixote*, never fear, young Man, he had better eat, than touch thy Skin. I ſhall forbid him to offer any ſuch thing, and then I ſuppoſe he will not dare to incur my Diſpleaſure; and therefore provided he will ſwear by the Order of Knighthood, of which he is a Companion, I will not only let him go, but ſecure thy Money. Take heed what you ſay, reply'd the young Rogue, for my Maſter is no Knight, nor ever was of any Order in his Life; he's no more then plain *Gaffer Haldudo*, the rich *Cuff*, that lives at *Quintanar*. That's nothing to the Purpoſe, reply'd *Don Quixote*, there may be Knights among the *Haldudo*'s; beſides that, he who bravely does, is a Herauld to himſelf, ſince every man is the Son of his own Works. Oh but, Sir, of what Works is he the Son, cry'd the *young Crack-rope*, who denies to pay me what I have earn'd by the Sweat of my Brows. I do not refuſe to pay thee, honeſt *Andrew*, God knows my Heart, for by all the Orders that ever were in the World, if thou wilt go home along with me, I'le pay thee to a Farthing, not only in hard Six-pences and Shillings, but Perfum'd to boot. Spare your Perfume, reply'd *Don Quixote*, only pay the Lad his Money, and I am ſatisfy'd; but be ſure you be true to your Word and your Oath: For if thou failſt, tho but a Half-peny, by the ſame Oath I ſwear, to find thee out, tho hid as deep within the Bowels of the Earth as a *Lizard*. And to the end thou mayſt underſtand who it is thou art either to oblige with Safety, or offend at thy Peril; know I am the Valiant *Don Quixxote* of the *Mancha*, the Flail of Oppreſſion, and the Scourge of Injuſtice. So Peace be with ye, upon Condition of exact Performance, as you will anſwer the contrary at your Peril. And having ſo ſaid, he put Spurs to his *Roſinante*, and rode away.

So ſoon as he was gone, the crafty old Hunks of a Farmer follow'd him with both his Eyes, as far as he could ſee him; and when he was quite out of ſight, away goes he back to his young *Ne're-be-good*, and in a Tone of ſeeming Kindneſs; Come, honeſt *Andrew*, ſaid he, 'tis now that

I intend to pay thee thy Arrears, according to my Obligation, and as the *Flail of Oppreſſion, and the Scourge of Injuſtice* has commanded me to do. Aſſuredly, ſaid *Andrew*, if you do not fulfil the Orders of this ſame Noble Knight, whoſe Valour and Juſtice God reward with a long and proſperous Life, I will go ſeek him out where ever he is, and bring him back to chaſtiſe your contempt, according to his Oath. Content, cry'd the Farmer; and to ſhew thee how I love thee, I am reſolv'd to increaſe the Debt, that I may advance the Payment. And with that, binding *Andrew* again to the Tree, he fell anointing the poor Boy's back with ſuch a deteſtation of Compaſſion, till he had almoſt kill'd the young Miſcreant. Now call, ſaid the Farmer, your *Scourge of Injuſtice*, thou ſhalt find, he'l ne'r be able to undo what I have done, tho 'tis but the half of what I ſhould do; for thou Rogue thou, I could find i' my heart to flea thee alive. However, he unty'd the Raſcal at length, and gave him free liberty to go and ſeek out his Patron to revenge his Quarrel. But the Country Farmer having had his Plenary ſatisfaction, fell a laughing with his Ruſtick *Ho, Ho, Ho's*, till his ſides were ready to crack, to ſee the Boy go limping away, ſhrugging his flea'd ſhoulders, in ſearch of a Needle in a Bottle of Hay.

In the mean time the valiant *Don Quixote*, believing he had perform'd a moſt ſignal Act of Juſtice, was ſtrangely tranſported in his thoughts, and raviſh'd with this ſucceſsful beginning, 'Moſt beautiful of Beauties, fair *Dul-*
'*cinea del Toboſo*, ſaid he, well may'ſt thou account thy ſelf the moſt Fortu-
'nate of all Women living, who haſt for thy Vaſſal ſo Famous a Knight as
'*Don Quixote* of the *Mancha*, who, as all the World knows, was dubb'd a
'Knight but yeſterday, and this very day prevented the moſt terrible Cruelty
'that ever Injuſtice invented, by wreſting this young Lad out of the hand
'of his inhumane and mercileſs Executioner. And having ſo ſaid, he perceiv'd himſelf to be in a place where four Roads met; at what time it came into his mind, that it was uſual for Knights-Errant to ſtop at ſuch places, there to conſult with themſelves which way to take; which that he might be punctual in every thing, he reſolv'd to do. But not being able to determine with himſelf, he gave *Roſinante* his own Head, leaving it abſolutely to his diſcretion to make his own choice; upon which, *Roſinante*, govern'd by natural inſtinct, took the way that led to his own Stable.

Don Quixote had not rode above two Miles, but he perceiv'd a great company of People that follow'd him upon the ſame Road, who afterwards prov'd to be Merchants of *Toledo*, that were going to buy Silks at *Murcia*; being ſix in number well mounted, with three Servants on Horſe-back, and three on foot, that led their Mules. *Don Quixote* no ſooner had 'em in view, but he imagin'd this to be ſome new Adventure; and therefore with a ſowr and reſolute courage fixing himſelf in his Stirrups, couching his Lance, and covering himſelf with his Target, he poſted himſelf in the middle of the High-way, till the ſuppoſed Knights-Errants came up; and no ſooner were they come, as he thought, within hearing, but in a haughty and imperious tone, That Man, ſaid he, who adventures to ſtir an Inch farther, moves at his Peril, until he has acknowledg'd the Empreſs of the *Mancha*, the Incomparable *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, to be the Peerleſs Beauty that ſurpaſſes all the Beauties of the Univerſe. At thoſe words, the Merchants ſtopp'd, to conſider the ſtrange Diſguiſe and Poſture of their Opponent, and eaſily conjecturing as well by his Obſolete Figure, as by his words, what ſort of Creature he was; yet no leſs willing to have a little ſport, then to underſtand the meaning of that extravagant Confeſſion, for which their very Bowels themſelves were to be ſo rudely ranſackt: One of

the Company in ſmooth and calm Language, Sir Knight, ſaid he, we never ſaw this Lady you talk of in our lives, but let us have a ſight of her, and then if ſhe be ſuch a *Phœnix* as you ſay ſhe is, we ſhall readily comply with your deſires. What Obligation will that be, reply'd *Don Quixote*, when you have ſeen her, to acknowledge a Truth ſo viſible to your Eyes? 'Tis your Duty to believe, confeſs, avouch, to ſwear, and maintain this certain Truth, whether you ſee or no. And therefore make me this acknowledgment forthwith in due form, or elſe he challeng'd and defy'd 'em for Sons of Whores, and Lyars. For whether you come one by one, as the Laws of Chivalry require, or all at once, as it is the uſual cuſtom of Ragamuffins and Ruffins, know I am ready ſingly to abide the Encounter in confidence of the Juſtice on my ſide. Sir Knight, reply'd the Merchant, I beſeech ye in the name of all the *Princes* here preſent, that for the diſcharge of our Conſciences, which will not permit us to ſwear hand overhead to a thing ſo prejudicial to all the Empreſſes, Queens, Dutcheſſes, and Counteſſes in *Europe*, you will do us the kindneſs to let us but ſee the Portraiture of your Lady, tho it were no bigger then a Cherry-ſtone; for by a ſingle thread we may judge of the whole Skean, and ſo with peace and quiet of Conſcience be able to give you ſatisfaction to your hearts content. For to tell you truth, we find our ſelves already ſo enclin'd to favour your Miſtreſs, that tho your Picture ſhould repreſent her blind with one Eye, and the other diſtilling Brimſtone and Quick-ſilver, yet we ſhould be apt to be as partial in her favour, as ever *Paris* was to *Venus*. Diſtill! ye damn'd Scoundrel, reply'd *Don Quixote*, in a hideous rage, there's nothing diſtills from her but Civit and Amber; ſhe is neither blear-ey'd, nor cupboard-back'd, but as ſtraight as a Bulruſh; and therefore know, you ſhall ſeverely pay for the Blaſphemies you have utter'd againſt Beauty's matchleſs Paragon. And ſo ſaying, with his Lance couch'd he ran with ſo much fury at the ſpokeſ-man Merchant, that had not *Roſinante* chanc'd to have flounder'd and fallen down in the midſt of his Career, the audacious Merchant had paid dear for his fleering. But *Roſinante* fell, and ſo threw his Maſter, who lay rolling and tumbling in the duſt, and uſing all his skill and ſtrength to get upon his leggs again, but could not for his Guts, ſo encumber'd was he with his Lance, his Spurs, his Target, and the weight of his ruſty Harneſs. However, in this helpleſs condition, he play'd the Hero with his Tongue, crying out, Hold, Scoundrels, hold—abide my Fury, white-liver'd Fugitives; ſtay till I get up again, Daſtards, Cowards, and ſuffer me to redeem my Honour loſt, not by my own, but the misfortune of a damn'd ſtumbling Jade.

Upon this, one of the Mule-drivers, who no doubt was none of thoſe that were endu'd with the moſt Saint-like Patience, not enduring the Reproaches and *Bravado's* of the wallowing Knight, adventur'd to wreſt his Lance out of his hand, and having broke it in two pieces, with the butt-end did ſo be-labour *Don Quixote*'s Ribs, that you would have thought he had been threſhing a Wheat-ſheaf. At length, the Merchants call'd to him, and bid him hold; but the fellow was ſo pleas'd with his Exerciſe, that he could not forbear rib-roaſting the poor Knight, till he had almoſt pounded him into green-ſawce: For after he had broken one end of the Lance, he took the other, laying on without ceaſing, till he had ſplinter'd both ends upon the diſgrac'd Cavalier's Iron encloſure; who notwithſtanding all that ſtorm of Baſtinadoes, lay all the while banning the Villains that had tak'n him at that advantage, and threatning Heaven and Earth for the injury he had

had receiv'd. But at last the Mule-driver surceast, and the Merchants pursu'd their Journey, furnish'd with matter for Discourse and Mirth.

Don Quixote, finding himself alone, made a new attempt to get upon his feet; but if he could not before, you may be sure he was less able to rise of himself, when his Joints were almost dislocated, and his Flesh half bruis'd to a Gelly. Nevertheless this was his comfort, that his misfortune was a misery frequently incident to Knight-Errantry; and a farther consolation it was, that this mischance had befall'n him not through his own want of Courage, but through the fault of his Horse.

CHAP. V.

A farther continuation of the Knight's Misfortunes.

WHEN *Don Quixote* found that he had no way in the World to help himself up upon his Leggs, he had recourse to his usual Remedy, which was to bethink himself what Stratagem he had read among his Authors. Nor had he study'd long before his fruitful folly brought to his remembrance the stories of *Balduin* and the *Marquess* of *Mantua*, when *Charlot* left the former wounded in the Mountain. A story known both to old and young, and as true as the Miracles of *Mahomet*. This Romance seeming to him as if made on purpose for the condition he was in, he fell a rolling and wallowing in the dust like a man in despair, and with a languishing voice to breath out the same expressions, which the same Author puts into the *Knight of the Wood*. "Where art thou, fairest Lady, that thou art so "little mov'd with my misfortunes? Either thou know'st nothing of my "Sufferings, or else thou art become false and disloyal.

As he was thus going on, just as he came to these words, *O Noble Marquess* of *Mantua*, *my Uncle*, good luck so order'd it, that a poor Labouring-man, that liv'd in his own Village, and not far from his own House, happen'd to pass by with a Sack of Meal which he had fetch'd from the Mill, who seeing a thing in Humane shape lying all along upon the ground, ask'd him who he was, and wherefore he made such a doleful Complaint? *Don Quixote*, who fancy'd himself to be *Balduin*, and took the Labouring-man for the *Marquess* of *Mantua* his Uncle, made him no Answer, but continu'd repeating his Verses, and recounting all his Misfortunes, with the Amours of his Wife with the Emperor's Son, word for word as they are set down in the story. The Labouring-man astonish'd to hear such a world of Romantic *Gibrish*, lifted up the Visor of his Helmet, bruis'd and batter'd as it was by the Mule-driver's Mallets, and after he had wash'd the dust off his face, presently knowing who he was; Good God, Master *Quixada*, cry'd the Labourer, who was your Taylor, to make ye this Iron Suit? How came ye into this Condition? But do what he could for his life, the other would give him no other Answer but what he went on repeating out of his Romance. Which the poor man observing, took off his Breast-plate and Corslet, and fell a searching for his Wounds, but finding no sign of any Blood, or any gashes in his Skin, with a great deal of trouble he got him upon his Leggs, and then heav'd him upon his Ass, as being the more easie and gentle Carriage. And so careful he was of the Knights Arms, that he pickt all the very splinters of his Lance, and having bound them up together, fasten'd 'em to *Rosinante*'s Saddle; and so driving the Ass softly before

him, and leading *Rosinante* by the Bridle in his Hand, he made toward the Village with a slow Pace, musing with himself, yet not able to apprehend the Meaning of those Extravagancies which *Don Quixote* utter'd all the Way. On the other side *Don Quixote* was no less afflicted; for he felt himself so crush'd and mortify'd, that he could hardly sit the gentle Animal, that crept no faster hardly then a Snail; and all along he breath'd forth such loud Sighs and Lamentations, that pierc'd the very Skies; so that the compassionate Labourer could not forbear once more to demand the Cause of his Grief. But as if the Devil himself had still put him in mind of Stories accommodated to his Condition, he quitted that of *Balduin*, and call'd to mind the History of the Moor *Abyndaraxe*, when *Rodrigo* of *Narvaez*, Governour of *Antequera*, took him, and carry'd him away Prisoner. So that when the poor labouring Man ask'd him a third Time the cause of his Sorrows, he answer'd Word for Word what the Prisoner *Abencerrage* reply'd to *Don Rodrigo* in *Diana* of *Monte Mayor*, applying every Thing so odly to himself, that the labouring Man curs'd him to the Pit of Hell for his Extravagancies; and thence at length concluding, that the poor Gentleman was become a meer Sot, he made all the haste he could to the Village to be rid of his Impertinences. For, *Don Quixote* still continuing the Series of the Story, you must know, *Don Rodrigo de Narvaez*, said he to the Labourer, that this beautiful Princess, of whom I have given ye an account, is at present the Incomparable *Dulcinea del Toboso*, for whose sake I have done, still do, and will perform the most famous Exploits of Chivalry that ever were known before, ever seen in our Days, or that future Fame shall record. Alas! reply'd the poor labouring Man, as I am a Sinner to God, I am neither *Rodrigo de Narvaez*, nor the *Marquess of Mantua*, but only poor *Peter Alonso*, your honest Neighbour; nor are you either *Balduin* or *Abyndaraxe*, but a good honest Country-Gentleman of this Village, that ever since you came to your Means, have gone by the Name of Squire *Quixada*. I know who I am, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and I know, moreover, that I not only deserve to be the same that I have nam'd, but the *Twelve Peers of France* likewise, and the *Nine Worthies*, all in one, since all their famous Exploits being added together, cannot equal my Atchievements.

In this, and such other Discourses they spent their Time, till they came to the Village, where they arriv'd toward the Evening. But the Labourer unwilling that the *Squire* should be seen so ill mounted, stay'd at a small distance under a Hedge till 'twas Dark, and then led him home to his own House, where there was nothing but Confusion, by reason of the Master's Absence, which made the labouring Man willing to tarry a while and listen. There at the same time were the Curate and the Barber, his usual Companions, with whom his Servant-maid, it seems, was just then discoursing the Point. Lord bless me! quo she, Mr. *Doctor*, what d' you think of this Misfortune that has befall'n my Master? 'Tis now six Days ago since we have seen either Him, or his Horse, and he must have carry'd away his Lance and his Arms too; for we can find 'em no where about the House: It makes me almost at my Wits end. But as I was born to die, I'le be hang'd if those curs'ed Books of Knight-Errantry have not been the Occasion of all this. I remember, I have often heard him say, He intended to turn Knight-Errant, and wander about the World in Search of Adventures; the Devil and his Friend *Barabbas* take all those confounded Volumes that have thus debauch'd the best Headpeice in *Mancha*.

His Neice made the same loud Complaint to Mr. *Nicholas* the Barber: My Unkle, quo she, was wont to read these deviliſh Books for two Days

and

and two Nights together; at the end of which he would lay aside his Book, and fall a Fencing against the Walls like a meer Bedlamite; and when he had sufficiently hac'kd and hew'd the Posts and Doors, he would cry, He had slain four Giants as big as Steeples; and then he fancy'd the Sweat, occasion'd by the violent Motion of his Body, to be the Blood of his Wounds, which he had receiv'd in the Combate; then drinking a large Glass of cold Water, which he dream't to be a sort of precious Liquor sent him by the Sorcerer *Esquife*, he conceited himself whole and sound again. Now I durst not speak a Word of this, for fear the World should think my Uncle distracted; so that indeed I am the wretched Cause of all his Misfortunes, for not giving notice of his Follies in time, that so proper Remedies might have been apply'd, er'e 'twas too late, and all these excommunicated Authors might have been burnt for *Hereticks*. May I be broil'd for a Martyr, reply'd the Curate, if they be not all condemn'd and executed before to morrow Night. They have lost me one of my best Friends, but beshrew my Heart, they shall never do any more Mischief. All which Discourse, when the listn'ing Labouring Man had heard, no longer doubting the Truth of what he suspected before; House there, cry'd he, as loud as he could yaul, open the Gates there for the *Marquess* of *Mantua*, and the Lord *Balduin*, who is return'd home very dangerously wounded, as also for the valiant *Rodrigo de Narvaez*, Governour of *Antiquera*, who brings along with him the Moor *Abyndaraxe*, Prisoner. At which Words they open'd the Gate; at what time the Curate and the Barber knowing their Intimate Friend, the Neice her Uncle, the Servant her good Master; they all ran to embrace, and welcome him home. To whom *Don Quixote*, Forbear, said he, with a faint Voice, I am sore wounded by reason my Horse fail'd me, therefore let me be gently carry'd to Bed; and if it be possible let the Enchantress *Urganda* be sent for to cure my Wounds. Now, as I hope to be sav'd, cry'd the Servant-maid, did not I guess right, when I told ye my Master's Disease? But get him to Bed, and let that *Gypsie* go to the Devil, we'll cure him, my Life for yours, without Enchantments. Millions of Cankers consume those curs'ed Legends that brought him to this Condition. Thereupon they carry'd the crazie Gentleman up to his Bed, and search'd for his Wounds, but could find none. No, no, cry'd *Don Quixote*, I am not wounded, but only bruis'd by the Fall of my Horse, while I was fighting against ten Giants, the vastest in Bulk, and most couragious that ever were in the World. Hoy-da--- quo the Curate, What, Giants too i'the Conspiracy! By my Sanctity, there shall not one remain in Being by to morrow Night. This done, they put a thousand Questions to *Don Quixote*; but he was not to be Catechiz'd, only he bid 'em let him have something to eat, and then leave him to his Rest, as being that of which he stood most in need.

Thus while the Knight was left to enjoy himself, and the Pleasure of his own *Chimera*'s, the Curate inform'd his Curiosity at large, in what Condition the *Labouring Man* had found him; who fail'd not to give a punctual Account of the Particulars so far as he knew, as also of all the Fopperies which he utter'd upon the Way; which confirm'd the Curate to proceed in his Design the next Day; to which Purpose he appointed to meet the Barber at *Don Quixote*'s House.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Of the delightful and diligent Survey which the Curate and the Barber took of the Squire's Library.

THE Squire quite weary, ſore, and tir'd, was now taking a ſweet Nap, when the Curate and the Barber came to his Houſe, and deſir'd the Key of his Study-door, which was readily deliver'd. So ſoon as the Door was open, they all went in, Servant-maid and all; and there they found about a hundred large Folio's, together with ſeveral Quarto's and Octavo's very well bound, and exactly methodiz'd. Preſently the Maid ran out, and returning in Poſt-haſte again, brought a Baſon of Holy-water, deſiring the Curate to ſprinkle the Study, for fear leaſt ſome one of thoſe Sorcerers, of which the Books were full, ſhould come and enchant both him and the Barber, for going about to ſend 'em out of the World. But the Curate, not ſo ſuperſtitious, deſir'd the Barber to take down the Volumes one by one, to ſee what ſort of Puniſhment they deſerv'd, for that they might not all deſerve alike. No, no, cry'd the Neice, never ſpare any, for they are all alike guilty of my Unkle's Ruine; and therefore let us throw 'em all out at Window, and make a Bone-fire of 'em all together in the Court-yard: And this was the Opinion of the Maid alſo; ſo highly were they reſolv'd upon the Deſtruction of thoſe poor Innocent Volumes. But the Curate having more mind to read the ſeveral Titles, determin'd to proceed his own Way.

So then, the firſt Book that Mr. *Nicholas* pull'd down, was *Amadis de Gaule*, in four Volumes. Oh, ho! cry'd the Curate, there is ſome Myſtery in this, that this Book comes firſt of all: For I have heard, that this was the firſt Book of *Knight-Errantry* that ever was printed in *Spain*, and that it has ſerv'd as a Model for all the reſt. And therefore my Advice is, That it be condemn'd to the Fire, without Mercy, as the Author and Upholder of a moſt pernicious Sect. I beg his Reprieve, cry'd the Barber, for that I have heard ſeveral underſtanding People aver, That it is the beſt Story that we have, of its kind; and therefore as the only Thing that's good, belonging to the Profeſſion, it may deſerve a Pardon. Well then, ſaid the Curate, for this time we'll ſpare *Amadis*--- Go to the next. Theſe are the Atchievements of *Eſplandian*, the lawful-begotten Son of *Amadis de Gaule*. What then, quo the Curate, he had never half the Wit or Courage of his Father--- Here, Miſtreſs Governeſs, open the Window, and throw it into the Yard, 'twill ſerve as a good Foundation for the Pile we intend to rear. Nor was the Maid ſlack to obey his Order, and ſo *Don Eſplandian* was ſent headlong into the Court, till his Executioners were at leaſure.

What's the next, cry'd the Curate? This, reply'd the Barber, is *Amadis* of *Greece*; and I am apt to believe, that all that ſtand a'this ſide are of the ſame Family. Then let 'em all be ſent packing into the Court, cry'd the Curate: For rather then ſpare from the Fire Queen *Quintiquineſtra*, and the Shepherd *Darinel*, with his Eclogues, and the Diabolical Diſcourſes of the Author; I think I ſhould burn my own Father alive, if I met him in the Diſguiſe of a *Knight-Errant*. I am of the ſame Opinion, quo the Barber, and I by my Troth, quo the Niece. If it be ſo, quo the Maid, let 'em e'en go all together for Company; and ſo to ſave the Labour of travelling up and down Stairs, ſhe ſent 'em flying out at Window, to the clearing of a whole Shelf or two.

What

What Bundle of Paper is that, quo the Curate? Tis is *Don Olivantes de Laura*, reply'd Mr. *Nicholas*. The same Author, quo the Curate, if I mistake not, wrote the *Garden of Flowers*; and I know not which is the most rascally lying Book of the two. But this I know for certain, that he shall march into the Court for a Nonsensical arrogant Whelp as he is.

The next, cry'd the Barber, is *Florismart* of *Hyrcania*. How! Monsieur *Florismart*, is he there, reply'd the Curate? Nay then, since we have caught him, he shall down y' faith into the Court, maugre his wonderful Birth, and prodigious Adventure; for the Flatness and insipidness of his Stile deserve no better Usage.

Here's the *Cavaleir Platir* continu'd, cry'd the Barber. Hang him, quo the Curate, for a letcherous old Goat, there's nothing in him that deserves a Grain of Pity. Out with him, Mistress Governess, without any more ado.

The next that was open'd, was the *Knight of the Cross*. Why truly, quo the Curate, one would think that he might deserve some Favour, for the sake of his *Holy Title*, sufficient to cover many Imperfections. But what saies the Proverb; *The Devil lurks behind the Cross*: let him go to Perdition.

Then the Barber fetching down the next Volume, Here, said he, is the *Mirrour of Knighthood*. Oh, I have the Honour to know him, cry'd the Curate; there you shall find the Lord *Rieynald of Montauban*, with all his Crew, a Parcel of Rake-Hell and Skim-the-Divel, the Twelve *Peers of France*, and that faithful Historian, *Arch-bishop Turpin*. However, I think fit to condemn these Gentlemen only to Perpetual Exile, because their Story contains something of the Famous *Boyardo*'s Invention; from whence that Christian Poet, *Ariosto* borrow'd several of his Fancies: whom indeed, I would use with as little Respect, if I should meet him prating in any other Language then his own, as high a Value as I have for him in his Native Idiome. Why, I have him at home in *Italian*, quo the Barber, but I cannot understand him. So much the better, reply'd the Curate, 'tis not a Farthing matter; and we should have been highly oblig'd to the *Captain* that translated it into *Spanish*, had he spar'd himself that Trouble; for, to say Truth, he has done his Author a filthy deal of wrong; a Misfortune that happ'ns to all Translators of Verse, who can never retain the natural Graces of the Original Language, let their Wit and Industry be never so great. And therefore, as for him, and all others that undertake to write of the Affairs of *France*; 'tis my Opinion, that we ought to preserve 'em in some secure and dry Place, till we can be at leisure to consider how to dispose of 'em; except it be *Bernardo del Carpio*, and one more call'd *Roncivalles*, with whom if ever I meet, I will certainly deliver 'em up into the Hands of the Secular Power. To all which the Barber readily submitted, as one that pinn'd his Faith upon the Curate's Sleeve, well-knowing him to be a good *Christian*, and a Friend of Truth.

Thereupon, opening the next Volume, they found it to be *Palmerin de Oliva*, and the next to that, *Palmerin of England*. Are ye there, quo the Curate, let that *Palmerin de Oliva* be first torn to flitters, then burnt, and lastly let his Ashes be strew'd i'the Air, for the Wind to carry where they may be never seen more. But for *Palmerin of England*, let him be preserv'd as a Relique of Antiquity; and let us put him in a Box as costly as that which *Alexander* found among the Spoils of *Darius*, which he consecrated to *Homer*'s Works. That Book, Neighbour, is to be valu'd for two things. First, for its own Excellency; and secondly, because it is said to have been written by a learned King of *Portugal*. All the Adventures of the Castle of *Miraguarda* are well and neatly fancy'd, the Stile is easie and pure; beside that, the Author has taken great care to observe a *Decorum* in all, and to be ex-

act

act in his Characters. And therefore Mr. *Nicholas*, with Submiſſion to your better Advice, both he, and *Amadis de Gaul* ſhall be exempted from the Fire; but for all the reſt, Long-tail and Bob-tail, without any farther ſearch, let 'em all go to the Stake. Not ſo furious, good Neighbour, reply'd the Barber, for this Book here in my Hand, is the famous *Don Belianis*. He, quo the Curate with his two, three, and four Parts, had need of a good Doſe of *Rheubarb* to purge off that dreadful Maſs of Choler that continually inflames his Blood; beſides, his *Caſtle of Fame*, ſhould be utterly demoliſh'd, and ſeveral other Impertinences par'd away; which done, we ſhould be willing to ſhew him Mercy, or expoſe him to Juſtice, as we approv'd or diſapprov'd the Emendations made. Till then, Neighbour, pray keep him at home in your own Cloſet, and be ſure to let no body read him. I like your Admonitions very well, quo the Barber, and to ſave him the trouble of reading any more *Titles*, he bid the Maid take all the great Volumes and throw 'em into the Court. She that would have burnt all the *Romances* in the World for a new Smock, had no need of being twice ſpoken to, ſo that ſhe ſent eight large Folio's preſently to their *long Home*. But the next Book, heaving more then ſhe could well lift, ſhe let fall at the Barber's Feet, who being curious to ſee what it was, found it to be the *Hiſtory* of the famous *White Tyrant*. Cuds-niggers-daggers, quo the Curate, what ha' ye got *Monſieur* the *White Tyrant* too? Let me ſee him pray, Mr. *Nicholas*; this is a Treaſure that you have found; this is an Antidote againſt Melancholy. Here we ſhall find the Valiant Knight, *Don Kyrie Elyſon* of *Montalban*, and *Thomas* of *Montalban* his Brother, with the Knight *Fonſeca*; the Combate of the valiant *Detriante* with the *Maſtiff*; the Stratagems of the Lady *Pleaſure-of-my-life*; the Amours and Wiles of the Lady *Tranquilla*, and the Empreſs in love with her Page. The Devil take me now, Neighbour, if I lye, this is one of the beſt Books in the World, for the Stile, and the moſt natural. Here the Knights eat, and ſleep, and die i'their Beds, and make their Wills before they expire; with ſeveral other things both profitable and neceſſary, of which other Books never ſpeak a Word. Yet for all that, I have a good mind to ſend the Author to ſpend the reſt of his days i' the Gallies for poiſoning the World with ſo many curs'd Abſurdities, as it were, knowingly, and of his Malice fore-thought. Carry him home therefore, Neighbour, and read him, and then you will find, that all that I ſay is true. I make no queſtion of it, cry'd the Barber; but what ſhall we do with all theſe leſſer Books that remain behind? Certainly, reply'd the Curate, theſe can never be Books of Chivalry, they are too ſmall. Here are none but Poets, and men of *Madrigals*, I'le warrant ye. And ſo it fell out; for the firſt they open'd, happen'd to be *Diana de Monte Mayor*. I thought ſo, quo the Curate; but for theſe, believing all the reſt to be of the ſame Stamp, they cannot be thought to deſerve the Puniſhment of a *Woman-Coiner*; for they cauſe not that Diſorder in the World, which Books of *Knight-Errantry* are guilty of; nor are the Maggots which they engender, half ſo corroding and prejudicial to the Brain. O good Mr. Curate, cry'd the Neice, let 'em e'en ſuffer with the reſt; for ſhould my Uncle be cur'd of his *Knight-Errant* Frenzy, and once betake himſelf to reading theſe Books, we ſhould have him turn Shepherd, and then we ſhould never keep him from roving and rambling over all the Groves, Meadows, and Plains o'the Kingdom with his Croud and his Flageolet, and which is worſe, perhaps we ſhould have him turn Poet too; for they ſay, that Poetry is one of the moſt infectious Diſeaſes i'the World, and the moſt incurable. The Lady ſpeaks Reaſon,

quo

quo the Curate; 'twill do very well to remove this Stumbling-block out of our Friends way. And to that end let us begin with *Diana de Monte Mayor*; yet I do not think it fit to throw him into the Fire, but only to geld him; for indeed all that he talks about the Witch *Felicia*, and the enchanted Water, with the greateſt part of his Verſes, is too luxuriant and rampant; after which Caſtration, we may permit his *Eunuch-ſhip* the Honour of being the firſt that wrote in Proſe of that nature.

Cuds-fiſh, quo the Barber, here is another *Diana* call'd the *ſecond*, compil'd by one of *Salamanca*; Hey-day! and a third, written by one *Giles Pole*. Let that of *Salamanca*, quo the Curate, encreaſe the number of the Dead; but preſerve that of *Giles Pole*, as charily as if *Apollo* himſelf had wrote it. Now go on, Neighbour, for it grows late. Nouns, quo the Barber, here are no leſs then *Ten Books* of the *Fortune* of *Love*, compos'd by *Anthony Lofraſo*, a *Sardinian Poet*. By my Holy Orders, quo the Curate, ſince *Apollo* was *Apollo*, and the Muſes were the Muſes, or that ever Poets were in the World, there was never, in its kind, a more pleaſant and witty Book written; he that never read this Book, never read any thing that was delightful. Give it me, Neighbour, I had rather have it then a *Gown* and *Caſſock* of the beſt *Florence* Silk in *Tuſcany*. Theſe that follow are the Shepherd of *Iberia*, the *Nymphs of Enares*, the *Cure of jealouſie*. Take 'em Jaylor, quo the Curate, as they come together, let 'em go together—and never ask why, Neighbour, for then we ſhall ne're ha' done. Here's another Shepherd, quo the Barber, call'd the *Shepherd of Filida*. He was no Shepherd, cry'd the Curate, but a compleat Courtier, keep him as the Apple of thine Eye. Bleſs me, quo the Barber, we ſhall ne're be poor now, here's the Ware-houſe it ſelf, or the *Treaſury of Poetry*. Ay, quo the Curate, 'tis a Ware-houſe indeed, but like a *Coſtermongers*, there are a World of rotten Pippins among the ſound; were they leſs, they would be of more value: Keep it however, becauſe the Author is my Friend, and for the ſake of ſome few ſoaring Fancies of his that are extant. Here's a *Book of Sonnets* and *Madrigals*, quo the Barber, by *Lopez Maldonado*. That's my particular Friend, reply'd the Curate. Men admire his Verſes when he reads 'em himſelf, and ſuch is the Sweetneſs of his Voice, that when he ſings 'em, he makes all the World dance after his Pipe. He is a little too tedious in his Eclogues; preſerve him however from Tribulation. But how d'ye call the next? This is *Michel Servantes's Galatea*, reply'd Mr. *Nicholas*. He is one of my old Acquaintance, quo the Curate; but a Perſon more remarkable for his Misfortunes, then his Poetry. Something there is of Conceit and Invention in his Book; a great Cry, and a little Wool; for he promiſes much, performs little. We muſt ſtay for his Second Part, of which he aſſure us; perhaps in that, he may make amends for his former Errors. Set him aſide therefore, and let us ſee who are they that ſtand there all a-row? Why, here is th' *Araucana* of *Don Alonzo d' Hercilla*; th' *Auſtriada* of *John Ruffo*, one of the Common-Council-men of *Cerdova*, and the *Monſerrat* of *Chriſtopher de Verves*, a Poet of *Valencia*. Thoſe, quo the Curate, are the beſt Heroick Verſes that ever were compos'd in *Spaniſh*, and may compare with the choiceſt of the *Italians*. Preſerve 'em therefore charily, as precious Monuments of the Excellency of our Poets.

At length the Curate, weary of looking over ſo many Authors, concluded to throw all the reſt into his Bone-fire, without farther Examination. But the Barber ſhewing him one more that was already open'd, and entitl'd, the *Tears of Angelica*: Truly, quo the Parſon, I ſhould have wept my ſelf, had this Book miſcarry'd, by my Order; for the Author was not only one

of the beſt Poets of *Spain*, but in the whole World; and has been particularly ſucceſsful in his Tranſlation of ſeveral of *Ovid*'s Fables.

CHAP. VII.

Of Don Quixote's *ſecond departure from his Houſe.*

WHile they were thus employ'd, they heard *Don Quixote* making a moſt horrid noiſe, and crying out in his Bed, 'Here, here, Vali-'ant Knights; Here it is that you ought to ſhew the ſtrength and vigour 'of your Arms, and not to let the Courtiers carry away the Honour of the 'Tournament. This hideous out-cry call'd away the Inquiſitors from any farther examination of the Study; ſo 'tis very probable, that the reſt of the Library being left to the mercy of the *Maid* and the *Niece*, they made havock of all, without minding due forms of Law. And thus 'tis thought that *La Carolea*, *Leo of Spain*, and the *Acts of the Emperor*, Compos'd by *Don Lewis D' Alvala*, which could not chooſe but be in the ſame Catalogue, were all Sacrific'd to the Flames of *Purgatory*. A Fate, perhaps, which they might have avoided, had the Curate been there to have heard their Juſtifications.

Don Quixote was juſt up, when his *Library-Condemners* came into the Chamber, where they found him making a heavy buſtle, tearing his Throat, full of Anger, quarrelling with the Air, and laying on upon the Walls back-ſtroke and fore-ſtroke; thereupon they altogether lay'd hold of him, and having diſarm'd him, put him to bed; where after he had repos'd a while, and recover'd his ſtrength, turning to that ſide where the *Curate* ſate, "My good Lord Arch-Biſhop *Turpin*, ſaid he, 'tis the greateſt "piece of ſhame in the World, that the twelve *Peers* ſhould ſo baſely "let the Courtiers go away with the Honour of the *Tournament*, after we "the Knights Adventurers had carry'd it for three days together before. Patience is a Vertue, an't like your Worſhip, reply'd the Curate: Fortune is fickle, and they that loſe to day, may win to morrow. Therefore pray Sir, mind your Health at preſent; for of neceſſity you muſt be extreamly tyr'd, if not very much wounded. "As for my being wounded, anſwer'd "*Don Quixote*, there's no ſuch thing; but that I am bruis'd and mortify'd "'tis very true: For when I was down, *Rowland* the *Baſtard* fell a thraſh-"ing my bones with a huge Ok'n Plant, out of meer ſpleen, becauſe I pre-"tended to be more Valiant then He. But I will renounce the Name of "*Rinaldo* of *Montalban*, if, maugre all his Enchantments, I do not quit ſcores "with Him, ſo ſoon as I get well. And therefore let 'em bring me my Sup-"per, 'tis that which I have moſt need of at preſent, and then let me alone "to my Revenge. Accordingly they brought him ſome Victuals, which when he had eat'n, he fell aſleep again, at what time they left him to his ſlumbers, partly wondring, partly ſmiling at his Follies. The ſame Night the Female Executioner burnt all the Books ſhe could find in the Houſe; and 'tis a hundred to one but that ſeveral ſuffer'd in the General Calamity that deſerv'd a better Fate, according to the Proverb, *That many times the Innocent periſh with the Guilty.*

Among the reſt of the Cures, which the *Curate* and *Barber* had found out, as moſt proper for their Friends Diſtemper, one was to ſtop up the Study-door, ſo that he might not be able to find it when he roſe, hoping that the Effect

Effect would ceaſe, when the Cauſe was taken away; and that if he enquir'd for the Key, they ſhould tell him that a certain *Enchanter* had carry'd away Study, Books and all. Two days after, *Don Quixote* being got up, the firſt thing he did was to go viſit his Books, but not finding the Study where he had left 'em, he ſought about in every Room of the Houſe for the door. At length, perceiving all his labour in vain, he ask'd the Maid-Servant where his Study of Books ſtood? What Study, Sir, reply'd the Maid, according to her Inſtructions? Here's neither Study nor Books, nor ſo much as a piece of Paper i' this Houſe, for the Devil has carry'd all away. Not the Devil, cry'd the Niece, but ſomething, or ſome body ten times worſe, the Lord deliver me. For about a day or two after you were gone, in the Night time there came a Sorcerer as they call 'em, mounted upon a Dragon, and wrapt up in a Cloud inſtead of a Leaguer Cloak; who as ſoon as he came to the Door, alighting from the Dragon's back, enter'd the Houſe, went up to the Study, and what he did there, the Lord of *Oxford* knows: But there he ſtay'd a while, and when he went away, he left ſuch a ſmoak and ſtench behind him, that we were almoſt choak'd. At length, we went to ſee what he had done; but looking for the Study, we could neither find Books nor Study, nor any ſign of a Study that had been there. Only the Maid and I remember (and 'twas as much as we could do, being half ſcar'd out of our Wits) that as he was going away, the curſed old Miſcreant cry'd out with a loud voice, *I think I have plagu'd the owner of theſe Books for drubbing the Gyant my Friend.* And then I think he call'd himſelf by the Name of *Munnaton*. *Wheſton* you mean, anſwer'd *Don Quixote*. Ay, Ay, *Wheſton*, or *Whiſton*, cry'd the Maid, I am ſure his Name ended in *Ton*. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Don Quixote*, he is a very famous Necromancer, and my Mortal Enemy; for he underſtands by his Art, that I am one day, in deſpight of all his Magick, to vanquiſh in ſingle Combat, a young Knight, whom he loves and protects, and therefore he works me all the miſchief he can. But let him know, he does but fool himſelf, and that there's no avoiding what the Fates have ordain'd. There's no queſtion to be made on't, reply'd his Neice: But dear Uncle, ſaid ſhe, why do you thus engage your ſelf in all theſe Quarrels and Combats? Would it not be much better for you to live quiet at home, enjoy your Eſtate, and take the pleaſure of Hunting, then to perplex and weary your ſelf with roving and rambling about the World like a Vagabond; and ſeeking for better Bread then is made of Wheat, not conſidering, that there's ſome People who gad a great way for Wool, that return home without Hair. Oh my dear Neice, anſwer'd *Don Quixote*, thou art much miſtak'n; for before I'le be ſhorn by any Man, I'le tear his Beard from the Chin of the proudeſt *He* that dares but to look upon the Curles of one of my Locks. To which his Neice made no reply, perceiving the Knight begin to be in wrath.

Fifteen whole days did our Hero remain at home to repair his batter'd Carkaſs, without the leaſt ſign of any Reformation; during which time, the Curate and the Barber had the moſt pleaſant diſputes in the World with him, while he maintain'd that there was nothing ſo beneficial to Mankind as *Knight-Errantry*, to which end he was reſolv'd to re-eſtabliſh the Order. In which diſputes the *Curate* ſometimes contradicted him, ſometimes ſubmitted; for had he not us'd that Policy, he might have been thraſh'd for a Necromancer.

In the mean time, *Don Quixote* very privately, but very earneſtly made it his buſineſs every day to ſolicite one of his Neighbours, a Labouring-man, and a good honeſt Fellow, if we may be permitted to call a poor man ho-

neſt: for he was poor indeed; poor in Purſe, and poor in Brains: Which *Don Quixote* conſidering, beſtow'd all his Rhetoric upon him, told him out ſo many thouſands of Promiſes, and gave him ſo many fair Arguments, that at length he prevail'd with him to become his Squire. Among other motives this was one, that his proſpect of Gain was great, but his Loſs could be nothing: For that in Knight-Errantry there were oft-times thoſe lucky hits, that in the time that a man may be taking up two ſtraws, the Knight might take an Iſland; and it might be his luck to make him Governour of a whole Country. Thus *Sancha Pancha* (for that was the Name of the Labouring-man) vanquiſh'd by theſe invincible Reaſons, forſook his Wife and Children to follow his Neighbour in the quality of a *Squire*, or *Shield-Porter*.

And now *Don Quixote* aſſur'd of ſuch a neceſſary Appurtenance, made it his buſineſs to furniſh himſelf with Money: To which purpoſe, putting here to Sale, Mortgaging there, and all the while ſelling *Robin Hood's* Pennoth's, he got a good round Sum together. After that, he borrow'd another Target of one of his Neighbours, and having repair'd his Head-piece and Viſor the beſt he could, he gave notice to his Squire of the day and hour that he intended to depart, to the end he might furniſh himſelf with all things neceſſary; more eſpecially he bid him be careful not to forget a Wallet. *Sancha* promis'd all Obedience, and moreover ſignify'd his deſire to take his Aſs along with him, which was ſtrong and in good caſe. The mentioning of the Aſs put *Don Quixote* into a brown ſtudy for a time, being in a great Quandary whether it were lawful for him to permit his Squire that Priviledge; not being able to call to mind that of all the Knights which he had read, ever any one carry'd along with him a Squire mounted upon an Aſs. However at laſt he reſolv'd to give *Pancha* his liberty, hoping in time to mount him more honourably, the firſt unmannerly Knight that he ſhould happ'n to unhorſe. He alſo furniſh'd himſelf with Shirts, and other Neceſſaries, according to the Inn keepers Inſtructions. Which being done with all the ſecrecy imaginable, *Sancha*, without ſo much as kiſſing his Wife, or bidding his Children *God-buy*; and *Don Quixote*, leaving both his Maid and his Niece faſt aſleep, ſtole out of the Houſe one Night, and having got the Village upon their backs, they made ſuch haſt, that by break of day they were quite out of the danger of being purſu'd. As for *Sancha Pancha*, he rode like a Patriarch, with his Wallet and his Bottle, and with a ſtrange impatience to ſee himſelf Governour of the Iſland which his Maſter had promis'd him.

They took the ſame Road which *Don Quixote* had done the time before, that is to ſay, over the Plains of *Montiel*, through which they travell'd with leſs annoyance, then when *Don Quixote* rode alone, by reaſon it was very early in the Morning, at what time a brisk breeze of Wind cool'd the freſh Air. And all this while they had not ſpok'n a word one to another; but *Sancha Pancha*, whoſe Tongue was never wont to lie ſtill ſo long, at length breaking ſilence, 'Sir Knight-Errant, quo he to his Maſter, pray do 'not you forget the Iſland which you have promis'd me. Heark ye me, 'Friend *Sancha*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, you muſt know that in all Ages, this 'has been the conſtant practice of Knight-Errants, to give their Squires the 'Government of thoſe Iſlands and Kingdoms which they conquer; which 'laudable Cuſtom I am reſolv'd to keep up to that degree, that whereas 'other Knights never rewarded their Squires, till they were grown old, and 'incapable of ſtarving by Day, and watching a Nights, and then gave 'em 'only ſome little Province or other, with the Title of Count or Marqueſs:

'For

'For my part, ſhould it be my hap, before we have liv'd ſix days together, 'to gain an Empire, to which many other Kingdoms were ſubject, I would 'cauſe thee to be Crown'd King of one of thoſe Kingdoms. Nor do thou 'think this to be a ſtrange thing: For ſuch good Fortune oft-times befals a 'Knight-Errant, and that by ways and means ſo un-foreſeen and unexpected, 'that I may chance to give thee much more then I promis'd. If this ſhould come to paſs, reply'd *Sancha Pancha*, aſſuredly my Wife *Joan Guthridge* will be a Queen, and all my Children *Infanta's* and *Dolphins*. There's no doubt on't, reply'd *Don Quixote*. I do a little queſtion it, anſwer'd *Sancha*; for I am perſwaded, if it ſhould rain Crowns, we ſhould hardly meet with one that would fit my Wives Head: For to tell ye truth, Sir, ſhe's no more fit to make a Queen, then a pickl'd Herring; I believe ſhe would prove a better Counteſs, and yet, ſo God help me, if ſhe be able to manage that Place well, I believe 'tis as much as ſhe can do. Leave that to *God a' mighty*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, he will give thee what is moſt convenient for thee; and therefore pluck up a good Heart, and ſcorn to content thy ſelf with leſs then a Vice-Roy-ſhip, or an Earldom at leaſt. No more I will, reply'd *Don Sancha*; eſpecially ſince I have ſo good and ſo diſcreet a Maſter, that knows what to give me, and what I am able to diſcharge.

CHAP. VIII.

Of Don Quixote's *good Succeſs in his dreadful and unheard-of Encounter with the Windmills.*

WHile they were thus familiarly talking together, *Don Quixote* and his Squire diſcover'd at a diſtance ſome thirty or forty Windmills; which ſo ſoon as the Knight eſpy'd, 'Fortune now conducts us better then 'we can guide our ſelves. See yonder (Friend *Sancha*) no leſs then thirty 'Giants of enormous ſtature; all which I am reſolv'd not only to encoun-'ter, but to diſ-embowel. 'Twill be a good beginning to enrich our ſelves 'with their Spoils; for the Quarrel is juſt, and the extirpation of this de-'teſted Race will be an acceptable piece of Service to God.

What Giants? reply'd *Sancha Pancha*. Why thoſe Giants which thou ſeeſt yonder, quo *Don Quixote*, with their hugeous Arms, of which Race there are ſome whoſe Arms will reach two Leagues in length. Mind what you ſay, reply'd *Sancha*; for an't like your Worſhip, thoſe things which you ſuppoſe to be Giants, are no Giants, but Windmills; and the Arms you fancy, are only the Sails that turn about the Wheels when they grind the Corn. 'I ſee, ſaid *Don Quixote*, that thou art a Ninny in matters of '*Chivalry*. They are Giants, Fool; and therefore if thou art afraid, go 'aſide and ſay thy Pray'rs: for my part, I am reſolv'd to encounter 'em, 'tho as many more. And ſo ſaying, he ſpurr'd *Roſinante* forward, tho *Sancha* ſtill ſwore himſelf to the Devil, that they were no Giants, but Windmills. But let him ſwear himſelf to his Damm to boot, he ſo ſtrongly fancy'd 'em to be Giants, that he never regarded the Oaths of his Squire; and the nearer he rode, the more he was confirm'd in his imagination. So that as ſoon as he came within hearing, he tore his Throat, crying out, Stand, Caitiffs; ſtand your Ground, vile Miſcreants as ye are, and flye not baſely from a ſingle Knight, that fears not to encounter ye all in a heap together.

together. By and by the Wind riſing, made the *Sweeps* begin to move: But that made him ten times madder. Then he ſwore Nouns and Pronouns, what! defie him to his Teeth! But ye ſhall pay for your arrogance, quo he, tho ye had as many Arms as the Giant *Briareus*. After that, he moſt devoutly recommended himſelf to his Lady *Dulcinea*, imploring her aid in that extremity of danger; and ſo covering himſelf with his Buckler, and couching his Lance in his Reſt, he ran with all *Roſinante*'s might againſt the firſt Windmill, puſhing his Lance through one of the *Winlow's*, which with the ſwiftneſs of its motion whirling away the Lance, ſhiver'd it into ſeveral pieces; and then throwing Horſe and Man after it, lay'd the poor Knight ſprawling i' the Field, at the diſtance of more Yards, then would have meaſur'd *Long Megg* of *Lincoln* a Gown and Petticoat. Which *Don Sancha* perceiving, haſten'd with his Aſs a Dog-trot; and finding his Maſter almoſt doz'd with the fall, Mercy ſave me, quo he, did I not worry your Worſhip to take care what ye did? and told ye they were Windmills? Which no body but might have ſeen, that had not more Windmills in his Head. Peace, Friend *Sancha*, peace, reply'd *Don Quixote*, there is nothing ſo ſubject to Fortune as War, for it fluctuates in perpetual inconſtancy. But let me tell thee what I think, and am certain 'tis true; that curſed Necromancer, *Wheſton*, that carry'd away my Study and my Books, as ſure as a Gun has chang'd the Giants into Windmills, on purpoſe to deprive me of the Honour which I intended, of grinding them to powder; ſuch is his rage and malice againſt me: But all his Enchantments in the end muſt yield to the edge of my Sword. *Pray God ye be John*, reply'd *Sancha*; and ſo heaving him up again upon his Leggs, by the help of a *Shrieve's Block*, he mounted the unfortunate *Roſinante* once more, half Shoulder-ſprain'd, poor Beaſt, with his fall.

This Atchievement thus perform'd, they took the Road that leads to the Paſſage through the Mountains, and all the way the laſt Adventure was the ſubject of their Diſcourſe; *Don Quixote* believing that he could not miſs of Adventures in a Road ſo greatly frequented. However the loſs of his Lance extreamly tormented him, for which, after he had expreſs'd his grief to *Sancha*, 'I remember, ſaid the Knight, that I have read of a certain Ca-'valier, whoſe Name was *Don Pedro de Vargas*, who having brok'n his 'Lance, tore down a huge maſſie Arm of an Oak, and ſlew ſo many *Moors*, 'that he won to himſelf and his Poſterity the Sirname of *Machuca*, or the '*Oak-render*. I tell thee this, *Sancha*, becauſe I intend to tear down from the next Oak I meet, an Arm as ſturdy and as fit for the work as you can imagine that to be, with which I will perform ſuch feats of Arms, that thou ſhalt bleſs thy ſelf, that ever thou hadſt the Honour to ſee me, and be the witneſs of Exploits almoſt ſurmounting belief. By the Ghoſt of St. *Jago*, reply'd *Don Sancha*, I believe 'tis true, becauſe you ſay it. But pray, Sir, ſit upright i' your Saddle, you ride upon one Buttock, as if you had a Bile upon t' other. No Bile, good *Sancha*, but a plaguy bruiſe upon the Crupper-bone: However, a Knight-Errant muſt never complain, tho his Guts were coming out of his Belly. Then I ſhall ſay no more, reply'd *Don Sancha*; and yet God knows my heart, I ſhould be glad to hear you complain a little ſometimes, when you have receiv'd a hurt. For my part, I am ſure I ſhall cry like a ſucking Calf if a Giant does but hold a Cudgel over my Pate, unleſs the Squires are under the ſame Law with their Maſters. *Don Quixote* laugh'd at the ſimplicity of his Squire, and aſſur'd him he might cry as much as he would, and when he would, whether he had any cauſe or no; for that he had never found any thing to the contrary

in

in all his reading. Pray, Sir, then, said *Sancha*, is it not high time to set our Teeth a going, for I find 'tis not Lawful for you to complain of Hunger? I do not find my Stomack yet up, reply'd *Don Quixote*; but for thy own part, do as thy Belly requires. *Sancha* having thus obtain'd leave, open'd his Wallet, as he sate upon his Ass, and having cut himself a good Lunchin of Bread and Cheese, fell a munching behind his Master, ever and anon lifting his Bottle to his Nose, as would have made a *Dutch-man* a-dry to have seen him. And thus as he sate cramming his Guts at ease, and drinking at leisure, he went his Asses pace, minding neither Family at home, nor his Master's great Promises, but only to fortifie himself against Hunger and Drowth.

That Night they made their Beds under the Trees; from one of which *Don Quixote* pull'd down a lusty, thumping long Branch, to serve him instead of a Lance, and fix'd to it the head and steeling of his brok'n Weapon. After that, he compos'd himself to his Rest; but alas, he could not sleep a wink for thinking upon his dear *Dulcinea*, in imitation of what he had read in his Romances, where the Knights-Errant never shut their Eyes, but spend their Nights in Deserts and Forests, contemplating upon the Beauty of their absent Mistresses. But *Sancha*, who was of a coarser Mettle, and more earthy substance, could not hold up so briskly against the Charms of *Morpheus*. For he, having fill'd his Paunch with something more then Wind, fell fast asleep, without the help of Succory-water, and made but one napp of it, from the time that he lay'd himself forth upon the Grass, till Sun-rise. Nor would the heat of the scorching Planet, nor the melody of the Birds that warbl'd on every side, have made him stir, had not his Master wak'd him with five or six *huzza's*, as loud as St. *Pulcher's Tenor*. However, being thus rous'd, he forgot not to wash his Eyes with a dram of the Bottle, where he took two or three long winded swiggs, not a little pensive to find it then so light, and no possibility of a Recruit upon the Road they were to Travel. As for *Don Quixote*, who had been feasting all Night upon the more delicate and savoury thoughts of his Mistress, he car'd for no Breakfast; and therefore being mounted, they rode directly toward the passage of the Mountains, which they discover'd about Eight a Clock i' the Morning. Where being arriv'd, Here it is, cry'd *Don Quixote*, that we may have Opportunity to thrust our Arms up to the elbows in *Adventures*. But here by the way I must admonish thee never to draw thy Sword, tho thou seest me in the greatest danger i' the World, unless thou find'st me assaulted by the Rabble, or any mean Mechanick Fellows like thy self; for in such a case thou may'st assist me, otherwise the Laws of Chivalry will not permit thee to encounter a Knight, till thou art Dubb'd thy self. Never doubt, Sir, quo *Don Sancha*, but I shall obey your Worship most punctually in this; and so much the rather, because I am naturally of a very peaceable temper, and a sworn Enemy to Quarrels. On the other side, if any Knight offer to drubb me first, I am afraid I shall hardly observe your Laws; for all Law, both Divine and Humane, permits a Man to defend his own Skin. I agree to that, reply'd *Don Quixote*; but as to thy assisting me against Knights-Errant, I tell thee again, thou hast no more to do, then only to say thy Prayers; but as to other things, thou art to bridle thy natural Courage. Don't I tell ye, Sir, that I'le be sure to do it: Ne'r trust me now, if I don't keep that Commandment more solemnly then any of the Ten.

Concluding

Concluding thus their Discourse, they espy'd coming toward 'em two Fryers, of the Order of St. *Benedict*, mounted upon *Dromedaries*, for they were a sort of strapping Mules, with their *Umbrello's* and Glasses before their Eyes. Behind appear'd a Coach and five or six Gentlemen a' Horseback, with two Men a foot that led the Mules. In the Coach was a Lady of *Biscay*, going to meet her Husband at *Sevil*, where he stay'd to take Shipping for the *Indies*, where he had obtain'd a considerable Employment. No sooner had *Don Quixote* descry'd the Fryers, who were not of the same Company, tho travelling the same Road, but he cry'd to his Squire, Either I am deceiv'd, friend *Sancha*, or yonder is one of the most famous Adventures that ever were known. For without all question, those Sable Apparitions that yonder appear, must be some *Necromancers*, that are carrying away some Princess in that Coach; and it is my Duty to use the utmost of my power to prevent so great an Injury. Oh! quo *Don Sancha*, shaking his Noddle, I fear me this will be more idle then the Adventure of the Wind mills. 'Slife, Sir, y'are under another mistake; these are *Benedictine* Fryers; and I'le be hang'd if the Coach does not belong to the People that are travelling upon the Road: And therefore I say again, have a care of being deluded by the Temptations of the Devil. I have told thee already, *Sancha*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that thou art a meer *Ninny-hammer* in Adventures. What I say, is true, and thou shalt find it so to be presently. And having so said, he advanc'd, and posted himself just in the middle of the High-way where the *Monks* were to pass. And when they came within hearing, in a loud and haughty tone, 'Anathema's and Devils 'in Humane shape, cry'd he, release those High born Princesses that you 'are conveying away in that Coach, or else expect a speedy Death, as the 'just Reward of your impious deeds. Thereupon the Monks immediately stopp'd their Mules, no less astonish'd at the strange disguise of the speaker, then at his thundring expressions. We are neither Persons Possess'd, quo they, nor Excommunicated, but Fryers of the Order of St. *Benedict*, travelling upon the Road. I am not to be cajol'd with fair words, reply'd *Don Quixote*; I know well enough what ye are, perfidious Infidels: And immediately, not admitting any reply, he ran so furiously with his Lance couch'd against the Fryers, that if one of 'em had not prudently thrown himself to the ground, his Soul must have been forc'd to seek another Habitation; while the other *Monk*, observing the discourteous usage of his Friend, clapt Spurs to his Mule, and flew for't with that speed, as if he had been running a Race with the Wind. *Sancha* no sooner perceiv'd the Fryer sprawling upon the ground, but he skipp'd off his Ass, and presently fell to rifling the *Religious Benedictine*; at what time the two Lackeys that attended the Fryers on foot, coming up to the Squire, ask'd him what he meant to strip the Gentleman? Because they are my due, reply'd *Sancha*, as being the spoils which my Lord and Master has won in the field of Battel. This was all *Heathen Greek* to the Lackeys; and therefore, to relieve their Master, seeing *Don Quixote* at a distance, who was then in a deep Discourse by the side of the Coach, they both fell upon *Sancha*, threw him down, and after they had trampl'd upon his Guts, as if they had been treading a *Hay-mow*, and torn above the best half of his Beard from his Chin, left him for dead. In the mean while the *Benedictine*, who was more scar'd then hurt, re mounts his Mule, and all in a cold sweat, as pale as a Ghost, spurs after his Companion, who staid for him at a distance, expecting the issue of this unexpected Adventure; and then, both together, they pursu'd their Journey, making as many signs of the Cross, as if they had had the Devil at their backs.

All

All this while *Don Quixote* was most busily employ'd at the Boot of the Coach, where after many *Goodly Good Morrows* to the *Biscayner* Lady, 'Madam, said he, your transcendent Beauty is now no longer under re-'straint; you are free and at liberty: This Arm of mine shall punish the 'bold attempters to enslave your Person. And that you may not be igno-'rant who was your Deliverer, know I am the valiant *Don Quixote* of the '*Mancha*, Knight-Errant; the Slave and Captive that adores the fair 'and incomparable *Dulcinea del Toboso*. Nor do I demand any other recom-'pence for the Service I have done you, but that you will be pleas'd to re-'turn to *Toboso*, there to visit this Lady in my Name, and let her know 'how far you are beholding to me for your Liberty, and what I have done 'to obtain it.

To all this riff-raff, a *Biscayner* Gentleman, who rode along with the Coach, listen'd most attentively; and observing that *Don Quixote* not only stopp'd the Coach, but would make the Coach-man also drive back to *Toboso*, he bore briskly up to him, and taking hold of his Lance, 'Sir *Cadwallader*, quo he, for '*Biscan Spanish* is *Welsh-English*, i' the name of St. *Taffee*, what make her stand 'prating there? Her was as good get her gone, and that quickly too, else 'as Cott shall shudge her Soul, her will stick her to the Heart, Plood, and 'Cutts. To which *Don Quixote* reply'd very sowrly, Wer't thou a Gen-'tleman, as thou art not, but a Scoundrel, I had chastiz'd thy Insolence 'long ere this. Splutrenailes, no Shentleman, cry'd the *Biscayner*; by Cott 'and St. *Taffee*, thou ly'st i' thy Throat: Her be as coot a Shentleman as a 'Christian. Throw away her Pike-staffs, and draw her Swords, and her 'shall find her a Shentleman py Land, a Shentleman py Sea, a Shentleman 'in spite of the Tevil, and her lyes in her Liver, and Lights, and Lungs, if her 'tenies what her say. *A match quo Momfort*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; and with that, throwing down his Lance, drawing his Sword, and shouldring his Buckler, he made at the *Biscayner*, fully resolv'd upon nothing but Massacre. The *Biscayner* seeing him come on so furiously, would fain have alighted, confiding little in his Mule, that was but a hyr'd Beast. But all he had time to do, was only to draw his Sword, and snatch a Cushion out of the Coach, to serve him instead of a Shield. Which done, the two Champions en-counter'd each other with all the signs of Mortal Antipathy. The standers-by did all they could to pacifie their fury; but 'twas a thing impossible. For the *Biscayner*'s *Welsh* Blood was in such a boyling condition, that he swore by the Peek of *Tenariff*, he would Murder his Mistress, and all that oppos'd him, if they would not let him alone to kill the Knight.

Upon this, the Lady, quaking and quivering, commanded the Coach-man to drive out of harms way, while the *Biscayner* at the same time let fall a driving blow upon his Adversary's shoulder with such a Gigantick force, that but for his trusty Target, he had split the Knight from the Collar to the Waist, like a Chequer Talley. Thereupon *Don Quixote* feeling the blow like the fall of a Mountain, with a loud voice, 'Bright Flower of Beauty, 'dearest *Dulcinea*, Mistress of my Soul, cry'd he, assist your Champion in 'this extremity of danger, fighting to support your Honour.

After which short Ejaculation, grasping his Sword, and shouldring his Target with a short-hand swiftness, and with a Tempestuous forehead, me-nacing nothing but Thunder and Destruction, he darted himself, Dragon-like upon his Enemy, as if he had resolv'd to venture the fortune of the Combat all upon one blow. On the other side, the *Biscayner*, guessing his design by his dreadful Countenance, guarded himself as well as he could with his Cushion, and breathing no less fury, with an undaunted bravery

reſolv'd to abide the ſhock of his mercileſs Foe, who with his Arm aloft came poudring on like a falling Meteor from the Skie. And all the while the Spectators, ready to bewray their Breeches, & crumpl'd up with panick fear, attended the fatal iſſue of the Combat; while the Lady and her waiting Gentlewomen put up their Prayers to Heaven for the *Biſcayner*, and vow'd golden Mountains to all the Saints in *Spain*, upon condition of ſucceſs.

The miſchief on't is, that the Author of this Hiſtory gives us no farther account of this Battel, but leaves it undecided, pretending that he finds nothing more mention'd concerning it in the Records of *D. Quixote*'s Atchievements. However, the next Undertaker of this work, could not believe that ſo remarkable a ſtory could be ſwallow'd up in the Jaws of Oblivion; or that the Wits of *Mancha* could be ſuch Sots, as not to preſerve in their Publick *Regiſters*, or Private *Scrutoirs* ſome odd Papers to eternize the Ornament of their Village; and therefore he made a diligent enquiry, and after long ſearch found what he ſought, by an Accident that ſhall be related in the next Book.

The End of the Firſt Book.

THE

Don Quixot and the Carrier Fighting for the Innkeepers Maid. Pag: 35

Sancho Pancha toss't in a Blanket.

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE DELIGHTFUL HISTORY OF Don Quixote DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK II.

ACADEMIA ESPAÑOLA BIBLIOTECA

CHAP. I.

The Event of the dreadful Combat between the couragious Biſcayner, *and the valiant* Don Quixote.

IN the firſt Part of this Hiſtory we left the brave *Biſcayner*, and the famous *Don Quixote* brandiſhing their Swords over their Heads, and preparing to give each other thoſe damnable Chops, that had their Weapons fall'n perpendicular upon unarmed Sculls, they had chyn'd one another to the very Saddle-Bows. But, as I ſaid before, the Story remain'd imperfect, becauſe the Author gave us no light where we ſhould find Matter to continue the Relation. This perplex'd me to the Soul; and the Pleaſure which I took at the Beginning augmented my Grief, when I ſaw it ſo impoſſible to ſee the Concluſion. But Lord! thought I, how can it be? It is impoſſible, at leaſt very unjuſt, that ſo famous a Champion ſhould want ſome learned Perſon to complete the Story of his Atchievements, ſuch as were never heard of before; a Misfortune that never befel any of his Predeceſſors in *Knight-Errantry*. And therefore not being able to imagin, that a Knight, ſo renowned as he, ſhould be leſs beholding to Fame, then *Platir* and others of the ſame Order, yet leſs worthy; I laid the Fault upon *Time*, who having a greedy Worm in his Maw, that devours all things, might have chopp'd up this Hiſtory for a reliſhing Bit,

or elſe maliciouſly buri'd it, to prevent Mankind from waſting and conſuming thoſe precious Hours, which are but Members of himſelf. On the other ſide, I could not believe the Hiſtory of our Champion to be ſo ancient, but that his Neighbours and Friends might well remember the moſt conſiderable Paſſages. And this it was that engag'd me to make a particular, and more exact Enquiry into the Life and Miracles of our renowned *Spaniard*, that blazing Star of *La Mancha*, and the firſt, who in this unfortunate Age renew'd the neglected Profeſſion of *Knight-Errantry*; devoting himſelf to relieve the Diſtreſſed, protect Widows and Orphans, and defend the Honour of young Damſels, ſuch as gallop with their Whips and their Palfries from Mountain to Mountain, and Valley to Valley, with all their Virginity about 'em, as ſafe as if it were at home lock'd up i'their Trunks; and unleſs they happen to meet with ſome boiſterous Clown, or letcherous Giant, at fourſcore years of Age are laid i'their Graves as good Maids as their Mothers. But all my Labour and Induſtry had been fruitleſs, and the World had been depriv'd of this ineſtimable Treaſure, had not kind Fortune been ſo propitious to throw it into my Hands by a lucky Accident, as you ſhall hear.

Standing one day in the *Mercers-Row* at *Toledo*, I ſaw a young Lad offering certain looſe Quires of Paper to a Grocer to ſell; being therefore, as I am, very curious, to ſcrape together all the printed or written old pieces of Paper I could meet with, I took an occaſion to bid the Boy let me ſee one of his Quires, and finding it to be in *Arabick*, which I did not underſtand, I look'd about to ſee whether I could find e're a *Jew* of a *Moor*, to be my Interpreter, a Conveniency eaſie to be had in a place where ſo many ſeveral Languages are ſpok'n. So that having met with a Perſon fit for my purpoſe, I deſir'd him to tell me the meaning of that ſame *Arabick*; who had not read many Lines before he began to laugh. I ask'd him what he laugh'd at? At a certain Remark here, ſaid he, that I find in the Margin, in theſe Words. *This ſame* Dulcinea del Toboſo *ſo often mention'd in this Hiſtory, is ſaid to have had the beſt hand in ſalting of Pork, of any Woman in* Mancha.

When I heard the Name of *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, I was both ſurpriz'd and pleas'd. For, thought I to my ſelf, thoſe Papers muſt certainly contain the Hiſtory of *Don Quixote*. Thereupon I deſir'd the *Jew* to read me the Title of the Book, which he did in theſe Words: *The Hiſtory of* Don Quixote *of the* Mancha, *written by* Cades Hamech Benengeli, *an Arabian Hiſtoriographer*. I was ſo over-joy'd when I heard the Title, that I could not diſſemble my Paſſion, but ſnatching the Papers out of the Grocer's hands, I agreed with the Boy to ſell me that for Three-pence, which he would not have ſold me for twenty times as much, had he known my mind. This Purchaſe thus made, I preſently withdrew into the Cloiſter of the great Church, with my *Moor*, and bargain'd with him for fifty Pound of Raiſins, and two Buſhels of Wheat, to tranſlate the whole into *Spaniſh*, charging him not to add or diminiſh, but to keep cloſe to the Original. And for the more quick diſpatch, I carry'd him home to my own Houſe, where in ſix Weeks he completed his Work.

Upon the firſt leaf of the Book was painted to the life the Combat between the *Biſcayner* and *Don Quixote*, in the ſame Poſture as we left 'em, with their Swords brandiſh'd over their Heads, the one guarding himſelf with his Target, and the other holding up his Cuſhion. The *Biſcayner*'s Mule was painted ſo exactly to the life, that you would have ſworn it to have been a hir'd Mule, half a League off. Under the *Biſcayner* was written, *Don Sancho de Aſpecia*, and under *Roſinante*, *Don Quixote*. *Roſinante* was

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ſo admirably well done, ſo ſlim, ſo lean, ſo lank, ſo hide bound, with a rough Coat, a ſharp Ridge-bone, and lolling Ears, that you would have ſworn, at firſt ſight, he had been tak'n out of a Duſt-Cart. Not far off ſtood *Sancho Pancha* holding his Aſs by the Halter. A pleaſant Protraiture, tun-belly'd like a *Switzer*, thick and ſhort like a *Suſſex* Dumplin, with a couple of gouty Legs, like two Collars of Brawn; and this is the reaſon why he is call'd in Story ſometimes *Panſa*, or *Gorbelly*, ſometimes *Canſa*, or *Bandy-legs*. Whoever objects againſt the Truth of what is here ſaid, can give no ſolid Reaſon, I am ſure, for his incredulity, but only that it was written by an *Arabian*, who are generally as great Lyers as ever the *Cretans* could be. However, as they are our Enemies, I am apt to believe, that the Author rather ſtudi'd to ſuppreſs the Truth, then to add to our Champion's Fame, and the rather, becauſe I find, where he ought to have enlarg'd upon his Praiſes, he paſſes many things over in ſilence. A great piece of Malice and Baſeneſs in a Hiſtorian, whom it behoves to be punctual and faithful, free from Paſſion or Intereſt, deteſting, either through Favour or Affection, to deviate from the Truth, which is the Mother of Hiſtory, as Hiſtory is the *Feoffee in Truſt* for the Preſervation of all great Actions; or rather, the Treaſury of Fame, where all the renowned Exploits of worthy Champions are depoſited, as in a ſacred and inviolable Sanctuary, as being the profeſs'd Enemy of Oblivion. And therefore I cannot but perſwade my ſelf, That all which is here written, is certainly true, ſince the Author might have ſo eaſily enlarg'd himſelf upon a Subject ſo copious, had he ſo pleas'd himſelf. Which argues, that he could not help what he writes, ſince he goes about to nimm, and filch from our Champion's Atchievements; tho I muſt tell ye the Theft cannot be much miſs'd, where there is ſuch a plentiful Heap. And ſo let us proceed according to our Tranſlation.

Such were the terrible Aſpects, and incens'd Countenances of thoſe enrag'd and fiery Combatants, that with up lifted Hands, and with remorceles Glaves, they ſeem'd to threat'n the Heavens themſelves, as well as the Earth, while the Spectators hung in an equal balance between Aſtoniſhment and Fear. The cholerick *Biſcayner* gave the firſt Blow, and that with ſuch a willing Heart, and ſuch a prodigious force, that had not his Sword turn'd in his hand, that funeral Stroke had determin'd the Combat, and put an end to all the reſt of this Hiſtory. But Fate, that had reſerv'd our Champion for a more durable Immortality, ſo order'd it, that the Sword falling with the flat of the Blade upon his left Shoulder, did no other harm, but only diſarm that ſide of his Head, carrying away along with it all that ſide of his Helmet, and half his Ear. Words cannot expreſs the more then Dragon-like Rage and Tranſport of *La Mancha*'s Hero, to ſee himſelf ſo courſely handl'd. Immediately therefore raiſing himſelf upon his Stirrups, and graſping his Sword faſt in his Fiſt (tremble ye Heavens!) he diſcharg'd ſo dreadful and hideous a Thunder-clap ſo full upon his Adverſary's Noddle, that maugre the defence of his Cuſhion, the poor *Biſcayner* fell a bleeding at the Noſe, Mouth, and Ears; and tottering in his Saddle, he had certainly fall'n to the Ground had he not caught hold of his Mule's Neck. At what time the dull Beaſt, ſcar'd with the Blow, and now Maſter of his Bridle, took a run as if the Devil had drove him; ſo that after two or three Friſks he ſhoke off his Rider, and threw him almoſt breathleſs to the Earth, where he lay gaſping for Life, like a Game-cock, that has receiv'd a ſparring Blow from his Enemy. *Don Quixote* beheld the Diſaſter of his Foe with great content and tranquility of mind; and ſeeing him

him down, ſlipp'd from his Saddle, as nimbly as a Taylor from his Shop-board, ran to him, and ſetting the point of his Sword to the *Biſcayner's* Throat, bid him ask his life, vowing elſe to cut off his Head. But he had ſpoil'd the *Biſcayner* for a Speech-maker, who, inſenſible of the danger of his Neck, made no reply; ſo that *Don Quixote* had aſſuredly completed his Work, had not the Lady, trembling and ſcreaming for the loſs of her Squire, beſought him to ſpare his life. But her Atonement having pacify'd the Hero's Fury; "Fair Lady, ſaid he, with a grave and ſtately demeanour, "I grant your Requeſt; but upon Condition, that this ſame Knight "ſhall return to *Toboſo*, and there preſent himſelf in my Name before the "incomparable *Dulcinea*, to be at her abſolute Diſpoſal. The diſmay'd Lady, who at that time would have given him her Maiden-head, if ſhe had had it, for half a words ſpeaking, ne're ſtood to diſpute his Commands, nor to enquire who *Dulcinea* was, but promis'd in her Squire's behalf, implicite Obedience to all his Injunctions. "Let him live then, reply'd the "Champion, upon your word, and in favour of your Beauty, let him enjoy "that Pardon, of which his Arrogance had render'd him unworthy.

CHAP. II.

Containing the pleaſant Diſcourſe between Don Quixote *and* Sancho Pancha.

LOng before this, *Sancho Pancha* had recover'd himſelf, and was got again upon his Legs, after the rude Kicks and Buffets, which the Varlets belonging to the *Benedictines*, had ſo liberally beſtow'd upon his Noſe and Mouth; and then beholding the Combat wherein his Maſter was engag'd, he went to his Prayers, deſiring of God to grant him Victory, and that he might win an Iſland, in order to his being made a Governour. At length perceiving the Combat to be at an end, and that *Don Quixote* was going to re-mount his Courſer, he ran in all haſte to help him; but before he put foot i'the Stirrup, *Sancho* firſt fell at his Knees, and kiſſing his hand; My dear Maſter, ſaid he, if you think it convenient to beſtow upon me the Iſland which you have won, I find my ſelf as able to govern it, as the beſt *He* that ever govern'd Iſland in this World. Friend *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, theſe are no Adventures of Iſlands, theſe are only *Præludium's* and Trials of Valour, Rancounters upon the High-way, where we win nothing but crackt Sculls, and brok'n Noſes, or the loſs of an Ear; have patience therefore, and thou ſhalt ſee we ſhall meet with Opportunities a-now to prefer thee to a Government, if not to be an abſolute Monarch. *Sancho* fail'd not to melt into Tears of Joy and Thanks for his new promiſes; and after he had once more kiſs'd his Hand, and the skirts of his Coat of Armour, ſetting his Shoulder to his Maſter's Buttocks, he heav'd him again into his Saddle; and then mounting his Aſs, follow'd his Maſter, who put on a good round Trot, after he had tak'n his leave of the Lady i'the Coach, and rode into the next Wood which he met with upon the Road, there to retire and refreſh himſelf for ſome time. But before they got thither, the Knight leading the way, and *Sancho* finding that *Roſinante* rid ground ſo faſt, that he was like to be left behind, he cry'd out to his Maſter to ſtay for him. Whereupon the Knight put a ſtop to his Career, and changing his

Gallop

Gallop into a leiſurely walking pace; ſo ſoon as *Sancho* overtook him, Maſter, ſaid he, me-thinks we ſhould do well to take Sanctuary. For we left the Perſon with whom you fought, but in a ſcurvy dangerous Condition; ſo that if we ſhould be apprehended and carry'd before a Juſtice of the Peace, what then? I fear me, before we got rid of his clutches, we ſhould fairly ſwing for't. Thou talk'ſt like a Coxcomb, reply'd *Don Quixote*; where didſt thou ever read or find, that ever any *Knight-Errant* was Indicted at a Seſſion's houſe for any Homicides that ever he committed? I know not what you mean by your Homicides, cry'd *Sancho*, nor have I ever heard of any ſuch Preſident 'tis true; but this I know, that many Men have been hang'd for fighting Duells; as for your *Homicides*, I know not what belongs to 'em. Never diſquiet thy ſelf, Boy, for that, reply'd *Don Quixote*, he that has reſcu'd thee out of the hands of the *Tartars* and *Chaldeans*, can as eaſily protect thee from a Commiſſion of *Oyer* and *Terminer*, maugre all the ſtrength and fury of the Giant *Cul-prit* to boot. For tell me now truly; Doſt thou believe there is, or ever was a more couragious Champion in any Part or Corner of the whole World, then my ſelf? Haſt thou at any time read in Hiſtory of any one that ever had more Reſolution to undertake, more Vigour to attack, better Lungs to hold out, more defenſive nimbleneſs, more offenſive Dexterity, or more Art to unhorſe his Adverſary? O' my Conſcience, quo *Don Sancho*, 'tis very true; I never read the like i' my life; for I never could Read or Write ſince I was born. But this I dare ſwear upon all the Bibles that ever were printed at *Oxford*, that I never ſerv'd a more daring and bolder Maſter then your ſelf; pray God this Boldneſs of yours does not bring us both at length to the Gallows. But, Sir, what if we ſhould dreſs your Ear? It drops like a Breſt of Mutton; and I have by good chance both Lint and the *Apoſtle's Ointment* here in my Wallet. All this trouble might have been ſav'd, had I remember'd, like a Codſhead as I was to forget it, to have made but one ſmall Gally-pot full of the *Balſom* of *Invulnerable*; one drop of which precious Ointment would have ſav'd us the expence both of Time and Med'cines. What Balſom of *Invulnerable* d'ye mean, Sir, quo *Don Sancho*? A Balſom, reply'd *Don Quixote*, which he that poſſeſſes may dally with all manner of Wounds, and fart at Death it ſelf. I have the Receipt of it i' my head; ſo that when I have made it, I will give thee a Box full; and then if it be thy chance in any Combat to ſee me cleft in two i' the middle, do but thou take up the two halves, and joyn 'em exactly together again, before they be cold, and give me but a Spoonful of that Balſom to drink, and thou ſhalt ſee me as ſound again as ever I was i' my life. If this be true, quo *Sancho*, I defie all the Preferments and Governments you have promis'd me; I deſire no more then this Receipt to recompence all my paſt and future Services. For I am ſure there is no part of the World where this Balſom will not be worth at leaſt half a Crown an Ounce; ſo that a man may get an Alderman's Eſtate preſently. But, Sir, how much will it coſt to make this Balſom, quo *Don Sancho*? Why, you may make every day i' the Week three Pints for Eighteen-pence, reply'd *Don Quixote*. Heavens bleſs me, Sir! why then don't you teach me how to make it immediately? God's-my-life, I'de make three Hogſheads a day, rather then fail. Soft and fair, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I reſerve thee for Secrets of far greater Importance, and more noble Rewards. In the mean time dreſs my Ear, for it pains me confoundedly, tho I am unwilling to ſhew it. Whereupon *Sancho* took his Ointment and his Lint out of his Wallet. But when *Don Quixote* ſaw that the Vizor of his Helmet was brok'n, 'twas a thouſand pound to a Nut-

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ſhell, but that he had run ſtark ſtaring mad. "By the Bowels of my Fa-"ther; by my Allegiance to *Dulcinea*; by the whole frame of Nature, cry'd he, here do I ſwear to lead a life like the *Marqueſs* of *Mantua*, when he vow'd to revenge the Death of his *Couſin Balduin*, never to eat at Table, nor kiſs my Miſtreſs, till I have tak'n Vengeance upon him that did me this Injury. Sir, ſaid *Sancho*, amaz'd to hear him ſwear ſo deſperately, moderate your Paſſion; for if the Knight fulfill your Commands, and preſent himſelf at the Feet of the Lady *Dulcinea*, you have giv'n him an Act of Oblivion, unleſs he commit a ſecond Offence. 'Tis well obſerv'd, reply'd the Hero, and therefore as to the point of Revenge, I revoke my Oath. But I confirm and renew it again, and ſolemnly vow to lead the ſame life as before, till I have pluck'd from the Head and Jaws of ſome other Knight, a Helmet as good as ever that was. Nor do thou think, *Sancho*, that I make this Proteſtation raſhly; I know who it is that I imitate exactly: for it was the very caſe of *Mambrino*'s Helmet, which coſt *Sacripant* ſo dear. For Heaven's-ſake, Sir, cry'd *Sancho*, reſign all your Oaths to the Devil. We are commanded not to ſwear, and you damn your ſelf here for a trifle. For ſuppoſe we ſhould not meet with an armed Knight this Fortnight, what muſt we do i' the mean time? Will you keep your Oath all the while? will you ſleep i' your Clothes a Month together? Never eat or drink in a good Town, with a thouſand other idle Penances, which that doating old Fool the Marqueſs of *Mantua* inflicted upon himſelf? Beſides, Sir, we may ride theſe hundred years upon this Road, before we meet with an armed Knight to pick a quarrel withal; here are none but Carriers and Waggoners, fellows ſo far from carrying Vizors upon their Noſes, that they never ſo much as heard what a Vizor was i' their lives. Go, go, thou art a Fool, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I'le warrant thee we ſhall meet in time with more Knights with Vizors and Head-pieces, then fought to reſcue the fair *Angelica* at the Siege of *Albraſa*. A blind Man would be glad to ſee it, cry'd *Don Sancho*, I could find i' my heart to fetch a Nap, an 'twere but to riſe wi' my Bumm upward, for luck-ſake; for I long to have this Iſland won, which has coſt me ſo dear, that I might die a Governour. I have bid thee, *Sancho*, not trouble thy head about theſe things, reply'd *Don Quixote*, for if we miſs of an Iſland, there is either the Kingdom of *Denmark*, or the Empire of *What d' ye call it*, both upon the Continent, as fit for thy purpoſe, as a Ring to thy Finger. But ſetting aſide theſe ſoaring Imaginations awhile, prethee what haſt got to eat i' thy Wallet? Let's fill our Stomachs a little, then travel on in ſearch of ſome Caſtle where to reſt our ſelves this Night, and make the Balſom; for the Devil take me, if my Ear be'nt curſed ſore. I have here an *Onion*, a piece of old *Suffolk-Cheeſe*, and two or three mouldy Cruſts of Bread, reply'd *Sancho*; but this is not a ſort of Viands fit for ſuch a valiant Champion as you are. Thou twattl'ſt like an *Ignoramus*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, for 'tis the cuſtom of Knights-Errant not to eat ſometimes in two or three Months together; and when they do, they fall upon what they meet with firſt, let it be never ſo homely; and this thy Blockhead-ſhip might have known, hadſt thou but read half ſo many Stories as I ha' done. For to deal faithfully with thee, after all my poring and dozing upon Romances, I never could find, that ever *Knights-Errant* did eat, unleſs it were by accident, when they were invited to great Feaſts and Royal Banquets; at other times they dieted only upon Whimms and *Chimera*'s. However, becauſe it cannot be imagin'd, but that they were ſubject to Human Exigency, as being no more then mortal Men; 'tis very probable, that as they ſpent their time for the moſt part

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in Foreſts and Deſarts, where they had no *French* Cooks to make 'em Potages and *Fricaſees*; no *Fiſh-ſtreet* Dinners to pamper their Appetites, that they were glad to leap at a Cruſt, and be content with ſuch Country fare as they could get. Never then, *Sancho*, perplex thy little Brains about pleaſing my Palate, nor think to make a new World, or to change the very Order and ancient Cuſtoms of *Knight-Errantry*. I beg your Worſhip's Pardon, reply'd *Don Sancho*, for I was never bred a Scholard, nor Book-learn'd, and therefore 'twas not to be expected I ſhould ſo exactly underſtand the Laws of Chivalry. However, I ſhall take care for the future, that my Wallet ſhall not be ſo empty, but well furniſh'd at one end with dry'd Sweetmeats, and *Naples* Biſcuit, for you that are a Knight; and for my ſelf that am none, I ſhall be no leſs careful to ſatisfie *Colon* with more ſolid and nouriſhing Food. I do not ſay, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that a *Knight-Errant* is oblig'd to make a Comfit-maker's Shop of his Belly; for many times he may be glad of a Sallad without Meat or hard Eggs, and a good ſhift too, to thoſe that know how to make choice of their Herbs, as I do. Truly, anſwer'd *Don Sancho*, 'tis an excellent thing to be a good *Simpler*; and I am plaguily afraid we ſhall have Occaſion for this ſort of Knowledge e're it be long, when we may be forc'd, like Beaſts of the Field, to eat our Herbs without Oyl and Vinegar, or the more delicious way of being jumbl'd into a Tanſey. In the mean time, quo he, here's what God hath ſent us; and ſo emtying his Wallet, they fell on without Napkin or Table-cloth, Hail fellow well met. For the Maſter was in haſte; and therefore as ſoon as they had ſnapp'd up their Philoſophers Collation, the Champion and his Squire remounted, and away they put on, in ſearch of a Caſtle. At length, juſt as the Sun was going down, they came to a place where certain Goat-herds had ſet up their Hutts in the open Field; ſo that *Don Quixote* perceiving no likelihood of finding a Caſtle, reſolv'd to abide there that Night, not a little to *Sancho*'s Grief, who was altogether for a good Town, where he might repleniſh his Wallet, tho his Maſter took it for a Bleſſing to ſleep under the Canopy of Heaven, as believing it a thing that highly conduc'd to the Accompliſhment of *Knight-Errant* Performances.

CHAP. III.

What happen'd to Don Quixote *among the Goat-herds.*

Don Quixote was moſt courteouſly receiv'd by the *Goat-herds*; and as for *Sancho*, after he had accommodated *Roſinante* and his *Mule*, in the beſt manner that the place could afford, he found his Noſtrils full of a moſt attractive Scent, which drew him to follow his Noſe where the Shepherds were roaſting certain pieces of Kids fleſh for Supper. The Squire was as hungry as a Kite, and would fain have been reating the meat from the Spit; but good Manners enforc'd him to ſtay till the Shepherds had ſpread three or four Sheep and Goat-skins upon the Graſs inſtead of a Table-cloth. Which done, and the Gueſts invited to take part, the Shepherds whelm'd an old half Tub with the bottom upward for the Knight to ſit in more State, while they themſelves ſate round about upon their Heels, like *Turks* or Tailors. *Sancho* ſtood behind to attend his Maſter, and give him Drink in a plain *Cuckolds-point* Horn. At what time *Don Quixote* taking

Compaſſion of his Squire; That thou mayſt underſtand the true worth of *Knight-Errantry*, ſaid he, and how the meaneſt Retainers to it, are in the ready Road to Honour and Eſteem; 'tis my pleaſure that thou ſit thee down here by me in the Company of theſe perſons of Quality, that thou be'ſt hail-fellow well met with thy Lord and Maſter; that thou eat upon the ſame Trencher, and drink in the ſame Cup. For, in ſhort, we may ſay of *Knight-Errantry*, as they ſay of *Love*, That it renders all things equal. I humbly thank your Worſhip, reply'd *Don Sancho*, with an ugly Scrape; but if I had any Victuals to eat, I ſhould rather like to feed by my ſelf, and ſtanding upright, then ſitting by an Emperor; and ſhould be better contented with a piece of Rye-bread and an *Onion*, without Fiddle-faddle and Ceremony, then to diet with your great Folks upon Partridges and Turkies, where a man muſt ſit chawing his meat, as if he were champing of Thiſtles, drink Thimble-fulls, be always wiping his Fingers, and not dare to ſneeze or cough, tho his Lungs were ready to burſt; and therefore, my dear Lord and Maſter, I beſeech ye, change me theſe Favours for ſome others of leſs value, that may be more for Stomach-ſatisfaction; for as for theſe airy Grandeurs, I renounce 'em both now and for evermore. Talk no more, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but ſit thee down, *Sancho*; for the humble muſt be exalted; and ſo pulling him by the Arm, he forc'd him to take his place, and to be Sides-man with his Maſter.

All this while the Shepherds, who underſtood not a Tittle of all this *Pedler*'s *French*, of *Knight-Errants* and *Squires*, fed like Weſt-countrey Barge-men, without ſpeaking a word; and yet they could not but caſt an Eye now and then upon their Gueſts, who ſhovell'd whole Luncheons down their Throats as big as their Fiſts. At length the Bones being tak'n away, they brought in the ſecond Courſe, conſiſting of Acorns, Nuts, and Cheeſe, as hard as any Mortar made of Cement. Nor was the Horn idle all this while, for they tippl'd like Goſſips at a Chriſtning, filling and emptying, till one of two great Wine-bags was quite exhauſted. And now *Don Quixote* having ſatisfy'd the loud Cries of his Stomach, and perhaps elevated withal to the pitch of a modern Hero, he took a handful of Nuts and Acorns, and looking wiſtly upon 'em, with a grave and exalted Voice; "O happy Age! cry'd he, which our firſt Parents call'd the Age of Gold; "not for that Gold, ſo highly ador'd in this Iron Age, was then more "common, or that they ranſackt then the Bowels of the Earth with leſs "Labour; but becauſe at that time they were ignorant of thoſe two "deſtructive Words *Mine* and *Thine*, which have put all the World into "Confuſion. For all things in that holy Age were common; the Trees "for Food afforded frank and free their pleaſing Fruits; and the delicious "Brooks and Fountains quench'd their moderate Thirſt; the painful Bees "enriching the Cleſts of Rocks and hollow Trees with their flow'ry Spoils, "fearleſs erected their vigilant Common wealths, that men might reap "the pleaſant Harveſt of their fertile Induſtry. Inſtead of lofty Palaces, "they liv'd in mean and lowly Huts, which the Barks of Trees ſhelter'd "from the Injuries of Weather; and nothing but Union, Peace, and Plenty "among all Mankind. Beauty was then no Advantage, nor dangerous to young "Damſels, who never needed to conceal the Perfections which Nature had "beſtow'd upon 'em, more then what the Modeſty of all Ages requir'd. Gar-"lands and Flowers were all their Ornaments, and more becoming than all the "Pomp of Gold or *Tyrian* Purple, or a *Tire-woman's* Shop, which Luxury has "taught ſucceeding Pride. Love explain'd it ſelf in plain and cordial Lan-"guage, ſpeaking without Guile or Flattery; and a native Sincerity, free

"from

"from Deceit or Diſſimulation, govern all the Actions of Men. Juſtice "always hood-wink'd, was unacquainted then with *Favour* or *Intereſt*. "Long after that thoſe Monſters came into the World; at what time a "ſecret Venome diffuſing it ſelf into the Hearts of Men, extinguiſh'd all "that natural Equity that regulated the World: Then there were no "longer Sanctuaries for Maiden-chaſtity, but foul Concupiſcence rang'd "every where, corrupting the ſtricteſt Watches, and detecting the moſt "ſecret Labyrinths of Art. So that now that primitive Innocency being "loſt, and Oppreſſion every Day increaſing, there was a neceſſity to with-"ſtand the Torrent of Violence: For which Reaſon, the Order of *Knight-*"*Errantry* was inſtituted, to defend the Honour of Virgins, protect Wi-"dows, ſuccour Orphans, and relieve all the Diſtreſſed in general. Now, "my moſt noble Friends, I my ſelf am one of this Order, and it is to a "*Knight-Errant* and his Squire that you have given this Liberal Entertain-"ment. And tho all Perſons whatever are oblig'd to be kind to Perſons "of our Profeſſion, yet as you have done me this Kindneſs barely out "of Civility, without underſtanding in the leaſt who I was, it is but juſt, "that I ſhould acknowledge your Kindneſs; of which you may there-"fore aſſure your ſelves, that I ſhall never loſe the Remembrance.

And thus you ſee the great Vertue of Acorns, and how much our Story is beholding to 'em, for recalling to our Knight's Remembrance the Age of Gold, and cauſing him to make this learned Oration, to which the Shepherds liſten'd like ſo many Sows i' the Beans, tho they underſtood not a Word he ſaid. *Sancho*, indeed, ſaid as little as they, but he was more prudent to ſtop his Belly, then to fill his Ears with aiery Notions; ſo that he labour'd at the Nuts and the Cheeſe, like a Slave at the Oar, not ſuffering his Grinders to work in vain, and withal, giving frequent Viſits to the ſecond Bottle.

Supper thus ended, one of the Shepherds addreſſing himſelf to *Don Quixote*, That you may be aſſur'd, ſaid he, of our real Intentions to omit nothing for your Satisfaction and Divertiſement, we will ſhew your *Wor-ſhip*, Sir Knight, one of our Companions, who will be here preſently, and who is a Perſon, whoſe Humour and Society will afford ye great Delight. He can read and write as well as the beſt Schoolmaſter; and more then that, he will raviſh your Ears with his Voice and his Bandore. No ſooner were the words out of the Shepherd's Mouth, but he heard the ſound of the Inſtrument he ſpoke of; and immediately appear'd a good comely young Lad of about two and twenty years of Age. The Shepherds ask'd him whether he had ſupp'd? to which, when anſwer'd, *he had*; Why then, dear *Anthony*, ſaies the firſt Speaker, prethee do us the Kindneſs to ſing a Song for the Entertainment of our Gueſt; and ſo let him ſee that Foreſters and Mountaineers are not altogether ignorant of Muſick. We have made the Knight acquainted with thy Abilities, and therefore to confirm what we have ſaid, good now ſing the Madrigal which thy Uncle the *Curate* made upon thy Amours, ſo delightful to all the Neighbour-hood. Moſt willingly, reply'd *Anthony*; and ſo ſitting down at the foot of an Oak, after he had tun'd his Inſtrument, he ſang the following Song.

The SONG.

THY Love, Olalia, *does ſurprize,*
Though not diſcerned from thine Eyes;
The trueſt Mirrors can diſpence
Such hidden Myſt'ries to my Senſe:

For they the Language do impart,
Not of the Tongue, but of the Heart.
Though I know thee a crafty Jilt,
Mak'ſt me believe what e're thou wilt;

Yet ſtill I'm happy in this Spell,
To think my Labours taken well.
To trace thee in thy Holbourn *Tricks,*
Requires an Art beyond Old-Nicks.

Since true I find it to my Woe,
Thy Boſome's Flint, though it ſeems Snow.
How am I banter'd by thy ſhifts?
Intreaties move thee not, nor Gifts.

My Summer's Hopes, I fear, betray'd;
Thy Winter nips them in the Blade.
Yet once my deareſt ſweeteſt Honey,
(Whom I love more than Miſer's Money)

Let not thy Faith be at a ſtand,
And thus by Prejudice trapan'd.
Obſerve my Services, and ſee,
By Frowns they can't diminiſh'd be;

Or if they were ten thouſand more,
Thy Favours add not to their Score.
Oft do I think, though oft in vain,
In ſpite the Fancy will remain.

If Love in't ſelf has ſuch a Scope,
Whereon to build a future Hope;
Then mine, though now in ſuch diſtreſs,
Will be at laſt crown'd with Succeſs.

What things I did for thee collect,
And but ſome Thoughts on them reflect;
I dare be hang'd up for a Sign,
If thou conſent'ſt not to be mine.

What Eyes but thine, that e're had ſeen
My modiſh Garb, and graceful Meen,
But would, tranſported at the Sight,
Have cry'd, Come kiſs me, my Delight.

Nor

Nor was I to ſet-days confin'd
To wear my Clothes, like lab'ring Hind;
But waſt thou willing to appear,
'Twas Holy-day then all the year.

For Love and Bravery do combine,
And both have ſtill the ſame Deſign:
How could I then to thee reſort,
And not be ſpruce, as if at Court.

Needleſs 'twill be for to repeat
(Though ſome with leſs have done the feat)
Thoſe active Dances I have ſtept,
And ſuch true time to Muſick kept;

No Monſieur A-la-mode Paree,
Perform'd e're half ſo well as me.
Nor need I tell each Serenade,
Which I for thee at Midnight made.

An Iriſh Evidence *might take*
His Oath (if thou wert then awake)
And be believ'd, that in that Vein,
Thou'rt ready for another Strain.

What of thy Beauty I have ſaid,
And many large Encomiums *made,*
I ſhall not at this time renew,
Thy Enviers hate 'em, cauſe they'r true.

Such were the Taunts of that Gill-flurt
Tereſa, *Pox upon her for't:*
Quo ſhe, my Ears are even tir'd
To hear this Monky thus admir'd;

Thanks to her Patches, Paint and Shade,
And other Arts of the cloſe Trade.
She learns her Face for to beſpatter
With Piſs, and ſtill'd Puppy-dog Water;

Did ſhe not wear Perfumes in Flank,
No luſtful Goat would ſmell more rank:
Yet, Bigott, thou theſe Cheats can't ſee,
And ſtill a Nickapoop wilt be.

Such Language needs no ſoft Reply,
'Twas Manners then to give the Lye.
Her Couſin heard, with Rage he burn'd,
The ſame I gave, the ſame return'd.

You know th' event well of our Swords,
I made that Raſcal eat his Words.
I'm not ſo haſty to obtain,
But can my Paſſion ſo reſtrain,

Till niceſt Honour thinks it juſt,
And then I'le venture a bold Thruſt.
The ſacred Hymeneal Bands,
Shall tie our Hearts as well as Hands:

And when we're yoak'd in Gordian *Nooſe,*
I'le be the Gander, thou the Gooſe.
But if thou wilt not grant my Sute,
And at Love's Bar doſt ſtill ſtand mute;

I'le ſeek me out ſome other Nurſe,
Be to thy ſelf thy Plague and Curſe.
I'le beg no Favour, fear no Frown,
Turn Capuchin and ſhave my Crown:
Be free to range in every Ground,
The Town-Bull n'ere is put i'th' Pound.

The Shepherd having thus concluded his Song, *Don Quixote* deſir'd him to begin ſomething elſe; but *Sancho Panſa* forbid the Banes, having more deſire to ſleep, then to hear Ballads; telling his Maſter withal, that it was high time for him to betake himſelf to his Reſt; beſides, that he did ill to keep up the Shepherds all Night, with his fidling, who labour'd hard all the day long. I underſtand thee, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, and indeed I thought thy frequent viſiting the Bottle would make thee drowzy. Bleſs me, dear Sir! cry'd *Sancho*, I hope you did not grudge me a draught of good Wine. By my Honour, not I, reply'd *Don Quixote*; therefore go ſleep where thou wilt, and leave me to my ſelf; for it better becomes men of my Profeſſion to wake, then to lie ſleeping like a Dog in a Chimney-corner. But ſtay a little before thou go'ſt, dreſs my Ear; for now I think on't 'tis very ſore. Thereupon, while *Sancho* was looking for his Ointment, one of the Shepherds beholding the Wound, deſir'd *Don Quixote* not to trouble himſelf, for that he would cure him; and then fetching a few Roſemary-leaves, after he had bruis'd 'em with a little Salt, he laid the Medicine to his Ear, aſſuring him, that he needed no other Remedy; which in a little time prov'd very true.

CHAP. IV.

Being the Relation of a Story which one of the Goat-herds told to thoſe that were with Don Quixote.

THE next Morning a certain Countryman, that brought 'em Proviſion from the next Village, arriv'd, and addreſſing himſelf to the Shepherds; Heark ye Friends, ſaid he, d' ye hear the News? How is't poſſible, reply'd another of the Company? Why then, ſaid the Countryman, the courtly Shepherd, the Schollard ye call *Chryſoſtome*, is dead this Morning, and they ſay he dy'd for love of that She-Devil, *Marcella*, the Daughter of *William* the rich Hunks, ſhe that haunts theſe Hills and Dales in the Habit of a Shepherdeſs. For *Marcella*! cry'd one of the Shepherds, ye jeſt ſure. I ſay, for *Her*; and more then that, 'tis reported, that he has order'd

order'd it in his Will to be bury'd in the middle of a Field, like a *Mahometan*, at the Foot of the Rock whence iſſues the Fountain of the *Cork-tree*, as being the place where he had the firſt ſight of her Beauty. He has alſo appointed many other things of the ſame nature to be done, which the Church-wardens of the Pariſh refuſe to perform, as being of ill example, and ſavouring of Paganiſm. But *Ambroſe*, the t'other Scholar, and Friend of the deceas'd, will have the whole Will of the Teſtator fulfill'd to a Tittle. All the Village is in an Uproar, but I believe *Ambroſe* and his Friends will carry the Day; and to morrow he is to be bury'd in great State. For my part, I believe it will be a very fine Sight; however, I will not fail to be there. We'll all go, cry'd the Shepherds, and draw Lots who ſhall ſtay to look after the Goats. 'Tis very well reſolv'd, *Peter*, cry'd one of the Shepherds; nor ſhall you need to draw Lots, for I'le ſtay my ſelf; not ſo much out of Kindneſs to you, or for want of Curioſity, but becauſe of the Thorn i'my Toe, that will not permit me to put on my beſt Shoes. God-a-mercy, however, quo *Peter*, I'le run a Thorn i'my Foot for thee another time.

Upon thoſe Words *Don Quixote* deſir'd *Peter* to tell him who the Perſon was that was dead, with a ſhort account of the Shepherdeſs. To which *Peter* made anſwer, That he knew nothing more of the matter, but only that a young Gentleman, Heir to a fair Eſtate, was deceas'd, whoſe Father liv'd not far off at the Foot of the Mountains; that he had been a Student at *Salamanca*, after which, he return'd home again greatly improv'd in his Learning; more eſpecially, that he was very exact in Aſtronomy, and underſtood the private Amours and Courtſhips that paſs'd between the Sun and the Moon; and would often tell 'em ſtrange Stories of the Eclipſes of thoſe two Planets. He could alſo tell when the Year would prove barren, and when fruitful: So that his Parents and Friends following his Advice, in a ſhort time became very rich. For he would tell 'em when to ſow Barley, when Wheat, when to ſow Vetches inſtead of Oats; and whatever he ſaid came to paſs. This Art, reply'd *Don Quixote* very gravely, is call'd *Aſtrology*. I know not how ye call it, reply'd *Peter*, but I know that he knew this, and much more. For he compos'd all the *Carols* that we ſung upon *Chriſtmas-day* morning, and made all the Plays that the Children in our Neighbourhood acted upon *Corpus Chriſti* day, and that ſo wittily, that no body could mend 'em. Some three or four Months after his return from *Salamanca*, we ſaw him in Shepherds Weeds, with his Scrip and Sheep-hook following his Flock, at what time his Friend *Ambroſe* accompani'd him in the ſame Habit, which caus'd a great Aſtoniſhment among us. For his Father being dead but a little before, had left him a fair Eſtate in Cattel of all ſorts, Houſhold-goods, and ready Money; all which he very well deſerv'd, for he was a ſweet natur'd perſon, extreamly belov'd, had a Face like an Angel, and was as charitable as Benediction it ſelf. At length we found, that this unwonted Diſguiſe was all for love of fair *Marcella* a rangeing Damſel, that in the Dreſs of a Shepherdeſs, does nothing but ramble up and down theſe ſhady Mountains: And now I'le tell ye ſuch a thing that you never heard i'your life, and never perhaps will hear the like, tho you were to live five hundred years.

Know then, there liv'd in our Village, an old *Cinque & Quater*, whoſe Name was *Gaffer Williams*, more wealthy than *Chryſoſtome*'s Father, and whom Heaven beſides had bleſt with a lovely Daughter, whoſe Mother dy'd in Child-bed after ſhe was born. However, that Mother of hers was as good

good a Woman as ever I knew i' this World. Me-thinks I ſee the good Woman yet with her demure Saint-like Face, and her two Eyes like two bright Suns; and then I muſt tell ye, ſhe was an excellent Houſwife beſide, lov'd the Poor, and I dare ſay ſhe is at this minute in *Paradiſe*. Her Death broke old *Williams*'s Heart, who liv'd not long after her, leaving his Daughter a very young Heireſs, to the care of her Uncle, who was Curate of our Pariſh. Nevertheleſs, her Infant-beauty increas'd to that degree, as ſhe grew in years, that when ſhe arriv'd at fourteen, all Men gave God Thanks for ſending ſo beautiful a Creature into the World; and all Men became either enamour'd or diſtracted that beheld her. All this while her Uncle kept her as charily, and as cloſe as a Uſurer's Gold; but Fame had made ſuch a hideous Noiſe i' the World of her Beauty, and Report ſo loudly ſpread her Eſtate, that ſhe might have had more Husbands then there are Sands i' the Sea: All the young Gallants, Dukes, Marqueſſes, Counts, Squires far and near came in Shoals to demand her in Marriage; nothing but continual Rap, Rap, at her Uncle's Door, that he might as well have ſlept in St. *Sepulchre*'s *Steeple* upon a *Coronation-day*. For this Reaſon her Uncle would have been glad to have been rid of her, but being an honeſt true *Trojan* as ever piſs'd, he would not either adviſe or force her againſt her own Inclination. For I muſt tell ye, Sir *Knight*, buſie Bodies may prate what they pleaſe. And ſome there are that have ſcandaliz'd her Uncle, as how he ſhould endeavour to keep her from marrying, to have the Benefit of her Eſtate. But that's a falſe Lye, Sir *Errant*, as we that are his Pariſhioners well know, and are ready to teſtifie by Certificate under our Hands, when Occaſion ſhall require. Alas! our Curate's no ſuch Perſon, he's an honeſt Man, and a good Bowler, plays at Cards a Sundays, drinks a chirping Cup with his Neighbours; and this he may do without being beholding to his Neece for her Means, I aſſure ye, Sir.

I believe all this, *honeſt Peter*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and therefore go on; for the Story is pleaſant, and thou tell'ſt it with a Grace. I wiſh it were the Grace of God, quo *Peter*, for I want it I'm ſure. But for the *Curate*, as I told ye before, he made diligent Enquiry, and then told his Neece the Conditions and Qualities of her Suitors, with all the Fidelity imaginable, deſiring her to make her own Choice. To which the Damſel made no other Reply, but that *Haſte made Waſte*; and that ſhe was yet too young to have any Thoughts of Matrimony. By means of which rational Excuſes, ſhe freed her ſelf from her Uncle's Importunities, who reſolv'd from that time forth to ſtay till ſhe thought her ſelf of Age to chuſe for her ſelf. For, ſaid he, (and he ſpoke like an honeſt Man) 'tis not for Parents to put a force upon their Children, where Election ought to be free. And thus the diſdainful *Marcella*, finding her ſelf at Liberty, and beguiling even Suſpicion it ſelf, put on her Shepherdeſſes Trinkets, and away ſhe went with the reſt of the Shepherds, keeping her Flock by her ſelf.

But then, 'twas the *Devil* upon *Dun*, forty times worſe; for no ſooner did her dazling Beauties diſplay themſelves abroad, but all the ſpruce young Gallants, Gentlemen, and rich Farmers Sons, Elder Brothers, full of Confidence; Younger Brothers, full of Hopes, from *Dan* to *Beerſheba*, bought 'em Pipes and Whiſtles, and follow'd her in green Sutes to the Plains and Foreſts, more Shepherds then Sheep, as if *Bedlam* had been broke looſe, to diſcover their ſeveral Paſſions and languiſhing Amours. Among the reſt this poor beſotted *Chryſoſtome* was one, who, as they ſay, not only lov'd, but ador'd her. Nevertheleſs, you are not ſo much as to imagine, that

Marcella

Marcella, tho ſhe gave her ſelf this unwonted Liberty, ever practis'd the leaſt Diſhoneſty, or ever committed any Act that could prejudice her Vertue, ſo much as in Surmiſe; but rather ſhe kept ſuch a Guard upon her ſelf, and govern'd all her Thoughts with ſuch an exact Reſerv'dneſs, that the moſt obſequious could never boaſt that ſhe had giv'n 'em the leaſt Hopes. Nay, if any were ſo advent'rous to tell her a Story of their Paſſions in her Ear, tho never ſo innocent, as tending only to holy Wedlock, ſhe never would give thoſe Perſons the Opportunity to do it again. And thus is this Damſel a greater Plague to the Earth, then the Peſtilence it ſelf; murd'ring with her Rigour and Diſdain thoſe Thouſands that ſhe gains with her complaiſant Humour and Beauty. And all the Remedy which they have, is only to exclaim againſt her, to call her Cruel and Ingrateful, with a Million of other Reproaches, which the proud *Flebergebit* well deſerves. Were you but to ſtay here, Sir *Knight*, for ſome time, you ſhould hear the Mountains and Valleys reſound with the Groans and Lamentations of theſe inamour'd Milk-ſops; and in a Grove, not far from this place, where there grow about a hunderd Beeches, there is not one ſingle Tree upon the Bark of which there is room left for one more *MARCELLA*, tho it were to be engrav'd with a Pin's Point, from the knitting of the Branches above, to the Root below. Here one Shepherd ſighs, there another is making woful Complaints; here one is venting his Sorrows in a Sonnet, there another is tearing his Hair: Nor can they ever ſleep, their Sorrows are ſo reſtleſs, their Pillows ſo hard, either the foot of an Oak, or the ſtump of a Rock, where they lie ſighing, and ſobbing, and howling, and groaning, without Intermiſſion. And ſome there are that lie rowling and tumbling in the hot burning Sand, filling the Air with their loud Out-cries, and making moſt bitter Lamentations to Heaven. And all this while th' inexorable Marble-hearted *Marcella* laught at their Miſeries, and triumphs over the Misfortunes and Sufferings of theſe pitiful Wretches. Nor can we tell where her Cruelty will end, or who ſhall be the happy Man, that ſhall at length have the good Fortune to tame this ſavage Tiger. This is the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth, ſo help me God, Sir *Knight*; and therefore I would have you ſtay, and be at the Funeral, where you will be admitted, without a Ticket, to one of the moſt pleaſant, lamentable, whimſical, delightful, mournful Sights that ever you ſaw in your Life. I do intend it, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and in the mean time I return thee a thouſand Thanks for the Divertiſement of a Story that pleaſes me above all that I ever heard in my Life. Alas! Sir *Knight*, reply'd the Shepherd, I have not told ye half the Adventures and Misfortunes of this curſed *Marcella's* Lovers; but to morrow I make no Queſtion, but we ſhall meet with ſome Shepherd or other that will ſupply the reſt. In the mean time it will not be amiſs for ye to take a Nap in one of the Huts; for the open Air is not good for your Wound, tho if the Flies get not to it, you need fear nothing ſo long as that Plaiſter is upon it. *Sancho*, who wiſh'd the Shepherd, and his Tale of a roaſted Horſe at the Devil, however, ſeconded the Goat-herd in his good Advice to his Maſter, whom he never left till he had got him into one of the Huts, where *Don Quixote* ſpent the remainder of the Night, not in ſleeping, but in bewailing his dear *Dulcinea's* Diſdain, in Imitation of *Marcella's* Lovers. While *Sancho*, ne're diſturb'd with any ſuch Heart-breaking Thoughts, laid himſelf down between *Roſinante* and his Aſs, and there fell a ſnoring, as ſafe as a Thief in a Mill.

CHAP. V.

A Continuation of the Story of Marcella.

NO sooner did the bright *Aurora* appear in all her gaudy Pomp, upon the Balconies of the East, when the Shepherds arose, and coming to *Don Quixote*, ask'd him, If he intended to go to the Funeral, whither they were ready to bear him Company. Thereupon *Don Quixote*, who desir'd nothing more, presently got up, and rouzing *Sancho*, gave him Order forthwith to saddle *Rosinante*, and get ready his Ass; which being done with all diligence, they set forward. But they had not rode above a quarter of a League, before they saw advancing towards 'em six other Shepherds clad in black Jippo's, their Heads crown'd with Garlands of *Cypress* and *Coastmary*, with long Holly-staves i' their Hands. After them follow'd two Gentlemen a' Horse-back, with three Lacquies running by their sides; drawing near, they saluted each other very civilly, and after the usual Question, Which way d' ye travel? they found they had all together the same Design of going to the Funeral, so that they all joyn'd Company. At what time, one of the Gentlemen addressing himself to the other, Master *Vivaldo*, said he, I do not believe we shall think our time misspent in going to see this Ceremony; which must of necessity be very remarkable, after so many strange Passages, which the Shepherds have recounted to us, concerning the Shepherd deceas'd, and the Shepherdess, that was the Cause of his Death. I am of the same Opinion, answer'd *Vivaldo*; and I am so far from grudging my self one, that I would rather spend four Days, then miss the Sight. Upon that, *Don Quixote* desirous to know what they had heard farther concerning *Chrysostome* and *Marcella*, one of the Gentlemen made him answer, That having met that Morning with the Shepherds who came in their Company, and seeing 'em in such deep Mourning, they ask'd 'em the Occasion of their Funeral-dress; the Reason of which the Shepherds soon unfolded, by relating the Story of a certain Shepherdess nam'd *Marcella*,, no less fantastical, then beautiful; and no less beautiful, than fantastical; who with a remorseless Disdain trampl'd upon all her Lovers, and had been the Death of that same *Chrysostome*, to whose Funeral they were going. In a Word, they repeated to *Don Quixote* all that *Peter* had told him before; and after the Rehearsal was over, *Vivaldo* ask'd the *Champion*, wherefore he rode so compleatly arm'd in a Country so quiet and peaceable as that was? 'Tis my Profession obliges me to it, reply'd *Don Quixote*: Fine Clothes and Ease were invented for Courtiers; but Labour, Vigilancy, and ponderous Sutes of Armour are the Portion of those that the World calls *Knight-Errants*; of which Number, I have the Honour to be one, tho the most unworthy, and the meanest in the Register. This was enough to satisfie the Gentleman, that our Champion was a Coxcomb; however, that they might the better understand under what *Genus* to reduce this particular *Species* of Folly, *Vivaldo* desir'd him to define what a *Knight-Errant* was. 'I perceive, reply'd *Don Quix-*
'*ote*, that you never have read the Annals of *Britain*, where such frequent
'mention is made of the famous King *Arthur*, who, as they say, never dy'd,
'but was turn'd into a Crow by Inchantment; and, as the same Story tells
'us, shall one day resume his former Shape, and recover his Kingdom again.
'In the time of this renowned King it was, that the Order of the Knights

of

'of the *Round-Table* was first instituted; and that we first hear of the A-'mours between Sir *Lancelot du Lake*, and Queen *Guinever*, carry'd on by 'that discreet and honourable Lady, Madam *Quintaniana*, which produc'd 'that *Romance* so celebrated among us *Castillians*; and thus beginning:

Never was Knight upon the Earth,
By Ladies so caress'd,
As was Sir Lancelot, *when he first*
Became a Spanish *Guest.*

'After that time the Order of *Knight-Errantry* extreamly multiply'd, and 'spread it self into all Parts of the World. Sir *Amadis* made himself fa-'mous by his wonderful Atchievements; and so did his Sons, and his Grand-'children to the fifth Generation. The brave *Felixmart* of *Hircania* has 'highly signaliz'd himself in Feats of Arms; and that other Champion, '*Tyrant the White*, can never be applauded to his worth. And not long 'before our time, the renowned *D. Belianis* of *Greece* got him a Name in 'History, besides several others, matchless for their Prowess. And this is 'that Order of *Chivalry-Errant*, into which, tho a great Sinner, I profess 'my self to be admitted, observing punctually the same Laws to which 'those valiant Knights were oblig'd; and for that Reason it is, that as they 'did, I make these Pilgrimages through Desarts and Forests, devoting my 'Person, and the Strength of my Arm, to the most hazardous Perils and 'dangers that Fortune can study to my Damage, for the Relief of the 'weak and distressed.

After this extravagant Bibble-babble, you may be sure the Travellers needed no farther Arguments to convince 'em of *Don Quixote's* Frenzy; and yet they could not chuse but wonder, that so much insipid Folly should enter the Brains of a Rational Creature. However, *Vivaldo* being a Person of a frolick Humour, and lively Wit, had no sooner made the Discovery, but he resolv'd to make the best Advantage of it, that the shortness of the way would allow him, and to dispose *Don Quixote* for any Sport that should happen. Me-thinks, Sir *Knight-Errant*, said he, you have embrac'd one of the most happy Professions in the World; I would not change it for the Condition of a *Carthusian*. 'Tis true, reply'd *Don* '*Quixote*, they may live a life more austere, but nothing so beneficial to 'the World, as we do. For those religious People have nothing to do 'but to say their Prayers in peace both of Body and Mind; but we *Knights* 'and Soldiers perform those Duties of Prayer in Action, and procure those 'Benefits to Mankind by our Valour, and the Edge of our Swords, for 'which they only intercede. We do what we do, expos'd to Summer's 'scorching Heat, and Winter's parching Cold, while they only mumble 'a few Prayers i' their Cells, and their Chappels, secure from all the Hard-'ships of Weather. So that we may truly call our selves God's Ministers 'upon Earth, the Instruments of his Justice; and therefore as the La-'bours of War are always accompany'd with Toil and Sweat, so the religi-'ous Soldier must of necessity be preferr'd before the religious Monk, that 'only says a few *Litanies* under the Shelter and Accommodation of Ease 'and Plenty. However, after all this, God forbid that I should maintain, 'that the Profession of a *Knight-Errant* is so holy, nor so directly in the 'Road to Salvation, as that of a *Carthusian*; but I draw this Consequence 'from what I suffer, that without Question it is more laborious, more sub-'ject to Bastinado's, and the Martyrdom of Hunger and Thirst, and in a

'Word, more wretched and miſerable. Or, if you find, that any of theſe '*Knights-Errant* have advanc'd themſelves to be *Emperors* by the force of 'their Arms, yet you may be ſure it coſt 'em dear, if Blood and Sweat be 'of any value; beſides that, if they had not had the Aſſiſtance of Sorcerers, 'and *Necromancers*, they had fail'd in their Expectations.

For my part, reply'd *Vivaldo*, I am of the ſame Opinion; but there is one Omiſſion in *Knight-Errantry* that I cannot forgive, which is this; that when they are juſt upon the point to encounter the greateſt Dangers in the World, with apparent Hazard of their Perſons, they never apply themſelves to Heaven, nor call upon God, as every good Chriſtian is oblig'd to do at ſuch times, but only recommend themſelves to their Miſtreſſes, and implore their Female-aſſiſtance, as if they worſhipp'd no other Deities; which, in my Judgment, ſmells ſtrong of the Garlick of Paganiſm. 'Sir, 'reply'd *Don Quixote*, there's no altering that Method, in regard that if a '*Knight-Errant* ſhould do otherwiſe, he would be deſpis'd and laught at. 'For 'tis an eſtabliſh'd and moſt inviolable Cuſtom among *Knights-Errant*, 'that when they are juſt entring the Liſts of fatal Combat, they muſt of 'neceſſity, with their Eyes lifted up to Heav'n, invoke the favourable Aſſi-'ſtance of their Ladies; or at leaſt, if time will not otherwiſe permit, they 'are oblig'd to mutter between their Teeth certain Ejaculations to the So-'vereigneſſes of their Affection: Not but that a *Knight-Errant* has leiſure e-'nough to recommend himſelf o God, and may do it in time of Fight.

Why, that's a Scruple, reply'd *Vivaldo*, that very much troubles my Conſcience; for I have obſerv'd in my frequent Readings, that your *Knights-Errant* only firſt diſcourſe a little together, then that a few hot Words inflame their Choler, which is no ſooner heated, but preſently they turn their Horſe-heads to gain room for the Career, and then flie one at another with that Fury, that immediately one of the two tumbles Topſy-turvy to the Earth, ſpitted through the Heart with a curſed Lance, while the t'other would ſhew the ſame *Chriſtmas-gamble*, but for catching hold of his Horſe's Main. Now I cannot apprehend for my life, how the Perſon ſlain, ſhould have time to recommend himſelf to God, when his Buſineſs is done in a minute. And therefore it would have been much more Chriſtian-like to have employ'd thoſe Ejaculations in the midſt of his Career rather to Heaven, then to his Miſtreſs. Beſides, I do not find, that all *Knights-Errants* had Miſtreſſes, nor that they were all in Love. 'That's 'impoſſible, reply'd *Don Quixote*, the Heaven may as well be without 'Stars, as a *Knight Errant* without a Miſtreſs. 'Tis that which is the very '*Being* of Chivalry, without which *Knight-Errantry* cannot ſubſiſt; and 'therefore ſhew me any Hiſtory that dares affirm the Contrary. More then 'that, I tell ye, and poſitively maintain, That a Knight without a Miſtreſs, 'is no lawful Knight, but a Baſtard, and a Thief of Honour, that got in 'at the Window of *Knight-Errantry*, and not at the Fore-door. What think ye, reply'd *Vivaldo*, of *Don Galaor*, the Brother of *Amadis*? For 'tis well known he was as lecherous as a Mackerel, and would never be ty'd to any certain Miſtreſs, yet was he no leſs admir'd for his Valour and Atchievements then any of the reſt. *One Swallow never makes a Summer*, reply'd *Don Quixote*. 'Tis true, I know very well he lov'd a pretty Girl in a Corner; but if he told the ſame Tale to all that he met, 'twas out of a natural proneneſs which he had to Swan hopping, which he cou'd not well govern; and without Prejudice to the Sovereign Empreſs of his Will, to whom he frequently recommended his Perſon in private; for he was a Man that always ſtudied Prudence and Diſcretion.

I submit, reply'd *Vivaldo*, and must suppose, that since it is so much the *Being* of *Knight-Errantry* to be in Love, that your self, who are of the same Profession, cannot be without a Mistress. And therefore, not believing you to be so reserv'd as *Don Galaor*, I beseech ye, Sir, in the Name of all the Company, tell us the Name, the Quality, and Place of your Mistress's Birth. For doubtless all the World must needs acknowledge her to be the happiest Woman alive, as being the only Deity to whom a Knight, so accomplish'd as your self, pays all his Devotions.

With that *Don Quixote*, fetching a deep Sigh from the bottom of his Mid-'riff, I know not, said he, whether this sweet Enemy of my Repose, take 'it well or ill at my Hands, that the World takes notice of my Familiarity 'with her; however, that shall never hinder me from giving you a civil 'Answer to your Question. Then list'n, and know, that her Name is *Dul-'cinea*, the Place of her Birth, *Toboso*, a Village of *La Mancha*; and that 'she is at least a Princess, as being the Sovereign Lady of my Thoughts. 'As for her Beauty, it is a Miracle, where all that the Poets have feign'd of '*Chimera's* and Impossibilities, is to be found precisely writt'n in all the 'legible Characters of real Perfection. Her dishevel'd Tresses are pure 'Gold; her Forehead, the *Elysian Fields*; her Brows are two Celestial Rain-'bows semi-circling her Eyes, that shine like two bright Suns in one Fir-'mament: Her Cheeks, two Beds of Roses; her Lipps, two Coral Portals 'that guard her Teeth, which are so many Orient Pearls: Her Neck sur-'passes Alablaster, and her Hands transcend the polliſh'd Ivory, and the new-'fall'n Snow is no more then Soot, compar'd with the Whiteness of her Bo-'some. Then for the Parts which Modesty conceals, you may guess at 'their Proportion, and their inestimable Value, by those recited Wonders 'already display'd to your Admiration.

Here *Vivaldo* making a reverend Bow, for Heaven's-sake, said he, conceal not the Place of this Divine Lady's Nativity, nor her Parentage; for those two things made known compleat her Story.

Then *Don Quixote*: She is not descended from the ancient *Roman Curius's*, *Caius's*, nor *Scipio's*; nor from the more modern *Colonna's*, nor *Ursini's*; nor from the *Moncada's*, or *Requesenes* of *Catalonia*; or from the *Rebella's*, or *Villanova's* of *Valencia*; nor from the *Polafones*, *Noça's*, *Rocaberti's*, *Corella's*, *Luna's*, *Alagone's*, *Utrea's*, *Foze's*, or *Gurrea's* of *Arragon*; nor from the *Cerda's*, *Montique's*, *Mendoza's*, or *Guſmans* of *Castile*; nor from the *Alencastro's*, *Palla's*, or *Meneses* of *Portugal*: But she is a Branch of the Family of *Toboso de la Mancha*. So that altho her Pedigree be modern, yet is it sufficient to give a most noble Beginning to one of the most illustrious Progenies that ever flourish'd in succeeding Ages. And let no Man presume to contradict me in this, unless it be upon those Conditions, which *Zerbin* fixt at the foot of the Trophy which he erected after he had won *Orlando's* Armour.

Let no man dare to be so rash,
These Arms from hence to pull,
Unless he mean to try a Crash
With him that crackt Orlando's *Scull.*

I confess, quo *Vivaldo*, I have heard of the *Trugg-mouldies* of *Wapping*, and the *Russocks* of *Lime-house*, but dare not make any Comparisons with the *Toboso's de la Mancha*; tho, to say Truth, it is a Family that I never read of in any Book of Heraldry before. 'Tis sufficient that you have heard of it now, reply'd *Don Quixote*.

All

All the reſt of the Company liſten'd attentively to this Diſcourſe, and were fully convinc'd, that *Don Quixote* was either a Fool or a Madman. Even *Sancho* himſelf, who believ'd every Word that dropp'd from his Maſter's Mouth to be *Oracular* Truth, as having known him from his Cradle, to be a Man of Sincerity, had many Scruples and Doubts, as to this Story of *Dulcinea*, for that he had never heard of any ſuch Name, or of any ſuch Princeſs, tho he had always liv'd in the Village; all which he could not chuſe but ſignifie to the Travellers.

But as they were arguing upon this Subject *pro* and *con*, upon the hollow Road between the two Mountains, they met ſome twenty more Shepherds accoutre'd in black Skins, with Garlands of *Cypreſs* and *Lime-Tree*. Of which number ſix carry'd a *Bier* cover'd over with ſeveral ſorts of Boughs and Flowers. When they drew near, ſaies one of the Company, theſe are they that are carrying the Body of *Chryſoſtome* to his Grave; for it was at the foot of this Mountain, that he order'd his Corps to be interr'd. This caus'd 'em all to quick'n their pace, ſo that they arriv'd juſt as the Bearers were ſetting down the Coffin upon the Ground, and that four other men were beginning to op'n the Ground juſt by the ſide of the Rock. Where, after they had ſaluted each other, and in few words condol'd the loſs of their Friend and Acquaintance, *Don Quixote* and his Company went to view the Corps, a mournful Spectacle; a young man of about thirty years of Age, in his Paſtoral Weeds all ſtrew'd over with Flowers. However, dead as he was, there appear'd the Ruines of a goodly Aſpect and clever Proportion. Within the Coffin alſo lay ſome few Books, and ſeveral Papers, ſome open, others folded up. Which ſad and mournful Spectacle caus'd a kind of general muteneſs among all the Company, till one of the Bearers breaking ſilence, Look, *Ambroſe*, ſaid he, whether that be the place which *Chryſoſtome* made choice of, ſince thou haſt undertak'n to have his Will ſo exactly perform'd. 'Tis the very ſame, reply'd *Ambroſe*, and where I have heard 'my unfortunate Friend a hundred times repeat the doleful Story of his hard 'Fate. There it was that he had the firſt ſight of that Mortal Enemy of 'Mankind; there it was that he made the firſt Diſcovery of his Paſſion, no 'leſs innocent then violent; and there it was that the pitileſs *Marcella*, inex-'orable in her Diſdain, concluded the Tragedy of his Life; and there it was, 'that he deſir'd to be bury'd, to preſerve the Memory of his many Misfortunes.

Afterwards, addreſſing himſelf to *Don Quixote*, and the reſt of the Travellers, This Body, ſaid he, which here you now behold, doubtleſs not without Eyes of Sorrow and Compaſſion, was once enliven'd by a Soul, which Heaven had adorn'd with the chiefeſt part of all its wealthy Graces. For this is the Corps of that *Chryſoſtome*, who was lately endu'd with a Wit moſt incomparable, with a matchleſs Sincerity, and an unſhak'n Friendſhip. Liberal and magnificent, without Oſtentation; prudent and ſerious, without Pride; modeſt without Affectation; pleaſing and complaiſant, without Flattery or low Submiſſion. In a word, the firſt for Goodneſs in all theſe Parts, and ſecond to none in Misfortune. He lov'd beyond Meaſure, and was hated to exceſs. He was a Slave to a Tyranneſs, made his moans to deaf Marble, wept to the Winds, ſigh'd to the Deſarts; he was conſtant to Ingratitude, and for the Recompence of his Fidelity, became a Prey to Death in the Flower of his Age, through the Cruelty of a Shepherdeſs, that he would have render'd by his Verſe, Immortal to Poſterity. The Truth of which theſe Papers would aſſuredly teſtifie, had he not commanded me to ſacrifice 'em to conſuming Flames at the ſame time that his Body was committed to the Earth.

In

In ſo doing, you would appear more cruel then the remorſeleſs Shepherdeſs her ſelf, reply'd *Vivaldo*, ſince it is not always juſt, ſo religiouſly to obſerve the laſt Commands of the deceas'd, when their laſt Orders are repugnant to Reaſon. For how many noble Relicks had been loſt, had the laſt Will of the Dead been always punctually obſerv'd? And therefore, Mr. *Ambroſe*, I beſeech ye, pay ſuch a ſmall, tho the laſt Kindneſs to your Friend, as to preſerve his Works from Oblivion; and what he ordain'd as a Perſon injur'd, forbear to accompliſh for want of Conſideration; rather ſuffer thoſe Papers to live, as Teſtimonials of your Friend's Vertue, and *Marcella's* Ingratitude; if for no other Reaſon, yet to be a Warning to others, and to preſerve 'em from falling from the ſame Precipice. And ſo ſaying, without expecting an Anſwer, he went to the Coffin, and took out a ſmall parcel of Papers which were next to his Hand. Well, Sir, ſaid *Ambroſe*, to recompence your Kindneſs in attending my Friend's Herſe, I ſhall not deſire you to reſtore thoſe Papers which you have already; and your Will ſo far ſhall be my Friend's, provided you will ſuffer me to burn the reſt. *Vivaldo* ſaid no more, but impatient to ſee what one of his reſcu'd Papers contain'd, he open'd it immediately, and found it inſcrib'd, *Chryſoſtom's Rant*, or, *The Deſperate Lover*, which he ſpoke out aloud.

That, ſaid *Ambroſe*, was the laſt Piece that ever my Friend made; and therefore that all the Company may hear to what a Condition his Misfortunes had reduc'd him, read it, I beſeech ye, Sir, while the Grave is making. Moſt willingly, reply'd *Vivaldo*. And ſo the Company being gather'd round about him, he read the following Lines.

Chryſoſtom's Rant, or, The Amorous Deſpair.

CRuel, and ſhameleſs too to boot!
Doſt thou not care, tho all the World ſhould know't?
Lend me thy Rhetorick, Infernal Hell,
For only Tongues of Devils can expreſs
Her curſed Scorn, and damn'd Hard-heartedneſs.

Had ſhe not been on Dung-hill born
Of the World's Riff-raff, ſure her Scorn
Would n'ere ha' mounted her ſo high
To do amiſs, and juſtifie.

But the Corruption of the beſt, is worſt,
Woman corrupted is all over Devil;
For elſe what Virgin durſt,
(That values Reputation civil)
When I ſhall threaten to diſcloſe
A thouſand things, would ſhame her quite,
Have been ſo bold to tell me to my Noſe,
I care not what ye tell, go ſh——

Then Owls and Screech-owls hating Light,
And you Death-boding Ravens, Terrors of the Night,
Lend me your mournful diſmal Throats;
I know ye n'ere could ſing like Madam Knight,
Yet your Infernal Notes
Will ſerve to give a Serenade
To a far more Infernal Jade.

Te

Ye Tigers and ye Lions eke,
I say with me come roar,
While wretched I deplore
The Rigours of a curſed Whore,
That more deſerves the Toe and Kick,
Then ever any curſed Witch,
That gave her Paramour the Itch,
That ſet him deep upon the Surgeons Score.

How many thouſand Sonnets have I writ,
At the expence of Brain and Wit?
How many Pail-fulls have I wept?
How many tedious Nights
Have I conſum'd in bitter wo,
Tumbling and toſſing to and fro,
With Eyes that never ſlept?
How many Stockings Silk and Wooſted
Have I worn out at Knees, when kneeling I accoſted
The Flipperous Mynx, that in my Sorrows boaſted?
How have I throbb'd and ſobb'd,
Lamented, ſigh'd, and vow'd in vain,
And all to gain
A coy, diſdainful, proud, diſſembling Quean?

How many Tarts at Crowns a piece,
With Apricocks, and early Cherries fill'd,
And then perfum'd with Ambergreeſe,
At Cupid's *and at dear* Tart-hall,
Has ſhe the one half eat, the other ſpoil'd,
While ſtill my Money paid for all?
How many Bottles of Backragg
Has ſhe piſs'd out, that coſt me dear?
Yet then with Rev'rence and with Fear,
If I but offer'd to come near
Her Cherry-Lips, ſhe ſtraightway ſtops
My daring Boldneſs with a Flap o' th' Chops?

Then home I went,
And pondering well her Slights, and Money ſpent;
Her Fell Ingratitude quite dampt my Heart.
But Oh! then to ha' ſeen
The Pickle I was in,
Now proud Marcella's *Martyr,*
Would ha' drawn Pity from the bloody Tartar.
In every Bowel Pain and Smart!
And all at once
The full Ten Perſecutions in my Bones;
My Mind—plagu'd with a thouſand Agonies,
Will let my fainting Body take no reſt.
Imprimis, *Fears and Jealouſies,*
Diſtraction, Anger, Love, and Fury,
My Soul into a thouſand Paſſions hurry;

Till

Till fainting, pining, languiſhing, at laſt
I fall into Deſpair, and with Deſpair
My Lungs, my Heart, my Spleen and Liver waſt.
Thus feel I my loſt Minutes drawing on,
O pity me, when I am dead and gone!
Let Guilt-ſpur Street *and* Smithfield *all be fill'd*
With Stories of my Death,
And her diſdain that robb'd me of my Breath.

And thou, my Song, fly ſwiftly, and proclaim
To every Region proud Marcella's *Name.*
My Sighs to Tartary *convey;*
My Love to Swedleand, Poland, *and to* Perſia.
Let Groynland, *cover'd all with Snow,*
Th' Unjuſtice of my Sufferings know:
And to the Sun-burnt Ethiop *tell*
The dire and mournful Cauſe by which I fell;
That all the World may find
What 'tis to be thus plagu'd by Love and Woman-kind.

CHAP. VI.

The Verſes of the deſpairing Shepherd repeated, with other unexpected Accidents.

THESE Verſes were well approv'd by all that heard 'em; only *Vivaldo* did not ſeem to like, that the *deſpairing Shepherd* ſhould tax *Marcella* with Jealouſies and Suſpicions, which he ſaid reflected upon her Honour, contrary to all the Reports he had heard of her untainted Modeſty and Reſerv'dneſs. But for his better Satisfaction, *Ambroſe*, who had been always privy to the moſt ſecret Thoughts of his Friend, aſſur'd him, That the unfortunate *Chryſoſtome*, when he wrote thoſe Verſes, had abſented himſelf from *Marcella*, in hopes that Abſence might work its wonted Cure, by cauſing him to forget the Object of his Paſſion. But as there is nothing more frequent, then for abſent Lovers ſtill to torment themſelves with a thouſand Fancies and *Chimera's* of their own Brain; ſo was it *Chryſoſtom's* miſhap to complain of Jealouſies and Suſpicions form'd in his own Imagination, as if they had been really true. And therefore whatever he ſaid in that Condition, could never redound to the leaſt Prejudice of *Marcella's* Vertue. Upon whom, Envy it ſelf, ſetting aſide her extream Cruelty, and unreaſonable Diſdain, could never fix the leaſt Reproach.

Vivaldo being thus convinc'd by *Ambroſe*, as they were going to read another Paper, they were of a ſudden prevented by an unexpected *Apparition*; for ſo it might well be call'd, the Viſion pop't ſo unexpectly upon 'em. It was *Marcella* in perſon, who ſhew'd her ſelf from the top of the Rock, at the foot of which they were digging the Grave; but ſo amiable, and ſo beautiful, that they who had never ſeen her, beheld her with Admiration; and they that ſaw her every Day, were no leſs ſurpriz'd then the others. But, notwithſtanding all her fair Looks, no ſooner did *Ambroſe* ſpie her, but in *Billings-gate* Rhetorick, he cry'd out, What mak'ſt thou there, curſt Monſter of Cruelty, and Dragoneſs of theſe Mountains? Come'ſt

thou to see whether the Wounds of this unfortunate Swain will bleed afresh at the Appearance of his Murdress? Or com'st thou to triumph over his Ruines, like flaming *Rome*, or to glory in the Effects of thy Ingratitude? Speak, Tom-boy, Rigg, Vixen, Ramp; speak Mrs. Thirty-Ribs, if thou hast any thing to say. 'Fair and softly, good Mr. *Wine-porter*, cry'd 'the Shepherdess, I come here to prove my self an honest Maid, and to 'shew the Injustice of those *Cow-babies*, that lay their Heart breakings, and 'their Deaths to my Charge. 'Tis true, I have the good luck to be hand-'some, as they say: Well! and what then? Am I therefore obli'gd to love 'every Finical Fop that admires me? For, tho I may please him, he may 'not please me so well; nay, he may seem deformed in my Eye. But sup-'pose the Man were an *Adonis*, yet there is a great difference in the In-'clinations both of Men and Women; neither do all sorts of Beauty enamour 'alike, while some affect the fair, some the brown, others the black, *&c.* for if 'all Men should dote upon one sort of Beauty, Heav'ns bless us! how should 'one poor Woman be able to serve so many Roysters. Besides, if Love be 'to be left at Liberty, and not to be restrain'd, as all agree, is it not a great 'piece of Injustice to force me to love whether I will or no, when I have 'no more Inclination to the Sport, then to run my Head against the Wall? 'Then again, this Beauty of mine, that so many admire, is the Gift of 'Heaven, and not a thing of my seeking; if it does any Mischief, 'tis none of my Fault, no more then it is the Viper's Fault to carry poison 'about her, or of the Fire, or a sharp Sword, to burn or wound, if you ap-'proach too near the one, or cut your self with the other. Chastity and 'Vertue are the Ornaments of the Mind, without which, the Beauties of 'the Body are but Deformities. If then Chastity be so great a Vertue, 'why should I part with the Beauty of my Soul, to gratifie the heat of 'one that loves me only for his Pleasure? I was born free, and because I 'will not lose that Freedom, I have chosen this solitary way of living, 'where Trees are my Companions, the Chrystal Fountains are my Look-'ing Glasses; and where I also to the Woods and purling Streams com-'municate my Thoughts. If you tell me that *Chrysostom's* Intentions were 'honest, and that he courted me not for a Miss, but for a Wife; What's 'that to the purpose? For I told him a hundred times I had no mind to 'marry, and the Fool would n'ere be answer'd; so that 'twas his own ob-'stinate Honing and Puling, not my Beauty that kill'd him; if he would 'sail against the Wind, and overturn his Vessel in the Waves of his own 'Despair, what was that to me? And therefore let them that call me '*Murdress*, and *Dragoness*, *Vixen*, and *Tigress*, *Disdainful*, *Ingrateful*, and 'I know not what my self, keep out of my sight, and come when I send 'for 'em. In these Woods I intend to live, and in these Woods at length to 'resign to Nature again those Beauties which she has lent me, without the 'Rumpling of Fornication, or Embezlement of Wedlock. And therefore 'for God's sake, all of ye set your Minds at rest, and let me have my Hu-'mour; or if you will needs be woing where y' are never like to speed, 'whine your Hearts-out for me; for I have told ye my Resolutions.

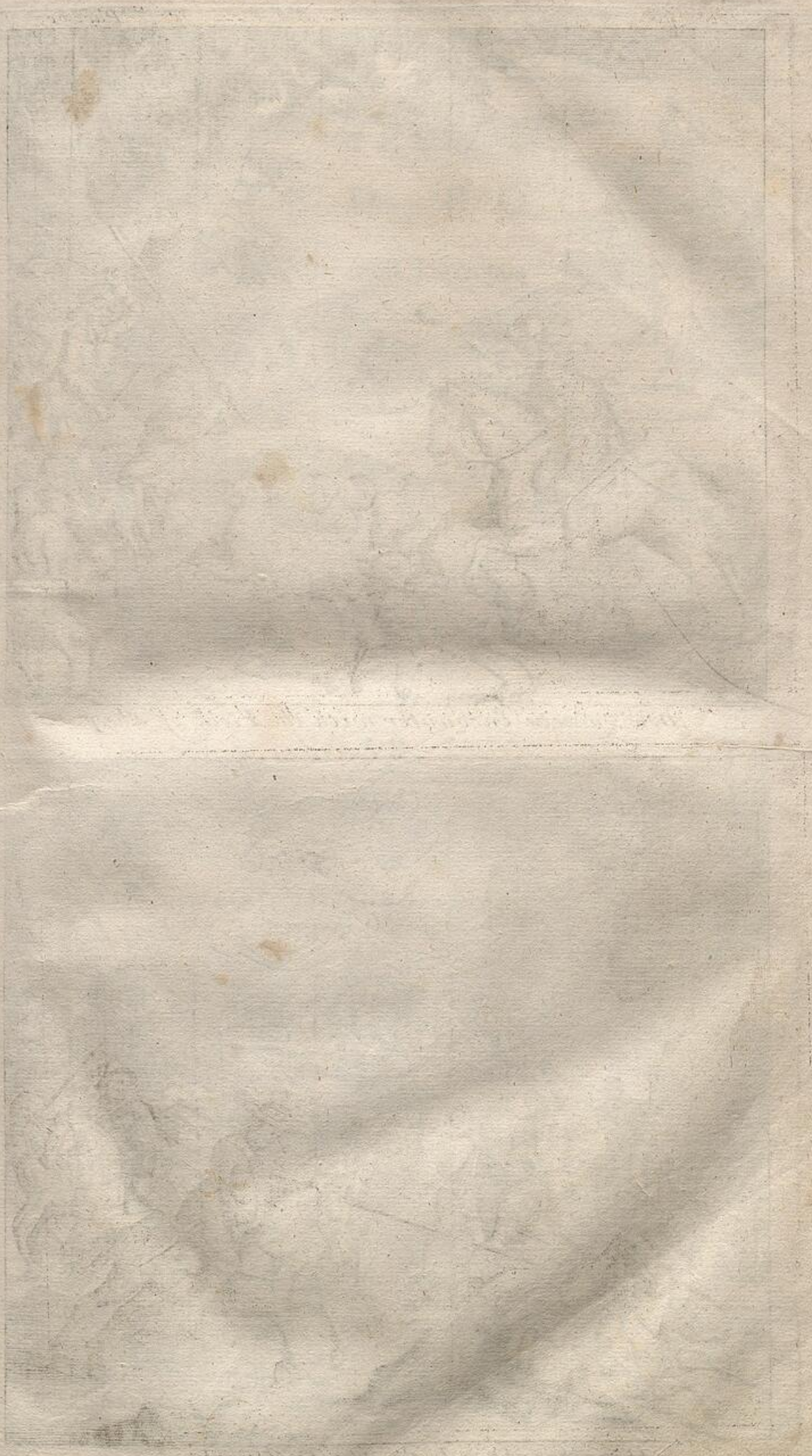
Having so said, she threw her self into the thickest of the adjoyning Wood, without staying for an Answer, leaving all that heard her astonish'd at her Wit, as well as her Beauty.

However, there were some in the Company, who little regarding her *Nun-ship's* Vows and Protestations, had a great Desire to follow her. But *Don Quixote* perceiving their Design, and believing he had now a fit Opportunity offer'd him to shew his *Knight-Errantry*, let no man dare, cry'd he,

he, of what Quality or Condition ſoever he be, to follow the fair *Marcella*, under the Penalty of incurring my Indignation. She has made it appear by undeniable Reaſons, That ſhe was no way guilty of *Chryſoſtom's* Death; and moreover, that 'tis her Deſire not to be troubl'd with any more Suitors, nor to have a Gang at her Tail; for which Reaſon ſhe is to be the more eſteem'd and honour'd by all good Men, as being the only Woman, for ought I know i' the World, that ever liv'd with ſo much Reſerv'dneſs. Now, whether it were that the People were terrify'd by the Champion's Friends, or whether that *Ambroſe* haſten'd the Interment of his Friend, not a Man budg'd from the Place till the Body was laid in the Grave, and the Papers were committed to the Fire. After which, they roll'd a great Stone upon the Grave, till the Marble Monument was finiſh'd, which *Ambroſe* had beſpoke, and upon which he had order'd theſe Verſes to be engrav'd.

HEre lies the Man that dy'd a Maid,
And for a Maid beſide;
He loved her, ſhe lov'd not him,
And ſo the poor Man dy'd.
Oh! for this Maid how he did roar,
Lament, complain, and weep;
Which ſhe no more regarded, then
The bleating of her Sheep.
His Sighs and Groans they pity'd All
That his loud Sorrows heard;
For with the Lather of his Eyes,
You might have ſhav'd his Beard.
Himſelf to Death thus having cry'd,
Entombed here he lies,
But ſhe ſtill lives, a Thouſand more
Such Ninnies *to deſpiſe.*
Take warning hence, O Young Men all,
How you your ſelves to Love enthrall;
And have in Mouth this Proverb ſtill,
That if one w'ont, another will.

The Ceremonies thus over, after mutual Condolements, the Shepherds departed to their ſeveral Stations: *Vivaldo* and his Friends took their leaves; and *Don Quixote*, who was not a Perſon to forget himſelf, was more prolix, in regard his Complements were of a higher Strain, and ſavour'd much of the Grandeur of his Profeſſion. *Vivaldo* would fain have importun'd him to have gone to *Seville*, which he aſſur'd him was a place the moſt fertile in Adventures of any in the World; Where they grew in every Corner of the Streets. *Don Quixote* thank'd *Vivaldo* for his kind Information, but told him withal, That he neither could, nor durſt go to *Seville*, till he had clear'd the Mountains of all the Thieves and Robbers that infeſted the Roads adjoyning. Thereupon the Travellers, unwilling to divert him from ſo pious a Deſign, purſu'd their Journey, while *Don Quixote* was contriving which Way to follow *Marcella*, with a Reſolution to offer her his Services; but he was croſs'd in his Purpoſes, as you ſhall hear in the third Book.



Don Quixots Encounter with the Flock of Sheep.

Don Quixot releases the Gally-Slaves.

THE

THIRD BOOK

Of the most Ingenious

Don Quixote

DE LA

MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Giving an Account of Don Quixote's *unfortunate Rencounter with certain* Yanguesian *Carriers*

THE Renowned *Cid Hamet Venengeli*, upon whose Authority depends the Truth of our History, relates, That so soon as *Don Quixote* had taken leave of the Shepherds, that had so kindly entertain'd him, and of the rest that he met at *Chrysostom*'s Burial, made directly, both himself and his Squire, to the Wood, where he saw *Marcella* disappear; for the Champion was in Love; he had forgot his dear *Dulcinea*; and the Temptations of frail Mortality had almost thrown him out of the Saddle of his Constancy. But after he had sought her in vain for above two Hours together, the Heat of his Impatience cooling his Concupiscence, they came to a most delightful Meadow, fresh and green, as being water'd with a clear and pleasant Stream. So that the murmuring Noise of the Rivulet, the Verdure and Beauty of the Place, inviting *Don Quixote* to Repose and Meditation, during the heat of the Day, they both alighted, and leaving *Rosinante* and the *Ass* to take their full swinge, where they paid nothing for their Ordinary, unty'd the Wallet, and what they found they fed upon lovingly both together, for fear the one should beguile the other. All this while *Sancho* had forgot to put on *Rosinante*'s Fetters, believing him to have been a Horse of that Modesty and Chastity, that all the Mares in the Pasture-grounds of *Hackney-marsh* could not have rais'd him to think an ill Thought. But either ill Luck, or the Devil who never sleeps, so order'd it, That at the same time a great number

of

of *Galician* Mares, that belong'd to ſeveral *Yangueſian* Carriers, were feeding in the ſame Valley; it being the Cuſtom of thoſe *Carriers* to ſtop where they meet with Graſs and Water to refreſh their Cattel. *Roſinante* was chaſt and Modeſt, as I ſaid before, however he was Fleſh and Blood; ſo that he no ſooner ſmelt the Mares, but contrary to his natural Gravity and Reſerv'dneſs, he felt an itching Deſire to ſolace himſelf with a *Galician Phillie*; and therefore, without asking his Maſter's leave, away he trots, but very gently, to impart his Neceſſities to his new Kindred. But the hungry Spittles having more mind to their Food, then to Chamb'ring and Wantonneſs, receiv'd his Courtſhip very rudely, or rather kept him off as one that would have raviſh'd Mares of Honour in the op'n Field, drubbing him ſo ſeverely with their Heels, that they caus'd him to break his Girts; ſo that naked *Roſinante*, now diſrob'd of all his Furniture, lay expos'd to unmerciful Thumps on every ſide. And for an Addition to his Miſery, the *Carriers* beholding *Roſinante*'s Horſe-play among their Mares, flew to the Relief of their four-footed *Lucretia*'s, and with unmerciful *Battoons* ſo be-labour'd Bob-tail *Tarquin*'s Chine, that for the Eaſe of his Back, now render'd unſerviceable, he was forc'd to ſtretch himſelf forth upon the Ground, where he had leiſure enough to reflect upon the Misfortunes of Whoring, e're he could riſe again.

Don Quixote perceiving at a diſtance the ill Uſage of *Roſinante*, ran in all haſte to his Reſcue, and approaching half breathleſs to the Place: Friend *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, as far as I can gueſs, theſe are no Knights, but paltry, mean Fellows, and therefore it is lawful for thee to aſſiſt me to revenge the Injury they have done me in abuſing my Horſe. What a-Devil, d'ye talk of Revenge, quo *Sancho*? We are like to revenge our ſelves, with a Pox, two againſt twenty; if, indeed, we may reck'n our ſelves above one and a half. I'le deal with a hundred my ſelf, quo *Don Quixote*; and without ſaying more, he flew with a ſurprizing Fury upon the *Carriers*; at what time *Sancho* encourag'd by his Maſter's Example, threw himſelf alſo into the thickeſt of his Enemies, with his Sword in his Hand. The firſt that *Don Quixote* met with, he cut through a thick leathern Doublet, and carry'd away a piece of his Shoulder, and was going to reck his Indignation upon the reſt: when the *Carriers*, out of meer Shame to have their Hides ſo curry'd by two to a Score, recover'd Heart a-Grace, and betook themſelves to their Leavers and Pike-ſtaves, and then all at once ſurrounding the Knight and his Squire, they laid about him like Anchor-Smiths; and, as many Hands make quick Work, in a Trice there lay *Sancho* ſprawling in one place, in another lay *Don Quixote* himſelf at the Feet of *Roſinante*. Neither his Courage, nor his Skill would avail againſt a Multitude. For if *Hercules* himſelf could not reſiſt *Two*, how ſhould our Champion withſtand *Twenty*? So that the *Carriers* having got a complete Victory, or rather, fearing they had done more then they could anſwer, made all the haſte they could to be gone, and were glad when they were got out of Harm's way.

The firſt that recover'd himſelf, after this diſmal Tempeſt of Baſtinado's, was *Sancho Pancha*, who rolling himſelf as near as he could to *Don Quixote*, *Ah Maſter, Maſter!* with a ſad and languiſhing Voice, *Maſter, dear Maſter!* quo he; What doſt want, Friend *Sancho*, reply'd the Knight, in the ſame effeminate and mournful Tone? I could wiſh, reply'd *Sancho*, that your Worſhip would give me ſome two or three good Draughts of your Balſom of *Invulnerable*, if you have any to ſpare. For if it be good for Cuts i' the Fleſh, I know not why it may not be as ſoverain for inward Bruiſes. Dear

Sancho,

Sancho, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I have not a Drop were it to ſave thy life, ſo precious to me; but by the Faith of a *Knight-Errant*, within theſe two Days I will make enough to ſave an Army, if no farther Diſaſters do not prevent me. Two Days! reply'd *Sancho*, we may be both rotten before that time; I do'nt expect to ſtir a Leg or an Arm this Fortnight. The Truth on't is, reply'd the pounded Knight, I know not what to think on't, as the Caſe ſtands; but 'tis no more then I deſerve, and I may thank my ſelf for having unſheath'd my Sword againſt a Company of Scoundrels that were never dubb'd Knights; therefore has the God of Battel permitted this Puniſhment to befall me for tranſgreſſing the Laws of Chivalry. So then, *Sancho*, for the Future, upon the like Occaſions, do thou draw thy Sword, and chaſtize ſuch Riff-raff as this, thy ſelf, after thy own Method; but if any true Knights come to take their parts, then thou ſhalt ſee how I will lay about me in thy Defence; and thou haſt had ſufficient Experience of my Courage, and the Strength of this invincible Arm; for the ſimple Knight was ſtill intoxicated with his Victory over the poor *Biſcayner*. But *Sancho*, by no means pleas'd with his Admonitions, Sir Knight, ſaid he, I am a Man of Peace, a Coward, God knows, and one that never car'd for ſo many Quarrels i' my Life, as having a poor Wife to maintain, and Children to bring up; and therefore by way of Advice, I muſt tell your Worſhip (for I dare not preſume to command your Worſhip) that from henceforth I will never draw my Sword againſt Knight or Peaſant; for I forgive all Mankind, as my Prayers inſtruct me, of what Eſtate or Condition ſoever, High and Low, Rich and Poor, Lord and Beggar, all the Injuries they ever did, or ever ſhall do me, without Exception or mental Reſervation. Which ſtrange Reſolution being heard by his Maſter, 'I wiſh, ſaid he, 'I had Breath enough to anſwer thee; for if the Pain which I feel in one 'of my ſhort Ribbs, would give me leave to ſpeak, I would ſoon convince 'thee of thy Error; for thou talk'ſt no more Senſe then a *Jack-Daw*. For, 'ſuppoſe now, ſilly Sinner as thou art, that Fortune, which has hitherto 'frown'd upon us, ſhould ſo far favour us at length, as that I ſhould con'quer one of thoſe Iſlands which I have promis'd thee, and were ready 'to make thee Governour of it; what will become of thee after thou haſt 'abjur'd all Knight-hood, all Thoughts of Honour, and all Intention to re'venge Injuries, and defend thy own Dominion? For perhaps thy People 'will not be ſo willing to obey thee at firſt, as being impatient of foreign 'Subjection; but when the Iſland is once thy own, he's a Fool that will 'not hold his own; which thou canſt never do without Diſcretion and 'Valour; which two Vertues, when thy Subjects behold brightly ſhining 'in thee their Prince, they will be afraid of rebelling and caballing againſt thee. I confeſs, Sir, I wiſh I had had this Diſcretion and Valour you talk of, reply'd *Sancho*, to have helpt us in our laſt Encounter; but now, Sir, I muſt be free to tell ye, I have more need of a Surgeon, then a Preacher; and of Plaiſters, then Remonſtrances. In the mean time, Sir, ſee if you can riſe to help me get up *Roſinante*, tho he little deſerves it; for 'twas his confounded Lechery for which our Bones have ſuffer'd all this diſmal Maceration. For my part, I never ſuſpected ſuch a Propenſity in *Roſinante*; for I always took him for a ſober and peaceable Horſe, and durſt have ſworn for him, as well as for my ſelf. Now who is there that a Man can truſt? 'Tis true as the Proverb ſaies, *A Man muſt eat a Peck of Salt with his Friend, before he knows him.* For who that ſaw the Wonders which you wrought the other Day againſt the *Biſcayner*, would have thought that ſuch a Tempeſt of Baſtinado's could e're have ſhowr'd upon our Bones?

As

As for thy Shoulders, reply'd *Don Quixote*, they were made to endure ſuch ſorts of Tempeſts; but mine, that never were accuſtom'd to bear a heavier Weight, then a Holland-Shirt, or a Tiffany-Ruff, I fear me, they will be longer ſenſible of this Misfortune. And were it not, but that I believe; believe, do I ſay! nay, were I not certain, that ſuch Misfortunes as theſe, are, as it were, grappl'd to *Knight-Errantry*, I would never out-live this Diſgrace, but cut my Throat for Madneſs upon this very Spot. But I beſeech ye, Sir, cry'd *Sancho*, if theſe are the Bleſſings of a *Knight-Errant*, will they never have an End? Or, is there a prefix'd time when they will ceaſe? For if we meet with two ſuch Harveſts more, we ſhall never be able to reap the third, unleſs Miracles aſſiſt us.

The Life of *Knight-Errants*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, is ſubject to a Thouſand Inconſtancies of Fortune; and ſometimes they have good, ſometimes bad Luck. *Amadis de Gaul* was bound to a Pillar by the Negromancer *Arcalaus*, his mortal Enemy, and by him ſurcingl'd with the Girths of his own Saddle; and that ſo rudely, that the Sorcerer never left off, till he had given the miſerable Knight a hundred cutting Strappado's at the ſame time.

The *Knight* of the *Sun* being tak'n in a Trap in a certain Caſtle, was preſently forcibly hurry'd naked into a deep Dungeon, where they gave him a Glyſter of Snow-water and Sand, which had like to have kill'd him, but for a ſpecial Friend of his, a Negromancer, that both reſcu'd and cur'd him. And thus, *Sancho*, thou ſeeſt that Perſons more famous then we, have ſuffer'd greater Affronts then we have done. Beſides, *Sancho*, thou art to know, That thoſe Wounds which are giv'n by the Weapons which a Man has by accident in his Hand, are neither Affronts nor Diſgraces. For thus you may read expreſsly in the Laws of Duels; *That if a Shoe-maker ſtrike another Man with the Laſt which he held in his Hand, tho it be of Wood like a Cudgel, yet the Shoe-maker ſhall not for that be ſaid to have cudgell'd the Man.* I tell thee this, to ſhew thee, that tho we were ſo bum-baſted and bang'd as we were, yet that it was no Affront or Diſhonour to us; for that the Weapons which they made uſe of, were no true Cudgels, but Pack-ſtaves, ſuch as Carriers never go without; nor do I remember that there was ſo much as a Tuck, or a Sword, or a Dagger, among the whole Company. I confeſs, ſaid *Sancho*, they did not give me ſo much leiſure to take Cognizance of the particular Shape and Name of their Weapons; but no ſooner had I drawn my truſty Steel, but they bleſt my Shoulders with ſuch a wooden Benediction, that I loſt both my Eyes and my Feet at the ſame time, and fell, without Senſe or Motion, very near the place where you ſee me now. Nor do I perplex my Brains, whether it were an Affront to be cudgell'd with an Oak'n Plant, or a Pack-ſtaff; but let 'em be Pack-ſtaves, or Cudgels, I am ſorry to feel 'em ſo heavy upon my Bones: I am ſure I ſhall never forget 'em as long as I live. However, *Panſa*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, there is no Reſentment which time will not deface, nor no Pain that Death will not put an End to. Thank ye for nothing, quo *Sancho*, this is heav'nly Comfort indeed: What can worſe befall us? Were it ſuch a Pain as a Plaiſter or two would cure, a man might have ſome Patience, but for ought I ſee, all the Plaiſter-boxes and Ointments of an Hoſpital w'ont ſuffice us.

Twittle-twattle, cry'd *Don Quixote*, what a Prating doſt thou keep? Prethee try if thou canſt get up, and ſee how *Roſinante* does; poor Beaſt, he has had his ſhare of this Adventure. No wonder at that, reply'd *Sancho*, ſeeing that he's a *Knight-Errant* as well as the reſt; I rather wonder

how

how my Aſs has ſcap'd ſo well, without the loſs of one Hair. In our greateſt Calamities, reply'd *Don Quixote*, Fortune always leaves us ſome Hole to creep out at; and thus it happ'ns, that this poor Beaſt at this time ſupplies the Want of *Roſinante*, to carry me to ſome Caſtle where I may be cur'd. Nor am I aſham'd to ride upon an Aſs; for I remember, that *Silenus* the Father of *Bacchus* rode upon an Aſs, when he enter'd *Memphis* in Triumph. Ay, quo' *Sancho*, t'would do well enough, could you ſit upright upon your Aſs, as he did; but alas! you muſt be laid croſs the Pannel, like a Sack of Wheat. Wounds receiv'd in Combat are no Diſhonour, and therefore good *Sancho*, trouble me with no more Replies, but try to get upon thy Legs, and help me up upon thy Aſs, that we may get out of this place before Night ſurprize us. Lord, Sir! quo *Sancho*, have I not heard you ſay, 'twas the moſt Knight Errant-like Faſhion in the World to ſleep in the Fields and Foreſts under a Canopy of green Boughs. That is to ſay, cry'd *Don Quixote*, when they can do no better; or elſe, when they are in Love. And thus *Amadis de Gaul* took up his Lodging under the poor Rock, all the while he went under the Name of the *Lovely Obſcure*, which was either eight Years, or eight Months, I cannot well remember which; and all this for only ſome little Unkindneſs that *Oriana* ſhew'd him.

But ſetting theſe Diſcourſes aſide, prethee let us make haſte out of this unfortunate place, leſt ſome Miſchief befall thy Aſs, as it has done *Roſinante*. That would be the Malice of the Devil indeed, reply'd *Sancho*: and ſo breathing out Thirty Lamentations, Sixty Sighs, and a Hundred and Twenty Plagues and Poxes upon thoſe that betray'd him into that Condition, he made a ſhift to get up upon his Legs; yet not ſo, but that he went ſtooping all the way with his Body bent like a *Tartar*'s Bow, not being able to ſtand upright. In which crooked Poſture he crept along to catch his Aſs, that having tak'n advantage of the Liberty which had been giv'n him, was ſolacing himſelf in fat Paſtures, free Coſt, at a diſtance. The Aſs being caught, and got ready, *Sancho* return'd to help up *Roſinante*, which was not done without great Difficulty and Trouble, as well to the Maſter as the Squire. *Sancho* ſweat till he dropt again; and could the poor Beaſt but ha' ſpoke, he wou'd ha' born a part in the ſad Complaints of the Maſter and the Man. At length, after many bitter *Oh's!* and ſcrew'd Faces, *Sancho* laid *Don Quixote* croſs the Aſs, ty'd *Roſinante* to the Aſs's Tail, and then leading his Aſs by the Halter, as if he had been going with his Griſt to the Mill, he took the neareſt Way that he could gueſs to the high Road. Which, at the end of three quarters of an Hour, they, by good Fortune, diſcover'd, together with an Inn, which *Don Quixote*, notwithſtanding the lewd Appearance of the Place, would needs have to be a Caſtle. *Sancho* ſwore bloodily 'twas an Inn; and the *Knight* as obſtinately maintain'd that it was a Caſtle; nor did the Diſpute end till they came to the Inn Door, where *Sancho* enter'd with his *Cargo*, never troubling himſelf whether he were in the right or the wrong, as to his Argument with his Maſter.

CHAP II.

What befel Don Quixote *in the Inn, which he took for a Caſtle.*

THE Inn-keeper ſeeing *Don Quixote* lying like an *Eſſex-Calf* quite athwart the Pannel, ask'd *Sancho*, What was his Diſeaſe? To which *Sancho* anſwer'd, He had no Diſeaſe at all; but only that he had fall'n from the top of a Rock, and bruis'd his Ribs a little. The Vintner had a Wife, not like the common ſort of Hoſteſſes, as being naturally very charitable, and very compaſſionate of her Neighbours Afflictions: So that ſhe no ſooner beheld *Don Quixote* in that lamentable Condition, but ſhe reſolv'd to ſet her helping Hand to his Cure; and to that purpoſe call'd her Daughter, a good pretty Girl, to aſſiſt her.

There was alſo at the ſame time in the Inn, an *Aſturian* Wench, broad-fac'd, flat-noddl'd, one Eye out, and t'other a-ſquint. However, the Activity of her Body ſupply'd all Defects. For ſhe was not above three Foot high, the weight of her Shoulders preventing her Growth. This gentile *Gypſie* likewiſe aſſiſted the Inn-keeper's Wife and Daughter to dreſs *Don Quixote*'s Bruiſes. To which purpoſe they made him a ſorry Bed, God wot, in an old muſty Cock loft; at another Corner of which, was alſo lodg'd a Carrier upon a Bed, which, tho made of Hurdles only, and old Horſe-cloths, had much the Advantage however of *Don Quixote*'s, which conſiſted of no more then two or three Planks laid upon two Treſſels, one higher then t'other; and over them a Flock-bed, more like a Quilt, full of Knobs and Bunches, which had they not ſhewn themſelves to be of Wool, through the Holes that the Rats had eat'n, might well have been tak'n for Stones. The Sheets alſo were of Leather, made of the Coverings of old Targets; and the Coverlet ſuch, that you might have number'd the Threads, and not have miſs'd one in the Tale. In this ſame curſed Bed *Don Quixote* was laid to reſt his Bones, where the Hoſteſs and her Daughter hogg's greas'd and plaiſter'd him from Head to Foot, by the light of a Candle, which the beautiful *Aſturian*, whoſe Name was *Maritornes*, held. The Hoſteſs ſeeing him ſo batter'd; Truly, ſaid ſhe, theſe Bumps in this Man's Fleſh look much more like a dry Baſting, then a Fall. No, I'le aſſure ye, Miſtreſs, reply'd *Sancho*, 'twas no dry Baſting, but only the Rock was full of ſeveral pointed Stones, and craggy Stumps, which did Miſchief every one i' their turns. By the way, Miſtreſs, if you pleaſe, pray ſave a little of the Tow and the Ointment for me too; for I know not what's the matter, but I feel my Back-bone in a diſmal Diſorder. Why, didſt thou fall too, reply'd the Hoſteſs? I did not fall, anſwer'd *Sancho*; but the very Fright that I took to ſee my Maſter cap'ring the Gallop-Galliard down the Rock, has looſen'd my Bones in ſuch a manner, as if I had undergon a *Mahometan* Drubbing. That's no wonder, ſaid the Inn-keeper's Daughter; for I have dream'd many times, that I have been falling from a ſteep Rock, and when I wak'd, my Bones have been as ſore, as if I had fall'n in earneſt. 'Tis my very Caſe, reply'd *Sancho*, only with this Difference, that I was not in a Dream, but as broad awake as I am at this Inſtant.

Then *Maritornes* ask'd him his Maſter's Name: *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, reply'd *Sancho*, by Profeſſion, a *Knight-Errant*, and one of the braveſt and ſtouteſt that ever the Sun ſhin'd on. A *Knight-Errant!* What's that, for the Lord's ſake, cry'd the *Aſturian*? Art thou ſuch a Novice i' the World,

World, reply'd *Sancho*? Why, a *Knight-Errant* is one that's every Minute as near to an Empire, as Four-pence to a Groat, one that you ſhall ſee well cudgell'd this moment, the next a *Soldan*. To day the moſt miſerable Creature upon Earth, to morrow the Maſter of three or four Kingdoms to beſtow upon his Squire. How comes it then to paſs, quo the Hoſteſs, that thou, being Squire to ſo great a Perſonage, art not an Earl at leaſt? Oh! ſaid *Sancho*, the Buſineſs is not ſo ſoon accompliſh'd neither. We ha' been but two Months in our Gears, ſo that we have not met with any Adventures as yet: beſides that, many times we ſeek for Kingdoms and find a Flap with a Fox-tail. But if ever my Lord *Don Quixote* gets cur'd of his Bruiſes, and I ſcape knocking o' the Head, I will not exchange my Hopes for the beſt *Conde-ſhip* in *Spain*.

Don Quixote having liſten'd all the while to theſe Diſcourſes with great Attention, could no longer hold; and therefore raiſing himſelf up in his Bed, and taking the Hoſteſs in a moſt obliging manner by the Hand; Believe 'me, ſaid he, fair Lady, 'tis not a Happineſs to be deſpis'd, that you have 'here the Opportunity to entertain ſuch a Gueſt as I am, in your Caſtle. 'I ſhall ſay no more, becauſe it ill becomes a Man to be the Praiſer of 'himſelf; but my Squire will tell you who I am. Only thus much let me 'ſay more, That I ſhall never blot out of my Remembrance the Kindneſſes 'you have done me, but ſtudy all Occaſions to teſtifie my Gratitude. And I 'wiſh to Heaven, added he, caſting a Sheep's-eye upon the Hoſteſs's 'Daughter, That the God of Love had not already enſlav'd me to his Laws, 'and that the Eyes of that charming, tho diſdainful *She*, that poſſeſſes all my 'Thoughts, had not already triumph'd o're my Liberty, which otherwiſe 'I would have ſacrific'd at the Feet of that Illuſtrious Damſel.

The Hoſteſs, her Daughter, and the vertuous *Maritornes*, were aſtoniſh'd to hear ſuch high-flown Language as this, which they underſtood no more then if he had ſpok'n *Arabick*; yet conceiving they were Words of Courtſhip and Complement, they look'd upon him, and admir'd him, as a Man of another World; and after they had made him ſuch Returns as Inn-keepers Breeding would afford, they left him to his Reſt. Only *Maritornes* ſtay'd to rub down *Sancho*, who had no leſs need of a good Dreſſing and a warm Meſh, then *Roſinante*.

Now you muſt know, that the *Carrier* and the *Aſturian* had agreed to have a Love-skirmiſh together that Night, and ſhe had pawn'd him her Honour, that as ſoon as her Maſter and Miſtreſs were a-bed, ſhe would not fail to come to him, and be at his Service. And it is reported of that modeſt Damſel, That whenever ſhe had paſs'd her Word in ſuch Caſes, ſhe would have obſerv'd her Promiſe no leſs punctually, then if ſhe had confirm'd it by the Atteſtation of a Publick Notary; nay, tho ſhe had made it in the midſt of a Wood without any Witneſs at all.

And here, for your better underſtanding, you muſt know, that the wretched, unfortunate, beggarly, ſcanty Bed whereon *Don Quixote* lay, was the firſt in that needy Appartment. Next to that *Sancho* had made up his Kennel, containing a Mat of Bulruſhes, with a piece of an old Sprit-ſail for a Coverlet; and at a little diſtance lay the Carrier in his Furniture, ſuch as has been already deſcrib'd: Thither the Carrier after he had fed his Cattel, repair'd, in Expectation of the punctual *Maritornes*. In the mean time *Sancho* did all he could to ſleep, while his macerated Ribs did all they could to prevent him; and *Don Quixote* lay ruminating on his Miſtreſs with his Eyes op'n, like a Hare. And now was every Soul in the Inn gone to bed, not ſo much as a Mouſe ſtirring in the Houſe, nor any Candle to be ſeen.

Which general Silence, and silent Darkness, the Friend of Meditation, setting *Don Quixote*'s Thoughts at work, recall'd to his Remembrance one of the most ridiculous Follies that he had read in all the Romantick Authors of his Ruine. For he fancy'd himself to be in a famous Castle, and that the Inn-keeper's Daughter, by Consequence, Daughter to the Lord of the Castle, inamour'd of his goodly Presence and Deportment, had promis'd him the Pleasure of her Embraces, so soon as her Father and Mother were gone to rest. This *Chimera* disturb'd him, as if it had been a real Truth; so that he was strangely disturb'd to find his Loyalty expos'd to the Hazard of such a Temptation. But at length he resolv'd an immoveable Constancy to his dear *Dulcinea*, tho Queen *Guinever*, and the Lady *Quintaniona*, should sollicit him themselves.

In the midst of these wild Imaginations, the exact *Asturian*, bare-foot, and in her Smock, steals into the Chamber, and feels about for the Carrier's Bed. On the other side *Don Quixote*, whose Ears lay perdue, perceiving something to enter the Chamber, rais'd himself in his Bed, notwithstanding his Plaisters, and the soreness of his Chine, and stretching out his Arm to receive his fancy'd Damsel, caught hold of *Maritornes* Wrist, as she was feeling about for the Wall, pull'd her to him, not daring to speak a Word, and made her sit down by his Bed-side. Neither could her Smock that was made of *Sacking*, prevail to undeceive the besotted *Knight*. Her Glass-Beads about her Wrist, he took for Oriental Pearl; her Hair as course as a Mare's Tail, he liken'd to the Gold'n Tresses of *Juno*; and her Breath that smelt like stale Salt-fish, he compar'd to the Odors of *Arabia*. In short, he fancy'd this beautiful Nymph to be like those lovely Dames, which, as he had read in his Histories, were wont to visit *incognito* their inamour'd Champions, when either sick or wounded. For the poor Gentleman was so obstinately infatuated with his Romantick Gim-cracks, that he was not sensible of the nasty Stinks of a filthy, dirty Puss, that would have made any but a Carrier, to have spew'd up his Entrails. So that at length the courtly Champion, enamour'd of so many nauseous Charms, and hugging his incomparable *Maritornes*, as the Devil hug'd the Witch; 'What would I 'give, quo he, with a soft and amorous Whisper, What would I give, most 'lovely Lady, that I were in a Condition to acknowledge the Favours you 'have done me, and that I could acquit my self of those Reproaches of 'lewd Ingratitude, which you may justly throw upon me? It kills me when 'I think on't; but I have plighted my Faith to the matchless *Dulcinea del* '*Toboso*; she is the sole Sovereigness of my Heart, and the sole Mistress of 'my Thoughts, and I dare not purchase my Happiness with the Price of 'Perjury.

All this while *Maritornes* sweat *Assa fœtida*, to find her self lock'd up in the *Knight*'s Embraces, and did her utmost Endeavour to free her self from her irksom Fetters. On the other side, the Carrier, whose Impatience prevented him from sleeping a Wink, having perceiv'd his *Landacrides*, when she first enter'd the *Room*, and with a listning Ear, wond'ring at her Stay, at length over-heard a kind of whispering Noise where the Champion lay, and then suspecting that *Maritornes* design'd to be serv'd round, his Nose began to swell most prodigiously. Nor was that all, for such were the Transports of his Jealousie, that he could not forbear creeping softly to *Don Quixote*'s Bed, where, after he had listn'd a while, like a Sow i' the Beans, perceiving by the struggling of his Loyal *Maritornes*, that it was none of her Fault, as being kept in Durance by the salacious *Knight*, whether she would or no; he up with his brawny Arm, and measuring the Countenance

of

of the diſaſtrous *Knight*, gave him ſuch a mauling *Siſarara* upon the Chaps, that the Blood ran from his Mouth like a little Stream; and *Benengeli* aſſures us, That at the ſame time he leap'd upon his Body, and with his ſplay Feet and Sparables ſo be trampl'd him, as if he had been treading a Hay-mow. So that the Bed, the Foundations of which were none of the beſt, fell down to the Ground, with ſuch a rattling Noiſe, that the Inn keeper wak'd, and ſuſpecting it to be one of *Maritornes* whoring Pranks, ſtruck a Light, and made to the Place where he heard the Combuſtion. The Gypſie *Aſturian*, ſeeing him coming in Cholerick haſte, fled for ſhelter into *Sancho*'s Kennel, who lay ſnoring like a Tapſter, and there hid her ſelf under his Coverlet, truſs'd up as round as an Egg. Preſently the Maſter entring, and ſwearing like a *Tinker*, Where's this damn'd Whore, cry'd he? for I'm ſure 'tis her doing. At the ſame time *Sancho* awaking, and feeling an unuſual weight that almoſt over-laid him, which he believ'd to be the *Night-Mare*, laid about him with his Fiſts, and pummell'd *Maritornes* ſo ſeverely, that at laſt having loſt all her Patience, and forgetting the Danger ſhe was in, ſhe return'd him his Thumps with ſuch a plentiful Intereſt, that *Sancho*'s *Welch Blood* being mov'd, he buſsl'd up in his Bed, and catching hold of *Maritornes*, began the moſt pleaſant Skirmiſh in the World: For the Carrier ſeeing his Miſtreſs ſo abus'd, cuff'd *Sancho*; *Sancho* maul'd the Maid; the Maid be-labour'd the Squire, in return of his Kindneſſes; and the Inn-keeper paid off his Servant; following their Blows ſo faſt, as if they had been afraid of loſing time. And the beſt Jeſt was, that in the heat of this Hurly-burly, the Candle went out; ſo that now being all i' the Dark, they lay'd on at a Venture, without any Compaſſion; ſo that of all the Combatants, not one that was there carry'd off ſo much as half a Shirt or a Smock; for Nails and Fiſts were all employ'd, and they took care neither to tear, nor ſtrike in vain.

There was at the ſame time a Conſtable lodg'd in the Inn, who being wak'd with the diſmal Confuſion, in a great Rage came poking out his way with his Staff; and being enter'd the Room, cry'd out, *I charge ye i' the King's Name, to keep the Peace here*, vowing elſe to ſend 'em all to the Counter. The firſt he met with, was the mortify'd *Knight*, who lay upon his Back, ſtretch'd out at his full length, without any feeling, upon the Ruines of his Bed. Him the Conſtable having caught i' the Dark by the Beard, cry'd out, *Come away before the Juſtice*. But perceiving no ſign of Life, and therefore believing him dead, and murder'd by the reſt in the the Room, he commanded the Gates of the Inn to be ſhut; *Here's a Man murder'd*, quo he, *and therefore let no body make their Eſcape*. Which alarum'd the Combatants in ſuch a manner, that notwithſtanding their good Intentions, they were forc'd to leave the Argument undecided. The Inn-keeper ſtole away into his Chamber; *Maritornes* to her Straw; the Carrier ſlunk under his Horſe-cloaths; only the diſconſolate *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* remain'd in their places, not able to ſtir a Limb; while the Conſtable let go the Champion's Beard, and went for a Candle to ſearch for the Rioters. But the Inn-keeper having prudently put out the Lamp that hung over the Gate, the Conſtable was above an Hour puffing among the Embers i' the Kitchin-chimney, before he could light another.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

A Continuation of the innumerable Hardſhips, that Don Quixote *and his Squire ſuſtain'd in the Inn.*

BY this time *Don Quixote* being recover'd from his *Paroxiſm*, with the ſame weak and languiſhing Voice, as after he had been *Carrier-drubb'd* in the Meadow, call'd out, Friend *Sancho*, art a ſleep? art aſleep Friend *Sancho*? How the Devil ſhould I ſleep, reply'd *Sancho*, foaming with Rage and Paſſion, when all the Infernal Furies have been haunting me this Night? Thou haſt Reaſon to ſay ſo, anſwer'd *Don Quixote*, for either I know nothing, or this Caſtle is enchanted. Hear what I ſay to thee, but firſt ſwear to me, that thou wilt not ſpeak a Word of it, till after my Death. By my Wife and Children that now are a ſtarving, I w'ont, quo *Sancho*. I deſire thee to ſwear, quo *Don Quixote*, becauſe I ſcorn to injure the Reputation of any Perſon. Why, I have ſworn, and I do ſwear never to ſpeak a Tittle of it, ſo long as your Worſhip lives; and I wiſh I might be at liberty to diſcover it to morrow. Have I done thee ſo much Harm, anſwer'd *Don Quixote*, that thou wiſheſt my Death ſo ſoon? 'Tis not for that, reply'd *Sancho*, but becauſe I hate to keep a Secret ſo long, for fear it ſhould grow mouldy i' my Body. Think what thou wilt, anſwer'd *Don Quixote*, however I confide in thy Prudence and Affection. 'Know then, that above two Hours ſince, the Daughter 'of the Lord of this Caſtle, vouchſaf'd to come to my Bed-ſide; one of 'the moſt lovely and beautiful Ladies that were ever beheld i' the World. 'I cannot expreſs the Charms of her Perſon, nor the Vivacity of her Wit; 'nor will I think more of 'em, that I may not revolt from my Allegiance to 'the fair *Dulcinea* of *Toboſo*. I will only ſay this, That the Heav'ns envy-'ing the Happineſs, which my fortunate Stars had thrown into my Lap; 'or rather, becauſe this Caſtle is enchanted, it happen'd, That in the midſt 'of the moſt tender, affectionate, and paſſionate Diſcourſes that paſs'd be-'tween us, a certain Hand that I could not ſee, or deviſe from whence it 'came, at the end of a moſt enormous Giant's Arm, gave me ſuch a down-'right Blow upon the Jaws, that my Chaps guſh'd out a Bleeding like a 'Spout: After which, the Traytor taking Advantage of my Feebleneſs, 'laid on ſo like a Threſher, that I feel my ſelf worſe now, then when we 'ſuffer'd for *Roſinante*'s Incontinency. And therefore I believe ſome damn'd '*Negromancer* of a *Moor* defends this Treaſure, allotted for ſome other, and 'not for me.

Nor for me neither, quo *Don Sancho*, interrupting him, for above four hundred *Moors* have been exerciſing their Talents upon my Bones, that I may ſafely ſay, the *Carriers* Baſtinado's were but Flea-bites and Ticklings of the Skin to this. But pray Sir, tell me, d' ye call this ſuch a pleaſing Adventure, for which you pay'd above fourteen i' the hundred in dry Blows? Tho indeed the Poſſeſſion of ſuch a rare Beauty all the while, might be a kind of Conſolation to you; But for my part, that had no ſuch Creature-Comfort, how d' ye think I was able to bear ſo many Wherrets and Thumps, and Buffetings, as fell to my ſhare? Curſe upon me, and my Mother that bore me; for I am no *Knight-Errant*, nor ever intend to be, and yet the Elder Brother's Portion of Plagues and Miſchiefs falls ſtill to my Lot. How! and haſt thou been under the Paper-mills too, cry'd *Don Quixote*? Belly o' me, quo *Sancho*, What have I been telling ye all this while?

while? Never let it trouble thee, quo *Don Quixote*, for I'le instantly go and make the Balsom of *Invulnerable*, which will cure thee i' the Twinkling of an Eye.

By this time the Constable having lighted his Candle, was coming to see who it was that was murder'd. At what time *Sancho* spying him at a Distance in his Shirt with his Candle in his Hand, and a nasty Clout about his Head; Sir, quo he to his Master, I am afraid the enchanted *Moor* is coming again to see if there be any part of our Skins that remains unbruised, for another Exercise of his Arm. It cannot be the *Moor*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, for *Negromancers* never suffer themselves to be seen. I know not whether they may be seen, or no, quo *Sancho*, but I'm sure they may be felt: and tho you tell me a thousand times the contrary, I'le believe my Shoulders before my Eyes in this particular. That my Shoulders can testifie as well as thine, answer'd *Don Quixote*: However, 'tis no sign that thou seest the inchanted *Moor*.

While they were thus confabulating, the Constable enter'd, astonish'd to hear men talking so friendly together in a place where he thought Murder had been committed. But seeing the miserable Posture wherein the Champion lay, stretch'd out like a Corps, and bruis'd into *Mummie*; *How fares it, honest Fellow*, quo he, *how d' ye feel your self*? I would answer ye in another sort of Language, reply'd *Don Quixote*, were I in your Skin. Ye Blockhead you, is that your rude way of approaching *Knight-Errants* in this Country? Upon which, the *Constable*, of a waspish and cholerick Temper, not enduring such a Reprimand from a person that he hardly thought to be his Equal, threw the Candle-stick, Candle and all, as hard as he could ding it, at the Champion's Head; and believing that he had not only brok'n the Peace, but the *Knight*'s Scull, he presently stole out of the Room, under the Protection of the Night. What think ye now, quo *Sancho*? d' ye think this was not the inchanted *Moor*, that guards the Treasure you talk of, for others, but reserves nothing for us, beside Kicks and Cuffs, and Candle stick Batteries? Suppose I allow thee thy Saying for once, reply'd *Don Quixote*, yet considering that *Negromancers* can make themselves invisible when they please, we are not to be offended with Enchantments, since it is impossible we should revenge our selves upon Persons we can never find, while they lie sculking in the Air, quite out of our Reach. And therefore, *Sancho*, rise, if thou canst, and desire the Governour of the Castle to send me some Oil, Salt, Wine, and Rosemary, that I may make my Balsom, which, in truth, I want very much, in regard of the great Flux of Blood, that I have lost, from the Wound which the Apparition gave me.

Thereupon *Sancho* got up, variously expressing his Grief, as he apparell'd himself; sometimes with a devout *Lord ha' mercy upon me*! sometimes with a prophane and full-mouth'd *Zouns*; by and by Cursing the enchanted *Moor*, and his Master to boot: and at length creeping along like an Old Alms-man, with an old *Pox upon him*, he went to seek for the Inn-keeper; and meeting with the Constable at the Inn-Gate, in a brown Study, whether he should go or tarry, considering the passionate Fact he had so lately committed: Sir, said *Sancho*, pray be so charitable, as to furnish me with a Measure of Oil, a Quart of Wine, a Handful of Salt, and two Handfuls of Rosemary, to make a Med'cine to cure one of the most renowned *Knight-Errants* that ever were i' the World, who lies here in the Inn, desperately wounded by the enchanted *Moor*. The Constable, tho he took him for a mad Man, was so kind however, as to call for the Inn-keeper, who furnish'd

nish'd him with all his Ingredients in a short time. All which *Sancho* carry'd forthwith to his Master, whom he found holding his Head, and miserably complaining of the Hurt he had receiv'd by the Candlestick, tho by good luck it had done him no more harm, then only the raising of two Bunches about the bigness of two Turky Eggs; for that which he fancy'd to be Blood, was only the Oil of the Lamp, that had bedew'd his Hair and his Beard. So that after he had mixt all the Ingredients together, he set 'em o're a gentle Fire, and let 'em simper for about a full Hour, till he thought they were enough, and then put the whole into a Tin-pot, which the Inn-keeper out of his Liberality freely presented him. Then he mutter'd over the Pot a hundred *Ave Maries*, as many *Pater Nosters*, *Salve's*, and *Creeds*, and ever and anon making the Sign of the Cross, by way of Benediction; at which Ceremony the Inn-keeper, the Constable and *Sancho*, were present.

When the Med'cine was cold, *Don Quixote* resolv'd to make an immediate Tryal of it; and to that purpose, gulp'd down the Quantity of a good Beer-glass brim-full. But no sooner had he tak'n his Dose, but he fell a vomiting, as if he would ha' spew'd up his Lungs; and his violent straining put him into such a Sweat, that he desir'd to be cover'd up warm, and left to his Repose. In which Condition he slept three whole Hours, and then waking, found himself in an excellent Temper, and so well at ease, that he made no Question, but he had found out the true Balsom of *Invulnerable*; and that having such a Med'cine, he might undertake all the most perillous Adventures i'the World, without Fear or Wit. *Sancho* observing such a strange and sudden Operation of the Balsom, besought his Master, that he might drink up the Remainder in the Pot; to which, when *Don Quixote* had consented, *Pancha* quaff'd off the rest, with such a *Gusto*, as if it had been a Nuptial Restorative of Tent and Eggs. But it seems that *Pancha*'s Stomach was not so nice as his Master's; for before he could vomit, he was afflicted with such terrible Reaching, such faint and painful Sweats and Swoonings, that he verily thought his last Hour had been come; and instead of repenting for his Sins, fell a curling the Balsom, and the Traitor that had recommended it to him. Friend *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, I am the most mistak'n Man i' the World, if this Misery does not befall thee, because thou art no Dubb'd Knight; for I fear me, this Balsom will not work kindly upon any but such as they are. The Devil take you and all your Generation, quo *Sancho*, why did ye let me take it, if you knew that before? Is this a Time to tell me of *Dubb'd Knights*, when my Guts are ready to burst? But at length, Nature being kind, and the Physick strong and searching, forc'd its way upward and downward, insomuch that he fell a Squitt'ring and Spewing, as if the Devil had been turn'd *Tom-turd-man* to empty the Jakes of his Carkass; and all the while he strain'd so hard before and behind, that the Standers by still expected when his *Soul-Errant* would take a Career out of his Body; till at last, after the end of two Hours, that this *Hurricane* in his Guts lasted, instead of finding himself at ease, as his Master had done, he felt himself so feeble, and so far spent, that he was hardly able to breath. But for all that, *D. Quixote* was in haste, he felt himself as sound as a Roach, and therefore would needs be jogging after new Adventures. All the while that he lay idle, he thought himself lost to the World; and all those that needed his Favour and Assistance, defying Wounds and Danger now, in Confidence of his Balsom.

In the midst of these impatient Thoughts, he told *Sancho* he must be gone; and with those Resolutions he saddl'd *Rosinante* himself, putting the Pannel upon

upon the Aſs, and his Squire upon the Pannel, after he had help'd him to get on his Clothes: Then ſpying a ſtrong Javelin that hung up in the Hall of the *Inn*, he ſeiz'd it for the uſe of the Lord of the Mannor, to ſerve him inſtead of a Lance; and ſo mounting his Courſer, in the ſight of above twenty People that were in the *Inn*, prepar'd to ſet forward.

Among the reſt of the Gazers, the Inn-keeper's Daughter obſerv'd him with a more curious Eye, as having never ſeen ſuch a ſight in her Life before: Which *Don Quixote* perceiving, and making a more favourable Interpretation of her Glances, beheld her with no leſs Admiration, tho of another ſort, every foot fetching a deep Sigh from the very Foundations of his Heart, which they who ſaw him ſo mortify'd the Night before, aſcrib'd to the Pain of his Wounds.

But now being ready to depart, he ſtopp'd at the Inn-Door, and call'd for the Maſter of the Houſe, in a grave and majeſtick Tone; Sir *Conſtable*, 'ſaid he, I ſhould be the moſt ingrateful Mongrel in the World, ſhould I 'forget the Kindneſſes I have receiv'd in your Caſtle. However, in return 'of your Favours, if there be a Caitiff under the Sun, on whom you de-'ſire to be reveng'd for any Injuries or Contumelies committed, know, it 'is my Profeſſion to relieve the Oppreſſed, and puniſh Traitors. Rub up 'your Memory therefore, and if you can call any ſuch to mind, by my Ho-'ly Order of Knighthood, I'le drag 'em with a Horſe-pox to your Caſtle, to 'make you Satisfaction on their bended Knees. To which the Inn-keeper anſwering with the ſame Gravity, Sir Knight, ſaid he, I have no need of your Revenge, for when any body does me an Injury, I can revenge my ſelf. All the Satisfaction therefore that I deſire, is, That you would pay your Reck'ning for Horſe-meat and Man's-meat: For that is the Cuſtom in all Inns. How! cry'd *Don Quixote*, is this an Inn? Yes, and one of the beſt upon the Road too, quo the Maſter. Then I beg your Pardon, quo *Don Quixote*, for I took it for a Caſtle, and that none of the meaneſt neither. However, 'tis all one; for tho it be an Inn, you muſt excuſe me, Sir, from paying a Farthing; 'tis contrary to the Laws of *Chivalry-Errant*, which I am bound to obſerve, there being no *Knight-Errant* that ever paid in an Inn, that ever I read of. It being the only Recompence that Cuſtom has allow'd 'em for their inceſſant Labour and Travel Day and Night, Winter and Summer, for the General good of Mankind. This is nothing to my Buſineſs, pay me what ye owe me, and keep your Flim-flams and Stories to your ſelf; I muſt not give away my Goods. Thou art both a Fool and a Knave of an Inn-keeper, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and ſo couching his Javelin, and putting Spurs to his Horſe, he rode out of the Inn before any body could ſtop him, never minding whether his Squire follow'd him or no.

The Inn-keeper having thus loſt the *Knight*, demanded his Reck'ning of the Squire. But *Sancho* pleaded his Maſter's Priviledge, alledging, That the ſame Cuſtom which exempted the Maſter, exempted the Squire. Upon this, the Inn-keeper growing into Paſſion, call'd *Sancho* a thouſand Pimps and Raſcals, threatning him withal, That if he did not pay him, to have his Reck'ning out of his Bones. On the other ſide, *Sancho* ſwore by his Maſter's Knighthood, That he would not pay a Farthing, tho they flea'd him alive; proteſting withal, that he would never give the leaſt Occaſion for the Squires in ſucceeding Ages, to upbraid him with the Infringement of their ancient Rights. But whether the Devil, or ill Luck ow'd *Sancho* a Spite, ſo it happen'd, that there were at the ſame time in the Inn, certain Clothiers of *Segovia*, and Embroiderers of *Cordovia*, all jolly Fellows, and Men

of good Substance, who agreeing all in one Design, pull'd *Sancho* off his Ass, and sent for a Blanket; into which, after they had put the poor condemn'd *Sancho*, four of the stoutest, taking every one his Corner, they made him dance the *Carp-Galliard* i' the Air for several times together, as your Bulls toss the Dogs at the *Bear-garden*. All the while *Sancho* roar'd, *Sancho* bellow'd, *Sancho* bleated, *Sancho* howl'd, and made such a doleful Noise, that at length his Lamentations reach'd his *Knight*'s Ear; who hearing the Out-cries of his beloved *Pansa*, gallop'd back to the Inn to relieve the Distressed; but finding the Gates shut, all that he could do, was to look over the Wall, where he saw *Sancho* frolicking and frisking in the Air, as if he had been rather a *Squire-volant*, then a *Squire-Errant*; sometimes with his Heels, sometimes with his Head uppermost, with so much Nimbleness and Agility, as if the Air had been his tumbling Element; insomuch that 'tis thought that the *Knight* could have laugh'd himself, if his Indignation would have suffer'd him. But in the scurvy Humour he was in, he did not like the Sport. He fum'd, he foam'd, he chaf'd, he look't over the Wall as he stood upon his Stirrups, and with a grim and menacing Countenance, call'd 'em a thousand Sons of Whores and Bitches, Villains, Caitiffs, Rogues, Traitors, Murderers, *&c.* swore *Walsingham*, bann'd like a Jailor, and threaten'd all the Torments of the Ten Persecutions. But the more he storm'd, the more they toss'd; nor did they leave off, till meer Weariness, nothing at all of Mercy, put an end to *Sancho*'s Tribulation: and then it was, that like Men of Charity, they set him upon his Ass again, wrapt up in his Coat, as they found him. And the compassionate *Maritornes*, forgetting all Injury, was yet more kind; for she brought him a Jugg of cold Water, which as he was going to put to his Mouth, his Master cry'd out to him, Hold— hold— drink no Water, Son *Sancho*, drink no Water— 'twill kill thee— Son *Sancho*— Have not I here the precious Liquor of Life, that will cure thee with only smelling to it?— To whom *Sancho* reply'd, I fear me, Sir, you forget your self, I am not yet a *Dubb'd Knight*, and so 'twill do me no good. Keep your Brewage for the Devil, and let me alone. And so saying, he set the Jugg to his Lips again; but finding it to be Water, he left off, and desir'd *Maritornes* to change it for Wine, which she did with a willing Heart, and paid for it out of her own Pocket. For 'twas said of her, That tho she were a Whore, yet she had something of Christianity in her.

Sancho having thus refresh'd himself, was honourably conducted out of the Inn, and departed very well satisfy'd, that he had bubbl'd the Inn-keeper, tho at the Expence of his Kidneys and Shoulders, that were his usual Sureties. 'Tis true, that the Inn-keeper kept his Wallet for the Reckning; but he was so transported with Joy, that he never miss'd it. And now *Sancho* being thus gone, the Inn-keeper would have lock'd up the Gates again, but the *Tossers* that car'd not a rush for the *Knight*, had he been of the *Round-Table*, would not permit him; perhaps because they long'd to have had the same Sport with the Master, as they had had with the Man.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Of the Diſcourſe between Don Quixote *and* Sancho Panſa, *with ſeveral other remarkable Paſſages.*

SAncho had now over-tak'n his Maſter, who perceiving him in ſuch a batter'd and languiſhing Condition, that he was hardly able to ſit his Aſs; My dear *Sancho*, ſaid he, now I am fully convinc'd, that this Caſtle or Inn is inchanted; for what could they be that made themſelves ſuch cruel Sport with thy Carkaſs, but Apparitions, and wicked Ghoſts of the other World? And farther to confirm it, I muſt tell thee, that when I beheld thy fatal Tragedy, and would have got o're the Wall to thy Relief, I found my ſelf, as it were, nail'd to my Saddle by Enchantment, ſo that I could not ſtir: and 'twas well I took that Courſe. For by my Honour, could I but have come at thoſe Caitiffs, and Vagabonds, I would ha' ſwing'd 'em off ſo Inhumanly, that they ſhould have remember'd their playing at Shuttle-cock with Man's Fleſh, not only in this, but in the World to come, tho for once I had brok'n the Laws of Chivalry. I would have claw'd 'em off my ſelf, you may be ſure, quo *Sancho*, had I been able, whether Knight or no Knight. Tho I muſt tell ye, Sir, you talk like a Widgeon, to ſay, the Varlets that Tennis-ball'd my Bones, were Spirits and Apparitions; for they were Fleſh and Blood, as we are, and had their Chriſtian Names and Sirnames; but you never heard that Spirits and Hobgoblins were baptiz'd i' this World. And therefore, I beſeech ye, never let ſuch a ſimple Conceit harbour i' your Brains, that any Inchantment hinder'd your getting over the Wall, or alighting from your Horſe. In ſhort, Sir, I ſee it as plain as the Noſe i' your Face, that while we run ſcaper-loitring after I know not what fortunate Adventures, we are like to meet with nothing but Sorrow and Diſaſter. And therefore may I be pox'd, if I don't take it to be our wiſeſt Courſe to return home again, and look after your Harveſt, for here has been nothing hitherto, but *leaping out of the Frying-pan into the Fire*. Why, what a-Devil d' ye think, that we are bound to find Bones for all the Cudgels i' the Kingdom?

Poor *Sancho*, I pity thy vulgar Ignorance in the grand Myſteries of Chivalry. Be patient a while, and thou ſhalt ſee what an honourable thing it is to follow this Employment. For can there be any thing more glorious, then for a Man to vanquiſh and triumph o're his Enemy? Queſtionleſs, not any thing. It may be ſo, for ought I know, quo *Sancho*; but I underſtand nothing of the matter. However, this I am ſure of, That ever ſince we have been a *Knight-Erranting* (for I enclude my ſelf only as an Attendant upon your Worſhip) you have had but one ſingle Victory over the *Biſcayner*, and that dearly purchas'd too, with the loſs of one Ear, and the Vizor of your Helmet; but the Fiſty-cuffs, the Thumps, the Wherrets, the diſgraceful Kicks o' the Arſe, that we have receiv'd, have been numberleſs, like the Sands of the Sea, beſides an additional Over-plus, curſe upon me, that fell to my ſhare of being toſs'd in a Blanket, and by *Hobgoblins* too, upon whom it is impoſſible for me to revenge my ſelf, and ſo I muſt be depriv'd of thoſe Victories and Pleaſures you talk of. I find, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, that we are both ſick of the ſame Diſeaſe; but within this little while, I will get me a Sword made with ſo much Art and Magick-skill, that whoſoever ſhall wear it, no ſort of Enchantment ſhall hurt him.

And it may be, good Fortune may put into my hands that of *Amadis de Gaul*, when he call'd himſelf *Knight of the burning Sword*; which was one of the beſt Weapons that ever Knight-Errant wore i' this World; for it would cut like a Razor, and enter the ſtrongeſt Armour that ever was temper'd, like Veniſon Cruſt. I'le be hang'd, quo *Sancho*, when y'have found this Sword, if it will be ſerviceable to any but your *Dubb'd Knights*, like your Balſom; and ſo all the miſchief ſhall fall upon the poor Squire. That can never be, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, when I ha' got a Sword that will kill the Devil himſelf.

This was the Diſcourſe of the two Adventurers, when *Don Quixote* beheld a thick Cloud of Wind-driven Duſt upon his Right Hand; at what time turning to his Squire, *Sancho*, cry'd he, the Day is come, that thou ſhalt ſee the favours Fortune has reſerv'd for her beloved Darling. This day ſuch matchleſs Performances ſhall ſignalize the ſtrength of my Arm, that ſhall deſerve an eternal Regiſter in the Book of Fame, for the imitation of ſucceeding Ages. Seeſt thou that Cloud of Duſt, *Sancho?* It only hides an innumerable Army, marching this way, and conſiſting of ſeveral Nations, that has rais'd it. Why then, quo *Sancho*, there muſt be two Armies, for yonder's as great a duſt o' the other ſide; which *Don Quixote* perceiving, you cannot imagine the tranſports of his Joy, out of a firm belief, that two vaſt Armies were going to joyn Battel in that Plain. Whereas the duſt was only rais'd by two numerous Flocks of Sheep, in continual motion; ſome a' one ſide, ſome a t'other ſide the Downs. However, *Don Quixote* was ſo poſitive that they were two Armies, that *Sancho* believing his *Maſter*, I pray, Sir, then, quo he, what are we two to do? What doſt think, good-man Block-head, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but aſſiſt the weaker ſide? 'For know, *Sancho*, continu'd he, that the Army which marches towards us, 'is Commanded by the Great *Alifanfaron*, Emperour of the Iſle of *Taprobana*: The other that advances behind us, is his Enemy, the King of the '*Garamants*, *Pentapolin with the naked Arm*; ſo call'd, becauſe he always 'fights with his Arm bare. And what's the Quarrel between theſe two Potent Princes, quo *Sancho?* Why, quo *Don Quixote*, the reaſon is plain: For *Alifanfaron* is in Love with *Pentapolin*'s Daughter, who, in my Opinion, is one of the moſt lovely Women i' the World, and a Chriſtian. But *Alifanfaron* being a *Pagan*, her Father will not conſent to the Marriage, unleſs her Sweet-heart will renounce *Mahomet*, and embrace the Chriſtian Religion. May I never ſee *Toboſo* again, quo *Sancho*, if I don't believe this *Pentapolin* to be a Man of Piety and Vertue; and I'le aſſiſt him to the utmoſt of my Power. That thou may'ſt Lawfully do, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for upon ſuch occaſions as theſe there is no ſuch neceſſity to be a Dubb'd Knight. 'Slife, and is it ſo, quo *Sancho?* Then let me alone for one. But where ſhall I ſecure my Aſs, that I may find him again when the Battel's over? For I ne'r heard of any Man that ever charg'd upon ſuch a Beaſt as this. Let him e'ne go where he pleaſes, quo *Don Quixote*; for after the Victory's won, we ſhall have ſuch choice of Horſes, that even *Roſinante* himſelf is in great danger of being exchang'd for another.

Then mounting to the top of a Hillock, 'Look thee, *Sancho*, quo *Don* '*Quixote*, from hence will I ſhew thee all the Chief Knights that Command 'theſe two vaſt Armies, that thou mayſt be able to know 'em again, when 'thou ſeeſt 'em. He yonder i' the Gilded Arms, bearing in his Shield a 'Crown'd Lion Couchant at the feet of a young Lady, is the Valiant *Laurca*-'*lin*, the *Knight* of the *Silver Bridge*. He in the Armour tinſell'd with 'Flowers of Gold, bearing three Silver Crowns in a Field *Azure*, is the Fa-

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'mous *Micocolembo*, Grand Duke of *Quirocia*. That other, that marches 'upon his Right Hand, as big and as tall as a Giant, is the undaunted *Bran-'dabarbaran*, of *Boliche*, Lord of the three *Arabia's*; Arm'd with a Serpents 'Skin, and inſtead of a Shield, carrying a huge Gate, which is ſaid to be 'one of thoſe that belong'd to the Temple that *Sampſon* pull'd down, when 'he reveng'd himſelf upon the *Philiſtines*, at the expence of his own 'Life.

'Now turn about, and at the Head of t'other Army ſee yonder the In-'vincible *Timonel* of *Carcaſſon*, Prince of *New Biſcay*, whoſe Armour is of 'ſeveral colours, as *Azure*, *Vert*, *Or*, and *Argent*; bearing in his Shield a 'Puſs-Cat *Or*, in a Field *Gules*; with theſe four Letters *M. i. e. u.* which 'compoſe the firſt Sillable of his Miſtreſſes Name, which Report avers to 'be the matchleſs *Mieulina*, Daughter to Duke *Alpheniquen*, of *Algarva*. 'That other Monſtrous Load upon the back of yonder wild Horſe, in 'white Armour, with a white Shield, without any *Impreſs*, is a *French* 'Knight, call'd *Peter Papin*, Lord of the Barony of *Utrich*. He that ſits gal-'ling his Courſer's flanks with his heels like a *Sea-man*, is the Potent Duke 'of *Nervia*, otherwiſe call'd the *Pinner of Wakefield*; bearing in his Shield 'a Field ſow'd with *Aſparagus*, with this *Motto*, *Fortune rakes me*. And thus he went on, naming a hundred more in the ſame manner, in both Ar-mies: And then proceeding; 'That vaſt Multitude which thou ſeeſt yonder, 'is compos'd of ſeveral Nations. There march they that drink the pleaſant 'Streams of the Famous *Xanthus*. There the Mountaineers, that Till the 'fertil Fields of *Maſſilia*. Yonder, they that ſift the fine Gold of the *Hap-'py Arabia*. Yonder, they that inhabit the Renowned Banks of *Thermodon*. 'They that fiſh in the Golden ſtreams of *Pactolus*; The Perfidious *Numi-'dians*; The *Perſians*, Famous Archers. The *Medes* and *Parthians*, moſt 'dangerous when they flye. The wandring *Arabs*, the Savage and Cruel '*Scythians*, the *Ethiopians*, that bore their Lips and Noſtrils; with a thou-'ſand other Nations, which I ſee, and of which I know the Countenances, 'tho I have forgot their Names. All theſe Nations, I ſay, compoſe that 'Army, rang'd under their peculiar Enſigns.

'On the other ſide are they that drink the Cryſtal ſtreams of *Betis*, ſha-'ded with Olive-Trees. They that cleanſe the wealthy Oar of *Tagus*. They 'that enjoy the enriching Current of the Divine *Genile*. They that mow 'the *Tarteſian* Meadows. They that live ſo happily among the delightful 'Paſtures of *Xeres*; the wealthy *Manchegueſians*, crown'd with Wheat-'ſheaves. The Ancient Off ſpring of the *Goths*, that delve for Iron. And 'they that quiver with *Appennine* Cold, and *Pyrenean* Snow. In a word, 'all that *Europe* contains within its vaſt extent.

Sancho was ſo aſtoniſh'd to hear ſuch an Inundation of words, that he had not a word to ſay. All that he could do, was to ſtare with his Gog-gles, and to turn his Jobber noſe as his Maſter pointed with his finger, to ſee if he could diſcover the Knights and Giants which his Maſter ſhew'd him. But at length, not being able to diſcern the leaſt ſign, or ſo much as the Tail of a Horſe, of all the long Muſter-Roll that the Champion had fancy'd in his Imagination. Nouns, quo he, either I am blind, or the De-vil has carry'd away all your Knights and Giants; for as I'm a ſinner to Heav'n, the Devil a bit of Mortal Man can I ſee. I think the fellow's turn'd Fool, cry'd *Don Quixote*; why, doſt not hear their Horſes *Neighie*, the Trumpets ſound, and the Drums rattle? May I periſh, quo *Sancho*, if I hear any thing but the bleating of a few Sheep. Then I ha' found it out, quo *Don Quixote*, for thy fears diſturb thy Senſes; thou neither ſeeſt with

thy

thy Eyes, nor hear'ſt with thy Ears. But 'tis no matter, I need not the Aſſiſtance of a Coward, I'le have the Honour of the Victory my ſelf. And ſo ſaying, he couch'd his Lance, and putting Spurs to *Roſinante*, flew like Lightning into the Plain. *Sancho* bawl'd after him as loud as he could yaul; call'd Heav'n to witneſs, that they were only Sheep; then bann'd him to the bottomleſs Pit; Curſe o' my Father that begat me, quo *Sancho*, that I ſhould be ſo unfortunate to ſerve ſuch a Mad-man as this! Sir,— Sir,— Maſter *Don Quixote*,— Be'nt out o' your Wits, Sir,— There are no *Giants*, no *Knights*, no *Aſparagus* Gardens, no Shields either broke or whole; but only a few Sheep, which you are going to kill before you have Money to pay for them.— But *Don Quixote*, deaf to all his Squire's Imprecations, with a Voice louder then his Dwarf, crying out to himſelf, *Courage, courage*, brave *Knights*, that fight under the Standard of valiant *Pentapolin*, *with the naked Arm*; Follow but me, and we will ſoon be aveng'd of that Traitor *Alifanfaron* of *Taprobana*, and preſently flung himſelf and his Horſe among the poor Sheep with that Gallantry and Reſolution, that he ſoon laid ſome of his mortal Enemies wallowing in their Blood.

The Shepherds ſeeing their Sheep go to rack in ſuch a manner, at firſt call'd out to him, to know what he meant, and what harm the poor Sheep had done him; but finding fair means ſo little avail'd, they ply'd him with Stones as big as their Fiſts, out of their Slings; and that ſo nimbly, that one Stone never ſtaid for another. But the Champion diſdaining that ſort of Skirmiſhing at a Diſtance, n'ere minded the Stones, being altogether for meeting with *Alifanfaron*, crying out, Where art a', Traitor, *Alifanfaron*? Appear to him that here expects thee hand to hand, to try the mettle of thy keen *Kilzadog*, and to chaſtize thee for making War unjuſtly upon the valiant *Pentapolin*. At length among ſuch a Showre of Stones as flew about the Champion's Ears, there was one that lit upon his Ribs, and forc'd its way through two of the ſhorteſt. *Don Quixote* thought himſelf ſlain, or at leaſt, dangerouſly wounded; but then calling to mind his Balſom, and pulling out his Tin-pot, he began to ſet the precious Liquor to his Mouth. At what time, before he could finiſh his Draught, another Stone, of a ſudden, ſtruck the Pot out of his Hand, carry'd away three or four of his Teeth, and maim'd almoſt all his Fingers. Theſe two Blows were ſo violent, that the poor *Knight* falling from his Horſe, lay ſtretch'd out upon the Ground as quiet as a Lamb. So that the Shepherds believing him ſlain, took up their dead Sheep, to the number of ſix or ſeven, beſides what were wounded; and rallying their diſorder'd Flocks, made what haſte they could out of the way.

Whilſt the Combat laſted, *Sancho* ſtood upon the Hill, Curſing and Swearing and tearing his Beard for Madneſs; but when the Shepherds were gone, down he came to behold the Ruines of his Lord; for only ſuch he thought 'em to be, when he ſaw in what a Poſture he lay. However, finding that he had ſome Senſe remaining; Ah, Maſter, Maſter! quo he, did I not beg you to return? Did I not tell ye, 'twas only a Flock of Sheep, and no Army? 'Sancho, reply'd *Don Quixote*, th' art a Cuckow-brains; *Negro-*
'*mancers* can change the Shapes of Men and Beaſts as they pleaſe them-
'ſelves: and thus that Theif of a *Negromancer*, who is my mortal Enemy,
'to deprive me of the Honour of that Victory which I had i' my Hands,
'immediately turn'd the whole Squadron of the Enemy into Sheep. And
'now to convince thee, that this is a Truth, do but take thy Aſs, at my Re-
'queſt, and follow thoſe pretended Shepherds at a Diſtance; I'le pawn my
'Knighthood, that before thou haſt rid a Mile, thou ſhalt ſee 'em all
chang'd

chang'd into Men again, ſuch as I deſcrib'd 'em to be. But before thou go'ſt, come hither and ſee how many Teeth I want; for I feel my Gums, as if I had not one left i' my Mouth. Ill luck again for poor *Sancho*; for as he was gaping to tell his Maſter's Grinders, with his Noſe almoſt in his Chaps, the Balſom began to work; ſo that with the ſame Swiftneſs that the Powder flies out of a Piſtol, the Phyſick diſcharg'd it ſelf all upon the Beard, Face, and Eyes of the charitable Squire. By the Bowels of St. *Francis*, quo *Sancho*, my Maſter is a dead Man, for he vomits nothing but clear Blood, tho the Colour, Smell, and Taſte, ſoon undeceiv'd him; for the two latter turning the Squires queaſie Stomach, caus'd ſuch a ſudden Rumbling in his Guizard, that before he could turn his Head, he unladed the whole *Cargo* of his Entrails upon his Maſter's Noſe, ſo that you would have ſworn there was not a Secret in both their Hearts, which they had not open'd one to another. In this naſty Pickle *Sancho* ran for a Towel to wipe himſelf, and his Maſter; but miſſing his Wallet, he was ready to run quite out of his Wits. He beſtow'd a thouſand Maledictions more upon himſelf, and was ſometimes reſolving with himſelf to let his Maſter go to the Devil, and return home, tho he loſt all the Recompence of his Service, and the Government of twenty Iſlands.

It was high time then for *Don Quixote* to get up, which with much ado he did; and then clapping his left Hand before his Mouth, to keep the reſt of his looſe Teeth from dropping out, with his right he led *Roſinante* by the Bridle (the faithful and good-natur'd *Roſinante*, that had not ſtirr'd an Inch from the Place where his Maſter fell) and in that Poſture he crept along to his Friend *Sancho*, whom he found lolling upon his Aſs, with his Face in the hollow of both Hands, like a Man bury'd in profound Sorrow. *Don Quixote* perceiving him in that Condition; 'Friend *Sancho*, ſaid he, 'one man is no more then another, if he do no more then what another 'does. Theſe Diſaſters are but Arguments of our better Succeſs. Calms 'always follow Storms, and fair Weather, foul. Good and bad Fortune 'have their Viciſſitudes. Beſides, 'tis a Maxim, That nothing violent can 'laſt long. And therefore never grieve at theſe Misfortunes, of which I 'have ſtill the greateſt Share. How can that be, quo *Sancho*? Was not he that was toſs'd in a Blanket yeſterday, the Son of my Father? And was not the Wallet which I have loſt, with all that was in it, his Loſs? How! quo *Don Quixote*, Haſt loſt the Wallet? I know not whether it be loſt, reply'd *Sancho*, but I cannot find it, where I us'd to hang it. Why, then I find we muſt faſt to day, quo *Don Quixote*. 'Tis ſurely ſo, reply'd *Sancho*, unleſs you can meet with ſuch Herbs, as are wont to ſupply the Neceſſities of ſuch unfortunate *Knights*, as your ſelf. For all that, quo *Don Quixote*, at this time, I had rather have a good Luncheon of Bread and two Pilchards Heads, then all the Sallads in *Gerrhard*'s Herbal. And therefore beſtride thy Aſs, and follow me once more. God's Providence, that provides for the Flies i' the Air, and the Worms i' the Earth, will alſo provide for us; eſpecially if we continue to ſerve him, as we do in this laborious Profeſſion. Sir, quo *Sancho*, interrupting him, I believe you would make a better Preacher, then a *Knight-Errant*, God pardon me for ſaying ſo. *Knight-Errants*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, ought to know all things; and there have been ſuch in former Ages, that were wont to preach at the Head of an Army, as if they had tak'n their Degrees at *Salamanca*, according to the Proverb, *Tàm Marti, quàm Mercurio*. In good Faith, Sir, quo *Sancho*, it ſhall be even as you pleaſe, for me: In the mean time, good now, let us remove from hence, and ſeek out a Lodging; but let it be ſuch a one, for

the

the Lord's-ſake, where there are no Blankets, nor Blanket-heavers; no Apparitions, nor inchanted *Moors*. For if I meet with any more of your *Hobthruſhes*, old *Satan* himſelf be your Squire, for *Sancho*. Rather pray to God to direct us, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, and ſo for once go thine own way; for I leave it wholly to thy Diſcretion to provide us a Lodging. But firſt feel here how many Teeth I have i' my upper Jaw, o' the right ſide; for there I find my Pain lies moſt. Thereupon *Sancho* feeling with his Finger both above and below; Pray, Sir, quo he, how many Teeth ſhould ye have i' this place? Four ſound entire Teeth, quo *Don Quixote*, beſides the Eye-tooth. Take heed what you ſay, quo *Sancho*. I ſay four, reply'd *Don Quixote*, if there ben't five. How ſtrangely you miſtake, now, reply'd *Sancho*; you have juſt two and a Stump i' the neither Jaw; but for your upper Jaw, 'tis all as ſmooth as a Child's Coral. How! ſaid *Don Quixote*, I had rather ha' loſt an Arm, provided it were not my Sword-arm; for a Mouth without Teeth, is like a Mill without a Mill-ſtone; every Tooth in a Man's Head, is worth a Diamond. But we that profeſs the ſtrict Laws of Chivalry, are ſubject to theſe Diſaſters; and therefore ſince it can't be help'd, go thine own pace, and I'le follow thee. Thereupon *Sancho* led the way, ſtill keeping the High-road, as moſt like to bring him ſooneſt to a Lodging. Now you muſt know, they rode very ſoftly, for *Don Quixote*'s Gums would not ſuffer him to trot; and therefore *Sancho*, compaſſionating his Maſter's Condition, reſolv'd to divertiſe him with ſome of the merrieſt Conceits he had in his Budget, as you ſhall hear i' the next Chapter.

CHAP. V.

Of the pleaſant Diſcourſe between Don Quixote *and his Squire; and of the Adventure of the dead Corps.*

GOD forgive me for thinking ſo, ſaid *Sancho*, but it will not out of my Head, but that all our late Diſaſters are the juſt Judgments of Heav'n upon us, for your tranſgreſſing the known Laws of your Order, and violating the Oath which you made, not to eat at a Table, nor lie in an Inn, till you had won *What-d'-ye-call-him*'s Armour, for I have forgot the Name of the *Moor*. Very well remember'd, quo *Don Quixote*, 'twas quite and clean ſlid out of my Memory; and I believe too, that thou wer't toſs'd in a Blanket, becauſe thou didſt not put me in mind of it. But I can ſoon make amends for my Omiſſion; for *Knight-Errantry* is a Profeſſion very ready to ſmother Iniquity. Why, did I ever ſwear to mind you of your Vow, reply'd *Sancho*—? Whether thou ſwor'ſt, or no, anſwer'd *Don Quixote*, that's not the Buſineſs, thou art acceſſary however, both before and after. Then take notice, that I now fore-warn ye, ſaid *Sancho*, not to forget your Amendment, as you did your Oath, leſt *Robin Good-fellow* plague us again, for being incorrigible.

In the midſt of this Diſcourſe, Night ſurpriz'd 'em, not knowing where to ſhelter themſelves. And, which was worſe, they were ready to eat one another for Hunger, having loſt the Wallet, where was all their Provant. But to relieve 'em in this Extremity, there happen'd an Adventure, which I ſhall faithfully relate, without Addition or Diminution of the Matter of Fact; which was thus. 'Twas

'Twas now pitch-dark Night; however, they travell'd on, *Sancho* believing that ſince they were in ſuch a beaten Road, it could not be long before they met with an Inn, or a Farrier's Hovel where they ſold Drink. With theſe Hopes jogging on, the Squire half ſtarv'd, the *Knight* no leſs deſirous to eat, they ſaw at a diſtance a great number of Lights, that appear'd like ſo many *Wiſp-Williams*. At which ſudden Apparition *Sancho* was ready to ſwoon, and they ſay, the *Knight* himſelf began to ſmell very ſtrong. Thereupon they made a ſtop, and obſerv'd that the Lights advanc'd toward 'em, and the nearer they came, the bigger they ſeem'd: Which redoubl'd their Fears; *Sancho* let fly, and *Don Quixote*'s Hair ſtood an end: but at laſt recov'ring his wonted Courage; 'Friend *Sancho*, ſaid he, this 'certainly muſt be ſome prodigious Adventure, that will require the whole 'ſtock of my Strength and Courage. Grant, kind Heav'n, quo *Sancho*, that it be not another Adventure of *Goblins*; for if it be, where the Devil ſhall we find Ribs to endure it? Come all the *Goblins* in Hell, quo *Don Quixote*, they ſhall not touch a Hair o' thy Head. For tho I could not get over the Wall; we are now i' the op'n Field, where I ſhall have liberty to make uſe of my Sword. Alas! quo *Sancho*, what ſignifies the op'n Field, ſhould they inchant ye as they did before? Puh!— quo *Don Quixote*, do but look on, and thou ſhalt ſee what I'le do. So I intend, God willing, quo *Sancho*, for if I ſtir a foot, I'le gi'e my Ears. By and by they diſcover'd a great number of Men all in White. Nay then, quo *Sancho*, quiv'ring and quaking, mercy o' my Soul; What-a-Devil! quo he, no leſs then twenty Giants in their Shirts, with every one a Torch in his Hand, and murmuring from their Lips the ſorrowful Complaints of Grief and Diſcontent. After them follow'd a Litter, attended by ſix Horſe-men in Mourning down to their Horſes Heels. Which doleful Spectacle at ſuch at time of Night, and in the midſt of a Deſart, as they thought themſelves, was enough to have ſhipwrakt the Courage of a ſtouter Squire then *Sancho*. But fearleſs *Don Quixote*, full of his Fegaries, fancy'd there muſt be in the Litter the Body of ſome Knight either ſlain or wounded, the Revenge of whoſe Misfortunes was only reſerv'd for him. And ſo couching his Lance, he poſted himſelf juſt in the middle of the Road, where the Company were to paſs. So ſoon as they drew near, 'Stand, quo he, whoever ye be, and 'tell me in ſhort, who ye are, whence ye came, whither ye go, and what 'ye carry i' that Litter? For you ſeem to be ſuch as either have done, or 'receiv'd a great deal of Miſchief; and I muſt have an Account either to 'puniſh the Offenders, or relieve the Diſtreſſed. Sir, reply'd one of the Horſe men, we are in haſte, the Inn is a great way off, and we cannot ſtay to tell ye the Particulars; and ſo ſpurring his Mule, he preſs'd forward. But *Don Quixote*, diſſatisfy'd with the Anſwer, laid hold of the Reins of his Bridle, and with a ſtern Voice, Sir, ſaid he, are you weary of your Life? either give me a better Account, or I defie thee to mortal Combat. But ſo it happen'd, that the Mule being skittiſh and frightful, fell a cap'ring and rearing at ſuch a rate, that ſhe threw her Rider to the Ground. Upon which, one of the Foot boys calling him a thouſand Rogues and Sons o' Whores, put him into ſuch a Chafe, that he flew like a Dragon upon another of the Perſons in Mourning, and threw him to the Ground with a Proweſs altogether extraordinary; then ſpurr'd away to a ſecond, and ſo to a Third, with that Vigour and Activity, that you would have ſworn *Roſinante* had been *Pegaſus* himſelf at that time.

It was not for Men of Peace, that were never accuſtom'd to bear Arms, to withſtand ſuch a rapid Fury as this; ſo that the People in White, fled

immediately some one way, some another, crossing the Fields with their lighted Torches, that you would have tak'n 'em for Masqueraders upon a Bone-fire Night. As for the Mourners, they were so muffl'd up i' their sable Weeds, that not being able to defend themselves, they were forc'd to receive his Bastinado's, without being able to repay him for his Kindness: So that the Renowned Champion in a short time got a complete, easie, and cheap Victory; the Mourners and Assistants believing the Devil was come to fetch away the dead Body, before they could bury it.

All this while *Sancho* admir'd the daring Valour of his Heroick Master, and now concluded him what he had always boasted himself to be.

And now the Combat being over, *Don Quixote* perceiving by the Light of a Torch, that lay burning in the High-way, the poor Man who was thrown by his Mule, he rode up to him, and setting his Lance to his Throat, commanded him to yield, and beg his Life. For yielding, quo the other, I think I'm safe enough already; for I think I have brok'n one of my Legs. And I beseech ye, Sir, if y' are a Christian, not to kill me, for you know 'tis a piece of Sacriledge to kill a Person in Holy Orders. If y' are in Orders, quo *Don Quixote*, What a-pox brought ye hither? Bad Fortune, Sir, quo the Curate, as you may plainly see. And worse it may be yet, quo *Don Quixote*, unless you answer me directly to my Questions. In short, Sir, then quo the Curate, we were all a Company of Priests, and some few Gentlemen, and some few Friends of the deceas'd Gentleman that lies in that Litter, going to lay his Bones in *Segovia*, the Place of his Nativity. Well,— but who kill'd him, quo *Don Quixote*? Death, Sir, quo the Curate, by the means of a pestilential Feaver. If it be so, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I am discharg'd of revenging his Death, if any other Person had slain him; but if God-a-mighty has done it, there's no more to be said; for had he done as much to me, I could not have help'd it. And now know, Mr. Curate, that I am that Renowned *Knight*, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whose Profession it is to visit all Parts of the World, for the Relief of the Afflicted, and Punishment of Oppressors. I wish, Sir, quo the Curate, I could have had the Honour to have confirm'd your Titles, which now I cannot well do with a safe Conscience, as being beholding to your Charity for nothing but a brok'n Leg: So that I may say, The *Prowler* about for Adventures to do others good, has done me the greatest Injury i' the World. Why truly, Mr. Curate, quo *Don Quixote*, this World is full of Crosses, and Mischances, and therefore all that I can say to ye, is this; That you must have a care next time how ye play the Fool i' the Night-time with your Torches, and your white Surplices, like Mummers, or rather Hobgoblins, that went about to fright People out o' their Wits. For I am not to endure such Fooleries as these, to the scaring of Nurses and Children, and creating of Stories and Fables, of which there are too many i' the World already.

The Curate durst not contradict him, only desir'd his Assistance, as a *Knight-Errant*, and a Reliever of the Oppressed; for that his Mule lay so heavy upon him, that he could not get his Foot out of the Stirrup. Why did ye not tell me your Grievance sooner, quo *Don Quixote*? Did ye take me for a Conjurer? With that, he call'd *Sancho*, who made no great haste, for he was as busie as one of St. *Nicholas's Clarks*, rifling a Wallet, and would not stir till he had fill'd one of the Priests *Cassocks*, which he ty'd up like a Sack, and laid upon his Ass. And that being secur'd, away he ran to his Master; to whom, *'Fore* George, *Sir*, quo he, *I can't be at the Oven and the Mill too, both at the same time.* But *Don Quixote* taking no notice of his Drollery, bid him go help the Curate, which he did; and after he had

set

ſet him upon his Mule, and given him his Taper again, *Don Sancho* bid him follow his Company; and to excuſe him for his Miſtake, tho as they appear'd, it was not in his power to do otherwiſe. And, Sir, quo *Sancho*, if the Gentlemen ask who 'twas that ſo well thrum'd their Jackets, tell 'em, 'twas the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwiſe the Knight of the *Ill-favour'd Face*.

When the Curate was gone, *Don Quixote* ask'd *Sancho* wherefore he call'd him the *Knight* of the *Ill-favour'd Face*? Becauſe, ſaid *Sancho*, I ha' been ſtaring upon it this good while, by the Light of the Prieſt's Torch, and i' my Conſcience I never beheld ſuch a Swine's Countenance i' my life. The Cauſe of which, I take to be either your extream Wearineſs, or the Loſs of your Teeth. No, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, thou art quite beſide the Cuſhion; 'tis becauſe my Hiſtoriographer thinks it convenient that I ſhould have a Sir-name, as well as other ancient Knights. For one was call'd *The Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, another of the *Unicorn*, a third of the *Phœnix*; whoſe Employment it was to combat the whole Element of Fire. Another, of the *Damzels*; another, of the *Gryphon*; and another, the *Knight of Death*. By which Additions they were known all over the World. 'Twas this ſame learned Scholar therefore that inſpir'd thy Noddle with this witty Conceit; for I'm ſure thou hadſt not Brains enough of thy ſelf to find it out. And therefore I intend to be call'd by this Name, and to have ſome ſtrange Device painted i' my Shield, anſwerable to it. In good faith, reply'd *Sancho*, you may ſpare that Expence; 'tis but only ſhewing your own *Death*'s *Head*. For the Grave's i' your Cheeks, your hollow Eyes, and your *Winter John-apple* Skin, have ſo ſtrangely tranſmogrify'd your Countenance, that I'le forfeit my Stomack, if any Painter of *Saracens Heads* i' the Kingdom can draw a Face ſo ugly as yours. This made his Worſhip ſmile; for the *Knight* was ſuch a *Nick-a-poop*, that he could not chuſe but to laugh, to hear himſelf ſo wittily abus'd by his Squire. However, a new Qualm coming over his Conſcience, *Sancho*, ſaid he, what ſhall I do? I have laid violent Hands upon a *Clergy-man*, and I am afraid of being Excommunicated; according to that ſame Decree i' the Spiritual Court, *If any one, through the Temptation of the Devil*, &c. Yet now I think on't, I never touch'd him with my Hands, but only with my Lance. Beſides, I do not believe they were Prieſts, or Men that any way belong'd to the Church, but meer Hobgoblings and Ghoſts. That's no Bread and Butter o' mine, reply'd *Sancho*, I'm ſure I ſtruck no body, nor no body ſtruck me, which makes me believe they were Prieſts, and not Ghoſts nor Apparitions. Well—— quo *Don Quixote*, let the worſt come to the worſt, I remember what befell the valiant *Cid-Ruy-Dias*, who hackt in pieces the Embaſſador's Chaire, in the Preſence of the Pope; for which he was Excommunicated, and thruſt into *Hell-Counter*; but upon the paying of fourteen Shillings and a Groat, he was preſently releas'd again. For in the Spiritual Court there is Law againſt Spirits as well as other People.

This ſaid, *Don Quixote* would have examin'd the Bier, to have ſeen whether the Corps in the Litter were only dead Bones, or dead pieces of Eight. But *Sancho* would not ſuffer him; for, ſaid he, Sir, you have accompliſh'd this Adventure without ſo much as a cut-Finger; but ſhould theſe Fellows conſider how they had been baffl'd by one ſingle Perſon, and return in a rally'd Body to revenge themſelves, who knows but that you may loſe a whole Hand; and therefore our ſafeſt way will be to get out of this place, as faſt as we can: and ſo ſaying, he put on a Dog-trot with his Aſs; nor

was it long before *Don Quixote*, finding, after a ſhort Meditation, that *Sancho* ſpake Reaſon, gallop'd after him.

Now, after they had rid ſome three or four Miles, 'twas broad day; and the light of the Sun directing 'em to a Valley, that lay skulking between two Hills, fit for their purpoſe; there they alighted: There *Sancho*, opening his Caſſock, found that your Men in Orders were not the worſt Stewards for their bellies. And therefore ſpreading the Caſſock upon the green Graſs, they fell on, and eat their Break-faſt, Dinner, Afternoon's Luncheon, and Supper, all at one time. *Sancho* took the Cruſt, and his Maſter took the Crum: *Sancho* diſpatch'd what was hard and tough, and his Maſter what was delicate and tender: And, as ſtollen Goods, no doubt but they would have gone down much the ſweeter, had they not wanted Drink; but Drink they wanted to that degree, that ne'r was *Barnaby* ever dryer in a Morning. For *Sancho* had forgot to plunder the Bottles as well as the Victuals; nor would the Valley afford a drop of Water that they could find. However, conſidering they were in a place where the Graſs was freſh and green, *Sancho* gave his Maſter that Advice, which ſeem'd Rational, tho it did not anſwer their Expectations, as we ſhall find i' the next Chapter.

CHAP. VI.

Of the moſt wonderful Adventure that ever happen'd to Knight-Errant, which Don Quixote *accompliſh'd without any danger.*

Sancho, ready to choak for Thirſt, as we ſaid before, and ſummoning his Wits together for relief; quo he to his Maſter, This Graſs looks ſo freſh and green, that of neceſſity there muſt be ſome Spring or Rivulet that waters theſe Grounds: And therefore my Opinion is, that if we do but make diligent ſearch, we ſhall find ſome Liquor or other to appeaſe this intolerable Drowth, which Plagues us more then our Hunger did before. Thereupon *Don Quixote*, leading *Roſinante* by the Bridle, and *Sancho* his Aſs by the Halter, they went feeling about for a Well, or a Fountain, or any thing that had Water in it (for tho I ſaid before 'twas broad day, I muſt eat my words, it being as yet ſo dark, they could not ſee their Hands;) and therefore I ſay they felt their way, becauſe they could not ſee it. Now, they had not gone above two hundred Paces before they heard a noiſe that rejoyc'd the Cockles of their Hearts, as being the noiſe of a great fall of Waters. But going a little farther, they heard another noiſe no leſs terrible, of redoubl'd Blows and Baſtinado's, with the rattling of Chains and Fetters, which together with the roaring of the Waters made ſuch a diſmal Din i' the dark, that had *Sancho*'s Break-faſt been Concocted, he had not kept it long in his Belly. Neither could *Don Quixote* himſelf tell what to think on't: He had not one Maggot in all his Readings that could compare with it. Beſides that, Fortune at the ſame time brought 'em under a great Tuft of Trees, where the ruſtling of the Leaves, and the whiſtling of the Wind augmented their Diſmay; eſpecially not knowing where they were.

But then it was that the undaunted *Don Quixote*, mounting his *Roſinante*, and ſhouldering his Target, 'Know, *Sancho*, ſaid he, that I was born in this 'Iron Age, to reſtore the Age of Gold. 'Tis for me that Heaven has re-

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'ſerv'd the moſt Famous Atchievements, and the accompliſhment of theſe 'Tragical Adventures. 'Tis I that muſt deface the Remembrance of the '*Knights of the Round Table*, the *Twelve Peers of France*, the *Nine Worthies*, 'of the *Olivants*, *Belianis's*, and Knights of the *Sun*, and of all the Knight-'Errants of former Ages, by Eclipſing the Renown of all their moſt Glorious 'Actions. What an aſſemblage of Terrors is here? Darkneſs, rattling of 'Chains, redoubl'd Stripes, ruſtling of Leaves, and the noiſe of Cataracts, 'that ſeem to fall from the Mountains of the Moon, of which the leaſt were 'enough to make *Mars* himſelf creep into an Auger-hole. Nevertheleſs 'theſe are but Incentives of my Courage, and I feel my Heart leap i' my 'Belly, when I go to encounter the moſt dreadful dangers i' the World; like 'a Spaniel when he ſee's his Maſter take down his Fowling-Piece. And 'therefore take up my Girts three holes higher, and tarry here under Heav'n's 'Protection; and if I do not return in four days, get thee home, and tell 'the Matchleſs *Dulcinea*, that her *Champion*, and the Slave of her Beauty, 'fell a Sacrifice to Renown and endleſs Immortality for her ſake. When *Sancho* heard theſe words, he fell a weeping like a Woman at her Husband's Funeral; and whining out his Grief, Sir, ſaid he, I do not underſtand why you ſhould undertake this deſperate Adventure. 'Tis dark, and no body ſees us; we may very well ſneak away, and avoid the danger, tho we ſhould not drink theſe three days. I have often heard our Curate repeat an Old Proverb, *Harm watch, Harm catch.* And therefore forbear, Sir, to tempt God, by undertaking an Adventure which you cannot accompliſh without a Miracle. Is it not ſufficient that Heaven preſerv'd ye from being toſs'd in a Blanket, and gave you ſuch a Remarkable Victory over the Goblings that attended the dead Corps? But if this will not prevail, conſider when you have left me, in what a condition I ſhall be; ready to ſurrender my Soul to the firſt that asks me. I have forſak'n Home, Wife, and Children, to follow you, in hopes to get, and not to loſe; but, as *Covetouſneſs is the Root of all Evil*, ſo all my Expectations vaniſh, while I lye gaping after Iſlands and Caſtles i' the Air. Dear Maſter, for the love of God, be not ſo Cruel. Or if you are reſolv'd to undertake this damn'd Adventure, ſtay till you can ſee: 'Tis but three hours to Morning; for according to my little Skill, the Muzzle of the Leſſer Bear is juſt over our Heads. Yee ſilly Hog, quo *Don Quixote*, how canſt thou ſee the Muzzle of the Bear, when there is not a Star to be ſeen in the Sky? That's very true, reply'd *Sancho*; but Fear is ſharp-ſighted, and ſees farther into a Mill ſtone then other People.

Let Day come, or never come, 'tis all one to me, cry'd *Don Quixote*; t' ſhall never be ſaid, that the tears of a ſniveling Cow-baby kept me from doing the Duty of a Knight. And therefore thy buſineſs is only to Girt *Roſinante*, and tarry here for me; no queſtion, but in a ſhort time I ſhall return either dead or alive.

Sancho finding his Maſter ſo poſitively bent; and that neither Tears, nor good Advice could divert him from his determinations, reſolv'd to try a trick of Policy, tho it were but to keep him till Morning in ſpite of his teeth; and to that purpoſe, inſtead of girting *Roſinante*, he ty'd the Horſes two hinder Leggs to his Aſſes Halter; ſo that when *Don Quixote* ſpurr'd him forward, the Spittle did nothing but fall a rearing before. Which *Sancho* obſerving, Look ye, Sir, ſaid he, the Heavens are o' my ſide, and will not ſuffer *Roſinante* to move; and therefore all your ſpurring the poor Creature is but like ſtriving againſt the ſtream, and for ought I know, may put Fortune out of Humour. *Don Quixote* rag'd like a Mad-man at firſt; but finding

ing that the more he gall'd his ſides, the more *Roſinante* bounc'd and caper'd, he reſolv'd to tarry till 'twas light. Well— quo he, ſince it ſo pleaſes *Roſinante*, I muſt tarry till Morning, tho it were upon Life and Death. What matter is it, reply'd *Sancho?* I'le undertake to find ye Stories anew, if your Worſhip will but be pleas'd to alight, and take a Napp upon the green Graſs, after the Cuſtom of Knight-Errants. Alight and ſleep! quo *Don Quixote*: Am I one of thoſe that want to ſleep, when they are to fight? Sleep thou, that wert born to ſleep, or do what thou wilt; I know what I have to do my ſelf.

Be not ſo haſty, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, I ſpoke it only in jeſt: And having ſo ſaid, laying one hand upon the Pummel, and the other upon the Crupper of the Saddle, he ſtood embracing his Maſter's knees, not daring to budge an inch for fear of the ſtripes that ſounded continually in his Ears.

And now his Maſter's Paſſion being allay'd; Come, ſaid he, *Sancho*, tell us a Tale to paſs away the time till Morning. Troth, Sir, quo *Sancho*, and may I periſh if I lye, I am afraid at my very Heart; and I ha' no more mind to tell Tales, then to hang my ſelf. But I le try what I can do to pleaſure your Worſhip, and thus I begin.

There was— hold— I am ſure 'tis one of the beſt Stories i' the World, if my Fears will let me tell it— In former times, when it was as it was— *Good betide us all, and Harm be to them that ſeek it*— And here, Sir, you muſt take notice by the by, that the Ancients did not begin their Stories, as we do now, but with a Proverb of a certain wiſe Man, whom they call'd *Cato*; who ſaid, That *Evil was for him, that Evil thought*; which is as pat to your purpoſe, as a Pudding for a *Frier*'s Mouth; by which you are adviz'd not to wake a ſleeping Lion, and that we ought to take another Road, ſince no body forces us to keep this, where all the Devils in Hell ſeem to tarry for us. Prethee go on with thy Story, cry'd *Don Quixote*, and for the Road, leave that to my Diſcretion.

I ſay then, quo *Sancho*, that in a certain part of *Eſtremadura*, there liv'd a certain Shepherd, or rather, *Goat-herd*, in regard he kept Goats: Which Shepherd, or rather *Goat-herd*, as the Story goes, was call'd *Lopez Ruyz*; and this Shepherd *Lopez Ruyz* was in love with a fair Shepherdeſs, whoſe Name was *La Toralva*; which Shepherdeſs, whoſe Name was *La Toralva*, was the Daughter of a certain wealthy Shepherd; which wealthy Shepherd had a great number of Sheep— If thou tell'ſt thy Tale, quo *Don Quixote*, interrupting him, and mak'ſt ſo many Repetitions of the ſame thing, thou't not ha' done this Fortnight: Prethee tell thy Story like a Man o' Senſe, or let it alone. Why, reply'd *Sancho*, they always tell their Stories o' this Faſhion in our Countrey; nor do I know how to tell it otherwiſe, neither am I willing to introduce new Cuſtoms. Prethee then tell it how thou wilt, reply'd *Don Quixote*. Know then, my dear Maſter, continu'd *Sancho*, that this Shepherd was inamour'd of the Shepherdeſs *Toralva*, who was a young Girl, well truſs'd, wild and froppiſh, and partaking ſomewhat of the Maſculine Gender, having a kind of a Beard upon her upper Lip; for me-thinks I ſee her now as perfectly, as if ſhe were here before me. Why then it ſeems thou knew'ſt her, quo *Don Quixote*. Not ſo neither, but he that told me the Story, affirm'd it for ſo great a Truth, that he aſſur'd me, when I told it again, I might ſafely ſwear I had ſeen her— Well— Sir, but you know Days go and come; and ſo it happen'd, that after ſeveral Days coming and going, the Devil, who never ſleeps, but will have a Finger in every Pie, ſo brought it about, that the Shep-

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Shepherd fell out with his Sweet-heart, insomuch that he chang'd his Love into mortal Hatred: And the Reason of it was, by the Relation of certain scandalous Tale-bearers, that bare no good Will to either Party, because the Shepherd thought the Shepherdess no better then she should be; or as we say, that is, she was one, that if ye give her an Inch, would take an Ell. Thereupon the Shepherd being immeasurably griev'd and discontented, resolv'd to abandon his Shepherdess for ever; and that he might by his Absence quite extirpate her out of his Memory, he farther determin'd to go into another Countrey, where his Eyes might never see her more. On the other side, *Toralva* finding her self forsak'n by the Shepherd, began to love the Person, which before she had with so much Cruelty despis'd, and that with a more then ordinary Passion.

That's the Nature of Women, quo *Don Quixote*, interrupting him, to scorn those that love 'em, and to love those that contemn 'em. Proceed, *Sancho*— With these Resolutions then, quo *Sancho*, the Shepherd driving his Goats before him, directed his Course toward the Kingdom of *Portugal*. *Toralva* having a long Nose, smelt his Design, and follow'd him bare-foot and bare-legg'd, with her Shoes in one Hand, a Pilgrim's Staff i' the other, and a little Wallet at her Back, wherein she carry'd a piece of a Looking glass, half a Comb, a Box of Paint, and some other Bawbles to prank up her self. But let her carry what she pleas'd, that's nothing to me. This is certain, that at length the Shepherd *Lopez Ruyz* arriv'd at the Banks of the River *Guadiana*, when the Waters were up so high that there was no passing: which was so much the greater Vexation to him, because he perceiv'd *Toralva* at his Heels, and fear'd to be plagu'd with her Tears and Lamentations. At length he descry'd a Fisher-man in a little Boat, but so little, that it would carry no more then one Man, and one Goat at a time. But Necessity has no Law, and therefore he was forc'd to give the Fisher-man his own Rates to carry him, and his three hundred Goats over the River. The Bargain being struck, the Fisher-man came with his Boat, and carry'd over one Goat, there was one; then he came again, and fetch'd another, there was two; then he return'd and fetch'd another, there was three. And now, Sir, quo *Sancho* to his Master, be sure you keep a just Accompt how many Goats the Fisher-man carrys over; for unless you are very exact in your Tale, my Tale will be at an end, and the Devil a word can I say more. Now the landing-place on the other side of the River was very slippery and muddy, which was the Reason that the Fisher-man was a long time before he could go and come. But for all that, he first carry'd over one Goat, then another, and then another.

Prethee, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, why canst thou not say in few words, the Fisher-man carry'd 'em all over, and so go on with thy Story?

Pray Sir, let me alone, quo *Sancho*, how many has the Fisher-man carry'd over already? Nay, who the Devil knows, quo *Don Quixote*, dost think I took an Accompt? Why there's the Mischief on't, your Negligence has put an end to my Story, and now you may go hang your self for the rest. Hey-day, quo *Don Quixote*, is it so essential to the Story, that you can't go on, if one of the Goats be missing? 'Tis very true, reply'd *Sancho*, for between my Answer and your Question, the Story slipt quite and clean out of my Memory; and by my Faith 'twas a thousand Pities, for 'twas an incomparable one, if I have any Skill. Why, and must the Story end here then, quo *Don Quixote*? No more to be fetch'd to life again, then my Mother, quo *Sancho*. By my troth, quo *Don Quixote*, a most learned Story, and as learnedly told. However, 'twas no more then I expected from such a Block-

Block-head as thou art. But why do I fret my ſelf about thy Follies? Let's ſee whether *Roſinante* be in humour, or no; that's more to our purpoſe. With that he gave *Roſinante* two Spurrs, and the high-mettl'd Jade anſwer'd with one *Bound*, and no more, having his Hind-legs ſtill ſhackl'd to *Sancho*'s Aſs.

At the ſame time, whether it were the Coolneſs of the Night, or that *Sancho* had eat'n any laxative Food at Supper, or whether it were the Indulgence of Nature, always kind to *Sancho*; a Neceſſity encroach'd upon him of doing that which no body could do for him; but ſuch were his Fears, that he durſt not ſtir a Straw's breadth from his Maſter. In this miſerable Exigency he took his right Hand from the Crupper of the Saddle, and untying his Codpiece-point, let fall his Breeches, and expos'd his broad Buttocks to the Air; but the main buſineſs was how to do his Buſineſs gently without making a Noiſe; to which purpoſe he try'd the various Ways of clutching his Teeth cloſe, ſhrinking up his Shoulders, and holding his Breath. But alas! the Air that could not find paſſage one way, finding the other op'n, burſt forth with a Thunder-clap, quite different from all the Noiſes they had yet heard. Hark, quo *Don Quixote*, what more Noiſe yet? Some new Adventure I'le warrant ye, cry'd *Don Quixote*, for the Devil has always five Acts to his Play. With that, *Sancho* try'd t'other Strain, which ſucceeded ſo well, that without the leaſt rumbling or grumbling at all, he diſcharg'd his whole *Cargo*, to the Eaſe both of Mind and Body.

'Tis true, *Don Quixote*'s Hearing was better then his Smelling; beſide that, *Sancho* ſtood between him and Danger. Nevertheleſs, certain Fumes that aſcended perpendicularly, fail'd not to inform him of *Sancho*'s Unmannerlineſs. No ſooner were his Noſtrils fill'd, but holding his Noſe with his Finger, as his Parents had taught him before; *Sancho*, ſaid he, moſt aſſuredly thou art in great bodily Fears. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Sancho*; but pray, Sir, whence is this Diſcovery more now, then all this while? Becauſe, quo *Don Quixote*, thou didſt not ſmell ſo ſtrong, as now thou doſt. You may thank your ſelf for it, quo *Sancho*, for 'tis my Attendance upon your Worſhip that diſorders my Body, and cauſes me to catch Cold. Prethee, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, keep a little farther off, three or four Yards at leaſt; and for the future take more care, and know your diſtance; for I find my too much Liberty has bred Contempt. I warrant, quo *Sancho*, your Worſhip believes I ha' done ſomething, which I ought not to ha' done. I care not what y' have done, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but I bid thee once more keep at a diſtance.

This Diſcourſe was none of the cleanlieſt, you'l ſay, however it ſerv'd i' the Dark, nor did it longer continue; for *Sancho* perceiving the approach of Dawn, preſently unty'd *Roſinante*, who finding himſelf at liberty, paw'd the Ground with his fore Feet, which *Don Quixote* took for a good *Omen*.

And now the bright *Aurora* diſplaying her purple Mantle o're the Face of the Sky, *Don Quixote* found himſelf in a Cheſt-nut Grove, not able as yet however, to gueſs the meaning of that wicked Noiſe that ſtill perplex'd his Ears. And therefore being fully determin'd to find it out, he took a ſecond laſt leave of his dear *Sancho*, with the ſame Orders as before, as well in Reference to himſelf, as the matchleſs *Dulcinea*; adding withal, that he ſhould not trouble himſelf about the Recompence of his Services, for that, before he left home, he had made his Will, where he ſhould find himſelf proportionably conſider'd with the reſt of his Relations; but if he ſucceed-

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ed in his Adventure, that then he ſhould not need to take any farther care for Happineſs i' this World.

Sancho could not refrain blubbering to hear the tender Expreſſions of his Maſter, and at length melting into a ſhower of Tears, he ſwore to accompany him in the Enterprize, tho he were ſure never to return. From which laudable Reſolution of his the *Hiſtorian* gathers, That the Squire was ſomething of a Gentleman born, or at leaſt an old Chriſtian: And he wrought wonderfully upon *Don Quixote*'s good Nature, tho he durſt not ſhew it at a time, when it behov'd him to baniſh all Thoughts of Tenderneſs and Effeminacy. For now he rode directly where the Noiſe of the terrible Thumps and Blows led him, while *Sancho* follow'd cloſe at his Heels, leading by the Halter the faithful Companion of his bad and good Fortune.

In this poſture they kept on for ſome time, under a delightful Coverture of Cheſt-nut Trees; till at length they came into a Meadow joining to certain Rocks, from the top of which there was a great fall of Waters, that made out one part of the Diſcovery. At the foot of thoſe Rocks they diſcover'd certain old Cottages, or rather, the Ruines of Cottages; and thence it was, that thoſe frightful Sounds of *Thump, Thump, Thump, Thump*, were firſt obſerv'd to break the Air. A Noiſe ſo terrible, that it frighted both Man and Beaſt. For *Roſinante*, patient *Roſinante* himſelf, could not bear it, but began to ſnort and prick up his Ears, till *Don Quixote* heartn'd him on by clapping him o' the Neck, and giving him good Words; So, ſo— So, ſo— *Roſinante*— So, ſo—; and having by that means pacify'd the beſt natur'd Horſe i' the World, by degrees he drew nearer and nearer to the Cauſe of their Terror, recommending himſelf all the way to his matchleſs *Dulcinea*; and imploring her Protection in this perillous Adventure, with now and then a ſhort *Lord ha' mercy upon me*, by the bye. When of a ſudden coming to double the Point of a Rock, he diſcover'd the fatal Original of all his own Anxieties, and *Sancho*'s Tribulation that Night; for behold, ſix huge Fulling-mill Hammers, interchangeably thumping the the poor Cloth, that it was a lamentable Sight to ſee.

Don Quixote at the firſt ſight of ſuch an unexpected Spectacle, ſate like a meer Statue, ready to drop from his Horſe. *Sancho* likewiſe beheld him hanging his Head lik a Daffa-down-dilly, and drooping like a Man o're-whelm'd with Grief and Deſpair. On the other ſide *Don Quixote* lookt upon *Sancho*, and obſerving in his Blubber Cheeks, a vehement Inclination to laughter, he could not forbear ſmiling himſelf, notwithſtanding the Extremity of his Vexation. So that *Sancho*, over-joy'd to find himſelf at Liberty, let looſe the Reins of his Mirth, and exercis'd his Spleen with ſo much Violence, that he was forc'd to hold his aking Sides, for fear his Kidneys ſhould drop out.

But nothing made *Don Quixote* ſo mad, as *Sancho*'s Audaciouſneſs, who ſtaring him i' the Face, began to repeat with great Formality, the Beginning of his Maſter's Speech, preparative to this Adventure; *Know, Friend* Sancho, *that I was born to reſtore the Golden Age*, &c. But *Don Quixote* in a damn'd dogged Humour already, not brooking the Saucineſs of his Squire, reſolv'd to correct him, and with his Lance gave him two ſuch Remembrances upon the Shoulders, that had they litt upon his Pate, they had diſcharg'd his Maſter of all his Iſland-promiſes, unleſs oblig'd to his Heirs, and Executors. Thereupon *Sancho*, finding his Drollery would not take, beg'd his Maſter's Pardon, with all Submiſſion; adding farther, That what he did, was only to make his Worſhip merry. I like no ſuch Jeſting, reply'd

Don Quixote— And now pray come hither, good Mr. *Jack-pudding*, I would fain know, whether I did not ſhew as much Courage upon this falſe Alarum, as if it had been a real Adventure? Am I bound to underſtand all the Sounds I hear, or to diſtinguiſh between the Thumps of a Fulling-mill, and the Juſting of two Knights in Combat? But ſuppoſe the Fulling-mills had been as many Giants, and that they had ſet upon me either ſingle or altogether, I had not much valu'd it; if I had not deliver'd 'em all headleſs into thy Hands, then I would have given thee leave to have flouted me into a Needle-caſe?

Sir, quo *Sancho*, I confeſs I have been too gameſome, and I acknowledge my Offence. But I beſeech ye, Sir, ſince we are reconcil'd, tell me in ſober Sadneſs, as you hope that Heav'n ſhall preſerve you in other Adventures, as in this; Do you not believe but that the Fright that we were in, I mean that I was in, would be a pleaſant Subject for a merry Ballad, or ſo; or for half a dozen *Knight-Errants* to ſport with over their Cups? I grant, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that the Accident would make a good Scene of Mirth, but I do not think it fit to be made too publick in Farces and Rhyme-Doggerels; for all People are not ſo diſcreet as to make a right uſe of things. 'Fore-*George*, Sir, that cannot be ſaid of you, for you underſtand how to make uſe of your *Lance* the beſt of any Man i' the World, only that when you aim at the Head, you hit the Shoulders; but that was none of your Fault: for had I not duck'd a little o' one ſide, I know what had become of me. But let that paſs: A good Maſter may be cholerick ſometimes, but the next Day after a Baſting, he always gives his Man an old Pair of caſt Breeches; and I cannot imagine, that a *Knight-Errant*, after the chaſtizing of a Squire, can give him leſs then a Caſt Iſland, or an Old-faſhion'd Kingdom upon the Continent.

Hark thee, quo *Don Quixote*, Fortune may ſo bring it to paſs that thou mayſt have thy Deſire. In the mean time, pardon my Severity; for thou knowſt that a Man is not always Maſter of his own Paſſions. On the other ſide, I adviſe thee for the future, not to be ſaucy, and to allow thy ſelf that Freedom, which I muſt not, nor cannot endure. I never read in any Romance of any Squire that ever talk'd ſo impudently to his Maſter, as thou doſt. So that *Gandalin*, who was *Amadis de Gaul*'s Squire, tho Earl of the *Firm-Iſland*, never ſpoke to his Maſter, but with his Hat in his Hand, his Chin in his Breaſt, and his Body half bent, after the *Turkiſh* Faſhion. But what ſhall we ſay of *Gaſabal*, *Don Galaor*'s Squire, who was a Man of that Silence, that he gives the Author Occaſion to name him but once in all that long Story. And this I ſpeak, *Sancho*, to let thee know, that there ought to be a Difference between the Maſter and the Man. As for the Rewards I promis'd thee, they will come in due time; or if they never come, thou haſt no reaſon to queſtion thy Salary.

'Tis very true what you ſay, reply'd *Don Sancho*, and I thank your Worſhip. But now, Sir, ſuppoſe no Rewards ſhould come, and that a Squire ſhould be forc'd to ſtick to his Salary, pray, Sir, be ſo kind as to tell me, how much a *Knight-Errant*'s Squire did get in former times? And whether they agreed by the Month or the Day? I do not believe, quo *Don Quixote*, that ever they came to any Agreement, but that they ſtood to their Maſters Courteſie. And if I have allow'd thee Wages in my Will, 'twas only becauſe I knew not what Succeſs *Chivalry* mght have in' theſe Times; and I would not have my Soul ſuffer in *Purgatory* for ſuch a ſmall Trifle as thy Wages. For the Life of a *Knight-Errant* is ſuch as ſubjects him to continual Terrors and Dangers. So it ſeems, quo *Don Sancho*, when the Ham-

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mers of a Fulling mill are ſufficient to diſturb and diſmay the Heart of ſuch a valiant Champion as your ſelf. But be aſſur'd, Sir, for the future, I ſhall never open my Lips to droll upon your Actions, but always ſpeak honourably and reſpectfully of your Perſon, as being my Lord and Maſter. That's the way to live long and happily upon the Earth, reply'd the Champion, for next our Parents, we ought to reſpect and obey our Maſters.

CHAP. VII.

Of the winning of Mambrino's *Helmet.*

WHile they were thus confabulating, there fell a ſmart Shower of Rain; upon which *Sancho* would fain have retir'd under one of the Fulling-houſes. But *Don Quixote* had conceiv'd ſuch a mortal Antipathy againſt Fulling-mills, for the Shame they had put upon him, that you might as well perſwade ſome Men to eat Cheeſe, or handle a Cat, as reconcile *Don Quixote* to a Fulling-mill. And therefore turning into a High-way upon the Right-hand, he had not ridd'n far, before he deſcry'd a Horſe-man that wore upon his Head ſomething that gliſter'd like Gold. Immediately *Don Quixote*, turning to his Squire, Friend *Sancho*, ſaid he, doſt thou not know, that there is nothing ſo true, as the Truth of Proverbs; for inſtance, that of, *One Door ſhuts and another opens.* And thus, if we were laſt Night deceiv'd by the Noiſe of that confounded Fulling-mill, here is now a more certain Adventure offers it ſelf, the Gaining of which, will be double the Profit, and double the Honour. In a word, in all probability, yonder comes the preſent Poſſeſſor of *Mambrino*'s Helmet; and thou know'ſt the Vow which I have made. Sir, anſwer'd *Sancho*, mind what ye ſay, and take heed what ye do: For I would willingly preſerve my Ribs, and the Seat of my Underſtanding from Fulling-hammers. The Devil take thee with thy Fulling-mills, quo *D. Quixote*, as if there were no difference between a Fulling-mill and a Helmet. I don't deny it, quo *Sancho*, and yet if I durſt ſpeak as freely as I was wont to do, I would undertake to prove your Worſhip under a great Miſtake. Scrupulous Traitor, as thou art, How can I be deceiv'd in what I ſay? Why, prethee look with thine own Eyes— Can there be any thing more plain then yonder Knight that comes riding up directly toward us upon a dapple grey Steed, with a gliſt'ring Helmet of Gold upon his Head? I ſee him over and over, reply'd *Sancho*; and I ſee him to be a kind of plain Fellow upon a grey Aſs, ſuch another as mine; and it is as true that he carries ſomething upon his Head that ſhines, but no more like a Helmet, then a Shoeing-horn. I tell thee, that's *Mambrino*'s Helmet, reply'd *Don Quixote*; and therefore ſtand thou at a diſtance, thou ſhalt ſee, that without trifling away time in vain Diſcourſe, I'le finiſh this Adventure, and win this famous Helmet, e're a Cat can lick her Ear. I am eaſily perſwaded to ſtand at a diſtance, reply'd *Sancho*, but I wiſh to Heaven, you may not meet with another ſort of *Fulling-mills*. I have warn'd ye already, Mr. Sauce-box, reply'd *Don Quixote*, in a confounded Rage, let me hear no more of the *Fulling-mills*; for if I do, may I never proſper, if I do not break thy Pate, and trample thy very Soul out of thy Body. Thereupon, *Sancho*, unwilling his Maſter ſhould fulfil his Vows upon his Carkaſs, put a Padlock upon his Lips.

Now the Truth of the Story was this: There were two little Villages in that Corner of the Province, of which the one had neither Barber nor Cobler in it: So that the Barber of the larger Village, who was also a Blood-letter, and a Tooth-drawer, supply'd all those Parts. Now it happen'd, that in the lesser Village there were two Persons, the one that wanted the breathing of a Vein, and another that had Occasion to be trimm'd. Thither therefore the Barber was going, and being overtak'n by the Rain, clapp'd his new-scour'd *Bason* upon his new Hat to preserve it from the wet; and for haste also he rode upon a grey Mule. All which prov'd fatal for the Barber, as having heighten'd *Don Quixote*'s Fancy to take him for a *Knight* upon a dapple-grey Horse, with a Helmet of Gold. So soon therefore as the suppos'd *Knight* drew near, away he flew like a Bird, with his Lance couch'd upon his Thigh, resolving to spit the poor Barber through the Heart, Lungs and all; crying out in the midst of his Career, Caitiff, Wretch, defend thy self, or yield me that which is so justly my Due. The Barber, who saw him come thund'ring upon him at such a rate, like an Apparition, not knowing why, nor wherefore, had no other way to avoid the fatal Stroke, but by throwing himself off from his Ass to the Ground; and being as soon up as down, away he run o're the Fields as swift as a new-started Hare, leaving his Ass and his Bason behind. *Don Quixote* being thus Lord of the Bason, had his Heart's Desire, and turning about to his Squire, The *Pagan*, quo he, has shew'd himself to be very discreet, following the Example of the *Beaver*, who finding himself hotly pursu'd by the Hunters, nips off his Civet-Box, which they seek for, to save his Life. Alight therefore, and fetch me the Helmet. By my Soul, quo *Sancho*, viewing the suppos'd Helmet, this is no inconsiderable Bason, being as well worth a Crown, as four Farthings. And so saying, he gave it to his Master, who immediately put it upon his Head, and turning it round and round to find out the Vizor; By the Mass, quo he, the *Pagan* that wore this Helmet had a plaguy Jolt-head of his own; and which is worse, there is one half of it wanting. *Sancho* could not forbear smiling to hear his Master call the Barber's Bason a Helmet, and had laugh'd out-right, but that he was afraid of his Shoulders. What does the Fool twitter at, quo *Don Quixote*? I cannot but smile, reply'd *Sancho*, to see what a *Saracen's-Head* without *Newgate*, the Owner of that Helmet had, which is as like a Barber's Bason, as ever I saw two Drops of Water one like another. My Thoughts are, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that this enchanted Helmet has fall'n into the Hands of some ignorant Sots, that did not know the value of it; but finding it to be of pure Gold, they melted the one half and sold it, and of the other half they made this Scull-piece to go a Training upon Artillery-daies. But however it were, to me that know the worth of it, the Alteration of it signifies little; I'le have a Vizor fix'd to it, and then I will not leave it for the Head-piece which *Vulcan* forg'd for the *God of War*. In the mean time I'le wear it as it is, 'tis better then nothing, tho it be only to keep off a shower of Stones. That 'twill certainly, quo *Sancho*, if they be not hurl'd out of a Sling, as when your Worship lost your Cheek-teeth, and had your Balsom-pot struck out of your Fist. That signifies nothing, quo *Don Quixote*, so long as I have the Receipt: So have I too, quo *Sancho*, but if ever I make it, much less take it again, may my Guts burst like the Idols of *Bell*, and the *Dragon*. In good troth, I intend henceforward to imploy all my five Senses to prevent my being wounded. As for my being toss'd in a Blanket, 'twas an Accident I could not help; and if it befall me again, I know how to shrink up my Shoulders, hold my Breath, and shut my

my Eyes, and then Happy-be-lucky, let the Blanket and Fortune deal by me as they see good. Certainly, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, thou art no good *Christian*, thou art so apt to remember Injuries. 'Tis below a generous Soul to mind such Trifles. Prethee, where art lame? Which of thy Ribs is brok'n, or where is thy Scull bruis'd, that thou canst never think upon that same Jest, without Malice? For to say Truth, 'twas no more then a piece of Pastime; for had I look'd upon it otherwise, I had return'd and made more bloody Work in revenge of thy Abuse, then ever the *Grecians* made before *Troy* for *Helena*'s sake. But alas! quo he, fetching a deep Sigh, she had never had that Reputation for Beauty, had she been alive in this Age, or if my *Dulcinea* had liv'd in hers. Well then, said *Sancho*, let it pass for a Jest, since no body will revenge it in earnest. And now, Sir, a little of your Directions to know what we shall do with this Dapple-grey Nag, so like an Ass, which the dismounted Fugitive has here left behind him, with as little Right, for ought I know, to the Horse, as he had to the Helmet; and by my Beard, the Grey Horse is the better Ass.

'Tis not my Custom, reply'd *Don Quixote*, to plunder those that I vanquish; nor do the Laws of *Chivalry* permit it, unless the Victor hath lost his own Horse i'the Combat. And therefore, *Sancho*, leave the Horse, or the Ass, which thou wilt; he that has lost it, will be sure to look after it, when he finds the Coast clear. But should I only exchange it for my own, which is not so good, what then, quo *Sancho*? What-a-pox! are the Laws of *Chivalry* so severe, that a Man must not exchange one Ass for another? or at least, let me exchange the Furniture? In that Case I will not be so confident, answer'd *Don Quixote*; and therefore (till I am better inform'd) I give thee leave to change the Furniture, especially if thy Wants be very urgent. So urgent, reply'd *Sancho*, that as it is for my own proper Person, they cannot be greater. Thus *Sancho*, doubly authoriz'd by his Master's leave, and the Proverb of *Exchange is no Robbery*, took all the *Bona mobilia* of the Prize-Ass (*præter ipsum corpus*) and trimm'd up his own Beast, that was now grown so fine, that she hardly knew her self, nor her Master, so disdainfully she carry'd her self.

This done, they breakfasted upon what they left at Supper; and having made quick dispatch, up they got again, and like true *Knights-Errant*, never minding their way, left it to *Rosinante*'s Discretion to make choice of his own way; who in a short time brought 'em into the High-road again, where they kept on a slow pace at a venture, as having no farther Design i' their Pates at present.

Being thus at leisure, quo *Sancho*, to his Master, may not you and I have a little Discourse together? for since you laid upon me that severe Injunction of Silence, I have had three or four excellent Conceits, that have putrify'd i' my Stomach, and now I have one at my Tongue's end, that I would fain preserve from such an untimely Disaster. Out with it, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, but in few words, for tedious Hum-drum cloys the Ear.

Why then, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I have been considering how vainly we spend our time, while we search up and down through Forests and Desarts for Adventures, which if it be your fortune successfully to accomplish, you gain neither Honour nor Profit by all your good Designs or valiant Exploits, as being unseen and unknown to the World. And therefore I should think it much better (with Submission to your better Judgment) that we should put our selves into the Service of some Emperor, or other potent Prince, in War with their Neighbours, where you might meet with publick Opportu-

portunities to ſignalize your Valour, and your Conduct. So ſhall we both be rewarded in time according to our Merit, and you ſhall have a ſhoal of Hiſtorians that will kiſs your back-ſide for leave to tranſmit your Renowned Atchievements to Poſterity. I ſpeak not of my own Acts; for I know they are not to be meaſur'd with the ſame Yard as yours; nor is it for the Snail to creep out of it's ſhell: Tho I make no queſtion, but that my Name will now and then be inſerted by the bye, as the Names of other Squires have been.

'This is not ill offer'd of thee, quo *Don Quixote*: But firſt of all, it be-'hoves us to ſpend ſome time in compaſſing the World, as Probationers, in 'ſearch of Adventures, thereby to ſpread abroad the Renown of our In-'vincible Atchievements. For then thoſe Harbingers of Fame will gain 'us ſuch Reputation and Reception in the Courts of Great Princes, that we 'ſhall hardly be able to paſs the Streets for the Crouds of Boys and Chil-'dren, pointing and crying out, There Rides the *Knight of the Sun*, or the '*Serpent*, or the *Ill-favour'd Countenance*; or what ever other Title it be that 'the Knight takes upon him. This is he, they'l cry, that vanquiſh'd in 'ſingle Combat the Giant *Brocambruno*, Sirnam'd the *Invincible*. This is 'he that freed the great *Mammaluke* of *Perſia* from the Enchantment, which 'had kept him in durance for Nine hundred Years together. So that upon 'this Noiſe and Tumult in the Street, the King will be ſure to look out of 'his Window, and knowing the Knight by the Colour of his Armour, or 'the Device upon his Shield, he'l preſently ſend the chiefeſt of his Nobles 'to receive the Flower of Chivalry, that is come to wait upon him. Away 'they go and bring him in, and the King meets him half way the Stairs, 'where he embraces his valiant Gueſt, and kiſſes his Cheek. Then taking 'him by the Hand, he leads him directly to the Queens Chamber, where 'at the ſame time he ſees the *Infanta* her Daughter; who ought to be the 'faireſt and moſt perfect Creature i'the World. At the ſame time it will ſo 'fall out (by the inevitable Appointment of Fate, that never loves to ſpoil a 'good Story) that the Knight and the Princeſs ſhall caſt an Eye one upon 'the other, admire one another as Perſons rather Divine then Humane; and 'all of a ſudden, not knowing any Reaſon why or wherefore, ſhall fall 'moſt deſperately in Love one with another, and be both almoſt out of 'their wits for want of an Opportunity to diſcover their Paſſions one to 'another.

'Then they ſhall attend the Knight to his Chamber, one of the faireſt 'Appartments in all the Palace, and furniſh'd with the richeſt Furniture the 'King has: Where after they have help'd him off with his Armour, they 'will bring him a coſtly Veſtment of Scarlet, Embroider'd by the *Infanta's* 'own Hands; and if he look'd ſo Majeſtick in his Armour, how lovely will 'he appear in the Habit of a Courtier?

'Night being come, he ſhall Sup with the Family-Royal, and ſhall al-'ways have his Eyes fix'd upon the *Infanta*; yet ſo, as no body ſhall take no-'tice of it.

'After Supper another ſtrange Spectacle ſhall ſurprize him. Enter firſt, a 'little Dwarf, and after him a Lady of matchleſs Beauty, between two Giants, 'with a certain Adventure ſo contriv'd by an old Sorcerer, and ſo difficult to 'be perform'd, that he who carries away the Bell, ſhall be accounted the 'beſt Knight in the World. Then it is the King's pleaſure that all his Cour-'tiers ſhall try their Proweſs: But they had as good throw their Caps 'againſt the Wind; for the Honour is reſerv'd for the Valiant Stranger, 'who does the buſineſs with a jerk. And then the *Infanta* ſhall be over-

'joy'd,

'joy'd, and deem her ſelf the moſt happy Creature upon Earth, for having 'ſo diſcreetly plac'd her Affections. Then comes the Cream o' the Jeſt; 'for this King, or this Emperor is in War with one of his Neighbours, as 'Powerful as himſelf: Which the Knight underſtanding, offers to ſerve 'him in his Wars; to which the King condeſcends with Heart and Good 'will; and the Knight bows, and kiſſes his Hand, in acknowledgment of 'ſo great a Favour.

'That Night the Champion takes leave of the *Infanta* at the Iron Grate 'before her Chamber Window looking into the Garden, by means of a 'Confident of the *Infanta's*, that carries on the Intrigue between 'em. The 'Knight weeps, the Lady ſwoons, the Confident runs for cold Water to 'daſh in her Face. Then ſhe comes to Life again, and gives out her Lilly 'white Hand for the Knight to kiſs, which he does a thouſand and a thou-'ſand times over, bathing it all the while in his Tears. Then exchanging 'Hearts, the Knight ſhall take hers, and the *Infanta* ſhall take his; for her 'Heart ſhall do well enough in his breaſt: But the *Infanta* will want his, 'conſidering the Sorrows and Afflictions which ſhe is to endure for his 'ſake.

'Then they ſhall part in time; for if the meeting ſhould be known, 'tis 'as much as the Lady Confident's place is worth, and the forfeiture beſide of 'the *Infanta* and the Knight's Lives. Then the *Infanta* ſhall deſire the 'Knight not to miſs a Poſt, but to write to her as often as he can; which 'the Knight ſhall ſwear to perform.

'Then the Knight ſhall retire to his Chamber, and throw himſelf upon 'his Bed, where it ſhall be impoſſible for him to cloſe his Eyes. So ſoon as 'it is day, he goes to take his leave of the Queen, and deſires to kiſs the *In-*'*fanta's* Hands too; but ſhe ſends him word that ſhe is indiſpos'd: However, 'the Knight and ſhe underſtand one another, and ſo that paſſes for nothing.

'And now the Knight being abſent for ſome time, Challenges the Kings 'Enemies; fights, vanquiſhes, ſubdues, takes I know not how many Cities, 'wins I know not how many Battels, returns to Court, and appears before 'his Miſtreſs laden with Honour. He viſits her at the window-Grate, as be-'fore; and there they agree together that the Knight ſhall demand her in 'Marriage, as the Recompence of his Service. The King will by no means 'hear with that Ear, not knowing but that the Knight may be the Son of a 'Coſtermonger, for ought he knows. However, whether the Knight 'ſteal her, or how he comes by her, I know not, the *Infanta* and he go to '*Dukes Place*, and are there privately marry'd. The King fumes; the King 'is pleas'd; for by and by he diſcovers him to be the Son of as great a Prince, 'no Diſparagement to him, as himſelf. Then Feaſtings and Triumphs, Tour-'naments and Tiltings, and the new-marry'd Knight carries the day from all 'the reſt. Sometime after, the King dies, the *Infanta* is Heireſs; and thus 'the Knight comes to be a King. Then the Knight begins to think of re-'warding his *Squire*, by Marrying him to the *Infanta's* Confident, who had 'been privy to his Amours, and proves the Daughter of one of the moſt 'conſiderable Dukes i' the Kingdom.

Godſniggers, quo *Sancho*, that's the thing I ha' been looking for all this while —— Give me but the *Infanta's* Gentlewoman, and let the World go which way it will. O' my Soul, Sir, you have read your own Deſtiny; every thing will happen to ye ſtep by ſtep, as you have ſtated the matter, would you but take upon ye the Name of the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*.

No queſtion of it, Boy, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for this is the direct Road of Knight-Errantry, as ſtraight as ye can lay a line, to Empires and Kingdoms. And therefore we have nothing more to do, but to find out ſome Potent Prince, that is at War with his Neighbours, and has a fair Daughter. But there is one thing that troubles me more then that, which is a Secret between thee and me; that is to ſay, when I have found out a Prince and an *Infanta*, how the Devil I ſhall make my ſelf out to be of an Illuſtrious Deſcent, if it were but the *Natural* Son of ſome Emperor. For unleſs I make out one of theſe two things, the King will as ſoon give me a Halter, as his Daughter, tho I ſhould out-do *Hercules* himſelf; and is it not great pity a man ſhould loſe ſuch vaſt Advantages for ſuch a Trifle as this? That I am a Gentleman, and of an Ancient Pedigree, is well known; and there are Heralds, if a Man could meet with 'em, that for a ſmall Sum of Money would ſoon make me the fifth or ſixth at leaſt in Deſcent from a King. For, *Sancho*, there are two ſorts of Originals. Some there are who Deſcended at firſt from the Loyns of Princes, whoſe Families by Conqueſt, loſs of their Territories, and other Malignities of Fortune, became obſcure, till at laſt they end in a point like a Pyramid. Others there are, who from mean and low Deſcents, ſtill mount and mount, till at length they come to ſit upon the higheſt Pinacles of Grandeur. That is to ſay, ſome were what they are not; and others are not what they were. And thus, tho I am not what I was, yet if I am what I was not, it might be ſufficient to content any Father-in-law i' the World. And what if I were the Son of a *Tankard-Bearer*, if the *Infanta* be ſo deſperately in Love with me, that ſhe Marries me in ſpight of her Fathers teeth? Or if ſhe ſtand upon her Punctilio's, 'tis but hurrying away in a Coach and Six, and carrying her out of reach, till Time or Death ſhall put an end to the Perſecutions of my Father-in-law.

In good ſooth, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, you ſpeak like a Man of Senſe; Poſſeſſion is nine Points o' the Law: And it is a Proverb among your Bully-Rocks, *Never ſeek that by fair means, which thou canſt get by foul.* Nor is it Prudence for a Man to ſtay, till *his Breech lies upon the ground between two Stools.* So that if the King your Father-in-law refuſe to let ye have his Daughter with free conſent, as your Lordſhip obſerves very well, you ought in plain *Engliſh* to run away with her. All the miſchief that I fear is only this, that while you are making your Peace with your Father-in-law, or expecting his death, the poor Squire ſhall be at a loſs how to ſet his *Grinders* at work; and perhaps ſhall be forc'd to ſtarve in the midſt of his vaſt Expectations. And yet, if the Lady-Confident will but be ſo kind as to run away with the *Infanta*, I know no reaſon but the Knight may make up the Match without any more ado. There's no doubt on't, reply'd *Don Quixote*. Why then let the Bowl run, who knows but that it may hit the Jack, quo *Sancho*. Why then, quo *Don Quixote*, let me ha' my wiſhes, and thou thy deſires, and hang up all tender Conſciences. Why truly, quo *Sancho*, I am a wet Chriſtian, and is not that enough for a Lord? And more then enough too, quo *Don Quixote*; for ſuppoſe thou wert no Chriſtian at all, being a King, I could make thee a Lord when I pleaſe; and then Men muſt call thee *Right Honourable* with their Lips, what ere they think i' their Hearts. Well, Sir, quo *Sancho*, then I beſeech ye get you to be a King, and make me a Lord, and you ſhall ſee I'le ſhave my Beard, and become my Place as well as the proudeſt Upſtart of 'em all.

At the end of this Diſcourſe, *Don Quixote* caſting up his Eyes, beheld a ſight, which produced the following Adventure.

CHAP. VIII.

How Don Quixote *releas'd a great number of miſerable Wretches which their Maſters were driving to a place againſt their wills.*

THE Great *Cid Hamet Benengeli*, the Famous *Arabian* and *Manchegan* Author, reports in his grave, lofty, pleaſant, merry-conceited Story, that after the long and learned Diſcourſe between *Sancho* and his Maſter, *Don Quixote* lifting up his Eyes, ſaw to the number of about twenty Perſons, all in a row one behind another, like Beads upon a ſtring, who being link't together, with every one a Sauſage of Iron about his Neck, and manacl'd to boot, came ſaunter, ſaunter along, till they met each other full butt. They were alſo guarded by two Harquebuſiers a Horſe-back, and two Men armed with Swords and Javelins. So ſoon as *Sancho* ſpy'd 'em, What have we got here, quo he? o' my Life, a company of Rogues condemn'd and forc'd to the Gallies. How, forc'd, quo *Don Quixote?* Can the King offer violence to any Man? I mean, Sir, quo *Sancho*, Fellows Condemn'd for their Crimes to ſerve the King in his Gallies. However, quo *Don Quixote*, in that ſence they are forc'd, becauſe they do not go of their own free-Will. That, I dare ſwear they don't, quo *Sancho*. If it be ſo, quo *Don Quixote*, then they come within the Verge of my Profeſſion, which is, to prevent Violence, and ſuccour the Miſerable. What then, Sir, quo *Sancho*, you cannot reckon theſe Fellows to be Oppreſs'd, that are Condemn'd by the Law and Juſtice.

By that time the Chain drew near, and then *Don Quixote* in very civil Language deſir'd the Guards to inform him, why the poor People were ſo ſeverely Chain'd and Fetter'd? Sir, anſwer'd one of the Horſe-men, theſe are Criminals going to ſerve the King in his Gallies; which is all I know, nor do I think it proper for you to know any more. However, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I think you will highly oblige me, to let me inform my ſelf from every particular Perſon, of the cauſe of his Misfortune. Why, Sir, quo t'other Horſe-man, if you think fit to Examine 'em your ſelf, you'l find they'l give ye Satisfaction; for they are ſuch honeſt People, they are not aſhamed to boaſt of their Rogueries.

With this good leave, which *Don Quixote* would have taken of himſelf, had they deny'd him, he rode up to the Chain, and ask'd the firſt, Wherefore he was ſo ſeverely loaded? To whom the Fellow made anſwer, 'twas for being in Love. In Love! quo *Don Quixote* — and is that all? Bodikins! if all that were in Love, were to be thus puniſh'd, I had row'd i'the Gallies long before this. I do not mean, quo the Priſ'ner, as you mean. 'Twas for being in love with a Hamper of Linnen; with which I was ſo in love, that had not the Judges of the Seſſions tak'n it from me, I had hugg'd it i'my Embraces to this hour. In ſhort, I was tak'n in the Fact; there was no need of Proofs: I was Condemn'd, had my ſhoulders powder'd with

Whip-cord Spots, and when I have *mow'd the great Meadow* for three Years together, then my Work's done What d' ye mean by *mowing the great Meadow*? Why, that's rowing i' the Gallies, reply'd the Slave, who was a young Rogue of about four and twenty Years of Age.

Then *Don Quixote* put the ſame Queſtion to the Second, who was ſo melancholly, that he would not make any Anſwer. But the firſt Slip-ſtring undertaking to be his Spokeſman, to ſpare him a Labour; This, ſaid he, is a *Canary-Mere-maid*, that goes to the Gallies for having ſung too much. How! quo *Don Quixote*— What do they ſend Muſicians to the Gallies too? Yes, Sir, anſwer'd the Slave, becauſe there is nothing more dangerous, then to ſing in Affliction. How! quo *Don Quixote*, that's contrary to the Proverb, *And ſome for Sorrow ſing*. Oh, Sir! quo the Slave, 'tis quite otherwiſe with us; he that ſings, ſhall weep all his life-time afterwards. I profeſs, quo *Don Quixote*, I do not underſtand ye. Sir, ſaid one of the Guards, ſinging among theſe *Newgate-birds*, is tak'n for confeſſing at the Rack. This fellow was put to the Rack, and confeſs'd his Crime, which was nothing but Horſe-ſtealing; and becauſe he ſung, that is confeſs'd, he is condemn'd to the Gallies for ſix years, beſides a hundred Laſhes paid him down upon the Nail in ready Caſh. And the reaſon why you ſee that Fellow ſo melancholly, and caſt down, is only becauſe his Companions will never let him be at reſt, but jeer and laugh at him continually for his want of Reſolution to ſuffer and deny; as if it had not been as eaſie for him to have ſaid *No*, as *Yes*: Or, as if a Criminal were not a happy Man that could depend upon his own Tongue to ſave his Life, without being beholding to Counter-proofs and Witneſſes for the Priſoner.

Thence *Don Quixote* paſſing to the Third; and You, ſaid he, What have you done? Who, without much Entreaty, and no leſs merry in his Anſwer; I, Sir, go to the Gallies for want of ten Guinies. I would give twenty with all my Heart, quo *Don Quixote*, to ſee thee well diſcharg'd. 'Tis too late, Gaffer, quo the Slave, 'tis juſt like the Proverb, *After Meat comes Muſtard*. Had I had the twenty Guinies you offer me, when I was in Priſon, to have greas'd the Keeper of *Newgate*'s Fiſt, I might have been walking now upon the *Change* as free as a *Turky-Merchant*, and ne're ha' come to have been led along in a String like an *Iriſh*-Grey-hound. But Patience; every thing has its Seaſon.

From him *Don Quixote* turn'd to the Fourth, and put him the ſame Interrogatory. But he was ſullen, and would give him no Anſwer; ſo that the next behind him was forc'd to lend him his Tongue. This venerable Monſieur *Grey-beard*, ſaid he, is condemn'd to the Gallies for four Years, having already ſtood at *Weſtminſter*, *Temple-bar*, and *Cheapſide*, with a wooden Ruff about his Neck. He was the chief Ranger of *Whetſton*'s-*Park*; beſides that, he had a ſmack of Conjuring and Fortune-telling, which he abus'd to the loſs of many a Maiden-head. For that I have nothing to ſay, quo *Don Quixote*; but had he been only a private Conveyer of *Billet-Doux*'s, he ought not to go to the Gallies, unleſs it were to be General of the Fleet. For to be a Meſſenger of *Billet-Doux*'s requires a great deal of Prudence and Sagacity; o' my word, 'tis a weighty Employment, not to be committed to idle Huſwives, Lacquies, and raſcally People; as being an Employment of Truſt and Weight, then which there can be nothing more neceſſary in a well-regulated Common-wealth. So that I ſhould have been heartily ſorry to ſee this venerable Seer in ſuch Diſtreſs, for being a Pimp only, had it not been for criminal Additions of Conjurer, and Fortune-teller; tho I do not believe that Charms and Spells have any Power to alter the *Will*, what-

whatever a Company of ſilly ignorant People think; for Man has a Liberty of Determination, no way to be controul'd by the force of Herbs or Enchantments.

'Tis very true, reply'd the Old Man, and as to my Charge of being a Witch or Sorcerer, I am as innocent as the Child unborn; but as for the Buſineſs of *Pimping*, I do not deny it; but I never took it to be a Crime, for my Intention was, that People ſhould enjoy each other's Society, and live in Friendſhip one with another. But my harmleſs Deſign has ſerv'd me to no other Purpoſe, then to ſend me to a Place from whence I ſhall never return, conſidering my Age; beſides that, I am tormented with the Strangury to boot. And having ſo ſaid, the poor Old Man fell o' weeping; which melted *Sancho*'s Heart in ſuch a manner, that he out with his Pouch, and gave him a *Harry-Groat*.

Then *Don Quixote* examin'd the Fifth, who ſeem'd to be nothing at all concern'd. I go to ſerve his Majeſty, ſaid he, for my Kindneſs only to two of my Couſin-germans, and two other Maidens that were both Siſters. By which means I have encreas'd my Stock, and ſo intrigu'd my Iſſue, that I have puzl'd all the Caſuiſts about the Town. The Fact was prov'd upon me, and therefore having neither Friends nor Money, I am condemn'd to the Gallies for ſix Years. If your Worſhip pleaſes to beſtow ſomething upon poor Sinners, the Lord, we hope, will reward ye in Heav'n; beſides that, when we do pray, we ſhall be ſure to pray for your long Life and Health.

Behind there came a young Fellow of about thirty Years of Age, well proportion'd, and well-favour'd, only that he ſquinted with one Eye. He was cruelly hamper'd with Fetters upon his Feet, Manacles about his Wriſts, and a Collar, (but not of *SS*'s) about his Neck. This was a Rogue, that no Goal, no Fetters would hold. For a Wager he would anoint his Heel with a Candle's End, and ſlip off his Shackles with as much eaſe as Parſon *Slip-ſtockin's* Boy pull'd off his Father's Hoſe; and beſides that, he goes by more Names, then the Great *Turk* has Titles. What's his Crime all this while, quo *Don Quixote?* Sir *Knight*, quo the young Rogue, if you have any mind to give us any thing, do it quickly, and God have ye in his Protection; for this Curioſity of yours does but hinder us. Prethee, Friend, What's thy Name, quo *Don Quixote*? Name, Sir! why, don't they tell you I have twenty? Sometimes *Dangerfield*, ſometimes *Willoughby*, ſometimes *Black Jack*, as the Deſign will bear. If you deſire to know more, you may read my Life, 'tis printed legible enough to be read; and I think it out-does *Lazarillo de Tormes*, or *Guſman* either. Thou ſeem'ſt to be a witty Rogue, quo *Don Quixote*: You ſhould have ſaid, unfortunate alſo, reply'd the Slave; for Misfortune always perſecutes the Ingenious. You mean ſuch Rogues as your ſelf, quo the Jailor. Fair and ſoftly, quo the Slave to the Jailor, the Law did not give you Authority over us to abuſe us, but only to guard us where the King has occaſion for us. Come, come, be not ſo *haughty*; for by the Life of *Pharaoh*, the time may come, when your Pranks may come to light, that—— you know what I mean. Upon which the Jailor held up his Cane to have thraſh'd the Slave, but *Don Quixote* interpoſing, would by no means permit him; telling the Jailor, that he could not blame the Slave for making uſe of his Tongue, ſince he had ne're another Member at liberty. And then addreſſing himſelf to all the Slaves in general:

'Dearly beloved Brethren, ſaid he, by what I gather from your own 'Words, I clearly find, that tho you are juſtly condemn'd to deſerv'd Pu-

'nishment for the several Crimes you have committed; however that you 'suffer Execution of the Sentence by Constraint, and because you cannot 'help it: That is to say, by your good Wills you had rather eat Partridges, 'drink Pontack, lie warm, and kiss a handsom Girl in a Corner, then row 'i' the Gallies; why, then know, That you fall under my Protection; for 'as I am a profess'd *Knight-Errant*, it is my Duty to relieve the Distressed, 'and set at Liberty the Oppressed. But because it is the part of a prudent 'Man to shun Violence, where things may be carry'd by fair means, I de-'sire ye, good Mr. *Jailor*, and you Gentlemen o' the Guard, to release these 'poor Creatures, there being enow to serve his Majesty in their Rooms; 'for I must tell ye, my Masters, 'tis a hard case to make Slaves of Men that 'were born free. And I the rather desire this Courtesie of ye, Mr. *Bumms*, 'in the behalf of these poor Fellows, because they are such as I dare say, 'never did you any wrong i' their lives. And therefore let 'em go and do 'Penance themselves for their own Sins. 'Tis sufficient that Heav'n takes 'care to punish the Wicked; and therefore, besides that it is needless, it 'is unchristian-like for Men to be the Butchers and Tormentors one of ano-'ther. Gentlemen, you see I make you this Request with all the mildness 'and Lenity i' the World, and I shall acknowledge your Kindness, if you 'will grant it. But if you provoke me by Refusal, this Lance, this Sword, 'and this Arm of mine, shall force ye to a Compliance.

Hoh, hoh, hoh, a very good Jest y' faith, quo the Jailor, as if we had Power to set at liberty the King's Prisoners, when the King's Justice commands 'em to condign Punishment! March on, Sir, about your Business, and set your Bason right upon your empty Pate; 'tis no Business of yours to mind whether the Cat has three Feet or no.

Y'e are a Cat, and a Rat, and a Dog to boot, quo *Don Quixote*, and at the same time attack'd the Jailor with such a sudden, and unlook'd-for Impetuosity, before he had any time to put himself into a Posture of Defence, that he over-threw him to the Ground, dangerously wounded with his Lance.

The Guards, astonish'd at an Action so smart and unexpected, fell all in a Cluster upon *D. Quixote*, with their Swords and their Javelins; which might have prov'd somewhat fatal to him, had not the Slaves, finding so fit an Opportunity to regain their liberty, resolv'd to make use of it. This put the Guards into a dreadful Confusion, being ferreted o' th' one side, without Intermission, by *Don Quixote*, and no less perplex'd o' t'other Hand, to prevent the Prisoners from getting loose. In the midst of this Hurly-burly, the Master-*Crack-rope* having knockt off his Gives by *Sancho*'s Assistance, seiz'd upon the Jailor's Sword, and his Harquebuse, and laid about him so courageously, that the rest, disdaining to be meer Spectators, let flie such Vollies of Stone-shot at the Heads of their Convoy, as forc'd 'em at length to be take themselves to their Heels, not liking the Honour of a Brick-bat Monument. True it is, that *Sancho* was right-glad of the Victory, but having more Wit in his Anger, then his Master, and fearing lest the Bailiffs should raise a *Posse Com.* upon the victorious Champion, his Joy turn'd into Melancholy, and his Melancholy inspiring him with Prudence, he advis'd his Master to get out of the way as fast as he could, and hide himself in the Mountains adjoining— For, said he, as sure as we live, those Sons o' Whores, Bailiffs, will be at our Tails again in a short time, with a Hue and Cry, and then our next Adventure will be to hold up our Hands at the Bar, and be sent to the Gallies our selves. Thy Advice is wholesome, quo *Don Quixote*. But for the present, Business of Consequence is first to

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be dispatch'd; and at the same instant, calling to him all the Slaves, who by this time had stripp'd the Jailor to his Skin, and now made a Ring about the *Knight* to know his Pleasure,

'It is the part of Persons well-bred, and endu'd with Vertue, quo he, to ac-'knowledge the Benefits they receive; Ingratitude being the blackest of all Vi-'ces. You see how far I have hazarded my Person for your Sakes; and you can-'not but understand how much you are beholding to me for what I have 'done. The thing therefore that I require from you, in return of my Kind-'ness, is only this, That you take that same Chain, from which I have set 'your Heels at liberty, and carry it upon your Shoulders to the City of '*Toboso*; where you must in that Posture present your selves before the 'matchless Madam *Dulcinea*, and tell her, That her Slave, the *Knight* of the '*Ill-favour'd Countenance* presents her his most humble Service; and re-'count to her, word for word, the whole Story of this famous Atchieve-'ment, by which you have, through my Valour, obtain'd your Free-'dom.

To which the Master-Rogue, as Spokesman for all the rest, returning Answer; Sir *Knight*, and Soveraign Deliverer, said he, it is a thing impossible for us to obey your Commands. For we dare not appear in that Condition, as you require us, All-together, for fear of being known again; rather we must part several Ways, and study to disguise our selves, with all the Ingenuity that may be, to avoid the Pursuit of *Hue and Cries*, well knowing the Danger of being re-tak'n. And therefore it would be more just and safe in you, to change the Form of the Tribute, which we owe to the Lady *Dulcinea*, into an Imposition upon our Consciences of so many *Ave Maries*, *Creeds*, and other Prayers, which we shall be ready most willingly, and with Ease to discharge, in return of the Obligation you have laid upon us. And this may be done by Night or by Day, sleeping or waking, in Flight, or out of Danger, in Peace, or in War. But to think we will return to *Egyptian* Diet, and carry our Chains to *Toboso*, you may as well believe, that we can gather Pears from an Elm-Tree. By the Beauty of my Mother, Sir Son of a Whore, quo *Don Quixote*, you shall go alone and carry that Chain upon your noble Shoulders, with all the Shackles and Furniture belonging to it, or else I'le make ye eat the Chain.

The Slave, who had not learnt much Christian Patience by his Sufferings, and began to smell *Don Quixote*'s want of Wit, could not chuse but smile at the Champion's idle Threats; and therefore tipping the Wink upon his Companions, presently, like Men that understood Signs, they hurl'd whole Quarries at a time at *Don Quixote*'s Pate, and pelted him so severely, that he could neither secure himself with his Shield, nor intreat *Rosinante* so much as to wag a Limb, no more then if he had been only the Statue of a Horse; insomuch that about five or six hard Flints, lighting upon his Reins, threw him out of his Saddle to the Ground. At what time one of the ingrateful Slaves among the rest, took off the Bason from his Head, knockt him with it about the Shoulders, and then gave it so many Knocks against the Stones, that he almost broke it in pieces. This done, they stripp'd the poor *Knight* of the Coat which he wore over his Armour, and had robb'd him of his Breeches, had not his Greaves and Pully-pieces prevented 'em. And to the end they might not do their business by halves, they eas'd *Sancho* of his Parson's Cassock, which he had turn'd into a Wallet, and uncas'd him to his Shirt. Which done, and the Spoils all justly and honestly divided, they shifted every one for himself, more careful to avoid the Constable's Clutches, then of their Duty to Madam *Dulcinea*.

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As for the *Aſs*, *Roſinante*, *Sancho*, and *Don Quixote*, 'tis true, they remain'd Maſters of the Field, but in an ill Condition; the Aſs hanging his head, and ſhaking his Ears, as if Brick-bats had ſtill buzz'd about his Noddle: *Roſinante* lying at his full length i' the Duſt, and ready to make his Will: *Sancho* in deadly fear of purſuing Black-bills and Pitch-forks: and *Don Quixote* biting his Nails to ſee himſelf ſo villainouſly abus'd by Rogues and Thieves, for whom he had ſo villainouſly ventur'd his Neck.

CHAP. IX.

What befell the famous Don Quixote *in the Mountain of* Sierra Morena, *which was one of the ſtrangeſt Adventures in all this Real Hiſtory.*

Don Quixote finding himſelf ſo ill repay'd, quo he to his Squire, I have often heard ſay, *Sancho*, Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he'l be the firſt that ſhall hang his Benefactor, if he can. Had I follow'd thy Advice, I had avoided this Misfortune; but 'tis done, and there's no Remedy but Patience, and let's be wiſer for the future. That is to ſay, reply'd *Sancho*, when I turn *Turk*— But ſince you repent for not following my Counſel, pray believe me once more; for in one word as well as in a thouſand, I muſt tell ye, your *Quorum* Juſtices care no more for all the *Knights-Errant* i' the World, then for a dead Sprat. Hark— me-thinks I hear the Halberdeers, and the Crewel-fring'd Pike-ſtaves at my heels already. Thou art a Coward by Nature, reply'd *Don Quixote*; however, becauſe thou ſhalt not ſay I am always obſtinate, I will avoid this terrible *Hue and Cry* for once; but upon this Condition, That thou never tell any perſon, that I avoided Danger, out of Fear, but only at thy Requeſt, and meerly to do thee a Kindneſs. If thou ſay'ſt otherwiſe, thou ly'ſt; and from this time forth to that time forth, and from that time forth to the World's end, I give thee the Lye, and thou ly'ſt, and ſhalt lye i' thy Throat, if ever thou ſay'ſt the Contrary. For did I believe thou thought'ſt that I withdrew my ſelf out of Danger, or fearing the Fraternity of the *Quorum Juſtices*, as thou call'ſt 'em, I would abide here till the Day of Judgment, in Defiance, not only of them, but of the Twelve Heads of the Tribes of *Iſrael*, the Seven *Macchabees*, *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, and all the Brotherhoods and Fraternities i' the World.

Having ſo ſaid, *Don Quixote* remounted his *Roſinante* (who had always that good Faculty, that he was not long before he came to himſelf, whatever Misfortune befell him) and *Sancho* beſtriding his Aſs, led the way to the Black Mountain, call'd *Sierra Morena*, through the Crafty Squire's Deſign, to lurk in the craggy, and inacceſſible Retreats of that Mountain, till the heat of Purſuit was over; which he was the rather enclin'd to do, as finding all his Belly-timber ſafe; a Miracle to be admir'd, conſidering how exact thoſe Caitiffs were in their privy Searches.

By Midnight our Adventurers got to the middle, and moſt deſart part of *Sierra Morena*, where *Sancho* advis'd his Maſter to ſtay for ſome time, at leaſt, ſo long as their Proviſions laſted; and ſo that Night they took up their Lodging between two Rocks over-ſpread with Cork-trees. But *Fatal* Fortune, who, according to the Opinion of thoſe that walk not according to

to the light within 'em, governs all things by their own Humour, ſo order'd it, That that ſame Maſter-Thief, Ring-leader to all the reſt, who had been ſo grateful to the *Knight* for their Liberty, having made choice of thoſe Covertures to eſcape the Hands of Juſtice, happen'd juſt into the place where *Sancho* and his Maſter had tak'n up their Lodgings; and knowing 'em by their Tongues, was ſo civil as not to diſturb their reſt by no means: But finding *Sancho*'s Aſs opportunely pannell'd and halter'd for his Convenience, ill Nature, a Roguiſh Diſpoſition, and Neceſſity together, ſo wrought upon him, that he very honeſtly ſpirited away the Aſs, and made ſuch haſte, that before day he was got quite out of the Reach of *Roſinante*'s Purſuit.

But no ſooner had the fair *Aurora* begun to ſmile upon the Hills, and with her refreſhing Beams to bleſs the Surface of the Earth, when *Sancho*, to his unſpeakable grief, miſs'd the Delight of his Soul, and Comfort of his Life, his beloved Aſs. He made ſuch doleful Complaints, and ſuch pitiful Moans, that *Don Quixote* waking, heard him thus expreſſing his unſupportable Woes.

Dear Off ſpring of my Bowels! quo he, born and bred under my Roof, my Childrens only Play-fellow, the Delight of my Wife, the Envy of my Neighbours, and the Staff of my laborious Life! In a word, the Maintainer of half my Family; for with Ten-pence which thou earned'ſt me every day, didſt thou defray the half of my Expences. *Don Quixote*, divining by his Lamentations at the Cauſe of *Sancho*'s Sorrow, endeavour'd to comfort him with ſoft and tender Expreſſions, and learned Diſcourſes upon the Misfortunes of this World. But nothing wrought ſo kindly with *Sancho*, as a Bill of Exchange, which his Maſter promis'd him, for his Wife to take three Aſſes out of five, which he had at home. *Sancho* not being able to withſtand an Argument ſo powerful, dry'd up his Tears, put a Stop to his Sighs and Sobbs, and return'd his Maſter a thouſand Thanks for ſo generous a Favour.

On the other ſide, *Don Quixote* being not a little refreſh'd with the Sleep he had got, and calling to mind the ſtrange Adventures which *Knights-Errants* had met with in Deſarts and Solitudes, was over joy'd to find himſelf in the midſt of thoſe Mountains, believing they would afford him ſufficient Occaſions to exerciſe his Proweſs. But *Sancho*'s Thoughts were otherwiſe employ'd; for now believing himſelf quite out of Danger, made frequent Viſits to the Wallet, which *Roſinante* now was forc'd to carry, and following his Maſter, ſet his Grinders a walking much faſter then his Feet.

As thus they leiſurely pac'd it along, *Sancho* obſerv'd that his Maſter ſtoop'd in his Saddle to take up ſomething with the end of his Javelin; which he not being able readily to do in his Saddle, *Sancho* ran with great Diligence to help him. Upon which, his Maſter commanding him to take it up, they found it to be a Portmanteau, in a very ill plight by reaſon of the Weather, but ſomewhat weighty withal. Having open'd it, they found within it four Holland-Shirts, with other Linen, clean and faſhionable, and in another Handkerchief, a conſiderable quantity of Gold. Bleſs'd by the whole Frame of Heav'n, quo *Sancho*, for ſending us ſome good Luck once in our Lives. Searching farther, they found a Table-book richly bound; preſently, quo *Don Quixote*, this is my ſhare, take thee the Gold, *Sancho*, for thy ſelf. The Lord reward ye, dear Maſter, quo *Sancho*, at the ſame time cramming all his Booty into his Wallet. Certainly, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, it cannot be, but that ſome perſon, having loſt his way in theſe

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Mountains, has been here murder'd, and thrown into ſome hole among theſe Rocks. That cannot be, reply'd *Sancho*, for had they been High-way Men, they would ne're ha' left ſo much Booty behind. Thou ſpeak'ſt Reaſon, quo *Don Quixote*, and therefore muſt ſee if we can diſcover any thing out of theſe Papers. Thereupon, after a ſmall Search, he found the following Verſes, which he read aloud for *Sancho* to hear.

OR Love's a Blockhead, or a cruel Jew;
Or elſe I feel leſs pain then is my Due;
For if my Pains were equal to the Cauſe,
They would be worſe then Tooth-ach in the Jaws.
But if Love be a God, I dare to ſwear,
He then can be no Fool, and 'tis as clear,
No God can cruel be; then would I know
What Devil ſends theſe Pains that plague me ſo?
Ah Phillis! *Is it thee? No, no, dear* Phillis,
A noble Cauſe ne're breeds Effect, that ill is.
'Tis not from Heav'n or Thee theſe Plagues proceed,
But I muſt die, for ſo has Fate decreed.
Nay, I muſt die for Love too like a Sot,
And yet that's neither Love's, nor yet thy Fault.
Hard Luck of mine! to die of ſuch a Wound,
For which ſo many Med'cines may be found.

I underſtand nothing by this, quo *Sancho*. That's ſtrange, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for 'tis plain, that the Author of this *Sonnet*, is, or was in love; and that his Lady's Name was *Phillis*. Puh!— then I warrant ye, Sir, 'tis your old Friend *Corydon*, and this *Corydon* is run mad for that *Phillis*, and has loſt his Cloak-bag. Pray, Sir, read another Paper, you'l find it as I ſay. Why, here's a Letter, and a Love-letter too, as I think, quo *Don Quixote*. Oh, good Sir! read it out, cry'd *Sancho*, for I'm a great Admirer of Love-Letters.

The Falſhood of your Promiſes, and my Misfortune, of which I have now no more Reaſon to doubt, have carry'd me to a place, from whence thou ſhalt ſooner hear the News of my Death, then of the Cauſe of my Complaints. Thou haſt forſak'n me, ungrateful as thou art, for one more wealthy, not more vertuous then thy ſelf. Tho if Vertue were a Treaſure to be eſteem'd, I ſhould have no reaſon to bewail my own Misfortunes, nor envy the Happineſs of other Men. What thy Actions rais'd, thy Beauty has pull'd down; I took thee for an Angel, but find thee a Woman. Farewel, Diſturber of Peace, and may the Perfidy of thy Husband never come to light, leſt living to repent the Injuſtice thou haſt done me, I ſhould be conſtrain'd to a Revenge that I never deſign.

The Perſon that wrote this Letter, quo *Don Quixote*, was a *betray'd Lover*, and that's all that I underſtand; which made him the more inquiſitive after the reſt. And turning over the remainder of the Leaves, he found ſeveral other Letters and Verſes, wherein he could meet with nothing, however, but Accuſations, Complaints, Diſtruſts, and Jealouſies, Sorrow and Deſpair, Favours and Diſdain; and thence he concluded, That the Man had been in love, and might be out of his Wits. And all the while he was poring in the Table-book, *Sancho* was romaging the *Mail*, and the Seat of the Saddle; which he did with that Exactneſs, that he left not

not a Seam unripp'd, nor a Lock of Wool which he did not pull to pieces with his Nails: Yet ſuch was his Moderation, that tho he found no more, yet he was ſo well pleas'd with his hundred Crowns in Gold, already in ſafe Cuſtody, that he forgot his being toſs'd in a Blanket, his painful ſtrainings, and Gripes of the Balſom; the Benedictions of the Pack ſtaves, the Thumps of the Mule driver, the Loſs of his Wallet and Aſs, as believing himſelf well paid for all the Hunger and Thirſt, which he had endur'd in his Maſter's Service.

On the other ſide, the Champion was in a heavy toſs to know who was the owner of the Portmantle; gueſſing by the value of the things, that he was a Perſon of worth, whom the diſdain and ſcorn of his Miſtreſs had driv'n to deſpair. At length, as he rode along, wholly tak'n up with theſe Conſiderations, and follow'd by *Sancho* over Bryars and Thorns, he eſpy'd upon the top of a ſtony Cragg that was before him, a Man that skipp'd from Rock to Rock, o're the Buſhes and Thorns, as nimbly as a Cat-a-Mountain: He ſeem'd to be almoſt naked, with a thick black Beard, his Hair clotted like a Water-Spaniels, without Hoſe or Shoes; having only a pair of Breeches upon his Hipps, that ſeem'd to have been once of a Purple kind of Velvet, but ſo tatter'd and torn, that they diſcover'd his skin in ſeveral places. All which particulars the Champion obſerv'd, notwithſtanding the ſwiftneſs of his motion, and endeavour'd to the utmoſt that lay in his Power to overtake him; firmly believing him to be the owner of the Saddle and Portmantle. But *Roſinante* was too weak to run Races with Apparitions in ſuch Ground as that was, being naturally of a ſlothful and phlegmatick diſpoſition. However, *Don Quixote* was reſolv'd to ſpeak with him, tho it coſt him a whole years time. And to that purpoſe, he order'd *Sancho* to beat one ſide of the Mountain, while he beat the other. I beg your Worſhips Pardon, quo *Sancho*; for alas, Sir, ſhould I move but a hairs breadth out of your ſight, my fears would immediately congeal me into a Statue, that I ſhould never be able to ſtir farther: And therefore for the future I give ye warning never to lay ſuch impoſſible Injunctions upon me.

In good time, quo the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance, I am glad thou haſt ſuch a confidence i' my Courage: I'le aſſure thee I ſhall never fail thee, tho thy Soul were ſcar'd out o' thy Body. Follow me therefore fair and ſoftly, and let us ſearch every hole and corner of this Rock, 'tis a thouſand pound to a Nut-ſhell, but we may meet with the owner of this ſame Portmanteau: For o' my Conſcience that's the very Man that appear'd ſo lately to us like a Viſion. 'Slife, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I don't like your Project: for ſhould we meet him, and he challenge the Cloak-bag, I muſt be forc'd to reſtore him his Money. And therefore, Sir, I think 'twould be much better to forbear this Curioſity of yours, and to keep the Money, till we meet him by ſome other more lucky chance, when we may have ſpent the Gold, and worn out the Linnen, and then we are acquitted from making Reſtitution by the Law. Thou art miſtak'n, *Sancho*; for ſince we have ſuch pregnant Reaſons to believe him the owner, we are bound to find him out, and reſtore him his Goods; by which means we ſhall be diſcharg'd in *Foro Conſcientiæ*. And ſo ſaying, he ſpurr'd *Roſinante* forward, well knowing that *Sancho* would not dare to tarry behind. Nor was it long before they came to a little Brook, where they found lying a dead Mule, Saddl'd and Bridl'd, and half eat'n by the Crows and Kites; which confirm'd the Knight in his belief, that the Wild man he had ſeen was the Maſter of the Cloak-bag. Now, while they were conſidering the Mule, and making

their Obſervations upon the Accident, they heard a whiſtling, like the whiſtling of ſome Shepherd that kept his Flock not far off; and at the ſame time, upon their Left Hand, they ſpy'd a great number of Goats, and a little beyond 'em an Ancient Man, that ſeem'd to be their Guardian; to whom *Don Quixote* call'd out, and deſir'd him to come down. The Goat-herd ask'd 'em how they came thither, into a Deſart place, frequented by none but Goats and Wolves, and other Wild Beaſts? And ſeeing 'em ſtand gazing upon the dead Mule, That Mule, ſaid he, has lain there this ſix Months. But pray tell me, Gentlemen, did ye not meet his Maſter, coming hither? We met no body, reply'd *Don Quixote*; only we found a Saddle and a Cloak-bag not far from this place. I have often ſeen it too, ſaid the Goat-herd, but I durſt not meddle with it, fearing it might be laid there for a Bait, and a purpoſe to lay Felony to my charge. For the Devil is very ſubtle, and many times tempts us with a Fool's Paradiſe, to draw us into a Halter. This is juſt as I ſaid, quo *Sancho*, for I ſaw the Cloak bag too, but durſt not adventure within a ſtones throw of it; and there let it lye, for me; for I'le be none of thoſe that ſhall hang the Bell about the Cats Neck. Well —— but honeſt Friend, quo *Don Quixote*, doſt thou know who was the owner of that Mule?

All that I know, reply'd the Goat-herd, is this; That about ſix Months ago, there was a young Gentleman, proper, handſom, well clad, and mounted upon the Mule which you ſee there (only that it was then alive) with the ſame Cloak bag behind him, came one day to a Shepherd's Cottage, about three Leagues from this place, and enquir'd which was the moſt deſart and unfrequented part of all this Mountain? Who directed him to that part where we are now: And 'tis very true; for ſhould ye go but half a League farther, you would be hardly able to get back again.

Now, this Gentleman having receiv'd our Anſwer, turn'd about his Mule, and follow'd his Directions exactly, leaving us in admiration of his goodly Aſpect, and the great haſt which he made toward the Mountain. After that, we heard of him no more, till meeting with one of our Shepherds, without ſaying a word, he fell upon him, and beat the poor fellow moſt unmercifully; and then going to the Aſs that carry'd our Proviſions, after he had tak'n away all the Bread and Cheeſe, he tripp'd back again to the Mountain as nimbly as a wild Buck.

Hearing this, a good number of us together ſpent two whole days ſeeking for him in the moſt remote and private Retirements of the Mountains, where at length we diſcover'd him in the hollow of a large Cork-Tree, from whence he came forth to us with all the mildneſs and courteſie that could be, but with a Countenance ſo disfigur'd and Sun-burnt, that in his raggs and tatters we hardly knew him again. After a kind Salutation, he told us in few words, but well compos'd together, that we were not to wonder to ſee him in that poſture, for that it was only to acquit himſelf of a Penitential Vow, that he had oblig'd himſelf to perform. We deſir'd him to let us know his Stations, that we might bring him Victuals, which we were ready to do as often as he ſhould deſire us, ſo that he needed not to take it by force. He thank'd us for our kind offers, and begg'd Pardon for the Injury he had done; aſſuring us he would never commit the ſame Violence again. We ask'd him alſo, where was his moſt uſual Retirement? To which he anſwer'd, No where certain, but where ever Night ſurpriz'd him; concluding his Speech with ſuch bitter and lamentable Complaints, that would have mov'd a Heart of Braſs to compaſſion, eſpecially in us that beheld him ſo ſtrangely alter'd from what we had ſeen him before. At length,

length, he made a pauſe, and ſtanding like one that had been ſtrick'n dumb, with his Eyes ſtedfaſtly fix'd upon the ground: He continu'd in that poſture for ſome time; but then of a ſudden, as if ſome fit of Madneſs had ſeiz'd him, ſtaring with his Eyes, knitting his Brows, biting his Lips, and clutching his Fiſts, he flew upon the foremoſt of us, with ſo much fury and rage, that had we not pull'd him off by main force, he had beaten out the Eyes of the ſurpriz'd Shepherd, and torn his fleſh from his Cheeks with his Teeth; crying out in the height of his Frenzie, Ah! Traytor, *Ferdinand*, here, here it is, that thou ſhalt repay me for the Injury thou haſt done me; theſe hands of mine ſhall rend from thy Breaſt that treacherous Heart, which harbours only Villany and Perfidy; lading at the ſame time the ſuppoſed *Ferdinand* with a thouſand more Reproaches of Treachery and Baſeneſs. Which done, he flung from us, and threw himſelf into the thickeſt part of all the Woods, leaping over the Buſhes and Brambles with that nimbleneſs, that it was impoſſible for us to follow him. Which caus'd us to believe, that his Madneſs ſeiz'd him by fits; and that ſome one, whoſe Name was *Ferdinand*, had done him thoſe irreparable Injuries, which he ſought to revenge with ſo much Violence. Since that, it has come into our Minds ſeveral times to find him out, and to carry him by force to the Mad-Houſe, about eight Leagues diſtant from hence, that ſo a more particular Care might be tak'n for his Recovery; or at leaſt, that he might be ſent back to his Relations.

Don Quixote was wonderfully concern'd, when he had heard the Goatherd's ſtory, and reſolv'd to make it his buſineſs, what e're it coſt him, to find this unfortunate Lover out; ſo much the rather, becauſe he extreamly pity'd his Condition, as believing him to be a Perſon of Quality, and one that ſuffer'd unjuſtly. But Fortune, obſerving his good Nature, reſolv'd to ſave him the labour; for juſt as they were ſpeaking, the young Man appear'd, and from the cleft of a Rock, right againſt the place where they ſtood, advanc'd towards 'em, muttering certain words between his Teeth, which they could not well have underſtood, had they been cloſe by him. When he drew near, he ſaluted the Company very civilly, but with a hoarſe and wheaſing Voice. *Don Quixote* return'd his Civilities; for alighting from *Roſinante*, and accoſting him with a Majeſtick Grace, he embrac'd him as if he had been one of his old Acquaintance: Nor could the other forbear, ſo ſoon as he got looſe, to ſtep back ſome two or three yards; where laying his Hand upon his Breaſt, he ſtood ſtaring in *Don Quixote*'s face, as if he had been calling to mind ſome Perſon whom he had known before; no leſs aſtoniſh'd queſtionleſs to behold *Don Quixote*'s Countenance, Armour, & lofty Preſence, then *Don Quixote* to ſee the forlorn and tatter'd condition of the Forreſter. But the firſt that open'd his Mouth was the Ragged Knight, as you ſhall hear i' the next Chapter.

CHAP. X.

The Continuation of the Adventure in the Black Mountain.

THE Hiſtory relates, That the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance* liſtn'd with great Attention to the diſaſtrous *Knight of the Rock*, who purſuing his Diſcourſe; In good Truth, Sir, ſaid he, whoe're you are, for I know you not, you have extreamly oblig'd me by your Generoſity and Civility; and I could wiſh I were in a Condition to teſtifie my Acknowledgement otherwiſe then in words. But my bad Fortune obſtructs my good Intentions, ſo that I have nothing to return for ſo many Kindneſſes, but unprofitable Wiſhes.

Sir, quo *Don Quixote*, ſo great have been my Deſires to ſerve you, that I reſolv'd not to depart from theſe Solitudes, till I had found ye out; to the end I might know from your ſelf, whether there were any Remedy to be found for the Diſcontents that occaſion this your diſconſolate Courſe of Life, tho it were to be purchas'd with the Hazard of my own Life; or, if your Misfortunes would admit of no Relief, that I might aſſiſt ye to bear the Burthen of your Woes, by ſharing with you in your Sorrows, and intermixing my Tears with yours: For you cannot but know the Proverb, Sir, *Solamen miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris.* 'Tis all the *Latin* I have, but I cannot uſe it upon a better Occaſion. If then good Intentions may plead Merit, I conjure ye by the firſt Object of your early Affections, to tell me who you are, and the Cauſe of your Retirement to this ſolitary Deſart, ſo remote from the Converſe of Men.

The *Knight of the Rock*, having attentively liſtn'd to theſe kind Expreſſions of the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, he view'd and review'd him from top to toe; and when he had ſo done: Sir, ſaid he, if you have any thing to eat, for the love of God, give it me; and when I have fill'd my Belly, I will fulfil your Deſires. Thereupon *Sancho* having diſfurniſh'd his Wallet, and the Goat-herd his Scrip, they brought him firſt and ſecond Courſe. Immediately the Ragged *Knight* fell on, without ſaying Grace, like a Man half famiſh'd, with that greedy haſte, that he ſeem'd rather to devour, then feed. And having thus fill'd his Belly, he beckon'd to *Don Quixote*, and the reſt to follow him; and after he had brought 'em to a Meadow adjoining to a Rock, he laid himſelf at his eaſe upon the Graſs, where the reſt of the Company ſitting down by him, he thus began.

Sir, ſaid he, if you intend that I ſhould make a full Recital of my ſad Misfortune, you muſt promiſe me before-hand, not to interrupt me with any Queſtions, or Comments upon my Words; for if any body ſpeaks a Syllable, I ſhall preſently conclude my Story. And this I the rather deſire, as intending to be quick in the Relation of my Diſaſters, of which the very Remembrance is a Torment to me; tho you may be aſſur'd, I ſhall omit nothing of Conſequence that may tend to your Satisfaction. Thereupon *Don Quixote* undertaking for all the reſt, the *Knight of the Rock* thus began.

My Name is *Cardenio*; the Place of my Birth, one of the beſt Cities of *Andaluzia*; my Deſcent is Noble, and my Parents wealthy. But my Misfortunes are ſo great, that neither Wealth, nor the Proſperity of my Parents can remedy. In the ſame Place was born the matchleſs *Lucinda*, incom-

incomparable for her Beauty, nobly descended, and equal in her Fortune to my self, but wanting a Constancy sufficient to answer the Sincerity of my Intentions. This *Lucinda* I lov'd from her tender Years, and ador'd her in her Infancy; and she also lov'd me with a harmless Affection and Freedom, which the Innocence of Childhood never scruples. Nor did our Parents oppose this innocent Liberty, well knowing, that the Equality of our Fortunes was such, that there could be no dislike of our matching together. Afterwards our Affections increasing as we grew in Years, *Lucinda*'s Father judging our usual Familiarity prejudicial to his Daughter's Honour, forbid my frequent Visits to his House. But that Restraint did but the more augment our Affections and inflame our Desires. So that altho we were debarr'd the Freedom of Converse, yet by the means of trusty Messengers, we still maintain'd a private Intercourse in Writing; which, like Fewel to Fire, still fed our amorous Flames. Heav'ns! how many Letters have I wrote her? How many Sonnets have I sent her? How many tender and obliging Returns have I receiv'd from her? The mutual Pledges of our private Amours, and mutual Consolations of a violent Passion? At length impatient to re-behold the Comfort of my life, I resolv'd to demand her of her Father in Marriage. He thank'd me for the Honour I did him, but told me withal, That I had likewise a Father alive, whose consent was to be obtain'd, as well as his. Thereupon going to my Father, with a Design to beg his Approbation and Assistance, I found him in his Chamber with a Letter open'd in his Hand, which he gave me to read, before I could speak a Word to him about my own Business. Thou wilt find there, said he, the more then ordinary Kindness that *D. Richard* has for thee. Now you must know, Gentlemen, that this *D. Richard* was a *Grandee* of *Spain*; the chiefest part of whose Estate lies in the most fertile part of *Andaluzia*. I read the Letter, and found therein an obliging Request of *D. Richard* to send me to him with all speed, that I might be the Companion of his eldest Son; and promising withal, to advance me to a Fortune answerable to the good Opinion which he had of me. The latter part of this Letter struck me dumb; but I was ready to hang my self, when my Father bid me prepare to be gone in two Days. Farther, said he, give God Thanks, that Fortune has thus open'd thee a way to that Advancement, which I know thou deserv'st. Nevertheless, the Evening before the Day of my Departure, I gave *Lucinda* a Visit, and told her what had happen'd: I also besought her Father to preserve his good Opinion of me, and to defer the bestowing of his Daughter, till I had been with *D. Richard*. Which he faithfully promis'd me to doe; and she confirm'd with all the Vows and Protestations imaginable.

Thus between Satisfaction and Dissatisfaction, I arriv'd at *D. Richard*'s Court; where I was receiv'd and entertain'd with that extraordinary Kindness and Civility, that I became the Envy of all his ancient Servants But he that most endearingly caress'd me, was *Ferdinand*, the Duke's youngest Son, generous, comely, and of an excellent Humour. He receiv'd me into his Bosom-Friendship, and gave me such continual and ample Testimonies of his Affection, that tho I was highly both belov'd and esteem'd by his Brother, yet could I easily distinguish between their Favours.

And as it is the Property of true Friends to keep nothing secret, *D. Ferdinand* believing himself secure of my Fidelity, imparted to me all his Thoughts; and among the rest, disclos'd to me his being in love with a handsom Country Girl, the Daughter of a Farmer, that was one of his Father's Tenants. Such was the Vertue, the Prudence, the Discretion of this

Damsel,

Damſel, that ſhe was the Admiration of all that were acquainted with her; and thoſe her rare Endowments had ſo charm'd the Soul of *D. Ferdinand*, that finding it impoſſible to win her for his Miſtreſs, he reſolv'd to make her his Wife. Now being ſo engag'd, as I was, to *D. Ferdinand*, I thought it my Duty to divert him from a Reſolution ſo prejudicial to his Honour and Quality; but finding all my Arguments were ſcatter'd in the Wind, I reſolv'd to inform the Duke, his Father, of his Intentions. But *D. Ferdinand*, whoſe *Politicks* were refin'd and piercing, believing my Honour would engage me to diſcover a Deſign ſo prejudicial to the Honour of his Family, endeavour'd to perſwade me, that his Heat was over; and to compleat the Cure, that he was reſolv'd to abſent himſelf from the Object of his Paſſion; to which purpoſe, he would take a Journey to my Father's Houſe, pretending to buy Horſes, of which there are the beſt of all that Province, bred in our Village. Preſently, ſway'd by the Intereſt of my own Love, I approv'd his Deſign, and preſs'd him to make haſte, out of a Deſign to re-viſit my dear *Lucinda*. But alas! as afterwards I underſtood, he had already reap'd the laſt enjoiments of his amorous Courtſhip to his Country-Miſtreſs, with the Sickle of promis'd Marriage; tho he durſt not diſcover it, for fear of the Duke his Father's Diſpleaſure.

But as the Love of young People is only an irregular Paſſion, and boiling Deſire, that has no other Object then Pleaſure, and which Enjoyment diſſipates; no ſooner had he obtain'd the laſt Favours of his Miſtreſs, but his vehement Affection ſlacken'd, and his ardent Love grew cold: So that if his Deſire of Abſence were fain'd before, there was nothing now which he more really coveted. And therefore having obtain'd his Father's leave, away we came to my Father's Houſe, where *Don Ferdinand* was entertain'd with a Welcome befitting his Quality; and I went to viſit my *Lucinda*, who receiv'd me as a moſt dear and conſtant Lover.

Some few Days after, to divertiſe *Ferdinand*, I thought it my Duty, like a Nick-a-poop as I was, to put the ſame Confidence in his Friendſhip, with which he had entruſted mine. And to that purpoſe (curſe o' my babbling Tongue!) I made *Lucinda*'s Beauty, Wit, and Prudence, the Subject of my Diſcourſe, till I had inflam'd him with a Deſire to ſee ſo wonderful a Perſon; and to ſatisfie his Impatience, ſhew'd her to him at a low Window, where we were wont to converſe together. And that which added to my Ruine, was, That ſhe was richly dreſs'd that Day, and ſeem'd ſo lovely to *D. Ferdinand*'s Eyes, that he forgat all other Beauties in the World beſide, and became a doating Lover of my Miſtreſs only. Nay, the more to enflame him (for when the Devil owes a man a Spite, he never pays a man by halves) he met with a Letter of her's, wherein ſhe had deſir'd me to demand her of her Father, and to haſt'n our Marriage; which was written with that Modeſty and Diſcretion, that *D. Ferdinand* cry'd out, That in *Lucinda* were all thoſe Perfections, both of Body and Mind, met together, as it were, by conſent, which in other Women ſeparately appear'd. But as deſerv'd as they were, I did not like theſe *Encomiums* from *D. Ferdinand*'s Lips; I began to ſmell a Rat, and therefore carry'd my ſelf more reſervedly: But the more I forbore to ſpeak of her, the more He made her ſtill the Subject of his Diſcourſe. And this was that which waken'd my Jealouſie, tho I could ſay nothing againſt *Lucinda*, of whoſe Fidelity I thought my ſelf ſo fully aſſur'd, that I durſt have pawn'd my Soul to a braſs Thimble, for her Sincerity.

It happen'd one day, that *Lucinda*, who was much addicted to read Books of *Knight-Errantry*, deſir'd me to lend her the Hiſtory of *Amadis de Gaul*—

Scarce

*

Scarce were the words, *Amadis de Gaul*, drop'd out of *Cardenio's* Mouth, but *Don Quixote* interrupting him; Had you but told me, that your Lady was addicted to read Romances, you need have said no more to confirm me in the Belief of what you have utter'd concerning her Beauty and her Wit. For if she be a Reader of Romances, I am sure she must be ten times fairer, and ten thousand times more witty then you have express'd her to be: and more then that, I do uphold and maintain her to be the wittiest Woman alive. I wish, Sir, that, together with *Amadis de Gaul*, you had sent her the brave *Duke Roger of Greece*. Madam *Lucinda*, questionless, would have been highly tak'n with *Dorayda*, and *Geraya*, and the pleasant Shepherd *Darinel*, with his *Bucolicks*, which he sung with so much Discretion, and with such a sweet and debonnair Behaviour. But time may repair this Defect; and if you please to come to my House, I will shew you above three hundred Volumes, which are all the Delight and Content I have in this World; and yet they are all at your Service, if the damn'd *Negromancers* have not robb'd me of 'em. Pardon me, I beseech ye, Sir, for giving you this Interruption, contrary to my Promise; but I can as well be hang'd, and the Sun may as well forbear to shine, as I forbear speaking, when I hear the least mention made of *Knight-Errantry*. Now therefore, pray Sir, go on.

All the time of this Digression *Cardenio* hung down his Head in his Breast, like one that had been musing some new Point i' the Mathematicks. Nor could *Don Quixote*, with all his Entreaties, perswade him to look up, or give him a Word of Answer. But at length, elevating his Chin, with his Eyes staring in his Head; I'le never believe otherwise, nor shall any Man beat it out of my Brains, quo he, and he's a Rascal, and a Son of a Whore, who denies, that that same Scoundrel of a Stallion Barber, *Tom Thumb*, never lay with the *Queen* of *Trumps*.

By all that's vertuous in *Toboso*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that cannot be: 'tis a Scandal and a Calumny. The Queen of *Trumps* was a most chast and modest Lady; and there is no probability, that a Princess of her Quality would make love to a *Tooth-drawer*: Whoever affirms it, lyes in his Throat, and I'le make him to acknowledge it, either a-foot, or a horse-back, arm'd, or unarm'd, by Day, or by Night, or how he pleases. *Cardenio*, upon this, fasten'd his Eyes upon *Don Quixote*, without speaking a word; and being thus provok'd into one of his mad Fits, to hear himself call'd Lyar, and insolent Fellow, took up a great Stone that lay just at his Feet, and threw it with such a force at *Don Quixote*, that hitting him full i' the Breast, it beat the Champion backward upon his Rump. *Sancho* seeing his Master abus'd, fell upon *Cardenio* with both his Fists clutch'd, whom *Cardenio* with one sound Wherret, laid at his Feet, and then fell a trampling his Guts, like a Baker in a Dough-trough. Nor did the Goat-herd, going to take *Sancho's* Part, speed much better. And thus the *Ragged Knight* having vanquish'd the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face*, and both his Champions, retir'd back to the Mountain.

Sancho was no sooner got upon his Legs again, but he began to quarrel with the *Goat-herd*, calling him Bumkin and Logger-head, for not telling 'em before, that the *Ragged Knight* was frantick, that so they might ha' had more care of themselves. The *Goat-herd* reply'd, that he had giv'n 'em Warning at first, and if he could not hear, he was not bound to find him Ears. To this *Sancho* reply'd, and the *Goat-herd* reply'd again; till from *Pro's* and *Con's* they fell to seizing one another by the Beards, tugging and haling each other in such a cruel manner, that if *Don Quixote* had not

parted

parted 'em, they had pull'd one anothers Chins from their Heads. However, *Sancho* keeping his hold, in great Wrath, Let me alone, Sir *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face*, quo he: this Fellow is no more a Dubb'd Knight then my self, and therefore I hope I may fight hand to hand, like a Man of Honour, and revenge the Injury he has done me. 'Tis true, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but I know no Injury we have receiv'd: And so saying, made 'em shake hands, and be Friends. And then addressing himself to the *Goat-herd*, ask'd him, Whether there were no way to find out *Cardenio* again, in regard he had a great mind to hear the end of his Story? To whom the *Goat-herd* made Answer, That the *Ragged Knight* had no constant Residence, but that if he tarri'd thereabouts, it might not be long before he met with him, mad or sober.

CHAP. XI.

Of the strange Accidents that befell the valiant Knight of Mancha *in the Black Mountain; and of his imitating the Penance perform'd by the* Lovely-Obscure.

Don Quixote bid the *Goat-herd* farewell, and remounting *Rosinante*, commanded *Sancho* to follow him a-foot, which he did, but in a damn'd sullen, peevish Humour; for his Master led him into the roughest, and most craggy part of all the Mountain. Thus they travell'd for a while, without speaking a word one to another; till *Sancho*, almost dead for want of a little Chat, Sir, said he, I desire your Worship to give me your Blessing, and leave to depart, that I may return home to my Wife and Children, where no body can hinder me from Scolding and Maundring as I please my self. For I had rather be bury'd alive, then to ramble after your Heels through Mountains and Deserts, Day and Night, without being admitted to speak. Could the Beasts speak, as they did in *Æsop*'s time, *Rosinante* and I might Chat together, like two Midwives, and my Conceits would never putrifie i' my Body, as they do. Upon my Faith, Sir, 'tis a thing not to be endur'd to trot o' this Fashion after Adventures, and meet with nothing but *Thumps* and *Bastinado's*; and after all, forsooth, to have a Man's Mouth sow'd up, as if his Tongue had been made for no use. I understand thee, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, thou dost not love to keep thy Tongue a Prisoner long: why then, *Sancho*, I'le release it for once, upon Condition, that it shall be only for the time we continue i' the Mountains. Speak therefore what thou hast a mind.

Content, quo *Sancho*, let us talk while we may, God knows what may befall us hereafter: And so beginning to make use of his Priviledge; I wonder, Sir, said he, what Reason you had to be so cholerick for the Queen of *Trumps*, what d'ye call her, for I care not a Straw what her Name is? Or What was it to the Purpose, whether *Tom Thumb* were her Paramour, or no? For had you not meddl'd with what y' had nothing to do with, the Mad-man would ha' gone on with his Story, you had miss'd a good Thump o' the Breast, and I had scap'd the bursting the Cawl of my Belly.

Friend *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, didst thou but know what a vertuous Lady the Queen of *Trumps* was, thou'dst say, I had a great deal

of

of Patience in that I did not tear that Fellows Tongue from the bottom of of his Throat, for uttering so many Blasphemies against her. For, in short, 'twas a most execrable piece of Blasphemy to say, That a Queen had lain with a Barber-Surgeon. For the Truth of the Story is this, That this Mr. *Tom Thumb* was both Counsellor, and Physician in Ordinary to the Queen; but to say he was her Paramour or Gallant, was an insolent Scandal, and fit to be chastiz'd. Neither can it be thought, that *Cardenio* knew what he said; for thou swor'st he was in one of his mad Fits, when he spoke it. And what need you then ha' minded what a Mad-man said, quo *Sancho*? Suppose the Stone that hit ye o' the Breast, had beat out your Brains, we had been finely serv'd for taking the part of a *Sisly-Bum-Trinket*; the Devil confound her.

Sancho, reply'd *Don Quixote*, a *Knight-Errant* is oblig'd to defend the Honour of all Ladies against *Lunaticks*, as well as Men i' their Wits; much more, being such Queens and Princesses as the Queen of *Trumps*, for whom I have a particular Veneration, because of her Vertue, and other admirable Qualities; for besides that, she was very beautiful, she was very prudent, And behav'd her self with an incomparable Patience in all her Misfortunes: and then it was that it was, that she stood in need of the wholesom Counsels of Mr. *Tom Thumb*; which gave Occasion to that false and scandalous Report, that they lay together. But I say again, they lye, and lye a thousand times over, whoever they be, that shall either report, or so much as think such a Calumny against the Queen of *Trumps*.

Why, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I neither say, nor think one way or t'other; let them that affirm it eat the Lye, and swallow it when they ha' done. If they lay together, th' have answer'd for it before now. I come from plough, I know nothing; I never thrust my Nose into other mens Porridge; my Name's *Twyford*, I neither meddle nor make. He that buys and sells, shall find his Gains in his Purse. Naked I came into the World, and naked I must go out. I neither take, nor give; I neither lose, nor gain: if they lay together 'tis no Bread and Butter o' mine. Who can make a Silk Purse of a Sow's Ear? But if ye catch me i' your Corn, put me i' your Pound.

The Devil go wi' thee, quo *Don Quixote*, what a Company of Proverbs hast thou threaded together? What are all these musty Adages to my Purpose? Prethee mind thy Ass, that's thy Business; and remember this, That what I do, I have done, and shall do, is no more then what is conformable to the Laws of Chivalry, which I understand better then all the *Knights-Errant* that ever were i' the World. Troth, Sir, quo *Sancho*, 'tis no more then ye deserve; for in my Opinion, ye pay dear for your Knowledge. But I pray Sir, give me leave, Do your Laws constrain us to live and die in this Mountain? Patience a little, good *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, for now I think on't, I have something to do in this Mountain, that shall immortallize my Name, eternize my Fame, and give me a Reputation above all the *Knights-Errant* that ever were i' the World, or ever shall be. Well, but what's the Danger we must run, quo *Sancho*? for I would willingly know before-hand, if I might. That's as it happ'ns, quo *Don Quixote*, for we may perhaps meet with a Brush, or so; but the main matter consists in thy Diligence. In my Diligence! Heav'ns bless us, quo *Sancho*. 'Tis very 'true, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for if thou return'st with speed from the place 'whither I think to send thee, my Pain will be soon at an end, and my 'Glory will begin— But why in such a brown Study, man? For thou art to 'know, most faithful Squire, that *Amadis de Gaul* was one of the compleat-'est *Knight-Errants* that ever were i' the World; nay, the very Chief and

'Prince of all the reſt. Moreover, 'tis the part of a Painter, that ſtudies 'to render himſelf famous in his Art, to imitate the beſt Originals; which 'ought to be the Rule in all other Arts and Sciences, that ſerve for 'the Ornament of Common-wealths. Thus *Homer* makes his *Ulyſſes* a Pat-'tern of Wiſdom and Patience; and *Virgil* his *Æneas* a rare Example of fi-'lial Duty, and of a valiant Captain; repreſenting 'em not what they were, 'but what it behov'd 'em to have been. In like manner was *Amadis* the 'North-Star, and Sun of all *Knight-Errants*, truly Couragious and Amo-'rous; and for that Reaſon only, him alone ought all *Knight-Errants* to 'imitate, that march under the Banner of Love and Chivalry. Now then 'I find, that among all other things that render *Amadis* ſo famous for 'Wiſdom and Valour, his Conſtancy and Love, his retiring to the *Poor Rock*, 'under the Title of the *Lovely Obſcure One*, was one of the chiefeſt: A Title 'certainly moſt ſignificant and agreeable to the life which he intended to lead. 'And in regard it is a Task far more eaſie to imitate his Penance, then his 'great Atchievements, in cleaving the Heads of monſtrous Giants, ſtran-'gling Serpents, killing Dragons, vanquiſhing whole Armies, diſperſing 'Navies, and breaking the force of Inchantments; I am reſolv'd not to 'loſe the offer of ſo fair an Opportunity, in a Place ſo fit for my purpoſe. But pray, Sir, all this while, What is your Deſign in this lonely Deſart, quo *Sancho*? Have I not told thee, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that I intend here to act *Amadis* in his Madneſs, Deſpair, and Fury? And at the ſame time to imitate the Dotages of the Valiant *Orlando*, when he found that *Angelica*, the *Fair*, had abandon'd him for the Love of *Medor*, which diſtracted him to that degree, that he tore up Trees by the Roots, damm'd up Fountains, deſtroy'd whole Flocks, ſlew the Shepherds, fir'd their Hutts, ſtole their Horſes, and committed a hundred Extravagancies, worthy to be recorded in Fame's eternal Book? Not that I intend, however, to follow *Rowland*, or *Orland*, or *Roldan*, for he went by as many Names as a *Newgate Shop-lift*; but to make choice of the moſt Eſſential and Orthodox of all his Follies. Nay, perhaps I ſhall only imitate *Amadis*, whoſe Raving not being ſo de-ſtructive and pernicious, but only conſiſting in Complaints and Lamenta-tions, gain'd him ſuch a matchleſs Reputation.

I am apt to believe, reply'd *Sancho*, That thoſe Knights had ſome Rea-ſon for what they did: But what induces you to play the fool? What Lady has deſpis'd your Amours? What Diſcoveries have you made of *Dulcinea*'s being falſe to ye, with either *Moor* or *Chriſtian*?

S'life, cry'd *Don Quixote*, there's my Point, therein conſiſts the Curioſity of my Buſineſs, for a *Knight-Errant* to play the Mad-man without any Rea-ſon; there's the Knot and Riddle of the matter, for a Man to run frantick without a Cauſe; thereby to let his Lady ſee what he can do upon Occaſion, when he acts ſo well, without any Conſtraint or Neceſſity. But I have Reaſon ſufficient, conſidering the long time I have been abſent from the matchleſs *Dulcinea*, through which Neglect of mine, I have ſinn'd moſt hei-nouſly againſt her Patience, according to the ſaying of the Shepherd *Am-broſio*:

In my Abſence loſing Time,
Can ye think ſhe is not griev'd?
Yes, and tempted too, be ſure,
Some other way to be reliev'd.

In my absence losing Time

And

And therefore, *Sancho*, never ſtrive in vain to divert me from ſo rare, ſo happy, and ſo extraordinary an Imitation. I am mad, and will be mad, till thou return'ſt with an Anſwer to the Letter which thou muſt carry to the Lady *Dulcinea*; and if I find that ſhe deſerves my Conſtancy, my Frenzie will be over, and I will do Penance no longer; but if ſhe ſlights me, I will run ſtark mad, to the end, that if thou bring'ſt me bad News, I may be altogether inſenſible of it. But to the purpoſe, *Sancho*, haſt thou ſav'd *Mambrino*'s Helmet? I ſaw thee take it up, after that ingrateful Rogue had done his utmoſt endeavour to break it, which ſhews the moſt excellent Temper of the Mettle.

Before *George*, your Follies, Sir *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, are not to be endur'd, quo *Sancho*; they are enough to make any Man believe, that what you brag of your *Knight-Errantry*, your winning of Kingdoms and Empires, and your beſtowing of Iſlands upon your Squire, are meer Shams and Lyes. For who, i' the Name of *Belzebub*, that ſhould hear you call a Barber's Baſon *Mambrino's* Helmet, would not think you fit for the Mad-houſe at *Newington*? I have the Baſon i' my Wallet, which I intend to carry home, and get mended for my own uſe, if ever God quits me of your confounded Service.

Sancho, reply'd *Don Quixote*, would I might be pox'd, if I think there ever was ſuch a Cuckow-brains of a Squire i' the World. How is it poſſible for a man to be ſuch a Logger-head, as not to have learnt in all this time that thou haſt been with me, that all the Actions and Adventures of *Knights-Errant*, ſeem to be *Chimera's*, Follies, and Impertinencies; not that they are ſo indeed, but through the Malice and Wickedneſs of thoſe damn'd Inchanters, that make all things as they pleaſe themſelves; and thus bewitch'd by their Sorceries, thou tak'ſt *Mambrino's* Helmet for a Barber's Baſon, which to me ſeems another thing: And that the Sorcerer does it out of Friendſhip to me. For *Mambrino*'s Helmet being a Jewel of ſuch ineſtimable value, I ſhould never be at reſt, but be always engag'd in Fights and Combats, to defend it, were it once known to be i' my Cuſtody. Keep it ſafe, *Sancho*, for I have no need of it at preſent; rather I think to put off my Armour, and ſtrip my ſelf as naked as I came out of my Mother's Womb, according as I ſhall find it moſt convenient, whether to imitate *Orlando* or *Amadis*.

Concluding this Diſcourſe, they came to the foot of a high Rock that ſeem'd to ſtand by it ſelf; from the deſcent of which, there ſoftly glided a gentle ſtream that water'd a Meadow which ſurrounded the Rock. The freſhneſs and verdure of the Graſs, the number of wild Trees, Plants, and Flowers, that cover'd the Rock, render'd this place ſo pleaſant and delightful, that the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance* made choice of it to ſhrift himſelf, beginning his Penance in ſuch a manner, as if he had utterly loſt his Wits.

'Behold, O Heav'ns, ſaid he, the place which I have made choice of, to 'bewail therein the miſerable Condition to which you have reduc'd me. 'May my Tears augment the waters of this Rivulet, and my Sighs perpe'ually move the Leaves and Branches of theſe Trees, eternal Remem'brances to the World of the Pains and Torments which my Heart endures. 'Ye rural Deities, whoever ye be, that inhabit theſe Deſarts, hear the 'Plaints of an unfortunate Lover, whom a long Abſence, and his own fan'taſtical Jealouſie has guided to theſe gloomy Shades to lament his ill For'tune, and deplore the cruel Rigour of that *ungrateful fair One*, who is the 'Perfection, and *Ne plus ultra* of all terreſtial Beauty. Ye lovely *Nayades*,

'and *Druids* more contemplative, aſſiſt my Plaints, or at leaſt liſt'n to my 'Woes; and may the laſcivious, boiſtrous Satyrs never interrupt your Reſt. 'Oh *Dulcinea del Toboſo*! thou Sun of my Days, and Moon of my Nights; the 'Glory of my Sufferings, North-ſtar of my Travels, and Conſtellation that 'govern'ſt my Fortune, pity, I conjure thee, the ſad Condition to which 'my abſence has reduc'd me; and may the Heav'ns grant thee long and 'happy Days. Ye ſolitary Groves and Shades, Companions of my Soli-'tudes, ſatisfie me in the ſoft Language of your ruſtling Leaves, and by 'the nodding of your Branches, that I am welcome to your verdant Har-'bours. And thou my dear Squire, the faithful Companion of my Adven-'tures, mark attentively what I do, and be ſure not to forget the ſmalleſt '*Punctilio*. And thou *Roſinante*, that haſt all along ſo inſeparably and ad-'vantagiouſly ſerv'd me; thou that haſt ſhar'd with me in all my bad and 'good Succeſſes, pardon me for making choice of this Solitude; and believe 'me, 'tis not without weeping Eyes, that thou and I muſt part. And ſo ſaying, he alighted, whipp'd off his Bridle and Saddle, and giving the 'Horſe a clap o' the Buttocks, go *Roſinante*, ſaid he, he gives thee thy Li-'berty, that has loſt his own. Go Horſe, no leſs famous for thy Actions, 'then miſerable for thy bad luck; yet ſhalt thou never be ſold to thy 'worth. Fam'd Beaſt! with whom neither *Aſtolpho's Hypogryphon*, nor '*Frontin*, *Brandimart's* Delight, nor the winged *Pegaſus* himſelf could e're 'compare for mettle and ſwiftneſs of heels.

Curſt be the villain Thief, cry'd *Sancho*, curſt with Bell, Book, and Can-dle, that freed me from the trouble of unpannelling my Aſs too; he ſhould not have wanted a Harangue in his praiſe, perhaps as good as this. Poor Creature of God's making! he was never troubl'd with theſe Follies of Lovers and Mad-men, no more then his Maſter, that was my ſelf, ſo long as Heav'n pleas'd. But d' ye here me, now I think on't, Sir *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, if your frantick Pranks and my Journy be reſolv'd on, there will be a neceſſity of ſaddling *Roſinante* again, eſpecially if your buſineſs require haſte; for truth to tell ye, I am no good Foot-man. Do as thou think'ſt fit, for that, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for I intend thou ſhalt ſet forward about three days hence. In the mean time thou ſhalt ſtay and be witneſs of what I do for my Lady's ſake; to the end thou mayſt be able to give her a true and perfect Account of every Particular. Heav'ns bleſs my Eye-ſight, quo *Sancho*, why, is it poſſible for me to ſee more then I have done? Thou art ſtill wide o' the Mark, reply'd *Don Quixote*, thou ſhalt ſee me put off my Armour, tear my Clothes, knock my Head againſt the Rocks, and play a thouſand more antick Tricks, which all the *Jack-Puddings* in *London* could never ſhew thee. For the love of God, Sir, take heed how ye quarrel with theſe Rocks, you may chance to give your Scull ſuch a crack the firſt Encounter, as may ſpoil an excellent Mad-man, and a good Penitent both at one ſtroke. Therefore I would adviſe ye, if your buſineſs, which is all but a feign'd Ceremony, cannot otherwiſe be accom-pliſh'd, without theſe ſcurvy Cats-leaps, to practiſe your Imitations upon the Water, or in a Hay-rick; and let me alone to ſwear to Madam *Dulcinea*, that you plaid your *Chriſtmas-gambols* upon hard pointed Rocks, as ſharp as the end of your Spear.

I thank thee, honeſt *Sancho*, for thy good Will, reply'd *Don Quixote*; but thou art miſtak'n to think I am in jeſt: Theſe things muſt be all done ſeriouſ-ly and ſolemnly, otherwiſe I ſhould act againſt the Laws of Chivalry, with abominate Falſhood, and mental Reſervation.

At

At the end of the three days *Sancho* put him in mind, that his time was elaps'd; and therefore desir'd him to write his Letter, and let him be gone. For, quo he, let me be roasted, if I do not long till my Return has freed ye out of this Purgatory, where I must be forc'd to leave ye. Purgatory, dost call it, quo *Don Quixote*! call it Hell, Tophet, *Gehenna*; or if thou canst think of any thing else i' the Universe that is worse, or more terrible. What can be worse, quo *Sancho*, for they say, that in Hell there is no *Retention*. *Retention!* quo *Don Quixote*, what dost thou mean by that cramp word? Why, *Retention*, answer'd *Sancho*, is as much as to say, That they who are once in Hell, never come out again: which shall not be your hard fate this bout, if I can stir my Heels to quick'n *Rosinante*. And for Madam *Dulcinea*, when I come to be admitted into her presence, I will tell her such wonderful and dreadful Stories of your Madness, and Extravagancies, that I will make her as supple as a Glove, tho she had a Heart of Oak. And when I have drawn from her an Answer as sweet as *Metheglin*, away will I come flying through the Air, as swift as a Witch upon a Broom-stick, to relieve ye out of your Purgatory: for I will have it Purgatory, and not Hell, because there is some hopes you may return to your Senses again. Let it be so then, said *Don Quixote*; but how shall we do to write this Letter, for I have neither Paper nor Ink, unless we should write upon the Leaves of the Trees, as they did in former times. But now I think on't, I have *Cardenio*'s Table-book, which will help us out at a dead lift; and then thou shalt get the Letter fairly transcrib'd at the first Village, where thou canst meet with a Schoolmaster that can write true *Orthography*. Or, for want of a Schoolmaster, get the Clark of the Parish to do it; but be sure thou never troubl'st a Lawyer, for the Devil himself will never be able to read Court hand; more especially beware of one that writes Sermons; for I hate Short-hand mortally. But how shall I do for a Seal, reply'd *Sancho*? A brass Farthing will serve, answer'd *Don Quixote*; tho I do not remember that ever *Amadis* made use of any Seal. But the Bill of Exchange must be sign'd, or else they will say 'tis counterfeit, and so we shall lose our Asses. The Bill shall be written in the Table-book, with my Sign Manual; and when my Neece sees my Hand, she'l never scruple the delivery of the Asses. And as for the Love-letter, do thou get it thus underwritten; *Yours till Death, the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance.* 'Tis no matter for the Letter and the Subscription to be all of one Hand; for as I remember, *Dulcinea* can neither write nor read, nor did she ever see any of my Writing in her Life. For our Amours have always been meerly *Platonick*; and tho I may safely swear, that for above these twelve Years she has been dearer to me then my life, yet I never saw her but four times; and I question whether she her self took notice that ever I look'd upon her, so strict a watch did old *Richard Hogg* of *Stanwel*, her Father, and *Joan Hogg* her Mother, keep over her.

Cuds-bobs, cry'd *Sancho*, and is *Dulcinea del Toboso* the Daughter of *Dick Hogg* of *Stanwel*, otherwise *Nan Hogg*? *Uds-fish*, I know her as well as her Mother that bore her; she's a Strapper y' faith, and pitches the Bar with e're a young Fellow i' the Village. The very same, quo *Don Quixote*, that's she, and she that deserves to be Mistress of the whole Earth. Is that she, quo *Sancho*! she's a Bouncer, Begar-law; and one that will keep her Chin out o' the Mire, I warrant her, in despite of the best *Knight Errant* that wears a Head, Long *Megg* of *Westminster* was a Dwarf to her. One day I remember, she stood upon the top of our Steeple to call the Plough-men home to dinner, that were at work above half a League off; yet

yet they heard her as plain, as if they had been juſt under the Sun-dial. The beſt thing I know in her, is, That ſhe is not Coy, but will bid ye *kiſs the top of her Nock* as briskly as e're a *Coggſhall* Wench that goes to Market; there's ne're a Water-man upon the *Thames* can out-rally her. In good truth, Sir *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, you may venture as many *Cat-leaps* as you pleaſe; you may run mad, you may hang your ſelf for her ſake, there's no body but will ſay y'are a happy Man, tho the Devil himſelf ſhould be ſo kind as to carry ye away a pick-pack. *Nan Hogg!* good God! how I broil to ſee the *Tom-boy!* for I have not ſeen her this many a day. Surely ſhe muſt be ſtrangely alter'd by this time, for the Sun, and the Weather, and continual working i' the Fields, are wicked Enemies to female Beauty. How ſtrangely have I liv'd in Ignorance all this while! In good faith, Sir *Don Quixote*, I durſt ha' ſworn this *Madam Dulcinea* had been ſome great Princeſs, or ſome Lady of high Quality, that was ſtill to be preſented with the Spoils of your Conqueſts, the *Biſcayner*, the reſcu'd Slaves, and all the Trophies of your future Victories. By my troth, I cannot chuſe but laugh to think, if the *Biſcayner* or the Slaves had been ſuch Fools to have gone, and found Madam *Fuſty-luggs* peeling o' Hemp, or threſhing i' the Barn, what a pretty ſight it would ha' been to ha' ſeen 'em throw themſelves at the Feet of Madam *Dowdy-Rampant*, in a ſingle ſhort Petticoat, ſhewing her darn'd Hoſe, and patch'd Slip ſhoes? Certainly they wou'd ha' thought the Devil had ow'd 'em a Shame; nor could Madam *Brawny-Arms* have lookt upon it otherwiſe then an Abuſe.

I have oft'n times told thee, *Sancho*, that thy long Tongue wants clipping; and that tho thou art a Coxcomb and a Dunce, yet now and then thy Frumps bite too cloſe. And to ſhew thee, that my Diſcretion exceeds thy Folly, I muſt tell thee in the firſt place, that I mind little what thou ſay'ſt; in the ſecond place, I tell thee again, that as to the uſe which I make of the Lady *Dulcinea*, ſhe ſurpaſſes all the Princeſſes in the World, according to the Proverb; for, *Joan's as good as my Lady i' the dark*. Prethee tell me, doſt think the *Phillis's*, the *Silvia's*, the *Diana's*, the *Amarantha's*, that appear in ſo many Poems and Sonnets, and upon ſo many Stages, were Creatures made of Fleſh and Blood, or the real Miſtreſſes of thoſe that ſung their *Encomium's*? No, no, never think it. For let all your Rimers bring a *Scandalum Poetarum* againſt me if they dare; I ſay they were meerly Imaginations of the Poets for a Ground-work, upon which to exerciſe their Wits. 'Tis ſufficient for me, that *Nan Hogg* is fair and chaſt; as for her Birth and Parentage, I value 'em not of Two-pence; and without troubling my ſelf to examine her Pedegree any farther, I am ſatisfy'd that ſhe is a great Princeſs. For, *Sancho*, Pox take thee, thou art to know, that the Vertues which chiefly oblige us to love a Woman, are Snout-fairneſs and Wiſdom, with both of which *Dulcinea* is endow'd to the height of Perfection, as being, without all Diſpute, the moſt ſnout-fair and prudent Female in the World. All the *Helena's* and *Lucretia's*, all the Heroeſſes of former Ages, *Greeks*, *Romans*, or *Barbarians*, were not worthy to be her Kitchen-maids; and let 'em ſay what they will, if Fools contradict me, I am ſure men of Senſe, if they have but try'd her once, will be o' my ſide. Sir, quo *Sancho*, you ſpeak reaſon in every thing, and I am the Aſs; the Devil take me for ſpeaking that word; for 'tis ill talking of Halters i' the Houſe of a Man that was hang'd. But where's the Letter all this while, for I long to be going. With that, *Don Quixote* pull'd out the Table-book, and retiring a little aſide, in a ſhort time finiſh'd his Epiſtle. Which having done, he call'd *Sancho* to him, and order'd him to liſt'n while he read it over

to

to him; for, quo he, 'tis a thousand pound to a Farthing if thou dost not fall a drinking by the way, and lose the Table-book, therefore I would have thee carry it as well i' thy Memory, as i' thy Pocket; for I think no body so sottish as to pick thy Brains. Pray Sir, quo *Sancho*, tear the Table-book, and gi' me two or three Copies; for to think I can learn it by heart, is a Madness, especially seeing my Memory is so bad, that sometimes I forget my own Name. However, you may read the Letter if you please, that I may understand how to write to a Mistress o' my own, should I have occasion. Well then, quo *Don Quixote*, be uncover'd and list'n.

The LETTER.

HE that is stabb'd to the quick with the Poignard of Absence, and wounded to the Heart with the Darts of his own Guilt, sends thee that Health, which he wants himself. If thy Beauty disdain me; if thy Vertue refuse my Affection; if thou resolv'dst to bubble me, maugre all your Shams, and your Canting; as I am your Martyr, I have Patience enough to pocket up all your Disdains. As to what remains, ingrateful fair One, and beloved Enemy of my Repose, my faithful Squire will give thee an Account of what I suffer for thy sake. If thou pity'st me, I am thine; if not, take thy own Course, and set up for a rich Widow, while I end my Days in Sorrow to satisfie thy Cruelty, and my own Fancy.

Yours till Death,

The Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance.

By all the Sins that ever I committed, quo *Sancho*, let me die if ever I read such a matchless Piece in all the *Mysteries of Love and Eloquence*, *Academies of Complements*, or *Cupid's Cabinets* that ever came forth. By the Maiden-head o' my Sister, I believe you are able to say or write what you please your self. For certainly never human Wit brought in so neatly by Head and Shoulders, *yours till death, the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance.* A Man of my Profession, reply'd *Don Quixote*, must understand all things. Pray, Sir, then quo *Sancho*, write the Bill of Exchange for the three Asses, and write your Subscription plain, that it may be known to be your hand. Which the frantick Champion did, and then read it in this Form.

Niece:

PRay pay, upon sight of this my first Bill, three Asses of the five, which I have at home, to Sancho *my trusty Squire, for the Value receiv'd of him here: And for your so doing, This, together with his Acquittance, shall be your Discharge. Given in the very Bowels of the Black Mountain, the* 26th. *of* August, *Anno* 6666.

'Tis very well, quo *Sancho*, there wants only your Subscription. There needs no Subscription, answer'd *Don Quixote*; yet I'le set my Mark, if thou wilt, and that's sufficient for three Asses. Well, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I rely upon your Worships Honesty, and so give me your Blessing, for I intend to be gone presently, without troubling my self to see any more of your *Fopdoodleries*; for I am so sure of your performance, that I dare swear to more then will serve your turn.

How-

However, cry'd *Don Quixote*, prethee ſtay and ſee me ſtark naked before thou go'ſt; for I would fain have thee ſee me dance a matter of twenty or thirty *new Borees A-la-mode du Bedlam*, that thou mayſt be able to ſwear with an unſpotted Conſcience; they'l be done in a trice; as for Example— Hold— hold— Sir, for the Love of God, let me not ſee ye naked for fear of turning my Stomach, which is very queaſie at this time. But if I muſt ſee any more of your Gambols, Sir, perform 'em i' your Clothes, and do what ye do briefly, and no more then what is abſolutely material; for the ſooner I go, the ſooner I ſhall return. And now gi' me leave to tell ye, I love ye ſo well, that if Madam *Dulcinea* does not ſatisfie my Expectations, I'le foot-ball her Guts till ſhe ſpew up Anſwers according to my mind. For 'tis not to be endur'd, that a Knight of your Quality ſhould ſuffer thus, without Rime or Reaſon, for ſuch a *Tinker's Trull* as ſhe— That's the beſt I can ſay, but I ſhall tell her a piece more o' my Mind, if I find her acting the *ſliperous Minx* i' my Company. Why, how now, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, I think thou art grown as mad as my ſelf. Not ſo mad neither, quo *Sancho*, but in a damn'd pelting Chafe, as I think I have reaſon: But let that paſs. And now I think on't, how will ye do for Victuals when I am gone? Here are no Monſieur *Lockets*, nor Monſieur *Choquee's* i' this Mountain: d' ye intend to rob the *Goat-herds* of their Bread and Cheeſe as *Cardenio* did?

Never let that trouble thy unmannerly Brain, quo *Don Quixote*, for tho I liv'd next door to the two *Blew Balls*, I would feed upon nothing but the Herbs of the Field; for the Curioſity of my Buſineſs lies in half ſtarving my ſelf, and ſuch like auſtere *Practices of Piety*. There is another thing too, quo *Sancho*, I am very much afraid of, and that is, That I ſhall never be able to find the way to this Place, 'tis ſuch a By-hole. Take good notice of it beforehand, quo *Don Quixote*; for I do not intend to budge from hence, till thy return; beſide that, I intend ſometimes to ſtand Sentinel upon the top of yonder Rock to obſerve thy coming. But 'tis good to be ſure; and therefore thy beſt way will be to cut down a good number of Boughs, and ſtrew 'em in the way, as thou rid'ſt along, which willbe like the old Clue in *Woodſtock* Bower, to guide thee to thy *Roſimand*, thy loving Maſter, again. A Serjeant's Fee well ſav'd, quo *Sancho*; and ſo receiving his Maſter's Bleſſing, after a Deluge of Tears ſhed on both ſides, he mounted *Roſinante*; at what time, Friend *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, I recommend to thy care the beſt Nag i' the World; prethee be as tender of him as the Apple of thy Eye. Never doubt it, quo *Sancho*, and ſo taking his leave once more, he ſet forward, cutting down and ſtrowing ſeveral Boughs as he rid, according to advice. But he was ſcarce out of ſight, when he return'd again the ſame way he came; and being ask'd by his Maſter, what he would have? Sir, ſaid he, I have conſider'd of your Counſel, and like it wondrous well; and therefore that I may ſwear with a ſafe Conſcience, I deſire to ſee ſome three or four more of your raving *Conundrums* before I go. Why did I not tell thee ſo, quo *Don Quixote*, and therefore ſtay but while a Man that's in haſte may mumble over his *Creed*, and I'le ſhew thee half a dozen; and with that, ſlipping off his Breeches naked to the waſte, he gave two Friſks i' the Air, and falling upon the Paums of his hands, fetch'd his heels over his head, like a Tumbler, four times one after another, diſcovering ſuch a Neſt of Deformity, that *Sancho* aſham'd to behold it, turn'd his Horſe's head, and rode away, fully ſatisfy'd that he might ſwear, without Forfeiture of his Ears, his Maſter was mad. And ſo we leave him a while to finiſh his Journey, till he return; which will not be long.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

A Continuation of the Amorous Pranks which the courtly Knight of the Mancha *plaid in the Black Mountain.*

THE Story saies, That as soon as the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance* saw himself alone, after he had accomplish'd all his frisking and tumbling Ceremonies, he ascended to the top of a high Rock, and there began to consider with himself what Resolution to take in a knotty Business, that very much perplex'd his Mind, whether he were best to imitate *Orlando* in his Fury, or *Amadis* in his Melancholly Extravagances. To which purpose, discoursing with himself, If that *Orlando*, said he, was so 'brave and valiant a Knight, as they say he was, I do not much wonder, in re-'gard he was inchanted, so that he could not be slain but by a Pin thrust 'through the bottom of his Foot, upon which he always wore Shoes that 'had sixteen Soles a piece; yet that all this stood him in no stead when he 'met with *Bernardo del Carpio*, who understanding his Inchantment, stifl'd 'him to death in his Arms in the Vale of the *Red Horse*. But setting aside 'his Valour, let us examine his madness; for that he was frantick, is beyond 'all dispute; and fell mad upon the News which the Shepherd brought him 'of the fair *Angelica*'s being debauch'd by *Medor* the *Moor*, with the *curled* '*Locks* and *Agramant*'s Page. Now if he were satisfy'd, that his Lady had 'pick'd up a Stone with her Ear, no wonder he should run mad. But how 'shall I be able exactly to imitate him in his Frenzy, not having the same 'Cause. For I dare take my Oath before all the Masters in *Chancery* i' the 'World, that *Dulcinea del Toboso* never saw the *Moor*, since her Mother first 'wip'd her Tail. So that I should do her a great Injury to turn stark sta-'ring mad like *Orlando*. On the other side, I find that *Amadis* got as much 'Reputation for being a Lover, as he, tho he never lost his Wits, and 'rav'd like a meer *Bedlam*, as he did. For which he had no other Reason, 'as the Story relates, but because the fair *Oriana* despis'd him, bidding him 'get out of her Chamber, and come when she sent for him. And this was 'the true and only Reason why he retir'd to the *Poor Rock* with the Her-'mite, where he snivell'd, and whin'd, and cry'd, and fill'd a whole Tun 'of *Heidelbergh* with his Tears; till Heav'n at length took pity of him, and 'sent him Relief in the height of his Affliction, and in the Severity of his 'Penance. Which being true, as I know it is, why should I trouble my self 'to tear the Clothes off my back, to quarrel with Trees, and dam up Foun-'tains that never did me any harm. Then long live the Memory of *Amadis*, 'let him be the Pattern for *Don Quixote* of the *Mancha* to imitate; and let 'it be said of him, as was said of the other, That if he did not perform 'such great Atchievements, yet his Heart was good; and tho *Dulcinea* did 'not bid him be gone, yet he went away of himself. Therefore turn out 'Boys, all Hands aloft, and may the noble Actions of *Amadis* inspire me to 'find out the true way to follow his Example. This said, he call'd to mind that *Amadis* spent most of his time in Prayer; to which purpose he made him a Rosary of Acorns, instead of Beads: But he was extremely troubl'd for want of a Hermite to hear his Confession, and give him Absolution. However, he divertis'd himself with walking up and down the Meadow, and writing his Contemplations sometimes i' the Dust, sometimes upon the Barks of Trees, all compos'd in Meeter, and accommodated to the sadness of

his Condition, only that the Praiſes of *Dulcinea* were interlarded in every one. And it was a thouſand pities we could find none that were legible and entire, but only theſe that follow.

The VERSES.

YE ſpreading Shades of lofty Trees,
So fair and lovely to the Sight;
And you more humble Plants, for Man
And Beaſt, both Paſture and Delight;
If my Complaints may Pity move,
Let your Attention my Complaints approve.

Alas!— I dye;
And there's good Reaſon too; for why?
I am in love up to the Ears;
Turn'd Fool, y' Faith, i' my old Years.
Hear then, O hear, a wretched Knight,
That moans and groans both Day and Night.
I pule and blubber, cry and whine,
And all for want of my Dulcin-
a del Toboſo.

Love burns me like a Glaſs-houſe Fire,
As if my Flames did all conſpire
To melt my Armour from my Back.
Yet lying thus upon the Rack,
Ask me the reaſon of my Woe,
The Devil take me, if I know.
Only I ſwagger, ſwear, and rave,
Then Bedlam-*like, ſhew all I have,*
And make a Noiſe, like any Swine,
For fear they ſteal away Dulcin-
a del Toboſo.

Knight-Errants formerly could find
Adventures fitted to their mind,
In every Buſh and hollow Tree:
The Devil a' one can I hear ſee.
But ſtead of Dragons and huge Snakes,
I meet with only Briers and Brakes.
I muſt confeſs, for ſome Variety,
That little Whipſter of a Deity,
He that, for Love, makes Men to burn,
Encounters me at every turn;
Which makes me bellow, bleat, and whine,
For fear they ſteal my dear Dulcin-
a del Toboſo.

This was the Employment of our Amorous *Knight* in this ſame mountainous Deſart; who forgot not alſo to call upon the Fawns and Silvans of thoſe Groves, the Nymphs of the Rivers, and the mournful *Echo*, with great Importunity imploring their Attention, Condolement, and Aſſiſtance. And when

when his Devotions were over, his Stomach would ſet him at work to pick Sallets for the ſupport of Nature. Which ſort of Horſe Diet, without Bread, or Oil and Vinegar, reduc'd him to ſuch a meager Condition, that had *Sancho* ſtaid three Weeks, as he tarry'd but three Days, his Mother that bore him, would never have known the Child of her own Womb.

Let us therefore leave our *Hero* to his Sobbs, and his Sighs, his Dumps and his Meditations, and ſee how *Sancho* behav'd himſelf in his Embaſſy. Who getting clear of the Mountain, took the direct Road to *Toboſo*, and the next day about noon arriv'd near the Inn where he had been toſs'd i' the Blanket. He no ſooner deſcry'd it, but a ſudden ſhivering ſeiz'd his Bones, and he fancy'd himſelf to be again at Leap-frog i' the Air; ſo that he had a good mind to have rode farther before he drew bit, tho it were Dinner-time, and the poor Squire had eat'n nothing of a long time. But neceſſity conſtraining, he advanc'd to the Inn-Gate, where, while he ſate muſing whether he ſhould enter or no, two men came forth, and believing they knew him, cry'd one to t'other, Is not that *Sancho Pancha*, whom the Governeſs told us the *Knight* had inveigl'd along with him to be his Squire? 'Tis the ſame, anſwer'd the Curate; and more then that, he rides *Don Quixote*'s Horſe. Theſe two happen'd to be the Curate and the Barber, that upon a ſevere Examination, had paſs'd that dreadful Sentence upon the Books. Thereupon being confirm'd they were i' the right, they call'd him by his Name, and ask'd him where he had left *Don Quixote*? *Sancho*, who knew 'em full well, being loath to diſcover his Maſter's Condition; Gentlemen, ſaid he, my Maſter is very deeply engag'd in a Buſineſs of great Importance, which I dare not diſcover for my life. No, no, Friend *Sancho*, reply'd the Barber, we muſt not part wi' ye ſo, unleſs you tell us where you have left your Maſter; otherwiſe we ſhall believe you have murder'd him, and robb'd him of his Horſe. In ſhort, either tell us where your Maſter is, or reſolve to go to *Newgate*. Gentlemen, Gentlemen, reply'd *Sancho*, there's no need of ſo many Threats, I am no Murderer, nor Robber, but a Chriſtian, that leaves every one to fall by his own Deſtiny, or by the Hands of God that made him. As for my Maſter, he is doing the moſt pleaſant Penance i' the World at the foot of yonder Mountain; and ſo ſaying, he told 'em the whole Story from the beginning to the end; and how he was going with a Letter to Madam *Dulcinea* of *Toboſo*, alias *Nan Hogg*, with whom his Maſter was moſt deſperately fall'n in love. Thereupon the Curate and the Barber deſir'd to ſee the Letter: To whom *Sancho* made Anſwer, That it was written in a Table-book, but that his Maſter had order'd him to get it tranſcrib'd upon Guilt-paper, at the next Village he came at. Whereupon the Curate promiſing to write it out in a fair Character, *Sancho* put his hand in his Pocket to give the Curate the Table-book, but found he had either left it behind him, or elſe that *Don Quixote* had forgot to give it him. This fatal Accident put *Sancho* into a cold Sweat, and made him look as pale, as if he had been newly pump'd in an Inns-a'-Court. He turn'd his Pockets th' inſide outward, ſearch'd all his Clothes, but ſeeing there was no hopes, he rent his Beard from his Chin; and to puniſh his forgetful Scull, be-fiſted his Blubber-Cheeks, till the Blood ſpun from his Noſe. The Curate and the Barber beholding him in ſuch a Paſſion, yet laughing i' their Sleeves, ask'd him, Why he ſo ſeverely chaſtiz'd himſelf? Alas! reply'd *Sancho*, I ha' loſt at one time no leſs then three Aſſes, of which the leaſt was as big as a Caſtle. How ſo, quo the Barber? Why I have loſt the Table-book, reply'd *Sancho*, wherein was written the Letter to Madam *Dulcinea*, and a Bill of Exchange, ſign'd with my Maſter's own Hand, for three Aſſes of

five he has at home; telling 'em withal, how unfortunately he had loſt his own. But the Curate cheer'd him up, aſſuring him, that he would give him another Bill in Paper, more authentick then that which was written in the Table-book, which was not in due form. Nay then, quo *Sancho*, I care not a Straw for the loſs of *Dulcinea*'s Letter, for I can ſay it almoſt by heart, and the Curate might tranſcribe it when he pleas'd. Let's hear it then, quo the Barber. Thereupon *Sancho* beginning to ſtudy for the Words, fell a ſcratching his Noddle, ſtood firſt upon one Foot, then upon another, gap'd upon the Skies, skowl'd upon the Ground; laid one Hand upon his Eyes, and bit his Nails of the other: But at length deſpairing to recover what he ſcratch'd for, I'le be hang'd, quo he, if the Devil han't a Hand i' this Plot; for o' my Soul, Mr. Curate, I can remember nothing of this confounded Letter, but only that there was at the beginning, *High* and *Subterrane Lady*. *Soveraign Lady*, you would ſay, quo the Barber, not *Subterrane*. Ay, Ay, y' are i' the right, Mr. Barber, quo *Sancho*; but ſtay, I think there was this too that follow'd; *He that lies awake for want of Sleep, and wounded by your Abſcence, kiſſes your Ladiſhip's Hands, moſt ungrateful and diſdainful fair One.* Something alſo he mention'd concerning *Health and Sickneſs, which he wiſh'd her*; and thus rambling on a good while, he concluded with, *Yours till Death,*

The Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance.

Sancho's excellent Memory made the Curate and the Barber very good Sport, inſomuch that they deſir'd him to repeat it over three or four times, which he did very freely; but ſtill every time he made ſome Addition or Alteration, which was extremely pleaſant. Then he told 'em, that if he return'd with a kind Anſwer from Madam *Dulcinea*, that his Maſter was reſolv'd to proſecute his Travels, and make himſelf an Emperor, or ſome Potent Monarch at leaſt; which it was eaſie for his Maſter to do, conſidering his Stength and Courage. Which being done, his Maſter would marry him to one of the Empreſſes Maids of Honour, Heireſs to a large Earldom upon the Continent, for that he was weary of Iſlands. All which being ſpok'n by *Sancho* ſo feelingly, and ſo ſeriouſly, ever and anon rubbing his Noſe, and ſtroking his Beard, to ſignifie the Aſſurance of his Hopes, did not a little amuſe both the Curate and Barber, till they conſider'd the prevalent Influences of pleaſing Dreams upon Fancies eaſie to be deluded. However, they thought it not worth their while to rectifie his Judgment, ſeeing it was a harmleſs Inchantment of the Senſes, that tended to nothing of miſchievous Deſign. And therefore they exhorted him to pray for the long Life and Health of his Maſter, in regard it was no improbable thing, but that in time by his Proweſs he might either become an Emperor, or by his Prudence, an Arch-biſhop.

How! an Arch-biſhop, quo *Sancho*! Pray, Gentlemen, what Rewards do Arch-biſhop-Errants beſtow upon their Squires? Why, it may be ſome good Benefice or Chaplain ſhip; or elſe they make 'em their Clerks or Sextons, or elſe their Vergers, which brings 'em in a good Revenue; beſides the Honour of wearing a Scarf, tho they be no Doctors by their Degrees. Oh, but then, beſides that the Squire muſt not be marry'd, he muſt be a Man of Learning, and be able to preach ſometimes, or at leaſt, to make your Syllogiſms againſt men that write againſt his Maſter. But for me that am marry'd, and can hardly read my Horn-book, what will become of me, if my Maſter ſhould take a fancy to be an *Arch-biſhop*? Set thy Heart at reſt, Friend *Sancho*, quo the Barber, we'l talk to him about it, and

the

the Curate shall enjoyn him under the Penalty of Damnation, rather to be an Emperor then an Arch-bishop: Which will be much better for him, in regard he is more valiant then learned. I am of your Opinion, quo *Sancho*, tho for my part, I believe he is as well fitted for the one as the other. However, the Burthen of my Prayers shall be, to pray to God to grant him what shall be most proper for him, and what may best enable him to gratifie his Squire. You speak like a wise Man, and a good Christian, quo the Curate. But that which we have to do at present, is only to retrieve thy Master from that unprofitable Penance he has undertak'n; and therefore let's first go to Dinner, and take a little time for Consideration. Gentlemen, quo *Sancho*, you may dine at leisure, but I am in haste, and therefore pray send me out a little Victuals to eat o' Horse-back; for I have a particular Reason why I cannot alight, which I'le tell ye another time. Soon after the Barber brought him his Dinner, and returning to the Curate, after they had consulted together, quo the *Curate* to the *Barber*, I have thought of an Expedient, which is this: I will disguise my self in the Habit of a *Lady-Errant*, and you shall equip your self after such a manner, that you may follow me as my Squire. In this posture will I go to *Don Quixote*, and feigning my self to be a distressed Lady, that wants his Assistance, beg a Boon of him, which I am sure he will not deny me, as a *Knight-Errant*. By this means will I engage him to revenge an Injury done me by a certain Felon, and Traitor of a pretended Brother of the Order; beseeching him at the same time, not to desire to see my Face, till he had done me Justice upon the Miscreant Violator of my Honour. This Bait will take, my life for your's; he'l look upon it as a Message from Heav'n: and by this means we'll bring him back to his own House, where we'l endeavour to cure him of his Extravagancy.

CHAP. XIII.

How the Curate and the Barber accomplish'd their Design; with many other Occurrences of great Importance.

THE Barber being highly pleas'd with the Curate's Project, they resolv'd to put it forthwith in Execution. To which purpose the Curate borrow'd a compleat Woman's-Apparel of the Hostess, leaving a new Silk Cassock in Pawn; and the Barber made him a Beard of a Py'd-Oxe's Tail, half *Danish*, half grizl'd, with which the Inn-keeper was wont to clean his Combs. The Hostess being curious to know what they intended to do with those *Gingombobs*, the Curate was forc'd to tell 'em the Story of *Don Quixote*'s Extravagances, and the whole Drift of their Design. Upon which, the Inn-keeper told 'em the whole Story of the Balsom, and of *Sancho*'s being toss'd in a Blanket; and the Hostess willing to forward their good Intention, dress'd up the Curate as fine as a Farmer's Daughter, going to meet her Sweet-heart at a Country-Fair; only with so much of a Gentlewoman, as to wear a Vizor-mask to hide his Face and his Beard. Being thus fitted with proper Accoutrements, up got the Curate upon his Side-saddle, and the Barber mounted his Mule, taking their leave of the Hostess and *Maritornes*, who, as great a Sinner as she was, vow'd to tell over her Rosary no less then twenty times, for their good Success.

But

But they had not rode above fifty Paces, when the Curate began to be troubl'd in Conſcience; and what d'ye think was the Scruple? Why, he was afraid, that the Woman's Habit would ha' raviſh'd him. A Parſon, quo he to the Barber, may Gentleman-uſher a young Lady i' the Streets, which is as bad a Sight too, but he muſt not wear her Apparel. And therefore good Neighbour, added he, prethee let us change Sexes, thou ſhalt be the Lady, and I'le be the Squire: Content, content, quo the Barber, I'le wear the Habit of a *Mahometan*, for a Jeſt's ſake—

Now while the Barber was dreſſing himſelf and managing his Pins, the Curate would have pretended to inſtruct him how to demean himſelf. Prethee, Mr. Curate, quo the Barber, a Barber is next a-kin to a *Tire-woman*, and therefore let me alone to act a Lady, that have acted with ſome Ladies i' my time, when I was a young Smooth-chin'd Fellow.

Thus the Hoſteſſe's Sunday-Gown and Head-gear being chang'd for the Motley-Beard, they ſpurr'd on, while *Sancho*, who had o're-tak'n 'em by this time, entertain'd 'em upon the Road with a Relation of *Don Quixote*'s antick Behaviour, without mentioning a Word of the Money, or the Portmantle. For as much a Fool as he was, he knew o' which ſide his Bread was butter'd.

The next day arriving where *Sancho* had ſtrew'd the Boughs for his Land-mark, they made a ſtop; and there, upon mature Deliberation, they order'd *Sancho* not to take the leaſt Notice who they were; but when *Don Quixote* enquir'd for *Dulcinea*'s Anſwer, that he ſhould tell his Maſter that ſhe had ſent it by Word of Mouth, in regard ſhe could neither write nor read; which was, That upon Pain of her high Diſpleaſure, he ſhould, without delay, repair to her Preſence, for that ſhe had a longing Deſire to ſee and embrace him. To which they added, That there was no way but this to recover his Wits, that he might proſecute his Deſign of making himſelf an Emperor, aſſuring him they would take ſuch Order, that he ſhould never ſo much as dream of an *Arch-biſhoprick*.

Sancho thus inſtructed and order'd to bring back Tidings of what he had done, rode on to ſeek out his Maſter, leaving the Curate and the Barber by the ſide of a Brook, where the Shade and Verdure of a pleaſant Grove ſhelter'd 'em from the Heat of the Sun, which ſhone very hot at that time, being about the middle of *Auguſt*.

While they repos'd themſelves under that delightful Canopy, expecting *Sancho*'s return, they heard a Voice, which without the help of any Inſtrument, ſeem'd to raviſh their Ears. And their Admiration was ſo much the greater, to hear ſuch Charms of artful Melody in ſo wild and deſart a Solitude: Beſides that, the Words themſelves ſavour'd ſomething of rural Compoſition; being the ſame that are here inſerted.

WHat Female Plague is this that haunts my Brain?
Severe Diſdain.
What's that which will not let my Soul be free?
'Tis Jealouſie.
But what does my Impatience thus provoke?
Long Abſence from a Smock.
Then farewel Froſt— what can become of me?
When Two bauk'd Hercules, *and here are Three.*
O pity, pity thus a Lover ſlain
By Abſence, Jealouſie, and proud Diſdain.

What

What makes me trifle thus away my Youth?
Fortune, forsooth.
Who fir'd my Breast, and does the Flames improve?
Half Lust, half Love.
And who refuses my Complaints to hear?
That's Heav'n I fear.
Then bad proves worse, and I am lost again,
When Fortune, Love and Heav'n conspire my Pain:
For well we know, at Foot-ball Three are Odds,
But here are Six— Where are ye, O ye Gods?

Now what's the Cure? the same that cur'd Mackbeth.
Oh Heav'ns! that's Death.
Is there no other way, if Death should falter?
Oh yes, a Halter!
But then I fear that Men will call me Fool;
Most sure they wooll.
How! die or hang, and be call'd Fool to boot!
As long as I can live, I'le never do't.
Then Fortune hang, hang Jealousie, Disdain,
And Love— I'le live, and never love again.

The Time, the Hour, the Solitariness of the Place, the Voice and Skill, with which the unseen Person sang, so charm'd the Ears of the Hearers, that they determin'd to find out the Musician, and proffer him their Service; but hearing the same Voice begin another Ayr, they were easily induc'd to stop, and list'n to the following Words.

I *Never consider'd that* Love *was a Cheat,*
When first I began to woe;
But now I confess I find it, too late,
That Pleasure and Int'rest govern below.

Men court not the Virgin, but meerly the Action,
And all to procure a Self-satisfaction;
And now too, the Virgins are all grown so wary,
That only for Riches and Honour they'l marry.

Such a Fool was I once to woe, and to court,
And thought my self sure of my Mistress's Heart;
But when the Duke's Son *came once to appear,*
Away was I sent with a Flea i' my Ear.

The Poets therefore were a Number of Owls,
To make such a stir with a Baby-fac'd Chit;
Employing Priapus *to scare the wild Fowls,*
That rules both our Love, our Reason and Wit.

Priapus *the Father of all the* Graces,
He's th' only Beginning and End of our woing;
Your Oaths, and Protests, and alluring Grimaces,
They all do but end in kissing and doing.

And then for the Maid, 'tis th' Eſtate ſhe would have,
The Coach and Six Horſes her Love do encourage;
But alas! for if either do either deceive,
Love preſently cools like a Meſs of Beef-Porridge.

There's nothing but Vertue the Object of Love,
Nor Beauty, nor Colour, Love minds i' the leaſt,
They'r are only the Idols of Pleaſure, by Jove,
Where th' Altar's Deſire, Priapus *High Prieſt.*

Ah! had I conſider'd theſe things before,
I had never run mad in Sierra Morena;
Then Fondneſs and Kindneſs go both to Gehenna,
For as a true Lover I'le never court more.

This Sonnet concluded with a deep Sigh, and Throbs ſo loud and vehement, that the *Curate* and *Barber*, touch'd with Compaſſion and Curioſity, reſolv'd to find out who this diſtreſſed Songſter was. Nor was it long before they diſcover'd at the foot of a Rock, a Man whoſe Shape and Aſpect anſwer'd directly to the Deſcription which *Sancho* had giv'n of *Cardenio*, who ſpying them two, ſtop'd ſhort, and ſtood with his Chin upon his Breaſt, like one in a profound Study, never ſo much as lifting up his Eyes to mind what they did. The Curate, who was a very charitable Perſon, went toward him, and in moſt obliging Language earneſtly beſought him, to abandon ſuch a deſert Solitude, and a Courſe of life ſo forlorn and miſerable, which endanger'd his Salvation, that was to be priz'd above all things in this World.

Cardenio was then free from his raving Fits; yet ſeeing two Perſons in a quite different Habit then what was wont to appear in thoſe Deſarts, was not a little ſurpriz'd at firſt; but then perceiving that they ſpoke as if they underſtood ſomething of his Concerns; Gentlemen, ſaid he, whoe're ye be, I find Heav'n compaſſionating my Misfortunes, has brought ye to theſe unfrequented Wilderneſſes to retrieve me from this affrightful Retirement, and recover me to the Society of Men. But becauſe you know not ſo well as my ſelf, that the end of one Miſery will be but the beginning of another; conſidering my Condition, you may probably take me for ſome unfortunate Creature that has loſt his Reaſon and Senſes: And indeed you have ſufficient Cauſe to think ſo. For I find by my ſelf, that the Remembrance of my misfortunes frequently diſtracts me to that degree, that I unman my ſelf for the time, and commit thoſe Extravagances, which are only the Effects of irrational Rage and Frenzy. For which, when I happ'n to be rebuk'd and blam'd, I can alledge no other Excuſe, but only the Cauſe of my Misfortune that occaſion'd thoſe irregular Actions, and then I tell the Story of my hard Fate, to all that have the Patience to hear it. And therefore, Gentlemen, if you come here with that Intention, I deſire ye, before ye go about to perſwade me to alter my Courſe of life, to hear the Relation of my woful Calamities; and then you will ſee, whether after ſo many Sufferings, and ſo little Conſolation among men, I have not Reaſon ſufficient to exile my ſelf from human Converſe. Thereupon the Curate and the Barber, who deſir'd nothing more then to hear the Story from his own Mouth, with great Importunity requeſted the Favour of him to gratifie their Curioſity, aſſuring him, That they had no Deſign, but thereby to find what Remedies might be moſt ſutable to his Condition.

Cardenio

Cardenio then began, and went on with the first part of his Story, as has been already related, so far as till *Don Quixote*, out of his Niceness to observe the *Decorum* of *Chivalry*, gave an Interruption to the Relation, by quarrelling about *Tom Thumb*, and the Queen of *Trumps*. But *Cardenio* being now at leisure to finish his Story, and coming to that Passage concerning the *Billet-doux* sent him by *Lucinda*, and which *Ferdinand* found to be transcrib'd out of *Amadis de Gaul*, he told 'em, that as far as he could remember, the Contents of it were these.

Lucinda *to* Cardenio

I Discover in ye every day new Occasions to value and esteem your Worth. If you will therefore have me discharge this Debt, without serving an Execution upon my Honour, you may do it. I have a Father that knows you, who, without putting any Constraint upon my Will, is ready to condescend to whatever shall be just and honourable. So that now it remains with you to shew that you love me as you pretend, and I believe.

This Letter it was that embolden'd me to demand *Lucinda* of her Father in Marriage, and made *Don Ferdinand* have so good an Opinion of her Wit and Discretion, and put him upon a Design to destroy me, before I could bring my own Desires to pass. I told *D. Ferdinand* the Scope of the Answer, which *Lucinda*'s Father had giv'n me, That it was for my own Father to propose the business first; which I durst not reveal to my Father, for fear he should put a stop to my Proceedings. Not that he was ignorant of the Quality, Beauty, and Vertue of *Lucinda*, which were sufficient to entitle her an Ornament to the noblest House in *Spain*; but because he was unwilling to marry me, till he saw what the Duke would do for me. To remove this Obstacle, *D. Ferdinand* proffer'd to speak to my Father, and oblige him to treat with *Lucinda*'s. And now who would have thought that *D. Ferdinand*, whose Quality and Merit render'd him capable to court the greatest Ladies in the Kingdom, and who pretended so much Kindness and Friendship for me, should lay such a treacherous Design to deprive me of all the Happiness of my life? But so it was; for *D. Ferdinand* finding my Presence obstructed his Project, the same day that he undertook to speak to my Father, made an absolute Bargain for six Horses, and presently desir'd me to ride away to his Brother for Money to pay for 'em. He could no sooner ask, but have of me; so little did I suspect his Treachery, believing him to be a Man of Honour. So that Night I went to take my leave of *Lucinda*, and to tell her what *D. Ferdinand* had promis'd to do. She bid me make haste back again, not doubting but the Business would be done, so soon as the two old Men had parly'd together. But whatever *Lucinda* had in her mind at that time, I am sure I could see nothing but Tears in her Eyes; which put me into a great Confusion, not being able to conjecture the Reason of her Discontent, which I could only attribute to the tenderness of her Affection, and unwillingness to part with me.

In short, away I went full of Fears, and jealous Imaginations, for which I conld give no reason i' the Earth. I deliver'd *D. Ferdinand*'s Letter to his Brother, who receiv'd me with all the Kindness imaginable, but did not so soon dispatch me. For, to my great Grief, he enjoyn'd me to tarry eight days, and to keep my self private, for fear of being seen by the Duke, for that his Brother had sent for Money unknown to his Father. But this was only a trick of *D. Ferdinand*'s to delay my Return; for his Brother

never wanted Money, and might have presently dispatch'd me, had he so pleas'd.

Thereupon I was about to have return'd without the Money, rather then obey an Injunction so intollerable; not able to endure such a tedious Absence from *Lucinda*, considering in what a Condition I had left her. But the fear of disobliging my Father, and doing an Action which I could not rationally justifie, prevail'd over my Impatience. Some four days after my Arrival, a Messenger brought me a Letter, which I found came from *Lucinda*; I open'd it with an aking Heart, surpriz'd that it should be sent by a man o' purpose. However, before I read it, I ask'd the Messenger, Who gave it him, and how long he had been upon the Road? He answer'd me, That passing by accidentally i' the Street, a very fair Lady, with Tears in her Eyes, call'd me to the Window, and in very great haste; If you be a Christian, said she, as you seem to be, for the Love of God, take this Letter, and carry it, without delay, according to the Direction, but deliver it into the Gentleman's own Hand; and having so said, she threw me a Handkerchief, wherein I found five Guinies, a Jewel, and a Letter; and then having made her a Promise of my Fidelity, she shut the Window.

All the while the Fellow spoke, a thousand Fears, and ominous Jealousies assail'd me, quaking and shiv'ring, like a man fac'd by a Fiend at Midnight; but at last recollecting my self, I read the Letter, of which these were the Contents.

DON Ferdinand *has been as good as his word, for he has spok'n to your Father; but as the Proverb saies,* one word for you, and two for himself. *He has demanded me in Marriage, and my Father blinded by the Advantages, which he expects from such an Alliance, has so far consented, that two days hence the Marriage is to be consummated; and that so privately, that only Heav'n and some of the Family are to be Witnesses. Judge you how much I am concern'd for your sake; and therefore hast'n your Return with all speed: The Issue of this Business shall shew how much I am Your's.*

I had no sooner read the Letter, but away I flew, without taking leave. For then it was that I discover'd *D. Ferdinand*'s Treachery, and that he had sent me of his Errand, only to take the Advantage of my Absence. Anger, Love, and Impatience furnish'd me with Wings; so that I got home betimes; and that Evening I found *Lucinda* at the Window, but I did not meet with that Reception which I expected. *Cardenio*, said she, my Wedding-clothes are on, and they expect me in the Hall to complete the Ceremony. Yet know, my Father, the Traitor *Ferdinand*, and the rest, may be Witnesses of my Death, but never of my Nuptials. Ne're trouble thy self, my dear *Cardenio*! for if Intreaties and Words will not prevail, this Dagger shall do me Justice; and the Period of my life shall be an undeniable Proof of thy Love and my Fidelity; and I would have thee, if thou canst, be present to behold the Sacrifice. Let thy Deeds, *Lucinda*, cry'd I, make good thy Words: For if thou carry'st a Dagger to preserve the Truth of thy Vows and Protestations, I wear a Sword, which if it be not able to defend us, I will turn it upon my own Breast, rather then out-live my Shame. I cannot tell whether *Lucinda* heard me, for she was call'd away in great haste; at what time such was my Confusion, that my Eyes, and my Senses fail'd me both at one time. But at length recovering my self, and considering the Promise I had made, and withal, how useful I might be to her at such a time of need; I got into the House, being then all in a hurry, un-

undiſcover'd by any body, and plac'd my ſelf behind the Hangings in the Hall, where two pieces of Tapeſtry joyn'd, and gave me liberty to ſee, yet not be ſeen.

Ferdinand enter'd the Hall in his uſual Habit, with only a Couſin-German of *Lucinda*'s, the reſt were the People of the Houſe. Soon after appear'd *Lucinda* her ſelf, accompany'd by her Mother, and attended by two of her Maid-Servants, in a Dreſs befitting her Quality, and anſwerable to the Solemnity of the Ceremony; but notwithſtanding all her Pomp, her Pearls and Jewels were all eclips'd by the Luſtre of her Beauty.

And now all Parties being met, the curſed Prieſt enter'd, and taking the two betroth'd Perſons by the Hands, he ask'd *Lucinda*, Whether ſhe were willing to take *D. Ferdinand* for her wedded Husband? With that I thruſt out my Head from between the two Tapeſtries, and liſten'd attentively to hear *Lucinda*'s Anſwer; which I look'd upon as the Sentence of my Life or Death. Wretch that I was! Who hinder'd me then from ſhewing my ſelf, and putting *Lucinda* in mind of her Promiſe? Who prevented me from laying before her what ſhe ow'd me, and letting her ſee how ſhe ruin'd me by her Silence? Who hinder'd me from taking my full Revenge upon *D. Ferdinand*, the Troubler of my Life's Tranquility, when my Honour and my Love lay at Stake?

All this while the Prieſt tarry'd for *Lucinda*'s Anſwer, who was a long time before ſhe gave it: And I expected when ſhe would make uſe of her Dagger, to diſengage her ſelf from the Labyrinth ſhe was in, or plead her former Vows and Proteſtations, and plighted Troth to my Advantage. But woe is me! at length with a faint and low Voice I heard her pronounce the fatal *Yes*; and then *Ferdinand* ſaying the ſame, gave her the Ring by which the indiſſoluble Knot was ty'd. Which done, the Villain Bridegroom ſtepp'd forward to embrace his Bride, who laying her Hand upon her Heart, ſwooned away in her Mother's Arms.

You may eaſily conjecture the Confuſion I was in, ſeeing the Falſhood of *Lucinda*'s Promiſes, all my Hopes fruſtrated, and my ſelf, with the ſaying of one Word, depriv'd of the ſole Happineſs and Treaſure of my Life. I look'd upon my ſelf to be the Object of Heaven's Wrath, that had abandon'd me to the Cruelty of my Deſtiny; the Abomination of the Earth that gave me Being, while the Air deny'd me Breath ſufficient for my Sighs, and the Water Moiſture to ſupply my Eyes.

Lucinda's Swooning troubl'd the whole Company, and her Mother having unlac'd her to give her Air, found in her Boſom a Paper ſeal'd up; which, when *Ferdinand* had open'd and read, he ſate down in a Chair with all the Signs of Melancholy and Diſcontent, as if he had forgot the Diſaſter of his new marry'd Bride. For my own part, I was reſolv'd at firſt, to have ſatisfy'd my Reſentment in puniſhing the Perfidiouſneſs of that Traitor *Ferdinand*, which I might eaſily have done, conſidering the Diſorder and Confuſion i'the Houſe at that time. But Heav'n that reſerves me perhaps for greater Misfortunes, allow'd me the uſe of that ſmall Remainder of my Senſes, which afterwards quite forſook me; ſo that I left the Houſe quietly and peaceably, reſolving to inflict the Puniſhments due to *them* upon my ſelf, for truſting to the Faith of Mankind.

The very ſame time I left the Town, and as I rode along under the Protection of Night and Silence, I vented my Paſſion in Execrations againſt the falſe and treacherous *Ferdinand*, and in no leſs loud Complaints of ingrateful and perjur'd *Lucinda*'s Cruelty.

The next Morning I found my ſelf at the foot of theſe Mountains, where I wander'd for three Days together, without obſerving any Road, till at laſt meeting with certain Shepherds in the adjoyning Meadows, I enquir'd the way to the moſt deſart and ſolitary part of the Mountain. When I came to the foot of theſe Rocks, my Mule, quite tir'd and famiſh'd, fell down dead; and I my ſelf was ſo weak, and caſt down, that I could hardly ſtand upon my Feet. This I remember, that finding my ſelf in that languiſhing Condition, I threw my ſelf upon the Graſs, where I lay ſtretch'd forth like a Corps; but when I roſe again, I could not perceive I had any Appetite to eat; by which I conjecture, that the Shepherds had giv'n me ſome ſort of Suſtenance, tho I were not ſenſible of their Relief: And they told me afterwards, in what a miſerable Condition they found me, raving and tearing, that they thought me quite out o' my Wits. And indeed, to tell ye the truth, I have not found my ſelf perfectly in my Senſes never ſince; while my diſtracted Thoughts have hurry'd me to commit a Thouſand Extravagances; tearing my Clothes, filling the Air with loud Curſes, Lamentations, and Repetitions of *Lucinda*'s Name, with no other Deſign then to expire in the pronouncing it; and when I came to my ſelf, I found my ſelf weary and tir'd, as if I had rid a hard trotting Horſe for fifty Miles together. My Manſion-houſe is generally a hollow Cork-tree, where the Shepherds and Goat-herds leave me their Charity for the Support of my Life; for Nature is ſtill in her Wits, tho *Cardenio* be mad. Sometimes theſe honeſt People meet me in my lucid Intervals, and check me for robbing 'em of their Proviſion, and abuſing their Servants, eſpecially being ſo liberal of their own accords: Which was a great Affliction to me, and then I promis'd amendment for the future, tho my wild Humour would not ſuffer me many time to be ſo good as my word.

Thus Gentlemen, do I lead a miſerable life, expecting when Heaven will either put a Period to my days, or raze out of my Remembrance the Beauty and Ingratitude of *Lucinda*, and *Ferdinand*'s Perfidiouſneſs. In the mean time, I beg of Heav'n to look upon me with an Eye of Compaſſion, ſince I cannot believe ſuch a Courſe of life as this, can be any way pleaſing to God; tho I am not able to reſolve any thing of my ſelf, under the Load of theſe Misfortunes that overwhelm me, and ſurmount the Strength of my Reaſon.

Here *Cardenio* having made an end of his doleful Story, and ſuch a frank Confeſſion, that the Curate was about to have giv'n him Abſolution; when of a ſudden they heard the mournful Accents of another ſad Complaint, which prickt up their Ears to new Attention; of which you ſhall have a true account in the Fourth Book. For *Cid-Hamet-Benengeli* will not admit the Third Part to reach any farther.

THE

Don Quixot's Inchantment, page 243.

Don Quixot Inchantment Page 243.

Don Quixot Arrested, and carried home in a Cage. page 255. 261.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

Of the most Ingenious KNIGHT,

Don Quixote

DE LA

MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

Of the new and pleasant Adventure which befell the Curate and the Barber in the Black Mountain.

MOst fortunate were those Times, and happy was the Womb that brought into the World the bold and valiant *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whose steady Resolution to restore to the World the almost lost, and, as it were, deceased Order of *Knight-Errantry*, gives us a blessed Opportunity in this our Age, quite bankrupt of Pastime for the mind, to enjoy not only the Pleasure of his delightful Story, but also other Comical Novels and Tales. We told ye, that the Curate intending a Chapter of Consolation to *Cardenio*, was prevented by a Voice that loudly breath'd forth the doleful Moans of a troubl'd Mind, in these Words. 'Heav'ns! 'is it possible, that I have at length found out a lurking Hole, wherein to 'conceal my self from the Eyes of all Mankind, and where to bury this ponderous Load of Flesh and Garbage; a Burthen too heavy for my oppressed 'Soul? How happy am I to find in these mountainous Solitudes that Repose 'and Tranquility, which is not to be found among Men; and where I may 'have Liberty to tell Heav'n a piece o' my mind, and condole the Misfortunes with which I am unjustly over-whelm'd. Compassionate Heav'n, 'hear my Complaints! 'tis to you that I address my self; for Men are Fools 'and Knaves, and you alone can give me Consolation, and tell me in plain '*English* what I have to do. Thereupon the Curate and his Company, curious to know what Son of Tribulation it was that utter'd these doleful Lamentations, follow'd their Noses, where their Ears directed 'em. Nor had

had they gon above twenty Paces, before they ſpy'd a young Lad to all outward Appearance, ſitting at the foot of a Rock, under an Aſh-tree. He was clad in a Countrey-habit, but his Face they could not ſee, being bow'd almoſt upon his Knees, as he ſate waſhing his Feet in a clear and purling Stream that glided gently by. They approach'd him ſo ſoftly, that he never perceiv'd 'em; ſo that they had the leiſure to ſurvey a pair of Thighs ſo plump, ſo white, ſo well-ſhap'd, that nothing could appear more beautiful. A Spectacle that ſtrangely ſurpriz'd 'em in a perſon, whoſe Clothes diſcover'd him to be no other then ſome Gardiner, or Farmer's Son. Bleſs us, quo they! ſuch Thighs, ſuch Legs, and Alablaſter-Feet as thoſe, were never made to follow Plough-tails, or tread Gard'n-plats. Thereupon the Curate, who began to ſmell a Rat, beckon'd to the reſt of the Company to go and hide themſelves behind the Rock: Which they did, and from thence making a ſtricter Obſervation, they found the young Stripling had on a Ruſſet Coat of coarſe *Kentiſh* Cloth, ty'd about his Waſte with a kind of a long Linen Neckcloth, inſtead of a Scarf, and a pair of Breeches of the ſame, together with a Sailor's Thrum-Cap button'd up o' one ſide, and lin'd underneath with green Taffaty: all Sunday's Apparrel, before-*George*. After he had waſh'd his Lilly-white Toes, he wip'd 'em with a Napkin which he pull'd out of his Codpiece. But then looking up, What d' ye think they diſcover'd? No parts of Diſtinction, I beg your Favour for that, but ſuch a matchleſs Face, that *Cardenio* cry'd out, This is either *Lucinda*, or an Angel from Heaven. By and by the young Lad taking off his Cap, and ſhaking his Head, ſuch a lovely Quantity of diſhevel'd *Venus*-hair cover'd all his Shoulders, and thence fell down to his Feet, ſo thick and Sunbeam like, that it was apparent they had miſtak'n a *Corydon* for an *Amarrillis*, a young Lad for a young Damſel, and one of the fair'ſt that ever Eyes beheld, except it were *Lucinda*, for that *Cardenio* would by no means allow. Inſtead of a Comb to diſintangle her Hair, ſhe made uſe of her Fingers, which by conſequence were very ſmall. That Accident made another Diſcovery of her Arms and Hands, ſurpaſſing in whiteneſs all the Ermins, or Snow that ever fell from the Sky. Which aſtoniſhing Beauties ſo raviſh'd their Admiration, and encreas'd their Curioſity, that they reſolv'd to accoſt her, and ſee who ſhe was. The young Lady hearing a Noiſe, peep'd through her Hair, as through a Window, and ſeeing three Men coming toward her, only ſtay'd to take up a little Bundle which ſhe had, and betook her ſelf to her Heels with all the ſpeed ſhe could. But her bare tender Feet not being able to endure the rudeneſs of the Stones, down ſhe fell, poor Soul— ſo that the Curate eaſily over-taking her— Lady, ſaid he, whoever you are, fear nothing; here are none but ſuch as would be glad to ſerve you to the utmoſt of their Power. But then perceiving her ſtill to ſtand as if ſhe had met her Grandfather's Ghoſt; Your diſhevell'd Hair, Madam, quo the Curate, has diſcover'd what your Diſguiſe conceal'd from us: Which, however, did but render us the more compaſſionate of your Misfortunes, or make us the more ready to aſſiſt ye; therefore Madam diſpel your needleſs Fears, and tell us how our Service may be moſt to your Advantage. I know better then to think it was a ſlight Occaſion that made you put on this Diſguiſe and venture, ſo ſweet a Lady as you are, into this ſame ſolitary Deſart, where it was the greateſt Miracle in the World that e're you met with us. However, we hope it is not impoſſible to find a Remedy for your Misfortunes, ſince there is none ſo violent, which Reaſon and Time will not at length ſurmount. And therefore, Madam, if you have not abſolutely renounc'd all Conſolation and Advice

of

of Mankind, I beſeech ye tell us the Cauſe of your Sorrows, which 'tis not Curioſity, but a real Intention to ſerve her, that makes us thus importunate to know.

All the while the Curate was making his Complements, the Lady ſtood like one in a Trance, ſtaring upon the three Strangers, as if they had been ſo many Apparitions with white Sheets and Torches i' their Hands. But at length the civil Curate having given her time to recollect her ſelf, and ſtill plying her with new *Crumbs of Comfort*, and warm Offers of Hand and Tongue to ſerve her, ſhe fetch'd a deep Sigh, and then opening the Coral-Gates of her Lips, brake Silence in this manner. 'Since theſe ſolitary 'Mountains, ſaid ſhe, have not been able to conceal me, but that my Hair 'has betray'd me, it will be in vain for me to play the Counterfeit any longer 'with you that can tell, I ſee, an Apple from an Oyſter. And ſince you de-'ſire to hear the Rehearſal of my Misfortunes, it would be an Ingratitude to 'to repay your civil Offers with the Refuſal of a lamentable Story; the Re-'hearſal of which will be ſo far a Kindneſs to me, that thereby I ſhall make 'ye the equal Judges of my Condition; and whether it be poſſible for a 'Mind ſo diſtracted as mine, ever to admit of Conſolation in this World. 'There is one thing that troubles me more, that I muſt reveal to ye certain 'Secrets which I had thought to have bury'd with me in the Grave: But I am 'forc'd to do it, that you may not think I parted with my Honour for the 'ſight of half a ſcore Plays, or as many *Spring-Garden* Treatments, but at 'the Price of more Vows and Proteſtations then would fill a Church; and 'which, I make no Queſtion, but that they will one day turn to the Ruine 'of that treacherous Soul that made and broke 'em. When the Damſel had thus ſaid. The Curate and his Company modeſtly left the young Madam *Epicene* to put on her Hoſe and Shoes, and tie up her Locks; and having found out a convenient Shade, ſate down full of Expectation. Nor did the Lady make 'em ſtay a jot, but being as willing to be rid of her Story, which moſt diſtreſſed Ladies are, as they were to hear it, ſhe made all imagina-ble Expedition; only for fear ſhe ſhould be long in her Repetition, firſt made water, and then taking her place, thus began:

'I was born in a certain City of *Andaluzia*, from which a certain Duke 'derives his Title, that entitles him to be a Grandee of *Spain*. My Father, 'who is one of his Tenants, is none of the moſt wealthy Men in the Coun-'try; and yet not ſo poor neither but that if Fortune had equall'd his Birth 'to his Eſtate, he could have wanted nothing more, and I perhaps had ne-'ver been ſo miſerable: For moſt aſſuredly 'twas my Ruine that my Parents 'were not ſufficiently illuſtrious. For Lords will marry Farmers Daughters 'for Money; but when they have got their Duſt, then they kick 'em out 'o' their Beds, becauſe they can't behave themſelves, and complement like 'your Ladies born, forſooth. And yet my Parents were not ſo meanly 'born neither, that they ſhould be aſham'd of their Gentility. 'Tis true, 'they have been Farmers from Father to Son, yet without any mixture of '*Ale-draper* or *Tripe-woman*: They are good old Chriſtians, and their Anti-'quity in the Pariſh-book, together with their large Poſſeſſions, and the 'Port they live in, as having been Fore-men of the Grand-Jury for ſeveral 'Ages, exalts 'em above their Profeſſion, and ſets 'em above many Knights 'and Squires i' the World. Now I being their only Heireſs, they lov'd me 'entirely, and loving me entirely, they left the whole houſe to my Diſpo-'ſal. The Dairy-maids, Cook-maids, Chamber-maids, were all at my 'Command: I kept the Key of the Spice and Sugar, lock'd up the cold Ve-'niſon-Paſties, and Florentines: and in a word, I had my full Swinge of

'Liberty and Dominion. The time which I had to ſpare from over-looking 'the making of the Butter and Cheeſe, raiſing of Paſte, feeding the Poultry, 'and ſuch other Family-duties; I employ'd in mending my Father's Linen, and 'working new Points for my Pinners, and Gorget to wear o' Holy-days; nor 'did I ever leave my Work, unleſs it were ſometimes to read a little in *Ari-'ſtotle*'s *Problems*, or the *Lady*'s *Calling*, or ſome other profitable Book; and 'now and then to play a Leſſon upon the Virginals, underſtanding that 'Muſick was very proper to recreate the weary'd Spirits of either Sex. And 'this was then the innocent Life I led.

'While I thus liv'd the life of a Nun, employ'd in my Huſwifery, not 'ſeeing any body all the Week-long, but our own Family, and only to Church 'and home again a Sundays, cloſe at my Mother's Heels, and that ſo 'muffl'd and hooded, that I could ſcarce find my way; the Report went 'abroad that I was very handſom, which was the Reaſon that Courtſhip 'troubl'd the Tranquility of my Life. For it ſeems that the Dukes ſecond 'Son, whoſe Name was *Don Ferdinand*, had a ſight of me, by what Acci-'dent I know not, when I leaſt dreamt of any ſuch thing.

Scarce had *Cardenio* heard the Name of *Don Ferdinand* repeated, when he chang'd Colour, and diſcover'd ſuch a Commotion of Body and Mind, that the *Curate* and the *Barber* were afraid he would have fall'n into one of his mad Fits. But it did not come to that, he only ſet himſelf to conſider the fair Country-Laſs, fixing his Eyes wiſtfully upon her, and viewing her earneſtly to ſee whether he knew her again; while ſhe, without taking any farther Notice of *Cardenio*'s Diſturbance, continu'd her Story.

'He had no ſooner ſeen me, ſaid ſhe, but as I was afterwards told, he 'felt in his Breaſt that violent Paſſion, of which he made me afterwards 'ſo many Vows and Proteſtations. In a word, not to tell ye a tedious Story 'of all his Complements, his Crown-pieces flew about the Houſe like Birds 'in an Aviary. He won all the Servants with his Money; he made my Father 'a thouſand Offers of Court-preferment, and promis'd him the Priviledge 'to whiſper i' the King's Ear, like *Mahomet*'s *Pigeon*; my Mother too, was 'to be Mother o' the Maids: I could not ſleep all Night for the Noiſe of 'Fiddles at my Window, and every Day Feaſting, and Fiſh-Dinners at the 'Tavern. And then for your *Billet-doux's*, as ye call 'em, or little Love-'notes, full of Honey and Tenderneſs, paſſionate Oaths, Vows, Proteſta-'tions, Submiſſions, and Imprecations; I could have ſpar'd a Buſhel to an 'Apothecary to make up his Pennyworths of *Dioſcordium*; but alas, I was 'not then to be tickl'd, like a Trout under the Belly; all his Seduilities and 'Flatteries were ſo far from winning my Affection, that I hated *Don Fer-'dinand* like a Viper, and could have eat'n him with Salt. Not but that I 'was pleas'd well enough, I muſt tell ye, with his Preſents of *Jeſſomin* 'Gloves, and Ribbands, the Neck-lace, and Gold Watch that he gave me, 'and was not a little proud to find my ſelf belov'd by a Perſon of his Quali-'ty. For Maidens are pleas'd with Court-ſhip, and the moſt diſdainful can-'not but be a little Complaiſant to thoſe that tell 'em they are handſom. 'But the Diſproportion between our Qualities was ſuch, that I could never 'believe he courted me for a Wife, but rather for a Miſs; and truly I was 'brought up too piouſly to be any man's Pleaſure-boat, how great ſoever. 'Nay, the very Admonitions of my Father quite turn'd my Stomach againſt 'my Lover; for he made a right Conſtruction of *Don Ferdinand*'s Inten-'tions, and bid me have a care of him, as one that ſought his own Satiſ-'faction, rather then my Advantage; and tho I ſay it, that ſhould not ſay it, 'I was as ca eful of my Reputation as my Father could be for his life. How-

ever

'ever, my Father perceiving that I was ſtill diſturb'd, and troubl'd, and 'uneaſie; and believing that the itching Deſire of being a Lady, might at 'length trip up my Heels before I was aware, told me one day, That he 'had a great Confidence in my Vertue, and that I needed no other Amu-'nition then that to defend my Fort againſt *Don Ferdinand*'s Aſſaults; yet 'if I thought there were no other way to make him raiſe his Siege then by 'Marriage, I ſhould have Liberty to make my own Choice among my 'Neighbours; and that he would promote my good Intentions, with all the 'Affection that could be expected from a loving Father. I thank'd him for 'his Kindneſs, and made him anſwer, That having no Inclination to mar-'ry, I would think of ſome other way to rid my ſelf of *Don Ferdinand*, 'without running out of the Frying-pan into the Fire. Thereupon I re-'ſolv'd to keep my ſelf ſo cloſe and retir'd, that he ſhould never have the 'Opportunity to come into my Company; or if he did ſpeak to me, never 'to anſwer him a word. But the more cautious I was, the more my Re-'ſerv'dneſs inflam'd his impetuous Luſt; for I can call it no other, ſince if 'it had been true Love, I had never come hither to tell you my Tale. Well— 'let that paſs— the Sequel was this; That *D. Ferdinand* either hearing or 'ſuſpecting I was to be marry'd, to the Ruine of all his Hopes, he thought 'upon a Contrivance to croſs a Deſign ſo deſtructive to his wicked Pur-'poſes.

'One night therefore, when I was in my Chamber with none but a Maid 'that ſerv'd me, and the Door lock'd and bolted ſo faſt, that I would ha' 'ſworn all the *Betties* in Town could not have unhing'd it, who ſhould 'ſtand juſt before me but *D. Ferdinand.* Which ſudden and unexpected 'Apparition put me into ſuch a dreadful Amaze, that my Joints were 'numm'd, my Senſes forſook their Habitations, and my very Speech was 'frighted out of my Mouth. Thereupon *D. Ferdinand* taking the Advan-'tage of my Weakneſs and my Aſtoniſhment, did not, I'le ſay that for 'him, offer me any Rudeneſs at that time, but claſping me in his Arms, ſo 'be moan'd me, ſo condol'd me, ſo *my Poor-rog u'd me*, ſo *my Be-dear'd me*, 'ſo repented his Folly, ſo begg'd my Pardon, then blubber'd, then cry'd, 'then ſigh'd, and ſo dextrouſly manag'd his Paſſions, his Tears, and his 'diſſembl'd Kindneſſes, that I being but young, and at that very Age, God 'is my Witneſs, when Maidens are moſt ſubject to be deceiv'd, gave Cre-'dit to his Sobs and Sighs, that vouch'd for his Integrity; ſo that his Sighs 'and Tears, and Tears and Sighs, I ſay his bitter Moans and Lamentations 'at length, Gentlemen, vanquiſh'd a little my Reluctancy, and I began in 'ſome meaſure to compaſſionate his Sufferings. And yet for all that, when 'I began to come to my ſelf, my former Reſolutions return'd; and then 'frowning, and louring, and pouting, and angry, as it became me; Sir, ſaid 'I, if at the ſame time that you give me all theſe Teſtimonies of your Af-'fection, you will allow me the Choice either to love you, or poiſon my 'ſelf; *I declare it*, I would rather chuſe *Rats-bane*, then be your *Landabrides*; 'for I would have ye to know, I prefer my Honour before my Life. I know 'not what ye mean, Sir, by thus rudely breaking into my Privacies, ſo pre-'judicial to my Vertue. And therefore unhand me quickly, and be gone, 'or elſe as, I live, I'le cry out Murder— and then I make no queſtion, but all 'the Pitch-forks i' the Village will come to my Reſcue. What! becauſe my 'Father pays your Father a Quit-rent; I am no Slave to you, nor your Fa-'ther neither. Don't ye think to dazle me with your fine Clothes, nor 'your gaudy Titles. For I le not be a Miſs to e're a huffing Lord of ye all. 'I am not to be caught by fine words, nor ſpring'd with high-flown Comple-

'plements. No, no,— my Lord, I am not to be ſo eaſily coax'd out of my 'Maiden-head. In ſhort, my Will is ſolely at my Father's Diſpoſal, who-'ever my Father makes choice of, he's the Man for my Money. Therefore, 'Sir, if you would have me believe ye have ſuch a real Affection for me, 'leave haunting and teazing me thus to no purpoſe. For ſince I am too 'mean to be your Wife, and you too great to be my Husband, ne're pre-'tend a Kindneſs for me, that can never be found at the Bottom. How! Mrs. *Dorothy*, cry'd the perfidious *Ferdinand*, cannot I be your Husband—? 'Pray, where's the Hind'rance, if you but ſay the word? If that be all, Mrs. '*Dorothy*, I'le marry thee preſently, here's my hand upon't— And may I be 'bury'd without a clean Shirt, if I don't ſpeak Truth.

Cardenio was no leſs ſurpriz'd at the Name of *Dorothy*, then he was at the Name of *D. Ferdinand*; for it confirm'd him in the Suſpicion which he had at the Beginning of the Story. However, he would not interrupt her, becauſe he was willing to hear the end of it. Only thus much, ſaid he, is your Name Mrs. *Dorothy*—? I have heard of a young Gentlewoman, whoſe Misfortunes have a great Reſemblance with yours. I ha' done, Madam, pray proceed— for I believe I ſhall quit ſcores wi' ye by and by.

With that Mrs. *Dorothy* made a ſtop to ſtudy *Cardenio*'s Face; and obſerving him in ſuch a tatter'd Condition— Pray, Sir, ſaid ſhe, if you know any thing that concerns me, let me know it preſently; for I am Proof againſt all the Flails of Misfortune. Nay— to tell ye truth, my Misfortunes have been ſuch as have render'd me inſenſible of all manner of fear. My Name might be *Grizle* for my Patience. Faith, Madam, reply'd *Cardenio*, I would tell ye all that I know, and perhaps more then I know, were I ſure my Conjectures were true. But 'tis no matter, Lady, 'twill be time enough an hour hence; and therefore I beſeech ye proceed.

'Then Mrs. *Dorothy* reſuming her Diſcourſe: After a thouſand amorous 'Raptures and Reſolutions to marry me, quo ſhe, *Don Ferdinand* gave me 'his Hand, and having plighted his Troth to me, he took a little *Agnus Dei* 'that was in my Chamber, to be Witneſs of the Contract; and confirm'd 'it with more Oaths then a Boat-ſwain ſwears in a Storm. However, be-'fore I engag'd my ſelf too far, I advis'd him to have a care how he ſuf-'fer'd an unruly Paſſion, and a little Snout-fairneſs to hurry him to his 'Ruine. Be not ſuch an ungracious Rebel either to diſgrace or incenſe 'your Father, ſaid I, to ſee you marry'd to a Perſon ſo much below your 'Deſcent; and let not the heat of your Codpiece tranſport ye to an Act, of 'which the Repentance will at length render me miſerable. And to theſe 'I added ſeveral other Arguments all to no purpoſe. For *Don Ferdinand* all 'Fire and Tow, bann'd Father, and Mother, and all his Generation; and 'like a Renegado that never minds his Word, ſwore he would ſacrifice his 'whole Pedigree to his Affections for me. When I ſaw him ſo obſtinate 'in his Reſolutions, I began to conſider what I had to do. Thought I to 'my ſelf, I am not the firſt Kitchen-wench that has been made a Lady; I 'had heard of an Inn-keeper's Daughter that became a Dutcheſs, and of 'Dukes that have admitted Cinder-women to their Beds. Fortune offers me 'her forelock, 'tis not ſo nitty, thought I, that I ſhould refuſe to take hold 'of it. Beſides, I am ſure *D. Ferdinand* is not the only Perſon i' the 'World, that has marry'd more for Beauty then Quality or Merit. Here's a 'Husband offer'd me, that ſwears, proteſts, and vows the unalterable Bur-'den of his Love ſhall be always *Thine till Death, D. Ferdinand*; why 'then ſhould I refuſe ſuch a Happineſs through ſqueamiſh Coyneſs, ſince Wo-'men were not born altogether into this World for Contemplation? And

then

'then, by my Truly, there was one thing more, that I did not think my self 'safe alone in *D. Ferdinand*'s Clutches; for, thought I, suppose I should 'drive him to despair by a nice Refusal, and he resolv'd to satisfie his Passion, 'should ravish me, in what a fine Pickle should I be then? Then again I saw 'him to be young, noble, brisk, airy, proper, handsom, well limb'd, no Cully, 'nor Town-Fop, but rather a *Sharper*, witty, pleasant, merry good humour'd: 'Now when a Maid has as much as she can desire, what would she ha' 'more? here were Temptations warm enough to ha' dissolv'd the Breast of '*Niobe*, after she was turn'd into Stone. And I would fain know, had it 'been any of your Cases, whether you would not have done, as I did? 'Ask my Maid, whether he did not swear by Whole-sale; and whether, if 'it were possible to tell all the People that ever were born since *Noah*'s Flood, 'he did not out-vie their Number in Protestations. So that altho I were 'ruin'd, 'tis true, yet was I not ruin'd either by Folly or Precipitancy. For 'in this swearing, protesting, vowing, sighing, sobbing, groaning, moan-'ing, lamenting, despairing, imprecating Condition, he clasp'd me so hard 'in his Arms, and put me into such an Agony, that my Maid did but go 'down for a Glass of small Drink, but there was farewel Frost i' the Case, 'my Business was done, there was the End of my Virginity, and the Begin-'ning of his accursed Treachery.

'I wont say the Maid went but once out of the Room!— No— ye don't 'hear me say so— but so soon as it began to grow day, *D. Ferdinand* was not 'so hasty to come in, but he was as desirous to be gone. For besides that 'my Maid posted him away with all her Industry (for this I'le say for her, 'and a Fig for her, that tho she had been the cursed Jade that had betray'd 'me, she was unwilling my Shame should be discover'd.) Men have that 'Kindness for the Place where they accomplish their wicked Designs, that 'they care not how soon they leave it. However, the Pretence of his haste 'was his care of my Reputation, forsooth, and with a Coldness that I could 'easily discern from his former heat, he desir'd me not to mistrust his Fide-'lity. All the good Nature he had left, was to pull off a Diamond Ring 'from his Finger, and put it upon mine. A small Recompence of a Jewel, 'God wot, for the Jewel I had lost. In short, away he went, and the Jilt 'of a Carrion, my Maid, let him out into the Street. And now I leave you 'to conjecture in what a Condition I was, when I consider'd what had be-'fall'n me; and knew not well what Appellation I was to give my self, 'whether Maid, Wife, or Widow. I was in a manner quite distracted, nor 'could I tell well what to say to my Maid, whether I should call her young 'mercenary Bawd, or kind Assistant; not knowing whether she had done me 'Good or Harm. I had told *D. Ferdinand* before he went, 'twas now *Lam-'mas Ground*, the Fences were all open, and he might make use of the same 'means to come again when he pleas'd, till he found it convenient to make 'publick the Honour which he had done me; but he did not come till the 'Night following, and then it seems, so surfeited himself, that I never saw 'him since, neither in the Street, nor at Church, tho I ran the hazard of be-'ing pick'd up in both places, to seek after him for a whole Month toge-'ther, tho I knew he went a hunting every Day, and had started new Game 'in the Neighbourhood. 'Tis impossible for me to tell ye then what Tem-'ptations I had to Halters, Razors, Daggers, Ponds and Rivers, when I 'found my self thus scorn'd and abandon'd by *D. Ferdinand*. A Slight so 'unexpected, and which I look'd upon as the greatest Misfortune that ever 'could be-fall me, had like to a' quite overwhelm'd me. Then it was, that 'I found my Maid had been a treacherous, brib'd, unfaithful Pandress to me,

that

'that had ſold my Honour for a pair of new Shoes and Stockins, and how 'dangerous a thing it is to confide either in Men or Maids. I exclaim'd a- 'gainſt *D. Ferdinand*; I left not a Sigh i' my Lungs, nor a Tear i' my Eyes, 'and yet could receive no Conſolation. And yet I found there was a Neceſ- 'ſity for me to conceal my Reſentment, for fear my Father and Mother 'ſhould take me into Examination. But at length I perceiv'd 'twas in vain 'to counterfeit, for I could no longer hold, when I heard that *D. Ferdinand* 'was marry'd i' the next Village, to a handſom, compleat, young Damſel, 'whoſe Name was *Lucinda*.

The Name of *Lucinda* had like to have put *Cardenio* into his frantick Fits, but as good luck would have it, he had ſuch a Command of himſelf at that time, that he only ſhrugg'd up his Shoulders, bit his Lips, and knit his Brows, and then fell a' weeping, as if his Father's Mannor had wanted Rain: Which Mrs. *Dorothy* not minding, as believing his Tears were not ſhed for her ſake, went on with that which more concern'd her. 'This News 'ſtripp'd me ſtark naked of my Patience; Rage and Deſpair took Livery 'and Seiſin o' my Soul, and in the Tranſports of my Fury I was about to have 'publiſh'd *D. Ferdinands* Diſloyalty, tho to the Diſcovery of my own Shame. 'I know not whether any Remainder of Reaſon ſtopp'd theſe violent Mo- 'tions, but if it did I was ſo drunk with Paſſion, that I did not perceive it. 'Well—at length I diſcover'd the Cauſe of my Grief to a young Shepherd 'that ſerv'd my Father: I deſir'd him to lend me his Sunday's Clothes, and 'to go along with me to the Village where I knew *D. Ferdinand* was. The 'Shepherd, poor fellow, told me, there were more Maids then Maukin, 'and us'd the beſt Arguments he had, to hinder me from what I was going 'about, but finding I was reſolv'd upon the Point, he aſſur'd me he was ready 'to ſerve me. Thereupon I put on this Habit which you ſee, made up my 'Pack, which conſiſted of ſome old Gold and Plate, which my God-mothers 'had left me, ſeveral Fairings in Thimbles, Bodkins, and Gold Rings; a 'a round Bag of Thirteen-pence-ha'-penys, Nine-pences, Groats, and Four- 'pence-ha'-penys (for I kept all my Father's Butter-Money) ſome few 'Sutes of Night clothes; and ſo about Midnight away the Shepherd and 'I trudg'd. In two Days and a half we got to the Village, where the firſt 'thing I did, I enquir'd at the Sign of the Cock, a ſorry Ale-houſe, where 'one Mrs. *Lucinda*'s Father liv'd? 'Twas an ordinary Queſtion, but it pro- 'duc'd a great deal more then I had a deſire to know. For preſently the 'Man o' the Houſe told me there had been a great Wedding at Mrs. *Lucin- 'da*'s Houſe, and that ſo publick, that 'twas the whole Diſcourſe of the 'Village. Withal, he told me what Favers they had, what Money *Don* '*Ferdinand* gave the Ringers to drink, and a thouſand more Circumſtances, 'that made me ſo mad, I could have tore the Hair from my Head. He told 'me farther, how that Mrs. *Lucinda* ſwoon'd away when ſhe ſaid, *Yes*, at 'what time the Prieſt ask'd her, Whether ſhe would have *D. Ferainand* to 'her wedded Husband? And how that he, after he had cut her Lace to give 'her more room to breathe, found a Letter under her own hand, wherein 'ſhe declar'd, that ſhe could not be *D. Ferdinand*'s Wife, becauſe ſhe was al- 'ready contracted to one Mr. *Cardenio*, a Gentleman of Quality, living i' the 'ſame Village; and that ſhe had only conſented to that Marriage in obedi- 'ence to her Father. Moreover he told me, that Mrs. *Lucinda* would have 'kill'd her ſelf after the Ceremony was over, which appear'd to be true by 'a Dagger that was found about her; and that *D. Ferdinand*, mad to ſee 'himſelf ſo deluded, would have kill'd her himſelf, had he not been pre- 'vented by thoſe that were in the Room. He told me moreover, that *D.*

Fer-

'*Ferdinand* upon this, presently left the Village, and that Mrs. *Lucinda* did 'not come to her self till the next day, at what time she declar'd, that she 'was *Cardenio*'s Wife, and that he and she were contracted before she had 'ever seen *D. Ferdinand*. I understood also, that this *Cardenio* was present 'at the Wedding, and that thereupon he left the Village in Despair, only 'leaving a Letter behind him, wherein he made bitter Complaints of Mrs. '*Lucinda*'s Infidelity, and withal, giving it under his Hand, That he 'would never return again.

'This was all the Discourse of the Village when I came thither; and by and 'by we heard that Mrs. *Lucinda* was not to be found neither, and how her 'Father and Mother were at their Wits end to know what was become of 'her. For my part, I was not a little glad when I heard how squares went, 'for presently I had a vain Conceit that Heav'n took my part, and had 'thwarted *D. Ferdinand*'s wicked Designs, on purpose to make a Christian 'of him at length; which put me in hopes, that seeing himself disappoint-'ed of Mrs. *Lucinda*, he would at last return to his forsak'n Mrs. *Dorothy*, 'and do like a Man of Quality and Honour.

'Thus I flatter'd my self, and thus I was willing to flatter my self, out of 'a Desire to prolong a miserable life; miserable indeed, in being disappoint-'ed of so much Honour with Pleasure, and so much Pleasure with Honour, 'as I expected to have enjoy'd; which you cannot blame me, if I spar'd for 'no Pains or Labour to retrieve. But while I was ruminating what to do, 'there was a *Hue* and *Cry* came after Mrs. *Dorothy*. For by and by I heard 'Proclamation made i' the Street, and great Rewards were promis'd to any 'that could bring Tidings of Mrs. *Dorothy*. There I heard my Person, my 'Clothes, my Age describ'd, even to the very Mole under my Ear, and the 'Dimple i' my Chin, as if they had study'd nothing but *Advertisements*; and 'nothing vex'd me, that the Report was, That the poor Shepherd that went 'along with me to carry my Bundle, had carry'd me away with an Intention to 'marry me at *Pancrass* or *Mary-bone*, as if I had been such a Fool to be stole by 'my Father's Plough boy, or to run away with a meer Swain, like a young 'Girl enveigl'd by the *Dancing-Master* from a *Boarding-School*; which trou-'bl'd me extremely, that my Father should have such low Thoughts of his 'Daughter that was hunting after another sort of Game. Thereupon, see-'ing it was in vain to look any longer for *D. Ferdinand*, I made all the haste 'I could, with my Shepherd, out of the Village, fearing least the Tempta-'tion of the promis'd Reward might allure the young Lad to betray me. 'Being got out of the Village, we never look'd behind us, but like Appren-'tices that have out-stay'd their time of a Sunday's Evening, we straddl'd 'along so fast, that before Night we were got into the most desert and soli-'tary part of all this dreadful Mountain, where I think, if the Devil were in 'Search of us, he could never find us. And thus, tho *D. Ferdinand* has not 'done the Duty of a Husband, I ha' done the Duty of a Wife, in forsaking 'Father and Mother to follow him, to whom I thought I had been as good 'as marry'd.

'However, I cannot say, but that in the midst of all these my Misfortunes, 'I had a little good luck, or else y' faith I had paid dear for looking after '*D. Ferdinand*. For that same young Varlet of a Shepherd, that I brought 'along with me, whether it were out of Kindness, because he found me in 'such a taking for a Husband, or whether it were through an ill Custom 'that he had learnt among my Mother's Milk-maids (tho one would have 'thought his short Commons, and hard Travel, all the while he was with 'me, should have brought down his Courage) this young Princock, that

you

'you would have thought couldnot ha' ſaid *Bo to a Gooſe*, began to talk to me 'of Love. For you know the Proverb, *Opportunity makes a Thief*; and this 'Opportunity he thought he had then in his Hands, while I was all alone 'far from Help; and he as Luſty as he was Rampant, and as Rampant as 'he was Luſty. Ye ſawcy Raſcal, quo I, how dare you talk thus impu-'dently to your Maſter's Daughter? What, nothing but up and ride? 'Will nothing but white Bread ſerve your turn? Tho I have miſt God's Bleſ-'ſing, don't you think, Sirrah, that I take you for the warm Sun. Upon 'this, the *Ragamuffin* of a Shepherd, perceiving there was no good to be 'done by fair means, began to fumble with my Codpiece (for I had no Coats 'to pull up) and ſwore he would feel in his own Breeches. S'life! what, 'nothing but naked Violence, ye Dog, quo I! and with that, re-doubling 'my Strength, I puſh'd him down a Rock as high from the Ground, I be-'lieve, as the Dragon upon *Bow-Church*; and I make no Queſtion, but be-'fore he came to the Ground, his Domicils of Concupiſcence were well 'ſquaſh'd. For my part, I never look'd to ſee what was become of him, 'but retir'd as far as I could into the thickeſt part of the Wood to ſecure my 'ſelf.

'The next day I met with a Countrey-man, who took me to his Houſe 'in a Village ſeated at the foot of the Mountain, and employ'd me in the 'nature of his Shepherd, with whom I tarry'd a Month, till he with his 'Colt's Tooth in his Head, having diſcover'd me to be of the Female Sex, 'would fain ha' been at the ſame Sport as my Father's Man; which was the 'Reaſon that I left him two days ago, and rambl'd hither, reſolv'd to ſeek 'out ſome place where I might have the Freedom to bewail my Misfortunes, 'till better luck ſhould befall me, or compaſſionate Heav'n put an end to my 'miſerable Life.

CHAP. II.

Where perhaps you may meet with ſomething worth your Reading.

THIS, Gentlemen, is the ſad and lamentable Story of a Maiden head meerly thrown away, yet loſt without Redemption. And now be you Judges, whether you have any Comfits of Conſolation proper to ſweeten my Mouth, having ſwallow'd ſuch bitter Pills of unfortunate, tho undeſerved Diſappointment. All that I deſire of ye, is only this; to tell me whether ye know of e're a Lady that wants a Waiting-Gentlewoman, or e're an old rich Batchelour that lacks a Houſe-keeper, where I may ſpend the Remainder of my days, ſecure from the Search and Enquiry of my Parents. Not that I fear but that my Father and Mother would be willing to take me again, with all my Faults; only I am aſham'd to look 'em i' the Face, after ſuch a Miſtake of the good Opinion they had of me.

Here Mrs. *Dorothy* ſtopp'd; at what time the Bluſhes that over-ſpread her lovely Cheeks, and the Poſture ſhe ſtood in, with her Eyes fix'd upon the Ground, were certain Signs of the Diſcompoſure of her Thoughts. And as for the *Curate* and the *Barber*, after they had heard her doleful Story, they were ſtrangely concern'd for her, and thought it a very hard Caſe, that a poor harmleſs Virgin ſhould be ſo baſely *Be-Danger-fielded*, and deluded out of the moſt precious Jewel which ſhe had in the World, and then be

ſo

ſo unjuſt ly and treacherouſly abandon'd by the Perſon that had robb'd her of all her Wealth. However, they found that the Lord had been ſo kind as to leave her all the Charms of her Wit and Beauty: Which wrought ſo effectually upon the *Curate*, that he was ready to have giv'n her a Homily of Conſolation, when *Cardenio* more full of Hiſtory then *Ale*, made bold to interrupt him. How, ſaid he! Are you that pretty Mrs. *Dorothy*, the only Daughter of the wealthy *Clenard*? Mrs. *Dorothy* ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to hear her Father's Name in the Mouth of ſuch a *Tatterdemallion*, as if he had been his Pot-Companion—Well, what then, quo ſhe? Pray, who are you that know my Father ſo well? 'Tis well known my Father has born all Offices i' the Pariſh, from the Scavenger to the Church-warden, and is now i' the Commiſſion o' Sewers. Alas, Madam, quo *Cardenio!* I ask for no harm—my Name is *Cardenio*, at your Service, that unfortunate *Cardenio*, that had *Lucinda*'s Faith in keeping; the very *He* that ſhe ſaid was her Husband: That miſerable *Cardenio!* (and then he fetch'd a Sigh enough to have turn'd a Wind-mill for four Hours together) that miſerable *Cardenio!* whom *D. Ferdinand*'s Treachery has deſpoil'd of all his Wits, and all his Wardrobe together. I am the Man, ſweet Mrs. *Dorothy*, that was the unhappy Eye-witneſs (your Information was right, I aſſure ye) of the fatal Nuptials of *D. Ferdinand*; and who from that time, full of Trouble and Terror, abandon'd my ſelf to deſpair, believing I had for ever loſt my dear *Lucinda*. I ſaw *D. Ferdinand* take a Letter out of her Boſom, but not dreaming it would do me a hap'orth a' good, nor being able to brook my Misfortunes, I flung out o' the Houſe, with a Reſolution to go and hang my ſelf. But Heaven has preſerv'd me, I ſee, to venture my Neck upon a better ſcore. For having thus made known to me the Juſtice of your Cauſe, and *Lucinda*'s Loyalty, I'le pick up my ſcatter'd Wits again, quo he, and find out that Traitor of a Lord; and tho I hang for't, either I'le kill him, or he ſhall kill me, but I'le force him to do the fair Mrs. *Dorothy* Juſtice, if Reaſon and Generoſity will not oblige him to it. And this, added he, I ſwear to do by the faith of a Gentleman and a Chriſtian. Lord! Mrs. *Dorothy* was ſo raviſh'd with Joy to hear ſhe ſhould be a Lady again, for all her Misfortunes, that ſhe fell down at *Cardenio*'s feet, and would have kiſs'd his Worſhip's *Toe*, but that *Cardenio* was more a Courtier then to let her.

On the other ſide, the *Curate* finding he had now two Texts to preach upon, highly applauded *Cardenio* for his Generoſity, and extoll'd Mrs. *Dorothy* to the Skies for her Gratitude. He alſo very handſomly invited Mrs. *Dorothy* to go along with him home to his Houſe and reſt her ſelf there for ſome time; and that in the mean while they would there conſult together which was the cleverеſt way to find out *D. Ferdinand*; and how to lay their Deſigns for the beſt; nay, the very *Barber* too put in for a ſhare, offering Mrs. *Dorothy* to be her humble Spaniel to fetch and carry for her at any time of the Night or Day, whatever ſhe deſir'd. He farther added, That if ſhe were afraid of the *Small-Pox*, as having put her Body out of order with hard Labour and Courſe Diet, he would let her Blood by way of Prevention, and it ſhould not coſt her a Farthing.

After theſe more then ordinary Civilities paid to fair Mrs. *Dorothy*, the *Barber* acquainted *Cardenio* and Mrs. *Dorothy* with the Deſign which had brought the *Curate* and him to that Place, and gave 'em an Account of *Don Quixote's Extravagancies*, whoſe Squire they ſtaid for, a *Shatterbrains*, altogether as fit for *Bedlam* as his Maſter.

Preſently they heard a fellow whiſtle through his fingers, as if he had been jugging a Company of *Foot-padds* together. By and by he fell a Yauling

and *Holloing*, as if he had born Malice to his own Lungs. Oh— yonder he is, I hear him, quo the *Curate*; and with that, he desir'd the Company that they might go and meet him. For truth to tell ye, said he, the Bandy-leg'd Rogue knows not where to find us, having miss'd us at the place appointed. When they were all together the *Curate* ask'd him what was become of *Don Quixote*? Wherever he is, quo *Sancho*, I found him in his Shirt, as pale as a stale Flounder's Belly, as lean as th' Anatomy in St. *John*'s Colledge-Library, ready to expire for Hunger, yet sighing like an old Woman at a Meeting house for his dear Lady *Dulcinea*. He repeated her Commands to return and have one tumble more i' the Straw in *Toboso* Barn, and acknowledg'd her Commands were to be obey'd more exactly then those of the *Grand Signior* or *Persian Monarch*; but then he fell a stamping, and staring, and Swearing, and damming, and vowing never to see her Beauty more, till he had perform'd some great Atchievement, that might deserve her favour. So that if my Master, added *Sancho*, lead this life a Fortnight longer, the poor Squire must loose all his Hopes, since 'tis impossible for him to be either Emperor, or King, or so much as an Arch-bishop, which was the least he could pretend to, if Heaven spar'd him his Life. Ne're trouble thy self, *Sancho*, quo the *Curate*, we'll have him home again in spite of his Teeth; and then turning to *Cardenio* and Mrs. *Dorothy*, he inform'd 'em what a Plot the *Barber* and he had contriv'd to cure *Don Quixote*, or at least to get him home to his House and Family once more; and then if he would ramble again, the Devil ramble with him, and after him, for them.

Mrs. *Dorothy*, whom the fresh Hopes of being a Lady, had put into one of those frolick Humours, when she us'd to give her Father's Chaplain *cold Pigg*, was as arch, and as ready for her Kue, as ever she had been to strew itching Powder i' the Spectacle-maker's Wedding-Sheets, and undertook to act the distressed Lady her self, to save the *Barber* the trouble of disguising himself, as being one that had not only acted the same part so lately her self, but had spent many a Night at home in reading Books of *Knight-Errantry*, wherein she was therefore well skill'd. Briskly offer'd, Madam, quo the *Curate*, we'll take ye at your word; and now let's to work as fast as we can. Presently Mrs *Dorothy* open'd her Pack, and took out her Woman's Apparel. How came it there, you'l say? Ask no Questions for Conscience-sake; the Story put it in, and that's enough. More then that, 'twas a Manteau of flower'd Satin, with a Petticoat of Silver upon a Ground of green Silk. Nay, there was a Neck-lace of Pearl too i' the Case, a white *Tower*, and several Gewgaws of the same Nature. You see now how soon a Historian can go into *Pater-Noster-Row*, buy the Stuff, send it to the Taylors, have it made and put on. And now she that was a young Lad but a little before, appears to be a *Trim gaudy Lady*: So lovely too in the Eyes of *Cardenio*, the *Curate* and the *Barber*, that they all stood in Admiration, that *D. Ferdinand* should be such a Rascal to abuse her as he had done; swearing withal, that he would be glad to make shift with many a worse before he dy'd.

But he that most admir'd Mrs. *Dorothy*, was *Sancho*, he had almost gaz'd his two Eyes out with looking upon her, and wanted two more to satisfie his enamour'd fancy. For Heaven's-sake, quo he, to the *Curate*, What Lady is this? Make no Enquiries, *Sancho*, quo the *Curate*. This Lady dropp'd out of the Clouds but a quarter of an Hour ago, and is the only Heiress in a direct Line to the vast Kingdom of *Micomicon*; she is now come to implore your Master to assist her, and revenge her of an Injury done her by a damn'd Son of a Whore Giant, who, as they say, is the most famous and desperate

Robber

Robber in all *Guiney*. All in good time, she's heartily welcome, cry'd *Sancho*, she was happy in seeking, but far more happy in finding — Welcome *Joan Sanders* — welcome — welcome — Now if my Master can be so happy as to kill this Monster with thirty Ribs of a side, we are all made for ever. I must confess he's a little out o' Case at present; but if I had my Will and Money enough, a' should eat nothing but Marrow-bones and Chines o' Beef; for second Course nothing but stew'd Oysters, Potato's, and Eryngo's, and drink nothing but *Northgate*-Ale and Chocolate for this Month together, and then let him but drink a good Morning's Draught upon the Day of Battel, and you shall see him pist down the Giant. On the other side, Mr. *Curate*, be you sure that this Massy Giant do not prove an Apparition; for upon my faith, I know it by Experience, my Master has no Power over Apparitions; an Apparition will make him run, as some of your *Hectors* will run from a Custard held out upon the point of their Adversaries Sword. But Mr. *Curate*, quo *Sancho*, I have one favour more to beg of ye — For the Lord's sake, be sure to put my Master out of conceit with all Arch-bishopricks; for what shall I get by his being an Arch-bishop? I know not what to do i' the Church; I can hardly say my Prayers, much less do I know when to cry *Amen*, or how to set a *Psalm*. And therefore to rid me of all my fears, and bar up the Church Doors eternally against him, perswade him to marry this Princess, and that you know will bring him into the high Road to be an Emperor, or a King at least. Besides, here's such an Opportunity put into his Hands, as if the Heav'ns themselves had design'd him him for a Throne. And therefore, I say, let him cast off all Thoughts of an Arch-bishoprick; and before he assist this Princess, advise him to make his Bargain wisely, and to get it under Hand and Seal — she'l lie with him before-hand, I warrant ye, to be rid of this villainous Giant — and then you may be sure she'll ne're refuse him marriage — Pray, Mr. *Curate*, what's her Name, that I may know what to call her when she's my Mistress? They call her, quo the *Curate*, the Princess *Micomicona*: But her Kingdom being call'd *Micomicon*, I know not whether she derives her Name from her Kingdom, or her Kingdom from her. She from the Kingdom, no doubt, quo *Sancho*; for the Kingdom must of necessity be ancienter then she; seeing that if her Father had not been King of *Micomicon*, she could not, as Heiress, have been Princess of *Micomicon*. Law-ye-now, Mr. *Curate*, I am so much a Schollard, as to understand that: And therefore I am apt to believe it is a Law i' that Countrey, that the eldest Daughters must always carry the Name of the Kingdom, and that they have been call'd *Micomicona's* ever since 'twas a Kingdom; that was before *Julius Cæsar's* time. I warrant ye some of the Herald-Painters at the back-side of the *Exchange* could resolve this Riddle; but 'tis no matter at present — Pray, Mr. *Curate*, mind the main Chance. Thou speak'st like a man of Reason, *Sancho*, quo the *Curate*, and a prudent Councellour; and I'le assure thee, since thou hast hit on't so luckily, I'le promote the Match to the utmost o' my Power. Which Promise of the *Curate* gave great Satisfaction to the faithful Squire, who sought nothing more then his Master's Interest.

By this time Mrs. *Dorothy* was mounted upon the Parson's *Mule*; so that now the *Barber*, having most artificially re-transmografy'd his Frontispiece with his false Beard, nothing remain'd but to renew their Admonitions to *Sancho*, to take care how he spoil'd a good Plot, by taking the least Cognizance of his Acquaintance, which would be the Ruine both of all his Hopes, and his Master's Empire. As for *Cardenio*, he thought it better to tarry behind; for besides that, it was none of his Concern, he was unwilling to be

Cudgell'd, if *Don Quixote*, knowing him again, ſhould go about to revenge the thump he had giv'n him upon the Breaſt a little before. The Curate alſo, finding no need of his aſſiſtance, reſolv'd to ſtay with *Cardenio*. Only the Princeſs *Micomicona*, her Squire, and the great *Sancho*, ſet forward.

After they had jogg'd fair and ſoftly on for about three quarters of a League, they ſpy'd *Don Quixote* among the Rocks, having by this time made himſelf ready, if he might be ſaid to be ready without his Armour. Preſently Mrs. *Dorothy*, underſtanding that he was the Perſon, whipp'd on her Palfrey; and when ſhe drew near *Don Quixote*, her Squire alighted, and took her from her Saddle. No ſooner was ſhe upon her feet, but ſhe was as ſoon upon her knees before the Knight; at what time embracing his Thighs, in ſpight of all the Champion's *Lord! Madam's*, *Pray Madam's*, *I beſeech yee Madam's*, *Good Madam's*, *What d' mean Madam's*, to the contrary. 'Moſt Valiant and Invincible Knight, ſaid ſhe, never will I riſe from this 'place, till your Generoſity has granted me a Boon, which will redound to 'your Honour, and the Relief of the moſt unfortunate and moſt afflicted 'Lady that ever the Sun ſhone upon. And indeed, if it be true what Fame 'reſounds abroad to diſtant Nations of your Valour, and the ſtrength of your 'Arm, you are bound by the Laws of Honour and the Knighthood which 'you profeſs, to ſuccour a miſerable Lady, that led by the loud Fame of 'your Great Atchievements, comes from the t'other end of the World to 'implore your Protection.

Madam, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I was neither born at *Hoggs-Norton*, nor at *Taunton-Dean*, that I ſhould be ſuch a Clown to talk to ſo fair a Lady, kneeling to my Perſon. Riſe therefore, Madam, and deliver your Commands to your Servant upon equal Terms. No, moſt Illuſtrious Knight, my knees ſhall firſt grow to the Ground, reply'd the afflicted Princeſs, unleſs you ſhall be pleas'd to grant me the Favour which I humbly requeſt. I grant it then, fair Lady, quo *Don Quixote*, provided it be nothing to the diſſervice of my King, my Country, and that Matchleſs Beauty that keeps the Key both of my Heart and Liberty. My Honour, cry'd the mournful Lady, lies at ſtake; 'tis quite another bus'neſs. With that *Sancho* cloſing up to his Maſter, and whiſp'ring him in the Ear, 'Slife, Sir, grant it, — grant it, I tell ye — 'tis a Trifle; nothing but to kill a pitiful lowſie Giant —— He is not above four yards about, and fourteen foot high; ye may puſh him down with a Taylor's Bodkin —— And ſhe that implores this favour at your Hands is the Princeſs *Micomicona*, Queen of the great Kingdom of *Micomicon* in *Ethiopia*. Let her be what ſhe will, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I'le do what I pleaſe; and what my Conſcience, and the Rules of my Profeſſion oblige me to. And then turning to the Lady, Riſe, Madam, I beſeech ye, cry'd he, I grant ye the Boon which your Illuſtrious Beauty Commands. Alas, Sir, the Courteſie which I beg from your Magnanimous Valour, matchleſs Knight, reply'd the Lady, is only this; That you will be pleas'd to go along with me whither I ſhall conduct ye, and promiſe me not to engage in any other Adventure, till you have aveng'd me of a Traytor that Uſurps my Kingdom, contrary to all Law, both Divine and Humane. I promiſe ye, moſt Illuſtrious Lady, the utmoſt of my Aſſiſtance; and therefore be of good comfort, and chaſe impertinent Sadneſs from your Heart; for by the Aid of Heaven and this my ſtrong Arm, I doubt not but to reſtore ye to your Right, maugre all the Cowardly Miſcreants that dare oppoſe me. Let us then haſten our Performance; Delays are dangerous, Madam, and are many times the diſappointment of great Atchievements. With

that

that the Princeſs did all ſhe could to have kiſs'd his Hand; however he that was ſo much a Knight, a Gentleman, and a Courtier, would by no means ſuffer ſuch a Submiſſion in ſo great a Lady: But having rais'd her up upon her feet, embrac'd her with a moſt Majeſtick Grace; and at the ſame time call'd to *Sancho* for his Arms. Preſently *Sancho* went and ſhook 'em down from a young Aſh, where they hung as if it had been an Armour-Tree. And now *Don Quixote* being like a Heater in a Smoothing-Ir'n, all compleatly Cas'd, Come on, ſaid he, let us go and ſuccour this Illuſtrious Princeſs, and employ the Strength and Courage Heav'n has beſtow'd upon Us, to the Ruine of her Enemies.

The Barber, who was all this while upon his knees, and had enough to do to keep a Guard upon himſelf, for fear of Laughing, or letting fall his Beard, which would have been the utter ruine of the whole Deſign, ſeeing what haſt *Don Quixote* made to be gone, roſe up, and taking the Princeſs by one Hand, while *Don Quixote* took her by the other, they both together ſet her upon her Mule. Then the *Invincible* mounted his Prancing *Roſinante*; at what time the Barber alſo beſtradling his Mule, they began to jog on. Only poor *Sancho*, methinks my Heart bleeds for him, was forc'd to walk a foot; and ſuch was the barbarouſneſs of the rugged Stones, that they took no Compaſſion upon his tender Toes, which made him fetch many a heavy ſigh for his old Aſs again. However, he took his misfortunes patiently, ſeeing his Maſter in ſo fair a way to be ſuddenly an Emperour. For he made no queſtion but he would Marry the Princeſs, and that at leaſt he would be King of *Micomicon*. But there was one thing that diſturb'd the pleaſure of his pleaſing Dream, and that was this: That his Maſter's Dominions were to be in the Land of the Negro's; and that the People, over whom he was to be a Governour, were all to be *Moors*. But for this he preſently found out an Expedient of Conſolation. What care I, quo he, tho they be *Moors?* So much the better. 'Tis but giving notice of a *Negro*-Fair at ſuch a place, i' the Office where Maids go to enquire after Services, and I ſhall ha' Cuſtomers enow for the Plantations: They'l take off at leaſt a Hundred Thouſand a Year, and prevent the Trade of Kidnapping, and Spiriting of Children; which muſt of neceſſity turn to a good Account, and bring me in a good round Sum, with which I may be able to retire, and live at Peace i' my Old Age; leave forty ſhillings a Year for Wheaten Loaves, to be given to the Poor o' Sundays; and ten Pounds a Year toward a weekly ſix a Clock i' the Morning Lecture-Sermon; then die, and be ſet up with my Wife and Children in a kneeling poſture againſt the Wall of the Pariſh Church. Why, quo he, what if I am not ſo Book-learn'd as other Men? Does there want ſo much Philoſophy to ſell two or three hundred thouſand Slaves? Pox —— I don't intend to make ſuch a long buſineſs on't; let 'em ee'n go higgle-de-piggledy, little and great; what tho they be as black as the Devil in Hell, I'le transform 'em, I'le warrant ye, into white and yellow Money: And now do you but tell me, whether I don't know how to lick my own fingers? Full of theſe tickling Imaginations, *Sancho* trudg'd along, charming away the pain and anguiſh of travelling a foot.

All this while the Curate and *Cardenio* had beheld the Pleaſant Scene through the Buſhes, and were at a great loſs what they ſhould do to joyn Companies. But the Curate having bethought himſelf of an Expedient, pull'd his Sciſſars out of his Pocket; and after he had ſnipp'd off *Cardenio*'s Beard, made him put on his Caſſock and Cloak, while he remain'd in *Cuerpo* only with his Doublet and Breeches. In which new Garb *Cardenio* was ſo ſtrangely

ſtrangely alter'd, that he did not look like the ſame Man. This done, away they made to the High-way, and there ſtay'd, till *Don Quixote* and his Company were got clear of the Mountain. When they came near, and that *Don Quixote* made a ſtop at the ſight of ſtrange Faces; the Curate look'd with a wiſtful Eye upon *Don Quixote*, as one that was in a ſtudy whether he might not know him or no; which Paſſion being over, like one that had made a Diſcovery, he ran toward *Don Quixote* with open Arms, crying out, Mirror of Chivalry, well met — my dear Country-man, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, is there ſuch a man alive, the Cream and Flower of Courage; the Bulwark of the weak and afflicted, and *Quinteſſence* of Knight-Errantry? Lord! how I am over joy'd to ſee your Worſhip; and ſo ſaying, he ran to him, and embrac'd his left Leg with ſuch an Affection, that he could not forbear to drop ſome few Tears upon his Spur-leathers. *Don Quixote* admiring what Adorer of his Princely Vertues this ſhould be, ſtar'd him i' the face, like a Picture-drawer; and after he had examin'd every Lineament, at length calling him again to mind, would fain have alighted. But the Curate hindring him, Worthy Doctor, cry'd he, I beſeech ye let me not be ſo rude, to ſit o' Horſe-back, while you are a foot. Sir, you ſhall by no means alight, quo the Curate: I deſire your Highneſs to keep your Saddle; 'twill be Honour enough for me to hold by the Tail of one of your Mules, if your Company will permit me. 'Twill be the ſame thing to me, as if I were mounted upon *Pegaſus*, or the Wild Mare of the Famous *Moor Muſarake*, who lies Enchanted in the drearie Cavern of *Oukie Hole*, in the Province of *Somertonia*. Forgive me, worthy Doctor, reply'd the Knight, you ſpeak with a Humility becoming your Coat, and give an Example to many that never mind it; but I ſuppoſe the Princeſs will be ſo kind, as to Command her Squire to lend ye his Saddle, and to ride behind himſelf, if the Beaſt be but accuſtom'd, as ſome Parſons Wives, to carry double. My Beaſt carries double, without all doubt, reply'd the Princeſs; and my Squire, I ſuppoſe, will not ſtay for my Commands to offer the Doctor his Saddle: He is better bred of himſelf, then to ſuffer an Eccleſiaſtical Perſon to go a foot, while he rides. Moſt certainly, reply'd the Barber; and preſently alighting, preſented his Saddle to the Curate, who accepted of it without more entreaty. By accident the Mule was a hir'd Beaſt; that is, in plain *Engliſh*, a skittiſh reſty Jade: So that the Barber was no ſooner got behind the Curate, but ſhe gave two or three ſuch yerks with her hinder Legs, that the Barber, fearing to endanger the Propagation of his Family, was forc'd to fling himſelf off her back, to ſave his Perquiſits of Generation. And perceiving that he had loſt his Beard i' the fall, he could not think of any better way then to clap his hand before his Chaps, and cry out as loud as he could yaul, that he had broken his Jaw-bone. Heav'ns bleſs me, quo *Don Quixote*, beholding ſuch an over-grown ſurbuſh of a Beard without a Chin, here's the eighth Wonder of the World; I never ſaw a *Muſcovite* Beard ſo cleverly tak'n off without a Waſh-ball and Razor, ſince I firſt read my Primer. Preſently the Curate, perceiving the terrible danger they were in of a Plot-ſpoyling-Diſcovery, caught up the Beard, and running to the Barber, who lay all the while heavily bemoaning his Chapps, laid the Barber's Head to his Breaſt, and then muttering certain words, which he ſaid, were a Charm in *Trithemius*, peculiar for the faſtning on again of a looſe Beard, fix'd it on again ſo exactly, that the Barber was as ſound as ever he was before. Which put *Don Quixote* into a far greater Aſtoniſhment; inſomuch, that he deſir'd the Curate very ſeriouſly to teach him the Charm, when he was at more leiſure.

Not

Not doubting but that the Vertue of such a Charm extended farther then to the fastning of Hair, since 'twas impossible that such a prodigious Beard could be torn off, without fetching away Flesh and all; so that such a sudden Cure might avail him upon the rending off a Limb from his Body, should such a Misfortune at any time befall him.

And now all things being in *statu quo*, it was so order'd, That the *Curate* should ride alone by himself, and that *Cardenio* and the *Barber* should relieve one another sometimes riding, sometimes walking by Turns, till they came to their Inn, which was about two Leagues off. The Princess and the *Curate* being thus mounted, and *Cardenio*, the *Barber* and *Sancho*, being a-foot, *Don Quixote* addressing himself to the *Princess*, now Madam, quo he, your Highness has no more to do, but to tell us which way we must go, and we are all ready to follow. At what time the *Curate* chopping in before the *Princess* could answer, Toward what Kingdom, said he, is it your Highness's Pleasure to lead us? yet pardon me, Madam, for asking, when I know it must be toward the Kingdom of *Micomicon*. To which Mrs. *Dorothy*, who had Wit at Will, and was not to learn how to carry on an Intrigue; you have pick'd the very Kingdom out of all Kingdoms of the Earth, more like a Prophet, quo she, then a *Curate*. If it be so, quo the Doctor, then our way lies directly through the middle of our Village, from whence we have a streight Road to *Cartagena*, where we must embark. And if we have a fair Gale, and a calm Sea, we may in nine Years reach the Lake *Mæotis*, otherwise call'd the *White Sea*, where you may see a thousand *Mermaids* all in a Cluster together, pap'ring up their *Towers* on a *Saturday* Evening, and lies not above a hundred Days Journey from your Highness's Kingdom. Surely, Sir, reply'd Mrs. *Dorothy*, you are under a Mistake; for 'tis but two Years since I set out from my own Dominions, nor can I say, that we had such fair Weather neither, but sometimes rough Seas, and contrary Winds; and yet I must tell ye, I ha' been here in *Spain* too for some Weeks, where I had no sooner set my Foot a shore, but I heard the Streets ring with the famous Atchievements of the Renowned *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whom I therefore resolv'd to find out, if he were above Ground, whatever it cost me, resolving to throw my self under his Protection, and to commit the Justice of my Cause to his Wonder-working Arm. Lord, Madam, what d' ye mean, cry'd *Don Quixote*? I am your humble Servant, Madam; honest *Truepenny*, and meer mortal *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, that's my Name and Title: And therefore spare your Complements, I find y'are a Courtier from Top to Toe; but for my part, I hate Flattery, my Ears are too chaste to be ravish'd by Adulation. You do not hear me tell ye whether I am a Man or a Mouse: All I say, is this, If I am valiant, so; if I am not valiant, so; but whether I am valiant, or not valiant, I am wholly at your Service, even to the Expence of the last drop of my Blood; and let time tell ye, whether *Don Quixote* be a Milk-sop, or no. In the mean while I would fain know of the *Curate*, what brought him hither all alone, a-foot, and in *Querpo*, like a School-master going to the House of Office; for I must confess I am strangely surpriz'd to see him in this Condition. Why then, an't like your Honour, my Lord *Don Quixote*, to tell ye the Reason succinctly in few words, Mr. *Nicholas* our Barber and I went to *Sevil* to receive some Money which an Unkle sent me some years ago from the *Indies*; nor was it an inconsiderable Sum, as being no less then fifteen hundred pound Sterling. But upon the Road we met with four Highwaymen that pillag'd us of all we had, even to our very Beards, so that the *Barber* was forc'd to get him a Chin-Perriwig. And as for that Gentleman,

whom

whom you see there, pointing to *Cardenio*, after they had borrow'd his Cloak-bag, and stripp'd him to his Shirt, they made him fit for another Fable in *Ovid*, by transfiguring him, as you see. Now they say, that these Rogues were a sort of Fellows condemn'd to the Gallies, who were rescu'd by a valiant Knight, from the Jailor and his Guard, in spite of their Teeths, as they were carrying 'em to the Port where they were to be embarkt. However, I must needs say, the Knight was a Fool or a Mad-man for his Pains, or else as great a Rogue as any of 'em, to let out a Company of Wolves among Sheep, Foxes among innocent Poultry, and Bears among Honey-pots, contrary to the Law of Nations, his Allegiance to his Prince, and his Respect to publick Justice, disabling the Strength of the Kings Gallies, invalidating the Sentences of the Judges upon Criminals, and like a rash and hair-brain'd Coxcomb, forfeiting at once both his Life and his Liberty upon Earth, if he should come to be prosecuted for his Folly, and his Salvation hereafter. For you must know, that *Sancho* had told the *Curate* the Story of the Galley-slaves, who therefore preach'd this Sermon so severely to hear what *Don Quixote* would say, who chang'd Colour at every word, not daring to boast of that Act of his Valour, which the *Curate* had damn'd as an Atchievement more fit for the Devil, then a pious *Knight-Errant*. And these, quo the *Curate*, concluding his Text, were the cursed Villains, that reduc'd us to this miserable Condition; God forgive 'em, and that Poltron of a Knight, that freed 'em from the just Punishment of their Impieties.

CHAP. III.

The Pursuit of the History of the Princess of Micomicon, *containing the cunning Policies and Stratagems of the* Curate *and* Barber, *to free the enamour'd Knight from the rigorous Penance which he had undertak'n.*

THIS Sermon of the *Curate*'s, short and home, and deliver'd without Book, with a becoming Gesture (the true Character of a good Sermon) wrought so feelingly upon *Sancho*'s Conscience, that he made open Confession; Cuds-bodikins, quo he, and who d' think now 'twas perform'd that desperate Exploit? Troth-law, to his eternal Fame be it spok'n, no living body i' the varsal World, but my dear valiant Master his nown self. And yet my Mind gave me he did not do well in it; and therefore 'twas, that I bid him have a care what he did, and told him how that it could not chuse, but be a very great Sin to set at liberty the Heels of a Company of Miscreants, whom the Law had condemn'd to the Gallies for their Villainies. And now I find, Mr. *Curate*, I was i' the right on't. Ye Pumpkin-pated Coxcomb, cry'd *Don Quixote*, Is it for a *Knight-Errant*, when he meets with People laden with Chains, and under Oppression, as they were, upon the Road, to take notice whether they suffer'd justly or unjustly? *Knight-Errants* are only to relieve the afflicted, and not to examine whether they be Rogues or Martyrs. I met a Company of poor Fellows in dismal Calamity, link'd together like the Beads of a *Rosary*, and I set 'em at liberty. Therein I did what my Conscience, and my Profession oblig'd me to. And what has any Mortal breathing to say to this? if there be, unless it be Mr. *Curate*, he

here, whom I reſpect a little for his Coat's ſake, he's the Son of ten thouſand Fathers, and knows not what belongs to *Knight-Errantry*; and I'le make him eat my Sword and ſpew it up again, for I would be loath to loſe it. And having ſo ſaid, he fix'd himſelf in his Stirrups, and pull'd his Helmet o're his Brows, and look'd as grim, as if he had vow'd the Death of ten *Seraſquier-Baſhaw's*, with twenty thouſand Men a piece at their Heels: for as for *Mambrino*'s Baſon, it hung at his Saddle bow, batter'd as it was by the Galley-Slaves, fit for nothing but to mend old Kettles. Thereupon, Mrs. *Dorothy* by this time well acquainted with his Humour, ſeeing him in ſuch a Paſſion, like a fleering Slut as ſhe was, For Heaven's ſake, Sir, quo ſhe, aſſwage your Fury; for I dare ſwear, had Mr. *Curate* known 't had been your Valour that ſo religiouſly ſet the ungodly Galley-Slaves at liberty, he would ha' cut out his Tongue a thouſand times, rather then ha' ſpok'n a word that ſhou'd ha' diſpleas'd your Worſhip. No, I aſſure ye, Sir, quo the *Curate*, tho the Varlets had twitch'd my Beard off Hair by Hair. I am ſatiſfy'd, Madam, quo *Don Quixote*, and for your ſake the Flame of my juſt Indignation is already quench'd; nor will I engage in any more Quarrels, till I have perform'd my Promiſe to your Sovereign Highneſs. Only, Madam, becauſe 'tis but rational for a Man to know for what he ventures his Bones, I beg of your Highneſs to give us a brief Account of your Diſaſters, that I may know where to deny all manner of Mercy, where to diſmember, and where to ſpare both Life and Limb, if there be any that can deſerve ſo much Compaſſion, that have offended ſo much Vertue in a Sovereign Princeſs. Lord! Sir, quo Mrs. *Dorothy*, 'tis the leaſt thing I can do to oblige the moſt matchleſs Champion i' the World, but that I fear my Story will be too tedious and irkſom to your Ears. Madam, ſo far, by my Soul, from being irkſom, that do but ſay how many Giants Thumbs, with every one a Gold Ring, you expect for your Trouble, and you ſhall have 'em paid *upon ſight*. Since then it muſt be ſo, cry'd Mrs. *Dorothy*, I muſt beg ye, Sir, to lend me your Attention. With that *Cardenio* and the *Barber* gather'd up to her, to hear what a pickl'd Story ſhe had provided ſo ſoon; tho they doubted not but her Wit and her Fancy was ſuch, that ſhe had one as ready as a Lye in a King's-Bench Waiter's Mouth. *Sancho* alſo hung his Ears upon her Side-ſaddle, as if he had been to take her Speech in *Short-hand*; at what time the Lady having cough'd, ſpit, and wip'd her Lips, with the greateſt Grace i' the World, thus began:

Firſt then, Gentlemen, you muſt know that my Name is —— Here ſhe ſtopp'd, having quite forgot the Name which the *Curate* had giv'n her. Whereupon the *Curate*, finding her at a *Non-plus*, rode cloſe up to her, and begging Pardon for his Interruption; Madam, quo he, there is nothing more diſturbs, and diſcompoſes the Mind and the Memory, then long and extreme Affliction. I my ſelf that am but the poor *Curate* of *Toboſo*, the chiefeſt of whoſe living is by unlicenc'd Weddings, have been ſo beſide my ſelf many times for the Cheat of a Braſs Half-Crown put upon me, that I have forgot my own Name, nor could I remember it again for my life, till the Clark has told it me; no wonder then that the Princeſs *Micomicona*, Heireſs to the vaſt Kingdom of *Micomicon*, overwhelm'd with ſo many Calamities, and perp'lex'd with ſo many various Thoughts for the Recovery of ſo vaſt a Dominion, ſhould have her Imagination and Memory ſo much incumber'd as you have at this preſent, but— 'I muſt confeſs, reply'd 'Mrs. *Dorothy*, that but juſt now there hover'd before my Eyes ſuch a 'black and dreadful Apparition of the Misfortunes that I am going to relate, 'that I hardly knew what I ſaid; but having now pretty well recover'd my

'ſelf, I hope I ſhall be able to go on without any farther Heſitation. Know 'then, Gentlemen, that I am lawful Heireſs to the vaſt Kingdom of *Mi-* '*comicon*, and that the King my Father, who was call'd *Tinacrin* the *Wiſe*, 'a Perſon alſo greatly skill'd in Magick Art, underſtood by his profound 'Knowledge in that myſterious Science (for he had all *Cornelius Agrippa's* 'Works by heart) that Queen *Caramilla* my Mother ſhould die before him, 'and that he himſelf ſhould not live long after her, but leave me a young 'Orphan. But that was not the thing that troubl'd him, for he knew that 'Princes were mortal, and that it is uſual to leave their Children behind 'em, ſometimes i' their Swadling-Clothes; but his Magical Speculations 'fore-told him, That a certain Giant as big as ten ordinary Giants, and as 'monſtrous as *Hobb's Leviathan*, Lord of a great Iſland almoſt upon the 'Confines of my Kingdom, whoſe Name is *Pandafilando*, ſirnam'd the *Sawcer-* '*Ey'd*; becauſe he always look'd as the Devil look'd over *Lincoln*, on pur- 'poſe to fright all People he ſtar'd upon. My Father, I ſay, fore-ſaw that 'this Giant, well knowing that I had neither Father nor Mother, would 'one day invade my Dominions with a powerful Army, and expel me out 'of my ſpatious Territories, without leaving me ſo much as a thatch'd Vil- 'lage to put my Head in; tho he knew withal, that I might avoid my 'Misfortune, provided I would conſent to marry him; but that it was im- 'poſſible for me to have any ſuch Thought, well underſtanding the Skill 'which by that time I ſhould have in Anatomy. For which Reaſon he was 'ſure I would neither marry with that Giant, nor with any other Giant i' the 'World. My Father therefore left it in his Will, That I ſhould take my 'Diſaſters patiently for a Time, and reſign my Kingdom to him without 'more ado, ſince I was in no wiſe able to make any Defence to prevent the 'Ruine of my Subjects: But withal, he left me alſo this comfortable Ad- 'vice, That I ſhould forthwith betake my ſelf into *Spain*, where I ſhould 'meet with a potent Protector, in the Perſon of a Renowned *Knight-Er-* '*rant*, fam'd over all the World for his Valour, and his Strength, and call'd by 'the Name, if I forget not, of *D. Hacote* or *Gigote*— You are pretty near the matter, quo *Sancho*, interrupting her, call him therefore *D. Quixote*, Madam, or the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*. Y' are very right, Sir, reply'd 'Mrs. *Dorothy*, 'twas *Don Quixote*, now I remember my ſelf. My Father 'alſo deſcrib'd to me a lean Man with a wither'd Face, and that he had up- 'on his left Shoulder, or ſomewhere thereabouts, a black Mole over-grown 'with a thick Tuft of Hair. With that, *Don Quixote* calling for *Sancho* to come to him; Here, Sirrah, ſaid he, hold my Lance, and help me to un- dreſs my ſelf, for I can ſoon know whether it were me that this Conjurer of a King propheſy'd after this manner. Why ſo much haſte, Sir Knight, re- ply'd Mrs. *Dorothy*, to ſtrip your ſelf? To ſee whether I have any ſuch Mole about me, quo *Don Quixote*, as you ſpeak of. You need not undreſs your ſelf for that, reply'd *Sancho*, I am well ſatisfy'd that you have a Mark upon your Back-bone, or ſomewhat near it, like what the Princeſs deſcribes. 'Tis ſufficient, quo Mrs. *Dorothy*; Friends can believe one another without 'ſuch a ſtrict Examination; nor am I going to ſwear it before a Maſter in 'Chancery; for whether it be upon your left or right Shoulder, 'tis not a 'Straw matter, ſince 'tis all the ſame Body and the ſame Fleſh. In ſhort, I 'find my Father ſpoke truth in every thing, and that I am right in recom- 'mending my ſelf to *Don Quixote*, whoſe Stature and Viſage ſo well agree 'with my Father's Deſcription; and whoſe Reputation is ſo far ſpread a- 'broad that I was no ſooner landed at *Oſſuna*, but I heard of the miraculous 'Atchievements he had perform'd; and then I was confident that he was

the

'the Perſon to whom I was to make my Addreſſes. But pray, Madam, quo *Don Quixote*, how came you to land at *Oſſuna*, which is no Sea-port Town? Lord! quo the *Curate*, interrupting him; don't ye know, Sir, that the Princeſs is a Stranger? She means, that after ſhe landed at *Malaga*, the firſt Place ſhe came to, was *Oſſuna*, and there ſhe heard, *&c.* 'That is 'what I would have ſaid, reply'd Mrs. *Dorothy*. There's all the Reaſon i' the World to believe it, quo the *Curate*, and therefore your Majeſty may be pleas'd to go on wi' your Story when you pleaſe. 'I have nothing more 'to ſay, reply'd Mrs. *Dorothy*, but only to bleſs my good Fortune for having 'ſo luckily met with this Renowned Knight, by whoſe Valour I look upon 'my ſelf as already reſtor'd to the Throne of my Anceſtors; ſince he has 'done me the Favour to promiſe me his Aſſiſtance againſt that Traitor of a 'Giant *Pandafilando*, whom I hope in a ſhort time to ſee let blood i' the Head, 'like a Gooſe, till he bleed to death, and be reveng'd of him for ſo unjuſtly 'depriving me of my lawful Inheritance. One thing I forgot to tell ye, 'That my Father left me another Paper, wherein he charg'd me, That af-'ter the Knight had reſtor'd me to the Poſſeſſion of my Kingdom, if he ſhould ask me i' the way of honeſty to marry me, I ſhould never ſtand *Shilly-ſhally*, 'but marry him incontinently.

What thinkſt on't now, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*? Didſt hear what ſhe ſaid? Did I not tell thee 'twould rain Kingdoms, and Kings Daughters, and Governments, afore a Month came to an end? Ay, ay, quo *Sancho*, one of the gayeſt Proffers i the World; and now the Devil take me, if he ben't the Son of a Whore that does not go forthwith and diſſect this confounded Giant *Pandafilando*, and take the Princeſs at her word. A Buxome Girl, I warrant her: Cuds-foot— would all the Fleas i' my Bed were ſuch. And having ſo ſaid, he fetch'd two or three friſks i' the Air, and flung out his Joy with a *Hey-Boys*. Which done, he fell upon his Knees at Mrs. *Dorothy*'s Feet, beſeeching her to give him her Hand to kiſs, as an Acknowledgment that he own'd her for his Queen and Miſtreſs. Thereupon Mrs. *Dorothy* gave him her Hand to kiſs, and promis'd to make him a great Lord ſo ſoon as ſhe ſhould be re-ſettl'd in her Territories. For which *Sancho* return'd her thanks in ſuch an extravagant Complement, that they all fell a laughing at ſuch a rate, that *Sancho* feeling Authority begin to encroach upon him, bid 'em underſtand themſelves, and know their Diſtance. Then Mrs. *Dorothy* proceeding, 'Thus, quo ſhe, I have made ye a Recital of my Miſ-'fortunes: I have no more to ſay, but only to tell ye this, That of my 'Train that attended me out of my Kingdom, I have not one left but my 'Squire yonder with the long Beard: All the reſt were caſt away in a ter-'rible Storm juſt in ſight of our Harbour; only I and my Squire got aſhore 'upon two Planks, and ſo ſav'd our ſelves; a good Omen that Heav'n has 'preſerv'd us for better Fortune. Oh, Madam! quo *Don Quixote*, y' have met with it already; for I confirm my granted Boon, and once more ſwear by my Affection to the fair *Dulcinea*, to follow ye to the End of the World, and never to abandon your juſt Pretenſions, till I have encounter'd your prodigious Enemy, ſliver'd off his ſuperfluous Head, and giv'n his Carkaſs to the Fowls of the Air, were he as valiant as twenty *Mars's* all put together. And when I have reſtor'd ye to your Throne, I ſhall then leave ye at full Liberty to diſpoſe of your Perſon as you pleaſe your ſelf. For being, as I am, a Vaſſal to the Matchleſs— I ſay no more, ſince 'tis impoſſible for me, God wot, to marry, tho it were with a *Phœnix*. At which laſt Words and Sighs of his Maſter; *Sancho*, who liſten'd like an inquiſitive Chamber-maid, to hear *Don Quixote*'s Anſwer, became ſo penſive and diſ-

contented withal, that not being able to contain his Paſſion; By the Bowels of all the Giants i' the World, *Senior Don Quixote*, quo he, you have loſt your Wits. Would ever any man elſe ſit *Hum-drumming*, as you do, whether he ſhould marry this great Princeſs, or no? Surely you can't think ſuch Fortunes grow upon every Hedge— or is it becauſe Mrs. *Long Meg o' Weſtminſter* is handſomer then ſhe? How!— ſhe muſt chip off a handful from her Noſe firſt, y' faith, and that won't do neither— As handſom as ſhe! why, ſure your Eyes are enchanted— Why, I muſt tell ye, as little Skill as I ha' in Beauty, your Divine *Dulcinea*, as ye call her, is a meer *Tripe-woman* to her— ſhe does not deſerve to carry the Princeſs's Pattins after her. Zookers! is this the way for me to have the Earldom I ha' been ſo long waiting for, after all your Promiſes, for you to go diving after *Muſhrooms* i' the bottom o' the Sea—? Marry then, marry with a Pox to ye— and don't lie doating thus on a *filthy Stammel*, but take a Kingdom, Goodman Fool, that comes dropping, as it were, into your mouth, that I may be an Earl, or a Marqueſs, or ſomething like it, when you ha' done as ye ought; for every honeſt man's as good as his Word; and when you have perform'd that, you may go hang your ſelf, if you think fit.

Don Quixote hearing ſuch Blaſphemies utter'd againſt his ador'd *Dulcinea*, heaves up his Lance, and without ſpeaking a word that might diſcover his boiling Paſſion, gave his indiſcreet Squire two ſuch Paper-mill Thumps upon the very Scull of him, that he lay kicking with his Heels, like a Cat that has had her Forehead well rubb'd; and had it not been that Mrs. *Dorothy* ſcream'd out, and begg'd of him to forbear, for God's ſake, he had murder'd poor *Sancho* out-right in his fiery Indignation. Dog in a Doublet, quo he, do ye think I am bound always to bear wi' your Bumkinly Frumps wi' my Hands i' my Pocket? No, no, don't believe it, ye excommunicated Miſcreant; I ſay excommunicated, for having open'd thy blubber Lips ſo prophanely againſt the Peerleſs *Dulcinea*. Doſt thou not know, raſcally *Ragamuffin* as thou art, that were it not for the Courage which ſhe infuſes into my Breaſt, and the Strength with which ſhe fortifies my Arm, that I ſhould not be able to kill a Titmouſe? Ye confounded Rakeſhame, ye Tailors Nit, who waſt, d' ye think, that re-conquer'd the Kingdom of *Microcomicon*, ſlew the vaſt Giant that cover'd a whole Acre of Ground, when he fell, and rais'd thee from a lazy Scoundrel, to be a Marqueſs (for I look upon all theſe things to be done already) but only *Dulcinea*'s Valour, of which my Arm was no more then the unworthy Inſtrument? Is it not ſhe that puts me on, as I put on my Armour, fights Cap-a-pe in her *Don Quixote*, and wins me all my Victories? She by whom I live and breath, and to whom I owe my Life and Being. Treacherous and ingrateful Beaſt, is it any longer then three minutes ago, that I rais'd thee from the Dunghil to the Pinacle of Honour, and does thy vip'rous Tongue already dart thy Poiſon at thy Benefactreſs? *Sancho* was not ſo ſtunn'd, but that he heard every word his Maſter ſaid; but becauſe he was reſolv'd to ſecure himſelf before he made him an Anſwer, up he crawl'd, and getting o' t'other ſide Mrs. *Dorothy*'s Palfrey; Now come on, Sir, quo he, you that think your ſelf ſuch a Privy Counſellour, pray tell me how 'tis poſſible, if you don't marry the Princeſs, to have the Kingdom at your Diſpoſal? and that being ſo, where's my Recompence for all my Bangs and Thumps I ha' receiv'd in your Service? Let the World therefore judge, whether I ha' not reaſon to complain, when I find ye thus going about to pop me off with what the Cat left in the Malt. Why ſhould you have ſuch a tender Conſcience to ſcruple Marriage with the Princeſs? You may do that, and ſend for your beloved *Mopſa* when y' ha' done;

done; for 'tis the Fashion now a days to keep Misses. Here's a Princess sent ye, as it were, from Heav'n, and you won't marry her, with a Murrain to ye! As for which is the most beautiful of the two, I will not undertake to determine; your Madam *Dulcinea* is a very fair Lady, 'tis true, tho I never saw her i'my life. How! Off-spring of *Satan*, quo *D. Quixote*, never saw her, and yet brought'st me an Answer from her but just now! I mean, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, I never view'd her, as *Paris* did the three *Goddesses*, to observe her Perfections by Retail, but take her all together, she may pass for a Beauty. Well, I pardon thee for this time, cry'd *Don Quixote*; and do thou likewise be so kind as to pardon the Provocation of my unruly Passion, which is not so soon quell'd as put into a Ferment. I know it very well, reply'd *Sancho*, and therefore you ought to consider, that the talkative Humour which provokes me to speak, is a Motion which I can as well be hang'd as resist; when 'tis once come to the tip of my Tongue, I must out with it, what e're it be. However, cry'd *Don Quixote*, if a Snaffle won't do it, put a Curb upon that unruly Member, and have a care what ye say—*The Pitcher goes often to the Well*—I say no more—*A word to the wise is sufficient*, quo *Sancho*—God above sees all things, and he is able to judge who is most i' the right, I that never speak well, or you that never do better.

Enough, enough, quo Mrs. *Dorothy*, all's well; and therefore *Sancho* go and prostrate your self at the Feet of your Lord and Master, beg his Pardon, and remember for the time to come to manage your Tongue with more Reserv'dness; more especially take heed how you talk irreverently of that Lady of *Toboso*, whose Servant I would be glad to be, tho I never saw her i'my life, because I find this valiant Knight has such a Value for her, and from henceforward trust to me for your Recompence. With that, *Sancho*, in a most submissive Posture, went and threw himself at his Master's Stirrup, who having given him his Benediction with a majestick Gravity, desir'd the Company to ride on a little before, for that he had some Business of important Privacy with his Squire. So that when he found 'em far enough off hearing, Friend *Sancho*, quo he, I have had no leisure since thy Return to ask thee any Questions concerning thy Message, and what Answer thou hadst; but now prethee tell me the Particulars. Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, ask me what Questions you please, I'le tell ye more then I know, rather then less; only I beseech ye for the future, be not so malicious; for y' are so hasty grown, a Dog wou'd not live wi' ye. *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, they that will govern, must learn to obey; and they that think to beat others, must learn to be beat'n themselves; and therefore when I thrash thy Bones at any time, 'tis all for thy good. Ay, Sir, quo *Sancho*, but to bear malice, Malice forethought i' your mind, why 'tis the very Stress and Plain-song of all our Endictments. How dost mean Malice, quo *Don Quixote*? My Reason is this, quo *Sancho*; because my mind gives me, that you gave me these two last pithy Remembrances upon the Noddle, for the Quarrel that *Satan* rais'd between you and me t'other Night, and not for any thing I spoke against Madam Primrose, the Lady *Dulcinea*, whom I wish my *Whim-whams* in a cleft Stick, if I do not admire and adore, beyond any Relique of the holy Cross: and that meerly because she is your Mistress. *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, once for all, let us leave off this Discourse, it grates my Ears; there is an Act of Oblivion past to this very moment; but new Offences will require new Punishment.

While they were thus parlying together, they espy'd making toward 'em, a certain Person mounted upon a sober Ass, whom they took for a *He-Gypsie*, the nearer he came; but *Sancho*, who since the loss of his own Beast,

never

never saw an Ass, but his Heart was ready to leap out of his Belly, had no sooner fix'd his Eye upon the Traveller, but he knew him to be the Person that had so inhumanly robb'd him of his Soul's Delight. Now this Fellow had disguis'd himself in the Habit of a *Gypsie*, and spoke their *Gibbrish* exactly, to the end he might not be discover'd, nor be prevented in the Sale of the Ass, which he had also transmogrify'd into the Shape almost of another Creature. But *Sancho* that knew his Ass again by the very Scent of a Fizzle, which he let just i' the nick of time, cry'd out with all the force of his Lungs, Ho, Mr. Thief, have I found ye? Deliver me my Goods, *Rogue*, deliver the Repose of my Heart, and comfort of my Soul; Varlet, Villain, Hedge-bird, restore me my Ass, my Ass, ye *Prancer-Prigger*, my sole Delight, and only Joy— seize him, Master, seize him, here's my Ass, and here's the Rogue that stole him; seize him Master, seize him. Upon which the Fellow, seeing himself so hard beset, slipp'd off the Ass, and betook himself to his heels, as nimbly as a Coney before a Lurcher, and quickly got out of their reach, because no body took the Pains to pursue him. For *Sancho* had enough to do to rejoice over his Ass; which he had no sooner got by the Bridle, but with a paternal Kindness, How hast done all this while, my Darling, my Treasure, quo he! Welcome, nay more welcome to thy nown dear *Sancho*, then the Nuptial Night to two enamour'd Lovers— and with that he fell a kissing, and hugging, and embracing his Beast, as if 't had been his only Son risen again from the Report of his being dead i' the *Indies*. To which the poor dumb Ass had not a word to say, not so much as in his own *Mother-Spanish*; only in meer Gratitude, he thrust out his Tongue, and lick'd off the Tears that fell from his Master's Eyes for Joy that he had re-gain'd the Beast of his Affections. In the mean time, the Company that were before, wond'ring at the long Halt that *Don Quixote* and his Squire made, came riding back again, and understanding what was the matter, they all with a *nemine contradicente*, gave all imaginable Demonstrations of the Joy and Satisfaction for *Sancho*'s good Fortune; while *Don Quixote* observing the good Nature of his Squire, re-confirm'd the Promise he had made him of three Asses for one.

This was that which pass'd between *Don Quixote* and his Squire, while the *Curate* and Mrs. *Dorothy* had been engag'd in Discourse of another Nature. Well, Madam, quo the *Curate*, I find a Man may venture upon your Head at any time; had ye study'd twenty Years for this Story, you could never ha' brought a Fable to bear with more Fancy, or more Conciseness: And then for the terms of *Knight-Errantry*, you had 'em as exactly as a Seaman saies his Compass. Oh, Sir! reply'd Mrs. *Dorothy*, I am but young in Years, 'tis true, but an old Reader of *Romances*: I have por'd upon 'em a-nights i' my Bed, till I have drop'd a' Sleep, and left the Candle to fire the House, had not my Maid come in by chance; but a Duce take your Maps, for I could never understand 'em i' my life, which made me commit that Mistake about *Ossuna*. That was nothing, Madam, quo the *Curate*, as I order'd the matter: You see how I reconcil'd the business with a Jerk. But Madam, what think ye? Do you not wonder at this *Fobdoodle* of a *Knight-Errant*, that swallows so easily these Gudgeons of Tales and idle Stories, meerly because they have a Smack of these Extravagancies, which he had read in his *Amadis de Gaul's*, and Round-table *Champions?* And yet discourse him upon any other Subject, and he's a man will talk ye as rationally as a Philosopher, as sober as a Judge, and as learnedly as an University Scholar. So that you would take him for a Man of Sence and Judgment, till ye come once to prick him i' the Vein of *Knight-Errantry*; but then he flies out,

and

and falls a raving, as if he had a whole *Midsummer-Moon* in his Brains.

While the Curate and Mrs. *Dorothy* were thus engag'd, *Don Quixote* entring into a new Confabulation with his Squire; Honest *Sancho*, quo he, gi' me thy fist; and let us with a Christian forgiveness lay aside all manner of Malice and Animosity, as things altogether unbeseeming Persons of our Profession, and tell me by way of Catechize, when, where, and how thou found'st the Peerless *Dulcinea*? What she was doing? What she said? What she answer'd? How she look'd when she read the Letter? Who transcrib'd it for thee? And whatever else thou canst call to mind that is fit to be known and remember'd, or proper to be ask'd and answer'd; for to know these things gradually, punctually, in order, and exactly, is that upon which depends the whole repose and quiet of my Life: And this without any additions, any daubing, sleeking, palliating, or mincing the matter, thinking to flatter and tickle my Ear. On the other side, be not too concise neither, to the end I may not lose the smallest Mustard seed of my Soul-charming Pleasure. Sir, quo *Sancho*, if it be so absolutely necessary for me to speak Truth, I must tell ye, that no body Transcrib'd the Letter for me, because I never carry'd any. 'Tis very right, quo *Don Quixote*— for two days after thou wert gone, I found the Table-Book wherein I had written my Epistle; which put me into such a Passion, that I could not forbear lending thee half a score round Curses for thy carelessness; and every moment I expected when thou would'st have come back to ha' receiv'd three or four Bastinado's, to ha' refresh'd thy Memory. Sir, quo *Sancho*, there was no need of that; for I had heard your Letter read so often, that I could say it by heart, more exactly then my Creed. Meeting therefore with the Clerk of the next Parish, I rehears'd it to him so exactly word for word, that when he had copy'd it out, he swore that he never read such a compleat, matchless Piece of Wit in his Life, tho he had read all *Howel*'s, *Loveday*'s, and *Balzac*'s *Octavo*'s, and had been a great Student in the *Mysteries* of *Love* and *Eloquence*. And do'st remember it still, quo *Don Quixote?* No, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*; for when I saw it once secur'd in a whole sheet of Paper, I thought it to no purpose to burd'n my Memory with it any longer. Only at the beginning there was *Over-grown*, I wou'd say *Soveraign Lady*; and at the end, *Yours till Death, The Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance:* And between those two i' the middle, about three hundred repetitions of *Soul*, *Life*, *Deares*t, *Pigs'ny*, and *Joy*.

CHAP. IV.

Containing the Pleasant Discourse between Don Quixote *and his Squire; with other Remarkable Passages.*

THUS far, quo *Don Quixote*, all's very well —— But when thou wer't admitted into her Presence, how was that Queen of Beauty employ'd? Was she not threading of Pearl, or working some Rich Point of *Venice* Cravat for the Knight her Vassal? No such thing, I assure ye, Sir, quo *Sancho*; for she was winnowing two Bushels of Wheat over a course Sheet i' the Yard. But then, quo *Don Quixote*, didst not thou at the same time perceive, that every grain of the Corn was turn'd into so many

many Pearls, by the touch of her fair Hands? Prithee, what sort of Wheat was it? Was it pure Wheat, or Maslin? Neither, Sir, quo *Sancho*; but only a mixture of Barley and Oats. That's nothing, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for being sifted by her Hands, most certainly it made Bread as white as ever any *Kingston* Manchet. But let us proceed ——— When thou gav'st her the Letter, did she not kiss it? Did she not clap it to her Breast? Did she not use some extraordinary Ceremony becoming the Honour due to such a Letter? In short, what was't she did? The Sieve was full of Corn, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, when I presented her the Letter; and as she was rumbling the Sieve like a Sinder-woman upon her knees, Friend, quo she, lay your Letter upon that empty Sack there, for I shall not have leisure to read it, till I have sifted all this Corn. Observe in that her wonderful Discretion, cry'd *Don Quixote*; for that was an excuse on purpose, because she would read the Letter in private, where no body should be witness of her transports upon the receipt of it. But while she was thus busie at her Work, what was the Discourse that pass'd between ye? Did she not enquire how I did, and what I did? And what did'st thou answer her? Answer me punctually, and satisfie my Impatience, without filching from me the least tittle of the Truth. So far was she from asking any Questions concerning ye, that she did not seem to me so much as to think of ye — Only I of my own Head indeed told her a long story, how I had left ye i' the Mountain, doing Penance for her sake, naked from the wast downward, like a true Satyr; sleeping upon the Ground, eating without Napkin or Table Cloth; never combing your Beard, but blubbering and whining like a great Cow-baby, and cursing your hard Fate. Thou didst not do so well in that, reply'd *Don Quixote*, to say, that I curs'd my cruel Fortune: For I always did, and ever will adore my happy Stars, that render'd me worthy to pretend to love so High a Lady, as *Dulcinea del Toboso*. You may well call her high, quo *Sancho*; for may I never see my Old *Joan* again, if I don't believe her within two Cubits as tall as the May-Pole i' the *Strand*. How, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, what, didst ever measure with her, that thou talk'st at this rate? Yes, quo *Sancho*, I measur'd with her in helping her up with a Sack of Corn upon her Ass; and I found as we stood together, that my Head did not reach up to the small of her back. But didst not thou perceive withal, that these goodly Dimensions of hers were accompany'd with all the Graces and Perfections, as well of Wit as Beauty? At least, *Sancho*, thou wilt not deny me this. When thou drew'st so near to her Body, were not thy Nostrils ravish'd with the fragrant Odours that breath'd from her Skin? Wer't thou not sensible of that delightful mixture, compos'd of all the *Arabia's* rich Perfumes? A certain, I know not well what to call it, Steam, or Vapour, or Exhalation, more sweet-scented then *Cupid*'s Bed of Roses, or the variety of a Perfumer's Shop? Why truly, Sir, quo *Sancho*, tho my Life lay upon't, I cannot swear one tittle of all this. 'Tis true indeed, I did smell a kind of a sowre, strong, rammish *Hogo*, something like that of a Water-man that has newly Landed his Fare, which I suppose was occasion'd by her working so hard; for she was all of a muck-sweat, in her Smock-sleeves, with her Breasts swagging over her Bodice half-lac'd, so that she reak'd like a Horse-Pond in a frosty Morning. This could never be, reply'd *Don Quixote*; and therefore thy Nose was either stopp'd with the *Murr*, or else the whiffs from thy own Collar deceiv'd thee. For I am as sure as I have a Nose o my face, that no Rose among Thorns, no Lilly of the Field, no Spirit of Amber Greece smells half so sweet as she. I can say nothing to that, quo *Sancho*; but this I can safely swear, that the smell which I smelt,

ſmelt, was as like the rank ſmell o' my own fleſh after hard Thraſhing, as ever I ſmelt i' my Life. And if *her Ladyſhip*, *Madam Dulcinea*, had then ſuch a ſmell, where lies the wonder? Since one Devil may be like another. Very good, quo *Don Quixote*: Thus then you ſay ſhe cleans'd her Wheat, and ſent it to the Mill —— But what did ſhe do when ſhe read my Letter? Your Letter! reply'd *Sancho*; why, ſhe did not read it at all; for ſhe ſaid, ſhe could neither write nor read —— On the other ſide, ſhe took it, and tore it into a thouſand bits, ſaying, that no body ſhould read her Secrets; and that ſhe was very well ſatisfy'd with what I had told her by word of mouth, concerning the Affection which you bare her, and the Penance which you had undertaken for her ſake. Finally, and laſtly, ſhe bid me tell ye, that ſhe remember'd her Service to your Worſhip; and that ſhe had a greater deſire to ſee ye, then write to ye. And therefore in all Humility ſhe commanded ye forthwith to leave theſe curſed Mountains, and give over your Megrims and Fooleries: For that having a great deſire to ſee your ſweet face, there could be nothing ſo acceptable to her as your Return to *Toboſo*. Moreover, when I told her you were call'd *The Knight of the Ill favour'd Countenance*, ſhe fell a laughing ſo wide, that you might ha' told all the Teeth in her Head. I ask'd her, whether the *Biſcayner* had been with her? And ſhe ſaid, Yes —— and that he ask'd her a private Kindneſs, which ſhe could not deny him, becauſe he came with ſuch a particular Token from your ſelf. Then I told her of the Galley-Slaves; but ſhe ſaid, ſhe had ſeen none of 'em. All's as it ſhould be, hitherto, cry'd *Don Quixote*: But tell me, *Sancho*, when thou took'ſt thy leave of her, what Preſent did ſhe give thee, for the good News which thou brought'ſt her? For 'tis an Ancient and inviolable Cuſtom among Knights-Errant and their Ladies, to beſtow ſome Rich Jewel or other upon the Squires, Damſels, or Dwarfs that bring 'em any good News, as a Reward of their Tidings. That might be the Cuſtom, reply'd *Sancho*, in former times, and I approve it as a generous and laudable Cuſtom —— But I fear me 'tis now left off, like Houſe-keeping in the Country —— At leaſt Madam *Dulcinea* was in one of her niggardly Humours at that time; for all that ſhe gave me for my Tidings, was only a piece of Bread and Cheeſe, by the ſame token, the Cheeſe was mouldy, and made a' Sheeps Milk; but Love and Hunger will break through Stone-walls. Give me leave to tell thee, *Sancho*, ſhe's as Munificent, and as Liberal as ere a Princeſs i' the World; and if ſhe did not gi' thee a *Diamond* of fifteen Carats at leaſt, 'twas becauſe ſhe had it not about her. *But all is not loſt, that is delay'd, and a good pair of Sleeves may be worn after Eaſter.* I ſhall ſee her, and then I'le ſpeak to her to gi' thee content. But, *Sancho*, this is that which moſt amazes me —— for 'tis impoſſible but that thou muſt ha' flown backward and forward through the Air: 'Tis thirty good Leagues I am ſure from hence to *Toboſo*; and how the Devil thou ſhould'ſt go and come in three days, ſurpaſſes my Underſtanding. I am therefore apt to believe, that the kind *Necromancer*, who takes care of all my Buſineſs, and whoſe Duty it is to ſee that I do not want the leaſt Perquiſit to a Knight Errant, aſſiſted thee to make haſt in thy Journey, tho thou, perhaps, might'ſt not be ſenſible of it in the leaſt. For there are ſome of theſe *Necromancers*, that will take ye a Knight-Errant faſt aſleep out of his Bed, and whirl him through the Air with that Expedition, that he ſhall find himſelf when he wakes three thouſand Leagues off from the place where he lay before. Elſe it were impoſſible that Knight-Errants could ſubſiſt, or that they could at all turns relieve one another as they do. For it may ſo happen, that a Knight may be in the Mountains of *Armenia*, fighting with ſome *Raw-Head*

and Bloody-Bones, some *Faune*, or some *Satyr*, or some other strange Monster; or suppose it were only with some other Knight, that bears up with him to the Bar o' *Chester*, and gives him thwick for thwack, cut for slash; insomuch, that he could wish himself fairly rid of him: Now then don't you think it a great Consolation, for a Knight in such distress, to see another Knight come unlook'd for in a Cloud, or a Fiery Chariot; one that he knows to be his Friend, and who, he was certain, was not above half a score hours before i' the *West Indies?* Thereupon this Knight kills the Monster, or the Knight, and relieves his Friend; and no sooner has he dispatch'd his bus'ness, but he is hurry'd away with the same speed in one of the Devil's Sedans back again to his Lodgings, where he goes to bed again to his Mistress, and makes an end of his Work. And all this is done by the Industry of those *Necromancers*, whose Duty it is to take care of Knight-Errants, to whom they are no less dear, then if they were their Adopted Sons. And this it is which makes me believe, that thou wer't Devil driven through the Air by some *Necromancer*, that knew my impatience, and the importance of thy Return. I am the Son of a Gold-finder, reply'd *Sancho*, if I don't believe it to be true what you say, Sir; for *Rosinante* flew me-thought, as if he had Quick-silver in his Ears. Not only Quick-silver in his Ears, quo *Don Quixote*, but a Legion of Devils at his Tail; which are a sort of *Stygian Wine-Porters*, which will take a *Knight-Errant*, or his Squire, and run away with him Horse and all, with that swiftness, that a Kite flies away with a young Chicken. But to come again to the main business: What dost thou think, *Sancho*, it best behoves me to do, about this Injunction that Madam *Dulcinea* has laid upon me, to make my Personal Appearance before her? For tho I am bound to punctual Obedience, and that my Bowels yern to see her; yet am I so entangl'd with this Princess, while the Laws of Chivalry bind me so fast to my word, and so deeply engage me to prefer my Honour before my Pleasures, that I know not which way to dis-encumber my self. On the one side, the eager desire I have to see the Peerless *Dulcinea*, worries and torments me: On the other side, my Honour and my Promise call me to great Atchievements. But hold —— I think I ha' found a way to satisfie Honour, Promise, Princess, and Mistress, and All. First, *Sancho*, I'le go immediately and find out the *Giant*; when I come there, I'le cut off his Head with a *Jerk*, restore the Princess to her Throne, and put her in peaceable and quiet Possession of her Dominions. Which being done, before a Cat can lick her Ear, away will I presently come Post, and visit the Bright Star that illuminates my *Pericranium*; to whom I will make those just and rational Excuses, that she being all Kindness and good Nature, shall be willing to pardon my unavoidable Absence; well knowing, that all my Actions must redound to her Honour, and to the increase of her Fame; since all the Renown which I have won, or daily win, or shall hereafter acquire, are only the effects of her Favour influencing and actuating the Courage of her Vassal. Hoy day, quo *Sancho*, will ye ne're ha' more Wit then a Man may truss up in an Egg-shell? Why, d'ye intend then to Travel so many thousand *York-shire* Miles and Way-bits for nothing? And lose the Opportunity of a Marriage, that brings ye to a Kingdom; a Kingdom, that, they say, is Twenty Thousand Leagues in Circuit? A Kingdom where all the Springs are full of boyl'd Plumb-Puddings and Cabbages, and Surloyns of Roast-Beef hang roasting i' the Sun upon every Tree? A Kingdom bigger then *France*, together with the Kings new Conquests, and all their Dependencies? Are ye not asham'd to shew your self so void of Understanding? Go to, therefore, and take a Fool's Counsel for once; Marry

the

the Princeſs the firſt thing ye do —— Hang Licenſes, Marry her, I ſay, at the next Church ye come at, where ye can find a Curate; or elſe let our own Doctor knit the knot under the next Oak. —— There's nothing like Wiving and Thriving both in a Year —— You ſee, Sir, I underſtand Trap; and I'le ſay this for my ſelf to boot, That I think I am old enough to give Counſel. And therefore give me leave to tell ye, *A Bird i' the Hand's worth two i' the Buſh.* Let's but once catch the Eel, and then we may conſider at leiſure how to dreſs it. *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I am not ignorant that thy Advice depends very much upon Self-intereſt; I know the reaſon why thou art ſo earneſt for me to Marry, is meerly that I ſhould make haſt to Imperial Soveraignty, on purpoſe to make thee a Prince —— And theſe are the fears that ſpur thee on to talk one word for me, and two for thy ſelf. But know, *Sancho*, thou complain'ſt before th' art hurt; for I intend to put it into my Conditions, before I go to fight the Giant, That if in caſe I kill the Giant, I will have half the Kingdom at my diſpoſal, to give to whom I pleaſe. Which being granted (as I vow, before that be under Hand and Seal, I'le ſee the Giant hang'd before I'le kill him) to whom doſt thou think I'le bequeath that part of the Kingdom, but to thy ſelf? If ſo, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I beſeech ye, chooſe that part of the Kingdom which lies next the Sea; where the Merchants may have free liberty to come and Trade for my Slaves, and I may have the Advantage to Ship off my Money, if my Government ſhould be miſlik'd. So then, as you have contriv'd it very well, never trouble your ſelf about viſiting Madam *Dulcinea*, but go firſt and knock the Giant o' the Head, for I fancy 'twill be an Adventure of great Honour and Profit. By the Maſs, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, and I think ſo too; and therefore I'le follow thy Advice: For I believe 'twill be much better to viſit *Dulcinea* afterwards, laden with Honour, when I have murder'd the Giant, and reſtor'd the Princeſs to her Territories. Let it be thy care then to keep ſilence, and not to diſcloſe the leaſt tittle of what Diſcourſe has paſt between us, to any Perſon living, not ſo much as to thoſe of our Company; for *Dulcinea* is ſo reſerv'd of her ſelf, that ſhe does not deſire any body ſhould know her Private Concerns; beſides, that the diſgrace would be mine, to keep any ſuch blabs o' their Tongues about my Perſon. You forget your ſelf, cry'd *Sancho*; for how can that be, when you your ſelf ſend all your vanquiſh'd wretches to *Madam Dulcinea?* Can you call that keeping her Secrets, to ſend a company of Slaves with their Chains rattling i' the Streets, to throw themſelves at her feet, for her to diſpoſe of at her pleaſure? What an ignorant *Whelp and Bacon* art thou, quo *Don Quixote*, not to perceive that this redounds all to her Honour! Beſides, art thou ſo ill vers'd in matters of Chivalry, as now to be to learn, that it is a great Advantage for a Lady to have ſeveral Knights-Errant for her *Gallants*; who expect no other Recompence of all their Services, but the Honour of performing 'em for her ſake, and the favour of her Acceptance? *Tittle Tattle*, gi' the Gooſe more Hay, quo *Sancho:* This is juſt as I have heard 'em Preach, that we ought to love God for his own ſake; and yet at the ſame time they tell us of the invitations of Paradice, and the torments of Hell; tho for my part, I think we ought to love God, what ever comes on't, as they ſaid at firſt. The Devil take thee for a Clown, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*; and yet who the Devil wou'd take thee for a Clown? For ſometimes thou talk'ſt as rationally and diſcreetly, as if thou hadſt Commenc'd Doctor at *Salamanca*. So far from that, quo *Sancho*, that I never read my Horn-book; but I have a good mind to learn one of theſe days, when I'm at leiſure. For I am apt to believe it can be no prejudice to me; beſides, they ſay, there are ſome Men

that take upon 'em to be Doctors, who, God knows, have hardly Learning enough to read their Neck-Verse.

While the Knight and the Squire were thus busie in Discourse, the *Barber* cry'd out to 'em to make a Halt, for that the Princess desir'd to alight and drink out of a Fountain close by the Road. This was a great Kindness to *Sancho*, who was quite tir'd with Lying, and afraid his Master should catch him failing in his Memory. For tho he knew that *Dulcinea* was no better then only plain *Gaffer Hogg*'s Daughter, yet he had never seen her in his life.

On the other side, *Cardenio* by this time had slipp'd himself into Mrs. *Dorothy*'s Masculine Habits, which she had on, when they first met with her; which, tho they were none of the best, yet were they much better then his own tatter'd Rags. Thereupon they all alighted, and sitting down by the Fountain, fell a banqueting upon the short Commons which the *Curate* had brought from the Inn.

While they were thus busie at their Repast, feeding like *Farmers of Maxfield*, upon what they had, there happen'd to come up ev'n with 'em as they sate, a dapper young Lad, who, after he had gaz'd awhile with a wistful Eye upon the Company, approaching *Don Quixote*, and embracing his Thighs; God bless your Worship, quo he, has your Worship forgot me so soon? Don't you know your Slave, and poor *Andrew*, that you found fast bound to an Oak? But I thank your good Worship, you set me free with a Vengeance—At those words, *Don Quixote* immediately call'd him to mind, took him by the Hand, and then addressing himself to the Company, Most illustrious Princess, and you Right Worthy Gentlemen, said he, you have here before ye an uncontroulable Demonstration of the vast Benefit, and absolute Necessity of *Knight-Errants*, both to reform and punish the Abuses and Disorders committed in the World. It is now some Weeks ago, that as I was riding by a Wood, the Cries and bitter Complaints of some body in distress, pierc'd my compassionate Ears: Presently I gallop'd toward the Place where the Noise directed me, to gratifie my natural Inclination, and the Duty of my Profession; and there I found this poor young Lad, in a most miserable, distressed Condition; and I profess, I'm heartily glad he's here to testifie the truth of what I say. For tho a *Knight-Errant*, I'le as patiently suffer him to give me the Lye, as I wou'd my Father, if he find me in a *Rodomantado*. I say then, this Boy in that Wood was ty'd to an Oak, naked from the Waste upward, like a Wench upon a Whipping day at *Bridewel*; and there was a lusty Brawny-arm'd Countrey-Fellow, scoring several pretended Debts of Thievery and Negligence upon the Boy's Back and Shoulders with a pair of Stirrup-leathers, so deep, that you might ha' bury'd the Handle of a Butcher's Sticking-knife in every one of the bloody Furrows. I ask'd the Fellow, What a' meant by so much Cruelty? Who answer'd me, That the Boy was his Servant, and that he chastiz'd him for the Rogueries, and the Thieveries which he had committed. To which the Boy reply'd, blubbering and bleeding, that his Master lash'd him so severely only for demanding his Wages. Whereupon the Master would ha' pleaded some idle Excuses that gave me no Satisfaction at all. In a word, I caus'd the young Lad to be unbound, and made the Country-Fellow swear by all the Saints I could think of, that he would take the Boy home, and pay him all his Wages, to the very Copper-spot in a Tin-Farding. Is not this true, Friend *Andrew*? Dost not thou remember how I ranted, and swagger'd, and hector'd the Country Fellow? And with what Submission he promis'd to accomplish whatever I impos'd, ordain'd, demanded and commanded?

manded? Speak truth, and ſhame the Devil, tell how it was boldly, without *Humming* and *Hawing*, without Flattery or Diſſimulation, but relate the Story without Welt or Guard, that theſe People, who are all Perſons of Quality, may underſtand the want of *Knight-Errantry* in this unjuſt World.

Tom-tell-troth himſelf, quo *Andrew*, could never ha' ſpok'n more Truth then your Worſhip has done. But notwithſtanding all your Worſhip's good Intentions, the Succeſs of this Affair did not anſwer your Worſhip's Expectations. How, quo *Don Quixote!* not anſwer my Expectations! why, did not the *Hang-dog* pay thee thy Money the next Minute? So far from paying me my Money, quo *Andrew*, that as ſoon as he found you were out o' ſight, and out o' hearing, he ty'd me again to the Oak, and ply'd his firſt Leſſon again ſo ſmartly over my raw Fleſh, that you would have taken me for a flea'd Cat. And which was more, between every Stroke he ſtruck, he had ſome bumkinly Quibble or other, in Deriſion of your Worſhip, calling ye *Hatchet* and *Gridiron-face*, *Lobſter unboil'd*, *Appurtenance to a Tinder-box*, *Hog in Armour*, &c. that had I not been in that woful Plight, I could have laugh'd my ſelf to have heard him. In ſhort, he ſo anatomis'd my Back with his Leathern Thongs, that I have been ever ſince i' the lame Hoſpital, where I became the Trophy of Art. And now to ſpeak my mind frankly, Sir Knight, I may thank you for all this— For had you rode on about your own Affairs, without playing the buſie Fool, where ye had nothing to do, I had been releas'd with a matter o' twenty Laſhes, and my Maſter had paid me what he ow'd me— But you call'd him ſo many Rogues, Villains, and Traitors, and ranted and roar'd ſo little to the purpoſe, and put him into ſuch a Fury, that not being able to reak his Malice upon you, he took his Revenge upon my poor Shoulders. The Miſchief was, quo *Don Quixote*, that I went away a little too ſoon, I ſhould have ſtaid indeed till I had ſeen thee ſatisfy'd; for thoſe kind of Country-Bumkins are not apt to keep their Words, unleſs it be for their Profit. However, thou mayſt well remember, that I ſwore by all the Heathen Gods, that if he did not pay thee, I would return and find him out again, tho he were hid within the Bowels of the Earth. You did ſo, 'tis very true, Sir Knight, reply'd *Andrew*, but what does that ſignifie now to me? Thou ſhalt ſee whether it ſignifie any thing or no, quo *Don Quixote*; and ſo ſaid, he roſe up in great Fury, and commanded *Sancho* to bridle *Roſinante*, who was at his Dinner, thinking no harm, within a Stone's throw o' the Company. Upon that, Mrs. *Dorothy* ask'd him, What he intended to do? Do, quo he! be gone immediately to chaſtize this Brute of a Clown— and make him pay to the utmoſt Farthing what he owes this poor Lad, in deſpite of all the Bumkins and Scithe-men i' the World that dare oppoſe me. But, Sir Knight, quo Mrs. *Dorothy*, conſidering the Promiſe you have made me, you cannot in Honour undertake an other Adventure till you have accompliſh'd mine; and therefore I beſeech ye, delay this leſs important Revenge, till you ha' reſtor'd me to my Kingdom. That's but Juſtice indeed, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and therefore of neceſſity, *Andrew* muſt be patient, till I return again. But by the lovely *Dulcinea*'s Chaſtity, I ſwear once more, never to reſt my Head on her ſweet-ſcented Pillow, till I have reveng'd this young Lad's Cauſe, and ſeen him ſatisfy'd to a *Scotch Boatle*. I do not queſtion in the leaſt, cry'd *Andrew*, the Performance of theſe Oaths, but I had rather your Worſhip would beſtow upon me a ſmall Piece of Silver to carry me to *Sevil*, then all the Revenges i' the World. And having ſo ſaid, I beſeech ye, Sir Knight, continu'd he, beſtow a Bit a' Bread and ſome few Charity

Far-

Fardings upon a poor Sufferer for your ſake, and ſo God bleſs all the *Knight-Errants* under the Skie, and may they prove as fortunate for themſelves, as they ha' been for me.

Upon that, *Sancho* pull'd out a Quarter of a Penny-Loaf and a piece of Cheeſe, and giving it to *Andrew*, here Brother, ſaid he, 'tis but Reaſon and Chriſtianity to be charitable to People in Miſery. I pray, what ſort of Charity is yours, cry'd *Andrew*? This piece of Bread and Cheeſe, quo *Sancho*; and God knows how ſoon I may want it my ſelf: For we Squires to *Knight-Errants* are ever and anon ready to periſh for Hunger and Thirſt: And beſides that, we are moſt cruelly tyranniz'd over by ill Luck and hard Fortune, and a thouſand Accidents, that are ſooner felt then related. *Andrew* took his Bread and his Cheeſe, and finding no other Charity-Money ſtirring, he made 'em an ugly Scrape, and turn'd his Back to the Company. But before he went off, turning about to *Don Quixote*, Sir Knight, ſaid he, for the Love o' God, if ever you find me i' the ſame Condition again, tho you ſee my Bowels ready to drop out o' my Body, ne're be ſuch a Coxcomb again to come to my Aſſiſtance, but leave me under the Laſh of my Misfortunes, which cannot be worſe then what befel me through your impertinent Vanity, according to the Proverb, *Fools will be medling*; for which the Curſe of God light upon You, and all other *Knight-Errants*, that from henceforth ſhall ever be ſpawn'd into the World. With that, *Don Quixote* roſe up in a great Fury, with a Reſolution to have giv'n *Andrew* the Benediction of his Cudgel; but *Andrew*, not caring for any of his Bleſſings, withdrew himſelf out of his Reach, as ſwift as a Fawn. So that *Don Quixote* reſum'd his Seat, to avoid the Shame of a vain Attempt; but ſo highly enrag'd at *Andrew*'s Drollery, that all the Company were forc'd to ſit as demure as ſo many *Quakers*, for fear the leaſt Smile ſhould have incens'd him to Out-rage.

CHAP. V.

Of what happen'd at the Inn.

After they had refreſh'd their Bodies with corporal Food, they that had Beaſts of Carriage, mounted; and thoſe that had none, went a-foot; and ſo riding and going a-foot, the next day they came to the Inn; for which *Sancho* had the ſame Kindneſs that a Man has for a Wife that ſues him for Alimonie. Preſently the Inn keeper, the Hoſteſs, her Daughter, and *Maritornes*, who knew *Don Quixote* and his Squire again, without a Proſpective-glaſs, half a Mile off, came forth to meet 'em with great Demonſtrations of Joy. Nor was the Knight behind-hand with his Returns of Civility at the uſual rate, that is to ſay, with an extraordinary Gravity and Reſerv'dneſs; withal, deſiring the Hoſteſs to provide him a better Bed then he had the laſt time. To which the Hoſteſs return'd Anſwer, That if he would pay better, ſhe would help him to a Bed for a Prince. Which when the Knight had promis'd to do, they made him one in the very ſame place where he lay before, whither he went and threw himſelf down immediately, as weary as a Fox-dog, and quite ſpent with the Labour and Toil of his own Folly in the Mountain. In the mean time, the Hoſteſs knowing the *Barber* again by his Tongue, leapt at his Chin,

like

like a Cock at a Bilberry Buſh, and catching him by the falſe Beard; By my bleſſed life, quo ſhe, ye ſhall make uſe o' my Tail no longer: I think y' have had it long enough, to my Grief, I'm ſure, to ſee my Husband's Comb lie ſo naſty as it does i' the Kitchen-window. Thereupon the Hoſteſs tugg'd, and the *Barber* tugg'd, for he was loath to part with his Tail, till the *Curate* put an end to the Diſpute, by telling him there was now no more occaſion for his Diſguiſe; for that he might tell *Don Quixote*, that he came to the Inn to recruit himſelf; and if he enquir'd after the Princeſs's Squire, that he ſhould tell his Worſhip, That the Princeſs had ſent him before to give notice to her Subjects, that ſhe was coming with a Champion that would ſwinge off the Giant, and reſtore 'em all to their Liberties and Properties: Which gave ſuch plenary Satisfaction to the *Barber*, that he reſtor'd the Hoſteſs her Tail, with all the reſt of the Trinkets which he had borrow'd of her.

As for Mrs. *Dorothy*, all the Strangers that were i' the Inn, look'd upon her to be wondrous pretty. Nor were they ſo blind, but they could ſpie *Cardenio*'s Gentility, his graceful Meen, and comely Aſpect, through his homely Shepherd's Weeds. The Inn-keeper alſo upon the *Curate*'s word, and out of the good Opinion he had of the Company, had provided 'em a good handſom Dinner, conſidering 'twas an Inn no better then one of your *Foreſt-a-dean* Houſes of Entertainment. However, they had more Manners then to awake *Don Quixote*, who lay ſnoaring like a Weſt Country Carrier; for they thought that Sleep would do him more good then a Sheriff's Feaſt. Therefore they fell on without him, and the Table-diſcourſe was all about the Follies and Extravagancies of the poor Knight, and in what Condition they had found him in the Mountain. On the other ſide, the Hoſteſs who was preſent, made a Repetition of all that had befall'n the valiant Hero in his Rencounter with the Carrier and the Conſtable; and finding *Sancho* was abſent, ſhe recounted the Story of his being toſs'd i' the *Blanket*, which made the Company as merry as ſo many *Emmets* upon a Corn-heap. From whence the *Curate* taking an Occaſion to deplore the Frenzies of the unfortunate Knight, charg'd all his Misfortunes upon his Books of *Knight-Errantry*, as having been the Occaſion of all his Extravagancies. How can that poſſibly be, reply'd the Inn-keeper, interrupting him? Where is there any better reading i' the World? I have ſome two or three of theſe Books, and I wiſh this Drink may be my Poiſon, if I don't believe they have preſerv'd not only mine, but the Lives of many others. For in Harveſt-time ye ſhall have above twenty, ſometimes thirty Reapers and Mowers come hither of a Holy-day. Now becauſe we ha' neither Shovel-boards, Billiard-tables, Nine-pins, Noddy-boards, nor Pigeon-holes, I fetch 'em out one of theſe Books; at what time they make choice of one of the beſt Book-learn'd among 'em, to read; and then they fall a liſt'ning, and prating, and drinking, that it does my Heart good to ſee my Cans empty'd ſo faſt; which makes me love 'em ſo well, that ſometimes when my Houſe is empty, I can ſit and read in 'em a whole Day together. For my part, quo the Hoſteſs, I have as much Reaſon to ſpeak well of thoſe Books, as any body; for we are never more at quiet i' the Houſe, never leſs maundring, leſs jarring and brawling, then when my Husband is at his Devotions, as I call 'em; that is, when he is ſmerking and ſmiling to himſelf over his *Knight-Errantry* Books; beſides, that I am ſure to be courted that Night at a more then uſual rate. All this is true, cry'd *Maritornes*, but that which delights me moſt, is, when I hear how the Knight ſits embracing his Lady under an *Orange-Tree*, while the Lady's Damſel

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ſtands Sentinel, ready to tear her Fleſh for want of the ſame Paſtime. And what think you, my pretty Maiden, quo the *Curate*, addreſſing himſelf to the Hoſteſs's Daughter? Alas, Sir! quo ſhe, I know not what belongs to theſe things; and yet when I hear 'em read their Stories, I find a kind of Alteration i' my Body, I know not how— But as I hope for Mercy my ſelf, the mercileſs Gaſhes which the Knights give one another, and the unreaſonable Steaks which they ſliver off from one another's Cheeks and Shoulders, go to my very Heart; and I'm as ſorry for the poor Gentlemen, as if it were my own Caſe—— My Father knows, that when I ſee him engag'd among the Butchers at the *Bear-Garden*, I fall a ſqueaking and ſqualing like any thing. And then when I hear the ſad Groans and Lamentations of ſome kind-hearted Knights, when they are far from their Miſtreſſes, I cannot for my life, but I muſt fall a weeping for Company. Why then, ſaid Mrs. *Dorothy*, I perceive, Sweet-heart, you would not be ſo ill-natur'd, to let a Knight lie roaring and bellowing ſo long, if you could help him. I'my Conſcience now, Madam, reply'd the Virgin, I don't know my own Mind. But this I am ſure of, that ſome of theſe *Ladies* are ſo deſperately cruel, that the Knights cannot forbear calling 'em *Lyons*, and *Tygreſſes*, *Harpy's*, *Furies*, and I know not what my ſelf; which, if they deſerve, I wonder how Ladies that pretend to Honour and Conſcience, can be ſo *hard-hearted*, to ſuffer a Gentleman that ſo dearly loves 'em, to dye, or at leaſt to run Mad, for want of a Kiſs or a nights Entertainment. Lord bleſs me! what does all this Coyneſs ſignifie? For if they ſtand upon their Punctilio's of Honour, *how if I ſhould prove with Child*? let 'em marry the Knights, as I would do, if I were in their Condition. Hold your prating, Huſſey, quo the Hoſteſs, I find you know more then you ſhould do already. Good Daughter, no more o' your Riff-raff; Maids muſt be ſeen, and not heard— Why, Mother, quo the Girl, I did but anſwer the Gentleman and the Gentlewoman; and I'm ſure my School-miſtreſs told me 'twas Manners to ſpeak when I was ſpoke to. So 'tis, and I thank thee very kindly Sweet-heart, reply'd the *Curate*; and then turning to the Inn-keeper, Landlord, quo he, if thy Books have ſuch a Faculty to help down good Drink, prethee let's ſee 'em. With that the Inn-keeper fetch'd out an old mouldy Cloak-bag, ſecur'd with a ruſty Padlock, which after he had unlock'd, he gave Air to *Don Cironciglio of Thrace*, *Don Fælix-mart of Hyrcania*, the *Hiſtory of the famous and renowned Captain*, *Goncales Hermandez of Cordova*, *with the Life of Valentine and Orſon*, *Bevis of Southampton*, and *Guy of Warwick*. When the *Curate* had view'd 'em, Neighbour, quo he to the *Barber*, we want nothing more now, but our Friend's Neece and his Houſe-keeper, the Court and the Window. There's no ſuch need, quo the *Barber*, I'le undertake to fling 'em out o' this Window as artificially, as if I had been ſeven Years at the Trade; or elſe to carry 'em to the Chimney, where there is as good a Fire as the Hangman himſelf could deſire for the burning of a Traitor's Intrails. How, Gentlemen! cry'd the Inn-keeper? I hope ye don't intend to burn my Books? Only five of 'em, reply'd the *Curate*; *Don Cironciglio*, *Fælix-mart*, *Valentine* and *Orſon*, *Bevis* and *Guy*. Why ſure, quo the Inn-keeper, they be no *Giſmaticks*, that you condemn 'em thus furiouſly to the Flames. *Schiſmaticks* thou mean'ſt, quo the *Curate*. Well, let 'em be *Ziſmaticks*, however, as y' are ſtout, be merciful, quo the Inn-keeper; if ye muſt be burning, burn *Hermandez* and *Garcia*, with all my heart, but for the reſt, I'le as ſoon burn my Wife and Children. Landlord, reply'd the *Curate*, as for thoſe Books you would ſo fain ſave, they are nothing but ſo many heaps of Lyes, meer Rubbiſh, fit for nothing

but

but *Trunkmakers*. But for *D. Garcia*, he was a famous Souldier indeed, and ſo ſtrong that he would ſtop the Sails of a Wind-mill in a high Wind, with one Hand; and they ſay, that he himſelf ſingly defended a Bridge againſt a whole Army of Men, with many other renowned and famous Atchievements, that if they had been recorded by another Hiſtorian, as they were written by himſelf with a more then ordinary Modeſty, becauſe he wou'd not ſeem to be the Trumpeter of his own Fame, he had ſurpaſs'd all the *Hectors*, *Achilles's*, and *Orlando Furioſo's*, i' the World. Pox— quo the Inn-keeper, what a Wonder you tell of ſtopping a Wind-mill Sail— read *Don Fælix-mart*, and you ſhall ſee how with one back-blow he cut five Giants as big about as the Monument, as ev'n and as ſmoothly i' the middle, that you could not ſee where his Sword had gone amiſs: And how he encounter'd all alone one of the greateſt Armies that ever were ſeen, and ſhreded as ſmall as Mince-meat, ſix hundred thouſand Soldiers, all compleatly arm'd from Head to Foot; and then you would burn *Guy* o' *Warwick*. Nouns, Sir, there was never ſuch a Knight i' the World; upon whom, as he was ſtanding by ſome River or other, 'tis no matter where, a fierce Dragon leapt out of the River, and ſeiz'd upon his Body; but preſently the Knight taking hold of the Dragon's Throat, grip'd his ſcalding hot Wezand ſo hard, that the flaming Monſter no longer able to breath, ſunk down to the bottom of the water forty fathom deep, and pull'd the Knight after him becauſe he would not let go his hold; but when he thought he had been at the bottom of the River, he found himſelf in a magnificent Palace, ſtanding in the midſt of pleaſant Gardens and Paradiſe's; at what time the fiery Dragon turn'd into an elderly Gentleman, as venerable as the Maſter of a Company upon a Court Day, who told him a thouſand Stories as ſtrange to him, as the Lyes of a Traveller to a Knot of Bumkins in an *Alehouſe Chimney*. Go, go, y'are a Fool, Mr. *Parſon*, theſe were brave Fellows indeed— I'd not give a Fig for your *Don Garcia's*, and your great Captains, they 're not worth hanging to theſe. Upon that, Mrs. *Dorothy* turning to *Cardenio*, What ſay you to all this? Don't you think my Landlord in a fair way to be a ſecond *Don Quixote*? Truly I think him in as beat'n a Road to it, as from *London* to *Highgate*; for I ſee he believes all that he reads in theſe Romances to be Articles of Faith, and I defie all the *Virtuoſi* to convince him to the Contrary. But, Landlord, quo the *Curate*, continuing his Diſcourſe, do you believe, as you hope to eſcape *Purgatory*, that there were any ſuch Perſons i' the World, as *Cirongilio* of *Thrace*, and *Felix-mart* of *Hircania*, and the reſt of the ſame Tribe? Be not ſuch a Fool— I tell thee, they were all a Company of Fables invented by a ſort of idle Fellows that had nothing elſe to do, for the Divertiſement of thoſe that were as lazy as themſelves. Such is the Folly of Men to complain of the Shortneſs of Life, and yet know not what to do with what they have. Believe then what I ſay, for by the word of a Prieſt, I ſwear to thee, there is not a Tittle of Truth in all that's written of theſe *Knight-Errants*. Who are you ſelling your Shells to, Mr. *Curate*, reply'd the Inn-keeper? To thoſe that come from St. *Michael*? Good-now carry theſe Bones to another Dog. 'Tis true, perhaps I am none of the wiſeſt, yet I'de have ye to know, tho I never ſtudy'd *Darapti*, nor *Felapton*, I am not ſo ſoon to be converted neither; and therefore as y' are a Univerſity Scholar, don't think to feed me with Pap; for by my Wife's firſt Maiden-head, I am no Child to be made believe, that theſe Books that are ſet forth with a *Licenc'd by Authority*, which Authority is deriv'd from the Council Royal, God bleſs 'em; contain nothing but Lyes and Forgeries to turn People's Brains,

and ſtock *Bedlam*. I have told ye already, Landlord, reply'd the *Curate*, theſe things are permitted only for the Paſtime of thoſe that have no other Imployment, and whoſe Quality and Degree exempts 'em from the Trouble of Labour and Pains-taking. Therefore it is, that in all well-order'd Common-wealths, ſeveral Sports and Recreations are allow'd, as Cards, Tables, Billiards, and the like, for the Divertiſement of ſuch as neither can, neither does it behove 'em to work. And for the ſame Reaſon they ſuffer theſe ſort of Books to be printed and ſold; not imagining there ſhould be any ſo ignorant, or ſo empty-pated, as to believe there is any Truth in ſuch kind of Stories. And now give me leave to tell ye, were it ſeaſonable, or a thing that the Company deſir'd, I would ſay ſomething concerning theſe *Romances*, how they ought to be compos'd, to the end they might be of Uſe; and perhaps my Diſcourſe would neither be unprofitable or diſpleaſing. But there is a time for all things, and I hope one Day to impart my Mind to thoſe that may have Power to redreſs this National Grievance. In the mean time, Landlord, believe what I ſay, and make your beſt Advantage of it; and I pray God keep thee from being ſick of *Don Quixote*'s Diſeaſe. Ne're trouble your Head for that, Sir, reply'd the Inn-keeper; I'm ſure I ſhall ne're be ſuch a Fool as to turn *Knight-Errant*; for I find they are not ſo much in faſhion, as they were formerly. *Sancho*, who was preſent at ſome part of this Diſcourſe, hearing *Knight-Errantry* exploded, as quite out of faſhion, and all *Romances* run down for Fictions, Lyes, and *Chimera's*, ſtood like *Mumphazard*, that was hang'd for ſaying nothing, penſive, melancholy, ſtupid, and all-beſotted, till reviv'd with a Gill of the beſt, he at length reſolv'd to tarry a little longer, and ſee the Iſſue of his Maſter's Journey; and in caſe it did not anſwer his Expectations, to leave him there, and then to return home to his Wife and Children, and betake himſelf to Hedging and Ditching, as he was wont to do. The Inn-keeper alſo was about to have carry'd away his Portmantle and his Books, but the *Curate* ſtopt him, telling him he had a mind to ſee ſome Papers that he had only caſt his Eye upon, the rather becauſe they were ſo fairly written; and taking out a handful at the ſame time, he found eight or ten Leaves together with this *Title* at the Beginning, *The Novel of the Curious Impertinent*; and after he had read a matter o' ſix or ſeven Lines to himſelf, Fakins, quo he, this Title pleaſes me, and therefore I have a mind to read the reſt— Fetch us t'other Bottle, Landlord. You will be very well pleas'd, I'le aſſure ye, Sir, reply'd the Inn-keeper, for I have heard it read to ſeveral of my Gueſts that have been highly merry with it; nay, I have had ſeveral Bookſellers here too, that have offer'd me Money for the Copy to print it, but I reſolv'd not to part with it; beſide that, I dare not neither, for fear the owner of the Portmantle, that pawn'd it to me for his Reckoning, ſhould come to fetch it away, and pay me my Money. For tho I am an Inn-keeper, yet I pretend to have ſo much Conſcience, as not to do my ſelf an Injury. You ſpeak honeſtly, reply'd the *Curate*, but if I like the Story, I hope you'l let me take a Copy. VVith all my heart, Sir, upon Condition you'l drink a Flask or two extraordinary.

VVhile they two were thus diſcourſing, *Cardenio* took up the *Novel*, and having read a little way— Sir, ſaid he to the *Curate*, I like it very well, and I believe, if you will take the pains to read it out aloud, the whole Company will be glad to hear it. Moſt willingly, reply'd the *Curate*; but is it not time to go to ſleep, rather then read? No, no, Mr. *Curate*, cry'd Mrs. *Dorothy*, pray read it, I'd rather hear it then a Sermon— and beſides, I want ſomething to revive my Spirits, for I am melancholy methinks of a ſudden;

ſudden: *Sancho* and the *Barber* made him the ſame requeſt; for *Sancho* ſaid he was melancholy too, and profer'd to fill the *Curate* his Cup, whenever he call'd for't. Nay, then, quo the *Curate*, take your places, and give Attention: Thus end the Contents, the Chapter follows.

CHAP. VI.

The NOVEL OF THE *CURIOUS IMPERTINENT.*

IN *Florence*, a wealthy and famous City of *Italy*, in the Province of *Tuſcany*, there were two Gentlemen, *Anſelm* and *Lothaire*, who liv'd together in ſuch a perfect Amity and Union, that they call'd 'em the *Two Friends*. They were both young, both of an Age, both Batchelors, and had both the ſame Inclinations; only that *Anſelm* was more amorous and courtly, and *Lothaire* more addicted to Hunting. But they lov'd like *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*, wou'd forgoe their Pleaſures at any time, to ſerve one another; and if one had Money, the t'other never wanted. Now mark the Burden of all *Novels*; *Anſelm* fell paſſionately in love with a moſt delicate, curious, peerleſs Paragon of Beauty, in the ſame City. And it fell out ſo pat, that her Birth, her Eſtate, her Alliances, were ſo equal to his, that he reſolv'd, with the Conſent of his Friend, (for without that, 'twas impoſſible for him to do any thing) to demand her in Marriage. On the other ſide, *Lothaire* was ſo far from diſpleaſing his Friend, that he undertook to make the Demand; and ſo diligently beſtirr'd himſelf, that in a few days he put his Friend to bed to his Miſtreſs fairly and honeſtly; for which, both his Friend and *Camilla* (for that was the Gentlewoman's Name) gave him more Thanks then would ha' ſtarv'd ten thouſand Cats. *Lothaire* alſo, which was but Reaſon, went every day to viſit the two marry'd Couple ſo long as Honey-moon laſted; nor would he be wanting himſelf ſometimes to fiddle, and ſometimes to dance, as Occaſion ſerv'd. But the Holy-days being over, he thought it now proper, like a Man of Diſcretion, to be more reſerv'd, and leſs frequent in his Viſits; for that his Friend being marry'd, the Caſe was alter'd, quo *Plowden*; yet vowing withal to meet him as often at the Tavern, as ever he did before; and there to be Cup and Can, as formerly.

On the other ſide, *Anſelm* as enamour'd, and as eager as he was at his Sport, wonder'd his Friend was grown ſuch a Stranger, and came ſo ſeldom to viſit him; and therefore one day, when he did come, expoſtulated the Caſe with him, and told him, That *Before-George* he would ne're ha' marry'd, had he thought that Matrimony would have eſtrang'd 'em one from another: That it was uſual for Women to claim their Thirds, and therefore the Law gave his Wife a Share i' their Friendſhip: That he hop'd they two knew better then to looſe the peculiar Title of the *Two Friends*, for the ſtarch'd Niceties of Formality, or the idle Comments of Town-talk: That *Camilla* took his abſenting himſelf as unkindly as he, and thought her ſelf ſo happy in her Marriage, that there was nothing more delightful

to her, then the ſight of him that had ſo fortunately contriv'd it. In ſhort, he us'd all the Arguments imaginable to perſwade *Lothaire* to viſit him as he did before, aſſuring him, that he could not be at reſt without him. To which *Lothaire* anſwer'd with ſo much Modeſty and Prudence, that *Anſelm* began to think his Friend was in the right on't. However, to prevent all Miſunderſtandings between Decency and Friendſhip, it was concluded, That *Lothaire* ſhould come twice a Week, and upon Holy-days too, and dine at *Anſelm*'s Houſe. Which, tho *Lothaire* promis'd to do, for the Satisfaction of his Friend; yet he reſolv'd with himſelf however, to be ſtill careful of his Friend's Honour, whoſe Reputation he valu'd beyond his own. Quo he to himſelf, and he *quo he'd* like an honeſt Gentleman; A Man whom Heaven has bleſt with a beautiful Wife, had as much need to take care what Friends he brings to his Houſe, as what *Orange*, and *Boon-Chriſtian* Women, what Ladies of Quality, and Kinſwomen, came to viſit his Wife. For that thoſe Bargains cannot be driven i'the Market-place, or at Church, or at a great Invitation, or a Play-houſe, whither a Man cannot refuſe his Wife to go ſometimes, which are concluded at home by a She-friend or a Kinſwoman, of whom there is little or no notice tak'n. How eaſily is a *Billet-doux* convey'd in a Bunch of Grapes, or a Boon-Chriſtian; nor ſhall ſhe want Inſtruction which to chuſe; take this Pear, Madam, upon my word, 'tis a choice piece of Fruit, and cheap at Six-pence. *Anſelm*, on the other ſide, who knew his Friend's Thoughts as well as if he had been in his Belly, made theſe Cautions an Argument againſt him, urging, That for theſe very Reaſons, it behov'd every marry'd Man, to have a real Friend about him, to give him good Counſel, and inform him when he did amiſs; for that many Men might be apt to be ſo indulgent to their VVives, and to be ſo hood-wink'd with Affection and Dotage, that they could not ſpie thoſe Faults and Contrivances, which a diſcreet and diſcerning Friend might be able to do. But notwithſtanding all *Anſelm*'s Rhetorick, *Lothaire* ſtill kept to his Text, and would not viſit his Friend any oftner then he thought fitting, that is to ſay, he very ſeldom went to ſee him. Shew me now ſuch another Example of real and ſincere Amity; for my part, I don't believe there ever was ſuch another as *Lothaire*, who was ſo careful of his Friend's Honour, that he depriv'd himſelf of his Company, for fear the world ſhould miſinterpret his Viſits, and that at an Age that does not uſually make thoſe ſober Reflections where Pleaſure is concern'd; ſo generous that he would not give Occaſion to the idle world to talk, or for malicious Eyes to obſerve the frequent Viſits of a wealthy Gentleman, and of noble Birth, to ſuch a celebrated Beauty as *Camilla*, to the Scandal of his friend's forehead, upon which the vulgar would be preſently grafting all the Horns in *Epping-Foreſt*, upon the leaſt Surmiſes of their Malice. Yet all this while ſuch was *Anſelm*'s Impatience, that he never ſaw his Friend, but he upbraided him with his Coldneſs, for which *Lothaire* had always ſuch proper Excuſes, that *Anſelm* knew not how to be angry with him. But not long after, as they were both walking together i'the Fields, *Anſelm* taking *Lothaire* by the Hand; One would think, *Lothaire*, ſaid he, that conſidering the Favours which God had ſhowr'd upon me, in making me the Son of ſuch Noble Parents, and beſtowing upon me with ſuch a liberal Hand; but more then all this, when I find my ſelf belov'd by ſuch a true Friend as *Lothaire*, and embrac'd by ſuch a vertuous Wife as the fair *Camilla*, one would think, I ſay, that I ſhould live contented as one that enjoy'd all the Happineſs that a Man can enjoy in this World. And yet for all this, I find

find my ſelf ſo ſtrangely diſtracted in my Mind, ſuch odd *Conundrums* and *Whimſies* lie wallowing and tumbling i' my Brains, that I cannot tell how for the Soul and Blood o' me, to get rid of 'em. I confeſs, to my Shame, that they are only the extravagant Fancies of a weak Head, at which I cannot chuſe but wonder, and as often highly blame my ſelf. But they have got ſuch an aſcendant over me, that I cannot withſtand 'em; and it makes me mad to ſee my ſelf almoſt beſide my Wits. As for Example, *Then thundring* Jove *in human Shape came ſtealing to* Amphitryo's *Bed*— What a pox have I to do with *Jove* or *Amphitryo*—? there's neither Rhyme nor Reaſon in't— and yet theſe things fill my Brains full o' Sparables— At other times I dream of Lords and Citizens Wives, Ladies and their Coachmen. What-a-devil do theſe things concern me? And yet ſometimes they make a noiſe i' my Noddle like ſo many Paper-mills. Now as I thus became a Nuiſance to my ſelf, I knew not where to apply my ſelf for cure, but to the only faithful Friend that I have i' the World; and therefore I ſhall not ſcruple to diſcover to thee the Cauſe of my Diſtemper, as being confident, that no other Perſon under Heaven can relieve me.

Anſelm, amaz'd to hear his Friend talk idle at that rate, could not divine what Maggot this ſhould be, that had ſo ſuddenly wriggl'd it ſelf among the Tunicles of his Brain. And therefore to ſatisfie his Impatience, he told him in plain *Engliſh*, 'Twas a Violation of the League between 'em to fetch ſuch a Compaſs about, before he came to the Point; that his Secrets did not uſe to come ſo hard from him; and therefore whatever it were, he deſir'd him to out with it, ſince he knew his Friend was bound to conceal it, tho 'twere Treaſon it ſelf. Why, faith my dear Friend, reply'd *Anſelm*, nothing but Shame has ty'd my Tongue all this while— And I could hang my ſelf for trifling thus long, ſince 'tis in vain for a Man to hide his Diſeaſe from his Phyſician. Phyſician! quo *Lothaire*— 'Fore-*George*, if it be any thing of a Clap, 'tis quite out o' my Road— No, no, reply'd *Anſelm*, 'tis a ſerious, a very ſerious Buſineſs. I would try an Experiment— I would fain know, Pox on't— 'twas juſt at the Root o' my Tongue, and is ſlipp'd down again— I would fain know whether— *Camilla* be as chaſt, and as virtuous as I believe her to be— now 'tis out. Bleſs me! what a Project ha' you teem'd after ſuch a hard Labour? Why, faith ſaid *Anſelm*, I cannot tell whether I think well or ill, but my Opinion is this, That what ye call Vertue in Women, is like your counterfeit Pieces that gliſter like Gold, but in the Refiners Melting-pot they vaniſh away in Smoke and Steam. *Vertue* is a ſpecious word, and makes a fine ſhew, that oftimes covers a World of myſterious Wickedneſs. For I do not believe that Woman to be chaſt, that is never courted, or never ſolicited: But ſhe that can reſiſt the Promiſes, the Preſents, the Tears, the Importunities, and all the Temptations of a Diabolical Lover, ſhe's the vertuous Woman. For tho ſhe hold out a Siege as long as *Troy*, if ſhe ſurrender at length, I'd not give a ſingle Muſtard-ſeed for her Vertue; nor would I give a Ruſh for a Vertue that is grounded upon Fear, or want of Opportunity. She's only vertuous, that holds out againſt all the Batteries of Enticement, and the Enticements even of their own Inclinations. Now I would fain try, whether *Camilla*'s Vertue be of this Nature. 'Tis true, ſuch Experiments are dangerous, but I ſhall ne're be quiet i' my Mind, till I am ſatisfy'd in this Particular. If *Camilla* ſtand to her Pan-pudding; if when ſhe has run the Gantlet through all the Temptations, Oaths, Vows, Proteſtations, VViles and Stratagems of an importunate Lover, ſhe come off without a Scar; then will I ſay, there's a VVoman fall'n to my Lot, after whom the

wiſe

Wiſe man makes Proclamation, and cries, *Where's ſuch a one to be found?* But if ſhe falter and give ground, I ſhall have this Advantage at leaſt, not to have been deceiv'd in my Opinion, and that I was not cully'd by that Confidence, which abuſes ſo many other Men. And therefore never go about to ſpend words in vain, in hopes to divert me from my Deſign, for you may as well take the Moon by the Horns; but prepare your ſelf to do me this Kindneſs, upon the ſcore of our long continu'd and inviolable Friendſhip. Make all the Applications to her imaginable, ſwear, vow, proteſt, fall at her Knees, whine, pine, lament and mourn; ſpare neither for Necklaces of Pearl, nor Gold Watches; let her not want any Rarity that Spring, Summer, or the more fruitful Autumn yields: In ſhort, uſe all the Stratagems and Devices that human Wit, or the Subtilty of the Devil can invent to debauch an honeſt, honourable, reſerv'd, modeſt, godly, vertuous Woman; and believing thou canſt not give me a more ſenſible Proof of thy Kindneſs, begin as ſoon as thou canſt. *Anſelm* here making a ſtop, *Lothario* more aſtoniſh'd now then he was before, ſtar'd him i' the face a good while, without ſpeaking a word, like one that had been gazing upon ſomething he had never ſeen before; till after he had recollected himſelf, Friend *Anſelm*, ſaid he, had I thought you had been in earneſt all this while, I ſhould never have heard ye ſo patiently, and ſo long, without an Interruption. Surely, either thou doſt not know me, or I don't know thee. But I think I know thee to be *Anſelm*; and I believe thou knowſt me to be *Lothario*: Here's the Miſchief on't, that I think thou art not the ſame *Anſelm* thou wer't wont to be, and thou tak'ſt me not to be the ſame *Lothairo* that I ought to be. For neither is the Kindneſs of that Nature to be deſir'd by *Anſelm*, nor to be granted by *Lothario*. We are to make uſe of our Friends to ſuch a Degree, and no farther; and to make trial of their Friendſhip in things that are reaſonable, not in things that are contrary to common Senſe; and if not prejudicial, at leaſt of no Advantage to the Impoſer. You wou'd have me make love to your Wife, and uſe my utmoſt Endeavours to debauch her: If you believe her vertuous, what would ye have more? Or what will my Endeavours add to her Merit? But if I do debauch her, what then? Then is your Life at an end; for the loſs of Reputation, is the loſs of Life; and what will the world moſt juſtly ſay of me, for abuſing and diſhonouring my Friend? By my troth, you have ſtudy'd one of the moſt ingenious Contrivances to ruine your ſelf and your friend too, that ever I heard of. If you queſtion, whether *Camilla* be as prudent as other Women, take her as ſhe is, either better or worſe, till ye find her worſe then ſhe is. For 'tis better to enjoy a quiet Uncertainty, then to bring an old Houſe upon a Man's Head, by trying Experiments. Remember, friend *Anſelm*, that the Honour of a Woman conſiſts in the good Opinion which the world has of her; then content your ſelf with your own and the good Opinion of the world to boot, and never go about, out of an idle and impertinent Curioſity to lay Snares meerly to ſhew the Excellency o' your Trap; which, when all is done, does but catch prone *Inclination* with the Baits that are natural to it. For in ſhort, a Woman is like a poliſh'd Glaſs, which is tarniſh'd with the leaſt breathing upon it: A delicate Flower, that ſullies and withers with the ſofteſt Touch. To this Purpoſe, I remember the Advice of an grave *Old Toaſt*, to the Father of a certain young Virgin in a Comedy, to keep a diligent watch over his Daughter, to ſhut her up, and not to truſt her to her ſelf; and if I miſtake not, the words were theſe.

He that thinks a Woman Glaſs,
Let him ne'r be trying tricks;
For as ſure as God's in Gloſter,
If he lets her fall, ſhe breaks.

But when ſhe's broke, the Devil himſelf
Can never ſoder up the Wound;
And therefore while ſhe's whole, be ſure
To have a care, and keep her ſound.

For certain 'tis, that were there now
More Danaë's *then could be told,*
There wou'd not want for ev'ry one
As many charming ſhowers of Gold.

And now, ſaid *Lothario*, having ſpok'n thus much for your Intereſt, give me leave to ſay ſomething for my ſelf. You look upon me to be your real Friend, and yet you go about to take away my Honour; and would ha' me be the Inſtrument of ruining yours: Wiſe work in good truth. What will *Camilla* think, when ſhe ſhall hear my lewd Addreſſes to her, but that I am a perfidious Son of Voluptuouſneſs, that makes no ſcruple to violate the moſt Sacred Laws of Friendſhip, or to Sacrifice my Reputation to the ticklings of ſenſual Pleaſure? Will ſhe not have reaſon to be offended at a Liberty that will ſeem to reproach her, as if I had obſerv'd a particular Lightneſs and Vanity in her Conduct? Or if I find her yielding, will it become me to betray *Anſelm*? Or if I cannot accompliſh my ends, can ſhe have a greater hatred, then for the Perſon, on whom ſhe had beſtow'd ſuch marks of her favour, meerly to make a May-game of her Credulity? Or if I excuſe my ſelf, and ſay, I did it to pleaſe you; what will ſhe think of me for accepting ſuch a Commiſſion? And how will ſhe deſpiſe the Perſon that Sign'd it? What will all Men of Honour think of me, for having troubl'd the repoſe of all your Family with a falſe Complaiſance? Shall we not become the Publick Laughter of thoſe that admir'd our ſtrict and matchleſs Amity? Believe me therefore, dear *Anſelm*, live undiſturb'd in an Opinion that renders thee happy; and conſider that thou ventur'ſt thouſands to a Nut-ſhell, in ſo raſh and impertinent a folly. In a word, without flattery, I take it ill, that you ſhould make me ſuch an idle and diſhonourable Propoſal; and be aſſur'd, that I will never do ye this dangerous piece of Service, tho it ſhould coſt me your Friendſhip, which would to me be the greateſt Loſs i' the World.

Theſe home-thruſts of *Lothario* put *Anſelm* into ſuch a Confuſion, that for a good while he ſtood as mute as a Fiſh, till having found his Tongue in a condition to move; Friend *Lothario*, ſaid he, I have heard thee with all the Attention and Satisfaction imaginable; and have obſerv'd in thy Expreſſions all that Diſcretion and Prudence could utter: And this Refuſal of thine has ſignaliz'd thy Friendſhip to the higheſt degree. I confeſs my Requeſt is unjuſt, and ſuch a one, of which the Conſequences cannot chuſe but be fatal; and that if I don't follow thy Counſel, I am a Mad-man, and hurry my ſelf into a moſt dreadful Precipice. But I am ſick, *Lothario*, I am ſick; and of a Diſtemper that rages inceſſantly within me; and a deſperate Diſeaſe muſt have a deſperate Cure: Beſides, you ſee that Chalk, Oatmeal, Coals, the raw Steaks of a Butcher's Arm, will never hurt thoſe that long

for

for 'em. I conceal'd my Infirmity a long time, in hopes I might ſurmount it; but 'tis become my Maſter, and my deplorable Condition obliges me to ſeek for aid. Forſake me not therefore in my diſtreſs, dear Friend—— Never ſtand arguing with a man that has loſt his Reaſon—— Why—if I have a mind to be a Cuckold, why ſhould you contradict me? Prithee try *Camilla*, gently at firſt, for fear of daſhing, I dare ſay ſhe won't ſurrender at the firſt Aſſault; and perhaps that ſmall Experiment may ſatisfie me, that I may return to my Senſes again without any more. If thou art ſucceſsful over the left ſhoulder, and art forc'd to raiſe thy Siege from my beloved Lady *Vienna*, then ſhall I be happier then the Great *Mogul*, and the King of *Perſia*; and thou wilt have the Honour to have outdone all the Phyſicians in *London*, where I think there are more then enow; and to have Cur'd one of the oddeſt Frenzies that ever was heard of. And for *Camilla*, let me alone to put it off with a Jeſt, and pacifie her well enough. But do it, dear *Lothario*, do it for my ſake, do it for her ſake, do it for Heav'n's ſake, do it for thy own ſake, and for the ſake of all that is dear to thee i' the World; or elſe I muſt be forc'd to employ ſome body elſe.

Lothario finding *Anſelm* ſo reſolutely bent, and the danger of a Refuſal, determin'd to accept the ſtrange Commiſſion, the rather becauſe he was ſatisfied that he had diſcharg'd his Conſcience to the full, both like a Gentleman and a Friend; reſolving however to carry his buſineſs ſo cunningly, as to ſatisfie the Hypochondriacal *Anſelm*, and yet not offend *Camilla* neither. And having thus concluded within himſelf; You ſhall not need, quo he to *Anſelm*, to employ any body elſe, for I find my Complaiſance too weak to withſtand any longer the force of your Entreaties. At which words *Anſelm* embrac'd him with that Affection, as if it had been *Camilla* her ſelf triumphant over all the ſeven deadly Sins.

After that, they drank a chirping Cup together, and *Anſelm* drew out a draught of the Method which *Lothario* was to obſerve; not forgetting what ſort of Tunes he would have for the Serenades, and what ſort of Songs he would have for the Tunes, which he offer'd to make himſelf, if *Lothario* thought he could not be at leiſure, for Courting his Wife. Moreover, he promis'd to ſend *Lothario* Money to defray the Expences of his Entertainments, his Coach-hire to and fro; together with what Watches, Rings, and Jewels he ſhould think convenient for Temptation-Preſents: For all which *Lothario* took his word, without troubling a Scriv'ner to draw up Articles. Which done, *Anſelm* carry'd *Lothario* home to his Houſe, where he found *Camilla* in a twitter, for his having ſtaid till Dinner was almoſt ſpoyl'd. After Dinner, and a Game or two at Back-Gammon, *Lothario* took his leave for that time, and retir'd to his Lodging, very much diſturb'd in his mind about the hard Duty which his Friend had impos'd upon him. That Night he lay tumbling and toſſing, and conſidering with himſelf how to manage his Buſineſs; and the next day away he went again to Dine with his Friend, where *Camilla* receiv'd him as her Husband's Acquaintance, with all the becoming freedom imaginable; as one in whoſe Company ſhe knew her Husband delighted, and to whom ſhe was her ſelf not a little engag'd. They had no ſooner clos'd up their Stomacks with their Pippins and Carraway Comfits, but *Anſelm*, riſing haſtily from the Table, told 'em, that he had urgent Buſineſs that call'd him abroad, and therefore begg'd of *Lothario* to keep his Wife Company till his Return; and notwithſtanding all *Lothario*'s entreaties, that he might bear him Company, and *Camilla's* endearing *Prithee my Hony's and Sweet-heart's*, to retain him at home,

home, nothing would do; he had no sooner comb'd out his *Perriwig*, but away he flung, leaving *Lothario* and his Wife in the Room together. And then it was, that *Lothario* found himself at the strangest Non-plus that ever he was in his life; not knowing what i' the World to do, to avoid the danger that threatned the forehead of his Friend. At length he fain'd himself to be very sleepy, and after he had seemingly endeavour'd to wake himself two or three times, he loll'd backward in his Chair, and betook himself to Dog-sleep; for as I may tell to you, he was no more sleepy then when he wak'd i' the Morning. About two hours after, *Anselm* return'd, and finding *Camilla* i' the Room, and *Lothario* fast asleep, as he thought, he conjectur'd, he had tyr'd himself with talking, and therefore staid till he was awake, to know how far he had proceeded. *Lothario* answer'd him, that he did not think it convenient to provoke *Camilla* too far at the first dash; and therefore he had only discours'd her at a distance, concerning the Perfections of her own Beauty, and amus'd her with the general Talk of the Town, of the Happy Choice that *Anselm* had made of a Wife; not doubting but to insinuate himself by degrees, as having prepar'd her to hear stories of another Nature the next time: Observing the Devil's Method, who when he has a design to deceive poor Mortals, does not shew his Cloven foot at first, but transforms himself into an Angel of Light. Which beginning extreamly pleas'd *Anselm*. Several days thus past over, wherein *Lothario* spoke not a word to *Camilla*; only he made her Husband believe he had us'd all the Art and Arguments, with which the Devil had liberally furnish'd him, but could not make the least Impression upon her Affection: On the other side, that she did nothing but cry *fie, and out upon him*; and that she did not think he had been such a one, and at length threaten'd to tell her Husband, and never to come into his Company more, if ever he offer'd her any such idle Discourse again.

Happy had *Anselm* been, if this would ha' giv'n him Satisfaction: But 'tis not to be avoided, where the Devil owes a man a shame; for the Devil scorns to take *White-Fryers* for such a Debt. Thus far, said *Anselm*, *Camilla* has withstood the Batteries of Words, now let's see how she will resist the force of Deeds. To morrow I'le send ye in two hundred Guineys for a Present, and two hundred more for a Garnish of Diamonds; for Women love to see their Stomachers twinkling with Jewels, like the Sky in a frosty Night; and if *Camilla* refuses *Them*, I'le never trouble thee farther. Well, cry'd *Lothario*, I'le go forward, since I ha' begun; but I'm confident you'd as good ha' play'd away your Money at *In and In* i' the *Temple-Hall* — However, the next day *Anselm*, who like a Merchant that stands upon his Credit, was too punctual to fail of his word, sent in his Friend the four hundred Guineys, which plung'd *Lothario* again into new Cares: But still he concluded to say, that *Camilla* was not to be mov'd, and that he was afraid of incurring her hatred by teizing her. And indeed he might easily have come off with Honour, had *Anselm* been Master of himself; but his Brains were so turn'd in his Skull, that nothing would content him. One day therefore, after he had left *Lothario* and *Camilla* alone, as he was wont to do, he withdrew himself into an upper Room, where he could see all that pass'd between the two supposed Lovers. But when he had staid there above an Hour, he obsery'd that in all that time, *Lothario* did not so much as open his Lips, which made him believe, that what he had said of *Camilla*, were all meer *Shams*. Upon which, returning into the Room, and taking *Lothario* aside; What a scurvy Humour is *Camilla* in to day, quo he? She has pis's'd upon a Nettle, I think, quo *Lothario*; for she's a froppish,

as if she had lost the first Present that you made her: so cholerick, so pettish, so peevish, so waspish, that I durst not speak a word to her— Ah, *Lothario, Lothario!* cry'd *Anselm*, Is this the Effect of your Promises? Is this the Discharge of a Trust, which I expected from your Friendship? I ha' stood upon the Watch, where I have all this while observ'd, that you have not spoke a word to *Camilla*— there's Courtship for mine A— and not for a brisk Lady — Why don't ye give me leave to make use of some body else, if you are so tender-Conscienc'd?

Lothairo finding himself so trapp'd, that he had not one hole to creep out at, and being in the Number of those that could not tell a Lye, and stand in it, thought it convenient to play another Game; and swore more Oaths then are sworn of a Night in a Gaming-Ordinary, that it should cost him a fall, but he would do his Business. *Anselm* believ'd him, and to give him the more Liberty, resolv'd to go into the Country for a matter of eight days. Now was there ever such a Puppy i' the world? when he had all things at home to his own Heart's content, a fair Estate, a handsom, loving, obsequious Wife; yet all this wou'd not content him, but that he must be studying, and searching out new Passages to *Nova Zembla*, new *Hudson's Bays*, to his own Ruine? But no more of these Digressions, let's go on with our Story.

Industrious *Anselm* went the next Morning into the Country; but taking leave of his Wife, My Dear, quo he, urgent Business calls me away, however, I leave ye my friend *Lothario*, to whom I desire ye i' the mean time to be as kind and civil as to my self. My Dear, quo *Camilla*, this is your Order, but a strange Injunction. *Joy*, quo she, d' ye understand what ye do? for it troubles me very much to obey; for that it was beyond the Limits of Decency, that *Lothario* and she should live with that Familiarity together in his Absence. If ye doubt that I am not able to govern your House, I beseech ye, my Dear, stay and be a Witness your self of my Management, that if I do amiss, I may be better inform'd by your Instruction. No more Words, cry'd *Anselm*, with a Matrimonial Frown; and so saying, flung out of her Company.

The next day *Lothario* came to visit *Camilla*, who receiv'd him with all the Modesty imaginable; and she had taken such care, that she would not be a moment in the Room, without some body by her, especially *Lyonella*, a Maid that had been bred up with her, and for whom she had a very great Kindness.

For the three first Days *Lothario* said nothing to her, tho he had Opportunity enough while the Servants were at Dinner. Of which *Camilla* being well aware, order'd *Lyonella* for the future to dine before the rest, that she might continually have her by her. But the giddy Girl, having other Crotchets in her Head, and not caring to stay long in a place, many times took Occasions to leave *Lothario* and her Mistress alone. Nevertheless *Lothario* still forbore to take Opportunity by the Forelock, whether it were, that he could not find in his heart to injure his Friend, or whether he thought it too much below a Gentleman to wrong a Lady that treated him with so much Civility; or perhaps because, tho *Camilla* were beautiful and free in her Behaviour, yet the Gravity and Reserv'dness of her Carriage struck such an Awe into him, that restrain'd the loose Attempts of his irregular Desires. But at length this Constraint that *Lothario* put upon himself, and all his long Silence, produc'd an Effect quite contrary to his laudable Intentions. For at length the Charms of her Beauty made that Impression in his Mind, which he had been all along so much afraid of; and while

he

he only thought to behold her with a modeſt and becoming Reſpect, he began to admire her, and to look upon her with ſo much Delight, that he could not unfix his Eyes from their beloved Object. In a word, Love ſtole inſenſibly into his Heart, and had made a great Progreſs before he perceiv'd it. But when he found himſelf over *Shoes*, over *Boots*, and that his Heart was all of a Blaze, beyond the Quenching of the City Engines; then what a Toil, what a Buſtle, what a Clutter was there? What eager Diſputes and Conteſts, fiercer then theſe of *Whigg* and *Tory*, between Treachery and Honour? What Duels and Combats between growing Paſſion, and Breach of Friendſhip? What Hiccups and Checks of Conſcience, and Reproaches of common Morality? Piety alſo and Religion were come as far as the Grounſel of his Heart; but *Satan* ſpying 'em, preſently ſtept to the Door, and barr'd it againſt 'em. He repented a thouſand times his raſh Compliance with the Folly of his Friend. So that at length it came to a pitch'd Battel between his *Vertues* and his *Paſſions*, under the Command of *Honour* and *Fidelity* o' the one ſide, impatient *Deſire* and lawleſs *Pleaſure* on the other ſide; and the Conflict was obſtinately maintain'd, till *Camilla*'s Beauty and *Anſelm*'s Deſtiny, to puniſh his Imprudence, coming in with a freſh Reinforcement, put *Virtue* and *Chriſtianity* to flight, with the loſs *Honour* and *Fidelity* ſlain upon the place. And now *Lothario*, believing the Reſiſtance of three Days ſufficient to excuſe his Diſloyalty to his Friend, as one that thought himſelf no longer oblig'd to hold out, where he ſaw no poſſibility of being reliev'd, let looſe the Reins of his Paſſion, and boldly diſcover'd the Violence of his Love to *Camilla*. On the other ſide, *Camilla*, ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to find her ſelf ſo vigorouſly, ſo ſuddenly, and ſo unexpectedly aſſail'd, ſaid not a word, but riſing haſtily from her Chair, retir'd into her Chamber. But this diſdainful Repulſe nothing daunted *Lothario*, rather it begat in him a higher Eſteem of her Perſon; and that eſteem adding Fewel to his Flames, he reſolv'd to proſecute his Deſign. In the mean time *Camilla*, after a long Conſultation with her ſelf what Courſe to take, at length concluded to withdraw her ſelf from *Lothario*'s Company; and in the Evening ſent a Lacquey away to her Husband, with the following Letter to recall him home.

CHAP. VII.

The Sequel of the Novel *of the* Curious Impertinent.

My Dear;

'YOU have ſhew'd an extraordinary Confidence in leaving me alone, 'and I find my ſelf highly oblig'd to ye for it. But I cannot think it ſo 'diſcreetly done, or that you are ſo jealous as you ought, of a Happineſs, which 'you pretend ſo highly to eſteem. For my own part, conſidering the real and 'tender Affection I have for yee, I am not able any longer to endure your 'Abſence, finding my ſelf ſo melancholy, and ſo diſturb'd i' my Thoughts, 'that if you do not ſpeedily return, I muſt be forc'd to go home to my Fa'ther. For, to tell ye Truth, I am afraid that the perſon, whom yee have 'entruſted with the care of your Family, minds more his own, then your 'Concerns. But you are wiſe and prudent, and therefore I ſhall ſay no 'more.

By this Letter *Anſelm* ſaw that *Lothario* had been true to his Promiſe, and that *Camilla* had done her Duty; and being overjoy'd at ſo happy a Beginning, ſent back word to his Wife, That ſhe ſhould by no means ſtir from her Houſe, for that it would not be long before he terurn'd.

Camilla was in an Amaze to read *Anſelm*'s Anſwer, as that which put her into a greater Confuſion then ſhe was in before. For neither could ſhe well ſtay at home, where her Chaſtity was ſo brisk'ly aſſail'd by *Lothario*, neither durſt ſhe return to her Father, for fear of diſpleaſing her Husband. At length, after long Debate with her own Thoughts, unfortunately ſhe choſe the worſt Reſolution, which was, to ſtay in her Houſe, and to keep *Lothario* Company, as ſhe was wont to do, for fear of giving an Occaſion of Suſpicion to the Servants. She repented alſo, that ſhe had written to her Husband, afraid that ſhe had thereby made him jealous of *Lothario*; eſpecially believing her ſelf ſo ſecure of her ſelf, that ſhe could be in no danger of any Attempts that he could make: So that by writing to her Husband, ſhe had only diſcover'd her Weakneſs and the Miſtruſt ſhe had of her own Conſtancy. With this Reſolution, ſo prudent in Appearance, but ſo fallacious in the Event, *Camilla* ſuffer'd her Ears to lie open to *Lothario*'s Temptations; and he ſpurr'd on by his Paſſion, and finding the Opportunity ſo favourable, manag'd his Artillery ſo like a cunning Marksman, that he never miſs'd a Shot; and ſo mollify'd her with the Charms of his endearing and amorous Diſcourſes, that *Camilla*'s Conſtancy began to totter; inſomuch that ſhe had much ado to ſtifle the Diſcoveries of a ſurrendring Compaſſion, which *Lothario*'s Tears, and tender Expreſſions had wrought in her Breaſt. All which being diligently obſerv'd by *Lothario*, redoubl'd his Paſſion, and gave him full aſſurance that he ſhould not find *Camilla* ſo invincible as *Penelope*. Upon this, *Lothario* fell on Pell-mell again, and cunningly ſtorm'd her weakeſt, and moſt defenceleſs part, with the tickling Praiſes of her Beauty. For there is nothing ſooner lays in Ruins the lofty Towers and Fortreſſes of female Vanity, then when that Vanity it ſelf is the Engine dextrouſly manag'd by Adulation and Flattery. So that had *Camilla* been a Tower of Braſs, I queſtion whether ſuch Underminings as theſe would not have levell'd her with the Earth. He wept, he begg'd, he vow'd, he ſwore and forſwore; yet with ſuch a rarely counterfeited ſhew of Truth and Reality, that at length, eluding all *Camilla*'s Care of her Honour, he vanquiſh'd that which he never dreamt, tho moſt deſir'd, to triumph over. *Camilla* ſurrendred, *Camilla* yielded: An evident Example, that the Paſſions of Love are only vanquiſh'd by flight, and that there is no encountering hand to hand ſuch potent Adverſaries. However, *Lionella* the Chamber-maid, forſooth, was only privy to her Miſtreſs's failings; from whom 'twas impoſſible for thoſe two falſe Friends, and new Lovers to conceal the Secret. Nor would *Lothario* diſcover *to Camilla*, that *Anſelm* had laid this Trap for himſelf, leſt ſhe ſhould think his Sollicitation to have been meerly accidental, and what he never intended, had not the Opportunity been thrown into his Hands.

Soon after *Anſelm* return'd, and wonderfully pleas'd with *Lothario*'s fulfilling his Promiſe, with his uſual Impatience, went to viſit his dear Friend, to know of him, what farther Progreſs he had made. *Anſelm*, ſaid *Lothario*, embracing him, thou mayſt boaſt thy ſelf the Husband of a matchleſs Wife, and one whom all other Women ought to look upon as the Ornament of their Sex, and a Pattern by which to govern themſelves. S'life— I ha' been all this while baſting Flints with Butter, talking and ſwearing to the Wind— She laugh'd at my Tears— and ſcorn'd my Preſents— I found

her

her chaſt, even to Admiration— and immoveable as *Pen-men Maur*. In a word, her Vertue is equal to her Beauty, and thou art happy among Men— And therefore here, my dear Friend— here's your Money again— for, alas! had it been a whole Mine— or the whole *Cargo* of the Plate fleet, I found *Camilla* was not to be tempted by all the Gewgaws in both *Exchanges*. And therefore *Anſelm*, ſatisfie thy ſelf with the peaceable Enjoyment of thy happy Fortune, without making any farther Trials; which is the beſt Counſel I can give thee, as a Friend, and the only fruit which I deſire to reap by my Complaiſency to thy extravagant Humour.

Anſelm having heard this pleaſing Fable, was ready to leap out of his Skin for Joy, extoll'd his Friend to the Skie, and gave him more Thanks, then if he had redeem'd him from the *Turkiſh* Gallies; but not being as yet fully ſatisfy'd, he deſir'd him to continue his Courtſhip, tho not with the ſame Importunity as before; and in regard that Verſes would coſt him nothing, he likewiſe intreated him to ſend her now and then a Copy, under the borrow'd Name of *Cloris*; of which he would take no farther Notice, then as only ſent to his Wife for her Approbation, as being intended to another. To which, *Lothario*, whoſe Courtſhip was no longer now a burthen to him, readily conſented. And thus the impertinent Cully, and the diſloyal Friend being both agreed, *Anſelm* went home; and after he had embrac'd and kiſs'd his Wife; Honey, quo he, what's the reaſon you ſent me ſuch a Letter into the Country—? Why truly, my Dear, anſwer'd *Camilla*, methought at firſt, that *Lothario* began to be a little more familiar with me in your Abſence then became him; but afterwards I found 'twas a meer Fancy o' my own; however, I was glad of any Pretence to haſt'n your Return— Puh— cry'd *Anſelm!* a meer Fancy indeed— for to my Knowledge he's up to the hard Ears in Love with a young Lady i' the Town here, to whom he writes Verſes under the Name of *Cloris*; beſides, I am ſo well aſſur'd of his Vertue and Friendſhip, that there's no room for the leaſt Suſpicion of *Lothario*— Who, my Friend *Lothario*—! I'le truſt him, tho 'twere as long as an *Eaſt-India-Voyage*— This Fable of *Cloris* might have bred ill Blood between *Camilla* and her new Gallant, had not *Lothario* told her before of his Intention to put this ſame *Sham* of *Cloris* upon *Anſelm*, that he might have the more Liberty to write to her at any time, without being ſuſpected by her Husband. And ſome few Days after, as they were ſitting all three together, *Anſelm* deſir'd *Lothario* to repeat ſome of thoſe Verſes which he had made in the Praiſe of *Cloris*; which he might be the more bold to do, in regard that *Camilla* knew not who ſhe was. What if ſhe did, reply'd *Lothario*? I ſhould be ne're a whit the more ſcrupulous for that; ſeeing a Lover never injures the Perſon he loves, tho he complain of her Rigour, at the ſame time that he praiſes her Beauty. However, let 'em be good or bad, here they be, ſuch as they are, which I made Yeſterday upon *Cloris*'s Ingratitude— They're ſhort you ſee, but whether as ſweet, that you muſt judge.

I.

IN depth of ſilent Night,
When all men are aſleep;
Or each one kiſſing of his own Delight,
I lie alone and fondly weep

For

For Cloris, *my dear Jewel.*
Cloris, *ah* Cloris— *that ſame ſacred* She!
That for to bauk a common Simile,
No Tygreſs is;
But yet as fierce a Leopardeſs,
All cover'd o're with Beauty-ſpots, but cruel.

II.

When Morning comes, the ſame Complaints I make,
And half aſleep, and half awake,
I make enquiry where the charming Whore is?
Streight my thoughts check me for abuſing Cloris—
And I confeſs, 'twas raſhly done— for why?
Cloris, *that I'd ſo fain enjoy,*
Has but one Fault,
She's lovely, but confounded coy.

III.

Then up I get, and go to viſit Cloris—
But Mrs. Mary *with her Flim-flam Stories,*
Cloris *is ſick, quo ſhe, not to be ſeen,*
Or gone to Temple-Church *or* Lincoln's-Inn.
Thus I return'd undone,
And come again i' the Afternoon;
But then ſhe's got to Lantralow,
And Hell can't move her for an hour or two.

IV.

Thus Phœbus *ſets, and Night comes on again,*
And then of Cloris *I to Heav'n complain,*
Of Heav'n to Cloris,
For muſtring in her Face thoſe killing Glories;
Believing too,
The Gods might remedy the Matter;
But after all, I'm ne're the better:
I Cloris *woe,*
And pray the Gods to mollifie her Heart;
But, Oh! what ſignifies it? not one F—t:
The Gods are deaf, and Cloris *will not hear,*
And all becauſe ſhe's coy, that is ſo fair.

The Verſes pleas'd *Camilla*, but *Anſelm* extoll'd 'em to the Skies. For he thought it unreaſonable, as one who thought he had not been ſerv'd ſo himſelf, that a young Lady, becauſe ſhe was a little more then ordinary Snout-fair, ſhould be ſo cruel to a Gentleman that ſought her early and late with ſo much Affection. Why, ſaid *Camilla*, do all Lovers ſpeak truth in their Verſes? As Poets, anſwer'd *Lothario*, perhaps they may ſtrain a little, but as Lovers, they ſpeak leſs then they might do. 'Tis too true, reply'd *Anſelm*, as being reſolv'd to juſtifie *Lothario* whatever he ſaid, and to keep up his Reputation with *Camilla*. A needleſs Toil, God wot, to diſguiſe his Thoughts

Thoughts to her, that was already ſo much devoted to *Lothario*, that ſhe never minded her Husbands Artifices to ruin himſelf. For now *Camilla* was deſperately in Love with *Lothario*, and whatever he ſaid, was acceptable to her, without any need of the witty Cuckold's blind Apologies. Which was the reaſon that ſhe deſir'd *Lothario*, if he had any more Verſes about him, to let her hear 'em. Why Faith, *Madam*, anſwer'd *Lothario*, I have one Copy more i' my Pocket; of which I have no better Opinion then of the former, however, they're at your Service.

I Can't believe, that ever Men could bear
The pains and torments which they ſwear
They ſuffer for a Womans Beauty.
Then they muſt dye, as now
Poor I reſolve to do.
For Cloris *falſe Diſdain is ſuch a Curſe,*
That could a Beaſt but love, 'twould kill a Horſe.
Go hang your ſelf —— th' ingrateful Cloris *cries.*
What Lover now, but up wou'd puke
His very Soul at ſuch a fierce Rebuke?
Beſides — the Man that never ly'd,
Has ſworn he can't out-live fair Cloris *Pride;*
And ſhall I be forſworn,
When I can dye — and laugh at Cloris *ſcorn?*

II.

No —— now I think on't, I will dye
To ſhew the World the Rigour of the Maid ——
That I ſhould be ſo ill repay'd
For all my Services and Trouble,
Thus to be made a meer Town-Bubble.
And then that ſhe ſhould have a Heart
So quite regardleſs of my ſmart,
While panting, gaſping on the Ground I lye,
To ſee me at her Velvet Slippers dye.

III.

But when by Death I have thrown off her Fetters,
Then let her ſee
My Love and Conſtancy
Deeply engrav'd upon my Heart,
In Poticary's *Letters.*
Then like ſome Siſter, Sermon-terrify'd,
Reflecting on thy Murd'rous Pride,
Cloris, *make haſt into thy Cloſet,*
And there take off a Rats-bane Poſſet,
To expiate my injur'd Ghoſt,
That for thy ſake an Amorous Body loſt.

Anſelm, who to the unmarrying of himſelf, was ſtill wedded to his own Deſign, applauded theſe Verſes no leſs then he had done the former. Like a kind Cuckold, that never thinks the Chain of his entanglement long enough,

enough, continually careſſing the Perſon that daily lickt his Cream-Pot, and left him only the Whey; while the *Legerdemain* his Wife play'd him all the while, only ſerv'd to advance her the more in the good Opinion and Affection of the Knight of the Forked Order.

A while after, *Camilla* being alone with her truſty *Lionella*, Nothing vexes me, quo ſhe, but that I'm afraid I yielded up my Fort a little too ſoon; and that *Lothario*, when he conſiders my weakneſs, will deſpiſe the Happineſs that coſt him ſo little. And yet his Enchantments were ſuch, that I don't believe St. *Winifred* her ſelf could have withſtood 'em —— Lord! Madam, why ſhould you think ſo? quo *Lionella* ——— Rather believe your eaſie kindneſs muſt redouble his acknowledgment. Let me tell ye, Madam, if the Gift be worth giving, the Gift is never a whit to be the leſs eſteem'd, becauſe eaſily parted with by the Donor —— Come — come — Miſtreſs, *That which is readily given, is twice given* ——— That's anſwer'd by another Proverb, cry'd *Camilla*, *The more Coſt, the more Worſhip* —— That's nothing to the purpoſe, anſwer'd *Lionella*; for if it be true what I have heard, Love obſerves no certain Rules: Sometimes it flies, ſometimes it goes a foot —— Sometimes runs, ſometimes walks, as if he were following a Herſe —— Sometimes as cool as a Blood-ſtone, ſometimes all Fire and Tow ——And here the Wood and the Flame met as it ſhou'd do —— The fuel was dry, and the flame was hot — Nature will have its courſe —— If you the ſooner yielded, 'twas becauſe *Lothario* was the more violent. *Anſelm* was gone, but no body knew how ſoon he might return —— And therefore Love, like a Politician, always takes Opportunity by the fore-lock. And this, Madam, I know as well by Experience, as by Hear-ſay —— for I ſhall give ye to underſtand one day, that I am made of Fleſh and Blood as well as others. Nor did you yield ſo ſoon neither, till you ſaw his very Soul in his Eyes, in his Sighs, in his Vows, Promiſes, and Preſents; and you beheld him in his Vertues, and the Perfections of his Mind, a Perſon fit for your Embraces. And therefore, Madam, never cling up your Guts with theſe Hypochondriacal Scruples, but be merry and chearful; and believe *Lothario* has the ſame eſteem for you, as you have for him. Believe that he does not only Challenge the three *FFF*'s, which all true Lovers ought to have, but you may run through the whole Alphabet in his Praiſe. As for Example: He is Amorous, Bountiful, Courtly, Deſperate, Enamour'd, (I omit the *F*'s, as unqueſtionable) Gallant, Hair-brain'd, Jocund, Luſty, Mild, Noble, Open-hearted, Patient, Quaint, Rich, Serious, True, Valiant, Wiſe, the Devil take X, there's nothing will fit him, Young, and your Zealous Adorer. And now, Madam, what would ye ha' more? *Camilla* could not chooſe but ſmile at her Maids *Alphabet*; yet on the other ſide, ſhe could not but wonder to hear ſo young a Queſtrel as ſhe, diſcourſe with all the Experience of an *Orange-Moll*, or a *Betty-Mackarel*. Which ſhe perceiving —— By my truly, Miſtreſs, quo ſhe, don't you believe I ha' ſpent my time idly; for I muſt tell ye, I ha' brought a Young Mercer's Prentice i' this Town to my Lure already —— I warrant ye, Madam, he's my own ——— 'Tis true, he's not out of his Time —— But what o' that? ——— *Dukes-Place* is free for all comers and goers ——— Nay, to tell ye the truth, Madam, the buſineſs is done already, one way or other ——— 'Tis no matter which way, ſo't be done ———

Camilla was not a little troubl'd to hear her Maid talk at that rate; but then again conſidering, that it was not for Satan to correct Sin, all ſhe could do, was to deſire *Lionella* to be careful how ſhe diſcover'd to her *Sweet-heart* the Intrigue between her and *Lothario*; and ſo to manage her own concerns, that

that neither *Lothario* nor *Anſelm* might diſcover her *Amours*. Which *Lionella* not only promis'd, but alſo ſwore with all Exactneſs and Duty to her Miſtreſs, to perform. Nevertheleſs the Lecherous Baggage, finding ſhe had the Key of her Miſtreſs's Secrets, and that her Miſtreſs was now become her Slave (a main Misfortune that attends the forbidden Pleaſures of Women) and therefore knowing no Reaſon why ſhe might not have a little ſport as well as her Miſtreſs, became ſo bold, as to invite her Sweet-heart to *Anſelm*'s Houſe, and let him into the very Apartments belonging to her Miſtreſs; who now (ſo ſtrangely had her own misfortunes turn'd the Tide) afraid of her own ſhadow, was forc'd to turn Pandreſs to her Servant, and to be ſerviceable to her, in aſſiſting her to conceal her Paramour, leſt her Husband ſhould come to know it.

Yet all her care and caution could not ſo contrive it, but that one morning *Lothario* diſcover'd *Lionella's* Gallant coming out of *Anſelm*'s Houſe: Which ſo ſurpriz'd *Lothario* at firſt, that not believing his Eyes, he took it for an *Apparition*; but perceiving the fellow rid Ground, like one with his Noſe muffl'd up in his Cloak, newly diſimbogu'd out of *Whetſtone*'s *Park*; and thereby conjecturing that he was one who was unwilling to be known, and at the ſame time never dreaming of *Lionella*, no more then he did of the Empreſs of *Morocco*, ſuſpected him to be ſome body that *Camilla* treated with no leſs Courteſan Civility then himſelf. Which awaken'd ſuch an inveterate Jealouſie in his Soul, that he reſolv'd to be forthwith reveng'd of the poor Lady. To which purpoſe, quitting all his former Conſiderations, and his reflective Humour, he briskly enters *Anſelm*'s Houſe, and going up into his Chamber, without giving him time to riſe, *Anſelm*, ſaid he, I have been for ſome days ſtriving with my ſelf to conceal from thee a Secret, which it highly imports thee to know; but at length the Friendſhip which I ow'd thee, will no longer ſuffer me to conceal it. Know then, in ſhort, that I have won the Fortreſs, and *Camilla* can no longer boaſt her Conſtancy. If I did not ſooner make thee this Diſcovery, 'twas, becauſe I was not well aſſur'd whether it were the weakneſs of thy Wife, or a trick to try whether I ſpoke in earneſt. Therefore I ſtaid a while, expecting ſhe would have told thee of my Importunity; but when I found ſhe kept the Secret cloſe, then I made no further queſtion, but that ſhe reſolv'd to keep her word, in allowing me the Liberty which I deſir'd, as ſoon as thou wert gone into the Country. However, *Anſelm*, let not this Secret, which I have entruſted in thy Boſom, tranſport thee to Extravagance; for after all, *Camilla* has not yet in Act offended; ſo that perhaps ſhe may recollect her ſelf, and repent the Condeſcenſion ſhe has made. And therefore, as thou haſt follow'd my Counſel hitherto, be rul'd by me yet a little more: Pretend to go into the Country for two or three days, and find ſome way to hide thy ſelf in the Chamber, then we ſhall ſee how ſhe will behave her ſelf, and what Reſolution it will become thee to take.

Anſelm ſtood like one that had met his Father's Ghoſt, to hear *Lothario* thus diſcourſe, at a time when he leaſt expected ſuch a Morning *Salem*; when his Thoughts began to be at reſt, as being fully ſatisfy'd in *Camilla's* Conqueſts. But then, as one that had loſt his Senſes, ſadly beholding *Lothario*, You have done, ſaid he, what I expected from your Friendſhip: now adviſe me what courſe to take; for I depend entirely upon your Diſcretion. *Lothario*, on the other ſide, not knowing what to ſay to him in that penſive Condition, embrac'd *Anſelm*, and bruſh'd away in haſt out of the Room. But when he was gone, he began to repent of what he had done, by expoſing *Camilla* ſo inconſiderately, of whom he might have taken his

Revenge with leſs Danger, and leſs to her Reproach. However, not being able to recall Yeſterday, nor to find any Expedient to reconcile the matter, he reſolv'd to tell *Camilla* himſelf, and that with all the ſpeed he could, as one that had free Acceſs to her at all times.

And now was *Anſelm* juſt gone abroad, when *Lothario* enter'd; to whom *Camilla*, finding they were both alone together, My dear *Lothario*, ſaid ſhe, I have a thing to tell thee in thy Ear, that troubles me more then any thing i' the World; and the rather, becauſe I dread the Conſequences of it. *Lionella* has a Sweet-heart, and the Baggage is grown ſo impudent, that ſhe brings him into her Chamber every Night, and there keeps him till Morning: Judge ye now how this wicked Wench expoſes me to ſcandal; for what will People think, to ſee a Young Fellow let out at the Back-door at ſuch unſeaſonable hours? And that which vexes me moſt is, that I dare not ſo much as murmur againſt this inſolent Slut, for fear of bringing an Old Houſe over my own Head: For if ſhe once begins to open againſt me, I am a loſt Woman —— Sweet Meat has always ſowre Sawce, *Lothario* —— Prethee conſider and ſtudy my Repoſe. At firſt, *Lothario* thought that this ſame ſtory had been onely a Device of *Camilla's*, to make him believe that the fellow he ſaw come out of the Houſe, was *Lionella's* Sweet heart; but when he ſaw her all in Tears, and found what ſhe ſaid to be true, he was no leſs perplex'd then *She*. However, at length he gave her to underſtand that there was a worſe miſchief had befall'n 'em then all that; and after he had begg'd her a hundred Pardons, he up and told her what the tranſports of his Jealouſie had bewitch'd him to diſcover to *Anſelm*; and that he had perſwaded him to hide himſelf in his Cloſet, that he might be a Witneſs of their farther Proceedings.

Such a terrible Thunder-clap as this had like to have over-whelm'd *Camilla* to the Earth: But as if her Indignation had ſupported her, ſhe flew out in a great rage againſt *Lothario*; call'd him ten thouſand Traytors, and upbraided his raſh and inconſiderate Folly; and began deſperately to threaten her own Life; inſomuch that *Lothario* threw himſelf at her feet, like one in deſpair, not daring ſo much as to look up, or ſpeak a word. Till at length his Tears and his Sighs mollify'd *Camilla*, who having a prompt and ready wit, as moſt Women have, who tho they cannot write like *Scotus* or *Thomas Aquinas*, yet are plaguy nimble at an Amorous Contrivance, began to take heart a' grace, and having thought upon an Invention to repair the folly of her Gallant, ſhe the more eaſily pardon'd him a fault which he had never committed, but out of too much Affection: Only ſhe bid him be ſure to keep *Anſelm* ſteady to his Reſolution, of hiding himſelf in the Chamber; aſſuring him that it would be a means to procure a Liberty to enjoy one another with more freedom then ever. *Lothario* preſs'd her to tell him her Deſign, that he might be the better able to obſerve her Directions; but ſhe excus'd her ſelf, only bid him come when ſhe ſent for him, and anſwer to every Queſtion that ſhe ſhould propoſe, punctually, as if he thought *Anſelm* did not hear him. The next day *Anſelm* got a Horſe-back, under pretence of going to viſit a Friend in the Country; and preſently returning home again, went and hid himſelf privately in his Wives Chamber, where he ſettl'd himſelf to his hearts content, without being diſturb'd by either his Wife or *Lionella*, who had no deſire to trouble him.

And now *Camilla* and *Lionella*, being well aſſur'd that he was ſafe in his lurking-hole, enter'd the Chamber; where *Camilla* had no ſooner ſet her foot over the Threſhold, but after ſhe had fetch'd a deep ſigh, Ah! *Lionella*, quo ſhe, thou never could'ſt divine, I know, why I have ſo often ask'd

thee

thee for thy Master's Dagger; but now what thinkst? Were it not better for me to strike it to my Heart, then thus be expos'd to his continu'd Importunities—? But stay, I'le first send for this perfidious *Lothario*, and know of him, what he saw in my Face, that should encourage him to make his debauch'd Addresses to me, so offensive to my Ears, and no less injurious to the best Friend he has in the World. Look out, *Lionella*, into the Street, and call him, for I am confident the Traitor stands watching under the Window for this Opportunity, so favourable as he thinks for the Satisfaction of his lewd Desires; but he shall find that my Desires and his are not the same— For God's-sake, Madam, cry'd the witty *Lionella*, what d' ye intend to do with that same Dagger—? Will you kill your self, or *Lothario*? Forbid it Heavens! for either way you lose your Credit, and your Reputation— Alack a-day, Madam, you will do much better to dissemble the Injuries offer'd you by a leacherous *Ruffian*, then to let in a lustful *Hector* upon a couple of feeble Women, not able to help themselves. Who knows, when he finds us thus all alone, but that he may bind us both, and then ravish us—? Or if he should be a little civil to you for my Master's sake, he will be sure to fall upon my poor Bones. And o' t'other side, suppose we should kill him— for I find that's your Design—— what good will you get by't, *Madam*? Never go, *Madam*—— if I don't tremble to think on't. Let *Anselm* do as he pleases, answer'd *Camilla*, for my part, I am resolv'd upon Revenge: Nay, methinks the time that I lose makes me guilty of the Affront I have receiv'd; and that I commit as many Defilements of my Husband's Bed, as I tarry Minutes from Revenging his Dishonour and mine.

Anselm heard all these female *Rodomantado's* behind the Tap'stry, and still made various Comments to himself upon every word *Camilla* spoke: But when he saw her so fully bent to kill *Lothario*, he was then about to have discover'd himself, to save his Friend. But at length resolving to see what Mettle his Wife was made of, he determin'd to stay till there might be a real Occasion for him to interpose. In the mean while *Camilla*, having over strain'd her self with the Violence of her Passion, threw her self upon her Bed, and dropp'd into a Swoon; or at least, *Anselm* took it to be so; at what time *Lionella* fell a screaming, as if her Mistress had been breathing her last Gasp; and made such pitiful Moans and Lamentations, that no Man but would ha' thought her the most afflicted Damsel upon Earth. Presently *Camilla* recovering out of her Trance, would to God, Wench, cry'd she to *Lionella*, thou wouldst go and call this Infidel, for a second Fit will utterly disinable me to take my Revenge, and then my Resentment will vanish in fruitless words. I run, Madam, reply'd *Lionella*, wiping the Tears from her Eyes. But I beseech ye, Madam, give me the Dagger out o' your Hands first— Do as I bid thee, cry'd *Camilla*, make haste, and fear nothing— I am resolv'd to revenge my self— I am willing to die— but first *Lothario*'s Blood shall give me satisfaction for the Injustice he has done me. However, *Lionella* was loath to leave her Mistress alone, nor would she stir till *Camilla* began to rate her for her slowness. While she was gone, *Camilla* fell a walking about the Chamber like a Dunner that had over-slept himself, trudging to find the Gentleman at home: by and by she flung her self upon her Bed; then up again; discovering her self so strangely nettl'd, as if she had had a Gad-Bee cling'd to her Tail— No, no, cry'd she, no more Consideration— hang pondering and thinking, his Death is determin'd— he has cost me showers of Tears, and his Life must pay me Interest—— He shall never boast unpunish'd, that he has attempted *Camilla*'s Virtue. Uttering these words, up she got again, and about the Room, with her Dag-

ger in her Hand, her Eyes ſparkling with Fury, and enlivening her words with gaſtly Looks, that would ha' cheated *Beelzebub* himſelf. *Anſelm*, ſtruck with Admiration to ſee what his Eyes beheld, deſir'd no more to cure him of thoſe Jealouſies with which *Lothario* had turmoil'd his Breaſt; yet fearing, leſt the Fury of his Wife might prove fatal to his Friend, or at leaſt, not knowing how far her Paſſion might attempt upon her ſelf, was about to have made his perſonal Appearance to attone her Rage; at what time *Lionella* return'd, with *Lothario* in her Hand. No ſooner *Lothario* enter'd, but *Stop*, ſhe cry'd, *Lothario*, venture no farther at your Peril; for if ye ſtir a foot, expect this Dagger in your treacherous Heart. Budge not then a hair's breadth, till thou haſt anſwer'd me theſe two Queſtions; and anſwer me quick and ſhort, without Quirks, and Tricks, and Circumlocutions, mental Reſervations, or Evaſions. In the firſt place, Doſt thou know *Anſelm*, and what Opinion haſt thou of him—? In the next place, Doſt thou know me? *Lothario* was not ſuch an Oufe, but that he knew *Camilla*, being privy to *Anſelm*'s being hid in the Chamber, underſtood how to play her Game; and therefore to correſpond diſcreetly and opportunely with her Deſign; Madam, ſaid he, I could not imagine, that you had ſent for me upon this raving Account, I was wrapp'd up in a better Conceit of my Happineſs; ſo that if you did not intend to have kept the Promiſe that you made me laſt Night, you might have ſent me word ſo, and not have laid a Snare for me, to the Breach of your word, and vaſt Injuſtice to my injur'd Affection. However, Madam, to anſwer exactly to your Queſtions, I do know *Anſelm*; he and I have known one another from our Infancy; I forbear to ſpeak of our Friendſhip, you are a ſufficient Judge of it; and if I may be thought to have ſurpaſs'd the Limits of that cordial Amity, blame that ſame Deity call'd *Love*, that obeys no Laws but his own. And for you, *lovely Camilla*, had I not known ye ſo well, I ſhould ha' been more innocent, and my Soul had been at more Repoſe—— If ſo, unjuſt and treacherous Friend, cry'd *Camilla*, if thou wert ſo well acquainted with us both, why doſt thou violate a Friendſhip ſo ſacredly obſerv'd by my Huſband? And how doſt thou dare to appear in my ſight, after ſuch a piece of Treaſon committed, no leſs offenſive to me, then to himſelf? What was in your Thoughts to court *me* with your *Lutener's-lane* Addreſſes? Who had inform'd ye, that I was ſuch a light Huſſey—? When did I ever give thee the leaſt Encouragement, that might flatter thy Hopes? On the other ſide, Did I not always diſdain thy Preſents? Did I not always with a ſerious Indignation, reject thy Vows and Proteſtations? 'Tis true, I was to blame for not chaſtizing thee ſeverely; but tho my ſottiſh Prudence would not then permit me to complain to *Anſelm*, for fear of ſetting two ſuch loving Friends together by the Ears, and ſending ye both to *Barn-Elms*, wi' your Seconds, yet finding now my ſelf too guilty of that Crime, I'le be my ſelf my Judge and Executioner; yet e're I die, I'le tear that treacherous Heart of thine from thy ingrateful Breaſt, to gratifie my Vengeance—And ſo ſaying, ſhe flew with that incredible ſwiftneſs upon *Lothario*, and counterfeited her Malice ſo exactly, that he himſelf could ſcarce tell what to think; eſpecially ſeeing himſelf ſo hardly put to't, that he was forc'd to uſe his utmoſt Skill and Strength to defend himſelf. For certainly, ne're did Woman paint out her Deſpair in ſuch lively and natural Colours, as would ha' deluded the Supreme Arch-devil of Deluſion himſelf: Nay, ſhe went ſo far as to breath a Vein, and draw Blood to confirm her Impoſture. At length, like one that found ſhe could not have her Ends of *Lothario*, Well—ſaid ſhe—then live a Miſcreant as thou art, ſince I have not Strength to

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rid the World of such a Pest— However, thou shalt not hinder me from that Revenge I owe my own disloyal Heart— and with that, flying out of *Lothario*'s Arms who held her, like one that had as yet some Wit in her Anger, she struck the Dagger slightly into the fleshy part of her Arm next her Shoulder, and at the same time fell flat upon her Back in a Swoon. This last part of the Show, so rarely well acted, especially when they saw the Vermillion Liquor of Life come trickling down her Smock-sleeves, startl'd even *Lothario* and *Lionella* themselves: *Lothario* was for sending for the Surgeon, *Lionella* lookt as pale as *Bagg'd-Holland*; but not finding the Wound to be of much more Consequence then a Pendant-hole i' the Ear, they could not chuse but smile one upon another; nor could *Lionella* forbear whispering *Lothario* i' the Ear, *Match me now this*, quo she, *at either of the two Theaters*.

On the other side, *Lothario* believing it no less proper for him to act his Part, fell a cursing the day of his Birth, the Nurse that gave him suck, the Air that afforded him Breath, and imprecated a thousand Maledictions not only upon himself, but the Person who had been the Cause of all this Mischief; then thumping his Breast, as if he had been beating Hemp upon his Ribs, he roar'd and howl'd, and with a million of *Woe is me's*, lamented, wept, and blubber'd over *Camilla*'s Body; and this with a Passion so lively, and with a Grief so real, to all outward Appearance, that you would have sworn him to have been the most forlorn and sorrowful Person that e're was overwhelm'd in Misery. In the mean time *Lionella* took up her dear Mistress in her Arms, and having laid her upon the Bed, beg'd of *Lothario* to go fetch a Surgeon; and withal, ask'd his Advice, what Excuse they should make to *Anselm*, should he return before she was cur'd. To which, *Lothario*, knowing that *Anselm* heard him; Do what you think fit, said he, for I am so unable to give Counsel to others, that I know not what course to advise my self, only take care she do not bleed to death; and as for my own part, farewel Mankind, for I'm resolv'd to go where mortal Eye shall never see me more; and so saying, he flung out of the Room, with all the Marks of Despair, that *Urbin*, with all his Fancy, could have pencil'd. But when he was alone, where no body saw him, he could not forbear to cross himself from his Forehead to his Stomach, in Admiration of *Camilla*'s Subtilty, and to see how rarely *Lionella* humour'd the whole, as if the Jade had been begot a' purpose for such Intrigues.

Nor did *Lionella* trouble her self to stanch *Camilla*'s Blood, till she had bled enough to ratifie the Cheat; and then washing the Wound, which was not so big as a Sparrow's Eye, all the while she was dressing and binding it up, manag'd her dissembling Tongue with that admirable Discretion, that *Anselm* wou'd ha' sworn his Wife had been a second *Lucretia*.

On the other side, *Camilla* lay raving and reviling her self, for having miss'd her Revenge, and seem'd to be enrag'd, that her Misfortune had preserv'd a Life, which she so much detested. Which Scene being over, *Camilla* advis'd with her Maid, whether or no 'twere proper to inform *Anselm* of what had happen'd? Heav'ns forbid, answer'd *Lionella*; for he'll be sure to be challenging *Lothario*; and what Woman of Vertue would venture the Life of a Husband, whom she so entirely lov'd? 'Tis very true, quo *Camilla*, and therefore I'le follow thy Counsel. But, said she, thou must invent me some Story or other to tell him, when he shall come to see the Wound. Troth, Madam, reply'd *Lionella*, you must pardon me for that— for I could never tell a Lye i' my life, tho it were to deny the pinching of a

Box

Box of Marmaled, when I went to your Closet— If a Bottle o' Wine be not miss'd, I can be silent, and drink it with the Cook-maid and the Coachman— but if it be ask'd for— I can as well be hang'd as deny it. Neither would I, reply'd *Camilla*, tell a Lye for all the World, tho it were to save my Honour; and therefore I think it best to make an ingenious Confession without any more ado. For to tell ye the truth, an honest Woman ought to make as absolute Confession to her Husband, as to her Ghostly Father himself. Madam, reply'd *Lionella*, never trouble your self; I make no question but your Wound will be cur'd before he returns: And therefore let it only be your Care to settle your Mind, and calm the Disorders of your Countenance; and for the rest, leave it to God and a good Conscience, that never desert the Innocent.

While these two Female Hypocrites were thus sporting with *Anselm*'s Credulity, poor *Jack Adams*, who had not lost one Tittle of a Word they said, felt his Soul caper in his Breast for Joy, that he was now the happiest Man under Heaven's blew Canopy; and waited impatiently for Night, that he might go and make his trusty faithful Friend, the full Partaker of his Felicity, whom he look'd upon as the sole Authour of his Life's Content; and to congratulate with him for the precious Pearl which he had found, in being thus undeceiv'd, and assur'd of the Vertue of his undefiled Spouse. On the other side, *Camilla* and *Lionella* finding themselves at the End of their fifth Act, let fall the Curtain, and made their *Exit*, to give him the Opportunity which he desir'd, and which he as greedily laying hold of, posted away to *Lothario*'s Lodging; and finding him at home (as one that expected his Visit) he threw his Arms about *Lothario*'s Neck, and after he had giv'n him more Thanks then there are Pebbles upon *Goodwin*-Sands, thunder'd out such a Volley of *Encomiums* in praise of *Camilla*'s Vertue, that *Lothario* check'd and peach'd by his own guilty Conscience, as knowing how he had betray'd him, and unjustly tasted of his forbidden Fruit, could not tell what Answer to make him; nor could he any way comply with his Friend's Joy, which he saw to be so excessive.

On the other side, *Anselm* could not chuse but take notice of his Friend's Indifferency, but believing it proceeded from his Sorrow, that his nown dear *Camilla* had hurt her self; a Misfortune, of which his Friend could not but in some measure think himself the Occasion; he beg'd him not to afflict himself, for that her Wound was but very slight; and assuring him besides, that both she and her Maid were resolv'd to say nothing of it. And therefore it became him to be so far from perplexing himself at such an inconsiderable Accident, that he ought rather to rejoice with him, as one that had not only contributed to marry him to one of the faireſt young Ladies in *Florence*, but by his Industry and fidelity had convinc'd him, that he was owner of the most vertuous and beautiful Wife in the World; a Woman that for her Vertue, if she had her due, ought to be the Theme of all the Poems and Sonnets of the Age, to eternize the Memory of her Chastity. To which *Lothario* reply'd, That there was nothing more just, and that therefore it should be the sole Imployment of his Muse, to serve her in the raising of so noble a Monument. This was the Issue of *Anselm*'s Politick Design, now a notorious Cuckold, but the most joyfully couzen'd to his Heart's content, of any Man that ever Midwife handed into the World: And at the same time he took *Lothario* by the Hand, and led him home to his House, fully believing the Subverter of his Honour to be the Instrument of his Happiness. *Camilla* receiv'd him with a lowring Countenance, but an amorous Heart; and for some time they enjoy'd the Benefit of their wanton

Treachery;

Treachery, till at length *Fortune* turning honeſt, diſcover'd the Fraud that had been with ſo much Artifice conceal'd; and *Anſelm*'s impatient Curioſity coſt him his Life.

CHAP. VIII.

The Concluſion of the Novel *of the* Curious Impertinent.

THE *Curate* had not much more to read of the *Novel*, before he came to the Concluſion, when *Sancho*, like a Fellow frighted out of his Senſes by a Cow in a Church-yard, came thundring down from the Garret, where *Don Quixote* was taking his natural Reſt, and crying out as loud as if the Houſe had been a' fire, *Help, help*, for the Lord's-ſake, come away quickly, for I have left my Maſter engag'd in one of the moſt deſperate Combats that e're was undertook by human Force. I am the arranteſt Lyer that ever ſpoke with a Tongue, if at the firſt Blow which he gave the monſtrous *Giant*, my Lady the Princeſs *Micomicona*'s mortal Enemy, he did not pare off his Head as cleverly as I ha' ſeen a Gardiner ſnip a Cabbage from the Stalk. How! *Sancho*, cry'd the *Curate*, what—— haſt thou loſt thy Wits? How the Devil can this be, when the Giant is not within two thouſand Leagues o' this Place—— Are thy Maſter's Arms two thouſand Leagues long? With that, they heard his Maſter i' the Garret tearing his Throat, and crying out, Lie there, Cut-throat—— Villain—— Traytor—— I ha' thee faſt now—— Dog in a Doublet—— What's become o' thy terrible Scimitar——? No, no, not ſo invincible neither as thou thoughtſt thy ſelf: And all the while they heard the Noiſe of *Don Quixote*'s Sword claſhing againſt the Wall, as if he had been hewing down that ſide of the Houſe. Why don't ye ſtir, Gentlemen, quo *Sancho*; what d' ye ſit gaping one upon another for? Pox on ye for a Company o' Cowards, why don't ye go and part the Fray? Tho I believe there's no need o' your Aſſiſtance——, for, if I miſtake not, the Giant is already gone to give an Account of his wicked Life i' the other World; for I ſaw his Crimſon Blood run about the Room like a River, and the Stream was ſo ſtrong, that it carry'd his Head along with it, which was as big as a Buſhel, or at leaſt, as an Elephant's. Now all the Plague's of *Egypt* light upon him, quo the *Hoſt*, for I'le be burn'd, if this *Don Quixote*, or *Don Devil*, have not been quarrelling with the *Boracho's* of Wine that ſtand in his Cockloft; and this ſame *Beetle-head* takes the Wine for Giant's Blood. With that, he follow'd the reſt of the Company into the field of Battel, where they found *Don Quixote* in the ſtrangeſt Equipage that ever Mortal appear'd in. For he was in his Shirt, if ſo it might be call'd, and not rather a Shift, conſiſting of two foul Napkins, which being tack'd together over each Shoulder, hung like a Herald's Coat. As for that before, it hardly cover'd the half of his Hips, and that behind wanted a full Foot of the t'other's length: So that his Shanks were eaſie to be ſeen long and lither, hairy as an old Baboon's, and as dirty as a Kennel-rakers. Upon his Head he had a Woollen-Cap ſo black and greaſy, that you could only diſcover, by the help of a Magnifying-glaſs, that *in diebus illis* it had been red. He had the Coverlet of his Bed wrapp'd about his left Arm, and his Sword drawn in his right Hand, with which he laid about him Fore-ſtroke and Back-ſtroke, and all the while rending his Throat, and vowing

vowing Maſſacre and Deſtruction, as if he had been engag'd with Millions. But the greateſt wonder was, that all this while his Eyes were ſhut, for he was perfectly aſleep; only in a Dream, no doubt, that he was battering the Mazard of the Giant *Pandafilando*. Or elſe, as his Imagination was wholly poſſeſs'd with theſe Fancies, he might in his Sleep have tak'n an eaſie Voyage to *Micomicon*, where he thought himſelf Rib roaſting the Princeſs's Enemy; and whatever he had heard tumble, he took for the Leg or Shoulder of ſome vanquiſh'd Giant. But by Misfortune, the moſt of theſe Monſter-murdering Blows fell upon certain *Boracho*'s of Wine that ſtood in the Chamber; ſo that the Room would have carry'd an ordinary Wherry. Which ſo enrag'd the Vintner, that he flew like a Mad-man upon *D. Quixote*, and beat ſuch a *Reveillez* with his double Fiſts upon his dry Bones, that the Knight's War with the Giants had ſoon been at an end, had not *Cardenio* and the *Curate* ſtept in to the Hero's Reſcue. And yet for all the Vintner's Thumps and Bruiſes, did not this poor Frantick wake (well for the Vintner, who perhaps might elſe ha' ſlept the Sleep of Death) till the *Barber* with a Pailful of cold water waſh'd not only his Linnen, but his whole Body from top to toe, and then he began to open his Eyes; yet did not that wake him neither ſo fully, as to make him perceive the Condition he was in; ſo that Mrs. *Dorothy* entring the Garret, and ſeeing her Champion in his Cobweb Lawn, and ſhort Meaſure to boot, mourning for his Lawndreſs, tript out o' the Room again, as unwilling to behold her Protector's Infirmities.

During this Hurly-burly, *Sancho* had been looking for the Giant's Head, which he ſaw drop to the Ground, but not being able to find it; Now, ſaid he, I ſee there is nothing but Enchantment in this Houſe. For in this very place it was, that not long ſince I receiv'd in dry Kicks and Fiſty-cuffs about ſome two Thouſand Marks, wanting three, for which I never gave any Acquittance, and yet could never ſee from whence they came, or who were my liberal Benefactors: And now the Devil will not let me find the Head of this Giant, tho I ſaw it cut off with both my two Eyes, and the Blood guſh out like the water from a Brewer's Pump. Enemy to Heaven, and all the Saints, what doſt mean by all this *Pedlers French*, cry'd the Innkeeper? Doſt not ſee, Blockhead as thou art, that the Pump and the Blood are nothing elſe but my *Boracho's* that are bor'd like ſo many Cullenders, and that the Chamber is all over-flow'd with Wine? I wiſh a' were ſwimming in Hell that has done me this Spoil—— That's no buſineſs of mine, reply'd *Sancho*, but this I know well, that this ſame Head, could I find it, would be worth to me a good Earldom, and now for want of it, my Earldom is ſunk again to the bottom o' the Sea, for ought I know. Upon which the Vintner, no leſs enrag'd at the Stupidity of the Squire, then for the Damage the Knight had done him, ſwore by the Religion of all his Anceſtors, they ſhou'd not eſcape as they had done the time before, but that in deſpite of all their Huffing, and Bouncing, and vapouring, and hectoring, maugre all the Priviledges of their Knighthoods and *Shitehoods*, they ſhould pay him to the utmoſt Farding for mangling his *Boracho's* and ſpilling his Wine.

At the ſame time the *Curate* held *Don Quixote* by the Hand, who believing he had finiſh'd his Adventure, and that he was in the Preſence of the Princeſs *Micomicona*, fell upon his Knees before the *Curate*, and with a ſubmiſſive Voice; 'Your Grandeur, ſaid he, is now ſecur'd, moſt Renown-'ed and Sovereign Lady. No longer need you fear the Uſurpations of that 'fell and barbarous Tyrant, that would have diſpoſſeſs'd ye of your Native

'Native Right; and I am discharg'd of my Promise, seeing that through 'Heaven's Assistance, and by the Favour of Her, by whom, and for whose 'sake I live, I have restor'd ye to the Scepter of your Ancestors. Now, Gentlemen, cry'd *Sancho*, what d' ye think on't, was not I in the right on't, when I told ye how he was in Combat with a Giant? I was sure I was not drunk; and now I think the Town's our own, and my *Earldom* is secure— At which the whole Company, all but the Inn-keeper, fell out a laughing till the Tears trickl'd down their Cheeks, as big as Pease. Only the Inn keeper could find nothing to be merry at, but curs'd and bann'd the Knight, and the Giant, and all the Generation of Knights and Giants, so enrag'd was he against the whole Progeny of Combatants-Errant, for the loss of his Wine. However, at length the *Curate*, the *Barber*, and *Cardenio*, perswaded *Don Quixote* to go to bed, where he lay with the greatest Satisfaction that ever Mortal had, who had vanquish'd his Adversary in *Chancery*; but they had much ado to appease the Inn-keeper, who wou'd fain ha' been anatomizing *Don Quixote*, for the Slaughter of his *Boracho's*. On the other side, the Hostess tore her Hair with both Hands, howl'd and took on, as if her Father, and Mother, and all her Kindred had been carry'd into Captivity by the *Moors*. Could this *Devil-Errant*, quo she, find no way to break his Neck before he came to my House. Ten thousand Gangreens devour his Entrails— I never saw the Peer of him— the Leathern-jaw'd Rake-hell is like a Monkey broke loose in a Dairy— he never comes to my House, but to ruine me— The last time they rid away with the Reckoning, he and that Dog's-head i' the Porridge-pot, his Squire— pretending themselves *Knight-Errants*, with a million a' Poxes to 'em; and that it was contrary to their *Wild Irish* Laws of Diabolical Chivalry, to pay for what they call for— All the Misfortunes that Astrology and Palmistry fore-tell, bring 'em safe to the Gallows—— and may their Order, and all their Laws be burn'd under their Noses as they hang—— and now here he's come again with his Knighthood and his Valour to encounter my *Boracho's*, hack the poor Goat-skins to pieces, and spill me more Wine, then all his Knighthood was worth—— I wish I could see as much of his Blood— He a Knight! he a Rat-catcher——! But I'le be reveng'd on him, or else let me be carted for a Bawd, and lose the Name of honest Woman—— Nor could he scape the Prayers of *Maritornes*, who, to comply with her Mistress, wish'd heartily that he might never meet with a Mistress handsomer then her self, and die under the Rigour of her Scorn to boot. But the *Curate*, a Man of Peace, found out a way to heal all the Wounds, and make amends for all the Blood that *Don Quixote* had shed, by promising Payment for all the Damage he had done. And as for *Sancho*, who was a little down i' the Mouth, because he could not find the Head, Mrs. *Dorothy* assur'd him by way of Consolation, that if the Knight his Master had cut off the Giant's Head, she would give him the best Earldom in her Kingdom. Thereupon *Sancho* swore by his first Night's Lodging with his Wife, that he saw the Head fall, by the same token, that it had a Beard above an Ell long; but the Reason why he could not find it was, because the House was enchanted, as he had found by Experience.

And now the *Curate* finding the House restor'd to its former Tranquility, desir'd leave to conclude the *Novel of the Curious Impertinent*; which being granted, he thus read on:

Anselm being so well assur'd of the Vertue of his Wife, was the most contented Cuckold i' the World. On the other side, *Camilla* purposely lower'd and frown'd upon *Lothario*; and *Lothario* requested *Anselm* to excuse him

from frequenting his Houſe, as one that found his Company was no way acceptable to *Camilla*. But the deluded *Anſelm* could by no means endure ſuch a Separation, and therefore would not let his Wife be quiet, till he had brought her to a perfect Reconciliation.

In the mean time *Lionella*, ſway'd by the frailty of her fleſh, inſatiable in her deſires; and as ſhe was grown Lawleſs beyond her Miſtreſſes Controul, being reſolv'd to make uſe of her time, gave thoſe Reins to her impotent heat, that preferring the Precept of *Gather your Roſe-buds*, before all the Commandments, ſhe careſs'd her Paramour Day and Night in her Maſter's Houſe, without any conſideration of what might happen either to her Miſtreſs or her ſelf. And unluckily it fell out, that one Night *Anſelm* heard a noiſe in her Chamber. Upon this, his Curioſity inquiſitive to know what was the matter, he perceiv'd the Door held againſt him: which reſiſtance kindling new ſuſpicions in his ſick and weak Brain, his Jealouſie forc'd open the Door, at what time he obſerv'd a certain Mortal in Breeches leap out of the window into the ſtreet. Hoytie toytie, quo he, what's here to do? And with that he ſtept to the window, thinking to lay hold o' the Perſon, or at leaſt to have a ſight of his Phyſiognomy: But miſſing both his aims, by reaſon that *Lionella* held him faſt in her Arms, he began to grow angry. *Lionella* beſought him not to make a buſtle, aſſuring him, that it was only a concern of her own; and that the Gentleman was her Legitimate Husband, lawfully and duly eſpous'd, as ever two Beggars were marry'd at the *Minories*. *Anſelm* would not believe her, but tranſported with Fury, or at leaſt ſeeming ſo to be, vow'd to ſtick her to the wall with a Dagger which he had in his hand, if ſhe did not tell him the truth. *Lionella*, who was more accuſtom'd to other ſort of Weapons then to ſteel Poniards, was ſo diſmay'd to ſee the bright Inſtrument of Death gliſs'n at her Breaſt, that all her quick Inventions, all her Excuſes, and Chamber-maid Evaſions having left her, and her conſtant Friend, the Devil, not having an Opportunity to whiſper her i'the Ear, ſhe had not one word to ſay; but falling at her Maſter's feet in ſuch a Pannick Dread, that ſhe hardly knew what ſhe ſaid, ſhe beſought him to ſpare her Life, and ſhe would make him ſuch Diſcoveries, as ſhould make his Ears tingle. Be quick then, Baggage, cry'd *Anſelm*, or by this Candle that burns —— And then heaving up his Dagger-hand —— Oh, for the Lord's ſake, cry'd *Lionella*, have mercy on a Sinner, but till to morrow morning — And then if I do not diſcloſe the very in-ſide of my Breaſt, do you your ſelf rip it open for me ——— Only this I ſwear i'the mean time, and you may believe me upon the words of a dying Maid (and I may ſafely ſo now call my ſelf, my Soul being almoſt frighted out of my Body) that the Perſon that ſhot himſelf out of the window, was only a Sweet-heart of mine, that has promis'd me Marriage ſo faithfully, that I could not deny him a ſmall Kindneſs before hand —— I am ſorry with all my heart, Sir, the noiſe diſturb'd ye. *Anſelm* finding the firſt part of her Confeſſion ſo ingenious, granted her the time ſhe deſir'd. However, fearing ſhe ſhould make her Eſcape, like a half-witted Fool, he ſecur'd her by halves; for he only lock'd her Chamber Door, and took the Key in his Pocket, never minding the Caſement; and ſo believing her as ſafe as the *Wiſe Men a' Gotam*'s Cuckow, away he went to bed to his *Camilla*, told her what had happen'd, and what Ear-tingling Diſcoveries her Maid was to make him next Morning. *Camilla*, on the other ſide, never queſtioning, but that thoſe Ear-tingling Diſcoveries would deeply concern her, ſaid nothing; but having tyr'd poor *Anſelm* by her more then uſual Careſſes, and laid him in a profound ſleep, up ſhe gets,

ſlips

ſlips on her Morning-dreſs, pockets up all the Gold and Jewels ſhe could find, and away ſhe trips to *Lothario*; tells him the whole ſtory, and conjures him by all the Kindneſs he had for her, and by all their ſtoll'n Pleaſures, to ſecure her ſomewhere, where ſhe might be ſafe from her Husbands fury; vowing to follow him, tho it were in the Habit of a Page, all over the World; believing, that ſince ſhe had loſt her Honour, ſhe could make an excellent Miſtreſs for a Commander in a long Campaigne. The ſight of *Camilla*, and the ſtory ſhe told him, put *Lothario* into ſuch a Conſternation, that he had much ado to catch his Wits again, that flutter'd about the Room like Birds got out of a Cage. But finding the Caſe to be ſuch, as would admit of no delay, he Saddl'd his double Gelding, and away he troop'd with her, and carry'd her to much ſuch another Houſe as Mother *Creſwel's*, and left her in the Cuſtody of an Aunt of his, not ſo mean as *Mrs. Buly*, and yet a little below the Degree of *Madam Bennet*. Tho others ſay, he carry'd her to a Nunnery, and deſir'd his Siſter, who was the Abbeſs, to take care of her. However it were, *Anſelm* was no ſooner wak'd, but never minding his *Camilla*, out he jumps from his Bed, ſlips on his Breeches, and hey for new Diſcoveries —— which he found, I think, with a vengeance. For in the firſt place, having unlock'd *Lionella's* Chamber-door, he diſcover'd that the Bird was flown: For *Lionella* had let her ſelf down out of the Window into the ſtreet by the help of a long Sheet; or if one were not long enough, you muſt ſuppoſe ſhe made uſe of two — Humph — quo *Anſelm*, this 'tis not to obſerve Old Proverbs; —— For inſtead of locking faſt, *had I bound faſt, I had found faſt.* ——— Well — diſcovering that he had miſs'd that Diſcovery, *Anſelm* returns to diſcover his misfortune to *Camilla:* But looking into the Bed, he diſcover'd that *Camilla* was not to be diſcover'd neither —— There was the *Form*, but *Puſs* was ſtarted ——— Away goes *Anſelm*, and viſits every Room within doors, Buttery, Kitchen, Cellar, Garrets —— Calls *Millie*, why *Millie* —— Nay, he did not leave the Houſe of Office at the lower end o' the Garden unſearch'd —— Still no *Camilla* —— At length returning to his own Chamber, and finding *Millie's* Cloſet-door open, and her Cabinet unlock'd, he made another Diſcovery; for all the Jewels and Money were gone —— All the Queen *Elizabeth's*, Two and Twenties, Roſe Nobles, even to the *Edward* Shillings, and *Harry* Groats, all were vaniſh'd —— But then to ſee how poor *Anſelm* look'd like a Dog that has loſt his Tail! —— He ſtood indeed, but like one o' the Heads upon *London-Bridge* —— able neither to ſpeak nor breath —— You might ha' heard his Heart-ſtrings ſnap like Virginal wires in a wet ſeaſon —— There were only two or three that held, or elſe t' had fallen to the bottom of his Belly —— Well, in this condition away he creeps to his *dear, dear, dear* Friend *Lothario* —— But when they told him he was gone too; nay, rid away, rid away a Horſe-back — And that he borrow'd a Pillion of one of his Neighbours —— Then he fell a ſcratching his Head, as if a' would ha' digg'd up all his hair by the Roots —— Theſe new Diſcoveries, and no Diſcoveries, that would ha' made all the ſeven Wiſe Men o' *Greece* run mad —— Diſcoveries that he had loſt his Wife, his Friend, and his Honour —— No Diſcoveries, becauſe he knew not where to find, or how to regain either the one or the other. Now, what would yee have had a poor Gentleman ha' done in his condition? Would ye have had him ha' gone to the *Civilians* for a *Divorce* to Cancel his Marriage? Would ye have had him ha' gone to *Furnival's Inn*, or *Staples-Inn*, for a Writ of *Clauſum fregit* againſt *Lothario?* Or would ye have had him repair'd to St. *Ant'lin's* for ſome Drams of Conſolation, or a Lecture of Patience? No — he was ſtill for a Friend in a cor-

ner, where he might unload the Burthen of his Grief: And it seems he had such a one in the Country. To that purpose therefore, he causes his Horse to be Saddl'd, and away he rides to find him out. But 'ere he was got half way, not able to bear the weight of his Affliction, he alights, and holding his Horse by the Bridle, down he lays himself at the foot of a Tree. Where he had not rested long, but a Gentleman riding by, he desir'd him to stop, and ask'd him, what News? News! reply'd the Gentleman; why, did you not know two such Persons as *Anselm* and *Lothario*; two such Friends, that the like Patterns of Friendship were never known i' this World? Yet for all this, the News this Morning in all the Coffee-Houses i' the Town is, that *Lothario* last Night ran away with *Anselm*'s Wife. And this was first discover'd by *Camilla's* Chamber-maid, who was taken by the Watch sliding down by a long Sheet from a window in *Anselm*'s House into the Street, like a *Cupid* descending from the top of a Play-house. But is it not known, Sir, reply'd *Anselm*, which way *Lothario* and *Camilla* rode together? Troth, Sir, you ask me a Question I am not able to resolve ye —— Nor is it to be thought they were such Fools, but that they knew whither to go, before they went; for a Plot's no Plot, unless it be well laid. And having so said, he rode on. But no sooner was he got out of sight, when poor *Anselm*, over-whelm'd with a thousand Thoughts, Well — quo he, ill News is like a Train of Gun-powder, no sooner is the fire at one end, but 'tis as soon at the other. From what a *Salisbury-Steeple-height* of Happiness am I fallen to the lowest Abyss of Misery? And then looking up with an Eye of Reflection upon the vastness of the Precipice, such a Dizziness seiz'd his Brain, that had it not been for some few gulps of Dr. *Stevens*'s Water, that he had in his Pocket, he had dy'd i' the High-way.

Finding himself therefore to be somewhat reliev'd by his Cordial, up he got again, and rode the t'other half way, which brought him to his Friends Door; where being arriv'd, he was met by his Friend, who seeing him look like a solitary Widow of a week's standing; melancholy, pensive, sorrowful, dejected, pale and wan, he prudently forbore the usual Complement of, *I am glad to see yee well*, and more discreetly ask'd him, What he ayl'd? To which *Anselm* return'd no other Answer, but only desir'd him to Order his Bed to be got ready, and to lend him a sheet of Paper, and a Pen and Ink. I do not find but that his Friend was a civil well-bred Gentleman; and therefore seeing him in that condition, he would not trouble him with unseasonable and impertinent Consolations; but that after he had shew'd him up to his Lodging, he left him to his Soliloquies. So that *Anselm* finding himself alone, began to reflect upon his former Felicities and his present Calamities. But then the sad Ideas of his misfortune represented themselves so lively before his Eyes, that finding his Heart no longer able to support the weight of his Head, an Inundation of fatal Apprehensions over-whelm'd his Vital Spirits. So that now perceiving himself Sentenc'd to Death by his Folly, and that he was to end his days upon the Scaffold of his own Curiosity; and knowing how greedy People are of Harangues upon such Occasions, he thought it expedient, according to the Mode (as being the shorter and less troublesom way) to leave a Paper behind him, to shew the Occasion of his Death, and how wrongfully he dy'd. Induc'd by these motives, he began to write; but *Grief*, his *Executioner*, in a niggardly humour, unwilling to see so much Paper wasted, strangl'd him before he could finish his Speech. Soon after, his Friend, officious to know what he wanted, and what he would have to Supper, softly enter'd the Chamber, and there found poor *Anselm* with half his Body fallen upon his Breast, his

his Face upon the Table, and his Feet reſting upon the Ground, with a Pen in his Hand, that was Key-cold, and reſting upon a ſheet of Paper, beſcrawl'd with theſe few lines.

An Impertinent Curioſity has coſt me my Life. If the News of my Death ſhall reach Camilla's *Ears, let her know, that I Pardon her, ſince I never expected I had marry'd into the Family of Perfection, or ever took her for Nature's Miracle. For if ſhe yielded, and I my ſelf was the Maſter-Wheel that mov'd the Devils Temptation, tis but juſt* ——

Thus far had *Anſelm* written; and here, 'tis probable, that by ſome miſtake i' the Sign, his Executioner was quicker then the poor Sufferer intended. However, 'tis no wonder, that a man in his Condition ſhould be thus over-whelm'd by Death. For they ſay, that Cuckolds breeding Horns, are like Children breeding Teeth: Some breed their Teeth with little trouble, others with ſo much pain, that it kills 'em.

The next day *Anſelm*'s Friend gave notice of his death to his Parents, who, for ought I find by the Story, were nothing concern'd at it.

As for *Camilla*, ſhe was in the ſame condition, juſt ready to follow her Husband; but don't miſtake me, 'twas not for the death of her Husband, but for the abſence of her dear *Lothario*. Some ſay, ſhe liv'd pretty honeſt, till hearing that *Lothario* was ſlain, either in *Europe*, or *Aſia*, or *Africa*, or *America*, or ſomewhere; but ſhe then lanch'd into the World, and proving a *Soul*, ſplit againſt the two common Rocks of Clap and Brandy; ſo far from being the Theam of all the Poets of the Age, that there was not ſo much as one Ballad-maker at her Funeral.

This Novel, ſaid the *Curate*, ſeems to me a ſtrange *Party per pale* Buſineſs. For a Man to tempt, and for a Woman to be tempted, is no wonder; nay, for a Woman to be overcome by that Temptation, tho ſhe were one of thoſe that ſtand ſo demurely at the *Bull and Mouth* a Sundays, is no News — But for a man to labour and toyl ſo induſtriouſly to Cuckold himſelf, is to me a Myſtery. Yet if there be any that are ſuch Widgeonly Dolts, 'tis my Opinion, they ought to be ſerv'd the ſame ſawce that *Anſelm* was —— However, as long as I live, they ſhan't ſcape my Almanack. For tho a Lover might be ſo over-ſeen, for a Husband to be ſuch a Coxcomb, is hardly to be imagin'd.

CHAP. IX.

Recounting ſeveral Rare Adventures that happen'd in the Inn.

AT the ſame time, the Inn-keeper, ſtanding at the Inn-door, to ſee what Company he could ſpy upon the Road; A hey-boys, cry'd he: Here they come Trill-lill, y fackins —— A jolly Crew I'le warrant —— If they do but ſtop here now —— By St. *George*, and his fair Lady *Sabrina* to boot, we'l ſing *Old Roſe* to Night —— What a noiſe does that bawling Oat-ſtealer make there, quo the Curate — What Company's that which is coming? Four Gentlemen, reply'd the Inn-keeper, a Horſe-back, upon the *random*, like young Citizens between *London* and *Brainford* —— Gentlemen! They

They may be Knights, for ought I know, for they have Lances and Bucklers all, and every one a black Mask over his Nose—— Hoy-day—— there's a Gentlewoman too upon a Gonhelly follows behind 'em a Tittop, a Tittop, but whether foul or fair, no body can tell; for she's under a black Cloud as well as the rest— How far are they off, quo the *Curate*?—— Close at hand, reply'd the Inn keeper. Presently Mrs. *Dorothy* clapt on her Mask too; and *Cardenio*, that was not asham'd to shew all that he had, but a little before, now not thinking his Clothes good enough, went up to *Don Quixote*'s Chamber. Presently the Masquerades came thund'ring into the Inn-yard, and alighting, immediately the person that seem'd to be the most sparkish above all the rest, went to the Lady, and taking her down from her Side-saddle in his Arms, seated her in a Chair just at the entrance into the Chamber where *Cardenio* was gone to hide himself. All this while not one of the Company had pull'd off their Masks, or so much as spok'n a word, only the Lady fetch'd a deep Sigh as she sate, and at the same time let fall her Arms, as if she had been dropping into a Swoon. The *Curate*, whose Curiosity was strangely heighten'd by this Disguise and profound Silence, follow'd the Lacquies into the Stable, and enquir'd of one of 'em, who these Sparks were? As I'm a Sinner to Heav'n, answer'd the Lacquey, I know not how to satisfie ye farther then this, That I believe 'em to be all Persons of Quality, especially the Person that help'd the Lady down, because the rest give him a world a' Respect. But who is the Lady, quo the *Curate*? Nay, Sir, he must be a Conjurer that can tell ye, for me, reply'd the Lacquey; for all along as we came, I never saw so much as the tip of her Chin; but tho she hid her Face from my sight, she could not stop my Ears, for they were Witnesses of her continual Complaints, and her Sighs, so loud and so mournful, as would ha' made a Crocodile to weep in earnest. Nor is it a wonder we should know so little, having serv'd 'em but two days, from the time they met us upon the Road, when they told us, they were going to *Andaluzia*, and would pay us well for our Pains, if we would attend 'em thither. What! quo the *Curate*, did they never talk, nor call one another by their Names? No, Sir,—— they travell'd together more speechless then their Horses; for they did not so much as *neighie* one to another. So that we heard nothing but the sad and doleful Lamentations of the poor Lady, whom we suppose to be some *Fortune*, whom these Gentlemen have stoll'n out of some Boarding-School, and are carrying her away to be marry'd against her Consent. That may very well be, reply'd the *Curate*, nor is it the first time such Pranks have been plaid i' this Country. And so leaving the Stable, he return'd to Mrs. *Dorothy*, who, out of a Female Compassion of her Sex in distress, was officiously profering her Service to the Lady, and whispering her i' the Ear, as may be suppos'd, to know whether she had any Occasion for private Retirement (for the House of Office is a Place where the Female Sex at the same time frequently discharge their Back-sides, and disburden their Hearts.) Truly Mrs. *Dorothy* was passing kind, she proffer'd to attend her into her Chamber, unlace her Stays, pull off her Stockins, and help her to bed: But after all, the Devil a word would the Gentlewoman in the Mask speak. Upon which, Mrs. *Dorothy* concluded, that she was tak'n with a dangerous Disease call'd the *Mullegrubs*. And at length the Spark that had tak'n her off from her Horse, addressing himself to Mrs. *Dorothy*, Madam, said he, you may spare your self the Labour— All the Kindnesses you proffer that Lady, are but Fish of two days old— There's no more Gratitude in *her*, then there grows Plum-pudding in a Bean-shell; and therefore, Madam, unless ye have a mind to

hear

hear a Company of Stories and Lyes, never desire her to open her Lips. The Spark had better a' held his Peace— for upon his so saying, the distressed Lady found her Tongue again. No, no, Mr. *Foul-mouth*, said she, you that never spoke Truth i' your life, never found me such a Lyar, as you pretend to make me. But because you can't make a Fool of me, and have your Will, therefore I tell Stories— But I must tell ye, Sir, 'tis my Constancy, and Scorn of your Treats, your Guinies, your Point-Laces, and your Gold Watches, that has reduc'd me to this Condition. Mercy upon me! cry'd *Cardenio*, who distinctly heard every word the Lady said, What Voice is this I hear? Presently the Lady hearing *Cardenio*'s Exclamation, gave a sudden Start, and rising from her Chair quite another Woman, would have enter'd the Chamber from whence the Voice came, but was prevented by the Spark that stood by her. However, in the midst of that restless Commotion of mind she was in, her Veil fell from her Head, and notwithstanding her inward Anguish, and the Paleness of her Cheeks, discover'd a most incomparable Beauty. On the other side, the Spark that rudely held her down by the Shoulders, was so earnestly busy'd to keep her from rising, that his Mask dropt from his Nose, not daring to stir his Hand; at what time Mrs. *Dorothy* standing by the Disconsolate Lady, and looking up in the Spark's Face, presently knew him to be *Don Ferdinand*, as one that had not only seen, but felt him too more then once or twenty times before that. This caus'd such a Fermentation of various Passions, and that Fermentation brought such a Qualm over Mrs. *Dorothy*'s Heart, that she fell down in a Swoon. Immediately the *Curate*, for young Parsons are generally very handy about Women, pulls off her Mask from her Face, to give her Air; at what time *D. Ferdinand* was no less astonish'd to see that it should be Mrs. *Dorothy*. Never was Bell-founder so confounded when his Mettle miscarries; however he wou'd not let *Lucinda* stir, for she it was that he held all this while (see by the way how Murder begins to come out) and she it was, who struggl'd with all her might to get out of *D. Ferdinand*'s Clutches, as mad as a Cow to come to her Calf, to get to her *Cardenio*, whom she knew by his Bleating. On the other side, *Cardenio* hearing the Shriek that swooning Mrs. *Dorothy* gave, and believing it had been his *Lucinda*, whom he also smelt by a particular Steam that she had about her, flung out of the Chamber like one half har'd out of his Wits; 'twas a thousand to one his Soul had not broke her Neck for haste out at his Ears. For he never could endure that any body should handle *Lucinda*, but himself. And now the Game begins: Astonishment upon Astonishment, Amazement upon Amazement, VVonder upon Wonder. *Lucinda* star'd upon *Cardenio*, He upon Her— Is't thou, quo he? Is't thou, quo she? *Ferdinand* star'd upon Mrs. *Dorothy*, she upon him. *Cardenio* star'd upon *Ferdinand*, *Ferdinand* upon *Cardenio*; and so they star'd upon one another to the end o' the Chapter. At length, after they had star'd out their Stare, *Lucinda* was the first that brake silence, and addressing her self to *D. Ferdinand*; Hands off, for shame, quo she, good my Lord *Ferdinand*; and at last, if ye know how to be so, be civil, shew your self a Gentleman, and don't think to hector me out of my Maiden-head that I reserve for one that better deserves it. You know that all your Prodigality, nor all your Menaces could ever move me—— my Resolution is fix'd; and therefore be assur'd I'le rather marry a *Small-coal-man* or a *Chimney-Sweeper*, and cry Hogs-Puddings about the Streets, then marry such a Roister as your Worship —— Here stands *Cardenio*, to whom I have long since demis'd my Heart, with all its Appurtenances, *to have and to hold in Fee-*

Tail

ACADEMIA ESPAÑOLA BIBLIOTECA

Tail to Perpetuity. Give him therefore quiet Poſſeſſion, as Law and Juſtice requires, or if you intend to be a continual Plague to me, terminate my Life and my Misfortunes both together.

During theſe Expoſtulations, Mrs. *Dorothy* being by this time come to her ſelf, and underſtanding 'twas *Lucinda* that ſpoke, yet finding that *D. Ferdinand* would neither let go his hold, nor give any Anſwer to the reaſonable Requeſts *Lucinda* made him, up ſhe roſe, and advancing towards him with her Handkerchief before her Eyes— 'Sir, ſaid ſhe, if y' have any 'ſpark of Grace or Gentility, look upon a Woman, whom your Perjuries 'have made ſo— a Woman, to whom once you promis'd Mountains of Hap-'pineſs, but have now render'd miſerable. Conſider, Sir, that in the 'ſight of Heav'n, you are my lawful Husband— You cannot forget the 'time when you enter'd into the Obligation— and tho there were no Wit-'neſs to it, you cannot but know, that you ſeal'd it at the ſame time with 'your own Seal— What a murrain— how many Wives would ye have—? 'As many as the ancient *Jews*— ? If ſo, Sir ſtay till the Law allows it— 'the Weſt-Country Knight has not yet got his Bill paſt— In the mean time 'conſider what an Injury you do your own Sex— for what Maid will ever 'truſt a young Man again, for your ſake? I pity'd your Sighs, your Sobs, 'your Tears, and your Lamentations— I had Compaſſion upon your Moans, 'and your Groans, and the mournful Out-cries of your Impatience, and be-'lieving I might believe a Perſon of your Quality, I was at length, tho you 'well know it was a long time firſt, prevail'd with by my Commiſeration, 'and truſted to your Honeſty— But what Maid will ever pity a Perſon of 'Quality more? 'Twas this Compaſſion of mine, that for the Relief of your 'crying Neceſſities, and impatient Diſtreſſes, made me venture the Diſ-'graces of a great Belly, and who knows but that I might ha' come to 'the Misfortune of being hang'd for ſtifling the poor Baby in a Houſe of 'Office? And can you turn away your ungrateful Eyes from one that has 'ſo deeply hazarded her Honour and her Life, upon the Confidence ſhe 'had of your Vertue, and your Juſtice? If I were more forward then I 'ſhould ha' been, were not you more haſty then I? And therefore do but 'marry me, 'tis all I deſire— then keep as many Miſſes afterwards as you 'pleaſe, I'le never ſay, *Love, why d' ye ſo?* I'le never be moody when ye 'come home fuddl'd, nor upbraid ye for loſing your Money at Play; but 'marry me, I beſeech ye— ſave my Life, and take my Goods— When you 'firſt courted me, you told me I was fair; and am I ſo much older ſince 'that? Be not ſo ſcrupulous, Sir, eſpecially in ſuch an Age of Liberty as 'this is, when any thing will ſerve for a Wife— And your VVife I am as 'ſure as Eggs be Eggs, if you are but half as true and real to me, as one 'Pick-pocket is to another. As for *Lucinda*, you ſee ſhe belongs to another 'Man. And why ſhould you that have a Park o' your own, be ſo ſtrangely 'abſurd, that nothing will ſerve ye, but to hunt in another man's Enclo-'ſure? If this that I have ſaid will not prevail, read *Baxter's Saints Ever-'laſting Reſt*, and ſee what Reſt you are like have either in this, or the 'other VVorld, after ſo many falſify'd Oathes and Perjuries as you ha' 'committed.

D. Ferdinand being thus rally'd between *Jeſt* and *Earneſt*, found himſelf ſhot between wind and water. On the one ſide, her undeniable matter of Fact had vanquiſh'd all the Arguments of his libertine Folly, and the Tears and Sobs that ſeconded her ſerious Admonitions, had ſtuck ſo many Crums in the Throat of his Conſcience, that finding himſelf ſo run down both by Reaſon and Morality, he quitted *Lucinda*, and ran with his Arms ex-

panded

panded like the VVings of a Cherubim, and embracing Mrs. *Dorothy*; My dear *Dolly*, quo he, no longer now plain *Dorothy*, but lac'd Madam *Dorothy*, live and be a Lady, since *Fate* will have it so. 'Tis true, I did debauch thee---- but before all this Company, here's my hand upon't, I'le mend thee up again as sound in Law, as e're thou wert i' thy life. For thine, my dear *Dolly*, is only a Stitch fall'n i' thy Reputation, which the Needle and Thread of Wedlock will repair at any time. With that he gave her a Kiss, and at the same Instant breath'd a new Soul into her Body.

On the other side, *Lucinda* had been so long supported by *D. Ferdinand*, that finding her self at Liberty, she was like to ha' fall'n to the Ground, had not *Cardenio*, who all the while stood behind *D. Ferdinand*, because he wou'd not be seen, caught her up in his Arms For tho she were glad to see that all things fadg'd so well with Mrs. *Dorothy*, yet some little Qualms of Envy at that good Fortune in another, which she thought as due to her self, made such a deep Impression upon her Spirits, as made the whole Frame of her *Microcosm* begin to totter. But then, fair *Lucinda*, cry'd *Cardenio*, considering the Feebleness of your Condition, you cannot be better then in the Arms of him that has always lov'd ye from his Infancy. VVith that, *Lucinda* turning her Head, and perceiving him to be her beloved *Cardenio*, Heav'ns! she was ready to jump out of her Skin; up she leapt as nimble as a Bird, and darting her self about *Cardenio*'s Neck; And is it thee, my dear Husband, quo she? What Miracles are these? Did I ever think, by such a strange Accident as this, to meet again the Joy and Comfort of my Life? And then seconding her amorous Expressions with amorous Actions, forgetful quite of either Time or Place, she joyn'd her Lips so close to his, that *Cardenio* might easily feel her Mind, and know what she wou'd ha' been at, had the Opportunity been favourable.

But these Endearments between *Lucinda* and *Cardenio*, did no way please *D. Ferdinand*: For, notwithstanding all his new Engagements to Mrs. *Dorothy*, he had still an aking Tooth after Mrs. *Lucinda*. And he could not but think he had some Right to her too, considering the Money she cost him. So that he began to change Colour, and fall a handling the Hilt of his Sword with his Right Hand; cursed Symptoms of Mischief in his Mind. Which my Lady *Dorothy* observing— ran to him, and catching him about the Middle, Sir, said she, since you have now been pleas'd to own me for a Wife, be pleas'd to hear me when I utter Reason—— How! quo *D. Ferdinand*, what, breaking Covenants already! 'No, Sir, quo my Lady *Do-*'*rothy*— I neither chide ye for being fuddl'd, nor tax ye for losing your Mo-'ney; nor am I going about to perswade ye from keeping a Mistress; be 'as modish as you please, Sir, but never meddle with other Men's Wives. 'There are single Gentlewomen enow i' the World, that would be glad to 'serve ye——— And therefore why should you meddle with Madam '*Lucinda*? In the first place, you see she can't endure ye: And by my new 'recover'd Happiness, I swear, were I a Man, I'd not give my old Shoe-'strings for a Woman that did not love me as well as I lov'd her——Besides, 'Sir, you see her Affections at present are engag'd quite another way—— 'So that you may as well think to remove *Bow-Steeple*, with all the Bells 'in't, to *Highgate*, as think to unsettle her Love in the Honey-moon of her 'doating fondness. And therefore seek not to sunder thus an amorous Pair, 'that Heaven seems to have so pleasingly united. Surely your heat for me 'cannot as yet be so extinguish'd, but that you may find Divertisement suf-'ficient, at least, till you find my Passion begin to cool—— Come try me, 'Sir, I'le find ye Sport enough, I'le warrant ye; for I may talk a little freely

'now—— We were ſever'd by Diſaſter, and now here we are met again 'together by a Miracle; which, as it is the Work of a Superiour Power, 'never oppoſe Fate, nor ſeek to unravel a Bottom, which the *Deſtinies* are 'ſo harmoniouſly winding up; nor ſpoil the laſt Scene of a Tragi-Comedy, 'that begins to conclude ſo naturally, that all the Poets in Town, could 'never ha' brought it ſo exactly to paſs.

While my Lady *Dorothy* was thus laying the Law to *D. Ferdinand*, *Cardenio* who held his *Lucinda*, as the *Lobſter* held the *Hair* upon *Salisbury-Plain*, watch'd *D. Ferdinand*'s Sword-hand, for fear of being ſurpriz'd, as being reſolv'd before he would part with *Lucinda* again, to have ventur'd half a dozen Oylet-holes in his Skin. But *D. Ferdinand*'s Friends and the *Curate* perceiving how the two *Deſperado's* look'd one upon another, like two Boar-Cats, ready to diſpute the Poſſeſſion of Madam *Grey-Maulkin*, to prevent Miſchief, ran to *D. Ferdinand*, and beſought him to conſider, that he had already before 'em all acknowledg'd Madam *Dorothy* for his Wife; and therefore to hinder another from what he could not enjoy himſelf, was like Hunt's *Dog*, *that would neither go to Church*, *nor ſtay at home*. Then the *Curate* ſtept in, and deſir'd him to conſider what would become of him, ſhould he be Lungs or Liver-tapp'd in an unjuſt Quarrel; That he did ill to ſhew his boiſtrous Propenſity, and his ranging Humour to a young Lady, that had the ſame Advantages of Form and Beauty with the perſon for whom he contended— withal, the *Curate* bid him beware what he did, for that ſuch Rudeneſſes as thoſe would bring him within the Verge of the Spiritual Court—— and that the Law took its Courſe as well againſt the Lord as the Peaſant—— That he muſt be forc'd to come in a Witneſs againſt him, upon his Promiſe to Madam *Dorothy*, which would go a great way in her Cauſe, and would procure her Alimony in ſpite of his Teeth—— and therefore it would be much better to perform that willingly which he had promis'd to do, then to be forc'd to it to his Diſhonour, and for the whole Court to cry out ſhame upon him.

D. Ferdinand, who was not ſo reſty neither, but that he might be curb'd by Reaſon, finding that his own Friends forſook him, and that no body took his part, ſurrendred at length to Reaſon and Neceſſity; and then embracing once more his almoſt-forgotten Object of Matrimony, Lady, ſaid he, dry up your Tears, for I can no longer ſuffer her to weep, to whom I have giv'n my Heart; forget the Injuries and Injuſtice I ha' done thee, for which my Repentance and *Lucinda*'s Beauty, may in ſome meaſure excuſe me. But ſince I now perceive there is not a T—— to chuſe, let *Lucinda* contentedly enjoy her dear *Cardenio*, and let my Nut-brown *Dolly* be the Bleſſing of my Life; Boys and Girls be the Conſequences of our Amours, and be thou ſure to ſave a Portion for thy ſecond Daughter, out of Houſe-keeping. And with that, he embrac'd his beloved Madam *Dorothy* with ſuch an amorous Heat, and ſuch a tender Affection, that he who breath'd nothing but *Duels* and *Sa-Sa's* but juſt now, himſelf was ready to melt into a Deluge of Cow-baby Tears.

On the other ſide, *Lucinda* and *Cardenio* had no ſuch Command over the Sluces of their Eyes, but that the Surpluſage of their Joy caus'd a kind of *April-Shower* in the midſt of the Sun-ſhine of their Content, to trickle down their Cheeks; ſo ſtrangely overjoy'd they were for the Felicity of their Friend, no more expected then their own ſudden Accumulations of Happineſs. But thoſe Tears of Affection being ſoon dry'd, all their Sorrows were as ſoon forgot, and they fell a kiſſing, *Ferdinand* and *Dolly*, *Cardenio* and *Lucinda*, like young Citizens and their

Wives

Wives in an *Epſom-Coach*. Only *Sancho*, who wept for Company's ſake, could not ſo ſoon recover from his Melancholy, in regard it proceeded from another Cauſe. For he, alas! was ſorely griev'd, that Mrs. *Dorothy* was not the Princeſs of *Micomicona*, and that he had left all the hopes of his ſo long gap'd-for Earldom.

At length *Lucinda* and *Cardenio* return'd a thouſand Thanks to *Don Ferdinand* for all his Favours in the Surrender of his Copy-hold, which they did in that Courtly Language, that *Don Ferdinand* being at a ſtand for verbal Complements, repaid 'em in ſilent Embraces only, and cloſe Hugs; which was all he could do at that time to diſplay the Teſtimonies of his Satisfaction. At the ſame time *Don Ferdinand* requeſted Madam *Dorothy* to tell him how ſhe came into a Countrey ſo far diſtant from her own; who thereupon repeated to him all that ſhe had recounted to the *Curate* and *Cardenio*, with ſuch a Grace, that her Husband in *Poſſe* was raviſh'd at her Diſcourſe, and vow'd, That if all her Curtain-Lectures prov'd no worſe then her Story-telling, he ſhould think himſelf bleſt in a Bed-fellow.

After that, *Don Ferdinand* related what had befall'n him at *Lucinda*'s Houſe the Night that he ſhould have been marry'd; how he found the Letter in her Boſom, wherein ſhe declar'd, that ſhe was marry'd to *Cardenio*; which tranſported him to that degree of Rage and Fury, that he would ha' kill'd her, but that her Parents prevented him (for to ſay the Truth, 'twas an ugly Diſappointment.) That after this confounded Baulk, he flung out of the Houſe, and reſolv'd to be reveng'd upon her, the firſt time he met with her. That afterwards he was inform'd, how that *Lucinda* had taken a Ramble, and was run a Wild-gooſe Chaſe, but whither all the Conjurers and *Saffolds* in *London* could not tell—— but that at length he heard ſhe had ſhelter'd her ſelf at a famous Boarding-School i' the Country, where he lay perdue for ſome Days, to watch her Motions; and obſerving that ſhe was wont to walk out i' the Evening to a certain Cheeſe-cake Houſe, about a Mile from her Habitation, to ſpend her Six-pence with ſome of her Companions, in Tarts and Bottle-drink, he got three of his Acquaintance, beſides himſelf, well mounted, with a leer Hobby for *Lucinda*; and meeting her returning i' the mid-way home, notwithſtanding all her ſquealing, and her ſqualing, having fix'd her in her Saddle, he led her ſuch a Race, while the Gentleman that follow'd, whipp'd on the Hobby behind, that they ſoon got out of the reach of Purſuit. After which, they wander'd up and down from place to place, till guided by their good Fortune, they arriv'd in that Inn, where ſo many miraculous Accidents had befall'n 'em.

CHAP. X.

Being a Continuation of the Hiſtory of the Famous Princeſs of Micomicona, *with other Delightful Adventures.*

Sancho, who liſten'd attentively to every word was ſaid, was almoſt at his Wits end, to find all his Hopes blown up like a Chymiſt's Furnace, when he thought himſelf ſure o' the Philoſopher's Stone; and that the Princeſs of *Micomicona* was metamorphos'd into *Mrs. Dorothy*, and the Giant *Pandafilando* into *Don Ferdinand*; while *Don Quixote* lay ſnorting and ſnoring at his eaſe, regardleſs altogether of the important Intereſts of his poor Squire. In this forlorn, afflicted, and melancholy Condition *Sancho* entring *Don Quixote*'s Chamber, who now began to be awake; Your Worſhip now, *Sir Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, ſaid he, may take a Nap for ſeven Years together, if you pleaſe, without vexing or tormenting your Soul about reſtoring the Princeſs *Micomicona* to her *Throne*, or fighting any more Giants; for your *Quietus* is already Sign'd, the buſineſs is done, and all things are concluded. I believe what thou ſay'ſt, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for it is not above three minutes ſince I had ſo much leiſure as to take a little breath: For I have been engag'd for theſe fifteen hours in the moſt diſmal, deſperate, dreadful, furious, terrible Encounter with a huge, horrid, grizzle-bearded, Sawcer-ey'd, Whale-mouth'd Giant that ever was recorded in Story, true or feign'd: The Father of all the Devils made me ſweat for't, as if I had been i' the *Bagnio*. But at length, with a true right *Bear-Garden* Butcher's back-ſtroke, I fetch'd off his Head ſo ſmooth, and ſo clean, and hit the Joynt ſo like a *Shrieves Carver*, that were the Giant alive again, I am confident ha' wou'd thank me for putting him ſo ſoon out of his pain. The Rogue was vengeance full of Blood too, *Sancho*; for it ſpouted out of his *Vena Cava*, and *Vena Porta*, the great *Aorta*, the *Axillaries*, *Pulmonaries*, and *Jugulars*, like ſo many Rivers, and made ſuch an Inundation, as wou'd ha' carry'd a Weſtern Barge —— Vengeance full of Blood! Vengeance full of T —— quo *Sancho*; for the monſtrous Giant that you ſlew was no other then a great black Boracho, with above forty flasks of Red Wine in his flagitious *Womb*. I ſay Flasks, becauſe they are a little bigger then your ordinary Quart-Bottles. As for the Blood that made ſuch an Innundation i' the Room, 'twas nothing but that ſame Red Wine which your hair-brain'd Worſhip ſpilt —— I wiſh your VVorſhip choak'd when you did it —— And then for the Head you cut off, 'twas the Whores that brought me into the world, I think, for *Satan* has carry'd it away —— Hoy day, *Sancho* — quo *Don Quixote*, what's the matter? why ſure the fellow's not in his wits —— what! ha'ſt been eating o' wild Parſenips? —— I'my wits, quo *Sancho*! yes, and out o' my wits too, to ſee what a Reck'ning your Worſhip has to pay —— Pray now riſe, will ye—— and ſee how the face of the world is chang'd below. The Queen is chang'd into an ordinary Chamber-maid, that they call plain *Doroty*; and ſeveral other wonders, that will make your hair ſtand an end. No Wonders at all, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for as I told thee before, ſo I tell thee again, there is nothing but Enchantment in this Houſe. All this I ſhould be willing to believe, reply'd *Sancho*, had my toſſing in a Blanket been an Enchantment; but it was not ſo, for it was real and true. I remember that the

the very Inn-keeper below ſtairs held one corner of the Inſtrument of my Miſery; and toſs'd and laugh'd, and laugh'd and toſs'd more then any of the reſt. Now, I'le never believe, tho I am no Schollard, but an ignorant Sinner, that when a man knows the faces of the Perſons again, there can be any Enchantment i' that caſe, but bare ill Luck, ſuch as mine was.

Well — well — quo *Don Quixote*, let 'em be Enchantments, or no Enchantments, I'm ſure there's ſomething more then ordinary i' the matter; and therefore gi' me my Clothes; for when I come to examine the buſineſs, I ſhall ſoon ſmell it out.

While *Don Quixote* was dreſſing himſelf, the Curate gave *Don Ferdinand* and the reſt of his Friends a ſhort account, what a ſort of Perſon this Famous Knight was; and how they had laid their Plot to cure him of his Extravagancy. But now, added the Curate, our firſt Deſign is ſpoyl'd, and we muſt ſeek out ſome other way to get him home, in regard that *Madam Dorothy* is otherwiſe now concern'd. To which, *Cardenio* reply'd, that *Lucinda* ſhould act her part. But *Don Ferdinand* was reſolv'd that *Madam Dorothy* ſhould go on with her Cue; the rather becauſe that being Neighbours in a manner, they might be more ready to aſſiſt one another. While they were thus confabulating, enters *Don Quixote*, in his one likeneſs, buckl'd up in Iron from top to toe, as if *Vulcan* had been his Taylor, Hoſier, and Shoe-maker; for as for Trimming he had none, but his Target upon his ſhoulder, and his Lance in his fiſt, and *Mambrino*'s Baſon, batter'd as it was, upon his Head: So that nothing more was to be ſeen of him but his Tann'd Countenance, his meager Cheeks, and his hollow Eyes. Such a ſtrange Figure of a Mortal Wight, ſtrangely ſurpriz'd *Don Ferdinand*, and thoſe that were with him, who had never ſeen this Illuſtrious Knight before. They could not but with Admiration behold his Ell-long Viſage, his Box-Complexion, and the ſtrange diſorder of his Whiskers; and with a kind of awful Silence liſten'd to hear what the Ruſty Apparition had to ſay to 'em. Preſently *Don Quixote*, reſting againſt his Lance, and fixing his Eyes upon Madam *Dorothy*,

Madam, ſaid he, I underſtand by my Squire, that you are fall'n from the Garret into the Coal-hole; that is to ſay, that from a *Queen*, you are come to plain *Mrs: Doroty*: Which if it be done by the malicious Contrivance of the Grand Enchanter, the King your Father, if he were afraid I could not give you that Aſſiſtance which was requiſite; I ſay, the King your Father was deceiv'd, like an Old Dotard as he was, and little read in the Hiſtories of Chivalry. For had he read 'em but as often and as ſeriouſly as I ha' done, he would ha' found, that they are full of Accidents much more ſurprizing, and incomparably more difficult to be perform'd; which yet have been accompliſh'd by Knights far inferiour, tho I ſay it that ſhou'd not, to me in Reputation. 'Tis no ſuch great difficulty, as People think, to lop off the Head of a Giant, tho he were as big about as the *Duomo* i' the *Stocks-Market*, and as high as the *Monument*. 'Tis not long ſince I prov'd the truth of this in an Encounter with two of theſe *Heav'n-Scalers*; of which I ſay no more, becauſe I hate to be caught in a Lye. Not with two Giants, with your good leave, Sir, but with two harmleſs *Boracho*'s of Wine, quo the Inn-keeper: And ſo ſaying, he up with a Bottle to have thrown at *Don Quixote*'s Head, had not *Don Ferdinand* commanded him to be quiet. And then *Don Quixote* proceeding; I ſay then in ſhort, Thrice Illuſtrious and Diſ-inherited Lady, that if this be all the Reaſon, why your Father has thus tranſmogrify'd your Perſon, you need not fear to depend upon me; for there is not any Danger, Peril, or Hazard in the world, that

I do

I do not ſurmount by the ſharp edge of this Sword; and with this Sword it is, that after I have laid at your feet the Head of your ſo redoubted Enemy, I will reſtore ye to the Throne of your Anceſtors, and be the daring Under-Sheriff that ſhall put ye into the quiet Poſſeſſion of your own.

Here *Don Quixote* ſtopt, in expectation of the Princeſſes Anſwer: At what time, *Madam Dorothy*, knowing ſhe ſhould pleaſe *Don Ferdinand* in carrying on the Deſign — with a Princely Air, and Majeſtick Serioufneſs, Whoever told ye, ſaid ſhe, that I was Transmogrify'd, moſt Valiant *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face*, deceiv'd ye with a vile Untruth; for I am the ſame to day that I was yeſterday. 'Tis true, perhaps ſome Change in my Fortune may have happen'd to me for the better ſince I ſaw ye laſt; but for all that, I have ſtill the ſame Neceſſity to be beholding to the force of your Invincible Arm. And therefore, I beſeech ye, good Sir Knight, of your accuſtomed Generoſity, reſtore my Father his Honour again, and never queſtion but that he was a Perſon of Prudence and Fore-ſight, that could find out a Means ſo eaſie, and ſo ſecure; nay, the very *Probatum eſt* that could Cure all my Misfortunes. And in truth it was a wonderful thing, and happy I'm ſure for me, that I met with ſuch a Champion; as being fully ſatisfy'd, that had it not been for your Pleaſantries, and the Chimera's of your Noble and Love-ſick Brain, I had never been in the Condition wherein I am. And I believe the greateſt part of theſe Gentlemen are of my Opinion, as having been Witneſſes of what has befall'n me ſince our firſt meeting. In ſhort therefore, we have nothing more now to do, then to ſet forward to morrow Morning, and for the Succeſs, I leave it to Heaven and your Courage.

When Mrs. *Doroty* had thus diſcreetly ſpoken, *Don Quixote*, turning to *Sancho* with the frowns of Choler and Indignation, Sirrah, *Sancho*, ſaid he, now do I find thee to be the arrant'ſt Varlet, Scoundrel, and Raſcal that ever was whelp'd in *Pickt-Hatch* —— Did not your Rogue-ſhip tell me, that the Princeſs was turn'd into plain *Doroty?* And that the Giant's Head which I cut off was the Whore your Mother's? What a lying Ragamuffin wer't thou to tell theſe Stories? By the fair *Dulcinea's* Virginity, a little matter would make me wring off thy Capon's Neck, and make thee an Example to all Sons a' Whore lying Squires, that ever for the future ſhould have the Honour to follow the heels of a Knight-Errant. Abate your Paſſion, Sir, quo *Sancho*; for tho I might be perhaps miſtaken in the change of Madam the Princeſs of *Micomicona*; yet, as to the Giant's Head, or rather the head of the murder'd *Boracho's*, and the Blood that was ſhed, which was no other then Red Wine, by all the Seven Champions I aver it to be truth what I ſaid, and will juſtify't to the Beards of all the *Knight-Errants* i' the world. Don't tell me, Sir! for there are the wounds and gaſhes i' the *Boracho's* ſtill to be ſeen; and if y' have any Noſe, you may go up and ſmell what ſort of Liquor 'twas made that Lake i' the Room. For my part, I wiſh the Princeſs may not be chang'd for your ſake, for elſe I'm afraid you muſt pawn even *Roſinante* himſelf for the Reck'ning. *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, gi' me leave to tell thee, th' art a Buffle-head, and a Dunder-head, and a Cuckow-brains; and ſo I ha' done with thee for the preſent. 'Tis more then enough, Sir Knight, quo *Don Ferdinand:* And now, ſince the Princeſs is reſolv'd to ſtay till to morrow Morning, let's reſolve to ſpend the Night as merrily as we can. To morrow we'll all accompany the Renown'd *Don Quixote*, to the end we may be witneſſes of his Proweſs, and thoſe Acts of wonder which we make no Queſtion but he will perform, in the accompliſhment of this Enterprize.

No,

No, Gentlemen, 'tis I that ſhall have the honour of your Company, and who muſt think my ſelf for ever engag'd to ye, for your good Opinion of me, which I ſhall endeavour to preſerve with the loſs of my Life, and more then that, had I more to loſe, which God knows I ha' not, conſidering the Mortgages upon my ſmall Eſtate. But, Sir, for Lives, had I as many as a Cat, they were all at the Princeſſes Service.

In this manner how far *Don Quixote* and *Don Ferdinand* would ha' gallop'd on in lofty Complements, the Lord of *Oxford* knows, had they not been interrupted by the arrival of a Traveller that enter'd the *Inn*. By his Habit they took him for a Slave, that had made his eſcape from *Argier*: For he was clad like a Saylor, in a ſhort looſe Jerkin without a Collar, and Drawers of blew Linnen, ſuch as you ſhall ſee hang out at the Slop-ſellers Shops, and a Cap upon his head of the ſame; with a Scymitar that hung from a Swaſh that was girt about his waſte. He was follow'd by a woman upon an Aſs, in *Mooriſh* Habit, having a Veil upon her head, that cover'd her Face, and under her Veil a little Bonnet of Tiſſue upon the top of her Crown. The reſt of her Apparel that appear'd, was only a long Simarr, that reach'd down to her heels. The Slave was a Man about forty Years of Age, proper and well ſhap'd; and by his Meen he appear'd to be a Perſon of ſome Quality. He ask'd for a Chamber as ſoon as he came into the *Inn*, and ſeem'd to be very much troubl'd, when they told him there was ne'r a one empty. However, he took down the *Mooriſh* Lady in his Arms from her Aſs. At what time *Lucinda*, *Madam Doroty*, and the women of the Inn, attracted by the Novelty of a Habit which they had never ſeen before, accoſted the Female Stranger; and after they had ſtar'd and gaz'd upon her, as long as Breeding and Good Manners would give 'em leave: *Madam Doroty*, who had obſerv'd that the Slave was much diſcontented for want of a Chamber, addreſſing her ſelf to the Stranger, Madam, ſaid ſhe, never wonder to find ſo little Breeding in a Carrier's Inn, where only a forc'd Putt conſtrains any Perſons of Condition to ſtop; and therefore ſince the Woman o' the Houſe has ſo little manners, as not to proffer a Stranger her own Chamber; if you pleaſe to joyn Company with us, pointing at the ſame time to *Lucinda*, you will meet with thoſe that will be glad to ſerve a Stranger in your Condition. For we are neither Sluts nor Pick-Pockets, but civil honeſt Gentlewomen as any in all this Country. But to all this, the veil'd Lady anſwer'd not a word; only ſhe roſe from her Seat, and laying her Arms like a St. *Andrew*'s Croſs upon her Breaſt, bow'd her Head, to ſignifie that ſhe was ſenſible of their Kindneſs, and return'd 'em Thanks. By which the witty *Madam Doroty* rightly gueſs'd, that tho ſhe might underſtand ſomewhat, yet ſhe could ſpeak nothing of the Language. At length the *Slave*, who had been all this while providing for his Aſs, returning from the Stable, and ſeeing the Ladies ſo buſie about the *Moor*, after he had made his Obeyſance to *Madam Doroty* and *Lucinda*; Ladies, ſaid he, this young Damſel ſpeaks no Language but her own, which is the reaſon ſhe cannot anſwer to your Queſtions: O' my word elſe you ſhould not find her derogate from her Sex; for ſhe has Wit at Will, and Tongue at Command. Sir, ſaid *Lucinda*, we ask her no Queſtions, only we offer her our Company, and the beſt Accommodation we have. Ladies, reply'd the Slave, I return ye a thouſand Thanks, both for her and for my ſelf; and I put the higher value upon your Civility, becauſe I find it to proceed from Perſons of Worth and Merit. Pray, Sir, tell me one thing, I beſeech ye, cry'd *Madam Doroty*, is this Lady a *Moor*, or a *Chriſtian*? For by her Silence and her Habit ſhe does not ſeem to be of our Religion. Madam, reply'd

the

the Slave, she is a *Moor* by Birth, but a Christian in her Heart, and desires nothing more then really so to be — How! cry'd *Lucinda*, interrupting him, was she never Christen'd then? — And then whispering Madam *Dorothy* i'the Ear; Is it safe, quo she, to converse with a Pagan? Which the Slave over-hearing, Madam, quo he, the reason why she is not Christen'd, is only because we have not had an Opportunity since she came from *Argier*, for that's the Place of her Nativity. Besides, 'tis fit that a person of her Years should understand her Catechism before she be baptiz'd. Pray, Sir, quo Madam *Dorothy*, is she modest and vertuous? For I'le assure ye, I take her so to be? Chast and Spotless as the Morning light, reply'd the Slave. Why then, quo Madam *Dorothy*, let's never trouble our selves any farther; baptize her as soon as ye can, and i' the mean time, give me a vertuous *Moor* before an impudent, lascivious Quistrel of a Christian. This short Discovery of the Slave set all their Curiosity agog to be diving a little farther; but they did not think it seasonable to ask any more Questions as yet, believing that Time and Conversation would bring out the rest. Madam *Dorothy* therefore, who, for ought I find by the Story, was the cunning'st *Gypsie* i' the Pack, taking the Female Stranger by the Hand, and seating her in a Chair close by her side, desir'd her to lift up her Veil. Whereupon the *Moor* looking the Slave full i' the Face, and demanding, as it were, with her Eyes, what it was the Ladies desir'd, and what it became her to do; the Slave told her in *Arabick*, That the Ladies desir'd her to lift up her Veil, and withall allow'd his Consent. But then, what a Magazine of Beauty did she shew! Madam *Dorothy* thought her fairer then Madam *Dorothy*, and *Lucinda* thought her fairer then *Lucinda*: Nay, all the Standers by confess'd, that if there were any difference, the *Mooress* had the Advantage. And as it is the Prerogative of Beauty to command the Hearts and Affections of all the World, or like a *Grocer*'s empty Sugar-Chest to draw to it all the Flies i' the Parish, the *Mooress* had now got a new Crowd of Liquorish Servants, all striving who should be most obsequious, most officious, and double diligent to serve her. *D. Ferdinand* desir'd the *Moor* to tell him her Name; who answer'd, that her Name was *Lela Zoraida*. But the *Mooress* understanding by the Answer what the Question was, with an extraordinary Vehemency (tho such as extremely became her, because pretty and handsom) cry'd out, *No — no Zoraida — Maria — Maria* — as much as to say in plain *English*, her Name was *Mary*, and not *Zoraida*. For the *Mooress* not understanding the way of Godfathers and Godmothers, had made choice her self of a Christ'n Name; or whether it were that the *Slave* did not think it worth while to trouble either Godfathers or Godmothers, since there were neither Midwives nor Nurses to gratifie. However it were, Madam *Dorothy* and *Lucinda*, who intended to have invited themselves to the Christ'ning, perceiving themselves disappointed, fell a crying for madness. And yet who knows, but that Fortune had contriv'd it for the best, to prevent a torn Whisk, or a scratch'd Face about *Who should name the Child*. Nor could Madam *Dorothy* be got out of her Pouts, nor hardly be brought to own the Name; but *Lucinda*, the better natur'd of the two, embracing the *Mooress*, *Ay, ay, Mary, Mary*'s the word, quo she, and therefore dear Madam *Cake-bread* set your Heart at rest. To which the *Mooress* answer'd not a tittle; for indeed it had been somewhat preternatural for the Child to have spoke before it was Christen'd.

But now 'twas Supper-time, and the best Entertainment that had been seen i'that Inn for many Years; *D. Ferdinand* having sent about for all the Rarities to be had i' the Country. *Don Quixote* was forc'd to take the upper

per end of the Table, who seeing he could not avoid it, would needs have the Princess of *Micomicon* sit by him, as being under his Protection. *Lucinda* and *Zoraida* sate next to Madam *Dorothy*; *Lucinda* the uppermost of the two, as being the better Christian, and *D. Ferdinand* and *Cardenio* opposite to them. The *Curate* and the *Barber* sate below the Ladies, and over-against them the Slave and *D. Ferdinand*'s Friends.

At Supper they were as merry as Mice in a Chaff-heap, for they were all good Company, and every one with a full Discharge i' their Minds from all Disquiets and Disturbances whatever, from the Beginning o' the World to the Date of the Release. But that which augmented their Divertisement, was the pleasant Discourse of *Don Quixote*, who inspir'd with the same Raptures, as when he preach'd after Supper to the Goatherds, in a kind of *Bachanalian Fury*, thus began:

'Ladies and Gentlemen, they who make Profession of *Knight-Errantry*, 'have one great Advantage, that they are every Day accustom'd to the 'sight of Accidents altogether wonderful— I would fain know, whether 'the best Astrologer or Figure-caster of 'em all, that should come this very 'Minute into this Castle, and see us sitting together, as we do, could find 'out with all their *Scheams*, and their *Houses*, and their *Scrawls* upon Pa-'per, who we are. Who would imagine this Lady that sits here by me, 'to be so great a Princess as we know her to be? Or, that I were the fa-'mous *Don Quixote*, *Knight of the Ill favour'd Countenance*, and her Pro-'tector? And now dares any Man deny, but that this Profession surmounts 'all other the Inventions of Men? Or that it is not so much the more to 'be esteem'd, as being more expos'd to Hazards and Dangers then any Pro-'fession i' the World. And therefore if any one should presume to tell me, 'that Learning is to be preferr'd before Arms, I'd tell him, he was the Son 'of a Whore, and a'ly'd. 'Tis true, I know, those Champions of Learn-'ing will tell ye, that the Labours of the Mind are much greater then those 'of the Body; whereas there is nothing but Vigor and Strength requir'd 'for the Exercise of Arms: as if there were no difference between a Soul-'dier and a Porter, and that there were not a great deal of Judgment and 'Conduct to be us'd in Fighting, as well as Strength and Vigor. For Ex-'ample, as if the General of an Army, Governour of a great and consider-'able Garrison, had not as much need of a cunning, contriving, plodding 'Head-piece and Vigour of Mind, as force of Limbs. Is it by the Strength 'of his Body that he finds out the Designs of the Enemy, or that furnishes 'him with subtile Artifices to oppose the Stratagems of a politick and ex-'perienc'd Adversary? Can any Man deny, but that it is his Wit, his Judg-'ment, his Ingenuity, and acquir'd Skill, that teaches him the over reaching 'Part of War? Therefore saies the Proverb, *Policy goes beyond Strength.* 'Since then it is an undeniable Truth, that Wit is as requisite in a Souldier as 'in a Scholar, let us consider the End of both. I ha' nothing to say to those 'that study really and sincerely for our Salvation; I mean those that trouble 'their Brains to reck'n by the *Rule o' Three*, how many Mites there are in the 'Liver of a Cod-fish, or about fixing Wings to mens Shoulders; your Astro-'logers and Astronomers, and those sooty Refiners of Nature, call'd *Chy-'mists*, that lie toyling, and moyling, and watching *Moors Heads* and *Cru-'cibles*, for the *Philosopher's Stone*, till all their Gold and Silver be evapora-'ted out o' their Pockets; your *Frisesomorum* and *Barocho Men*, your *Scotists* 'and *Aquinatists* that torment their *Pia Maters* about how many Angels 'will stand upon the Point of a Needle; your Men of Politicks, and E-'recters of Common-wealths and *Utopia*'s; what do all their Studies, their

'Labours and Inventions ſignifie? They are only Miſpendings of that lei-
'ſure and quiet which they enjoy by the Souldiers maintaining Peace, both
'at home and abroad. For Peace is a Bleſſing that only God and the Soul-
'dier beſtows upon Kingdoms and Nations, ſupported by his Valour and In-
'duſtry. The *Lacedemonians* and the *Romans* were then moſt victorious and
'fortunate, when Learning leaſt flouriſh'd among 'em. Oh! but you'l ſay,
'Learning teaches us Civility. Civility! with a Pox—— as if there were
'more civil Men, or greater Courtiers i' the World, then your *Knight-Er-*
'*rants*. Whereas on the other ſide, there are not a more contentious, in-
'veterate, malicious, foul-mouth'd ſort of People i' the World, then your
'learned Men; always quarrelling and ſcribling one againſt the other, re-
'proaching, back biting, nick-naming, and ſpitting their Venom one at
'another, like ſo many Cats in a Moonſhiny-Night. Nay, you ſhall have too
'Criticks ready to ſtab one another with a *Mahometan* Fury, and ſcolding
'at each other like two Rag-women, about the miſplacing of a *G*, or an
'*L*. Whereas the Souldier before he goes to't, embraces his Enemy; and
'when they have puſh'd and hack'd one another as long as they can, if
'neither fall, they embrace again like Twins out o' the ſame Womb.

While *Don Quixote* thus diſcours'd, there was not any one i' the Room that took him for a Fool. For becauſe the greateſt part of 'em were Gentlemen of Fortune that profeſs'd a Military Life, and the Ladies, as generally they are, being great Admirers of Souldiers, they liſten'd to him, as one that was haranguing i' their own Praiſe.

Then *Don Quixote* proceeding; 'All the Hardſhips, quo he, that a Student endures, is only Poverty: Not that all Scholars are poor neither, but I lay it thus to drive the Argument as far as it will go. For he that is poor, is miſerable. And Poverty may be divided into three Parts, Hunger, Cold, and Nakedneſs, and ſometimes all three together. Yet is this Hunger never ſo continual, but that the Scholar ſometimes does eat; ſometimes he gets to be a Tutor, and then he eats at the Stewards Table; ſometimes he gets Six-pence or Twelve-pence for enditing a Love-Letter, and then he goes and ſolaces himſelf at *Fetter-lane* end. If he be a cold, for four Farthings he may ſmell to a Fire at the next Ale-houſe; which, tho it may not roaſt him, will abate the Rigour of his Sufferings; and then, tho at Night he ſleeps in a Garret, yet is he ſafe from the Weather, not to mention thoſe other Trifles of Shoes out at Toes, and Stockins out at Heels, want o' Shirts, and a flapping greaſie-brimm'd Felt, with a thread-bear, thin, tranſparent, what ſhall I call't—— for 'twill not bear the Name of Garment, which, I confeſs, are very great Hardſhips; yet ſometimes by their creeping and cringing, their flattering and colloguing, they creep into the Affection of ſome Perſon or other, that gives 'em a gentle Lift at firſt, and then helps 'em up by degrees, till at length, by a ſtrange Indulgence of Fortune, they arrive at the Haven of their Wiſhes, and from contemptible Poverty, and pinching Miſery, come to wallow in Plenty, and friſk it in the voluptuous Paſtures of Honour and Preferment. But then, they prove the moſt ingrateful, proud, imperious, unſufferable Bubbles of Vain-glory i' the World; ſo that many times, and moſt frequently they forget their own Benefactors, and are not aſham'd, if they want but a Stick to light their Oven, to burn the Ladder by which they firſt aſcended to their Advancement.

CHAP. XI.

Containing the farther curious Diſcourſe of Don Quixote *upon Arms and Arts.*

WE have hitherto diſcover'd the Poverty of the Scholar, let us now examine whether the Souldier be any richer then he. How, the Souldier rich! yes, as a new-ſhor'n Sheep— Certainly there is not a more honourable ſort of Miſery i' the World, then his. Gentlemen Souldiers! Gentlemen Beggers. 'Tis true, he looks a little uppiſh at firſt, with a Months Pay before-hand, but when he has been a Month upon Service, out at Heels, out at Elbows, ragged as a Foreſt-Colt, Shirtleſs, and Pennyleſs, chewing over in thought the laſt good Meal which he eat three days ago, till he meet with another Pig, or a Flitch o' Bacon, for which he ventures his Conſcience, and the Curſes of the poor People from whom he robs it. By this time he begins to admire, whether there be any ſuch thing as Money in Nature, or no, for his Pay comes very ſlow, or never. Were he one of the Grandees of the World, he would give an Earldom or a Dukedom for a Bag-pudding, and looks upon *Eſau* as the only man that ever knew how to value Victuals, when he ſold his Birthright for a Meſs a' Porridge. He is bound to endure all Weather; ſometimes marching all the day long with his Gun fretting the Skin from his Shoulders in a ſultry Seaſon that would bathe him in Sweat, had he any Moiſture to exhale from his Body, which his Stomach has ſuck'd before from all parts to ſuſtain Nature. Sometimes poaching through thick and thin up to the middle Leg, and all the while the Rain pours down upon his Thread-bare Tatters: not his alone, but the Condition of the whole Army, looking like the Picture of *Pharaoh*'s Hoſt half drown'd in purſuit of the *Iſraelites*; and all the day long the dry Cruſt new ſoak'd with *Aqua cæleſtis* in his Snapſack, ſerves him both for Meat and Drink. Yet after all this tireſome March, had he but the Comfort at Night of an Inn, and a warm Chimney-corner, 'twou'd be ſomething tolerable, nay, he might think himſelf happy to lie with the Horſes i' the Stable; but to be chamber'd in the open Field, where tho he has the Liberty to make his Bed as wide as he pleaſes, and to tumble from one ſide to t'other, without rumpling his Sheets, yet to be plagu'd with two ſuch Bed-fellows as *Dung-wet* and *Hunger*, and to be ſo wretched as to be forſak'n of his own Vermin, without any other Conſolation then certain Whiffs of *Mundungus* from a Pipe as black as a Brewer's Chimney; What can be more miſerable then this? And yet theſe are the Hardſhips which a Souldier endures, and to which he is ſubject every day, as being Neceſſities which are not to be avoided. But ſuppoſe he do light by the way into a poor Man's Cottage, where he practiſes his Courage and his Valour upon the ſingle Cock and Hen, the wretched Labourer has, or the only Loaf of Bread and piece of Bacon, for which three or four Children will cry when he is gone; yet that Exigency which conſtrains him to commit ſuch an Act of Barbariſm, as to tear the Bread out of the Mouths of thoſe that are as miſerable as himſelf, does but liſt him among the worſt of Robbers, and entitle him to the loweſt degree of ſharking Beggery. Bring him into a warm Garriſon, there's nothing for him but cold Comfort ſtill. If he chance to out-run the Conſtable in a Groat-Ordinary for Dinner, he muſt go ſupperleſs to Bed. His Landlord ſnips away half his Suſtenance in Gains. For the Cheeſe, the hard, dry, courſe Cheeſe

is valu'd according to Arithmetical, marked out according to Geometrical Proportion, which measures out but a short Allowance to the poor Souldier's hungry Belly. All the Food he eats is so course and dry, that it turns to Excrement, while the Ferment of the Stomach can hardly extract a *Chylus* sufficient to supply the craving Functions of the Entrails. Yet all this while the poor half-starv'd Souldier must help to repair Breaches, must watch, must fight, must stand Sentinel; stand, do I say! yes, a' must stand, because sometimes his Feet are half frozen to the Ground; a' must stand, because a' shall be hang'd if a' stirs; let him stir if he dare, tho he hear the Enemy mining under his very Heels; and tho he be sure at the same instant to be sent of a dead man's Errant to the Stars, and never to drop down again but in a Shower of shatter'd Limbs. And now would I fain help him again, if I could, with a Day of Battel, the Souldier's Harvest, the blessed time that he shall receive the Reward of all his Labours; but instead of the Spoil and the Plunder, with which he thinks to enrich himself, comes a Bullet that makes a hole through both his Cheeks, and carrys away his Tongue along with it, or else at one Blow draws all his Teeth; a Kindness in some measure, considering what useless things they are to him. Or, if one Bullet spares his Cheeks, or his Tongue, or his Teeth, another breaks a Leg, or an Arm. Or, if he does escape safe and sound, what is he the richer? For he must have so many Witnesses of his Valour, so many Testimonials of his Courage, that he must be in more Battels then ever *Cæsar* fought, before he shall be advanc'd to the Degree of a Serjeant. Then again, Gentlemen, I pray ye now consider how few there are that have gain'd by the Wars, how many have perish'd in Battel, and lost both their Hopes, and their Fortunes at the same time. The number of the slain is innumerable, but for those that have enrich'd themselves by going a *Solgeering*, as they call it, not enow to fight a pitch'd Battel at Draughts upon the back side o' the Tables. But it is not so with your Men of Learning, they are never reduc'd to so much Want, nor expos'd to so much Hazard and Danger of their Lives. I ha' known a Man o' Letters that has been a Prisoner for Debt, and wanted Bread, yet by the Favour of his Keeper, having been let out of a Sunday, has got his Noble or ten Shillings, and a good Dinner besides, for talking an Hour to the People. Besides, it is much more easie to reward two or three thousand Men of Learning, then thirty or forty thousand Souldiers. For there be those Dignities and Places to be bestow'd upon the one, of which the other are not capable; whereas the latter must be rewarded by the Wealth and Substance only of the Prince or Potentate, whom they serve. But this does no way demolish my Assertion.

And therefore I return to my first Undertaking, which was to prove the Preeminence of the Souldier before the Man of Learning; and this I shall do by Reasons which I shall produce in favour of both. First, the Men of Learning say, That the Men of Arms cannot subsist without 'em; for tho the Souldiers have their Laws among themselves, to which they are subject, yet those Laws were made by Men of Learning; and that they are as well the Interpreters, as the Dispensers of those Laws. But by their Pardons, and with their good Leaves, let 'em not be so nimble-chapp'd; for I say that Arms are the Support of the Laws: They defend Common-wealths and Kingdoms, secure the High-ways, preserve the Frontier-Garrisons, scoure the Seas of Pirates and Rovers, and, in a word, are the Security of the publick Safety. Besides, is it not a general Maxim, that we esteem that most, which costs us deareſt? Oh, is it so! pray gi' me leave then— I would fain know what it costs a Man of Letters to become learned? You'l

say,

ſay, Time, Patience, Watching, drudging at his Book, ſpare Diet, poor Habit, and the Want and Privation of a thouſand Pleaſures and Delights of this World. Well— and what's all this to the purpoſe? As if a Souldier were not put to theſe, and other Hardſhips and Inconveniencies ten thouſand times more diſmal and diſaſtrous. For what Hardſhip is it for a Scholar to encounter a whole Army of *Celarent's* and *Barbara's*, *Cameſtres's* and *Feſtino's*, or to be *Sorbonicoficabilitudiniſtally* confounded with a Legion of *Quinta Eſſentia's*, *Genera Generaliſſima's*, or an Hoſt of *Prædicaments*, that will never break his Bones, nor his Brains neither, unleſs the Curſe of running mad were entail'd upon him from his Mother's Womb, and for three Generations before? On the other ſide, look but through a ten foot Proſpective Glaſs (for I'd ha' ye be ſure you be out of reach, for fear of *Harm watch, harm catch:*) I ſay therefore, look through a long Glaſs, and ſee a Company of Souldiers ſtorming a ſtrong Bulwark reſolutely defended, and ſee how boldly they venture up the Scaling-ladders, tho they are ſure to be roaſted with Bombs and Fire-balls, and then baſted with whole Pail-fulls of boiling Lead, or ſcalding Oil, which, if it do chance to waſh his thin Jacket, all the Honour he has, is to tumble to the Ground, and die roaring like *Hercules* in *Deianira's* Shirt. Could ye, like *Æneas* in *Venus's* Cloud, ſo ſtand with Safety and Conveniency, as to obſerve two Men of War, within a Ship's length one a' t'other, vomiting *twenty Pounders* one at another, till the Decks and Gun-rooms ſwim with Blood, ſtrew'd over with whole Joynts, Heads, Arms, and Shoulders, Legs, Thighs, and Bodies equally divided i' the Waſte with Chain-ſhot, inſtead of *Perſian* Carpets and ſweet Herbs. By and by the two Spit-fires lay their Iron Claws one upon another, and lie grappl'd Yards-Arm and Yards-Arm together: In this Condition what has the poor Souldier to do? Stand he muſt, or leap into the Sea, which is no leſs ready to ſwallow him, and as hungry after his Perdition, as Death it ſelf; and all the while upon that little piece of Timber that preſerves him from one ſurrounding Danger, he ſees a thouſand more menacing his Deſtruction; Muſquets, Cutlaces, Half-pikes, Hand-Granado's, and the Devil and all. All his Hopes are in the Strength of his Arm, and his Reſolution: He muſt either make his way by main force, or die; he muſt bear down all before him, or periſh. However, here a man has ſome Sport for his Money; here is doing for receiving Miſchief. But to ha' ſeen *Opdam* in his Chair loſing his Draught, when the Silver Tankard of *Lemonade* was juſt at his Noſe, and ſent of a ſudden to the *Cœlum Empyræum*, and never know who hurt him, there's the Plague on't: That's the thing that ſpoils the Honour of *Knight-Errantry*; for a Perſon of Quality, a Man of Courage and Gallantry, that had a' fair Play, would drive a Regiment before him; but to be kill'd at a diſtance, is that wou'd vex a Saint. Now tell me, whether the Hardſhips which your Men of Letters undergo, are like to theſe? Tell me, whether the fierce Diſputes between the *Sorboniſts* and *Janſeniſts* will hold Compariſon with theſe bloody, frightful Encounters? O happy Age, that never knew thoſe dreadful Engines of Death! and a thouſand times more happy Ignorance, that never found out that Infernal Mixture of *Sulphur* and *Salt-peter*; and may he be well rewarded in Hell, that firſt diſcover'd that damnable Invention that gave the baſeſt, vileſt, Coward, to him that perhaps wink'd when he ſhot, the means to bereave at a diſtance, the braveſt, the moſt valiant, the ſtouteſt Knight that ever brandiſh'd Weapon, of his Life, in the full Career of his Renown; while a pocky, confounded little Gobbet of the baſeſt Mettle i'the World, diſcharg'd from the ruſty Piece of the baſeſt Scoundrel, Rake-ſhame,

Henrooſt-

Hen-rooſt-Robber upon the Earth ſhall of a ſudden, unexpected, unthought of, ſpat out the Brains of a Perſon that deſerv'd to ha' liv'd many Centuries of Ages: So that when I conſider theſe things, I begin to repent that ever I embrac'd the Profeſſion of Knight-Errantry in ſuch a deteſtable and unworthy Age. For tho there is no danger, how terrible ſoever, that can terrifie me, yet it troubles me to think that I ſhould be ſubject to ſuch an idle Hazard, leaſt a Thimble full of Powder, and a little lump of Lead no bigger then a Nutmeg, ſhould put a ſtop to my Courage, and prevent me from making known to the utmoſt ends of the World the ſtrength of my Arm, and the keen edge of my Sword. But let Fortune diſpoſe of me as ſhe pleaſes, my Fame and Reputation muſt be ſo much the greater, ſince I expoſe my ſelf to greater Dangers then all the Knight Errants of former Ages.

Thus did the Hero's Tongue run on with a *Continuando*, but his Teeth were idle all the while; for he was a Man that never minded his Victuals, when he was in a Diſcourſe of Knight-Errantry: Tho *Sancho* were ſo kind as frequently to put him in mind of the Meat that was before him, and to follow the good Example of thoſe that he ſaw ſo ſmartly laying about 'em for their Lives; and telling him withal, that it would be time enough to talk out his Talk when his Belly was full. On the other ſide, they that heard him, and had given as much Attention to his Harangue, as the ſeaſon would permit, could not chuſe but look one upon another with Admiration; that a Perſon who diſcours'd with ſo much Wit and Judgment upon other Subjects, ſhou'd loſe himſelf ſo ridiculouſly at laſt, in his freakiſh and deteſtable humour of Knight-Errantry. However, the Curate applauded him, and told him, that he had ſpok'n a great deal of ſen[illegible] in preferring the Sword before the Gown; and that for his part, tho it were againſt his Intereſt to ſay ſo, as being a man of Letters, and one that had taken his Degrees; yet he could not chuſe but be of his Opinion.

At length, Supper being ended, and the Cloth tak'n away, while the Hoſteſs, her Daughter, and *Maritornes* were getting *Don Quixote*'s Chamber ready for the Ladies, *Don Ferdinand* deſir'd the Captive to relate the ſtory of his Life; for that in all likelihood by his coming in Company with the fair *Zoraida*, there muſt be ſomething in it more then ordinary. Which Requeſt being ſeconded by the Curate and all the reſt that were i' the Room, the Captive reply'd, that he could not deny to ſatisfie their deſires, only he was afraid leſt he ſhould ſpoil a good ſtory in the telling: For, ſaid he, the Story is a good one, I muſt confeſs, and contains ſuch unlikely Truths, that will ſeem to ſurpaſs all the Fables that ever yet the Invention and Induſtry of Man contriv'd. Which words made 'em all preſently prick up their Ears, and put themſelves into a liſt'ning Poſture, as if they had been to hear the Laſt Speech and Confeſſion of ſome Eminent Offender upon the Scaffold. At what time, the Captive perceiving their Attention ſo well prepar'd, thus began.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

The History of the Slave.

I Was Born in a Village ſeated among the Mountains of *Leon*, of Parents that had more Wit then Money; or rather that were more beholding to Nature for Parts and Endowments, then to Fortune for Lands and Tenements. Yet in a place where Poverty it ſelf ſeems to raign, my Father might have had the Reputation of being a Rich man, had he tak'n the ſame care to preſerve, as he did to ſpend what he had. VVhich expenſive and laviſh humour he learnt by being a Souldier, having ſpent his Youth in that Pious School of VVar, which makes a Miſer liberal, and a Liberal Man a Prodigal; and where one that pretends to Thrift, is lookt upon as a Monſter, and unworthy the Profeſſion of Arms. But at length, my Father finding the bad Effects of his Profuſeneſs, and how deſtructive it was to that Proviſion which he was to make for his Children, who were all now at Age, he reſolv'd to rid himſelf of that ſame dirty Arable and Paſture that fed his Prodigality, and to quit that troubleſome Title of Landlord, before the Taverns got all. To which purpoſe, calling my two Brothers and my ſelf into his Cloſet, Children, ſaid he, I know my own Infirmity, that when I am fix'd at the Tavern, with my Cronies about me, I never think of my Boys at home; I would be loath that all, or any of ye, ſhould come to the Gallows, becauſe I never heard that any of your Anceſtors were hang'd before ye. Neither do I like the curſed Trades of Bully-rocking, or Gaming, which are both pernicious, and will bring ye to dye in a Brandy-ſhop. But this I know, that ſince ye are begot, ye muſt live; and ye are now all of ye of Age to ſhift for your ſelves; and to betake your ſelves to ſome laudable Profeſſion, that may one day advance ye both to Honour and Eſtates. To which purpoſe, that I may contribute as far as my late Repentance will give me leave, I have reſolv'd to divide all that I ha' left into four equal parts; of which I intend three Diviſions for you, and the fourth for my ſelf. We have a Proverb, which in my Opinion contains a world of Truth, as all Proverbs are grounded upon long and ſage Experience. *The Church, or the Sea, or the Court.* To teach us, that they who have a deſign to raiſe their Fortunes in the World, muſt apply themſelves either to Learning, or Trade, or to the Service of his Prince. And thus I would have one of ye to follow his Studies, the t'other to turn Merchant, and the third to be a Souldier. But herein you muſt adviſe with your own Genius's; for tho a Dunce may attain to good Preferment, yet he muſt be ſure of Courage and Reſolution, that advances himſelf by the Sword. In eight days I will be ready with your Proportions, and give 'em ye in ready Money, which will be the leaſt trouble. Now, tell me what ye think of my Propoſals; or whether you believe my Counſel worth following.

When my Father had done ſpeaking, I earneſtly deſir'd him not to ſell his Land, of which he might diſpoſe without asking us leave, and told him that we were young enough, and had the World before us; and at laſt, I made my choice to be a Souldier. My ſecond Brother, filially obedient, had the ſame ſentiments that I had, and choſe to be a Merchant, and ſo took his Fortunes in the *Indies*. The youngeſt, and the wiſeſt of us all, made choice of the Church, a Harbour where a man of Complaiſance may

be

be always certain to ride ſecure. And thus having concluded among our ſelves, and made our Election to my Father's content, he embrac'd us all three, and at his time prefix'd he gave us our Dividends in ready Caſh, which amounted to a thouſand pounds apiece; one of my Uncles having purchaſed the Land, becauſe it ſhould not go out of the Name. All things were now ready for our departure, and we all agreed to take our ſeveral Roads the ſame day; but a certain ſcruple griping my Conſcience, that my Father ſhould be left with ſo ſmall a pittance to ſupport his Old Age, I return'd him ſix hundred thirty odd pounds of my ſhare, aſſuring him that what remain'd, would be enough to buy me an Enſign's Place, and to ſpare for bodily Furniture. My Brothers, following my Example, did the like; ſo that we reſtor'd him back eighteen hundred ninety nine pounds of his Money again, like Sons full of Affection and Duty as we were, and to our Credit be it ſpok'n. And then it was that we took our leaves of our Father and Uncle with clear Conſciences and lighter Pockets then we needed, after they had laid a ſtrict Injunction upon us to ſend 'em weekly Tydings how we throve in the World. And now, behold the three Brothers parted, as if one ſhould take the Road for *Oxford*, the other for *Plymouth*, and I for *Flanders*; whither indeed I went, and there purchaſed a Colours under Duke *D' Alva*, where, how I behav'd my ſelf, I ſhall not trouble this Company to relate. But hearing that *Don John* of *Auſtria* was made General of the Chriſtians againſt the *Turks*, away I poſted with Letters of Recommendation to *Genoa*, and there arriv'd the ſame day that *Don John* enter'd the City; where I had preſently a Company conferr'd upon me, and was Shipp'd in a Man of War, that with ſeveral others was bound to joyn the *Venetian* Fleet: By which means it came to paſs, that I was preſent at the Battel of *Lepanto*, ſo advantageous to all Chriſtendom; where among ſome that were ſlain, and others that enjoy'd the Honour of the Victory, I had the misfortune to be taken Priſoner. For *Uchali*, King of *Argier*, a famous and deſperate Pirate, being grappl'd with a *Malteſe*, wherein there were but three Knights left alive, and thoſe every one ſore wounded, our Ship bore up to their Relief; at what time, I forſooth, to ſhew my ſelf worthy of my new Preferment, muſt needs be jumping into the Enemies Veſſel: And this happen'd juſt i' the nick, when *Uchali*, a cunning Gameſter, having got clear of the *Malteſe*, ſheer'd away from our Veſſel: So that none of my Souldiers being able to follow me, *Peel-Garlick* was left all alone i' the power of the *Turks*: Who, after they had wounded me in ſeveral places, for I reſolv'd they ſhould pay dear for their Bargain, made me a Slave; and I was carry'd to *Conſtantinople*, where *Selim* made my Maſter *Uchali* his Admiral at Sea, for having ſo valiantly behav'd himſelf in the Engagement, and brought away the Flag of the Order of *Malta*: For as for his running away at length, it was not imputed to him for a Crime, becauſe he ſaw the Battel was loſt. After *Uchali*'s Death, I fell by Lot to the ſhare of a *Venetian Renegado*, whoſe Name was *Aranaga*; formerly one of *Uchali*'s Slaves himſelf, but one that knew ſo well how to pleaſe his Maſter, that he won his very Heart, and became very Rich; but was certainly one of the cruelleſt Rogues that ever defy'd Humanity; afterwards alſo advanc'd to be King of *Argier*, whither for that reaſon I was carry'd: And truly I was glad I was got ſo near within the ſmell of my Native Country, fully perſwaded that I ſhould find ſome way or other to make my Eſcape; for I could not find in my heart to deſpair. And therefore when one Project fail'd, I preſently ſet my Brains at work for another. And thus I ſpent my time, brewing every day new Deſigns, being ſhut up in one of

thoſe

thoſe Priſons which the *Turks* call *Stoves*, where they put their Chriſtian Slaves, as well thoſe that belong to the King, as to particular Perſons. Now the King's Slaves are never put to work, no more then are they that have once treated concerning their Ranſom; however, they are kept cloſe i'their *Stoves*, for fear they ſhould run away like ſlippery Tenants, and never pay for their Houſe-rent. For my own part, as ſoon as they knew me to be an Officer, it was in vain for me to plead Poverty; I was look'd upon as a Perſon of Quality, and put among the Slaves for whom Ranſom was expected, with a Chain ſo light, that it only ſhew'd me to be upon Terms for my Liberty, and that I was not one who was long to wear it. Yet can I not ſay, that I was free from Hunger, and many other Miſeries, beſides that *Azanaga's* Cruelties continually terrify'd me. Who, beſides that he was wont, for every ſmall Offence, to hang and impale his poor Captives, had a particular Humour to cut off their Ears, meerly to pickle 'em inſtead of Muſhrooms, for Sawce to his *Mahometan Fricaſſees*. But to ſay no more of his Cruelty, nor my own Fears, and to come to the Point, you are to underſtand, that the Windows of a Houſe belonging to a very rich *Moor*, very near as rich as his Kinſman *Pluto* himſelf, lookt into the Court belonging to our Priſon; which Windows, according to the Cuſtom of the *Moors*, are very narrow holes, and thoſe too clos'd with wooden Lattices. Now it happen'd one day, as I and three others of my Companions (for the reſt were gone forth to work) that is to ſay, as four of us were trying in the Court-yard how well we could leap the Almond-Jump in our Chains, caſting up my Eyes to the Window, I ſaw deſcending from the Lattice a long Reed, with a Handkercheif ty'd to the end of it, which the Hand that let it down, caus'd to dance i'the Air, as it were a ſignal for ſome one of us to come and take it. Whereupon one of my Companions went to ha' laid his Paws upon it, but then it preſently mounted again out of his Reach; which he taking for a Rebuke, return'd to his Sport. Then a ſecond try'd, and then the third, but were all tantaliz'd alike; till at length ſeeing the Cane deſcend a fourth time, I reſolv'd to try my Fortune; but then it was eaſily ſeen for whom the Handkerchief was intended; for as ſoon as I came near the Window, the Cane fell down at my Feet. Preſently I took up the Handkerchief and as haſtily untying the Knot, I found a Neſt of ſmall pieces of Money, to the value of one of our Crown-pieces. You may well conjecture I did not weep to ſee ſuch an unexpected Relief in the Condition I was in, and that I ſhould be the only Object of the Charity. And then looking up to ſee from whence the Bleſſing came, I could diſcover no more then only a Lilly-white Hand that clos'd the Lattice at the ſame time. However, we all return'd our Thanks by bowing to the Window, after the *Turkiſh* manner, with our Arms a-croſs upon our Breaſts. Which we had no ſooner done, but there preſently appear'd out at the ſame Window a little Croſs made of Reeds; and then we concluded, that ſome Lady that liv'd in that Houſe had tak'n Compaſſion upon us; but why ſo particularly to me, thought I; and with that I began ſeriouſly to conſider with my ſelf, whether I had ever made water under the Window, or no, but could not for my life remember any ſuch thing. Then we imagin'd ſhe was ſome Chriſtian Slave, whom her Maſter had marry'd. For your *Moors*, as black as they are, love white Fleſh for all that. And then we thought again, that having been once a Chriſtian, ſhe might be ſo ſtill in her Heart. But all our Divining ſignify'd nothing to us that were no Conjurers; and therefore we took the common Road of Enquiry. But after all the Enquiry we could make to the utmoſt of our Power, all that we

could learn, was only this, That it was the Habitation of a certain rich *Moor*, whose Name was *Agimorato*, who had been one of the chief Magistrates of *Argier*, and far richer then ever was *old Audley*; a meer Miser, born to get a Mountain o' Money, and leave it when he has done. Ceasing therefore any farther Enquiry, we only ador'd the blessed Window every Day, from whence our comfortable Benediction fell. But notwithstanding all our Eye-worship, the celestial Casement did not open again in fifteen days; so that we look'd upon our late Refreshment, as only some few heat drops of Female Charity, and despair'd that ever the blissful Window would open again. But fifteen days after, when dreaming least of any such thing, being the same *all four* together in the Stove, without any other Company, down came the Angelick Reed and Handkerchief a second time. Upon which, we made the same Trial, as before, but with the same Success, for still the coy Handkerchief would not suffer it self to be touch'd by any but my self, enfolding a Present of forty Crowns of *Spanish* Gold, and a Letter written in *Arabick*, with a fair Cross at the bottom of the Writing. Upon which, we return'd to our Station, and made our Obeysances, as before; and after I had made a sign that I would read the Letter, the white Hand vanish'd, and the Lattice of Consolation clos'd again. This Accumulation of Fortune's Favours fill'd us with new Joy and fresh Hopes: But in regard that none of us understood *Arabick*, we were at a strange Loss where to find an Interpreter, not knowing whom to trust in such a tickliſh Case as this was, as being loath to hazard our selves, but much more afraid to injure our Benefactress. At length my Curiosity to understand the Depth of such an Intrigue as this, constrain'd me to trust a Renegado of *Mercia*, who pretended a great Kindness for me. So that after I had us'd all the Caution imaginable to engage him to Secrecy, and pawn'd all the Credit I had with him in Mountains of Promises, if the Success were answerable to such a Foundation laid in Miracle, I desir'd him to read me a Letter, which I told him I had found in a hole in our Dungeon. The Renegado took the Letter, and after he had read a Line or two, he ask'd me for a Pen and Ink, and a piece of Paper; all which I had ready prepar'd i' my Pocket (for Slaves that have Money may have any thing.) And then the Renegado retiring, in a short time gave me the Letter back again, and the Translation of it, with this farther Advertisement, That *Alla* signify'd *God*, and *Lela Marien*, the *Virgin Mary*. The Substance of the Letter was this.

'When I was a Child, my Father kept a Christian Slave in the House, 'who taught me the Prayers of the Christians, and inform'd me of many 'things concerning *Lela Marien*. This Slave is since dead, and I know she 'was not cast into the eternal Fire, but is with God; for she has appear'd to 'me twice since her Death: And both times she charg'd me to retire among 'the Christians, to see *Lela Marien*, who has a great love for me. I have 'seen out at this Window several Christians, but I must confess, I never 'saw any one that lookt like a Gentleman but your self. I am young and 'handsom, and in a Condition to transport a vast Estate along with me. 'Consider whether you will undertake to carry me away: It shall be your 'fault, if I be not your Wife; or if you will not marry me, I make no Question 'but that *Lela Marien* will provide me a Husband. 'Twas my self that 'wrote this Letter, and I would have you be careful whom you trust; no '*Moor*, whatever ye do, who are all a Company of Traitors. For if my 'Father should have the least inkling of my Project, he would thrust me 'into a Well, and cover me with Stones. I have ty'd a Thread to the end

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'of the Reed, with which you may fast'n your Answer. If you can meet 'with no body that writes *Arabick*, tell me your Answer by Signs, 'which *Lela Marien* will instruct me to understand. God and she preserve 'ye, and that Cross which I kiss as often as the Slave commanded 'me

It will be needless, Gentlemen, to tell ye how we were all transported with Joy when we read this Letter, since every one knew they should be the better for my Success. The Renegado too, believing it might be likewise to his Advantage, as one that could never beat it into his Head, that we had found such a Letter by Accident, but that it was purposely written to one of us Four, with great Importunity requested us to tell him the Truth, and to rely upon his Fidelity, as one that would venture his Life to procure our Liberty. And so saying, he drew out of his Bosom a small Crucifix, and swore by him that suffer'd upon it, that he would be secret to whatever we should entrust him; to which he was the rather encourag'd, because he saw so great a Probability for us all to recover our Liberty by means of the Person that had written the Letter: And he accompanied his Oath with such a Shower of Tears, and so many Marks of Repentance for his turning Infidel, that we discover'd the whole Mystery to him, and shew'd him that heavenly Window from whence our Gold'n Showers fell down. Who, thereupon, promis'd he would use his utmost Industry to learn who it was that liv'd in that House; and that when I had written my Answer to our obliging Benefactress, he would transcribe it into *Arabick* for me: The Substance of which, I remember much to this purpose.

'The true *Alla* preserve ye, Madam, and the thrice happy *Lela Marien*, 'who has inspir'd ye with those blessed Thoughts of turning Christian. 'Your Design is pious and generous; and therefore you may be confident 'of our Endeavours, who are all your Vassals to serve ye with the loss of 'our Lives. Fear not then, Madam, to write, and give me notice of what 'you resolve to do. We have among us a Christian Slave who writes *A*-'*rabick*, as you will find by this Answer. As for your Offer of being my 'Wife, I should be the most ingrateful person living, should I not accept it; 'and if I should not honour, while I have Breath, the Person that throws 'her self into my Arms. The great *Alla* and *Lela Marien* preserve 'ye.

Two days after, when there was no body in the *Stove*, I went into the Yard, where I had not staid long, before I saw the Reed appear again, to which I fasten'd my Answer. Nor was it many Hours after, before the Comfort of our Lives hung out another white Flag of Peace, which dropt, furl'd up at my Foot, with above fifty yellow Boys in it, which was so far from being any Affliction to us, that we never question'd a fertile Harvest of our Enterprizes, when water'd by such Gold'n Showers as those. The same Night our Renegado came to us, and inform'd us that the House belong'd to *Agimorato*, one of the richest *Moors* in *Argier*; and that to inherit all his Wealth, he had but one Daughter, who was the most beautiful Person in all *Barbary*, and had refus'd all the considerable Matches that had been offer'd her: To which he added, That in her Infancy she was bred up by a Christian-Slave, who had been dead for some years. All which agreed with what we found in the Letter. Thereupon we consulted with this *Renegado* how to make our Escape, and carry away the lovely *Mooress*. But before we came to a Result, we resolv'd to stay till we heard farther News from the fair *Zoraida* (for that we understood to be her Name) seeing

that without her Assistance, all our Consultations signify'd not a Straw.

The four following Days the *Stove* was full, and so nothing was to be done; but the fifth, none but our own Number being left, our Paradise open'd again, and down dropt the Crums of Comfort wrapp'd up in clean Linnen, but never till I was at hand to take it up. For if I were making water at what time the Hand appear'd, the Hand would never let go till I had done. And this time too *Zoraida* doubl'd her Files, no less then a hundred yellow Boys, all good Men and true, together with a Letter; of which to the best of my Remembrance, these were the Contents.

'I know not which way we shall take to get into *Spain*, for *Lela* '*Marien* has not yet inform'd me; tho I have earnestly besought her 'in my Prayers. All that I can do, is to furnish you with Gold enough 'to ransom your self, and your Companions, and for one of the ransom'd 'Captives to purchase a Bark to convey us all away. For my part, I in-'tend to spend all this Spring with my Father and our Slaves, in a Garden 'adjoyning to the Gate of *Barbazon*, near the Sea-side. Thence in the 'Night time you may take me without any Danger, and conveigh me 'to the Bark. But remember, my dear Christian, that you have promis'd 'to be my Husband. For if thou fail'st me, I will pray to *Lela Marien* to 'punish thee. If thou canst not confide in any person to buy the Bark, 'ransom thy self quickly, and go thy self; I know thou wilt not fail to re-'turn, as thou art a Gentleman and a Christian. Make it thy business also, 'to know where our Garden stands. In the mean time do but walk in the 'Court when the *Stove* is empty, and I will give thee what Money thou de-'sirest. *Alla* preserve thee, dear Christian.

When our Company heard this Letter read, there was not one but offer'd, if he might be first ransom'd, to go and purchase a Bark, and as soon as he had done, to return again with all the Speed and Sincerity imaginable; and had it been possible to ha' gone with their Bodies alone, wou'd ha' left their Souls behind 'em in pawn, till they came back according to their Words; but the Renegado, who knew that one Christian was not to believe another in these nice points, would by no means consent, that any one should be singly ransom'd, till all were redeem'd together. For that he had known by Experience, that several Slaves had been singly ransom'd to fetch Conveniencies for those who tarry'd behind, in Expectation of the releas'd persons Return, who might as well have expected the Vessel hop'd for, to come by water out of the Clouds, as by Sea. Upon whom the love of Liberty, and the dread of returning into Captivity so far prevail'd, that when they were once free, they forgot there were ever any such things as Gospels or Evangelists, upon which they had sworn not to leave their Friends i' the lurch. And therefore, said he, give me the Money which you design for the Purchase of a Bark, and I will buy one here, even at *Argier* it self, under pretence of trading to *Tituan*, and upon the Coast; so that being Master of the Vessel my self, and under no Suspicion, it will be easie for me to serve ye all together; especially when ye have purchas'd your Liberty by the Lady's Assistance; for then being Free-men, you may go aboard without Interruption, at Noon-day. Nor do I fore-see but one Difficulty i' the matter, which is, That the Renegado's are not permitted to buy Barks, but only great Vessels to pyrate upon the Seas. But for that I have an Expedient i' my Head, which is, to take in a *Moor* of *Tagarino* for a Share both of the Vessel and Gains, and so under-hand become sole Proprietor my self, and by that means bring all our Designs to Perfection. Truly we consider'd with our selves, that Necessity had no Law; that if

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we ſhould ſeem to miſtruſt the Renegado, to whom we had already diſcover'd ſo much, it might incenſe him, and force him to diſcloſe our whole Deſign; not only to our Deſtruction, but to the Ruin of the Lady, whoſe Life was more dear to us then our own; ſo that at laſt we reſolv'd to put our ſelves into the hands of God and the *Renegado*; and to that purpoſe I order'd him to Tranſcribe a Letter, which I had written to *Zoraida*; that we were ready to follow her Advice, which ſeem'd to be no leſs then what *Lela Marien* had inſpir'd into her Breaſt; renewing my Promiſe withall to Marry her. And I commended her, to make ſure of a Husband as well as of her Religion.

The next day the Stove was empty, and then it rain'd Handkerchers; which at ſeveral times furniſh'd us with a thouſand Pieces of the ſame colour'd Metal, that reconciles and ſets all the World together by the Ears; makes Friends Foes, and Foes Friends. Which made me ſo in love with Handkerchers ever ſince, that I can never come into a Gentlewoman's Company, but I am always either ſnatching, or ſtealing her Handkercher; nor do I ever return 'em again, tho the young Ladies beg their Hearts out, and proteſt never ſo much they were preſented 'em by their Sweet-hearts, or *Valentines*, or any other the deareſt Friends they have i' the World. Such a paſſionate Affection for Handkerchers did *Zoraida's* fortunate Linnen engrave in my Memory. So that when ever I ſee a young Gentleman filching a Ladies Handkercher, I ask him preſently, whether he were ever i' the Stoves at *Algier?*

But to return to my Story: At the ſame time I found a Note in one of the bleſſed Handkerchers (for I can never ſpeak of Handkerchers without an Epithet) to let us underſtand, that the next *Friday* ſhe was to go to her Father's Garden; in the mean time, that if we had not Money enough, we ſhould but give her notice, and we ſhould have as much as we deſir'd: For that ſhe was Miſtreſs of all her Father's Caſh. And i' my Conſcience ſhe ſpoke Truth: For the next Thurſday the t'other thouſand *Peruvians* fell down proſtrate at the Toes of my Shoes; at which I never murmured i' the leaſt, but preſently with a confiding Soul gave five hundred Crowns to our Renegado, for the Purchaſe of a Bark. The reſt of the Money I put into the Hands of a *Venetian* Merchant, of my Acquaintance, who ranſom'd me for eight hundred Crowns from the King my Maſter; promiſing to pay the money upon the firſt Return of a Veſſel, which he ſuddenly expected from *Italy*. For had my Friend paid down the money upon the Nail, the crafty *Azanaga* would have ſuſpected, that he had had it a good while in his Cuſtody, and had made uſe of it himſelf. The ſame Night I had another Note from *Zoraida*, to let me know, that the next day ſhe was going to the Garden, and therefore deſir'd, as ſoon as I ſhould be redeem'd, to let me ſee her. To all which I anſwer'd as much to her Satisfaction, as lay in my Power.

In the mean time, I made it my buſineſs to agree for the Ranſoms of my Companions, leſt, ſeeing me at Liberty, and themſelves ſtill in Captivity, they ſhould ſuſpect me to be forgetful of their Condition, and enter into Combinations againſt me. For there is no truſting to the Devil in ſuch Caſes, who takes all Occaſions to work upon men in Miſery, to do miſchief. To which purpoſe, I put all the reſt of my money into my Friend the Merchant's Hands, with Orders to Redeem my three Companions, at as low a rate as he could, upon his Credit: Which he ſoon after accompliſh'd.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Wherein the Captive goes on with his Story.

AND now the *Renegado* within the ſpace of fourteen or fifteen days had purchaſed a very good Bark, that would conveniently carry thirty Perſons. And firſt of all, that there might be no ſuſpicion of his Deſign, together with the *Moor* that he had tak'n in for his Partner, he made two or three ſlight Voyages upon the Coaſt of *Barbary*, driving a Trade in dry'd Figgs; and every time he put to Sea, he never fail'd to come to an Anchor in a little Creek, within Musket-ſhot of *Agimorato*'s Garden. And ſometimes he would go aſhore, and walk up to *Agimorato*'s Houſe, to beg Fruit, which the *Moor* would beſtow upon him, tho he knew him not: which he did to try whether the Acceſs to the Garden were eaſie or no. By which means, when he ſaw that his Partner wholly confided in him, that he might caſt Anchor where he pleas'd, and that I and my Companions were at Liberty; he came to me, and told me, that all the buſineſs I had to do, was to pick out a parcel of ſturdy Fellows, that could tug at an Oar, and would help to cut a Throat or two at a dead lift; to conſider who I intended to take along with me, and then to look after the main Buſineſs, which was, to get *Zoraida* ready againſt the next Friday, at what time he reſolv'd to be gon. As for Rowers, kind Fortune (for had not Fortune been kind, this ſtory could never ha' gone on ſo cleverly) I ſay, then again, Kind Fortune help'd me to a Crew that were out of Employment, by reaſon their Maſter ſtaid at home from Cruiſing that Summer, to look after a new Ship that he had upon the Stocks; whom I order'd to ſtay for me ſuch a day hard by *Agimorato*'s Garden, where I would give 'em their Hire: For I knew Sea-men too well, to give 'em money before-hand. For then when I wanted 'em, I muſt ha' been forc'd to have hunted all the Brandy holes i' the Town, before I could ha' found 'em. And now, quo I to my *Brains*, *Brains*, if ever you will ſhew your ſelves to be *Brains*, now ſhew your Quickneſs, your Craft, your wilie Contrivance, and the Perfection of your Invention —— for now am I going about a Deſign, that requires the Aſſiſtance of all *Lucian*'s Council of the Gods, the Subtlety of fifty Bawds, the dexterity of threeſcore Heireſs-ſtealers, and the acuteneſs of threeſcore and ten marry'd Wives, that are reſolv'd to Cuckold their Husbands. For I muſt confeſs, when I conſider'd the hazards and difficulty of the Enterprize, I was at my Wits end. And ſometimes when I bethought my ſelf how uncomatable young Virgins were i' that place, Deſpair ſo ſeiz'd upon my Spirits, that I was once about to ha' giv'n over the Deſign. But then, quo I to my ſelf, I never yet heard i' my life, when a young Lady had reſolv'd upon a Bed-fellow, but that ſhe would have him by hook or by crook; and therefore, quo I to my ſelf, ſure *Zoraida* has laid all her Plots ſo well before-hand, that if I am not a meer Ninny, it muſt be impoſſible for me to fail. This chear'd my Spirits, and reviv'd my Hopes again; ſo that I reſolv'd, fall back, fall edge, to ſpeak with her. To that purpoſe, two days before our departure, I ventur'd boldly to the Garden, with an Excuſe ready coin'd i' my mouth, that I came to pick ſome green Herbs for a Sallad: And ſo it happen'd, that the firſt Attempt that I made, the firſt Man I met was *Agimorato* himſelf; who ask'd me in the Language of the Galley-Slaves, what

I look'd for, and to whom I belong'd? To whom I answer'd, That I was *Arnaut Mamy*'s Slave, as being a Person that I knew to be of his familiar Acquaintance (for tho I had never convers'd with the Book-seller that resolves Cases of Conscience, yet I made no scruple to tell a Lye to a *Moor*) therefore, I say, I told him I was *Mamy*'s Slave, and that I came to gather a Sallad: Wherein however there was something of Truth; for tho I only pretended an Errand for a Sallad, yet I was sure I came for the best Flower in his Garden. After that, he ask'd me, whether I had offer'd Ransom, and how much it was? And upon the same Subject put me sundry Questions, and I gave him sundry Answers. But now to the Point — For as *Agimorato* was thus gratifying his Curiosity, *Zoraida*, who saw me at first when I enter'd the Garden, appear'd her self to make it a compleat Paradise. And as the *Barbary* Ladies never scruple to shew themselves to the Christian Slaves, notwithstanding my being there, she came directly to her Father, who as soon as he spy'd her, call'd her himself. 'Slife — such a Charming Beauty, and so much Wealth as glitter'd upon the Ornaments of her Head, where she had more Oriental Pearls to cover her Hair, then she had hairs to cover; the sparkling Diamonds, and other Precious Stones about her Wrists, and on the Buskins that she wore upon her Feet, brought my very Soul to stare out at the Casements of my Eyes, and with Admiration to behold the dazling sight. What a Devil, thought I to my self, ayles this Virgin, that has so much Beauty, and so much Wealth, to quit her Native Soyl, meerly to run away with Heaven knows who, and a tatter'd, ragged, abject, miserable Slave to boot? And then was I i' my Dumps again, as one that could not imagine that such a Morsel was ever design'd for my Tooth. But then recollecting with my self, that the Celestial Bodies, who are themselves subject to Excentric Motions, govern the Humours of Youth and Beauty; and calling to mind, that once a Pris'ner in *Ludgate* became the Master of his Mistress, and so to be Lord Mayor of *London*; I did not think it reasonable to call Destiny to give too strict an Account of her Actions, but rather resolv'd to lay my self at her feet, believing she had some *Christmas* Gambol to play, and then to sit and laugh at it when she had done. Parlous *Zoraida* therefore, as I told ye, came to her Father; to whom *Agimorato*, Look ye, Child, said he, this is one of my Friend *Arnaut*'s Slaves, and comes to pick a Sallad for his Master. Very likely, Sir, said she; and then turning to me, and what, quo she, have you paid your Ransom then? Madam, I have, said I; and I think my Master valu'd me sufficiently, to make me pay eight hundred Crowns in Gold. I assure ye, my Friend, cry'd *Zoraida*, had you been my Father's Slave, he should not ha' parted wi' ye for twice as much. For you Christians are such cunning Dissemblers, that for the lives of us, we *Moors* can never understand your Qualities; so that ye cozen us still of above three parts of your Ransoms. Y' are all Captains and Commanders after y' are redeem'd: But while y' are Slaves, you'd make us believe your Parents were so poor, as if y' had all been begot upon Dunghills. Madam, said I, I am not to answer for what others do; but for my part, I deal candidly with my Master, as I intend to do with all the World. And more then that, Madam, I love to be true to both Sexes, to the utmost of my ability, in what-ever I promise. Very good, reply'd *Zoraida*; and when d' ye think to be gone? To morrow, Madam, said I; for there is a Vessel in Port ready to set Sail, and I am unwilling to lose the Opportunity. Besides, I have such an eager desire once more to re-visit my Native Country, and to see what are become of my Friends and Relations, that it makes me the more impatient to lay hold upon the first Occasion.

'Tis

'Tis an even wager then, said *Zoraida*, that you are marry'd in your own Country. Not marry'd as yet, reply'd I; but I have pass'd my Word, to marry as soon as I come there. And is she handsome too, to whom y' have made this Promise? cry'd *Zoraida*. Madam, said I, she is so handsome, that I may safely say, I never saw a Person more like her i' the World then your self. At which words, *Agimorato* smiling: I do not wonder, Christian, said he, thou art so hasty to be gone, if thy Mistress be as handsome as my Daughter, that has not her Peer for Beauty in all the Kingdom of *Barbary*. Look upon her well, and thou wilt find it to be true what I say. But while *Agimorato* pleas'd himself to find his Daughter pleas'd with this sort of Divertisement, a *Moor* came running towards him in all hast to tell him, that four *Turks* had clamber'd over his Wall, and were gathering his Fruit before 'twas Ripe. Which put him into a great Disorder, as he that would have rather a' had so many Swine in his Garden, which he could ha' driven out again when he pleas'd. But the *Turkish* Souldiers were a Masterless sort of Beasts, of whom the *Moors* stood almost in as much awe, as the Christian Slaves of their Masters. Thereupon *Agimorato* order'd *Zoraida* to go in adoors, and bid me take what Salading I pleas'd, while he went to perswade those Dogs of *Turks*, as he call'd 'em, out of his Ground; leaving me and *Zoraida* together, who pretending Obedience, seem'd to make toward the House; but when her Father was out of sight among the Trees and Currant-Bushes, swiftly returning with Tears in her Eyes, And are ye going then, Christian, said she; are ye going in earnest? —— I am going, said I; but, Madam, take me not for such an Infidel, to be gone, unless I carry along with me the Treasure of my Soul. Therefore I come to give ye notice, that all things are prepar'd against next *Fryday*: Manage your Business then so, as to be ready against the Time, and fear nothing — For tho you have sav'd me the Expence of a thousand Lovers Oaths and Protestations, which are often as false as Hell, never believe I'le forfeit my Credit and my Reputation to so much Love and Vertue as yours. And this I utter'd with such a Reality, and so sensibly proceeding from the bottom of my Heart, that where my brok'n Language fail'd, the very motions of my Lips and Eyes supply'd the defect of my Expression to convince *Zoraida* of my Sincerity. Insomuch, that throwing her tender Arm about my Neck, she slowly mov'd in that posture with a trembling pace toward the House; and in that posture it was that we met *Agimorato* returning, after he had perswaded the liquorish *Turks* to quit his Garden. True it is, that we plainly perceiv'd he had descry'd the Loving Embracements of his Daughter, and I trembl'd for fear of my dear *Zoraida*. But here it was that I found that presence of mind, which always succours the Female Sex in their Amorous Contrivances. For instead of taking away her Arm, which would but have put *Agimorato* into a Jealous Passion, she clung more close to me, and resting her Head upon my Breast, gave way to the weight of her Body to fall which way it pleas'd, as if she had been in a Trance; while I on the other side made a shew of supporting her with all my strength. Presently *Agimorato* came with more speed then a Dog-trot, to see what was the matter; and finding his Daughter in that Condition, ask'd her, what she ail'd? To which she returning no Answer, Alas! poor Girl, said he, 'tis only the fright which these Dogs put her into, that has brought these fits upon her; and at the same instant he took her out of mine into his own Arms. At what time, *Zoraida*, fetching a deep sigh, with her Eyes still bedew'd with Tears; be gone, Christian, said she, be gone. Why, my dear Child, why would'st thou have him be gone? Alas! he has done thee

no

no harm, cry'd *Agimorato*, and for the *Turks*, they were so honest as to quit their pilfering Design, upon my Approach. Chear up then, my Girl, and let the Christian stay, perhaps he'll tell us a Story will make us both laugh; for the Christians sometimes are notable Pratlers—— No, no, said I, interrupting him, let her alone, these cursed *Turks*, Sir, have put her too much out of humour to hear Stories; and therefore for my part, since she desires I should be gone, I do not think it proper to trouble her with Impertinencies. Only I beg of your Worship to give me leave to come now and then as long as I stay, and pick a Sallad in your Garden. As often as thou wilt, honest Christian, cry'd *Agimorato*. With this Liberty of his so freely granted, I took my leave both of the Father and the Daughter: Who, if there be any Truth in the Imagination of Lovers, seem'd to me as if she had been parting with her own Soul, when I parted from her. For young People in love, are like your Astrologers, who believe they see *Bulls*, and *Bears*, and *Rams*, and *Lions* i' the Sky, when there are no such things. But hang a Man that has no shifts, and a Lover without his Poetical Fancies. Well! but what did I next, you'll say? Why, in the next place, being thus uncontroulable, and alone i' the Garden, I walk'd it round, survey'd every Corner, every Descent, and every rising Ground: I observ'd all the Avenues to it; all the ways out of it, and where most conveniently to attack the House, if there should be Occasion, and whatever else of that Nature might serve to accomplish our Design: And having so done, away I went to give an Account of all to my Companions and the Renegado, impatient to possess the Blessing that Fortune offer'd me in the Enjoyment of the fair *Zoraida*. Well— at length the wish'd-for Day arriv'd, and we had all the Success we could expect from a Contrivance laid with so much Discretion and Consideration. For the Renegado came to an Anchor in the Evening over-against *Agimorato*'s Garden, and the Rowers lay ready conceal'd, with itching Fingers to be boarding the Vessel, and cutting the *Moors* Throats, knowing nothing of my Design, but absolutely believing they were to gain their Liberty by Surprize, and downright Murder. Soon after I came with my Companions; at what time the Rowers rose out of their lurking Holes, and met us for Orders what to do. We saw Fortune favour'd us, for by this time the City Gates were shut, and all the Coast was clear a' that side. So that our first Consultation was, Whether we should first endeavour to get *Zoraida* into our Possession, or make sure of the *Moors* that row'd i' the Bark. To which our Renegado, who was by this time enter'd into our Council, made Answer, That the *Moors* i' the Vessel were most of 'em asleep, the rest in a careless Security; and therefore the best way would be to make sure of them first, that we might be absolutely Masters of the Vessel, before we went to fetch *Zoraida*. And so saying, he lead the way, and leaping into the Bark with his Scimitar in his hand; *Let not a man of ye*, said he, *so much as offer to stir, unless he be weary of his life*. The *Moors*, who had hardly the Courage of so many Red-Herrings, surpriz'd to hear their Master thunder out such big words, and seeing so many Cutlaces drawn about their Ears, not daring so much as to lay a finger upon their Arms, with which they were but ill provided neither, submitted Hands and Feet to Christian Rigour with the Patience of so many Martyrs. So that having soon bound 'em to their good Behaviour, and lock'd up their Tongues and their Throats; under the Penalties of immediate Death and Destruction, we left 'em with a Guard of one half of our Party, while the rest, together with the Renegado, went directly to *Agimorato*'s Garden. Where, after we had open'd the Door,

we went to the Houſe without the leaſt Noiſe, or being perceiv'd by any body. Only *Zoraida*, who impatiently watch'd for our coming, with a low Voice ask'd us if we were Chriſtians? To whom I made anſwer, *The ſame*, and all your Servants, Madam; at what time, ſhe knowing my Voice, open'd the Door and came down to us, ſo bedeck'd and gliſtring with Pearls and Jewels, that I know not whom to liken her to; and therefore I will lik'n her to no body.

I took her by the Hand and kiſs'd it, ſo did the Renegado, and the reſt of my Companions. For by Inſtinct of Nature in ſuch kind of Compliments, Men and Sheep are alike; what one does, they all do. Nor had it been ſafe for me to have ſtood upon Punctilio's at that time, had I been *Amadis de Gaul* himſelf. After that, the Renegado ask'd her where her Father was? who anſwer'd him, a-bed and aſleep. We muſt wake him, cry'd he, and carry him along with us, and then clear the Houſe, for why ſhould we leave any thing behind? By no means, cry'd *Zoraida*, I would not have a hair of my Father's head touch'd; I have fleec'd him ſufficiently already, for I ſhall take along with me all that is of value i' the Houſe; and therefore pray be contented without medling with him, who will have Sorrow enough, I warrant him, when I am gone. With that, re-entring the Houſe, before I could well perſwade the Renegado not to contradict her in the leaſt, ſhe return'd with a Cabinet full of Gold, as much as ſhe could lift, or rather more. At what time unluckily her Father wak'd, and hearing a Noiſe i' the Garden, put his head out at Window, and began to cry out *Thieves*, *Thieves*; *Chriſtians*, *Chriſtians*; which put us into a great Diſorder. But the Renegado ſeeing the Danger wherein we were, and of what Importance it was to be ſpeedy in the Accompliſhment of a Deſign of this Nature, ran up preſently into *Agimorato*'s Chamber, with ſome of my Companions, while I ſtaid below with *Zoraida*. And now it appear'd that our Renegado was in his Element when there was a Robbery to be done, and that he hunted, as Dogs do, for his own Ends. Never did Men act more cordially and vigorouſly like Thieves in a Burglary, while he ſtole the Father, and I the Daughter. For he had not been gone above four Minutes with his truſty Companions, 'ere they brought down poor *Agimorato* with his Hands bound behind him, and his Mouth cramm'd with a foul Handkerchief, to prevent his bawling; only they left him his Legs at liberty, becauſe they would not be troubl'd to carry him. When the Daughter ſaw her Father in that Condition, ſhe turn'd away her Eyes, and beſought us to do him no harm; which was the leaſt of our Thoughts, provided he did us none. However, it ſhew'd a great deal of good Nature in a Child to *ſpare* her Father's *Life*, tho ſhe *took* his *Goods*. And thus having all we came for, deeming Haſte and good Heels to be our ſureſt Protectors, we made all the ſpeed we could to the Bark, where they that ſtaid behind, were in no leſs Expectation of us, as fearful of our Succeſs; but ſeeing us return'd with our whole Prey, their very Hearts skipp'd i' their Bellies. It was now two a Clock in the Morning when we, being got ſafe upon the ſalt water, unbound *Agimorato*, and unſtopp'd his Mouth, but threatning with a thouſand Oaths to ſlit his Wezand, if he made the leaſt uſe of his Throat. Preſently the poor old Man beholding his Daughter, began to ſigh, but he was more aſtoniſh'd to ſee me hugging her ſo cloſe as I did i' my Arms, and ſhe ſuffering it with a conjugal Patience; and no queſtion but he wou'd ha' made uſe of his Lungs, but that the Renegado ſtood over him with his drawn Hanger. However, *Zoraida* fuller and fuller of good Nature ſtill, when ſhe perceiv'd the Veſſel begin to make away, beſought

ſought the Renegado to deſire me for Love's-ſake, to ſet her Father and the reſt of the *Moors* aſhore, for that it went againſt her Conſcience to carry her Father away, whom ſhe lov'd ſo dearly, as not to rob him of all, but leave him his native Country to be bury'd in. To which I readily conſented, as deſirous of nothing more then to be rid of him. But the Renegado, his Craft's-Maſter in ſuch Exerciſes as theſe, ſhewing me the Danger of landing a Company of exaſperated Devils, that as ſoon as they had their Liberty, would be calling for help, and engage the People to ſend after us ſome nimble Frigat to pick us up again for Hawk's Meat; we all agreed, and *Zoraida* no leſs prudent then dutiful, conſented not to deliver the *Moors* till we were upon Chriſtian Land. So that after we had recommended our ſelves to God, as well as we could, conſidering the undefiledneſs of our Conſciences, and the Juſtice of the Fact we had committed, we row'd on merrily, ſteering away for *Majorca*. But a North-wind riſing, and the Sea beginning to ſwell, we were forc'd to bear in to the Coaſt of *Oran*, and to creep along by the Shore, not without ſome Apprehenſions (for the Guilty are always in fear) of being diſcover'd from *Sargel*, which lies upon that Coaſt, about threeſcore Miles from *Argier*, or elſe meeting with ſome *Corſair* of *Tituan*, tho ſhould it have happen'd to be a Merchants Ship, we had not car'd; for then we had been in our own Element again, believing our ſelves ſtrong enough to ha' tak'n her, and ſo to have added to our Plunder. All this while *Zoraida* lay with her Head i' my Lap, either unwilling or aſham'd to behold her Father; and yet for all that I could hear her very devout at her Prayers to *Lela Marien* for our Proſperity. Which I lookt upon as a Sign that a little Chriſtianity would ſerve her turn, to her Praiſe be it ſpoken.

Well— by this time we had row'd thirty Miles, and the day breaking, ſhew'd us, that we were not above thrice Musket-ſhot from the Land, and that all the Coaſt was clear, which embolden'd us to put out to Sea. But then a bluſtring Wind roſe, that oblig'd us to clap on all our Sails, and ſteer towards *Oran*, running eight Miles an hour, afraid of nothing but Pirates. Under the leiſure of this Gale we gave the *Moors* to eat, aſſuring 'em, that they were no Slaves, but that we would give 'em their Liberty as ſoon as Conveniency would permit; and having repeated the ſame to *Zoraida*'s Father; Chriſtians, ſaid he, if I may ſo call ye, that act more like *Turks*, never think me ſo ſimple to believe, that after you have expos'd your ſelves to all this Danger and hazard to carry me away, that you will be ſo generous as to grant me my Liberty, eſpecially knowing what a Booty ye have. But if you will ſet your Price, I will give ye whatever you will demand, to releaſe my ſelf and my Daughter; at leaſt, if ye will but ſet Her free, who is more dear to me, then my Life, and all my Eſtate. And ſo ſaying, he let fall ſuch a Deluge of Tears, as if he had been going *to waſh his own ſooty* Moor's *Face white*; which drew from us all that little Compaſſion we had; at what time *Zoraida* turning about, and beholding her Father in that State of Affliction to which ſhe had reduc'd him, could not forbear throwing her Arms about his Neck, and weeping to ſee him weep; and then to ſee them weep, you would ha' laugh'd to ha' ſeen all us weeping for Company. Tho I muſt confeſs, I cannot believe that *Zoraida*'s Tears were any other then Tears of Courſe. For ſhould I ſay they produc'd any Confeſſion to her Father, or any other ſigns of Repentance then what I tell ye, I ſhould lye moſt incarnately. But at length *Agimorato* having wip'd his Eyes, obſerv'd his Daughter in all her ſumptuous Raiment, and glittering with all her high priz'd Jewels, as if ſhe had been going to a Feaſt: How now, Daughter,

quo he, What's the meaning a' this? Yesterday before this Misfortune befell us, you were i' your Worky-day Clothes, and now i' the height of our Calamity you appear in all your gorgeous Gallantry, as if you were going to a Wedding? To all which Questions *Zoraida*, as well she might, was at a stand what Answer to make her Father; who at the same time perceiving the Casket of Jewels in a corner of the Bark, which he thought had been safe in his Closet in *Argier*, strangely surpriz'd, he ask'd her how that came into our Hands? But then the Renegado stepping in; Come, come, Sir, said he, Catechises are for Christians, and not for you *Moors*: In short, Sir, your Daughter is not the Daughter you take her to be: She is turn'd Christian, and she it was that furnish'd us out of your Coffers with the means to purchase our Liberty; and thinks her self happy in embracing a Religion as full of Truth, as yours is of Lyes and Falshood. Is this true, Daughter, cry'd the *Moor*? My dear Father, I cannot deny it, answer'd *Zoraida*. How! reply'd the *Moor*, turn'd Christian! A precious Religion, by *Mahomet*, that teaches a Daughter to rob and enslave her Father. I am truly turn'd Christian, answer'd *Zoraida*, but I was not the Occasion of your Captivity; nor did I think to displease ye, but only to withdraw my self, and take a comfortable Subsistance along with me, which I humbly thank ye, dear Sir, you never deny'd me; to the end I might go seek that Happiness among the Christians, which I could not find among the *Moors*. And what Happiness, confounded Devil of a Daughter, is that, quo the *Moor*? Nay Sir, you must ask *Lela Marien* that Question, reply'd *Zoraida*, she'll tell ye better then I can. Upon which, the *Moor* thinking himself derided by his own Flesh and Blood, with an incredible Dexterity flung himself headlong into the Sea, where he had perish'd without Redemption, but that his Clothes buoying him up above water, we had at length the Opportunity to hook him up again into the Vessel, half drown'd and senseless. Which so afflicted good natur'd *Zoraida*, that she threw her self upon her Father, Pearls and Jewels and all, and wash'd him again with a Deluge of Tears, as if, poor Man, a' had not been wet enough before; but alas! she thought he had been dead, and that was only to embalm him. But because those vain Complaints signify'd nothing, I carry'd her off into the Cabbin i' my own Arms of Consolation, and kiss'd away those Tears that had sully'd her fair Cheeks, telling her, that Fathers were to be forgot, when Husbands were i' the case: while the Rest took so much care of her Parent for my sake, that in two Hours he was as crank again as a Body-louse. At what time the Wind changing, Fortune guided us better then we expected, to a certain Bay secur'd by a Promontory, which the *Moors* call *Cava Roumia*, or the *Wicked Christian Woman*; having a Tradition among 'em, That the Daughter of *Don Julian*, who was the Occasion of the loss of *Spain*, was bury'd there. In that Place, perceiving the Wind favourable, and the Sea grown calm, we unbound the *Moors* and set 'em ashore, contrary to their Expectation But when we came to let down *Agimorato* into the Skiff, Wherefore is it, Christians, d' ye think, said he, that this wicked Woman is so desirous to see me at Liberty? Think ye, 'tis out of any Love or Pity that she has for me? No, no, 'tis only because she's asham'd I should be the Testimony of her wicked Designs. Don't you believe that she has chang'd her Religion, because she thinks it better then her own, but because she has heard the Women have more liberty in your Country then among the *Moors*. She has heard what Pranks the Women play there, how they go when they please, and come when they please; how they crow over their Husbands, nay, how they have choice of Gallants, and the liberty

berty too to pick and chuſe; and that's the thing ſhe'd be at, under the pretence of changing her Devotion. But Chriſtian, ſaid he, turning to my ſelf, for I find thou art pretty intimate with her already, if it be thy Misfortune to have her, pad-lock her be ſure, chain her, immure her, let her never ſee Sun nor Moon, but only Candle-light, when thou art with her; for of all Women, there are none more dangerous, nor more certain to ſhew a Man a ſlippery Trick, then your Women that counterfeit Religion to cloak their miſchievous Deſigns. And then turning to *Zoraida*, while my ſelf and another held him, for fear he ſhould a' done her a Miſchief; Quiſtril without ſhame, ſaid he, ingrateful, and inconſiderate Off-ſpring of my Loins, whither do thy youthful Ardours ſo impetuouſly hurry thee? Think'ſt thou all the *Moors* are Eunuchs but my ſelf that gave thee life? Curs'd be the Hour I did it, and curs'd be all my Care to breed thee up. Is it for this thou ſend'ſt me home to empty Cheſts and Coffers?— Here I ſtopt the ſtream of his Paſſion; for finding the Storm of his Rage begin to riſe too high, I thought it beſt to order the Rowers to carry him away by main force, and put him ſafe aſhore, knowing we ſhould ſoon be out of hearing his Exclamation; for which, to tell ye the truth, in Juſtice I could not blame him. But he had no ſooner ſet his foot upon dry Land, but he began to pour forth his Maledictions, like Peaſe out of a Sack, both againſt us, and all the whole Race of Men and Women for our ſakes: beſeeching *Mahomet* to beg of God to ſink, deſtroy, conſound and overwhelm us, Ship, and all, to the bottom of the bottomleſs Pit. And when he thought us out of hearing, that his Curſes and Lamentations would ſignifie nothing, he fell a' tearing his Hair, rending his innocent Beard from his Chin, and wallowing upon the Sand with ſuch viſible Marks of Depair, that we were all afraid he would lay violent Hands upon himſelf. But then again, the Remainders of his Affection calming the Fury of his Tranſports, with all his force, Return, he cry'd, dear Child, return, I pardon all thy Folly. Leave thoſe Raviſhers the Wealth which they poſſeſs, only return, the ſole Conſolation of a Father that loves thee tenderly, and who muſt die in this Deſart, if thou forſak'ſt him. *Zoraida* heard him, but all the Comfort that ſhe gave him, was only this, That ſhe deſir'd *Lela Marien*, who had made her a Chriſtian, to grant him Conſolation; withall, calling the great *Alla* to witneſs, that ſhe could not help what ſhe had done, that the Chriſtians had not forc'd her away, but that ſhe could not withſtand the Charms of *Lela Marien*, who inceſſantly preſs'd her to proceed in her Deſign, and therefore deſir'd him not to be offended. I muſt confeſs, ſh' had as good ha' ſaid nothing, being aſſur'd that half theſe words were ſpok'n to the Wind; only that *Zoraida* had a mind to ſhew her ſelf a dutiful Child to the laſt Breath. For by this time we had loſt ſight of *Agimorato*, and now diſingag'd from all farther Trouble, as we thought, we ſail'd along with ſuch a merry Gale, that made us hope we ſhould reach the Coaſt of *Spain* by break of Day. But as there is no good Fortune that comes pure and neat, without ſome Sting i' the Tail of it, whether it were our own bad luck, or whether Heaven had heard the Curſes which the *Moor* had ſo heartily beſtow'd upon his Daughter, our Joy was not of long Continuance. For as we were in the open Sea, three hours of the Night being ſpent, ſpooming before the Wind with a brisk Gale, and all the Sail we could make, we ſaw by the light of the Moon, a round Veſſel bearing right upon our Larboard-ſide, ſo that we had much ado to ſheer clear of her. At the ſame time they hal'd us, and aſk'd us, whence our Ship? what we were, and whither bound? All which Queſtions being made in *French*, the Renegado

gado would return no Anſwer, aſſuring us, that they were *French* Pirates that made no Diſtinction of Friends or Foes. Upon which we held on our Courſe without anſwering a tittle, leaving the other Veſſel by the Lee. But they reſolving not to let us go ſo, ſent two Meſſengers after us i'the Devil's Name, and guided certainly by his own inviſible Paw. For the firſt Shot brought our main Maſt by the board, ſo that it tumbl'd into the Sea, Sail and all: The ſecond went through and through the Bark from ſide to ſide, and made ſuch a wide Paſſage for the Salt-water, that finding our Veſſel ready to ſink, we call'd out for help. Thereupon they preſently hoiſted out their long Boat, and in a trice we had no leſs then twelve *French men*, with their Muskets and Match lighted, to attend us; who perceiving the Condition of our Bark, took us into their Boat, reproaching us for our Incivility; and after they had ask'd us as many Queſtions as they thought fit, fell a ſtripping us, as if we had been their Capital Enemies; for they took, without Compaſſion, all that we had, from us, except the Caſcanet of Jewels, which the Renegado not knowing otherwiſe where to hide, flung into the Sea, for *Neptune* to preſent to ſome of his Concubines; chuſing rather ſo to diſpoſe of 'em, then that they ſhould fall into the Hands of thoſe that would ha' ſold 'em for *Briſtol-ſtones*, and ſpent the Money upon Whores and Brandy. From *Zoraida* alſo they took the Bracelets about her Legs and her Wriſts. But I did not ſo much mind the loſs of the Pomp and Vanity of the World, as I fear'd the rude, lawleſs Rogues would ha' been ſcrambling for another Jewel more worth then all the reſt, which wou'd ha' vex'd me to the Soul, that I ſhou'd ha' taken ſo much Pains for Sailers Leavings. But as luck wou'd have it, the Brutes were ſo intent upon dividing their Spoil, that they ne're minded Beauty by Moon-light. But that which put me into a deeper Conſideration, was, That they conſulted among themſelves, whether they ſhould not throw us all into the Sea, muffl'd up in our own Sails; for that having a Deſign to trade in ſome parts of *Spain* under *Engliſh* Colours, they were afraid we ſhould diſcover the Piracy they had committed, and cauſe 'em to be ſtopt in Harbour. But the Captain, to whoſe ſhare *Zoraida*'s Plunder fell, thought himſelf ſo well paid for his Night's Work, that he alter'd thoſe violent Reſolutions of his Diabolical Crew, and was ſo kind as to give us his long Boat, and as much Victuals as would ſerve to carry us aſhore, of which he found we needed no great Quantity, being now within ken of the *Spaniſh* Coaſt; the ſight whereof did ſo revive our Hearts, that we forgot our late Misfortunes. Nay, more then that, the Captain being a Man of ſome Compaſſion, and out of I know not what Qualm of Generoſity, believing it ungentile to leave a young Lady without any Money in her Pocket, return'd her about forty Crowns of her Gold, and would not permit the Souldiers to meddle with the Clothes that ſhe had on. So that indeed what might we not ha' ſav'd, had we been half ſo wiſe as *Waltham*'s Calf, when we had time to prevent the worſt. However, we were very thankful, I'le aſſure ye, for what we had; and ſo being diſmiſs'd, away we row'd toward the Land, and by Midnight-Moon-light got aſhore. Where, as ſoon as we had ſet our Feet upon the firm Sand, we wept for Joy, and gave thanks to Heaven that the worſt was no worſe. After that, we fetch'd our Proviſion out of the Skiff, and all that Night ſhelter'd our ſelves, as well as we could, under the Covert of a Rock cloſe by. So ſoon as Morning appear'd, we ſent up ſome of our Company to ſee if they could diſcover any Towns, or Villages, or Steeples at any diſtance; but there was neither the one nor the other to be ſeen, as if we had been in a Deſart. Thereupon

we

we resolv'd to foot it along, under the Guidance of Fortune, till we met with something, or some Body, that might convince us we were got into an inhabited Country. Nothing griev'd me, but to see that poor *Zoraida's* feet began to blister; so that I could ha' wish'd her for the time no bigger then a Pigmy, that I might ha' carry'd her at my back, as the Gypsies carry their Bantlings. I confess, sometimes meer Tenderness and Affection constrain'd me to take her up upon my shoulders; but then me thought, I look'd so like a Petty-Chapman, with his Potter's Shop at his back, that I could not chuse but laugh at my self; besides, that it hinder'd us from keeping pace with our Company: So that all the help we had, was to walk Arm in Arm together, like *Young Gammer*, tugging her *Young Gaffer* along, with her Elbow in his Ribs, upon a Holy-day.

In this posture we travell'd along, till we heard the tinkling of a little Bell, which made us believe that there were some Sheep feeding not far off; and looking about us, we saw a Shepherd lying at the foot of a Cork-Tree, plotting no Treason I dare swear, but at his full ease, whitling a stick with his wood'n hafted Knife. As soon as we came within hearing, we call'd to him; but he, turning his Head, and seeing the *Renegado* and *Zoraida* in their *Moors* Habit, got upon his ten Toes, and believing all the *Moors* in *Barbary* had been at his heels, fell a running as hard as his Legs could carry him; crying out, *Moors, Moors, Arm, Arm.* Which put us into a peck of troubles, well knowing the Custom of the Place. For we were afraid that this should alarm the *Cavalry*, that lay ready to scour the Country upon such Occasions. And indeed, as we fear'd, so it happen'd; for about two hours after, as we were entring into a fair Plain out of a long Heath full of Brakes and Bryars, we saw about fifty Horse-men galloping towards us in very good Order. Nevertheless we resolv'd to abide their Charge without stirring a foot, believing they could not be so inhumane to hurt us. But alas, they were more astonish'd then we, when they found instead of the *Moors* which they look'd for, a small Crew of miserable, ragged, forlorn, tatter'd Christians. What! are you, they cry'd, the terrible black Legion of *Moors*, that ha' giv'n this hot Alarm? To which I was going about to give an Answer, at what time, one of our Companions knowing the Horse-man again that ask'd the Question, Bless'd be our Guardian-Angel, said he, that has brought us hither. For if I mistake not, we are in the Province of *Velez Malaga*; and if my long Slavery has not destroy'd my Memory, you are *such a One* my Uncle. Upon which the Horse-man, after he had look'd wistly in his face, whipt from his Saddle, and embracing the young Man, 'tis very true, said he; dear Nephew of my Soul, 'tis very true, I am that Uncle, that have a thousand times bewail'd thee for dead (see now how the Story begins to thicken) and thee it is, that my Sister, and thy Mother and I have lamented and bewail'd whole hours together, believing thee buried in the Belly of some Shark or Sword-fish; but Heavens! what weeping now will there be for Joy, when all thy Friends, that are still alive, shall see thee again. When the Souldiers perceiv'd that we were Christian Slaves, they all alighted, and proffer'd us their Horses, to carry us to *Malaga*, whither it was about four miles and a half. But we refusing to ride single, they took us up behind 'em; and as for *Zoraida*, my Companion's Uncle took particular care of her. In this Equipage we were joyfully receiv'd by the People of the City, who having notice of our Arrival, came forth in heaps to meet us. But nothing surpriz'd 'em so much as *Zoraida's* Beauty, at a time when the heat of Travelling, and her joy to see her self safe among the Christians, brought such lively Colours into her Cheeks, that I may safely say without flattery, I never saw any thing more lovely in my life.

All

All the People accompany'd us to the great Church, where we alighted, to return thanks to Heaven for our Miraculous Deliverance from Slavery. And I remember that *Zoraida*, as soon as she enter'd the Church, and had look'd a little about her, told us, that she saw Faces which resembl'd that of *Lela Marien*, as she had appear'd to her. 'Tis very true, said I, for those are the very Pictures of her; which I inform'd her the rather, that she might pay the same Veneration to 'em, that the Christians did. Nor was *Zoraida* so thick skull'd, as not to know what I meant; for she acted the Christian so prettily, that all the People were over-joy'd to see such a Convert.

When we came out of the Church, the rest of my Companions had Lodging appointed for 'em at Publick Houses, where you may be sure they had their Diet and Being for nothing, to tell their Stories over and over to all Commers and Goers. As for *Zoraida*, my self, and the *Renegado*, the Souldier's Nephew carry'd us all three to his Father's House, who was a Slop-seller, a very sufficient Man; and one that receiv'd, and made as much of us as he did of his own Son. There we continued six days, till our Story grew thred-bare (for Stories are like Flowers, delightful when fresh, but wither when too much breath'd upon,) nor was the Slop-seller bound to maintain us for ever. Therefore after the six days of Honey-Moon were over, the *Renegado* went to seek his Fortune; but whither, or how he intended to dispose of himself, as having now done with him, I neither enquir'd, nor car'd to know. As for *Zoraida* and my self, we liv'd upon the Liberality of the Courteous Pirate, of which I laid out some part to buy her a Mule, to ease her in Travelling; and now I am going to see whether my Father be alive, and whether my Brothers have met with any better Fortune i' the World then I did. Though I must confess, I have no reason to complain of Fortune, who tho a little too unkindly she has bestow'd her Portion upon another, has however bestow'd the Wife upon me; and the Affection of *Zoraida*, whose Beauty and Vertues I value above all the Riches in the World. But in regard this World is govern'd by Proverbs, of which there is one that tells us, *More belongs to Wedlock, then four bare Legs in a Bed*: And another, that says, *Sweet-heart and Honey-bird keeps no House*; therefore it is, that I would fain find out a way to reconcile my self with this angry, frowning, waspish World; and beg of Madam, Countess, Dutchess, Queen, Empress; nay, if Titles would please her, I would call her Saint Fortune, that she would condescend to favour me so far, as to assist me to recover my self into a condition, that I may be able in some measure, to retaliate *Zoraida* for the Losses she has sustain'd for my sake, that she may not repent her having exchang'd and abandon'd the Superfluity and Abundance of *Mahumetism*, for the Poverty and Misery of Christianity. In a word, the Patience which she has shewn in all the Hardships which she has suffer'd, and all the Misfortunes that have befall'n us is such, that I cannot but consider it with Admiration. But that which is more to be admir'd then all the rest, is her ardent desire to be a Christian. So that had I receiv'd no other Obligations at her hands, her Vertue alone is that which engages me to esteem and honour her as long as I live. Nevertheless, in the midst of all my Joy to be possess'd of Her, I cannot be at rest, till I am assur'd to find some corner of my Country, where I may possess so much Felicity in Tranquillity and Peace of Mind, fearing the death of my Father; and that my Brothers, if advanc'd, have found their Preferment in some places far distant from the seat of their Nativity; or else that Fortune has been no kinder to them, then to my self. This, Gentlemen, is my

Story,

Story, which if I have not rehears'd to your content, you muſt pardon me, becauſe I am no Orator: Or if I have been too prolix, I beſeech ye to excuſe me, becauſe I could not make it any ſhorter. Beſides, Gentlemen, I have obſerv'd, that when men tell ſtories of themſelves, they are ſo full of their own Conceits, and ſo wrapt up i' their own Thoughts, that they never mind the Errors they commit; ſo that while they are, as it were, playing their own Game, they make thoſe miſtakes, which they can never ſo curiouſly obſerve as the ſtanders by.

CHAP. XV.

Of what happen'd in the Inn; and of other Remarkable Paſſages, worthy to be known.

THE Story's a good Story, quo *Don Ferdinand*, and will ſerve well enough over a Bottle o' Wine: But not ſo ſtrange, nor ſo full of Accidents or Variety, that I have heard. For my Ears meet with but one change in all the whole Relation, and that was when the Pirates chang'd your Gold for ye, and gave the Lady the reſt again. But gi' me leave to tell ye, for tho I ha' been a ſinner i' my time, I am now and then a little queaſie-conſcienc'd; I do not like the Maſter-Spring, that gives motion to the whole Watch-work of your Diſcourſe. And therefore, had I been the Surveyor of this Tale, I ſhould ha' laid it upon ſome other Foundation. I cannot believe, the *Alcoran* it ſelf does any where juſtifie a Chriſtian Daughter, under a pretended inflam'd deſire of turning *Mahometan*, to rob a dearly beloved Chriſtian Parent of all he had i' the World, and run away with a Gentleman-like manner o' man, that had not a rag to his back. 'Tis true, I ha' heard of a Chriſtian Damſel, that ſo ſoon as her Father was dead, got the Key of his Iron Cheſt, and cramming five hundred broad Pieces into her Apron, in her Brother's abſence, ran away with it to a Grocer, and marry'd him, and the Grocer marry'd her for lucre of the Money. But this Chriſtian Virgin was Conſcionable; ſhe took but five hundred out of five thouſand, and left her Brother the reſt. But this Lady robb'd her Father of all he had i' the World, and left him nothing but a Garden, and his choice of a few Trees to hang himſelf, when he conſider'd how his own Fleſh and Blood had ſerv'd him. You ſay, ſhe did it at the importunity of *Lela Marien*: But this is to make our Saints in Bliſs, no better then the Ancient Poets made their Heathen Gods and Goddeſſes, meer Whores and Pilferers. For if *Lela Marien* advis'd *Zoraida* to rob her Father; nay, as far as I can hear, ſhe took a Journey to Earth a purpoſe to encourage and inſtruct her, then was *Lela Marien* Acceſſary to the Crime; which can never enter into my thoughts. And therefore, Sir, the next time you tell your Story, I would have ye with the Pruning-knife of Diſcretion pare off ſome part of it, and only ſay, That the Young Lady, like *Paſiphae*, and ſeveral others, long'd for ſomething that Young Ladies, pent up as the *Moors* lock up their Daughters, by inſtinct of Nature long for at her Years; and that fixing her Fancy upon you, no body elſe would ſerve her turn —— and ſo go on —— What think you, Mr. *Curate?* —— Truly, my Lord, reply'd the Curate, I have been all along of your Mind; and if I were to be

Fore-man of *Leda Marien's* Grand-Jury, I would bring her in *Ignoramus*. However, *Don Ferdinand*, perceiving *Zoraida* to colour at his Opinion, told the Captive, that since the Lady had paid so dear for her Learning, he pity'd the misfortunes of her Beauty, tho not the disappointment of his own Expectations: And as for her Pious design of turning Christian, he was so far from discouraging her in it, that if both he and she would be pleas'd to accept his offer, and go along with him, he would prevail with his own Brother to be *Zoraida's* God-father; and would himself take care to put 'em both into such an Equipage, as should Command a Welcome to his Native Country, befitting *Zoraida's* Beauty and Merit. Which the Captive with many endearing Complements acknowledg'd for a high favour; but whether it were that he was unwilling to trust *Zoraida* with such a Whipster as *Don Ferdinand* seem'd to be, he humbly excus'd himself, alledging his desire to return with all the speed he could, where his Heart was already gone before. However, the Curate, *Cardenio*, and the rest applauded *Don Ferdinand*'s Generosity, and gave him a thousand Thanks, as if the Offer had been made to themselves.

By this time the Sun was just gone down, when a Coach and Six came thundring to the Gate of the Inn, attended by several Horse-men, that rode into the Yard, and ask'd for Lodging. To whom the Answer was, That the House was full. Full! said the Gentleman, it cannot be so full sure, but that there must be room for the Judge of the Prerogative. The Inn-keeper surpriz'd to hear the Title, modestly answer'd, That all his Rooms were taken up, but if the Judge had a Bed of his own, as he question'd not but that he had, he would spare him his own Chamber. Presently appear'd a comely graceful Person, in a long Gown with tufted Buttons, leading a young Lady in his Hand, about fifteen Years of Age, to outward Appearance, in her riding Habit, neat and fashionable; but in her own Person so fair and lovely withall, that she dazl'd the Eyes of all that beheld her; as being nothing inferiour to Madam *Dorothy*, *Lucinda*, or *Zoraida* themselves. *Don Quixote* standing at the Inn-door when the Judge alighted out of the Coach, so soon as he saw him ready to enter, 'Sir, said he, you may boldly advance into this Ca-'stle, and stay as long as you please, tho it be not so spacious, nor so well 'accommodated as it should be: But be it what it will, there must be room 'for Knights and Men of Learning, especially when accompany'd with so 'much Beauty as you lead along; to which, not only the Gates of Castles 'should flye open, but Rocks themselves should know their Duty, and re-'move, or else dissolve before her; and Mountains part asunder, or sink in-'to the Earth, to give her way. Then enter, Sir, this Paradise, where 'you shall meet with Stars fit to attend the Sun that shines in your Hand; 'Valour and Courage in their Perfection, and Beauty in the Highest de-'gree of Splendour. The serious Judge, amaz'd to hear *Don Quixote's* Bombast, survey'd him with a curious Eye, admiring his Dress and Aspect beyond his Words, and finding no Body to satisfie his Curiosity, resolv'd himself to have t' other view of the Mysterious Object, when *Lucinda*, Madam *Dorothy*, and *Zoraida*, having heard the Hostess to extoll her new Guest, went to pay her the Civilities of Strangers, and invite her into their Company. And the same spreading News also brought *Don Ferdinand*, *Cardenio*, the Curate, and the rest of the Company to wait upon the Judge, as an unknown Person of Honour and Dignity, but more to behold the dazling Beauty of the Young Lady, and Complement her into their Society. On the other side, the Grave Judge was so confounded to hear and see so much in so little time, that he had not leisure to consider where he was, or whether

ther they were Apparitions or Realities. However, he put off his Hat with both Hands, bow'd to the Right, and to the Left; and with a compos'd Formality, for many Complements that had been bestow'd upon him, return'd a Majestick and Brief *I thank ye, Gentlemen:* For Gentlemen he thought 'em to be, and Persons of Quality; but as for the Countenance, Actions, Accoutrements, and Behaviour of *Don Quixote*, he knew not what to imagine or conjecture. However, as much Gentlemen as he took 'em to be, the Judge, who was a Man of Experience, as one that had been Young in his time, resolv'd to prevent their Kissing-Dances with his Niece; and therefore as soon as he had tak'n his Chair at the upper end of the Table, he made a Decree i' the first place, that the Women should keep together i' the inner Room, after the *Persian* manner, as being a sufficient number to hold a Chat together, till they dropt fast asleep, and tire the best Short-hand Writer in Christendom: And that the Men should drink and confer Notes together i' the outer Chamber, as a Guard to the Ladies.

The separation being thus made, the Glass had not gone about many times, before the Slave, who had all along kept his Eye fix'd upon the Judges Face, began to have strange Fancies and Imaginations in his Head, that the Judge was his own Brother; but being unwilling to trust his own Judgment, he went forth, and enquir'd of one of the Judges Servants, what was his Master's Name, and what Country-man he was? Who, instead of answering him, ask'd him, where he was born, that he did not know Doctor —— the Famousest Civilian in all *Spain*, who had advanc'd himself by his Learning, as being born but of mean Parentage among the Mountains of *Leon*. By which Answer, the Captive was confirm'd in the truth of his Conjecture, that it was his Brother indeed, and the same that had chosen to betake himself to his Studies. Thereupon he took *Don Ferdinand*, *Cardenio*, and the Curate aside, and assur'd 'em the Judge was his Brother; and that he was certain of it by all the Circumstances which the Judge's Servant had told him: Moreover, that the Young Lady was not his Niece, but his Daughter; whose Mother dy'd in Child-bed, after she had brought her forth into the World. Thereupon he desir'd 'em to advise him what course he shou'd take to discover himself, and whether it would not be his best way, to try whether his Brother would acknowledge him or no; in regard 'twas the fashion of the World to disown Poor Kindred. Let me alone, quo the Curate, to try th' Experiment; my mind gives me I shall ha' good luck, for I remember I rose with my Bum upward this Morning: Besides, by that skill in Physiognomy that I have, I do not find by the Judge's Face, that he is a Person of that haughty Humour, to despise People in misfortune.

Thereupon, Supper being serv'd in, the Slave made an Excuse to absent himself; and for the Ladies, they Supp'd i' their *Turkish Haram* by themselves. The Curate therefore watching his time, about the middle of the Repast, after several chirping Cups had gone round (for many Judges will take up their Cups pretty smartly at Meals, which causes 'em as often to sleep upon the Bench:) I say, the Curate then taking his Opportunity, and addressing himself to the Judge, who was also at the same time in a pleasant Humour; 'Sir, said he, being formerly a Slave at *Constantinople*, I had 'then a Companion in misfortune, that bare the same Sirname as you do: 'And I'le assure ye, Sir, he was a brave stout Fellow, and one of the best 'Foot Officers that ever fought i' the *Low-Countries:* But the poor Man did 'not meet with that good Fortune which his Courage deserv'd. To which the Judge, I well know my own Sir-name, quo he; but I pray, what was that Officer's Christ'n Name? 'He had two, reply'd the Curate, *Ap*

'*Shenkin*, *ap Thomas*, and was born, as he ſaid, among the Mountains of '*Leon*, or *Prittain*, I can't tell well which. And I remember particularly 'that he told me one Story of himſelf, and two other Brothers that he had, 'how his Father was given to good Company, but of ſuch a ſingular good 'Nature, that his Liberality purchas'd him many *Hangers on*; by which 'means finding his Eſtate begin to waſte, he reſolv'd in time to divide what 'he had left among his three Sons; giving 'em withal, at the ſame time 'ſuch proper Counſel and Advice, as ſhew'd him to be a perſon that under-'ſtood the World. My Companion, it ſeems, choſe the hazardous Em-'ployment of a Souldier, and betook himſelf to the Field, where, by his 'Valour, he advanc'd himſelf to be Captain of a Foot-Company, and had 'a fair Proſpect of a Colonel's Place, had not Fortune laid a Block in his 'way, at which he ſtumbl'd, and fell into Captivity, being taken Priſoner 'at that ſame famous Battle of *Lepanto*, where ſo many Slaves recover'd 'their Liberty. From *Conſtantinople*, it ſeems, he was carry'd to *Argier*, 'where the ſtrangeſt Accident befell him that ever was known ſince the Creation. And here the Curate took an Occaſion ſuccinctly to give the Judge an Account of the whole Story of *Zoraida* and his Brother, till he had brought 'em to be taken and plunder'd of all they had by the *French*, who had reduc'd 'em to the loweſt Abyſs of Miſery and Poverty. To which he added, that ſince that time he had heard no News of 'em, and whether they were arriv'd in that lamentable Condition upon the Coaſt of *Spain*, or whether taken by other Pyrats, he could give no Account. To all this the Judge liſten'd with ſuch an Attention, as plainly diſcover'd him to be not a little concern'd; inſomuch that when he found the Curate had quite done, the poor Gentleman, with the Tears ſtanding in his Eyes, fetch'd a deep Sigh. Ah, Sir, quo he, you little think what News you have told me, nor how deeply you have pierc'd me to the Heart. That brave Souldier you ſpeak of, is, or was my eldeſt Brother, who out of a generous Ambition, choſe to ſerve his Prince in the Wars, which was one of thoſe Profeſſions my Father propos'd to our Election. For my part, I betook my ſelf to the Law, an advantageous Study, if a man can but once get the knack on't, and learn to comply with his Superiours. I thank God, I hit it ſo right, that I have advanc'd my ſelf to the Degree of a Judge. As for our younger Brother, he went to the *Eaſt-Indies*, where he has vaſtly enrich'd himſelf, and ſo ſupply'd my Father with his yearly Preſents, that he is in a much better Condition to ſatisfie his liberal Humour then ever he was. The good old Gentleman is ſtill alive, and prays continually to Heaven to ſpare him his Life, but only till he may have the Happineſs to ſee once more his eldeſt Son, from whom he has never heard, ſince he laſt took his leave. And truly I wonder that ſo prudent a Man as my Brother, ſhould be ſo long abroad, and never find ſo much leiſure as to write one ſingle Line, to let a tender Father know what was become of him. Alas—had we underſtood his Condition, he ſhould never ha' been beholding to a ridiculous Story of *Lela Marien*, and a miraculous Reed for his Liberty. All that I fear, is this, leſt thoſe curſed *Frenchmen* ſhou'd ha' retaken him, and flung him into the Sea, to prevent his Diſcovery of their Villany. Poor and unfortunate Soul! knew I but where thou wer't, thy Miſery ſhould ſoon be at an end, if all my Wealth could redeem thee from the deepeſt Dungeon in *Barbary*. And thou *Zoraida*, no leſs bountiful then fair, what Recompence can be ſufficient to reward thy Kindneſs to my Brother? What would I give to ſee thee? Nay, what wou'd I not give to make two ſuch unfortunate Lovers happy to their Satisfaction, after ſo much Hardſhip and

Fellow-

Fellow-ſuffering? All which ſoft Expreſſions dropt with ſuch Tenderneſs and Affection from the Judge's Lips, that all who heard him were deeply ſenſible of his fraternal Pity.

Thereupon the *Curate* ſeeing his Deſign had ſo well ſucceeded, reſolv'd to releaſe the compaſſionate Judge from the Oppreſſion of his Sorrows, and reſtore the Company to their former Mirth. To which purpoſe he roſe from the Table, and going into the Lady's Apartment, and leading *Zoraida* by the Hand, attended by Madam *Doroty*, *Lucinda*, and the Judge's Daughter, brought her forth, and preſenting her to the Judge, while the Captain ſtood *incognito*, to obſerve the Event; Dry up your Tears, Sir, ſaid he, and enjoy your Wiſhes; ſee here the lovely Siſter, whom you have ſo ardently deſir'd to ſee, and there behold the Captain your dear Brother. You ſee, Sir, the miſerable Condition to which the *French* have reduc'd 'em; which Heaven perhaps has ſo brought to paſs, that you might have an Opportunity to exerciſe your Bounty. With that, the Captain ran to embrace his Brother; who having view'd him well, and finding him to be the ſame perſon, immediately threw his Arms about his Neck, while the Captain embrac'd the Judge's Waſte, and both held each other ſo cloſely enfolded, that the one ſeem'd to be *Thiſtleworth-Steeple*, and the other the Ivy that grows about it. And all the while the Judge wept, and the Captain wept, which ſet the Company a weeping to that Degree, that you could ſee no Faces for white Handkerchiefs; ſo that had a Stranger enter'd, he would ha' ſworn it had been the Houſe o' Mourning, or that the World had been at an end with 'em. At length the Judge let go, and being ungraſp'd by his Brother, ran to embrace *Zoraida*, promiſing her all *Ignoramus*'s *Joynture*, *Gownos*, *Silkoatos*, *Kirtellos*, *& Peticotos*, for her Kindneſs to his Brother. Then he embrac'd the Captain again, and then again *Zoraida*. To tell ye truth, the good Gentleman was ſo over-joy'd, that he knew not which to embrace firſt, nor which to embrace laſt. Then *Zoraida* embrac'd the Judge's Daughter, and the Judge's Daughter embrac'd her: And they two could not chuſe but have the t'other Bout at Weeping, to ſhew they were of the true Female Sex. And thus you ſee that Tears are like the Bells, which make no Diſtinction between Burials and Weddings. As for *Don Quixote*, he lookt on all the while very ſeriouſly and gravely, but neither wept, nor ſpoke a Word, aſcribing all theſe ſtrange and various Events to the *Chimera's* of *Knight-Errantry*. However, he offer'd to watch the Caſtle, leſt any Giant or other boiſterous Hector of a *Belianis of Greece*, hearing what an infinite Treaſure of Beauty the Caſtle enclos'd, might have a Deſign to ſurprize it. For which, they that knew him return'd him immediate Thanks; and for fear he ſhould think himſelf ſlighted by the Judge, they gave the Judge a brief Account of his Humour, and told him aloud, for *Don Quixote* to hear, that he was the valiant *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, who had promis'd to guard the Caſtle that Night, and to give 'em notice how the Hours paſs'd, with a *Good morrow my Maſters all, good morrow*. Upon which, the Judge could do no leſs then gravely and ſeriouſly accoſt him, and return him Thanks as the reſt had done, for his Care and Civility. Only *Sancho*, poor *Sancho* in the midſt of all this general Rejoycing, ſtood fretting, and fuming, and curſing to himſelf, to be kept ſo long up from his natural Reſt; till at length having obtain'd his Maſter's Permiſſion, he betook himſelf to his beloved Pack-ſaddle, and there laid him down to ſnore, with a Head leſs troubl'd then a ſinking Banker's, you may be ſure; for which he paid full dearly, as you will hear by the Sequel.

For

For now the Ladies being retir'd to their Apartment, and their Men having accommodated themſelves the beſt they could, *Don Quixote* went out of the Inn to watch the Caſtle, according to his Promiſe. And now was all the Inn wrapp'd up in Slumber, huſh'd and quiet as the Temple of Silence; when a little before day-break the Ladies were awaken'd by a well-tun'd and moſt harmonious Voice, eſpecially Madam *Dorothy*, by whoſe ſide, for want of a more comfortable Bedfellow, lay the fair Madam *Clara*, for ſo was the Judge's Daughter call'd. It was only a ſingle Voice, and ſometimes they heard it in the Court, and ſometimes in the Stable. By and by came *Cardenio* knocking ſoftly at the Chamber-door, and perceiving all were not faſt; they that are not aſleep, ſaid he, let 'em come forth and hear a young Mule driver ſing. I profeſs, added he, his Voice is ſo delicious, that 'tis enough to enchant your Ears. We have heard him, reply'd Madam *Dorothy*, with wonderful Delight. But then *Cardenio* departing, and the Voice beginning a ſecond time, Madam *Dorothy* liſten'd with more Attention, and diſtinctly heard the following words.

CHAP. XVI.

Relating the Story of the young Mule-driver, with other ſtrange Paſſages that happen'd in the Inn.

I.

I Am a young Sailor launched of late
Into the wide Ocean of Love,
Nor long did I rove,
Ere a Frigat ſo gay and nimble I met,
That I fain wou'd ha' laid her aboard:
But alas! when I ſaw ſhe was free
To ha' ſpok'n wi' me,
My ſails I preſently lor'd,
So willing was I to ha' come by her Lee.

II.

But then a black Storm envelop'd the Skies,
And away ſhe tack'd with the wind in her Poop,
While I unable to fetch her up,
Soon loſt the ſight of my Prize.
And ever ſince that, my fortune unkind,
I ha' ſail'd up and down,
Deſpairing to find
Love's Haven ſo known, nor his great Sea-port Town.

III.

I lookt for a Star that might ha' ſecur'd me,
At leaſt, as I thought, which the Poets aſſur'd me,

Shone

Shone as bright as the Star i' the Tail of the Bear;
But the hair-brain'd Poets talk idle, I fear;
For I gap'd i' the Skies
For my Miſtreſs's Eyes,
But the Devil of any ſuch Stars were there.

IV.

What's the matter, quo I, that thus I ſhould miſs
The general Mart o' the World;
Where all men are hurl'd,
To Love's Markets and Fairs
With all ſorts of Wares?
'Slife! let me but meet this Frigat again,
I'le hazard the Riſco of wounded or ſlain,
But I'le humble her Pride,
And clap her aboard, or ſink by her ſide.

Here Madam *Doroty*, who till then had let Madam *Clara* ſleep on, after ſhe had wak'd her, Pardon me, Madam, ſaid ſhe, for giving yee this Diſturbance— which was only that you might have the Opportunity to hear the moſt pleaſant Voice i' the World. Madam *Clara* rubbing her Eyes, and ſtretching out her Legs, as not being fully come to her Senſes, did not well apprehend at firſt what her Bedfellow ſaid; ſo that Madam *Doroty* was forc'd to repeat her Excuſe over again. But then when Madam *Clara* heard the Voice it ſelf, ſhe fell into ſuch a ſtrange trembling, as if the unmerciful *Devil* of a *Quartan Ague* had been rattling her tender Bones in a Temple *In-and-In* Box. Ah, Madam! ſaid ſhe, wherefore did ye wake me? It had been better for me to ha' ſlept my laſt, then have heard this unfortunate Songſter. How, Madam! reply'd Madam *Doroty*, what's the matter? Why, 'tis no body but a raſcally young Mule-driver that ſings, let his Voice be never ſo ſweet. No, no,—— anſwer'd Mrs. *Clara*, you are miſtak'n, 'tis a young Gentleman of a fair Eſtate, and a Perſon of good Quality, that comes not hither by accident—— To tell ye truth, Madam, he's the very Perſon that I love above all the Perſons i' the World; and if my Father were dead, as I wiſh to God a' were, I wou'd marry him to morrow. Alas! I ha' been lock't up, and watch'd, and guarded any time this half year, for fear I ſhould make my eſcape out at the Garret-window to him— but— Madam *Doroty* ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to hear a young Girl of her years talk ſo feelingly of Love, and Marriage, and Garret-windows; I profeſs, Madam, quo ſhe, I do not underſtand ye— pray explain your ſelf— and let us underſtand who this unfortunate Muſician is— but ſtay—— He's beginning to open his Pipes again— Pray let's hear the words of his Madrigal, if we can— You ſhall anſwer me my Queſtions, when he has done. When you pleaſe, Madam, reply'd Mrs. *Clara*; and ſo ſaying, ſhe ſtopp'd both her Ears with her Fingers, and ſunk down under the Bed clothes to prevent the Sound from reaching her Heart, while Madam *Doroty* liſten'd with all imaginable Attention to the following Song.

In

I.

IN Chaſe of a Miſtreſs I ramble, like one
That fain wou'd be doing as others ha' done;
Tho what luck I ſhall have, or whether I muſt
Still follow by Water, or choak'd wi' the Duſt,
That's more then I know; but this I am ſure,
The Doctor ſpoke right, whoever ſpoke truer,
That a Hair of a Woman, with her Goldy-love-locks-on,
Draws more then a Yoak of Somerſet-Oxen.

II.

Then Cupid, *y' faith, for Age my own Brother,*
Be kind, as one Boy ſhould be to another;
Thou ſeeſt me ſcarce wean'd from my ſweet Sugar-ſops,
Yet wou'd I be dabling for better for worſe;
Then feed not my Paſſion with frivolous Hopes,
Nor tire my Fancy with Patience per-force;
For if bauk'd i' my Humour, at random I run,
Thy Godhead's contemn'd, and I am undon.

III.

There is one thing more I muſt tell thee, dear Love,
Theſe Smithfield *Bargains I ne're could approve;*
I like not my Father's Match-broaking for Me,
As if I cou'd not pleaſe my ſelf better then He.
'Tis Thou ſhalt direct me alone i' my Wooing;
Then aſſiſt me, dear Love, my own Humour purſuing.
For abandon'd by thee, if at random I run,
Thy Godhead's contemn'd, and I am undon.

So ſoon as the ſweet Songſter had made an end, Mrs. *Clara* began her Complaints afreſh; which redoubling Madam *Doroty*'s Curioſity, ſhe claim'd the young Lady's Promiſe. At what time Mrs. *Clara* embracing Madam *Doroty* in her Arms, and laying her Lips to her Ear, leſt *Lucinda* ſhould hear their Diſcourſe; 'He that ſings, ſaid ſhe, is the Son of a great 'Lord in our Country, that liv'd at *Madrid* over-againſt my Father's Houſe. 'I know not how this young Gentleman came to ſee me, unleſs it were 'at Church (where, you know, our young Gentlemen go more to look 'for Miſtreſſes, then Devotion) I ſay, I cannot imagine where elſe he 'ſhould ha' ſeen me, for our Windows were always kept ſhut. However it 'were, ſee me he did, and fell in love with me, and gave me to under-'ſtand as much out at a Window that lookt full upon ours; where I 'could ſtand and peep, and ſee him cry for madneſs that he cou'd not 'come at me, that it griev'd my very Heart to ſee him. Among the reſt 'of the Signs that he made me, he would be ſhewing me a Hoop-ring, and 'put it upon his Thumb, and then joyn both his Hands together, to let 'me underſtand that he would marry me. I was over-joy'd to think I 'ſhould have a Husband; for I was pretty ripe, and *young and ſimple tho I*

'were

'*were*, *I had heard of* Cupid's *Name*: Beſides, my Mother was dead, and I 'liv'd all alone, and me-thought a Husband was the only thing that I 'wanted. But the Miſchief was, I could not for my life contrive a way 'to let him know my Thoughts. So that all the Favour I could return 'him, was only when my Father was from home, to lift up the Lattice 'and ſhew my Face; which put the young Lad into ſuch a Paſſion, that he 'ſeem'd to be almoſt diſtracted. When my Father was to go out of Town, 'I know not how he came to underſtand it, for I am ſure I ne're cou'd 'have the Opportunity to tell him, as I heard, he fell ſick for Grief; ſo 'that I could not be ſo happy as to take my leave of him, not ſo much as 'with my Eyes. But after we had been two days upon the Road, as 'we were entring into the Inn, where we lay laſt Night, I ſaw him ſtand-'ing at the Inn-Gate in the Habit of a Mule-driver, ſo perfectly diſguis'd, 'that had I not always ſince the firſt time I ſaw him, carry'd his Portrai-'ture in my Heart, I ſhou'd never ha' known him again. I confeſs I was 'aſtoniſh'd to ſee him, and yet I was glad he was ſo near me. And he for 'his part, has his bugle Eyes always fix'd upon me, unleſs it be when I 'am in my Father's Company, from whom he conceals himſelf with all 'the Care imaginable. And now in this Condition I know not what in 'the world to do; for being ſo well ſatisfy'd as I am of his Condition, and 'that it is for me that he ſuffers all this Hardſhip, and travels thus a-foot, I 'am ready to die for Sorrow; and where-ever he ſets his Feet, there do I 'fix my Eyes. I wonder i' my heart how he ſtole from his Father, who 'loves him entirely, as being his only Heir, and all the Children he has; 'and a lovely Youth to boot, as you will ſay when you ſee him. More 'then that, all theſe Verſes that he ſings he makes himſelf; for he is a moſt 'curious Poet, and as I heard ſay, he made Verſes at School before he was 'twelve years old. And therefore, Madam, I muſt tell ye, that every time 'I ſee him, or hear him ſing, my Heart is at my Mouth, and all my Blood 'comes into my Face; which makes me ready to die, for fear leſt the crafty 'Fox my Father ſhould come to diſcover ſomething. For tho I never ſpoke 'to the poor Lad i' my life, yet methinks I know not how to live without 'him. And thus, Madam, I have diſcover'd to ye a great Secret, and as 'much as I know concerning this young Songſter, who has ſo delightfully charm'd your Ears. Say no more, cry'd Mrs. *Doroty*, 'tis enough, Mrs. *Clara*, never trouble your ſelf, I know better what belongs to theſe Love-jobs then you; and if you will but let me alone, I make no queſtion but to bring this intricate Buſineſs to ſuch a Concluſion as ſo fair and honeſt Begin-nings deſerve. Alas, Madam! what happy Iſſue can I expect, if his Fa-ther be ſo rich, and ſo noble, as they ſay he is? For then will he be ſo far from thinking me fit to be his Wife, that he will not deem me worthy to wipe his Shoes. How! reply'd Madam *Dorothy*; as if it were not a common thing for Noble-men now a-days to marry Citizens Daughters! and I hope 'tis not come to that yet, for a Tradeſman's Daughter to hold up her Noſe with a Judge's Daughter. That's nothing, reply'd Mrs. *Clara*, for I ha' heard of a Judge's Daughter that has marry'd her Father's Clark. And therefore I had rather the young Gentleman would return home again. Perhaps Time and long Abſence (for we are going to ſettle far off in another Province) may at laſt wear him out of my Thoughts; tho I muſt confeſs I ha' but a bad Opinion of the Cure. I wonder i' my Heart, what Match-making Devil it was that put this amorous Intrigue in-to our young Brains; for I dare ſay, both of us together cannot make nine and twenty yet; he being but ſixteen, and I, as my Father ſaies, not full

thirteen till next *Bartholomew Fair*. At which words, the ſubtile Madam *Doroty* could not forbear laughing, to hear one that was ſo ready for a Husband, talk ſo like a Girl in her Sampler. Come, Madam, ſaid ſhe, let's ſleep the reſt of the Night, to morrow I hope that Fortune, who has ſo well behav'd her ſelf hitherto, will make a good end of her own Comedy.

Thus all was huſh'd and quiet again i' the Inn, not a Weezle ſtirring; only the Inn-keeper's Daughter and *Maritornes* well acquainted by this time with *Don Quixote*'s blind ſide, were reſolv'd to play him a Trick of Youth to make themſelves Sport, while the Knight in compleat Armour, and a Horſe-back was parading and keeping ſtrict Watch about the Inn.

You muſt know then, that in all the Houſe there was no other Window that lookt out into the Field, but only a hole i' the Wall to put Straw into the Stable. Out of which hole it was, that the Inn-keeper's Daughter and *Maritornes* perceiv'd *Don Quixote* leaning upon his Lance in a languiſhing Poſture, and fetching ſuch profound and dolorous Sighs, as if Death had deny'd him his laſt Petition for Life. 'Fair *Dulcinea* of *Toboſo*, cry'd 'he, with an amorous and effeminate Voice, Moſt Sovereign Queen of 'Beauty, Perfection of Wiſdom and Diſcretion, Treaſury of Debonairneſs 'and Behaviour, Vertue's Exchequer, and Exemplar of whatever is honeſt, 'profitable and delightful in this World, What is now your Princely Highneſs doing? Voutſafes your Highneſs one poor Thought upon your 'Beauty's Slave, who thus expoſes himſelf for your ſake alone, to ſo much 'Danger, yet with ſo much Patience and Courage? Tell me, Goddeſs 'with three Faces, tell me what ſhe thinks, and what ſhe does. For my 'mind gives me that thou beholdeſt her with Envy, walking in one of the 'ſumptuous Galleries of her magnificent Palace, or leaning over ſome gild-'ed Balcony, meditating ſome happy means to ſend Comfort to my Mind, 'to calm the reſtleſs Diſturbances of my Thoughts, and to reſtore Repoſe 'and Tranquility to my Soul; how ſhe may recal me from a rigorous Death, 'to a Life full of Felicity; and without engaging her Honour, recompence 'my Services. And thou Sun, who queſtionleſs doſt haſt'n thy Courſe, 'not ſo much to reſtore Day to Mortals, as to behold that Maſter-piece of 'Miracles, ſalute her in my behalf ſo ſoon as thou ſeeſt her. But forbear 'by any means to kiſs her Lips, when thou mak'ſt thy Approaches to her 'Perſon, for ſhe's reſerv'd and modeſt beyond Imagination; and to be re-'fus'd a Kiſs, would be a greater Diſgrace to thee, then the Affront which 'that ſame wanton and ingrateful Huſſie put upon thee, when ſhe made 'thee ſweat in running after her o're the Plains of *Theſſaly*, or along the 'Banks of *Peneus*, for I ha' forgot which of the Places it was.

In theſe and ſuch like eloquent Raptures was *Don Quixote* pleaſing and carreſſing his vain Fancy, when he was interrupted by the Inn-keeper's Daughter, who beckoning to him with her hand, and calling him with a low Voice; Come hither, I beſeech ye, cry'd ſhe, quickly, quickly, Sir Knight. Upon that the amorous Knight turn'd his head, and perceiving by the light of the Moon, that ſome body call'd to him from the hole i' the Cockloft, which he took, at leaſt, for a Window with golden Bars, ſuch as belong'd to all thoſe Caſtles that his fond Imagination had built i' the Air, he began as idly to conceive, that this could be no other then the Lord o' the Caſtle's Daughter, who altogether charm'd, and deſperately in love with his merit, importun'd him to appeaſe the Torment of her Paſſion. And with theſe *Conundrums* in his Pate, unwilling to ſhew himſelf a Clown, he approach'd the Hay-loft, where beholding two young Damſels;

'Moſt

'Moſt beautiful Lady, quo he, believe the trueſt Knight that ever kiſs'd 'the Hand of the faireſt Virgin, if my Bowels do not yern within me to 'find your amorous Paſſion ſo unhappily miſplac'd. But do not blame a mi-'ſerable *Knight-Errant*, who is not Maſter of his own Will, whom Love 'has enthral'd ever ſince that very Moment that another became the ab-'ſolute Miſtreſs of his Soul. Pardon me, Madam, I ſay, a Crime that I 'am no way guilty of; return, I beſeech ye, to your Chamber, and do not 'heap Ingratitude upon me by the Accumulation of your Favours. But if 'in any other thing then Love I may repay your Kindneſs, demand it bold-'ly; for by the Lovely Eyes of that ſweet Enemy of mine, whoſe Slave I 'am, I ſwear, if you require it, I will immediately proſtrate at your Feet a 'thouſand Giants Heads, the ſnaky Curls of terrible *Meduſa*'s hairy Scalp, the 'Golden Fleece, nay, the very Beams of the Sun himſelf.

My Miſtreſs has no need of any of theſe Toys, Sir Knight, reply'd *Maritornes*. What are then your Lady's Wants, moſt prudent *Governante*, reply'd *Don Quixote*? Only lend me one of your fair Hands, anſwer'd *Maritornes*, to aſſwage in ſome meaſure her violent Ardour that brought her to this Window, ſo much to the hazard of her Life, that if her Father ſhould but know it, he would ſhread her as ſmall as minc'd Meat; or if not ſo, I'm ſure the biggeſt Bit of her would be but her Ear. How! reply'd *Don Quixote*, I'd fain ſee that Son of a Whore Father, that durſt be ſo inſolent as to touch the ſoft and tender Members of his enamour'd Daughter, his laſt end ſhould be a moſt dreadful Example to all Fathers how they interrupted their Daughters Caterwawling.

Maritornes, who made no queſtion but that *Don Quixote*, after the Oath he had ſo ſolemnly ſworn, would give her his Sword-graſping Hand, reach'd out the Halter of *Sancho*'s Aſs; at what time the courteous *Don Quixote* raiſing himſelf upon his Stirrups, and ſtretching forth his naked four Fingers and Thumb, with the wrinkl'd Back and Paume thereto belonging; 'There, Madam, ſaid he, behold the Hand which you require, or rather, 'that Flail to thraſh thoſe Oppreſſors that trouble the Earth. That Hand, 'I ſay, which never Lady had yet the Honour to touch, no not ſhe who 'has the ſole diſpoſal both of my Body and Soul. Not that I give it ye to 'kiſs, but to admire the Contexture of the Nerves, the knitting of theſe 'Muſcles, the ſwelling and capaciouſneſs of theſe Veins; and that you 'may judge of the Strength of the Arm that has ſuch a Hand at the 'end of it.

We ſhall ſee that preſently, reply'd *Maritornes*; and ſo having made a ſliding Knot at one end of the Halter, ſhe faſten'd it about *Don Quixote*'s Wriſt, and ty'd the other end to the Bolt of the Door of the Hay-loft, with all the Strength and Skill ſhe had. Preſently *Don Quixote* perceiving the Halter begin to pinch and gird his Wriſt, By the Maſs, Lady, quo he, I don't like your Bracelets; you talk of kiſſing my Hand, and I think you intend to rend it from my Wriſt-bone. Spare it, I beſeech ye, Madam, for I aſſure ye, 'tis no way guilty of the Torment which I cauſe ye to ſuffer; there is no reaſon you ſhould revenge your ſelf upon an innocent Member. Alas! Madam, 'tis none of my Hand's Fault, that your Heart is ſo tormented for love of me —— If you will be playing Love-tricks, play Love-tricks—This is Horſe-play, Madam; by my faith, I don't like it—and therefore if I muſt be your Slave, I beſeech ye, bind me in another Faſhion.

But theſe Excuſes, theſe Complements, theſe Expoſtulations ſignify'd nothing; the unfortunate *Invincible* pleaded all this while to the Wind; for the two Ladies that had hamper'd him, not in the Fetters of Love, but

with his own *Squire*'s Aſs's Halter, were gone to make wanton Comments by themſelves upon the unlucky Prank they had play'd.

All this while the poor Knight ſtood upright in his Stirups, with his Arm i' the hole, and faſt bound by the Wriſt, in a Pannick Fear, leſt *Roſinante* ſhould take a friſk from under him, and leave him to ſuffer a new Torment, which the Ten Perſecutions never dreamt of. So that he durſt not move either to the right or left, for fear of diſturbing his Steed, whoſe Patience he knew was ſuch, that of himſelf, without being ſwitch'd or Spur-gall'd, he would ſtand i' the ſame Poſture a whole Age together. Therefore after he had continu'd in this Affliction for ſome time, perceiving the Ladies were vaniſh'd, he began to think it was ſome piece of Enchantment, ſuch as befell him, when the enchanted *Moor* had almoſt pounded him into Almond Butter i' the ſame Caſtle; and then he curs'd his own imprudent Noddle, that had expos'd him a ſecond time to the ſame Snare of Sorcery and Witchcraft. Nevertheleſs, he tugg'd, and hawll'd, and pull'd with all the Strength of his Man-ſlaying Arm; but the more he pull'd, the faſter he found the Knot, and his Fleſh the harder grip'd. So that the poor Knight was forc'd to ſtand a Tip-toe in his Stirrups, not being able to ſeat himſelf in his Saddle, unleſs he ſhould have made an abſolute Divorce between his Hand and his Arm, that Nature had joyn'd together. How many times in this Condition, did he wiſh for that miraculous Sword of *Amadis*, which cut in ſunder all the Knots of Enchantment, as you would cut a Pack-thread with a Pen-knife? How many times did he *bewhore* and bejade *Fortune*, for depriving the Earth of the Succour of his wrong-revenging Arm, when the World had ſuch emergent Occaſions of his Aſſiſtance? How many times did he invoke his dear *Dulcinea del Toboſo*? How many times did he call for his faithful Squire, who lying at his Eaſe upon the Pack-ſaddle of his Aſs, and drown'd in ſweet Sleep, had now forgot there was ever any ſuch a Man as his Maſter in the number of Mortals? How many times did he implore the Aid of the two Necromancers, *Lirgand* and *Alquiff*, and call upon his dear Friend *Urganda* the Sorcereſs?

At length Madam *Aurora*, and the Tel-tale Sun diſcover'd him too, hanging by one Arm, like a great Calf by one Leg in a Slaughter-houſe, which put him into ſuch a ſtrange Confuſion, that he fell a roaring like two Bulls fighting for a Cow in a Meadow, and he was ſo abſolutely convinc'd of his being enchanted, ſeeing *Roſinante* ſtand ſo immoveable, as if his Hoofs had been pegg'd to the Ground, that he gave over queſtioning, but that he and his honeſt Horſe were to ſtand there in that Poſture for ſome Ages together, without eating, drinking, or ſleeping, till reliev'd by ſome compaſſionate Necromancer.

At the ſame time four Horſe-men well arm'd, and in good Equipage, rapp'd at the Inn-Gate, as if they were in haſte to be let in; which *Don Quixote* obſerving, that he might not be wanting however in the Duty of a faithful Sentinel; Knights, or Squires, or whatever ye are, ſaid he, forbear knocking at the Caſtle-Gate. Had ye either common Senſe or Manners, you might eaſily perceive by the ſtilneſs within, that the Conſtable and his Servants are faſt i' their Beds; and as y'are Knights, might know, 'tis not the Cuſtom for Caſtle-Gates to be open'd before Sun-riſe. Pray ſtay therefore, as ye ought, till the Sun be up, and then we ſhall ſee whether it be ſafe or no for the Gates to give ye Entrance; and this he utter'd ſo ſurlily, and ſo tartly, as if he had fed upon *Tewksbury* Muſtard all Night.

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I' the Devil's Name, cry'd one of the Horſe men, what Fort or Caſtle is here, that ſhould oblige us to all theſe Ceremonies? And therefore if thou art the Inn-keeper, prethee open the Gates, for we are in haſte to bait our Horſes and be gone. Dogs of Knights, quo *Don Quixote*, do I look like an Inn-keeper? I know not who thou look'ſt like, cry'd another, but I'm ſure th'art out o' thy Wits, to call this a Caſtle. I ſay, 'tis a Caſtle, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and one of the beſt i' the Province; and there are Perſons within, whoſe Scepter'd Hands and Crowned Heads I ſtand to guard. I'le warrant ye, Mr. *Scare-crow*, cry'd another of the Horſe-men, ſome paltry Gang of ſtrolling Players, that ſometimes lewdly act the Parts of Kings and Emperors; and you, like a Clout in a Cherry tree, ſtand to watch their louſie *Tinſel!*— Elſe I can't imagine what Crowned Heads ſhould be lodg'd with ſo little noiſe about 'em, in ſuch a Hovel of an Inn as this. I perceive, quo *Don Quixote*, y' are all a Company of Buffle-heads as to the Affairs o' the World, that underſtand ſo little the Miracles of Chivalry. To that the Horſe-men made no farther Anſwer, but being tir'd with ſuch a ſort of *Bedlam Gibbriſh*, fell a bouncing and thundring at the Inn-Gate with ſuch a Fury, that they awaken'd the whole Houſe, and fetch'd the Inn-keeper out of his Straw to open the Gates himſelf. But in the mean time it ſo fell out, that one of the Horſe-men's Beaſts, which happen'd to be a Mare, ſmelling *Roſinante*, who, poor melancholy Creature, ſtood as quietly as a Lamb, ſupporting his Maſter ſtretch'd out at his full length, as if he had been reaching at a Hen-rooſt, made toward him with an amorous Behaviour. On the other ſide *Roſinante*, Fleſh and Blood like other Horſes, could not forbear to meet the Careſſes of ſo loving a Miſtreſs, which caus'd him to turn ſoberly about to ſhew his Breeding. At what time *Don Quixote* having loſt his footing, had fall'n like a Pig of Lead to the ground, had he not hung by the Wriſt, like a *Weſtphalia* Ham in an Oyl-man's Shop. 'Twas an unmerciful Twitch, you may be ſure, that the whole weight of ſo much Fleſh and Bones, enclos'd in ſo much Iron, gave to one ſmall Member, and the Pain no leſs tormenting, while the Sinews were ready to crack: Which *Don Quixote* augmented by ſtretching out his Legs to feel for the Ground with his Toes, which put him ſtill more upon the Rack, out of a vain Hope to give himſelf Relief.

CHAP. XVII.

Being a Continuation of unheard-of Adventures.

THE dreadful Bellowing and Out-cries which *Don Quixote* made in this unſupportable Martyrdom were ſuch, that the Inn-keeper ſcar'd almoſt out of his Wits, open'd the Gate, and accompany'd by the Horſe-men, repair'd toward the Noiſe, to ſee what was the Matter. In the mean time *Maritornes*, waken'd at the ſame inſtant by the Knight's howling, and eaſily divining the Occaſion, ſteals into the Hay-loft, and having diſſolv'd the Inchantment, by untying the Halter, gave the diſtreſſed Warrior his Liberty; who being releas'd, preſently fell to the Ground like a Stone, in the ſight of the Horſe-men and the Inn-keeper, who were all very inquiſitive to know the Cauſe of his roaring ſo hideouſly, as if all the Winds in *Lapland* had been pent up in his Guts. But ſo far was he from giving

giving an Anſwer, that being got upon his Legs, up he whipt upon *Roſinante*, ſhoulder'd his Buckler, couch'd his Lance, and trotting a little way up the Field to take his Career, returns upon a full ſpeed, as if the Devil had drove him, crying out, Whoever dares maintain, that I ha' been deſervedly enchanted, lyes from his Throat to the bottom of his Guts, and I defy him for the Son of ten thouſand Whores; and if the Princeſs of *Micomicona* will give me leave, I challenge him to ſingle Battel. The Travellers were ſtrangely ſurpriz'd at *Don Quixote*'s Fury, but being inform'd of his Humour, they took no farther notice of him; only ask'd the Inn-keeper, if there were not in his Houſe a young Gentleman of about fifteen years of Age, clad like a Mule-driver, giving him all the Marks of the Youth that was up to the hard Eyes in love with Madam *Clara*. Truly, reply'd the Inn-keeper, there are ſuch a Number of People of all ſorts i' the houſe at this preſent, that I never went about to take particular Cognizance of any ſingle Perſon. Preſently one of the Horſe-men eſpying the Judge's Coachman, cry'd out, he muſt be here without queſtion, for that's the very Coachman that drove the Coach which he is ſaid to ha' follow'd. Let one of us, added he, ſtand at the Inn-Gate, while the reſt ſearch about the Houſe; and it wou'd not be amiſs, that ſome body ſhould keep riding about the Inn to prevent his Eſcape over the Walls. All which the Inn-keeper obſerv'd, but could not imagine the Reaſon of ſo much extraordinary Circumſpection, only thought 'twas to find out the Lad, of whom they had given him ſuch a punctual Deſcription before.

By this time the Sun was mounted high i' the Sky, and the noiſe which *Don Quixote* made, had awaken'd all the Houſe; ſo that every body began to think of getting up, eſpecially Madam *Doroty* and Mrs. *Clara*, who could neither of 'em ſleep; the one to think her *Inamorato* ſhould be ſo near her, and the other, out of an eager Curioſity to ſee what ſort of Demi-Cherubim he was.

In the mean time, *Don Quixote* perceiving the Travellers took no Cognizance of his Challenge, and that not one of 'em vouchſaf'd ſo much as to think him worth a Look, breath'd nothing but Rage and Indignation; and but that he was afraid to tranſgreſs the ſacred Laws of Chivalry, after he had paſs'd his word, had certainly attack'd 'em all four together, and made 'em know their Driver. But in regard he could not attempt any Enterprize, till he had reſtor'd the Princeſs of *Micomicona* to her Throne, he muſter'd up all his Patience, and prevail'd upon his Paſſion to ſpare the Travellers for that time. Of whom, one of the Number having by this, found the young Perſon they ſought for, ſleeping ſecurely by the ſide of a Mule-driver, after he had wak'd him by pulling him ſtrongly by the Arm; In good truth, Mr. *Lewis*, ſaid he, I ha' found ye in an Equipage very much befitting a Perſon of your Quality, and this Bed is monſtrouſly ſutable to the ſoftneſs wherein you have been brought up. The young Lad, not yet fully come to himſelf, began to rub his drowſie Eyes, and looking wiſtly upon the Perſon that held him by the Arm, knew him at length to be one of his Father's Servants; which put him into ſuch a Conſternation, that he lay for a long time like one that had loſt the uſe of his Tongue. Mr. *Lewis*, Mr. *Lewis*, continu'd the Servant, if it be a Love-ramble that y' are now upon, your beſt way will be to give over your Chaſe at preſent, and return home with us, unleſs you have a Deſign to haſt'n your Father into the other World; for nothing elſe can be expected from the pining Anguiſh which he ſuffers by reaſon of your unadviſed Abſence. This I

ſhall

ſhall alſo add, that you are ſafe from the *Doctor*'s Anger, and the *Birchen-Laſhes* of his Fury; for your Father believing you were fled from his *Pædagogical Tyranny*, has vow'd never to ſend ye to that *Houſe of Correction* any more. *Hartlikins*, quo Mr. *Lewis*, how came my Father to know which way I was gone, or that I was thus diſguis'd? Why, Sir, one of your School-fellows that you had made privy to your Deſign, was he that made the Diſcovery, ſeeing your Father in ſuch a deplorable Toſs for want of your Company. Thereupon he ſent my ſelf, and three more of his Gentlemen after your Lordſhip; and now how glad are we to be the Inſtruments of reſtoring ye ſo ſoon as we hope we ſhall, to the Embraces of a tender Father, who certainly cannot but give us Annuities for our lives, for the Diſpatch we ha' made, and the Comfort we ſhall bring him in his old Age. But ſtill I hope 'tis at my Choice whether I'le go along with ye, or no, reply'd young *Don Lewis*. Why ſure, Sir, reply'd the Servant, I hope the Devil has not bewitch'd ye to follow this Courſe of life; neither can I think you can be ſo ungracious toward my Lord your Father—All this Diſcourſe the *Mule-driver* that lay i' the Straw by *Don Lewis*, attentively heard, and gave notice of it to *D. Ferdinand* and the reſt, who were by this time up and harneſs'd, telling 'em how the Servant call'd the young Lad, *my Lord*; and how they intended to carry him back to his Father, in ſpite of his Teeth. Which Information of the Mule-driver, together with the delicate Voice, which it was reported he had, made 'em all earneſtly deſirous to know who he was, with a Reſolution to aſſiſt him, if any Violence ſhould be offer'd him. And with theſe Thoughts they went to the Stable, where they found the young Lad and the Servant in a hot Diſpute together. At the ſame time Madam *Doroty* whips out of her Chamber, and meeting *Cardenio*, told him in few words what ſhe knew concerning Mrs. *Clara* and the young Songſter; and he on the other ſide, recounted to Madam *Doroty* what had paſs'd between *Don Lewis* and his Father's Servants; which he could not do ſo privately, but that Mrs. *Clara*, who, with itching Ears, follow'd Mrs. *Doroty* cloſe at the Heels, over-heard him; which was ſuch an unwelcome Breakfaſt to her empty Stomach, that had not Madam *Doroty* ran with all imaginable haſte to ſupport her, ſhe had fall'n to the Ground; but as good luck would have it, ſhe got to her in Pudding-time, and carry'd her back to her Chamber, whither *Cardenio* deſir'd the fainting Lady to return, with a Promiſe to bring all things to rights in a ſhort time. And now the four Servants were all got about *Don Lewis*, perſwading him to return home forthwith, not allowing him time ſo much as to waſh his Hands and comb his Head. Soft and fair, quo *Don Lewis*, my Mother ſtay'd for me before ſhe had me, and my Father is like to ſtay for me too, till I have diſpatch'd a Buſineſs that concerns my Life, my Honour, and my Soul. Upon which, the *Yeoman of the Bottles*, and the reſt of his *Gang*, let fall ſuch words, whereby *Don Lewis* might eaſily underſtand they were reſolv'd to carry him home like a Cloak-bag, or a Calf before a Butcher, if he would not be conformable. That you may do, cry'd *D. Lewis* when I am dead, for then I may be Stuffing proper enough for a Leathern Mail.

Thus the Diſpute growing hot o' both ſides, all the Men that were in the Inn, ran out to ſee what was the matter, *Cardenio*, *D. Ferdinand*, and his Friends, the *Judge*, the *Curate*, the *Barber*, and *Don Quixote* alſo, who ſeeing all that Company, thought the Caſtle wanted no more guarding. Preſently *Cardenio*, who underſtood the Story of *D. Lewis* better then the reſt, demanded of his Father's Servants, Wherefore they went about to

carry

carry the young Gentleman away againſt his Will? The Reaſon is, cry'd they, that we may reſtore the old Gentleman his Father to his Wits, who is ready to run mad for his Abſence. That's nothing to you, reply'd *D. Lewis*, whether my Father run mad or no; I will return when I think good my ſelf: and if I am not minded ſo to do, all that you can do ſhall never force me. Pray, Sir, then let Reaſon over-rule ye, cry'd one of the Servants; but if it won't prevail with you, we muſt endeavour to do our Duties. Upon which, the Judge interpoſing, Pray, Gentlemen, ſaid he, let's underſtand the bottom of this buſineſs. Immediately one of the Servants knowing the Judge by his Face, after he had made him a reverend Bow, Does not your Lordſhip know, ſaid he, this young *Springal*, whoſe Father liv'd ſo long over-againſt your Houſe? and yet indeed, my Lord, it is no wonder at preſent, conſidering how featly the young Gentleman has bedizon'd himſelf. Upon which words, the Judge looking wiſtly in his Face, and calling him to mind; Good God, ſaid he, my Lord *D. Lewis!* embracing him in his Arms, What childiſh Whimſies are theſe? What Affair of Life and Death, as if purſu'd by a Meſſenger, has clouded ye in this Diſguiſe ſo much beneath your Quality? But then perceiving the Tears run down his youthful Cheeks, and that he made him no Anſwer, he deſir'd the Company to ſtay a little, while he took him into a little private Examination.

Now while the Judge was thus diſcourſing, and laying the Law to *D. Lewis*, there happen'd a great Hurly-burly at the Inn-Gate; for it ſeems that two Men, who had lay'n i' the Inn that Night, finding the People of the Houſe were all buſie, wou'd fain ha' ſtol'n away without paying their Reckoning; but the Inn-keeper more mindful of his Bar, then of Love-ſtories, ſtopp'd 'em at the Gate; and being in a Paſſion, demanded his Money with ſo much Choler and foul Language, that the two Men began to return him Score for his Scores, and to pay him in hard Blows, which they laid on ſo thick, that the Inn-keeper was forc'd to cry out for help. Preſently the Hoſteſs and her Daughter ran to his Aſſiſtance; but not able to do any good, the Daughter perceiving *Don Quixote* walking about, as one that had leaſt to do i' the Company, ran ſpeedily to him, and pulling him by the Arm, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I beſeech ye, now ſhew that invincible Power that Heaven has beſtow'd upon ye, and help my poor Father yonder in diſtreſs, and ready to be murder'd by two monſtrous Giants. Fair Lady, anſwer'd *Don Quixote*, with a flegmatick Gravity, and a moſt ſurly Grace, you muſt excuſe me, for indeed my word is paſt, and I dare not engage in any Quarrel, till I have finiſh'd an Adventure which I have promis'd to undertake. All the Service I can do your Ladyſhip at preſent, is only to give your Father good Counſel. Go then to the Conſtable of the Caſtle, and bid him maintain the Combat to his beſt Advantage, ſo as not to be vanquiſh'd; either by fighting on, or running away, as ſhall be moſt for his Convenience. In the mean time I will wait upon the Princeſs of *Micomicon*, for leave to aſſiſt him; which if I obtain, as I make no queſtion but to do, you ſhall ſee me deliver him ſafe out of his Enemies hands either dead or alive. Wo is me a Sinner, cry'd *Maritornes!* before you can get leave of the Princeſs, my Maſter will be in another World. Pray Ladies, anſwer'd he, be but ſo kind as to ſuffer me to ask that leave, which is ſo neceſſary for me to obtain. For then, what tho the Conſtable of the Caſtle ſhould be i' the other World? I'le fetch him thence with a Wannion in ſpite of all the Devils in Hell; or at leaſt I'le revenge him ſo diſmally upon his Enemies, that I'le ſend 'em all to a worſe Place. And ſo ſaying, he went and threw himſelf at Madam *Doroty*'s Knees, and in the moſt exquiſite

quiſite Terms that the Romantick Raptures of *Knight-Errantry* could expreſs, moſt humbly beſought her to releaſe him a minute or two from the Chains of her Service, that he might but only go and reſcue the Conſtable of the Caſtle from the *Saracen*-Jaws of two inhuman Giants that were ready to devour him. To which the Princeſs having moſt graciouſly condeſcended, the Knight graſping his keen *Kil-zadog*, and covering his left-Shoulder with his Buckler, flew like lightning to the Gate of the Caſtle, where the two Butchers were belabouring the Conſtable, like two Fellows duſting an old Piece of *Arras*. But no ſooner did he behold the two Combatants, but of a ſudden he ſtopp'd ſhort, like a Setting-dog upon the Scent of a Covey, and ſtood as ſtock-ſtill, as if his Feet had been enchanted to the Ground; and whatever the Daughter and *Maritornes* could do, to provoke and incenſe his noble Paſſion, wou'd not ſtir the tenth part of an Inch. 'Tis againſt the Laws of Chivalry, cry'd *Don Quixote*, for me to employ my Sword in the Murder of mean and paltry Squires; and therefore call *Sancho*— the Honour of theſe pitiful Jobs of Revenge belongs to him. This was the Iſſue of *Don Quixote*'s Aſſiſtance, while the two Butchers were mawling the poor Inn-keeper's Face and Eyes without Mercy: at what time the Hoſteſs, her Daughter, and *Maritornes* enrag'd to ſee the Champions Courage ſo ſtrangely bauk'd, call'd him ten thouſand Daſtards, and cowardly Raſcals, fitter to drive Hogs then to be a *Knight-Errant*.

All this while the Judge and *Don Lewis* were in deep Diſcourſe together, who being preſs'd by the Judge to tell him the reaſon of his ſorry Diſguiſe, and the Ramble he had tak'n: Sir, ſaid he, graſping hard the Judge's hand in his own, like a perſon who had ſomething that lay heavy at his Heart, and with Tears in his Eyes, My Diſtemper is Love, the common Plague of Youth in this World: For, having ſeen your Daughter, Mrs. *Clara*, while you liv'd over-againſt my Father's Houſe, to be free wi' ye, Sir, her Beauty has made a Wound i' my Heart, that i' my Conſcience you may lay your three Fingers in it; and therefore ſince only ſhe can be my Surgeon, if you think it convenient, the Price of her Cure ſhall be a loving Husband in the Perſon of *Don Lewis*; and this is the true Reaſon wherefore I have thus forſak'n my Father's Houſe, reſolving to follow her where-ever ſhe go; altho as yet, I know, ſhe's not acquainted with my Paſſion, in regard I was never yet ſo happy as to expreſs my Paſſion to her. In ſhort, Sir, you know who I am; I am my Father's only Son and Heir, as my Mother aſſur'd Him, and he believes. If then you think me worthy your Alliance, make me happy at laſt in the Poſſeſſion of your Daughter; and I make no queſtion, but you will find in me a Son-in-Law as dutiful, and a Husband as reſpectful as you can deſire; and as for my own Father, ſhould he have other Deſigns of diſpoſing me, that will become fruſtrate by my own choice; I make no queſtion but when he ſees how well I have choſen for my ſelf, he will heark'n to Reaſon.

Here the inamour'd young Gentleman ſtopp'd, while the Judge in a ſtrange Surprize, and not knowing what Anſwer to make of a ſudden, as being us'd to deliberate before he gave Sentence, ſaid no more, but bid the young Gentleman not diſquiet himſelf; for that, if he could prevail with his Father's Servants to let him ſtay that Day, he would conſider his Caſe, and contrive what was moſt proper to be done for his Satisfaction. Upon which *Don Lewis*, forcing the Auditor's hand to his Mouth, careſs'd it with his Lips, and bath'd it with his Tears; which ſo mollify'd the Judge's Heart, eſpecially knowing how advantageous a Match *D. Lewis* would prove

to his Daughter, that the Match had been made, had *Don Lewis*'s Father been there to have agreed upon the Joynture.

By this time the Inn-keeper and his Guests were at peace and quiet; for tho *Don Quixote* could not prevail by his huffing and swaggering, yet he laid the Law to the Butchers with that Discretion and Moderation, that they paid their Reckoning, and quietly departed. *D. Lewis*'s Servants also patiently expected the end of the Judge's Discourse, and their Master's Resolution. In a word, all things were hush'd and quiet again; or at least, there was a fair Probability of a general Peace; when as the Devil, that perpetual Coyner of Mischief, would have it, who should enter the Inn, but the *Barber* from whom *Don Quixote* had forcibly tak'n *Mambrino*'s Helmet, and *Sancho* the Furniture of his Ass, by way of an honest high-way Exchange. This same *Barber* carry'd his Mule into the Stable, where seeing *Sancho Panca*, and calling him again to mind; Most noble Squire Thief, quo he, have I found ye at length! and then seconding his Words with down-right Blows; Restore me, Rogue, my Bason, my Pack-saddle, and the rest of my Furniture, or I'le make Mummie o' thy Bones. *Sancho* finding himself so unexpectedly assaulted, and which was worse, so scandalously abus'd with scurrilous Language, snatch'd up the Pack-saddle, for which the *Barber* contested, with one hand, and with the Knuckles of the other, directed his Fist so full upon the *Barber*'s Chops, that he unloosen'd all that side of his Teeth, and made him swallow an Ounce of his Blood. For all this the *Barber* would not let go his hold o' the Pack-saddle, but after he had empty'd his Mouth as well as he could, bawl'd out with all his force and made such a Noise, that the Guests ran all to the Stable to understand the reason of the Combustion—Justice, Justice, i'the King's Name, quo the *Barber*; here's a high-way Rogue has robb'd me, and because I challenge my Goods where I find 'em, the Villain wou'd murder me—Ye impudent Tooth-drawing Dog, cry'd *Sancho*, I a High-way-man! ye lye i' your Throat; these are the Spoils of War, which my Master fairly gain'd in Battel. *Don Quixote* beheld all this with incredible Delight, pleas'd in his Soul to see how vigorously his Squire defended himself, and offended his Adversary. And now he began to think his Squire a Man of Prowess, and resolv'd to have him Dubb'd with the first Opportunity, as believing the Order would receive great Advantage by his Valour.

As for the *Barber*, he made a better Defence with his Tongue then with his Fists. And among other things, Gentlemen, cry'd he, this Pack-saddle is as much mine, as my Life is his that gave it me; and I know it again as well as if I had brought it into the World. There's my Mule i' the Stable, that scorns I should be tak'n in a Lye, do but try the Pack-saddle upon his Back, and if it don't fit him as exactly as ever any Lady's Stays that were made by a *French Taylor*, hang me upon the Sign-post without Doors. Nay, this was not all—— for the same day I was robb'd, they took from me a brass Bason spick and span new, that had never been us'd i' this World, and cost me a hard Angel but two days before. Here *Don Quixote* could not refrain, and therefore interposing, and parting the two Combatants, after he had laid it fairly to be seen by all the Company, till the Controversie were fully determin'd; Gentlemen, said he, I am glad you are here to be the equal Judges of the gross Mistake of this worshipful Squire, who calls a brass Bason, that which was, is, and ever will be, *Mambrino*'s Helmet, and which I won from him in single Combat; at what time, not only his Helmet, but his Life was forfeited to my victorious Sword. As for the pretended Pack-saddle, 'tis no concern of mine; all that I can say to it, is this; That after I had vanquish'd this Hedge bird of a *Knight-Errant*, my

Squire

Squire *Sancho* ask'd me leave to exchange Harneſſes, that is to ſay, to take the Knight's Saddle and Houſſes to put upon his own Aſs, which I gave him Permiſſion to do; but how that Saddle and Houſſes ſhould come to be chang'd into a Pack-ſaddle, is paſt my Apprehenſion, unleſs it ſhould be done by the Power of thoſe Enchantments ſo frequent in *Knight-Errantry*. And now to confirm what I ſay, Go, Sirrah *Sancho*, go preſently and fetch me the Helmet, which this Son of Infamy calls a Baſon. By my new-won Honour, quo *Sancho*, if we have no better Proof then your Helmet, we ſhall loſe our Cauſe: For a Baſon will be a Baſon; and a Pack-ſaddle a Pack-ſaddle, tho you talk till Dooms-day. Do as I bid thee, for all that, cry'd *Don Quixote*—— and don't make me believe the Devil works altogether by Inchantment i' this Caſtle—— Thereupon *Sancho* having fetch'd the Baſon, *Don Quixote* holding it up in his hand; Look ye now, Gentlemen, ſaid he, how is it poſſible that this *Mahometan* of a Squire ſhould be ſo confident as to maintain, that this is not a Helmet? And yet by the Order of Knighthood which I profeſs, this is the very Helmet which I took from that brazen-fac'd Infidel, without Addition or Diminution. Yes by my Honour is it, quo *Sancho*, and ever ſince my Maſter has been the Owner of it, he never wore it but in one Combat, and that was when he ſet the unfortunate Galley-ſlaves at Liberty; and in good Sooth-law, happy was it for him that he had this Baſon of a Helmet to defend his Brains from a Shower of Stones and Brick-batts that rain'd upon his Scull in that Diabolical Encounter.

CHAP. XVIII.

Wherein are decided the Controverſies touching the Helmet and Pannel, with other Adventures as they really happen'd.

'TIS very well, my Maſters; pray tell me now what's your Opinion of theſe worthy, right worſhipful Ruffians, that have the Impudence to out-face ye, that this is a Helmet and not a Baſon? He that dares ſay the contrary, cry'd *Don Quixote*, if he be a Knight, then a'lyes ten times in his Throat, and I'le juſtifie 't; but if a Squire, he's a Lyer ten thouſand times, and I'le prove it. Thereupon Mr. *Nicholas* the other Barber, willing to ſupport *Don Quixote* in his Folly, and to drive the Jeſt a little farther for the Divertiſement of the Company; Sir *Barber*, quo he, addreſſing himſelf to his Brother Tooth-drawer, know that I am a dignify'd Brother of the ſame Trade or Myſtery with your ſelf; and as I have been admitted of the Company theſe twenty Years, I underſtand all the Inſtruments that belong to your Barber's Trade, from the Waſh-ball and Ear-picker, to the Blood-letting Lancet and Crow's-foot. More then that, I have exercis'd in *Cripple-gate Church-yard*, and underſtand a cloſe Helmet, a Morion, and a Head-piece, and the diſtinguiſhing Difference between all theſe three; and I do affirm, with ſomething of Submiſſion to better Judgments, That that ſame piece which the Worſhipful Knight holds there in his hands, is no more like a Barber's Baſon, then a Medlar's like a Lobſter; and therefore, I ſay 'tis a Helmet, tho I muſt confeſs not ſo well ſhap'd, nor ſo neat and compleat, as you ſhall ſee hang up in the Halls belonging to the Houſes of ſome ancient Families. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Don*

Quixote, becauſe the Beaver is wanting, which is no leſs then one half of the whole. The Knight ſpeaks with Diſcretion, and like a Perſon of Judgment, quo the *Curate*, who well underſtood Mr. *Nicholas*'s Deſign. *Cardenio* alſo, and *D. Ferdinand*, together with his Friends, agreed in the ſame Opinion. As for the Judge, 'twas beneath his Gravity to mind theſe Fooleries; beſides, he had found a Match that lik'd him for his Daughter, and therefore he was plodding how to bring it about, according to Law.

God forgive me', quo the Barber, fetching a deep Sigh! how is it poſſible ſo many worthy Gentlemen ſhould be ſo beetle-blind, as not to diſcern a Baſon from a Helmet? 'Slife! 'tis enough to puzzle the moſt learned Univerſity i' the World. Why, had ye been all ſo many blind Harpers, ye might have known a Baſon from a Helmet by your feeling— And now the Baſon's gone, I find what will become o' my Pannel; for if the Baſon be a Helmet, the Pannel muſt be a War-ſaddle by Conſequence.

For my part, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I muſt needs confeſs I believe it to be a Pack-ſaddle; but as I told ye before, thoſe mean things are beneath my Deciſion; and therefore whether it be a Pannel or a War-ſaddle, I ſhall not turmoyle my Brains. My Lord *Don Quixote*, conſider I pray, reply'd the *Curate*, 'tis your Buſineſs in ſuch like Difficulties as theſe, to rule the Roaſt with abſolute Dominion. For in matters of Chivalry, there is not one in all the Company but ſubmits to your Determination, and as they ought in Duty, are reſolv'd to abide by it. By the ſpangl'd Spheres of Heaven, Gentlemen, quo *Don Quixote*, you honour me to a high Degree; but ſo many, and ſo ſtrange have been the Adventures I ha' met with in this Caſtle, both times that I have layn here, that I dare not determine affirmatively of what I ſee with my own Eyes; which makes me believe that nothing but Enchantment governs this Caſtle. The firſt time I was plagu'd almoſt out of my Life by an enchanted *Moor*; and *Sancho* my Squire was no leſs tormented by an inviſible Legion of the ſame infernal Hue. And then again, but yeſterday, which is but of a freſh date, I was hung up by one Arm for two hours together, not being able to divine who the Devil ſhould do me the Injury, unleſs it were the Devil himſelf, or ſome of his ſooty Co-partners. And now for me to undertake to unriddle Myſteries ſo perplex'd and confus'd, would be but raſhly to provoke *Beelzebub* to do me more Miſchief. I have told ye my Opinion already concerning the Helmet; but as to the buſineſs of the Pannel, to decide whether it is a Pack-ſaddle or a War-ſaddle, I dare not adventure to do it. That belongs rather to you, Gentlemen; for that perhaps not being Dubb'd Knights as I am, Enchantments may have no power to hurt ye, and you may be able to make a ſounder Judgment of the Tranſactions, while the Objects ſhall appear without Inchantment to your Senſes, what really and truly they are, not as they appear to me.

Without queſtion, quo *D. Ferdinand*, the Lord *Don Quixote* ſpeaks nothing but Reaſon; this buſineſs falls properly under our Determination; and therefore that we may proceed regularly, and upon ſure Grounds, I will collect the Suffrages of every one in particular privately by himſelf, and ſo let the Plurality of Voices carry it. This was ſufficient matter of Paſtime to thoſe that underſtood *Don Quixote*'s Humour: But *D. Lewis*, his Father's Servants, and the three new-enter'd Gueſts, who ſeem'd to be Bum-bayliffs, as indeed they were, look'd upon it as a meer frolick, but knew not what to make of it.

All this while the *Barber* was at his Wits end, to ſee his Baſon tranſmogrify'd before his Eyes into a Helmet, and made no queſtion but that his Pack-ſaddle would undergo e're long as bad a Change, at leaſt, for himſelf.

ſelf. And therefore 'twas not for him to be ſo merry as the reſt, who could not forbear ſmiling to ſee how ſeriouſly *D. Ferdinand* went about collecting the Votes, and whiſpering every one in the Ear, with ſuch a ſtarch'd and compos'd Gravity, as if it had been a Concern of Life and Death. After he had tak'n the Verdicts of all that were acquainted with *Don Quixote*'s Humour, addreſſing himſelf to the *Barber* with a loud Voice; Honeſt Friend, ſaid he, the Caſe is this, I am weary of asking the ſame Queſtion ſo many times, eſpecially finding that ſtill they make me the ſame Anſwer. For there is not one but tells me, 'tis the greateſt Folly i' the World, to ask 'em, whether this be the Pannel of an Aſs, or no, ſince 'tis ſo viſible to all Men of Senſe and Judgment, that 'tis a Saddle; and not only a Saddle, but the Saddle of a Horſe of Value; and they queſtion whether it might not have been ſome Mayor's, or ſome Sheriff's Horſe, conſidering the Ruines of the Trappings. And therefore your only Remedy muſt be the mad Dog's Cure, Patience per-force. For in ſpite of your Noſe, and let your Aſs bray never ſo many Arguments to the contrary, this is a War-ſaddle, only you have made a wrangling Diſpute to no purpoſe, and prov'd nothing.

May I never enter into Paradiſe, cry'd the poor *Barber*, if ye are not all a Company of *Ignoramus* Jury-men, as wiſe and as worſhipful as ye are; and may my Soul no otherwiſe appear in Heaven, then as this appears to me to be a Pack-ſaddle: But *Might has overcome Right*, and ſo let it go. Yet after this, I am ſure I am not drunk, nor have I taſted ſo much as a bit o' Bread to day, unleſs it were i' my Sleep.

Thus the Follies of the *Barber* caus'd no leſs Laughter then the Extravagancies of *Don Quixote*, who having got the Day; Come, ſaid he, there remains now no more to be done, but that we take our own Goods where we find 'em. And ſo ſaying, he ſeiz'd upon the Baſon, while *Sancho* carry'd away the Pack-ſaddle, and the diſcontented *Barber* grumbl'd out a thouſand Curſes againſt the Partiality and Injuſtice of his Jury.

But the Devil could not be ſatisfy'd to ſee a Comedy conclude ſo pleaſantly, without any Miſchief at all in it; and therefore he enters one of *D. Lewis*'s Servants, who being ſo poſſeſs'd, would needs be ſpending his Verdict where he had nothing to do; quo he, like a pragmatical Coxcomb, If this were not a piece of premeditated Drollery, how the Devil can it be, that ſo many Perſons that ſeem to be Gentlemen of Quality and Underſtanding, ſhould be ſo ſtrangely over-ſeen, as to miſtake a *Fox for a Civet-Cat*? But ſince they both ſay and affirm it, there muſt needs be ſome Myſtery i' the thing, or elſe I ſwear— (and with that, he wrapp'd out three or four Cannon-bullet Oathes) a Legion of St. *Francis's*, and St. *Dominic's* ſhall never make me believe, but that yonder's a Baſon, and that there's an Aſs's Pack-ſaddle. Don't ſwear ſo faſt, quo the *Curate*, for it may be a Mule's, for ought you know. As you pleaſe for that, quo the Fellow, ſtill I ſay, 'tis a Pack-ſaddle. Thereupon one of the *Bumms* that laſt enter'd the Inn, and had liſten'd to the Diſpute, all in a Heat and Fury to hear ſuch a Paradox maintain'd; 'Tis as really a Pack-ſaddle, quo he, as ever my Father was my Father; and whoever ſaies, or ſhall ſay the contrary, muſt be either mad or drunk as a Grape. Ye lye like a Dog, reply'd *Don Quixote*; and with that, heaving up his Lance, which he always carry'd in his hand, he made ſuch a diſmal Blow at the Bailiff's Pate, that had he not skipp'd for his Life, the Knight had laid him ſprawling at his Feet, where half the Lance lay in Splinters upon the Ground already, with the Fury of the Stroke. Upon which, the reſt of the Bailiffs ſeeing the bad Entertainment of their Com-

Companion, fell a tearing their ungodly Throats for the Conſtable. Their Yauling and Bawling brought out the Inn-keeper, who being one of the worſhipful Fraternity, haſten'd to their Relief, with his ruſty Basket-hilted Rapier, and ſides with his Brethren. *D. Lewis*'s Father's Servants fearing his Eſcape, withdrew to ſecure their Charge. The *Barber* perceiving the whole Inn in a Hurly-burly, deſirous to take the Opportunity, runs away to regain his Pack-ſaddle, while *Sancho* ſuſpecting his Deſign, was no leſs diligent to ſecure his own Right. In the mean time *Don Quixote* draws, and with his keen *Kil-zadog* attacks the *Bumms*. And now the Devil's Sport begins. *D. Lewis* entreats, deſires, commands his Guardians to run and aſſiſt *Don Quixote*, *D. Ferdinand*, and *Cardenio*, who by this time were all engag'd in his Quarrel. The *Curate* bawls out a thouſand *For God-ſakes, Gentlemen*; the Hoſteſs ſquall'd, her Daughter ſqueal'd, *Maritornes* howl'd; Mrs. *Doroty* trembl'd; *Lucinda* quak'd; Mrs. *Clara* quiver'd; the *Barber* cuff'd *Sancho*, and *Sancho* maul'd the *Barber*. On the other ſide, *D. Lewis* perceiving himſelf held by the Waſt-band of his Breeches by one of his Father's Servants, for fear he ſhould make his Eſcape, gave him ſuch a Salute full i' the Mouth, for his Saucineſs, that he ſent four of his Teeth to chew over his Meat again in his Stomach. *Don Ferdinand* trampl'd one of the Bailiffs under his Feet, as if he had been treading Grapes in a Wine-Trough; and *Cardenio* laid about him like *Garagantua* himſelf, while the Inn keeper in vain invok'd all the Juſtices o' the *Quorum* i' the County. So that the whole Inn was in a helliſh Diſorder, where nothing was to be heard but Out-cries, Lamentations, Howling, Yelling, claſhing of Swords, and a *Loathbury* Noiſe of Thwacks, Thumps, Buffets, Baſtinado's, Knocks, Drubs, and Whirrets; beſides a thouſand diſgraceful *Dogs*, *Rogues*, *Thieves*, *Murderers*, *Villains*, *Sons a' Whores*, Hoyday—— as if Hell it ſelf had been let looſe—— You wou'd ha' ſworn t'had been the Devil's own *Bear-Garden*.

In the midſt of this *Chaos* and dreadful Confuſion, *Don Quixote*, whoſe Memory never fail'd him ſo long as he kept his Scull whole, began to bethink himſelf of the Mutiny that happen'd in *Agrimant*'s Camp; and believing himſelf engag'd in the thickeſt of that fatal Medley, with a roaring Voice that made the very Beams of the Inn ſhake; Hold a while, cry'd he, ſheath your Swords, and give ear to my ſeaſonable Admonitions, as ye value the Preſervation of your Lives. Such was the Terror of his Voice, that as if the *Grand Signior* himſelf had ſpoken, they all ſtopp'd of a ſudden, and prick'd up their Ears in Expectation of all the Proverbs in *Eraſmus*; at what time *Don Quixote* proceeding: 'Have I not told ye, 'Gentlemen, quo he, that this Caſtle is enchanted, and that 'tis poſſeſs'd 'with a whole Legion of Devils? Now to confirm what I ſay, do but ob-'ſerve with your own Eyes, and then tell me whether that damn'd 'Squabble that happen'd in *Agrimant*'s Camp, have not ſqueez'd it ſelf in 'among us. Do but obſerve how, at that time, one fought for a Horſe, 'another for a Doxy; one for an Eagle, another for a Crow; one for a 'Greyhound, another for a Setting-dog; juſt as we now cut and hack one 'another, yet neither know for what, nor who are our Friends, nor who 'are our Foes. Pray, therefore, you Mr. *Judge*, and you Mr. *Curate*, come 'hither; let the one be King *Agrimant*, and the other King *Sobrin*; and 'do you endeavour to reconcile us. For before *George* and the ſeven Cham-'pions, 'tis a ſhame that ſo many Perſons of Quality, as here are now, 'ſhould fight and kill one another for Helmets and Pack-ſaddles.

The Bumbailiffs not at all acquainted with *Don Quixote*'s Raptures, and who had been rudely Rib-roaſted by *Cardenio*, *D. Ferdinand*, and his Friends, were

were all for Revenge, and would hearken to no Accommodation. But the *Barber* was for a Truce, in regard his Pannel was broken, and his Beard almoſt all torn from his Chin. *D. Lewis*'s Servants were eaſily perſwaded, well knowing how much it concern'd 'em to mind a buſineſs of far greater Importance. And *Sancho* gave over as ſoon as he heard his Maſter's Voice, like a vertuous and obedient Servant. Only the Inn keeper could not ſuppreſs his Choler, breathing the utter Extirpation of that impertinent Dotard, that did nothing but diſturb the Peace of his Inn, and plague him with continual Brawls and Quarrels. However, at length the Riot was appeas'd, or at leaſt, there was a Ceſſation of Arms; the Pack-ſaddle continu'd to be a War-ſaddle, and the Baſon to be a Helmet, and *Don Quixote* fancy'd the Inn to be a Caſtle, as before, without Controul or Contradiction.

Thus by the indefatigable Pains of the *Judge* and the *Curate*, Peace being concluded, and all become Friends, or at leaſt ſeeming ſo to be, *Don Lewis*'s Servants renew'd their Importunities to him, that he would be pleas'd to return home to his Father; at what time, while *D. Lewis* was holding the Servants in ſuſpence, and conſidering how to be rid of 'em, the Judge taking *D. Ferdinand*, *Cardenio*, and the *Curate* aſide, gave 'em an account of what *D. Lewis* had diſcover'd to him, and deſir'd 'em to give him their Advice what was fit to be done. Thereupon they all agreed, that *D. Ferdinand* ſhould make known to *D. Lewis*'s Servants who he was, and promiſe to take the young Gentleman home along with him, where he ſhould be receiv'd and entertain'd according to his Quality; for that they found *D. Lewis* fully reſolv'd not to ſee his Father as yet, unleſs they carry'd him whom Piece-meal. Nor durſt the Servants reſiſt, when they underſtood *D. Ferdinand*'s Dignity, and the Reſolution of *D. Lewis*; ſo that they concluded among themſelves, that three of 'em ſhould return back to give an Account of their Journey to his Father, and that one ſhould tarry behind to wait upon the young Gentleman. And thus the Authority of *Agramant*, and the Prudence of King *Sobrin*, pacify'd all Diſcords, and ruin'd the dreadful Structure of Contention and Diviſion, which the Devil had rais'd.

But *Satan*, that profeſs'd Enemy of Concord, diſdaining to ſee his Building thus demoliſh'd, and himſelf mock'd, and robb'd of the Fruit of his Labours, while he was but only ſtepp'd aſide a little way, to ſow a Handful or two more of Diſſention in another Place, reſolv'd to try one trick more before they parted, to ſet 'em all together by the Ears, as they were before. Thereupon he whiſpers one of the Bailiffs i' the Ear, who being no *Ignoramus* i' the Devil's Language, both underſtood, and was eaſily perſwaded by him. Beſides, he had been ſoundly thraſh'd by *Don Quixote*, who, it ſeems, had particularly taken him to task, and Revenge was ſweet; and this was another Motive beſides the Devil's Temptation. Remembring therefore what the Devil had told him, he pulls his Letter-caſe out of his Pocket, and there among other Papers, finds a *Chief Juſtice*'s *Warrant* againſt *Don Quixote*, upon a Complaint made for reſcuing ſeveral condemn'd Rogues from their Keepers, who were to carry 'em to the Sea-ſide, in order to their Tranſportation. Having open'd his Warrant, he read it very leiſurely, at the end of every Line, ſtaring *Don Quixote* i' the Face, and ſtill comparing the Lineaments of his Countenance, with the Deſcription made of his Phyſognomy i' the Warrant. By which means being at length fully aſſur'd, that he was the Perſon intended in the Warrant, he darted himſelf upon *Don Quixote*, like a Lyon upon his Prey, and catching him by the Collar,

held

held him ſo faſt with his Thumb upon his Wind-pipe, that he hardly gave him Liberty to breath, crying out at the ſame time, Take notice, Gentlemen, that by Virtue of this Warrant, I ſeize this Fellow here; he's a Thief and a High-way-man, and therefore I charge ye i' the King's Name, to aſſiſt me. The *Curate* read the Warrant, and found it true as the Bailiff ſaid. But the Knight finding himſelf ſo rudely handl'd by a Scoundrel, and call'd Thief and High way-man beſide, fell into ſuch a prodigious Rage, that you might have heard his very Bones grind one againſt another in his Skin; and notwithſtanding the hold which the Bailiff had of him, he clapt both his hands with that Violence to the Bailiff's Throat, that he had certainly ſtrangl'd him without the help of a Lute ſtring, had not his Companions come all to his Reſcue. Thus, while ſome took *Don Quixote*'s part, and the Inn-keeper ran to help his Brethren, here was the Devil to do again. The Hoſteſs ſeeing her Husband engag'd in new Broils, exalts her hideous Voice, while her Daughter and *Maritornes* put in for two upper parts, enough to ha' frighted the Devil out of a Body poſſeſs'd. Heavens bleſs us, cry'd *Sancho*! beholding this new Combuſtion, certainly my Maſter ſpoke Truth, when he ſaid this Caſtle was inchanted; nay, more then that, I believe all the Devils in Hell are broke looſe, that a Man can't have an hours reſt i' this damn'd Hole. Well—— at laſt *Don Ferdinand* parted *Don Quixote* and the Bailiff, to the great eaſe of both, who were mutually graſping each other's Throats, with a murderous Deſign. Nevertheleſs, the Bailiffs demanded their Priſoner, and requir'd Aid to bind him, and deliver him up into their hands as the King's Priſoner, a High-way-man, and a Rifler of Travellers. On the other ſide *Don Quixote* laugh'd at their ſeizure of his Body, and with his uſual Gravity; 'Hark 'ye me, Caitiffs, and Scum of the Earth, ſaid he, Do you call him a 'High-way-man, and a Rifler of Travellers, that ſets at liberty poor Peo'ple in Chains; delivers diſtreſſed Captives, ſuccours the afflicted, and 'reſcues the oppreſſed? Infamous Raſcals! whoſe abject Cowardiſe, and 'Underſtanding not equal to that of a Dormouſe, renders ye unworthy that 'Heaven ſhould impart to your Knowledge the Vertue of *Knight-Errant-'try*, or convince ye of the Sin ye commit, or Ignorance ye are in, for 'not adoring the Shadow, much more the perſonal Aſſiſtance of a Magna'nimous *Knight-Errant*. One word more, Scoundrels of Bailiffs! not 'Officers of Juſtice, Robbers, under pretence of Authority, tell me who 'that *Juſtice* was, that was ſo bold to ſign a Warrant againſt a Knight of 'my Order? Some ignorant Wharfinger or other, who never underſtood 'that *Knight-Errants* are no Game for Juſtice to hawk after; that they 'acknowledge no Judge or Tribunal i' the World: that they have no o'ther Laws but their Swords, nor obey any other Statutes, Edicts, or Or'dinances, but their own Will. What impertinent Juſtaſs of the Peace, 'continu'd he, was that, who was ſo ignorant, as not to know that there 'is not any Title of Nobility can claim ſo many Priviledges, Prerogatives, 'and Exemptions, as are due to a *Knight-Errant*, the very moment that he is 'Dubb'd, and devotes himſelf to that illuſtrious, tho laborious Calling? 'What *Knight-Errant* ever paid Cuſtoms, Subſidies, Taxes, or Tolls, Knight-'Baronet's Fees, Royal Aid, or Hearth-money? What Taylor ever askt him 'Money for making his Clothes? What Conſtable ever refus'd him Entrance 'into his Caſtle? Or who ever ask'd a *Knight-Errant* to pay a Cook for his 'Meat and Drink? Where is that King or Prince that has not always giv'n '*Knight-Errants* free Admittance to their Tables? Or where is that Lady 'that has not been charm'd with their Merit, and ſubmitted to their Va-

lour?

'lour? Laſtly, where was ever, is, or will be that *Knight-Errant* that has 'not himſelf alone a Strength and Courage liberal enough to beſtow four 'hundred Baſtinado's upon four hundred miſcreant *Bumms*, if they dare be 'ſo hardy as to accept of his Kindneſs?

CHAP. XIX.

Containing the notable Adventure of the Bailiffs, and declaring withal, the horrible Wrath of the moſt Noble Don Quixote.

WHile *Don Quixote* was defying Law and Juſtice after this raving manner, the *Curate* endeavour'd to perſwade the Bailiffs, that *Don Quixote* was out of his Wits, as they might rationally judge themſelves, as well by his Actions as his Words; and therefore that they would have no Thanks for their Labour, to ſeize and hurry away a mad Man to the Trouble of thoſe that would as ſoon releaſe him for a Lunatick, as he was. To which the Fellow that had the Warrant, made Anſwer, That it was not for him to judge, whether he were a Fool or a Knave, but only to execute his Warrant; which when he had done, let the Judges give him a hundred Diſcharges, 'twas nothing to him. I hear ye, and underſtand ye, quo the *Curate*, however for this one time you ſhall not carry him away; neither do I believe that he himſelf will ſuffer ye to do it, for you'l find him a tough piece a' Fleſh, a' my word. In ſhort, the *Curate* knew ſo well how to preach to the Bailiffs, and *Don Quixote* committed ſo many Extravagancies at the ſame time, that the Bailiffs had been madder then he, had they not ſubmitted to the *Curate*, and concluded to return a *Non eſt inventus* upon the Writ. Thus was *Don Quixote* ſecur'd from one of the greateſt Perils that ever had like to ha' befall'n him in this Life: And the Bailiffs of their own accords, undertook to make an Accomodation between the *Barber* and *Sancho*; who ready to eat one another, ſtill continu'd their Malice and Hatred, and fain wou'd ha' had the t'other Bruſh. But the Bailiffs being a ſort of Retainers to Juſtice, the two embitter'd Enemies could not refuſe their Mediation, wherein they behav'd themſelves with ſuch an unuſual Equity, give the Devil his due, that both Parties ſubmitted to their Determination, if not fully contented, yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfy'd; the Pannels being both exchang'd, but neither the Halters nor the Girts. And as for the Helmet, the *Curate* gave the *Barber* two Shillings for it, cauſing him to ſign a general Releaſe, at the ſame time, to the Knight, of all Actions, or Cauſes of Action, Suits, Endictments, Proſecutions, *&c.* from the beginning of the World to the Day of the date.

Theſe two important Quarrels thus decided; the next thing was to ſend away *D. Lewis*'s Servants back to their Maſter, leaving only one to attend the young Gentleman; which the other three were eaſily perſwaded to do; firſt, becauſe they could not help it; and ſecondly, becauſe they left him in ſafe hands. So that Mrs. *Clara*, finding that at length ſhe ſhould have the Company of her beloved *Smock-face*, was ſo over-joy'd, that ſhe look'd as freſh as a Roſe in *June*, and ſeem'd ten times handſomer then ſhe did before. As for *Zoraida*, who underſtood not the Reaſon of things, for want of underſtanding the Language, ſhe obſerv'd her Female-Companions,

and when they laugh'd, she laugh'd; when they were sad, she was sorrowful. And in Cases of Difficulty, she watch'd the Motions of her Captives Eyes, as your Dancing-horses observe the Hand and Switch of their boystrious *Pædagogues*.

There was only one thing more to be done to procure a perfect Reconciliation, which was, to satisfie the Inn-keeper for *Don Quixote*'s Actions of Battery. For the Inn-keeper observing the Composition which the *Curate* had made with the *Barber*, demanded Satisfaction for his *Boracho's* and his Wine, and like a true *Captain* of a *Vintner*, brought in his Bill double the Sum, staring and swearing, that neither *Rosinante*, *Sancho*, nor his Ass should stir, by Virtue of an Inchantment call'd an Attachment, that he had laid upon 'em, till he was paid the utmost Farthing. To which the *Curate*; Men of no Conscience, quo he, (as but few Vintners are) must not be their own Carvers; and so taking the Bill, and making an equitable Deduction upon every *Item*, he procur'd of *D. Ferdinand* to lay down the Money, and order'd the Vintner to acknowledge the Receipt of his Bill to *Don Quixote*, with an *All's paid, and y' are welcome, Sir.* Thus was a *Pyrenæan* Peace a second time concluded, and the Dissention and Slaughter in *Agramant*'s Camp exchang'd for the Repose and Tranquility of *Augustus*'s Reign, as *Don Quixote* himself most learnedly observ'd. And all the People in the Inn observing that this Miracle was wrought by the Prudence of the Peace making *Curate*, and the Liberality of *D. Ferdinand*, they return'd to both their most hearty Thanks.

And now *Don Quixote* finding himself disingag'd from all manner of Quarrels or Combats, either for his own Honour, or in his Squire's behalf, began to bethink himself once more of the Adventure which he had undertaken, and that it was now high time to accomplish it. Full of these Thoughts he went and threw himself at Madam *Doroty*'s Feet; who with no less Humility, unwilling to receive his Addresses in that humble Posture, made him a Sign to rise; which he observing, and being got upon his Legs, 'Most Noble, and most Illustrious Lady, said he, there is an old, old Proverb 'that tells us, *Diligence is the Mother of good Fortune*; and Experience teaches 'us, That in all Undertakings of Moment, Pains and Vigilance surmount the 'greatest Difficulties. The Truth of which appears in nothing so much 'as in War, where a watchful Care to prevent the Designs of the Enemy, 'frequently gains a complete Triumph, before the other has time to defend 'himself. I speak this, most Excellent Princess, because it seems to me, 'that our stay in this Castle is not only to no purpose, but may also prove 'greatly to our Disadvantage. For who knows, but that by this time the 'Giant *Pandafilando* may by his secret Spies have got Intelligence, that I 'am hast'ning to his Destruction; and so taking the Opportunity of the 'time which we loose, he may have fortify'd himself in some Castle, which 'all the Strength of my indefatigable Hands, and boistrous Shoulders shall 'not be able to demolish, either by tearing out the Stones one by one, or 'shoving it down all at once, in forty Years; to the great Disappointment 'of my Honour, and your Happiness. Therefore, I say, let us prevent his 'Designs by our Diligence and Speed; let us then make haste and be gone; 'for the longer it is before I come to grapple with your Enemy, the longer 'it will be before you obtain your Desires.

Here *Don Quixote* stopt and said no more, but with a compos'd Gravity awaited the Princess's Answer; who with a set Countenance, and Expressions accommodated to the Knight's Humour and Language; Most Invincible Knight, said she, your eager Desire to relieve me in my Misfortunes, obliges

me

me for ever to acknowledge your Favour, which I could not expect from any Deserts of my own, but as you are a courteous Knight, to whom it belongs to succour the Distressed and Necessitous: Propitious Heaven accomplish both our Wishes, to the end I may be in a Condition to let you see there are Women in the World that know how to be grateful. As to what concerns my Departure, I am ready at this Instant, as having no other Will but yours; dispose of it therefore as you please your self, for you may be sure that she who has entrusted in your Hands the Interests of her Kingdom, and the Defence of her Person, can have no ill Opinion of your Prudence and Conduct.

In the Name of all the Twelve *Cæsars*, let's away then, reply'd *Don Quixote*; and since so great a Princess condescends to this Humility before me, let's not lose the Opportunity to recompence her Lowliness, by an Exaltation equal to her Dignity, and a Restoration to her Hereditary Throne. Then Madam let's not stay one minute longer, *Delays breed Danger*; but hang Danger, 'tis Honour spurs me on. Danger! what's that?— 'Slife! Heaven never created that thing, nor Hell e're saw that Monster, that could ever scare *Don Quixote* —— Saddle *Rosinante*, *Sancho*—— pannel thy Ass—— and get ready the Queen's Palfrey —— That done, we'll only take our leave of the Constable and these noble Knights—— and then Giant, have at thee —— Come, Madam, your Hoods and Scarfs, where are they?

Ah! Master, Master, cry'd *Sancho*, shaking his Head, there's more Knavery i' the Village then every body thinks of; I beg pardon of all vertuous Ladies for so saying. What Knavery, Dog, Slave, Traytor, reply'd *Don Quixote?* What Knavery in any Village, or in all the Cities of the World, can there be to my Dishonour? Nay, Sir, quo *Sancho*, if y' are angry, Sir, I'le bung up my Mouth. All that I had to say, was only to ha' told ye what I thought my self oblig'd to tell ye, as being your Squire, and what a faithful Servant ought to tell his Master. Say what thou canst, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but not a Syllable to cool the Ardour of my Resolution. If Fear possess thee, go hang thy self; for my part, I know not what Fear is, but when I behold it in the Countenances of my vanquish'd Enemies. As I'm a Sinner to Heaven, Sir, y' are out of the way. All that I intended to ha' said, is only this— Here's a Lady, forsooth, that pretends to be Princess of *Micomicon*, when she's no more Princess of *Micomicon* then my Mother that's dead and bury'd. For if she were such a great Princess, as she saies she is, she wou'd never lie smacking and slabbering the Snout of one i'this Company, as she does, to my Knowledge, in every Hole and blind Corner, where they think they are not seen. *Sancho*'s Clownery fetch'd the Blood into Madam *Doroty*'s Cheeks, which her Modesty could not prevent. For true it was, that *D. Ferdinand* would sometimes privately attempt to reap some part of the Harvest of their mutual Amours; which, *Sancho* who was all Chastity himself, having spy'd by chance, thought such a Familiarity rather became a Curtesan, then the Queen of a great Kingdom: Besides that, she had promis'd her self to his Master upon the Recovery of her Throne; and therefore he was of Opinion, that his Master might deserve the first Cut for so great a piece of Service. However, Madam, *Doroty* thought it not fit to take any Cognizance of *Sancho*'s Information; she could answer the Allegorical Knight, but not the down-right dunstable Squire: And therefore *Sancho* proceeding; That which obliges me, Sir, to this Freedom, is this; That I do not think it reasonable, after we have rid hard, fed hard, lain hard, and suffer'd all the *Hards*, but drinking hard, for I expect nothing but an empty Celler, and that's the hardest thing of

all; I ſay, after you ha' ſlain this ſame diſmal Giant, and laid him as dead as a Pilchard at the Princeſs's Feet, as ye call her, a *Bragadoſhio* here prickt up in an Inn, ſhall enjoy the Fruits of all our Labour and Travel: And therefore I ſay there's no ſuch haſte to ſaddle *Roſinante*, and the Queen's *Palfrey*, nor to pannel my Aſs— no, no, let them that have a mind to the Hare, beat the Buſh themſelves— 'Twas ne're a good time ſince young Women gave themſelves to Idleneſs— and therefore let every Whore to her Spinning-wheel, and let us to our Victuals.

Which of the Muſes ſhall I now invoke to aid me to expreſs *Don Quixote*'s unexpreſſible Wrath, when he heard this inſolent Diſcourſe of his Squire. So terrible it was, that with a Face like *Mount Ætna*, caſting forth Fire from his Eyes, and breathing forth nothing but Smoke and Smother from his Noſtrils, with a Voice of Thunder, and his Words crowding out of his Mouth ſo thick, as if he had been born in Nutting-time. 'Ye Baker-legg'd, Squint-ey'd Hopper-ars'd, Monky-fac'd, ignorant, ſtu-'pid, unmannerly, Ill-bred, ſaucy, foul-mouth'd, muttering Puppy, Whelp, 'Hell-hound, Ribbal, Rogue, Hedge-bird, Hang-dog, Caitiff, Mongrel, 'Bruit, are theſe Blaſphemies for thee to utter i' my Preſence, and before 'theſe illuſtrious Ladies too? How durſt thy lewd Imagination harbour 'ſuch abominable Thoughts as theſe? Get out o' my ſight, thou Sink of 'Falſhood, Store-houſe of Iniquity, Magazine of Impoſture, Furnace of 'Miſchief, Privy-houſe of Calumny, and perfidious Enemy of all Breeding 'and good Manners. Be gone, I ſay, under Pain of my juſt and heavy In-'dignation, leaſt, after I have tormented thee, like another *Ravillack*, I 'crumble thee to Attomes, and ſcatter thy irreligious Duſt to the four Corners of the World. And having ſo ſaid, he knit his Brows, and ſurvey'd every Point of the Compaſs with a grim and direful Aſpect, and with his right Foot ſtamp'd at that rate, that the very Earth trembl'd again; evident Signs of the implacable Fury that inflam'd his Bowels.

Theſe dreadful, terrible, diſmal, furiband Menaces ſo amaz'd, confounded, and diſmay'd the poor diſconſolate *Sancho*, that *Benengeli* does not ſcruple to ſay, That he wiſh'd with all his heart, the Earth would have open'd to have ſwallow'd him up; and not knowing what other Courſe to take, he ſhrugg'd up his Shoulders, and like a Dog that had ſtole a Pudding, ſlunk from his enraged Maſter's Preſence. But the prudent Madam *Doroty*, who had ſufficiently ſtudy'd *Don Quixote*, to know his Humour, by way of Attonement; Never, ſaid ſhe, Sir *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, let the Follies of your Squire provoke your Paſſion to ſo high a degree. Perhaps he might have Reaſon for what he ſaid, and it may be look'd upon as a Mark of his good Nature and his Conſcience to boot, that he attempted to adviſe ye for your own good, which frees him from any premeditated Intention to prejudice my Reputation. And therefore we are to believe, as you have already ſaid, that queſtionleſs there is nothing but Enchantment in this Caſtle; and through this ſame Diabolical Deluſion it was, that *Sancho* ſpoke as he did againſt my Honour.

Now by the Omnipotent *Mars*, the God of bloody Battel, cry'd *Don Quixote*, your Highneſs has found it out— My life for yours ſome Necromantical, Satanical Viſion has troubl'd the Senſes of this miſerable Sinner, *Sancho*, and has caus'd him to dream thoſe Dreams, which nothing but Enchantment could have inſpir'd into his Brains; for I know too well the Simplicity and Innocence of that ſilly Wretch, to think he has Wit enough to bear falſe Witneſs againſt a Worm. It muſt of neceſſity be as you ſay, reply'd *D. Ferdinand*, and therefore it behoves your Honour, my

Lord

Lord *Don Quixote*, to grant him your free Pardon, and reſtore him to the Boſom of your Favour, as he was before this villanous Viſion embroil'd his Underſtanding. I pardon him, cry'd *Don Quixote*; and with that, the *Curate* going to ſeek for *Sancho*, brought him again into his Preſence; who immediately proſtrating himſelf at his Maſter's Feet, begg'd that he might have his hand to kiſs, which his Maſter reach'd him forth with a ſingular Affability, and then giving him his Benediction to boot; Son *Sancho*, ſaid he, now never queſtion what I have told thee ſo often, that all things are manag'd by the Devil and Enchantment in this Caſtle. I do believe it, reply'd *Sancho*, nay, I will ſwear it too, whenever I ſhall be ſubpœna'd: For I find that I ſpeak at this time, as if I were enchanted my ſelf. Only I except the buſineſs of the *Blanket*, for I'm ſure there could be no Enchantment in that, where every thing was done according to the ordinary Courſe of Nature. Miſtake not in that, as in all the reſt, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for had it not been ſo, I had certainly reveng'd thy Quarrel, and would do it ſtill; but I could not do it then, neither can I do it now; and the Reaſon is, becauſe I know not upon whom to fix my Revenge, where all I encounter are only inviſible Bodies. This made all the Company inquiſitive to know what *Sancho* meant by the *Blanket*. Upon which the Inn-keeper having given a true and faithful Relation of the whole matter of Fact, the Story ſet the whole Company a laughing, but it put *Sancho* into ſuch a Paſſion, that he had like to ha' fall'n foul upon the Inn-keeper, had not his Maſter once again aſſur'd him, That it was nothing but an Act of Enchantment; to which *Sancho* was conſtrain'd ſeemingly to ſubmit, for diverſe politick Conſiderations. For he was not ſuch a Fool yet, as to believe his being toſs'd i' the Blanket, to be an Illuſion; his own Sufferings convincing him, that it could be nothing elſe but a piece of Malice executed by mortal Men, compos'd of Fleſh and Bones.

Two whole Days had this good Company now ſpent i' the Inn, and therefore deeming it high time to depart, they conſulted which way to get *Don Quixote* home, without giving *D. Ferdinand* and Madam *Doroty* the trouble to ride out of their way, in purſuance of the Frolick of reſtoring the *Princeſs* of *Micomicon* to her Kingdom. To which purpoſe many Inventions were propounded, but at laſt they concluded to agree with a Waggoner that was coming along upon the Road, to carry him home in his Waggon; and how to get him in, they contriv'd in this manner. They made a kind of a ſtrong woodden Cage, ſo large that a Man might either ſit or lie in it at his own eaſe. Which done, *D. Ferdinand* and his Friends, *Cardenio*, *D. Lewis*'s Servants, the Bailiffs and the Inn-keeper, being every one in ſeveral Diſguiſes, according to the *Curate*'s Direction, as chief Manager of the Deſign, enter'd *Don Quixote*'s Chamber, like ſo many Goblins, who being retir'd to reſt himſelf after his toilſom Extravagancies, lay moſt ſweetly folded in the Arms of *Morpheus*, little dreaming of the Trap that was preparing for him. In this Condition they ſwath'd his Arms and Hands to his Sides, and ty'd his Legs, as you ſee in your Crape-Shrowd Signs, to prevent all manner of Horſe-play.

They had no ſooner finiſh'd their Work but *Don Quixote* wak'd, and finding himſelf unable to ſtir Hand or Foot, and beſides that, being ſurrounded with ſuch a ſtrange Guard of *Goblins* and *Hobthruſhes*, he was ſtrangely confounded in his Imagination; but being fully waken'd by his Fears, he call'd to mind that he was in an inchanted Caſtle, and now thinking himſelf in the middle of all the whole Legion; his Breech made

made Buttons, as being in a deadly Quandary what they intended to do with him, especially perceiving himself so absolutely at the Devil's Mercy. *Sancho* beheld all this, the only person of all the Company undisguis'd in his Habit; and so far too in his Senses, as to believe there was a Design upon his Master, not of Enchantment, but of Waggery, if 'twere no worse. But having been so dismally snubb'd by his Master so lately before, he durst not say a Word, till he could make some Discovery whither the Contrivance tended: Besides, he saw his Master was quiet, and wherefore, thought he, should I disturb him. Indeed *Benengeli* the Historian saies he began to stink a little; which was the Reason that the *Goblins* hasten'd to send for his Close-stool; where, after they had nail'd him so fast, that 'twas impossible for him in his Condition to break loose, unless he would ha' ventur'd the Death of *Bajazet*, they took him upon their Shoulders. But just as they were going out of the Chamber, they heard a Voice, like the sound of a deep Base, roaring through a *speaking-Trumpet*, which made 'em set down their Load again, to give Attention to the thundering Utterer, who rumbl'd forth these Words:

'Sir *Knight of the ill-favour'd Countenance*, wonder not at thy Captiviy, 'for 'tis no more then what by Fate's Decree must needs befall thee, to the 'end the desperate Adventure, wherein thy matchless Courage has en-'gag'd thee, may the sooner be accomplish'd. The end of this renown-'ed Adventure shall be known, when the furious Lion of *Mancha*, and 'the Milk-white Turtle of *Toboso* shall delight each other with the Buss-'ses of Matrimony, and humble their Princely Necks under the tender 'Yoke of Wedlock. From whose Embraces shall spring two Lions 'Whelps, whose rampant Claws shall trace the unimitable Foot-steps of 'their invincible Father. And this shall be before the lovely Chacer of the 'fugitive Nymph in his natural and rapid Course, has three times parlied 'with the Northern Constellations, and bless'd the *Samoeds* with Day-'light. And thou the most noble and obsequious *Squire* that e're handl'd 'glittering Sword, that ever wore Spade-beard upon his Chin, or Sence 'of Smelling in his Nostrils, grieve not to see thus hurry'd away be-'fore thy Eyes, the Flower and Cream of Chivalry-Errant; for before a 'certain number of Moons, thou shalt behold thy self exalted to that sub-'blime Degree, that thou shalt seek, and yet not find *thy self*; while 'thou enjoy'st in peace the absolute Infallibility of thy Lord's most faith-'ful Promises. Once more I assure thee, in the Name of the fam'd In-'chantress *Telladam'dlya*, that thy *Herculean* Labours shall not remain un-'recompenc'd; but that thou shalt find all thy past Sufferings water'd with 'the fertile dew of thy long expected Wages and Sallary. Go then, 'Celestial Squire, pursue the Foot-steps of thy most valiant and enchanted 'Knight; for it behoves thee to attend him, till both of ye attain the 'Goal prescrib'd by Destiny; and now because I am allow'd to say no 'more, farewel; while I return to Regions far remote, unknown to all the World beside.

Toward the end of this Prophesie, Mr. *Nicholas* slacken'd his Tone with such an Oracular Delivery, that they who were privy to the Imposture, began themselves to be surpriz'd, and aw'd by an Illusion of their own Contrivance; so easie it is for Superstition to couzen it self. But as for *Don Quixote*, all his Fears were scatter'd by the vain Promises of the delusive Oracle; for he had presently forg'd a Pick-lock for all the dark Sayings of it, and had found it out. most happy Man now he, in his fond Imaginations, that the time was shortly coming, that should tie him to

his dear and well-beloved *Dulcinea*, with the Weaver's Knots of lawful Matrimony, whose fertile Womb should bring into the World a Race of young Lions, to the perpetual Honour of *Mancha*. And believing all this with as implicite a Faith, as he did his Books of *Knight-Errantry*, he fetch'd a deep Sigh from the bottom of his *Diaphragma*, and with a loud and sonorous Voice; 'O thou, cry'd he, whoe're thou art, who hast fore-told me these 'glad Tidings, conjure, I beseech thee, in my Name, the sage *Necromancer* 'that manages my Affairs; not to suffer me to perish in this Prison wherein 'they have enclos'd me, till I see those incomparable Promises thou hast 'made me successfully fulfill'd; and then I shall glory in my Captivity, and 'rejoyce in the Chains that fetter my Arms, so far from thinking this a 'place of Hardship to which I am confin'd, that I shall esteem it more 'soft then the delicious Down of my Nuptial Bed. And for the Pains 'thou hast tak'n to chear and revive my disconsolate Squire *Sancho*, I re-'turn thee hearty Thanks; having that Confidence in his Fidelity and Af-'fection, that he will never forsake me, no not in my lowest Adversity; 'for that tho Fortune should be so froppish, as to deny me the Power of 'conferring upon him the promis'd Island, he is secur'd of his Salary by a 'Mortgage I ha' made him. Which Bounty and Goodness of his Master so mollify'd *Sancho*'s tender and affectionate Heart, that he bow'd his head, and beslabber'd both his Master's hands; for one he could not singly kiss, as they were coupl'd together. But the Goblins being in haste would not admit of long Complements, but at the same time took up the Cage, and having heav'd it up into the Waggon, fix'd it there among the rest of the Lumber.

CHAP. XX.

Containing several Occurrences.

Don *Quixote* seeing himself thus encag'd and perch'd up i' the Waggon, after a short brown Study and Examination of his Memory; 'I have read, said he, a hundred Books of *Knight-Errantry* i' my time, 'but I never read, nor saw, nor heard that ever inchanted Knights were 'carry'd after this manner, and at the lazy rate that these heavy, and sloath-'ful Animals travel. For they were wont to be whirl'd away i' the Air 'with an unspeakable Swiftness, envelopp'd in some dark Cloud, or in a fiery 'Chariot, or upon a Hippo-Griffin, or a *Pacolet's* Horse, or some such kind 'of swift Monster, and not in a paltry West country Wain, tugg'd along by 'a pin-buttock'd Team of sluggish cloven-footed Oxen; (I wish the Wag-'goner's Hoofs may not be of the same shape.) How confoundedly asham'd 'am I now, to sit here with a Company of Country Trulls going to the 'next good City to be pick'd up for Whores and Serving-maids? But it 'may be, *modern Chivalry* and *Enchantments* do not observe the ancient 'Laws and Customs; and perhaps, because I am a new Knight, and the 'first that in this Age has reviv'd the Exercise of *Chivalry-Errant*, for a long 'time quite bury'd in Oblivion, they have invented, for my sake, new 'sorts of Enchantments, and new ways to coach their inchanted Knights. What think'st thou, Friend *Sancho*? I know not what to think, reply'd *Sancho*, for I never read so many Books of *Knight-Errantry*, as your Wor-

ship

ſhip has done; but this I dare ſwear, that all theſe Goblins that ſurround us, are no *Catholicks*, as we are, nor go to Church as we do. *Catholicks*, ye Fool! quo *Don Quixote*, How ſhould they be *Catholicks*, and ſerve God, who are only Spirits that have dreſs'd themſelves in human Shapes, a purpoſe to do me this Kindneſs. But if thou [illegible] mind to be convinc'd of the truth thy ſelf, feel 'em, and handle 'em, [illegible] and thou ſhalt find 'em to be nothing but Air, that have only the Appearance of Bodies. God's-fiſh, Sir, if that be all, I ha' handl'd 'em already, with a Witneſs; and this ſame very Devil that gives you all this Trouble, I can tell ye, is one that has more Fleſh then Sawce, he's as plump as a Partridge; nor do I believe he maintains thoſe ſmooth Cheeks of his, by feeding upon the Wind; beſides another Property which he has, quite different from all the Properties of Spirits, I mean your Inn-haunting Spirits. For whereas they always ſmell of Sulphur, and Brimſtone, and *Aſſa fætida*, this Devil ſmells of Amber and Musk half a League off. This he ſpoke of *D. Ferdinand*, who being a great Perſonage, and ſtill i' the Faſhion, or it might be for other Reaſons beſt known to himſelf, went always richly perfum'd. Ne're wonder at that, Friend *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, for the Devils are cunninger then thou art aware of; and tho 'tis true, they generally ſmell of Brimſtone and Gun-powder, yet they can deceive the *Noſe* as well as the *Eye*. And therefore it is, that this *Devil*, knowing what a prying Devil thou art, has perfum'd himſelf with Amber and Eſſence of Jeſſomy, that thou ſhouldſt not take him to be what he is.

During this Diſcourſe between the Maſter and the Man, *D. Ferdinand* and *Cardenio*, fearing leſt *Don Quixote* ſhould diſcover the Cheat, reſolv'd to haſt'n his Departure. To which purpoſe they order'd the Hoſt to ſaddle *Roſinante*, and pannel *Sancho*'s Aſs; and the *Curate* agreed with the Baili's to accompany the enchanted Knight to his own Village. *Cardenio* faſten'd the Baſon and the Target to the Pommel of *Roſinante*'s Saddle, the Baſon a' won ſide, and the Target o' t'other; withal, giving order to *Sancho* to lead the Horſe, and ride before upon his own Aſs, while the two Bailiffs rode by the Waggon.

But before the Oxen ſet forward, the Hoſteſs, her Daughter, and *Maritornes* came forth to take their leave of *Don Quixote*, pretending a more then ordinary Sorrow for his Misfortune. 'To whom *Don Quixote*, Grieve 'not, moſt illuſtrious Ladies, ſaid he; ſuch Accidents as theſe are always 'entail'd upon the Calling which I profeſs; and if they did not befal me, 'I ſhould not think my ſelf a true *Knight-Errant*; for that the like Miſ'fortunes never happen to Knights of little Fame, and mean Reputation, 'who live unthought of in that Obſcurity where they bury themſelves. 'Therefore ſuch Mishaps as theſe are the Inheritance of Knights renowned, 'whoſe Valour and Vertue is both envy'd and fear'd by ſeveral Princes; 'and other Knights, who, not able to ſurmount, or equalize their Merit, 'baſely and treacherouſly ſeek their Ruin. But Vertue is of her ſelf ſo 'powerful, that in deſpite of all the Magick that ever *Zoroaſtres* invented, 'ſhe vanquiſhes and ſubdues all Obſtacles, and diſplays her glorious Beams 'upon the Earth, with equal Luſtre to the Sun in Heaven. Pardon me, 'Ladies, I beſeech ye, pardon me, if ever through Ignorance, or unwit'tingly I offended Perſons of your Quality; for ſure I am, that of my own 'Knowledge and Malice afore-thought, I never injur'd a Fly. And there'fore let me beg your Prayers to Heaven for my Deliverance from this un'ſanctify'd Impriſonment, wherein I am thus enclos'd through the Trea'chery of ſome malicious *Necromancer* envious of my Glory; from whence

when

'when my good Fortune and your Devotion ſhall have ſet me free, I ſhall 'never forget the Favours I have receiv'd in your Caſtle, ſo deeply engrav'd 'in my Remembrance, that time ſhall never deface thoſe Acknowledg- 'ments that oblige me to repay with the utmoſt of my Services, either a 'foot or a horſe-back, the ſeveral Kindneſſes you ha' done me.

While *Don Quixote* was thus complementing the Ladies of the Caſtle, as he call'd 'em, the *Curate* and Mr. *Nicholas* took their leaves of all the Company, both the Men and the Ladies, more eſpecially of Madam *Dorothy* and Mrs. *Lucinda*, with whom they had been ſome time longer acquainted. On the other ſide, *D. Ferdinand* engag'd the *Curate* to give him a weekly Account of his Patient *Don Quixote*, making no queſtion, but that there ſtill remain'd ſome pleaſant Conceits behind, which would be ſufficient matter of farther Divertiſement; and being deſirous withal to hear the end of ſuch a merry piece of Extravagance, much more delightful and profitable then either the *Weekly Packet of Advice*, or the *Hiſtory of Greſham Colledge*.

And now being juſt ready to depart, the Inn-keeper preſented the *Curate* with the reſt of the Papers which were in the Cloke-bag, where he found the Hiſtory of the *Curious Impertinent*, for that he believ'd the Owner, that Poet-like, had pawn'd his Wit for his Reckoning, would never call for 'em again. The *Curate* thank'd him, and preſently looking 'em ſlightly over, caſt his Eye upon one ſhort Manuſcript, entitled, *The Hiſtory of Rinconet and Cortadillo*, which he thought could not be amiſs, ſince the *Novel of the Curious Impertinent* had pleas'd ſo well. Soon after, the *Curate* and Mr. *Nicholas* took Horſe, with their Faces mask'd, for fear of being known by *Don Quixote*, and follow'd cloſe behind the Waggon, which was guarded as we told ye before.

Thus this illuſtrous Train jogg'd on with a grave and majeſtick Pace; a Pace that ſeem'd to boad our *Hero* all future Proſperity and Triumph, by the ſtately March of the Proceſſion: The Prieſteſs of *Cybele* never rode with more Solemnity, when drawn by her two Sons to the Temple. As for *Don Quixote*, he lay all along at his Eaſe, leaning his Head againſt the wooden Bars, with his Hands ty'd, and his Legs ſtretch'd out, ſo ſilent, ſo quiet, and ſo patient, that you wou'd ha' ſworn ſome Knight-Templar's Tomb had been removing, Spikes and all, out of ſome Cathedral to the Place of his Nativity.

In this Poſture they had meaſur'd about two Leagues, till they came to a Valley where the Waggoner would needs have baited his Horſes; but being inform'd by Mr. *Nicholas*, that there was another Valley a little farther, where there was both more and better Graſs, he drove on. At what time they were over-tak'n by ſix or ſeven Perſons well mounted, and who, by their haſte, ſeem'd deſirous to get to their Inn in good time. Both Parties gave each other the time o' the day; but then the chief of the Company, who ſeem'd to be a Prebend of ſome Cathedral at leaſt, by the Reſpect which the others gave him, obſerving ſuch an orderly Proceſſion, which he had never ſeen in his Life, and a Man enclos'd in a Cage, could not forbear to ask the meaning of the Solemnity, and what monſtrous *Canary*-Bird it was, ſo ſafely lock'd up i' the Cage; believing, becauſe he ſaw the Sheriffs Officers, that he was ſome deſperate High-way-man, whom they were carrying in that manner to Jayle. Sir, ſaid the Bailiff, you muſt e'en ask the Knight i' the Cage himſelf, for we know nothing o' the matter. But there was no need o' that; for *Don Quixote* having heard the Queſtion ſtarted; Sir Knights, in ſhort, quo he, Did ye ever

read, or d'ye understand any thing of *Knight-Errantry*? For if ye do, then will ye easily apprehend the Reason of my Misfortunes — But if ye don't, 'twill be an idle thing for me to trouble my Brains to better your Information with Mysteries above your Reach. Why, truly honest Friend, reply'd the Prebend, I ha' been a young Man i' my time, and then I study'd *Knight-Errantry* much more then either *Keckerman* or *Burgersdicius*, to my Praise be it spoken; and therefore if that be all, you cannot impart your Distresses to a Person that may do ye more Kindness. You say very well, reply'd *Don Quixote*; then know that I am shut up i' this Cage by Inchantment, through the Malice and Treachery of some curs'd *Necromancer*; Vertue being always more vigorously persecuted by the Wicked, then belov'd and supported by honest Men. I am a *Knight-Errant*, not in the number of those, of whom Fame takes little Cognizance, and less Care to eternize their Memories; but of those that in despite of Envy her self, and all the Magicians of *Persia*, the *Brachmans* of *India*, the Gymnosophists of *Æthiopia*, and the Figure-casters of *London* City, leave their Names, and their Exploits engrav'd in the Temple of Immortality, to serve as Rules, Examples and Models for all *Knight-Errants*, who ever intend to climb the Pinnacle of Honour won by feats of Arms. 'Tis very true, reply'd the *Curate*, the Lord *Don Quixote* is enchanted in this Waggon, not through any Fault of his own, but by the wicked Contrivances, Surprize, and unjust Violences of those that repine at his Valour and his Vertue. This is the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, of whom you must have heard e're now, whose Heroick Exploits, and unheard-of Atchievements will remain to Posterity, inscrib'd in durable Marble, and eternal Brass, maugre all the Attempts of Malice to deface, or Envy to tarnish their unspotted Glory. The Prebend and his Company were so amaz'd to hear that the Parson at Liberty should talk at the same extravagant rate as the Man i' the Woodden-Cage, that they could not tell what to imagine of such a piece of Distraction. But *Sancho* having heard the whole Discourse, full of Discontent, mad in his Mind, disturb'd in his Thoughts, and therefore resolving to unfold a Mystery so prejudicial to his Interests; Gentlemen, quo he, I have a weak Conscience, and therefore offended or pleas'd, 'tis all one to me, I'm resolv'd to tell ye the whole Truth. Now the Truth is, That my Lord *Don Quixote* is as much enchanted, as my Mother was enchanted when my Father begot me. He has all his Senses entire, and his Judgment sound; he eates and drinks, sleeps and talks, and goes to Stool like other Men, and as he did before he was put i' the Cage. Which being so, how dare they pretend to make us believe him to be enchanted? As if I did not know, that they who are enchanted never eat, nor sleep, nor talk, and yet I'le venture the Price o' my Ass, that do but put my Master to't, and he shall out-bawl ten young *Nisi-prius* Counsellors. And at the same time addressing himself to the *Curate*; Ah, Mr. *Curate*, Mr. *Curate*, said he! do you think I don't know ye, or understand whither your Enchantments tend? You may hide your sweet Countenance as long as ye please, I know ye as well as I know my own Ass; and through all your Visors, and your *Masquerades*, I am not such a Fool, but I can discover your Cheats and Deceits, your Wiles, and your Tricks. But I find now where the Wind blows; where Envy reigns, there's no abiding for Vertue; where Poverty and Scarcity, there can be no Munificence. Now the Devil take the Devil, and God pardon us all together, you for your Sins, and me for mine. For had it not been for your Worship, pox o' your Preferment, my Master had e're now been marry'd to

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the Princeſs of *Micomicon*, and I had been a Count at leaſt, as being the ſmalleſt thing I could expect from the Liberality of the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, and the Merits of my own Services. But I find the Wheel of Fortune turns more ſwiftly round, then a Mill-wheel; they who yeſterday ſate upon the Pinacle, lie to day i' the Durt. I am only troubl'd for my Wife and Children, who will be ſtrangely diſappointed in their Hopes, to ſee me return home no more then a poor Groom, when they expected me no leſs then a Vice-roy, or the Governour of ſome great Iſland. I only preach this, Mr. *Curate*, to your Dry-vinity, to mind ye of being a little conſcionable in abuſing my Maſter, for fear of being call'd to a ſtrict Account both in this and the other World, for the good which you prevent him from doing, as well in ſuccouring the Afflicted, as in puniſhing the Violence of unjuſt Oppreſſours. Prate-roaſt, *keep your Breath to cool your Porridge*, quo the *Barber*, what, are you one of your Maſter's Fraternity? By the Lord *Harry*, I cou'd find i' my Heart to have thee inchanted too, and coop'd up with thy Maſter, as a *Member of Chivalry*. Your Changelingſhip is with Child of an Iſland, I hear—— but I'le ſend ye a Midwife, y' faith. I am with Child by no body, reply'd *Sancho* in a deadly Chafe, nor am I to be got with Child by any perſon living, tho 'twere the King himſelf: Tho I am poor, I am honeſt; I am an old Chriſtian, and out of Debt. What if I do deſire an Iſland? There are Parſons and Barbers too have been more extravagantly deſirous then ſo—— I tell ye— every Man is the Son of his own Works; and therefore he that is a Man, may be a Pope for ought any body knows, much more eaſily the *Governour* of an Iſland, eſpecially when my Maſter has won ſo many, that he ſhan't know where to beſtow 'em. Therefore, good Mr. *Barber*, rule your unruly *Tonſor*'s Tongue; we are not now talking of Waſh-balls and Razors—— We underſtand our ſelves a little, God be thanked, and we can tell the difference between *Peter* and *Peter*; not all Fellows at Foot-ball, good Mr. *Barber*. As for my Maſter's being enchanted, as ye call it, there's one above knows all things; and therefore let it reſt, and ſay no more of it, leſt the more you ſtir it, the more it ſtink. The *Barber*, fearing *Sancho*'s Diſcoveries, thought it his wiſeſt Courſe to make him no Anſwer. And the ſame Fears poſſeſſing the *Curate*, he led the way before with the *Prebend*; and as he rode along, gave him a full Account of the Myſtery of the Cage: He alſo inform'd him of the Condition of the Knight, his manner of living, and his Inclinations; ſuccinctly recounting to him the Beginning and Cauſe of his extravagant Dotages, and how they were getting him home, with a Reſolution to try whether his Follies would admit of Cure.

The *Prebend* and his Company liſten'd with Admiration to the Story of *Don Quixote*; and when the *Curate* had made an end; In good ſooth, Sir, ſaid the *Prebend*, I find your Books of *Knight-Errantry* and your Romances, are not only unprofitable, but alſo very prejudicial to a Common wealth; and tho I began to read almoſt all that are printed, I could never yet find i' my heart to read any one quite through; for me-thinks 'tis ſtill the ſame thing, and there is nothing to be learnt more in one then in another. The whole Compoſition and Stile reſembles that of the *Mileſian* Fables, which are only a Company of idle Stories made only for Paſtime, far different from thoſe moral and ſignificant Apologues, contriv'd as well for Inſtruction as Delight I would fain know what Neatneſs or Proportion there is of the parts to the whole, or of the whole to the parts in a Picture, where a young Stripling of ſeventeen, with a back-blow divides a

vaſt Giant i' the middle, tho as tall as a Steeple, with as much eaſe as to chop a pickl'd Gerkin in halves? Or who can believe that a ſingle Knight ſhould be able to vanquiſh a million of Enemies, without loſing a Drop of Blood? And is it not a wonderful thing, that a great Queen, or the Heireſs to an Empire, ſhould at firſt ſight entruſt all her weighty Concerns with the firſt *Knight-Errant* ſhe meets with? What man that was born with a Grain of Senſe, can be ſo ſtupid, as to read with any delightful Satisfaction, a Story of a Stone Tower full of Knights that ſwam as nimbly in the Sea, as a Fourth-rate Frigat with a freſh Gale; and that this Tower was ſeen upon the Coaſt of *Genoa* in the Evening, but by break of Day next Morning ſhould be landed in *Ethiopia*, or the *Eaſt-Indies*, or ſome other Country which *Ptolemy* never heard of, nor *T. Coriate* ever travell'd. It may be ſaid, that theſe Authors deſigning nothing but Fable, are not oblig'd to ſuch a ſtrict Obſervation of *Decorum*; as if a Lye could be pleaſant that does not in ſome meaſure border upon Truth; or that Adventures could be delightful, where there is not ſomething diſputable and ſeemingly poſſible. For Fables ought to be ſo compos'd, as to win upon an unbelieving Reader, by rendring Impoſſibilities only difficult, levelling the mountainous height of Difficulties, and by keeping the Mind in a charming Suſpence, where Wonder and Delight walk, as it were, hand in hand together: which is the Perfection of a Romance, and never to be met with, but where there is ſome Shadow of Probability. I never ſaw that Book of *Knight-Errantry* wherein the Body of the Fable is truly compos'd and ſet together with all its Members, ſo as to make the middle cohere with the beginning; but rather conſiſting always of ſo many miſhap'n Limbs, as if the Author had deſign'd the framing ſome ſtrange Monſter or *Chimera*, rather then any proportionate Figure: And beſides that, their ſtile is harſh and barbarous, their Adventures are incredible, their Amours laſcivious, and their Lovers indiſcreet. They are tedious in their Deſcription of Combats, ignorant in their Geography, and impertinent in their Diſcourſes. In a word, they have neither Learning, nor Art, nor good Conduct; and therefore fit for nothing but to be exterminated out of a Chriſtian Common-wealth, as unprofitable and prejudicial to the Publick.

The *Curate* having liſten'd with Attention to the *Prebend*, and finding him a Man of Senſe, told him, He was clearly of his Opinion; and withal, that out of a particular Averſion to Books of *Knight-Errantry*, he had caus'd all *Don Quixote*'s numerous Legends to be burnt; as alſo after what manner he had brought 'em to their Tryal, and condemn'd them to the Fire; the Reaſons why he had repriev'd ſome few, and what was *Don Quixote*'s Fancy upon the loſs of his Library; which was Sport alone for the *Prebend* and his Company. However, reply'd the *Prebend*, after all that I have ſaid concerning theſe Books, there is in a right Management of a probable Romance, a large Field for a perſon of Wit and underſtanding to exerciſe his Parts, whether in the Deſcriptions of Tempeſts, or Shipwracks, or well fought Battels, or in the depainting forth a great Captain, with all thoſe admirable Qualities that make him ſuch, as Vigilance, Fore-ſight, Eloquence, Prudence, and Experience in Counſel, Quickneſs in Execution, and Preſence of Mind in Danger; or at other times in deſcribing ſome mournful and tragical Event, ſometimes ſome pleaſing and unexpected Adventure; ſometimes ſome illuſtrious and beautiful Lady, with all her Ornaments of Chaſtity, Diſcretion, and Reſerv'dneſs; at another time, ſome noble Knight, couragious, active and liberal; and by and by another, no

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leſs haughty, inſolent and raſh; at another time, ſome prudent and moderate Prince, that only ſeeks the good of his Subjects, and ſhews himſelf always ready to reward their zealous and affectionate Services. Upon theſe Subjects an Author has a great Advantage to ſhew his Learning in all manner of Arts and Sciences, in Philoſophy, Morality, and Politicks, while he attributes to his Hero's, the Wit and Eloquence of *Ulyſſes*, the Piety of *Æneas*, the Valour of *Achilles*, the Friendſhip of *Euriolus*, the Valour and Prudence of *Cæſar*, the Clemency of *Auguſtus*, the Truth of *Trajan*, the Fidelity of *Zopyras*, and the Wiſdom of *Cato*; and in a Word, adorns and furniſhes 'em with all thoſe pregnant Grandeurs of a humane Soul that render a man illuſtrious i' the World. For by this means, in a pure and natural Stile, and with an Invention and Art ſtill careful to preſerve *Decorum* and Probability, he may be able to weave a lovely Tiſſue of ſeveral Varieties, and a perfect Picture that will not fail, both to pleaſe and inſtruct, which are the ends that ſet him at work.

CHAP. XXI.

Wherein the Prebend *purſues his Diſcourſe upon Books of* Knight-Errantry.

YOU charm me, Sir, with your Diſcourſe, reply'd the *Curate*; and therefore certainly they deſerve more ſeverely to be blam'd, that neglect the Rules which you have preſcrib'd, and which have rendred ſo famous the two Princes of *Greek* and *Latin* Poeſie. I muſt confeſs, reply'd the *Prebend*, I had once a kind of Temptation to write my ſelf a Book of *Knight-Errantry*, according to the ſame Rules; and I had compos'd ſome fifteen or twenty Quires; and to try whether this Beginning anſwer'd my Expectation, I ſhew'd 'em not only to ſome Perſons that were capable to judge, and were paſſionate Admirers of that Romantick way, but alſo to ſome others that were no leſs ignorant, and had a *Guſto* for nothing but Extravagancy, who nevertheleſs both equally applauded what I had done. However, I forbore to proceed, in regard that beſides that it did not ſeem conſentaneous to my Profeſſion, I find that the number of Fools far ſurpaſſes that of the judicious; and tho it be much more advantageous to a Man, to be commended and eſteem'd by the ſmall number of the Learned, then it is diſadvantageous to be ſcorn'd and ſlighted by the innumerable Number of Ideots, yet I was unwilling to expoſe my ſelf to the Cenſure of the blockiſh Vulgar, that particularly ſeek their Paſtime in ſuch ſorts of Books. But nothing more oblig'd me to diſcontinue, then to ſee that the Comedies of our Times are all ſuch a Company of ridiculous Farces, without any Rule or *Decorum*, and yet ſhould be ſo applauded and humm'd up, as they are; nay, and it is come to that paſs too, that the very Poets and Actors will tell ye, that nothing elſe will pleaſe the Stage, the Generality of the Spectators not enduring any thing of Art, or regular Invention. Therefore, thought I, why ſhould I go about to break my Brains, and loſe my time in ſtudying Rules and Precepts to no purpoſe? Sir, reply'd the *Curate*, you have touch'd upon a Point that has reviv'd in my Thoughts an old Animoſity, which I have always had againſt the Comedies of our Times, no leſs then the inveterate Enmity which I have always

always born againſt *Knight-Errantry*, and all its Abettors. For whereas Comedy, as *Tully* tells us, ought to be a Mirrour of human life, an Example and Pattern of good manners, and a Repreſentation of truth, it is now become a meer Huddle of Extravagancy, countenancing open Debauchery upon the Stage, and farc'd with little elſe then Lewdneſs and Obſcenity. What can be more ridiculous, then to tell us of an Infant newly born in the firſt Scene of the firſt Act, and in the next Act to bring him in fighting a great Battel? Within the ſpace of two Muſicks, a ſucking Baby and a great Commander? What more impertinent then that of the Play of *Adam* and *Eve*, where Grannam *Eve* is brought in with two or three Waiting-maids attending her, when there was ne're a Woman but her ſelf i' the World? What more ſilly and ridiculous then to introduce a Lacquy ſpeaking like an Orator, or a Page like a Privy-Counſellor? to make a Prince talk like a Porter, or a great Empreſs like a Chair-woman? Others there are that cannot write a Play without two or three Devils in it; and thoſe too brought in by Head and Shoulders. And ſome there are that fill their Scenes with antick Dances and Mummery, fitter for a Booth then a Stage; as if they deſign'd rather to tickle the Fancy of youth with wanton and laſcivious Poſtures, then to reform the Vices of the Age by deliberate and well meditated Inſtruction. Others there be, who obſerving neither Time nor Place, lay the Scenes of their firſt Act in *Europe*, of the ſecond in *Aſia*, of the third in *Africa*, of the fourth in *America*; but then what pity 'twas, that the World ſhould want a fifth Quarter for the Concluſion? What a Gallimaufry and Mixture of Fable with Hiſtorical Truths? What a Confuſion of Nations, Characters and Times, we meet with in others, which cauſes the Compoſers to lie at the mercy, even of the moſt ignorant of their Auditors? All which proceeds from hence, that the Poets write not now adays for Honour and true Applauſe, but for Gain, and the Profit of the *third Day*; and therefore they are conſtrain'd ſo to write, as that their Studies may pleaſe the Purchaſer, who elſe will return his Ware upon his Hands, to the diſaſtrous Diſappointment of all the Trades about the Town that belong to eating, drinking, and cloathing, who had truſted the poor Comedian, or more lamentable Tragœdian, in hopes of being paid by the Muſes.

While the *Prebend* and the *Curate* were thus diſcourſing together, the *Barber* made bold to interrupt 'em, telling the *Curate*, that now they were come to that lovely Valley, where he had told 'em they might with ſo much Pleaſure repoſe themſelves, while the Waggoner gave his Oxen a cool Sallad of green Graſs. I like it well, quo the *Curate*, and at the ſame time ask'd the *Prebend*, whether he would be pleas'd to alight? Which the *Prebend* readily conſented to do, no leſs taken with the Proſpect and Pleaſantneſs of the Vale, then with the *Curate*'s Diſcourſe; and withal willing to underſtand ſomething more of the Humour and Story of *Don Quixote*. Thereupon the *Prebend* order'd one of his Servants to ride away to the Inn, and ſee what was to be had; but being better inform'd that one of his own Mules was gone before better furniſh'd with Proviſion then the Inn would afford, he bid the ſame Servant carry the Horſes to the Inn, and fetch back the Mule; which was done with all convenient ſpeed.

All this while *Sancho* finding that the *Curate* and the *Barber*, for whom he had as much kindneſs as a Whore for a Whipping-poſt, gave him no farther interruption, but that he might freely diſcourſe with his Maſter, being got as near as poſſibly he could to the Cage; Maſter, ſaid he, for

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the discharge of my Conscience, I must needs tell ye what I think of your Inchantment. These two men that travel along with us, with their Masks upon their Noses, are the *Curate* of our Parish, and Mr. *Nicholas* the *Barber*; and I'le be hang'd now, or at any other time when you please, if this ben't a Plot meerly of their Contrivance to carry ye away thus in a Cage-Errant, because your famous Exploits throw Dust i' their Eyes. From whence I conclude, that you are no more enchanted then my Ass, but only bubbl'd and made a Fool of. For Proof of this, Sir, give me leave to ask you one Question, and if you do but answer me as wisely as I expect, I'le make the cheat as plain as the Nose i' your face. So that if after I ha' done, you believe your self inchanted, I shall then believe your Brains to be turn'd i' your Scull. Ask what Questions thou wilt, Son *Zancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I'le answer thee as punctually as my Confessor. Tho as to those persons, who thou say'st are our Parishioners, the *Curate* and the *Barber*, they may indeed seem to thee to be so; but that they are those very real persons, I would not have thee believe no more then thou dost in *Mahomet*. Pin thy Faith therefore, if thou loveſt me, upon my Sleeve; for to do otherwise in this case, is of dangerous consequence, and believe that these two persons who appear to thee in the likeness of our two Neighbours, are most certainly my confounded Inchanters, that have assum'd the Shapes of those two honest men a' purpose to delude thee, and throw thee into a Labyrinth of Imaginations, whence thou wilt never be able to disintreague thy self, tho thou hadst the Clue of *Theseus*, and so to raise in me the Spirit of Revenge against two innocent People, that never meant me harm; or else to puzzle my Understanding, that I should not be able to find out who 'tis has done me this Mischief. For look thee, friend *Sancho*, on the one side thou amusest my Brains with a Story of the *Curate* and *Barber*, whereas on the other side, I find my self here enthral'd, yet am assur'd that all the *Curates* and *Barbers* i' the World, nor any other power, not altogether supernatural, no not *Tamerlaine* himself, could have so encag'd me; which I am the rather bound to believe, because my Inchantment is of a nature quite different from all that ever I read of enchanted Knights in any History that ever I saw. And therefore banish that idle Crotchet out of thy head, that inveagles thee to think those persons to be what thou say'st they are. For they are no more the *Barber* and the *Curate*, then I am the *Turk* and the *Devil*. And now ask what Questions thou wilt, I'le answer thee till to morrow Morning. Mercy deliver me, cry'd *Sancho*, with a Voice of Admiration, Is it possible your Worship should have such a thick Scull and so little Brains, as not to understand what I tell ye to be true? Why then I tell ye, you do the Devil an injury; he has no hand, no not so much as a finger i' this Plot— 'tis all a Contrivance of mortal Men, to your Infamy and Disgrace; and I'le prove it to be no Inchantment, as clear as the Sun at Noon-day. Now then, tell me, Sir, as you hope for Deliverance out of these Barricado's, and as you expect one day to see your self enfolded in the Arms of Madam *Dulcinea* —— Prethee *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, interrupting him, what a Racket dost thou keep? Have I not promis'd to answer punctually to all thy Demands?— Tell me then without bouncing or mincing the matter, but sincerely and faithfully, as persons ought to speak that make profession of Arms in the Quality of *Knight-Errants*— VVhy then assure thy self, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that I do renounce not only the Father, but the Mother of Lyes— But for the love of Heaven, either begin, or make an end before thou begin'st; for in good sooth, *Sancho*, thou tire'st me

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to death with thy Circumlocutions and Preambles—— Why then, Sir, quo *Sancho*, ſecure as I am of the goodneſs and truth of my Maſter, I ask ye, Sir, tho with all Reverence and Modeſty, whether, ſince you were as you believe, inchanted in that Chicken-Coop, you never had, through the motions of Nature, Deſires *micturient* or *cacaturient*, as they ſay? I underſtand not, *Sancho*, what thou mean'ſt, reply'd *Don Quixote*, prethee explain thy ſelf in Language leſs myſterious. That's ſtrange, quo *Sancho*, not underſtand at your years what 'tis to be *micturient* and *cacaturient*! why, 'tis the firſt thing we are perfect in at School— I ask you then in plain *Engliſh*, whether you never had a deſire ſince your Encagement, to go where you can ſend no body of your Errand? Oh, ho—— *Sancho*, haſt thou ſmelt me out? Now I underſtand thee— Yes, in good ſooth-law, have I—— and now thou putt'ſt me in mind on't, the Bolts of my Tail are none of the faſteſt at this very inſtant—— Quickly, dear *Sancho*, tell the Devil my urgent Occaſions—— and bid him lend thee the Pad-lock or a ſheet of clean Paper—— or if thou can'ſt, get two—— for I fear one wont be enough——.

CHAP. XXII.

Containing the excellent Diſcourſe between Sancho Pancha *and his Maſter* Don Quixote.

IS it ſo, quo *Zancho*? then y' faith, Maſter, I have ye upon a fair Hank, as they ſay. This is that which I more eagerly long'd to know, then ever young Woman long'd for green Apricots. Come on, Sir, then i' the ſecond place, Can you deny the uſual Anſwer to the common Queſtion, *What ails ſuch a one, that neither ſleeps, nor eats, nor drinks*? Don't they preſently cry, ſuch a one's bewitch'd? Whence I conclude, that they who neither eat, nor drink, nor ſleep, nor go to my Nuncle's Houſe upon the neceſſary Occaſions of Nature, are bewitch'd—— But as for them that have theſe preſſing Occaſions, as your Worſhip has at this time, they that would eat if they had it, would drink if they could get it, and ſtill anſwer to the purpoſe, 'tis impoſſible they ſhould ever be inchanted—— Thou ſay'ſt very true, *Sancho*, repl'yd *Don Quixote*; but how oft have I told thee, that there are ſeveral ſorts of Inchantment, and it may be, that proceſs of time has alter'd the manner of Incantation; ſo that it may be the faſhion now, that they who are inchanted, may have all thoſe Deſires that I have, which formerly they that were in the ſame Condition, had not. And this being ſo, there is no arguing againſt the allow'd Alteration of Cuſtom, nor drawing Concluſions from what was done in paſt Ages. In ſhort, therefore, it is a thing ramm'd into my Brains, that I am inchanted, and that's ſufficient for the Diſcharge of my Conſcience: For were it not for that, it would be a ſore Burden upon my mind, like undigeſted Sturgeon upon a weak Stomach, to lie here like a Squirrel in a Lady's Pocket, buried in Sloth and Cowardiſe, while ſo many miſerable and unfortunate People roar out in all Corners of the Earth for my Favour and Aſſiſtance. Nevertheleſs, reply'd *Sancho*, for the more aſſured ſecurity of your Soul hereafter, I would deſire you to endeavour your Liberty, and to free your ſelf from this ridiculous Captivity; to which purpoſe

pose I engage the utmost of my Assistance; nay, and it shall cost me a fall but I'le bring it to pass too— for I would fain see your Worship once more upon the Back of *Rosinante*, who to me seems as much inchanted as your self; such is his profound Sadness and Melancholy, not to be cur'd, but by your bestriding him again, in search of new Adventures. If we fail in our Enterprises, you ha' time enough, I warrant ye, to return to your woodden Jail; and then if you are so accurst of Heaven, and I so bewitch'd with the Simples, to fail i' my Design, I swear upon the Faith of a true and loyal Squire, and let me die the death of ten thousand drown'd Kittens, if I don't shut my self up along with ye, and live or starve with your Worship, as the Devil of an Inchanter shall think fit to dispose of our Bodies. Look thee, friend *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that thou may'st see 'tis no fault of mine, I give thee ample Commission to do thy utmost, and begin with the first Opportunity. But I fear me, poor *Sancho*, thou art only going about to water a Stake, and that like an ignorant Physician, thou art mistak'n in thy Judgment concerning the Cause of my Distemper.

This was the politick and learned Discourse between the *Knight-Errant* and his Squire, till the slow-pac'd Oxen arriv'd where the *Prebend*, the *Curate*, and the *Barber* were alighted. Presently the Waggoner unspang'd his draught-Oxen, and set 'em a grazing at their own freedom; when *Sancho*, seeing these dull Animals enjoying their liberty, desir'd the *Curate* that his Master also might be permitted to come forth of his Cage, and stretch his Legs, at least tho it were but for so long time as the Beasts themselves were unyok'd; which if he refus'd to do, he assur'd him his Prison would not be so sweet and clean as became the Lodging of such a worthy Knight as his Master. The *Curate* understood what *Sancho* meant, and for answer; Friend, said he, when I was a Boy, and us'd to ask my Master leave *to go forth*, I did it more to play the Truant, then for any occasion I had. And therefore I fear this is only an Excuse of thy Master, and that when he is once out, he will gad so far out of our sight, that we shall never see him again. I'le be his Security, reply'd *Sancho*, and I likewise, reply'd the *Prebend*, provided he will swear by his Knighthood, not to stir beyond those Limits we shall prescribe him. By the Faith of a vertuous *Knight-Errant* I swear, reply'd *Don Quixote*, who listen'd attentively to all they said, altho my Oath be needless, seeing they who are inchanted have not the Power to do what they please themselves, but are at the Disposal of the Inchanter, who by his Art can nail their Toes invisibly in such a manner to the Earth, that they shall not be able to stir a hair's breadth in three Ages together; or if they should endeavour to make their Escape, can fetch 'em back i' the Devil's name. So that, Gentlemen, added he, you may safely release me, or else you must be forc'd to remove to another Post; for to deal truly wi' ye, my Occasions are very urgent, and I will not be answerable for offending your Noses, after a fair Warning. Thereupon the *Prebend* took him by both his hands, ty'd as they were, and assisted him out of the Cage, to the unspeakable Joy of the poor enthrall'd Knight. Thus being unbound, the first thing he did, was to stretch his Limbs, which were not a little stiff, you may be sure. Which done, he went immediately to *Rosinante*, and giving him three or four claps o' the Buttock; Mirrour and Flower of all Steeds-Errant, quo he, mauger all these Misfortunes of ours, I trust in God and his blessed Mother, that we shall both behold our selves e're long in that same happy Condition, which both our hearts

deſire ; Thou prancing under thy Lord and Maſter, and thy Lord and Maſter mounted on thy ſturdy Chine, performing thoſe Atchievements, which my fortunate Stars portended at my coming into the World. And having ſo ſaid, *Don Quixote* and his Squire retir'd to a Thicket at ſome diſtance from the Company, where the Knight having eas'd himſelf, and *Sancho* done the Duty of a cleanly Squire, they both return'd again, the Knight much ſweeter and lighter then he had been for ſome hours before, and the Squire over-joy'd that his Endeavours had prov'd ſo ſucceſful.

At the ſame time the *Prebend* could not forbear gazing upon the Knight; and after he had with a diligent Eye obſerv'd the motions of every particular Member, and deſcanted to himſelf upon every word that drop'd from his mouth, he ſtood amaz'd at ſuch an extravagant piece of Madneſs, that left a Man his Senſes, and his Judgment in every thing elſe, but unhors'd all his Reaſon when he came to talk of *Knight-Errantry* : Inſomuch that the compaſſionate Church-man pity'd the Misfortune of the poor Gentleman ; and therefore deſirous to try whether all his Eloquence and Arguments could reclaim him ; after every one had taken their Places upon the green Graſs, addreſſing himſelf to *Don Quixote* ; Is it poſſible, Sir, ſaid he, that ſuch a witleſs, unſavory, and impertinent Study, as that of idle Romances, ſhould have that Operation upon a man's Senſes to deprave his Underſtanding to ſuch a degree, as to believe himſelf inchanted, with other *Chimera's* of the ſame Nature, as far from Reaſon, as the Lye it ſelf is from Truth ? How is it to be imagin'd, that there ſhould be any perſon i' the World ſo ſimple as to think that ever there were ſuch a number of *Amadis's*, ſuch Legions of *Knight-Errants*, ſo many Emperors of *Trebizond*, *Guy's* of *Warwick*, *Fælixmarts* of *Hyrcania*, *Bevis's* of *Southampton*, and *Valentines* and *Orſons* ; ſo many Lady's Errant, ſo many Serpents, ſo many Dragons, ſo many Giants, ſuch Variety of Inchantments ; ſo many Defies and Challenges, ſuch unheard-of and impoſſible Encounters, ſuch Shoals of Squires, Counts, enamour'd Princeſſes, and *Amazonian* Tiltreſſes in man's Apparel ; in a word, ſuch a confus'd Heap and *Babel* of Traſh and Extravagance, as ſwell the Folio's of *Knight-Errantry ?*

I muſt confeſs, that when I read 'em, while I look'd upon 'em to be no other then Fables and Fictions, they were a kind of a pleaſing Paſtime to me ; but when I ſeriouſly conſider'd what they were, curſed inſipid Lyes, and Improbabilities, there was not one which I did not think deſerv'd to be thrown into the Fire, as being a Company of Impoſtors that abus'd the Credulity of the ignorant Vulgar, and ſometimes diſturb the Brains of men of Senſe and Judgment ; of which I find in your ſelf an unfortunate Example, by ſuch Studies to be reduc'd to that Condition, that your Friends are conſtrain'd to ſecure ye in a Cage, and carry ye about the Countrey like ſome *African* Monſter to be ſhewn at Market-Towns for Six-pence a piece. For Heaven's ſake, Mr. *Quixote*, take Compaſſion upon your ſelf, call home your wandring Reaſon, and make uſe of that Prudence and that admirable Wit, which God has giv'n ye, to chuſe a more noble and profitable ſort of Study, wherein to employ your ſerious Thoughts. But if your Inclinations are ſo raviſh'd with War-like Exploits, and prodigious Actions, apply your ſelf to real and authentick Hiſtory, where you will find thoſe Miracles of Valour, that not only ſurpaſs all Fable, but ev'n human Belief it ſelf. What a prepoſterous thing it is, that Men ſhould addict themſelves to the Invention of ſo many fictitious Hero's, as if Vertue it ſelf were a Fiction, and a thing that could be only practis'd by

ſuch

ſuch Romantick Champions; or that her moſt noble Inſtructions were only to be ſought for among the Rubbiſh of Lyes and Fables? Would you read the Stories of great Men, *Greece* offers ye an *Alexander*, *Rome* a *Cæſar*; *Carthage* a *Hannibal*; *Portugal* a *Viriatus*; *Spain* a *Gonſales*, a *Diego Garcia*, a *Perez de Vargas*, and ſeveral others; *Great Britain*, a *Black Prince*, and a *Harry the fifth*; all of 'em ſo many Portraitures of heroick Virtue, which affect the Reader at the ſame time with true Admiration, Delight, and a noble Emulation to follow their Examples. This, Mr. *Quixote*, is a Study to employ a Wit ſo towring as yours; by this means you will become well read in authentick Story, in love with Vertue, better'd in Goodneſs, refin'd in your Manners, valiant without Fool-hardineſs, and wary without Cowardiſe, to the Honour of God, your own Profit, and the Renown of *Mancha*, as I underſtand, the Place from whence you derive your noble Original.

Don Quixote liſten'd with an extraordinary Attention to the *Prebend*'s Diſcourſe, and perceiving at length that he made a full Stop, after he had ſtar'd him wiſtfully for ſome time i' the Face; Mr. *Prebend*, quo he, you ha' made, as you think, a very fair Speech, and all your Oratory, I find tends to perſwade me, that there never were any *Knight-Errants* i' the World, that all Books and Stories of *Knight-Errantry* are falſe, fabulous, unprofitable and prejudicial to the State; that I did ill to read 'em, worſe to believe 'em, and ſtill worſe to imitate 'em, by taking upon me the ſevere and laborious Profeſſion of a *Knight-Errant*. You repeat my Senſe preciſely, reply'd the *Prebend*—— You added likewiſe, cry'd *Don Quixote*, that theſe Books have done me much wrong, that they ha' turn'd my Brains i' my Scull, which is the reaſon I am put i' this Cage; and that it would be better for me to read ſerious and allow'd Hiſtories, as you call 'em, at the ſame time both profitable and delightful. Your Memory fails not in the leaſt Particular, reply'd the *Prebend*—— Very good, quo *Don Quixote*—— And now, Mr. *Prebend*, the Devil take me, if I don't believe your ſelf to be the inchanted Perſon, and the mad Man, that has dropt his Wits in a Mill-dam. For what greater Proof have you for many things that you impoſe upon the World, but only the general Belief? Upon what grounds do you, Mr. *Prebend*, juſtifie the numerous Fardle of your Legends, and the ſtrange Miracles repeated in 'em, when you are not certain there ever were any ſuch Perſons i' the World; nor are there any Witneſſes of the Wonders which they are ſaid to have wrought. And yet your *Catalogue* of *Saints* far exceeds the *Ephemerides* of *Knight-Errants*, and their Actions are altogether as incredible as thoſe of *Amadis de Gaul*, or *Greece*; beſides the innumerable number of Reliques, Baptiſts Heads, pieces of the Croſs, Nails, *Veroniques*, &c. more then *Atlas* and St. *Chriſtopher* were able to ſtand under. As for Example, the Croſs is ſuppos'd to be but one piecce of Timber, and that not of the choiceſt Wood neither, and yet how many Snattocks of it ſhall we meet with, ſome of Cedar, ſome of Juniper, ſome of Cypreſs, *&c.* Then for the Nails, which could not be above four or five that were at firſt canoniz'd, Heavens! how they are increas'd! *Hannibal* had not more Rings at the Battel of *Canne*, nor does *Bromigeham* make ſo many in a Year, as you ſhew Nails of all ſorts and ſizes; and ſo many *Napkins*, that had one man ſold 'em all, he muſt ha' been the richeſt Linnen-draper i' the World. Now I deſire but fair Play, that the Authors of my Books may be believ'd to be Authors of what they wrote, as well as yours. If your Books are generally receiv'd, ſo are mine; and more then that, acknowledg'd to contain ſuch real Truths, that

he who denys the matter of Fact, deserves the same Punishment for a Heretick, to which you sentenc'd your own Books, when you threw 'em i' the fire. For, in short, to perswade me there were never any such persons i' the World as *Amadis*, or any of those other Knights so loudly fam'd in Stories of Chivalry-Errant, is to tell me the Sun does not shine, or that Winter's hot, and Summer cold: Y' had as good make me believe, that the History of the Princess of *Florence* and *Guy* of *Burgundy* were false; or what befel *Fierabras* upon the Bridge of *Mantible*, in the time of *Charlemaigne*; tho I dare swear both to be as true as that I was like to ha' befoul'd my self just now i' th' inchanted Cage. For if these be Lyes, then there never was any *Hector*, no *Achilles*, no *Trojan War*, no *Twelve Peers* of *France*, no King *Arthur* of *Britain*, who still lives i' the Shape of a Crow, and is still expected to return to his Throne; no St. *George* for *England*, when the Signs of St. *George* almost in all the Towns of that Countrey, convince men to the contrary; and the Defeat of that strange *Dragon* which was then pregnant, and so was slain both her and her Issue, is demonstrated by the Extirpation of all Dragons ever since, that the thiug was true. You may as well deny, that *D. d'Alva's* Face is not to be seen upon all the Jugg-pots in *Holland*, or *Monsieur D. Ancre's Quidlibets* in all the Taverns in *France*. Nay, more then all this, you may as well condemn for Fables the Amours between Sir *Tristram* and Queen *Isond*; or those between the fair *Guinever* and Sir *Lancelot du Lake*, when there be persons alive that remember they have seen the Lady *Quintaniona*, who had the Gift of tasting Wine beyond any Wine cooper in *London*; and the Story is so true, that I my self who speak the words, remember, that my Grandmother by the Father's side, when she saw any of those venerable Matrons that look a little red about the Nose; Look, Child, quo she, that Lady's like the Lady *Quintaniona*; whence I infer, that she must needs ha' seen her, or at least her Picture, which could ne're ha' been drawn, had she not been alive. As vain it is to contest the History of *Peter* of *Provence*, and the fair Lady *Magdalene*, when the *Pin* with which he govern'd his woodden Horse that carry'd him i' the Air, is still to be seen i' the King's Armory. Which *Pin* was as big as the Thill of a Waggon; by the same token that it stands within a quarter of a yard of *Babiesa's* Saddle, which the valiant *Cid's* Back side has warm'd full often. At *Roncevaux* also you have *Orlando's* Heart, as big and as thick as one of those pieces of Timber ye call *Girders*. You may likewise, if you will, but 'twill be to no purpose, deny the History of the three *Bold Beuchamps*, of whom the one kill'd the King of *Bohemia*, the t'other slew a Giant, and the other fought for the King's Daughter, and won her. Which was so true, that the Butchers of *London* would see no other Play at the *Fortune*, by their good Wills, but that, for several years together. Will any man presume to deny, that *John of Mello* was no *Knight-Errant*, and that he did not fight in *Burgundy* with the famous Lord of *Chargny*, and at *Basil* with *Henry* of *Remestan*, and lambasted 'em both? What think ye of the Challenges, and bloody Adventures of *Peter Barba*, and *Gualter Quixada*, from whom I my self am lineally descended by the Male-line? I'le spit in his Face that shall tell me to my Teeth, they are Tales of roasted Horses, when 'tis known they sent the Sons of the Count of St. *Paul* to the Devil. Nor will he be a Friend to himself, that provokes me, by telling me, that *D. Ferdinand* of *Guevara* did not go to seek Adventures in *Germany*, where he fought with the *Lord George*, a Knight of high Quality, and so well rubb'd his Bones, that he confess'd he was never so rubb'd in

his

his life: with a thousand more renowned Feats of Arms perform'd by Christian Knights in all parts of the World, not to mention the *English* Knights of *Jerusalem*, that slew whole Armies to day, and begot whole Armies to morrow: And all these things so true and authentick, that but to question their Verity, would betray the greatest madness that ever was incurable in *Bedlam*.

The *Prebend* astonish'd to hear what a confus'd Gallimawfry of History and Fable *Don Quixote* jumbl'd together, and his wonderful Memory in repeating whatever almost had been written in *Knight-Errantry*; I cannot deny, said he, but there is something of Truth in what you say, especially concerning the *Knight-Errants* of *Spain*; and I agree wi' ye, that there were *Twelve Peers of France*, but in good sooth I cannot give credit to all that *Archbishop Turpin* has written. All that I believe, is this, That they were certain Knights made choice of by the *Kings* of *France*, and call'd *Peers*, for their equality both in Prowess, and in Birth, at least they ought to have been such; for I dare not swear for the evenness of the Scales in that Particular. Neither will I deny, but that there might be such men i' the World, as the *Cid*, or *Bernard de Carpio*, or *Guy* of *Warwick*— S'life, Sir, quo *Don Quixote*, his Tomb's to be seen to this day i' the Town where he liv'd —— Pardon me, Mr. *Quixote*, cry'd the *Prebend*, I do not deny, but that there might ha' been such Mortals upon Earth, but that they perform'd those miraculous Atchievements, which they are said to have done, I am somewhat tender how I make an Article of my Faith. But as to the *Horse-pin* you speak of, that is to be seen i' the King's Armory with *Babe-ca's* Saddle, let me die, if I don't begin to think my self blind, since you have affirm'd it; for I could never see this Pin, as big as you say it is; tho I must confess, I ha' seen the *Cid's* monumental Saddle several times. Upon my life, Mr. *Prebend*, 'tis there, reply'd *Don Quixote*; by the same Token, they had put it in a Leathern Case to preserve it from the Dust. There's it then, quo the *Prebend* —— shame take th' unmannerly Rascals, that ne're would shew me such a Rarity, else how could I possibly divine what was in a Leathern Case. But grant it were there, I am not bound to believe the Stories of all your *Amadis's*, or of the ragged Regiments of all your other Scaperloitring Knights, that were never heard of, but in those fabulous Legends that so amuse the World, upon whom be the Hangman's Benediction, *in sempiternum*; and to which, how a Person of your exquisite Parts and Endowments should give so much credit, is to me a greater Wonder, then all the seven Wonders of the World put together.

CHAP. XXIII.

Containing the pleasant Dispute between the Prebend *and* Don Quixote.

'TIS a very pleasant business indeed, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that Books printed with Licence and Approbation, and applauded by all the World, high and low, old and young, rich and poor, learned and simple; I say that these Books, notwithstanding all this, should be nothing but a

Heap

Heap of Lyes, and feigned Inventions, and yet that Truth ſhould appear ſo naked as ſhe does, to her very Smock, in every Page, with all her Circumſtances attending about her, as the Names of the Fathers, Mothers, Uncles, Annts, Countrey, Kindred, and Age of the Knights, many times under the very Clerk and Miniſter's Hands, their Exploits, and the Places where they perform'd 'em day by day, as exactly as a Seaman's Journal— For Heaven's ſake, Sir, and as ye expect Preferment i' the Church, ſtitch up your Lips for ever, rather then utter ſuch a piece of Hereſie; and ſay I adviſe ye as a Friend. Or elſe, at your leiſure times (and leiſure enough you have, according to your lazy mode of reading your Sermons) read 'em once more over again, and then tell me what greater Happineſs there can be i' this World, then to ſee appear before your Eyes of a ſudden, a wide Lake of Pitch, boiling like a Bell-founder's Furnace, full of Neuts, Adders, Toads, and other poiſonous Creatures, no leſs venomous, then terrible to the Sight: by and by from the midſt of this ſame todgie, ſmoaking Caldron of the Devil's *Water-gruel*, you hear a ſoft, melodious, ſcreaming, ſkreeking, mournful Voice addreſs to your ſelf in theſe words; 'Sir Knight, who e're thou art, that view'ſt this dreadful Lake, and would'ſt 'enjoy thoſe unſpeakable Treaſures conceal'd beneath theſe pitchy Waves, 'now ſhew the Grandeur of thy Courage, and like another *Drake*, ſhoot 'this ſame flaming *Gulf*; elſe th'art a Daſtard, and a white Liver'd Cow-'ard, unworthy to behold th' ineſtimable Wonders enclos'd within the ſe-'ven Towers of the ſeven *Fairies* here below this Lake of Hell's infernal 'Jelly-broth: and then the Voice ceaſing, the Knight, all Fire and Tow, without any humming and hawing, or conſidering the curſed Riſco he runs, but truſting to his Iron Encloſure, and only recommending himſelf to God and his ador'd Miſtreſs, fetches a Jump, and darts himſelf head over heels down through the ſeething Puddle; and ſtreight, before he knows where he is, or cares a ſtraw what becomes of him, he finds himſelf in the midſt of a ſpacious Plain, cover'd with a thouſand ſorts of odoriferous Flowers, and a thouſand times more pleaſing to the Sight, then all the *Aſparagus*, or *Mulberry-Gardens* i' the World. On the other ſide he views a delightful Foreſt, where the Verdure of millions of beautiful Trees, and all of different Natures, charm his Eyes; at what time an infinite number of little Birds with painted Wings of various Colours, hopping from Branch to Branch, all naturally ſinging *Walſingham*, and whiſtling *John come kiſs me now*, enchant his Ears In another part he diſcovers a pleaſing Rivolet, whoſe purling Streams of liquid Chryſtal, bedimpl'd with Pearls and Silver, gently glide o're Sands of Gold. There ſtands a ſumptuous Fountain of ſpeckl'd Jaſper; a new Wonder of Art, adorn'd with Statues that ſeem to talk, and bid ye welcome. There you enter a cool *Grotto*, where the confuſion of Muſcles, Cockles, Periwinkles, Mother a' Pearl, Coral, and Oak-moſs, far exceeds the vain toil of young Ladies at Boarding-Schools; repreſenting *Neptune*'s Dining-room hung about with *Tritons* and *Syrens*.

By and by he diſcovers a ſtately Caſtle, the Walls of which are of maſſie Gold, the Battlements of Diamonds, the Gates of Jacinths; In a word, ſuch an admirable Structure, that the meaneſt of the Materials are of Rubies, Carbuncles, Pearls, and Emeraulds: and while he is gazing upon this miraculous Pile, a numerous Train of young Ladies, with graceful pace, come forth from one of the Gates of the Caſtle, and all ſo fair, ſo beautiful, ſo gorgeous in their Attire, as would inflame a Statue, and warm the frozen Blood of the moſt zealous Anchorite. But then! what then!

Then

Then ſhe that ſeems to be the Princeſs of the Caſtle, and Miſtreſs of all the reſt, advances forward, and with a ſubmiſſive and reſpectful Modeſty, takes the bold Knight by the hand, and without ſpeaking a word, leads him into the ſumptuous Palace; where, having caus'd him to be ſtripp'd to the naked Skin by her Damſels, juſt as he was when he came out of his Mother's Womb, they put him into a delicious Bath, and rub him all over from head to foot, before and behind, with precious Eſſences, and odoriferous Pomatums; and having wip'd him dry, firſt they put him on a Shirt of Cobweb Lawn fit for the Queen of *Fairies*, all perfum'd. Which done, another Damſel comes and caſts about his Shoulders a magnificent embroider'd Mantle, worth the *Metropoliſſes* of three great Kingdoms. Then they carry him into another Room of State, of which the Furniture ſurpaſſes Admiration; where firſt they bring him in a large Baſon of Gold, emboſs'd and ſtuddi'd with Diamonds, a Sea of Eſſence of Amber, Orange, and Jeſſomy-water; then ſeat him in an Ivory Chair, where all the Damſels attend and wait upon him with an exact and profound Silence. But then who can recount the Variety and Delicacy of the Viands? Who can expreſs the charming Excellency of the Muſick all the while the coſtly Banquet laſts; yet neither they that play, nor they that ſing are to be ſeen. The Table being clear'd, while the Knight ſtretch'd out at his eaſe, ſits picking his Teeth, of a ſudden a Lady incomparably more beautiful then any of the reſt, ſeating her ſelf down by him, takes him about the Neck, and having kiſs'd him ſome three or four hundred times with her roſie Lips, informs him what Caſtle it is, tells him ſhe is enchanted, and implores his Aſſiſtance; with a thouſand other miraculous Accidents, which then amaze the Knight, and aſtoniſh the Readers hereafter. And thus you ſee how the Stories of *Knight-Errantry* create both Pleaſure and Wonder.

Therefore, Mr. *Prebend*, be rul'd by a Fool for once; read theſe Books over again, and you ſhall find how inſenſibly they exorciſe that Devil of Melancholy, and rock the troubl'd Soul into the pleaſing Extaſies of Mirth, and true Content; ſo that let a man be never ſo churliſh, and ill-natur'd, they are able to rectifie and cultivate his Inclinations. For my part, I do aſſure ye, Sir, ſince 'twas the Will of Heaven to make me a *Knight-Errant*, of a cowardly, froppiſh, niggardly, ſtingie, boariſh Lobcock, I am become valiant, affable, courteous, complaiſant, liberal, generous, indefatigable, and patient to that degree, as to endure without the leaſt murmuring or repining, all the Impriſonments and Enchantments that ever befel a Knight of my Profeſſion. And tho you ſee me at this time penn'd up in a woodden Frank, like a Boar againſt *Chriſtmas*, I deſpair not however, but within theſe few days, by the ſtrength of my Arm, and the Favour of Heaven, to aſcend the Throne of ſome great Kingdom, that I may be able to ſow i' the Field of the World, thoſe Vertues of Liberality and Acknowledgment, that I am forc'd at preſent to keep hoarded up in my Breaſt. For who that is poor, can be munificent, tho he had the Soul of a Prince? Since Acknowledgment in Deſire, is but a dead Vertue, like Faith without Works. And therefore I could wiſh, that Fortune once in her life would be ſo kind as to help me to an Empire, that I might be in a Condition to enrich my Friends; eſpecially this poor Squire of mine, who is the honeſteſt Fellow i' the World, and upon whom I would fain beſtow an Earldom, as being a thing that I promis'd him two or three times i' my Cups, (and what I promiſe when I'm merry, I always love to perform when I'm ſober) tho I confeſs I much queſtion his Ability for ſo great

great an Employment. Oh, Sir, quo *Sancho*, do you but get the Earldom, and ne're trouble your head about my Capacity. I warrant ye, I'le govern it, take you no farther care—— I have heard 'em talk of a ſort of People that let out their Lands to Farmers, and theſe Farmers improve and till thoſe Lands, as if they were their own, while their Landlords live at their eaſe, gutling and ſwilling up their Revenues without any farther Trouble or Perplexity of mind. Juſt ſo by my faith will I do, I find no difficulty i' the matter, 'tis as eaſie as piſſing; I'le farm out my Government, and eat and drink my Rents like any Prince, and ſo let the World turn round or ſtand ſtill, I'le never buſie my head. Judge you now whether I am capable to govern an Earldom. You ſay very well, friend *Sancho*, reply'd the *Prebend*; but as to what concerns the Adminiſtration of Juſtice, you ought not to be ſo indifferent; that's the Earl's main buſineſs to look after, and which requires great Prudence and Judgment to manage; and above all, an honeſt and vertuous Intention to determine rightly and juſtly which is to be the beginning and end of all his Actions. For as God ne're fails to favour Truth and Sincerity, ſo he ranverſes the crafty Deſigns of the Wicked.

I underſtand not your Gibberiſh Philoſophy, cry'd *Sancho*, but I know how to govern an Earldom; and an Earldom I would fain have as ſoon as I could, for I have a Soul and a Body as well as other men; and I would be as abſolute in my Earldom, as a King in his Kingdom: I would do what I liſt; and doing what I liſt, I would follow my own Humour; and following my own Humour, I would be contented; and being contented, I ſhould ha' nothing more to deſire; and having nothing more to deſire, What-a-devil would a Man have more? Only let's have the Earldom, and then farewel till I ſee ye again, as one blind man ſaid to t'other. There is no falſe *Latin* in all this, reply'd the *Prebend*, however there is much more to be ſaid upon this very Subject of *Earldoms*. I know not what there is more to be ſaid, quo *Don Quixote*, interrupting him, but this I am ſure of, I go according to the Preſident, and follow the Foot-ſteps of ſeveral Knights of my Profeſſion, who, to reward their Squires, have made 'em Lords of Iſlands and Cities; to go no farther then *Amadis de Gaul*, who made his Squire Earl of the *Swimming Iſland*. Which being ſo, with as little Scruple of Conſcience may I give *Sancho* an Earldom; he being one of the beſt Squires that ever attended upon a *Knight-Errant*, and had he been born in former Ages, might ha' been a Pattern to all his Succeſſors, *of Squire Errand in this.*

While the *Prebend* was admiring at the ſtrange and deep Impreſſions which the Study of *Knight-Errantry* had made in *Don Quixote*'s Fancy; and no leſs at the Simplicity of *Sancho*, who thought his Maſter could ha' giv'n him an Earldom with as much eaſe as ſome men play away a Mannor, the Servants return'd from the Inn with the Proviſion-Mule; who having ſpread a Carpet upon the Graſs, under the ſhade of certain Trees, for once the Company made a ſhift to ſit down like *Turks*, and fall too like Chriſtians. But they had not been long at their Repaſt, before they heard the ſound of a little Bell among the neighbouring Buſhes, and by and by they ſaw a black and white Goat dance out of a Thicket, ſpeckl'd with yellow Spots, purſu'd by a Goat-herd endeavouring to ſtop her with all the flattering and careſſing Language imaginable. But the Goat having taken ſome diſtaſte, and unwilling to be re-taken, ran directly to the *Prebend* and his Company; where being ſtopp'd, the Goatherd having caught her by the Horns, began to expoſtulate with the dumb Animal, as if 't had been

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the rational Goat that gave *Jupiter* ſuck; 'Ah wanton fugitive, cry'd he, 'ye ſpotted Slut, whither art a jumping my Dear? what has frighted 'thee my Child? is't becauſe thou art a Female, and loveſt to be gadding, 'ha? Come *Nanny*, come *Nanny*, go along with me, where thou ſhalt be 'ſafe among the reſt of thy Companions: what doſt thou think will be-'come of them, who art their Guide and Miſtreſs, if thou runn'ſt a ram-'bling a' this manner?

The *Prebend* was extreamly pleas'd with the Goat-herd's Courtſhip, and therefore deſir'd him not to be ſo haſty to carry back his Goat. Friend, ſaid he, if ſhe be a Female, as thou ſay'ſt ſhe is, you ought to let her have her will; for if ſhe have a mind to have her Fegaries, thou't find it a hard task to hinder her —— Here, here, come and eat a bit, and drink a Cup of Wine to cool thy Paſſion, while the poor Goat lies down and reſts her ſelf —— And ſo ſaying, he gave the Goat-herd the Leg of a cold Rabbet, which the Goat's Sweet-heart took with a Countrey Congy; and after he had drank, with a *b' y'er leave Geontlemen*, to all the Company, Don't ye think, Geontlemen, quo he, tho che sbeak a thick manner to thick Bieaſt, that ch'am a meer Glown, as they zay. What ch' ha' zaid to the Bieaſt, ch' a' zaid, and there's more in't then you are aware on, Geontlemen —— Ch'am a Glown, 'tis drue, but che' gnow how to sbeak to Geontlevoke, as well as to Bieaſts. I am apt to believe it, reply'd the *Curate*, for I know by Experience, that Contemplation oftimes ſeeks the lonely Mountains, and Wiſdom is no ſtranger to the homely Cottage —— At leaſt, Gentlemen, changing then his ruſtick Dialect, they may ſometimes harbour, quo the Goat-herd, Men of Reaſon and common Underſtanding— And therefore if it ben't a piece of Rudeneſs to intrude into your Company, and that you'll be pleas'd to hear me but a quarter of an hour, I'le tell ye a Story to confirm the Truth of what the Gentleman has ſaid. Friend, quo *Don Quixote*, undertaking for the whole Company, i' my Conſcience, I ſmell either a *Knight-Errant*, or ſomething of an Adventure in your Story; which if there be, I'le lend ye my Attention with all my Heart, and ſo I dare aſſure ye will theſe Gentlemen, whom I take to be all great Admirers of Novelty and Curioſity; and therefore you have no more to do, then to begin as ſoon as you pleaſe.

God ſpeed ye, Gentlemen, quo *Sancho*, a hungry Belly has no Ears; and therefore give me leave to retire to yonder Brook with my ſhare, where I intend to ſtuff my Guts for three days: Squires and Ships muſt be vittl'd, or elſe they'll do no Service. Beſides, I have often heard my Maſter tell me, that your *Knight-Errants* Squires muſt loſe no Opportunity to fill the Wallet of their Stomachs, which will afterwards have leiſure enough to digeſt its Load; in regard that many times it is their hard Fate to enter into a wide deſart Forreſt, out of which they cannot get out again in five or ſix days; ſo that if a man be not well ballaſted before hand, he may be Food for the Crows, for want of Food for himſelf. Very well argu'd, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, go where thou wilt, eat what thou can'ſt, and prudently put the reſt i' thy Breeches. For my part, I have an Appetite ſoon ſatisfy'd, and therefore having fed my Body, I am now for feeding my Mind, as valuing the Banquet of a good Story, beyond all the coſtly Viands of an Emperor's Table. We are all of the ſame mind, reply'd the *Prebend*, and with the ſame Earneſtneſs expect the firſt Courſe. With that the Goat-herd ſtroaking his Beloved upon the back; Lie down by me a while, my pretty *motley Fool*, quo he, the Day's not ſo far ſpent, but that we ha' time enough to return to the Herd. Upon which, they ſay, the

intelligent Creature, as if she had understood his Language, laid her self down at his feet, and looking wistly in his Face, seem'd to bid him proceed, which he did after this manner.

CHAP. XXIV.

Containing the Goat-herd's Story.

ABout three Leagues from this Valley, in a small Village but one of the richest in all these parts, there liv'd a wealthy Farmer, well-belov'd, and in great Reputation among all his Neighbours, tho more for his Vertue and good Qualities, then for his Estate. But his chiefest Happiness was a Daughter, beautiful, discreet, and modest beyond compare. This Damsel was not above sixteen years of Age, when the Report of her Perfections spread it self over all the neighbouring Villages, and at length arriv'd in distant Cities, inflaming the young Sparks to that degree, that they came far and near to behold this matchless Master-piece of Nature. On the other side, her Father had a watchful Eye over her, as being the only Treasure i' this World, which he most highly priz'd; tho indeed his Care was needless, she being of her self so reserv'd and wary of her Honour. Nor was it without reason, for being an Heiress to a considerable Competency, the Fame of her Beauty, and her Father's Acres, drew a mighty Resort of young Whipsters to the House; some passionately enamour'd of her Person, others in love with her Fortune, and others with both together; some i' their lac'd Coats and Point-Cravats, some of meaner Rank, with red and blew Ribbands under their Chins, of all Sizes and Professions; so that in the midst of so much Variety, the poor man was extreamly troubl'd where to fix, well-knowing his Daughter could have but one at a time. Among this numerous Croud of Pretenders, I was one who had not the least reason to hope well for my self, as being of the same Village, well known to her Father to be descended of honest Parents; besides that, he understood both my Estate, and my Age; and then again, I was lookt upon i' the Countrey to be no Fop. All which put together, contributed very much to the Conclusion of the Match. But there was at the same time another Lad i' the same Town, hopeful and handsom, and indeed my equal in every thing; who making the same Applications that I did, made the Father totter in his Opinion what to say, or what to think, finding us both fit Matches for his Daughter. In this Confusion he determin'd to leave it wholly to the fair *Leandra*'s choice (for that was the Name of the Damsel) that he might not seem to impose upon her Affection. I know not what Answer *Leandra* made him, but this I'm sure of, that the Father still put us both off from time to time, neither condescending nor refusing, but pretending to both, that his Daughter was not of Years yet ripe enough to marry. Therein doing like a prudent Father, in propounding a good Choice, but leaving his Daughter to please her self. By the way you are to understand, that my Rival's Name was *Anselm*, and mine *Eugenio*, two of the chief Persons concern'd in this Story that begins with Love, but ends a little odly.

Now while we were thus kept at the Stave's end in a Dilatory Suspence, there came to the Village a certain young Swash-buckler, whose Name was *Thomas* of *Waltham*, the Son of a ravenous Pettifogger, that liv'd

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in the ſame Hamlet. This *Thomas* of *Waltham*, at twelve Years of Age, ran away from his Father, and having rambl'd *Flanders* and the Low Countries, where he pretended to put his Cheats upon the Duke of *Luxemburgh* and the Prince of *Orange*, twelve years after that return'd home again in the Habit of a Souldier, but ſo bedizon'd with Glaſs-beads of a thouſand Colours, ſet in Branches of St. *Martin*'s Wier, that he made a more gliſtring ſhew i'the Sun, then a Prince of *Guinney*; and theſe Beads he ſo well knew how to chop and change, and put others in their places, that he ſeem'd to have a new Suite for every Day i'the Month. The Countrey People, who are naturally malicious, and when they have nothing to do, become as envious as the Devil himſelf, could not be content to admire, but ſet themſelves to examine diligently this ſame odd ſort of Jay-like Bravery. And at length by ſtrict Obſervation found, that he had no more then three different Suits of Apparel of ordinary Stuffs; but he had ſo many fantaſtick Tricks and Inventions to diſguiſe 'em, that you wou'd ha' ſworn he had had a Duke's Wardrobe. He would uſually ſit upon a Bench under a ſpreading Oak that grew in the Village, and there make long Relations of his Adventures, and his famous Atchievements; there was not any part of the World where he had not ſet his feet; not a conſiderable Battel had been fought, wherein he had not been preſent; he had kill'd more *Moors* then all *Barbary* contain'd; he had fought more Duels then all the *Bullies* in *London*, in every one of which he had ſtill come off with Victory. Then he would pretend to ſhew us the Scars of Wounds, which tho they could not be diſcern'd, yet he made us believe they were the Shots and Slaſhes which he had receiv'd in ſeveral deſperate Encounters; he was ſo arrogant, that he would *Dick* and *Tom*, and *Thou* and *Thee* his Superiours with an unuſual Inſolence, boaſting that his *Arm* was his only *Parent*, and his *Atchievements* were his *Pedigree*; and that being as he was a Souldier, he was not inferiour to the King himſelf. Beſides theſe rare Qualities, he could ſing a little better then a Countrey Pariſh-Clerk; he had a Voice like a Bird call'd a Swine, and ſcrap'd upon a Violin like a Countrey Fidler. But his chief Excellency lay in his Poetry, for he had his Rhymes ready upon all Occaſions, as if he had emulated the great Fame of Poet *Ninny*; and if a Wench did but fart in her ſleep, would ſcribble ye two or three Sheets upon the Subject in a Quarter of an hour; ſo that he furniſh'd the whole Village with waſt Paper for a long time.

Now this *Thomas* of *Waltham*, this Bugle-merchant, this *Guſman*, this Braggadoſhio, this Huff-ſnuff, this Doggerel-Rhymer, did the more fair then wiſe *Leandra* behold from a Window of her Father's Houſe, and was preſently ſmitten; the Souldier's inviſible Weapons immediately wounded her Heart; his Pedlar's Trinkets dazl'd her Eyes; ſhe was charm'd with his Rodomontado's, ſhe look'd upon him as a ſecond Sir *Eglamore*, took every thing for Gold that gliſter'd, and the Devil owing her a particular Shame, ſhe fell ſo deſperately in love with this ſame Son of Oſtentation, that ſhe became his Priſoner before he had the confidence to ſummon her to a Surrender; and as no Intrigue in Love is carry'd on ſo ſmoothly as that, where the Gallant is favour'd by his Miſtreſs, 'twas a Match between *Leandra* and *Thomas* of *Waltham*, before either of us had the leaſt Suſpicion of it; for *Argus* himſelf, had he been ſent to watch her, would ne're ha' ſuſpected ſuch a Thief as he. In ſhort, the buſineſs being thus ſuddenly concluded, and the time appointed, the precious *Map of Modeſty* makes up her Fardle, (for ſtill you muſt know, that in ſuch Caſes as theſe the Father always

entrusts his beloved Darling with the Keys of his Treasure) takes one of the Old Man's best Geldings, and away she troops as fine as Pins could make her, with she hardly knew whom, she scarcely knew whither.

An Accident so unexpected strangely surpriz'd the whole Village, which was presently all in an Uproar; the Father tore his Beard from his Chin, while poor *Anselm* and I, amaz'd, distracted, confounded, and overwhelm'd with Despair, were ready to hang our selves in our own Garters, for Grief and Sorrow. Presently *Hue and Cry* was sent after the two Fugitives with all the speed imaginable; and the Officers, partly for love of the Old Man, partly well paid before-hand, us'd such diligence, and made such haste, that in three days they found *Leandra* stript to her very Skin (for *Thomas* of *Waltham* was rid away with all the rest, but her Maiden-head, not thinking it safe to stay the taking it along with him.) In that Condition, only with an old Coat left her in Charity to hide her Nakedness, they brought her back to her Father, to whom she confess'd that *Thomas* of *Waltham* had deceiv'd her, got her good Will, and perswaded her to go along with him to the *Devil's Arse i' the Peak*, or some place or other where he had vast Preferments, and where she should be the Lord knows what. By which means abusing her easiness and the Confidence she had in him, he carry'd her the same Night to the Cave where they found her, and where the *Raggamuffin*, after he had stript her, left her to condole her Folly and Misfortune, without offering any other Violence to her Body. Which was a difficult thing to believe of a lustful, rough-hewn young *Gusman* as he was. But *Leandra* made so many Protestations of the Truth of her *Paramour*'s Continency, that her Father over-joy'd he had her again unplunder'd of her most inestimable Jewel, forgave her all the rest of his Losses. However, the same day she appear'd, she vanish'd again, being privately convey'd away to a safer Lock and Key then his own, in a Nunnery distant some few miles off, hoping that time would obliterate the Miscarriage of her imprudent Heat.

'Tis true, that they who had only a Neighbourly Kindness for the Maid, were willing to accept her Youth for a satisfactory Excuse of her Vanity, and improvident Rashness. But they who were well acquainted with her Wit and Discretion in other things, rather blame the natural Inclination of Women, which is fickle and humoursome.

As for *Anselm*, ever since *Leandra*'s first disappearing, he is fall'n into a deep Melancholy, sits musing and picking a' Straws, like a Changeling; and 'tis thought 'twill come to that in time, that we shall see him sitting upon the High-way in a long Coat and a clean Bib, begging the Charity of Travellers. And for my own part, that lov'd her dearly, and perhaps may have a Kindness for her still, I am in such a Quandary, that I know not whether I shall ever see the Female Sex more: Which has made me retire into this Valley, where I feed a Herd of Beasts, as wanton as Women, but more easie to be rul'd. How many Curses have I bestow'd upon that Son of a Whore *Gusman*? How many times have I blam'd the Carelessness of *Leandra*'s Father, that had not a stricter Watch over her? Nay, how many times have I bestow'd a kind Malediction upon *Leandra* her self, for her Folly and Indiscretion? But all signifies not a Rush; so that I know not whether I should abide here any longer, were it not to behold the Folly of others. For you must know, these Mountains are full of *Leandra's Inamorato's*, as if *Arcady* were remov'd hither; at least, these desert Hills are become the Habitations of such a number of puling, whining Lovers, as may justly give these Groves and Thickets the Title of

Fools Paradiſe. Here is nothing elſe to be heard but *Leandra*'s Name. One Shepherd calls her Fanſtatick and Light; another, Eaſie and Imprudent; ſome accuſe and juſtifie her, all in a Breath; ſome talk of her Beauty, others bemoan her Abſence, others blame her for all the Misfortunes which they ſuffer; almoſt all deſpiſe, and all adore her; ſome complain of her Cruelty that never ſaw her i' their lives; and others are jealous of her, that never had any Occaſion; for ſhe diſpos'd of her Body before any one could claim an Intereſt in her Heart. Here ſits one upon the Clift of a Rock, with his Arms a-croſs, and his Hat over his Eyes, bewailing his Misfortunes; there ſits another by the ſide of a purling Stream, invoking Heaven to witneſs he knows not what himſelf; there lies another leaning upon his Elbow at the foot of a ſhady Tree, breathing out loud Complaints to the ſilent Air, againſt a perſon that never did 'em any harm, God knows. The Trees, for ought I find, are the only Sufferers, as being daily wounded and gaſh'd to make way for *Leandra*'s Name. And thus the Name of *Leandra*, that I dare ſay, never dreams of any of theſe her raving Admirers, bewitches and enchants 'em after the ſtrangeſt manner i' the World, while they live continually in Hopes and Fears, yet know not what to hope, nor what to expect.

But among the whole Crowd of theſe Fopdoodles, there is none ſo frantick as my Rival *Anſelm*, who having the moſt juſt Complaints of any but my ſelf, to make, and perhaps not without reaſon, does nothing all day long but bewail her Abſence, when he knows the way to her again; and if that be all he has to except againſt, I dare ſay, might be a welcome Gueſt to her Father, who would be glad to ſee his Daughter's Reputation ſtitch'd up again upon any Conditions. For my part, I think I take a wiſer Courſe, for I ſpend my time in exclaiming againſt the Inconſtancy of Women, the Falſhood of their Promiſes; and in laughing at the Folly of their Actions, their Scorn and Contempt of thoſe that truly love 'em, and their fantaſtick Choice of Fools and Knaves. And then come the Deſcants of the World, when ſhe's ſent home again to her Parents, without a Rag to her Tail— She was told on't— but ſhe would not be adviſ'd by her Friends— She might have had an honeſt Gentleman— but ſhe would needs have a Royſter—— and now ſhe may thank her unpity'd ſelf— And this, Gentlemen, was the meaning of thoſe words which I talk'd to my Goat, when I follow'd her to this place, for which I have but a very ſmall Reſpect, as being a Female, tho ſhe be one of the faireſt in my Herd. I know not whether my Story may have anſwer'd your Expectation, however, if you pleaſe to go along with me to my Cottage hard by, I will endeavour to repair the Injury I ha' done ye, with a ſhort Collation of Cheeſe, and Milk, and Fruits of the Seaſon, which perhaps may be more acceptable.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

Containing the quarrel between Don Quixote *and the Goat-herd, and the rare Adventure of the Penitents, which coſt him the Sweat of his Brows to accompliſh.*

THE Story pleas'd the whole Company, eſpecially the *Prebend*, who highly applauded the Goat-herd's Elocution; who was now no more in his Thoughts the Clown and Ruſtick which he took him to be, but a Perſon literate, and of excellent Senſe; of whom the *Curate* had reaſon to ſay, That the deſart Mountains were not always without Men of Wit, and ſuch as knew the World. Therefore they repaid him with all the Civilities and kind Offers imaginable: but *Don Quixote*, more liberal then any of the reſt, Truly, honeſt Friend, ſaid he, were I in a Condition to undertake an Adventure, I would make it my buſineſs to ſerve ye, without delay. For I would go immediately and tear *Leandra* out of the Nunnery, where, without queſtion ſhe is detain'd againſt her Will; and in deſpite of the Abbeſs, and all the Monks and Nuns under Heaven, would ſurrender her into your hands, to diſpoſe of at your own pleaſure; obſerving however, the Laws of Chivalry Errant, which do not permit the leaſt Injury to be done to Ladies. But I hope in God, the Malice of a villainous Inchanter will not always be ſo powerful, but that another *Necromancer* better affected, will deliver me out of his Clutches, and then I will ſecure ye both my Favour and Aſſiſtance, according to the Laws of my Profeſſion, which oblige me to the Relief of thoſe that are oppreſſed.

The Goat-heard, who had as yet taken little notice of *Don Quixote*, hearing him utter ſuch *Romantick* Bombaſt, view'd him from head to foot, but finding neither his Habit, nor his Phyſiognomy correſpondent to his Offers, he turn'd to the *Barber* that ſate next him, and whiſpering him in the Ear; Sir, ſaid he, who is this perſon that talks at this extravagant rate? I never ſaw ſuch a ſtrange Creature i' my life. 'Tis a ſign you live in a Foreſt, quo the *Barber*; who ſhould it be but the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the Flail of Oppreſſion, the Revenger of Injuries, the Protector of Ladies, the Ribroaſter of Giants, invincible in Battel? This, quo the Goat-heard, is juſt like what we read i' your Books of *Knight-Errants*, who were all ſuch a ſort of Deſperado's. But for my part, I am apt to think you are only merry with the Gentleman, as one that has empty Lodgings to let in his Coſtard. Ye damn'd inſolent Son of thirty Tinkers, cry'd *Don Quixote*, 'tis thou art the Skimmer-ſcull'd Raſcal—— I have a thouſand times more Brains then the carted Bawd thy Mother, and all thy Bitch-whelp'd Generation; and ſo ſaying, he took up a Six-penny Loaf that ſtood upon the Table, and flung it with ſuch a malicious fury at the Goat-herd's Head, that the hard Cruſt had almoſt levell'd his Noſe with his Face, and looſen'd all his Fore teeth. The Goat-herd not underſtanding ſuch kind of Railery, and as haſty to return Civility for Civility, never minded Table cloth, nor Victuals, nor the Squeezing of Tarts as flat as Pan-cakes, but flew upon *Don Quixote*, and catching him by the Throat, had throatl'd him without mercy, had not *Sancho*, taking him by the Shoulders, pull'd him backward, croſs the Collation, upon Diſhes, Pots, and Glaſſes, among the Relicks and Orts of the *Prebend*'s good Chear.

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On the other side, *Don Quixote* finding himself free, threw himself again upon the Goat-herd, who being thus unequally beset, two for one, with his Face and Eyes all bruis'd, and *Sancho* still laying on like a *Loathbury* Brazier, felt about for one o' the Carving-knives to have tak'n a fatal Revenge, by tapping the Breast and Guts of Knight and Squire both at once. But the *Prebend* had warily caus'd those unlawful Weapons to be remov'd out of the way; so that 'twas only a desperate kind of *Counter-scuffle*, where neither Dish nor Cup could stand still, but the Salutations were so rude and unmannerly, that tho the Meat was well dreſt, the Guests were all raw, and the Blood ran about their Chaps, as if they had been *Cannibals* feeding one upon another. And as yet the Goat-herd had the worse, till the *Barber* willing to see a little fair Play, gave him an Opportunity to get upon *Don Quixote*, who then bestriding the Knight, ply'd him so fast with his Knuckles, that he was even with the *Hero* for the Blood which he had lost before; and now you'd ha' sworn they had both put on their Visor-Masks to hide their own handy Work; Dust and Blood had so bemoyl'd their Faces, where their Eyes were no more to be seen for the Rainbows and Swellings that usually accompany such kind of Horse-play. The *Prebend* and the *Curate* were ready to burst; the Bailiffs hoop'd and hollow'd, clapp'd their hands, and with Halloos, and *to him Lion, there Brindle*, set 'em on as they do Mastiffs i' the Street. Only *Sancho* was as mad as a March-Hare, to find himself held by one of the *Prebend*'s Servants, to prevent his helping the Knight his Master.

Now while this *Bear-garden* Sport made all the rest of the Company merry, but the two Combatants, who lay battering one another with an unspeakable Antipathy, what animates to fight at other times, did here dissolve the Fray. For by and by they heard the sound of a Trumpet so sad and doleful, that it enforc'd their Ears to a more then ordinary Attention. But it wrought upon none so much as it did upon *Don Quixote*; who, tho he lay full sore against his Will under the Oppression of the Goat-herd's Body, more then moderately bruis'd and pounded, and unable to relieve himself, yet was his Spirit of Revenge at that time willing to submit to that of his Curiosity. And therefore *Brother Devil*, quo he; for other then a Devil thou canst not be, that hast both Valour and Strength to equal mine; prethee let's make a Truce, and leave off this same Butcherly Boxing; I am quite weary of it—— besides that, I am perswaded the dolorous Sound of this same Trumpet calls me to the more noble Recreation of killing out-right. Upon which the Goat-herd, no less weary of pounding, then being pounded, presently gave off; at what time *Don Quixote* getting upon his Legs, after he had shook his Limbs and wip'd his Face, turn'd himself toward the place from whence the sound came, and presently spy'd descending down the side of a Hill several People clad in white, which others readily discern'd to be a Cluster of Penitents, but *Don Quixote* strongly fancy'd to be Devils in Masquerade. Now it seems there had no Rain fall'n all that year, which made the Countrey People think it convenient to implore the mercy of Heav'n by a devout Procession to a Hermitage that lay at the foot of the Mountain. But *Don Quixote* no sooner beheld the strange Habiliments of the *Penitents*, but he imagin'd it to be some desperate Adventure which he was to undertake, as being the only *Knight-Errant* in the Company. And that which confirm'd him in this reverend piece of Dotage, was an Image cover'd with Mourning, carry'd by the *Penitents*, which

which he took to be ſome forlorn Princeſs, which thoſe Miſcreants, and diſloyal Knights had raviſh'd away by force, and were hurrying to ſome diſmal Caſtle of their own. Full of theſe Imaginations, he buckles on his Armour, ſhoulders his Buckler, and having mounted *Roſinante* with no leſs ſpeed; Now, Lords and Gentlemen, quo he, be patient a while, and you ſhall ſee how vaſtly it concerns the whole World, that there ſhould be perſons like my ſelf, that make Profeſſion of *Knight-Errantry*. Now I ſay, the Hour is come, that you, beholding my courageous Actions in ſetting at liberty this captive Lady, ſhall acknowledge the high Honour that is due to the Lambaſters of the *Wicked*. And ſo ſaying, he clapp'd his Heels to *Roſinante's* Sides, as having loſt his Spurs, and putting on a good round Gallop (for in all this true Hiſtory you never read, that ever *Roſinante* trotted) rode directly toward the *Penitents*, who little dreamt of the Storm that was coming, while they were praying for Rain. And all this, notwithſtanding the vigorous Endeavours of the *Prebend* and *Curate* to reſtrain him, and little regarding *Sancho's* Exclamations, who yauling inceſſantly after him, cry'd out, Where the Devil are ye poſting, Maſter *Don Quixote*? Does *Beelzebub* himſelf poſſeſs ye, thus to ſend ye a tilting againſt the Catholick Faith? Don't ye ſee 'tis only a Proceſſion? and that the Lady which they carry upon that ſame Pedeſtal, is the Image of the bleſſed Virgin —— Upon my life y' are diſtracted—— Maſter— Maſter— Hey— Maſter— Maſter come back i' the Devil's Name, and don't ride headlong to Hell. But *Sancho* worry'd his Lungs in vain; for his Maſter was ſo bent upon delivering the Lady i' the Mourning, that he would not ha' return'd back, no, not for the Pope himſelf, nor all the Perſwaſions of the whole Council of *Trent*.

Stopping *Roſinante*, therefore, within twenty Paces of the Proceſſion, with a hoarſe and furious Tone; Hold Rake-hells, cry'd he, that under ſacred Veſtments, diſguiſe the worſt of Miſcreants, attend and heark'n to my Words—— The firſt that ſtood ſtill, were thoſe that carry'd the Image; at what time one of the four Prieſts that ſang the *Letanies*, beholding *Don Quixote's* extravagant Garb, the meagre Ribs of *Roſinante*, and ſeveral other ridiculous Circumſtances, which he obſerv'd in the menacing Champion; Friend, ſaid he, if you have any thing to ſay to us, ſpeak it quickly; for all this while theſe poor People are ſcourging their own Fleſh, and we have no leiſure to hear a long Diſcourſe. Why then, reply'd *Don Quixote*, in ſhort—— Pray releaſe that fair Lady, whoſe diſconſolate Looks and Tears ſufficiently declare, that you have done her ſome ungracious Injury, and that you are hawling her away from her Parents and Kindred, againſt her Will. For my part, I came into the World to prevent ſuch Violences as theſe, and cannot therefore in Honour conſent to let ye paſs, till ye have reſtor'd her to her deſir'd Liberty.

There needed no more to confirm thoſe People, that *Don Quixote* was no wiſer then his Father had begot him; ſo that they could not forbear laughing in his Champion like Face: and it is to be fear'd, that one was ſo bold as to bid him troop about his own Buſineſs, like a Fool as he was—— But this was to ſet a lighted Match to a Barrel of Gun-powder—— For *Don Quixote* enrag'd to ſee himſelf derided, made directly, with his Sword drawn, toward the Image. At what time one of the perſons that carry'd it, leaving his Employment to the reſt of his Companions, ran to meet the menacing *Hero*, with one of the Forks that

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ſuſtain'd the Pageant when it reſted in any place: Which, tho the mighty Champion ſlit in two pieces with the firſt Blow of his Sword that he ſtruck, yet with the other half that remain'd, the ſtout Opponent return'd the Knight ſuch a uſe of Admonition upon the right Shoulder, that his Buckler not being bound to take care of both ſides, the Violence of the Randan-Rub fetch'd him from his Steed to the Ground, where he lay yerking with his Legs at firſt, like a Capon newly Neck-twiſted, and by and by became as motionleſs as the Image he ſought to deliver.

Sancho, who ſtill follow'd his Maſter, came in puffing and blowing juſt at the *God-ſpeed* of this unfortunate Miſchance; and ſeeing the diſmounted Knight in that bad and diſaſtrous Condition, cry'd out to the Countreyman to hold his hand, for that his Maſter was a poor ſilly inchanted Knight that never did any body harm in his life. However, 'twas not *Sancho*'s Interceſſion that ſtopp'd the Countryman's Fury, but his own Fears; for he perceiving that *Don Quixote* lay like a Dormouſe in a Box of Cotton, not ſo much as wagging Hand or Foot, verily believ'd he had murder'd him; and therefore tucking up his long Gown about his Waſte, for Expedition-ſake, he fell a' running, as if the Conſtable and all his Watch had been at his Heels.

By this time the *Curate* and the *Prebend*, with all the reſt of *Don Quixote*'s Company were come into the end of the Fray; upon whoſe Approach, the *Proceſſioners* beholding the Bailiffs with their Swords and Piſtols, and conceiting Revenge i' their heated Countenances, cluſter'd together about the Image, and lifting up their Veils, the *Penitents* with their *Scourges*, and the *Prieſts* with their *Torches*, reſolv'd to abide the Aſſault, and defend themſelves and their Idol, as well as they could. But Fortune order'd the Buſineſs better then they could expect, to the Advantage and Satisfaction of both Parties. For while *Sancho* lay ſtretch'd out at his full lenghth over his Maſter's Body, moſt dolefully lamenting and bewailing him for dead, the *Curate* happen'd to be known to the *Curate* of the *Proceſſion*, which preſently diſpers'd all Fears and Jealouſies on both ſides; ſo that the *Curate* having given his Brother Parſon a ſhort Account who *Don Quixote* was, they went all together, *Penitents* and all, to ſee if he were within the Cure of *Spruce-bear* and *Iriſh-ſlate*, or no.

But when they came near the Thing that ſeem'd to lie for dead, like one of the Knights of *Jeruſalem* i' the Temple-Rounds, there they found *Sancho* with the Tears trickling down his Cheeks as big as counterfeit Pearls, and making his Maſter's Funeral-oration in theſe Words: 'Bright 'Flower of Chivalry, quo he, by Ignominious Cudgel thus laid low, a 'Sacrifice to a damn'd Sexton's Wrath; farewel eternal Honour of thy Race, 'not only *Mancha*'s Darling, but the whole World's Glory, now by thy death 'become like a defenceleſs *Orphan*, expos'd to the Rage and Violence of 'wicked men, that fearleſs now of thy chaſtizing Arm, will raviſh Vertue, 'and ſet Juſtice naked with her Heels upward. Liberal above a thou-'ſand *Alexanders*, who for eight Months Service only, hadſt enrich'd me with 'one of the beſt Iſlands i' the World! O thou that wert humble to the 'Proud, and lofty to the humble, that frightedſt every one, of all afraid; 'daring in Danger, tame Sufferer of Affronts; a Lover of Shadows, the 'Scourge of Oppreſſors, and Enemy of Penitents, as Oppreſſors of themſelves! In a word, a *Knight-Errant*, and then what Tongue of Mortals can ſay more?. But only farewel Maſter, farewel Iſlands, farewel all 'the World.

These loud Moans and Lamentations fetch'd *Don Quixote* again to himself; at what time, after a long and profound Sigh, which was the first Sign he gave of Life; He that is absent, quo he, from Thee, most peerless *Dulcinea*, can never be other then miserable—— Help me, dear *Sancho*, once more into the *Inchanted Chariot*, for I am not in a Condition to bestride unruly *Rosinante*— Oh—— *Sancho*— *Sancho!* never was a Tavern-bisket crack'd into so many pieces, as my Shoulder-blade—— I have no more use of my right Arm, then a joynted Baby—— With all my heart, reply'd *Sancho*, I am still ready to assist my dear Master—— And so, Sir, let's e'en return home to our own Village, where we may at leisure consider of some other Adventure, more to our Honour and Profit. Thou say'st well, answer'd *Don Quixote*, 'tis Prudence to weary the malicious Influences of the Stars. Upon which words, the *Prebend*, the *Curate*, and the *Barber* fail'd not to strike while the Iron was hot, and having sooth'd him up in his provident Care of himself, return'd him into his inchanted Cage, where they laid him forth upon a Truss of Hay, to the great grief of *Rosinante*, who at that time did not a little envy him his Cushion.

Thus the Procession went on in good order; the Goat-herd retir'd, after he had tak'n leave of the Company, and the Bailiffs were paid and dismiss'd by the *Curate* The *Prebend* also embrac'd the *Curate*, and after he had obtain'd his Promise to give him an Account of *Don Quixote*'s Cure, pursu'd his Journey. And thus the *Curate*, the *Barber*, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, were left alone with *Rosinante*, who among so many Hurly-burlies had shew'd no less Patience then his Master. So that now the almost-dismember'd Knight being laid at his ease, as we said before, upon his Bottle of Hay, discreetly strew'd under his bruis'd Bones, the Waggoner drove on according to the *Curate*'s Directions; and at the end of six days, according to the grave pace of those lazy Animals, happily arriv'd at *Don Quixote*'s Village; into which they made their entry at high Noon, upon a *Sunday*, of all the Days i' the Week. Presently Men, Women, and Children came forth to see the Man i' the Cage; but when they knew their old Landlord and Acquaintance, Joy and Admiration put 'em into such a fit of hooping and hollowing, enough to ha' wak'd the seven Sleepers three years before their time. In the mean while, a little Boy ran to carry the News to *Don Quixote*'s Neece and *Governante*, telling 'em, That their Uncle and Master was come home, laid upon a Bottle of Hay, but so lean and disfigur'd, that he hardly knew him again.

'Twou'd ha' griev'd your Heart to ha' heard the Lamentations of his Kinswoman, and his old Maid, when they saw him—— Lord! Sir, cries one, What makes ye come home thus in a Cage? And then she thump'd her Breast, and water'd her Cheeks, like a Nurse at a Funeral. Was there ne're a Stage-Coach, cries t'other, to be got, but that you must be thus cag'd home, like a wild *Swedish* Cat? The Devil take all those Diabolical Books of *Knight-Errantry*, cries the Neece—— Is this the fruit of Adventuring, cries the Maid? The Lord bless me with that little Wit I have, and no more—— And all this, and a great deal worse they repeated, when they saw him creep in a-doors, like one that had shatter'd his Bones from the top of a Pear-tree. Presently comes *Sancho Pancha*'s Wife (for the News flew like a fir'd Rocket) and meeting her Husband, Well, quo she, and how does the Ass? Better then his Master, quo *Sancho*. The Lord be

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prais'd for that, i' the firſt place, quo his Wife——— But prithee, Husband, tell me, quo ſhe, What haſt got all this while by thy *Squiring?* Haſt brought me home e're a new Petticoat? or any Shoos and Stockins for the Children? I ha' brought none of thoſe Trifles home, quo *Sancho*, but I ha' brought things of greater value. Now thou chear'ſt my Heart, quo his Wife, prithee let's ſee thoſe things of Value. I will ſhew thee at home, reply'd *Sancho*; in the mean time be ſatisfy'd, good Wife; for if it be our good Fortune to take another friſk, as I hope we ſhall, thou ſhalt ſee me in a ſhort time Governour of an Iſland, I ſay of an Iſland, and that one of the beſt Iſlands in the World; none of your paltry Iſlands of thirteen to the Dozen. Pray God thou be'ſt *John*, Husband, quo ſhe——— But what doſt mean by an Iſland, *Sancho*, for I don't underſtand your hard Words? Why look ye, quo *Sancho*, *Tell a Mare a Tale, and ſhe'l let a Fart— 'Tis not for Aſſes to lick Honey*——— Thou ſhalt underſtand what I mean time enough, when thou ſhalt wonder to hear thy ſelf call'd nothing but *Lady* and *Madam*, and ſee all thy Slaves and Vaſſals bowing and cringing about thee, with their Hats off——— What doſt think on't?——— won't theſe be brave *new-Petticoat-days*?——— I' the mean time, good dear *Joan Panſa*, not a word o' the Pudding——— ſtay till the time comes, and make no Brags——— 'Tis enough, that what I tell thee's true——— And therefore believe thy nown *Sancho*——— Only by the way let me tell thee, There's no ſuch Pleaſure i' the World, as to be a Squire to a *Knight-Errant* that goes a Nutting after Adventures——— 'Tis true indeed, that all we meet with, do not always ſucceed——— Of a hundred, not fourſcore and nineteen hit right——— I know it by Experience, Wife——— thanks be to God, I ha' try'd it——— I ha' been toſs'd in a Blanket——— I ha' been thraſh'd till my Bones ha' rattl'd i' my Skin, like a Bag of Cheſsmen——— Nevertheleſs, 'tis a moſt pleaſant life to ride a hunting, as we do, in chaſe of that Whore Fortune——— over Rocks, over Mountains, through Deſarts and Foreſts, to viſit Caſtles, and lodge at Inns, without paying the Devil a Croſs to the Sot of an Inn-keeper, that gives us the beſt Dyet and Lodging he has.

Thus *Sancho* mus'd his Wife, while *Don Quixote*'s Niece, and his Maid undreſs'd him, and put him in his old Bed, where he lay caſting a melancholy Look, ſometimes upon the one, ſometimes the other; yet not knowing either them or himſelf. At the ſame time the *Curate* laid a ſtrict Charge upon the Niece to take care of her Uncle, but above all things, narrowly to watch him, to prevent his making a third Eſcape; telling her withal, what a deal of Pains and Trouble it had coſt him to get him home again. With that the Niece and the Maid began again to lift up their Voices; they thundred out a thouſand Maledictions againſt Books of *Knight-Errantry*; and beſought of Heaven to confound, and ſend to the very Center of the Abyſs the Authors of ſo many Lyes and Impoſtures. In ſhort, they made it their buſineſs diligently to watch the good Gentleman, continually alarm'd with Fears and Jealouſies, leſt they ſhould loſe him again, as ſoon as recover'd; which unhappily not long after fell out accordingly, notwithſtanding all their Induſtry and Diligence.

The End of the Firſt Part.

Don Quixots Encounter with the Players page 339.

Don Quixots Adventure of the Lyons page 363.

THE SECOND PART OF THE LIFE and ATCHIEVEMENTS Of the most Ingenious KNIGHT, Don Quixote DE LA MANCHA.

PART II. BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Containing the manner of Don Quixote's *third Escape.*

CID *Hamet Benengeli* recounts in the second Part of this History, and the *third Escape* of *Don Quixote*, that the *Curate* and the *Barber* were above a Month before they would Adventure to give him a Visit, for fear of recalling to his Memory what in time they were in hopes he might have clean forgot. Nevertheless, they fail'd not every day to see his Neece, and his old Maid, to whom they gave a special Charge every time they came, to be careful of their Nursery, and as well to divertise him with their Company, as to recruit his Body with wholesome Diet, proper to comfort the Heart and Brain, where lay his chiefest Distemper. To which they answer'd, That all the *Mad-houses* about *London* could not be more tender of him, then they both were, and wou'd be; so much the rather, because they observ'd a strange Amendment in him, and that he would many times talk as rationally and discreetly, as the *President* of a *Synod.* This was joyful News to the *Curate* and *Barber*, who look'd upon it as a good Effect of the Inchantment they had themselves divis'd. Thereupon they determin'd to give

give him a visit, and make tryal themselves of the Progress of his Cure, which, however, they thought impossible. And because they would not wake a sleepy Lion, they agreed not to speak a word of *Knight-Errantry*. With these Resolutions they enter'd his Chamber, where they found him sitting up in his Bed, in a Wastcoat of green Bays, with a Turban-fashion'd Cap upon his Head, but with his Skin so wither'd and sallow, and so Dog-lean, that he look'd like the Picture of Death it self. Nevertheless, he was very glad to see his Friends, thank'd 'em very civily for their kind Visit, and like a man in his perfect Senses, gave 'em an Account of his Condition as rationally as a Colledge-Doctor, and made 'em an Answer to all their Questions pertinently and discreetly, beyond their Imagination. After they had thus prattl'd, for some time, of ordinary Matters, they fell at length upon State-affairs, and began to discourse of Government, reforming sometimes this bad Custome, sometimes another Grievance, and establishing new Laws, as if they had been the *Solons* of the Age. Upon all which Subjects *Don Quixote* reason'd with that Gravity, that Discretion, that Knowledge, as if he had been Privy-Counsellor to *Charles the Great*, and so to all his Successors; insomuch that the *Curate* began to think him once more a rational Creature. Nay more, his Neece and old Maid, who were present at all these Discourses, wept for Joy, and could not forbear to give thanks to Heaven, the one to see her Uncle, the other to find her dear Master had so cleverly recover'd his Understanding. For between the *Curate*, the *Barber*, and *Don Quixote*, they had so new minted the Government, as if they had made a Stamp a' purpose for it, and had refin'd the Common-wealth into another *Utopia*.

But the *Curate*, astonish'd at this sudden Change, was resolv'd to see whether *Don Quixote*'s Senses were Musquet-proof against the most dangerous Tryal of all; and therefore, notwithstanding his first Resolutions, not to open his Lips about *Knight-Errantry*, he told him there was great News at Court, how that the *Grand Signior* had rais'd a vast Army, and no body knew where the Tempest would fall. However, all Christendom was alarm'd, and that the King was providing to secure *Malta*, and the Coasts of *Naples* and *Sicily*. The King, reply'd *Don Quixote*, does like a prudent Warriour; for by that Precaution he prevents the Surprizes of his Enemy. But if he would take my Counsel, he should take another Course, which I am apt to believe he little thinks of at this present; which, nevertheless, would be much the safer way. Scarcely had the *Curate* heard *Don Quixote* speak, but he shrugg'd up his Shoulders, and shaking his Head; Alas, poor Gentleman! quo he, I find thee out already; and I am much deceiv'd, if thou art not now more Fool then ever. Thereupon the *Barber*, who was clearly of the *Curate*'s Opinion, desir'd *Don Quixote* to let 'em understand what sort of important Counsel his might be. Certainly, said he, the King has so well consider'd, that yours can deserve no better then to be rank'd among those impertinent Admonitions that are usually given to Princes, much like the Frenzies of that great Stateswoman, *Hannah Trapnel*. Mr. *Soapsuds*, quo *Don Quixote*, 'tis neither Frenzie, nor Impertinency, but Ponderosity it self. May it please ye, Sir, I thought no harm in what I said, quo the *Barber*, only we find by Experience, that most of these kind of Projects that are offer'd to his Majesty, are either impossible, or ridiculous, or to the Detriment of the King and Kingdom. But mine, reply'd *Don Quixote*, is neither ridiculous, nor impossible; but politickly invented, thoroughly weigh'd, and the easiest

easiest thing i' the World to be put in Execution. However, quo the *Curate*, methinks your Worship is too chary of it. Frankly then I must tell ye, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I should be very loath to tell it you to day, for the Lords of the Council to be inform'd of it to morrow, and so another shall go and reap the Fruits of my Invention. For my part, quo the *Barber*, I swear by my Mother's Chastity, to tell neither *King*, *Queen*, *Rook*, *Pawn*, *nor Knight*, *or any Man or Woman that lives upon the Earth*, *of it*. An Oath, Sir, that I learnt out of the Vicar's Tale; in the Preface to which, he tells the King who it was that robb'd him of his hundred Pieces, and his ambling Mule. I know nothing o' the Story, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but I rely upon the Oath, because I believe Mr. *Barber* to be a Man of Honour. Let him be what he will, quo the *Curate*, in this Case I'le be his Surety, that he shall be as silent as a red Herring. And who shall be Bailsman for you, Mr. *Curate*, reply'd *Don Quixote*? *Super verbum Sacerdotis*, quo the *Curate*, which obliges me to all the Secrecy i' the World. I' the Name of *Bethlem Gabor*, then, quo *Don Quixote*, what has the King to do more, then to make publick Proclamation only for all the *Knight-Errants* of his Kingdom, to appear upon a prefix'd day, at Court? For tho there should meet but half a dozen, there may be one among 'em, singly of himself sufficient to destroy the whole Power of *Turky*. For mark what I say, Gentlemen, and take me along with ye—Perhaps you may think it a miraculous thing for one Knight alone to defeat an Army of two hundred thousand men, as easily as if they had all, being joyn'd together, but one Head; and yet you see Histories are full of these Prodigies. Cud's life! 'tis a thousand Pities, that the famous *Don Belianis*, with a Pox to me, for I'le curse no body else, is not alive i' this Age; or any one of that innumerable Throng of the Race of *Amadis de Gaul*; for were but one of them now living to meet these *Mahometans*, y' faith I wou'd not be i' their Coats—— He would so handle 'em without Mittens, that not a Sutler should return to *Constantinople*. However, patience awhile, God will provide for his People, and raise up one, it may be, who, tho he have not the Reputation of the *Knight-Errants* of former Ages, yet may be no way their Inferiour in Courage—— God knows my heart, I say no more. Let me die, quo the Neece, if my Uncle ha' not still a hankring after *Knight-Errantry*. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Don Quixote*, a *Knight-Errant* I am, and a *Knight-Errant* I will die; and let the *Turk* land where he please, when he pleases, and with all the Power he can make, once more I say, God knows my heart. I beseech ye, Sir, quo the *Barber*, gi' me leave to tell your Worship a Story of an Accident that happen'd not long ago, not far off, very pertinent to our Discourse at this time. Good leave have ye, quo *Don Quixote*, go on a' God's Name; for I'm a great Lover of Stories to the purpose. With that, the *Barber* thus began:

There was in the Hospital of *Bedlam* a certain Person, whose Relations had put him in for no other Reason, but because he was mad. He was only a Batchelor of Art, tho had he been a Doctor, many are of opinion, he might ha' been mad enough for all that. This Batchelor in some few years, weary of his Confinement, believing himself so well recover'd, that he might well deserve his Liberty, wrote to some Noble-man in great Authority, beseeching him for the Love of God, to release him out of his Misery, since he was so well come to himself; only his Relations kept him in still, to enjoy his Estate, which they had got into their Possession. The Noble-man, perswaded by his Letters, sober and well penn'd, that what he alledg'd was true, gave order to his Secretary to inform himself of the

Governours, whether what the Batchelor wrote, were real or no: Moreover, that he ſhould himſelf diſcourſe him, with an abſolute Deſign, if he were fully recover'd, to order his Liberty. Thereupon the Secretary went to the Keeper of *Bedlam*, and ask'd him in what Condition the Batchelor was? Who made Anſwer, That he was as mad as ever; That, true it was, he would ſometimes talk like a Man of Reaſon and Senſe, but ſtill at the end of the Story he would relapſe into his former Extravagancies, as he might try himſelf, if he pleas'd to take the Pains. Thereupon the Secretary requeſting the Favour, he was carry'd to the Mad-man's Chamber, where he diſcours'd the Lunatick a full hour together, without perceiving the leaſt Diſturbance in his Brains imaginable. On the other ſide, he utter'd ſo much Reaſon, and deliver'd himſelf with ſo much Wit, and ſo diſcreetly, that the Secretary was fully convinc'd of his Recovery. Nay, he went ſo far as to make a plauſible Complaint againſt the Keeper, alledging, That to pleaſe his Relations, and for the ſake of thoſe Preſents, which they continually ſent him, he repreſented his Priſoner to his Friends that came to ſee him, as one that was ſtill a Mad-man, only that he had now and then ſome few lucid Intervals. But after all, that his greateſt Enemy was his Eſtate, which his Friends unwilling to reſtore him, would not acknowledge him to be in his right Senſes, tho they knew better things. In ſhort, he diſcours'd at that rate, that the Secretary believing the Keeper to be a *Canary-Bird*, and his Relations to be no better then they ſhould be, reſolv'd to take him along with him to his Lord, that he might be able to ſatisfie himſelf of the Truth of the whole matter. The Keeper labour'd all he could to perſwade the Secretary to quit his Deſign, deſiring him to have a care what he did; aſſuring him, that the Batchelor was mad, and that all he would get by the Bargain, would be only the trouble to find himſelf miſtaken. But the Secretary perſiſting in his Reſolution, and the Order which his Lord had procur'd, being poſitive, the Keeper was fain to return the Mad man his Habit, and to deliver him into the Hands of the Secretary, to do with him as he pleas'd.

The Mad-man now ſtript of his *Bedlam*-Weeds, and finding himſelf reſtor'd to the number of Rational Men, begg'd the Secretary's Permiſſion, that he might only take leave of his late Companions in Affliction. To which the Secretary readily conſented, deſirous as well to ſee the reſt of the mad Folks, as to obſerve a little more narrowly the Humour of his releas'd Captive. In his Rounds, the Batchelor by and by came to a Chamber that was faſt lock'd, and where lay a man that was as mad as mad could be, only he had his *lucida Intervalla* now and then; to whom, Adieu, Brother, quo the Batchelor, I am juſt going home, thanks be to God, that has reſtor'd me to my Senſes; only I call to know what Service I can do thee abroad. I hope God will be as merciful to thee, as he has been to my ſelf. In the mean time uſe the means, pray to him, and truſt in him. For my part, I ſhall not fail to ſend thee many a hot Bit: For 'tis my Opinion that all our Madneſs proceeds from Stomachs empty of Victuals, and Brains full of Air. Eat, therefore, drink, and be merry; for this deſponding in Misfortune, is but a lingring way of dying.

Juſt over againſt this Aparmtent lay another three ſizes madder then he, who liſtning with an envious Attention to the Batchelor's Diſcourſe, ſtarts up in a great Fury out of his Straw, where he lay as naked as a Virgin that has put off one Smock to put on another, and all enrag'd; Who's that, quo he, that's going away ſo well recover'd, and ſo wiſe? 'Tis I, Brother, reply'd the Batchelor, 'tis I, Brother, that have no longer need of Whey

and

and Butter-milk, thanks be to God. Parſon, quo the Mad-man, take heed what thou ſay'ſt, and let not the Devil deceive thee; return to thy Chamber, and ſtay there, for fear thy Friends be troubl'd to bring thee back. I'le warrant thee, Brother, for coming here any more more, quo the Batchelor. I know my ſelf as ſound i' my Intellects as a Biſhop, and therefore 'tis time for me to leave my place free for ſome new *Collegiate*. You are ſound you ſay—— farewel, quo the Mad-man; but by the eternal *Jupiter*, whoſe Majeſty I repreſent on Earth, for this very ſame Crime alone, and no other, in ſuffering thee to be releas'd out of this Colledge, I intend to take ſuch a ſevere Revenge upon this City, that they ſhall have cauſe to remember it *in ſecula ſeculorum*. Thou think'ſt, poor brainleſs Parſon, 'tis not in my power; but thou ſhalt find that I am the mighty *Jupiter*, that graſp the Thunder-bolts of Heaven in my Hands, and in the twinkling of an Eye, can reduce the whole World into Aſhes. But I will not puniſh the ignorant, ſilly People ſo ſeverely; I will be more merciful, I will only ſhut up the Flood gates of the Skie, ſo that there ſhall not fall a drop of Rain upon the City, nor the Suburbs, nor the Countrey twenty Miles round, for three years together, counting from this very Day and Moment that I make this ſolemn Proteſtation, till the particular Expiration of every day incluſively. Thou free, thou ſound, and in thy Senſes, and I here mad, diſtemper'd, and chain'd to my Straw! By my Thunder, let me be hang'd and damn'd, if it rain a Spoon-full in all that time. The Batchelor having heard the Mad-man rave at this rate, turns to the Secretary, and taking him by the Hand; Sir, ſaid he, never let the Menaces of this Mad-man trouble ye; for—— if he be *Jupiter*, and will not let it rain, I am the Sun that draws up the Clouds into the Skie, and it ſhall rain when I pleaſe, and where I pleaſe in ſpite of his Teeth. Oh—— Mr. *Phœbus!* cry'd the Secretary, you ſpeak very well; however, i' the mean time 'twill not be ſafe to provoke my Lord *Jupiter*, ſtay i' your Chamber to day, and we'll come to morrow, or next day to fetch ye away, when Monſieur *Jupiter* is in a better Humour. The Keeper, and the People that were with him, could not forbear laughing; only the Secretary was not a little troubl'd to find himſelf ſo cheated by a Mad-man. In ſhort, the Batchelor being diſrob'd again, was ſent to his Chamber; and ſo my Tale ends.

Well! Monſieur *Barber*, quo *Don Quixote*, and this at length is your Tale, which you ſay was ſo pat to the buſineſs, and which you could not forbear telling for the Heart, Blood, and Guts of ye! Oh—— *Signior Waſh-ball, Signior Waſh-ball!* How blind muſt he be, that can't ſee through a Mill-ſtone? Does not your worſhipful *Logger-head-ſhip* know, that all Compariſons made between *Wit* and *Wit*, *Beauty* and *Beauty*, *Courage* and *Courage*, are odious? Good Mr. *Barber*, I am neither *Jupiter* nor the Sun, neither do I pretend to be one of the Sages of the Age; all that I aim at, is only to make the World to underſtand the Prejudice it does it ſelf, in not endeavouring Might and Main the Reſtoration of contemn'd and ſlighted *Knight-Errantry*. But after all, I find, that this unfortunate and paltry Age is unworthy that vaſt Advantage, which former Ages enjoy'd, when *Knight-Errants* took upon themſelves the Defence of Kingdoms, the Protection of Ladies, the Relief of Widows and Orphans, the Reward of Vertue, and the Puniſhment of violent and lofty Oppreſſors. Knights now adays are for their ſoft Garments of Tiſſue and Silk, and not for ponderous Cuiraſſes and Coats of Mail; they had rather ſtand i' their Shops perfum'd and perriwig'd, meaſuring a yard of *Bombazine*, or *Paul Methin*'s Cloath, then meet an Enemy; they had rather lead up

a City-Company into the *Artillery-ground*, with their Half-pike carry'd after 'em by a Foot-boy, then coap an Adversary in the Field. Where are any now adays, that will leave their Feather-beds to take a Nap i' the open Air, arm'd from head to foot, and expos'd to all the Inconveniences of Heat and Cold? Where are any now, that without stirring from their Stirrups, only leaning their Heads against the uneasie Pillow of their Lances, strive, as it were, to out-brave Sleep, Drouth and Hunger, and a thousand other Discomforts of Life? I say again, where is that Knight at this time of the day, who, after he has clamber'd Mountains, and travers'd Forrests and Desarts, finding himself upon the brink of the Sea, where there is no other Vessel to be had, but only a small Wherry that has neither Sails, Masts, Oars, or Sea-men, without any *Shilly-Shally's*, throws himself hand over head into the Boat, consulting nothing but his Courage, tho he sees the Sea all in an Uproar, one Wave mounting him to the Skie, and another tumbling him down to the bottom of the deep; yet all this while th' undaunted Knight sits his Boat as firmly as his Saddle, as if he knew not what Danger was; and by and by, when he least expects it, finds himself three thousand Leagues from the place where he first embark'd; and skipping ashore, like a Taylor from his Shop-board, in a strange Countrey, performs those extraordinary Atchievements, that deserve to be engraven i' Brass, as an Eternal Monument of his Renown. But now Effeminacy, and paltry Lazines, and the Theory of Custard-Encounters are the Vertues *A-la-mode*, that triumph, unpunish'd, over Labour, Vigilancy, and the true practice of Arms, that only flourish'd in the Age of Gold, and among *Knight-Errants*. But give me leave to ask ye, Where d' ye find more Honour, or more Courage, then in *Amadis de Gaul*? Who more prudent, then *Palmerin* of *England*? Who more affable then the *White Tyrant*? Who more a Courtier then *Lisnart* of *Greece*? Who more hack'd and hewn, or a greater *Hewer* and *Hackster*, then *Belianis*? Who more undaunted, then *Perion* of *Gaul*? Who more daring, then *Felixmart* of *Hyrcania*? Who more prudent, then King *Sobrin*? Who more invincible, then *Orlando*? Who can compare, for Valour and Courtesie, with *Roger*, from whom the Dukes of *Ferrara* are descended, according to *Turpin* in his *Cosmography*? All these Knights, and a great many more that I have i' the Budget of my Memory, were *Knights-Errant*, the Glory and Ornament of Chivalry; and such as these are they, whom I would advise the King to make use of, if he aim at his own good, and to save Charges; and then let the *Turk* kiss where he sate a' *Saturday*. However it be, I am resolv'd not to keep House, whether the Secretary come to fetch me out, or no; and whether *Jupiter* will send Rain or not, 'tis not a Fart matter to me. And now, Mr. *Tonsor* of *Epsom*, you find that I understand your worshipful Tale.

Truly, Sir *Don Quixote*, quo the *Barber*, I had no design to displease your Worship, God is my Witness, and therefore I hope you will take nothing amiss that I ha' said. Whether I take it amiss or no, reply'd *Don Quixote*, you are not to be so saucy as to examine me. Let that pass, quo the *Curate*, and as I have hitherto been a Hearer only, without interrupting your Discourse, pray give me leave i' my turn, to be satisfy'd in one Scruple, which *Don Quixote*'s words have skewer'd into my Conscience. Speak on, Mr. *Curate*, quo *Don Quixote*. Why then, Sir, reply'd the *Curate*, I cannot, for the Soul o' me, be perswaded, that any of this whole Troop of *Knight-Errants* which your Worship has muster'd together, were ever i' the number of Men that were born of a Woman without sheets,

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as they say, into this World, or christen'd without the Consent of the Parish; but to deal ingeniously with ye, that they were only Tales made at random, and invented by a sort of idle Fellows, that knew not how better to employ themselves, if they were not half asleep when they wrote 'em. See now the common Error, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that misguides the chiefest part of Mankind, and makes 'em such stupid Infidels to question the Being of those renowned Champions. Neither is it the first time that I have had several Disputes and Quarrels in defending this manifest Truth, wherein sometimes I ha' got the better, sometimes not. And yet the Truth is so apparent, that I dare be confident I ha' seen *Amadis de Gaul* with my own Eyes. He was a tall man, with a sanguine lively Complexion, a well shap'd black Beard, and a sowr, affable Aspect: He was no great Talker, seldom angry, and never long in a Passion. And I could as easily give you a Description of all the *Knight Errants* i' the World, as I ha'done this of *Amadis*; for that after you have well study'd in History their famous Exploits, and various Humours, ordinary Philosophy will teach ye to delineate their Features, their Complexion, their Stature, nay, the very Air of their Faces, and whatever else you desire to know.

Pray, *Signior Don Quixote*, how tall was the Giant *Morgante*? Whether there were Giants or not, reply'd *Don Quixote*, is a great Dispute among the learned. However, holy Scripture that cannot err an Atom from the Truth, informs us there were Giants, as we find by the Story of *Goliah*, who was seven Cubits and a half high. In *Sicily* also have been found the Bones of Men's Shoulders and Thighs so big, that from thence we must of necessity conclude by the certain Rules of Geometry, the men, to whom they belong'd to, have been as big, and as high as St. *Pulcher*'s Steeple. Nevertheless, I do not affirm for Truth, that *Morgante* was such a hideous May-pole, rather I am apt to believe he was not altogether so tall. And that which moves me to think so, is this; That the Story saies, he sometimes slept within doors. Now if there were any House that could contain him, he could never be such an unreasonable Monster. That's very true, reply'd the *Curate*, who being highly pleas'd with these extravagant Fancies of *Don Quixote*, ask'd him at the same time, what he thought of *Rinaldo*, and *Orlando*, and the rest of the *Twelve Peers*, who all had been *Knight-Errants*? As for *Rinaldo*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I dare be bold to say, That he was a Man broad-fac'd, of a lively ruddy Complexion, sparkling Goggle-eyes, damnable captious, extreamly cholerick, a Protector of Thieves and High-way-men, and a great keeper of lew'd and debauch'd Company. As for *Rowland*, *Rotoland*, or *Orland*, for all these Names he went by; without doubt he was a short, squat Man, broad-shoulder'd, somewhat bow-leg'd, and hunch-back'd, brown-visag'd, red-bearded, and very hairy in his Body; a menacing, surly Aspect, and a great Talker, but withal, very civil and gentile. If *Orlando*, quo the *Curate*, were such a sort of a rough-hewn, ill-shap'd Blade, as you describe him, no wonder that *Madam Angelica* preferr'd the downy-bearded *Medor* before him, who was young, handsome, and courtly. As for Madam *Angelica*, Mr. *Curate*, gi' me leave to tell ye, quo *Don Quixote*, she was as right as my Leg, as they say, a meer fickle Gil-flurt, a giddy-brain'd Slut, a confounded Strumpet, more famous in History for her drinking Healths, and straining the Wine through her Smock, then for her Beauty or Vertue. She set at nought Kings and Princes, and disdaining the most prudent and valiant Warriours and Knights that ever were i' the World, pick'd up a beardless Page to cool her wanton Heat, that had neither Honour, nor Estate,

but

but only the Reputation of being one that pleas'd his Miſtreſſes. And therefore the celebrated *Arioſto*, that had a great Kindneſs for her, extoll'd her Beauty, and flatter'd her more then ever Lady was flatter'd in a *Dedication* to a *Play*, when he found what a Choice ſhe had made for her ſelf, ſeems to ha' been aſham'd of her, and concludes her Story with theſe two Verſes:

But how ſhe came to be a Prince's Miſs,
I' the next Age you'll know, but not in this.

Whether this were ſpoken by way of Propheſie, I cannot tell (for Poets formerly, as ſtill they pretend, were taken to be a ſort of Sooth-ſayers) but this is certain, that in proceſs of time there was a Poet or Poetaſter that wrote a Poem, and call'd it *Angelica's Tears*, perhaps for the rarity of the Subject; for it may ſo happen, that a Whore may live to repent; and another wrote a Panegyrick in Praiſe of her Beauty and Modeſty, peradventure well hir'd by ſome of her natural Iſſue, who were unwilling their great Grandmother ſhould lie under ſo foul a Scandal. I wonder, ant like your Worſhip, quo the *Barber*, that no body ever writ a Satyr againſt her, ſince ſhe was ſo bad as you ſay ſhe was. I make no queſtion, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but *Sacripant* or *Orlando* had done it, had they been Poets. For it is the faſhion among deſpis'd Lovers to rail upon their Miſtreſſes, tho to tell ye true, 'tis an unhandſom piece of Revenge, and beneath a generous Spirit. However, I never heard of any Libel that ever came forth to *Angelica*'s Diſadvantage, tho ſhe were one that always made Miſchief where e're ſhe came. That was a wonder indeed, quo the *Curate*— But here they were interrupted by a Noiſe below i' the Court, where the Niece and the old Maid were ringing a *Billings-gate* Peal, as loud as two Saints Bells—— which made 'em liſten to hear what was the matter.

CHAP. II.

Of the pleaſant quarrel that happen'd between Sancho *and* Don Quixote's *Niece and* Governante.

THE Occaſion of the Noiſe, it ſeems, was this; that *Sancho Panſa* knock'd at the Door, and endeavour'd to force his way into the Houſe, deſiring to ſee his Maſter. But *Don Quixote*'s Neice and Governeſs at the ſame time oppos'd him with all their Might; ye idle Varlet, ye Pumkin-headed Rogue, they cry'd, ye ſhan't come within theſe Doors— for you are he, and none but you that debauch my Uncle, and put him upon all his impertinent Rambles— Get ye home to your own Kennel, with a murrain, and don't trouble us wi' your Viſits. *Pandreſs* to *Satan*, quo *Sancho*, thou art deceiv'd above half in half; for if any body be debauch'd, 'tis I am the Perſon; 'tis I that ha' been lead the Devil's Dance from Poſt to Pillar, upon Promiſes of more Butter then Bread, and not your Maſter; 'twas he that inveagl'd me from my Wife and Children with his colloguing, and diſſembling, and fair Promiſes of an Iſland he would give me— and I think a blind Man wou'd be glad to ſee't. Hell conſume thee, and all thy Iſlands together, reply'd the Governeſs— what ſhould ſuch a greedy

greedy Gut-cur do with Islands, unless they were made of Bag-pudding, to eat 'em—Be gone, ye hungry, beggarly Rakeshame, be gone, ye Gorbelly'd Cur— I don't mean Islands to eat, but to govern, quo *Sancho*, and that far better then any four of the King's best Mayors of his Corporations. Govern where thou wilt, quo the Maid, thou come'st not within these Doors, thou Bundle of Iniquity, and Sack-full of Mischief——work ye lazy Rogue, work, and ne're trouble your head about Islands. The *Curate* and the *Barber* were ready to kill themselves with laughing at this pleasant Dialogue. But *Don Quixote* fearing lest *Sancho* should grow mutinous, and blunder out in his Passion some Discoveries prejudicial to his Reputation, order'd the cholerick Governess to govern her Tongue, and let him in. Thereupon *Sancho* enter'd victoriously, and the *Curate* and the *Barber* took their leaves of *Don Quixote*, despairing of his Cure, finding him still so bewitch'd to his Dreams and *Deliriums* of *Knight-Errantry*. When they were out a' doors, Well, Neighbour, quo the *Curate* to the *Barber*, now shall we see that this Knight of ours, when we least think of it, will leave us i' the lurch for another Fegary. I expect no less, quo the *Barber*; i' the mean time, however, I would give a couple a Testers to hear the wise Discourse at this juncture between the Cuccow-brains of a Knight, and the Jobber-nole of a Squire; for indeed the Master's Madness without the Servant's Impertinency, were not worth a Straw. Patience, quo the *Curate*, I'le warrant ye an exact Account from the Niece and the Maid, for their itching Ears I'm sure will be list'ning. In the mean time *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* having lock'd the Chamber door, thus interparly'd.

Thou dost very ill, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, to report, as thou dost, that Ientic'd thee from thy Dog-hole of a Cottage, knowing that I left my own House at the same time, a Palace, in comparison of thine. VVe went out both together, we travell'd both together, and we run the same Fortune, and the same Hazzards both together; now if thou hast been toss'd in a Blanket once, I ha' been thwack'd and pounded a hundred times, and that's all the Advantage I have had above thee. 'Twas but Justice, reply'd *Sancho*, seeing that by your own Confession, Rubbs and Misfortunes, Slashes and dry Basting belongs properly to the *Knight-Errants*, and not to their Squires. Thou deceiv'st thy self, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, according to the old Verse, *Quando caput dolet*, &c. I understand no Language but my own, Sir, quo *Sancho*. I'le tell thee then, reply'd *Don Quixote*; when the Head akes, the rest of the Body is never well at ease: So then I being thy Master, I am also thy Head, and thou art one of my Members, as being my Servant: whence it follows, that if I am well swadd'd at any time, much of the Pain will fall to thy share; as if thou art soundly cudgell'd, I must in like manner be sensible of thy Sufferings. It may be so, quo *Sancho*, and yet when I was toss'd i' the Blanket, my Head was a' t'other side the Wall, beholding me vaulting, and cutting Capers i'the Air, regardless of my Affliction; why did not you come in and take your share? Oh, *Sancho!* reply'd *Don Quixote*, thou art greatly mistaken; for at that very time I was more troubl'd in Mind, then thou wert tormented in Body. But leaving this Discourse till another time, and more leasure to rectifie what has been done amiss, prithee tell me, *Sancho*, what do the Neighbours talk of me? What do they say of me i' the Village? What Opinion has the Nobility of me? How do the Knights discourse of my Valour, my Exploits, and my Affability? What do they think of my Design to restore to its ancient Luster, the almost-forgotten Order of *Knight-Errantry*? In a word, without any Consideration of Flattery or Respect, tell me truly and

sincerely

ſincerely, like a true and faithful Servant, what thou haſt heard. For I would have thee to know, *Sancho*, that if Princes were inform'd, as they ought to be, of the naked Truth, by men of unbyaſs'd Vertue, Tranquility and Peace, Juſtice and Abundance, would bleſs the World, and this Iron Age of ours, by a miraculous Philoſopher's Stone, would be chang'd into an Age of Gold. Remember this Advertiſement, friend *Sancho*, to ſpeak the Truth, without apparelling and diſguiſing her Beauties; for ſhe's a Lady that always ought to be ſeen naked. That I ſhall do from the bottom of Heart, reply'd *Sancho*, provided you will not bee offended, if I tell what I heard, juſt as I heard it, and no otherwiſe, and preſent ye Madam *Truth* as naked as ever you ſaw Lady i' your Life. Upon my Honour, quo *Don Quixote*; nothing ſhall offend me, ſpeak freely, and without Circumlocution.

In the firſt place then, Sir, you are to know, that your Neighbours take ye for a perfect Mad-man, and me for a man, that at beſt, has not overmuch Wit. The Gentlemen ſay, that your Worſhip, vent'ring beyond the Limits of Gentility, have aſſum'd to your ſelf moſt arrogantly the Title of *Don*, and have Dubb'd your ſelf a *Knight with two Acres of Land*, a Tatter before and another behind. The Knights take Pepper i' the Noſe, to ſee that your Gentlemen think themſelves equal with them, eſpecially your Gentlemen Squires, that mend and lam-black their own Shoes, and are forc'd to beg a Needle-ful of courſe Yarn to darn their own Stockins. All this, nothing concerns me, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for thou know'ſt, I always wear good Cloaths, and never patch my Breeches. True it is, they may be a little out at Elbows ſometimes, or want a Skirt, but that's the fault of my Armour that looſens the Stitches, and rubs out the Cloath. Then *Sancho* proceeding, as for your Valour, your Courteſie, your Exploits, and your great Deſign, the World ſpeaks variouſly. Some ſay he's mad, but a good merry-conceited Fellow—— others, that he's valiant, but his Luck's naught— others, that he's affable, but damn'd impertinent— In a word, they ſpend ſo many ſeveral Verdicts upon us, that they leave neither you nor me a ſound Bone in our Skins. Hark ye me, *Sancho*, the more eminent Vertue is, the more ſhe's expos'd to Calumny. Few of the great men of this World could eſcape her venomous Teeth. *Julius Cæſar*, that valiant and prudent Captain, was lookt upon as ambitious, and reproach'd for his Luxury, and Effeminacy in his Habit. *Alexander* was accus'd for a Drunkard and a Debauſhee; that *Hero*, who for his renown'd Atchievements well deſerv'd the Name of *Great*. *Hercules*, after he had conſum'd himſelf in reſtleſs Toil, and Labours incredible, was beſpatter'd with the Titles of voluptuous and laſcivious. 'Twas reported of *D. Galaor*, the Brother of *Amadis*, that he was ſo huffy no body could keep him Company; and of *Amadis* himſelf, that he would cry like a Child. And therefore, my dear *Sancho*, I never mind the Quips and Girds of Malice, if they gall my Reputation no more then theſe; being ſatisfy'd ſhe deals no worſe by me then ſhe did before by thoſe unblemiſh'd and renowned Warriors. *Body o' my Father*, quo *Sancho*, you ſay well, if this were all— but the Devil's in 'em, they don't ſtop here: Why, what can they ſay more, reply'd *Don Quixote*? More! quo *Sancho*—— Cuds-foot, Sir, why we are ſtill to flea the Cat's Tail, you have had nothing yet but Cream of *Almonds* and white Bread. But if y' have ſuch a Deſire to hear what ſevere Sentences are daily paſs'd upon ye, I'le bring ye one preſently that ſhall give ye a full Account, without miſſing a Tittle. For here's *Bartholemew Carraſco*'s Son, who makes it his Buſineſs to viſit all the noted *Coffee-houſes* about the City, twice a day, newly

newly come to Town with a Sack-ful of News. And he tells me, your Life is already in Print, under the Name of the *Moſt Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote de le Mancha.* He ſaies, I am in too by by own Name of *Sancho Pancha*, and that they have jumbl'd in Madam *Dulcinea del Toboſo* by Head and Shoulders; nay, and as if the Devil had been their Intelligencer, they have crowded in ſome things too, that were only private Diſcourſes between you and I; how the murrain they ſhould come to know 'em otherwiſe, I can't for my Soul imagine. Aſſuredly, reply'd *Don Quixote*, it muſt be ſome *Necromancer* that has writ this Story——— for they are here, and there, and every where, like *Satan* himſelf. How ſhould he be a *Necromancer*, quo *Sancho*, for young *Corraſco* tells me, he writes his Name *Cid Hamet Hen-en-baken*? That's an *Arabian* Name, reply'd *Don Quixote*. That may very well be, quo *Sancho*, for they ſay, your *Arabians* are great Admirers of Hen and Bacon; if they don't, I'm ſure I do. And thus, friend *Sancho*, thy Belly has put thee out; for thou art indeed within a mile of an Oak of the Name, which is *Benengeli*, not *Hen-an-baken*, you Logger-head, if I miſtake not; and *Cid* ſignifies Lord. I never ſtand upon Names, quo *Sancho*, but if you deſire to hear young *Corraſco*'s News, I'le bring him hither flying—— Prithee go, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, for my Victuals will do me no good, till I underſtand the Truth of this matter. With that, *Sancho* ran down Stairs, and returning in a ſhort while after, brought young *Corraſco* along with him; and now how pleaſantly they chatted you ſhall hear i' the next Chapter.

CHAP. III.

Containing the learned Diſcourſe between Don Quixote, Sancho Panſa, *and the young* Corraſco.

ALL the while *Sancho* was gone, *Don Quixote* thought every Minute a thouſand years, till he came again. He ſate like one that had been ſtudying the Philoſopher's Stone, muſing, and dreaming, and wondring who the Devil this Perſon ſhould be, that had finiſh'd and printed the Story of his famous Atchievements, e're the Blood of his Enemies had ſcarcely done reaking upon the Blade of his Sword. But at length he concluded it muſt be ſome *Necromancer* who had wrought this Miracle, either as a Friend to extol his great Exploits, above whatever yet had been perform'd by the moſt famous Knights that ever pranc'd upon the Ball of the Earth; or elſe as an Enemy, to diſparage the Merit of his noble Actions, and debaſe 'em below the moſt pitiful Orchard-Robberies of the meaneſt Squires; tho, quo he to himſelf, I do not remember that ever the little Hen-rooſt Attempts of Squires, were ever recorded in the Book of Fame. But let it be what it will, if the Book were printed, he thought it could not chuſe but be magnificent, lofty, and true, ſince 'twas the *Hiſtory* of a *Knight-Errant*. This was his Conſolation for a while; but then agen, when he conſider'd, that the Author had given himſelf the Title of *Cid*, and conſequently muſt be a *Moor*; reflecting, I ſay, that the *Moors* were all a Company of *Mountebanks* and *Chymiſts*, then he was ready to hang himſelf, fearing leſt the Hiſtorian ſhould have been too laviſh in talking of his Amours, to the Prejudice of his illuſtrious Lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*'s Cha-

ſtity; and mortally dreading, leſt the Hiſtorian ſhould ha' forgot to extol his own Fidelity, and the *Decorum*, and Reſerv'dneſs, which he had always obſerv'd in his Paſſion for her; and how he had always ſlighted Empreſſes, Queens, and Ladies of all ſorts of Qualities, and kept all his wanton and laſcivious Inclinations at a Bay, for fear of tarniſhing his Loyalty to his beloved Damſel.

Plung'd over head and ears in theſe melancholy Fancies, *Sancho* and the young *Corraſco* found him; at what time he ſeem'd to wake out of a Dream, to receive the *young Schollar*, whom he complemented with all the Civility imaginable.

This *Corraſco*, tho his Name were *Sampſon*, was none of the biggeſt in Body, but an anointed *Crackrope*, about four and twenty years of Age, lean and pale; but witty, and a notable Fellow for Bantring, as they call it now adays. He was round-viſag'd, flat-nos'd, and wide-mouth'd, all the Signs of a wicked and ſcurrilous Diſpoſition, and of one that would never ſcruple to abuſe his Friend, ſo he could make Sport for himſelf, as he plainly diſcover'd, when he ſaw *Don Quixote*. For immediately he threw himſelf upon his Knees before him; and after he had humbly beg'd the Favour to kiſs his *Highneſs's Hands*, My Lord *Don Quixote*, ſaid he, by the holy Order of Prieſthood, you are certainly the moſt famous and renowned *Knight-Errant* that ever was, or ever will be through the whole extent of the Univerſe. All the Bleſſings of Paradiſe be upon *Cid Hamet Benengeli*, for writing the Hiſtory of your valiant Exploits; and may he never want *Claret*, as long as he lives, that tranſlated it into *Engliſh*, for the Delight and Paſtime of Male and Female. And bleſt are we, that the Copy comes out now in Peace and Quietneſs; for there had like to ha' been a foul Stir about it, while one *Bookſeller* claim'd one Limb of your *Lordſhip*, and another another. Is it true then, reply'd *D. Quixote*, that my Life is in Print, and that a *Moor* has writ it? 'Tis very certain, my Lord, reply'd *Corraſco*; and that I believe there has been printed already in ſeveral Languages above twelve thouſand Volumes at *Lisbon*, *Valentia*, *Barcelona*, *Antwerp*, *Colen*, *Paris*, *London*, &c. and I don't believe that any other Books will be printed for theſe ſeven years together. Truly, quo *Don Quixote*, one of the greateſt Happineſſes that can befall a Man i' this World, is to ſee himſelf in good Eſteem and Reputation in the World. For Eſteem and Reputation, quo the young Schollar, I'le aſſure ye, my Lord *Don Quixote*, you ha' won it above a hundred Pikes length, from all the *Knights-Errant* that ever were. And the *Mooriſh* Author, and his Tranſlators have been very induſtrious to ſet forth your Character with all the Ornaments that can give it luſter, your Undauntedneſs in Danger, your Conſtancy in Misfortune, and Patience in ſuffering Wounds, Buffets, and Baſtinado's, and your Reſerv'dneſs and Continency in your Platonick Amours between your ſelf and the moſt Illuſtrious *Madam Dulcinea del Toboſo*. *Bodikins*, quo *Sancho*, I never heard her call'd the *Illuſtrious Madam* before, but only *Madam Dulcinea*; and therefore certainly that muſt be a fault i' the Hiſtory. That's a ſmall Miſtake, if there be no worſe, quo the Schollar—— Well—— but *Signior Corraſco*, quo *Don Quixote*, which of all my Atchievements and Adventures does the Hiſtory moſt take notice of, and lay its greateſt ſtreſs of Remark upon? Why, truly my Lord, quo *Corraſco*, in this the Judgments and Opinions of Men are divided; ſome cry up the *Adventure of the Windmills*, which your Highneſs took for ſo many *Morgantes* and *Aſcaparts*; ſome, that of the *Fulling-mills*: Others extol to the Skie that other, when you fought with the *two Armies*, that afterwards

prov'd

prov'd to be *two Flocks of Sheep*, where you wrought Miracles. Others are Tooth and Nail for the Adventure of the *dead Corps* that was carrying to *Segovia*. Others will lay ten pound to a Crown upon that of the *Galley-Slaves*: some are mad to pawn their very Souls upon that of the *Benedictine Giants*; but the more prudent sort are ready to make *affidavit*, that the Adventure of the *Biscayner*, ought to be engrav'd in Marble, above all the rest. I beseech ye, Mr. *Schollar*, quo *Sancho*, is there no mention of the Adventure of the *Carriers*, when our precious *Rosinante* long'd for the forbidden Fruit? There's every thing in, reply'd the Schollar, the Author has left nothing out, not so much as honest *Sancho*'s dancing *Trenchmore* i' the *Blanket*. I did not dance i' the Blanket, quo *Sancho*, for I danc'd i' the Air, to my grief be it spoken; and therefore that's another Lye. Certainly, quo *Don Quixote*, there is no History i' the World where you shall find one man to be always prosperous, much less any Story of *Knight-Errantry*; where many times you meet with nothing but Crosses and Misfortunes. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Corrasco*, and therefore there are some who have read your Life, that very much blame the Author for being so careful to inventory that infinite number of Drubbs, and Rubs, and Ribroastings, that you have receiv'd with Cudgels, Candlesticks, and Pitch-forks, from Carriers, Mule-drivers, and *Penitents*, in several desperate Encounters. However, quo *Sancho*, 'twas Truth of History. Why, truly, Mr. Schollar, quo *Don Quixote*, they might as well ha' been left out, now I think on't; for Actions that neither impair, nor alter the History, are better bury'd in silence, then continu'd to Posterity, if they redound to the Prejudice of the Lord of the Story. Assuredly, *Æneas* was never so pious as *Virgil* makes him, nor *Ulysses* never so wise as *Homer* describes him. I believe it, reply'd *Corrasco*; but 'tis one thing to write like a *Poet*, another thing to write like a *Historian*. 'Tis sufficient for a Poet to report things as they ought to be; but a Historian must relate Matter of Fact, as it was really transacted, without swerving from the Truth, upon any Pretence whatever.

If the worshipful *Moor*, quo *Sancho*, be so conscientious in telling of Truth, I hope, among all the Showrs of Bastinado's that fell upon my Master, he has not forgot mine; for they never took measure of my Master's Shoulder, but they were always so kind to take the same measure of my whole Body to boot. But 'twas no wonder, that, since 'tis his own Rule, that if once the Head akes, all the rest of the Members should suffer. Y' are an unlucky, dissembling Knave, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for now, Sirrah, I see you can find a Memory, when y' 'ave a mind to't. How the Devil should I forget the Swadlings I ha' suffer'd, that are not well out o' my Ribs to this Hour? Hold your prating, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, and let Mr. *Corrasco* proceed. You speak very seasonably, reply'd the Schollar, for with all these Interruptions, we shall ne're ha' done. Yet I must needs say this for honest *Sancho*, that he is no such contemptible person, as being the second i' the Story; and some there are, who had rather hear his impertinent Prattle, then all the learned Discourses of his Lord. Tho' some there are agen, that take him for a Cully, at least, a very credulous *Simpleton*, to believe his Master spoke a tittle of Truth, when he offer'd him the Government of an Island. Forbear, Mr. Schollar, quo *Don Quixote*, what I said, I said; and what I said, I intended; but this it is, I find that *Sancho* has not sow'd his wild Oates, there's a Glimmer in his Touch-box still; however, Age and Experience may fit him in time for a Government, at least, by that time I have one to give him. Fore-George, Sir,

quo *Sancho*, that I ſland which I cannot govern at this Age, I ſhall never govern at the Age of *Methuſelah*; but the Miſchief is, we ha' Brains enough, but we want the Iſland. Well, but leaving this buſineſs of the *unfortunate Iſlands*, I am very glad, Mr. Schollar, that the Hiſtorian is ſo kind as to remember me, and ſo to ſpeak of me, as not to give me an ill Character: For, by the Faith of a Chriſtian, had he ſaid any thing that did not become an *old Chriſtian*, as I am, I ſhould ha' rung him ſuch a Peal, that the Deaf ſhould have heard me. I confeſs, quo the Schollar, as ſilly, and as illiterate Fellows as thou, have wrought greater Miracles then that, i' this Age. *Miracle me no Miracles*, quo *Sancho*, let every one have a care what he writes concerning other Men, and not put down at random, right or wrong, whatever comes into his Noddle. The main fault found with this Hiſtory, quo the Schollar, is this, That the Author has thruſt into it, by Head and Shoulders, the Novel of the *Curious Impertinent*; not that the thing is ill writ, or badly invented, but becauſe it has no coherence with the Story of *Don Quixote*. I'le lay my life, quo *Sancho*, the Son of a Whore has made a Gallimawfrey of my *Maſter's Life*, and crowded *foul and clean, Higgledy-piggledy*, into his Cloak-bag. Pox take him, quo *Don Quixote*, I'le be hang'd if the Fellow ben't ſome *Narrative-writer*, or one of thoſe that ſcribble the Lives of Great Men, now a-days, as ſoon as the Breath is out of their Bodies, in abominable Six-penny *Duodecimo's*. And thus has this *Dogbolt* undertaken my Story *Habnab*, like the Painter, who being ask'd, What he painted? anſwer'd, What comes next to hand—— and when he had made a miſhapen Cock or Bull, was forc'd to write in *Gothick* Letters, *This is a Cock*, or *This is a Bull*. And ſo I fear me, my Life will require another confounded Commentary of *witleſs, feſtivous Notes* to explain it. Trouble not your ſelf for that, Sir, quo *Corraſco*, for the Gentleman has taken a world of Pains, and made every thing ſo plain, that a Boy of twelve years of Age may underſtand what he means. Nay, 'tis come to that already, that if the People do but ſee a lean, ſcragged Jade, ſcarce able to draw one Leg after another upon the Road, they preſently cry, *There goes Roſinante*. Pages already Dogs-ear it, Boys read it, young Ladies make themſelves merry with it; Gentlemen underſtand it, old Men applaud it; there's hardly a Dining-room Window, where you ſhan't find a *Don Quixote*; when one leaves him, another takes him up. In a word, 'tis a Hiſtory that pleaſes all ſorts of Sexes and Ages, as being a Book, wherein there is nothing that borders upon *Ariſtotle's Problems*, nor ſo much as a profane Thought. Otherwiſe it were not a true Hiſtory, quo *Don Quixote*; and we know, that falſe Hiſtorians deſerve the ſame Puniſhment as the Coiners of counterfeit Money. Nor do I know why the Author ſhould ſtuff his Hiſtory with Tales of a Tub, that are nothing to the purpoſe; as if there had not been matter ſufficient for the Exerciſe of his Wit, had he only confin'd himſelf to my Deſigns, my Sights and Tears, my Encounters, my Penances, *&c.* which, I'm ſure, would ha' made a Volume bigger then all *Toſtatus's Works*, or the *Book of Martyrs*. In my Opinion, Mr. Schollar, 'tis not ſo eaſie a thing as men imagine, to write a Hiſtory, or any Book whatſoever, which requires a ſolid Judgment, and a ripe Underſtanding. To ſpeak wittily, and write pleaſantly, belongs to great Wits. The pleaſanteſt Part in a Play, is the Fool's, and yet he muſt be no Fool, I'm ſure, that acts that Part. On the other ſide, Hiſtory is a ſacred thing ſo far as it contains Truth; for where Truth is, there God himſelf is alſo: and therefore, for thoſe that make Books, equal in number to Fritters upon a *Shrove-Tueſday*, I cannot conceive

ceive their Compoſitions can be worth a Straw. There is no Book ſo bad, quo the Schollar, but ſomething uſeful may be pickt out of it. That's true, reply'd *Don Quixote*, yet oft it happens, that Men who have gain'd a Reputation for doing well once or twice, loſe it again when they come to print often. The reaſon's plain, quo the Schollar, for the more they write, the more they are pry'd into, and examin'd. All your great Poets and famous Hiſtorians are ſtill ſubject to the Cenſures, ev'n of ſuch as never could put Pen to Paper i' their Lives. That's no wonder, quo *Don Quixote*, for there are many Divines, not worth a Ruſh in a Pulpit, will judge incomparably of another man's Sermon. All this is Truth, reply'd *Corraſco*, and therefore I could wiſh theſe *Momus's* and Cenſurers wou'd be more merciful, and leſs ſcrupulous in examining the Motes of that ſame *Sun*, whoſe Works they callumniate; and that they would conſider, tho *Homer* ſometimes may ſeem to take a little Nap, How many a tedious hour conſum'd his Lamp? How many a live-long Night he kept himſelf awake, to bring thoſe famous Works of his to light? For many times it may ſo happen, that what thoſe moroſe Cenſurers reprehend for Faults, may be rather Perfections; like Moles, which, tho they are Blemiſhes i' the Skin, yet ſometimes add to the Beauty of the Face. Beſides that this is certain, let a man be never ſo eloquent, never ſo learned, never ſo juſt, it is impoſſible for him to pleaſe all the World. And that, I fear me, quo *Don Quixote*, will be the Fate of my Hiſtory, to pleaſe but few, there being but few wiſe Men to read it. But the number of Fools, reply'd *Corraſco*, is without number, and they from high to low, from rich to poor, admire your Story. Only ſome there are, who tax the Author for want of Memory, or defect of Intelligence, becauſe he does not give us an Account who 'twas that ſtole *Sancho*'s *Grizle*; only we find by the Story, that the Aſs was ſtoll'n, and yet by and by, we find him riding the ſame individual Aſs again, not knowing how he came by her; enough to make a man think that *Sancho* ſtole her himſelf again. Then they ſay, that the Author forgot to tell us what *Sancho* did with the hundred Pieces in Gold, he found i' the Cloak-bag upon *Sierra Morena*. Mr. Schollar, quo *Sancho*, I am not in a Condition at preſent to caſt up Accompts, for I find a gnawing at my Stomach; and ſuch is my Conſtitution, that if I don't repair the Detriments of Concoction every two hours, I ſhall waſte like a ſtale Lobſter, and grow as lean as a Hermite——. When I ha' din'd, I am for ye,—that is, when I ha' ſatisfy'd Nature, I'le ſatisfie you, or any man that wears a Head, either as to the loſs of my Aſs, or the true laying out of the hundred Pieces, or let the Demand be what it will—— And ſo, without ſaying a word more, or expecting any Reply, away he went. *Don Quixote* deſir'd the Schollar to ſtay and take a Colledge-Commons with him, to which he added a couple of Pigeons more then uſual, by way of *Exceedings*. The young *Corraſco* accepted his Invitation, and ſtaid. All Dinner-time they diſcours'd of *Knight-Errantry*, and the Schollar obſerv'd the Knight's Humour exactly; after that, they took a Nap for Digeſtion's-ſake, till waken'd again by *Sancho*'s Hobnails, they prepar'd for a ſecond Colloquie.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Wherein Sancho *ſatisfies all the young Schollar's Queries, with other things profitable to know, and fit to be related.*

SAncho Panſa being now return'd, and beginning where he left off, Mr. Schollar, quo he, you deſire to know when, and where, and by whom my Aſs was ſtoll'n. To which I anſwer, and ſay, That the ſame Night that we fled to avoid the *Hue and Cry*, which we had juſt reaſon to fear would purſue us, after thoſe two curſed Adventures of the Galley-Slaves, and the dead Man, that was going in peace to his Grave, my Maſter *Don Quixote* and I betook our ſelves into the thickeſt, and moſt unfrequented Part of all the *Black Mountain*: where he reſting his Head againſt his Lance, and I, without alighting from my nown dear *Grizle*, wearied with our late Encounters and Baſtinado's, fell faſt aſleep, and ſlept as ſoundly as if we had been ſtretch'd out upon two Feather-beds, eſpecially your Friend and *Sancho*. For to ſay Truth, the Devil had hung ſuch a Weight upon my Eye-lids, that the Thief, whoe're he was, had leiſure enough to ſupport the four Corners of the Pack-ſaddle with four ſtout Stakes, and then to lead away the Aſs from between my Legs, without being perceiv'd by me i' the leaſt. Which is no new thing, nor ſo difficult to be done; for ſo it ſeems the Country-fellow's Horſe was ſtoll'n from under him in *Bartlemew-Fair*; and thus was *Sacrapant* alſo robb'd at the Siege of *Albraca*, of a Steed that coſt him fourſcore and fifteen Pound, by the great Thief *Brunel*, the Horſe being fairly ſtoll'n from betwixt his two Thighs, as he beſtrid'd him. At length I wak'd, but with my ſtirring, and ſtretching my ſelf i' my Pack-ſaddle, down came the Stakes, and down came I all a' t'one ſide upon the hard Stones, wi' the Pack-ſaddle upon me. Preſently I look'd for my Aſs, but no Aſs was to be found—— Woe is me then! how thick the Tears fell from my Eyes as big as *French-beans*, and I made ſuch a dreadful Lamentation, that if your Hiſtorian has forgot it, I would not give him a braſs Farthing for his Dedication. Some few days after, attending upon *Madam*, the Princeſs of *Micomicon*, I knew my Aſs again, and the Fellow that rid her, in the Habit of a *Gypſie*, who was one of thoſe wicked *Rake-hells*, that my Maſter and I had ſav'd from the Gallies. This is not the Miſtake of the Hiſtorian, quo the Schollar, but only that he ſets *Sancho* upon the ſame Aſs's Back that was loſt, before he gives us Intelligence of his being found. As for that, reply'd *Sancho*, if the Hiſtorian be more Beaſt then my Aſs, how can I help it; but it may be, 'twas a Fault of the Printer. 'Tis very probable, quo *Corraſco*; but now i' the ſecond Place, What became of the hundred Pieces, did your Maſter and you divide?

No, quo *Sancho*, my Maſter, I'd ha' ye to know, ſcorns Money—— I ſpent 'em my ſelf upon my ſelf, my Wife and Children—— they ha' far'd well ever ſince— for I muſt needs ſay this for my Wife, ſhe loves her Belly better then her Back—— and that's the reaſon ſhe takes ſo patiently my late Rambling and ſcaperloitring after my Maſter *Don Quixote*'s Tail—— For had I come home with empty Pockets, as I went out— Heaven knows whether I had not been in *Holofernes*'s Condition before now—— I am ſure, at leaſt, one houſe could ne're have held us, beſides the loſs of both the Drums of my Ears. And now if y' have any thing more to ſay to me,

I am here ready to anſwer the King in Perſon; for what has any body to do, whether I brought home, or not brought home, whether I ſpent or not ſpent— and therefore, pray ſpare your Quips and your Quirks, good Mr. *Schollard*, for if all the Thumps and Thwacks that I ha' receiv'd i' theſe Rambles, were valu'd but at Ha'pence a piece, and I to be ſatisfy'd in Money for every one, a hundred and a hunderd Pound in Gold more would not pay for the tenth part; which I wiſh Mr. *Curate* had for his ſhare—— Come, come, Mr. *Schollard*; *He that will meddle with all things, may go ſhoe the Goſlings——— but let every man take his own Noſe by the end*, and not be ſo buſie to miſtake *black* for *white*, or *white* for *black*—— every man is as God made him, and ſometimes a great deal worſe. Truly, friend *Sancho*, quo the Schollar, your Proverbs are very ſententious, and I ſhall take ſpecial care that they be recorded by the Author in his next Edition.

How, quo *Don Quixote*, will the Author print a ſecond Edition? Yes, Sir, quo the young *Corraſco*, and would fain put out a ſecond Part too—— But he ſaies, he cannot find it, neither does he know where it is—— ſo that for this ſame very reaſon, and for that 'tis generally ſaid, That *ſecond Parts* are ſeldom worth reading, I fear me, we are like to ſee no more of it. And yet abundance of People that love Mirth, and hate Melancholy, cry out—— *More Quixote's Fegaries*—— *More Quixote's Fegaries*— let but *Don Quixote* appear, and *Sancho* talk— 'tis as good as a Play at any time.

And how ſtands the Author affected, quo *Don Quixote?* Fully reſolv'd, Sir, quo the Schollar, as ſoon as he has found what he ſeeks for, to furbiſh it up, and publiſh it immediately; more for his own Profit tho, then for any Kindneſs to your Worſhip. Nay then— quo *Sancho*, if the *Author* ſeek his own Gain, he's like to write a fine Hiſtory, by fore-*George*; rather like your Taylors upon an *Eaſter-Eve*, that ſtitch with hot Needles and burnt Silk to make haſte; we ſhall have a Huddle of *Flim-flam*, and *Trim-tram*, that will never hang together——— But let Mr. *Moor* have a little Patience, and my Maſter and I will furniſh him, my life for his, with Matter ſufficient of all ſorts, as well ſucceſsful and unfortunate, as between both, not only to make a ſecond, but a hundred Parts more, if his leiſure will permit him; ſurely he thinks we do nothing but ſleep in a Haymow——— but let him come to the point—— and ſee whether we fail him. In ſhort, Mr. *Schollard*, if my Maſter *Don Quixote* would have taken my Advice, we had been i' the Field before now, redreſſing Wrongs, and ſubduing Oppreſſion, as all *Knight-Errants* are oblig'd to do.

Scarce were *Sancho*'s laſt words out of his Mouth, but they heard *Roſinante neighie*; which *Don Quixote* took for ſuch a lucky *Omen*, that he reſolv'd to take t'other *Ramble* within three or four days at fartheſt. To which purpoſe he diſcover'd his Reſolutions to the young *Corraſco*, deſiring his Advice which way he ſhould ſteer his Courſe. If you will follow my Advice, reply'd *Corraſco*, you will do well to take the Road for *Saragoſſa*; where within, theſe few days, upon St. *George*'s Feſtival, there is to be a moſt famous Tilting Bout, and much Honour to be won, if you can but bear away the Bell from the *Arragonian Champions*; for that done, you ham-ſtring all the other Champions i' the World. Moreover, the young Schollar applauded his Deſign, yet admoniſhing him withal, not to be too free in expoſing himſelf to Danger, but to be a good Husband of his life, which was none of his own, but theirs that ſtood in need of his Succour and Aſſiſtance in their Afflictions and Diſtreſſes. That's the very thing

now,

now, Mr. *Sampſon*, let me be hang'd if it ben't, quo *Sancho*, that makes me ſometimes ready to run mad; for my Maſter, I'le aſſure ye, will make no more, when he's i' the Humour, to ſet upon a hundred armed Men, then old *Marriot* wou'd ha' done to have encounter'd a dozen roaſted Chickens. Cuds-me life, Mr. Schollard, there's a time to aſſail, and time to retreat, and not to be always St. *George*, *and have at thee, bold Dragon.* For if my Memory don't fail me, I ha' heard my Maſter *Don Quixote* himſelf ſay, That Valour lies juſt i' the middle between Cowardiſe and Raſhneſs: which being ſo, I wou'd not have him run, when there's no need: On the other ſide, I wou'd not have him venture his Fleſh, but when he's ſure to get the better. But above all things, I wou'd have my Maſter to underſtand, That if he intends to take me along with him, the Bargain's to make upon this Condition, That he ſhall fight all the Battels, Rancounters, Encounters, Skirmiſhes, Duels, Quarrels, and On-ſets himſelf; and that I am only to look after his Cloaths, the Wine, and the Victuals, wherein he ſhall find I'le ſerve him as diligently as a *Fairie*; but for me to draw my Sword againſt *Carriers* and *Mule-drivers*, becauſe they are no *Knight-Errants*, in good ſooth-law, I beg his pardon——— 'tis a thing I ſhall never conſent to; and I think I do fairly to tell him before-hand. For my part, Mr. *Sampſon*, 'tis not Fame and Honour that I covet, nor do I care to be thought a ſecond *Orlando*, but only to be renown'd for one of the moſt faithful Squires that ever follow'd the Heels of *Knight-Errant*. And if after all my Services, my Maſter *Don Quixote* will be ſo kind as to beſtow upon me one of thoſe Iſlands he talks of, I ſhall be his humble Servant, and thank him; but if he does not, why then, naked I came into the World, and 'twill be no ſuch great matter if naked I return to the Duſt. It may be, the Bread I ſhall eat without a Government, may taſte as well as if I were the greateſt Governour i' the World. And what do I know, but that the Devil is providing me one of theſe Governments for a Stumbling-block to give me a Fall, and daſh out my Teeth? I was born *Sancho*, and *Sancho* I intend to die. Nevertheſs, if Heaven would beſtow an Iſland or a Province upon me, without any Trouble, or running any Hazard, I am no ſuch Fool neither, God be thanked, to refuſe a good thing when 'tis offer'd me; according to the Proverb, *When the Cow's given thee, ne're refuſe to lead her home by the String*. In truth, friend *Sancho*, quo the young *Corraſco*, thou ſpeak'ſt like an Oracle. But be patient, *Patience is a Plaiſter for all Sores*; Truſt in God and thy Maſter, my Lord *Don Quixote*, and he'll gi' thee, not only an Iſland, but a Kingdom. I am afraid, as ſoon one as t'other, ſo God help me, quo *Sancho*; and yet let me tell ye, Mr. *Sampſon*, ſhould my Maſter give me a Kingdom, he ſhould not find it thrown into an old Sack; for I have felt my own Pulſe, and find my ſelf, thanks be to Heaven, ſufficiently ſtrong, and healthy to govern either a Kingdom, or an Iſland, which he pleaſes; and this I ha' told my Maſter a hundred times. *Sancho*, cry'd *Corraſco*, *Honours change Manners*; have a care, that when you come to be a Governour, you do not grow proud, and forget your own Mother. That's good Advice indeed, quo *Sancho*, for thoſe that were born among Hogs, but not for ſuch, whoſe Souls are cover'd four Fingers thick with your old Chriſtian Fat, as mine is. Men of my Condition ſcorn to be proud or ungrateful. Stick to thy Principles, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, the *Proof of the Pudding's at hand*; for, if I miſtake not, I have a Government juſt now i' my Eye. But, Mr. *Corraſco*, added he, pray tell me, Are you a Poet?——— if you are, I would deſire ye to make me a Copy of Verſes upon the Subject of my Departure, which you may call *D. Quixote's*

Farewel

Farewel to his Miſtreſs, Madam *Dulcinea del Toboſo*; and I would have it be an *Acroſtick*, if you pleaſe, that is, for every Verſe to begin with the Letters of her *Name*. Why, truly Sir, I am none of the beſt Poets in *Europe*, of which there are a very few now adays, God knows, no, not above three and a half in all your Poetical Countries, as *Italy*, *France*, and *England*, put 'em all together; however, I'le endeavour to ſatisfie your Lordſhip; tho the Task will prove the more difficult, becauſe there are ſeventeen Letters in the whole; ſo that if I make four *Stanza's* of four Verſes a piece, then there's a Letter too much; and if I make five *Stanza's*, then there will be three too little; but I'le endeavour to ſmother one, and ſo it may do well enough. By any means, Mr. *Corraſco*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, make 'em ſo, that no other Woman living may pretend the Verſes were made for her. After this, they concluded to be gone within eight Days. *Don Quixote* alſo enjoyn'd the Schollar to be ſecret, and not to ſay a word either to his Niece, his old Maid, the *Curate*, or Mr. *Nicholas* the *Barber*; who would be ſure to uſe their utmoſt Endeavours to put a ſtop to their generous Deſign. *Corraſco* promis'd not to open his Lips to any Soul living; and ſo having begg'd of *Don Quixote* to give him an exact Account of his Misfortunes and Succeſs, took his leave, and departed. And *Sancho* at the ſame time went to make all neceſſary Proviſions for his Journey.

CHAP. V.

Containing the pleaſant Diſcourſe between Sancho Panſa *and his Wife*, &c.

THE Tranſlator of this Hiſtory, when he came to look over this fifth Chapter, would needs have it to be down-right *Apocrypha*, becauſe it introduces *Sancho* ſpeaking in a more lofty Style, and after a more ſcholaſtick manner, then could be expected from ſuch a ſtupid *Ignoramus* as he; and becauſe he talks of matters far above his Underſtanding. However, he would not leave it out, believing it to be his Duty faithfully to follow his Original.

Sancho then, ſaies he, came home ſo blithe, and ſo merry about the Eyes, that his Wife beheld him with a joyful Aſpect, as far as ſhe could ſee him. So that when he came near; *Husband*, quo ſhe, you look as pert as a Pear-monger's-Mare; what is the Occaſion of your Mirth, *my Heart?* I ſhould be much more merry, dear Chuck, quo *Sancho*, were I not ſo well pleas'd as I am. You ſpeak Riddles, *Husband*, quo his Wife, I don't underſtand ye——for I am no ſuch Fool yet, to think a Man would be diſcontented, if he could help it. Why, know then, my dear Honey, quo *Sancho*, I am over-joy'd becauſe I am going to ſerve my Maſter *Don Quixote* again, who is reſolv'd upon a third *Friſk* in chaſe of Adventures; and I for my part, think 'tis better to go along with him, then to lie ſtarving at home; for who knows, Wife, but we may find another Bag of Gold, as big as that we ha' ſpent?—— On the other ſide, it grieves me to leave my ſweet Swotterkin, and my poor Children, the Pledges of our Youth; for to tell thee Truth, I take no delight to lead a Goat's life in clambring over Mountains, and jaunting over Forreſts—— So that if Heaven had been ſo kind to have

granted me a ſmall Eſtate, that I might but eat Bread dry-ſhod at home, I wou'd ha' renounc'd theſe Wild gooſe Chaces after Knocks and Baſtinado's—— But Misfortune has otherwiſe diſpos'd of my ſhort time i' this World— And theſe are the Hopes, and theſe the Sorrows that make me both joyful and diſconſolate at the ſame time. In good faith, quo *Tereſa*, y'are got ſo deep into your *Knight-Errantries*, that ye talk above my Element. The God above underſtands me, quo *Sancho*, and that's ſufficient. In the mean time, Honey, take care for theſe next three days, of my dear *Grizle-pate*, that ſhe may be in a Condition to bear Arms; double her Ordinary, look out my Pack-ſaddle, and let it be mended—— for in ſhort, we are not going to a Wedding, but to compaſs the Earth; to meet with Giants, and Dragons, to encounter Hobgoblins, and to hear nothing but roaring, and rumbling, and bellowing, and howling, and yelling, which, nevertheleſs, will be all but meer Scare crows, if we don't meet with your curſed *Carriers*, and enchanted *Moors*—— Doſt underſtand me, Wife? I make no queſtion, reply'd *Tereſa*, but that *Squires-Errant* do not eat their Maſter's Bread for nothing; only I beſeech God to preſerve thee from all Miſchances. Truly Wife, quo *Zancho*, did I not think thou ſhould'ſt ſee me in a ſhort time, Governour of an Iſland, I'm my Conſcience I ſhould fall down dead immediately at thy feet. Not ſo, my dear Love and Joy, quo *Tereſa*; *Let the Pullet live, tho ſhe ha' got the Pip*; only live, and let all the Governments i'the World go to the Devil. Thou cam'ſt out of thy Mother's Womb without any Government that I know of, thou haſt liv'd without a Government hitherto, and without a Government thou mayſt be carry'd to thy Grave, when it ſhall pleaſe God. How many People are there i' the World that live without Governments, and yet live at Eaſe and Content? The beſt Sauce i' the World, is Hunger; and therefore the Poor always eat with a good Stomach. But to the purpoſe, Husband, if it ſhould be thy good luck to get a Government, prithee don't forget thy poor Wife and Children: Conſider that our Son already numbers fifteen, and I think 'tis time for him to be ſent to School, eſpecially if his Uncle deſign him for the Church. Then for your Daughter, I am perſwaded a Huſband wou'd not ſcare her out of her Wits; for, if I am not miſtaken, ſhe longs as much to be marry'd, as you do for a Government. For what ſaies the Proverb, *Marry your Daughter betimes, leſt ſhe marry her ſelf*; and 'twere better ſhe were ill beſtow'd, then be a Miſs, tho 'twere to two Lords at a time. Hark thee me, my dear Wife, quo *Sancho*, upon the Faith of a man believe me now, the ſecond day after I come to my Government, it ſhall be my buſineſs to marry our Daughter, and to match her ſo well, that ſhe ſhall be, at leaſt, a Lady all over the World. Prithee now, good Husband, none of your *Ladiſhips*, I beſeech ye,—— *Like Blood, like good, and like Age make the happieſt Marriages*. Let her have plain Neat's-leather and Sarge—— and for lac'd Shoes and fine Petticoats, they are fitter for Ladies. She that never was at the Dancing-School, how ridiculouſly would ſhe behave her ſelf in her Silks and her Sattins? What fine Diſcoveries wou'd ſhe make of her Swine-ſerving Breeding? Th' art a Fool, quo *Sancho*, I'le ſend her to a Boarding-School but for two Years, and thou ſhalt ſee how ſtrangely ſhe'll alter. Prithee let her be but a Lady, and let all the Goſſips i' the Town be hang'd, if they pleaſe—— I warrant thee, Woman, ſhe'll do well enough i' the Countrey. I ſay ſtill, Husband, quo *Tereſa*, *Let every one meaſure himſelf with his own Ell.* 'Twould be a very pleaſant thing indeed for us, to go and marry our Daughter to a Lord, for him, in a ſhort time, to be always upbraiding her, and calling her

Madam

Madam Hog-wash, *Gillian a' Croydon*, and *Pig-driver's Daughter*—— —No, no, Husband—I'le ne're marry my Daughter to such fine Folk, by our blessed Lady, not I—I han't bred her up, I hope, as I ha' done, to throw her away at length. No, no, *Sancho*, do thee bring me Money, and let me alone wi' my Daughter——— There's young *Dick Tree*, old *Tree*'s Son, I find him beginning to smirk upon the Wench already, he's an honest Fellow, and her Match— and then we shall have Parents, Children, and Grandchildren, and God's Blessing always among us; marry her the Lord knows where, and we shall see our Son-in-law and Daughter, the Lord knows when—— Marry her at Court among Lords and Ladies, and then she'll understand no body, and no body will understand her. Wife of *Barabas*, and Beast of the Forrest, quo *Sancho*; why, without Rhime or Reason, should'st thou thus obstinately disswade me now from marrying my Daughter to one that shall make her a Jointure of eight hundred a Year, and get me Lords for my Grandchildren besides?—— Suppose the Lord her Husband dies, dost think eight hundred a Year wont maintain her as long as she lives? Besides, she'll live near, and save something by House-keeping in his life-time. I have heard my Grandfather say, That *he that will not, when he may, when he fain would, shall have nay*——— Shall we, when Fortune knocks at the Door, shut her out?—No, no, when the Wind blows fair, let's take the Advantage of the Gale—— and let's hold Opportunity by the Forelock, before she turn her Tail——— [This Huddle of wise Sayings, and some others out of *Sancho*'s Mouth, made the Translator take this Chapter for *Apocrypha*] Then *Sancho* proceeding; *Bruit*, said he, what Injury will it be to thee, for me to get a Government, and raise our Fortunes? What Harm will it be to thee, for me to marry my Daughter to a Lord, and make thee thy self, Woman, a Lady; and then thou mayst come to Church, and lean over the Gallery upon thy Velvet Cushion, in despite of all the giggling Ladies i' the County? Why, what a God's name, Woman! wouldst always live i' the same Posture, neither lower nor higher, like a Picture i' the Hangings? Fy—fy——— talk no more on't; I say, little *Sanchia* shall be a Countess, speak till thy Caul burst. Husband, quo *Teresa*, have a care what thou say'st; I am afraid these Earldoms will be the ruine of your Daughter. You may make her a Dutchess, or a Princess, if you can, but I'le never give my Consent. For my part, I was always a Lover of Equality—— I was christen'd *Teresa*, without any Additions of *Madam* or *Madamoisell*—— my Father was call'd *Gaffer Cascayo*, or *Gaffer Stone*; and my Name's *Teresa*, or *Margery Pansa*, because I am unfortunately your Wife; otherwise my Name might ha' been still *Margery Stone*; but where the Kings are, there are the Laws. However, either of these single Names content me, without being lac'd with any Additions. By him that made me what I am, I'le be as he made me, and no otherwise—— I'le be no body's Laughing-stock— I'le give no body cause to cry out, when they see me, Look, look— she that kept Hogs i' the Stubble t'other day, she that went to Mass with an old Napkin pin'd about her Head, look, how she struts it in her Cloth a' Gold *Manteau* turn'd up with Velvet— What! no less then a whole Silkman and Milliner's Shop upon her maingy Back at one time! Lord bless us! What will this World come to! No, no, by my faith-law, God grant me my five or six Senses, or as many as I have, and I'le tie up their Tongues from quipping a' me i' this fashion, I'le warrant 'em— that is, I'le give 'em no cause, and then let 'em speak, if they can. You may go, Husband, and be a *Lord*, or a *Go-*

vernour, or a *Preſident*, or what you pleaſe, by the Parent of my Mother, your Daughter and I will not ſtir an Inch from our Station— let them ſeek for Jointures, that cannot work with their ten Fingers. For my part, I had rather have a broken Leg, then a Crack i' my Reputation— And therefore, Husband, march you, and your *Don Quixote* together, to your Iſlands, and your Governments, and don't ſtudy Contrivances to debauch your poor Daughter; tho after all's done, I wonder how your Maſter came to be a *Don*; for I'm ſure, neither his Father, nor Grandfather were any more then Headboroughs of the Hundred. May I be roaſted, Wife, if I don't believe thou haſt got a Familiar i' thy Belly—— The Lord bleſs thee for a Woman, what has all this Stuff that thou haſt twiſted together, thy *Caſcayo's*, thy Cloath a' Gold Manteaus, and thy Preſidents, to do with what I ha' ſaid? *Ninny-hammer* and *Shallow-brains*, as thou art, for I can call thee no other, ſince thou canſt not underſtand Reaſon— For ſhould I ha' told thee, that thy Daughter was to throw her ſelf from the top of the Monument, or to trot about the World like a *Gypſie*, or a *Beſs-a-bedlam*, then I ſhould not ha' blam'd thee for being troubl'd; but if in leſs then two *Hits* of a Tap-ball, I make her a Counteſs; if I fetch her from the Straw, to ſit under a Canopy, and to ſet her Bum upon more Velvet Cuſhions then all the Empreſſes of *Morocco*, why ſhouldſt thou be againſt it? Oh! Husband, Husband— quo *Tereſa*, 'tis becauſe of the Proverb, Husband, *That that covers thee, diſcovers thee*— No body minds the Poor, but all Eyes are gazing upon men in Grandeur and Authority— if a poor man become wealthy and great, it ſets all Tongues a grumbling and back-biting; and the worſt is, that when they once begin, they never leave off. Oh, but my dear *Tereſa!* I tell thee things that thou never heard'ſt of i' thy life; nor do I ſpeak of my own Head, but what I heard from one of our *Lent-Preachers*, who told us, if my Memory fail me not, That what we ſee daily before our Eyes, take a deeper root in our Remembrances, then things that are paſt and gone. [And this Diſcourſe, ſo far above *Sancho's Genius*, was another, and one of the ſtrongeſt Arguments to perſwade the *Tranſlator*, that this Chapter was not *authentick*.] And therefore, quo *Sancho*, proceeding in his Philoſophy, when we ſee a man ſumptuouſly habited with a great Rope of Lacquies, hanging like Onions at the Tail of his Coach, we pay him Reſpect in ſpite of our Teeths; tho we remember him formerly to have been but a Foot-boy, or at moſt, a *Clerk's Clerk* himſelf; and his preſent Condition cauſes us to forget his former Poverty; and how mean and baſe ſoever his Parentage were, we look upon him what he is, and not what he was. Let him have been found in a Church-porch, if after he comes to Preferment, he ſhews himſelf liberal and courteous, he deſerves as much eſteem as if he had been a Lord of five hundred years ſtanding; and that all the Records of his Pedigree i' the Herald's Office, were Worm-eaten with Age.

I don't underſtand a Tittle what you ſay, Husband, reply'd *Tereſa*, and therefore e'en follow your own Inventions, and don't break my Brains with your Retricks and Philoſophies— but if y' are ſo *devolv'd* to do as ye ſay—— *Devolv'd*, Wife! what's that?—— you ſhould ſay, *reſolv'd*— ſpeak like a Schollard, my dear Honey-ſuckle— For the Lord's-ſake, Huſband, quo *Tereſa*, *Schollard* me no *Schollards*, I ſpeak as God a-mighty taught me— and for hard words, I give all my ſhare to Mr. *Curate*—— only this I ha' to ſay farther, That if you are ſo mad to be a Governour, pray take your Son *Sancho* along with ye, and teach him to be a Governour after you are dead. For 'tis but reaſonable for Parents to teach

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their Children their Trades. When I am fix'd i' my Government, quo *Sancho*, I'le ſend for him by the Poſt, and ſend thee Money withal— for there is no body, but will lend Money to a Governour— and do thou provide him ſuch Cloaths, that he may appear not what he is, but what he ought to be. Well, well, Husband, for that take you no care— do you but ſend Money, and I'le make him as fine as a Parrot. So then, Wife— 'tis concluded, you ſay, between us, quo *Sancho*, that our Daughter ſhall be a *Counteſs*.

Mercy a' my Soul i' the mean time, cry'd *Tereſa*, for I'm ſure my Daughter's firſt *Lady-day*, will be the laſt of my life— However, do what you pleaſe— you Men are the Maſters, and we poor Women muſt bear our Curſe of Obedience, tho our Husbands are no better then Cowcumbers. And ſo ſaying, ſhe fell a' weeping, as if her Daughter had been breathing her laſt Gaſp— But *Sancho* appeas'd her with a Promiſe to delay her Preferment as long as he could with conveniency. And having ſo ſaid, away he poſted to *Don Quixote* to receive Orders for his Departure.

CHAP. VI.

Containing what paſs'd between Don Quixote, *his Niece, and his Maid; which is one of the moſt important Chapters in the whole Hiſtory.*

WHile *Sancho Panſa* and *Tereſa Caſcayo*, or *Margery Stone*, his Wife, were thus no leſs eagerly then impertinently arguing the Caſe, *Don Quixote*'s Niece and Maid were at their Wits end. They ſaw the good old Knight was as full of his Frenzies as ever, and was reſolv'd upon a third Frolick; and therefore they us'd their utmoſt Endeavour to perſwade him to the contrary: but all they could do, was but *baſting of Stones with Butter*.

Among other Arguments which they us'd to bring about their Deſign, the Governeſs adventur'd to uſe this threatning Language; Sir, quo ſhe, if you will not be rul'd, but will needs run a rambling again, like a *Jack with a Lanthorn* in a Winter-night, and ſtill be vagabonding from your Family, in ſearch of *Hobgoblins* and *Fairies*, to make your ſelf a Laughing ſtock to all the World; I'le never ceaſe petitioning both God and the King, till I either prevail for cure, or get ye lock'd up in *Bedlam*, for a Mad-man, as ye are. *Joan*, quo *Don Quixote*, what Anſwer Heaven will give thee, I know not; neither can I tell what the King will ſay to thee, but this I know, that if I were in his Majeſty's place, I would ne're be troubl'd with a quarter of thoſe impertinent Sheets of gilt-Paper that are deliver'd to Princes every day; and therefore, as it is one of the greateſt Vexations they have, to hear this idle Story, and t'other *Flim-flam*, I hope the King will be ſo kind to himſelf, to make thee ſtay till he has nothing i' the World elſe to do. But, I beſeech ye, Sir, quo the Maid, pray tell me, Are there no Knights at Court? Yes, without doubt, reply'd *Don Quixote*, ſeveral— as well for the Ornament of the Court, as to ſet forth the Luſter of Royal Grandeur———Why then, quo the Maid, would it not be better for you to be one of thoſe Knights, then thus to run a *Robinhooding*, as you do. Hear me, *Joan*, quo *Don Quixote*, all Knights cannot be Courtiers, neither can they, nor ought all Courtiers to be *Knight-Errants*; there

there muſt be of all ſorts i' the World; and tho there were no other but Knights i' the World, yet ſhould there be a great difference between Knights and Knights. For Courtiers, without ſo much as ſtirring over their Threſholds, or quitting the Court, travel all the World over with their Eyes, ſurveying the Maps, without Labour or Expence. But we that are the true *Knight-Errants*, really and truly roam and wander over Hill and Dale, Night and Day, Summer and Winter, expos'd to Heat and Cold, Hunger and Thirſt, and all the Hardſhips that Nature can endure. We not only behold the Pictures of our Enemies, but meet 'em arm'd Cap-a-pe, at every turn, and every hour, never ſtanding upon Trifles, or the Laws of Duels, or examining whether our Lances or Swords are of an exact Size, or no; whether our Enemies have any Charms about 'em, or any privy Armour on; nor ever regarding whether the Sun be in our Faces, or upon our Backs, nor any other Punctilio's or Ceremonies obſerv'd among ſingle Dueliſts; things which thou underſtand'ſt not, but I perfectly do. And yet I would have thee know thus much however, That every *Knight-Errant* is ſo far from being afraid to meet ten Giants, whoſe heads are as high as the Clouds, their Thighs like the Tower of *Babel*, and their Arms like Maſts of Ships; their Eyes as big as Milſtones, and burning like Glaſs-houſe Furnaces; I ſay, a *Knight-Errant* is ſo far from being afraid of meeting ten of theſe Giants, that he meets 'em with a ſettl'd Countenance and undaunted Courage, he aſſails 'em, cloſes in with 'em, and if it be poſſible, vanquiſhes and murders 'em all in an Inſtant, tho arm'd at the ſame time with the Scales of a certain Fiſh, much harder then an Adamant; and laying on, inſteed of Swords, with diſmal Hangers, thirty foot long, and ſeven foot broad, ſharp as Razors, and all of Steel of *Damaſcus*, or elſe with Iron *Maces* as big as the Monument; ſuch as I ha' ſeen full often to my coſt. This, *Joan*, I ha' told thee, to ſhew thee the difference between Knights and Knights. And in truth, I could wiſh, that all Princes knew how to make the Diſtinction, and that they underſtood a little better the Merit and Importance of *Knight-Errants*, among whom, as we may read in their Lives, there have been ſome that ha' ſav'd not only one, but many Kingdoms at a time. Oh, Sir, quo his Niece, ſhaking her head— have a care what ye ſay— For is it not plain, that all the Stories of *Knight-Errants* are nothing but a company of Lyes and Fables; and if they are not burnt by the hand of the common Hangman, yet are they ſo branded and ſtigmatiz'd for Falſehood and Impoſture, that they deſerve to be ſo. By the living *Jupiter*, quo *Don Quixote*, all inflam'd with Rage and Choler, wert thou not a Woman, and my near Kinſwoman, I would laſh thy bare Buttocks, as bad as ever the *Doctor* laſh'd his Maid, for uttering ſuch unheard-of Blaſphemies! What! ſuch a little pitiful Arſeworm as thou, that canſt hardly tell nine, to be ſo bold and audacious as to cenſure *Knight-Errants*! What wou'd the great *Amadis de Gaul* ha' ſaid, had he heard thee prate at this rate? And yet I am apt to believe he would ha' pardon'd thee, for he was one of the moſt affable and courteous Knights of his time, and a great Defender of Ladies. But you might ha' lit into the hands of one that wou'd ha' yerk'd your *Bumfiddle* for ye, y' faith, my dear Niece; and therefore have a care next time how ye talk ſuch Bugg's Words, as theſe. For all Knights have not the ſame Moderation, nor are they all of the ſame mettle; for ſome are of Gold, and others of *Copper*, yet all ſeem to be Knights. Nevertheleſs, we our ſelves have a Touch-ſtone to try 'em by. For you have ſome baſe Raſcals that leave no ſtone

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unturn'd to ſeem Knights; and ſome Knights of Quality there are, that ride Poſt to the Devil, on purpoſe to ſtifle the Luſtre of their Birth. Some are advanc'd by their Ambition and Vertue. Others there are, that ſink under the Burthen of Effeminacy and Vice; and between theſe two ſorts of Knights, it requires a great Judgment to make a right Diſtinction, for they both carry the ſame Title. Bleſs me! cry'd the Niece, in truth, Uncle you are ſo learned, that I believe, for a need, you could ſtep into a Pulpit, or at leaſt, could hold forth upon a Stall. And yet for all that, you have ſo little Wit, as to think your ſelf ſtill a young man, that are as crazy as a rotten Poſt, that ye are ſtrong, when I durſt venture to blow ye down with one Blaſt o' my back-ſide my ſelf; that you can ſet things to Rights, when ye bend i' the back, like the Sign of the *Dolphin*— And then you ſay y' are a Knight— I'de fain know who the murrain made you a Knight—— I'm ſure the King never did; for Knights muſt have great Eſtates—— and I am certain you ha' little or none to ſpeak of.

Niece, quo, *D. Quixote*, thou ſay'ſt very right as to the buſineſs of Eſtates; and therefore to add to thy Knowledge, I have a good mind to tell thee ſomewhat more then ordinary concerning Pedigrees. All the Pedigrees i' the World may be reduc'd to four ſorts. Some men there are, who are born of obſcure Parentage, yet raiſe themſelves by degrees to ſovereign Dignity. The ſecond ſort, being born to Royal Eminency, preſerve and maintain their Grandeur without any decay. Others there are born Noble and Illuſtrious, that unravel themſelves into nothing; like Pyramids that having a ſpacious and large Foundation, leſſen by degrees, till they vaniſh with an imperceptible Point. The laſt ſort far more numerous then any of the reſt, are they, whoſe Extraction being mean, or at leaſt, not very remarkable, they ſo continue, neither riſing higher, nor falling lower. Of the firſt we have a notable Example in the *Ottoman Race*, who deriving their Original from a poor and miſerable Shepherd, have advanc'd their Dominion to the higheſt Pinnacle of Grandeur. A great number of Princes, born ſucceſſively to fair Inheritances, and preſerving their Eſtates within their ancient Limits, without Enlargement or Diminution, are an Example of the ſecond ſort. And for the third ſort, that have ended in a Pyramid, we have a thouſand Examples; all the *Pharaohs* and *Ptolomys* of *Egypt*, the *Cæſars* of *Rome*, together with that infinite Crowd of *Median*, *Aſſyrian*, *Perſian*, *Grecian*, and *Barbarian Monarchs* and *Princes*, of whoſe Race there are not any now left i' the World; or if happily any might be found, we ſhould find 'em in very mean and low Condition. I have nothing to ſay of the common ſort, that only ſerve to make up the number of the Living, neither ambitious of Fame, or underſtanding what Merit is.

From what has been ſaid, Girls, you may ſee, that there is a great difference between the Races of Men, and that only thoſe Families are great and illuſtrious, where Wealth, Magnificence and Vertue moſt eminently appear. I ſay Vertue, for that a Perſon of high Birth, without Vertue, ſeems more vitious then another perſon; and for that he who is rich, and not liberal, may be truly lookt upon as a moſt miſerable Creature, that poſſeſſes without Enjoyment. Now the poor Knight has no other way to ſhew that he is a true Knight, but by his Vertue. It behoves him therefore, to be affable, courteous, humble, juſt, without Pride, without Malice; and by that means, tho he give little, as having but little to give, his private Liberality will be as much eſteem'd as theirs that are profuſe with Oſtentation before a Multitude; and poſſeſſing all

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thoſe noble Qualities, there is no body but will believe him to be of illuſtrious Parentage, and pay him that Reſpect, and thoſe Honours which are due to his Merit. I muſt inform ye farther, Girls, that there are two ways for men to enrich and advance themſelves, by Learning, and by Feats of Arms. Now for my part, I find my ſelf more inclin'd and adapted for military Employments, as being born under the Influence of the Planet *Mars*; for which reaſon, in Compliance with my Stars, and my own Inclinations, I am reſolv'd to follow that Profeſſion in deſpite of all the World; and therefore you torment your ſelves in vain, to reſiſt the Decrees of Heaven, and to oppoſe my own Deſtiny, my own Reaſon, and my own Deſires. I know that *Knight-Errantry* is accompany'd with infinite Hardſhips; yet on the other ſide, I underſtand the infinite Benefit and Glory that attends it. I know that Vertue leads us through a very ſtreight and narrow Path, and that the Road of Vice is broad and ſpacious, leading us, with all its Charms, to Death Eternal; whereas the narrow way of Vertue, full of Thorns and Briers, and difficult to paſs, guides us to Immortal Life: according to that of the Poet:

Through this ſame narrow Path, with Cares oppreſs'd,
At length we climb to our Immortal Reſt.
They Heav'n renounce, who think the other Way,
More eaſie, leads 'em to the Seats of Day.

Bleſſed Lady! my Uncle's a Poet too, quo the Niece, he knows all things, and can do every thing — Nay, I'le hold a Wager, if he would but undertake it, that he could build a Cathedral with as much eaſe, as a Bird-cage. Ah, my dear Niece! reply'd *Don Quixote*, I could ſafely ſwear, that were it not for this *Knight-Errantry*, that tranſports me, as it does, quite beſide my Senſes, there is nothing which I durſt not undertake to perform, nor any Curioſity that could ſcape my hands, eſpecially quilted Balls and Tooth-pickers.

But here their farther Diſcourſe was interrupted by *Sancho*, who rapp'd at the Door, like a Conſtable, and made a noiſe, like *Tom a' Lincoln*, to be let in. Upon which the *Governante* ſlipp'd out of the way becauſe ſhe would not ſee him, for ſhe hated him with a mortal Hatred. The Niece open'd the Door, while *Don Quixote* ſtood with his Arms expanded to receive him, and having embrac'd him, as the Devil hugg'd the Witch, they lock'd themſelves once more into the Chamber, where their Diſcourſe was no leſs pleaſant then what they had before.

CHAP. VII.

Containing a ſecond Colloquie between Don Quixote *and his Squire, with other moſt famous Adventures.*

NO ſooner did the Governeſs perceive that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* had lock'd themſelves in together, but ſhe preſently ſurmis'd their Deſign, and not doubting but the Reſult of this ſame private Interview, would prove no leſs then a fix'd Determination to take another Vagary, ſhe flung her Scarfe about her Neck, and like a Wench poſting to a Cunning

ning Man, away she trots as pensive as a Girl that had lost three Silver Spoons, to find out young *Corrasco*, whom she thought to be the most proper person to check her Master's unbridl'd Frenzie, as being a Man of Wit, and one of *Don Quixote*'s new Acquaintance. Having found him out, with a black Pot in his hand, and a Pipe in his Mouth, tho somewhat shy, for fear of being arrested, she fell at his feet all in a cold Sweat. What's the matter, Mistress Governess, quo *Corrasco*? What dismal Accident has befall'n thee, that brings thy Soul, to this Affright, to the very root of thy Tongue? Nothing, Mr. *Sampson*, quo the Maid, nothing else, but that my Master's departing, he's departing, there's no help for't. How, departing! What dost mean, quo *Sampson*? Is he fall'n into an Apoplexy? No, no,— quo the Governess, he's only leaving his Senses, and departing from his Wits——— He's going for t'other broken Shoulder——— God forgive me for saying so, I wish he might break the one half of his Neck down Stairs. The last time, he was brought home athwart an Ass, like a Calf before a Butcher, from head to foot as black as my Hood, with the Knocks and the Bruises his Playfellows had given him. And the second time, forsooth, he came riding home in a Waggon, shut up in a Cage— Lord bless me! I wonder'd what strange Beast it was— and who shou'd it be, but my monstrous Master— for I never saw a man so monstrously batter'd, and shoulder-sprain'd i' my life. He might well say he was inchanted, for I'le be hang'd if his Mother that bore him, cou'd ha' known him; a' look'd as yellow as the back side of a Parchment-skin, with his Eyes so bury'd in his head, that to fetch 'em back again, it cost me twenty dozen of Eggs, God knows as well as my poor Hens, that could tell the Truth, were they able speak— There's no need of Witnesses for that, quo the Schollar, all the Parish knows thou wert never given to lying— But, Mrs. *Governess*, d'ye fear nothing else but your Master's Escape? Nothing else! quo the Maid; why, is not that enough?——— If that be all, quo Mr. *Sampson*, let me alone, do you only go home, and get me something hot for my Supper— You may also, if you can, say the first four Staves of the *Nunc dimittis* backward, as ye go along———

Sure you ha' drank a Cup too much, Mr. *Sampson*,——— Say four Staves of the *Nunc dimittis* backward! why, my Master's Pain lies in his Head, and not in his Teeth——— I know what I say—— don't you dispute with me that ha' been a Reader of a Parish, till I could read there no longer, tho *Sunday* were a priviledge-Day——— I say, don't you dispute with me, but go home, and do as I bid ye——— The *Governante*, thus snubb'd, return'd home as fast as she could trudge; and young *Corrasco* went to consult the *Curate*——— of which we shall give ye a farther Account by and by———

In the mean time, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* being alone in their Retirement, had a long Conference, which the Story relates after this manner:

Sir, said *Sancho*, I have at length brought it to that pass, that my Wife is *dissolv'd* to let me attend your Worship where-ever ye go——— *Dissolv'd! Sancho*, Wilt thou never speak *English*? thou should'st say, *resolv'd*. Sir, quo *Sancho*, this is now the second or third time that I ha' warn'd ye of your Captiousness at my *Pronunsations*, especially when you understand what I mean. If ye don't— then you may say, *Sancho*, the Devil take thee, speak plain— Then if I don't explain my self, you may *distract* me— for I am not so *infocible* as you think for———

Now the Devil take thee, *Sancho*, if I understand thee at this tim—

Diſtract thee!——— and thou art not ſo *infocible!* What a' pox is all this Gibberiſh?——— Why, Sir, quo *Sancho*, *infocible* ſignifies a man that is— as a man ſhould ſay——— not given— ſo and ſo——— *Infocible* is——— what d' ye call that word——— puh— 'tis at my Tongue's end——— you underſtand me, Sir——— By all my Progenitors, leſs then e're I did, quo *Don Quixote*——— Why then, quo *Sancho*, there's an end of the Diſcourſe— for I can ſpeak no better, and ſo farewel Iſland. I gueſs, quo *Don Quixote*, thou wouldſt ſay, thou art not ſo indocible, but that thou art able to learn, if I inſtruct thee— I'le hold my life, quo *Sancho*, you underſtood me at firſt, but only you had a mind to puzzle my Brains wi' your Impertinencies, meerly to hear me knock your fine words out a' joint. 'Twas the leaſt of my Thoughts, I aſſure thee, quo *Don Quixote*—— but prithee tell me— What ſaies *Tereſa*?

Tereſa, quo *Sancho*, bids me make ſure work wi' your Worſhip——— She tells me, That *Paper ſpeaks, when Beards never wag*; That *'tis good to be ſure*— That *a Bird i' the Hand's worth two i' the Buſh*—— That *he that lives by hope, dies breaking a' wind backward*——— That *one Hold-faſt, is better then two I'le give Thees*——— *Better my Dog dirty, then no Dog at all*—'Tis true, Women and Fools Bolts are ſoon ſhot, but ſometimes they ſpeak reaſon. I believe ſo too— quo *Don Quixote*; but prithee go on, *Sancho*, for thou talk'ſt monſtrous ſententiouſly to day——

I ſay, quo *Sancho*, as you know better then I, that no body knows who ſhall live, nor who ſhall die; that a man's here to day, and gone to morrow——— That as ſoon goes the *Lamb to the Spit, as the old Weather*—— In ſhort, we cannot promiſe our ſelves to live an hour longer then God has appointed. For Death is deaf, and when he knocks at the Door, he's in poſt-haſte— nor Force, nor Intreaties, nor Crowns, nor Miters can prevail with him for one minute's delay——— at leaſt, if we may believe our Preachers. All this is truth, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*——— What would'ſt infer from hence? Why, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I think 'tis very requiſite you and I ſhould underſtand one another, and that we ſhould agree upon a certain Sum to be paid monthly ſo long as I ſhall have the Honour to ſerve your Worſhip— and to be paid in Money— not in Recompences, with a Bond for Performance of Covenants——— For theſe Recompences always come ſlow, or ſcarce are worth accepting, or elſe never come—— but God bleſs Me with what is my own. In a word, I would be glad to know what I get, be it little or more. A Hen ſits upon one Egg, as well as upon twenty——— Sixteen Farthings make a Groat, and four Groats make ſixteen Pence; *Many littles make a mickle*——— and while a man gets, he can never loſe. However, ſhould it ſo fall out, tho it be a thing that I never expect, or hope for, that your Worſhip ſhould give me the Iſland you ha' promis'd me, I am not ſuch an ungrateful *Pinch-penny*, but that I am willing to diſcount upon the Revenue for what Wages I receive.

Friend *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, *a Cat is oftimes as good as a Rat*—— You ſay very true, quo *Sancho*—— but I hold a Wager your Worſhip would ha' ſaid, That *a Rat is as good as a Cat*——— However, 'tis all one ſince I find your Worſhip underſtands me——— So well, quo *Don Quixote*, that I ha' div'd to the very Bottom of thy Thought-bag— and can ſee without a Proſpective-glaſs whither all thy muſty Adages and Proverbs tend. And indeed, becauſe th' art a poor fellow, I ſhould never ſcruple to pay thee thy Wages by agreement in dry Money, but that I could never diſcover in any Hiſtory of the meaneſt *Knight-Errant*, that ever they pay'd their *Squires* either by the Month, or by the Year, or indeed, that they ever

pay'd

pay'd 'em any Wages at all. That which I can remember is only this, That their Squires serv'd 'em in hopes, and that many times when they least expected it, Fortune seating her self in their Master's Laps, and chucking 'em under the Chin, presently they found themselves recompenc'd with an Island, or a County, or some such kind of Trifle. If therefore you think good to serve me upon these Terms, and these Expectations, you may, if not, *beso las manos*, fare ye well— For I must not, for love of your sweet Countenance, ranverse all the Customs of ancient Chivalry. And therefore, *Sancho*, go home again, tell your Wife my Resolution, and so advise together; if either she or you, or both, dislike my Proposals, however let's be still Friends, and so part. *While there's a Cummin-loaf i' the Dove-coat, the Pigeon-house shall never want Customers.* Nevertheless, *Sancho*, let me tell ye, fair Hopes are better then Misery in Possession: And 'tis ill wasting your Bait upon Gudgeons, when you may hope to catch Carps. I speak this to let you see I can piss Proverbs as well as another: and so in one word for a thousand, if you will trust Fortune as I do, you may; if not, God bless thee, and make thee a Saint; no question, but I shall find Squires enow, less saucy, less talkative, and more obedient then ever thou wert———

Sancho was Thunder-strook when he found his Master so indifferent; for he thought verily *Don Quixote* could ne're ha' piss'd without him. Now while he was in this same Agony of Melancholy and Despair, in dropt *Corrasco*, together with the Niece and the *Governante*, who follow'd him close to see what Method he would take to dispossess *Don Quixote* of his Devil of *Knight-Errantry*.

He was no sooner enter'd, but he embrac'd *Don Quixote*'s Knees, and with a loud and serious Tone; Choice Flower of Chivalry-Errant, quo he, most radiant Light of War, chief Honour and Glory of thy Nation, I beg of *all Saints*, and *all Souls*, that whoever shall oppose thy generous Resolution of a third Ramble, Prosperity may never bless 'em; may they be unsuccessful in Woing, and never get their VVives with Child; and then turning to *Don Quixote*'s Maid, 'Twill be in vain, Mrs. *Governess*, quo he, to say the *Nunc dimittis* backward any more: For Heaven has decreed, that my Lord *Don Quixote* must return to the famous Exercise of *Chivalry-Errant*; and I should act against my Conscience, should I not encourage him my self, to make known the Strength of his Arm, and the Vigour of his invincible Prowess, which he cannot forbear to do, without defrauding the miserable of his Assistance, without injuring the Widow and the Orphan, and exposing the Honour of Ladies and Virgins, whose Bulwark and Support he is; and without breach of all the Laws of that incomparable Order, which Heaven so potently supports for the general Good and Safety of Mankind. Courage, my Lord *Don Quixote*— proceed, most valiant *Hero*— and if you want a Squire, I am here ready to serve your magnificent Grandure, as deeming it the greatest Honour that the World can bestow upon me.

Hark ye there, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, turning toward his Squire, I told thee I should never want *Squires*. Thou seest who offers me his Service, no less then a University Schollar, a Reader, and an Instructor of Youth to boot; one that has suffer'd much by Hunger, Cold, and Drouth, yet nimble, young, and healthy; and which is more then all the rest, one that whatever he knows, never tells any body but Friends. But Heaven forbid, that I shou'd rob the Church of such a Member, or the Liberal Sciences of such a Pillar and Support. Let him live, and like another *Orpheus*,

live to *tame Beasts* in *Ludgate* or the *Fleet*, where his vast Knowledge may be of greater use. For my part, any Squire shall serve my turn, since *Sancho* thus forsakes me——

I'le go, I'le go, cry'd *Sancho*, all in Tears and Blubbering, like a Widower of three hours standing— 'T shall ne're be said of me, quo he, *No longer Pipe, no longer Dance*; I am not come of an ungrateful Race, and I am thoroughly satisfy'd in the great Desire you have, and how *your Worship* makes it your study to do me good. And if I did ask your Worship for Wages, 'twas only to please my Wife, who, when she sets upon a thing, all the Devils in Hell cannot satisfie her, till she has her Will; but since God has made me a Man, I'le be a Man at home too, as well as in other places; and if she wont be quiet, I'le nail her up in a Barrel a' Tenter-hooks, and roll her down *Mauvern-Hills*, before I'le be plagu'd with her. And therefore, Sir, you have now nothing more to do, but to make your Will; but be sure to make it without a power of Revocation, and then let's be gone as soon as you please. Alas, my dear Master! don't you believe but I am ready to follow ye to all the four Corners of the Wind, and to signallize my Fidelity and Care of your Person, above all the Squires-Errant, that ever were recorded in immortal Story.

Thereupon *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* embrac'd again, and became as good Friends as ever; and so with the Approbation, and good liking of young *Corrasco*, who was now *Don Quixote's* Privy-Councellor in Ordinary, it was concluded, that *Don Quixote* should be gone within three days, which they reserv'd for themselves to provide all things necessary for their Journey; more especially a whole Helmet and Vizor, which was the only Appurtenance to a *Knight-Errant*, which *Don Quixote* wanted at that time. Happy man he, in knowing *Corrasco*, who presently told him where there was one to be had, a sound and well-temper'd piece of Mettle, only 'twas somewhat rusty with lying.

The Niece and Governess were so strangely startl'd to find that *Signior Corrasco* had deceiv'd their Expectations, that they curs'd him to the bottomless *Gehenna*, tore their Hair, claw'd their Faces, and set up such a howling and yelling, as if they had foreseen *Don Quixote's* certain Death, and all the fatal Disasters of this same third Vagary. But *Corrasco's* Design, to tell ye the truth, after he had consulted the *Curate* and the *Barber*, was to furnish the Author with new matter for a second Part, wherein I think he did very well.

And now all things being in a readiness, and *Sancho* having pacify'd his Wife, the two *Hero's* set forward i' the dead time of the Night, unknown to any living Soul, but only *Corrasco*, who would needs accompany the worthy Knight about half a League upon his way. Which done, the Schollar besought *Don Quixote* to give him an Acconnt from time to time, of whatever befell him, whether good or bad. *Don Quixote* gave him his hand upon't, and then they both embrac'd, and took their leaves, the Schollar returning back to the Village, and the Knight continuing his Journey for the famous City of *Toboso*.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

What befel Don Quixote *going to visit his Lady* Dulcinea.

NOW blessed be the mighty *Alla*, cry'd *Cid Hamet Benengeli*, at the Beginning of this Chapter, repeating his Benediction no less then three times, when he heard the News that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Panca* had once more taken the Field. For now, quo he, Readers of this Story may expect a second Part of the matchless Atchievements, unheard-of Discourses, and surprizing Adventures of that famous Baron of *Mancha*; enough, if it were possible, to drown all his former Transactions. But let 'em both live together, and let these his last Feats of Arms begin from his first putting foot in his Stirrup for *Toboso*, as the former began in the Plains of *Montiel*.

The Renowned *Don Quixote* and the faithful *Sancho* were no sooner parted from the Schollar, but *Rosinante* began to neighie, and *Sancho*'s Grizzle to sigh and bray; which the Knight and the Squire took for happy Omens of their Success; tho to say truth, the sighings and brayings of serious Grizzle, far exceeded *Rosinante*'s Mirth; whence *Sancho* concluded, That this third Frisk would prove much more to his own, then his Master's Advantage. I confess, I do not believe he grounded his hopes upon any Knowledge which he had in *Judicial Astrology*, or that he had been to enquire of *Saffold* the *Necromancer*; only 'twas a piece of Superstition which he had learnt among the old Women, That if his Ass stumbl'd, or tript, or fell down, he wou'd ha' given his best Sunday's Coat, that he had not stirr'd out of his House all that day; for he was wont to say, That stumbling or falling, were only Signs of ripp'd Soles and broken Ribs; and tho he were a Cods-head, he was not much out of the way in this.

Friend *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, the Night comes on apace, so that I doubt me, 'twill be dark before we can reach *Toboso*. However, thither it is that I intend to go, before I undertake any Adventure, to receive the Benediction, and take my leave of the most incomparable *Dulcinea*, being assur'd after that, of being successful in all my Enterprises; for nothing renders a *Knight-Errant* more valiant, and more fortunate in all his Undertakings, then to find himself belov'd and favour'd by the Lady of his best Affection. I am apt to believe it, quo *Sancho*; but I'm afraid you'll find it a difficult thing to see Madam *Dulcinea*, and talk with her, at least, in a place proper to give ye her Benediction, unless she should throw it ye over the Mud-wall of the Court, where I first saw her, when I carry'd her the News of your Gambols, and freakish Pranks i' the midst of the *Black Mountain*.

Thou art infinitely mistaken, my poor silly Friend, quo *Don Quixote*—— Mud-walls of a Court, dost call 'em, where thou saw'st the peerless Paragon of Beauty and Gentility! why, thou art blind, Man—— they were the gilded Balconies, or else the sumptuous Galleries of some magnificent Palace. It may be since alter'd, quo *Sancho*, but as far as I could then discern, it was a perfect ordinary Mud-wall, at least, if I ha' not lost my Memory. Be't what it will, quo *Don Quixote*, thither 'tis we must go; and provided I may see her, let it be over the Wall, or through a Window, through Chinks or Lattices, for which way soever the least Beam of her Beauty reaches my Eyes, it will so enlighten my Understanding, and fortifie

tifie my Heart, that no mortal will be able to match me for Prudence and Valour. Good faith, quo *Sancho*, when I beheld this ſame Sun of a Lady *Dulcinea*, methought it did not ſhine ſo bright as to caſt forth any Rays or Beams at all that I could ſee—— but perhaps it was becauſe ſhe was ſifting of Wheat, which caus'd ſuch a thick Cloud, as obſcur'd its Brightneſs. Wilt thou never beat it out of thoſe ſtupid Brains of thine, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, that Madam *Dulcinea* was ſifting a' VVheat, an Employment ſo much beneath her Quality and Merit? Surely thou haſt forgot our Poets Verſes, who telling us how the four Nymphs that he ſaw aſcend from the chryſtal Streams of *Tagus*, ſpent their time; brings 'em in ſitting upon the Graſs, and working thoſe rich Embroideries of Gold and Pearl, which there he deſcribes with ſo much Art and Learning, as if he had been Maſter of *Embroiderers-Hall* himſelf. And ſo, no doubt, was *Dulcinea* employ'd when thou beheldſt her, but that ſome damnable Enchanter, envious of her Glory, caſt a Miſt before thy Eyes, or ſo dazl'd thy ſight, as to take one thing for another. VVhich makes me fear, that the Author of my Hiſtory is one of thoſe malicious Wizzards that will never give me a good word, but only ſport with my Fame and Reputation to divertiſe himſelf with Lyes and idle Stories, far remote from truth. Oh, Envy, Envy!—— thou mortal Poiſon of bright ſhining Vertue, and inexhauſtible Source of infinite Miſchiefs. There is no other Vice, friend *Sancho*, but has ſomething pleaſing in it ſelf; but Envy trails always at her heels, Diſſention, Madneſs, Treachery, and Diſorder.

This is that which I mortally dread, quo *Sancho*; for I dare ſay, that in that ſame Story which Neighbour *Corraſco* has ſeen of our Lives, my Honour is expos'd like a Curteſan ſet upon her Head naked, and then kick'd down Staires. And yet upon the faith of an honeſt Squire, I never ſpoke ill of any *Necromancer* i' my life; nor have I Wealth enough to be envy'd. Tis true, I am a little malicious now and then, and that I do talk at random ſometimes, yet I was always counted more Fool then Knave. And were it only for this, That I believe in God and the Catholick Faith, and am a mortal Enemy of the *Jews*, the Hiſtorians ought to take Compaſſion upon me, and ſpare me i' th' their Libells——. But before-*George*, let 'em ſay what they can, naked I came into the World, and naked I muſt go out; I neither win nor loſe; and therefore I ſay again, let 'em write their worſt, I care no more then the great *Turk*— nor will I give 'em, *begar*, what the Cat left i' the Malt, to make 'em hold their Tongues.

This puts me in mind, quo *Sancho*, of what befel a famous Poet of our Times, who having made a ſmart Satyr againſt all the Ladies of the Court, whoſe Names were up, forbore to name one, as not being certain whether ſhe were fit to be put in his Catalogue or no; who not finding her ſelf in the Liſt, made a great Complaint to the Poet, and ask'd him, What Injury ſhe had done him, that he ſhould leave her out of his Roll? Deſiring him withal, to enlarge his Satyr, and put her in, according to her Merits, or elſe ſhe would claw out his Eyes. Thereupon the Poet went on, and gave her a Character with a Vengeance, to the great Satisfaction of the Lady, who was glad to ſee her ſelf in Print, tho it were at the Expence of her Honour. I muſt tell thee, *Sancho*, this deſire of Honour, and to be talk'd of hereafter, is a bewitching thing. VVhat caus'd *Horatius* to throw himſelf arm'd into *Tiber*? What made *Mutius Scævola*, with that undaunted Patience, hold his Hand in the burning Flame till it was conſum'd to Aſhes? What encourag'd *Curtius* to throw himſelf headlong into the gaping Earth? What made *Cæſar* paſs the *Rubicon*, after ſo many unlucky Omens?

Omens? By the Lord *Harry*, I don't know, quo *Sancho*. And now to come to modern Examples, What made a ſmall number of *Spaniards* under the famous *Cortez*, being landed in the new world, to ſink their Ships, to deprive themſelves of all manner of Safety, by flight? 'Twas all to get Honour, *Sancho*; Honour that ſpurs us on to all great Actions, and inſpires us with Reſolution to contemn the moſt ſurprizing Terrors, and even Death it ſelf; and all in hopes of a determin'd Fame, that ends with the Subverſion of this world. VVhereas we Chriſtian *Knight-Errants* cumbat rather for that eternal Honour enjoy'd in Heaven, then for that vain Renown that ſhall periſh with the world's Conflagration. In killing Giants, we aim at the overthrow of Pride. And in our daily war againſt our Paſſions, we combat Envy by Generoſity, Anger by Humility, Gluttony and Drowſineſs by Temperance and Vigilancy, Incontinency by that inviolable Fidelity which we obſerve in our very Thoughts toward our Miſtreſſes; and Sloth by continual Travel through the world, in ſearch of all Adventures, which, together with the Name of Chriſtians, may acquire us the Character of Illuſtrious and Renowned Knights. And theſe, *Sancho*, are the Steps, by which we mount the Pinnacle of Honour.

I underſtand, Sir, to a hair's breadth, quo *Sancho*, every Tittle you have ſaid. But ſtill I would fain be reſolv'd one Doubt that ſtrangely perplexes the inſide of my Scull. What is't, Son *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*? ſpeak, and I'le endeavour to releaſe thee from thy Anguiſh. Why then, Sir, quo *Sancho*, pray reſolve me——— thoſe *Julius's*, *Auguſtus's*, and all the reſt of thoſe eterniz'd and immortaliz'd Champions you have numb'red up, all dead ſo long ago, where are they now at preſent? The Heathens, anſwer'd *Don Quixote*, are, without all queſtion, in Hell. The Chriſtians, if they were good Chriſtians, either in Paradiſe or Purgatory; at leaſt, if their Friends were ſo remiſs as not to be at the Charges of having 'em pray'd out; tho I cannot believe ſuch great Perſonages as they could want either Money or Friends upon ſuch an emergent Occaſion. So far, ſo good, quo *Sancho*. Now then for the Sepulchers where theſe great Lords lie interr'd, be there any Silver Lamps ſtill burning therein? Are they hung about with Crutches, broken Legs and Arms, Wax-heads and Glaſs-Eyes, or with what are they hung? The Tombs of the Idolaters, anſwer'd *Don Quixote*, were for the moſt part, magnificent Temples; *Julius Cæſar*'s Aſhes were ſet upon the top of a Pyramid, all of one Stone of a prodigious bigneſs, which they call at this day, *St. Peter's Needle*. The Sepulcher of *Adrian* the Emperor was a great Caſtle as big as a large Village, formerly call'd *Adrian's Mole*, now the Caſtle of St. *Angelo*. Queen *Artemiſia* lay'd her Husband in a *Mauſoleum*, ſo large, ſo magnificent, and ſo ſingular for the Curioſity of the VVorkman-ſhip, that it was accounted one of the ſeven VVonders of the world. But never any of the Tombs of the *Gentiles* were adorn'd with Hair-cloths, Hour-glaſſes, and Death's-heads, or any other Offerings that ſignaliz'd 'em for Saints.

Thus far we are right, quo *Sancho*; now pray, Sir, tell me, which is the greater wonder, to raiſe a Man from the dead, or to kill a Giant? The Queſtion's eaſily anſwerd, quo *Don Quixote*, certainly to raiſe a Man from the dead. Then I'le be with ye preſently, quo *Sancho*: For then we muſt believe the Fame of thoſe that raiſe the dead, reſtore ſight to the blind, and heal the lame, before whoſe Tombs we daily behold infinite Crowds of devout People continually kneeling and adoring their Reliques, muſt be much more glorious both in this and the other VVorld, then that of all your Heatheniſh Emperors, and all the *Knight-Errants* that ever were born.

born. I grant it, quo *Don Quixote*. Very good, quo *Sancho*, and now expect a sparring-Blow——— for if the Bodies of the Saints are allow'd such Priviledges and Prerogatives, as ye call 'em, to have their Chappels continually burning with Lamps, and with the Approbation and Leave of our holy Mother the Church, to have their Smocks, their Petticoats, their Huckle-bones, their Hollow-Teeth, their Combings, the Bridges of their Noses, Tips of their Ears, with a thousand other Reliques preserv'd in Gold Boxes, and to have their Shrines ador'd and enrich'd with the Offerings of Emperors, Kings, and Princes, to the immortalizing their Fame, and the Propagation of Christian Devotion—— And what of all this, quo *Don Quixote*, what's your Inference—— Why I infer from hence, that it would be our best way, our neareſt way, and our safest way to turn Saints. For by that means we shall acquire that Fame and Immortality, which we aspire to at a far cheaper Rate, and with the ten thousandth part of the Trouble. 'Twas but yesterday, or t'other day, or I cannot tell when, that two *Carmelite Fryers* were canoniz'd, and you cannot imagine the Press of People that crowded to kiss the Iron Chains that they wore about their Wasts, instead of Girdles; and with their Hankerchiefs to touch their Reliques, which, I warrant ye, were lookt upon with more Veneration, then *Orlando*'s great Sword that hangs up i' the Kings Armory. So that for ought I see, 'twou'd be much better to be a Fryer of some begging Order, then one of the most valiant *Knight-Errants* that ever slew Giant. Two dozen of Lashes bestow'd by a man's own self upon his own Shoulders, are more pleasing to God, then two thousand Blows lay'd on with Heart and good Will upon Dragons Scales, or the insensible Backs of *Hobgoblins*. *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, thou say'st very well; but we cannot all be Monks——— there are many ways which God makes use of to bring his Elect to Heaven. *Knight-Errantry* it self is a religious Order; and there are *Knight-Errants* in Heaven. St. *George*, St. *Taffey*, St. *James*, St. *Andrew*, St. *Patrick*, St. *Martin*, S. *Christopher*, with a hundred more that I could name. However, quo *Sancho* I have heard say, there are more Fryers in Heaven then *Knight-Errants*. That may very well be, quo *Don Quixote*, for where there's one *Knight-Errant*, there are ten thousand Fryers of all sorts.

In such Discourses as these, the two Adventurers spent that Night and the next Day, without encountring any Occasion to signalize their Vertue, at which *Don Quixote* was very much disgusted. But at length the next day toward Evening, they discover'd the famous City of *Toboso*, which our Champion no sooner discover'd, but his Eyes run over with joy; whereas *Sancho*, on the other side, became very melancholy, and much disturb'd in his mind, because he knew not the House where *Dulcinea* liv'd, and had never seen the fair Lady in his life, no more then *Don Quixote*. So that the one was mad till he saw her, and the other ready to befoul himself because he had not seen her. However, *Don Quixote*, notwithstanding the heat of his Desires, would not make his Entry in the day time, but stay'd till 'twas night, for the more Solemnity of the Business.

ACADEMIA BIBLIOTHECA

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Which, when you ha' read, you will see what is in it.

IT was now near the hour of Midnight, when *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* descended from a little Hillock, and enter'd *Toboso*. There was no body stirring i' the Street, but a profound Silence every where, while every body was a-bed, and fast asleep, with their Legs stretch'd out at their full Ease. Only the Dogs kept a filthy noise, and with loud Acclamations, after their manner, welcom'd the noble Champion to Town. The Hogs grunted, the Asses bray'd, and the Cats were at their loud Musick upon the Tiles. Which made altogether such a Confusion of Discords, that *Sancho* trembl'd, and fill'd th' inamour'd Champion's Pate with a thousand inauspicious Conundrums. Yet in the midst of all his Terrors, *Sancho*, quo he, ride on, the Devils are at *Barley-break*; however, shew me the way to *Dulcinea*'s Palace, perhaps she may not yet have left off playing at Cards, and so we may chance to speak with her before she retires to her Rest—— *Body of Phœbus*, quo *Sancho*, what Palace do ye mean? The Palace where I saw her, was no more then a Cottage, and one of the meanest in all the Village— I'le lay my life, quo *Don Quixote*, thou met'st her coming from the VVomens *Parlament-house*, as they call it—— and yet I dare say, hadst thou seen it within, 'twas all over gilded, with Seats of Cedar, and richly perfum'd—— VVell, Sir, quo *Sancho*, suppose I am mistaken, and that Madam *Dulcinea*'s House be a Palace, d' ye think this is a time a night to find the Gates open? And would ye ha' me go and knock at such an unseasonable hour as this, to alarm all the Town? VVhy, what! ye are not going to a Bawdy-house sure, that you think to be let in at all hours! Come, come, take my Advice, let's to the next Inn, and rap up the Folks that make it their Trade to be disturb'd i' their sleep, and not go to visit Ladies like Bears——— First, I say, let's see where the Palace stands, quo *Don Quixote*, and when we ha' found it, I know what to do— But stay— methinks I have a Glimmer i' my Eye of something large and spacious, 'tis a Structure too, and doubtless must be that same Palace which we hunt for.

Ride on, Sir, then, quo *Sancho*, tho I'le first see it with my Eyes, and feel it with my ten Fingers, before I cease to be an Infidel in this Particular. Thereupon *Don Quixote* led the way, and having rode about two hundred Paces, he arriv'd just under the Steeple of the Parish-Church. We are mistaken, *Sancho*, cry'd he, this is the Church. I see 'tis reply'd *Sancho*, and I wish to God we have not found our Graves i' the Yard; for 'tis a confounded ill sign, and bodes no good to mistake Churches for Palaces i' the Night; especially when I told ye, that this Lady's House stood in *Turnagain-Alley*. Dunderhead, accurs'd of Heaven, quo *Don Quixote*, when didst thou ever see a Royal Palace built in an Alley? Sir, quo *Sancho*, all Countries have their particular Customs, and perhaps it is the Custom of the Princes of *Toboso* to build their Palaces in small narrow Streets——— And therefore let me alone, I'le try what I can do to find out this Dog-hole of a Palace— it may be, I may meet with it in some Chink or other, unless the Devil ha' swallow'd it—— Pox take it, for me, for putting us to all this trouble——— Speak reverently,

rently, Sirrah, quo *Don Quixote*, of my Miſtreſs and her Palace, if thou intend'ſt to live in peace.

I beg your Pardon, quo *Sancho*, tho to ſay truth, you'd make a Saint ſwear—— For how d'ye think I ſhould be able to find our Miſtreſſes's Houſe, that I never ſaw but once i' my life, when we ride as it were in an Oven for darkneſs; and you your ſelf cannot find it that ha' ſeen it a hundred times.

Guds my Dignity, quo *Don Quixote*, this Fellow will make me mad by and by; why ye Brute, ye Heretick, I never ſaw the matchleſs *Dulcinea* i' my life, never ſet my foot in her Palace, but only fell in love with her upon the loud Report that flew abroad, of her being one of the moſt beautiful and lovely Princeſs's in the World. Oh, now I underſtand ye, Sir, quo *Sancho!* and gi' me leave to tell ye, if you never ſaw her i' your life, y' gude faith, no more did I neither. How can that be, reply'd *Don Quixote?* Didſt thou not tell me thou ſaw'ſt her winnowing of Wheat, when thou broughtſt me the Anſwer of the Letter I wrote her? The Curſe of my Grannam poſſeſs him, for me, that knows Madam *Dulcinea*, any more then the great *Turk*. *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, there's a time to droll, and a time to be ſerious—— becauſe I ſay that I never ſaw the peerleſs *Dulcinea* i' my life, which is true; is it for you, Sauce-box, to ſay, you never ſaw her, which is a damn'd Lye?

In the midſt of theſe Quandaries and Diſappointments, by and by they heard a man and two Horſes coming towards 'em, and by the noiſe of the Plough which the Horſes drew along, they gueſt it might be ſome body that was going a' field to his Day-labour; and all the way what ſhould the Fellow ſing, but the Ballad of *Chivey-Chace*.

With that an Arrow forth he drew,
And feather'd it ſo fetuouſly——

Sancho, quo *D. Quixote*, I'le be hang'd, if we meet with any good luck this Night: Doſt hear what this Boar ſings? What then, quo *Sancho*? VVhat has Earl *Dowglaſs*, or Earl *Piercy* to do with us, or we with them? By this time the Plough-boy being come pretty near 'em; Good morrow, Friend, quo *Don Quixote*, which is the *Princeſs Dulcinea*'s Palace? Sir, quo the Plough-boy, I am but a ſtranger i' the Town, where I have ſerv'd a good wealthy Farmer, not much above a Fortnight—— But look ye, Sir, go to yonder Houſe with the Pale before it, and there lives the *Curate* and the *Clerk*, who are the likelieſt Perſons i' the Pariſh to tell ye where this Princeſs lives; tho I don't believe any ſuch Princeſs lives hereabout, unleſs ſhe be ſome perſon of Quality that may be a Princeſs indeed in her own Houſe. 'Tis a thouſand to one, quo *Don Quixote*, we ſhall find the Lady we inquire for, among that ſort of Ladies— 'Tis very likely, quo the Boy; and ſo ſaying, *Tapp*, quo he, to his Horſes; and without ſtaying for any more Queſtions, fell a ſinging his Ballad again to the Muſick of his Horſes Bells.

Sancho perceiving his Maſter diſſatisfy'd with the Plough-boy's Anſwer, and very much diſorder'd in his Countenance; Sir, ſaid he, you ſee 'tis broad day, for Heaven's ſake let's not ſit here to be ſtar'd at, as if we were drying our ſelves i' the Sun; either betake your ſelf to ſome good houſe, or elſe to ſome VVood without the Village, where you may ſit and pick Strawberries, while I return and enquire from Houſe to Houſe, and Door

to

to Door, where this Palace is wherein your Miſtreſs lives. Certainly I muſt be curs'd i'my Mother's VVomb, if I don't find it, ſuppoſing it to be above Ground. And when I ha' found it, I will go to her *Highneſs*, and tell her that you are here hard by, and then in moſt humble manner beſeech her, that you have the Liberty to pay her a Viſit, and that it may be ſo contriv'd as to be done without Prejudice of her Honour.

By my Dignity, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, thou haſt ſpoken a thouſand Sentences in three words; I approve thy Advice, and therefore let's go i' the firſt place, and find out a convenient place of Retreat. VVhich done, thou ſhalt return to find out, ſee, and deliver thy Embaſſy to this ſame Queen of Beauty, from whoſe Diſcretion and Courteſie, I ha' reaſon to hope for Favours more then wonderful. *Sancho* ſate upon Thorns till he had got his Maſter out of the Town, for fear he ſhould diſcover the Trick he had put upon him in counterfeiting the Anſwer which he carry'd him from the Lady *Dulcinea*, when he was i' the *Black Mountain*; ſo that he led the way, and put on at a more then uſual rate, till after about two miles riding, they came to a VVood, where *Don Quixote* alighted, with a Reſolution to ſtay till *Sancho* had met with his dear *Dulcinea*: In which Negotiation ſeveral Accidents fell out, that require new Attention, and a ſtrong Belief.

CHAP. X.

Containing a Relation how Sancho *found out a way to enchant the Lady* Dulcinea; *with other Paſſages no leſs certain then ridiculous.*

Don *Quixote* being thus retir'd into a Cheſs-nut Grove, not far from *Toboſo*, order'd *Sancho* forthwith to be gone, and not to return till he had ſpoken to his Lady, and obtain'd leave, that the Knight, her Beauties Captive, might be permitted to kiſs her Hands; and a poſitive Promiſe to vouchſafe him her Benediction, from whence alone he could hope for proſperous Succeſs in all his Enterpriſes. All which *Sancho* chearfully undertook to perform, and oblig'd all his Fidelity to bring him back as good an Anſwer as he had brought him before.

Go then, my Son, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and have a care of being daunted when thou approacheſt the bright Rays of that Sun of Beauty. Happy, O happy thou, above all the Squires upon Earth, whoſe fortunate Bliſs it is, to behold at once all the Treaſures of the Terreſtrial Globe, enclos'd in one Perſon; forget not, I intreat thee to engrave in thy Memory the manner of thy Reception, whether ſhe change Colour upon thy delivery of thy Embaſſy; whether thou obſerv'ſt any Commotion or Diſturbance in her Countenance, when ſhe hears my Name; whether ſhe ſeem to ſit in her Chair of State, like one that ſate upon itching Powder; if ſhe riſe up, whether ſhe ſtand ſometimes upon one Leg, and ſometimes upon another; whether ſhe repeat three or four times the Anſwer that ſhe gives thee, letting thee go, and then calling thee back; then ſhe nods thee a *Farewel*, and then ſhe crys, *but ſtay Friend*, and then ſhe repeats her Anſwer agen, and then ſhe diſmiſſes thee— and thou art half way down ſtairs, and then ſhe calls thee agen; and then lifting her Lilly white Hand to her Head,

ſhe ſcratches a little where it does not itch, and then ſhe repeats her Anſwer agen. In ſhort, obſerve her Eyes, her Lips, the Tone of her Voice, and every Motion and Geſture of her Body; for by the true and faithful Account which thou giv'ſt of theſe things, ſhall I be able to penetrate the Secrets of her Heart, and to underſtand whatever it imports me to know, in reference to the happy Succeſs of my Amours. For I muſt tell thee, *Sancho*, if thou doſt not know it already, that the outward Motions, Geſtures, and Actions of Lovers, are the moſt certain Diſcoverers i' the World of the inward Paſſions of the Heart. Go then, *Sancho*, and enjoy a better Fortune then thy Maſter; and may kind Heaven grant thee ſuch Succeſs, as may be welcome to a perſon that ſits between the two Stools of Fear and Hope, in this ſame forlorn Solitude wherein thou leav'ſt me.

I flie, quo *Sancho*, and return in a Trice; in the mean time, Sir, ſet your Thoughts at reſt—S'life, Sir! a *Knight-Errant* with a Heart no bigger then a Filberd! chear up, and ſtand to your Pan-pudding—— *Faint heart never woo'd fair Maid*—— *Where there's dry'd Meat, there can be no want of Vittles*—— And then agen;— *The Hare leaps out of the Buſh, where we leaſt look for her*— I ſpeak this, becauſe that if I can't find Madam *Dulcinea*'s Palace to day, I may find it to morrow— And when I ha' found her, I'le bring her to Reaſon, or *I'le make her fly up with* Jackſon's *Hens*. For the Paſſion a' Patience, away then, quo *Don Quixote*, and mayſt thou prove as ſucceſsful in my buſineſs, as thou art in finding out Proverbs ready pickl'd upon all Occaſions.

This ſaid, *Sancho* ſhew'd his Maſter his back parts, and ſwitching his beloved *Grizzle*, made all the haſte he could to the Town. In the mean time *Don Quixote* kept his Saddle, reſting himſelf upon his Stirrups, and leaning his Head againſt his Lance, top full of penſive and confus'd Imaginations. Nor was *Sancho* leſs tormented in his Brains then his Maſter, not knowing what Courſe to take to ſatisfie his extravagant Fancy. No ſooner therefore was he got out of the Wood, but turning his Aſs about, and perceiving his Maſter quite out of ſight, he alitt; and laying himſelf down at the foot of a Tree, thus began to dialogue with himſelf.

Brother *Sancho*, quo he, can you now imagine whither your Worſhip is going? Is it in ſearch of any Aſs thou haſt loſt? No——— What is't then thou art drawing dry foot after? Only a Princeſs—— only a Princeſs that ſurpaſſes both Sun and Moon for Beauty and Brightneſs—— Well— and where doſt think to find this only Princeſs, *Sancho*? Where! why in the great City of *Toboſo*— And who employs thee? why, the famous Knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the Hot-preſſer of Oppreſſors, that gives Drink to the hungry, and Meat to thoſe that are a-dry. So far thou art right, *Sancho*; and doſt know where ſhe lives? Not I, before *George*— but my Maſter ſays ſhe lives ſomewhere in a great Caſtle, or elſe in a Royal Palace——— Didſt ever ſee her by any Accident i' thy life? Neither I nor my Maſter neither, ſo God help me. But ſuppoſe that the People of *Toboſo*, believing or ſuſpecting that thou camſt to inveagle their Princeſſes, or ſpirit away their Daughters, ſhould decently noint thy Shoulders with *Oyl of Faggot-ſtick*, till they left thee nere a ſound Rib to hoop in thy Bowels, doſt think they wou'd do well, or no?—— Why, truly were I to be Judge in another man's Cauſe, I might perhaps be a' their ſide. On the other ſide, I am apt to think, that when they came to conſider I was only a Servant, and that what I did, I did by Command, they wou'd not be ſo liberal of their Cudgel greaſe. Never truſt to that, my dear *Sancho*; the People of *Mancha* are a ſurly Generation of Men, and will endure no

Tricks

Tricks to be put upon 'em. By the Lord *Harry*, if they ſmell thee out once, 'twill behove thee to have Shift of Skin and Bones——— Ware Hawk— ware Hawk— Why ſhouldſt thou go about to ſearch for more feet then the Cat has, to gratifie another? And perhaps when all's done, I may as well find *Dulcinea* in *Toboſo*, as *Joan Whackum* in *London*. No— no— I renounce thee, *Satan*, I renounce thee— 'Tis the Devil has put me upon this Employment, and wou'd fain ha' me pounded like Beef-Steaks, to make me tender for his Supper——— but I defie thee, *Satan*, I defie thee.

After theſe Expoſtulations, *Sancho* ponder'd awhile, and then beginning afreſh; But yet they ſay, quo he, there's a Remedy for all things but Death, under whoſe Yoke we muſt all ſubmit when our time comes. Therefore, *Sancho*, never deſpair, nor go about to throw the *Helve after the Hatchet*. This Maſter of mine, by a thouſand Signs that I ha' ſeen, is a Mad-man, fit to be lockt up in *Bedlam*; and to deal ingeniouſly with thee, *Sancho*, I think thou art, within a quarter of a Yard and a Nail, as great a Fool as he, to ſerve him as thou doſt, unleſs it be for the Proverb's ſake, *Trim-tram, like Maſter like man*; and another as good, *Shew me thy Company, and I'le tell what thou art*. Now then my Maſter being mad— and ſo mad that he miſtakes many times black for white, and white for black—— as when he took the Windmills for Giants, and the Flocks of Sheep for Armies, 'twill be no difficult matter to make him believe the firſt Country Girl I can meet with, to be the *Princeſs Dulcinea*. If he will not believe me, I'le ſwear it; if he ſwear agen, I'le ſwear faſter then he. If he ſtamp, and ſtare, and tell me I lye; I'le ſtamp, and ſtare, and tell him he lyes; and thus I'le ſo out-face, and out-ſtare, and out-ſwear him, that he ſhall either have ſuch an ill Opinion of me, as never to ſend me any more of his *firſt of April Errants*; or elſe believe, and then I'le ſwear it, that ſome of thoſe *Necromancers* that envy his Happineſs, have tranſmogrify'd the glorious and matchleſs *Dulcinea* into ſome *Doll Common* or other, on purpoſe to deſpite him.

This Contrivance reſtor'd Peace to *Sancho*'s troubl'd Thoughts, believing now he ſhould have all deſir'd Succeſs in his grand Affair. Thus therefore calm'd and quieted, he ſtay'd till the Evening, thereby the more to amuſe his Maſter; at what time he deſcry'd at a diſtance three Countrey Wenches upon three young ragged Colts, directing their Courſe to the place where he lay. The Author ſaies nothing whether they rid ſide-ways, or aſtraddle; nor does he ſay, they were dreſt i' their Holy-day Habit, like Wenches that were coming from Market, which is not material to the Point. But this he ſaies, That ſo ſoon as *Sancho* diſcover'd the Girls, away he rode back to his Maſter in poſt-haſte; whom he found i' the ſame Poſture that he left him, breathing out his Amours in Sighs and Lamentations. Ah, my dear friend *Sancho*, quo he! and is *long lookt for come at laſt*? I'the Name of Propheſie, What News? What News? Are we to mark this day with a black or a white Bean? With neither, Sir, quo *Sancho*, but let it be a *red Letter Day*, in Characters fairer then This Indenture, and more welcome then St. *John's*, or St. *Michael's* to the wanting Landlord. Why then, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, it ſeems thou bring'ſt us good News. Good News! quo *Sancho*, ſuch News never came to an eldeſt Son of his Father's ſudden Death. You ha' no more to do, but to trot gently into the open Fields, and by that time you have rid four Bows ſhots, you will meet Madam *Dulcinea* coming to gi' ye a Viſit, with two of her Damſels——— Holy Father, quo *Don Quixote*, What Angel's Voice is this I hear, friend *Sancho*? Doſt

tell

tell me truth, or doſt thou in kindneſs abuſe me, thinking with falſe Joys to intoxicate my Sorrows? What ſhall I get by that, Sir, quo *Sancho*, to tell you a Lye, and be found out the next Minute? There's neither Pleaſure nor Profit i' that, Sir; And therefore don't ſit talking there, but ride on a-way-bit, and you'll ſee her coming; I mean the Princeſs your Miſtreſs, array'd and bedeck'd like her nown ſelf— She and her two Damſels are all three but ſo many glittering Ingots of Gold. And then for Diamonds, Rubies, and Pearls, they hang about their Shoulders in Cluſters, like red and white Grapes upon a clambring Vine——— Gud's-lid, I wonder how they and their Horſes are able to bear 'em— their diſhevell'd Hair hangs down in Curls to their very Waſtes, like ſo many Sun-beams ſporting with the Wind: and more then all this, they are mounted upon three *Gambolling Hags*, as ſleek as the Back of an Eel, and worth their weight in yellow Gold——— *Gambolling Hags!* ye Block-head—— quo *Don Quixote*—*Ambling Nags* thou mean'ſt— S'life! ſhould the Princeſs hear thee talk ſo like a Clown, ſhe'd take me for ſome Cheeſemonger rather then a Man of Honour——— Well! quo *Sancho*, *Gambling* or *Ambling Hags*, or *Nags*— there's no ſuch great difference that I ſee—— but let 'em be *Hags* or *Nags*, I am a Pagan if I ever beheld ſuch beautiful Creatures as thoſe that ride upon 'em, eſpecially Madam *Dulcinea*, who, by Guds-nigs, would raviſh a *Mahometan*.

Come on then, my dear *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, let's away— and for theſe happy Tidings thou haſt brought me, I freely beſtow upon thee all the Spoils of the firſt Adventure we ſhall meet with; or if that content thee not, then take the three Colts of my three Mares that are now ready to foal, upon the *Town Common*. I like the Colts, quo *Sancho*, but for the *Spoils*, they may coſt your Worſhip dear, and be worth nothing.

And now they were got into the open Plain, at what time they diſcover'd the three Countrey Girls within a Stone's throw. Upon which, *Don Quixote* caſting his Eyes towards *Toboſo*, and ſeeing no other then theſe three *Tatterdemallions* upon the Road, ſtrangely dejected in Spirit, quo he to *Sancho*, Was the Princeſs come forth of the City, when you left her? How d' ye mean *forth of the City*, quo *Sancho?*—— Where be your Eyes? i' the Nape of your Neck? I ſee nothing, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, but three tatter'd *Scrubs* upon three ragged Colts.

Now God deliver me from the Devil, quo *Sancho*, what a Winter Fog ha' you before your Eyes, that you cannot diſcern three *Nags*, as you call 'em, I proteſt as white as Snow, from three ragged Dun Colts! Why then, quo *Don Quixote*, I'le give thee leave to pill off my Beard, if it be ſo—— —— Body a' *Cæſar*, they are either ragged He-colts or She-colts, or elſe I lye, as ſure as I am *Don Quixote*, and thou *Sancho Pancha*; and I dare ſwear it, ſhould there be occaſion.

I think the man's betattl'd, quo *Sancho*— I ſay, make haſte— ſnuff your Eyes— ride up to the Princeſs quickly, and e're ſhe come too near us, pray go pay your Homage, like a man of breeding, to the Lady of your Affections. And ſo ſaying, *Sancho* himſelf, kicking with both Heels, haſtens up to the Wenches before his Maſter, alights from his Aſs, and after he had ſtopp'd the foremoſt Colt, holding the Collar in his hands, and falling upon his Knees; Great Princeſs, quo he, both Queen and Dutcheſs of Beauty, vouchſafe to caſt an Eye of Favour upon yonder Knight your Slave and Captive, whom the very ſight of your illuſtrious Preſence has petrify'd into a cold and ſenſeleſs piece of Marble, without Pulſe or Motion, as being daunted, diſmay'd, and dazl'd with the Luſter of your Majeſty. I am *Sancho Pancha*,

Pancha, his Squire, and he himſelf the wand'ring, ſcaperloitring Knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwiſe call'd the *Knight of the ill-favour'd Countenance*.

By this time the enamour'd Knight being alighted alſo from his Horſe, had clapp'd himſelf down upon his Knees by his Squire, like devout *Man* and *Wife* in a Tomb i' the *Chancel*; but perceiving his *Goddeſs* to be no other then a fuſty *Joan Ruggle*, a meer blubber-cheek'd, ſwarthy, flat nos'd, greaſie *Trugmullion*, he found himſelf in ſuch a ſtrange Averſion to Female Adoration, that he could not ſo much as open his Lips. On the other ſide, the Wenches no leſs aſtoniſh'd to ſee two men in ſuch different Guiſes, upon their Knees, and ſtopping the poor Colts, were in a Peck of Troubles. But at length, the boldeſt, and the foremoſt of the three, unwilling ſo to be pray'd out of her Maiden-head, and not liking the Frolick; Gentlemen, quo ſhe, pray riſe and go about your Buſineſs, and let us go about ours, for we are in haſte; we have Hogs to ſerve, and Kine to milk, and our Dames expect us at home———

To whom *Sancho*; Moſt illuſtrious Princeſs, quo he, and Lady in common of *Toboſo*, how can a Heart ſo hard and cruel, dwell within ſo fair a Breaſt, and not relent to ſee the Prop and Pillar of *Knight-Errantry* kneeling at the feet of your moſt glorious Highneſs?— Hoy-day! What ha' we got here tro? quo the ſecond——— Theſe Purſe-proud *Cockneys* think they may abuſe us Countrey Girls at their pleaſure, as if we could not return 'em a *Rowland* for their *Oliver*——— No, no, y' are i' the wrong Box, y' fackins— Here are none for your turn——— If ye are ſo hot, the Town's before ye———

Riſe, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, for now I find my curſed ill Fortune perſecutes me ſtill with her accuſtom'd Malice, and has damm'd up all the Paſſages that ſhould convey Contentment to my miſerable Soul that lingers in this frail Trunk of mortal Fleſh. But oh! thou living Sun of human Beauty, Maſter-piece of Heaven, and only Remedy that can cure this afflicted Heart which adores thee; tho the villainous Enchanter that continually diſturbs my Reſt, have now caſt Miſts and Clouds before my Face, and hides thoſe peerleſs Beauties from my ſight alone, under the foul diſguiſe of rural Deformity; diſdain me not however, but look upon me with a glance of Pity and Affection; at leaſt, if not by the ſame Power transform'd into ſome ugly Shape, that may render me frightful to thy All-charming Eyes——— Thou ſeeſt, Celeſtial Princeſs, both my Submiſſion and my Zeal; and be aſſur'd my conſtant Heart will never fail to pay the Homage due to thy divine Beauty, mauger all the Artifices of my inveterate Foe.

Marry gap, Mr. Smell-ſmock, wi' your *Lyricum fancies*, quo the Countrey Wench— What's all this for? In ſhort, Sir, you do but waſte time— we are all, I think, beſpok'n already; for my part I am—— And therefore I beſeech ye, ride on, Sir, wi' your Gridiron-cheeks— you ſeem to be very old, and I'm ſure y' are very ugly— nor indeed do we underſtand your high Language. She had no ſooner ſpoken the words, but *Sancho* let her paſs, over-joy'd that his Stratagem had ſo well taken.

On the other ſide, Madam *Dulcinea*, no leſs glad to be thus rid of her troubleſome Gallant, and fearing purſuit, with a Pin thruſt through the end of her Withie-wan, ſo betickl'd the Colt's Buttocks, that the reſty young Jade, unaccuſtom'd to ſuch kind of ſmart Inſtigations, fell a kicking and flinging ſo outragiouſly, that the Girts of the Pannel breaking, down came the pretended Princeſs. Preſently *Don Quixote* ran to help her up, and

Sancho

Sancho to mend her Furniture; which being done, and all things made fast agen, the amorous Knight went about to have taken his *inchanted Mistress* in his Arms, with an Intention to have re-seated her upon her sumptuous Side-saddle, as *Sancho* had sworn it to be: but the fair Lady getting up at the same time, took a run, and laying her hand upon the Crupper of the Colt, at one Jump leap'd cleaverly into her Pannel, where she sate astride, like the Queen of the *Amazons* her self.

By this Air, quo *Sancho*, our Lady Mistress is as nimble as a *Titmous*. Let me die, if I don't think her fit to teach the best Horsemen in *Morocco* to mount their *Barberies*. See how she smokes it away, and without Spurs makes her young Palfrey run like a Grey hound; her Damsels of Honour too, are as notable Whipsters as she— fore-*George*, they fly like the Wind: For indeed they rid for their lives, not daring to slacken their pace, till they were got out of the Reach of two such Saint-like Wooers, understanding neither their Devotion, nor their Courtship.

Don Quixote pursu'd 'em as far as he could with his Eyes, and when they were quite out of sight, *Sancho*, said he, What dost think of the confounded Malice of these damn'd Enchanters, thus to deprive me, Caitiffs as they are, of the greatest Happiness i' the World, to have seen the peerless *Dulcinea* in her natural Shape and Glory? Certainly I was born to be the very Example and Mark of Misfortune it self, against which these Vermin are employ'd to shoot all the Arrows of her Hatred. Nor were these Traytors content to transform the matchless *Dulcinea* into a deformed *Puzzle* of a Countrey Wench, but they must take from her that lovely Scent too, which is peculiar to Ladies of her Quality, who always smell of Amber and *Arabian* Perfumes: Insomuch that when I went to embrace her to lift her up again into her Saddle, as thou call'st it (for I cannot beat it out of my head, but that it was no more then a Pannel) such a rank Hogo of Garlick and raw Onions invaded my Nostrils, as had like to ha' taken away my Breath.

Dregs of Mankind, then, cry'd *Sancho*, in a terrible Passion, Scoundrels of Inchanters, Oh, that I might have the pleasure once to see the whole Rabble of such *Imps* of *Satan* threaded together upon one String, and hung up a smoaking like Herrings at *Yarmouth*! Was it not enough for ye to change those Eyes of my Mistress, brighter then *Aurora*'s, into Acorns? her Golden Tresses into a *red Cow's Tail*? Was it not enough for ye to alter the whole Frame and Form of her Body, but that you must be medling with her Breath, and alt'ring the steam of her Flesh, which was sweeter then the Morning Exhalations of Roses, by which we should ha' known her to ha' been the Person we sought for, tho under Disguise? And yet for all this, I must confess, the Lady *Dulcinea* never appear'd to me to be deformed, but rather on the other side, methought I never saw a more lovely Creature i' my life; by the same token she had a Mole upon her right Lip, which gave root to seven or eight hairs of a deep *Norway Red*, about two fingers long, looking like so many strings of Gold Wire.

According to the Doctrine of *Moles*, quo *Don Quixote*, the Lady *Dulcinea* having such a Mole upon her Lip, should have such another upon her Thigh; tho I must tell thee, *Sancho*, the hairs thou talk'st of, are too big to grow upon *Moles*. By the life of *Pharaoh*, quo *Sancho*, 'tis true as I tell ye— there they were, and they look'd too, as if she had brought 'em along with her into the World; but I must needs say, they are very becoming. That I believe, friend *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for Nature could not add to *Dulcinea*'s Features any thing but what was the Perfection

of

of her Workmanſhip: ſo that thoſe Moles were no Deformities in her, but bright and glittering Stars that augmented the Luſtre of her Beauty. But prithee tell me, *Sancho*, that which appeared to me no other then a Pannel, was it a *Pillion*, or a Side-ſaddle? It was a Side-ſaddle, an't like your Worſhip, with an ineſtimable Imbroidery, by this fair Skie, worth half a Kingdom. How the Devil came it to paſs, quo *Don Quixote*, that I could ſee nothing of all this? Well! I have ſaid it, and muſt ſay it as long as I live, I am the moſt unfortunate among Men. Upon that, the *Crackrope* of a Squire could hardly forbear laughing to ſee how artificially he had gull'd his credulous, and All to-be-faſcinated Maſter, which he glory'd in till his dying Day, as one of his chiefeſt Maſter-pieces.

At length, after ſeveral other Diſcourſes of the ſame nature, they mounted again, and took the Road for *Sarragoſa*, whither they haſten'd to be preſent at one of the moſt pompous Feſtivals that is ſolemniz'd in that City. But they met with ſo many Adventures and Rubs by the way, which by reaſon of their Novelty: their Strangeneſs, and their Curioſity, muſt not be left out.

CHAP. XI.

Containing the prodigious Adventure of the Chariot of the Officers of Death.

BUT tho *Don Quixote* were got a Horſe-back, yet was he ſo o're-whelm'd and doz'd with Melancholy to ſee himſelf ſo deſpitefully fool'd and baffl'd by theſe villainous and Caitiff *Necromancers*; more eſpecially in the late Transfiguration of his high-born Princeſs into a *Countrey Waſtcoteer*, without any poſſibility, of himſelf, to diſſolve the Inchantment, that his Senſes quite forſook him. In which diſconſolate Condition he rode in a careleſs Poſture, with folded Arms, and the Reins of his Bridle thrown upon *Roſinante*'s Neck. Who, as he was a Horſe of great Underſtanding, finding himſelf without any controul, at his full liberty, and tempted by the goodneſs of the Graſs, took his opportunity (as any other ingenious Horſe wou'd ha' done) to graze four mouthfulls, and ſtep two ſteps forward to the next fair Tuft, as one that thought his Maſter in no great haſte. Which his faithful Squire perceiving, Sir, ſaid he, 'tis not for Beaſts to be ſad, but only for rational Men; yet men that ſuffer their Reaſon to be overcome by their Sorrows, make Beaſts of themſelves. Recollect your ſelf therefore, and ride wi' your Bridle i' your hand, like a Man: Wake, Sir, wake by any means, and ſhew your ſelf a *Knight-Errant*—— S'life Sir, you jog along more like a *Hartford-ſhire Tanner*, then a Lady's Champion. What a Devil's the matter? Are ye dreaming of a dry Summer?—— I ne're beheld a man ſo mop'd i' my life—— I'd rather *Beelzebub* ſhould carry all the *Dulcinea's* i' the world a' pick-back to Hell, then loſe one ſingle *Knight-Errant*, more worth then all the Inchantments and Tranſmogrifications upon Earth——

Peace, *Sancho*, peace, reply'd *Don Quixote*, not a treaſonable word more againſt the inchanted Princeſs *Dulcinea*. 'Tis I am the ſole occaſion of her Misfortune—— Curs'd be thoſe Hell-hounds of Enchanters that envy my Glory, and deprive me of my Felicity. By *Cuds-liggers*, reply'd *Sancho*,

'tis a ſad caſe; nor do I think there is that Heart ſo hard in mortal Breaſt, that wou'd not melt to ſee how ſtrangely the Lady's alter'd——— Well mayſt thou ſay ſo, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, for thou haſt ſeen her in all her Luſtre, when her Beauties dazl'd all the world, and ſhone without a Cloud; when no Inchantments dimm'd thy Eyes, as they did mine. But alas! 'tis I alone that prove the fatal Conſequences of their dangerous and venomous Effects. By the way, *Sancho*, I muſt tell thee, thou didſt not make a right uſe of thy Eyes neither, by the Deſcription of this Lady's Beauty, which thou madeſt me. For thou told'ſt me, if I forget not, ſhe had Eyes of Pearl——— for Eyes like Pearl, are more properly to be aſcrib'd to the Fiſh call'd a *Guilthead*, then to a Lady. Wherefore I rather believe, that *Dulcinea*'s Eyes are like Turquoiſes, or green Emeralds, which are arch'd over with two celeſtial *Rain-bows* inſtead of *Eye-brows*——— and therefore keep the Pearls till thou com'dſt to her Teeth. For aſſuredly, *Sancho*, thou wert miſtaken, and took'ſt her Teeth for her Eyes. That might be, reply'd *Sancho*, for I was then as much dazl'd with the ſight of her Beauty, as you were troubl'd juſt now at her Deformity. But it behoves us to leave all things to God, who both foreſees and knows whatever is to happen in this ſame Vale of Tears, this wicked world, where there is nothing without a mixture of Malice, Impoſture and Villainy.

I'the mean time, Sir, there is a thing newly come into my Head, that troubles me more then all the reſt, which is this, That when you have vanquiſh'd a Giant or a Knight, and then command 'em to preſent themſelves at the feet of the Lady *Dulcinea*, where aduce this poor Knight or Giant ſhall find her, or how we ſhall be able to direct 'em?——— Methinks I ſee the *Tom-ladles* already at their Duties, *ſaunter*, *ſaunter*, gaping and ſtaring, wi' their hands i' their Pockets, and enquiring through all the Streets of *Toboſo*, for the Lady *Dulcinea*, who, it may be, has met 'em five or ſix times ſull *But*, and yet are they ſtill to ſeek; for they know her no more then they knew my Father deceas'd.

Perhaps, reply'd *Don Quixote*, the force of the Inchantment may not extend to *Giants* and *Knights* that are vanquiſh'd——— But we'll try the Experiment upon the next that we luckily light upon.

I like your Deſign very well, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, for thereby we ſhall find out the Truth, whether the Enchanters are in fault, and whether they conceal my Lady's Beauty from you alone, or no——— for then it is Malice fore-thought in them; and 'tis you that ſuffers, and not ſhe. So then if our Miſtreſs be well, let us be glad for that, and bear the reſt of our Afflictions as well as we can; and we can take no better courſe then by ſeeking out new Adventures, which will draw off our Thoughts another away, till Time, the beſt Phyſician i' the world, ſhall perfect the Cure.

Don Quixote was juſt about to have return'd him an Anſwer, when he deſcry'd upon the Road a kind of a Cart, like a *Hay-cart*, that carry'd a Company of People in ſtrange and different Habits. He that ſeem'd to be the Carter, was a moſt hideous *Hobthruſh*, enough to ſcare a hundred *Knight-Errants*. In the next place, as the Cart drew nearer and nearer, he diſcover'd a Reſemblance of *Death* with a human Countenance. On the one ſide of Death ſtood an *Angel* with large expanded Wings of divers Colours; on the other ſtood an *Emperor* with a Crown that ſeem'd to be of Gold. At the feet of *Death* lay the *God of Love*, with his Bow and his Arrows, only he was not hood-wink'd. Next to theſe there appear'd a Knight compleatly arm'd from head to foot, only that inſtead of a Helmet

he

he wore a Hat with a large Plume of Feathers; nor were these all, there being several other persons, which like the rest, were variously disguis'd.

So strange a Spectacle as this, surprizing our valiant Champion, put him into a cold Sweat, and his hair stood an end with that force as to lift up his Helmet two inches above his Scull; and as for *Sancho*, you might ha' smelt him with the Wind i' your Teeth, above a Furlong and a half. But *Don Quixote* in a trice returning to himself, discover'd all the marks of Joy imaginable in his Eyes, not doubting but that Fortune offer'd him an Opportunity to perform Miracles in a more then ordinary Adventure. With this inward Incouragement he advances, and like one resolv'd to expose himself to all the Dangers that could threaten Mortality, posting himself before the Cart; *Gee-ho-man* or *Devil*, quo he, with a surly menacing Tone, tell me, at thy Peril, who thou art, whither thou art going, and who all these Inhabitants of some other World are, that ride in thy Cart, which seems to be rather *Charon*'s Boat, then a terrestial Tumbrel?

Sir, quo the *Devil*, very calmly and civilly, we are a Company of poor *Comedians* that Yesterday, being *Corpus Christi* day, acted the Tragedy, call'd *The Parliament of Death*, behind yonder Hill, and now are going to play the same over again this Evening in the Village you see before us; and we go in our Habits to save the labour of new attiring our selves. That young man represents *Death*; that other, an *Angel*; that same Woman, who is the Poet's Concubine, plays the *Queen*—— There is one that personates an *Emperor*, and there is another plays the *Souldier*'s Part, and I, Sir, am the *Devil* at your Service, one of the chief Actors i' the Play, for I speak the Prologue; if you have any other Questions to ask me, pray proceed; for as I am the *Devil*, I understand the whole Plot; and I must tell ye farther, that our Poet is one that makes all the chief Plays for *Bartlemew* and *Southwark Fairs*—— He has been a little down i' the world hitherto, but he hopes to mend his Fortune at one time or other——

By the faith of a *Knight-Errant*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, when I first saw this *Tumbrel*, I thought some strange Adventure had been offer'd me—— but now I find there is no trust in outward Appearances. Drive on, honest Friends, drive on in peace, go act your Play; and if I can do ye any Service, believe me ready to assist ye with all my heart—— for I ha' been a great Admirer and Reader of Plays and Masks, from my very Cradle.

No sooner were the words out of his Mouth, but the Fool in the Tragedy, having stay'd a little behind, overtook his Fellows: He was clad in a red and yellow Coat, hung about with little Bells, with a Stick in his hand, at the end of which were ty'd three large blown Bladders full of blew Beans. This Fool, coming near *Don Quixote*, fell a skipping and leaping after his antick fashion, and all the while kept fencing with his Stick, and thumping the Ground with his rattling Bladders, which made such a Confusion of sounds, that what with his Bladders, and what with his Bells, that *Rosinante*, till then the patientest Horse alive, scar'd out of his Wits, took his Curb in his Teeth, and notwithstanding all the Rider's Skill, fell a frisking, curvetting, and running, as if the Devil had sent post for his Master.

Sancho fearing some Mischief would befall the best of Champions, skips from his *Patient Grizzle*, and runs with all the speed he could to help him; but before he could come near, by many a Bow's shot, *Rosinante* had made a false step, (for he was troubl'd with Corns) so that both Horse and Rider had

done all their tumbling Tricks, and were both come to the Ground before his Approach. On the other ſide, the *Knave* of a *Fool* perceiving *Sancho*'s Aſs without a Maſter, leaps into the Pannel, at what time the dull Beaſt, awaken'd with the Thumps of his Bladders, and the ringing of his Bells, took ſuch a female Fright, that away ſhe ran toward the Village, as ſwift as a Hare in her firſt Courſe.

Sancho, with incredible Sorrow, beholding his Maſter's Fall, and the Flight of his Aſs, was in a great Quandary whither to bend his Succour. But at length, good Nature over-ruling, notwithſtanding his unexpreſſible Affection for his Aſs, he determind in favour of his Maſter. To whom, after he had help'd him up again, and fix'd him in his Saddle; Sir, ſaid he, the Devil is run away with my Aſs. What Devil, quo *Don Quixote*? The Devil that was hung with Bells, quo *Sancho*. Chear up, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, I'le fetch him again, let the Devil lock him up in the darkeſt and deepeſt Stable he has in all his lower Regions. Follow me only to the Cart, I'le unharneſs all their *Trumpery-draggers*, I warrant thee— Thou ſhalt have 'em all, *Sancho*, to recompence thy loſs———

Joy be wi'me, quo *Sancho*, there's no need——— Temper your Choler, I beſeech ye, Sir——— the Devil has abandon'd my Aſs, and the poor Creature is returning back again. I knew the loving Soul would never leave me, if once he could get his Liberty. And true it was what *Sancho* ſaid; for the *Devil* and *Grizzle* it ſeems had been ſhewing their Tumbler's Tricks, in imitation of *Don Quixote* and *Roſinante*: And then it was, it ſeems, that *Grizzle* getting up firſt, ſcudded back to her dear Maſter, and the Devil was fain to foot it to the Village.

I care not for that, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I'm of opinion, 'tis fit to chaſtize the Inſolence of this Devil, tho 'twere only to make him an Example; and if I can't light upon him, I'le be reveng'd upon the firſt I meet, tho 't be the Emperor himſelf. I beſeech ye, Sir, let it alone— there's nothing to be got by meddling with theſe *ſtrolling Interluders*: For tho they are Fellows condemn'd by the Statute-Law, yet they find more Friends then honeſter People. I knew one of theſe *Stage-tredders* ſent to Priſon for two Murders, and yet he eſcap'd without paying a Farthing. I tell ye, Sir, all the looſe, idle, extravagant, lawleſs Part of the world eſteem and adore 'em for the Paſtime and Sport which they make; and therefore ſince we have our Aſs again, let 'em go and be hang'd for a Company of Vagabonds as they are.

No— quo *Don Quixote*, were't for nothing elſe, 't ſhall ne're be ſaid, I was afraid of the *Devil*, tho all Mankind took his part: and with that, he ſpurr'd after the Cart, which was now got pretty near to the Village, crying out, T' your Prayers, Vagabonds——— T'your Prayers, Varlets— I'le teach ſuch Bruits as you are, to be civil to the Beaſts that carry the honourable burden of a *Knight-Errant*'s Squire.

Theſe loud Threats of *Don Quixote*'s aſſuring the Players of his fell Intentions, preſently *Death*, the *Emperor* and the *Angel* leap'd out of the Cart, and joyn'd with the *Devil*; nay, *Cupid* himſelf and the *Queen* adventur'd to hazzard their Perſons in the common Calamity. And thus entrenching themſelves altogether, on the other ſide of the Waggon, well ſtor'd with the uſual Ammunition that ſtony High-ways afford in ſuch caſes, they reſolv'd upon Self-preſervation and Defence. *Don Quixote*, on the other ſide, perceiving 'em ſo well prepar'd, and ſo couragiouſly determin'd, ſtopp'd his Career, and fate conſidering with himſelf, how he might attack this formidable Battalion, with leaſt danger to his perſon;

at

at what time *Sancho* having overtak'n him, and perceiving how advantageouſly the Enemy had poſted themſelves; Sir, ſaid he, I don't like this Adventure by no means——— and in my Judgment, 'tis a meer madneſs to undertake it— for what defenſive Arms have you to keep off a Showre of Stones and Brick-bats, unleſs you could walk with the great Bell of *Lincoln* over your head? Have not you had a enough of theſe Broils to your coſt? and will you agen be ſingly encount'ring a whole Army, where an *Emperor* fights in perſon, attended by Death himſelf, and aſſiſted by good and bad Angels?——— Laſtly, conſider that tho they be all Emperors, Princes, and Angels, yet there is not ſo much as one *Knight-Errant* among 'em.

Sancho, quo *Don Quixote*, I ne'er found thy Advice worth a Button, till now; 'tis very true what thou ſay'ſt, and I muſt alter my Reſolution; for indeed I ought not to draw my Sword againſt any one living that has not been dubb'd a *Knight-Errant*. And therefore, *Sancho*, 'tis thy buſineſs to revenge thy ſelf upon theſe Rakeſhames of Comedians for the Injury done to thy *Grizzle*; however, I'le ſtay to encourage thee, and give thee wholeſom Advice. Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, 'tis not for the Profeſſors of Chriſtianity to think of Revenge——— a true Chriſtian muſt forgive and forget. And as for my poor *Grizzle*, who is as peaceable as my ſelf, I ſhall be able to accommodate the buſineſs well enough with her, and perſwade her to reaſon; for I know her humour ſo well, that ſhe'll be better contented with one Meaſure of Oats, then with all the Revenges i' the World. Nay then, good *Sancho*, diſcreet *Sancho*, Chriſtian *Sancho*, patient *Sancho*, if that be thy Reſolution, let's leave theſe idle Apparitions, and proceed in ſearch of more important Adventures, of which, methinks, we ſhould meet with great Variety in this Countrey. And ſo ſaying, he wheel'd off, ridding the Players of a thouſand Fears, and putting an end to the moſt dreadful Adventure of the *Chariot of Death*, at the ſame time; thanks to the ſage and prudent Counſels of *Sancho Pancha*, whoſe Name be eterniz'd in Hiſtory for ſo pious and glorious an Action.

CHAP. XII.

Containing the ſtrange Adventure that befel the valiant Don Quixote *with the gallant* Knight *of the* Wood.

THE next Night, which was the Night that follow'd the fatal Day wherein *Don Quixote* encounter'd the *Chariot* of *Death*, the Knight and the Squire repos'd their weary Limbs; and then it was that *Don Quixote*, at *Sancho*'s Perſwaſion, made a ſhort Supper upon ſuch Proviſion as *Sancho*'s new Wallet afforded. Now while they were feeding, Ah, Sir! quo *Sancho*, had not I been a fine Fool to ha' choſen for the Reward of my News, the Spoils of your firſt Victory, inſtead of your three Colts? Faith, Sir, I ſhall ſay 't as long as I live, *He that waits upon Fortune, is never ſure of a Dinner*——— Come, come, *A Sparrow in hand, is worth a Buſtard upon the wing.*

All this is very true, quo *Don Quixote*, yet hadſt thou let me alone, thou hadſt had by this for thy ſhare an Emperor's Crown of Gold, and *Cupid*'s painted Wings; for I would ha' torn 'em from the Shoulders of his

his Deity-ſhip, and thou ſhouldſt ha' worn 'em thy ſelf. And what then, quo *Sancho*? I hope you are not ſo ſimple to think me ſuch a Child to be pleas'd with Gewgaws; or to believe that Emperors in Plays are crown'd with pure *Lombard-ſtreet* Gold. And what ſhould I ha' got by all their St. *Martin's* Trumpery?

Sancho, quo *Don Quixote*, I don't believe all to be Gold that gliſters; however, I would not have thee think the worſe of *Comedians* or *Comedies*, which are of great uſe in a Commonwealth, as being the Looking glaſſes that repreſent to our ſight the Beauties and Deformities of Vertue and Vice; in them we behold all the Actions of human Life; nor is there any thing that more truly ſhews us what we are, or what we ought to be. Prithee, *Sancho*, tell me, Didſt ever ſee a Play where Emperors, Kings, Popes, Knights, and Ladies of all ſorts and ſizes, Clergy and Laity, Gentle and Simple are brought upon the Stage? One acts a Ruffian, another a Cheat, another a Baud, another a Divine, another a Lawyer, another a Souldier, another a Fop, and another a fond Lover——— But when the Play's done, and the Actors have chang'd their Habits, they are all as they were agen, hail fellow well met. All this I ha' ſeen, quo *Sancho*. Why thus, quo *Don Quixote*, all men living, i' their turns, act their Parts in the ſame manner upon the grand Stage of the World, till at length comes Death, entring at the laſt Scene of our Lives, ſtrips us of all our Honours, and Characters of Diſtinction, and lays us all equal in the Grave——— Bleſs me, quo *Sancho!* what News you tell me! as if I had never ſeen a Game at Cheſs, where, as long as the Play laſts, every piece of Wood does its Duty under ſeveral Names of *Kings*, *Pawns*, *Rooks*, and *Knights*, and when the Game's over, they are all put higgledy-piggledy into the Bag together agen, without any difference, juſt as you ſay we are laid up, like the Lumber of the World, in the Bowels of the Earth. I think, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, thou grow'ſt wittier and wittier every day then other——— Oh, Sir! quo *Sancho*, you may be ſure I learn ſomething every moment by keeping you Company, elſe I ſhould be the very'ſt Dunce in Nature——— Thoſe Lands muſt be very barren indeed, that never yield any Crop, when they are well dung'd and manur'd—— I mean, Sir, that your Diſcourſes have been the *Dung* which you have ſpread upon the *barren Soil* of my *Underſtanding*; and the *Time* that I ha' ſpent in your Service, has been the *Tillage*, which I hope has ſo well *manur'd* me, as to bring forth Fruit worthy the *Husbandman's* Pains.

Don Quixote was ſo pleas'd with *Sancho's* Learning, that he laugh'd to exceſs beyond his accuſtom'd Gravity—for he thought him extreamly improv'd—nay, ſometimes was ſo aſtoniſh'd at his Notions, his *Similes*, and his Proverbs, that he thought him half inſpir'd, and began to think him fit to govern not only an Iſland, but all the *Turkiſh* Empire; tho many times, 'tis true, the *Squire* would make a Trip, when he ſoar'd too high above his Capacity, and come tumbling down from the Mountain of Simplicity to the deep Abyſs of Ignorance, as you may have already found, if you have obſerv'd the Story as ye ought to do.

In theſe and ſuch like Diſcourſes it was that they ſpent the moſt part of the Night, till *Sancho* was willing to let fall the *Port Cullices* of his Eye-lids, which was the Phraſe he us'd, when he had a mind to go to ſleep. Thereupon he unhalter'd his *Grizzle*, and took off her Pannel, leaving her at her full Liberty to feed and fill her Belly. But as for *Roſinante*, he only took off his Bridle, for that *Don Quixote* had expreſsly forbid him to meddle with his Saddle, where, and whenever it were that they ſlept in

the

the Field ; it being an ancient Custom prudently establish'd, and inviolably observ'd by all *Knight-Errants*. And therefore, *guarda*— touch not the Saddle for your Ears. I cannot say, but that the Squire might slacken the Girths a little to give the Horse more freedom to eat his Vittles; and if it happen'd that *Rosinante* laid himself down and roll'd in a Cow-turd at any time, it was but only *Sancho*'s bestowing a small Curse upon him, and cleaning the Knights Furniture agen. And now you may be sure, that neither *Rosinante*, nor Madam *Grizzle* made any scruple whose Grass it was they eat, but lovingly fell too, and fed like Horses upon what Nature had spread before 'em.

And indeed it was a wonderful thing, the Friendship and Kindness that was between Madam *Grizzle* and *Rosinante*, insomuch that Tradition informs us, how that the Author of this History compos'd several Chapters upon that Subject, tho he would not insert 'em in his Book, for fear of breaking the Laws of *Decorum*. Yet some few touches to shew the unparallel'd Amity between two dumb Creatures, could not escape him; where he writes, That these two matchless Brutes (if they might be call'd Brutes, and not rather rational Animals) took a most singular delight to scrub and lick one another; and that when they were weary of that Pleasure, *Rosinante* would lay his long Neck over *Grizzle*'s Crest, and thus they would stand with their Eyes fix'd upon the Ground, in a deep Metaphysical Contemplation for three whole Days and Nights together, unless disturb'd, or that Hunger compell'd 'em to a Divorce. Some say the Author did not scruple to compare their Friendship to that of *Nysus* and *Euryalus*, or *Pylades* and *Orestes*; which if it were so, deserves a universal Admiration, to the shame of men, that so ill observe the Rules of Friendship one among another. Nor must we blame the Author for comparing the Friendship of Beasts with that of Men; for that the Beasts themselves have been men's Instructors and Tutors in many other things of great Importance; while the *Stork* taught 'em the use of *Clysters*; *Dogs*, the benefit of *vomiting*; *Cranes* gave 'em an Example of *Vigilancy*; *Ants*, of *Providence* and good *Husbandry*; *Elephants*, of *Honesty*; and *Horses* of *Loyalty*. But to return to the Story——

No sooner were these two peerless Examples of cordial Affection thus turn'd to Grass, but *Sancho*, stretch'd out at full length under a spreading Oak, fell fast asleep; while *Don Quixote*, leaning his careful Head against the stump of another smaller Tree, fetch'd a short Slumber, which perhaps might have continu'd somewhat longer, had be not been waken'd by a noise behind him, which made him start up of a sudden, like a Hare frighted out of her Form; at what time he saw two men a Horse-back, of which the one, as it were, letting himself down from his Saddle, like a Bundle of Feathers from an Upholdsterer's Garret, cry'd to the other, Alight, Friend, and let us unbridle both our Horses—— here's excellent feeding for 'em; besides that, the Silence and Solitude of the place seems most agreeable to entertain my amorous Thoughts. And having so said, he laid himself down upon the Grass, yet not so easily, but that his Armour made a rattling, which caus'd *Don Quixote* presently to think he had met with one of his Brethren.

Upon that, away he goes to his Squire, and having wak'd him with three or four Tuggs by the Elbow, *So-ho*, *Sancho*, quo he, whispering him i' the Ear— I spie an Adventure —— God send us good luck, quo *Sancho*; but where's this worshipful Adventure, I would fain know?—— Look yonder—— Dost not see a Knight lying all along upon the Grass?— I'my

Conscience

Conſcience he is a Man of Sorrow, for I ſaw him throw himſelf upon the Ground with ſuch a Negligence, as if he had been regardleſs of his Bones, whether he broke 'em or no——— And what of all this, quo *Sancho*, why muſt this be an Adventure? I do not ſay 'tis an Adventure, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but it may prove an Adventure in time——— for moſt Adventures begin thus.

But hark— *Sancho*— I think I hear Muſick too—— 'tis either a *Lute* or a *Jews-Trump*—— hold a little— 'tis a Lute— and by his clearing his Throat, we are like to have a Song too——— I told thee 'twas an Adventure——— Upon my life, Sir, you ſay true, quo *Sancho*, this muſt be ſome enamour'd captivated Knight— Did you ſee him pull down his Breeches, Sir? Why ſo, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote?* Becauſe, quo *Sancho*, 'tis the *Epſom* Proverb, That *ſhittten-come-ſhite's the beginning of Love*——— as Love's the beginning of all Adventures——— 'Tis very true, quo *Don Quixote*; for all *Knights-Errant* are oblig'd to be in Love——— But hold thy prating a while——— by the Song we ſhall underſtand the Secrets of his Heart—— For *out of th' Abundance of the Heart the Mouth ſpeaks*——— there's Proverb for thy Proverb, *Sancho*: Not a word more— but whiſt— the Song begins———

The SONG.

Moſt lovely fair, but cruel Iris,
My heart, my heart for thee on fire is;
Oh! how I cou'd, and wou'd, and wou'd and cou'd!
But thou, alas!
Haſt neither Life nor Mettle in thy Blood.
Now, my dear Lamb, play not the Aſs———
Perhaps ten thouſand are not of my mind,
Why then ſhou'dſt thou to me be ſo unkind?
A fairer Chapman then my ſelf,
More never bid for all thy Beauty's Wealth:
Take thy firſt Chapman, leſt the Market fall,
And then thou lie Fly-blown upon the Stall.

She will not hear———
Which makes me ſtamp, and ſtare,
Lament, and howl, and tear my hair———
Oh! what are Women's Breaſts made of, I trow?
Some ſay of Snow,
But I ſay no——
For Love would enter then, and melt it too.
Some ſay of Stone———
Which I diſown;
For Love would force its paſſage through.

No, no—— her heart is harder far then Stone,
Which makes me ſigh, and ſob, and grunt, and groan,
Quite weary of my life— then quickly Death,
Oh, quickly, quickly ſtop this uſeleſs Breath,
And rid me of my Pain, my Pain, my Pain———
Yet ſtay— life's ſweet— now I think on't again,
Rather then fail,
I'le live— tho but in hopes I may at length prevail.

After

After he had done singing, the poor *Knight* of the *Wood* fetch'd such a Sigh as wou'd ha' blown up the Roof of a Cathedral; and then with a mournful, doleful Voice; O fairest Fair, said he, altho the most ungrateful among Women, how is it possible, most High-born *Rosamond* of *Tunbolstretia*, thy heart should be so hard to suffer the Slave of thy Beauty to spend his days, and flower of his Youth, in truanting about the World, wandring like a *Gypsie*, and raving, like a *Tom a' Bedlam*, over Hill and Dale, expos'd to Rain and Sunshine? In how many Duels upon *Putney-Heath*, *Barn-Elms Walks*, and *Chelsey-Fields*, has my Courage, and the Strength of my Arm been try'd in thy Defence? How many *Hectors*, *Bully-Rocks*, and *Huffing-Dicks*, have I made eat their Swords to the very Hilts for blaspheming thy Chastity, and villanously swearing no more then this, *She paints*? How many times have I thrash'd *Whipping-Tom*, when thou hast quak'd for fear of his Lash? And lastly, how many times have I basted that same *Bravo* of *Mancha* for preferring his *Trugmullion* before thee? and every time I made him eat his words, and swallow 'em down his perjur'd Throat?

He lyes in his Lungs, quo *Don Quixote*, for I am of *Mancha* my self, and I never did eat my words, nor ever will eat my words, to the Prejudice of my peerless Mistress Madam *Dulcinea*'s Beauty; and therefore this Knight must be a Mad-man——— but hold a little——— we shall hear more of his raving by and by perhaps——— That you may be sure of, quo *Sancho*, for he talks as if he intended to expostulate a Month together. But contrary to *Don Quixote*'s and *Sancho*'s Opinion, the Knight concluded his Complaints at the same time; for having heard *Don Quixote*'s Voice, and perceiving himself to have been discover'd, he rose up, and cry'd out, Who's there? What are ye? Are ye of the number of the Fortunate, or the Afflicted? Of the Afflicted, cry'd *Don Quixote*. If so, reply'd the *Knight* of the *Wood*, ye may approach, and here behold the same Sadness, and the same Affliction.

Upon so kind an Invitation *Don Quixote* advanc'd, at what time the *Knight* of the *Wood* taking him by the hand; Sir Knight, quo he, sit down; for I perceive you are so, having found ye in a place where only Sorrow and Solitude keep Company, the only Stations and Reposes of *Knight-Errants*. I am a Knight, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and of the same Profession that you name; and tho my Sorrows, and the Remembrance of my continual Misfortunes usurp the seat of my Mind, and plague my Brains, yet have I a Heart no less sensible of the Calamities of others; and I pity yours the more, having heard the mournful Complaints which you so lately made of that ungrateful *Fair One*, whose Name you utter'd in the depth of your Grief.

Now you must know, that while the two Knights were thus parlying together, they sate close one by the other, upon the hard Earth, like intimate and loving Friends, and not like mortal Foes that were to Ribroast each other by break of Day——— In which posture of Peace and Tranquility, quo the *Knight* of the *Wood* to *Don Quixote*, Probably, Sir, Knight you are in love? Unfortunately I am, reply'd *Don Quixote*; tho the Misfortunes that arise from a well plac'd Affection, ought rather to be taken for the Favours of Heaven, then for any Disasters. This might be true, reply'd the *Knight* of the *Wood*, if the continual Disdains of ungrateful Women did not perplex our Reason, and deprive us of all our Hopes. For my part, quo *Don Quixote*, I never had the least frown from my Mistress. By Yea, and by Nay, quo *Sancho*, interrupting him, never i'

this World. She's as tame as a Doe with a Bell about her Neck, and as ſoft as Lamb's Wool. Is that your *Squire*, quo the *Knight* of the *Wood*? The ſame, reply'd *Don Quixote*. He's a ſaucy Fellow, quo the *Knight* of the *Wood*: I never heard before of a Squire that durſt preſume to interrupt his Maſter when he was ſpeaking himſelf; ſhou'd my Squire but dare to open his Lips i' my preſence, I'd kick him into the other World. *A Cat may look upon a King*; quo *Sancho*, by my faith, I ha' talk'd more then once or twice, and in the preſence of——— but I ha' done; *the more ye ſtir, the more 'twill ſtink*——— At the ſame time the other Squire gave *Sancho* a twitch by the Sleeve, and whiſpering him i' the Ear, Come, Brother, ſaid he, let us two go where we may talk by our ſelves, and leave our Maſters to tell one another the Stories of their Amours; they have enow, I'le warrant ye, to hold 'em till Morning. With all my heart, quo *Sancho*, and then I'le tell ye who I am, that you may be able to judge whether I am a perſon to be ſhut out of Company for a Wrangler, or no.

CHAP. XIII.

Containing a Continuation of the Adventure of the Knight *of the* Wood, *and the pleaſant Diſcourſe that paſs'd between the two Squires.*

THUS the Knights and the Squires were divided into Parties, the one recounting their Lives, the other repeating the Stories of their Ladies and Miſtreſſes. And tho it had been proper to have ſet down the Diſcourſe of the Maſters before the Squires, yet the Author thought it not worth his while to inſiſt upon ſuch a Nicety, but tells ye, That the *Knight* of the *Wood's* Squire firſt brake ſilence; quo he to *Sancho*, 'tis a laborious and troubleſome life we lead that are Squires to *Knight-Errants*; and we may truly ſay, that we eat our Bread by the Sweat of our Brows. And we may as truly ſay, quo *Sancho*, that we eat our Bread by the ſhivering of our Bodies; for there are no poor Creatures that ſuffer more Cold then we do; tho if we had our Bellies full, 'twou'd be ſome Conſolation; but ſometimes we go whole days together, and never ſo much as break faſt till ten a' clock at Night, unleſs it be upon the Wind that blows. However, quo the *Squire* of the *Wood*, this may be endur'd upon the hopes of a good Reward; for that ſame *Knight-Errant* muſt be curs'd in his Mother's Belly, that at one time or other in his life has not an Iſland, or a Earldom to beſtow upon his Squire.

For my part, quo *Sancho*, I have already told my Maſter, that I will be contented with the Government of an Iſland; and he is a perſon ſo noble and ſo liberal, that he has promis'd me ſuch a Recompence ſeveral and ſeveral times. I cannot pretend to ſuch great things, reply'd the Squire of the Wood; I ſhould think my ſelf well paid for all my Services with a fat *Sine cure*, for which I ha' my Maſter's Promiſe as well as you. Why then belike, quo *Sancho*, your Maſter is a Knight o' the Church *Militant*, ſince he is able to procure Benefices for his Squires. As for my Maſter, he is a Secular Perſon, tho ſome of his Friends, who, in my Opinion, had no true kindneſs for him, would have adviſ'd him to be an Archbiſhop; but

but he thank'd 'em, he never wou'd, becauſe he had a Deſign to make himſelf an Emperor; and let me die, if at that time I were not wickedly afraid he wou'd have ent er'd into Orders, not finding my ſelf capable of Eccleſiaſtical Preferment. For mark ye me, Sir, tho I reſemble a Man, yet I ſhould make but an ugly Beaſt in Eccleſiaſtical Habit.

Governments of Iſlands are not ſo eaſily manag'd as you think for, reply'd the *Squire* of the *Wood*; beſides, there are ſome Iſlands that won't afford Water to waſh your hands; ſome meer barren Rocks, others only the Habitations of Conies; and the beſt are Charges which Governours take upon their Shoulders, and ſink under the weight. And therefore to deal freely with thee, I think 'twou'd be much better for us that are under this confounded Hardſhip and Slavery, to return home to our Houſes, where we might live more at our Eaſe, and ſpend our time much better in *Deer-ſtealing*, and *robbing of Fiſh-ponds*——. He's a poor Squire indeed, that lives i' the Countrey, and has not a Horſe and a Drag-net at his Command——. I ha' ne're a Horſe, quo *Sancho*, but I have an Aſs, which I affirm, without boaſting, to be worth two of my Maſter's *Roſinante*; God ſend me a bad *Chriſtmas*, and may it be the next, if I would truck with him, tho he would give me a whole Quarter of Oats to boot—Then for your Greyhounds, I'le ne're be without a Brace or two; the Forreſt, you know, is hard by us; and what ſays the Proverb, *Stollen Veniſon is ſweet*——.

Brother Squire, quo the *Squire* of the *Wood*, 't has been my Reſolution long ſince to abandon the Service of theſe intoxicated, hair-brain'd *Knight-Errants*, and return home to my Wife and Children, of which I have, thanks be to God, three Oriental Pearls of my own, whoſe Education it behoves me to mind.

I ha' but two, quo *Sancho*, but for their Learning, they are fit to be Secretaries to the *Pope* himſelf; eſpecially my Girl, that I breed up to be a Counteſs, ſo ſoon as God pleaſes, tho my ſilly Wife be utterly againſt it. How old is that Damſel you deſign for a Counteſs, reply'd the *Squire* of the *Wood*?—— About fifteen and a half, quo *Sancho*—— *Morblew*, ſhe's as ſound as a Roach, as tall as a May-pole, as freſh as an *April*-morning, and as ſtrong as a Wine-Porter. By the Pleaſure of Generation, quo the *Squire* of the *Wood*, theſe are Perfections to fit her not only for a Counteſs, but to be fam'd to Poſterity for another *Robin-hood's Maid-Marrion*; the young Whore wou'd make a brisk Wood-Nymph, I'le warrant her—My Daughter's no Whore, reply'd *Sancho* very muſtily, nor her Mother before her, nor ſhall be, ſo long as I live i' this World, and can help it: And therefore pray conſider what ye ſay—— and don't let your Tongue run before your Wit—— but talk like a young man that had been bred among *Knight-Errants*, who are all Manners, and Civility it ſelf.—Puh—quo the *Squire* of the *Wood*, I find you ne're travell'd far from the Smoke of your own Chimney—you don't underſtand the City way of Commendation——'tis the Faſhion now adays, if you wou'd commend a Blade that has fought bravely, to cry, God take me, *if the Son of a Whore did not fight like a Devil*;—— and of a Woman——. God take me, *if I ever heard a Jade ſpeak better i' my life*—— and where Phraſes alter, we muſt talk according to Cuſtom; and you ought to renounce thoſe Children that perform not thoſe Actions for which their Parents were ſo commended. Well, well, quo *Sancho*, if thoſe be your Commendations, I renounce 'em; for by the ſame Argument you may call my Wife and Children Whores and Jades, and ſay you did it in their Commen-

dation— Pox o' your Commendations, if thoſe be your Commendations— I had like once to ha' had my Pate broken only for ſaying, ſuch a Lady who had manfully defended a Caſtle, was a *Brave Virago*, becauſe the word *Virago* is ſometimes taken in an ill Sence——— and therefore men muſt be cautious in their Expreſſions, and pick and chuſe their words, when they talk of honeſt Women and Virgins——— For my part, I love my Wife and Children——— and to the end I may but ſee 'em once more, the Lord deliver me from this mortal Sin of *Squire-Erranting*, into which I am fallen a ſecond time, deluded and bewitch'd by my covetous hopes to find another Bag of Gold as big as that which I found in the midſt of the *Black Mountain*. For this Temptation of the Devil ſo haunts me, that methinks I ſee another Bag at this very moment lying juſt before my Noſe, that I have taken it up, look'd in it, handl'd the bright Angels, have 'em all under my Arm— that I have carry'd 'em home, bought Land, let Leaſes, and live like a Prince——— And this Imagination of mine it is that continues me in my Maſter's laborious Service, who, as I may ſay between our ſelves, is more a Mad-man indeed then a Knight.

Why this, quo the *Squire* of the *Wood*, is juſt according to the Proverb, *Covetouſneſs is the root of all Evil*; and ſince we are come to talk of our Maſters, I do not believe there's a greater Fool i' the World then mine. For he is one of thoſe of whom the Proverb ſays, *He that meddles with another Man's buſineſs, milks his Cow into a Sieve*. For he, to recover a certain Knight that has loſt his Wits, is turn'd Coxcomb and Mad-man himſelf, runs rambling from Poſt to Pillar; and when all's done, I fear me, 'twill prove but the Lamentation of a bad Market. I'le be whipt if your Maſter ben't in love, quo *Sancho*. Yes, yes, we know that, reply'd the *Squire* of the *Wood*, he's in love with one Madam *Roſamond* of *Turnbolſtretia*, a confounded humerſome Carryon; I can't tell what to make of her——— ſhe's neither Fiſh, nor Fleſh, nor good red-Herring; but that's not the thing that now troubles my Maſter, he has other Windmils in his Pate, as you will ſee in a ſhort time. There is no way ſo ſmooth, quo *Sancho*, wherein a man may not ſometimes meet with ſomething to give him a fall; but if it *mizzle in ſome Houſes, it rains Milſtones in ours*. However, if it be a Conſolation to have Society in Miſery, let that be our Comfort, that we are both in the ſame Predicament, thou ſerv'ſt one Fool, and I ſerve another.

He is a Fool, I muſt confeſs, quo the *Squire* of the *Wood*— but he is valiant withal, tho more a Knave then either valiant or fooliſh.

Mine, quo *Sancho*, is ſo far from being a Knave, that he has no more Gall then a Pigeon; nor will he hurt a Worm, he's ſuch a Blockhead, that a Child of two years old may make him believe 'tis Night at *Midſummer*-Noon, tho the Sun ſhine never ſo bright; and this down-right Simplicity of his, is that which makes me love him like the Apple of my Eye, and ſo loath to leave him, notwithſtanding all his Extravagancies. However, dear Brother, quo the *Squire* of the *Wood*, when the Blind leads the Blind, they are both in danger of falling into the Ditch: and therefore y' good faith, let us ſteal home again to our Wives and Children, and let 'em run a rambling after Adventures that have a mind to come home by Weeping-Croſs.

Here the *Squire* of the *Wood* perceiving that *Sancho* ſpit often, and very dry; Brother, quo he, the moiſture of thy Lungs is very much waſted, but I have a Remedy for thy Diſtemper; and ſo ſaying, he went and fetch'd

a large

a large Leather Bottle of Wine, and a huge Piece of a Mutton Pasty, that it look'd like the Corner of a *Chappel of Ease*, and strangely over-joy'd *Sancho* when he felt the weight of it—— Well! quo *Sancho*, God love ye, and all them that love their Bellies — I see, Brother, you know what's good for your self— Oh, Brother! quo the *Squire* of the *Wood*, if ye took me for a fresh-Water Squire, ye are deceiv'd; I never travel, but my Wallet is the greater load of the two, and I carry as good Vittles as the General of a Field. Few words to the wise, quo *Sancho*; and so saying, he fell on without saying Grace, bite and swallow, bite and swallow, as if he had never eat in a Month before. At length, when his leisure would permit him; Brother, quo he, thou art the most loyal, noble, liberal, round and sound Squire that ever I met with, thou deserv'st to serve the King——— S'life— here sits miserable I that ha' nothing i' my Wallet but a piece of Cheese so hard, that you may shoot it in a Morter-piece through the Gates of a City, a few Onions, and three or four dozen of Filberds—— — shame befall my Master's *Nigrality*, and his curs'd Opinion, that dry'd Fruits and Sallads are th' only Dainties fit for *Knight-Errants*. In good faith, reply'd the *Squire* of the *Wood*, I am not for *Nebuchadnezzar*'s Diet; let our Masters observe the strict Rules of their Chivalry; if I stir a Mile, I must ha' my Belly-timber and this Bottle, the faithful Companion of my Travels— *the Leather Boteel, Oh, the Leather Boteel*—— this is my Joy, my Consolation, the Mistress of my Affection, that I kiss above forty times in a quarter of an hour; and so saying, he gave the Bottle to *Sancho*, who rearing it to his Mouth, with his Eyes fix'd upon the Stars, kept himself in that happy Contemplation, till his Lungs were no longer able to hold out; and having finish'd his Draught, leering upon the Bottle, with his head a' one side, and fetching a deep Sigh, by Guds-niggs, quo he, how this Son of a Whore Bottle has cool'd me! Oho— quo the *Squire* of the *Wood*, have I caught ye wi' your *Son of a whores!* where's your Manners now? Guilty, my Lord, quo *Sancho*, I see 'tis no Injury for a man to call his Friend Son of a Whore, when he loves him—— And now by the Remembrance of her you love best, prithee tell me, Is not this your Wine they call *Porto, Porto?* Thou hast a Vintner's Palate, upon my life, quo the *Squire* of the *Wood*——— thou hast nam'd the Wine, and 'tis the best that ever *Colborn* had in his Cellar. I have an excellent Nose, you see, quo *Sancho*, let me but smell to a parcel o' Wine, and I'le tell ye, whether it be fine or green, whether 'twill keep, and all the good and bad Qualities of it. Nor is this to be wonder'd at— for I had of my Ancestors, by the Father's side, two of the best Wine-Coopers that ever jumbl'd Wine i' this World. These two were call'd to give their Judgments of a Pipe of Canary; the one smelt to his Taster, the other sipp'd no more then a Sparrow drinks at a time, and spurted it out again. The one said, the Wine tasted of Iron; the other, that it had a smack of old Leather— The Vintner, however, protested the Wine was neat, without mixture—— well the thing past on——— but when the Wine was drawn out, What d' ye think they found at the bottom of the Cask? but a Key that hung in a small Tagg'd-Leather Point. Judge you now whether these men had not exquisite Palates, and whether a person descended from such a Family, may not be fit to be Taster General for all the Vintners in *London*——— Well! quo the *Squire* of the *Wood*, but what does this Knowledge avail ye in that Rascally Imployment you follow? And therefore let's leave off this *strolling Occupation* in time, and betake our selves to some more profitable Course of life; Thee, to thy

thy *VVine-tasting*, and I to what God directs me— tho I must tell thee, the Vintners of *London*, who are the Vintners of the World, are grown so proud and self-conceited, to the shame of all Wine-bibbers be it spoken, they think no men i' the World can taste Wine like themselves— nay, ye shall have a Drawer, but newly admitted access to the Wine-Vault, that shall out-face a Gentleman's Palate, and tell him he lyes in his Teeth— Therefore when thou meet'st any of those saucy Rascals, as thou art a *Squire-Itinerant*, be sure to break their Pates, or kick 'em down Stairs—

In the midst of these, and such like Discourses, the two Squires having fill'd their Bellies, and their Bones requiring rest, fell fast asleep; where we shall leave 'em ——— And now let's hear what pass'd between the Masters

CHAP. XIV.

Containing the Continuation of the Adventure of the Knight *of the* Wood.

AMong other Discourses that pass'd between *Don Quixote* and the *Knight* of the *Wood*, the Story relates how the latter of the two thus proceeded. In short, Sir, quo he, by Destiny and Choice, I became enamour'd of the peerless *Rosamond* of *Turnbolstretia*. I call her *Peerless*, because there was never any Female in this World that ever equall'd her in Beauty and Merit; but on the other side, if I may presume to say it, never any Woman upon the face of the Earth surpass'd her in Ingratitude— Whatever I could do, all the Offers and Protestations I could make her, could never bring her to take the least notice of my Affection. She saw me willing to do any thing to gain her good Will, and put me upon more desperate Designs then *Hercules* himself was renowned for, still feeding me with Hopes and Promises, and still baffling my Expectations.

Once she sent me to challenge that same *Giantess* of an *Hostess* at *Lincoln*, so tall, that *Ascapart* himself could not kiss her, unless he stood upon a Joynt-stool; and so strong, that she wou'd drive twenty Bailiffs before her at a time. I went, I saw, and overcame——— and I made her down of her Knees, and drink the *Pope*'s Health, tho she happen'd to be a Heretick. Another time she commanded me to go and remove *Stonehenge* (which is a prodigious number of vast Stones, every one as big as an ordinary Castle) from *Shaftsbury* to *Amesbury* Plain— I did so, and there they stand to this hour——— Then she order'd me to go and throw my self headlong into a Hole in *Darby-shire*, call'd the *Devil's Arse*, and upon my return to tell her how far the bottom reach'd, which some *Vertuoso's* in *England* wou'd give ten thousand Pound to know— I did so, and was above a Month a falling; at length I pitch'd within three Furlongs of the *Antartick Pole*, and was ten Months more before I could get into *Ethiopia*, and thence home agen: so that I may safely swear, I fetch'd a Compass about the world much more remarkable then ever Captain *Drake* did——— Yet after all this, th' ingrateful *Rosamond* of *Turnbolstretia* call'd me *Coxcomb* for my Pains, and bid me go about my business,

ſineſs, for ſhe had nothing more to ſay to me. After this ſhe put me upon challenging all the *Hectors*, *Bully-Rocks*, and *Huffing-Dicks* i' the Kingdom, with a Command not to ſee her Face, unleſs I brought Confeſſions under all their Hands, that ſhe alone was the only Lady that deſerv'd the Crown of Beauty, and that I was the moſt valiant Knight living——— and i' my Conſcience, were the Notes to be fil'd, they would reach up as high— let me ſee— I would not willingly be taken tripping— as high—as one of the Pyramids in *Ægypt*. But the moſt noble Victory which I won, was that, when I fought hand to hand with the fam'd *Achilles* of the times, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; 'tis true, I had a pretty tough Bout on't— but for all that I brought him upon his Knees at length, and made him confeſs that the fair *Roſamond* of *Turnbolſtretia* was incomparably far more beautiful then *Dulcinea del Toboſo*.

Don Quixote could hardly forbear from ſhewing his Paſſion; he had a hunderd *ye lyes* ready upon the Tip of his Tongue, only he refrain'd out of a particular Deſign to draw from the Knight's own Mouth a Juſtification of his words, or an Acknowledgment of his being miſtaken. To which purpoſe, Sir Knight, quo *Don Quixote*, I am willing to believe that you have vanquiſh'd all theſe Knights and Champions you ſpeak of— but as for your vanquiſhing *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, I very much queſtion it; perhaps, Sir, it might be ſome body like him, tho I can't think there are many in the World that reſemble him.

Body a' *Cæſar*, quo the *Knight* of the *Wood*, d' ye think I don't know *Don Quixote de la Mancha*?—— I tell ye, I fought him— beat him— had him at my mercy— and to let ye ſee that I know him—— He's a tall, ſcragged, wither-fac'd, leathern jaw'd Fellow— grizzle-hair'd, hawk-nos'd, with long thick black *Muſtacho's*, like a *Limehouſe-Maſter* of a Ship— and he calls himſelf by the Name of the *Knight of the ſad Figure*. Laſtly, he beſtrides the far fam'd *Roſinante*— his Squire's Name is *Sancho Pancha*— and he owns for the Miſtreſs of his Affections, one *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, alias *Joan Ruggle of Hockley i' the Hole*, *Spinſter*——— And if theſe ben't Tokens enow to juſtifie what I ſay, I wear a Sword by my ſide to puniſh arrogant Incredulity———

Sir Knight, quo *Don Quixote*, Fair and ſoftly, as Lawyers go to Heaven— not ſo hot, I beſeech ye— for you muſt know, that this *Don Quixote* you talk of, is one of the beſt Friends I have i' the world, inſomuch that I love him as well as I do my ſelf; and by the Deſcription you ha' made me of him, ſo certain and ſo punctual, he ſhould be the perſon ſubdu'd and vanquiſh'd by your Proweſs— On the other ſide, I am ſo clearly convinc'd by my own Knowledge, that he never was ſubdu'd or vanquiſh'd by any perſon living under the Canopy of Heaven, that I for the Blood of me, can't tell what to make of your Story; unleſs that ſome Enchanter (as there are a great many that perſecute his Honour) ſhould have taken upon him to appear in his Shape, and ſuffer'd himſelf to be thrumm'd and lambaſted, a' purpoſe to defraud him of that Renown, which his famous Exploits have acquir'd him over all the habitable World-- Which ſeems the more probable, in regard it is but two days ago that one of thoſe Caitiff Infidels transform'd the fair *Dulcinea del Toboſo* into a foul and deſpicable Countrey Dowdy; and if this be not ſufficient to convince thee of thy miſtake, here is *Don Quixote* himſelf in perſon to juſtifie, either arm'd or unarm'd, afoot or a horſe back, that y' are a Son of a whore, a poor Man, and ye lye——— And ſo ſaying, up he ſtarted, lay'd his hand upon the Hilt of his Sword, expecting Wonders to be wrought by the

Knight

Knight of the *Wood*, who calmly and ſoberly made him this careleſs Anſwer—— Sir, quo he, a good Pay-maſter ſcorns to be in debt—— He that could thwack your Jacket, when Devil incarnate, has no reaſon to fear the Threats of human Imbecility——— but in regard that only Ruffians and Window-breakers fight by night, let us expect the morning light, that the Sun may be the Witneſs of our Valour; on this Condition, that he who is vanquiſh'd ſhall be wholly at the Victor's Mercy, to do whatever he ſhall be commanded, according to the Rules of Chivalry.

I accept the Conditions, quo *Don Quixote*, and at the ſame time both the Champions went to look out their Squires, whom they found ſnoring together like two Weſtern Barge-men: But they preſently waken'd 'em out of their ſweet Sleep, and gave 'em order to get their Horſes ready, and to ſee that their Tackling was tight and ſound, fairly intimating the bloody Combat that was to be between 'em ſo ſoon as the Sun ſhould be up to lend 'em his light. *Sancho* was Thunder-ſtrook at the News, for he dreaded the event of ſuch a fatal Encounter, eſpecially after the Stories which the new Squire had told him of the *Knight* of the *Wood*'s Valour.

Sancho, however, would not diſcover his Perplexity, but up he rouz'd and went with his Companion to ſeek for the Horſes. By the way, quo the *Squire* of the *Wood*, I find our Maſters are to fight to morrow— by which I perceive we muſt not be long Friends; for 'tis the Practice of our Order, according to the *French* Cuſtom, that when the Principals are engag'd, the *Seconds*, who are the Squires, muſt not be idle, but ought to try their Skill and their Mettle at the ſame time. This may be a Cuſtom, quo *Sancho* among *Deſperado's* and *Duellers*, but among *Squires-Itinerant* I know no ſuch Practice— neither did I ever hear my Maſter ſpeak of any ſuch thing, who has all the Statutes of *Knight-Errantry* by heart. Beſides, if there be any ſuch Statute, then there muſt be a Penalty; and I had rather pay the Penalty, which cannot be above two Groats, then forfeit my whole Eſtate in Lint and Plaiſters——— for methinks I ſee my ſelf cleft into two equal halves, like a ſlit Deal, already; and what the cloſing me together again will coſt, Heaven and the Surgeon only knows. And then, my dear Brother, there's one thing more— I ha' ne're a Sword, nor never wore one i' my life that I remember—

Why then we'll take another method, quo the *Squire* of the *Wood*;— I ha' got two Oaken Plants juſt of the ſame length and bigneſs to a hair's breadth, you ſhall meaſure 'em your ſelf and take your own choice; for we muſt not ſtand ſtill with our hands in our Pockets——— What will that ſignifie, quo *Sancho*?—— nothing but the duſting of our Dublets— and for my part, I had mine ſcour'd at the Cloath-workers but juſt before I came forth——— How d'ye mean, quo the *Squire* of the *Wood*; I intend to ſcrew on at the end of each Cudgel, a couple a' Clock-weights of Lead, made purpoſely for the Sport— for there are more Inſtruments of Death then one— Body o' my Father, Brother Squire, quo *Sancho*, if you have a Head of Braſs, what's that to me? mine is only a hollow round Bone cover'd over with a thin Skin, and a little Fleſh, God knows——— In a word, Brother Squire, tho your Cudgels were as limber as Taylors Liſts, I am not in a Humour to fight; let our Maſters fight if they pleaſe, and hear on't i' the other World—— let us drink, till one of us falls firſt: there I'm for ye—— and 'tis the ſhorter and the ſafer way— Time will take care, ne're fear it, to diſpatch us out of the World, we need not be ſo

haſty

hasty of our selves. We need not be so furious to gather the Plums that will drop o' themselves when they're Ripe. However, quo the *Squire of the Wood*, there's a necessity for it; we must fight half an Hour—— not a Minute, quo *Sancho*; it shall ne're be said I quarrel'd with a Man that gave me good Wine, and good Vittles— besides, I am angry with no Man living—— how the Devil can a Man fight when he is not angry? Oh! but there's a way to wake your Choler, *quo the Squire o' the Wood*; with three or four good dusts o' the Chops, and half a dozen kicks o' the Guts before we go to't—— Ay, Ay, quo *Sancho*, and there's a way too to lay your fury so fast asleep, by spatting out those mischievous Brains of yours, with a good Leaver, before we go to't that it shall never wake more unless i'th other World— where you shall hear of me I am no such Milk-sop, that will let every body play with my Nose— Come, Come, take heed of waking a sleeping Lyon —— They that look after Wool, many times return without Hair—— God has bless'd Peace, and layd his Curse upon War—— let us do so too—— if a Cat too much baited in a narrow Room becomes a Dragon, what may I turn to, too much chaf'd, that am a Man—— Well quo the Squire, 'twill be day presently, and then we shall see what's to be done——

And now the little Birds began to chirp their Early Salutations to the Dauning Light; and fair *Aurora* discovering her Eastern Beauties, shook from her Dewy Locks those Showrs of Pearls, that enliven'd and enrich'd the Flowry Meadows. The Fields were fresh and Gay, the Woods were merry; Serenity and Sunshine laugh'd upon the Earth.

Only *Sancho* was strangely surpriz'd with fear and Affliction; for no sooner Day-light began to distinguish Objects, but the first thing that offered it self to *Sancho*'s view, was the *Squire of the Woods* Nose, which was of that unreasonable length and bigness, that it overshadow'd his whole Body. To tell ye truth, the Author of the History in *Arabick*, who, good honest plain dealing Soul, was no friend to *Hyperboles*, modestly aver'd it, to have been about the bigness of one of the Arches of *London* Bridge, and to stand bending as they do; and besides, that it was *Camel-back'd* i' the middle; there shooted forth also from the sides of it, as it were seven other lesser Noses, so bestudded with Warts, and Carbuncles of all sorts and Colours, blew, green, and rubicund, for number like the Sands of the Sea, that it render'd the Countenance of the Squire most hideous, and inhuman. And this Monstrous Apparition it was, that put poor *Sancho* into such a Pannick dread, that he made vows in his Heart to all the Saints in the uppermost Region for his deliverance: and so disturb'd the natural Operations of his Body, that he fell a vomiting and scummering as if he had swallow'd a whole Pothecary's Shop; so that he resolv'd to endure five hundred Kicks o' the Paunch, rather then his Choler should waken to combat such a dreadful Hobgoblin.

In the mean time *Don Quixote* fix'd his Eyes upon his Adversary, but could not see his Face; in regard he had already put on his Helmet and pull'd down his Bever: however he observ'd him to be strong Limm'd and well Set. Over his Armour he wore a Coat that seem'd to be of *Tissue*, glittering with little pieces of Looking-glasses cut into half Moons, very dazling and mighty Emblematical. About his Helmet wav'd a Plume of yellow, green, and white Feathers, and his Launce, which he had set up against a Tree, was very thick and long, with a Steel Head at the end, about a Foot in length, and scowr'd as bright as an *Andiron*. *Don Quixote* observing all this, judg'd him to be a Man of great strength; but was so far

far from being dismay'd, like his *Squire Sancho*, that advancing towards the *Knight* with a lively and undaunted Countenance, Sir *Knight* of the *Looking-glasses*, quo he, if your eager desire of Combat have not extinquish'd all your good Nature, lift up your Bever I beseech ye, that I may see whether the Air of your Face be answerable to the Vigour and Proportion of your Body.—— You may have time enough to examin that hereafter Sir Knight, quo the *Knight of the Looking-glasses*; at present I have not leisure to satisfie such a vain piece of Curiosity; for every minute of delay from Combat, is still so much time robb'd from *Rosamonds* Beauty and my own Honour. At least you may tell me, quo *Don Quixote*, while we get a Horseback, whether I be the same *Don Quixote* or no, whom you pretend to ha' vanquish'd. Why truly Sir, quo *the Knight of the Looking-glasses*, you are as like him as if y' had been spit out of his Mouth: But in regard you say you are persecuted by Enchanters, I will not swear you are the same. 'Tis very well reply'd *Don Quixote*; but by the *Host of Ægypt*, if Heaven, my Mistriss, and my own Courage fail me not, before a Cat can lick her Ear, I'le see that disdainful Face of yours, and make ye know I am not that *Don Quixote* whom you vapour so briskly to have Hamstring'd. At the same time they both mounted, and parted from each other to take ground for their Career—— But before *Don Quixote* had rid twenty Paces, the Knight of the *Looking-glasses* calling after him, Sir Knight quo he, you remember the Conditions, that the Captive shall be at the mercy of the Victor—— I do, reply'd *Don Quixote*, provided the Victor impose nothing contrary to the Laws of Chivalry—— That's but just, reply'd the Knight of the *Looking-glasses*.

Thus they parted a second time; when *Don Quixote* cast his Eye by chance upon the Squires huge Toting Nose; upon which while he was staring and gaping with more astonishment then the Country Folks gape upon the Picture of the *Rhinoceros*, *Sancho*, who would not stir from *Rosinante's* Crupper, as being in Mortal fear of his Companion with the *Elephants Snout*, took an occasion to whisper his Master i' th' Ear, and desire him to help him up into a Tree, where he might in safety behold the Combat, which he believ'd would be one of the sharpest that ever were Fought. *Sirrah*, quo *Don Quixote*, is this a time to disturb me wi' your fooleries?— To tell you truth, Sir, quo *Sancho*, that ugly Nose does so terrifie me, that I dare not trust my self alone upon the Ground with that hideous Monster: I wonder how the Devil the Knight can endure such an Apparition in his Company—— I wish it may not be the *Necromancer* himself that protects him—— I confess reply'd *Don Quixote*, I never saw such a Stygian spectacle i' my Life, I cannot blame thee for being afraid—— and so saying he rode among the Boughs, till *Sancho* got up behind him and so scrambl'd into a Tree, where he sate like a Judge in a Balcony.

Now while *Don Quixote* was helping his *Squire*, the Knight of the *Looking-glasses* setting Spurs to his Horse, began his Career as fast as his Horses heels could carry him, which truly was no more then a gentle Trot; for indeed his *Courser* was neither more mettlesom, nor much better in heart then *Rosinante*—— just such another *Spittle* as your Prentices ride out a Town, upon a Sunday Morning. But seeing *Don Quixote* busie, as I said before, he stop'd i' the middle of his Career, to the great comfort of his *Hackney*. Which when *Don Quixote* beheld, he couch'd his Lance, and setting his Spurs to *Rosinantes* sides, gave him such sharp *Memento Mori's*, that the Story says, he forc'd him into a Gallop. On the other side the Knight of the *Looking-glasses* lay, *dig*, *dig*, like a Seaman between his Horses Ribs, as if

he

he would ha' ſpurr'd out his Bowels, but the more pains he took, the more ſtock ſtill the Jade ſtood. *Don Quixote* took no notice of this diſorder of his Adverſary, but preſſes on furiouſly, unhorſes him, and ſends him *flounce* to the hard Earth with ſuch a damnable ſquelch, as beat all the Breath out of his Body— inſomuch that poor frail Mortality lay without Life or Motion, helpleſs.

Sancho no ſooner ſaw the Knight fallen, but down he comes ſpinning from his Tree, like a Spider from the Top of a Window, and falls a running to the Spoil, like a Spaniel after a new Shot Wild-duck. But when *Don Quixote* had unlac'd the Knights Helmet to give him Air; Heaven's! in what an amazement was he, when he ſaw the Face of the Knight of the *Looking-glaſſes*? for at the ſame time he beheld the very Aſpect, Phyſiognomy, Shape and Lineaments of his Acquaintance, young *Samſon Carraſco's* Countenance.— *Sancho*— *Sancho*— quo He, come hither quickly, quickly—— look, ſee, view, ſurvey, obſerve, and conſider that Face—— and then tell me what thou thinkſt of the Malice of *Necromancers*, and the force of *Inchantments*?—— Upon thoſe words, *Sancho* drew neer, and beholding ſuch an exact reſemblance of his Friend *Samſon*; *Ave Maria* quo He, Croſſing and Bleſſing himſelf, as if he had met his Grandfathers Ghoſt—— for Heaven's ſake, Sir, make ſure work— run your Sword in at his Throat, and out at his Fundament—— 'tis a thouſand Pound to a Nutſhell but you may chance to Murder one of thoſe *Necromancers* that ſo maliciouſly haunt your *Good fortune*. By the Maſs, and ſo I will, quo *Don Quixote*— and ſo ſaying, he was juſt going to open poor *Samſon's* Teeth; when the *Knight of the Looking-glaſſes* Squire came running, and crying out with a loud Voice, *Mercy*, *Mercy*, Sir Knight, for Heaven's ſake, *Mercy*— 'Tis your Friend and Acquaintance, young *Carraſco*, the Student of *Brazenoſe*—— and I am his Squire—— ſave his Life and take his Goods—— Avaſt quo *Sancho*, where's your Noſe?—— here, quo the Squire, and ſo ſaying, he pull'd his Monſtrous Vizard from under his Coat. *Sancho* alſo at the ſame time, now rid of all his fears, which had ſo diſturb'd his Eye-ſight before, that he could not ſee Wood from Trees; Bleſſed Virgin, quo he, whoſe this? *Tom Grigge* the Thatcher, my old Friend and Neighbour? The very ſame, quo the Squire—— and I'le tell ye at more leiſure, the occaſion that brought us hither. In the mean time, deſire your Maſter not to embrue his hands in Chriſtian Blood, but to be mereiful to the Knight that ly's at his Mercy; for that aſuredly, and without any Mental Reſervation, he is no other then the poor and unfortunate *Student*, *Sampſon Carraſco*.

At the ſame time the luckleſs *Knight of the Looking-glaſſes*, began to breath and come to himſelf; which *Don Quixote* obſerving, ſet the point of his Sword to his Throat, and with an Imperious tone, Sir Knight, quo he, y' are a dead Man, if you deny to acknowledge, that *Dulcinea del Toboſo* bears away the Bell of Beauty from your Strumpet Madam *Roſamond of Turnbolſtretia*: and unleſs you promiſe me, ſo ſoon as you ſhall be cur'd of your Wounds, to go to *Toboſo*; where you ſhall proſtrate your ſelf at the Feet of the Lady *Dulcinea*, and ſurrender your Perſon to her Diſpoſal, as the Trophy of my Conqueſt; and if ſhe grant ye your Liberty, as perhaps ſhe may upon your good behaviour, then to find me out by the ſound of my famous Acheivements, and give me an exact accompt of your Reception, and Diſmiſſion, which are Conditions Natural and Eſſential to the Order of *Knight-Errantry*.

I do confeſs and acknowledge cry'd the unfortunate Knight of the *Looking-glaſſes*, that the Heelpiece of Madam *Dulcinea*'s Cobbl'd Shoe is worth all the Kiſſes of Mrs. *Roſamonds* Lips. I do alſo promiſe to fulfil all your Commands in going to *Toboſo*, and returning from thence. You ſhall alſo confeſs, cry'd *Don Quixote*, that the Knight whom you pretend to have vanquiſh'd, was not, neither could be the famous *D. Quixote de la Mancha*; but only ſome Body in his likeneſs, as I on the other ſide do confeſs and acknowledge, that you are not the Student *Samſon Carraſco*, but ſome other whom my Enemies the *Necromancers* have moulded into that ſhape, to moderate the impetuous violence of my wrath, and to oblige me to Clemency, forſeeing the certainty of my Conqueſt. All this I acknowledge and confeſs, grant and allow, reply'd the Knight, as you would have it confeſs'd, acknowledg'd, granted, and allow'd; and whatever elſe you wou'd have allow'd, granted, acknowledg'd, and confeſs'd—— And now I beſeech ye, Sir, help me up, for I feel my ſelf very much bruis'd by my fall. Thereupon *Don Quixote*, and *Tom Grigge* the new Squire, raiſed the *Knight of the Looking-glaſſes* upon his Legs; *Sancho* all the while fixing his Eyes upon the new Squire, and asking him a thouſand Queſtions, the anſwers to which convinc'd him fully that *Tom Grigge* was the real *Tom Grigge*, and no Deluſion: tho the notions of *Sorcery* and *Necromancy*, which his Maſter had fix'd in his noddle, were ſo ſtrongly imprinted in his fancy, that he could not believe what he ſaw with his Eyes, and felt with his hands.

To conclude, the Man and the Maſter ſtill perſever'd under the ſame miſtake—— the *Knight of the Looking-glaſſes* having taken his leave withal reſpect and ſubmiſſion, repair'd to the next Town for Spruce Bear, and *Lucatello*'s Balſom; and *Don Quixote* continu'd his Journey to the *City of Turnaments*. And now you ſhall hear who the Knight of the *Looking-glaſſes* was, and who was his Squire with the *Kingſton* Bridge Noſe.

CHAP. XV.

Giving an account who the Knight of the Looking-glaſſes, and his Squire with the Toting Noſe, were

Don Quixote jogg'd merrily along, Triumphing and Glorying in the great Victory he had got over the Knight of the *Looking-glaſſes*, whom he would not allow by any means, to be any other then one of the moſt Valiant Knights under the blew Skie. And beſides that, relying as he did upon the ſolemn Promiſe the forlorn Knight had made him, and which he could not violate without tranſgreſſing the Laws of Chivalry Errant, and rendring himſelf unworthy the noble Profeſſion; he now expected ſudden news of his Princeſs *Dulcinea*, and whither ſhe ſtill continued under the Bonds of Inchantment or no. But *Don Quixote* dream'd one thing, and the *Knight of the Looking-glaſſes* thought another: For the Latter was only for curing his broken Ribs; tho' not without miſchief in his Head, as one that was reſolv'd to make his Adverſary pay for the Cure at the long Run.

In the mean time the Author of the Story unwilling to leave the leaſt doubt unremov'd that might puzzle the Reader, tells us, how that when the Student *Carraſco* advis'd *Don Quixote* to take his third Ramble, it was done after a long Debate with the Curate and the Barber, who unanimouſly concluded

concluded, that the beſt way to recover the poor Gentleman out of his Freakiſh Diſtemper, was to let him go, and that *Sampſon* meeting him upon the Road, like a *Knight-Errant*, ſhould take an opportunity to Duel him, and thraſh his Doublet, which was thought no difficult thing to do: and that after he had vanquiſh'd him in fair Combat, the Student ſhould impoſe Conditions upon the Captive, according to the Laws of Chivalry; of which the chief ſhould be, that *Don Quixote* ſhould return home, and not ſtir out of his Houſe in two years without permiſſion; which they knew *Don Quixote* would inviolably obſerve, for fear of infringing the *Statutes* of *Chivalry-Errant*; in which time they thought he might be wean'd from his extravagant Imaginations, or be otherwiſe cur'd of his Frenzy.

This Task the Student *Carraſco* willingly undertook, and *Tom Grigge* his Friend, and *Sancho*'s Neighbour, at the ſame time proffer'd to be his Squire. To this purpoſe *Carraſco* having equipp'd himſelf, as you have heard under the Title of *Knight of the Looking-glaſſes*, and his Squire having got himſelf a Vizard with a huge Noſe, that he might not be known to *Sancho*, they follow'd *Don Quixote* ſo cloſe, that they overtook him fluſh'd with Victory, juſt after he had accompliſh'd the Adventure of the *Chariot of Death*, and found him in the Wood, where this fatal Encounter happen'd. Where it luckily fell out, upon *Carraſco*'s Miſcarriage, that *Don Quixote* was ſo extravagantly obſtinate in not believing *Carraſco* to be *Carraſco*: for otherwiſe the poor Student had been degraded for ever, from appearing more in his Changeable Silk 'i the Readers Desk.

And now *Tom Grigge* ſeeing the ill Succeſs of their Journey, and the unfotunate *Carraſco* ſo rudely rewarded for his good Will —— In good Faith *Mr.* Student, quo he, the Laborour is worthy of his Hire, and we have had our Wages juſtly pay'd us: 'Tis an eaſie thing to undertake, but difficult to accompliſh. *Don Quixote* is a Fool, and we think our ſelves Wiſe; yet the Fool's gone away ſound and laughing in his Sleeve, and we return diſgrac'd and ſham'd, and well bang'd to boot. The difference is, reply'd the Student, that an obſtinate Fool will always be ſo; but a Fool for his pleaſure can retreive himſelf when he pleaſes: Nay then reply'd *Tom Grigge*, I who was ſuch a Fool for my pleaſure to ſerve you as your Squire, that I may retreive my ſelf from my folly, will een return home to my Thatching Trade again —— You have your Chriſtian Liberty reply'd the Student, but if ever I return home till I ha' made the *Fools* Bones rattle in his Skin, I'le gi' ye my Mother for a Maid; and this I reſolve, not out of a deſign to recover his Wits, but out of pure revenge; for the pain of my Bones has made me forget all manner of Charity; were I now whole, and could meet him, I ſhould drub him without Compaſſion. This was the diſcourſe of the Knight and his Squire, till they came to the next Village, where they met with a Horſe Doctor, to whoſe care *Carraſco* committed his Eccleſiaſtical Carcaſs, at what time his Squire *Tom Grigge*, quitted his Service, and made haſte home again, with his bundle of bad tydings, and the loſs of a Weeks work.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

What befell Don Quixote *with a ſober Gentleman of* Mancha.

AS we ſaid before *Don Quixote* Rode merrily along with all the Comfort imaginable in his Soul, as one that had all the World in a String; and thought himſelf the moſt accompliſh'd and fortunate Knight Errant that ever the Sun beheld, preſaging nothing now but a Continuation of future Succeſs, from a Victory ſo Glorious, and ſo eaſily purchas'd. He breathed nothing but Adventures, and thoſe the moſt dreadful that Humane Force could undertake. He defy'd all Enchantments, and all the *Necromancers* the Devil could muſter together to his prejudice. He had forgot, and pardon'd the Stones that had daſh'd out three of his Teeth at a time—the Ingratitude of the Gally-ſlaves, and the Showrs of Baſtinado's, which the Carriers had rain'd upon his Ribs.

There was but one thing that remain'd to conſummate his Felicity; and that was to diſſolve the Enchantment of his adored *Dulcinea*, which done, he thought himſelf the happieſt Man upon God's Earth.

In the midſt of theſe vain Imaginations, *Sancho* accoſting him, Sir, ſaid he, I cannot but laugh at my Neighbour *Tom Grigge*'s Policy, in thinking to fright us with his hugeous Noſe; I wiſh I had been but as Wiſe as St. *Dunſtan*, to ha' caught him by't with a Pair a Tongues: but who can think of preſent Expedients, when a Man's ſcar'd almoſt out of his Wits?—Why, and art thou ſtill ſo ſilly to believe that the *Knight of the Looking-glaſſes* was the Student *Carraſco*, and his Squire *Tom Grigge*. I know not what to think on't, reply'd *Sancho*, but this I'm ſure of, that no other *Tom Grigge* could ha' told me thoſe Token's of my Wife and Children, nor ha' given me that deſcription of my own Pigſtie, as he did: beſides, that when his great Noſe was off he had *Tom Grigge*'s Face to a Wrinkle, and the very tone of his Voice; and how the Devil could I be deceiv'd that know him ſo well, and ſee him every day, when I'm at home? Come on then, *Sancho*, let's argue the Point a little, quo *Don Quixote*; prithee what reaſon canſt thou give me that the Student *Carraſco* ſhould come equipp'd like a Knight-Errant, with Arms offenſive, and defenſive to fight againſt me? Am I his Enemy, or did I ever give him any occaſion to be mine? does he look upon me as his Rival, or does he make Profeſſion of Chivalry, that might encline him to envy the Fame which I have purchas'd by my Sword? But Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, what can you or any Man in the World ſay to the Reſemblance between *Carraſco* and the Knight of the *Looking-glaſſes*, and the Likeneſs between *Tom Grigge* my Neighbour, and the Squire? If it were Inchantment, as you ſay it is, had they no other Shapes to aſſume? Puh—there's the Cream o' the Juggle, quo *Don Quixote*, and the cunning Malice of my perſecutors, the *Necromancers*, who foreſeeing that I ſhould get the Victory, diſguis'd their ſubornd Hero under the Likeneſs of my friend *Carraſco*, to ſerve as a Mill-damm, to ſtop the Current of my juſt Fury, and prevent my ripping up the Guts of him that had ſo treacherouſly aſſail'd my Life. But friend *Sancho*, can there be greater proofs of the malice and power of theſe *Necromancers*, then what we ha' ſo lately tri'd in the *Tranſmogrification* of my Goddeſs *Dulcinea*? Haſt not thou told me thy ſelf that thou haſt ſeen her in her natural Shape, dazling thy Eyes with all the Charms of Humane and Celeſtial perfection, when I the Object of their hatred,

hatred, was ſhew'd her under the diſguiſe of a deformed Country Puzzle; Blear-ey'd, Blubber-lipt, Hopper-ars'd, and breathing only *burnt Feathers* and *Aſſa-fetida*. What greater proof of their malice and their power? and what other Artifice could they have more cunningly invented, to leſſen and eclipſe the Glory of ſuch an Important Victory, as if the famous Knight that fell by the ſtrength of my Arm, had been no more when he came to be conquer'd, then a pitiful Servitor of a Colledge— whereas had he vanquiſh'd me, thou ſhouldſt have ſeen him appearing in another form: But it is my Comfort, that in ſpight of all their Charms my Courage render'd me Victorious. Well quo *Sancho*, the Truth of this Myſtery will one day come to light: for he was no way ſatisfi'd with his Maſter's Arguments; however he durſt not contradict him for fear of diſcovering the Cheat which himſelf had put upon him.

While they were thus diſcourſing together, they were overtak'n by a Gentleman upon a curious Dapple Grey Mare: He was Habited after the Country Faſhion, in a Gray Coat, with Gold Buttons, with a ſhort Hanger by his Side, and a Velvet Monteero upon his Head; he had a Pair of Summer Boots upon his Legs, with Spurs richly inlay'd. As he rode by, the Gentleman gave 'em very civilly the Time of the Day, and ſetting Spurs to his Mare, began to put on a good round Gallop; at what time *Don Quixote* calling after him, with your good leave, Sir, quo he, if y'are not in haſte we ſhould be glad of the favour of your Company, ſo far as you Travel this Road. Sir, quo the Gentleman, I had not rid ſo faſt away, but that I fear'd my Mare would provoke your Stone-horſe to be unruly. Oh Sir, anſwer'd *Sancho*, there's no fear of that i' the World, our *Roſinante*'s th' only Horſe in Nature for Chaſtity and Sobriety. He's not a Horſe addicted to Licentious Inclinations, and if he happen'd to fly out once in his life, I am ſure he had a ſevere correction for it, beſides what it dearly coſt my Maſter and I. And therefore, Sir, never be afraid, your Mare's as ſafe as if ſhe were in a *Nunnery*: They might live ten years together, your Mare and our Horſe, before he would ſo much as ask her the Queſtion, if ſhe did not Court him firſt. With that, upon *Sancho*'s word, the Gentleman ſtopp'd his Mare and rode ſoftly, ever and anon caſting his Eye with admiration and wonder, upon *Don Quixote*'s exorbitant Figure, who then rode without his Helmet, which his Squire carry'd faſten'd to the Pummel of his Pack-ſaddle.

But if the Gentleman ſurvey'd *Don Quixote*, the Knight had his Eyes no leſs wiſhly fix'd upon the Gentleman, who ſeem'd to be a Perſon of Quality, by his Aſpect and Deportment. He was about fifty years of Age, his Hair ſomewhat turn'd, with a look no leſs Modeſt then Chearful; evident ſigns of a vertuous diſpoſition: nor was he a Man apt to make the worſt conſtruction of what he ſaw; however he could not chooſe but think *Don Quixote* to be a Man of a ſtrange Kidney; nor could he call to mind that he had ever ſeen a Man ſo ſhap'd and garbated before. He gaz'd to ſee ſuch a ſlim, wire-drawn, long-backt Gangrel; he admir'd his meager thin Jaws, his Aſpect, and with what ſtate he beſtrid a poor Jade as lank as a Poſt-horſe; which were all Novelties that his Eyes had not been accuſtom'd to.

Nor was *Don Quixote* unſenſible of the Gentlemans admiration; and therefore reading in his Eyes the deſire he had to be farther ſatisfi'd; out of his wonted Curteſie willing to prevent the Gentleman's Interrogations, Sir, ſaid he, I do not wonder to find you ſurpriz'd at the ſight of a Perſon ſo different in his Garb and Air from all other Men; but when you ſhall

underſtand

understand me to be a *Knight-Errant*, of the Order of those that seek their Fortunes, and hunt after Adventures, your Admiration then will cease. I left my native Soil, Mortgag'd and Sold my Land, and renounc'd the pleasures of this Life, to throw my self into the Arms of Fortune. I have endeavour'd to restore again the neglected and forgotten Profession of *Knight-Errantry*; which having begun to do, some while since I have accomplish'd some part of my design, in succouring Widows, protecting young Damsels, defending the Rights of Marry'd Women and Orphans, the proper Office and Duty of *Knight-Errants*; and I have at length by my Religious and Valiant Atchievements, after infinite Toyls and Hardships, brought it to that pass, that my Renown is spread almost over all the four Quarters of the World. The Story of my Life is already in Print, of which there has been fifteen Editions, and about threescore thousand Books sold. The Stationers that bought the Copy were all happy Men; for 'tis thought there will be thirty Millions more sold, if they don't fall out among themselves. In short Sir, not to keep ye longer in suspence, my name is *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwise the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance: and tho it be not a thing so commendable for a Man to praise himself, yet living far from Neighbours, I am forc'd to do it sometimes; when I want a good friend to spare me the trouble. Wonder not then most worthy Sir, to see this Shield, this Lance, this Squire, and this Horse; nor at the paleness of my Face, nor my exhausted Body, knowing from this time forward who I am, and the Profession which I maintain.

Here *Don Quixote* stopp'd, to whom the Gentleman after he had ponder'd awhile, you had a piercing insight into my Thoughts, Sir Knight, said he, and rightly gueſt the eager appetite of my Curiosity; but you are so far from having abated my wonder, that I am rather more surpriz'd then ever I was. For is it possible that there should be at this time any *Knights-Errant* i' the World, and that there should be a true History of a Living *Knight-Errant* in Print? In good truth Sir, I should have hardly been induc'd to believe there could be any of these Protectors of Widows, and Defenders of Virgins and Orphans, did not my Eyes afford me an assured Testimony of it in your self. High Heaven be prais'd a thousand times for this same Real History of your Far-fam'd Exployts, which bury in Oblivion all those idle Romances of pretended *Knights-Errant*, that have fill'd all Europe with their Fables, and distract the Brains of all that read 'em. *Mr.* Gentleman, *Mr.* Gentleman, reply'd *Don Quixote*, we must not so over-credulously believe the Stories of *Knight-Errants* to be Fables. Why, quo the Gentleman, is there any Man living that believes the contrary? Yes Sir, quo *Don Quixote*, my self for one. But let that pass; I hope as we ride along to convince ye of that common Error into which you are plung'd, as being carri'd away with that same Torrent of Incredulity that overflows the World. These last words of *Don Quixote*, and his manner of expression, created in the Gentleman a strong suspicion that he had met with a sort of Madman, so that he observ'd him still more wistly, to see whether he could find any other symptoms of Frenzy, that might confirm him in his Sentiments. At what time *Don Quixote* altering the Subject of his Discourse, desir'd the Gentleman to tell him who he was, since he had been so free to let him understand his Profession and manner of Living. Sir Knight of the *Ill-favour'd Countenance*, answer'd t'other, I am a Gentleman born in a Village hard by, whither we intend, God willing, to go and Sup together this Night. I have a reasonable Competency. I spend my time contentedly with my Wife and Children, making

little

little or no noiſe i' the World: My uſual Recreations are Hunting and Fiſhing; not that I keep either Hawks or Hounds, but only a Setting-Dog to catch a Partridge or two now and then, and a *Spaniel* to pearch a Pheaſant for Variety. I have alſo a Competent Library, both of Hiſtory and Divinity: and I can endure to read a Play ſometimes, if the Stile and Contrivance be neat and void of Ribaldry; but as for Books of *Knight-Errantry* I never ſuffer 'em to enter within my Study Doors. My Neighbours and I keep a friendly Correſpondence, and we often Eat and Drink at one anothers Houſes. My own Table is ſerv'd with cleanly Dyet, not ſuperfluous, as being one that hates Exceſs and Debauchery. I have made it a Law to my ſelf to live ſoberly; to relieve the Poor, to Backbite no body, nor prie into the Actions of other Men; as I am in Commiſſion of the Peace, I reconcile thoſe that are at variance, and ſerve my God according to the Government Eſtabliſh'd in the Church.

Sancho liſten'd to this Relation of the Gentlemans with an attentive Ear, and believing that a Perſon that led ſuch a Life could not chooſe but be a Saint, and work Miracles, he threw himſelf from his *Grizzle*, and catching hold of the Gentlemans Stirrup, with Tears in his Eyes, fell a Kiſſing the Gentlemans Foot, as if it had been ſome Relick of St. *Benedict*, the Virgin *Mary*'s ſecond *Husband*.

Friend, quo the Gentleman, all in wonder, what's thy meaning thus to be ſo Complemental? Oh, Sir, quo *Sancho*, let me alone I beſeech ye, let me Kiſs this Foot of yours; for I have always honour'd the Saints from my Childhood, but in all my Life I never ſaw a Saint a Horſe-back before I ſaw your Worſhip. Truly honeſt Brother, quo the Gentleman, I am no Saint: but if either of us two may be ſaid to be Saints, it ſhould be thy ſelf, by thy humility.

Sancho ſaid no more, but having thus pleas'd his humour, return'd to cover his Pack-ſaddle, not without tickling his Maſters's Spleen; who notwithſtanding all his Flegm, could not forbear laughing out-right at the Simplicity of his Squire. But his mirth being ſoon over, he went on with his diſcourſe, and ask'd the Gentleman how many Children he had? adding withal, how he had ever obſerv'd that the Ancient Philoſophers plac'd their chief happineſs as well in the Advantages of Nature, as thoſe of Fortune; in number of Children and Friends. I have but one only Son, reply'd the Gentleman, and perhaps if I had not him, I ſhould not think my ſelf the leſs unhappy. Not that he is leudly inclin'd, but only becauſe he is not ſo good as I could wiſh him. He is a Lad of about Eighteen years of Age, and has been ſix years at the Univerſity to perfect himſelf in his *Greek* and *Latin*; of both which he is a competent Maſter. But when I preſs'd him to improve himſelf in the profound Myſteries of true Learning, I found him ſo addicted to Poetry, that he deſpiſes all the other Sciences; ſo that I cannot get him ſo much as to look upon a Law Book, and but very little to mind Divinity; to either of which I would have had him apply'd his Studies, to fit him for the Service of his Prince: eſpecially living in an Age wherein Wiſe and Learned Men are ſo highly eſteem'd by His Majeſty. He ſpends whole days in his *Criticiſms*, whether *Homer* ſaid well or ill, in repeating Ton'd Apomeibomenos ſo often?— whether ſuch an Epigram in *Martial* ought not to be expung'd for its Obſcœnity— whether *Virgil* had he liv'd, could ha' better'd his *Eneads*— He is a great admirer of *Horace*, *Juvenal* and *Perſius*— but as for the Modern Poets, he allows very few to be worth a Straw; among the reſt, he has a particular Peek againſt *Du Bartas*, and *Paradiſe loſt*, which he ſays has neither Rhime nor Reaſon. Neverthe-

leſs he cannot forbear playing the fooll with Love Verſes and Acroſticks, which are the idleſt Traſh in Nature.

Sir, reply'd *D. Quixote*, Children are the Fleſh and Blood of their Parents; and whether good or bad, they ought to love 'em. Particularly they ought to have a care of laying ſound Foundations of Vertue in their Infancy; not to let 'em run about the Streets, and lie ſwearing and gaming in every paud Alley i' the City; but to inſpire 'em with Chriſtian Principles, as ſoon as they are able to ſpeak, as being the growing Props from which they expect the Support and Comfort of their old Age. Nevertheleſs, I would not have Parents put a force upon the Inclinations of their Children, by conſtraining their Studies more to one Science then another, but to let 'em follow their own Genius's, eſpecially when they have no occaſion to ſtudy for Bread. For tho Poetry be a ſtudy not ſo profitable as delightful, yet is not to be deſpis'd, nor is it a ſhame for a Gentleman to be a Poet. Tho I muſt confeſs, the name of Poet be now a-days contemptible among the Illiterate; I ſay Illiterate, tho ne're ſo wealthy: for Riches render no Man wiſe nor learned of themſelves. But I muſt tell ye Sir, Poetry is like the youngeſt Daughter in a Family, whom all the elder Siſters tend upon. She is the Ornament careſs'd by all her other Siſter-Sciences; and adds to their Grace and Beauty when ever ſhe appears among 'em. However Men muſt have a care how they proſtitute her Excellency in Libels and Obſcœnity. She's *Curtiſan'd* upon the Stage by Licentious Pens, and prophan'd by Popular Adulation, to pleaſe the Vulgar, that are utterly ignorant of her real worth and Beauty. But ſhe's a Virgin not to be roughly handl'd, and expos'd in every Market-place and corner of the Street, nor to be ſet to view, unleſs in lofty Tragedies, Heroic Poems, and Comedies truely uſeful and Facetious. She's not to be meddl'd withal by Jeſters, and Pitiful Rhimers, to pleaſe the ignorant Rabble. Nor do I here mean by the Vulgar, the Common Rabble only; for who ever is ignorant, be he Prince or Potentate, he is to be liſted in the number of the Vulgar. But who ever ſhall eſteem of Poetry according to thoſe Characters that I have given her, his Name ſhall be famous in all well-govern'd Common-wealths.

And whereas you ſay your Son neglects all Modern Poeſie, in my Opinion he does not do ſo well. For neither did *Homer* write in *Latin*, becauſe he was a *Grecian*; neither did *Virgil* write in *Greek*, becauſe he was a *Latin*: and indeed all your Ancient Poets wrote in their Mother Language, without ſeeking to conceal their lofty Notions in unknown Tongues. And I could wiſh that Cuſtom were ſtill obſerv'd in all Languages; there being no reaſon that a *German* Poet ſhould be undervalu'd, becauſe he writes in his own Dialect, or a *French*, or an *Engliſh* Poet, becauſe they write in Theirs. But your Son, as I ſuppoſe, miſlikes not Modern Poeſie, but your Modern Poets, that underſtand no other Language or Sciences, that may adorn, awaken, and aſſiſt their natural Impulſe. Altho' in this there may be an Errror. For it is the common ſaying, *That a Poet is ſo born.* That is, that a Poet is born a Poet from his Mothers Womb, and with thoſe natural Inclinations that Heaven has infus'd into him, without the helps of Study or Art, compoſes thoſe Lines, which verifie that ſaying, *Eſt Deus in Nobis*, &c.

However a natural Poet that helps himſelf by Art, ſhall be much better'd by Study; for that tho Art do not ſurpaſs Nature, yet it adds to its perfection. And therefore I ſay, Sir, let your Son follow his own Inclinations; for that being endu'd with a good *Genius*, as he is, and underſtanding

ſtanding as he does both the *Greek* and *Latin*, that encloſe within themſelves all Arts and Sciences, he will eaſily aſcend to the Pinacle of Learning, which is no leſs an Ornament to a Perſon of his Quality, then it is to thoſe that are oblig'd to profeſs it. Only Sir, take a care that he make choice of good Subjects, that he write nothing ſcurrillous; for 'tis the Debauchery of our Poets, that renders their Lines as Debauch'd as their Lives and Converſations; a Poet that lives vertuouſly will be ſo in his Verſes. Let him not while he decrys Vice, beſpatter the Reputation of any Perſon. Let him in his praiſes of Vertue give ſuch deſcriptions of her, that he may be thought to be converſant with her; and then Poetry will be ſo far from being a diſhonour to him, that he will become at the ſame time the Glory of his Family, eſteem'd by his Prince, and in reputation among all Men.

Here *Don Quixote* concluding his Diſcourſe, the Gentleman was ſtrook with ſo much Admiration, that he began to think the worſe of himſelf, for the bad Opinion he had conceiv'd of the Knight; ſo that he was going about to renew his Diſcourſe, when *Don Quixote* lifting up his Eyes, beheld a Waggon upon the Road full of Flags and Streamers, bearing the Kings Arms, and believing it to be ſome new Adventure, call'd out to *Sancho*, who was then at a diſtance, to bring him his Helmet.

CHAP. XVII.

Wherein is ſet forth the greateſt Mark of Courage that ever Don Quixote *ſhew'd in his Life, and the happy Concluſion of the Adventure of the Lyons.*

Sancho was neither for Sermoms nor Homelies, and therefore while his Maſter was preaching, he obſerving that certain Shepherds were keeping their Flocks hard by, went to ſee what Proviſion they had got, and he had juſt made a purchaſe of ſome Cheeſcurds, when his Maſter call'd out ſo loud for his Helmet; at what time not knowing what to do with his Merchandiſe, yet loath to loſe it ſince he had payd for it, he clapt it into his Maſters Helmet, which he carry'd at the Bow of his Pack-ſaddle, and ſo came trotting up to his Maſter to know his Pleaſure. *Sancho*, quo he, give me my Helmet, for if I underſtand Adventures, I deſcrie one yonder, that is not to be undertaken unleſs a Man be well Arm'd. The Gentleman hearing what *Don Quixote* ſaid, lookt round about him, and ſeeing nothing but a Waggon ſtuck about with Flags and Streamers, conjectur'd it to be a Waggon of Money going to the Kings Treaſury, and told *Don Quixote* his Opinion of the matter. To whom the Knight, who would not ſo eaſily be convinc'd, but look'd upon all things to be Adventures, *Mr.* Gentleman quo he, *fore-arm'd fore-warn'd*, a Man loſes nothing by ſtanding upon his Guard; and I am aſſur'd by woful experience, that I have Enemies both viſible and invſible, that continually lie in wait to ſurprize me; and at the ſame time ſnatching the Helmet out of *Sancho*'s Hands, before he could have leiſure to empty it, he clapt it upon his bare Crown; at what time the Curds being ſqueez'd between his Head and the Iron, the Whey came ſtreaming down his Face, and overflow'd his Beard and Chin at ſuch a rate, that the poor affrighted

Champion in great diſorder cry'd out, What's the matter with me? *Sancho*, either there's a Well in my Scull, or elſe my Brains are melted, for I'me all in a Sweat from top to toe. Well, if I do ſweat, I'm ſure 'tis not for fear, tho 'tis an ill omen of a ſhowr of Blood do enſue—— Give me a Cloath to wipe me for this ſame Sweat almoſt blinds me. Thereupon *Sancho* gave him the beſt Clout he had, not daring to ſpeak a word, but giving a thouſand thanks to Heaven that his Maſter examin'd the Buſineſs no farther. However *Don Quixote* having wip'd his Face and his Beard, and taking off his Helmet to drie his Hair, and ſee what it was that felt ſo cold upon his Head, when he ſpy'd the white Marmalade, and found by the ſmell what it was; by the Life of *Madam Dulcinea*, quo he, ye damn'd Traytor of a Guttle-gut, had ye no where to put your Curds and Cream but i' my Helmet? To whom *Sancho* very cunningly, and without the leaſt alteration in his Countenance. If they be Curds, Sir give 'em me— I'le eat 'em rather then they ſhall offend ye, or elſe let the Devil eat 'em himſelf that put 'em there; for you cannot believe that I ſhould be ſuch a Beaſt to foul your *Capp-a-maintenance*. As ſure as you live Sir, I have my Inchanter's too that bear me a Spleen, and fain would a' provok'd ye at this time to ha' fallen fowl upon my Bones. But I ſerve a good Maſter, that underſtands their malice full well; and knows that if the Curds and Cream had fallen to my lot, I ſhould rather ha' put 'em i' my Belly then in his Helmet ——

All this the Gentleman heard with no leſs attention then Admiration; more eſpecially ſeeing how ſolemnly *Don Quixote* prepar'd himſelf; for after he had wip'd his Face and his Beard, he clean'd his Helmet, try'd whether his Sword were looſe enough in his Scabbord, fix'd himſelf in his Stirrups, and then ſhaking his Lance, now quo he, come what will come, I fear not *Satan* himſelf, tho guarded with a whole Regiment of Devils.

By this time the Waggon drew neer, with one ſingle Perſon in it, who ſate at the farther end, and the Waggoner riding by, upon a ſorry Scrub. Immediately *Don Quixote* poſted himſelf before the Waggon, and with a ſurly ſummons, Whither a way my Maſters, quo he, what Waggon is this, what's your Loading, and what's the meaning of theſe Streamers? Sir reply'd the Waggoner, the Waggon is mine, and there are in it two Lyons in two Cages, which the Governour of *Oran* has ſent to the King our Maſter, and theſe Streamers are to let you underſtand to whom they belong. Are they great Lyons? quo *Don Quixote*; very large Lyons, reply'd the Waggoners companion; ſo large that I believe, larger have not been ſeen i' this Country. I am their Keeper added the fellow. I have ſeen ſeveral Lyons, but never any like to theſe in all my Life. In this firſt Cage is a Lyon, and in the other a Lyoneſs; and they are both cruel Hungry, for they have not been fed to day; and therefore pray Sir be pleas'd to ride out of the way and let us go on. Thereupon the Waggoner gave his Horſes the word, and began to drive on; at what time *Don Quixote* ſmiling, Lyons againſt me, againſt me Lyons, quo he! I'le make the Governor that ſent theſe Lyons to know I am not afraid of a Lyon — Come down friend, you i' the Waggon; and if you be the Keeper of the Lyon's, open their Cages, and let 'em come forth;— The World ſhall be convinc'd in this ſame very Field, that I am ſtill *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, mauger the malice of thoſe Inchanters that have ſent theſe Lyons to skare me. Well quo the Gentleman to himſelf, there needs now no more to ſatisfie any Rational Man, what this Knight is— the Curds I find have ſoften'd his Scull, and mellow'd his Brains—— At the ſame time *Sancho*

approaching

approaching the Gentleman, and ready to beſmear himſelf for fear— For Heaven's ſake, Sir, ſaid he, don't let my Maſter fight with theſe Lyons— Upon my life Sir, we ſhall be all torn a' pieces— Why, quo the Gentleman, do'ſt think thy Maſter's ſuch a Mad-man to encounter theſe Lyons? He's no Mad man, reply'd *Sancho*, but he's a Perſon will fight with the Devil. Go, go, quo the Gentleman, I'le undertake for him, and ſo riding up to *Don Quixote*, who was raging to have the Cages open'd; Sir Knight, quo he, *Knights-Errant* ought to undertake Adventures that are poſſible, and where there is a probability of Conqueſt, and not engage againſt all likely hood of ſucceſs; for Raſhneſs is but inconſiderate and ſavage fierceneſs, rather Madneſs then real Fortitude. Beſides, theſe Lyons are not ſent againſt you, but as a Preſent to the King himſelf, and therefore you do ill to ſtop theſe People upon the Road, who are to anſwer for their forth coming. *Mr.* Gentleman, quo *Don Quixote*, very briskly, meddle wi' your Partridges and your Setting Dogs at home, and leave every Man to his own Profeſſion; I am now about my own Calling, and I am to judg whether theſe Lyons are ſent againſt me, or no; and ſo turning himſelf to the Keeper of the Lyons, perpetual Ragamuffin, quo he, By the Body of St. *George*, either open the Cages, or i'le nail thee with this Lance to the Wheel of thy Waggon. For the love of God, Sir, cry'd the Waggoner, ſeeing *Don Quixote* ſo reſolute, let me take out my Horſes, and get far enough out of the way before ye open the Cages; for if they ſhould once ſet upon the poor Beaſts, I muſt live upon the Alms of the Pariſh all the reſt of my Life; for as I hope to be ſav'd Sir, I ha' no other ſubſiſtance but my Waggon and my Horſes. Scoundrel of little Faith, reply'd *Don Quixote*, alight and take out thy Horſes, and run where thou wilt, but thou ſhall find by and by, how little need thou hadſt of being ſo wary. In ſhort the Waggoner took out his Horſes, and began to make haſte out of Harms way: and then it was that the Keeper of the Lyons cry'd out to the Company, and deſir'd 'em to bear witneſs, that it was againſt his will, and by conſtraint that he open'd the Lyons Cages, and proteſted againſt the Knight, that he ſhould be anſwerable as well for all the miſchief the Lyons did, as for the Loſs, which he ſuſtain'd by the miſcarriage of the Kings Preſent. He alſo advis'd 'em all to get out of the way before the Cages were open'd; for that as for himſelf, he knew the Lyons would do him no harm.

Nevertheleſs the Gentleman made a ſecond attempt to divert *Don Quixote* from his extravagant deſign, putting him in mind how he tempted God in expoſing himſelf to ſuch an apparent danger. To all which *Don Quixote* anſwer'd him careleſly, that he knew what he did. Conſider however what you do, reply'd the Gentleman, for aſſuredly you are under a very great miſtake. I beſeech ye Sir, reply'd *Don Quixote*, if you think there is ſo much danger, put Spurs to your Dapple, and make haſte out of the way.

Sancho ſeeing the Gentleman could not prevail, would needs try a ſecond time what he could do, and ſo coming up to his Maſter with Tears in his Eyes, beſought him to deſiſt from ſuch a perillous Enterprize, to which the Adventures of the *Wind-mills* and the *Fulling-mills*, were but *Holy Thurſday* skirmiſhes among the Boys; have a care Sir, quo he, there be no Inchantment in this caſe— Alack and well-a-day, Dear Maſter, I lookt into the Cages, and through the Cages, and by the Claws that I ſaw, the Lyon muſt be bigger then an Elephant, with the Caſtle and all upon his Back— What a thing is Fear! reply'd *Don Quixote*, 'twill make theſe

Lyons

Lyons by and by as big as Mountains—— go, go, poor *Sancho*, ſave one, ſave one— thou looſeſt time— if I fall in the Attempt, thou knowſt our agreement— repair to *Dulcinea*— I ſay no more.

To theſe he added ſome other Expreſſion's, which cut off all hopes of any accommodation between the Lyons and him. So that the Gentleman perceiving he did but waſh a Blackamore white, and finding himſelf not in a Capacity to with-hold a Man by force, that he ſaw ſo well Arm'd and more furiouſly reſolv'd, he ſet Spurs to his Mare, *Sancho* kickt his *Grizzle* with both Legs, and the Waggoner laſht on his Horſes, every one ſtriving to get out of the way as faſt as they could, while *Don Quixote* lay curſing and ſwearing at the Keeper to open the Cages. Poor *Sancho* at the ſame time bewayl'd his Maſters Death, as one that already fancy'd he ſaw him faſt in the Lyons Paws, and the greedy Beaſt Banquetting upon his Witleſs Brains: he curs'd his ill fortune, and the Hour that engag'd him in the Service of ſuch a Mad man: and bemoaning the loſs of his Time and his Iſlands, bad adieu to all the Pomp and Vanity of the World: but for all that he punch'd on his *Grizzle*, as one that had no mind as yet to be entomb'd in the Paunch of a Lyon, tho he were the King of Beaſts.

Now when the Keeper ſaw that the Company were got far enough out of danger, once more he beſought *D. Quixote*, that he might not be conſtrain'd to let forth theſe Terrible Animals upon him, uſing all the eloquence he had to perſwade him not to expoſe himſelf to unneceſſary Ruin. But all the anſwer he had was only a disdainful ſmile and a command to diſpatch.

Now while the Keeper took time to open the firſt Cage, as one that wou'd fain ha' been better employ'd, *Don Quixote* began to debate with himſelf whether to fight a foot or a Horſe-back; and upon mature deliberation, conſidering that *Roſinante* might be frighted and miſcarry, at the unwonted ſight of ſuch dreadful Creatures, he leapt from his Saddle, ſhoulder'd his Target, and with his Sword in his hand, and an undaunted Courage he fix'd himſelf juſt before the Door of the Cage, yet at ſuch a diſtance that the Lyon might have room enough to take his Career, recommending himſelf to God at the ſame time, but invoking more heartily the aſſiſtance of his Miſtreſs *Dulcinea*.

And here it was, that the Author of this Hiſtory could not forbear burſting forth into a Paſſion, and in an Extaſie of wonder, make the following Exclamation. Oh! moſt intrepid Champion, Brave and Couragious *Don Quixote*, the bright Honour of *Mancha*, the Grand Exemplar of *Knight-Errantry*! what words and Epithites ſhall I now coyn to expreſs thy Death defying Courage! What Language ſhall I borrow from the High-flown *Melpomene*, to convince ſucceeding Ages of the Truth of ſuch a more then Human Enterprize! Where ſhall I find out Praiſes and Elogies, that will not be too mean for thy inſuperable Valour? Thou all alone, a foot, with nothing but a Sword, and that none of your try'd *Bilbo*'s, nor trenchant *Fox-blades* neither, but a poor ſorry Ammunition Weapon, God wot, and a Shield not able to withſtand the Shot of an Elder Gun, defy'ſt and dar'ſt the Savage force of two vaſt Lyons, more monſtrous and more furious then ever roar'd within the *Lybian* Deſerts. Then let thy own renown'd Exploits build up the Monument of thy Fame, for Poſterity to gaze at: Let thy own Valour tell the wondering World what I want words to utter; which makes me break off thus abruptly.——

And now it was, that the Keeper of the Lyons perceiving *Don Quixote* ready in his Gladiator's Poſture, and fearing the Champions farther Indignation, ſet the Door of the firſt Cage wide open, where (I tremble to tell ye)

ye) lay a huge, monſtrous, grum, ſpaniſhruff'd Lyon, to which the *Nemean* Beaſt that *Hercules* kill'd, was a meer Kitten. The fowl Monſter ſeeing the Door of his Priſon open, the firſt thing he did was to rowl and tumble up and down, and wallow in his Straw; i' the next place he ſtretch'd out his maſſie Legs, and put forth his Claws of a prodigious length; after that he gap'd and yawn'd and ſhew'd his hideous Fangs, and when he had purg'd his Head with a dreadful Sneeze or two, with a foot and a half of broad Tongue, he lick'd and waſh'd his Face and Eyes. After this pleaſant Preludium, he thruſt his Head quite out of the Cage, and with his Eyes reſembling two live Coles of Fire, look'd round about him from his Chamber Window, to ſee what Weather it was, enough to have diſmai'd all the ſeven Champion's leagu'd to his Deſtruction. All which *Don Quixote* heedfully obſerv'd, and ſtood firm in expectation of his Adverſary, impatient to be doing, and aſſur'd of Victory. But the generous Lyon, far more prudent then the vain-glorious Hero, and perhaps contemning his Bravado's, after he had taken a little freſh Air, retir'd into his Cage, turn'd his Tayl to the vapouring Knight, and layd himſelf fair and ſoftly down again. Which, when *Don Quixote* beheld, he commanded the Keeper to provoke him with his Poking-ſtick, and to force him out whether he would or no. Not I upon my Life quo the Keeper, for all the Shoes i' your Shop, for if I raiſe his Paſſion, I'me ſure to be his firſt Courſe. Beſides, Sir, you have all the reaſon i' the world to be ſatisfi'd: you have put your Valour upon the Tenter-hooks: I defie all the Men i' the World to do ſo much as you ha' done; you gave your Enemy a fair Challenge; you waited for him; he fail'd: what could you do more, unleſs you intend to poſt him for a Coward? Body a' truth, Sir, what wou'd ye have? he's vanquiſh'd, and you are the Victor.

Shut the Cage honeſt friend, quo *Don Quixote*, and give me a Certificate in due form: That is, How thou didſt open the Cage for the Lyon to come forth, that I waited for his coming, that I gave him his own time, and that inſtead of meeting me, he only roſe to ſtretch his Legs, and layd himſelf down again. I ha' done all that could be requir'd from me, and I am oblig'd to do no more. I ſay once more I ha' done my duty, and a fart for all the *Necromancers* i' the World—I ha' done my duty, and God bleſs *Knight-Errantry*—and therefore lock up thy Lyons again, while I go and hollow to theſe daſtardly *Sneak-gooſes*, and fetch 'em back again, to the end they may hear the Truth from thy own Mouth.

Thereupon the Keeper lockt up his Lyons without being twice bid, and *Don Quixote* faſtning his Handkercher at the end of his Lance, hung out his white Flag, which he kept waving in the Air, as a ſignal for the Fugitives to return. At what time *Sancho*, ſpying the flouriſh'd Muckinder—I'le be hang'd quo he, if my Maſter have not kill'd the Kings Lyons, and now no ground will hold him—— Stop Gentlemen, ſtop—— my Maſter has done his buſineſs, he hollow's ſo chearfully—— With that the Waggoner ſtopp'd, and the Gentleman, who led the Van i' the flight took up his Mare, and all perceiving *Don Quixote* flouriſhing his Enſign in the Poſture of a Victor, they turn'd their Horſes, and free from all their fears rode back to congratulate the Conquerour.

So ſoon as they were within eaſie hearing—— Come on honeſt friend, quo *Don Quixote*, put thy Horſes into the Waggon again, and purſue thy Journey; and *Sancho*, do thou give him two Pieces for his trouble in ſtaying for my ſake. Moſt willingly, quo *Sancho*, drawing his Purſe—But I pray Sir, quo he, what are become of the Lyons? are they alive or dead?

dead? Then the Keeper of the Lyons obſerving his Cue, gave a true and perfect relation of the whole Action, with all the Advantage that might be on the Champion's ſide, extolling his Valour, and attributing the Cowardize of the Lyon, to the inward fear which he had of the Champion's Proweſs, as knowing himſelf to ha' been a loſt Lyon, had he ventur'd the Encounter.

Now *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, what doſt think on't? is not my Valour Inchantment-proof? Your *Necromancers* perhaps may rob me of ſome part of the Victory? but they can never leſſen my Courage.

In ſhort the Waggoner being well ſatisfi'd for his ſtay, put in his Horſes and drove on with his Lyons, aſſuring *Don Quixote*, that he would ſpread abroad the fame of his Atchievments where er'e he came; and that he would give the King himſelf an account of what he had ſo nobly perform'd, ſo ſoon as he came to Court. If His Majeſty ſhould chance to ask ye, reply'd *Don Quixote*, who the Perſon was, and what was his Name, you ſhall tell him 'twas the *Knight of the Lyons*; for hence forward I intend to be call'd the *Knight of the Lyons*, whereas before I call'd my ſelf the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, according to the Ancient Cuſtom of *Knight-Errants* in former times, who alter'd their Titles as they pleas'd themſelves.

Thus the Waggoner drove on, and the Victorious Knight, the Gentleman and *Sancho* purſu'd their Journey with great ſilence. For the Gentleman was ſo employ'd in making his Obſervations upon *Don Quixote*, that he had not time to ſpeak a word, not knowing what Opinion to have of a Perſon in whom he found at the ſame time ſo much Sence and ſo much Extravagance. For his Words were proper and well deliver'd, his Actions fooliſh, hair-brain'd and unadvis'd. But *Don Quixote* perceiving him in ſuch a Brown-ſtudy, and conjecturing readily the reaſon of his Meditations; Sir, ſaid he, I make no queſtion, but you take me for a Hair-brain'd Fellow, or rather for a Madman that has loſt his Wits, for by my Actions, 'tis impoſſible to think otherwiſe: but give me leave to tell ye, I am no ſuch Fool as you take me for— You think it a fine ſight to ſee a goodly Knight with his pamper'd Steed richly capariſon'd, in the view of his Prince attacking a Wild Bull i' the Market-place, and happy that rational Creature of a Knight, that firſt has the good luck to dig out with his Lance the Bowels of that ſame poor irrational Beaſt, that never did him injury. You think it a goodly ſhew to ſee a Courtly Champion prancing about a Tilt-yard in ſight of his Miſtreſs, and all to run at a ſenceleſs Ring, or break a Lance with an Adverſary that will do him no wrong. You think ſuch Knights as thoſe that can ſhew their Activity at a Turnament, or caper higheſt before the Ladie's at a Ball, to be the Ornaments of a Princes Court, while all they do, is nothing but for Sport and Recreation; but gi' me leave to tell ye, a *Knight-Errant* is much ſuperior to any of theſe, perpetually in motion through Deſerts, Solitudes, over Hills and Dales, o're Mountains and Vallies, and continually expoſing himſelf to danger and hardſhip. I ſay, Sir, that *Knight-Errant*, who ſuccours a Widow oppreſs'd in a Country Village, by far ſurmounts in Vertue, a Smell-ſmock Knight that do's nothing but Banquet and Coach about the Ladies i' the City. All Knights have their particular Employments. Let the Courtier wait upon his Miſtreſſes, fill his Prince's Court with his Coſtly Liveries; let him allow poor Gentlemen a free acceſs to his Table; let him be Liberal and Magnificent, give Sumptuous Entertainments; in all theſe things he complyes with his Profeſſion. But the Duty of a

Knight-

Knight-Errant is to traverſe the World, to look danger i' the Face where e're he meet's it, to undertake all ſorts of Adventures, and to attempt Impoſſibility it ſelf. He deſpiſes Hunger and Thirſt, the Rigor of the Weather, the Inconveniences of Climates and Seaſons, he laughs at Lyons and Hobgoblins, it being the duty of his Profeſſion upon all occaſions to be ready to meet, to dare, to encounter, and overcome to the utmoſt of his Power; and not to ſuffer the leaſt diſturbance of the Peace, and Tranquillity of human Kind. And therefore ſince it has pleas'd my Deſtiny to rank me in the number of theſe *Knight-Errants*, it behoves me to perform my Duty, and to behave my ſelf becoming my Profeſſion. Which was the Reaſon, Sir, I durſt not but attacque theſe Lyons, tho I knew it to be a piece of Raſhneſs juſtly to be condemn'd; for I had rather the World ſhould accuſe me of Raſhneſs then of Cowardize: and this is my Comfort, let 'em ſay what they will of me, there's nere a He that wears a Head can ſay I'me a flincher from Death it ſelf, tho perhaps they may call me a Mad-man. In good truth, Sir, quo the Gentleman, all that you do, and all that you ſpeak fill's me full of Admiration, as being meaſur'd out by the Line of Reaſon; and I am perſwaded, that if all the Laws of Chivalry-Errant were abſolutely loſt, they might be found again in your Breaſt, which ſeems to be the ſole Chappel, wherein the Records, Charters and Evidences of that Order ſeem to be layd up. And ſo, Sir, let us put on, for the day begin's to waſte, that we may get home in good time to my Houſe; where I ſhall be glad to reap the benefit of that time, which you ſhall be pleas'd to afford me, in taking my poor Habitation for your own. You honour me with your obliging offers reply'd *Don Quixote*, and ſo putting on, they arriv'd within two hours at the Gentlemans Houſe.

Don Quixots Encounter with the puppits. page 417.

Don Quixots Adventure of the Enchanted Bark. page 427.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF THE

HISTORY of the most Ingenious

Don Quixote

DE LA

MANCHA.

BOOK II.

CHAP. XVIII.

What befell Don Quixote *at the Knight of the Green Cassocks House, with other extravagant Passages.*

DON *Quixote* being come to the Gentleman's House, which he found to be very large and well Built, with the Ancient Arms of the Family over the Portal, and several Jars i' the Court, like those that were made at *Toboso*, the sight of which awaken'd in his mind the Remembrance of his Inchanted *Dulcinea*, he began to fetch a deep Sigh; and never minding where he was, nor what Company stood next him, burst forth into a sudden Passion, crying out,

When shall these Eyes of mine behold the Hour,
When she releas'd from Vile Inchanter's Power,——

But he was interrupted in his Ecstasie, by the arrival of the Gentleman's Son leading his Mother in his Hand, who came to welcom her Husband Home; tho not a little surpriz'd, to see what an extravagant Mortal her Husband had brought along with him. *Don Quixote* no sooner beheld her, but he threw himself from *Rosinante*'s Back, and with his accustom'd Gravity saluted the Lady. Wife, said the Gentleman, this is *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the most Prudent and Valiant *Knight-Errant* i' the World, and therefore give him a Welcome according to his Merit. Thereupon

Madam *Chriſtina* (for ſo was the Lady call'd) receiv'd him with a more then ordinary Civility; to which when the Knight had made his due Returns, he ſaluted the Son, between whom and the Knight there paſs'd ſeveral moſt learned and unuſual Complements; which put the young Student into a high conceit of his Parts. Afterwards *Don Quixote* being conducted into a fair Hall, *Sancho* help'd him off with his Armour; which being done, the Knight appear'd in a pair of cloſe Breeches, and a Waſtcoat of Shamoy Leather, all beſmear'd with the filth of his ruſty Armour; a plain Quaker-like Band, unſtarch'd, about his Neck: upon his Legs he wore a pair of Leather Spatterlaſhes over his Stockins, which Heaven knows whether they were Yarn or Worſted; and upon his Feet a pair of Wax'd Shoes that had been often at the Coblers: His Sword hung by his ſide in a Belt made of a Sea-wolfs Skin; for 'tis th' Opinion of many that he had been troubl'd with a *Gonorrhea* for ſeveral years. But the main of all his Bravery conſiſted in a long leaguer Drap de berry Cloak, that cover'd all the Reſt.

The firſt thing he did was to waſh his Face and his Head, in five or ſix Pailfulls of Water, for as to the number of the Pailfulls there is ſome diſpute; nor can you imagine what a Tincture the Whey ſtill gave to the Water; thanks to that guttling Raſcal his Squire, for buying the Curds that ſo beſmear'd the inſide of his Maſters Helmet, and beſides that, had ſo bematted his Hair, that they were forc'd to make uſe of a Main-comb before they could part it.

Now while *Don Quixote* was thus putting himſelf into Kelter, the Gentleman's Son having leiſure enough, Sir, ſaid he, to his Father, Who is this Perſon that you have pickt up upon the Road? My Mother and my ſelf have been commenting this hour upon his Aſpect, his Dreſs, his Name, but moſt of all upon the Title of *Knight-Errant*, which you give him, and were we both to be preſently martyr'd, we cannot tell what to think of him. Son, quo *Don Diego*, (for that was the Gentleman's Name) thou haſt puzzl'd me with a Queſtion, I know not what anſwer to give thee. For he is a Man that ſpeaks good Sence, and yet commits the greateſt follies i' the World; tho by what I ha' both ſeen and heard, I believe his Whimſies exceed his Diſcretion. But do thou diſcourſe him thy ſelf, and then tell me thy own Opinion.

With that, Mr. *Laurence* (for that was alſo the Son's Name) went out to look for *Don Quixote*, whom he met returning out of the Yard into the Hall, ſmug'd up as ſpruce as an Onion, and as lively as a *Norfolk* Tumbler; where after the uſual formalities were at an end, Sir, quo *Don Quixote*, I am glad to hear that you are the worthy Son of ſo worthy a Father; he has told me of the Excellency of your parts, but more eſpecially that you are a great Poet. A Poet perhaps I may be, reply'd *Lorenzo*; but to be a good Poet, I never yet pretended. The truth is, I am a great Admirer of Poetry, and love to read good Authors; but that's all— my Father may ſay what he pleaſes. I like ye (Sir) the better, quo *Don Quixote*, for your Modeſty, for a Poet ſhould not be arrogant, nor have a high Opinion of himſelf. But pray, Sir, tell me, what Verſes are thoſe which your Father tells me you are at this very time ſo puzzl'd about? For I underſtand ſomething, and if it be any thing of an expoſition that you want, perhaps I may aſſiſt ye. But if it be a Lampoon, I have nothing to ſay to't, for I hate that ſort of Poetry mortally. Hitherto all's well, quo *Lorenzo* to himſelf, lets go on— You ſeem to me, Sir, reply'd *Lorenzo*, to have Study'd at the Univerſity; pray (Sir) to which

which of the Sciences did you apply your ſelf moſt ſeriouſly? To that of *Knight-Errantry*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, which is ten thouſand times better then all your Poetry. To tell ye truth, Sir, quo *Lorenzo*, I do not underſtand that Science at all, nor indeed did I ever hear talk of it before. 'Tis a Science, quo *Don Quixote*, that incloſes in it ſelf all the other Sciences i' the World. He that would profeſs it muſt be a Lawyer, and underſtand the Laws of Diſtributive and Commutative Juſtice: He ought to be a Divine to give a Reaſon of his Faith: It behoves him to be a Phyſician to underſtand the nature of Simples; for Surgeons do not hang out their Anatomy-ſigns in Deſarts and Mountains: He ought to be a Maſter in Aſtrology, to underſtand the Motions and Influences of the Stars; how elſe ſhall he know what a Clock 'tis in a dark night upon *Weſtbury Plain*, or in what part of the World he is, and the difference of Climates? If he underſtands not the Mathematics, how ſhall he know what belongs to Fortifications, and many other things which are abſolutely requiſite for his Profeſſion? In a word he muſt be adorn'd with all the Divine and Moral Vertues. To deſcend to trifles, he ought to know how to mend a Saddle; ſhoe a Horſe; patch his Breeches; he ought to ſerve God and his Miſtreſs inviolably; to be chaſte in his thoughts, faithful in his promiſes; he ought to be Liberal, Valiant, indefatigably Laborious, patient in Adverſity, charitable to the Poor, and a maintainer of Truth, tho it coſt him his Life to defend it. Theſe, Sir, are the Perfections that compoſe a *Knight-Errant*, and now be you a Judge, whether there be any Science that is to be compar'd with *Knight-Errantry*. If it be ſo, reply'd *Lorenzo*, I ſay this Science goes beyond 'em all. How d' ye mean, Sir, if it be ſo? quo *Don Quixote*. I mean, Sir, quo Mr. *Laurence*, that I do not believe there ever were, at leaſt that now a days, there are i' the World any Knights ſo divinely accompliſh'd as you ſpeak of. Why, look ye now, quo *Don Quixote*, this is juſt as the generality of People talk; and 'tis an Opinion to which they are ſo wedded, that unleſs Heaven do work ſome particular Miracle a' purpoſe to convince 'em, that both formerly there were, and now there are *Knight-Errants*, a Man may as well baſte Flints with Butter, as perſwade 'em out of their ungodly misbelief. I ſhall not trouble my ſelf at preſent, Sir, to convince ye of an Errour that is grown ſo Common. All that I can do, is only to beg that favour of Heaven to enlighten our underſtandings, by letting us ſee the neceſſity of *Knight-Errants* in former Ages; and how advantageous they would be, if it were for nothing elſe but to ſcowre the Roads of Great *Britain*, where a Man cannot ride five mile out of Town, without being robb'd: how many men i' that Country might a good buſie *Knight-Errant* ſave from the Gallows? But now it is, that for the Puniſhment of our ſins, the Taverns and Coffee Houſes increaſe, where Men guzzle and idle away their time, and that Effeminacy and Wantonneſs triumph over Induſtry and Sobriety. Indifferent well hitherto, quo *Lorenzo* to himſelf, there's no great hurt done yet; and yet ſo much, quo he to himſelf agen, that I ſhould be a very dunce indeed to take thee for other then a Witty Fool.

Here they were interrupted by being call'd to Supper; at what time, *D. Diego* taking his Son aſide, ask'd him what he thought of the Knight? I find, Sir, reply'd *Lorenzo*, that 'tis not in the power of ten Colledges of Phyſicians to cure his Diſtemper. He is a Mad man paſt recovery, but yet a pleaſant Mad-man, and one that has excellent Lucid Intervals.

Soon after, to Supper they went, fed heartily, and *Don Quixote* was highly pleas'd with his Entertainment; but he admir'd nothing ſo much

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as the extraordinary ſilence which he obſerv'd throughout the whole Houſe, which made him compare it in his own Thoughts to a Monaſtery of *Carthuſians*.

After Cheeſe and Fruit comes nothing. So that at length the Cloth being taken away, Grace ſaid, and Hands waſh'd, *Don Quixote* began very earneſtly to deſire *Lorenzo* to ſhew him the Verſes, that had occaſion'd their Diſcourſe before Dinner. To which *Lorenzo* reply'd, that he was none of *Horace's* Muſitioners, that being deſir'd to Sing, were as coy of their Voices, as a Whore of her firſt favours to a Cully; but undeſir'd, were as free of their Tunes as a Thruſh in a Summer Morning. Firſt therefore, quo he to the Knight, I ſhew ye my *Theme*, 'tis a kind of a Riddle 'tis true; but as we whet our Knives upon hard Groundſels, in like manner we Univerſity youngſters, make uſe of Problems and Knotty Enigma's to ſharpen our Wits. Hunph— quo *Don Quixote*, will theſe Laborious vanitys be never left off, upon which when a young Man has ſpent a world of Fancy and fine Words, they are ſtill but the waſte of Time and ſignifie not a Ruſh— A friend of mine I remember, and a great Schollar once told me, he would rather put his Son to beat Hemp in Bridewell, wherein there was ſome Benefit to the Publick, then to this ſort of unprofitable Brain-thraſhing. Whims and Gimcracks are but the ſtrainings and rackings of the Fancy to no purpoſe, while one crucifies his Brains to write an Elegy upon a Butter-flie drown'd in a Ladies Eye; where if there be not ſome ſtrains above *Ela*, 'tis not worth a ſtraw; as for example, the ſilly Butter-flie muſt be commended for its prudence in chooſing it's Coffin— and then the Inſect muſt be made to ſpeak too, and acknowledge the Honour done it by *Phillis*, to weep at its death; ſhe for whoſe ſake twenty Lovers, Men of reaſon, dye in a morning not ſo much as ſigh'd for. *Fair Inhumane*, cries another, *I cannot Live without ſeeing thee, nor ſee thee without Dying*. And was not he well employ'd, that upon a Preſent of Gloves to his Miſtreſs, after long toyling of his Invention, having taken away the G. found Love remaining? Or that other Acute Wit who unfolded this profound Myſtery;

He that Loves Glaſs without a G,
Take away L. and that is He.

But much more cunning was he that ſnipt off *Hop* from *Archbiſh*— becauſe the *Archbiſhop* ſent him no *Drink* to his Fiſh. Of the ſame ſort are your ſilly Emblems and Devices, that coſt Men a great deal of Brain-labour to nothing of valuable Benefit. For example, you would give a Lady to underſtand that Fire ſpoils her Complexion, and therefore you would have her hold a Screen in her hand to preſerve her Beauty. To this purpoſe, you introduce *Mars* who comes to viſit *Venus* in the Winter-time. Well— but *Venus*, willing to have a Teſtimony of her Converſation in the Room, ſhe muſt have one of the Graces ſtanding by her. Then comes *Vulcan* in an Angry poſture threatning to ſtrike the Lady, which ſignifies the Fire that endammages her Complexion: at what time *Cupid* interpoſing with his Wings diſplay'd between *Vulcan* and *Venus*, does the Office of a Screen. What a world of Poetry would this Invention take up in explanation, and yet when all's done, fit for nothing but to be thrown its ſelf into *Vulcans* Fire. I could ſhew ye ſeveral new *French Enigma's*, ſtudy'd a' purpoſe to puzzle and dizzie the Brains of young Gentlemen, as ridiculous as ſome of their Faſhions, but——— Ay, but Sir, we poor Country

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try Schollars are not ſo Critical, as you that converſe with all the Court Wits, and Language-refiners of the Age—— Pardon me, Sir, quo *Don Quixote*, I do not ſay but that a Perſon of your extraordinary parts and breeding, may be right in the choice both of your *Theme* and the *Comment* upon it; and therefore I am ready to lend ye all the Attention imaginable, not doubting but that your pains will anſwer my Expectation. With that *Lorenzo* produc'd his *Theme* and his *Comment*, telling *Don Quixote* withall, that the Gentleman that ſent him the *Theme* was as proud of his conceit, as if he had found the Philoſophers Stone.

The THEME.

WAS is, WAS was, WAS will be, WAS was not;
IS is; IS is not WAS; IS goes to Pot,
One flyes, One ſtays; Both flye, Both ſtay; The toyle
Will be, this Paradox to Reconcile.

The GLOSS.

Nere talk of Reconciliation, Friend,
You may as well, with equal labour loſt,
Unite the Turk and Independ-
Ent; For Inconſtancy rules all the World;
While Men, in Fortunes Blanket toſt,
From one Extream are to another Hurl'd.
A Man to day, a Mouſe to morrow;
To day a Lender, next day forc'd to borrow.
Some purchaſe, others ſell;
Where ſuch before, now other Races dwell.
Fortune a' top of all the Hill,
Seems a' one ſide to crane up Men in Haſte;
But tumble's 'em, a' t'other, down as faſt.
Thus WAS and IS,
Through Times Abyſs,
In dayly motion range, without Controwle,
As through the Deep the Reſtleſs Billows rowle.

II.

He WAS a Man, whoſe word or ſingle Bond,
Upon th' Exchange wou'd fetch Ten thouſand Pound:
He WAS a Man, that had his Prince's Ear,
Whom all Men therefore did reſpect or fear:
He WAS a Captain, Coll'nel, one that rowl'd,
In heaps of All-or'ecoming Gold.
He WAS a Lovely, Modiſh, Proper Squire,
That ſet all Lady's Breſts on fire;
And with a Veni, vidi, vici,
He ſtorm'd and won all Hearts, tho nere ſo Icie:
He WAS ſo eager at the Sport,
That He put in, at every Port;
Nor Lewd, nor Honeſt ſcap'd his heat, if Any
Cou'd in the Town be got for Love or Money:

He

He WAS a Spark made all the Tavern's roare,
Whom Scriveners Capt, and Vintners did adore:
He WAS a Lively Batchelour, free to range,
Where e're he minded to look out for change:
All This WAS once, and now if WAS were ſtill;
WAS was, WAS is, and WAS could nere be ill.

But what ſays IS?

III.

The Merchant IS undone, not worth a Groat;
Retir'd within White-Fryer's or the Mint:
At Court the Favorite's out of Date,
Degraded and diſmiſs'd in Print.
The Scarlet Officer now ſee's his Folly,
And poor in Pocket, rich in Face,
Makes private Ale-debauches in Ram Alley
For fear of City-Serjeants Mace.
Monſieur Adonis, *now grown Old and feeble,*
Emulſions of another ſort deſires
To cool his burning Bones, and gouty Fires.
And He that flew at every Wench
His Amo'rous Heat to quench,
IS now inchanted with a vir'ulent Clap,
And Money-leſs, wants cure for his Miſhap:
The Spark that made the Tavern's roar,
The Tavern's cry, IS now grown poor;
And well they may; for having ſpent
The Purchaſe of his Father's Toyl,
Vintner and Scrivener now divide the Spoyl.
Nay, the nooz'd Batch'lour's at length come to't;
Marry'd, Henpeck't, and Cuckol'd too, to boot.
Thus WAS was once, now 't IS, and IS
Will be; for from ſuch Hell's as Theſe
Veſtigia nulla retrorſum.

IV.

Now bring it to the Female Sex,
More ugly moſt, then made in Wax.
If rude deformity ſit on her Brow,
Whether ſmall Pox or Nature made her ſo;
Or if before fifteen ſhe loſt
The Jewell Women ſo much boaſt;
When none before could have reproach'd her
Till ſuch a One debauch'd her.
Here WAS will ſtill be IS: for once a Whore
And always ſo; You find it by Jane Shore.
Then for the Foule, they'l never mend,
Tho for a need they ſometimes may befriend.
When ſhe's a Miſs,
To dally with and Kiſs,

And

And her Adorer thinks it much
Her Gliſtering Shoos the ground ſhou'd touch:
Then IS is IS. When layd aſide,
And forc'd to pawn her pride,
She falls to Chamber-practice for her Bread,
Then WAS prevailes in IS's ſtead.
But Oh! when Twenty comes to be Threeſcore;
In IS ſhe ends, and WAS will be no more.
Thus WAS and IS
Through Times Abyſs
In dayly Motion range without Controwle;
As through the Deep the Reſtleſs Billows Rowle.

Lorenzo having thus made an end of reading his *Theame* and his *Comment*, *Don Quixote* ſtarted briskly up upon his Legs, and ſqueezing *Lorenzo* by the Hand; Moſt generous youth, quo He, tranſported with admiration, Before *George* you are the beſt Poet that ever I met with, and deſerve to be Crown'd, not with Lavender Cotton in *Cyprus*, nor with *Neapolitan* Roſes at *Gaietta*, as a ſcurvy Poet ſaid, whom Heav'n forgive; but with Leaves of gilt Laurel, and that by all the Free Grammar Schools in Europe. And may thoſe Judges that deny this honour to your Merit, nere find a Bookſeller to Print their Poems; may Phœbus tear out their Gut's to ſtring his Harp, and may neither *Melpomene* nor *Polyhymnie*, nor any of the Nine ever give ear to 'em, let 'em bawl nere ſo loud i' their Prologues. At the ſame time *Don Quixote* beſought *Lorenzo*, to give him a taſte of his more lofty Contemplations, not doubting but that a Genius ſo accompliſh'd, ſoard above the ordinary flight of *Riddle me, Riddle me*. And now to ſee the force of Adulation! that ſubdues both High and Low, Rich and Poor, Young and Old, Learned and Unlearned; for *Lorenzo* was ſo tickl'd, and ſo puft up with *Don Quixote*'s Flattery, that the Knight might have had his Heart out of his Body, had it been a Copy of Verſes: So charming a thing is applauſe, tho from the Lips of Mad-men and Fools more foppiſh then themſelves. So have we ſeen an Aſpiring Poet, repeating whole Scenes of his high-flown Tragedies in an Ale-houſe, to *next Oares and Scullers*, meerly to have himſelf admir'd by thoſe that underſtood him not. *Lorenzo* therefore not able to refuſe *Don Quixote* any thing, to ſweeten his Mouth, preſented him with this following *Macaroon*, upon *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.

I.

THE fair Virago *thunder's down the Wall,*
That made a Breach to Pyramus's *Breaſt;*
Wide as the far-fam'd Breadth of Priam's *Hall,*
Where He Dardanian *Youth was wont to Feaſt.*
Streight through the Breach the Son of Venus *poſted,*
To tell how Heroeſs for Love of Hero roſted.

II.

Broad was the Breach, and yet the Breach was narrow,
Broad as Veſpaſian's *Wall, and yet ſo ſtreight*
As hardly to give entrance to a Sparrow;
Or had I ſaid a Fly, it had been right.

For I Love's wonders ſing, then wonder not,
To hear ſuch wonders by the Wondrous Cupid *wrought.*

III.

At this ſame broad, ſtreight, ſpacious, Leetle hole,
Through ſpeaking Tube, the God of Love beſpake
With a Loud Whiſper, the Brave Hero's Soul;
And drowſie Love, did ſleeping Rage awake:
The Hero rowz'd, twixt Love and Wrath provok'd,
And in his Anger wiſh'd the Challenge-bearer choak'd.

IV.

Mean while the Valiant Damſel, doubly hot;
With Love and Fury to her Ruin ſpeeds:
Her Rage remembers what Her Love forgot,
And down drops Hero where the Damſel bleeds.
Ye Gods! the Story's done—— and now what more?
What more? no more, but only that the Story's o're.

The ELEGY.

Here lyes a Loving Pair,
Kill'd in deſpaire,
Yet unaware;
How ere they fought with Chevie-Chace good Will,
And fore-thought Malice for to Kill.
One Sword, one Grave, one Garagantuan ſtrain,
Kills, Covers, and Reſtores
'em Both to Life again.

No ſooner had *Lorenzo* made an end, but with his Hands uplifted to the Skies; Bleſt be the whole Catalogue of *Heſiods* Gods, quo *Don Quixote*, that among the whole Croud of Men of *Rhapſody*, have now brought me to the *Quinteſſence* of *Rhapture* it ſelf.

And now had our noble both Champion and Poet, been highly careſs'd and entertain'd at *Don Diego*'s Houſe, for four days together. At the end of which, calling to mind the old Proverb, *Gueſts and Fiſh of three days old grow ſtale*, he thought it high time to take his leave and ſhift his Paſture. To which end he ſummon'd up all his Courtſhip, return'd a Thouſand Thanks to *Don Diego*, ten thouſand to his Lady, and five thouſand to his Son; vowing withal, that nothing ſhould have ſeparated him from ſuch good Entertainment and ſuch good Company, but the Regret which he had to lie ſo long idle. He beſought 'em therefore to pardon him, if he harken'd to the Duty of his Profeſſion that call'd him to Action; beſide that he had dreamt the night before of ſtrange Adventures, that implor'd his Preſence and Aſſiſtance. *Don Diego* and his Son *Lorenzo* applauded his Reſolution; and ſo embracing each other they took their Leaves.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Of the Adventure of the Amorous Shepherd, and several other things.

TRue it is that *Sancho* had no mind to change his Quarters; he lik'd good Vittles, good Drink, and a good Bed in a Hospitable Gentlemans House, much better then to lye without Sheets, and to feed with the Beasts of the Field upon Grass and Herbs, in Deserts and Forrests; which made him very loth to remove. However to make the change of his Condition as comfortable as he could, he made such fair weather with the Gentlemans Butler, that he cramb'd his Wallet as long as he could thrust in a bit, resolving not to want as long as that would hold; for he had learnt of the Water-mans Mother, to lay up against a rainy day, wherever opportunity offer'd it self.

And now *Don Quixote* full of soaring thoughts, and *Sancho* well Vittled, were jogging on fair and softly, and were got about four or five Miles from the Gentlemans House, when they overtook four Travailers upon the Road, neither well nor badly Mounted. Two of the Men look'd like Schollers, the other two like Husband-men. One of the foremost carry'd a Port-mantle behind him; the other had nothing of luggage but only a Couple of Foils and a pair of Pumps. As for the Husbandmen they had their Wallets full of Provisions, and seem'd to have been at Market. But both Schollers and Farmers fell into the same Admiration as all others did, that ever beheld him, and were impatient to know who this same Iron Gentleman should be, that appear'd in such a Figure and Posture so different from all other Mortal Men. *Don Quixote* saluted 'em, and perceiving that their Road lay the same way, he offer'd 'em his Company; however he desir'd 'em not to ride too hard for him, in regard his Horse was not much addicted to fly; and to oblige 'em the more, he discover'd to 'em who he was, his Employment and Profession; that he was a *Knight-Errant*, one that travers'd the World in search of Adventures, that he was call'd in his own Country *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, but that lately he had giv'n himself the Title of the *Knight of the Lyons*. All this was Heathen Greek to the Countrimen, but not to the Schollers, who presently perceiv'd that the Knight had a plaguie hole in the fore part of his Scull. Nevertheless they look'd upon him with no less respect then Wonderment, and perhaps there might be something of fear i' the Case; for as he was Elderly, so was there, I must tell ye, both awe and Terrour in his Countenance. However it were, one of the Schollers, observing his distance; Sir Knight, said he, if your business be only to seek Adventures, I suppose you are never out of your way; and therefore if you will be pleas'd to go along with us, we will carry ye to a Wedding, one of the most Sumptuous and Magnificent that have been in these parts for many Years. Is there any Princess to be Marry'd here about, quo *Don Quixote*? No Princess, reply'd the Scholler, but a Farmers Daughter, a most delicate Buxome Girl as ever you saw, to a young Farmer, the Richest in all the Countrey. The Preparations are extraordinary and altogether unusual, the Wedding being to be kept in a Meadow nere the Village where the Bride Lives, who by reason of her Beauty is call'd all over the Countrey *Maudlin* the Fair, and he *Martin* the *Brave*. He is about two and twenty

years of Age, and she draws toward eighteen. In a word they are well met, only some Fools that have all the Pedigrees i' the World i' their Heads, and will be prating, say, that *Maudlin* comes of a better Family then *Martin* : But that's nothing, wealth will hide small faults. This same *Martin*'s as free as a Prince, and is resolv'd to spare for no cost. He will cover all the Meadow with one Arbour of Boughs to keep out the tell tale Sun : there shall be all the Fidlers and Minstrels i' the Countrey: and all manner of Pastimes and Recreations, as Dauncing, Jumping, Hot-cockles, moulding of Cockle bread, Stool-ball and Cudgel Playing; there shall be all the Milk-maids, far and nere jogging their Breeches, with their Pails dreſt up with Garlands and Silver Tankards. There shall be *Hall* and his Fellows to daunce upon the Ropes, *Lancaster* and his Gang for juggling Tricks; and the *German* with his Cards. There will be all the *Jack-puddings* and *Merry-Andrews* to be got for Love or Money; and lastly there will be your Bear-Garden Exercises of all sorts, wherein you may come in for a share. But that which will surprize ye most, will be the appearance of the poor Disconsolate *Nicka-Demus*, whom they call *Basil*. Who the Devil's that *Basil?* quo *Don Quixote*. Why Sir, this *Basil*, quo the Student, is a rich Farmer too, that lives next Door to *Maudlin* the Fair. They two lov'd one another from Chicken's : But *Maudlin*'s Father not believing him to be rich enough for his Daughter, when he was grown up, and that his Daughter began to be ripe, deny'd the young Lad his wonted access to his House, and to deprive *Basil* of all his hopes, huddl'd up a Match between *Maudlin* and *Martin*, who indeed is the more wealthy of the two; but in all other things no more to compare with Honest *Basil*, then a Sowgelder with a Lord of a Mannour. For he is by much the handsomer of the Two, and as active as a *Norfolk* Tumbler : For he will pitch a Bar the length of *Cheapside*; will kick ye a Camping-ball over *Salsbury* Spire; he shall out-play *Lomax* at Nine-Pins; he will run like a Greyhound in a Paddock Course, leap like a Cat, sing like a Lark, fiddle like a Barber, and for a Prize-Player there's no Body dares take him up.

Had he no other Excellency then only that, reply'd *Don Quixote*, he's a Husband not only for *Maudlin the Fair*, but for *Queen Guenever* her self, were she now alive, in despight of Sir *Lancelot* or any other that durst oppose him. My Wife for that, cry'd *Sancho*, who till then had not open'd his Lips, she's for every Body to Marry according to their degree, according to the Proverb, *Like Blood, like Good, like Age make the Happiest Marriage*; and another of the same Nature, *Every Sow to her own Trough*; I say my friend *Basil* (for methinks I begin already to love him) shall marry Madam *Maudlin*, and so God give 'em joy : but the Devil take them that spoyle a good Match between those that love one another.

If all that fell in love one with another should marry, quo *Don Quixote*, what would become of the Authority of Parents? If young Girls might have their own wills in the choice of Husbands, we should have rare Breeds y'faith; while one marry'd her Fathers Footman, another his Buttler, a third would run away with the Thrasher i' the Barn, for the sake of something she discover'd through the Tatters of his Breeches : and a fourth that had study'd *Physiognomy*, would bequeath her self to the next she met i' the Street for the love of his Roman Nose. For when the more terrestrial Part of Love overrules our Reason, we choose like blind Folks or People in the dark. Yet I must tell thee *Sancho*, there is not any concern of our own that requires us to muster up all our Wits together, so much as

that

that of Marriage. For a Woman is no such sort of ware that a Man may be rid of when he pleases; sick or well she sticks to a Man; be she better be she worse, 'tis all one: Wedlock's a *Gordian* Knot, which only the Fatal Sisters can clip asunder with their Scissars. I could preach a longer Sermon upon Marriage, *Sancho*, added *Don Quixote*, but that I am so eager to know what the Gentleman has more to inform us in reference to the Story of this unfortunate *Basil*.

All that I have to say, reply'd the Student, is this, that when *Basil* understood that *Maudlin* was to be marry'd to *Martin*, he fell into a deep Melancholy, which might indeed be rather call'd a dozing frenzy; you might as well ha' pull'd out one of his Teeth, as a word out of his Mouth; ask him a Question and he stares i' your face like a Man har'd out of his sleep; he has never been seen so much as to smile since; he hardly eats enough to keep the Orifice of his Stomach open, drinks less; never goes to bed, but fetches short naps now and then i' the Fields upon the Grass: he sighs like the Hinge of a Door for want of oyling; sometimes he lifts his Eyes to the Heavens, then fixes 'em upon the Ground; and in either Posture stands as if he were in an Ecstasie, like a meer Statue. In short he is reduc'd to that Condition, that we that are his Neighbours, believe, he will immediately expire so soon as he hears that *Maudlin*'s marry'd. High Heav'n forbid, quo *Sancho*; come, come, God that gives the Wound, will send the Cure: who knows what will happen, I'me sure no body here. There are several hours between this and to morrow— The House that has been many years a Building may fall in a Moment. How many times have I seen it Rain and Shine at the same Instant? Many a Man goes sound to Bed, and is found dead the next Morning. Who is he, I pray, that can boast, he ever drove one nail into Fortune's Wheel? Let me see the Man and I'le give him a *White Black-bird* for his pains. As for a Woman's *I* and *No*, I would not undertake to put the point of a Needle between 'em. But let me see the Man that will undertake to bauke *Martin*, and procure the fair *Maudlin's* Affection for *Basil*, and I'le give him a Sack full of Benedictions: For Love as I have heard say, see's through Spectacles that make Copper look like Gold, and Cherry-stones like Pearls.

In the Name of ill luck, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, whither art thou a running on with a pox to thee?— That cursed Clack of thine, when 'tis once got a Threading a Proverbs and Old Wives Sayings, not the Pope himself could hold it, tho' he had it under the Penalty of present Excommunication: I would fain know, Beast as thou art, what thou knowst of Fortune or any thing else, that thou should'st thus go about to put a Spoke in her Wheel? Nay, Sir, if ye don't understand me, reply'd *Sancho*, no wonder my Sentences are despis'd. But what's that to the Purpose! I understand 'em my self, and I'me sure, I ha' spoken nothing but what might become the Recorder of a City: But you love always to *Trowle* my Words and my Actions— *Trowle* ye Rascal! quo *Don Quixote*, *Controwle* thou woud'st say, confounded Corrupter of human Speech, the Pestilence rot thy Tongue out for it.

Death o' the Devil, quo *Sancho*, what makes ye so angry, Sir? You know that I was never bred up at Court, nor at the University, to understand when I murder a hard Word. Heaven's bless us would, ye have a *Farmer* of *Westmerland* speak like an Inn's a Court Gentleman? and yet you shall hear some of them too, that cannot forget the *Twang* of the Country where they were born. 'Tis very true, quo the Batchelour (for it seems of the two Schollars, the one was a Batchelour, the other a Student)

dent) and more then that, your meaner ſort of People in Cities where they ſpeak the moſt refinedly i' the whole Nation, never talk ſo politely, as the Gentry and Men of Breeding, that are always improving the Language. For my part, quo the Student, I ha' been bred a Scholler, and know how to expreſs my ſelf in proper Terms. Indeed, quo the Batchelour, you might ha' been a Scholler and a Maſter of Art by this; but you minded the Fencing-School more then your Book. Hark ye, Hark ye, *Mr.* Batchelour, quo the Student, y'are the moſt miſtaken Man i' the world, to think it a frivolous thing for a Man to learn to Fence. 'Tis no fancy of mine, quo the Batchelour, but a real truth, and eaſily prov'd; and tho' it were not ſo, yet I will undertake to make you confeſs it preſently. You ha' got two Foils there; come but off your Horſe, and try all your Fencing-School Tricks and Leſſons, obſerve your Circles and Angles, yet for all that, if I don't with one device that Nature has taught me, ſhew ye the Stars at noon day, I'le be bound to eat the Hilts. I defie that Man alive, that can force me to turn my back; on the other ſide I know not that Man living, but I'le undertake to make him give ground.

As for turning your back, reply'd the Student, I ha' nothing to ſay to't: but it may be your bad fortune nere to ſtir your Foot from the place where you firſt ſet it, if you meet with a Man of skill. I'le trye that, quo the Batchelour; and with that leaping from his Horſe, he ſnatch'd away one of the Student's Foils, and put himſelf into a Poſture.

Hold there, quo *Don Quixote*, I am Maſter of this School; there ſhall be nothing but fair play here—— and with that preſently alighting from *Roſinante*'s Back, with his Launce in his Hand, he poſted himſelf in the midſt between the two Antagoniſts, till both were ready. And then it was that the Student advanc'd briskly up to the Batchelour, and the Batchelor with fire in his Eyes ran furiouſly to meet the Student; while the two Farmers and *Sancho* kept their Saddles at a diſtance to behold the Combat.

Infinite were the ſtoccado's, foines, thruſts, down right cleavers, and Back-blows which the Batchelour offer'd at the Student; he laid on like a Lyon, and follow'd his ſtroaks, as he had been a Bear-Garden Butcher. But the Student never quitting his ground, ſo well put by his Thruſts, and warded off his Backſword play, that he made him ever and anon kiſs the Button of his Foil, as it had been a Relick, but not with half the Devotion. In ſhort the Student ſo exactly counted the Buttons of his Caſſock, that he made the Skirts of his Doublet fly about like Fiſh Tails, the Batchelor all the while not being able ſo much as to touch him. The Student ſtruck off the Batchelours Hat twice, made him puff and blow, and tyr'd him out at length in ſuch a manner, that out of meer rage and vexation, he took the Foil as he held it by the Hilt, and flung it, as one of the Farmers afterwards made Affidavit, above three quarters of a League; which Affidavit was thereupon fil'd, that Poſterity might know how much ſtrength goes beyond Art.

And now the Batchelour ſtood ſtill a while to reſt himſelf, when *Sancho* approaching him, *Mr.* Parſon, quo he, henceforward take a fool's advice and never challenge a Man to Fence, but to pitch the Bar, or to a Match at Foot-ball; for you are well made for thoſe ſports: But for theſe Fencers, let 'em alone; I have heard ſay, they can hit the Eye of a Needle with the very point of their Weapons. I ſubmit, quo the Batchelour, nor do I repent to find that experience has convinc'd me of my Errour. And ſo

ſaying

ſaying the Student and he moſt lovingly embrac'd each other, and became as great Friends as ever.

After that they all mounted again and haſten'd toward *Madam Maudlins* Village. But tho it were dark before they could reach it, there was ſuch an infinite number of Lights hung abroad in every part, that the whole Compaſs of the Village ſeem'd to be one Skie, all full of Stars: Nor were their Ears leſs pleas'd with the delightful but confus'd ſounds of ſeveral ſorts of Muſick. The Bells rang forward and backward; the Weights toated; the Flutes and Recorders Hoop't; the Fifes and Flagelets were merrily ſhrill; the Fiddles ſtruck up; Tabors and Pipes put in for a ſhare; nor would the ſmall Morrice-bells be drown'd, but gave notice that the Dancers were no leſs active with their Heels, then the Muſicians with their Fingers. All which were but preparations for the Solemnities of the next day, deſtin'd for the Nuptials of *Martin the Brave*, and the Funerals of the unfortunate *Baſil*.

Don Quixote would by no means enter the Village, tho earneſtly invited by the Student and the Farmers, and notwithſtanding all that *Sancho* could do to perſwade him. For he ſtill alleadg'd, that it was contrary to the Ancient Cuſtom of *Knight-Errants*, who rather choſe to ſleep under Heaven's Canopie, in the wild Forreſts, then in ſoft Beds, tho under Roofs of Gold. Thereupon he betook himſelf to a private Covert for that Night, full ſore againſt *Sancho*'s will, who had not yet forgot the pleaſing Convenience of *Don Diego*'s Houſe and Entertainment.

CHAP. XX.

Containing very ſtrange Accidents, as well in reference to Martin *the* Brave, *as* Baſilius *the* Poor.

NO ſooner had the Bright *Aurora* diſmiſs'd bright *Phœbus* from her dewie Arms, with the heat of his burning rayes to dry up the Pearls that hung upon his diſhevell'd Locks, when the Incomparable *Don Quixote*, the Irreconcileable Enemy of ſloath, got up upon his Legs, and went to call his Squire. But finding him buried in a profound ſleep, and ſnoaring as if he had ſnoar'd for a Wager, reflecting upon his Condition; O happy Thou, quo he, above all that live upon the Face of the Earth: Thou that neither envying nor being envy'd, ſo quietly repoſeſt in the ſweet Arms of ſleep, free from the Perſecutions of Inchanters and Inchantments. Snoar happy Man, I ſay a hunder'd times ſnoar on: No jealouſies of miſtruſted Lady diſtract thy Brains; no hunder'd Pounds to pay, nor foreſight of inevitable want harraſs thy pleaſing Reſt; Ambition nere torments thy wakeful thoughts; the Pomp and Vanity of this frail World nere crucifie thy thinking Soul; nor are thy Boundleſs Deſires turmoyl'd and toſs'd with the continual Hurricanes of Fury and Impatience: Thy cares are narrowly confin'd only to ſee thy *Grizzle* fed, while the Charge of thy Perſon lies wholly upon my ſhoulders, that am thy Maſter, whom Nature and Cuſtom obliges to make Proviſion for thy ſubſiſtance. The Servant ſleeps ſecurely while the Maſter has no leiſure to cloſe his Eyes, but muſt labour day and night to recompence his Services. Tho the Heav'ns refuſe the Earth their generating Dew,

Dew, and more impregnating Showrs, what minds the Servant the Afflictions of his Master to fill his craving Stomach, as well in time of Famine as Abundance?

To all this *Sancho*, sleeping as sound as a tyr'd Beagle in a Chimney Corner, and snoaring like an Ostler, answer'd not a word; nor wou'd he have wak'd so soon, had not his Master rows'd him with two or three good slaps with the end of his Lance; at what time *Sancho* opening his Eye-lids half way, after he had gap'd and yaun'd and stretch'd forth his Legs as he lay upon his Back; Methinks, quo he, I smell a pleasing perfume of broil'd Bacon, that strangely comforts my Nostrils this Morning— now would I give all the precious Odours of a Poet's Sweet-scented Mistress for one Rasher—— Steaks, Steaks, by this round Belly o' mine—— a Steak upon the Coals there's nothing like it— And by my Holiness, I'le speak one word for all, this must be a Generous Wedding it begins so savourily.

Get up then Lazy Glutton, quo *Don Quixote*, get up— *The Fox that sleeps till noon nere Feathers his Tongue*— Time calls us to the Nuptials, and I long to see the Disdain'd *Basilius*. Let him be hang'd, reply'd *Sancho*, if he be poor; what should a poor fellow dream of Lac'd Petticoats for? 'Tis very true, let the Moon lose one Quarter and shee'l fall from the Clouds— But y' good faith Sir, my Opinion is this, that he who is poor should stay at home in his Cot, and not gad abroad to seek for Muskmelons i' the Sea. I'le hold ye one of my Arms, and that's a fools wager, that Mr. *Martin the Brave* is able to spend all *Basil*'s Estate at a Breakfast, and be nere the worse; and d' ye think that Madam *Maudlin* will quit her Gold Fring'd Petticoats, her Necklaces of Pearl, her Rich Points, her Coach and Horses, to marry a Fellow with whom she must Knit, or make Childern's Coats for a Living. What signifies his Pitching the Bar, or his Art of Foyning? His capering the Compleat Dancing Master quite through, will it pay for one Pint of Wine at the Tavern? If your Activities and your Accomplishments will not pass for current Coyn; if they won't go to Market and pay the Butcher and Poulterer, may they be the Lord of *Nolands* Portion for me: tho I confess that where they light upon a Man that has Money, they do very well together. He that builds upon a strong Foundation builds a good House; and Money is the best Foundation i' the World. For Heav'ns sake, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, prithee come to a Conclusion; I'my Conscience, wer't thou let alone when thy Tongue's upon the Gallop, thou wouldst hardly allow thy self Time to eat or sleep. But that your Memory fails ye, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, you would not ha' so soon forgot our last Agreement, that I should always talk till I thought fit to leave off, provided I said nothing in prejudice of my Neighbour, nor of Madam *Dulcinea*; how is it then that you who pretend to so much honesty, thus break your Contract? I remmeber no such Agreement, quo *Don Quixote*; and tho it were so, I never yielded thou shouldst hinder business with thy Twatling— and therefore saddle *Rosinante* and follow me: For the loud Musick that fills my Ears, tells me there must be something more then ordinary.

Thereupon *Sancho* said no more, but saddl'd *Rosinante*, and having laid on his own Pack-saddle upon *Grizzle*, away they both rode softly toward the Arbour, where the first thing that blest the sight of over-joy'd *Sancho*, was a whole Steer, spitted upon a whole Elm; there were twelve *Turnbroaches* at each end to turn it, and the Fire that Roasted it you would ha' sworn had been a Mountain of Charcoal; over which hung no less then

sixteen

ſixteen huge Iron Pots large enough to hold a dozen Legs of Mutton at a time, with their Colly-flowres to boot, and all full of Neats Tongues and Udders, Pidgeons and Bacon, Weſtphaly Hams, Pullets, and boyl'd Hanches, ſome quite, ſome half ready, others newly put in. The Capons, Green Geeſe, and Fowl of all ſorts in Seaſon; Lobſters, Sea crabs, Jowls of Salmon, Rands of Sturgeon were without number; heaps of Whitebread like the Cannon Bullets that lie at the Tower: the Cheeſes pil'd up made ſuch a beautiful Fortification, that he would gladly a' been the firſt that ſhould ha' ventur'd his Body to aſſail it; Spice and Sugar lay ready for uſe in whole Cheſts, neer to which ſtood lakes of Oyl to ſupply the waſte of Fry'd Meats and Sallat's: And then for Drink, *Sancho* told no leſs then threeſcore Punchins, each containing thirty Gallons a piece; there were no leſs then twelve little Pigs with Puddings i' their Bellies, ſow'd up i' the Paunch of the Steer to give it a Reliſh: And to dreſs all this Proviſion no leſs then fifty *Cooks* beſides *Tenders*. So that altho the Feaſt were not ſo Courtly nor *Alamode de France*, yet was there ſo much Plenty as might ha' ſerv'd to ha' fed an Army.

Sancho beheld all this with wonder and admiration, and almoſt inchanted with the variety and pleaſure of the Show, would often ſmile and lick his Lips as he rode along. The firſt Temptation that enthrall'd his ſenſes were the Pots upon the Fire, next to that he became enamour'd of the Punchins and Dry'd Tongues, but the Scent of the Fritters and Tanſeys put him into ſuch an Agony, that he could no longer forbear, but addreſſing himſelf to one of the Cooks with all the ſmooth and hungry Arguments he had, beſought him that he might only ſop a Cruſt that he had in one of his Kettles. Friend, quo the Cook, nothing like Hunger rules within this place to day—— thanks to the noble *Martin* for his Bounty——— And therefore alight thy ſelf, take a Ladle where thou canſt find one, fetch out a whole Fowl or two, and much good do thee—— I ſee nere a Ladle big enough, quo *Sancho*: 'Slife quo the Cook, I never ſaw ſuch a ſilly Fellow i' my life; and ſo ſaying, he took a new Frying-pan, and thruſting it into one of the great Caldron's, brought up three Pullets and two Geeſe at one heave— Here friend, quo he, make a ſhift with that Scum to ſtay thy Stomach till Dinner. God reward ye, quo *Sancho*; but where ſhall I put it?— Put it, quo the Cook— take Frying-pan and all, there's no body will grutch it thee——

At the ſame time *Don Quixote*, whoſe thoughts were otherwiſe employ'd, ſaw twelve young Farmers Sons i' their Holiday Jackets come riding in under the Boughs, upon Barbary Mares, both themſelves and their Horſes all bedeckt and ſet forth with Madam *Maudlins* Favours. Theſe twelve rid about the Meadow with their Prancing Mares, crying out, *Joy and long Life to the Bridegoom and Bride, the Noble Martin the Brave*, no leſs wealthy then *Madam Maudlin* is beautiful, and ſhe the faireſt i' the World. Which *Don Quixote* hearing, ah! quo he to himſelf, theſe People never ſaw my *Dulcinea del Toboſo*; for if they had, certainly they nere would cry up *Madam Maudlin* thus, like a Company of Buzzards.

Soon after at ſeveral other parts of the ſpacious Arbour, enter'd a great Number of Dancers; and among the reſt four and twenty young well favour'd brisk Lads, in their Half-ſhirts of fine white Holland, with their Handkerchifes of vary colour'd Silk wound about their Heads, and crown'd with Lawrel and Cheſtnut-branches, carrying every one a Sword i' their Hands. Theſe danc'd a Military dance, and skirmiſh'd one

with one another in mood and measure, that *Don Quixote* was mightily taken with the sport.

Nor was he less surpriz'd at the sight of a Company of young Virgins none under fourteen, and none above eighteen, clad in slight Green, with their Hair partly filleted up with Ribbonds, and partly dangling loose about their Shoulders, wearing Garlands of Jasmine, Roses, and Woodbines. These tript it about and danc'd a hundred jumping Galliards, to an Instrument like our *Lancashire* Horn-pipe, with that dexterity and nimbleness of Foot, as if they had every one been born in *Wake-time* under a *May-pole*. An other sort there were that could shake their Heels al-a-mode. This Company consisted of two Rows, of eight *Nymphs* apiece; the one led by *Cupid* with all his accoutrements, the other by *Money* clad in a rich Vestment of Gold and Silver: The *Nymphs* that follow'd *Love*, were *Poesie*, *Wisdom*, *Nobility* and *Courage*. Those that follow'd *Riches*, were *Liberality*, *Reward*, *Treasure*, and *Peaceable Possession*. Before 'em there came a Castle drawn by four Savages, clad in Green, cover'd over with Ivie, and grim surly Vizards upon their Faces, but so to the Life, that *Sancho* was almost scar'd to look upon 'em: Over the Portal of the Castle was written the *Castle of Prudence*. *Cupid* began the dance, and after a change or two, looking up toward the Castle, he made as if he would shoot at a Lady that appear'd upon the Battlements, to whom he thus Address'd himself.

I *Am* Priapus, *Not the Poet's God,*
But a Reality that Rules,
With a much more Majestick Rod:
Know then 'tis I,
And not a silly Boy,
Makes Fools run mad, and wise Men Fools;
Both Sexes are my Slaves, by Land and Sea,
Fish, Fowl, Beasts, Men, all my Commands obey;
No Fence will hold Bold Mortals, for my sake
Engag'd the Laws of God and Man to break.
They call me Love, *but my true Name's* Desire;
(*For true Love you must know*
Was banish'd hence, long, long a go.)
And Salamander-like I live in Fire;
For heat of Youth is that which gives me Life,
And nothing cools me but the name of Wife.
For would you know the only way to tame me,
But marry once, and streight Enjoyment shames me.
What do I hear then? some will crie;
Oh! Who at first but I?
But satisfi'd, like an Autumnal Plant,
I streight run up to Seed and die.

Cupid having thus shot his Bolt, and discharg'd an Arrow at the Castle, retir'd to give place to *Money*, who thus bespake the same Lady.

L*Ove is an Ass to me, for all his Boasting;*
'Tis I send Restless Mortals Roasting
For utmost India's *wealthy Spoyls;*
I make 'em hire their Souls and Bodies forth,
To all the heats and Toyls

Of

Of wicked War; they hunt me round
The Worlds vaſt Globe,
And when they cannot find me above ground,
Tear up the Bowels of their Mother Earth.
I make the Crooked ſtreight;
The Lame to go upright;
And with my ſcowring oare
Can Waſh milk-white the ſooty Blackamore.
Fools only wed for Love,
But all my Matches th' Old and Wiſe approve:
How ſimply looks the Man that wanteth Me?
But that ſame Happy He,
That does my ſtores controule,
He's the True Body, that has Life and Soul.

Here *Money* retir'd, when *Poetry* ſtepping into her Place thus pleaded for him ſelf.

LAdy, I Money love, and love it not;
For Poet's few are Rich, but thouſands Poor,
Yet in conceit above the Stars they Soare,
Great Princes in their Cups not worth a Groat.

But ſeeing without Money there's no ſport,
I ſend ye theſe few Lines of Prayer and Praiſe;
A Nuptial Song ſometimes will do no hurt,
If the Fair hand be Liberal that Pays.

Remember Lady, tho, how the Caſe ſtands,
'Tis on a Poet you beſtow, no Sot,
But one that Immortality commands;
And as you give, you live, or die forgot.

This ſaid, *Poetry* gave way, and *Liberality* advancing from *Money's* ſide, thus deliver'd her ſelf.

SOme Men upon their Wedding days ſeem mad,
And make ſuch Tearing ſhews with Ribands, Feaſts,
Enamel'd Rings and bidden Gueſts;
As if the Portion Bag no bottom had.
So like his Spouſes Maiden-head, at Night,
Nere to return, the Money takes its flight.

II.

But tho' I'm liberal, give me the Man
That ſteals to Church, and then ſteals home again.
Yet if he needs muſt keep a Wedding day,
To throw off ſome looſe Cerns
Of his great Portion, let him ſtay
Till that day three years, rather half a ſcore,
Untill he find himſelf ſecure from Horns,
From Female Empire, and God knows what more

Confounded Plagues of marry'd Life;
Then let him banquet with his Friends to Riot,
To ſhew, tho' marry'd, yet he lives at Quiet,
Lord of his own and Her; the Term to which
All Husbands tend, but few go thorough ſtitch.

In this manner all the *Nymphs* came forth and ſpoke their Verſes i' their Turns, of which ſome were bad, ſome indifferent, as *Lurkin* danc'd: However among the reſt, *Don Quixote*, who had a good Memory, remember'd theſe, as being thoſe that pleas'd him beſt.

After every one of the *Nymphs* had ſpoke i' their Turns, they all intermix'd and danc'd the *Hay*, and every time *Cupid* came againſt the Caſtle, he ſhot an Arrow at the Lady; but when *Riches* fac'd the Fortreſs, She threw ſeveral Guilded Balls over the Battlements.

After they had thus danc'd awhile, *Riches* took a great Purſe made of a Cats Skin, that ſeem'd to be full of Money, and threw it againſt the Caſtle with ſuch a force, that the Boards fell down, and left the Virgin without any defence. At what time *Riches* haſting to the Caſtle with her Train, threw a Gold Chain about the Virgins Neck, as it were to take her Captive; but then *Love* coming with his followers to her Reſcue, there happen'd a pleaſant diſpute for ſome time, to the Flute and Tabor, perform'd with great agility and exactneſs, till they were at length parted by the Savages, and ſo the Show ended, to the great ſatisfaction, and with the high Applauſe of all the Spectators.

When all things were over, *Don Quixote* askt one of the *Dancers*, who it was that had compos'd the Mask? who anſwer'd, that it was the Curate of the Village, that had an Admirable Wit for ſuch Inventions. By the Maſs, quo *Don Quixote*, he was more a Friend to Mr. *Baſil*, then *Don Martin*; and I dare be bold to ſay, better underſtands a Play then a Prayer Book: for he has made *Martin* pay with a vengeance for *Baſils* Activity.

Body a' me, quo *Sancho*, who heard the diſcourſe, *The Kings my Cock*—— I am for *Don Martin*. *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, when wilt thou learn to diſſemble; thou wilt always, do what I can, diſcover thy ſelf to be a Raſcal, that is, one of thoſe that always hold of the winning ſide. I know not what I am, quo *Sancho*, but this I know that I ſhall never skim out of *Baſils* Pot, what I ha' Ladell'd out of my Maſter *Martin's Caldron*; and ſo ſaying, he ſhew'd the Knight his Panfull of Geeſe and Hens, and at the ſame time fell on with his wonted Appetite, crying out, a Fig for *Baſils* Activities—— So much as the Lands worth, ſo much the Mans worth, and ſo much as the Mans worth, ſo much the Lands worth. My old Grandmother was wont to ſay, there were but two Progenies i' the World, *Have much*, and *Have little*, and ſhe had always the greateſt kindneſs for the Family of the *Have much's*. And now Sir at this day, your Phyſician had rather chooſe the Pulſe that has, then the Pulſe that knows; and an Aſs laden with Gold, looks better then a Horſe with fine Trappings: And therefore I ſay agen, I am clearly for my *Maſter Martin*, the very Scum of whoſe Pot is nothing but Geeſe, Hens, Hares and Coneys; but as for *Baſil*, by what I find, I queſtion whether he were born to the worth of a Skillet. I' the Devil's name, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, when doſt mean to make an end? Juſt now; I ha' done, quo *Sancho*, becauſe I find ye begin to be in a Paſſion; for otherwiſe I had cut my ſelf out work enough for three days together.

Ay,

Ay, quo *Don Quixote*, I know thou haſt a reſtleſs Tongue of thy own; I wiſh to Heaven I may but ſee it fairly pull'd out of thy Chaps before I die. Y'faith, Sir, quo *Sancho*, according to the Courſes we take, I may have Tongue little enough one of theſe days, when you ſhall have your ſatisfaction to ſee my Mouth full of cold Durt; and then 'tis a thouſand to one you may never hear me ſpeak more till the end of the World, at leaſt till the day of Judgement.

Grant it ſhould be ſo, reply'd *Don Quixote*, thy ſilence i' thy Grave will never recompence for thy paſt vexation, and the future plaguing of my Ears before thou dy'ſt; beſides, that by the Courſe of Nature I ſhould die before thee; and while thou liv'ſt, I am ſure thou't never leave prating, neither ſleeping nor drinking. In good faith, Sir, as for which of us two ſhall die firſt, quo *Sancho*, I know not what to ſay to't: There's no truſting to that Madam *Barebones*, I mean Death. She devours the Lamb as well as the Sheep; and as I have heard our Vicar ſay, all the Treaſures of the Great *Turk* won't bribe her; but ſhe tramples o're the Palaces of Kings as well as the lowly Cottages of the Poor. She's a Lady that has a vaſt power, and not ſo much as one grain of Civility; neither is ſhe at all ſqueamiſh or queaſie Stomach'd; ſhe devours all, ſwallows all, and fills her wide Satchel with all Ages, all Sexes, and all Conditions, whether Turks or Chriſtians. She's no Mower that ſleep's a Holydays; ſhe's always at work, and cuts down the Green as well as the Ripe Corn. She toils day and night, ſhe ſwallows without chewing, and crams her ungodly Maw, as if ſhe had a Greedy-worm in her Guts; and though you can ſee no Belly ſhe has, yet ſuch a fatal Dropſie haunts her, that her Thirſt is never ſatisfi'd, but ſhe's alway ſwilling and guggling the Lives of Men, and it goes down with her like Mothers Milk.

Stop there *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, hold while th' art well, for certainly thou haſt ſpoken of Death in thy Ruſtical Phraſe, as much as ſome Preachers could ha' done. Hadſt thou but Learning to thy Natural Parts, thou might'ſt turn *Itinerant Miniſter*, and appear i' the Pulpit. He preaches well that lives well, quo *Sancho*, I know no other Philoſophy: No, no, quo *Don Quixote*, thou haſt knowledge enough—— only I wonder at one thing, ſince the fear of God is the beginning of Wiſdom, how thou ſhould'ſt come to be ſo Wiſe, thou that art more afraid of Famine, then of all the Deities i' the World. Good my Lord Shudge, quo *Sancho*, do you cenſure your *Knight-Errants*, and let other Men alone with their fears and their Courage; and yet for all that I'de ha' ye to know I am as genteel a fearer of God, as any of my Neighbours; and ſo, Sir, here's to ye out of this Pan ſix *go-downs* upon Rep——— The reſt are all idle words of which we muſt give an accompt——and ſo ſaying, he made a ſecond attack upon his Provant, with that Mettle, as began to ſharpen his Maſter's Appetite; who doubtleſs would have bore him Company, had he not been prevented by that which neceſſity conſtrains us forthwith to ſet down i' the next Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Containing a farther Relation of Don Martins *Nuptials, and ſeveral other ſtrange Accidents.*

WHile *Don Quixote* and his Man *Sancho* were thus Parlying together, a ſtrange Confuſion of noiſes and voices reach'd their Ears, but none that were other then the ſigns of Joy and Acclamation. Thereupon they diſcover'd at a diſtance the Bride and the Bridegroom, haſting to the Arbour, accompani'd by the Curate, their Relations and Friends, beſides a great number of People, both of the ſame and the neighbouring Villages, all i' their Holly-day Habits, with the Muſick playing before 'em.

So ſoon as *Sancho* ſaw the Bride, y' gude faith, quo he, this Girle mun be no Country Laſs— wa is me, ſhe's not dreſt like a Farmers Daughter, but like ſome rich Aldermans Heireſs— Three rows of Pearl about her Neck, and a Glaring Thing behind, by this good Light—— Look, look, Sirs, what a Gown ſhe has on, ye connot zee what 'tis made on for Lace, but I warrant 'tis thirty pild Velvet— Bleſs us what a Petticoat's there! ſee how 'tis bedaub'd! 'twas never bought for vorty good Shillings I dare ſay— Hoy-da! and what are thoſe things about her Arms?— nothing but Gold— perfect Gold as I'm a Sinner—— and what's that glitters a little lower?— Diamonds— blow me down— they muſt be Diamonds— by the Maſs ſhe coſt more the Rigging then I am worth— had they been black Beads or Scotch Pearl, I could a' match'd 'em in our Town—— And now yonder again, what fine Locks the Quean has got! for if they be true I never ſaw longer nor whiter i' my Life. What Fillets of Pearl too ſhe has upon her Head! Cuds-niggers— if every Pearl ben't as white as a Sillabub— Heaven's how ſhe's bedizond— ſhe gliſſons from top to toe like a Looking glaſs, and bows under the weight of her Beads and her Jewels like a Laden Datetree— I' my Conſcience ſhe would pay a Broken Bankers debts, and ſet him up agen.

Don Quixote, with all his Gravity, could not chooſe but ſmile to hear how *Sancho* ſet forth the Lady after his Rural manner; for next to his own *Dulcinea*, he thought her one of the faireſt Women that ever he ſaw. However 'tis ſaid, at that time ſhe look'd a little Paliſh, which might be perhaps for want of ſleep. For Maids that are to be marri'd next morning, never go to Bed the Night before, which is all time little enough to dreſs themſelves in Quill for the next Nights undoing.

In this poſture all the ſelect Company made toward a kind of a Scaffold, ſet up a' one ſide the Meadow, and cover'd with Boughs, where the Ceremony was to be perform'd, and where they might with moſt convenience ſee all the ſport. But they were no ſooner come to the foot of the Scaffold, but they heard behind 'em a hideous outcry, and a mournful voice crying out, *Hold— Hold— a little, be not ſo haſty*—— At which words, turning about their Heads, they perceiv'd a Perſon clad in a long black Jacquet, border'd with Crimſon, powder'd with flames of Fire; upon his head he wore a Garland of *Cyprus*, and in his hand he carri'd a good big Cudgel, headed with an Iron Spike. So ſoon as he drew neer, they all knew him to be *Baſil*, and every one thought there would ſome miſchief be done, ſeeing him come neither welcome nor look'd for. At length

length he arriv'd weary and breathleſs; and as he was placing himſelf juſt before the Couple that were to be marry'd, he ſtrook the Iron end of his Cudgel into the Ground; and then fixing his Eyes upon the Bride, turning pale and trembling at the ſame time, with a hoarſe and wheazing voice; Ingrateful *Maudlin*, quo he, that haſt forgot thy plighted Troth to me alone; Thou that by the Laws of God and Man art oblig'd to Wed no other but my ſelf, while I am Living, Haſt thou e're found me unfaithful? and all the while I ſtay'd for Time and Diligence to better my Fortune and render me a Match more equal for thee; did ever I ſollicit diſhonourable favours to the prejudice of thy Vertue? What urges thee then, thus to falſifie thy word, and go about to give my Right to another, whoſe Riches only make him Fortunate? But let him enjoy his Felicity, ſince 'tis thy pleaſure; I'le not be long the Obſtacle of his Happineſs; theſe Hands of mine, at the expence of my own Life, ſhall give him the peaceable Poſſeſſion of my Claim— Live wealthy *Martin*, live Ingrateful *Maudlin*; and let the poor unfortunate *Baſil* dye, whoſe Poverty has clipp'd the wings of his Felicity, and lay'd him in his Grave; and ſo ſaying, he drew forth a ſhort Sword that was cas'd in the Stick, and ſetting the Pommel of it to the ground, fell upon the Point in ſuch a manner, that it came out all bloody at his Back, and there lay poor *Peel Garlick*, weltring of a ſudden in his Blood. Preſently *Baſil's* Friends running to the doleful ſpectacle, ſet up their Throats and made moſt hideous *Ohones* and Lamentations over him. *Don Quixote* alſo alighting from his Horſe, haſten'd to the bleeding Carkaſs, and perceiving poor *Baſil* yet to breath, made uſe of all his Compaſſion to comfort him. Upon which his Friends finding there was Life in a Muſcle, would fain have drawn the Sword out of his Body, but the Curate would not permit 'em, till he had confeſs'd him; alleadging that the drawing out of the Sword would be his immediate Death. But then it was, that *Baſil* as it were coming a little to himſelf, with a languiſhing utterance, and fetching a deep ſigh; Where is the cruel *Maudlin*? ſaid he, now, now at this laſt gaſp of my Breath, would ſhe but now vouchſafe to give me her Hand, and acknowledge her ſelf to be my Lawful Spouſe, contented would I then expire, and think my ſelf rewarded amply for the pains and torments that I ſuffer. One poor Sillable does it; ſay but *Yes*, and then——

Here the Curate interrupting him, told him he had now no leiſure to think of worldly pleaſures, that his time was but ſhort, and therefore admoniſh'd him to reconcile himſelf to Heaven, and beg pardon for the Deſperate Act he had committed. To which *Baſil* reply'd, that he knew the Deſperateneſs of his Condition; however that he was reſolv'd to dye deſparing, unleſs *Maudlin* would condeſcend to grant him the favour which he demanded; which done, he would ſubmit to any thing they ſhould require from him. Upon which *Don Quixote* cry'd out with a loud voice, that *Baſil* requeſted nothing but what was juſt and reaſonable, and a thing ſo much the more eaſily to be granted, in regard it would be no leſs honour for *Martin* to marry *Baſils* Widow, as true a Virgin as ſhe was before, then if he had receiv'd her at her Fathers hands, ſince her ſaying an inconſiderable *Yes*, made no Diſtinction 'twixt *Baſil's* Nuptial Bed and Grave.

Poor *Martin*, who ſaw what was done, and heard what was ſaid, was in a peck of Troubles, not knowing what to ſay or what to think. However *Baſil's* Friends attackt him ſeverely, and beſought him to give way that his Bride might be marry'd for a moment to their dying Friend, if it were

were but only to ſave his Soul, in danger of being eternally loſt, ſhould he dye impenitent; and ſo forcible were their Importunities, that *Martin* was content, provided *Maudlin* could be perſwaded to it; ſince 'twas but delaying for a minute or two the Accompliſhment of his own deſires. Thereupon they all made their addreſſes to *Maudlin*, ſome with Tears in their Eyes, others with the moſt obliging Arguments their Pity could invent, urging withal, that it could be no way i' the world to her prejudice, to marry a Man whom Death would Divorce the next minute from her. But whether it were want of Breeding, or ſcruple of Conſcience, *Maudlin* would make no anſwer, but ſtood like an Idol, ſpeechleſs and motionleſs, not knowing what to reſolve; and how long ſhe would ha' ſtood in that manner like *Lots Wife*, no body can tell, had not the Curate, who had the Padlock of her Conſcience, come to her, and bid her determine ſomething or other; for that *Baſils* Soul was juſt ready to depart, and could not ſtay for her Brown ſtudy's. But then the poor Virgin trembling every Joynt of her, with a ſlow pace drew neer where *Baſil* lay, with his Eyes fix'd, his Breath almoſt failing him, and making the World believe he would dye like an Infidel. At length *Maudlin* ſtanding cloſe by the dying Lover, bow'd her ſelf down, and made him a ſign to give him her Hand, as not being able to ſpeak. Then *Baſil* opening his Eyes, and fixing 'em in a Languiſhing Poſture upon *Maudlin*, Ah, *Maudlin*, ſaid He, where was all thy Pity flown before? Now 'tis too late thou com'ſt, bringing thy pity rather to make ſure work, as if thou wert afraid my timorous hand had falter'd. Now I have no more ſtrength left me, for a moment to enjoy the honour of being thine, and nothing can arreſt the pains that ſend me to my Grave, now, now thou com'ſt. However ſince 'tis only for a moment and no longer, abuſe me not a ſecond time; ſpeak not like one conſtrain'd, but ſincerely acknowledge me thy Husband; ſince 'twould be now an unworthy piece of inhumanity, conſidering the Condition to which thou haſt reduc'd me, to play the Counterfeit with *Me*, expiring *Me*, whom thou haſt always found ſo faithful and ſo true. This He ſpoke with ſuch a force upon himſelf, and ſuch a languiſhing utterance, that there was not one that heard him, but believ'd each word he ſpoke would have been his laſt. And now he ſeem'd to faint away, when *Maudlin* with Bluſhing Cheeks, yet with a ſeeming chearful Countenance, and a kind of violence upon her ſelf, taking the unfortunate Lover by the right Hand: No force, ſaid ſhe, can work upon my will; I give thee here the freeſt hand I have, to be thy Wedded Wife, and receive thine upon the ſame accompt, if by thee as freely given, and in an undiſturb'd condition of thy ſence and judgment. I give thee mine ſincerely, reply'd *Baſil*, and with an Intellect as ſane as ever Heaven beſtow'd upon me; and ſo I vow my ſelf thy Wedded Husband. And I receive thee ſo, cry'd *Maudlin*, whither long liv'd, or whither forthwith hurry'd from my Arms into thy Grave: Now dye in Peace, and I wiſh thee a good Paſſage.

My thinks, quo *Sancho*, this young Man talks a little too much to be wounded to Death; but if he be ſo neer it as you ſay he is, I would adviſe him to leave off his woing, and to mind the health of his Soul, which by what I can find, is much more vigorous in his Tongue then in his Teeth.

Now after *Baſil* and *Maudlin* had enter'd into this ſolemn League and Covenant one with another, while yet their Hands were claſp'd together, in ſteps the Curate, willing to content the poor dying *Baſil* to the utmoſt

of

of his Power, and no less mortify'd with the sight of such a sad Spectacle, with Tears in his Eyes gives 'em both his Benediction, beseeching God, withal, to have Mercy upon the Soul of the new marry'd Man. Who had no sooner receiv'd the *Nuptial Blessing*, but he started upon his Feet, and with an unexpected Activity drew out the Sword that had been sheath'd in his Body. At this, all the spectators were amaz'd; and some of the simpler sort cry'd out a *Miracle*, a *Miracle*. No, no, quo *Basil*, with a voice as sound as a Cryer of a Court, and louder then the rest, *No Miracle*, but only a Trick of Agility. Whereupon the Curate more astonish'd then all the rest, lay'd both his Hands upon the Wound, and after he had felt the place, he found that the Sword had no where pierc'd the Cunning *Basils* Body, but only a Tin Pipe full of Blood ingeniously fitted to his Ribs, and prepar'd for his design. In a word the Curate, Monsieur *Martin*, and his Friends, acknowledg'd themselves to be fairly cheated. As for the new marry'd Woman, she was so far from being concern'd, that hearing 'em say that the Marriage was fraudulent, and easily dissolv'd, she openly declar'd, that she would abide by what she had done, and confirm it anew; which made some People think that it was a Plot lay'd between *Basil* and *Her*.

Monsieur *Martin* and his Friends enrag'd to be thus chous'd of a Wife and a Wedding, were all for immediate revenge, and drawing their Swords, fell upon *Basil* in great fury. But *Basil* found as many Friends as his Baffl'd Rival; so that in a Trice there had like to ha' been a pretty Battel. But *Don Quixote*, seeing the Confusion that was like to happen, presently remounting *Rosinante*, with his Lance Couch'd, and cover'd with his Shield, threw himself between the Combatants, and put a present stop to their fury, while *Sancho* retir'd to the Place where he had had his dainty Morsels, believing that would be a Sanctuary to which they would all give respect and veneration, in the height of their Malice. In the mean time *Don Quixote* turning sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other, Hold, Gentlemen, Hold, cry'd he, and hearken to Reason, whose Interpreter I am. Know then there's no reason i' the World to revenge upon a Lover, the Deceits of his Love: For as in War, so in Love, Stratagem's are always allow'd. *Madam Maudlin* belong'd of right before to *Basil*, and *Basil* to *Madam Maudlin*; Heaven it self had so ordain'd it; *Don Martin* is Rich, and may meet with Wives enow, that will be glad of his Estate, as handsom as she; as for *Basil*, that has but one Sheep, tho he has no reason to complain, 'tis unjust to deprive him of his single delight: and therefore let no Man sunder those whom God has joyn'd; for here I solemnly declare the first that shall be so bold as to attempt it, must wrest this Lance from my invincible Hand; and so saying he shook his Spear with that remarkable force and vigour, that he cast a sudden terrour into all that beheld him. So that *Don Martin's* Choler changing at an Instant into an immediate scorn of Madam *Maudlin's* Contempt, he resolv'd to forget her; which was the Grand reason that upon the easie perswasions of the Curate, who was a Person of singular Prudence, both He and all the rest of his Party put up their Swords, more offended at *Maudlins* Inconstancy, then *Basils* Policy. *Don Martin* also reason'd thus discreetly with himself; that if *Maudlin* lov'd *Basil* when she was a Maid, 'twas most probable that her love would have still continu'd, and he should have only been a marry'd Cuckold; so that instead of being Wedded to her, he had more cause to thank Heaven that he was so fairly rid of her. Pacify'd with these Considerations, *Don Martin*

tin was so far from resenting the Accident, that he was resolv'd the Feast should go forward, as if it had been his own Concern.

But *Basil* and *Maudlin*, and all that were of his Party, resolv'd to retire to *Basils* Village: For discreet and Vertuous mediocrity is no less admir'd and honour'd by her followers, then the rich are applauded by their Crouds of Flatterers. *Basil* also and his Companions invited *Don Quixote* along with them, as looking upon him to be a Person of Quality and Worth; who was easily perswaded to follow those whose part he had taken.

But as for *Sancho*, not to lie, he follow'd his Master with a sorrowful heart. His Soul was in a Mist, and his disconsolate breast could admit no Consolation, to find that he must abandon the Good Chear of *Don Martins* Feast that lasted till night. Full of grief and melancholy therefore he Shuffl'd after *Rosinante*, seeing himself so unfortunately constrain'd to leave behind him the Flesh Pots of *Ægypt*; which however he carry'd away in his mind, while the scum of *Don Martins* Kettle, that lay yet unconcocted in his Stomach, represented to his thoughts the abundant happiness he had lost.

CHAP. XXII.

Of the unheard of Adventure of the Cavern *of* Montesinos, *which* Don Quixote *accompliſh'd with great ſucceſs.*

THe new marry'd Couple thought nothing too good for *Don Quixote*, whom they made most highly welcom, in acknowledgment of his readiness to defend their Cause, honouring his Prudence no less then his Valour, while they ascrib'd to him as well the Eloquence of a *Cicero*, as the Courage of a *Guy of Warwick*. *Sancho* also repair'd all his Losses, during the three days that his Master stay'd, and being plentifully recruited came to his good humour again. *Basil* also declar'd that Madam *Maudlin* had no hand in his Plot, but that it was a meer contrivance of his own, which he had only imparted to some of his Friends, that they might assist in case of necessity to make good his Amourous Fraud. To which *Don Quixote* answer'd, that there was nothing to be call'd Fraud, which tended to a vertuous end; of which nature was Matrimony, where both parties had a real Affection for each other, there being but one Inconvenience that annoys it, Poverty and Necessity. For Love is altogether Gladness, Comfort, and Content, especially where the Person loving enjoys the Object of his Affection; a Tranquility that has only for its profest and open Enemys, Penury and Hunger. All which he spake, with a purpose meerly to advise his Friend Mr. *Basil*, to quit his Youthful Sports and Exercises, which tho they won him Reputation, brought him no Money to make the Pot boyl, and to attend the getting of a Livelihood by fair and honest ways, that never fail the Industrious. Then pursuing his discourse, The Man that is Poor and Honest, quo *Don Quixote* (if a Poor Man may be call'd Honest) has a Jewel in having a vertuous Wife; which he that takes from him, dishonours her, and takes away his Life. The Woman that is fair and honest, when her Husband is Poor, deserves to be Crown'd with Garlands of Conquest and Tryumph: Beauty attacks the

the Good will of all that behold it; the Royal Eagles and high ſoaring Faulcons ſtoop to her pleaſing Lure: But when they find it in neceſſity; the Kites, Crows, and other Birds of Prey are continually fluttering about it: Which ſhe that can withſtand with an Invincible Conſtancy, deſerves to be the Glory of her Sex.

Obſerve moſt worthy *Baſil*, farther added *Don Quixote*; It was the Opinion of a Wiſe Man, whoſe name I have forgot, that there was but one good Woman in the World, and he advis'd every Husband to think his own Wife was ſhe, as being the only way to live content. For my part I am a Batchelour, nor have I hitherto had any Inclination to marry; and yet methinks if my advice were ask'd, I could tell another how he ſhould chooſe a Wife. I would adviſe him in the firſt place to conſider her Reputation rather then her Fortune: For a Vertuous Woman does not acquire a good Name by her being ſo, but by her appearing ſo. For the leaſt liberty that a Woman takes in the ſight of the World, does her more injury then all the looſneſs ſhe can practice in ſecret. If a Man finds her good, 'tis an eaſie thing to preſerve her ſo; but if ſhe come bad to him at firſt, 'tis a difficult thing to mend her; in regard 'tis almoſt an impoſſible thing to paſs from one extream to another; I ſay almoſt impoſſible, for I do not hold it altogether ſo.

All this while *Sancho* had liſtn'd with an unſpeakable deal of Patience, but being no longer able to contain himſelf; My Maſter, quo he, muttering to himſelf, when I fall upon ſuch diſcourſes as theſe, was wont to tell me, that I ſhould tye a Pulpit at my Back, and carry't about wi' me, to preach my *Conundrum's* in: but I'm ſure when he begins to thread Sentences, and talk *Sparables*, he had more need of a good Waggon load for his own ſhare. The Devil take him for a *Knight-Errant*, I think he's one of the ſeven Wiſe Men; by my Soul, at firſt I thought he had underſtood nothing but *Knight-Errantry*; but upon my Life, I find he underſtands all things; there's no Water ſo hot, but he can put his Finger in it.

Sancho, quo *Don Quixote*, overhearing him, what's that thou art grumbling at? I ſay nothing, quo *Sancho*, neither do I grumble at any Body; only I was ſaying to my ſelf, that I wiſh I had heard your Worſhip preach this Doctrine before I marry'd, I might ha' been now like the unyoak'd Ox, to lick my ſelf where I pleas'd; or like the Aſs at her eaſe, to wallow where I thought fit. Why, quo *Don Quixote*, is my Nighbour *Tereſa* ſo bad? Not ſo very bad neither quo *Sancho*, nor yet ſo good as I would have her. Fie *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, thou do'ſt not do well to ſpeak ill of thy Wife, who is the Mother of thy Children. There's no love loſt between us reply'd *Sancho*, ſhe ſpeaks ill of me ſometimes, eſpecially when ſhe thinks I ha' been a Swan-hopping; and then Satan himſelf would not endure her maundring.

Well, to be ſhort, three days did our Adventurers ſtay with the new marry'd Couple, where they were feaſted like the Guards of the Kings Body. At the end of which *Don Quixote* requeſted the Curate to provide him a Guide that might conduct him to the Cave of *Monteſinos*, otherwiſe call'd the *Devil's Arſe i'th Peak*, which he had a ſtrange deſire to be Romaging, and to ſee with his own Eyes all the wonders that were reported of it by the Country People. Thereupon the Curate promis'd that one of his Kinſmen ſhould go along with him, who was a very good *Grammar* Schollar, and one that had a great kindneſs for Books of *Knight-Errantry*; and that he ſhould carry him to the very Hole of the Cave: moreover that he would be very good Company for him, and

would shew him all the Springs of the Lake *Ruydera*, so famous in those parts.

In a short time the young Man came, upon a sorry Mare that was with Fole, having his Saddle cover'd with an old Carpet, for the better grace of the Business. Thereupon *Sancho* saddled *Rosinante*, got ready his own *Grizzle*, fill'd both his own Wallets, and the Students to boot; at what time *Don Quixote* taking leave of the Company in most solemn Manner, they all mounted and set forward toward the wonderful Cave.

As they rode along *Don Quixote* ask'd the young Schollar, what Employment he follow'd, and what was his Profession. To which the Schollar answer'd, that his Profession was Humility; and that he spent his time in making Books for the Press; which were not only profitable for himself, but of great advantage and benefit to the Publick: Particularly that he had one Book that would come forth the next Term, a very large Volumn in *Folio*, entitled *Calliopes Cabinet*, illustrated with figures and Brass Cuts, wherein all Gentlemen, of all Qualities and Degrees, might be enform'd how to order themselves at Feasts, Funerals, and all Heroick Meetings, and how all Degrees are to take Place, with a Dictionary of Herald Terms. I have another almost as ready as that, quo he, call'd Mr. *I I's Legacy to his Friends*, containing seven hunder'd fifty six Instances of Gods Providence, in and about Sea Dangers and Deliverances, with the Names of several that were Eye witnesses to many of 'em; for the Conversion of Seamen. I have another call'd *Ovids Metamorphoses transpos'd*: This is a new and rare Invention, for that by means of History intermix'd with Fable, I tell ye who *Merlin* was, give ye an account of the *Pinner of Wakefield*, make St. *Winifreds Well* agree with *Salmacis's Fountain*; the *Cumæan Sybil's Cave* with *Oukie Hole*; St. *Vincents Rock* with the Story of *Lychas*: The Floating Island in *Scotland* I compare with the Island *Ortygia*, and tell ye that *Silbury* Hill was *Misenus's* Tomb; I omit not the *Whispering place* at *Gloceſter*, nor to give ye the true Original of *Stonehenge*; a work full of *Metamorphoses* and Allegories, as well for Diversion as Instruction. I have another call'd a Supplement to *Polydore Virgil*, a work that shews the great Pains and Learning of the Compiler. For example, you shall not find there who was the first Man i' the World that was troubl'd with a Catarrh, nor who was the first that was Syring'd for the Neapolitan disease, which I make out as clear as the Sun by the authority of five and twenty Testimonies living at the same time. Sometimes I Compose *Godly Manuals* of Devotion, and directions for receiving the Communion, for the Pedlers to spread about the Country, besides what I present my self to such as I hear to be People devoutly given. And now I leave you to judge, Sir, whether I don't take a world of pains, and whether these Books may not be of great Benefit to the Publick.

Sancho having listen'd all this while with great attention; So God direct your right Hand, quo he to the Schollar, in all the Rest of your Transcriptions, I beseech ye Sir, for I find you know all things, can you tell me, who was the first Man i' the world that scratch'd his Head? for I am apt to think, 'twas our first Father *Adam*. Y' are i' the right on't, quo the Schollar; for he being the First Man i' the World, without doubt had a Head and Hair upon it, which as it could not choose but itch sometimes, so he could not choose but scratch it. Very good, quo *Sancho*; but can you tell me who was the first Vaulter i' the World; In truth quo the Schollar I cannot resolve ye at present, but I'le turn over my Books, and tell ye the next time we see one another, for I hope this will not be the last

time

time. No, no, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I'le ſpare ye that labour and reſolve the Queſtion my ſelf. The firſt Vaulter i' the World was *Lucifer*, when he was thrown out of Heaven, and jump'd into Hell.

You ſay very true, quo the Schollar, what a Dunce was I not to think on't. Hang him, quo *Don Quixote*, this Anſwer is none of his own. Body a' me, quo *Sancho*, don't you believe that Sir; for if I fall a queſtioning and anſwering once, I'le undertake to hold on till this day ſennight; let me alone to put idle Queſtions, and anſwer Extravagancies, without the help of my Neighbours. Thou giv'ſt 'em a better Name then thou art aware of, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, for there are ſome People that ſpend a world of Time, and labour infinitely in the ſearch of Trifles, that are not worth a button when they come to be known.

In theſe and ſuch like pleaſant Diſcourſes they ſpent the day, and at night they lodg'd in a Village, from whence the Schollar told 'em, 'twas not above ſix miles to the Cave, and where it would be neceſſary for *Don Quixote* to provide good ſtore of Ropes if he intended to ſee the Bottom? Let that be your care *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, for I'm reſolv'd to ſee the Bottom, tho' it carry me to the Suburbs of Hell it ſelf. Thereupon *Sancho* went and bought a hunder'd Fathom of new ſtrong well-twiſted Hempen Merchandize, and the next day by two a Clock i' the Afternon, they arriv'd at the Mouth of the Hole, which was very large and ſpacious, but ſo ſurrounded with Buſhes, Nettles, Burdocks, and other Weeds, that you could hardly come at it, as if Nature had ſet a Guard about it, or the Devil had hid it for a Pit-fall to have caught *Don Quixote* himſelf.

Don Quixote was no ſooner arriv'd, but he preſently alighted, as did the other two with the ſame ſwiftneſs; and *Don Quixote* was in ſuch haſte, that he immediately ſet the Student and *Sancho* to faſten the Ropes together, which while they were a doing; Sir, quo *Sancho* to his Maſter, conſider what ye do, look before ye leap, and don't be ſo hairbraind in one of your Megrims, to bury your ſelf alive: Don't put your ſelf *Dingle dangle* you don't know where, as they hang Bottles in a Well to keep the Wine cool. Conſider what buſineſs you have to do there, and whether you have any acquaintance in Hell that may do you a kindneſs, ſhould the worſt come to the worſt. Prithee friend bind me, and hold thy Tongue, quo *Don Quixote*, or bind on, and talk on; but be ſure bind me faſt; bind faſt, and find faſt—— He's a Man a' parts can do two things at once—— and who knows, but that this Adventure was reſerv'd only for Me? *Theſeus* went down into Hell—— and Pious *Eneas* went down into Hell—— and Pious *Don Quixote* will go down into Hell—— bind me I ſay.—— Pray, Sir, quo the Student, when y'are in, look well about ye—— let nothing ſcape your Eye, nor your Memory that's worth recording; there may be many things proper for the next Edition of my *Metamorphoſes*. Let him alone, quo *Sancho*, the Game's all in his own hands, and he'l play it well I warrant ye.

Don Quixote finding himſelf well bound, 'Slife quo he, what ha' we forgot?— I ſhould have had a little Bell ty'd to my Girdle, to give ye notice ſtill where abouts I am;— but ſince there's no Remedy, welcom what falls; and ſo ſaying, he fell upon his Knees, and after a ſhort Prayer to Heaven for ſucceſs and aſſiſtance in an Adventure ſo perillous, at leaſt to all outward appearance, up he got again, and then fixing his Eyes toward *Toboſo*, with the ſame devotion as the *Turks* look toward *Mecca*, with a loud voice, O thou, ſaid he, that govern'ſt all my Actions and moſt ſecret Thoughts, Illuſtrious and Matchleſs *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, if

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it be poſſible for the prayers of thy All daring Champion to approach thy Ears, by the Charms of thy Celeſtial Beauty I conjure thee to vouchſafe me thy Protection and thy Favour, ſo requiſite to fortifie my Courage at this time of need. I am juſt now going to ingulf, precipitate, and caſt my ſelf headlong into this unknown Abyſs, meerly out of an Ambition to do ſomething worthy thy Renown, and to let the World know, there is nothing impoſſible to him that adventures under the Banners of thy Beauty.

This ſaid he approach'd the Mouth of the Hole, and finding it all overgrown with Weeds, Brakes and Buſhes, he drew his Sword and began to cut his way through. But ſtrange to tell, he had not ſtruck above four or five blows, before he had rais'd ſuch an infinite number of Crows and Flittermice about his Ears, that he was not able to ſtand upon his Legs, ſuch was the Impetuoſity of the Winged Tempeſt that overwhelm'd him to the Ground; ſo that had he not been better grounded in Chriſtianity then to be ſuperſtitious, he had certainly taken it for a bad Omen, and deſiſted from hi Enterprize. But he roſe again with an undaunted Courage, and finding that he had put all the Birds to flight, he committed himſelf to the mercy of the Rope and his two Friends; who ſerving inſtead of a Cuſtom Houſe Crane, let him down gently, having wound the Rope, Wine-Porter like, about the Body of a ſmall Tree that grew cloſe by, to have the more command of their weight. At what time *Sancho*, ſeeing him going; Heaven, quo he, proſper thee, and our Lady of *Loretta*, and the holy Martyr St. *Thomas a Becket* go along with Thee, thou Mirrour of Chivalry, and Cream of all *Knights-Errant*. There goes the Hackſter of the World; Arms all of Steel, and Heart of Braſs—— Omnipotence preſerve thee, and bring thee back again ſound Wind and Limb, once more to ſee that Comfortable Sun by thee contemn'd, to court Infernal Darkneſs, and gratifie the Maggot's of thy Brain, that ſend thee upon a ſleevleſs Errand to the Devil. To all which the Schollar ſaid *Amen.*

But *Don Quixote*, who neither minded nor heard their Prayers, cry'd out aloud to give him more Rope, upon which the Schollar and *Sancho* were ſo free of their Hemp, that they never left off, till they had let down full out a hunder'd Fathom of Cord; and then they began to conſider whether to hawl up agen or no. However they thought he muſt have ſome time to look about him, and ſo they ſtay'd half an hour, which being expir'd, not able to endure any longer delay, they began to heave at the *Capſtall*; but finding the Rope to come ſo eaſily at firſt, without any ſtreſs or weight at all; Well— quo *Sancho*, farewel *Knight-Errantry*— now has ſome damn'd Devil or other got my Maſter a Pick back, and is running away with him, Sword and Buckler and all— and with that he burſt forth into a ſhower of Briny Tears, and fell a hawling like madd for farther ſatisfaction. But after they had pull'd up about eight and twenty Fathom, they began to feel Ponderoſity, which reviv'd their drooping Spirits like a noggin a' Brandy.

When they came within ten fathom of the Ropes end, quo *Sancho* to the Schollar, hold faſt, and out of the bundance of his Joy, running to the mouth of the Hole, Cud's life, Sir, ſaid he, we thought y' had been pawnd for the Reck'ning. To which *Don Quixote* anſwer'd not a word; and when they had drawn him quite up, they found that his Eyes were quite ſhut, as if he had been in a profound ſleep: preſently they lay'd him upon the ground, and unbound him, yet withal their moving and ſtirring him he never made any ſign of waking. In which

Condition

Condition they turn'd him, and rowl'd him, and tumbl'd him about ſo long, that at laſt he began to come to himſelf, rubbing his Eyes and ſtretching forth his Limbs, as if he had waken'd at the Fortnights end: at what time ſtaring round about him with a ghaſtly look; Ah my dear friends, ſaid He, you cannot imagine the Injury you have done me, you have depriv'd me of one of the ſweeteſt Lives and pleaſanteſt Sights that ever Mortal led, or human Eye beheld. And now it is that I am fully convinc'd that all the Pleaſures of this Life are all but tranſitory Dreams. Oh unfortunate *Monteſinos*, and thou luckleſs *Durandart*, ſo treacherouſly wounded! Unhappy *Belerma*, but more to be deplor'd *Guadiana*! and you the ſad and mournful Daughters of *Ruydera*, whoſe ſwelling Waters ſhew what Streams of Tears once trickl'd from your Charming Eyes.——

The Schollar and *Sancho* amaz'd to hear ſuch ſad expreſſions as theſe utter'd by the new return'd Champion, and denoting a more then ordinary Affliction, beſought him to explain himſelf, and to let 'em know what he had ſeen in that ſame Hell upon Earth, where he had been. Call not that Hell, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that rather ſeem'd to be a Paradiſe, as if you'l have but patience, I ſhall ſoon convince ye. In the mean while gi' me ſomething to eat, for I think I was never ſo hungry i' my Life. Upon that, *Sancho* ſpread the Schollars old piece of Hanging, that ſerv'd him doubl'd for a Saddle, upon the Ground, and all the Leathern Butteries having ſurrender'd their Store, they eat altogether lovingly and heartily; for *Don Quixote* was not a Man that took State upon him, when he was not in high Company. Now when they had all done, and that *Sancho* had taken away; come *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, come and ſit down again— and let no Man riſe, but mark attentively what I am preparing to tell ye.

CHAP. XXIII.

Containing a Relation of the wonderful things which the Unparallell'd Don Quixote *ſaw in the Cave of* Monteſinos; *the Strangeneſs and Impoſſibility of which makes this Chapter to be taken for Apocrypha.*

IT was now about four a Clock i' the Afternoon, and a cloſe day, ſo that the Sun not able to pierce the thicker Clouds with his ſcalding Beams, gave *Don Quixote* the liberty to enjoy the cool Air, and to entertain his two Illuſtrious Friends with the following Relation of the unheard of Wonders which he had ſeen in the Cave of *Monteſinos*.

When y'are deſcended, ſaid he, about twelve or fifteen Fathoms into the Cave, you come to a large and ſpacious Concavity, big enough to hold a Weſt-Country Waggon with all its Oxen; into which there falls a glimmering Light, from certain narrow holes that reach to the Superfices of the Earth. When I came to this place, I took a fancy to it, and being tyr'd with hanging ſo long by the Middle, and to tell ye the truth, ſomewhat unwilling to deſcend any lower, neither knowing where I went; not having any Guide, I conſider'd better of it, and reſolv'd to go into this ſame place and reſt my ſelf: when I was in, I call'd to you to let

down

down no more Rope, but it ſeems you did not hear me; however I coyl'd up the Cable, and laying it by me, ſate my ſelf down upon it, full of Penſive Contemplation; when of a ſudden, as if ſome *Necromancer* had lay'd his charming Rod upon my Brows, a moſt profound ſleep ſeiz'd me; out of which, being, I know not how, ſoon after wak'd agen, I found my ſelf in one of the faireſt, and moſt delightful Meadows that ever nature beautify'd with all her Ornaments: Now that I might be ſure I was not in a Dream, I wip'd my Eyes, I blew my Noſe, I told my Money, ſcratch'd my Head, and gave my ſelf all the aſſurances imaginable, that I was as certainly awake as an Angler in a Lighter.

Preſently I beheld a moſt Princely and Sumptuous Caſtle, of which the Walls and Battlements ſeem'd to be of clear and tranſparent Chryſtal. At the ſame time likewiſe two great Cedar Gates leiſurely opening, there came forth a Venerable old Man, clad in a long grey Mantle, with a Tippet of green Sarcenet covering his Shoulders, like the Fellow of a Colledge. Upon his head he wore a black Bonnet ſomewhat like a Cardinals Cap; his Beard that was broad and white as the Driven Snow, reaching from his Chin to his Girdle: in his hands he had no other Weapons then a Roſary of Beads about the bigneſs of Wallnuts, and his *Credo* Beads as big as ordinary Oſtridge Eggs. The Port, the Gravity, the Pace, the awful and ſerious Aſpect of this Old Man ſtruck me with Admiration; but much more was my ſurprize when this Reverend Spectacle accoſting, and embracing me, gave me this ſolemn welcom; Long and with extream impatience, ſaid He, have we been waiting for thy coming, moſt Valiant Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. We that lye Inchanted in this Solitude, to the end thou may'ſt reveal to the World the Prodigious Wonders lockt up from Human knowledge, within this Cave call'd *Monteſino*'s Cave, an Adventure reſerv'd alone for thy invincible Courage, and only worthy of thy Reſolution. Follow me then, thou moſt Illuſtrious Champion, and behold thoſe Aſtoniſhing Miracles inclos'd within this tranſparent Palace, of which I am the perpetual Governour; for I am that ſame *Monteſinos* from whom this Cavern takes its name.

No ſooner had the Venerable Seer inform'd me that his name was *Monteſinos*, but I requeſted him to tell me whether it were true or no, what was ſo confidently reported upon Earth, that he had ripp'd the Heart of his great Friend *Durandart*, out of his Belly with a little Dagger, and had carry'd it as a Token from him to the fair *Belerma*, according to his own deſire upon his death Bed. To which he anſwer'd me, that all the reſt was truth, only that he did not make uſe of a Dagger, but of an Agat hafted Carving Knife, poliſh'd and ſet as keen as a Razor.

Then I believe, quo *Sancho*, I can tell where 'twas bought, either in *Shoe-Lane* or *Popeshead-Alley*; eſpecially if it were Razor Mettle. I don't believe, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, that any of your Acquaintance ſold it; for the Battel of *Ronceſvales* happen'd long before *Shoe-Lane* or *Popeshead-Alley* were famous for Cutlers; neither is it of any Importance to confirm or diſprove the Truth of the Story. You ſay very true, reply'd the Scholar, and therefore, Sir *Knight*, pray be pleas'd to go on with your Information, which affects me with a ſtrange delight to hear it. You win my Soul, quo *Don Quixote*, for I'm ſure no Man can be better pleas'd in telling it.

And ſo I ſay, that being arriv'd at the Chryſtal Caſtle, *Monteſinos* led me into a low Room of State, all of Alablaſter and very cool. There was in it alſo a Marble Tomb, a Piece of moſt incomparable Workmanſhip;

ſhip; upon which lay a Knight extended all at length; not of Marble or Braſs, as in other Monuments, but Fleſh and Bones. He cover'd the Region of his Heart with his Right Hand, which ſeem'd to me to be very hairy and ſinewy; an unqueſtionable ſign of the great ſtrength of the Deceaſed Knight. Now while I was viewing this Sepulcher with equal Curioſity and Aſtoniſhment, behold here, ſaid *Monteſinos*, my Friend *Durandart*, the Flowr and Mirror of all the Amorous and Valiant Knights of his Time. *Merlin*, that famous *Welch Necromancer*, who as they ſay was the Son of the Devil; tho I believe if he were his Son, he knew more then his Father; I ſay, that *Merlin* keeps him here Inchanted, as he does Me and a great number of others both Men and Women: But how or wherefore he has Inchanted us no body knows: Perhaps he may be call'd to a ſevere accompt ere long; and I believe the time is neer at hand. But that which moſt aſtoniſhes me is this, that I am as ſure as ever I eat my Vittles, that *Durandart* breath'd his laſt Gaſp in my Arms, and that ſo ſoon as he was dead I ript his Heart with my own hands out of his Body; by the ſame token, that to ſpeak modeſtly it weigh'd above two Pound *Averdupois* weight: and what opinion ought we to have then of the Courage of my Friend, ſince the Natural Philoſophers tell us, that a great Heart is the mark of a great Courage? Now this Knight being dead as I have told yee, how comes it to paſs, that he ſighs and weeps, and makes thoſe heavy complaints as every day he does, juſt as he us'd to do when he was alive?

No ſooner were theſe words out of *Monteſinos*'s Mouth, but the unfortunate *Durandart* cry'd out, Ah my dear Couſin *Monteſinos!* well you know, that the laſt requeſt I made you with my fainting Breath, was to rip my Heart out of my Body, ſo ſoon as I was dead, and carry it to the Fair *Belerma*. To whom *Monteſinos*, falling upon his Knees with Tears in his Eyes, Sir *Durandart*, ſaid he, the Deareſt of my Kindred, believe me now upon the word of a Kinſman, if I did not fulfil all your deſires; the very fatal day of your Deceaſe, I took your Heart out of your Body as cleverly as an Anatomiſt, dry'd up the Blood with a Damask Napkin, then wrapt it up in a Lawn Handkercher, border'd about with a Needlework-Lace, waſh'd my Hands in the Tears that fell from my Eyes, and after I had payd my laſt Duties to your deceaſed Body, away I tript from *Roncevalles* for *France*, by the ſame token that the next Town I came to lodge at, I rub'd your Heart with three or four Handfuls of the beſt Salt, for fear it ſhould ſmell and offend the Noſtrils of the fair *Belerma*, whom the *Necromancer Merlin* has kept Inchanted in this place for many years, as well as you and I, together with *Guadiana* your Squire. Madam *Ruydera*, her ſeven Daughters, and two Couſins were here two; with ſeveral others of your Acquaintance: and tho it be now above five hunder'd years ſince we were firſt clapt up in this Jayl, we are all ſtill alive, unleſs it be Madam *Ruydera* and her ſeven Daughters; whoſe Tears ſo melted cruel *Merlins* Heart, that he metamorphos'd the Daughters into ſo many Fountains, and the Mother into a River. *Guadiana* your Squire, who continually bewail'd your Misfortune, he chang'd into another River, that bears his own name, yet ſtill ſo ſenſible of your diſaſters, that ſometimes it hides it ſelf under Ground, deſirous as it were to conceal its ſorrows from the World; nor will it ſuffer any wholſom and well taſted Fiſh within its Streams, as loth to feed the Cruelty of Human kind. All this dear Couſin I have ſeveral times told ye before, and becauſe you never made me any anſwer, I thought you gave no credit to my words, which

greiv'd me to the Soul. But now I have other News to tell ye, which if it do not revive your Spirits, can be no prejudice to your Quiet; and that is, that you have here before ye the famous Knight, concerning whom the Cruel *Merlin* has foretold so many Miracles, I mean the Couragious *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, who has not only restor'd neglected *Knight-Errantry* to the World, but advanc'd it to its ancient Lustre, and by whom we may expect to be releas'd from our Inchantment, since great Performances are still reserv'd for the most Illustrious Champions. Then *Durandart* with a faint and languishing utterance, Oh Cousin! but should it be otherwise—— should it be otherwise, Cousin—— *there's no remedy but patience and shuffling the Cards again*——— and so saying, he turn'd him a one side and fell asleep again.

By and by I heard most bitter Howlings and Lamentations, accompani'd with most doleful sobs and sighs; at what time turning about my head I saw through the Chrystal Wall, a Processions, in two Companies, of Beautiful Ladies all clad in Mourning, with White Sarcenet Hoods upon their heads. In the rear of the rest follow'd a most Ravishing Lady, that by her Gate and Gravity seem'd to be superior to the others, in a black Crape Manteau, with a long white Veil that reach'd down from her Head to her Heels; she had a black Peak upon her Forhead, and her Head was dress'd up with plain white Moselin, cover'd with a large Love Hood. Moreover she had a full black Eye-brow; a Nose somewhat flat, and a wide Mouth; a little Blubber Lip'd, but her Harrow-Teeth were extreamly white, though very thin and snaggy withal. She held in her Hand a very fine Diaper Napkin, wherein you might perceive an Embalm'd Heart, that look'd as if it had been dry'd in a Bakers Oven. *Montesinos* told me, that all those Ladies were Maids of Honour to *Durandart* and *Belerma*, all *Merlins* Prisoners, and that she that carry'd the Heart was *Belerma* her self, who four times a week walk'd that Procession with her Damsels, singing all the way the Lamentation of a bad Market, or rather howling out a hunder'd *Ohone Ohones* over the Heart of the unfortunate Champion. To this he added, that if *Belerma* was not so fair as was reported, it was to be attributed to her sufferings under Enchantment that had sunck her Eyes, and tarnish'd her Complexion; for that when she was in her Prime, the Fair *Dulcinea*, so fam'd in the World, was a meer Dowdy to her. Hold a blow there, good Mr. *Montesinos*, quo I, Comparisons are odious, Mrs. *Belerma* might have had her Advantages of Beauty, but I beseech ye wipe your Mouth when you talk of *Madam Dulcinea*; the Matchless *Dulcinea* gives way to nere a Piskitchin *Belerma* i' the World. I beg your Pardon, Sir *Knight*, quo *Montesinos*, I confess I talk'd at Rovers, to compare Mrs. *Belerma* with *Madam Dulcinea*, especially considering how Fame has spread her Beauty. Had I known you had been her Knight, I would a bit off my Tongue, and swallow'd it, before I would ha' compar'd her with any thing, but Heaven it self. This submission of *Montesinos* pacifi'd me, and kept my boyling wrath from Running over.

Nowns— quo *Sancho*, I wonder ye did not lay th' old Rascal sprawling upon his Back and kick out his Guts; certainly you were very tame i' th' other World—— how could you leave him one hair upon his Chin! No, *Sancho*, no, we are oblig'd to respect our Elders, tho they be no Knights; especially such as are under the Oppression of Enchantment. However as I would not seem to be rude, so neither would I take any thing which I look't upon as an affront.

But

But I beſeech ye, Sir, quo the Schollar, how could it be, that in ſo ſhort a time you ſhould ſee and hear ſo many ſtrange things? Why how long, quo *Don Quixote*, have I been below i' the Cave? About five quarters of an hour, reply'd *Sancho*. Five quarters of an hour! quo *Don Quixote*, how can that be? when I have ſeen the Sun riſe and ſet three times. Troth, quo *Sancho*, my Maſter may be i' the Right on't—— for ſeeing that whatever befals him is done by Enchantment, the time which we took for an hour may well be three days, with every one their Nights belonging to 'em. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Don Quixote*. I hope, Sir, quo the Schollar, you have been highly feaſted i' your Chryſtal Palace; pray, Sir, what good chear had ye? Not one Morſel, reply'd *Don Quixote*, nor indeed had I any deſire to eat or drink all the while. Why? quo the Schollar, do the Enchanted never eat? They neither eat nor drink, reply'd *Don Quixote*, nor do they ever untruſs their Breeches or draw againſt the Wall, tho ſome are of opinion that their Nails and their Beards do grow. But do they never ſleep neither? quo *Sancho*. No more then Hares, reply'd *Don Quixote*; at leaſt in all the three days time that I was there, I ſaw not one that had ſo much as an Inclination to wink. *Company makes Cuckolds*, quo *Sancho*, you were with thoſe that were Enchanted, who neither eat nor drank; no wonder then, you neither did eat nor drink ſo long as you were in their Company. They that are at *Rome* muſt do as they do at *Rome*. Yet for all that, Sir, would ye have me ſpeak my mind; why then I beg your pardon, Sir; for God take me, I was going to ſay, the Devil fetch me, if I believe one Tittle of all your long Story. What's your Reaſon, quo the Schollar; is your Maſter *Don Quixote* ſo addicted to lying? Or ſuppoſe he were, he could never have invented ſo many ſtories in ſo ſhort a time. 'Tis not, quo *Sancho*, that I believe my Maſter Lies;—— What is 't then that thou believ'ſt, quo *Don Quixote*? I believe, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, that this ſame *Merlin*, or thoſe *Necromancers* that Enchanted all that Rabble of People you talk of, have cramm'd into your Pate by Enchantment, all that you have told us, and all that you have yet to tell us, and this I dare be bold to take my Corpral Oath of. This is no ſuch improbability but that it might be ſo, quo *Don Quixote*; however 'tis not ſo: For what I ſaw, I ſaw with my own Eyes, and what I heard, I heard with my own Ears. But what will thy *Infidelſhip* ſay to hear me tell thee, that among four thouſand other far more amazing wonders, which *Monteſinos* ſhew'd me, and which I ſhall impart at times as we ride together, *He* gave me a ſight of three Country Girls, that leapt and friſk'd about the Meadow like two young Goats, of which I knew one to be *Dulcinea*, and the other two to be her Companions, that thou and I kneel'd to, not far from *Toboſo*. I ask'd *Monteſinos* if he knew 'em? He told me, no; but that they were ſome Enchanted Princeſſes, that *Merlins* Officers had lately brought to Jayl without a *Habeas Corpus*. For that the Devils Counter was full, there being a great number of other Ladies o' the Womens ſide, Enchanted under ſeveral diſguizes; ſome that had layn there for many years; others but lately brought in; and that among the reſt he knew Queen *Guinever*, and Madam *Quintaniona*, who was a kind of *Betty Buly* to Sir *Lancelot*, when he return'd into *Britain*.

Sancho was ready to burſt his ſides when he heard his Maſter talk at that Rate; for he knew the Enchantment of *Dulcinea* to be a damn'd Lye, as being the Enchanter himſelf; and thence concluding his Maſter had loſt his Wits, Sir, ſaid he, in an ill hour, did you deſcend into the other

World; and by the Devils appointment did you meet with *Monteſinos*;— the Devil's Butler, I take him to be, for he has made ye free of his Maſters Cellar—— You went hence i' your Wits, with all your Sences, about yee—— talking Sentences at every turn, and giving good Counſel to all that would take it; but now—— Mercy defend me, you talk as if y' had left your Brains in Satans Buttery. I know thee *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and therefore I give little heed to what thou ſay'ſt. Nor I by my Faith, quo *Sancho*, to what you ſay—— You may kick me, or kill me, if you pleaſe, for what I have ſaid, I'm ſure 'tis true—— But, Sir, before your Paſſion riſes, pray tell me, what did Madam *Dulcinea* ſay to yee, and what did you ſay to her? I knew her again, quo *Don Quixote*, by the Red Waſtcoat ſhe had on when thou ſhewd'ſt her me, and I ſpake to her; but now when I made my Addreſſes to her, inſtead of making me an anſwer, ſhe turn'd her tail, and flew away with that ſwiftneſs, that an Arrow out of a Bow would not have overtaken her. I would fain have follow'd her, but *Monteſinos* told me 'twas in vain—— and then diverting me with other diſcourſe, he told me farther, that in a ſhort time he would put me in a way to diſolve the *Necromancer Merlin*'s Enchantment, and ſet both *Durandart*, *Belerma*, and all the reſt of the Priſoners at Liberty. But that which griev'd me moſt of all was this, that while *Monteſinos* and I were thus talking together, one of the unfortunate *Dulcinea*'s Aſſociates came o' the left ſide of me, with Tears in her Eyes, and with a faint and ſorrowful voice whiſpring me i' the Ear; My Lady *Dulcinea*, quo ſhe, commends her moſt kindly to your Highneſs, deſiring to know how you do; and becauſe ſhe is in great want, beſeeches your Worſhip to lend her three Shillings, or what you can ſpare upon this new Flannel Petticoat, which ſhe intends to redeem in a very ſhort time. I muſt confeſs this Meſſage ſtrangely ſurpriz'd me, and therefore turning about to *Monteſinos*, is it poſſible Mr. *Monteſinos*, quo I, that Enchanted Perſons of Quality ſhould want in this place? Why truly, reply'd *Monteſinos*, we Jaylors do not buy our Priſons for nothing—— and as for Neceſſity it creeps into all Places, and aſſails all Qualities, and Conditions, not pardoning thoſe that are Enchanted—— the Lodging and Cellar muſt be pay'd, or elſe they are turn'd into the Hole—— and therefore if Madam *Dulcinea* want three Shillings, the Pawn's a good Pawn, and I'de adviſe ye to ſend it her— I take no Pawns, ſaid I, neither can I ſend her three Shillings, for I ha' but eighteen Pence i' my Pocket, which was the Money I had of thee, *Sancho*, to give to the Poor that I might meet i' the other World; and this eighteen Pence I gave the Maid with theſe expreſſions— Maid, ſaid I, tell thy Miſtreſs that I am heartily ſorry for her diſtreſſes, and wiſh I were another old *Audley* to relieve her—— let her know that I have no Comfort in my Life, nor any repoſe of mind or Body, while I am depriv'd of her Company and Converſation; and therefore deſire her to vouchſafe that favour to her Weather-beaten Captive, to let him Kiſs her fair Hands, and enjoy the Conſolation of her Beautiful Society but for an hour or two— Tell her withal, that when ſhe little dreams on't, ſhe ſhall hear how I have made an Oath, like the Marqueſs of *Mantua*, never to eat upon a Table-cloath, nor to ſleep between a pair of Sheets, till I have got her Execution Money pay'd, and deliver'd her from her Enchantment. All this and more you owe my Miſtreſs, quo the Damſel, and then having got the eighteen Pence, inſtead of making me a Curtſie, ſhe fetcht a Caper i' the Air above fifteen yards high, and I never ſaw her again.

Heavens

Heavens bleſs me, quo *Sancho*, that Enchanters and Enchantments ſhould be able thus to intoxicate and bewitch the beſt Wit in *Mancha*. O Maſter, dear Maſter, for the Love of God, recover your loſt Wits, and never doat upon theſe follies that craze your underſtanding in this wicked manner.

Thy Affection poor *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, makes thee talk at this rate, and for want of experience in the World thou believ'ſt thoſe things impoſſible that ſeem difficult to be accompliſh'd. But as I have ſaid, the time will come when I ſhall tell thee ſuch ſtories of what I have ſeen i' this Cave, that thou ſhalt no longer queſtion the Truth of what I have already related.

CHAP. XXIV.

Where you will find a hunder'd Fiddle Faddles and Impertinences, as ridiculous as neceſſary for the underſtanding this true Hiſtory.

THe Tranſlator of *Cid Hamet Benengeli* tells us, that when he came to the Chapter of the Cave of *Monteſinos*, he found written in the Margin, with the Authors own hand the following words.

I can hardly believe that all thoſe things that are related in the forgoing Chapter ſo punctually befel the Great Don Quixote, *as he has deſcrib'd 'em in his Relation. For there is ſome poſſibility in all the reſt of the Adventures which hitherto have been recorded; but in this of the Cave of* Monteſinos, *there is not the leaſt probability, no coherence with Reaſon, but a flim flam as impoſſible as extraordinary. Not that I believe* Don Quixote, *the Nobleſt and Sincereſt Knight of his time would tell a Lye; rather I am conſident he would firſt have been ſhot to death. On the other ſide he has related this Adventure with ſo many Circumſtances, that I dare not for my Life be ſo unkind to his Memory as not to believe him, eſpecially when I conſider that he had not time enough to invent ſo great a Cluſter of Fables. However I thought fit to inſert it among the reſt, without undertaking to affirm or contradict, leaving it to the Reader to paſs what cenſure upon it he pleaſes; only let him take this adverſtiſement by the way, that for a certain, when* Don Quixote *was upon his death Bed, he diſown'd this Adventure, and ſaid, he only invented it to the end he might with more exactneſs imitate the Stories which he had read in his Legends of Knight-Errantry.* To proceed then,

The Scholar all this while was ſtrangely aſtoniſh'd at the Liberty which *Sancho* took, but much more at his Maſters patience. All that he could imagin was only this, that the joy and ſatisfaction which had poſſeſs'd *Don Quixote*, for having ſeen his *Miſtreſs*, tho inchanted as ſhe was, had mollify'd and ſweeten'd his Vinegar Temper, ſince otherwiſe *Sancho* ſpoke thoſe words that juſtly merited his being ground to Powder. For my part, Sir Knight, ſaid he, I cannot but look upon my time extreamly well ſpent in this Journey, upon four conſiderations. Firſt, for that it has brought me to the honour of your Acquaintance, which I moſt infinitely eſteem. In the next place for the Information it has given me of the manifold wonders conceal'd before within the Cave of *Monteſinos*, with the *Metamorphoſes* of *Guadiana*, and the Daughters of *Ruydera*, which will be of great uſe to me in the next Edition of my *Ovid* with *Cuts*. I have

alſo

alſo thereby learnt the Antiquity of *Card-playing*, which I find to have been a Paſtime in uſe even in the Reign of the Emperour *Charle le Main*: by the words of *Durandart*, *We muſt have patience and ſhuffle the Cards again*; which muſt have been a Vulgar Proverb in his Life time, ſince he could not learn it after he was inchanted: and it comes pat alſo for my Supplement to *Polydore Virgil*, who as I remember, ſays nothing of the Antiquity of Cards, which it is of ſo great importance to know; and for which I am o'rejoy'd to have the Authentic Teſtimony of ſo grave and ancient an Author as *Durandart*. And laſtly, now I know for certain the true ſource of the River *Guadiana*, how it came to be a River, and whence it firſt deriv'd its name; all which ſecrets have hitherto been conceal'd from human Learning.

And truly, Sir, quo *Don Quixote*, I am no leſs glad to have contributed to the clearing of your underſtanding in theſe points of ſuch weighty moment. But pray, Sir, to whom will you dedicate theſe Works of yours, if you happen to obtain a Licence, which I very much doubt; for in truth to tell ye, ſuch impertinent Learning as this, is no more then juſtly ſecluded from the Preſs.

Are there not great Lords and Perſons of Quality enow i' the Kingdom? reply'd the Schollar. Not ſo many as you think for, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for the greateſt part are quite tir'd out with Dedications; and for the reſt, they're of a humour not to be troubled with impertinent Morning Viſits. But let us call another Cauſe, and conſider where to lodge this Night.

Sir, quo the Schollar, not far from this place there ſtands a *Hermitage*, the Retirement of a devout Perſon, who as they ſay was formerly a Souldier; He is lookt upon as a good Chriſtian, and ſo charitable that he has built a little Houſe by his Hermitage, for the entertainment of ſuch as have loſt their way, or come to viſit his Solitudes. But has this devout Hermite any good Vittles? quo *Sancho*. There are few but have, quo *Don Quixote*, for they live not now adays like thoſe of *Thebais*, that cover'd their Nakedneſs with Palm-Leaves, and fed upon Roots. I do not deny but theſe may be as good Chriſtians as the other, only their Penances are not ſo auſtere as in former Ages. In a word, they are both good; and tho they were not, yet we ought to judge favourably of their retiring from the World. For the Hypocrite that makes it his buſineſs to appear Holy, is always leſs culpable, then the ſinner that boaſts of his Crimes.

While they were thus diſcourſing, they look'd back and ſaw coming toward 'em, a Man that was a-foot himſelf, yet travel'd a very great pace, driving before him a Horſe laden with Lances and Halberds; which made 'em take up and ride gently. But ſo ſoon as the Man had overtaken 'em, Hold, honeſt Friend, quo *Don Quixote*, there's no neceſſity of making ſuch haſte by what I find by thy Horſe. Sir, quo the Fellow, I can't ſtay; for theſe Weapons that you ſee, muſt be made uſe of to morrow—— If you deſire to know more concerning this matter, I ſhall lodge to night at the Lone Inn upon the Road, about ſix miles beyond the Hermitage, whether if it be your fortune to follow me, I ſhall tell ye wonders; and ſo Godbuy to yee all Gentlemen—— and ſo ſaying, he gave his Horſe ſuch a lick o' the Buttocks with his Whip, that away trotted the Horſe and the Fellow after, with that ſwiftneſs, that *Don Quixote* had no leiſure to ask any more queſtions. However *Don Quixote* had ſuch an itching ear after Novelties, eſpecially if they had but the leaſt Twang of an Adventure, that he reſolv'd to lie at the Inn, and not to ſtop at the Hermi-

tage

tage. But notwithstanding *Don Quixot*'s resolutions, *Sancho* was determin'd to call and see how the Hermite was provided. To which purpose he whipt on his *Grizzle*, and rid before, and being come up to the Hermitage, *So ho, House*, quo he, who's within here? But such was *Sancho*'s ill luck, that the *Hermite* was gone abroad, and there was no body at home, but another Old Man, the *Hermite*'s Companion, whom *Sancho* ask'd whether he had any strong Liquor within? To which the Old Man made answer, that he could not come at the strong Liquor, but if he would have any small Water, he should have his Belly full. *Sancho* reply'd, that he could have had Water enough upon the Road; and then fetching a deep sigh, farewel *Don Diego*'s good Vittles, and the Rich *Martins* Wedding, quo he, there's nothing but *cold Comfort* in *Hermitages*.

Having sped so ill at the *Hermitage*, they rode on toward the Inn, and upon the Road they overtook a young Lad, that walk'd carelesly along, shouldring his Sword with a little bundle ty'd to the Scabbard. He had on an old Velvet Jerkin, very bare and thin; the tail of his Shirt hung out at the Knees of his Breeches, which had been once of a good sort of Silk, and upon his Feet he wore the remains of a pair of Spanish-leather Shoes. He was about eighteen years of Age, a lively brisk Lad, well complexion'd and handsome; and as they came neer him, they heard him singing the conclusion of an old Ballad.

And so farewel, my Jinny, *farewel,*
For I to the Wars must go;
Yet had I but Money in my Poke,
I would not leave thee so.

Spark i' the Paper Garments, quo *Don Quixote*, which way bound? Me thinks you are but thinly clad, Sir youth, to let your Shirt take so much Air. Necessity, Sir, reply'd the Youth, constrains it, and the hot weather excuses it; and I am going for a Souldier. I admit the Heat, quo *Don Quixote*, but why Necessity. Sir, quo the young Lad, I have i' my bundle a pair of Breeches answerable to my Jerkin, but I am loath to wear 'em out upon the Road, because they will do me more credit when I come to a good Town. Now I hear of some new rais'd Foot Companies that lie about fifteen miles off, with whom I intend to list my self; and then I intend to throw off my Rags; for I had rather have the King for my Master, then starve under e're a beggerly Courtier of 'em all. Prithee, quo *Don Quixote*, what makes thee complain so much of the Courtiers?

Perphaps, quo the Youth, had I serv'd any Eminent Nobleman, or Person of Quality, I might have had as little reason as another; for their Lacqueys many time come to be Captains or Lieutenants at least; but it has been always my ill Fortune to wait upon Upstarts and younger Brothers, whose Allowance was so short, that the greatest part of it always went to buy me Shoes and Stockins: no wonder then there was so little hopes of Preferment among them. Truly Friend, quo *Don Quixote*, you serv'd very bad Masters indeed, that in all the while you could never get your self a whole Livery. Why truly, Sir, answer'd the Youth, I never serv'd but two poor-spirited Masters, who when they had dispatch'd their business at Court, went home again into the Country; and then, as in Monastries, where if a Man goes out before he professes, they take his fresh Habit from him, and return him his old Cloaths; my Masters stript me of my

my Liveries, which they only made for a little Oſtentation in the City, and ſent me a grazing with my old Rags. A poor piece of Miching Baſeneſs indeed, quo *Don Quixote*: and therefore I muſt needs commend thee for leaving the Court, eſpecially conſidering the Bravery of thy deſign; for there is nothing more noble nor more beneficial in this World, then to ſerve God in the firſt place, and the King in the next, eſpecially in the Profeſſion of Arms; for tho a Man do not thereby heap up Wealth, yet he gains more honour by Military employment, then by Learning. 'Tis true indeed, more Families have been advanc'd by the Gown, then by the Sword; yet whatever be the reaſon of it, the Souldier has always this advantage above the Schollar, that he ſhines forth in the World with a more pompous and brighter Splendor. And therefore young Man, mind and remember what I now tell ye, and which may be much for your profit and conſolation hereafter; be ſure to be ready prepar'd for all Events that can happen, the worſt of which is death; and if it be a good and an honeſt Death, it is the greateſt happineſs in the World. *Julius Cæſar* being ask'd what death he would make choice of? To dye ſuddenly, ſaid he, wherein he ſaid well, tho a *Pagan*, and one that had no knowledge of the true God. For what imports it whether I be kill'd with a Cannon Bullet, or blown up in a Mine; 'tis all but dying: and a Souldier ſtretch'd forth dead upon the Field of Battel, looks far more honourable then alive and ſafe in flight. 'Tis the buſineſs and the glory of a Souldier to obey his Superiours, and thoſe that command him; and I muſt tell thee young Man, 'tis better for a Souldier to ſmell of Gunpowder, then Amber-Greece or Eſſence of Oranges; and if Age overtake thee in this honourable Employment of fighting for thy King and Country, tho cover'd with Scars, tho lame and maim'd, it never can ſurprize thee without honour, that will guard thee from the contempt of Poverty; nay from Poverty it ſelf, while thy Princes generous Providence takes care of thy ſupport. I have nothing more to ſay to thee at preſent, honeſt fellow Souldier, quo *Don Quixote*, only get thee up behind me, and I'le carry thee to the Inn, where thou ſhalt Sup with me to night, and then God be with thee, and ſend thee well to do.

The young Lad civilly excus'd himſelf from riding behind the Knight, but willingly accepted of his Invitation to Supper. But that which bred admiration in *Sancho*, was to hear his Maſter talk ſo like a *Rabby*. Nowns, quo he, muttering to himſelf, how is it poſſible that a Man that talks as this Man does, nothing but Sentences and Pithy ſayings, a Man that is able to be a Privy Councellor to a Marquiſs, ſhould be ſo beſotted as to believe thoſe impoſſibilities, which he tells us he has ſeen in *Monteſinos*'s Cave, and affirm 'em for Goſpel. Body a Me, never was any ſingle Mortal ſo poſſeſs'd, at the ſame time by *Fool* and *Wiſe-man* thus by turns, i' this World—

And now the Sun was juſt ready to ſet when they arriv'd at the Inn; at what time, that which mainly overjoy'd *Sancho* was, that his Maſter took the Inn for what it really was, not a Caſtle but an Inn, contrary to his uſual Cuſtom.

Don Quixote was no ſooner enter'd the Yard, but he enquir'd of the Innkeeper for the Man with the Swords and the Halberds; who anſwering, that he was in the Stable, they all alighted, and *Don Quixote* gave his Horſe to *Sancho*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

Containing the Braying Adventure; with the Adventure of the Puppet-Player, and the Fortune-telling Ape.

Don Quixote was more in haſte, then the fellow that left his Drink behind him, to underſtand what thoſe wonders were, which the *Man* with the *Swords* had promis'd to tell him; and therefore he would anſwer to none of thoſe queſtions; *What will ye pleaſe to drink?* or *What will ye have to Supper?* nay, he would not be ſhew'd a Room, till he had caus'd the Carrier to be ſent for, and had challeng'd him with his Promiſe. To whom, no ſuch haſte to hang true Folks, quo the Carrier —— My Miracles are not to be told ſtanding —— give me but leave to look after my Beaſt, and when I ha' ſerv'd my Beaſt, then I'le ſerve your Worſhip. If that be all, quo *Don Quixote*, I'le go and help thee my ſelf; and ſo ſaying, away he went with the Carrier into the Stable, and while the one rubb'd down and Litter'd his Beaſt, the other ſifted the Oats, and clean'd the Manger. Which was a piece of humility, in the Champion, ſo gaining upon the Carrier, that leaving the Stable, he went into the Yard, and ſeating himſelf upon the Horſe-block, while *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, the Scholar, the Page, and the Innkeeper lent him their moſt attentive Ears, thus deliver'd himſelf.

About five or ſix miles, quo he, from this Place there ſtands a very large Town under the Government of two Bayliffs, and their Aſſiſtants: Now it happen'd that a little while ſince, the Head Bayliff, as ſome ſay through the negligence, as others ſay through the Treachery of his Maid Servant, loſt his Milch Aſs, and notwithſtanding all the diligent ſearch he made after her, could never find her again. About fifteen days after, as the head Bayliff was walking about the Market-place, one of the Serjeants of the ſame Town coming to him: An't like your Worſhip, quo he, what will you give me, and I will tell ye where your Milch Aſs is. A ſhoulder a Mutton and a Capon quo the Bayliff —— provided I have her agen. Why, reply'd the Serjeant, I ſaw her this Morning upon the Mountain without either Pack-ſaddle or Halter, ſo lean that it griev'd my heart to ſee her. I would have arreſted her at your Worſhips Suit, and brought her home again, but ſhe is grown ſo lawleſs, ſo wild and ſo skittiſh, that withal the Craft I could uſe, I could not get neer her, and at length ſhe flung up her Heels, and flew into the covert of the Mountain. If your Worſhip pleaſes we'l go both together, and ſee if we can find her; perhaps the Beaſt may be more obedient to her Maſter then to me. You ſay very well Neighbour, quo the Bayliff, I accept your kind offer and thank you for it. With theſe Circumſtances, and after this manner all that know the ſtory, relate it word for word.

In order to this Agreement, the Head Bayliff and the Serjeant, went early the next Morning afoot, to examin the Mountain, more eſpecially that part where the Aſs had been ſeen the day before. But after they had gone many a weary ſtep, lookt all about as if they had been ſearching for Birds Neſts, quite tyr'd, and hungry as Foxes, not ſo much as the Hair of an Aſs was to be found; which very much afflicted the Bayliff. Thereupon the Serjeant, beholding the Bayliff's mournful Countenance, now I think on't, quo he, I ha' thought upon a moſt certain way to find out this Aſs

of yours, if she be above ground; nay tho she should be hid fifteen yards under the Earth; for I my self can *Bray* to a Miracle, and if your Worship could but *Bray* never so little, the business were done. Never so little! reply'd the Bayliff; I speak it without boasting, I defie all Mankind, nay the very Asses themselves to *Bray* more to the life then I can. So much the better, reply'd the Serjeant; then do you go a one side the Mountain, and I'le go a' tother; and do you *Bray* a' your side, and I'le *Bray* a' mine; for then if the Ass be i' the Mountain, the Devil himself must be too strong for the Ass, if she don't come to her kind, the first that she hears *Bray*, whether you or me. Upon my word, quo the Bayliff, a notable invention, and which none but a Man-hunter could ever have hit upon.

At the same time they parted, and when they thought themselves at a sufficient distance one from the other, they both fell a *Braying* so exactly, that one deluding the t'other, they both made toward each others noise, believing the Ass had been found, and so met again. Bodikins, quo the Bayliff, I'de ha' layd my Life I had heard my Ass *Bray*. 'Twas your Worships mistake, quo the Serjeant, for 'twas I that you heard *Bray*. Well! quo the Bayliff, now Neighbour, must I acknowledge that there is no difference between an Ass and thee, I mean i' the matter of *Braying*; for upon my life I never heard the like. These Praises, reply'd the Serjeant, better belong to your *Worship*, then your unworthy Officer; for without flattery, your *Worship* is able to teach all the young Asses i' the Country to *Bray*: You have a strong Voice, excellent Lungs, and hold out your note exactly; you have the true *Ronk huyinck*, *Ronk huyinck*, and the Twirling of your Lips to a hairs breadth. In a word I yield your Worship the Bays, and will never more pretend to *Bray* i' your Company. *Kings truce*, quo the Bayliff; lore your Commendations, Neighbour, for they are more then I deserve: However I shall have a better Opinion of my *Braying* then ever I had, as having receiv'd your more judicious Approbation.

In good faith, Sir, quo the Serjeant, there are many good Qualities lost in the World, for want of knowing how to make use of 'em. You say very true, Neighbour, quo the Bayliff, for I should never have discover'd this Talent of mine, had it not been for this occasion, and I wish it may prove successful.

After these Complements past between 'em, they divided themselves a second time, and went *Braying* one a' one side the Hill, and th' other a' t'other, more vigorously and couragiously then before; but being still deluded by their own *Braying*, they as often ran to the noise, and met one another as before, believing still 't had been the lost Ass; till at length they agreed to *Bray* twice one after another, to the end they might be sure 'twas they, and not the Ass; and thus *Braying* twice together at a time, they fetcht a compass round about the Mountain, but all in vain, for the Ass made not the least *Huyinck* of an answer. And indeed how was it possible the poor Beast should answer 'em, which afterwards when they had almost *Ronk'd* their Hearts out, they found in the thickest part of the Mountain half eaten by the Wolves. At what time, quo the Bayliff, I wonder indeed the Ass took so little notice of his Kindred; which I'me sure she would ha' done, or else she had been no Ass. But let her go Neighbour, I ha' lost my Ass, and found a good Quality; and it is my farther satisfaction and a sufficient recompence for my loss, that I have heard thee *Bray* so deliciously as I ha' done.

The Glass is in a good hand, an't like your Worship, quo the Serjeant, *and if the Abbot sings well, I'me sure the little Monk comes not behind him.*

him. With that returning home, as hoarſe as Sowgelders horns, and as tyr'd as Dogs after a Fox chaſe, they told all their Friends and Acquaintance what had befall'n 'em in ſearch of the Aſs; the Serjeant extolling the Bayliff, and the Bayliff applauding the Serjeant for his excellency in *Braying*, and both with an equal Generoſity yielding the Palm to the other.

Such a Story as this you may be ſure was ſpread abroad over all the Country, and the Devil who never ſleeps, but watches all occaſions to ſow diſcord and diſſention among Men, layd hold of the Opportunity; and ſo manag'd his buſineſs, that when any of the Neighbouring Villages met any of our Town, they would ſtill fall a *Braying* at 'em in deriſion of our Bayliff.

At length the ſtory was got among the Boys, and then all the Inhabitants of Hell had as good ha' known it; for preſently it flew like lightning from Village to Village; ſo that our Townſmen are as well known all over the Country, as the Begger knows his Diſh. But this is not all, for the jeaſt is now gone ſo far, that when the Jeerers and the Flowted meet, they fall to Daggers drawing, fearing neither the King nor his Laws, and never part without broken Pates and bloody Noſes. And now to morrow or next day at fartheſt, there is a Party of our Town, that are going to be reveng'd upon a Village about two Leagues off, who are lookt upon as their moſt inveterate Perſecutors; and that's the reaſon they ſent me to buy theſe Inſtruments of miſchief. And theſe are the wonders I promis'd to tell ye; which if they ben't wonders, may produce wonders for ought I know.

At the ſame time that the Country Fellow concluded his Story, there came into the Inn-yard a kind of a *Merry-Andrew*, in Doublet, Breeches, and Stockins of Shamoy Leather, who calling to the Innkeeper, aſk'd him for a Room. Withal, Sir, ſaid he, here's the Ape that tells Fortunes, and the Story of the Captive *Meliſandra*'s being ſet at Liberty.

'Slife, quo the Innkeeper, who's here, Mr. *Peter*! we ſhall be merry to night I find—— Welcom Mr. *Peter*—— but where's the Monkey and the *Show*?—— Not far behind, quo *Peter*, only I came a little before, to know whither y' had any room or no. I'de refuſe the Duke of *Alva* to make room for Mr. *Peter*, quo the Hoſt; only bring the Monkey and the *Show*; for here are People enow to pay well for the Sight. Very good, quo Mr. *Peter*; and I'le moderate my Price for the ſake of the good Company—— provided they may bear my charges, I'le look for no more—— and ſo ſaying, he went out again to fetch his Cart.

I had forgot to tell yee, that this Mr. *Peter* wore a long piece of green Taffaty over his left Eye, that cover'd half his Face; by which you may gueſs he was troubl'd with a Diſeaſe more then ordinary; beſides that the Bridge of his Noſe was fallen.

In the mean time *Don Quixote* aſk'd the Innkeeper who this Mr. *Peter* was, and the meaning of his Fortune-telling Monkey, and his *Show*. This Mr. *Peter*, reply'd the Innkeeper, is the beſt for Puppet-Plays i' the Country; and he ſhews yee the *Show* of *Meliſandra*, made to the Life in Puppets, by *Don Gaffero* himſelf. He has alſo a wonderful Monkey, the like of which was never heard of. If you ask him any queſtion, he liſtens attentively, then leaps upon his Maſters Shoulder, and whiſpers in his Ear the Anſwer to the Queſtion demanded, and Mr. *Peter* explains it to the Party. He is much better at telling a Man or Woman what has befall'n, then what ſhall befall 'em; and tho he does not always hit right, yet is he ſeldom deceiv'd; which makes many People believe the Devil's in

him. You give twelve Pence a piece for every Queſtion, to which the Monkey anſwers, or rather his Maſter, after the Ape has whiſper'd in his Ear. So that Mr. *Peter* is lookt upon to be very well to paſs; for he is a notable merry Fellow, and a good Companion, talks ſix Mens ſhares, and drinks twelve Mens; and all this he gets by his Tongue, his Monkey, and his *Show*.

By this Mr. *Peter* arriv'd with his Cart, and the Ape appear'd, a luſty Rogue without a Tail, and his Bum as bare as a felt, but very pert and pleaſant to look upon.

So ſoon as *Don Quixote* perceiv'd him, out of his impatience to try all manner of Adventures; Worſhipful Son of *Cornelius Agrippa*, quo He, what Fiſh do we catch? what ha' you to ſay concerning my good or bad Fortune?—— Here's my twelve Pence as round as a Jugglers Box—— and ſo ſaying he order'd *Sancho* to give the Money to Mr. *Peter*, who at the ſame time returning the Monkeys Anſwer; Sir, ſaid he, this knowing Creature, ſpeaks nothing of what is to come; but of what is paſt he can tell yee ſomething, and concerning the preſent time he knows as much. The Devil twiſt his Guts for a Baboon as he is, quo *Sancho*—— I'le not give him a Farthing to tell me whats paſt— for who knows that better then my ſelf?— Zookers, that's the greateſt folly i' the World, to pay for what a Man knows already— But ſince he's ſo good at the preſent Time, let him tell me what my Wife *Tereſa*'s now a doing, and here's my Twelve-Pence withal my heart.

Mr. *Peter* told him, he took no Money beforehand; and at the ſame time giving two claps with his right Hand upon his left Shoulder, up skip'd the Ape, and laying his Mouth to his Maſters Ear, grated his Teeth together while a Man might tell *Five*, and then down he leap'd again. Immediately upon this, Mr. *Peter* throwing himſelf upon his Knees before *Don Quixote*, and embracing his Thigh; This Thigh, quo He, do I embrace with more joy, then I would embrace the Pillars of *Hercules*. Long live the Reſtorer of forgotten *Knight-Errantry*, Long live the renowned Knight, the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; the Support of the Weak, the Stay of them that are ready to Fall, the Raiſer of the Diſconſolate, and the Succour of the Miſerable.

At theſe words *Don Quixote* ſtood amaz'd, *Sancho* trembl'd, and the Schollar bleſs'd himſelf, the Lacquey wonder'd, the Country Fellow gap'd, the Innkeeper ſtar'd, aſtoniſh'd all at Mr. *Peters* Rapture; who then addreſſing himſelf to *Sancho*, And thou *Sancho Pancha*, ſaid he, the moſt faithful Squire to the moſt Valiant Knight that ever was, thank thy kind Stars that have beſtow'd upon thee ſo good a Wife, and ſo induſtrious a Huſwife, for ſhe's at this time darning her old Stockins, by the ſame token that ſhe has ſtanding by her, upon her left Hand a Stone Jug with a broken mouth, containing two Pints of Old Malaga, to relieve her fainting Spirits, every other ſtich, with a Dram of the Bottle. By the pleaſure of Generation, quo *Sancho*, I durſt ha' ſworn as much; for *Tereſa*'s a Woman of extraordinary Parts, and were it not but that ſhe's a little Jealous, I would not change her for the Gyanteſs *Betty-Makarela*, who as my Maſter ſays, was one of the moſt diligent Women of her Time. I dare ſay ſhe'll never kill her ſelf with faſting, tho her Heirs were ready to ſtarve for want of her Joynture.

Well— quo *Don Quixote*, *He that reads much and travels much, ſees much and knows much*: but who the Devil would ever believe that Monkeys could Propheſie; not I by my faith, had I not ſeen it with my own Eyes. And

then

then proceeding, said he, 'tis very true as this same little Animal has said, I am that very Specifical, Numerical *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, in whose Praises the Monkey has so obligingly enlarg'd himself, I confess, something beyond my deserts. But let me be what I will, I give thanks to Heav'n for having bestow'd upon me strength and Courage, and a Compassionate Inclination to serve all Mankind.

Had I but a Shilling in all the World, I would give it *Mr.* Monkey, to tell me what luck I shall have i' my Travels. Sir, quo Mr. *Peter*, I have told yee already my Monkey knows nothing of what is to come; if he did, he should serve you gratis for once; for there is nothing that I would not do for the sake of the worthy Sir *Don Quixote*, whose Friendship I esteem above all the Money i' the World; and that he may see the Reality of my Heart, I will freely set up my *Show* for the Pastime of the Company, without expecting a Farthing for my Pains. Which the Innkeeper hearing, like one ready to leap out of his Skin for joy, call'd for t'other dozen of *Rabbet's*, and order'd Mr. *Peter* a convenient Room, wherein to embattel his Puppets.

Which while Mr. *Peter* was a doing, *Don Quixote*, who could not beat it into his Brains, that a Monkey could Propheſie and give answers, retir'd with *Sancho* into a By-corner of the Stable, where finding themselves in private; Hark yee me, *Sancho*, said he, I have been often rowling and trowling i' my mind the wonderful and extraordinary Gifts of this same Monkey, and I cannot for the Blood of me apprehend how it should be, unless his Master has made a secret Contract, or an express Stipulation with the Devil. I'le hold a Wager, quo *Sancho*, that neither of 'em said their Prayers before they went to this *Collation*; neither can I think that any Collation of the Devils could be otherwise then nastily drest.— Now pray Sir, what advantage could it be to Mr. *Peter* to eat the Devils *Durty Puddings*? Thou do'st not understand me *Sancho*; my meaning is, that the Devil and He have enter'd into an Agreement and Covenant together, that the Devil shall endow the Monkey with the gift of Figure-casting, to enrich the Puppet-player his Master; and that after such a time the Puppet-player in recompence of the Devils kindness shall surrender him his Soul, which is all that mortal Enemy of human Kind aims at. And that which confirms me the more in this Opinion is, that the Monkey knows nothing but of the past and present time, which is as much as the Devil himself knows, for alas he understands nothing of what is to come, but only Conjectures at it; and where one of his Conjectures hit, a thousand miss, there being only God alone who sees all things as if they were present before his Eyes. Which being beyond all contradiction, 'tis as clear as the Sun, that the Monkey speaks only through the Devils Organ-Pipe. And I wonder the Inquisition Court has hitherto taken no Cognizance of this same Mr. *Peter*, and that they have not summon'd him in to declare and make out by what power this Monkey takes upon him to tell Fortunes. For when ye have said all that ye can, I cannot think that either he or his Master are Prophets, or that they know how to erect a Scheme any more then as your *Lillies*, your *Saffolds*, and the rest of your *More-fields* and *Spittle-fields* Conjurers, Women and Coblers do, who by their Confounded lyes and ignorance, debase and bring to contempt Judicial Astrology, which is a wonderful and infallible Science.

I remember, one day, a Person of Quality put the question to one of these Quacks, whether a little Bitch that she had should Puppy; and of what colour, and how many Puppies the Bitch should have. To whom

the

the Figure-Flinger, after he had erected his Scheam in great formality, answer'd, that the Bitch should have three Puppies, one green, one red, and another Motley, provided she were lim'd of a *Munday* or *Saturday*, between the hours of Eleven and Twelve a Clock at Noon or Night. But it happen'd that the Bitch miscarry'd at three days end, and so the Conjurer lost the Reputation of his Prediction. However, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I would have ye ask the Monkey, whether what you have related concerning the Cave of *Montesinos*, be true or no; for, for my part, saving that respect which I owe yee as my Master, I cannot think 'em other then idle Whims and Visions that you saw i' your sleep. That cannot be, reply'd *Don Quixote*, however for thy farther satisfaction I'le ask the Monkey; tho I confess it goes a little against my Conscience.

While they two were thus in deep Consultation, Mr. *Peter*, who had been looking for *Don Quixote*, came and told him, that all things were ready, and that only his Presence was wanting.

To whom *Don Quixote* answer'd, that he had a question to put to his Monkey first; whether certain Accidents that had befall'n him in a certain Cave, call'd the Cave of *Montesinos*, were Lyes or Realities; for that he could not tell what to think on't himself. Presently Mr. *Peter* fetch'd his Monkey, and placing him just before *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*; Look ye *Mr.* Monkey, said he, This famous Knight desires ye to tell him, whether certain strange Accidents that befel him in a Cave, call'd the Cave of *Montesinos*, were true or false? Presently the Monkey upon the usual signal leaping upon his Masters Shoulder, after he had layd his Lips a while to his Masters Ear, whip'd down again; at what time, quo his Interpreter to *Don Quixote*, the Monkey says, that what you saw in the Cave, is partly probable, partly very much to be question'd. This is all that he can answer to this Demand at present; but that if you desire to know any thing farther, he will next *Fryday* give yee full satisfaction to as many Questions as you please to ask; for his Spirit has left him, and will not return till next Fish day.

Law ye there now, quo *Sancho*, did I not tell yee that all your Stories of *Montesinos*'s Cave were all a Company of inventions and lyes, and that it was only for your sake if I believ'd above half of 'em. That's as time shall try, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; there's nothing so conceal'd in this World, but time at length will bring it to light, tho it were buri'd in the Entrails of the Earth.— But no more of this at present,—— let's now go and see Mr. *Peters* Show: I am perswaded we shall see something that is new and worth our sight. Something! quo Mr. *Peter*, yes—— a hunder'd thousand things— I tell yee my Lord *Don Quixote*, this is none o' your common *Rarie-Shows*, that are cry'd about the Streets, but one of the most exquisite *Motions* that ever Europe beheld; *Believe our works not our words*: Come along, Sir, then, for we have a great many Speeches to make, and the day wastes.

Thereupon *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* follow'd Mr. *Peter* into the Chamber where the *Show* stood, with a great number of small Wax-Candles glimmering round about. At the same time Mr. *Peter* put himself behind the Motion, under the covert of a Curtain, as being the Person that was to move the Puppets, and to make 'em speak. Before, stood a Boy, Servant to Mr. *Peter*, who was to interpret what the Puppets said, and with a little Wand in his Hand to poynt directly to every Figure as they came in and out, to tell who they were, and explain the Mystery of the whole Motion. And then it was that all the Company having taken

their

their Seats (tho *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*, and the Schollar were preferr'd to the beſt places) the Interpreter began a Story that will never be read or known, but by thoſe that ſhall read and hear the next Chapter.

CHAP. XXVI.

Continuing the Pleaſant Adventure of the Puppet-player, with other pleaſant Paſſages.

Conticuere omnes; The *Trojans* and *Tyrians* were all ſilent; that is, all the Spectators hung their Ears upon the Interpreters Mouth; at what time the Scene opening, they heard in the firſt place a loud Flouriſh of Trumpets and Kettle-Drums, accompany'd with ſeveral Peals of Cannon: which Prelude being over, the young Interpreter, lifting up his Voice, Gentlemen, quo he, behold a True Hiſtory, taken out of the Chronicles of *France*; How *Don Gafferos* deliver'd *Meliſandra* his Wife, detain'd a Captive by the *Moores* in the City of *Saragoſa*. And firſt you ſhall ſee how the great *Don Gafferos* ſits playing at Draughts all day i' the Widows Coffee Houſe, never regarding what becomes of the Virtuous *Meliſandra*, according to the words of the Ballad.——

And all the while Gafferos, *He*
Lay ſmoaking of his Mamſey Noſe,
And playing all day long at Draughts
For all the Money in his Hoſe.
So little for his Princely Wife,
Fair Meliſandra, *was his Grief.*

That ſame Potentate that peeps out there with a Crown upon his Head, and a Scepter in his Hand, is the famous Emperour *Charlemain*, the reputed Father of the Fair *Meliſandra*; who all enrag'd to ſee the Sloth and Negligence of his Son in Law, comes out to rate him; and mark how Majeſtically he *Berogues and Raſcals* him, as if he intended to break his Pate with his Scepter; and ſome Authors there are that tell yee, how he gave him five or ſix Remembrances well lay'd on, after he had told him his own, and what a *Pewter-button'd* Rakeſhame he was, to let his Wife lie all that time in Priſon. Now mark again how the Emperour turns his Tail upon him; how he goes away maundring; and how *Don Gafferos* enrag'd at the affront offer'd him by the Emperour, dings the Tables one way, and whirls the Table-men another way, and calls for his Arms to be brought him immediately. Thereupon you ſee him begging his Couſin *Rowland* to lend him his truſty Sword *Durindana* (for you muſt know his own was at Pawn) which he refuſes to do, but offers to go along with him and be his Second. Which puts *Don Gafferos* into ſuch a Pelting chaſe, that he ſcorns both his Couſin *Rowland* and his Company, and falls a ſwearing like a Tinker, that he'll deliver his own Wife himſelf, without being beholding to any of his Kindred— ay that he will—— by *Pharo's* Hoſt (hark how he bellows now) tho ſhe were fifty Leagues beyond the *Antipodes*. And now he's going to put on his Armour, and to prepare himſelf for his Journey.

And

And now Gentlemen, caſt your Eyes upon that Tower. That's one of the Towers of the Caſtle of *Saragoſa*, and the Lady which you ſee in the Balcony there, in *Moriſh* Habit, is the Peerleſs *Meliſandra*; who coming out forty times a day into the Balcony, caſts many a heavy look toward *France*, thinking upon *Paris*, and her Maggot-pated Spouſe, the only Conſolation of her Impriſonment. But now, Gentlemen, mind, I beſeech yee mind it, here is an Accident altogether new, and perhaps never heard of before. Don't yee ſee the *Moore* yonder, that comes creeping and ſtealing along with his finger in his Mouth, behind *Meliſandra*? By and by he gives her a pat o' the Shoulder, and as ſhe turns her Head to ſee what's the matter, hark what a ſmack he gives her full i' the Mouth. Then ſee how ſhe Spits and Fogh's it, and wipes her Lips with her white Holland-ſmock ſleeves; ſee how ſhe laments and tears her Golden Treſſes for very madneſs, as if they were guilty of the *Moores* Theft. Now obſerve yonder grave ſerious *Moore*, above i' the open Gallery; That's *Marſilius* the King of *Saragoſa*, who having ſeen the Sawcineſs of the *Moore*, tho his near Kinſman and Favorite, cauſes him to be be apprehended and publickly Whipt through the Streets of the City. There, look yee, the Guards are coming forth to put the Sentence in Execution; for among the *Moores* the Kings word's a Law without any formality of Tryals.

Here *Don Quixote* interrupting him, Young Man, Young Man, quo he, pray go on wi' your Story in a direct Line, and let me ha' none a' theſe Digreſſions and ramblings out of the Road— For I muſt tell yee, there ought to be Legal Proofs of the matter of Fact, before a Man be condemn'd. Boy, quo the Maſter, from behind the Show, do as the Gentleman commands yee; forbear your Flouriſhes; keep to your Plain-ſong; and let me hear no more o' your Figur'd *Counter-point*; leaſt you run into Diſcords.

I ſhall, Sir, quo the Boy, making a Reverend Scrape, and ſo going on; He that you ſee there a Horſe-back, in a ſhort Sleeveleſs Coat of Ruſſet *Mancheſter* Bays, is *Don Gafferos* himſelf, to whom *Meliſandra* (now ſufficiently reveng'd upon the *Moore* for his Arrogancy) talks from the top of the Tower, taking him for ſome Stranger that travell'd that way, and holds him in a long Diſcourſe, which you may read in the Ballad, where you have theſe Lines,

Friend, if for France *you go, enquire*
For my Gafferos, *ſtout and ſtrong,*
And tell him he's a whoring Cur
To let me lye in Jayl ſo long,——

The Reſt I omit, Prolixity being diſpleaſing to moſt men. 'Tis ſufficient that *Don Gafferos* at length made himſelf known to her; and then you may readily gueſs how glad ſhe was to ſee him, tho 'twere only by Moon-light, and how ſorry ſhe was ſhe had ſent him ſuch an unkind Meſſage; but ſhe excus'd it by ſaying ſhe did it only i' the way of Familiarity. And to make him amends, ſhe ſtraddles over the Balcony to leap into his Arms (for he was able to hold her had ſhe been as heavy agen) and ſo to have got behind him. But oh the wretched Fate of Lovers; for there you ſee her ſtopp'd by one of the Spikes of the Balcony, that catches hold of her Petticoat; and there you ſee her dangling i' the Air, in a moſt unhappy and frightful Condition. And now what ſhall ſhe do! or who ſhall afford her Succour in this diſtreſs? There's but one way i' the World— but a deſperate

Diſeaſe

Diſeaſe muſt have a deſperate Cure. *Don Gafferos* therefore rides up to her, and taking her by both her Heels, never minding the Richneſs of her Petticoat, gives her a tugg, and the delicate Garment a raſh; and ſo fetching her down by Head and Shoulders, ſets her aſtride upon the Crupper of his Horſe, bidding her ſit faſt, and clap her Arms about his Shoulders for fear of falling, by reaſon ſhe was not accuſtom'd to that way of riding. Hark how the Horſe neighees, and by his Prancing, ſhews how proud he is of the Noble burden of his Valiant Maſter and Beautiful Miſtreſs. See how they leave the City, and Gallop merrily away, taking the Road for *Paris*. Peace be with yee, moſt Peerleſs Couple of Faithful Lovers; may yee arrive ſafe and ſound within the Confines of your beloved Country, without meeting any Traverſes or Obſtacles of Way-ward Fortune. And after a proſperous Journey may you be long the Joy of your Friends and Relations in Peace and Proſperity; and may your Years equal the Years of *Neſtor*.

Soft and fair, Boy, quo Mr. *Peter*, ſoar not ſo high, leaſt you break your Neck i' the fall —— To which the Boy made no anſwer, but purſuing his Story— Now, quo he, there were a ſort of Buſie-bodies, who diſcovering *Meliſandra*'s Flight, gave immediate notice of it to King *Marſilius*, who preſently put the whole City into an Uproar; and now you may ſee the whole City tottering, and ready to ſink into the Earth with the weight of the Bells that Ring backward in all their *Moſquees*.

There y'are out again, quo *Don Quixote*; and your Maſter is abſurdly miſtaken in Bells: The *Moors* have no Bells, but only make a noiſe with their Drums and their Kettle Drums, and ſometimes they have their *Shaums*, that are like our *Haut-boys*; but to bring in Bells into *Saragoſa*! your Maſter was an ignorant Coxcomb for his pains. Never let ſuch trifles diſturb your Patience, I beſeech yee Sir Knight, quo Mr. *Peter*. Don't we find Comedies Acted every day that talk of Great Guns in *Alexander* the Great's time, and Giants in *Edward* the Thirds Time; with a hunder'd Extravagancies altogether as abſurd, yet Acted with the applauſe and admiration of moſt of the Spectators? Go on, Boy, go on; let there be as many Impertinencies as Motes i' the Sun, ſo I get Money. You ſay very true indeed, Mr. *Peter*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; Why ſhould you obſerve Rules more then others?

And now Gentlemen, quo the Boy, going on with his Lurrey; what a Hurry of Glittering Knights is yonder? How they pour out of the City in purſuit of the two Lovers? How the Trumpets ſound? What a ratling and rumbling i' th' Air the Drums and Kettle-Drums make? For my part I am afraid of nothing ſo much, as that they ſhould overtake 'em, and then we ſhould ſee 'em drag'd along in moſt cruel manner ty'd to the Tails of their Horſes.——

Don Quixote as it were awaken'd by thoſe words, ſeeing ſuch a Cluſter of *Moors*, and hearing ſuch a Dinn and Hurry of People, thought it now high Time to ſuccour the flying Lovers; and to that pupoſe ſtarting up briskly upon his Feet, he cry'd out in a moſt violent fury; For whom do they take me here? ſhall it ever be ſaid that while I liv'd, and before my Face too, ſuch an Outrage ſhould be done to ſo Famous and ſo Amorous a Knight as *Don Gafferos*? Then in a foaming Rage— Hold Inſolent Scoundrels— hold, quo he —— forbear your Villanous purſuit— He that ſtirs an Inch farther, moves to his deſtruction. And ſo ſaying, up he leaps upon the Table, and lays at the poor Innocent Puppets, with that outragious fury, that Heads and Arms flew about without Compaſſion. Among the reſt of the vigorous blows, there was one back ſtroak cleſt the Air with ſo ſwift

a Motion, that if the Puppet-Player himſelf had not been more nimble then a Taylor, it had parted his Neck from his Shoulders, more exactly then any *Dutch* Heads man could have ſliver'd it off. Heavens bleſs me, Sir *Knight*, what d' yee mean to do? cry'd Mr. *Peter*, Theſe are no *Moors* I'le aſſure yee Sir: Does not your Worſhip ſee they are only Puppets made of Paſtboard, and that you are going about to ruin a Poor Man? But Mr. *Peter*'s cries could nothing avail, for the Valiant *Don Quixote* layd about him as long as he thought he ſaw any Enemies. So that in leſs time then a Man might ſay a *Miſerere*, he had cut the *Motion* all to pieces, King *Marſilius* being dangerouſly wounded, and *Charlemain* having his Head cleft, like *Jupiter*'s when he brought forth *Minerva*. For you muſt know that *Don Quixote* ſpar'd neither *Moors* nor *Chriſtians*. The whole Company was no leſs in diſorder; the Monkey betook himſelf to his Heels, and got to the Top of the Houſe; the Guide and the Lacquey were in a ſtinking Condition; nay *Sancho* himſelf trembl'd, as one that had never ſeen his Maſter in ſuch a terrible Fury before. But now the Enemy being Defeated, and the Field of Battel clear'd by ſuch a general Deſtruction, the Generous *Don Quixote* ſcorn'd to take Advantage of his Victory, or to enrich himſelf by the Pillage, but having wip'd the Sweat from off his Face, with a more ſedate and pacify'd Countenance; now would I fain, quo he, that all they had been here preſent, that will not believe the benefit and neceſſity of *Knight-Errantry*. For do but conſider, had it not been my good Fortune to have been here, what might have befallen *Don Gaſſeros* and the fair *Meliſandra*, who could have hinder'd theſe Dogs, but that they would have purſu'd, apprehended, and abus'd 'em? Long live *Knight-Errantry* in deſpite of Envy, and maugre the Incredulity of thoſe that have not the Courage to enter into her Orders; Let her live for ever glorious; and let him that ſays the contrary dare to ſhew his Face.

Oh let her live, cry'd Mr. *Peter* in a doleful tone, and let death be my miſerable Portion, who may now ſay with King *Rodorigo*, *Yeſterday I was King of* Spain, *but now not Maſter of a Foot of Land.* Within this Quarter of this hour I had one of the faireſt Courts in the World; I commanded Kings and Emperors; and now behold me a Poor *Nicodemus*, a naked, ſad, diſconſolate Beggar; and all through the raſh and inconſiderate fury of an Ungrateful Knight, that calls himſelf the Bulwark of Orphans and Widows, the Support and comfort of the Afflicted. He is full of Charity for others, but it ſeems he reſerv'd all his Malice to ſpend it upon me and mine. But ſince it was the Will of Fate, that the *Knight of the Sad Figure* ſhould employ his Valour to dubb ſo many of my Puppets, to wear his Title, I ſubmit.

Poor *Sancho*, was ſo touch'd with Mr. *Peter*'s Lamentations, that no leſs griev'd then the Puppet-Player; Weep not, Mr. *Peter*, quo he, you peirce my very heart; but confide in me; for I aſſure yee my Maſter is as Pious, as he is Valiant, and when he comes to underſtand he has done yee the leaſt Injury, he will make yee double Amends. Provided, quo Mr. *Peter*, that the Lord *Don Quixote* will but pay me part of what my Puppets which he has disfigur'd coſt me, I ſhall ſoon be ſatisfy'd, and he'll diſcharge a good Conſcience; for he cannot well think to be ſav'd who wrongs his Neighbour, and reſtores not the Goods of which he has depriv'd him. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but I know not any dammage I have done yee. No dammage! anſwer'd Mr. *Peter*; behold theſe miſerable Innocents that lie ſtrow'd upon the Floor; who d' yee think has ſlic'd and carbonado'd 'em thus, but that Invincible Arm of

yours

yours, which no human force can reſiſt? and who d' yee think theſe wretched Ruins belong to but to Me? who think yee Feeds and Cloaths me but They? Abſolutely am I now convinc'd, reply'd *Don Quixote*, of what I have ſo often ſaid, that theſe Enchanters who continually perſecute Me, change and alter all things at their pleaſure, on purpoſe to abuſe me. For I profeſs ingeniouſly, Gentlemen, who hear me, that every thing I ſaw appear'd to Me as real and undoubted, as it was in the Time of *Charlemain*. I took *Meliſandra* for *Meliſandra*, *Don Gafferos* for *Don Gafferos*, and *Marſilius* for *Marſilius*, the *Moores* for *Moores*, in perfect Fleſh and Bones. Which being ſo, I could not refrain my fury; and therefore, that I might accompliſh the Duty of my Profeſſion, which obliges me to Succour the Oppreſſed, I did what I did: if the Effects prov'd not anſwerable to my Deſign, the fault lay not in me, but in thoſe curſed *Necromancers*, that purſue me to extremity. Nevertheleſs, tho I am not guilty of their wickedneſs, I will condemn my ſelf to repair the dammage; reck'n your Loſs therefore, Mr. *Peter*, and I ſhall pay it down upon the Nail. At which words Mr. *Peter* bowing himſelf with his Head almoſt to the Ground, I miſtruſted no leſs, quo he, from the inimitable Piety of the moſt Valiant *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the moſt aſſured Refuge and certain Support of miſerable Vagabonds. Here's my Maſter, the Innkeeper, and the moſt upright *Sancho*, let them, if your Worſhip pleaſes, be the Moderators in this Unfortunate Cauſe. Content, reply'd *Don Quixote*, withal my Heart. Immediately Mr. *Peter* taking up King *Marſilius*, and ſhewing him without a Head; you ſee Gentlemen, ſaid he, 'tis impoſſible to reſtore the King of *Saragoſa* to his Royal Dignity, and therefore, with ſubmiſſion to my honourable Judges, for the Coronation of his Succeſſor, and the Funeral Expences of the Murder'd Prince, leſs cannot be allow'd me then Two Shillings and ſix Pence. Content, quo *Don Quixote*, go on to the next. For this ſame downright ſlit from Head to Foot, continu'd Mr. *Peter*, taking up *Charlemain* from the Ground, I think three Shillings is little enough. 'Tis but reaſonable, quo *Sancho*. Very Conſcionable, quo the Innkeeper; he was a great Emperour, meaſure the Wound, and you'l find it ſix Sixpences all a row in length. Give him two Shillings ten Pence Half-penny, quo *Don Quixote*; we'll neer ſtand upon a Half-penny in ſuch a caſe as this. But pray diſpatch Mr. *Peter*, for 'tis Supper time, and I begin to feel certain Suſpicions of Hunger. For this Figure here, that has loſt one Eye, and the Noſe cut off, which was indeed the fair *Meliſandra* her ſelf, I think it but reaſonable to demand fifteen Pence. 'Slife, quo *Don Quixote*, I had thought *Meliſandra* and her Husband had been upon the Confines of *France* before now, conſidering that the Horſe they rode upon ſeem'd rather to flie then Gallop. Find another Chapman, good Mr. *Peter*; you muſt not think to ſell me Cats for Hares; by making me believe a *Meliſandra* without a Noſe to be the real *Meliſandra*, who if the Devil ben't i' the Horſe, is now at her Fathers Court between a pair of Holland Sheets with her Husband.

Thereupon Mr. *Peter* finding *Don Quixote* begin to grow touchie, and fearing he ſhould ſhew him a Trick, after he had ſeem'd to view the Puppet more narrowly; I was miſtaken, quo he, this is not *Meliſandra*, now I ſee, but one of her waiting Gentlewomen dreſt up in her Cloaths, for whom I demand no more then four Pence ha'penny.

After Mr. *Peter* had thus examin'd who were ſlain, and who were wounded, and ſet his price upon every one, the Arbitrators moderated the buſineſs to the content of both Parties, allotting *Don Quixote* to pay a Mark

for the whole, which *Sancho* payd down upon the Nail. Mr. *Peter* demanded alſo three Pence more toward paying for aſſiſtance to help him catch his Monkey. Give it him, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*; and I would give ten times as much, to be aſſur'd, that *Don Gafferos* and *Meliſandra* were ſafe in *France* with their Friends. No body can tell that better then my Monkey, cry'd Mr. *Peter*. But 'tis ſuch a mad Thief, that the Devil can't take him, unleſs hunger or his kindneſs for me cauſe him to return; but I'me ſure of him to morrow Morning, and then he ſhall give your Worſhip full ſatisfaction.

The *Hubbub* thus appeas'd, they all Suppt together at *Don Quixote*'s Charges, who was as liberal as a Young Heir at a *Fiſh-Street* Tavern.

The next Morning the Carrier departed with his Lances and his Halberds by break of Day; the Guide and the Lacquey went and took their leaves, the one to return home, the other in order to continue his Journey. *Don Quixote* gave the Lacquey ſeveral wholſom Admonitions touching the Profeſſion of a Souldier, which he was going to undertake, and then putting a Roſe Noble into his Hand, embrac'd him and bid him farewell. As for Mr. *Peter*, he was too well acquainted with *Don Quixote*'s humour, and therefore reſolving to have no more to do with him, after he had got his Monkey again, and pickt up the Ruins of his *Motion*, he packt up his Auls, and away ſcudded he before Sun-riſe to mend his *Show* and ſeek his Fortune. And as for *Don Quixote*, he generouſly payd the Innkeeper, and taking Horſe by eight a Clock i' the Morning, left him as much aſtoniſh'd at his Extravagancies, as wondering at his Liberality. And ſo let him jog on a while, that we may have leiſure to recount ſome other Paſſages, neceſſary for the better underſtanding of this Hiſtory.

CHAP. XXVII.

Wherein is diſcover'd who Mr. Peter *was, together with the ill ſucceſs which* Don Quixote *had in the Adventure of* Braying, *which did not fall out according to his Wiſhes.*

THey who have read the firſt part of this Hiſtory, may remember a certain Rake-hell, whom *Don Quixote* ſet at liberty, together with ſeveral other Newgate Birds. This ſame Tory was he that robb'd *Sancho* of his *Grizzle* in the Black Mountain.

This ſame *Black Tom*, fearing the Warrants that were out againſt him, to puniſh him for the Rogueries he had committed, of which the number is ſo great, that they are extant in Print in a Book much like that of the *Engliſh Rogue*, put a black Plaiſter upon his Eye, and in that diſguiſe reſolv'd to wander up and down the Country and ſhew Puppet-plays; wherein, as alſo in the Art of *High Paſs and be gone*, he was an accompliſh'd Maſter. The Monkey he bought in his Travels of certain Marriners that came from the Coaſt of *Barbery*; and taught him to leap upon his Shoulder upon a certain ſign given, and to make as if he whiſper'd in his Ear. This done, before he enterd into any Place where he intended to take up his Quarters, he carefully inform'd himſelf in the next Village what particular Accidents had happen'd in that place, and to what Perſons, and Barrell'd 'em up ſafely in his Memory. Then the firſt thing he did, was to ſhew his Puppet-play, that repreſented ſome times one Hiſtory, ſometimes another, which

which were generally well known, and taking among the Vulgar. After that, he commended the wonderful Qualities of his Ape, telling the People that he knew all things that were past and present, but never what was to come; and for every Answer to every Question he took a Shilling, and many times less, as he felt the Pulses of his Customers. And sometimes when he came to the Houses of People, of whom he had already had some information, he would without being ask'd, make his accustom'd sign to his Monkey, and then as if the Monkey had told him, relate the passage with all 'its Circumstances; by which means he had got a mighty Credit among the Vulgar sort; or if he were not fully inform'd, then by the Dexterity of his Wit, he return'd such Ambiguous Answers, which suited with the Question like a Garment that will fit several Persons, laughing all the while at all the World, and filling his Purse: So that in such a disguise 'twas easie for Mr. *Peter* to cully *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, whom he knew as soon as he enter'd the Inn, tho unknown to them.

Now let us overtake the famous Knight of the *Mancha*; who having left the Inn, resolv'd before he went to *Saragosa* to visit the pleasant Banks of the River *Heber*, and the Places adjoyning, especially finding he had time enough, and being never out of his way.

For two days together he travell'd without meeting any Adventure worthy Observation; till the third day, mounting up a little Hill, he heard a great noise of Drums and Trumpets, and shooting off of Muskets, which he thought at first had been some muster of the County Train Bands, and made him spur up *Rosinante* to the Top of the Hill, where he saw i' the Vale on the other side about two hunder'd Men Arm'd with different Weapons, Pitchforks, Partizans, Crossbows, Pikes, and some Muskets. Thereupon he rode down the Hill so near the Multitude, that he could distinguish their Colours, and their Motto's; and among the rest he discover'd one Ensign of black Taffaty, upon which was Painted an Ass to the Life, stretching out his Neck, holding up his Snout, widening his Nostrils, and thrusting out his Tongue, just in the Posture of an Ass that is *Braying*; with this Motto round about.

'Twas not for nothing, if well Weigh'd,
That both the wise Const-ables Bray'd.

This Motto gave *Don Quixote* to understand that they were the Inhabitants of the *Braying Village*; and therefore said he to *Sancho*, shewing him what was written in the Colours; the Carrier that told us the Story of the Men that Bray'd was absolutely mistaken; for they were not Bayliffs of a Corporation that Bray'd, but certain Constables or Princes of the Night, as is apparent by the Motto in the Colours. Sir, said *Sancho*, I have nothing to do with *Bradshaws* Windmil, neither is it any way material to the Truth of the Story, whether they were Bayliffs or Constables, (tho Constables do make a fearful noise sometimes) nay for ought I know they might be two of your Country Just-Asses of the Peace, put into Commission more for their Money then their Wit: but let 'em be what they will, what's that to you or me? The Mayor of *Altringham* and the Mayor of *Over*, one was a Thatcher the other a Dauber— but what's this to you or me, or the History?— pray go on, Sir, if y'have any thing more to say.

At length *Don Quixote* understood that they were a Company of hair-braind Men of *Gotam*, muster'd together to fight the People of another Village, who indeed jeer'd 'em with their Braying too unmercifully, and like ill Neighbours.

Neighbours. Thereupon *Don Quixote* rode in among 'em, notwithstanding all *Sancho*'s prudent Admonitions, who had no kindness for such sort of Adventures; at what time the armed Rabble hemn'd him in, believing him to be one of their Party. But *Don Quixote* lifting up his Vizor, and with a lofty Countenance desiring the Throng to make way, rode up to the Standard, where the chief Masters of Misrule gather'd about him, no less astonish'd then others had been before at his strange Physiognomy and Equipage. *Don Quixote* therefore perceiving how they star'd and gap'd upon him, resolv'd to take the Advantage of their silence, and willing to enlighten their Understandings,

Gentlemen, said he, I desire yee with all the love and kindness that may be, not to interrupt me in my discourse, unless you find it displeasing to your Ears; for then upon the holding up of a Finger I shall stop, tho it be i' the midst of my Career. Thereupon one that seem'd to command the Rest bid him speak freely, and as long as he pleas'd. Then *Don Quixote* beginning a second time.

Gentlemen, said he, I am a *Knight-Errant*, Arms are my Exercise, and my Profession is to succour those that are under Oppression and have need of my Assistance. It is but within these few days that I understood the mischance that had befall'n yee, and how that yee had taken Arms to revenge your selves upon a Company of *Coggshall* Jeerers, that insulted over your Misfortune. I must confess I have been ever since considering, and pondering, and meditating upon your Case; and I find by the strickt Laws of Duels, that you injure your selves, in believing your selves affronted; for that one particular Person cannot affront a whole Corporation and Society of Men, unless it be by accusing 'em of a general Rebellion or Insurrection, for want of knowing the Ringleaders. Of which we have a notable Example in the Case of *Don Diego de Lara*, who accus'd all the Inhabitants of *Zamora* for Trayters, not knowing that *Vellido Dolfos* had kill'd the King his Master; and so accusing all, the Revenge and the Defence belong'd to all in General. I must confess, *Don Diego* strain'd a Note above *Ela*; for it was unreasonable to accuse the Dead, or the Waters, or the Corn that was reap'd, or those that were unborn, as you may read in the Accusation; but when a Man's *Welch* Blood is up, there is no Curb that can hold it in. Wise Men and well govern'd Republicks never take Arms, nor hazard their Lives and Estates, but upon five occasions; In the first place to defend their Religion; Secondly in defence of their Lives and Fortunes, which the Laws both of God and Man allow: Thirdly, to maintain the Honour and Dignity of our Families; Fourthly, for the Service of our Prince in his just Wars: Fifthly, which indeed may be refer'd to the second, in defence of our Country—Under these five, as Capital Heads, may be comprehended all the other occasions of taking Arms in a just cause. But to run *Hurry Hurry*, to revenge and slaughter for Trifles, and the little Extravagancies of wanton Waggery and Pastime, is not only a breach of the Law, but directly contrary to the purity of Christian Morality, which commands us to forgive our Enemies, and to Love our Neighbours as our selves. A severe Injunction I must confess to those that partake more of the Flesh then of the Spirit, yet a command to which it behoves all Men to submit, that would be Imitators of the Grand Exemplar of Love and Peace. And now Gentlemen having said thus much, I hope I need say no more to perswade yee to lay down your Tumultuous Arms, that only serve to disturb the publick Tranquility, and render yee obnoxious to your Princes just Indignation.

Here

Here *Don Quixote* paws'd a while, as it were to take breath; at what time *Sancho* believing he had done, the Devil take me, quo he, if this Maſter a' mine be not a Doctor of Divinity; or if he be not ſo indeed, he's as like one as four Pence to a Groat; and then encourag'd by the continu'd attention of the Armed Auditory——— Gentlemen, quo he, My Lord *Don Quixote*, once call'd the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, but now the *Knight of the Lyons*, is a Perſon of great knowledge and diſcretion, and one that can ſpeak Latin as fluently as an Uſher of a School; and in all the Counſels and Admonitions that he gives he ſpeaks like a Souldier, bluntly but to the purpoſe. He has all the Laws and Statutes of Military Diſcipline and Knight-Errantry at his Fingers ends, ſo that you may depend upon his Advice; and in ſo doing if ever yee tread awry, then will I give yee leave to brand me for an Infidel. And I muſt tell yee, 'tis not without good Reaſon that he ſeems ſo much offended at your quarrelling ſo idly about a ſilly Buſineſs of *Braying*. For I remember when I was a little Scaperloiterer, and us'd to play truant, I took great delight in Braying; and by often practice, without offence to your Worſhips, and without vanity be it ſpoken, it was ſo natural to me, that all the Aſſes i' the Village would fall a Braying when they heard me Bray. And yet for all that, I was no leſs the Son of Parents, who were Both well deſcended. I muſt confeſs that for this excellent Quality of mine, I was envy'd by above four of the beſt Young Men i' the Pariſh, but I valu'd 'em not a Button; well knowing that every Man was to make the beſt of thoſe parts which Heaven and his own Induſtry had beſtow'd upon him. Now, Gentlemen, to let you ſee that I am no Lyar, but one that always tells truth, do but hear me, and then your own Ears ſhall be Judges; for this Art of mine is like ſwimming, once acquir'd 'tis never forgot. And ſo ſaying, the ſincere Squire, clapping both the Paums of his Hands to his Noſe, fell a Braying with ſuch a ſtrong and vigorous breath, that he made all the Neighbouring Woods and Vallies ring again. But as he was going to recover his Wind, and Bray a ſecond time, one of thoſe that ſtood next him, believing he had done it in mockery, gave him ſuch a thump with a Woodden Leaver upon the Reins of his Back, that he fell'd poor *Sancho* from his Aſs, and layd him ſprawling upon the Ground. *Don Quixote* ſeeing his unfortunate Squire ſo uncivilly us'd, ran with his Lance couch'd againſt the remorceleſs Aſſaylant; but finding him reſcu'd by ſuch a number of Pitchforks and other deſperate Weapons, and feeling it already began to rain mortal ſhowers of Stones about his Ears, beſides a great number of Muskets ready to give Fire, he withdrew himſelf out of the Throng as faſt as *Roſinante* could Gallop, heartily recommending himſelf to God and his dear Miſtreſs, believing himſelf already ſhot through with a thouſand Bullets: but the Rabble being ſatisfi'd with his Flight, never offer'd to ſend any of their Leaden Meſſengers after him. As for *Sancho*, he was acquitted, upon payment of the blow he had receiv'd; ſo that they layd him athwart his Aſs, hardly recover'd from the ſwimming of his Head that accompany'd the bruiſe of his Back, and ſuffer'd him to follow his Maſter; which his *Grizzle* according to Cuſtom did of her own accord, as not being able to quit the Society of *Roſinante*, tho but for a moment. *Don Quixote* on the other ſide having try'd *Roſinantes* Heels, and perceiving himſelf out of Gun-ſhot, fac'd about; and ſeeing *Sancho* and his Aſs pacing fair and ſoftly towards him, without any troubleſom Train attending 'em, ſtay'd to receive and condole his Friend and Aſſociate.

As

As for the Men of War they ſtay'd till night, and then return'd home to their Wives, triumphing over their daſtardly Enemies that durſt not ſhew their Faces. And I believe, that had they underſtood the Cuſtom of the *Greeks* and *Oliverians*, they would have erected ſome Trophy in the Place of expectation, as a Monument of their Valour, and have ſet apart a day of Thankſgiving for their Great Victory.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Containing ſeveral Remarkable Paſſages written by Benengeli, *which he that reads the next Chapter with Attention may know.*

WHen a Valiant Man flies, you may be ſure he has diſcover'd ſome Ambuſcade; for it becomes a prudent Perſon to reſerve himſelf for a better Occaſion. This Truth is verify'd in *Don Quixote*, who never conſidering the danger wherein he had left the diſtreſſed *Sancho*, choſe rather to run away, then expoſe himſelf to the fury of an enrag'd Multitude; and to ſecure himſelf at a diſtance out of harms way. *Sancho*, as I ſaid before, follow'd his Maſter ſtretcht out upon his *Grizzle*, and having recover'd his Senſes, juſt as he had overtaken him, fell down at *Roſinante's* Feet. Preſently *Don Quixote* alighted to ſearch his Wounds, but finding his Skin whole, in a Pelting chafe, Friend, quo he, who the Devil taught you to Bray with a Pox to yee? *I had thought you had known better things, then to be talking of Halters, in the Houſe of a Man whoſe Parents were hang'd.* 'Sliſe! what other payment could ſuch a Muſitioner as you expect for his Muſick? Go and thank God, Sirrha, that inſtead of dry blows, they did not ſlice thee into fat Collops.

I have not a word to ſay for my ſelf, reply'd *Sancho*, my Kidneys ſpeak ſufficiently for me; pray, Sir, help me up, and let's get out of this place; if ever I Bray again i' this World, I'le gi' yee my Mother for a Maid. Only I cannot forbear to obſerve the Wiſdom and Prudence of you *Knight-Errants* in running away to ſave one, and leave their Squires to be thraſh'd like Wallnut Trees in the midſt of their Enemies. No, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I did not run away, but only retire; for thou muſt know *Sancho*, that Valour which is not ſupported by Prudence is meer Raſhneſs, and the Actions of a Raſh Man are attributed rather to his good Fortune, then to his Courage: I muſt confeſs I did retire, but not flie; and in ſo doing I did but imitate the moſt Valiant Captains, who not to hazard their Honour indiſcreetly, have reſerv'd themſelves for more favourable occaſions. Hiſtories are full of Accidents of the ſame Nature, but as it is to no purpoſe, ſo neither am I in a humour at preſent to urge Preſidents.

By this time *Don Quixote* having ſettl'd *Sancho* upon his Aſs, and being mounted himſelf, they march'd fair and ſoftly along to a Wood about a quarter of a Mile off: Yet as ſoftly as they rode, *Sancho* could not forbear fetching moſt profound ſighs, and making heavy Lamentations, bemoaning his Ribs after a moſt doleful manner; of which when *Don Quixote* demanded the Reaſon, poor *Sancho* ſadly anſwer'd, that from his Nock-bone to the very Nape of his Neck, his pain was ſuch as almoſt bereft him of his Speech. Doubtleſs, quo *Don Quixote*, the cauſe of thy extraordinary Pain, is by reaſon the Leaver being long and broad, was well

aim'd

aim'd and layd on at the full breadth, as a broad Bliſter ſpread upon the Skin, Scarifies more then one of a leſſer Compaſs. By the Lord Harry, Sir, quo *Sancho*, you ha' reveal'd to me a very great Myſtery: And now i' the Devil's name; was the Cauſe of my Pain ſo hard to be divin'd, that you muſt diſcover it in ſuch Eloquent Terms? O yes; I ha' found it out, for you ſay I have a pain in my Ankle-bone which I know not of, and that's a poynt of Divination indeed; but to tell me the cauſe of my Pain where the Leaver hit me, every Fool cou'd ha' done that. In good ſooth, Sir, Mr. Maſter of ours, now I diſcover Land; I find you are like all the reſt of the World, that lay to heart no Bodies harms but their own; and what I muſt expect by keeping you Company—— Ee'n as yee left me now to the Mercy of theſe bloody Rib-roaſters, and t'other day to be toſt in a Blanket upon an Errand to the Moon; ſo do I expect to be left a hunder'd times more i' theſe Lurches; and as it is like to coſt me one Rib at preſent, the next bout ware both my Eyes. Death o' the Devil, I ha' been always a Fool hitherto, and ſo ſhall continue as long as I live— My beſt courſe had been never to have undertook theſe Rambles, and now my beſt courſe will be to return home to my Wife and Children, and look after my Houſe with that little Wit that God has giv'n me, inſtead of running your *Wild-gooſe Chaces* any longer, and the moſt part of my time too, without either eating or drinking. A comfortable Refreſhment indeed, after a Man has weary'd himſelf off his Legs, to cry— are yee ſleepy, Brother Squire? Take ſix Foot of Earth; and if that won't ſerve, take ſix Foot more.— The Devil burn that ſame firſt Son of a Butcher that invented this *Knight-Errantry*; or at leaſt the firſt Fool, that had ſo little Wit as to turn Squire to ſuch a Parcel of Mad-men—— Pardon me, Sir, I mean the *Knights-Errant* of former times, not the Honourable Gentlemen of this preſent Age, for whom I have a particular reſpect, becauſe your Worſhip is one of the number, and becauſe I perceive yee to have more Wit and Sence then any of the reſt; and that indeed you underſtand a poynt more then the Devil himſelf.

I'le hold a good Wager, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, while thou haſt the liberty to prate thus without interruption, that thou feel'ſt no more pain then a Tortoiſe in his Shell.—— Well— *Sancho*, talk on— talk till thy Lungs ake— talk like a Quaker in a Meeting-Houſe, whatever comes into thy Brain—— I'le patiently bear with the trouble of all thy Impertinencies; and if thou haſt ſuch a deſire to return home to thy Wife and Children, God forbid that I ſhould hinder thee— Thou keep'ſt my Caſh—— Count how many days 'tis ſince we made our laſt Sally, caſt up thy Wages by the Month, and pay thy ſelf— When I ſerv'd *Tom Carraſco* the Students Father, quo *Sancho*, whom your Worſhip knows very well, I earn'd a Mark a Month: I know not what to demand of you; but this I know, that a Squire to a *Knight-Errant* undergoes more hardſhip then e're a Plough-Boy i' the World: for we that go to Plough and Cart, whatever we endure all the day, are ſure of our Fat Bacon and Pudding at night, and to ſnoar in a Bed: But ſince I ſerv'd you, I'le take my Corporal Oath I never had my Belly full, nor a good nights Reſt, unleſs it were at *Don Diegoes* Houſe, when I ſcumm'd *Don Martins* Caldron, and drank and ſlept at Mr. *Baſils*. Mercy upon me, all the reſt of my time I never ſlept but upon the Green Earth, under the Canopy of Heaven, expos'd to all the Inconveniencies of Wind and Weather, living providentially upon Scraps of hard Cheeſe, and mouldy Cruſts, and drinking the Water of the Deſerts.

I agree to all you ſay, quo *Don Quixote*; then how much more doſt thou demand above what *Tom Carraſco* payd thee? why truly, quo *Sancho*, if I may be my own Caterer, two Shillings a Month more then *Tom Carraſco* gave me I think will be but very reaſonable for Wages; and then in lieu of the Iſland which you promis'd me, I think that in poynt of Conſcience you cannot give me leſs then twelve Shillings a Month more, which makes twenty ſeven Shillings and four Pence in all.

Very good, quo *Don Quixote*—— Let's ſee then, 'tis now twenty five days ſince we left our Village, reck'n what is thy due for Wages, and for the reſt take your own demands and pay thy ſelf.

But ſtay, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*—— we are out in our accompt, for as to your promiſe of the Iſland, we are to reck'n from the very day that you firſt made the promiſe to this very Minute. Very good, quo *Don Quixote*— and how long is it, I pray, ſince I firſt made you that promiſe? According to the beſt of my Remembrance, quo *Sancho*, I think it is from this very Hour about twenty years, more or leſs. *Hoyday*, quo *Don Quixote*, burſting forth into a loud laughter, what ayls the Fellow?— we have hardly been abroad in all two Months; and now thou would'ſt make me believe 'tis twenty Years ago ſince I oblig'd my ſelf to give thee an Iſland— I find thou haſt a mind to turn Cheat i' thy Old Age, and to Couzen me of all my Money— in good time— Take it with all my heart, and much good may it do thee—— for rather then be plagu'd with ſuch a confounded Squire as thou art, I would part with my Shirt.—— But prithee tell me, Treacherous Tranſgreſſour of all the Laws of *Knight-Errantry*—— where did'ſt thou ſee or read that ever any Squire ſtood haggling with his Maſter, or brangling as thou haſt done about more or leſs? Dive *Cut-Purſe*, dive miſerable Wretch, into the ſpacious Sea of Hiſtory, and ſhew me any ſuch example, and I'le give thee leave to Brand me i' the Forehead, with four *Mammon*'s in Capital Letters over my Noſe. Go too then, the buſineſs is concluded, take thy own Courſe, and get thee home with a murrain, for I am reſolv'd thou ſhalt not ſtay a Minute longer i' my Service. O the many Loavs of mine ill beſtow'd! Friendſhip ingratefully recompenc'd! Promiſes ill plac'd! vile heartleſs Wretch, that partak'ſt more of Beaſt then Human kind!—Thou art leaving me, when I was juſt upon the very poynt of raiſing thee to the higheſt Pinacle of Grandeur— Thou ſhark'ſt away from me, when I had the beſt Iſland in the Sea ready to beſtow upon thee—— juſt when I thought to have ſeen thee honour'd and reſpected by all the World. Treacherous Infidel without Honour, without Ambition— well might'ſt thou ſay indeed that *Honey was not for the Chaps of an Aſs*; and indeed thou art a very Aſs; an Aſs thou wilt live, and an Aſs thou wilt dye.

While *Don Quixote* was thus loading poor *Sancho* with Reproaches, poor *Sancho* all abaſh'd, diſmay'd, and confounded, beheld his Maſter with a wiſtful look, and burſting out for grief into a flood of Tears; Sir, ſaid he, with a whining and ſorrowful Voice, juſt as if he had been reading his Neck-Verſe, my moſt dear and precious Maſter, I acknowledge I want nothing but a Tail and long Ears to be an abſolute Aſs; if your Worſhip will be pleas'd but to fix the one to my Backſide, and the other to my Head, I ſhall deem 'em well ſet on, and ſerve yee all the days of my Life. Be not ſo angry I beſeech yee, Sir, rather pitty my Youth, conſider my Breeding, and if my Tongue run at random, aſcribe it to my weakneſs and ſimplicity, rather then to my evil Intentions; for as the fault is, ſo muſt the Pardon be. *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, what are become

come of all thy Proverbs; I admire thou couldst talk all this while, without so much as one musty Adagie. But all's well again, thy Repentance has prevail'd, and I pardon thee, tho upon this Condition, that thou amend'st thy follies, and for the future tak'st care of being so rivited to thy own Self interest. Pluck up a good heart then, and rely upon the Faith and Integrity of my Promises, of which thou wilt soon see the full accomplishment, and don't believe 'em impossible because delay'd. Thereupon *Sancho* recover'd out of his Dumps, renew'd the League with his Master, and promis'd to reforme all his past Errors.

Having thus finish'd their discourse, they betook themselves into the Wood, and lay rough at the bottom of a Tree; where *Sancho* had but a bad night's Rest, in regard the Coolness of the Air augmented his Distemper. As for *Don Quixote*, he diverted himself with his usual Imaginations. But neither of 'em liking their Lodging, they got up early i' the Morning, and continu'd their Journey toward the River *Heber*; where what befel 'em, we shall relate i' the following Chapter.

CHAP. XXIX.

Containing the Adventure of the Enchanted Bark.

After two days March, our Noble Adventurers arriv'd at the River *Heber*; where *Don Quixote* was infinitely pleas'd to behold the Beauty of the River, the Verdure of its Banks, the abounding plenty of the Water, and the Tranquility of the Stream. And this delightful Prospect recalling to his mind a thousand Amourous thoughts; more especially of what he had seen in the Cave of *Montesinos*, which he assur'd himself to be real Truths, in despight of the Monkeys Answer, and contrary to *Sancho*'s more judicious Opinion, who took 'em all for lies, he abandon'd himself, waking, to his wonted idle and fantastick Dreams.

In the midst of these charming fancies, he spy'd in the River a small Bark without any Oars, Cordage or Sails, moor'd to the Trunk of a Tree. Thereupon looking round about him, and seeing the Coast clear, he threw himself to the ground, commanding *Sancho* to alight and tye their Beasts to an *Osier* that grew ready at hand. *Sancho* ask'd him wherefore he alighted so briskly, and what design he had in his Noddle?

Friend, quo *Don Quixote*, thou art to understand, that this same Bark lies there to no other end but only to invite me to enter into it, for the relief of some distressed Knight, or other person of Quality that is in great danger: For observe the very method of Enchanters in all the Books of *Knight-Errantry*, when any Knight, who is a friend of theirs, is up to the ears i' the Sudds, and knows not which way i' the world to get out of himself, but by the assistance of some other Knight, as being perhaps two or three thousand miles distant one from the other, they send him, as here now, a Bark, that seems to be altogether unrigg'd, and without either Oars or Tackle, as this is, in which he crosses the Sea; or else they horse him up into a Cloud, and by that means before you can tell twenty, he is transported through the Air, or whisk'd along the Seas to the Place where there is occasion for him: and now if this Boat don't lie here meerly upon this design, I am a Horse and no *Knight-Errant*. And therefore tye up *Rosinante* and

Grizzle, and let's begon without losing time; for I am resolv'd to try this Adventure, tho all the Monks of St. *Francis*'s Order should conjure me upon their knees to desist. Nay, Sir, quo *Sancho*, if nothing will serve your turn, but still to follow these intoxications of the Devils Witchcraft, my part is only to make a leg and obey——according to the Proverb——*Do as thy Master commands thee, tho it be to sit at his Table.* However in discharge of a good Conscience, give me leave to tell yee, I do not believe this Boat to be any of those *Enchanters* Boats you dream of, but some Fishermans Vessel that uses this River, which affords the best Thornback in all the Country. This advice did *Sancho* give his Master while he was tying the Beasts to the Tree, tho griev'd to the very Soul to leave the poor Creatures alone; and therefore like a faithful Friend most heartily recommended 'em to the care of the Enchanters. Which *Don Quixote* hearing, bid him never pine himself for the Beasts; assuring him that the *Necromancers* would never suffer 'em to want. Go too, Sir, then said *Sancho*, they are fast I'le warrant yee, what must we do next? Nothing more, reply'd *D. Quixote*, but recommend our selves to God and weigh Anchor. And so saying he leapt into the Bark, when *Sancho* following him, cut the Cable, and so by degrees the stream carri'd the Boat from the Shoar; but *Sancho* no sooner saw himself in the middle of the River, but he began to quiver and shake, as giving himself over for Seamonster dyet. But nothing griev'd him so much as to hear *Grizzle* bray, and to see how *Rosinante* paw'd and tugg'd his Bridle to get to the Grass. Sir, said he, look yonder, how poor *Rosinante* strives to break his Bridle, mad to throw himself after Us; hark too, how my poor *Grizzle* bemoans our Absence. Ah my dear Friends, then continu'd he, have patience a little while, till Heaven shall find a Cure for this Madness of our Master's that makes this Separation, and then yee may be sure we'll soon return to your relief. Which said, he fell a blubbering and making such an ugly noise, that *Don Quixote*, giving him a surly look; Dastard, quo he, What is't thou fear'st? What dost bleat for like a great Calf? Who pursues thee, for a Weezle-hearted Rascal? What would'st thou say if thou wert to march Barefoot over the Snowy *Riphean* Mountains, or the burning Sands of the *Libyan* Deserts; Thou that sitt'st like an Arch-duke at a Table abounding with Plenty? See how softly and gently the Current of this River carry's us along; from whence in a Moment we shall fall into the wide Ocean, if we are not there already. For I am sure we are about seven or eight hunder'd Leagues from the Place where we first embarqu'd—— had I but an Astrolabe here, I could tell thee exactly; tho if I gues right we are now about to pass the *Equinoctial Line*, that divides the whole World into two equal Parts.

And when we have pass'd that *Line*, as you call it, I beseech your Worship, how many Leagues have we sayl'd then? When we come to the *Line*, quo *Don Quixote*, we have measur'd the one half of the Globe of the Earth, according to *Ptolomies* accompt, who was one of the best Cosmographers i' the World; which at three hunder'd and sixty degrees, and five and twenty Leagues to a degree, makes nine thousand Leagues in all.

By the Lord Harry, quo *Sancho*, this same Monsieur of a *Count*, what d' yee call him, with his Additions of *Meon* or *Meo*, was a notable Man sure; and is mightily beholding to your Worship, to carry me along with yee by Water, to witness the Truth of his wonders; for I'le undertake neither *Rosinante*, nor *Grizzle* would ha' travell'd one of these degrees in six years. I find thou dost not understand me *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, smiling, neither have I leisure at present to inform thee; however thou canst not take it amiss to trye an Experiment that costs thee nothing.

The

The *Spaniards* and all those that Embark from *Cadiz* to the *East-Indies*, have made it a most infallible Observation, that so soon as they have pass'd the *Equinoctial Line*, all their Vermin dye; not so much as one Louse remaining, tho you might have an Ounce of Gold for every Black-listed Animal. Look therefore *Sancho* i' thy Shirt, and if thou find'st any *Creepers* about thee, then we have not past the *Line*; if thou dost not, then we have past the *Line*. Tararara, quo *Sancho*, the Devil take him for the Son of a Whore that believes a Tittle of all this: However I'le submit to your Commands, tho there be no occasion; for I plainly see with my own Eyes, that we are not got above twenty Perches from the Shore, by the same token that you may discern *Rosinante* and *Grizzle* in the same place still where we left 'em ty'd. And I'le venture my Wife and Children that we do not move much faster then an Emmet, and that we go no farther then yonder Lock which I see before us.

Try what I tell thee, *Sancho*, and never stand to argue; thou know'st not what belongs to Colures, Lines, Parallels, Zodiacks, Poles, Solstices, Planets, Signs, Tangents, Points and Climates, of which the Sphear is compos'd; and therefore, as I said before, romage thy Linnen, and believe as thou seest thy self; for, for my part I take thee to be as clear as a Sheet of guilt *Venice* Paper. Thereupon *Sancho* obey'd, put his hand gently into his Bosom, and after he had felt a while, staring in his Masters Face, the Experiment is false, quo he, or else we mistake quarter Inches for Leagues— How! quo *Don Quixote*, hast found any thing *Sancho*? 'Tis enough that I tell yee th' Experiment's false, cry'd *Sancho*, and so saying, he shook his Fingers over the Water, and then wash'd his Hands in the River, upon which the Bark drove along insensibly, without the help of any secret Intelligence, or conceal'd Necromancer, but only by the bare Assistance of the Current as calm and smooth as a Milk-bowl. *Don Quixote* however would not believe but that he was whirl'd along as swift as an Arrow out of a Bow; and perceiving certain Mills i' the middle of the River, full of joy, Friend *Sancho*, quo he, look yonder, there's the City or Castle, I'me sure, where some distressed Knight, or Queen, or Princess lyes, that wants the succour of my Potent Arm— and now— What City or Castle i' the Devils name d' yee mean? Sir, quo *Sancho* — Have not you liv'd long enough yet to know Mills from Cities? Good God, quo *Don Quixote*, how long will these Misfortunes of mine attend me? They seem indeed to be Mills, but assuredly they are not Mills. Have I not told thee a hundred times that these *Necromancers* change, overturn, and disguise all things at their pleasure; not that these changes are really so, but only their Sorceries make 'em seem to be so. Of which we have had a late Confirmation in the Enchantment of my Dear *Dulcinea*, the only Refuge of all my Hopes.

By this time the Bark being got into the middle of the Stream, the Current carry'd it along much swifter then before. At what time the Millers perceiving the Bark coming a-drift full upon the Mill Wheels, came running out with their long Poles, with all the Assistance they could readily call together, crying out as loud as they could open their Throats, Devils of Men, what d' yee mean, whither are yee going, are yee madd i' the Boat there, d' yee intend to be drownd, or ground to bits by the Mill Wheels?

Don Quixote observing the Miller's Countenances powder'd with Meal-dust, and all their Tatters of the same Colour; did not I tell thee *Sancho*, said he, 'twould not be long before we came to the place where it is or-

dain'd

dain'd for me to ſhew my utmoſt Proweſs, and the Invincible ſtrength of my Arm? See yonder how many diſmal Hobgoblins make head againſt me, how many deformed Phyſiognomies appear at once together, thinking to affright me with their Goggle Eyes and Saracen's Faces? But we'll be with yee Hang-dogs, immediatly. With that he ſtood up in the Bark, and rending his Wind-pipe, in a moſt terrible tone began to threaten the Millers, crying out, Sons of Perdition, Infidels accurs'd of Heaven, Pagans, Mahumetans, Turks, and Devils upon Earth, releaſe forthwith thoſe Captives detain'd within your Caſtle, High or Low, Rich or Poor, of what Condition or Quality ſoever they be; for I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the Renowned *Knight of the Lyons*, for whom Heaven has reſerv'd the Honour to put a happy Concluſion to this Adventure. And having ſo ſaid, he drew his Sword and Fenc'd with the Air, as if he had been at Back-ſword already with his Enemies the Millers; who hearing all this while his thundring Threats, but underſtanding what he meant no more then Horſes, ſtood ready with their Poles to keep off the Bark from the Wheels, and to preſerve a Mad-man that had no care of himſelf. For neer the *Mill-dam* the Stream ran ſtrong, and brought down the Bark with a Rapid ſwiftneſs.

All this while poor *Sancho* was at his Prayers to Heaven for deliverance but this one time; vowing to all the Saints as the *Secretary* did, that if ever they took him again in a Bark without Oars, he would give 'em leave to drown him; for that nothing but a Miracle or the Millers could ſave him: who ſo beſtir'd themſelves, that they prevented the danger, tho not ſo dextrouſly, but that in turning the Bark from the Wheels, they overturn'd it the Keel upwards, with all its lading, and *ſouſe* came *Don Quixote* and his Squire both into the River. 'Twas well for *Don Quixote* that he could ſwim like an *Otter*; but the weight of his Armour for all that carry'd him twice down to the bottom; however by means of his extraordinary Skill, and his labouring for Life like a Mouſe in a Waſh-bowl, he got up again, and at length the Millers throwing themſelves into the Water, made a ſhift to pull out *Don Quixote*, and poor *Sancho*, that lookt like a pumpt Bayliff; which had they not done, there had been an end of the Succour of the Oppreſſed, and the Mirrour of Iſland-Governours.

In this Pickle, more ſous'd then thirſty, the Millers lay'd out the Knight, now tame enough, and his Anabaptiz'd Squire upon the Graſs a drying in the Sun; at what time *Sancho* ſhivering and ſhaking with cold, and lifting up his Eyes and his Hands to Heaven, call'd upon all the Saints he could think of, to deliver him for the future from the Raſh extravagancies, and inconſiderate follies of his Maſter.

But he had ſcarce ended his Prayers, before the Philiſtin Fiſher-men were upon him; who ſeeing their Bark broken all to pieces, fell upon *Sancho*, and began to uncaſe him, demanding ſatisfaction both of him and his Maſter for the loſs of their Bark. To whom *Don Quixote*, no more diſturb'd then if he had been bath'd in Eſſence of Oranges, anſwer'd with his uſual Flegmatick Gravity, that he was ready to pay for the Bark, provided they would releaſe the Captives that they detain'd unjuſtly in their Caſtle; which not being done they muſt hope for no Mercy nor Money from him. What Captives, i' the name of *Lucifer*, what Caſtle d' yee mean, Sir, quo the Millers, would yee carry away our Cuſtomers from us? This 'tis, quo *Don Quixote*, to preach in a Wilderneſs; a Man had as good talk to the Rocks, as to ſuch Traſh of Mankind as theſe. Then continuing his Speech; Certainly, ſaid he, this muſt be ſome confounded

Conteſt

Conteſt between two *Necromancers*, both Craftmaſters i' their Art : One ſends me a Bark and t'other overturns it ; God ſend us better Times, for here is nothing but over-reaching and undermining i' this World. Then caſting a fixed eye upon the Millers, well—my dear Friends, and Princeſſes, quo he, pardon me, I beſeech yee, ſince it ſo falls out, both to your Misfortune and mine, that it lies not in my power to releaſe yee from your Chains.

After that, he came to an agreement with the Fiſhermen for the price of the Boat, to whom *Sancho* paid down five good Mark in ready Coyn, fetching a hunder'd ſighs from the bottom of his heart as he told out the money : and when he ſaw the Fiſhermen purſe up the Guelt ; Adieu dear Images of our Soveraign Lord the King, quo he, one ſuch Voyage more will bring our Noble to Ninepence.

Thus *Don Quixot*, like ſome Princes, wiſely bought his Peace : yet neither could the Millers nor the Fiſhermen forbear admiring two ſuch Figures and Reſemblances of Human Offspring, that neither ſpoke nor acted like the reſt of the Sons of Men ; both their Language and their Deſign being all Heathen Greek and Myſteries to Them incomprehenſible. And therefore at length concluding 'em to be Ten degrees madder than any Tom-a-Bedlams they had ever ſeen, they left 'em and return'd, the Millers to their Mill, and the Fiſhermen to their Employment. *Don Quixot* alſo and *Sancho* made haſte to relieve their Beaſts, that with ſorrowful Countenances ſeem'd to bewail their being ty'd up from the ſweet Tufts of Graſs that grew under their noſes ; a Grievance to them beyond the Enchantment of ten thouſand Princeſſes and Perſons of Quality.

CHAP. XXX.

Containing what happen'd to Don Quixot, *upon his meeting with the fair Huntreſs.*

THus the Knight and Squire return'd with wet Shirts, and melancholy Hearts to the dear Companions of their Travels ; tho *Sancho* were the more caſt down and penſive of the two ; who minding nothing but his Profit, inwardly ſorrow'd for the loſs of his Five Marks, which he lookt upon as ſo many drops of Blood, or the Apples of his Eyes. Well, to be ſhort, at length they both mounted, without ſo much as opening their Lips one to another, and left the unfortunate River, riding along like two Mutes, the one profoundly drownd in his Romantick Amuſements, the other pondring how to get more Money, and where to lye warm at Night. For *Sancho*, as ſimple as he was, had ſo ill an Opinion of his Maſters Fegaries, that he began to deſpair of any good to be expected from his Promiſes, and to caſt about which way to make his eſcape, and leave him to Ramble by himſelf. But Fortune ordain'd it quite otherwiſe then he could poſſibly imagin, as you ſhall find by the Sequel.

It happen'd then, that the next day toward Evening, juſt as he was bidding farewel to a Forreſt, *Don Quixote* ſpy'd a great number of People, at the farther end of a green Meadow ; to whom he rode up, and then found 'em to be certain Perſons of Quality, that were abroad with their Hawks and their Spaniels. Among the reſt he perceiv'd a Lady with a Hawk upon her Fiſt, richly habited, upon a white Pacing Mare, ſumptuouſly equipt, with a green Velvet Side-ſaddle embroider'd with Silver.

Which

Which made *Don Quixote* believe her to be some Person of Honour, and Mistress of the Train that attended, as indeed she was. Thereupon, turning about to his Squire, Son *Sancho*, said he, go and present my humble duty to that Lady upon the white Mare, and tell her the *Knight of the Lyons* adores the Majesty of her Matchless Beauty; and if she pleases to vouchsafe him the favour, has an Ambition to kiss her fair Hands, and obey her Commands to the utmost of his Power—— But Sirrha, have a care how you deliver your self; more especially refrain for once that confounded Custom of thine, of garbling thy mouldy Proverbs with my refin'd Complements. Marry, quo *Sancho*, who more a Proverb monger then your self?—— Is this the first time think yee, that I have gone of your Embassies to great Ladyes? Unless it were when I sent thee to Madam *Dulcinea*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I never know of any other for me. 'Tis very true, cry'd *Sancho*, but a good Paymaster never grudges his Wages; and in a House where there's plenty the Cloath is soon layd. That is to say, I need none of your Admonitions; for God be thanked, I know a little of every thing. I believe it, quo *Don Quixote*, go thy ways, and thy good Angel guide thee. Presently *Sancho* set forward, putting his Patient *Grizzle* to the Trot, and approaching the fair Huntress, he presently alighted, and throwing himself upon his Knees; Most fair and right Reverend Lady, quo he, the Knight whom yonder you behold with your Beautiful Eyes, is the *Knight of the Lyons*, my Master, and I am his Squire, whom my Neighbours at home call Gaffer *Sancho Pansa*. This *Knight of the Lyons*, who not long since was call'd the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, sends me to bid me tell your *Huge and Mightiness*, that his Lowness desires the Favour, with your good leave and perdition, to come and prostrate himself, in the first place at your Highnesses Feet; i' the second place, to rise up and kiss your sweet Winsom Gollikins, as we say in our Country; and then in the third place to put in execution his terrible design, which as he says, and I believe, he has to admire your Safforn duty, and to serve your High-born Revinity to the utmost of his Power; for which if you will give him your perdition, he will take it for a great favour, to be your ternal Vassel. In good truth, most excellent Squire, you have deliver'd your Embassy with all the formality and discretion, that such a weighty Commission requir'd. Recover your Legs I beseech yee, Sir; for 'tis not reasonable the Squire to so famous a Knight as the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, with whose Grandeur and worth we are sufficiently acquainted, should remain upon his Knees; rise therefore Honest Friend, and go and tell your Master, that 'twill be the greatest Honour and Satisfaction imaginable both to the Duke and my self, if he will but accept the rude Welcom of a House we have hard by.

Sancho rose, altogether Ravish'd with the Beauty and Affability of the Lady, but much more when he heard her talk of the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, as a Person that was known to her, never taking notice of her not calling him the *Knight of the Lyons*, which was a Title he had but lately assum'd to himself.

Then quo the *Dutchess*, I pray *Mr.* Squire tell me one thing. Is not this Master of yours the Person whose Life is lately come forth in Print, under the Title of *The History of the most admirable Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha*, who adores for his Mistress a certain Lady, call'd by the name of *Dulcinea del Toboso*? The very same an't like your Holiness, quo *Sancho*, and that same Squire so often mention'd in the History by the name of *Sancho Pansa*, is my self, Madam, if I was not chang'd i' my Cradle. I am extreamly glad of it,

reply'd

reply'd the Dutcheſs, Go then dear *Panſa* and tell thy Maſter, that he has extreamly oblig'd me by his arrival on my Territories, an accident ſo grateful that nothing could have happen'd more to my Content and Satisfaction.

With this ſame gracious Anſwer, *Sancho* return'd overjoy'd to his Maſter, to whom he repeated all that the Lady had ſaid to him, extolling in his ruſtical dialect, her Beauty, her Carriage, and her Affability, to the Skie.

Don Quixote overjoy'd at ſuch a Proſperous beginning, ſeated himſelf in his Saddle, fix'd his Toes in his Stirrups, gracefully accommodated the Vizor of his Helmet, and *cherruping* to his *Roſinante*, rode forward to kiſs the Lady's Hand. Who ſo ſoon as *Sancho* was gone, had ſent for the Duke her Husband, and given him an accompt of the Meſſage ſhe had receiv'd. Thereupon they both prepar'd to receive the famous Champion; for having read the firſt part of the Hiſtory of his Life, they were no leſs curious to ſee and know the Perſon, reſolving, as long as he ſtai'd, not to contradict him in any thing, but to humour him in all things that were eſſential to the Entertainment of a *Knight-Errant*, according to what they had already obſerv'd in their frequent reading of Romances.

Preſently *Don Quixote* approach'd; at what time *Sancho* perceiving him making a Motion to alight, haſten'd to be ready to hold his Stirrup; but making more haſte then good ſpeed, he entangl'd his Leg after ſuch a ſtrange manner in the Cord that ſerv'd him to reſt his Foot, that not being able to diſingage himſelf, he hung by the Heels with his Head upon the Ground cloſe by his Maſter. On the other ſide *Don Quixote*, thinking that *Sancho* had held his Stirrup, as he was lifting his right Leg over the Horſe to alight, with his left brought the Saddle, that was very looſe girt, under the very Belly of the Horſe, and with that diſappointment down came he Head and Crupper both together, confounded with ſhame, and Curſing poor *Sancho*, who was almoſt in as bad a Condition as himſelf with his Heels i' the Stocks. But the Duke beholding 'em in that diſtreſſed plight, gave order to ſome of his followers to ſet 'em both upon their Legs again. At what time *Don Quixote*, who had very much bruis'd his Huckle-bone, with a Hipſhot grace approaching the Lady fell upon his Knees at her Horſes Feet. But the Duke, who knew his Wife and her Mare to be no Saints, and therefore that ſo much Adoration was none of their due, alighting from his Horſe, and embracing the humble Votary, Sir *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*, ſaid he, It has been no ſmall trouble to me, that you ſhould no ſooner ſet your Foot within my Territories, but you ſhould have ſo much cauſe to repent of your favours; but the negligence of Squires is many times the occaſion of worſe Accidents. The ſight of your Illuſtrious Perſon, mighty Prince, reply'd *Don Quixote*, is a happineſs ſo much by me eſteem'd, that I would not have valu'd my falling to the bottom of th' Abyſs, for the Purchaſe of ſo great an Honour. 'Tis true, my Squire, the Devil pick his fat Bones, underſtands better how to hold a *Canterbury* Tale of five hours long, then to ſaddle a Horſe; but let my Poſture be what it will, whether level with the Earth, or pitch'd upon my Head with my Heels upward, whether a foot or a Horſe-back, I am abſolutely at your Lordſhip's Service, and the moſt humble Slave of my Lady the Dutcheſs, your Peerleſs Conſort, the Queen of Beauty, and Soveraign Princeſs of all Courteſie. Forbear your Complements, good my *Lord Don Quixote de la Mancha*, quo the Duke, ſo long as Madam *Dulcinea* lives, all other Lady's are unjuſtly applauded.

Here *Sancho Panſa*, not able any longer to forbear, till his Maſter had return'd an Anſwer; It cannot be deny'd, quo he, but that Madam *Dulcinea* is a very ſweet Creature, a Primroſe of beauty; *but all the world does not know where the Hare will ſtart.* I have heard a good Preacher ſay, that this ſame I know not who ſhe is, whom ye call *Madam Nature*, is like a Potter that makes Veſſels of Clay; he that makes one handſome Pot, can make one, two, three, or a hundred: And ſo I muſt tell yee my thoughts, that my Lady the Dutcheſs is nothing inferiour to Madam *Dulcinea*. Upon which, *Don Quixot* addreſſing himſelf to the Dutcheſs, 'Tis my misfortune, Madam, ſaid he, but certainly never any Knight-Errant i'the world was troubl'd with ſuch an eternal *Prateroaſt*, nor ſuch a conceited *Hangdog* of a *Squire*, as I am: which if I have the honour to continue but a few days in your Service, your Highneſs will find to be true. Let *Sancho* be as conceited as he pleaſes, reply'd the Dutcheſs, I ſhall eſteem him the better; 'tis a ſign he has ſome wit in his brains: Good Conceits you know my Lord *Don Quixot* are not to be met with among Loggerheads and Jobbernoles: and therefore if *Sancho* be a man of merry conceit, I'le warrant him alſo for a man of wit; and a perpetual Babler to boot, Madam: ſo much the better cry'd the Duke; a man that talks well can never talk too much. But not to loſe more time in words let's haſten home, whither I intend the Knight of the *Ill-favour'd Countenance* ſhall accompany Us this night, if he pleaſes to do us that honour.

Your Highneſs, quo *Sancho*, miſtakes his Title, to call the *Knight of the Lyons*, the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Countenance*. *Knight of the Lyons* let it be then, reply'd the Duke——So I ſay again, if the Knight of the Lyons will vouchſafe us his preſence at a Caſtle which I have hard by, he ſhall not fail of the beſt Entertainment theſe parts will afford, and which the Dutcheſs and my ſelf are wont to give to all Knight-Errants that travel this way.

Thereupon they all mounted and ſet forward, the Duke and *D. Quixot* riding upon each hand of the Dutcheſs, who call'd for *Sancho* to attend her likewiſe; pleas'd with the ſportive divertiſement of his impertinent Drollery. Nor was the Squire ſuch a baſhful Milkſop to refuſe the Invitation, but crouded in among the foremoſt, after his wonted unmannerly way, as believing there was no ſport i'the Play without him. A ſawcy Ruſticity extreamly delightful to the Duke and Dutcheſs, who were overjoy'd to have met with two men that were not to be parallel'd in all the world beſide.

CHAP. XXXI.

Containing ſeveral Extraordinary Matters.

IT is not to be imagin'd how joyful *Sancho* was to ſee himſelf ſo much in the Dutcheſs's favour. For he made no queſtion but that he ſhould wallow in the ſame Plenty at the Dukes Palace as he had met with at *Don Diego*'s and Mr. *Baſil*'s Houſes. For being an Affectionate Friend to good Vittles, he layd hold of Opportunities Forelock upon all occaſions to ſtuff his Paunch, whereever he met with Provender to his Liking.

Now before they arriv'd at the Caſtle, the Duke rode before, and gave particular Inſtructions to his Servants how to behave themſelves toward

the

the new-come Gueſt. So that no ſooner was *Don Quixote* enter'd the Court Yard, but out came two Lacqueys in long Veſts of *Crimſon*, and took him from his Horſe; telling him withal, that the Dutcheſs expected the ſame Aſſiſtance from his Highneſs. Thereupon *Don Quixote* haſten'd to the Dutcheſs, and many Highflown Complements there paſs'd between the Lady and the Knight; but in concluſion ſhe refus'd to alight in the Arms of any but the Duke her Husband; excuſing her ſelf to be a Burthen too mean for the Arms of ſuch a worthy Champion: ſo that there was a neceſſity for the Duke himſelf to perform that Office. And now being enter'd into a ſpacious Hall, immediately there came two young Damſels, who threw a rich and long Mantle of fine Scarlet about *Don Quixote*'s Shoulders. Which done, the Galleries of the Room were fill'd with Men and Women, the Domeſticks of the Duke, loudly crying out, Welcome, Welcome, the Cream and Flowre of *Knight-Errantry*; and ſo ſaying, they rain'd ſhowres of Eſſences and Sweet Waters, upon the Duke, the Dutcheſs and *Don Quixote*; to the unſpeakable Joy and Admiration of the Raviſh'd Knight, who never till then ſo certainly believ'd himſelf to be an undoubted and real *Knight-Errant*; finding himſelf treated after the ſame manner as he had read in his Romances of the Entertainments of *Knights-Errant* in former Ages.

As for *Sancho*, he follow'd the Dutcheſs, and keeping cloſe at her Elbow, enter'd the Hall with the Reſt. But being prickt with ſome remorſe of Conſcience, for having left his beloved *Grizzle* alone, he went to a Reverend Matron, that came with the Reſt of the waiting Gentlewomen to meet the Dutcheſs, and whiſpering in her Ear, Madam *Dorothy*, quo he, or what is your name I beſeech yee Forſooth? My name, Friend, quo ſhe, is *Abigal Fitchet*, what is your pleaſure with me? I would deſire yee, quo *Sancho*, to go into the Court, where you will find an Aſs of mine, pray do me the kindneſs to order him into the Stable, or elſe lead him thither your ſelf, for the poor Creature is very timorous, and does not love to be alone in a ſtrange Place.

If the Maſter have no more Manners then the Servant, we are all well hope up y'faith, quo Mrs. *Abigail*; good *Gaffer Trundle-tail*, go ſeek ſome where elſe for Ladys, with a murrain, to look after your Aſs; for here are no Oſtlers Daughters i' this Houſe. Gud's life, quo *Sancho*, what are yee in a Huf, Madam? As if I have not heard my Maſter, who underſtands all the Hiſtories in the World, often ſay, that when *Lancelot* return'd into *England*, the Princeſſes took care of his Perſon, and the Ladys lookt after his Horſe. And I muſt tell yee good Madam *Squeeze-fart*, I would not change my Aſs for *Lancelot's* Horſe, as Mettleſom as he was.

I think the Fool rides the Fellow, quo Mrs. *Abigail*—— Pray Mr. *Jack Adams* keep your buffonries for thoſe that will take 'em, and pay yee better then I ſhall; for I aſſure yee, had all the Drols i' your great Fairs no better Cuſtomers then I, they might go hang themſelves; nor would I give a Fig for all the Jeſts i' your Budget. In my Conſcience, quo *Sancho*, ſhould I take thee for a Fig, I might be ſure of a Ripe one; for if I ſhould gueſs your Ladiſhip at *Sixty*, I ſhould not miſs a Cock-ſtride of my Accompt.

Son of a Whore, reply'd Mrs. *Abigail* in a violent Twitter, whether I am Old or no, what haſt thou to do with it? I am to give God an accompt of my Age, and not ſuch a Rakeſhame as thou —Marry gap— yee poyſon fac'd Raſcal— Theſe laſt words ſhe utter'd with ſuch an outragious diſdain, and ſo loud, that the Dutcheſs heard her, and obſerving her Colour up, ask'd

her what was the matter? What's the matter, quo she, why here's a sawcy *Jack Pudding* would ha' me put his Ass i' the Stable, telling me a Story of Princesses that lookt after the Horse of one, I know not who, Sir *Lancelot* I think he calls him; and because I wo'nt do as he bids me forsooth, here i' your Graces own House he calls me *Old* in downright English.—— Fie *Sancho*, quo the Dutchess, I had thought you had known better things, then to call a Gentlewoman *Old*; and be mistaken too! that's worst of all, for Mrs. *Abigail*'s a young Woman, and wears her Peak, as a Badge of her Authority, not a Mark of her Age.

May I never go out of your House again, Madam, if I meant any harm—only I have such a Paternal Affection for my dear *Grizzle*, as having been bred up from our Infancy both together, that I thought I could not recommend him to a Person more Charitable then this good Gentlewoman. *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, casting a sowre look upon him, d' yee know where yee are? Sir, quo *Sancho*, every Man talks of his Business in the place where he is; here it was that I thought of my *Grizzle*, and here I talk of him, had I call'd him to mind i' the Stable, I had talk'd of him there—— *Sancho* speaks nothing but reason, said the Duke, nor do I see any cause to blame him; but let him take no care for his Ass—— his Ass shall have as good Entertainment as himself.

This Pleasant Squabble being over, which was sport alone for all the Company, unless it were the formal *Don Quixote* himself, the Knight was carry'd into a Noble Room of State, sumptuously hung with Cloath of Gold, where he was disarm'd by six young Damsels, that serv'd him instead of Pages, who were fully instructed how to behave themselves, on purpose to feed the Champion's Fancy with *Knight-Errant* Entertainment. And now *Don Quixote* being disarm'd, appear'd in his close Breeches, and Shamoy Doublet, as meager as an old Witch; Hollow-ey'd, Buckram-jaw'd; with both his Cheeks meeting i' the middle of his Mouth: in a word, his Figure was so ridiculous, that the young Girls had certainly bepiss'd themselves with laughing, had not the Duke expresly forbid 'em Giggling, whatever they did. At length they desir'd the Knight to let 'em pull of his Cloaths, and put him on a clean Shirt. But he refus'd their kindness with a serious Modesty, affirming that it became not *Knight-Errants* to shew young Wenches their Tackle; and therefore he requested 'em to leave him and his Squire alone for a while. And so being shut up in a Chamber no less Magnificent then the Room of State, he took his Shirt, and casting a surlie look upon *Sancho*, Modern Scoundrel, and Ragamuffin of old, quo he, where learnt you to abuse a Lady so venerable and deserving respect as Madam *Abigail*? Was that a time to think of your Confounded Ass? or dost thou think that Persons of Quality who so Nobly and Magnificently entertain the Masters, forget to provide for their Beasts? For Heavens sake, *Sancho*, leave off these Fooleries, and don't discover thy self to be such an ignominious Clown as thou seem'st to be. Canst thou be such an ignorant Fop still, as not to understand that People value the Master according to the Behaviour of his Servants; and that Persons of quality have this Advantage over others, to be serv'd by their followers no less civil and well behav'd then themselves? But when they find thee out to be such a Rustick and Buffoon, what will they think of me? will they not take me for some Country Bumkin, or some Knight that was Dubb'd with a Stake out of a Hedg? No, no, *Sancho*, avoid these vanities— He that lets his Tongue run at rovers at all times, and at every Body, shall at length be despis'd by all the World for a Common Twatler, and a

Fellow

Fellow not worth minding —— and therefore bridle thy Tongue, Ponder and chaw thy words, before thou let'ſt 'em flie out of thy Mouth: And laſtly conſider that we are now happen'd into a Place, where by the Aſſiſtance of Heaven, and the force of this Arm, we may enrich our ſelves in Honour and Reputation, and reap the Fruits of our good Fortune. *Sancho* thus laſh'd and ſchool'd by theſe Verbal Caſtigations of his Maſter, fell a *greeting* like a Scotch-man i' the Stule of Repentance, ask'd forgiveneſs, and promis'd for the future ſo to behave himſelf, that they ſhould believe he had been bred up at the Feet of *Gamaliel*.

Don Quixote having thus vanquiſh'd the ſtubborn humour of his undutiful *Prateroaſt*, preſently dreſt himſelf; Hung his Eel-skin Belt about his Shoulders, together with his Truſty Sword; button'd on his Scarlet Cloak, and cover'd his Scull, the Seat of Prudence, with a Velvet Monteer Cap lin'd through with Cloath of Tiſſue, which the Damſels brought him, and in that Equipage enter'd the Great Room of State, where he found twelve Damſels rang'd in order, ſix a one ſide, and ſix a' t'other ready to receive him, which they did with all the Ceremonies, Curchees, and Complements imaginable. At the ſame time alſo came a dozen Pages with a Squire, to conduct the Knight where the Duke and Dutcheſs expected him at Supper. In the midſt of thoſe Pages, ſome before, and ſome behind, he march'd in great Pomp, toward a Sumptuous Parlour, where ſtood a Magnificent Table cover'd only with four Meſſes. At the enterance into the Room ſtood the Duke and Dutcheſs ready to receive him, attended by their Chaplain, a Perſon of Years and great Gravity; but a kind of formal Pedant, of the Number of thoſe who not being born Princes, will yet take upon 'em to teach Princes their Duty— and be confining their Grandeur within the narrow Limits of their own Colledge Breeding; no leſs moroſe, then preſumptive to inſtruct his Betters.

After many Compliments that paſs'd on all ſides, enough to have exhauſted the Magazin of ten more then ordinary Courtiers; the Duke, the Dutcheſs and *Don Quixote* approach'd the Table, where there aroſe a freſh diſpute about Preeminency of Place; but at length the Dukes Importunity prevail'd over *Don Quixote's* modeſt refuſals, ſo that he was conſtrain'd to take the Upper end: The Chaplain ſate at the Lower end right againſt him, and the Duke and the Dutcheſs upon each Hand of the Knight. *Sancho* was aſtoniſh'd to ſee the Honour done his Maſter, as if he had been ſome Angel dropt from Heaven, and obſerving what a world of High-flown Language there paſt between the Duke and his Maſter about the Upper end of the Table; If your Lordſhips, ſaid he, will give me leave, I'le tell yee what happen'd one day in our Village, in reference to this ſame Racket of yours about Places. *Sancho* had no ſooner done ſpeaking, but *Don Quixote* took the Alarum, afraid that his Squire had ſome impertinency or other to throw up, that lay heavy upon his Stomach; which *Sancho* perceiving by his looks, Sir, ſaid he, never fear, my words are all weigh'd and conſider'd, and ſhall be all to the purpoſe, my Life for yours; I have not forgot the Leſſon you gave me ſo lately, about talking little or much, ſence or nonſence. I ſay nothing to thee, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; prithee go on, but be quick, good *Sancho*. Why— My Lords, quo *Sancho*, what I have to ſay is as true as that my Mother bore me; for if I ſhall chance to trip never ſo little, there's my Maſter to give me the Lye immediately. Tell as many Lyes as there be ſpots i' the Moon, quo *Don Quixote*, I'le never contradict thee—— but— have a care what thou ſay'ſt—— O Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, I have champt and chaw'd, conſider'd,

and

and re-conſider'd, I have rumbl'd and tumbl'd this Story i' my mind a thouſand times, and I am ſure it muſt take—— In truth, cry'd *Don Quixote*, applying himſelf to the Duke and Dutcheſs, your Graces would do well to diſmiſs this idle Fellow, whoſe extravagancies you can never be able to bear with. By the Life of the Duke, reply'd the Dutcheſs, *Sancho* ſhall ſtay with me; I love him too well to part with him ſo, and have a great Confidence beſides in his Diſcretion. God ſend your Holineſs, Madam Dutcheſs, quo *Sancho*, to live a Thouſand years for your good Opinion of Me, tho I confeſs I am a poor Man and little deſerve it—— now then for my Tale.

A Gentleman in our Village, wealthy and well deſcended, for he was of the Family of the *Medina's del Campo*, invited one day——Hold——I forgot to tell ye that this Gentleman marry'd one Madam, *One-a-five-hundred*, or the Daughter of *Don Alonzo Mendiſhoſen*, Knight of the Order of St. *James*, who was ſtiff'd in a Smiths Forge, about whom there happen'd formerly a great Quarrel, in which, I have heard ſay, for 'twas before my Time, that my Maſter *Don Quixote* had his Shins broke; and that *Don Drayman-Boxero* the Unthrift, Son to Old *Bouzabouto* the Farrier, had like to ha' couzen'd the Gallows, being almoſt wounded to death——Speak Maſter of mine, is not this Truth?——ſpeak truth and ſhame the Devil, and let Monſieur the Duke and Madam the Dutcheſs ſee, that I am neither a Prater, nor a Lyer——Till now, reply'd the Chaplain, I took thee rather for a Babler then a Lyar; but now I profeſs I know not what to think. Thou call'ſt ſo many Teſtimonies to witneſs, and produceſt ſo many Circumſtances, quo *Don Quixote*, that moſt certainly it muſt be true what thou ſay'ſt. But ſhorten thy Tale, for as thou begin'ſt, thou'lt not make an end this week I'me ſure. My Friend *Sancho*, quo the Dutcheſs, ſhall not ſhorten his Tale, if I may have my will; let him tell his Story as he underſtands it himſelf——and let him be this fortnight a telling it, I'le find him Ears to hear it——my thinks he begins very pleaſantly——Then *Sancho* proſecuting his Tale, This Gentleman, my Lords, quo he——This Gentleman, of whom I told yee before, and whom I know as well as I know my own Face i' the Pond in our Back-ſide, for I'le undertake to ſling a Stone from his Houſe to mine——This Gentleman invited a Country Farmer, who indeed was none of the richeſt, but yet he was counted an honeſt man among the Neighbourhood, which was no ſmall Commendation to him—Put on, good Brother, quo the Chaplain, interrupting him, you proceed ſo ſlowly with your Tale, as if you intended to tell ſome part of it i' the other World——Spare a little of your Chriſtian Patience, quo *Sancho*, he that rides a Gallop many times comes later to his Inn then he that keeps his conſtant three mile an hour.

Now the Farmer, as I ſaid before, being come to the Gentlemans Houſe, who, as I told yee before, had invited him, and who had marry'd the Daughter of *Don Alonzo Mendiſhoſen*, poor Gentleman, God reſt his Soul, for he has been dead, 'tis now about three years ſince, by the ſame token, that they ſay he dy'd the Death of an Angel—for, for my part, I was not with him when he dy'd—being gone at that time to Harveſt-work a matter of ſix mile off to a Village call'd *Tembleck*—As you love your Life, Friend, leave your Harveſt-work——and without troubling your ſelf to bury the Gentleman, go on wi' your Story——It happen'd then, continu'd *Sancho*, as they were ready to ſit down at Table, I mean the Gentleman and the Farmer,——Hold a little, for methinks I ſee 'em now as plainly as if the thing had happen'd but yeſterday.

Infinitely

Infinitely were the Duke and Dutcheſs pleas'd to hear how *Sancho* went on with his Parable, never minding the Chaplains Interruptions. For that was Sport alone for them which teez'd the Chaplain, and made *Don Quixote* grind his Teeth for madneſs, though he durſt not be ſo bold as the Levite.

Well, quo *Sancho*, to go on with my Story, when Dinner was brought in, and that they were going to ſit down, the Farmer ſtay'd for the Gentleman to ſit down, that he might take his Place, and the Gentleman at the ſame time made a Sign to the Farmer to place himſelf at the upper End. *By no means*, quo the Farmer;—— *Prithee*, quo the Gentleman,—— *I beſeech your Worſhip*, quo the Farmer——— *Prithee*, quo the Gentleman. The Farmer ſcrap'd and cring'd and refus'd —— The Gentleman told him he would be Maſter in his own Houſe—— But do what the Gentleman could, the Farmer ſtood ſo ſtifly upon his Punctilio's of good Manners and Behaviour, that at length the Gentleman was forc'd to take him by the Shoulders and ſet him in his Chair, withal in a kind of Paſſion grumbling to him, Sit there, Goodman Bumkin, where 'tis my pleaſure to have yee— for ſit you where you will, the place of Worſhip is where I ſit. Look yee, My Lords, thus ends my Tale, and by Guds daines I think I ha' ſpoke nothing but what's to the purpoſe.

At this, ſo many different Colours aroſe in *Don Quixote*'s Countenance, who found himſelf nipt to the Quick by *Sancho*'s Morals, that his Face lookt like a piece of ſpeckl'd Jaſper; ſo that the Duke and the Dutcheſs, who perceiv'd the diſturbance of his thoughts, forbore to laugh outright, tho' they could willingly have given full vent to their Mirth, but that they were loth to provoke the already enraged Warriour.

And therefore that *Sancho* might have no farther opportunity to continue his unſeaſonable follies, the Dutcheſs turning the Stream of the Diſcourſe, ask'd *Don Quixote*, when he had heard from Madam *Dulcinea*, and how long it was ſince he had ſent her any Robbers or Gyants Heads for a Preſent. Madam, reply'd *Don Quixote*, my Misfortunes have had their beginning, and I hope they will one day have an end. True it is I have vanquiſh'd many Robbers and Gyants, and ſent her the Trophies of my Victories; but where ſhall they find her, or how ſhall they come to know her? For alas, Madam, ſhe lyes now Enchanted in one of the Counters, taken up for a *Sole Trader*, and by thoſe accurſed Necromancers of Turnkeys, and Tap-houſe Men, ſo tranſmogrify'd and bloated up with Brandy and foggy Ale, that I my ſelf when I ſaw her did not know her again. I don't know, quo *Sancho*, but I'me ſure I never ſaw her Parallel for Beauty; at leaſt I never ſaw the like of her for Maypole-tripping; ſhe'l whisk it about like the Girle that turn'd round and threaded Needles; the Devil take me, Madam Dutcheſs, if ſhe wo'nt jump as nimbly upon a Dreſſer, as any mortal Cat. Then the Duke putting the Queſtion, did'ſt thou ever ſee her Enchanted, *Sancho*, quo he? See her! quo *Sancho*, what a Queſtion you ask? You may be ſure I ha' ſeen her and ſeen her agen— I was the firſt Yeemun know that diſcover'd the ſad Accident of her being Enchanted—and ſhe's as much Enchanted as my Father.

The Chaplain, who heard 'em talk of nothing but Gyants and Inchantments, began to conjecture that this muſt be that ſame Worſhipful *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whoſe Hiſtory the Duke was continually reading, tho' he had frequently reprehended him for giving his mind to ſuch follies, and at length believing his Conjectures were true, he addres'd himſelf to the Duke, and with a ſtarch'd and formal Gravity, intermix'd with a kind

a kind of ſerious Anger, Sir, ſaid he, your Excellency will have a larger accompt then you think for to give, for Pampering the Extravagancies of this poor Man. This ſame *Don Quixote*, or *Don Codshead*, or call him what yee pleaſe, is no ſuch Fool as your Excellency takes him to be, or make him believe he is by feeding his Fantaſtical Humours. And then turning to *Don Quixote* himſelf; Hark yee, Goodman Coxcomb, wi' your Donſhip, who has put it into your Empty-firkin-pate, that you are a *Knight-Errant*, and kill Robbers and Gyants? Go, go, get yee home agen and look after your Wife and Children, or whatever honeſt buſineſs you have to do, and leave wandring and ſcaperloytring about the World and making your ſelf a Laughing-ſtock to all that know yee, and know yee not——— Where do you find any of theſe Chimera's of *Knight-Errants*, only talk'd of in former Ages, and now not ſo much as dreamt of? What part of the World did you meet with thoſe Gyants, and Hobgoblins, and Enchanted *Dulcineas*, that peſter and incumber your Noddle? All this while *Don Quixote* never gave the leaſt Interruption to the ſerious Chaplain, but liſten'd to his cutting reprehenſions with a *Job-like* Patience; till at length perceiving he had done, or at leaſt not able any longer to reſiſt the violent Agitations of his provok'd Choler, he roſe up and flung from the Table, as red about the Gills as Bowdy-ſcarlet, never minding his reſpect to the Company, and gave the Chaplain the following reply, which therefore deſerves a whole Chapter.

CHAP. XXXII.

Containing Don Quixote's *Anſwer to the Chaplain.*

THE *Knight of the Lyons* thus nettl'd to the very Marrow of his Back, trembl'd every Joynt of him for Madneſs, like a Lump of Quick-ſilver, and caſting a *Busbeyan* Frown upon the Chaplain—— Supercilious Pedant, quo he, fitter to Jerk Boys then Men; The Place wherein I am, the Preſence of theſe Noble Perſons, whom the Laws of Civility oblige me to particular Veneration; and the Reſpect which I have to your Profeſſion bridle my juſt Reſentment and tye up my Hands. Were not thoſe Obligations upon me, I would have in another manner Chaſtiz'd the Inſolence of your inconſiderate Tongue. But conſidering that the Weapons which Men of your Coat, and Women make uſe of are the ſame, I ſcorn to terrifie thy Female Soul with Maſculine Steel, reſolving fairly to combat your ſtingy Gravity upon equal Terms, and with your own Weapon.

And ſo, Sir, I muſt tell yee, I always expected from a Man of your Character ſober Admonitions, and modeſt Reaſons for your Reproofs, but you, contrary to all the Laws of Moderation, without any occaſion given, or any knowledg of my Perſon, flye out into Reproaches and Defamations, more fit for a Broom Man then a Divine. Pray, Sir, where did you learn your *Billingsgate* Breeding?—— Surely you cannot otherwiſe believe but that theſe publick Reproofs, and bitter Taunts of yours, have paſs'd the Limits of all Brotherly Correction. But if you do not know your Duty, or at leaſt ſeem never to have underſtood it, let me adviſe yee for the future; conſider before yee utter your Reproofs, whether your Authority be ſufficient, and let your firſt Corrections be all Sweetneſs and Mildneſs,

Brandy

Brandy mix'd with Syrrup of Gillowflowres; but above all things have a care of calling a Man Fool and Coxcomb, before y' have made him ſenſible of his offence. I would deſire your Doctorſhip to tell me what extravagance it is of which you accuſe me, and why you ſend me ſo magiſterially to look after my Wife and Children, before you know whether I am marry'd or no? Think you not thoſe to be as juſtly condemn'd, that wimble themſelves into other Mens Houſes, on purpoſe to govern the Maſter at their own pleaſure, and becauſe they have had the good twenty Pound a Year luck to be Tutor to the young Heir, tho' they never ſaw the World above ten Miles from home, take upon 'em the Priviledge to preſcribe Laws to *Knight-Errantry*, and judge of *Knights-Errant*? You forſooth account it an unprofitable Employment, and Labour loſt, to Travel round the World, tho' ſcorning the Delights and Pleaſures of it, and enduring only the Hardſhips and Toyls of Life, that advance the Brave and Valiant to Immortality—— What then?— No— If Men of Honour, Knights, Lords or Princes, lookt upon me as a Fool, I ſhould think my ſelf deſervedly contemn'd, and ſuſpect my own Judgment; but when meer Scholars and Pedants that never trod the Paths of Chivalry, paſs their leud Cenſures on my Vertuous Labours, I valu't not a Ruſh —— I am a Knight, and a Knight I mean to dye, if ſo it pleaſe the Almighty. Some blindly follow their own Haughty and Irregular Ambition; others by low and ſervile Flattery advance themſelves; others with the Cloak of deceitful Hypocriſie cover their Evil deſigns; and others walk according to the true Rules of Piety and Sincerity. I, for my own part, guided by my happy Stars, follow the narrow Path of *Knight-Errantry*, deſpiſing Riches and the vain Amuſements of the World, Ambitious only of Honour and real Glory. I have compos'd Quarrels, reveng'd Injuries and Wrongs, chaſtiz'd Inſolencies, overthrown Gyants, fought with Phantomes and Hobgoblins: I am alſo in Love, but no farther then the Profeſſion of *Knight-Errantry* obliges me to be; and being ſo, I cannot be reck'nd in the number of vitious Lovers, whoſe only object is voluptuous Pleaſure, not like mine, Platonic Chaſtity. My Intentions are all directed to Virtuous ends; that is, to do no Man Wrong, but Good to all the World. And now whether a Perſon, who by his Works demonſtrates the Integrity of his Sentiments, ſuch as theſe, deſerves to be upbraided for a Fool, I leave it to the Judgment of your Excellencies.

Upon my Religion, quo *Sancho*, here's as much as can be ſaid —— Stop Maſter, ſtop now y' are well— for all that a Man has to do i' this World is only to ſay, think and preſerve —— and therefore if *Mr.* Doctor will not now yeild there were any *Knights-Errants* i' the World, 'tis no wonder he knew ſo little what he ſaid.

D' yee hear you Mr. *Prate-apace*, quo the Chaplain, are not you that *Sancho Pancha* to whom your Maſter has promis'd an Iſland? The very ſame, quo *Sancho*, and I muſt tell yee, the very ſame He too that deſerves it as well as another, let him be as cocket and as lofty as he pleaſe. I am one of thoſe of whom they ſay, *Keep honeſt Company, and honeſt thou wilt be*; and of thoſe of whom it is ſaid agen, *Lean againſt a good Tree, and thou ſhalt have a good Shelter*. I am ty'd to a good Maſter, and I have kept him Company for ſome Months together; and now He and I am all one: And if it pleaſe God that we live together, I make no queſtion that neither will he want Kingdoms to give, nor ſhall I want Iſlands to Govern.

No, no, Friend *Sancho*, quo the Duke, that thou ſha't not, for I my ſelf will give thee one of mine own, where thou ſhalt have the honour to Govern a Mayor, no leſs famous then the Mayor of *Quinborough*.

Down a' your Mary-bones, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, and thank the Duke—— Here's Luck in a Bag indeed. Had we been either of us a Bed this night, I would ha' ſworn thou hadſt riſen with thy Bum upwards—*Sancho* thereupon flung himſelf immediately upon his Knees, and kiſs'd the Dukes Feet, with more then ordinary Humility. Which put the Chaplain into ſuch a fret, to find his Admonitions take ſo little effect, that he roſe from his Chair in a great heat, and with a ſurly arrogance beholding the Duke; By the Habit which I wear, quo he, your Excellency is more too blame then are theſe Miſcreants themſelves—— For how is it poſſible they ſhould be otherwiſe then Fools, when Wiſe Men countenance their *Delirium*'s. Your excellency may keep them Company if you pleaſe ſince they ſo well fit your humour; for my part, I'le not ſet my Foot within theſe doors ſo long as they continue here, to excuſe my ſelf from reprehending thoſe Extravagancies which I cannot prevent. And ſo ſaying, away he flung, like one that takes a ſudden diſguſt at his Company in his drink; tho true it is the Duke did not uſe much intreaty to ſtop him, not being able for a good while to forbear laughing at his Impertinent Choler. But this fit of Mirth once over, the Duke recovering his ſerious Countenance, ſaid he, to *Don Quixote*, in truth Sir *Knight of the Lyons*, you have anſwer'd ſo well for your ſelf, that you need no other ſatisfaction of the Parſon, then the outragious Paſſion you have put him in; beſides that the Affronts of Women and Black-coats are to be lookt upon with the ſame ſlight and ſcorn. 'Tis very true My Lord, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for Women, Children, and Church-men, as they are Perſons that cannot defend themſelves, ſo can they neither give nor receive an Affront. Therefore there is this difference berween an Injury and an Affront, as your Excellency well knows. The Affront is given by him that is able to give it and maintain it when he has done; an Injury may be done by any ſort of People whatever. For example, a Man walking in the Street, and never dreaming of any thing, is ſet upon by ten Armed Men who dry-baſt him; he draws his Sword to revenge the Injury, but cannot in regard they are too many for him; this Man may be ſaid to be Injur'd, but not to have receiv'd an Affront. Agen, a Man comes and ſurprizes another, takes him at an advantage, and having cudgel'd him ſoundly, runs away, the t'other runs after him, and cannot overtake him. He that was beaten has receiv'd an Injury 'tis true, but not an Affront, becauſe the Act was not juſtifi'd; but if he that ſtruck firſt had drawn his Sword and juſtify'd the Fact, then he that was ſtruck'n had receiv'd both an Injury and an Affront. Thus I may have been Injur'd by this Chaplain, according to the Laws of Duels, but I have receiv'd no Affront, becauſe he ran away; neither do I believe my ſelf oblig'd to take notice of the Language he gave, only I wiſh he would have ſtayd a little longer, that I might have made a Convert of him, by convincing him of his Errour, in believing there never were any *Knights-Errant* i' the World. Had *Amadis* or any of that numerous Gang but heard him talk at that Rate, I would not ha' been in his Coat for the beſt Biſhoprick i' the Kingdom. Gud's my Dignity, quo *Sancho*, putting in for his ſhare, they had ſplit him from Head to Foot, like a Pomegranate or a Ripe Melon: They were not Men believe me, to be ſo fool'd with; they would nere ha' ſwallow'd ſuch Pills as my Maſter has done. Hear me what I

ſay,

ſay, and I'me ſure I ſpeak nothing but truth, had *Rinaldo of Montalban* heard this ſame Pimpwhisken talk at this rate, he had layd him on ſuch a Beauty-ſpot upon the Snout with his Four Fingers and Thumb, that I queſtion whether he would have talk'd again this three Years. Let him if he think fit go and keep thoſe Swaſhbucklers company, and preach the ſame Doctrin to Them, by yea and by nay, and in good ſooth he'll tell me another tale when he comes back——. No, no— there's no dealing with thoſe Royſters.

The Dutcheſs held her ſides and laught at *Sancho*'s Diſcourſe, whom ſhe found to be much the more pleaſant Fool then his Maſter. At what time *Don Quixote* returning to his Seat at the Table, they made an end of Supper, which being done, while others were taking away, there enter'd four young Damſels, the one carrying a Baſon of Silver guilt; a ſecond with an Ewre in her hand of the ſame Mettle; the next brought a very fine Parcel of Linnen richly perfum'd; and the fourth with her Sleevs tuck'd up to her Elbows, carry'd a Silver Box full of ſweet Waſhballs. Preſently ſhe that brought the Linnen, unfolded a Towel and pinn'd it behind the Champions Neck; the ſecond held the Baſon under his Chin, and the third pour'd out the Water. *Don Quixote* was ſurpriz'd at ſuch an extraordinary uſage, but believing it to be undoubtedly the Cuſtom of the Country, to waſh the Beards inſtead of the Hands of Perſons of Quality, he only thruſt out his long Chin without ſpeaking a word. And then it was that the Damſel that carry'd the Waſhbals fell to work, belather'd with all her ſtrength not only the patient *Knights* Beard, but his whole Face, ſo that he was forc'd to ſhut his Eyes. Madam *Barbareſs* having thus lay'd the *Knights* Countenance a-ſoak in ſweet Suds, pretended to want Water, and ſent for more, after ſhe had begg'd *Don Quixote*'s Pardon for making him ſtay. All which time the Poor Knight ſate expos'd to all the Company, the ſtrangeſt Spectacle that ever was ſeen, with his long Neck ſtretch'd out, his Beard as big as a Plaiſterers Bruſh, beſmear'd with Soap Suds, his Eyes faſt ſhut, and his Chaps all in a white ſoam. 'Twas a pleaſant ſight to ſee a *Knight-Errant* ſo handled by a knot of unlucky *Hebergebits*; yet no body durſt laugh at preſent, tho all were ready to burſt; and all their ſatisfaction was, that they ſhould have enough to laugh at hereafter. Well at length the Water came, and the curteous Damſel after ſhe had rins'd off the Soap, with her lilly white Hands, dry'd and wip'd the Beard and Face of the Obedient Knight, with that ſoftneſs and leiſurely tenderneſs, as if ſhe had been afraid to hurt his Skin. Which done the Damſels having made the Spruc'd-up Knight their ſerious Curchees and profound Reverencies, were about to retire. But the Duke, afraid leaſt *Don Quixote* ſhould think himſelf abus'd, call'd to the Damſel that carry'd the Baſon, crying to her to come and waſh him too. Thereupon the young Lady, who was not then to learn her Pſalter, underſtanding the Dukes meaning, went and gave her Lord a Caſt of her Office in like manner, but with a quicker diſpatch, for that his Excellencies Beard was neither ſo long, nor his Face ſo foul. Which being done, they made their Obeyſances and vaniſh'd.

Now you muſt know that *Sancho* had beheld the whole Ceremony, and having often revolv'd it in his mind, God forgive me, quo he, why ſhould it not be the Cuſtom of this Country to waſh the Squire's Beards as well as the Knights? For by my Conſcience there's as much need of the one as the other; and if Madam *Barbareſs* would but ſhave me to boot, I would give her a grey Groat with all my Heart. Which words as he

was mumbling to himself, the Dutchess observing his Chaps wag, What's that you are muttering between your Teeth, *Sancho*? quo she. I say Madam, that I ha' been told how 'tis the Custom indeed among your Great Folkes, after the Cloath is taken away to have Water brought to the Table, for every one to wash their Hands, but I never heard of your Women Barbers before: But the longer a Man lives, the more he shall know; and on the other side they say, that he who lives long has much to suffer, tho if he suffer no other harm then the washing of his Beard, I rather believe it must rather be a pleasure then a pain, especially when he suffers under the fair Hands of such a handsom Madam Barber as my Master did. Well— well— for that *Sancho*, quo the Dutchess, set thy heart at Rest— I'le order my Laundry Maids to wash thee, and if thou wilt, thou shalt have a Lye made a purpose. Let 'em only wash my Beard at present, answer'd *Sancho*, and as I like that I shall consider what to do farther.—

Steward, quo the Dutchess, let *Sancho* want nothing, but have whatever he calls for. It shall be done Madam, reply'd the Steward, and so took *Sancho* along with him to his own Table, leaving the Duke, the Dutchess and *Don Quixote* alone; to whom the Dutchess after several Discourses concerning *Knight-Errantry*, made it her Request, to give her a particular description of Madam *Dulcinea*, adding with all, that as People spoke of her Beauty she must be the only Mirrour of Perfection i' the World.

Upon which, *Don Quixote* fetching a profound Sigh, to give your Excellency satisfaction, said he, in this particular, it is requisite I were able to unrip my Breast, and lay before your Eyes in a Plate upon this Table my Heart it self, where her Beauty is so exactly depainted; seeing my Tongue can never express what can hardly be conceiv'd by Imagination. For to make an exact Picture of the Peerless *Dulcinea*, it would require the Pencils of *Rubens*, *Urbin*, *Tintoret*, the Graving Irons of *Lysippus*, and indeed all the Art and Skill of all the famous Painters, Engravers and Statuaries in the World, with the Rhetorick of *Demosthenes* and *Cicero* to boot. However quo the Duke, there is nothing impossible to a Genius like yours; and you will highly oblige us, but only to give us a rude Draught of the out Lines; for certainly the most imperfect Sketch in the World of her Lineaments, must suffice so set all our Celebrated Beauties raying against Nature, for being so niggardly of her Perfections to them. I would willingly obey your Excellencies Commands, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but that the Misfortune lately befall'n her, has almost eradicated the very Idea's of her Angelic Features from the seat of my Memory; so that I have now more reason to deplore her Change, then to describe her Person. For going not long since to kiss her Hands, to pay her my Respects, and obtain her leave for my designed Absence in search of new Adventures, I found her, to my unspeakable Grief and Astonishment, Metamorphos'd from a Princess to a Country Puzzle: Her Beauty chang'd into foul and excessive Deformity; she that breath'd nothing but *Arabian* Perfumes before, now stunk like a Polcat; I expected a charming Wit, and she talk'd of nothing but Hog-troughs, Dish-clouts and scalding of Milk-bowls; I lookt for her wonted Modesty and Reservedness, and she was ready to put her ugly Golls i' my Breeches; I thought to have found an Angel, and met with a Devil. In a word, I lookt for *Dulcinea del Toboso*, but met with a meer Blowzie, Mowzie, Lowsie, Lockram-smock'd Cinder-wench.

Passion a' my Heart, cry'd the Duke with a loud Voice, and what inhuman Monster could this be so cruelly malicious to the whole World? Who has deflowr'd those Beauties which gave it all its Ornaments? Who

such

ſuch a Mortal Enemy to Nature, as to deprive her at once of all her Wealth and Glory—— Who! reply'd *Don Quixote*; who ſhould it be but one of thoſe perpetual Ragamuffins of *Necromancers*, that Hell has ſpewd up to Eclipſe the Glory of Men of Merit, and blemiſh their Atchievments, while they labour to exalt and magnifie the Actions of the Wicked. Theſe accurſed *Necromancers* are they that have plagu'd me all along, and will without ceſſation perſecute me ſtill, till they have bury'd Me and all my famous Deeds in the profound Abyſs of Oblivion: Nor were they ignorant which was the moſt ſenſible part to wound me in, well knowing that to deprive a *Knight-Errant* of his Lady was to deprive him of the Eyes with which he ſees, of the Sun that enlightens him, and the Nouriſhment that ſuſtains him: For a *Knight-Errant* without a Lady, is like a Tree without Sap, a Structure built upon the Sand, and a Body without a Soul.

Very good, cry'd the Dutcheſs; but if we may believe the Story of your Life ſo lately publiſh'd with great applauſe of the whole World, we do not read that ever your Lordſhip ſaw this Madam *Dulcinea*, only ſhe ſeems to be ſome Chimera of a Lady, which your Lordſhip has begot by the ſtrength and heat of your Fancy, and brought forth in your Imagination, like *Jupiters Pallas*, and to which you aſcribe ſuch advantages and perfections as you think fit your ſelf. Madam, reply'd *Don Quixote*, your Graces Catechiſm goes a little too far upon this Subject; God above knows, whether there be any ſuch Woman i' the World as *Dulcinea*, and whether ſhe be a Reality or a Fiction. But theſe are Myſteries not to be ſo profoundly div'd into. Let her be or not be, 'tis ſufficient that I look upon her as a Lady endu'd with all thoſe Advantages and Perfections capable to procure her the Eſteem of the Univerſe: Lovely without Blemiſh; Reſerv'd without Pride; Amorous with Modeſty; Chearful without Vanity; Witty without Impertinency, the Effects of her Education, the Conſequence of her Illuſtrious deſcent: For that Nobility of Blood gives briſker and more reſplendent colours to the Graces of Beauty in Perſons highly born, then in thoſe that are meanly deſcended.

This is a Truth which admits no contradiction, ſaid the Duke; but give me leave I beſeech yee, Sir, to propoſe one Scruple, which the reading of the late Hiſtory of your moſt Renowned Actions has rais'd in my Breaſt; which is this, that tho we ſhould grant Madam *Dulcinea* to be really born upon the Earth, and to be fair to that degree of Beauty as you depaint her, yet do I not find that ſhe can any way compare for Grandeur of deſcent with thoſe *Oriana*'s, *Madaſima*'s, *Genever*'s, and a Million of others which are mentioned in thoſe Hiſtories with which you are ſo well acquainted.

To that, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I anſwer that Madam *Dulcinea* is the Daughter of her own Actions, and that the Luſter of her Vertues ennoble her Blood; ſince the diſtinction of accompliſh'd Merit is far beyond that of High Deſcent, not grac'd with any other accompliſhments. Now then Madam *Dulcinea* being a Lady endu'd with all thoſe tranſcendent Qualities, capable to advance her to a Throne, and entitle her to be the Mother of a long Pedigree of Princes: hope is never to be bounded where Merit has no Limits; ſo that altho not actually, yet virtually, ſhe includes within her ſelf a Birthright to the moſt elevated and ſurprizing Fortunes in the World.

I muſt confeſs, cry'd the Dutcheſs, your Lordſhip, My Lord *Don Quixote*, has the true Gift of perſwaſion; for whatever you ſay, moves with *a Foot of Lead*, and as they ſay, with the *Plummet in Hand*; and therefore I

ſubmit,

ſubmit, and from henceforth I am reſolv'd to believe and maintain, that there is ſuch a Lady as Madam *Dulcinea*, that ſhe lives, Beautiful beyond compare, of an Illuſtrious Race, and altogether deſerving the Services and Adoration of ſo worthy a Knight, as the *Knight of the Lyons*. Nevertheleſs there is one Scruple continually haunts me, which I ha' us'd all the Art I have to exorciſe, but cannot; and which cauſes me to have a very ill Opinion of *Sancho*; who has the Confidence to report in your Hiſtory, that when he carry'd your Letter to Madam *Dulcinea*, he found her winnowing of Oats, by the ſame tok'n that ſhe was Red-hair'd, which makes me very much queſtion the Nobility of her Birth.

Oh Madam, reply'd *Don Quixote*, for that, you muſt underſtand that all Things happen to me, quite contrary then they were wont to befal other *Knight-Errants*; whether it be by the unalterable decree of Deſtiny, or through the Malice of my Implacable Enemies the *Necromancers*. Now 'tis a Truth never to be controverted, that many of the moſt Famous *Knight-Errants* were ſecur'd under the Protection of ſome private Advantage; as for ſome to have the favour that they could never be Enchanted; for others to be Invulnerable, as *Rowland*, one of the *Twelve Peers of France*; who was impenetrable in all other parts of his Body, unleſs it were under the Sole of his left Foot, and that only with the Poynt of a ſmall Needle; So that *Bernardo del Carpio* finding no way to tap him with his Sword, was forc'd by main ſtrength to lift him from the Ground, and then choak him, as *Hercules* did the Gyant *Anteus*, who was ſaid to be the Son of the Earth. Hence I infer that there is ſome ſecret Vertue that guards me likewiſe, not that I am invulnerable, for I know by woful and frequent Experience that my Fleſh is very tender; nor free from Enchantment neither; for I have found my ſelf tyd hand and foot and crouded into a Cage, where all the World could not have lockt me up, but by the force of Enchantments. But I have ſome ſecret charm about me, that ſtill I receive no great harm, and procure my own liberty my ſelf; ſo that theſe Vermin of *Necromancers* perceiving they cannot work their ends directly upon me, reck their Malice upon what I love above all the World, and endeavour to take away my Life, attacking hers by whom I live and Breath. And ſo I believe that when my Squire deliver'd my Embaſſy to her, they ſhewd her to him, under the ſhape of a deformed Country Puzzle, and poorly buſi'd in the low and baſe employment of ſifting Wheat; tho I ſay and affirm 'twas neither Barley nor Wheat but Oriental Pearl. For proof of which I ſhall tell your Excellencies, going a while ſince to *Toboſo*, I could not ſo much as find fair *Dulcinea*'s Palace; whereas my Squire went the next day, and ſaw her in her Luſter, brighter then *Aurora*, or the Sun himſelf; yet when I met her after that, ſhe appear'd to me i' the ſhape of a pitiful Country Dowdy; and ſhe that was all diſcretion and modeſty it ſelf, talk'd to me as if ſhe had been bred in a *White-Fryars* Ale-houſe; and therefore becauſe they cannot have their will over me any more, ſhe forſooth, who is the wonder of the World for Wit and Beauty, ſhe muſt be thus enchanted, tranſmogrify'd, metamorphos'd, diſguis'd and disfigur'd; and this is that which makes me renounce all the Pleaſures of this World, and conſume my ſelf in Tears and Sorrow, till I have reſtor'd her to her firſt Eſtate. All which being conſider'd, *Sancho*'s Relation of what he ſaw ſignifies nothing, for if the *Necromancers* could delude Me, they might well put their tricks upon Him.

In ſhort, Madam *Dulcinea* is both Illuſtrious and Virtuous, and deſcended from one of the moſt Ancient Families in all *Toboſo*, of which there are

not

not a few in that City, which now will be no leſs famous for being the Place of her Nativity, then *Troy* for the Birth of *Helena*, *Delos* for that of *Latona*, or the River of *Severn* for bearing the Name of *Sabrina*, St. *Georges* Miſtreſs.

By the way let me tell your Graces, that *Sancho Pancha* is one of the Pleaſanteſt Drolls of a Squire, that ever ſerv'd *Knight-Errant*: Sometimes you ſhall hear ſuch dry Bobs come from him, that 'tis hard to diſtinguiſh whether the Rogue mean Wittily or Knaviſhly; by and by he talks ſo like a downright Fool, that he diſcovers himſelf to all the World; ſometimes he is ſo ſcurrillous that he deſerves to be kickt; he queſtions every thing, and believes every thing; and when you would think the Varlet had intreagu'd himſelf in a piece of folly never to recover himſelf again, he diſintangles himſelf of a ſudden, and is applauded to the Skies. In a word, I would not change him for any other Squire, tho I might have a City to boot; yet I cannot tell whether it be ſo proper to ſend him to the *Government* which your Excellency has been pleas'd to give him; tho on the other ſide I find in him a pretty Aptitude to Govern, ſo that by giving never ſo little a whet to his underſtanding, he may perhaps do as well as another; and ſo much the rather, becauſe we ſee by experience, that there are a hunder'd Governours that can hardly write their Names, and will ſometime undertake to read the Letters with their heels upwards. The main buſineſs for him to do is to preſerve his Intentions right; to which purpoſe I ſhall adviſe him neither to take Bribes nor loſe his Priviledges; with ſome other little Inſtructions which I have i' my Head, that will be very uſeful for him when he comes to ſit in the Seat of Authority.

While the Duke and *Don Quixote* were thus diſcourſing together, there was a great noiſe i' the Caſtle, and by and by they ſaw *Sancho* in a terrible fright, running toward the Parlour where they were, with a greaſie Napkin about his Neck, follow'd by the Scullions and other Rabble of the Kitchin, among whom there was one that carry'd a Kettle full of naſty Diſh water, who more eagerly purſuing poor *Sancho* then the Reſt, endeavour'd to put it under his Chin, while another more greaſie then himſelf was ready to bedaub his Countenance.

What's the matter there, quo the Dutcheſs, what are yee doing to *Sancho*? Don't yee know he is a Governour Elect? Madam, quo the ſlovenly Barber, he refuſes to be trimm'd according to Cuſtom, as my Lord Duke, and my Lord his Maſter have been already—— 'Tis a Lye, reply'd *Sancho*, in a great fury— but I deſire whiter Linnen, cleaner Water, and leſs greaſie Fiſts to ſcrub me withal; for there's no ſuch difference between me and my Maſter, that he ſhould be waſh'd with Water of Angels, and I be ſcour'd with the Devil's Lye. The Cuſtoms of Countries, and Princes Palaces are ſo far Laudable, while they give no offence—— but this ſame beaſtly puddle is not fit to waſh a Fryers Toes in. My Beard's as clean as a Lady's Comb-bruſh, nor do I need any ſuch ſort of Refreſhment.— By the Death a' my Life, the firſt that touches a Hair of my Beard, I'le give him ſuch a daſh o' the Teeth, that I'le make him ſwallow my Fiſt—— Such Ceremonies and Soapings as theſe tend rather to the ſcorn and deriſion, then Civil entertainment of Strangers.

The Dutcheſs held her Sides and laugh'd, obſerving *Sancho*'s fury, and hearing his Arguments for himſelf. But *Don Quixote*, diſpleas'd to ſee his Squire made the ſport of that Impertinent Rabble, after he had made a profound reverence to the Duke and Dutcheſs, as it were deſiring Liberty to ſpeak, quo he to the Scullions, with a ſerious Tone, Hold worthy Knights,

retire

retire and let's be quiet; my Squire wants none of your washing nor rinsing; nor comes he here to be your Laughing-stock— therefore I advise yee to be gone in time—— for neither do He nor I understand this kind of Drollery—— No, no, Sir, quo *Sancho*, taking the Words out of his Masters Mouth; Let 'em stay, and go on with their work—— before they and I ha' done, I'le pay my Barbers I'le warrant yee—— if they think to make a May-game of Me: But let 'em fairly bring a Comb, and if they find any thing i' my Beard offensive to the Nicety of a waiting Gentlewoman, I'le give 'em leave to pluck my Beard from my Chin Hair by Hair. *Sancho* speaks nothing but reason, cry'd the Dutchess—— He's as clean and as neat as a Bridegroom, and has no need of washing; and therefore since our Customs do not please him he shall be Master: Besides, quo she to the Kitchin-boys, you are a company of Insolent Rascals, to shew such uncivil usage to a person of his Quality, and such a Beard as his. How durst yee be so bold?—— Be gone, and know your distance between such Varlets as your selves and the Squires to *Knights-Errant*.

Upon these words the Rabble believing the Dutchess had spoken in good Earnest, retir'd; and *Sancho* seeing himself deliver'd from such a threatning danger, presently threw himself upon his Knees before the Dutchess; to whom, Madam Dutchess, said he, great Persons, are able to do great Favours; and as for this which your most Paternal Worship has done me at present, I know not how to repay it, but by desiring to be Dubb'd a *Knight-Errant*, to the end I might employ my whole Life in your Service. I am a poor Country-man, my name is *Sancho Pancha*, I have a Wife and Children, and serve as a Squire, if in any of these Qualities I can serve your Greatness, I am no less ready to obey then you to command. I find, *Sancho*, reply'd the Dutchess, that you have been taught Civility in the School of Curtesie it self, and bred up under the Wings of my Lord *Don Quixote*, who is the Cream and Flower of Modern Courtship: Happy Age that enjoys such a Knight and such a Squire; of which the one is the North-star of Chivalry-Errant, and the other the Pattern of Loyalty and Fidelity. Rise Friend *Sancho*, and relye upon mé for the recompence of your Civilities, by obliging the Duke to install yee in the Government he has promis'd.

After this *Don Quixote* went to his Repose, and the Dutchess told *Sancho* that if he had no desire to sleep, he might come and sit an Hour or two with her and her Damsels in a cool Parlour, where he should be welcom. To which *Sancho* answer'd, that tho it were his usual Custom in Summer-time to sleep five or six Hours after Dinner, yet to serve her Goodness, he would endeavour to break his Custom for once, in obedience to her Commands. The Duke also at the same time went forth to give new Orders to his People concerning the farther entertainment of *Don Quixote*, with directions not to swerve a Tittle from the Ancient Language of *Knight-Errantry*.

THE

The Duke, Dutchess, and Don Quixot hunting the wild Boar; Sancho Pancha falling out of a Tree is catch'd by the Breech. page 454.

Don Quixot and Sancha Pancha ride blindfold through the Air upon a woodden Horse. page 477.

THE

THIRD BOOK

Of the Ingenious KNIGHT

Don Quixote

DE LA

MANCHA.

PART II.

CHAP. I.

Containing the Pleaſant Diſcourſe between the Dutcheſs, her Damſels and Sancho Pancha, *worthy to be read with Attention.*

THE Story afterwards relates, that *Sancho* ſlept not a wink all that day, but in obſervance of his Promiſe, went to attend the Dutcheſs, who ſtay'd for him in the Parlour; where as ſoon as he enter'd, the Dutcheſs bid him take a low Chair and ſit down by her, which *Sancho* refus'd, like a Man who underſtood what was what: But the Dutcheſs told him, that he might be allow'd to ſit as a Governour, and talk as a Squire, for that in both thoſe reſpects, he deſerv'd the Seat of the Famous Champion *Cid Ruydias* himſelf. Thereupon *Sancho* bow'd his Head and obey'd; at what time all the Dutcheſſes Damſels and Maids of Honour flockt about him with great Silence and Attention.

Then the Dutcheſs firſt beginning, now we are alone, ſaid ſhe, I would deſire yee, *Mr. Governour*, to reſolve me certain Doubts, which I find very difficult to be underſtood, in the Hiſtory of the Famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*.

Firſt, it appears that *Sancho* never ſaw Madam *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, nor ever carry'd her the Letters, which his Maſter *Don Quixote* wrote her from the *Black Mountain*, as having left the Table Book behind him; which being true, how durſt *Sancho* be ſo audacious as to fain an Anſwer, and ſay

that he had ſeen the Lady ſifting of Oats, which was not only a Lye, but a Scandal to the Honour of ſuch a Peerleſs Lady, and an Impoſture beneath the Sincerity of a Loyal Squire.

Sancho having heard the Queſtions propounded, roſe from his Seat without ſpeaking a word, lay'd his Finger upon his Lips, and creeping ſoftly round the Room ſtep by ſtep, like a Nurſe in a Sick Man's Chamber, he took up the Hangings every where, to ſee that no body liſten'd; and then returning to his Seat, Madam, ſaid he, 'tis good to be ſure, the Walls have Ears, but now knowing my ſelf to be as ſafe as a Thief in a Mill, you ſhall have my very Heart out of my Belly; I am ready to anſwer all your Queſtions, tho as numberleſs as the Sand of an Hour-Glaſs, without fear, ſcruple or heſitation; *But not a word o' the Pudding*, Madam.

Firſt then, I muſt tell your Highneſs that I take my Maſter for a moſt accompliſh'd Cuccow-brains, tho ſometimes he will utter ſuch things, which not only in my Opinion, but in the Judgment of better Schollards then my ſelf, are directed ſtill ſo well to the purpoſe, and all Extrumpre as they ſay, that *Satan* himſelf with all his Knowledge could never ſpeak better. Nevertheleſs my Conſcience will not give me leave to think otherwiſe, but that he had a Confounded Knock in his Cradle. And becauſe I am pretty confident of this weakneſs of his, faith I take upon me ſometimes to put the Sham upon him, and tell him Stories of Cocks and Bulls, that have neither head nor tayl; ſuch as was the Anſwer of his Letter; and that ſame Lye in Pickle which I was forc'd to invent the other day, concerning the Enchantment of Madam *Dulcinea*, whom I made him believe to be enchanted, tho ſhe's no more enchanted, before *George*, then *Mahomet*'s Tomb.

Thereupon the Dutcheſs deſir'd the Governour to tell her the whole Story of the Enchantment. Which he did without omitting the leaſt Circumſtance, to the great ſatisfaction of his Auditors: Only the Dutcheſs having heard him out; by my truly, Monſieur *Sancho*, quo ſhe, you have rais'd another moſt terrible Scruple i' my Conſcience; for me thinks I hear ſomething whiſper me i' the Ear and ſay; If *Don Quixote de la Mancha* be ſuch a Fool paſt recovery, wherefore do's *Sancho Pancha* who knows him ſo well, ſtill continue in his Service upon the hopes of his vain Promiſes. Certainly the Squire muſt be more a Sot then the Maſter; and if ſo, what will be ſaid of Madam the Dutcheſs, to be guilty of Conferring an Iſland upon *Sancho Pancha*? For he that knows not how to Govern himſelf, can never be able to Govern others. Upon my Virginity, Madam, this Scruple came into the World with the Head formoſt: Your *Whiſperer* is not altogether miſtaken; nay you may aſſure him from Me, that I know he ſpeaks Truth—— for had I been but as wiſe as *Waltham*'s *Calf*, I had left my Maſter long a go. But it is my hard Fate; *Where the Goat is ty'd, ſhe muſt browſe*; and then again I muſt tell yee, we are both of us Townſ-born Children; I have eaten his Bread; he is a good Maſter, and I love him; he has given me his Colts; more then all this, I am naturally Faithful, ſo that 'tis impoſſible there ſhould be any other ſeparation between us, then that of the Pickaxe and Spade; then indeed God den, and good Night: friends muſt part, as King *Dagobert* ſaid to his Hounds. But as for the Government; if your *Tallneſs* think it not fit to beſtow it upon me, however 'twill be a Government ſtill for all that; 'twas no burthen of my Mothers Womb that came along with me into the World— It may be for the good of my Conſcience to go without it: I am a Beaſt 'tis true, but what ſays the Proverb, *They ow'd the Piſmire a Spleen that would have given her Wings*; and I am of Opinion, that *Sancho* the Squire may enter Paradiſe as ſoon as

Sancho

Sancho the Governour. *We feed upon Bread here as well as in* France; *and i' the Dark all Cats are Grey. He muſt be very unhappy that goes without his Breakfaſt till Two a Clock i' the Afternoon; and there is no Man that has a Stomach twice as big as another; but let it be never ſo big, there will be Straw or Hay enough left to fill it. 'Tis God that feeds the little Birds of the Air; and ſix Ells of Sarge are as long as ſix Ells of Velvet; and when our time is come to crawle out of this World, the Road is no fairer for a Prince then a Labouring Man; nay the Popes Body lyes in as little room as a Sexton's; we are all equal in the Grave, whether we muſt all go in ſpite of my Teeth, and in ſpite of your Teeth, and in ſpite of all our Teethes; and when that time comes, 'tis juſt like letting down the Curtain when the Play's done.* So then Madam if your Ladyſhip think it not fit to give me the Iſland becauſe I am a Fool, I ſhall be ſo wiſe as not to care whether yee do or no, that's the ſhort and the long on't. I have heard ſay the Devil ſtands behind the Croſs; and all is not Gold that glifters: *Bamba* a poor Farmer was hurry'd from the Plough-tail to the Throne of *Spain*; on the other ſide, King *Rodorick* was hal'd from his Pomp, his Paſtimes and his Riches, and thrown to be devour'd by Snakes and Adders, if the Ballad be true. I dare ſay 'tis true, quo Mrs. *Dorothy*, that had formerly quarrel'd with *Sancho*; For the Story ſays, that they threw King *Rodorick* into a Ditch full of Toads, Serpents and Eſts, by the ſame token that two days after he was heard to cry out with a pitiful Voice, *Oh, how they tear, devour and gnaw my Sinning Part*; and if ſo I had rather be a poor Labourer ſtill, then a King to be devour'd of Vermin.

The Dutcheſs laugh'd at the Comment which her Woman had made upon *Sancho*'s Text. But being no leſs tak'n with *Sancho*'s way of Arguing by Proverbs and pithy Sentences, like the Ancient Jews; Friend *Sancho*, quo ſhe, you know that when a Knight makes a promiſe once, he ought to keep his promiſe though it coſt him his Life. The Duke, my Lord and Husband, is no Knight Adventurer 'tis true, however he is no leſs a Knight for all that, and therefore thou mayſt rely upon his word, mauger all the Envy and Malice of the World. Pluck up a good heart therefore, honeſt *Sancho*—— Thou ſhalt ſuddenly ſee thy ſelf in full poſſeſſion of thy Government, lodg'd like a Prince, and array'd in Velvet and Cloth of Tiſſue. All the Charge that I lay upon thee is only to be careful of well Governing a People which thou wilt find Obedient and Loyal.

Puh, is that all? reply'd *Sancho*, as to the buſineſs of Governing, there's no need of laying that Injunction upon me; for I am naturally Charitable, and was always compaſſionate to the Poor, and ſcorn to take the Meat out of another Man's Mouth.—— On the other ſide, by my Holineſs, they muſt not think to put their falſe Dice upon me—— I am an old Dog not to be twice bitten; I am paſt a Baby—— Teach me to Govern! Teach your Grannam to grope Ducks—— Zookers— I want no body to drive the Flies from my Noſe—— There's no body can tell me where the Shoe rings me— that is to ſay, I am reſolv'd to know who and who's together— and for all your true Hearts that drink fair and keep the Commandments, they ſhall be a' my ſide and be welcome to my Table—— But for your Factious Rebels, and ſmooth-fac'd Fanatick Diſſemblers I defie 'em all—— For in reference to Government I am perſwaded that the main Buſineſs is to lay a good Foundation; ſo that I make no doubt in fifteen days to be as expert in Governing as ever I was in Mowing an Acre of Graſs, to which I ha' been bred up from my Infancy.——

You ſay very true *Sancho*, reply'd the Dutcheſs; for no Man is born a Schollar; nor are Biſhops and Popes made of Stones, but of Men. But,

Mr. Governour, to return once more to Madam *Dulcinea*'s Enchantment, I hold it for a certain Truth, that *Sancho*'s making *Don Quixote* believe his Miſtreſs was Enchanted, was meerly the wicked Contrivance of thoſe Enchanters that perſecute him. For I am convinc'd in good part that the Country Blowze that skipp'd ſo nimbly upon the Aſſes back, was the Real *Dulcinea del Toboſo* her ſelf; ſo that *Sancho*, who thought to deceive his Maſter, was himſelf beguil'd. For you muſt know Friend *Sancho*, that we have ſeveral Necromancers and Figure-Caſters in this Country, who make it their Buſineſs to inform us of every thing that happens remarkable in the World; and by them we underſtood that the Country Puzzle was *Dulcinea*; that ſhe is Enchanted, and that when we leaſt expect it, we ſhall ſee her again in all her Glory, and then ſhall *Sancho* find 'twas he himſelf that was bubbl'd.

By my Faith, Madam, quo *Sancho*, all this might well be; and I begin to believe My Maſters Story of *Monteſinos*'s Cave, where, as he ſays, he ſaw Madam *Dulcinea* in the ſame Habit and Condition wherein I told him I had ſeen her, when it came into my Brain to Enchant her. I ſee now 'twas quite another thing, and that I was the firſt that was Conycatch'd, as your Greatneſs well obſerves. For now I think on't, 'tis plain I never had ſo much Wit for ſuch a ſudden Contrivance; nor do I believe my Maſter ſuch a Woodcock to be over reach'd by ſuch an *Ignoramus* as my ſelf. However Madam, I would not have you think me to be a Knave neither, ſeeing that ſuch an Ideot, as I am, is not able to defend himſelf from the Malice of theſe Enchanters. I invented that ſame tale of a Tub, only to avoid my Maſters Importunities, and not to abuſe him; and if it fell out contrary to my Intention, God is in Heaven the Judge of all Hearts. 'Tis honeſtly ſaid, reply'd the Dutcheſs, but tell me *Sancho*, what is that Adventure of *Monteſinos*'s Cave? I would fain underſtand the bottom of it. Whereupon *Sancho*, having made a full Relation of the whole Story, the Dutcheſs thus proceeded. Look yee, ſaid ſhe, here's the very thing that confirms what I told yee, friend *Sancho*; for ſeeing the famous *Don Quixote* ſaw the ſame Country Puſs that *Sancho* met coming from *Toboſo*, 'tis apparent 'twas *Dulcinea*, and that the *Necromancers* are very ſwift in their Intelligence.

Well, quo *Sancho*, if Madam *Dulcinea* be Enchanted, 'tis ſo much the worſe for her; what's that to me, I am not bound to quarrel with all my Maſters Enemies, which I find are many, and too powerful y'faith for me to deal with. This I am ſure of, ſhe whom I ſaw was a Country Wench, I took her for a Country Wench, and I left her a Country Wench—— But whether that Country Wench were Madam *Dulcinea* or no, is no Bread and Butter of mine; I ſhall neither be the better nor worſe for it. Beſides I muſt tell yee, I don't like theſe odd kind of Repetitions—— *Sancho* ſays one thing, *Sancho* ſays another; *Sancho*'s a' this ſide, *Sancho*'s a that ſide—*Sancho* did this, and *Sancho* did that—as if *Sancho* were not the ſame *Sancho* ſo famous already over all the World in Hiſtory, as the Student *Sampſon Carraſco* told me not long ago; and I know he would not lye for all the Gold within or without the Bowels of the Earth. And therefore let not me be plagu'd with your Enchantments, I waſh my Hands of 'em all; I'me ſure no body can ſay but that I'me honeſt; and a good Name is better then a Gold Chain about a Man's Neck. Let me but have this Government once, and then you ſhall ſee Miracles——a good Squire will make a better Governour.

I' my Conſcience, *Sancho*, cry'd the Dutcheſs, you are a moſt incomparable Man—— You ſpeak nothing but Sentences—— according as we ſay

in

in our Country, *a Tatter'd Cloak may cover a good Drinker*—— Upon my Credit Madam Dutcheſs, anſwer'd *Sancho*, I never drink out of malice; for thirſt perhaps I may: for I have nothing of the Hypocrite in me. I drink when I have occaſion; and ſometimes when I have no occaſion, eſpecially when the Liquor is offer'd me; for why ſhould I go about to affront an honeſt good Fellow. Really Madam, he muſt be very hard hearted that refuſes to pledge his Friend, when it coſts him nothing to open his Mouth. Nor indeed is it well done to upbraid the Squires of *Knights-Errant*; poor Creatures, God wot, that are always in Deſarts or Forreſts, Woods or Mountains, without taſting ſo much as one merciful drop of Wine, would they give one of their Eyes for a Thimble-full.

I believe it *Sancho*, cry'd the Dutcheſs, but now it grows late, and therefore go to your repoſe—— another time we'll have the t'other Meſs of chat—— I the mean time I'le take order that you ſhall have your Government, and that ſpeedily too. Thereupon *Sancho* made his obeyſance once more to the Dutcheſs, and beſought her to give command that particular care might be taken of his *Grizzle*, which was no leſs dear to him then the Light of his Eyes. What *Grizzle* doſt mean? quo the Dutcheſs. My Aſs, Madam, with reverence be it ſpoken, reply'd *Sancho*; but becauſe I am unwilling to call him Aſs, which is common both to Man and Beaſt, I gave him the name of *Grizzle*. 'Tis very well *Sancho*, quo the Dutcheſs, take no care for *Grizzle*—— now I find him to be one of my good friends Moveables, I'le take him into my Boſom rather then fail. Not ſo neither I beſeech yee, Madam Dutcheſs, quo *Sancho*, 'tis ſufficient that he has a warm Stable—— neither he nor I are worthy a Moment's Repoſe in your Boſom: Nor would I harbour ſuch an unmannerly thought for all the Aſſes in the World, tho I might have 'em bridl'd and ſaddl'd to boot—— Nay, quo the Dutcheſs, I am not ſo fond of your *Grizzle* neither, but that you may take him along with yee to your Government, where you may feed him with *Panada's*, and make him as fat as you pleaſe. Ah Madam, quo *Sancho*, there's many a true word ſpok'n in jeaſt—— 'Tis not the firſt Aſs that I have ſeen go to a Government, and if I carry mine, 'tis no ſuch new thing.

The Dutcheſs could not chooſe but laugh at *Sancho*'s Anſwer; and ſo ſending him to his natural Reſt, ſhe went to the Duke and gave him an account of the pleaſant Colloquies between her and *Sancho*. Which done, they contriv'd together to put *Don Quixote* upon a moſt famous Adventure, the likeſt to a Romantick Piece of *Knight-Errantry* that ever was in the World, and which if the Reader be but never ſo little Ingenious, he muſt confeſs to be one of the moſt delightful Paſſages in the whole Book.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Relating the method that was taken to Diſinchant Madam Dulcinea del Toboſo, *which is one of the moſt famous Adventures in this Book.*

THE Duke and the Dutcheſs were greatly delighted with the humours of their Gueſts, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Pancha*; which made 'em ſtudy all the Contrivances imaginable to make the beſt of ſuch a pleaſing divertiſement. To which end, the Story that *Don Quixote* had told 'em of *Monteſinos*'s Cave furniſh'd their invention with matter ſufficient; and *Sancho*'s Simplicity, who was now coax'd to believe *Dulcinea*'s Enchantment

to

to be real, tho he himself were the first contriver of the delusion, made 'em confident they should prosper in their design.

To this purpose, at the end of six days, which they spent in instructing the Actors in this Comedy, they carry'd *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* to hunt the Wild Boar, with such a Retinue of Huntsmen and Attendance as might have become a Crown'd Prince. For *Don Quixote* himself they provided a Hunting Suit rich and noble, and another for *Sancho* of fine green Cloth. *Don Quixote* refus'd to accept of his, alledging that he was in a short time to return to the severe Exercise of Arms, and could not carry along with him Sumpters and Wardrobes: but as for *Sancho*, he willingly accepted of his, designing it for the Broker upon the first occasion.

The wish'd for Morning being come, *Don Quixote* put on his rusty Armour, and *Sancho* his Grass-green Breeches and Coat, and mounting his *Grizzle*, which he would not leave for a good Horse that was offer'd him, crowded in among the rest of the Huntsmen. At length appear'd the Dutchess also, gayly and richly habited like the Picture of *Diana*; at what time *Don Quixote* out of pure Courtship would needs hold the Reins of her Bridle, till she were fix'd in her Saddle, tho the Duke seem'd very unwilling, and fain would have diswaded him from so mean an Office. In short, away they set forward, the Dutchess riding between the Duke and *Don Quixote*, till they came to a Wood that grew between two high Mountains. Where being arriv'd, the Toyles were set, the Hounds uncoupled, the Hunters took their stands, and the Chace began with such a hideous noise, what with the Dogs, what with the Horns, what with the hollowing and hooping of the Huntsmen, that a Man could hardly hear the Person that stood next him. Presently the Dutchess alighted, and with a Javelin in her Hand, plac'd her self where it was most likely the Boar would take his flight. The Duke and *Don Quixote* alighted at the same time, and enclos'd the Dutchess on each side. But *Sancho* glad he had such a Defence between him and Danger, kept a loof off, behind his Illustrious Rampart, not daring to alight from his *Grizzle*, for fear of some untoward Misfortune.

Nor was it long before the hideous Boar appear'd with the Dogs and the Hunters close at his Heeles. At what time *Don Quixote* shouldring his Buckler, and with his drawn Sword in his Hand, prepar'd to receive the furious Mountaneer. The Duke also hasten'd with his Boar-Spear to have the first stroak: the Dutchess likewise would have advanc'd before 'em both, had not the Duke prevented her. Only *Sancho* beholding the enrag'd Animal with dismal Tusk and foaming Chaps, as his fears suggested, making toward him alone, skipp'd from his Pack-saddle, and fell a running as fast as his thick Legs could carry him, toward a high Oak which he had in his view, to the top of which he endeavour'd to have clamber'd out of harms way. But being heavy and unus'd to climb, he was not got much above half way before one of the Boughs broke, and he had had a fatal squelch, had not a more merciful Stump of another Bough caught hold of his new Breeches, and entring the Cloath behind, preserv'd him from the fall. However there he hung, quite contrary to Men hang'd in Chains, with his Heels up, and his Head down, within a Foot of the Ground. In this Condition, finding his Breeches torn, and every Minute fancing the Boar to be tearing his Scull, he made such Out-cries, and baul'd out so loud for help, that they who heard him and saw him not, verily believ'd him between the Teeth of some devouring Beast. But there he must hang, for the Hunters were busie till they had kill'd their Game, which they were not long a doing

with

with their Spears and Javelins; and *Don Quixote* hearing *Sancho*'s cryes, made haſte to relieve his diſtreſſed Squire. Nor was it long before he diſcover'd him hanging like a Calf in a Butchers Slaughter-houſe, and his Patient *Grizzle* by him, that never deſerted him in his Calamity. For *Cid Hamet* obſerves, that you ſhould never ſee *Sancho* but you ſhould ſee *Grizzle*, never *Grizzle* but you ſhould ſee *Sancho*, ſuch was the conſtant Friendſhip and faithful Unity between them two. Well in ſhort, *Don Quixote* took him down; but if *Sancho* were overjoy'd to find himſelf ſafe and at liberty, he was no leſs griev'd to behold the hole in his fine hunting Suit, that he valu'd equal to a Coppihold Farm.

In the mean time the Boar being lay'd upon a Mule, and cover'd with Branches of Roſmary and Mirtle, the Victorious Huntſmen carry'd their new conquer'd Spoils in Triumph to a fair Tent in the middle of the Wood, where they found a Table ready ſpread, and a Collation beſeeming the Magnificence of him that beſtow'd it.

Preſently *Sancho* with a Melancholy Countenance drew near the Dutcheſs, and ſhewing her his rent Breeches; had this been a bare ſurprize of a Hare, or a Poaching after Partridges, quo he, this Misfortune had never befallen me: I wonder what pleaſure there is in waiting for a Wild Beaſt, that if he do but ſtrike a Man into the Guts with one of his Tuſhes, ſends him preſently into the other World? I ſhall never forget an Old Song that runs thus:

Mayſt thou be eaten by the Bears
Like Fabila *in former Years*;

That *Fabila*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, was an Antient King of the *Goths*, who going a Hunting was devour'd by the Bears. That's what I ſay, reply'd *Sancho*, or at leaſt what I mean— For I would not that Kings and Princes ſhould run the hazard of their Lives, for the vain Pleaſure of killing a poor Animal that never offended the Law. You are miſtaken, *Sancho*, ſaid the Duke, Hunting is an Exerciſe more convenient and neceſſary for Kings and Princes then any other. For Hunting is a Repreſentation of War: It teaches us how to make uſe of Stratagems, Policy and Ambuſcades, and to vanquiſh an Enemy without detriment to our ſelves; it expoſes us to Heat and Cold; enures us to Labour and Hardſhip; encreaſes Strength, and renders the whole Body active and vigorous, and more then all this, it is a prejudice to no body. And therefore Friend *Sancho*, when you are once ſettl'd in your Government, I adviſe yee to uſe the Sport of Hunting; for then you will find the benefit of it.

I beg your Pardon, good my Lord Duke, reply'd *Sancho*, a good Governour ſhould have his Legs broken, that he may ſtay at home. 'Twould be a fine thing indeed, that when People come about buſineſs weary and tyr'd with long Journeys, and think to find Mr. Governour at home, he ſhould be gone a Hunting for his Pleaſure forſooth i' the Country—— y' good faith Buſineſs would be finely diſpatch'd at that Rate, would it not? May I never enjoy the Bleſſing of Bag-Pudding more, if I don't think that Hunting is fitter for thoſe that have nothing to do, then for a Governour. For my part I am reſolv'd that a little Recreation ſhall ſerve my turn—a Game or two at *All-Foures*, or Twenty or Thirty, more or leſs for Chriſtmaſſes, Eaſter's and Whitſontides; and upon common Sundays and Holidays, a little Paſtime at Kettle-pins; but for your Hunting, as yee call it, it neither agrees with my Humour nor my Conſcience. In good time, reply'd the Duke; but between ſaying and doing there's a vaſt diſtance. Let it be as

vaſt

vaſt as it will, quo *Sancho*, *a Good Pay-maſter never grudges his Wages. He whom God aſſiſts, does better then he that riſes betimes in the Morning: 'Tis the Belly makes the Feet amble, not the Feet the Belly.* My meaning is, that if Heaven aſſiſts me, and that I do my endeavour with a good Intention, I make no doubt but to Govern better then a Gerfaulcon. They that won't believe me, let 'em put their Fingers i' my Mouth and trye whether I can bite or no— No, no—— believe me 'tis not the Coule makes the Monk— and when.—— Accurs'd of Heaven and all the Saints, accurſed *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, interrupting him, when ſhall I hear thee talk a Quarter of an Hour without a Company of Mangy Proverbs? I beſeech your Excellencies, let ſome body ſtitch up the Mouth of this Eternal Dolt—— preſumptuous Slave, that thus dares teaze your Ears with his Impertinencies. *Sancho*'s Proverbs, reply'd the Dutcheſs, are nere a whit the more to be diſlik'd for their number— Wiſe Men have thought their time not ill ſpent in Collecting of Proverbs—— but *Sancho*'s a Collection of Proverbs himſelf— He has by heart what other Men muſt pore for in Indexes—— And whether he ſpeaks to the purpoſe or no, that's not a Straw matter—— I'le aſſure yee he pleaſes his Friends, if I may be ſaid to be one.

After theſe and ſuch like Diſcourſes, they re enter'd the Wood, to ſee whether any Game had fallen into the Nets. Where while they continu'd eager at their Sport, they were of a ſudden ſurpriz'd by a dark Night; more dark indeed then uſual, but as it happen'd more favourable for the Duke and Dutcheſſes deſign. For as they ſtood wondering what was become of the Stars, in a Moment all the Forreſt ſeem'd to be of a light Fire; and by and by they heard a loud noiſe of Trumpets and other Warlike Inſtruments, as if ſeveral Regiments of Horſe had been marching through the Wood. This unexpected Light and amazing Noiſe ſurpris'd the Eyes and Ears of all that were preſent; but far greater was their wonder when the medley of Sounds increas'd, by the Intermixture of Cornets, Fifes, ratling of Gridirons, Keys and Tongues, Trumpet-Marines, *Lancaſhire* Horn-pipes, in dreadful Conſort with *Iriſh Chones*, that made ſuch a diſmal Chiurm i' the clouded Air, as threatn'd ſome ſudden diſaſter to the whole World. The Duke ſhiver'd, the Dutcheſs quak'd, *Don Quixote* himſelf was in a cold Sweat, *Sancho*'s Bones rattl'd in his Skin; and in a word, all that were preſent were at their private Ejaculations. By and by, upon the ceaſing of this ſame *Black Santus*, a kind of a Poſt, that look'd like one of the Devils Poſtillions, upon a round Gallop bruſh'd by the Company, ſounding a Horn of a prodigious bigneſs, and as terrible for the noiſe it made as a ſpeaking Trumpet; to whom the Duke, calling after him, hold Brother Poſt, quo he, who art, whether ſo faſt— what Sons of *Mars* are they that ſeem to croſs the Wood?—— I am the Devil, cry'd the Poſt, in a dreadful tone, that look for *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and thoſe People that you take for Warriours, are ſix Troops of *Necromancers*, that bring along th' Enchanted *Dulcinea del Toboſo* in a Tryumphant Chariot, accompany'd by the famous Knight Sir *Francis Monteſinos*, who comes to teach *Don Quixote* the way to Diſinchant her. If thou beſt the Devil, as thou ſayſt thou art, reply'd the Duke, thou art a Mope-ey'd Devil not to ſee *Don Quixote*, who ſtands here before thee. Before Heaven and by my Conſcience, cry'd the Devil, I have ſo many things i' my Head, that I forgot my main Errand. Body a me, quo *Sancho*, this Devil muſt be an honeſt Fellow, and a good Catholick, he could never ſwear elſe, before Heaven and by his Conſcience. But now I find that even in Hell it ſelf there are ſome good People, as well as in other places. At the ſame time, the

Devil

Devil keeping his Saddle, and fixing his Eyes upon *Don Quixote*, To thee Sir *Knight of the Lyons* (and I wish thee fast i' their Claws for the trouble thou giv'st me) to Thee am I sent by the Valiant, but unfortunate *Montesinos*, to bid thee wait his coming where ever I should find thee, for that he brings along with him an acquaintance of thine, one *Dulcinea del Toboso*, and can tell thee how to disinchant her—that's my Errand and all I have to say—and so may Devils like my self be always thy Companions, and Angels guard the rest of this good Company. And so saying he blew his dreadful Horn, and disappear'd without staying for an Answer.

At this the Hunters were more astonish'd then before, but most of all affrighted *Sancho* and *Don Quixote*; *Sancho*, to see that in despight of what he knew to be true, they would have *Dulcinea* still to be Enchanted, and *Don Quixote*, to find that what he had only dream'd of *Montesinos*'s Cave, should prove to be Truth. To whom, while he was pondring these things in his imagination, What think yee Sir, cry'd the Duke, are yee resolv'd to expect your friends? Why not, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I'le wait their coming with my wonted Courage, tho I were sure to encounter all the Devils in Hell. You may do what you please, quo *Sancho*, but if any more Devils or Horns come hither, they shall as soon find me in *Flanders* as here.

By this time the Night being far spent and very dark, they discover'd a great number of Lights, like so many *Jack in a Lanthorns*; and immediately after they heard a most dreadful noise, like that of a Cart laden with Bars of Iron crossing forty Kennels one after another, and the ungreas'd Wheels creaking at the same time; which is a sort of Melody, they say, will fright the very Woolves and Bears themselves if they hear it. But that which render'd this Diabolical Harmony the more terrible, was another sort of noise of so many Battels joyn'd in all the four Corners of the Wood, where Peals of Cannon, Volleys of Musquets; the Cryes of the wounded; Groans of the dying stupify'd your Ears; so that *Don Quixote* himself, notwithstanding all his Courage, began to find his Hair stand an end. *Sancho* had no leisure to summon up his Resolution; for such were his fears that he fell down in a swoon at the Dutchesses Feet: And whether he would ever have come to himself agen, is a question, had not the Dutchess been so kind as to bid her Servants throw good store of Water in his Face.

The Poor Soul began to open his well wash'd Eyes, just as one of the creaking Carts happen'd to pass along, drawn by four slow-pac'd Oxen, cover'd with Mourning, and carrying upon each Horn a lighted Torch. At the upper end of the Cart, was erected a kind of a Throne, where sate a Venerable Old Man with a Beard as white as a Parson's Band, and reaching down to his Girdle, wrapt up in a Gown of black *Buckram*. The Oxen were lead by two Devils very black and so very deformed, that *Sancho* having seen 'em once, was forc'd to shut his Eyes that he might not see 'em agen. When the Waggon came near the Duke, the Venerable Old Man rose up, and with a loud and deep Voice cry'd out, *I am the Necromancer Lirgand*, and so the Waggon went forward. After this follow'd another Waggon with another grave old Man sitting in it, who when he came neer the Duke, cry'd out in a hoarse tone, *I am the Necromancer* Alquift, *the great Friend of* Urganda *the Ungrateful*. Then follow'd a third Cart, but he that sate upon the Throne was a strong sturdy stern sower-fac'd Fellow, and he cry'd out with a Voice more Inward and Devil-like, *I am the Necromancer* Arcalaus, *the Mortal Enemy of* Amadis de Gaule *and all his Race*; and having so said, he follow'd the rest of the Waggons. All these three Waggons made a stop, after they had gone some few Paces only. And then the unplea-

ſing wicked noiſe of the Wheels ceaſing, a pleaſant ſort of Muſick began to ſtrike up, which *Sancho* taking for a good Omen, Madam, quo he, to the Dutcheſs, from whom he would not budge an Inch, where there's Muſick, there's generally good Chear. Very true, reply'd the Dutcheſs, Muſick delights the Ear, as Light rejoyces the Eye. Peranter I, Peranter no, quo *Sancho*, Light proceeds ſometimes from Flame, and a Man may ſet his Houſe a Fire and run away by the Light on't; but Muſick is always a ſign of Jollity and Revelling. That will be ſeen by and by, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and ſo we go on to the next Chapter.

CHAP. II.

Containing the Meanes that were us'd to diſinchant Dulcinea, *with other Admirable Paſſages.*

AS the Muſick drew near, they beheld a Tryumphant Chariot coming towards 'em, drawn by ſix Mules, cover'd with White, and upon every Mule a Penitent ſate in the ſame Colour, bearing a great Torch in his Hand. The Chariot was three times as big as any of the Waggons, carrying twelve other Penitents in White, with their Torches likewiſe; and at the farther end upon a Throne ſate a Nymph, ſhining all in glittering Tinſel; ſo that tho ſhe were not in ſuch a Condition as to be ſold to her worth, yet to the outward Eye no Queen could be more gloriouſly array'd; beſides that her Face was cover'd with a Tranſparent Gauſe, through which you might diſcern a moſt Lovely Beauty between Sixteen and Seventeen Years of Age. Cloſe by her ſate another Figure, clad in a long ſide-Garment of black Bayes reaching down to her Feet, her Head being cover'd with a Mourning Vail. So ſoon as this Chariot came before the Duke and *Don Quixote*, the Muſick ceas'd, and this ſame Figure ſtanding upright upon her Feet, diſplay'd her Garment, and throwing away her Vail, diſcover'd a meer Skeleton, that repreſented the deformed and ghaſtly Figure of Death, which put *Don Quixote* into a Melancholy Dumps, and terrify'd poor *Sancho* in ſuch a manner, that he began to be ſomewhat offenſive; nor were the Duke and Dutcheſs without their ſeeming diſturbances. At what time Death obſerving ſtill the ſame Poſture, with a Faint utterance and Languiſhing Tone thus began.

I Merlin *am whom Story's fain*
To be the Devils Father,
For on my Learning ſo profound
This Lye did former Ages ground.
Sole Monarch o're Magicians all I Reign;
All Fauſtus's *and* Bacons *ſecrets I*
Can tell, commanding Fate and Deſtiny.
I Rule the Demons and the Stars themſelves,
King Oberon, *and his Fairy* Elves;
And for Knights-Errant have a tender Love,
As being favour'd from above;
Their honour I uphold, and ſtill at hand
Their Lives from vile Enchanters I defend.

Within

Within my dark abode
In gloomy Caverns of the Stygian God,
Where I was drawing Circles, crownd
With Names of Saints and Avemaries round,
I heard the doleful Lamentations
Of Matchleſs Dulcinea, *Queen of Nations;*
Which drew me from my Reſt
To Succour her that lyes ſo ſore diſtreſt.
Oh Thou of wandring Chivalry,
The Glory and the Ornament;
Thou that forſak'ſt the ſoft repoſe
Of Downy Beds where Drones and Cowards lye;
Renowned Knight that never dofft'ſt thy Cloaths,
But under Oaks or Beeches, wet or drye,
In ponderous Armour ſleepſt upon the Ground,
Seeking Adventures never to be found;
To thee Fam'd Hero, that haſt long deplor'd
Thy Lady's Fate, by thee ſo much ador'd,
Tho now Transform'd into a Country Dowdy,
To thee I come, not with a Formal How d'yee;
But to reſtore her to her Former State,
And make her happy that's unfortunate.
Six hunder'd Stripes upon his naked Bum,
Thy Peerleſs Squire muſt firſt receive,
And then by Fates unalterable Doom,
Then Dulcinea *ſhall return and live*
For thy Embraces Fit,
And never more ſhalt thou have cauſe to grieve.

Very finely contriv'd, quo *Sancho*, me thinks three Laſhes might ſerve turn, gently lay'd on with my own Hand——the Devil take thee for a Pedagogue of a Devil for thy manner of Diſinchantment; what have my Buttocks to do with Sorcery? Before *George* Mr. *Merlin*, if you have no better way of diſinchanting Madam *Dulcinea*, let her een go Enchanted as ſhe is into the other World for me.

How Rogue! cry'd *Don Quixote*, all in fury, Scoundrel Garlick-eater—refuſe the Oracle, and I'le take thee my ſelf and tye thee as naked to a Tree as ever thy Mother bore thee, where I'le make up the three thouſand three hunder'd, yee Varlet, ſix thouſand ſix hundred, at ſixcore to the hunder'd—anſwer me a word yee Dog and I'le tear out thy Soul.—

Soft and fair, quo *Merlin*, for the Stripes that honeſt *Sancho* is to receive, muſt be with his own conſent, and he may take his own time, for he is not ty'd to a Day: Nay, he may be exempted from one half of the Laſhes too, provided they be lay'd on by another Hand, which perhaps may not indeed be ſo Compaſſionate. Neither another Hand nor my own, neither heavy nor light, neither hard nor ſoft, reply'd *Sancho*: Did I beget Madam *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, that my Tayl muſt pay for the Sins of her Eyes? Een let my Maſter *Don Quixote* whip himſelf, 'tis his own buſineſs; he that calls her every foot his Life, his Soul, and his Support, let him, if he pleaſes, try to diſinchant her at the expence of his own Fleſh and Blood—but for any whipping of me, I beg his Diverſion.

Sancho had no ſooner made an end of ſpeaking, but the Lady in the Throne ſtood upon her Feet, and lifting up her Vail, diſcover'd a Beauty

altogether Extraordinary; and then with a Countenance full of anger and disdain, addressing her self to *Sancho*, Shame to thy Profession, quo she, with no more Soul then a Black-jack, and no more Heart then a Muscle, Poor Entrails of a Gudgeon, hadst thou been commanded, Varlet of a Hangman, to throw thy self from the Top of some high Tower to the Ground; hadst thou been requested, Enemy of Mankind, to have eaten a dozen of Toads, two dozen of Efts, and three dozen of Adders; or hadst thou been perswaded to saw off the Necks of thy Wife and Children, it had been no wonder to have seen thee obstinate and Melancholy; but to boggle at three thousand three hunder'd Slashes of a Whip, that every pitiful Clout-pricker of a Religious Virgin gives her self once a Month, and every old Cripple of a Fornicator suffers from the slogging Hand of a Brawny Baud, strikes admiration into all that hear it, and will be the Astonishment of all succeeding Ages. See here, perpetual Ragamuffin, look upon these Eyes of mine, more bright then glittering Stars, and but observe how my hot Tears insensibly furrow the Flowry Meadows of my lovely Cheeks, that were before a Paradise Terrestrial. Die cruel Monster; drop into the Earth for shame, to see a Princess of my Years consume the Flowr of her Age, and pine away under the Disfigurement of a Country-puzzle, tho at present my former Charms are for a while return'd me, by Gracious *Merlins* Art, in hopes the sight of so much Beauty would have mollify'd thy Heart. Relent, relent, inexorable Monster; be not so sparing of that wrinkl'd Skin of thine, th' enclosure of thy Dirty Soul; vanquish for once that passionate love of thy Belly, and forbear to listen to that greedy Worm that's always bawling to thee for Kitchen Consolation; vanquish I say this exorbitant Self-love, and assume to thy self the honour, by a little Mortification of thy Flesh, to restore me the Delicacy of my Skin, the sweetness of my Disposition, and the incomparable Beauty of my Complexion: Or if I am not yet sufficiently miserable to move thy Pity, do it for the sake of that poor Knight who stands by thy side, consuming himself in sorrow, I mean thy tender Master, whose very Soul I see just at his Throat, not above ten Fingers breadth from his Lips, ready upon thy kind or rugged answer, to flye out of his Mouth, or return back to his Midriff.

Upon these words *Don Quixote* felt his Throat, and then turning to the Duke, By the Body of *Cæsar*, said he, *Dulcinea* has spoken nothing but the Truth; for I feel my Soul lye cross my Throat, like a Bullet in a Cross-Bow. Well, *Sancho*, quo the Dutchess, and what say you to all this? I say, Madam, as I sayd before, that as to the business of Lashing, I renounce the Devil and all his Firkirs—— and therefore I beg your *Reversion*; Diversion you mean, *Sancho*, quo the Duke. Hoyday! what agen! I beseech your Grandeur to let me alone; is this a time to trouble a Man with Niceties, and Spelling of Letters, when he's in danger of losing his Skin? Therefore I would fain know of my Lady, Madam *Dulcinea del Toboso*, where she learnt to beg Kindnesses of people after such a rude manner? She desires me that for her sake I would suffer my Skin to be flead from my Back, and at the same time calls me *Savage Monster*, *Soul of a Black-jack*, *Tiger* and *Ragamuffin*, with a hunder'd other reproachful Names, which the Devil himself would never endure. It may be I might have a Body of Brass, if I might gain any thing by disinchanting her. If she had brought along with her a dozen of Shirts, half a score Night-Caps, and three or four new Pair of Shoes, by Gud's Deins I should ha' known what to ha' said to her. But she forsooth to get me into a good humour, presents me with

a Bushel

a Bushel of Injuries and Reproaches, as if she intended to Hector me out of my Skin—— No— no— she's too young I see to know that an Ass laden with Gold mounts the more nimbly up the Hill, and that Presents mollifie Stones: But I can tell her, *a Bird i' the Hand's worth two i' the Bush*; *and he's a Fool that will not give an Egg for an Ox.* And then again, my Master too, who one would think should make it his Business to speak me fair, and coax me up, as being the only Person that can serve him, threatens to tye me to a Tree, and to make me pay double the Price which the Devil demands for his Mistresses Ransom. Besides, they ought to consider, 'tis not a Squire only, but a Governour whom they would have to whip himself— Beshrew their Hearts, let 'em know to whom they prate, and what they Petition for— Let 'em learn Civility with a Murrain, and understand times and seasons— for all days are not alike, nor are Men always in a good Humour. They see me pensive and greiv'd for having torn my new Suit, and they would have me tear my own Flesh too, when I have no more mind to it then to turn *Turk*. *Sancho*, quo the Duke, I must tell yee, y'are too nice— and therefore in short, you must either become as soft as a ripe Fig, or renounce your Government. For it would be ill done of me to impose upon my Islanders a Governour so Savage and Cruel, that neither the Tears of distressed Ladies, nor the Admonitions of the wisest Necromancers can move him. Once more therefore, *Sancho*, you must either be Lash'd, or Lash your self, or else you can be no Governour. My Lord, quo *Sancho*, may I not be allow'd two days to consider what I had best to do? By no means, reply'd *Merlin*, you must resolve one thing or other immediately, and that in this very place too, or *Dulcinea* must return to *Montesinos*'s Cave, whence in her Pristin Form of a Country Wastcoteer, she must be hurry'd to the *Elysian* Fields, till the Devil has given her an Acquittance for the Lashes impos'd upon thy Buttocks; three thousand for *Belzebub* the Master Jaylour, and three hunder'd for the Turnkeys Fees.

Come *Sancho*, quo the Dutchess, fye for shame, pluck up a good Courage; what is thy Heart sunk i' thy Belly for fear of a few School-boy jerks? Why thou art a sensible Creature, and me thinks shouldst have a little more gratitude for the Bread thou hast eaten from thy Master *Don Quixote*'s Table, whom we all Admire and Reverence for his Generosity and renowned Feats of Arms. Were I a man as thou art, and had such a Whitleather Skin as thou hast, I'de defie the Devil, and banish fear to the Wretched— Come *Sancho*, strip and to work—— Madam, quo *Sancho*, your Arguments might convince a Dray-man, were he to be whipt with his Leather Jacket on, but Madam the naked Skin is tender, and therefore addressing himself to the Chariot, Mr. *Merlin*, quo he, the Post that rode by just now, told us that Signor *Montesinos* himself was a coming, and bid my Master stay for his Instructions about this Disinchantment; but as yet we have neither seen *Montesinos*, nor any body like him.

That same Devil, reply'd *Merlin*, was both a Fool and a Knave— 'Twas I that sent him in search of your Master, not by any Warrant of *Montesinos*, but of my own Head. *Montesinos* lyes still in his Cave, expecting the dissolution of his Enchantment, which perhaps may be when two Sundays come together; but if he ow's yee any Money, or that you have any question to ask him, I'le bring him either hither or to any other place: In the mean time I advise yee to undergo this petty Penance, which I'le assure yee, you will find no less beneficial for your Souls Health then the Welfare of your Body. For your Souls Health, by the Consequences of an Act of Charity: and for the Welfare of your Body, because I know you are of a

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ACADEMIA ESPAÑOLA BIBLIOTECA

hot Sanguine Complexion, and the loſs of a little Blood can be no prejudice to yee. In good Faith, quo *Sancho*, I don't find there is ſuch a ſcarcity of Quacks i' the World at this time, that *Necromancers* ſhould turn Mountebanks. Nor ſhould all your *Twittle cum Twattle* perſwade me to be angry with my own Fleſh and Blood, in deſpite of my own Natural Affection to my ſelf. But I muſt confeſs I do begin to feel my own ſoft and tender Inclinations, and the innate goodneſs of my Diſpoſition begin to work upon me: So that in complyance with my Lady Dutcheſs, and becauſe it ſhall not be ſaid that ever I ſpoyl'd Madam *Dulcinea*'s Marriage, who I muſt confeſs to be much more Beautiful then ever I thought her, I am content to give my ſelf the three thouſand three hunder'd Laſhes, provided I be not limited to a Minute, or a day, or a Month. And I will have theſe Conditions moreover i' my Bargain, that I will not be oblig'd to whip my ſelf till the Blood come; and that if any of the Slaſhes happen to fall beſide, they ſhall be reck'n'd into the Tale. *Item*, that if I ſhould happen not to tell right, Mr. *Merlin*, who knows all things, ſhall be oblig'd to take care that I do not exceed my number. There's no danger of that, reply'd *Merlin*; for ſo ſoon as the laſt Laſh ſhall be given, the Spring of your Arm will ſtop of it ſelf; and at the ſame moment ſhall Madam *Dulcinea* be diſinchanted, and ſhall come and acknowledge *Sancho*'s Kindneſs, not only in airy words, but with ſubſtantial Preſents. And therefore never ſtand upon more or leſs— but for that truſt to my Conſcience; nor indeed will Heaven permit me to deceive any Man whatever of the leaſt Hair of his Head.

Go too then, cry'd *Sancho*, I ſubmit to my Misfortune, and accept my Pennance upon the Conditions and Covenants agreed upon. *Sancho* had no ſooner ſpoken the laſt words, but the Fiddles ſtrook up again, and three Volleys of ſmall Shot teſtify'd the general joy of Madam *Dulcinea* and her Friends, for her approaching freedom: *Don Quixote* alſo threw himſelf about his Pious Squires Neck, and Kiſs'd his Cheeks and Forehead a hunder'd times; the Duke and Dutcheſs were well pleas'd; and then the Chariot beginning to move, the fair *Dulcinea* bow'd her Head and made a low obeyſance to *Sancho*. And now the Sun began to guild the tops of the Mountains; at what time the Duke and the Dutcheſs infinitely ſatisfy'd that their deſign had ſucceeded ſo well, return'd to the Caſtle with their Gueſts, reſolv'd to continue the Paſtime which had hitherto given 'em ſo much content.

CHAP. III.

Containing the ſtrange and wonderful Adventure of the Lady Dolorida, *otherwiſe Counteſs of* Trifaldi, *with a Letter which* Sancho *wrote to his Wife* Tereſa Pancha.

THE Duke had a Sreward who was a very Witty Perſon, full of Conceit and Fancy; and he it was that had invented this whole Comedy, compos'd the Verſes, repreſented *Merlin* himſelf, and order'd one of the Dutcheſſes Pages to act Madam *Dulcinea*. And he it was that by the Dukes appointment compos'd another Scene of Mirth, more Artifical and Pleaſant then the former.

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The next day the Dutcheſs ask'd *Sancho* whether he had begun his Jerking Exerciſe? To whom *Sancho* reply'd, that he had, and the Night before had given himſelf five Laſhes. The Dutcheſs ask'd him with what? with my hand, quo *Sancho*. Your hand! quo the Dutcheſs— That's rather a Pleaſure then a Pain; you do but tickle your ſelf I find; and I'm afraid the *Necromancer Merlin* will not be ſo ſatisfy'd. He expects that Honeſt and Juſt *Sancho* ſhould diſcipline himſelf with Brambles, or a good Horſe-whip at leaſt: Alas, the freedom of ſo great a Princeſs as Madam *Dulcinea*, will never be purchas'd at ſo mean a Price. Madam, reply'd *Sancho*, I'le leave it to your Ladyſhip to give me what ſort of diſciplining Whip or Ropes-end you ſhall think fit, and I'le make uſe of it, provided it do not put me to Pain: For I muſt tell your Ladyſhip, tho I'm a plain Country Bumkin, my Fleſh is not made of Canvaſs, but of Tiffany; nor is it reaſonable that I ſhould flea my ſelf for anothers Benefit. Well, well, *Sancho*, quo the Dutcheſs, if that be all, I'le provide yee a Top ſcourge to Morrow, that ſhall agree with the tenderneſs of your Skin, as if the very Thong and that were Couſen-germans. But you muſt be ſure to be true to your Word; let me have no foul play; no Favour or Affection to your Fleſh. I'le warrant your Ladyſhip for that Madam, quo *Sancho*; or if you miſtruſt me, Seeing's Believing, I'le ſtrip and whip my ſelf in your Ladyſhips Preſence. Then *Sancho* proceeding; and now Madam, quo he, you muſt know I have written a Leter to my Wife *Tereſa Pancha*, wherein I have giv'n her an Accompt of what has befall'n me from the time that I parted from her: I have it here in my Pocket, wanting nothing but the Superſcription; and I would that your Diſcretion ſhould have the Honour to read it, becauſe methinks it is written as a Governour ought to write. And who ſign'd it? quo the Dutcheſs, Sinner as I am, reply'd *Sancho*, who ſhould ſign it but my ſelf? Didſt write it too? quo the Dutcheſs: How could that be, reply'd *Sancho*, for I can neither write nor read; however I can make my Mark. Let's ſee't, quo the Dutcheſs, for I dare ſay 'tis an Ingenious Piece. Thereupon *Sancho* produc'd the Letter, and preſented it to the Dutcheſs, who read therein the following Lines.

Sancho Pancha's *Letter to* Tereſa Pancha *his Wife.*

'T*Was well for me, Wife, that I had a ſtrong Back; for it has been ſoundly curry'd; but if I get my* Government, *I value not three thouſand Laſhes no more then ſo many ſtroaks of a Feather. This my* Tereſa *thou wilt not underſtand at preſent, another day thou ſhalt. In the mean time,* Tereſa, *know I am reſolv'd thou ſhalt ride i' thy Coach; for as for all the other uſual ways of riding or walking, thou'dſt as good be ſeen to creep abroad upon all four. In ſhort, thou art a Governours Wife; hence forward let no body tread upon thy Heels. I ſend thee a Green Hunting Suit, which Madam the Dutcheſs gave me; let it be ſo order'd as to make a Petticoat and Waſtcoat for our Eldeſt Daughter.* Don Quixote *my Maſter, as I have heard ſay i' this Country, is a diſcreet Fool, and a pleaſant Madman, and I am accompted little Inferiour to him. We ha' been at* Monteſinos's *Cave; and the Necromancer* Merlin *has made choice of me for the Diſinchanting of* Dulcinea del Toboſo; *to which purpoſe I muſt give my ſelf Three thouſand three hunder'd Laſhes wanting five, which I have had already, and then ſhe ſhall be as free as her Mother that bore her: But not a word of this to any of thy Goſſips living; for they will be buzzing a hunder'd Shitten cum Shites i' thy Ears, and all to no purpoſe. Within theſe few days I ſhall go to my* Government; *whither I go with an eager deſire to get Money; as all new Go-*

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vernours do. I'le first see how things go, and then send thee word whether thou shalt come to me or no. Grizzle *is fat and lusty, and recommends himself both to thee and thy Children. I will not leave him, tho I were sure they would make him Grandsignor of* Constantinople. *My Lady Dutchess kisses thy Hands a thousand times over; return her two thousand, seeing there is no Merchandise so cheap as Compliments, as I have often heard my Mast e say. I have not as yet found another Purse with a hunder'd Crowns in it, tho it has not been for want of seeking I assure thee. But let not that trouble thee, my dear* Teresa; *the Government shall make amends for all. One thing perplexes me, which is this, that when once I come to taste this Government, I shall eat my very Fingers, the Sauce is so delicate; which if it should happen, I should have a dear Bargain; and yet the Lame and the Maim'd find good returns from the Alms which they beg; so that come what will come, thou art like to be Rich and Fortunate. Heaven's Plenty be upon thee, and God preserve me to serve thee. From this same Castle,* July 20. 1614.

Thy Husband

Sancho Pancha *Governour.*

The Dutchess having read the Letter; quo she to *Sancho*, methinks Mr. Governour, you are here mistaken in two things. First, in that you would make the World believe that this Government was given yee for the Lashes which you are to endure. Whereas you know that when the Duke my Husband promis'd you this Island, he never dreamt of this Pennance that is now impos'd upon yee. And secondly, you seem to be too much sway'd by your own Self-interest, which in me creates a bad Opinion of any Man; for as they say Covetousness breaks the Sack; and a Covetous Governour will be always doing Injustice for his private Emolument. Truly, Madam, reply'd *Sancho*, I did not much consider what I wrote; however if the Letter does not please your Ladyship, I'le tear it, and write another, tho I'm afraid 'twill be worse if it be left to my enditing. No, no, reply'd the Dutchess, 'tis so very well that I intend to shew it the Duke. And so saying she went into a Garden, where they were to Dine that day, and gave the Epistle to her Husband, who read it three or four times over with great delight.

After Dinner they divertiz'd themselves awhile with *Sancho*'s Ripartee's, when on a sudden they heard the mournful sound of Flute in consort with an ill-brac'd Drum, that made a very unpleasing sound. While this sad and doleful Musick discompos'd their Ears, all the Company seem'd to be amaz'd: *Don Quixote* himself shew'd Trouble in his Countenance; and *Sancho* crept to the Dutchess, his usual Refuge. Soon after there enter'd the Garden two Men in long Mourning Cloaks that tray'l'd a long way upon the Ground. They had each a great Drum cover'd with black Bays, which they beat after their manner; and of one side walk'd a *Negro* playing upon a Fife. These three were follow'd by a tall Gyant, in a monstrous ill shap'd Mourning Cassock, over which he wore a Belt with a hugeous Scimitar, the Scabbard of which was blacken'd with Lamb black; his Face was also cover'd with a long Transparent black Vail, through which appear'd a Beard down to his Navel, as white as Snow. In his motion he seem'd to keep time with the Drums, observing a grave and sober Pace. In a word, his Bulk, his Gate, his Ethiopic Colour and his Company were so surprizing, as promis'd no less then some strange and uncouth Adventure. At length this Gyant approaching near the Duke, fell upon his Knee's, and was going to open his Lips; but the Duke would by no means permit him

to

to ſpeak till he had rais'd him upon his Feet. Which done, the prodigious Spectre, after he had three or four times ſtroak'd his Yard-long broad white Beard, the like to which no Mortal Eye had e're before beheld, fix'd his Goggles upon the Duke, and with a deep ſonorous Voice that came from the bottom of his ſpacious Cheſt, Moſt Noble and Potent Lord, ſaid he, my Name is *Trifaldin* with the white Beard, Squire to the Counteſs *Trifaldi*, otherwiſe call'd the Lady *Dolorida*, from whom I am ſent with a Meſſage, that your Highneſs would be pleas'd to hear the ſtrange and unheard of Story of her Misfortune; to which purpoſe ſhe begs the Favour to be admitted into your Preſence. But firſt ſhe deſires to know whether the Valiant and Invincible *Don Quixote de la Mancha* be at this time in your Caſtle; for he it is my Miſtreſs ſeeks, and for whoſe ſake ſhe has taken a tedious Journey a foot, and without ſo much as Bayting by the way, from the Kingdom of *Cambaya* to theſe your Graces Territories; a thing that only can be attributed to a Miracle, or the force of Enchantment; and ſhe waits at your Highneſſes Caſtle Gate, till I bring her your permiſſion to enter. Which ſaid, he concluded coughing and ſtroaking his Beard from the Top to the Bottom, and with a moſt ſolemn and formal Gravity expected the Dukes Anſwer, which was this. 'Tis now a long while ſince, moſt Noble Squire with the white Beard, that we underſtood the Misfortune of my Lady the Counteſs *Trifaldi*, call'd by the Necromancers Madam *Dolorida*; and therefore moſt ſtupendious Squire, you may go and tell her, ſhe is freely welcom, and at ſuch a lucky time, that ſhe will meet the Peerleſs Kinght *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, upon whoſe Generoſity ſhe may aſſuredly relye for all manner of Favour and Protection. Tell her alſo from me, that if ſhe thinks me capable to do her any Service, ſhe ſhall find me equally ready, as being oblig'd by my Profeſſion of Knight-hood, to ſuccour and relieve all Women in diſtreſs, eſpecially Ladies of her tranſcending Quality.

Trifaldin having receiv'd his Anſwer, made a low Obeyſance, and having given a ſign to the Fife and Drums to play and beat as they did before, return'd with the ſame ſlow Pace and Gravity as when he enter'd, leaving all the Company in a deep Admiration of his Proportion, and Venerable Deportment.

And then it was that the Duke addreſſing himſelf to *Don Quixote*, at length, ſaid he, we find that all the Clouds of Envy and Malice, are not able to obſcure the Beams of true Courage and Vertue. For you have hardly been ſix days within this Caſtle, but here we find yee hunted out, by Perſons that come from Regions far remote; not in Coaches or a Horſeback, but a foot and without eating by the way; ſo eager are theſe poor diſtreſſed People to find yee out, and ſuch is their Confidence in the ſtrength of your Arm, and in the Generoſity of your Courage. Thanks to the Reputation which your vaſt Exploits have acquir'd, and that loud Report which Fame has ſpread of your Valiant Deeds over all the World. Now would I give a Shilling, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that that ſame *Wiſacre* of a *Chaplain* had been here; he I mean, that t'other day ſo teſtily exercis'd his Gifts againſt *Knight-Errants*; for now his own Eyes might have been judges, whether *Knights-Errant* be ſuch unneceſſary things i' this World or no. At leaſt he might have been convinc'd that the Diſtreſſed and Diſconſolate ſeek not for the relief of their Misfortunes, nor the redreſs of Wrong and Injury done 'em in Monaſtries or Colledges, nor repair to Cowardly and Sloathful Knights, who only are Dubb'd to pleaſe their Wives, nere put on Arms i' their Lives, nor gave any Marks of their Courage; nor to Soft and Ef-

feminate Courtiers, who had rather relate the Stories of other Mens Actious, then Signalize themſelves with any Atchievment worth rehearſal, or fit to eternize their Memory. And therefore the true Succour of the Diſtreſſed, the Support of the Miſerable, the Protection of young Virgins, the Comfort of Widows is no where more certainly to be found, then among your *Knight-Errants*. For which reaſon I return innumerable thanks to Heaven for having call'd me to this Noble Profeſſion; and as for the Toyls and Labours I have already ſuffer'd, and whatever I am farther yet to endure, I look upon 'em as the chiefeſt Pleaſures of my Life. Therefore let this Diſtreſſed Lady come, and make but known her Complaints, that her Relief may be aſſur'd by the force of my Arm, and the unalterable Reſolution of that Courage which guides it.

CHAP. IV.

Being a Continuation of the Famous Adventure of the Lady Dolorida.

THE Duke and the Dutcheſs were extreamly pleas'd to find that their Contrivance had ſo well hit *Don Quixote*'s Humour, nor were they wanting in themſelves to act their Parts. But *Sancho*, who carefully obſerv'd all Paſſages, and made his Reflections upon 'em, could not be ſo eaſily ſatisfy'd in his Mind. Pox o' theſe *Lady Matron's*, quo he; I'le be hang'd if ſhe ben't come to carry my Maſter a Dog-trot to ſome Fag end of the World or other, and ſo I muſt loſe my Government. I remember I was once acquainted with an Old *Potecary* that lov'd a Glaſs of good Wine, and talk'd like a Starling, who was wont to ſay, that where ever your *Lady Matrons* intrude themſelves, nothing ever proſper'd i' that Family. So God help me, he knew 'em too well, and therefore hated 'em as bad. Whence I gather, that if all your *Lady Matrons* are ſuch Impertinent troubleſome Goſſips, of what Condition or Quality ſoever, there can be no good expected from theſe Diſtreſſed *Twittle cum Twattles*, that muffle up their wither'd Faces in old Riding-hoods, ſuch as they deſcribe this ſame Counteſs of *Three-Clacks* to be. Soft and fair *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, for ſince this Lady comes ſo far in ſearch of me, ſhe can be none of thoſe *Matron's* thy *Apothecary* talk'd of, more eſpecially being a Counteſs: For when Counteſſes become *Governantes* or *Matrons*, they never ſerve any but Queens and Empreſſes, and are themſelves attended by other Servants which are under them. I'le aſſure yee, cry'd Madam *Dorothy*, who was there preſent, My Lady Dutcheſs has Women that ſerve her, who might have been Counteſſes, had Fortune been ſo kind as ſhe ſhou'd ha' been: But Fate Governs the World, and therefore let no body ſpeak ill of *Governantes*, eſpecially of Maids at Forty. For tho I ha' been Marry'd my ſelf, yet I find the advantage that your Maiden *Governantes* have over your *Governantes* that are Widows; but after all's done, he that thinks to ſheer an Egg has little to do with his Sciſſars. However, quo *Sancho*, your *Governantes* are not ſo bare but that they may be ſhorn ſometimes, if my Barber ſpoke Truth; but it ſeems we muſt not *ſtir the Rice tho it ſtick to the Pot*. Your Squires, reply'd Mrs. *Dorothy*, are always our Enemies; for that being themſelves confin'd to the Antichambers, and ſeeing us whisk in and out every where and at all Times, they ſpend their idle Hours,

Hours, which are very many God wot, in reviling, and ſtriving to deprive us of our Honour and good Names. But let 'em go to the Hoſpital of Fools, we ſhall live i' the World in ſpite of their Teeth, and be wanted by Ladies of the beſt Quality, tho when we grow Old and turn'd out of Service for doating, perhaps we may be put to ſnap at a Cruſt, and cover our Winter *John-Apple Skins* with the Tatters of my Lady's old Gown, juſt as they cover a Dunghil with an old peice of Hanging when the Proceſſion goes by. And therefore, I would have all you Mr. Do-little Squires to hold your Tongues; For had I time I durſt undertake to make it out, not only to you, but all the World, that there is no Vertue Honour'd among Men, which is not enclos'd within the *Stays* of a *Governante*.

Truly, quo the Dutcheſs, I am apt to believe my Woman is in the Right; and therefore we muſt have another time to bring about this diſpute agen, as well to confute this Heatheniſh *Apothecary*, as to root up that ſame bad Opinion which the great *Sancho* has ſo unwarily fix'd in his Breaſt. Faith Madam, change of Condition alter's Manners—— I don't know my own Opinion my ſelf; for ever ſince the Thoughts of being a Governour have ſteam'd up into my Brains, I ha' layd aſide my petty Title of Squire, ſcorn Diſputes with *Governantes*, and care not a Fig for a whole Ships Loading of ſuch ſort of Cattel.

Theſe words had bred ill Blood, and the Storm had riſen higher, but that the ſound of the Drums and Fife returning, gave 'em to underſtand that Madam *Dolorida* was at hand. The Dutcheſs ask'd the Duke, whether it might not be convenient to go and meet her, ſince ſhe was a Counteſs and a Perſon of worth. To which *Sancho* made anſwer, That as ſhe was a Counteſs, it might be proper for her Ladyſhip to meet her; but as ſhe was a *Matron Governante*, his Opinion was that neither of their Excellencies ought to ſtir an Inch.

Good-man Coxcomb, cry'd *Don Quixote*, what doſt thou trouble thy ſelf for, who requires thy Advice? Why do I trouble my ſelf? reply'd *Sancho*— I trouble my ſelf as it is my buſineſs to trouble my ſelf in theſe Affairs—— I trouble my ſelf as being a Squire bred up in your Worſhip's School, who is a Knight the beſt bred of any in the World, the very Mirrour and Quinteſſence of Curteſie and Courtſhip it ſelf; and I have heard you often ſay, that in theſe matters a Man may as well loſe a Card too much as a Card too little, and a word to the Wiſe is ſufficient. *Sancho* ſpeaks Truth, reply'd the Duke, let's firſt ſee how the Lady deports her ſelf, and then we ſhall know how to entertain her. And then it was that the Fife and the Drums enter'd the Garden after the ſame doleful manner as before.

Here alſo the Author concluded this ſhort Chapter to begin the next; proſecuting the ſame Adventure, which is one of the moſt remarkable in the whole Hiſtory.

CHAP. V.

Wherein Madam Dolorida *recounts her Misfortunes.*

THe ſad and diſmal Drummers were attended by twelve Damſels in two Files, marching two and two together, clad in large Mourning habits, cover'd with white Vails of white Linnen, that reach'd down to their

very Feet. After them follow'd the Counteſs of *Three-Skirts*, led by her Squire, *Trifaldin with the White Beard*, in a long Garment of Black Bays, with three Trains carry'd up by three Pages in Mourning. This ſame threefold Train of Hers, made all the Company believe ſhe had borrow'd her Title from ſome new Faſhion of her own Invention then lately come up, for the Ladies to have three Skirts to one Gown, and therefore call'd her ſelf the Counteſs of *Three-Skirts*. Which *Benengeli* confirms, and ſays moreover that ſhe was call'd the Counteſs of *Wolf-Land*, by reaſon of the great number of Wolves that bred in her Territories. However it were, the Counteſs and her Damſels march'd a Proceſſion Pace, with cloſe Vails over their Faces, that hinder'd the ſight of their Countenances; only the Vail which the Counteſs her ſelf wore was Tranſparent.

So ſoon as the Black Squadron drew neer, the Duke, the Dutcheſs, and *D. Quixote* roſe up; at what time the twelve Damſels ranging themſelves in two Rows, Madam *Dolorida* advanc'd with a ſlow Pace toward the Duke, who ſtepping forward to meet and receive her, ſhe threw her ſelf upon her Knees, and with a Tone of Humility, I am utterly aſham'd, quo ſhe, of the Honour which your Excellency does me; I beſeech yee therefore give your ſelf no farther trouble, for being diſtreſs'd to the degree that I am, my Mind is not at Liberty to make Returns of ſo many Civilities, ſince my Misfortunes have bereav'd me of my Senſes. Rather Madam, you might ſay that we had loſt our own, did we not in your Perſon diſcover your high Merit, and pay thoſe Honours due to your Tranſcending worth: And ſo ſaying, he rais'd her from the Ground, and ſeated her by the Dutcheſs, who fail'd not to Complement her according to her Quality. *Don Quixote* lookt on, but ſaid not a word, his Complements were all lockt up for the preſent; and as for *Sancho* he was mad to ſee the Counteſſes Face, or of ſome of her Damſels; but 'twas impoſſible, till they themſelves were willing.

At length the Complements on both ſides being over, Madam *Dolorida* made a profound Reverence, and thus beſpake the Company. I make no queſtion, ſaid ſhe, moſt High and Potent Lord; thrice Beautiful and moſt Excellent Lady; and moſt Prudent and Illuſtrious Auditors, but that I have met with a favourable Reception in the Generoſity of your Hearts; ſince my Misfortunes are ſuch as would mollifie Marble, ſoften Diamonds, and melt Braſs and Steel into a Haſty-Pudding. But before the Rehearſal of my unutterable Adventures reach your Courteous Ears, I would fain be ſatisfy'd whether the moſt Magnanimous Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and his moſt Illuſtrious Squire of Squires, *Pancha*, be a part of this Company, or no. *Pancha*, cry'd *Sancho*, interrupting her, is here in proper Perſon; and ſo is my Lord *Don Quixote* likewiſe: Proceed therefore moſt *Dolorous Metron*, and tell out your Teale at large to thoſe that are willing to learn, and ready to ſerve your Metronſhip to the *itmoſt* of their *Ebilities*. But then *Don Quixote* Majeſtically approaching the Diſtreſſed Lady, Oppreſſed Princeſs, quo he, if you have any deſign to be reliev'd in your Misfortune by the Strength and Valour of any Knight-Errant, I offer yee my Force and Courage, and ſuch as they are, I dedicate 'em to your ſervice. I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whoſe Profeſſion it is to take care of all perſons in neceſſity, and being ſo, you need not put your ſelf to the trouble of Preambles, or ſtudied ſlights of Eloquence to circumvent my favour; but utter your Calamities in down-right Terms without far-fetch'd Speeches; for they that hear yee, will be ready to redreſs your Grievances with all the willingneſs, that your Compaſſion or Generoſity can claim.

At

At thoſe words Madam *Sorrowful* threw her ſelf at *Don Quixotes* Feet; and ſtriving to embrace his Knees, maugre all the kind reſiſtance of the Knight; moſt invincible Champion, cry'd ſhe, at theſe moſt Indefatigable Feet I throw my ſelf, the Foundations and Pillars of Chivalry-Errant; theſe Feet, that I can never too much adore, ſince their ſteps muſt haſten the Succour of my Misfortunes, remedileſs by any other then your Potent Arm, moſt Valiant *Knight-Errant*, whoſe real Atchievements obſcure the Fables of all the *Amadis's*, *Guy's* of *Warwick*, *Bevis's* of *Southampton*, and *Belianis's* i' the World. Then turning to *Sancho*, and taking him by the Hand; And thou, moſt Faithful Squire that ever attended the Magnanimity of *Knight-Errantry*; whoſe goodneſs is of a larger extent then the broad and long Beard of *Trifaldin* my Squire, well mayſt thou accompt thy ſelf moſt Fortunate in ſerving the Great *Don Quixote*, paying thy duty to all the Valour and Courage of all the whole Rabble of *Knight-Errants* that ever handl'd Arms, epitomiz'd in one ſingle Perſon. I conjure thee moſt noble Squire, by that unſpotted Loyalty of all thy careful Services, to be a Courteous Interceſſour to thy Maſter, for a moſt Unfortunate Counteſs, and thy Humble Servant.

Madam Counteſs, reply'd *Sancho*, whether my Goodneſs be as large as your Squires Beard or no, that's nothing to the purpoſe. I ſhall have a Beard and Muſtachio's to boot, let me die ſoon or late; nor do I meaſure my Goodneſs by any Man's Beard. And therefore without guilding my Pills with your Flatteries, which I deſerve not, I ſhall deſire my Maſter (who I know loves me, and at this time ſtands in ſome need of me upon a particular occaſion) to aſſiſt yee to the uttermoſt of his Power. In the mean time, dear Madam, diſcharge your burthen'd Soul, let us underſtand what it is that perplexes your Spirits, and leave the reſt to Us.

The Duke and the Dutcheſs were ready to burſt with Laughter, to ſee their Project take ſo good Effect; for *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* were very ſerious upon the Matter, and the Counteſs of *Three-Skirts* acted her part to a Miracle. Returning therefore to her Seat, after ſilence commanded, ſhe began her Story thus.

Queen *Maguncia*, King *Archipiela's* Widow, was Empreſs of the Famous Kingdom of *Candaya*, lying between the Great *Tabrobana*, and the Sea of *Sur*, Six Leagues more or leſs from *Cape Comorin*. By the King the Queen had a Daughter named *Antanonaſia*, who remain'd under my Charge, as being Mother of the Maids to the Queen. In proceſs of Time the young Princeſs arriv'd at the Age of Fourteen Years, with more Beauty then Nature had ever beſtow'd upon any of her greateſt Favourites. But notwithſtanding her Youth, ſhe was ripe in Knowledge and Judgment: She was no leſs diſcreet then fair, and the faireſt Creature in the World, and is ſo ſtill, if Jealous Deſtiny and the Marble-hearted Siſters have not cut the Thread of her Life. Which certainly they have not done, for Heaven could nere permit ſo great an Injury to be done the Earth, to pluck the unripe Grapes before their time, from the Lovelieſt Vinyard under the Skie. Of this ſame Peerleſs Beauty, not to be expreſs'd by my unpoliſht Tongue, an infinite number of Princes, as well Natives as Forreigners, became enamour'd; and among the reſt of theſe great Perſonages, a Private Knight was ſo preſumptuous as to advance his Thoughts to this Ninth Heaven of Beauty, born upon the rapid Wings of his Inordinate Ambition, and confiding in his Youth, his Courtſhip, his goodly Aſpect, and the Vivacity of his Wit.

I may ſay without telling an untruth, that this young Knight was endu'd with wonderful Qualities, not only capable to move the Heart of a young Lady, but alſo to ſhake Mountains. He play'd with that Skill upon the Guittar, that he made it ſpeak ſeveral Languages; he made Verſes like another *Ovid*, and out-caper'd a *French* Dancing Maſter: And he was ſo great an Artiſt at making of Straw Bird-cages, that had he had nothing elſe to live upon, he could have kept his Coach and ſix Horſes meerly by that Trade. Yet all theſe great Parts and Endowments could never have prevail'd to win the Fortreſs of which I was made the Commandreſs, if this ſame Hangman of a Knight had not made uſe of all his cunning Shifts and Contrivances to enſnare me firſt. To that purpoſe he firſt beſieg'd me at a diſtance, then making his Approaches nearer and nearer, he began to undermine my Fidelity, and wrought ſo deeply undiſcover'd, that what with Sugar words, what with his Gold and his Jewels, he blew me up of a ſudden, and perſwaded me to deliver him the Keys of the Fort wherewith I was intruſted. But that which chiefly brought me to ſurrender, was a Copy of Verſes that he Sang one Night under my Window, of which I remember the firſt four Lines to this Effect.

From the fair Eyes of my adored Saint,
A Hurt I feel that wounds me to the Heart;
Which the ſlye Gypſie, for my greater ſmart
Would have me feel, without the leaſt Complaint.

Theſe Verſes Charm'd me, and his Voice Enchanted me to that degree, that I loſt my Reaſon, and from that time forward every time I reflected upon the Crime I had committed, I concluded that *Plato* was in the Right, in giving his Advice that all Poets, eſpecially your Wanton and Laſcivious Rhimers, ſhould be baniſh'd out of all well Govern'd Common Wealths; their Compoſitions being ſuch, as like that ſort of Thunder which melts the Sword without any hurt to the Scabberd, conſume and waſte the Soul, never ſo much as touching the Body. Another time he bewitch'd me with the following Lines.

Come quickly, Death, but come Incognito,
If thou intendſt to eaſe my pain;
Elſe in the midſt of all my woe,
The pleaſure I
ſhall take to dye
Will make me covet Life again.

He likewiſe repeated to me a great number of other Verſes of that Nature, that they Charm yee when they are ſung, and Raviſh yee when they are read; and among the reſt he ſhew'd and ſung to me ſeveral of his Compoſitions, which he call'd *Ballads*, a precious ſort of Rhime doggrel, much in Faſhion in *Candaya*, that will make a Womans Soul to skip in her Belly, tickle her into a Convulſion with laughter, diſtemper her whole Body, and put Quick-ſilver into her very Thoughts: Therefore I ſay ſuch kind of Poets ought to be ſent to the *Antipodes*. Tho had I ſtood upon my Guard as a Faithful Governeſs ought to have done, all their Whimſeys could never have mov'd me, nor would I have believ'd 'em to be other then a Company of Lyers when they cry,

I live dying—— I burn in Ice— I tremble in Fire— I hope without hope—

My

My Heart remains and yet is fled —— With a number of other Impoſſibilities of this Nature, with which they ſhift their Raptures. No leſs ridiculous are their vain Promiſes of *Arabian Phenixes*, Golden Fleeces, *Ariadne*'s Gowns, *Gyges*'s Rings, Mountains of Gold and heaps of Diamonds, of which they are very Liberal, ſince they know it coſts 'em little to promiſe what they ever can, nor ever intend to perform. But whether do I wander, Miſerable as I am? What folly rides me thus to count the Impertinences of others, that have committed more my ſelf then will fill whole Volumes. Alas, alas! Why wailſt thou thus abandon'd Wretch! For neither did thoſe Verſes deceive thee, nor thoſe Sugard perſwaſions undo thee; 'twas thy own Simplicity, thy own Ignorance, thy own Weakneſs and Inordinate Paſſions that open'd the Gap, and levell'd the way for *Don Picklochio*'s deſigns (for that was the Name of the Knight.) 'Twas I my ſelf that introduc'd him, not only once or twice into *Antonomaſia*'s Chamber, rather by me deluded, then by *Don Picklochio*'s Cunning; tho in reallity he has a lawful claim to be her Husband; for had it not been for that, as much a Baud as I was, He could never have kiſs'd the Hem of her Garment. No, no, there muſt be firſt a Forenoon Walk to the *Minories*, or *Dukes Place*, or St. *Katherns*, or at leaſt a fair Promiſe, before I meddle in ſuch Affairs. Herein I did the Lady wrong, that I too ſlightly conſider'd the Inequality of their Conditions; *Don Picklochio* being but a private Knight, and the Infanta *Antonomaſia* Heir, as I have ſaid, of the Kingdom. Now for ſome time this Intreague continu'd undiſcover'd, till at length I perceiv'd a certain Swelling below *Antonomaſia*'s Stomach, and then I fear'd her Treacherous Belly would betray us all. Theſe fears of ours forc'd us to ſeveral private Conſultations, wherein it was at laſt reſolv'd, that before the Impoſtume broke, *Don Picklochio* ſhould demand the Princeſs in Marriage before a Parſon, by vertue of a Promiſe or Contract, which I my ſelf had dictated in ſuch due form, that all the ſtrength of *Sampſon* was not able, as I knew full well, to break it. Great Diligence was us'd, the Parſon ſaw the Contract, Gold raind into his Hand, and he diſpatch'd the Buſineſs forthwith, deſpiſing all Suſpenſions.

How, quo *Sancho*, be there Parſons and Poets in *Candaya* too? Well, I ſee the World's the ſame from one Corner to the other— only I don't believe the Parſons wear Perriwigs in *Candaya* as they do here. But pray go on Madam *Three-Skirts*, and make an end as ſoon as you can, for it grows late, and I long to hear the end of this Story, which as I may tell to you, is a little o'the longeſt.

CHAP. VI.

Being a Continuation of the Wonderful Hiſtory of the Counteſs of Three-Skirts.

Sancho ſpoke not a word, which did not infinitely pleaſe the Dutcheſs; on the other ſide *Don Quixote* was ready to hang himſelf every time the Squire open'd his Mouth; inſomuch that in a great Paſſion he commanded him to hold his Tongue; and then the Counteſs proceeding, At length, ſaid ſhe, the Buſineſs was canvaſs'd in the Civil Court, where the Doctors and Proctors got the Devil and all by replyes and double replyes, till at laſt the Judge gave Sentence in favour of *Don Picklochio*, which

Queen

Queen *Maguncia* lay'd ſo greivouſly to Heart, that within three Days ſhe was bury'd. Then, as far as I find by the Story, the Queendy'd, quo *Sancho*. 'Tis very clear, reply'd *Trifaldin*, for in *Candaya* they never bury the Living but the Dead. With your good leave, Mr. Squire, anſwer'd *Sancho*, I have heard of a Woman that lay in a ſwoon and was bury'd alive; afterwards the Sexton coming i' the Night to rob her of her Shrowd, the Woman ſtarted up in her Coffin, the Sexton ran away, the Woman got to her Friends, recover'd and was Marry'd again. In good faith between you and I, your Queen *Maguncia* was too haſty in dying ſo ſoon; my thinks it had been enough for her to have only ſhut her Teeth and her Eyes for an Hour or too; for we may help many things while we are alive; nor do I find the Infanta's folly was ſo great, that the Mother ſhould take ſuch a pet at the World, for her Daughters being gotten with Child. Had ſhe Marry'd one of her Pages, or the Coach-man, as I have heard many young Ladies of Quality have done, that had been a Scandal indeed; but to Eſpouſe a Knight ſo rarely well qualify'd as you ſet him forth, in good ſooth Law, tho 'twere a folly, yet was it no ſuch prodigious Crime as you would make it to be; for according to my Maſters Maximes, who is here preſent, and will not ſuffer me to lye, as learned Men are made of the ſame Mould as Biſhops; ſo Knights, if they be *Knights-Errant*, are made of the ſame Materials as Kings and Emperours.

Thou ſay'ſt very true, reply'd *Don Quixote*, for a *Knight-Errant* if he have but two Fingers breadth of good luck, is in a probability to be the Greateſt Monarch i' the World. But pray let Madam Counteſs go on; certainly the worſt of the Story's behind; for I profeſs I have heard nothing hitherto but what has been very pleaſant. You ſay very right, the bitter is to come, and indeed far more bitter then *Wormwood* and *Aloes*.

The Queen being Dead, and not in a Swoon, we buried her; but no ſooner had we cover'd her with Earth, and taken our laſt leaves, when—*Ah! who rehearſing woes like theſe from ſorrow can refrain?* When mounted on a Woodden Horſe, there appear'd upon the Grave the Gyant *Malambrune*, Couſin German to the deceaſed Queen, caſting upon all that were preſent ſuch Wild and Cruel looks, as were more peircing then pointed Arrows. This Gyant, as he was cruel to exceſs, ſo was he likewiſe a great *Necromancer*, and came to revenge the Death of his Couſin German; and therefore to chaſtiſe *Don Picklochio*'s Preſumption, and puniſh *Antonomaſia* for being ſo haſty, he left 'em both Enchanted upon the ſame Tomb; the one being turn'd into a Braſs Female Monkey, and the other into a dreadful *Crocodile* of an unknown Mettal, with a Pillar between both, on which were engrav'd theſe words in *Syriac* Letters.

Theſe inconſiderate Lovers ſhall never recover their priſtin ſhape, till the Valiant Manchegan *ſhall come to Encounter me in ſingle Combat; for only for him it is, that th' unalterable Deſtinies reſerve this Adventure ſo Extraordinary.*

Which done, he drew from his Scimitar a hugeous, broad, ſwinging Cutlace, and catching me faſt by the Hair, made as if he would have par'd off my Head. I ſtood immoveable as a Statue, not ſo much as daring to cry out Murder, till at length making a Vertue of Neceſſity, I wept ſo bitterly, and gave ſuch melting good words, that he ſurceac'd the rigorous execution of his intended Puniſhment. At length he caus'd to be dragg'd before him all the Ladies of the Palace, who are theſe that you ſee here before yee; and after he had aggravated upon us our breach of Truſt, reproach'd us with the vile Conditions of *Ma-*

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trons and *Governantes*, upbraided 'em with their Procurations and Panderisms, charging all with the wickedness of which I was only Guilty; he told us he would lay a punishment upon us that should be worse then Capital, for that it should be a kind of continual dying; and having so said, we felt of a sudden the Pores of our Skins open, and such a vehement pricking and itching over all our Faces, like the pricking of so many Needles; and then laying our Hands upon our Faces, we felt our selves as you shall presently see; and so saying, Madam *Sorrowful* and the rest of the Damsels lifting up their Vails, discover'd their Chins and Lips overgrown with thick Beards of several Hews; some black, some white, some Carrot colour'd, and others Motley. A sight that greatly astonish'd the Duke and the Dutchess, put *Don Quixote* into a cold Sweat, and had like to have layd Poor *Sancho* in another Swoon, but that he was more afraid of being buri'd alive. Thus, said the Countess of *Three-Skirts*, continuing her Story, did this same Barbarous Villain of a Gyant, *Malambrune*, disfigure the Beauty of our Cheeks with these rough Beards, so unusual to our Sex; far more happy, had he taken our Heads from our Shoulders with his dreadful Scimitar, then to let us live disgrac'd before all the World with these Furbushes upon our Chins, like so many Cloven footed Satyrs. For if your Excellencies consider it, Where shall a Lady dare to appear with such a Rubbing-Brush about her Chaps? What will the World think of her? What will busie and scandalous Tongues say of her? What Parents will acknowledge her? Or who will be so Charitable as to pitty her? Women, we find, have much ado already, with their Paints, their Washes and their Puppy-dog Waters to preserve their Complexions, so as to win the Love of nice Mankind—— What then will become of us with our Faces like Bears Arses? O Dearest Ladies, and Companions of my Misery, what unfortunate Stars were we born under! In what unlucky Hour did our Fathers beget, and our Mothers bring us forth! and so saying she fell into a Swoon.

CHAP. VII.

Containing several Matters that appertain and belong to this Remarkable Adventure.

BY the Faith of a Living Man, quo *Sancho*, seeing Madam *Sorrowful* in a Swoon, and by the Life of all the *Pancha's*, my Ancestours, never in all my Life did I ever see or hear of the like Adventure; nor did my Master ever tell me or think of the like. A thousand Satans hale him to the bottom of the Abyss, for a Dog of a *Necromancer*; could he find no other Punishment for these poor Creatures, then by All-to-be-grandfathering their Muzzles. By the *Lord Harry*, he had better have split their Nostrils, tho they had snuffl'd through the Noses, like so many Pockify'd Daughters of *Venus*—— For now I'le be hang'd if the poor Souls have Money enough to pay a Baber for shaving 'em.

'Tis very true, Sir, reply'd one of the twelve, we have not Money enough to pay for shaving; and therefore some of us are constrain'd for saving of Charges, to lay on Playsters of Pitch upon the places affected, which pull away roots and all, and leave our Chins as smooth as the bot-

tom of a Stone-Morter. Not but that there are Women in *Candaya*, that go about from house to house, to rectifie over-grown Beards, and Beetle Brows: Nay, and as there are some Women that are as bald as Death's Heads, there are another sort of Female Barbers, that will make yee a whole head of hair, or a Tower for the Forehead only, which sets a Woman out extreamly; but we that are Ladies of Honour, never make use of these kind of Cattel, because they are generally Women of bad fame. So that if my Lord *Don Quixote*, do not relieve us, we must carry our Beards to our Graves. I'le first give the *Moors* leave, reply'd *Don Quixote*, to tear off mine hair by hair, but I'le have your disguises off without any other shaving, then shaving off the Sorcerers head who thus bewitch'd yee.

By this the *Countess of Three-skirts* being come to her self, Most valiant Knight, quo she, the grateful sound of your promise reach'd my Ears in the midst of my Fit, and re-call'd both my strength and senses. I beseech yee therefore once more, renowned and Invincible Champion, to let your Deeds be answerable to your Words, with all the speed that may be. That shall be none of my fault, reply'd *Don Quixote*: Tell me but what I must do, and you shall find me wholly at your service.

Your Magnanimity then must understand, reply'd the Lady *Sorrowful*, that from hence to the Kingdom of *Candaya* it is about some five thousand Leagues by Land; I will not stand with your Worship for a League over or under. But if you ride through the Air, in a direct Line, 'tis not above three thousand two hundred twenty seven Leagues: and the Giant *Malambrune* told me, that so soon as it should be my good fortune to meet the Champion that was to dissolve our Enchantment, he would send him an excellent Steed, much better, and with far less resty Jades tricks, then any of your Common *Hackney* Post-horses, as being the same Woodden Horse that carried the Valiant *Pedro*, and the fair *Magalona* double, when he stole her away. A peaceable creature, and govern'd with ease, only by turning a Pin which he has in his Forehead, but such a one as flies i' the Air with that swiftness, that you would swear the Devil was at his heels with a hunting Whip. This same Horse, according to ancient Tradition, was the Master-piece of the Necromancer *Merlin*, who lent him to *Peter* of *Provence*, his great friend, who rode him many a long journey through the Air; and when he had stolen *Magalona*, set her behind him, and carried her away with a jerk, while his Enemies, and her Friends, in vain stood gaping after him, like people that gape after a Paper Kite with a Candle and Lanthorn, but are never the nearer; even so gap'd they till their hearts ak'd, and then left off. After that *Merlin* lent this Horse to no body but his best Friends, or such as paid him well, and a Crown a day was his lowest price. Since that, *Malambrune* found a way to get him into his Stable; so that he saves a world of Horse flesh, considering how many Stone he rides, and how he posts about to all the Fairs i' the world. You shall have him here to day, to morrow in *France*, the next day in *China*, to morrow in *America*: for as he is a great Giant, so 's he a great Merchant. And being so, he could never have met with such a convenient Beast, for he neither eats nor drinks, nor sleeps, nor wears out any Shooes, and paces so pleasantly through the Air, that you may carry a Glass of Wine i' your hand without spilling a drop: Which was the reason the fair *Magalona*, by her good will, would ne're be off of his Back.

As for a delicate *Pacer*, quo *Sancho*, commend me to my *Grizzle*, tho I confess he cannot fly i' the Air; but upon plain ground I defie all the Ambl-

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blers i' the world. Which set 'em all a laughing; but then Madam *Sorrowful* proceeding,

This same Horse quo she, if it be *Malambrunes* pleasure to put an end to our Misfortunes, will be here within half an hour after 'tis dark: for it was agreed between us, that as soon as I had found the Knight, he would send the Horse.

Pray now, quo *Sancho*, how many people will this Beast carry? Two Persons, reply'd Madam *Sorrowful*, one in the seat, and the other behind: and these two persons are generally the Knight and the Squire, unless some stollen Lady be to be whirl'd out of humane reach, like *Ganymed* upon the Eagles back.

Pray Madam *Sorrowful*, how d' yee call this Horse's Name? To which the Lady reply'd neither *Pegasus* like *Bellerophon*'s, nor *Bucephalus* like *Alexander* the Great's; nor *Golden Bridle*, like *Orlando*'s; nor *Bayard*, like *Rinaldo*'s; nor *Frontin*, like *Rogiero*'s; nor *Bootes* nor *Pirithous*, like the Horses of the *Sun*; nor *Otelia*, that unfortunate Horse, upon whose back King *Rodorigo* lost both his Life and his Kingdom. I do not ask yee, Madam, quo *Sancho*, negatively, how he was not call'd; for that I know as well as another. More then that, I'le hold my life his name is not *Rosinante* neither; for so is my Master's Horse call'd, according to his worth; which is such, that I'le be hang'd if all the Horses with hard names that you have reckon'd up, could ever match him either for heels or courage. I believe that, reply'd the Countess; nevertheless he has a Name too, very proper and significant; for he is call'd *Screw-Pegg* the *swift*, which answers to the swiftness of his heels, and the Pegg in his forhead. I like the name well, quo *Sancho*, but how d' yee rein him, with a Bridle or a Headstall? I have told yee already, reply'd Madam *Three-skirts*, with a Peg, which being turn'd this way or that way, the Horse moves accordingly, either aloft i' the Air, or brushing the tops of the grass with his Hoofs, or else so in the middle between both, as to avoid the trouble of leaping hedges: he is the best for a Fox-chase in the world. I would willingly see this beast, quo *Sancho*, not that I have any thoughts to ride either behind or before. I don't say so neither; for they that expect any such thing from me, may as well *expect Pears from an Elm*. Is it likely that I, who can hardly sit my own *Grizzle* upon a Pack-saddle as soft as Silk, will suffer my self to be hors'd upon a hard piece of inchanted Timber, without either Pillow or Cushion? Not I by my faith, I thank yee, I'le not gaul my Buttocks to dis-inchant the best Ladies Beard i' the world———Let them that have Beards wear Beards, or else shave themselves as well as they can. For my part, if my Master intends to go this long journey, let him een go by himself; he must not think to concern me in his Beard shaving, as he has done in the Disinchantment of *Dulcinea*. Oh dear, Sir, reply'd the Lady *Sorrowful*, your presence is so requisite that we can do nothing without yee. Pray seek another Champion, I beseech yee, good *Madam*, where d' you find the Squires coupl'd with their Masters in their Adventures? Only they get all the Profit, and we all the Trouble.———Body a' me, when shall yee hear any Historian say, *Such a Knight perform'd such an Adventure indeed, but it was with the assistance of such a one, his Squire, without whose help he could never have accomplish'd it?* No, before *George*, but barely and singly, *Don Paralipomenon, of the three Stars, finish'd the Adventure of the Hobgoblins*, making no more mention of the Squire, then if there were no such person i' the world, tho he were present, and were well strapp'd for his pains. For once therefore let my Master een go by himself, and much good

may his Honour do him; For my part, I'le keep my Lady Dutcheſs Company, and it may be by that time he returns, he may find Madam *Dulcinea*'s buſineſs in a good forwardneſs; for whenever I have nothing elſe to do, I intend to lick my ſelf ſoundly. However, honeſt *Sancho*, quo the *Dutcheſs*, if there be a neceſſity, you muſt accompany your Maſter; for 'tis unreaſonable theſe Ladies ſhould remain in this Monkey-fac'd condition, becauſe of your vain fears. With reverence be it ſpoken, Madam, quo *Sancho*, *Muſt is for the King*—Were it to do a kindneſs for an honeſt vertuous Kinſwoman, or the whole Bevy of Blew-coat-Girls, 'twere a deed of Charity; but to hazard the breaking of a mans bones, to unbeard a parcel of Baudy *Governantes*, the Devil ſhall do it for me; let 'em een ſeek out other Shavers; for *Sancho Pancha* will be none of their Barber. By this light I had rather ſee 'em hairy all over, like Goats, from the Lady to the Kitchin-wench. I wonder you ſhould be ſo angry with *Governantes*, friend *Sancho*, reply'd the Dutcheſs———In truth, you do 'em wrong———Among the Reſt I have a *Governante* of my own; ſuch a pattern of fidelity, that I'le put my life in her hands, and I'le go no farther then Miſtreſs *Dorothy*. Your Excellency may ſay what you pleaſe, reply'd Miſtreſs *Dorothy*, but God knows the truth of every thing———and whether bad or good, bearded or not bearded, we were all the Daughters of our Mothers, as well as others; and ſince God has ſent us into the World, he knows wherefore, and 'tis in his Mercy, and my Ladies Favour and Charity that I muſt truſt, and I hope I have learnt to wink at ſmall faults: 'tis a good Horſe that never trips.

Mrs. *Dorothy* is in the right, cry'd *Don Quixote*: And as for you, Madam Counteſs, with the reſt of your illuſtrious Company, I make no queſtion but Heaven will look upon your misfortunes with a propitious Eye, and that *Sancho* will do what I command him. In the mean time, I wiſh that *Screw-Peg* were come, and that I were at *cut and laſh* with *Malambrune*; there's no Razor ſhould ſhave your Ladyſhips Beard with that eaſe as I would ſhave his head from his ſhoulders, and teach him at the price of his life to furbuſh Counteſſes Chins, and challenge Knights Errant. High Heaven, cry'd Madam *Sorrowful*, with Eyes of Favour behold your Grandeur, and may all the Stars of the Celeſtial Regions, ſhed down their Influence upon your Valour, and bleſs with all *proſperity your Highneſs*, the *Buckler* and ſupport of the forlorn Society of *Waiting-women* and *Chambermaids*, ſo contemn'd by *Pothecaries*, accurs'd by *Squires*, and revil'd by *Pages*. Moſt unfortunate among Females, better were it for us to Cloyſter our ſelves in the flower of our Age, then thus to be the ſcorn of all Mankind. Diſgrace of the Earth, as we are, were we deſcended in a direct Line from *Hector* of *Troy*, I queſtion whether exaſperated men would allow us to prove our Pedigrees———And thou moſt mighty Giant *Mambruno*, as much an Enchanter as thou art, be faithful however to thy word, and ſend away the peerleſs *Screw-Peg*, that ſo at laſt we may ſee an end of our misfortunes. For ſhould the hot weather ſurpriſe us with ſo much *Goats wooll* about our Noſes, woe be to us and all our Progeny; ſince we can expect no other, then to bring a Race of Baboons into the world.

Theſe laſt words the Lady *Three-Skirts*, wringing her hands, utter'd with ſuch a lamentable tone, that ſhe drew tears from all the Company; and among the reſt caus'd *Sancho* alſo to water his plants, who now, compaſſion having melted his heart, reſolv'd in his mind to follow his Maſter to the farthermoſt parts of the Earth, ſo he might any way contribute

to

to clear away that venerable Camomile which be-ſpread the Ladies Cheeks.

CHAP. VIII.

Containing the Arrival of Screw-Peg, *and the End of this Tedious Adventure.*

BY this the Night was come, and with it, the appointed hour for *Screw-Peg*'s arrival, for which *Don Quixote* waited with an extraordinary impatience; believing that becauſe *Malambrune* delay'd ſo long the ſending him, that either he was not the Knight for whom this Adventure was reſerv'd, or elſe that the Giant was afraid to grapple with him. But when he leaſt expected it, behold of a ſudden four *Savages*, cover'd with green Ivy, enter'd the Garden, bearing a huge Wooden Horſe upon their ſhoulders. Which as ſoon as they had ſet down upon the ground, preſently one of the Savages cry'd out, Now let him that has the Courage, mount this woodden Animal. I'le mount no *mounts*, quo *Sancho*; for neither have I ſo much Courage, neither am I, God be thanked, a *Knight-Errant*. Then the Savage proceeding, and let the Squire, quo he, if there be any ſuch perſon here, get up behind; and let the Knight be aſſur'd from *Malambrune*'s own Mouth, that he intends nothing but a fair Stage, and fair Play, and that only with his truſty Sword. As for the Horſe, let the Knight but turn the Peg in his Forehead, and he will carry his Riders in a trice to the place where *Malambrune* expects 'em. And leſt the vaſt height of the way ſhould turn their brains, let 'em only bind a Kerchief about their Eyes till the Horſe neighs, and then they may be ſure they're at the end of their journey. Which ſaid, the Savages skipp'd and friſk'd out of ſight, the ſame way they came.

And then it was that Madam *Sorrowful*, beholding the Horſe with tears of gladneſs; Moſt valiant Knight, quo ſhe, addreſſing her ſelf to *Don Quixote*, *Malambrune*, you ſee, has fulfill'd his promiſe, the Horſe is come, our Beards grow, and therefore we beſeech both thee and thy Squire, by all the hairs upon our Chins, to get up, and ſet forward with all ſpeed, that we may be rid at laſt of this ſame troubleſome Stool-ball-ſtuffing which thus diſfigures the ſeat of Beauty.

Diſtreſſed Lady, reply'd *Don Quixote*, ſuch is my impatience to ſerve yee, that you ſhall ſee I will not ſo much as ſtay for a Cuſhion, or to put on my Spurs. For to tell ye truth, I long to ſee what pretty dimpl'd Chins, and ſoft lips, you had before this deformity ſeiz'd yee.

With your good leave, Madam Counteſs, quo *Sancho*, I am in no ſuch haſte; and therefore if you cannot be trimm'd without a Squire gets up behind, my Maſter muſt hire another Squire, and theſe fair Ladies muſt ſeek another Barber; for I am no Conjurer, to fly among the Clouds upon a Broomſtick. What will my Iſlanders ſay, when they hear their Governour rides a Witch-hunting i' the Air? Beſides, 'tis three or four thouſand Leagues from hence to *Candaya*; ſo that if either the Horſe ſhould tire by the way, or the Giant grow humourſome, it may be ſix or ſeven years before we return; and by that time there will be neither Iſlands nor Drylands i' the world, that will know me agen. I have heard ſay, *Delay breeds dan-*

dangers; and when thou haſt a Cow giv'n thee, never run to fetch a Cord. Therefore theſe Ladies Beards muſt pardon me; St. *Peter is at* Rome, *and I am here*, where I am well us'd, I know when I am well; and where my Lord Duke has promis'd me the Government of an Iſland.

Sancho, Sancho, reply'd the Duke, the Iſland which I promis'd thee is no moving Iſland, nor going to run away; the Foundations of it are layd in the deep Abyſſes of the Earth. And therefore, ſince you know as well as I, that there is no Office of moment in this Age which is not purchas'd with ſome kind of you know what I mean; all that I ſhall demand for your Government is only to ride behind your Maſter, that there may be an end of this perillous Adventure. For whether you return ſo ſpeedily as the ſwiftneſs of the Horſe promiſes, or whether you be forc'd to foot it back like a Hermite, begging from Inn to Inn, and Door to Door, you will find the Iſland ſtill where you left it, and your Iſlanders as ready to receive you for their Governour as ever they were. And for my own part I'le give thee my Oath, if requir'd, never to recede a Tittle from my word.

No more, my Lord Duke, quo *Sancho*, I am a poor Squire, that am not able to bear the burden of ſo many favours, let my Maſter get up, then blind my Eyes; and ſo good People pray for me till I am got above the Clouds, for then I intend to call upon the Angels my ſelf. That you may ſafely do, reply'd the Counteſs of *Three-Skirts*; for tho *Malambrune* be a *Necromancer*, he's a kind of a Mungrel Chriſtian, that contrives all his Enchantments with great Prudence to avoid all manner of Scandal. Go too then, quo *Sancho*, let's away, and the *Lady of Loretta* be our Guide.

Since the Remarkable Adventure of the Fulling Mills, quo *Don Quixote*, never did I ſee poor *Sancho* in ſuch a bodily fear as at this time, and were I as ſuperſtitious as other People, I cannot tell but that I might be alarum'd at his fears. But come hither *Sancho*, for with their Excellencies leave, I have a word to ſay to thee in private. And ſo ſaying, he led *Sancho* into a thicket of Trees, on the other ſide of the Garden, and there taking him by the Hand,

Friend *Sancho*, ſaid he, thou ſeeſt we have a long Journey to ride, and God only knows when we ſhall return, or what Hardſhips we may meet with, and therefore I would have thee make an excuſe, and retire to thy Chamber, where I deſire thee to give thy ſelf, if it be but five hunder'd Laſhes of the three thouſand three hunder'd, to which thou haſt oblig'd thy ſelf; *for a thing once begun is half ended.* By this Light, very fine, quo *Sancho*, ſurely Maſter you are turn'd Changeling.—— This is juſt as they ſay, *you ſee me in haſte, and ask for my Daughter*; I am going to ride the Wooden Horſe, and you wou'd have me flea my Poſteriours. In truth, in truth Maſter, you are out of the way. Let's firſt go and get theſe Ladies unbearded, ſince the Devil has found us an Employment, and when we return, we'll tell yee more of our mind; let that ſuffice at preſent. Well, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, I truſt to thy Promiſe, and make no queſtion but thou wilt keep thy Word, for tho th' art a Fool I know th' art Honeſt. Ay, Ay, relye upon me, cry'd *Sancho*, and never undertake too much Buſineſs at once.

After this ſhort Parley they return'd to the Company, and *Don Quixote* being juſt ready to get up, blind my Eyes, ſaid he, to *Sancho*, and mount boldly: For 'tis not likely that he who ſends ſo far for us, has any intention to deceive us; ſince he can get no benefit by deluding People that relye upon him; and tho Fortune ſhould croſs our expectations, yet is it impoſſible that Envy ſhould obſcure the Honour we ſhall gain by having undertaken

taken so glorious an Enterprize. Dispatch, Sir, then, Dispatch, quo *Sancho*, for methinks I feel these Ladies Beards now sticking in my Heart; and I'me resolv'd not to put a Morsel of Bread i' my Mouth, till I see their Chins as smooth as a Looking glass. Therefore I say, get up first and bind your Eyes; for if I must ride behind 'tis clear you must get up first. 'Tis very true, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and presently pulling a Handkerchief out of his Pocket, he desir'd Madam *Sorrowful* to bind it fast about his Eyes. Which being done, if my Memory fail me not, said he, I have read in *Virgil*, of the *Trojan Palladium*, that was a Woodden Horse, which the *Greeks* presented to *Pallas*, and carry'd a Company of Armed Knights in his Belly, who were the Total Ruin of *Troy*: Which makes me think it not amiss, to examin what our *Screw-Peg* also carry's in his Guts. There's no necessity for that, answer'd Madam *Sorrowful*, I'le warrant yee no such thing; I know *Malambrune*, that I dare affirm him to be neither Mischeivous, nor Treacherous; get up, Sir, upon my word, and if any harm befal yee, I'le be bound to make yee amends. Thereupon *Don Quixote* believing it a Scandal to his Courage to make any farther Scruples, got up without more ado; and because his Legs hung down for want of Stirrups, he lookt like a *Roman* Consul a Horse-back in an old Fashion'd piece of Arras. *Sancho* also mounted last, like one that had been going up a Ladder to be hang'd, and fixing himself upon the Crupper, felt it so hard and uneven, that he desir'd the Duke to lend him one of the Dutchesses Pillows; for, quo he, I'me afraid this Horse Trots damnable hard. To which Madam *Sorrowful* made answer, that *Screw-Pin* would endure no such thing upon his Buttocks, only for his ease, he might if he pleas'd ride sideways like a Woman; which he did, and then, after they had bound his Eyes, he bid the Company farewel. But he had not sate a Moment in that Condition, before he unbound himself, and looking round about him, besought the Company, with Tears in his Eyes, to bestow a certain number of *Pater Nosters* and *Avemaries* upon him, in that same dismal danger he was in, as they hop'd for succour in the same distress. Dog in a Doublet, cry'd *Don Quixote*, what! dost think th'art going to the Gallows, that thou art begging the Prayers of the People? Rascal as thou art, dost thou not sit where formerly the fair *Magalona* sate, and from whence she alighted to be Queen of *France*? And am not I sufficient to put Life into thee, that now possess the place of old possess'd by *Peter of Provence*. Blind thy self, blind thy self, senceless Brute, and let me hear no more of these thy Womanish Complaints, especially in my Presence.

Blind me then, blind me, cry'd *Sancho*, and seeing 'tis so, that I must neither be Pray'd for by others, nor suffer'd to Pray for my self, in an ill Hour lets go on, and a Fig for all the Devils in Hell.

And now all things being ready, and due leave taken, *Don Quixote* began to turn the Pin; at what time all that were present set up their Throats, crying out, Heaven prosper thee most Valiant Knight, Heaven protect th' undaunted Squire; sit fast Couragious Squire, have a care of falling, for the Squelch will be far more fatal then his that misguided the Chariot of the Sun: See how they cut the Clouds— what a hight are they mounted already, and now quite out of sight.——

All this while *Sancho* got close to his Master, and clasping his Arms about his Wast, Sir, said he, why do they cry below that we are so high, since we can hear 'em so plainly, that one would think they were close at our Ears? Nere trouble thy self for that, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for these things being extraordinary beyond the Common Course of Nature, I know

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no reaſon but that if we were a thouſand Leagues off, we might hear 'em, and ſee 'em too, if our Eyes were at Liberty, and that as plainly and diſtinctly, as if they were but three Paviers Feet from us. But prithee don't graſp me ſo hard, leſt thou pull me out of the Saddle. For my part I admire at thy frights and thy fears, for the Duce take me, if ever I rid a Horſe that went more eaſie i' my Life; a Man would ſwear he never ſo much as mov'd at all. Baniſh therefore thoſe idle Fancies of thine, for as far as I can find, all things go very well, and we have the Wind in our Poop, as they ſay. So we have by my Faith, quo *Sancho*, for I feel ſuch a brisk Gale at my Back, as if no leſs then four Smiths Pair of Bellows were blowing Wind i' my Tayl. And he had reaſon enough to ſay ſo; for there were no leſs then four or five Men ſtood behind continually puffing, with each a large Pair of Kitchin Bellows in his Hands; ſo well had the Dukes Steward order'd his Buſineſs to perfect his deſign.

At length *Don Quixote* feeling the Wind, Certainly, ſaid he, *Sancho* we are now in the Middle Region of the Air, where all the Meteors are produc'd, as Wind, Hail, Thunder, Lightning, Snow, Rain, and the Like; ſo that if we mount a little longer at this rate, we ſhall be by and by in the Region of Fire; neither do I know how to govern this Peg to prevent our being burnt in thoſe Ethereal Flames. At the ſame time they began to warm their Noſes with lighted Tow, that made a ſudden blaze, and as ſoon went out agen, ty'd at the end of long Cains, leſt they ſhould be perceiv'd.

I'le be hang'd, Sir, quo *Sancho*, if we be not come to that place you laſt ſpoke of, or at leaſt very near, for my Chin is half roaſted, and my Beard confoundly ſing'd already—— Pray let me unbind my ſelf, to ſee where we are. Take heed, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, take heed what thou doſt; and remember the Story of the Curate *Toralva*, whom the Devils carry'd a Pick-back through the Air, with a Muffler before his Eyes; and in twelve Hours they brought him to *Rome*, where they ſet him down upon the Tower of *Nona*; from whence after he had beheld the hideous Tumult, Aſſault, and Death of the Conſtable of *Bourbon*, the next Morning by break of day they return'd him back to *Madrid*, where he gave an Account of what he had ſeen. He farther ſaid, that when he was in the Air, the Devil bid him unbind his Eyes, and then he ſaw himſelf ſo near the Body of the Moon, that he could have taken hold of her Horns; but that he durſt not look down for fear his Brains ſhould turn round. Thus *Sancho*, thou ſee'ſt Curioſity may be dangerous, and therefore let this ſatisfie, that he who has taken charge of us, will be anſwerable for our ſafeties: Nay, my Mind gives me that we are juſt Towring over the Kingdom of *Candaya*, where we ſhall come ſtooping down upon our Enemies, like a *Saker* upon a *Heron*; for tho we have not been a Horſe back much above half an Hour, believe me, we have diſpatch'd a vaſt deal of Ground. As for that, reply'd *Sancho*, I know not what to think on't; but this I am ſure of, that if Madam *Magalona*, as you call her, could ſit this confounded Crupper without a good Cuſhion under her Tayl, ſhe had a harder pair of Buttocks then mine.

All this while the Duke, the Dutcheſs, and all the reſt of the Company were very attentive to this delightful Dialogue, and now being willing to put an end to this ſo well manag'd Adventure, order'd a Fellow to give Fire to the Horſes Tail; at what time the Nimble *Screw-Pegs* Belly being full of Squibs, Crackers, and other Fireworks that rumbl'd in his Guts, gave ſuch a Curvet i' the Air, that with the Jolt upon his downfal, he threw his

his Riders *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* to the Ground, ſmoak'd and ſing'd, and ſmelling of burnt Briſtles like two Bacon-Hogs.

Now by this time Madam *Sorrowful* with her Bearded Regiment were departed the Garden; and they that remain'd behind lay all like ſo many Dead People, ſtretch'd forth upon the Greenſod. At what time *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* got upon their Legs, half doaz'd with their fall, and looking round about 'em, were amaz'd to find themſelves in the ſame Garden agen, and ſo many People lying upon the Ground without Life or Motion. But they were much more aſtoniſh'd when they ſpy'd a Lance ſtuck up in the Ground, and a fair piece of green Parchment hanging by two Silken Strings that were faſten'd to the upper end, wherein were theſe words.

Th' Illuſtrious and Valiant Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, *has put an End to the Adventure of the Counteſs of* Three-Skirts, *otherwiſe Madam* Sorrowful, *and her Companions in Diſtreſs, only by undertaking it. The Gyant* Malambrune *is ſatisfy'd; the Ladies have loſt their Beards; and* Don Picklochio *the King, and* Antonomaſia *the Queen, have reſum'd their former ſhapes: And ſo ſoon as the Squire ſhall have fulfill'd his Pennance of three thouſand ſix hunder'd Stripes, the White Dove ſhall be deliver'd from the pernicious Pounces of her Adverſaries, and be receiv'd into the Arms of her beloved Adorer. This the* Necromancer Merlin, *King of the* Magicians *has ordain'd.*

Don Quixote had no ſooner read thoſe words, but finding a new Confirmation of *Dulcinea*'s Diſinchantment, in the firſt place he ſhewd his Piety, by returning a thouſand Thanks to Heaven, that he had finiſh'd ſuch a deſperate Adventure with ſo little trouble, and then careſſing himſelf with the Obligation he had lay'd upon thoſe poor Bearded Ladies, who now appear'd no more, he went where the Duke and Dutcheſs lay as it were in a ſwoon, and taking the Duke by the Hand; Wake, Sir, wake, quo he, pluck up a good Heart, all's well, the Adventure is at an end, and all the Danger's over, as you may ſee by this Writing.

Thereupon the Duke, as it were wak'd out of a deep ſleep, began by little and little to recover himſelf, as did the Dutcheſs and all the reſt of the Company that were in the ſame Poſture, drowſie and heavy, like People that had been in a Trance, and hardly knew where they were, and looking as if they had all been bewitch'd. Preſently the Duke fell a reading with his Eyes half open and half ſhut, rubbing his Forehead at every Line; which when he had done, he threw his Arms about *Don Quixote*'s Neck, aſſuring him, that he was the beſt and moſt renowned Knight that ever had been in all theſe Latter Ages. As for *Sancho* he ſtar'd about for Madam *Sorrowful*, to ſee how ſhe look'd now her Beard was off, and whether ſhe were ſo Beautiful as ſhe pretended to be before ſhe was Chinbriſtl'd. But they told him, that as ſoon as *Screw-Peg* was fallen to the Ground, all of a light Fire, the Counteſs with all her Company vaniſh'd without ſo much as the ſign of any Beards, or the leaſt appearance that ever they had any. Then the Dutcheſs ask'd *Sancho*, how he found himſelf after ſo long a Journey. To whom *Sancho*, I find my ſelf, ſaid he, indifferent well, thanks be to Heaven, only a little Shoulder-ſprain'd with my fall. As for the Journey it ſelf, 'tis very true as my Maſter ſaid, that we were in the Middle Region of the Air: for to tell yee the Truth, having naturally ſome Chips of Curioſity within me, and being willing to look about me when I Travel, I thruſt up the Handkerchief from my Eyes a little above my Noſe, and look'd down upon the Earth. God's Precious! Judge you now whether we were not got a prodigious height; for the Earth ſeem'd to me no bigger then a Muſtard-Seed, and the Men

walking to and fro, no bigger then Hazle-nuts. Have a care what you say Friend *Sancho*, quo the Dutchess, for if the Earth were no bigger then a Mustard-Seed, and the Men as big as Hazle nuts, 'twas impossible thou couldst see the Earth for one single Man. That's nothing, quo *Sancho*, for I spy'd first one little side of it, and then I saw it all. These are Riddles, *Sancho*, reply'd the Dutchess, for how can a Man see the whole of what he sees but a part. I don't understand your Visions nor your Philosophies, but I saw as I saw, reply'd *Sancho*. Your Highness knows we flew i' the Air by Enchantment, and by Vertue of that Enchantment, I saw the Earth and the Men, which way soever I turn'd my Head. And if you wont believe that, you will less believe, that when I pull'd down my Blinder and look'd up, I found my self so near Heaven, that I was within a Foot of the Main Skie. And I can safely swear 'tis a very large Place; and by and by we came to the *Seven Goats*. Before Heaven and upon my Soul, if I don't believe we were above two Leagues above *Pen men Maure*; and in regard I had in my younger days been a Goat-herd, I had a longing desire to have a little Discourse with those pretty Creatures, and had I not done it, i' my Conscience I had been dead of a Consumption ere this, as short a while as it is. And therefore by my Life 'tis true; without saying a word to my Master, I slid down softly from *Screw Pegs* Crupper, and went and twattl'd for three quarters of an Hour with those pretty Creatures, that are made and smell just like Clove-gillow-flowres, and all the while *Screw-Peg* stood as still as a *Dormous*, never moving an Inch.

And while *Sancho* was discoursing the Goats, how did my Lord *Don Quixote* spend his time? cry'd the Duke. Truly, reply'd *Don Quixote*, it is a thing so frequent for me to meet with strange Adventures, contrary to the usual Course of Nature, that I dare not question *Sancho*'s Relation in the least; but for my own part, I must needs say that I never unblinded my self, and consequently saw neither the Heavens nor the Earth, nor Sea nor Mountains; only I found that when we had pass'd the middle Region of the Air, we were very neer the Region of Fire, but that we were in it I cannot believe. For the Region of Fire lying between the Sphear of the Moon and the upper Region of the Air, we could not get to the Sphear of the Seven *Pleiades* or *Goats*, as he call's 'em, without being burnt to Charcoal; and therefore *Sancho* must either lye or dream.

I neither lye nor dream, reply'd *Sancho*; if you think otherwise, let any body ask me the Marks of the *Seven Goats*, and then you shall see whether I speak truth or no. There need no Interrogatories, reply'd the Dutchess, you may tell what you know of your own accord. Why then, reply'd *Sancho*, I say there are two Green, two Carnation, two Blew, and one Motley colour'd. Very pretty colour'd Goats indeed, quo the Duke, we ha' no such upon Earth. Is that such a wonder, quo *Sancho*, that the Goats upon Earth should be of one Colour, and the Goats in Heaven of another? Prithee tell me *Sancho*, quo the Duke, did'st thou see ne're a Hee Goat among the She Goats? No indeed, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, and besides I have heard that neither Hee Goats nor Tups are permitted to go beyond the Horns of the Moon.

Thus ended the Memorable Adventure of Madam *Dolorida*, to the great satisfaction of the Duke and all the rest of the Spectators; as being that which found 'em sport not only for the present, but matter to laugh at during all the rest of their Lives.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Containing the Counsel which Don Quixote *gave* Sancho, *before he went to his Government.*

After this same lucky Success of Madam *Sorrowful*'s Adventure, the Duke and Dutchess, finding they could so easily impose upon their Guests, resolv'd not to want Pastime, but to be still contriving new Inventions for devertisement. To which purpose the Plot was layd, and Instructions given to all the Servants how to behave themselves towards *Sancho*. The next day therefore the Duke told *Sancho*, that he must now prepare himself to take Possession of his Government, for that his Islanders expected him with the same impatience as the Earth gapes for May Dew. Upon which, *Sancho* bow'd himself almost to the Ground, and with a strange sudden fit of Indifferency told the Duke, that ever since he descended from Heaven, and had view'd the Earth no bigger then a Mustard-Seed, he had no great Stomach to be a Governour. For, said he, what a great piece of Business it is to Govern a Point of a Grain of Mustard, and half a dozen Men no bigger then the end of my Little Finger; for I could not see any more i' the whole World. If your Excellency would give me a small Canton in Heaven, tho it were but half a League or so, I'de rather have it then all the Islands in the World. Look yee *Sancho*, reply'd the Duke, I can dispose of no part of Heaven, tho 'twere no bigger then my Nail. But what I am able to bestow I give thee, that is to say an Island as smooth as a Dye, as round as a Bulrush, and as fertile as the Elysian Fields, where with Pious Care and good Management thou maist get Wealth on Earth to purchase the Riches of Heaven. 'Tis very well, Sir, quo *Sancho*, then let me have the Island, and I'le endeavour so to govern here, that if I han't a Corner of Heaven to my share, it shall go hard: For I don't quit my own homely Cottage, Ambitious of being a Governour, but only to know what these Governments are, so thirsted after i' this World. Oh— *Sancho*, cry'd the Duke, when y' have once tasted the Sweets of one, you'l never leave licking your Fingers—'tis such a bewitching thing to command and to be obey'd; and this I must tell yee when *Don Quixote* comes to be an Emperour, as he cannot fail to be in a short time, according to the Courses he takes, he'll be ready to bite his Nails off, for refusing the Empress of *Micomicon*. You say very true, Sir, quo *Sancho*, 'tis a very delightful thing to Command, tho it be but over a Flock of Sheep. Let me dye, *Sancho*, quo the Duke, if thou hast not an Insight into every thing. But no more at present—— to Morrow's the day for taking Possession—— This Evening therefore prepare thy Equipage, and get all things in a readiness.———

Let 'em Robe me, and Scarlet me, as they please themselves, quo *Sancho*, that's no care of mine——— For whether in Red, or in Yellow, or both together, I shall be the same *Sancho* still. However, reply'd the Duke, the Habit must be conformable to the Place and Dignity of the Person; Governours must not go like Soldiers, nor Soldiers like Priests. For your part *Sancho*, you are to wear the Habit as well of a Soldier as of a Civil Magistrate; for that to a Governour Learning and Valour are equally necessary. As for Learning, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I must confess I am not over plentifully stor'd with it; for without Dissimulation, I never read my

A B C. But I can ſay my *Pater Noſter* backward and forward, and that's as much as needs for a Governour. As for Weapons, I ſhall make uſe of ſuch as they give me, till they fall out of my Hands—— *Sancho* for the King, and God for us All. Well—well—quo the Duke, with ſo much Knowledge *Sancho* can never miſtake in any thing.

As the Duke and *Sancho* were thus diſcourſing, *Don Quixote* arriv'd, and underſtanding that *Sancho* was to depart the next Morning, after leave obtain'd of the Duke, he took him by the Hand, and carry'd him into his Chamber, there to give him ſome Inſtructions how to behave himſelf in his Government. To which purpoſe, *Don Quixote* having lock'd the Chamber Door within ſide, and caus'd *Sancho*, tho againſt his will, to ſit down by him, with a Grave and ſerious Tone,

Infinite are the Thanks which I return to Heaven, ſaid he, that Fortune thus is pleas'd to Crown thee with her Kindneſſes, before ſhe has beſtow'd on Me the leaſt of her Favours. I that was labouring my own Advancement, that I might be in a Condition to recompence thy Services, now find my ſelf behind the Lighter, and thou contrary to the order of Nature, enjoy'ſt the Fruit of thy deſires. Others bribe, ſollicit, importune, riſe early, go to Bed late, wait all day long in Great Men's Antichambers, and all to no purpoſe. With thee, that art neither Laborious nor Vigilant, 'tis preſently, unexpectedly, and of a ſudden nothing but *up and ride*; ſo that 'tis a True ſaying, there's nothing but good and bad luck i' this World; and all this becauſe thou only ſmell'ſt of *Knight Errantry*. I ſpeak, this my dear *Sancho*, not to upbraid thee, nor out of Envy; but only to let thee know, that thou art not to aſcribe thy good Fortune to thy Merit, but only to the kindneſs of Heaven. Acknowledg therefore the Favours of Providence, and above all things be ſure to reverence the Profeſſion of *Knight-Errantry*, which includes within it ſelf whole Magazines of Honour and Preferment. And now thy Mind and Thoughts being thus prepar'd, liſten with the Attention of a Scholler that deſires to learn; liſten I ſay to the Inſtructions of thy Maſter, and the Precepts of thy *Cato*, who is willing to be thy *North-ſtar* and *Pilot* in that perillous Sea, where thou art going to imbark thy ſelf, that ſo thou maiſt arrive ſafe in the Port of Honour. For Offices and Great Employments are but a profound Gulph of Confuſion.

In the firſt place, fear God and Love him; for the fear of God is the beginning of Wiſdom; and Wiſdom will never ſuffer thee to go aſtray.

In the next place, look backward what thou wer't, and endeavour to know thy ſelf; which is the moſt difficult Knowledge i' the World. That Knowledg will inſtruct thee, not to ſwell like a Toad, which Envying the Stature of an Ox, ſtrove to be as big as he, and burſt. For if thou doſt, what will Men ſay? They'l ſay, he need not be ſo proud, for the Time was when he kept Hogs in his own Country. That was only when I was a little Boy, reply'd *Sancho*; for when I came to be bigger I kept Geeſe, and not Hogs. But that's nothing to the purpoſe, all Governours did not come from the Loyns of Princes. 'Tis very true, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and therefore Men of mean deſcent, ought ſo much the rather to behave themſelves with Curteſie and Civility, to avoid the Reproaches of Envy and Malice, which elſe they will never eſcape.

Sancho, never deny thy Parents, nor be aſham'd of the meanneſs of thy Birth; for when no body ſee's thee run, no body will run with thee. 'Tis better to be virtuouſly Humble, then a proud Tranſgreſſour. Innumerable are the Examples of thoſe that have been rais'd almoſt from the Dunghil

to

to the Papal Chair and Imperial Throne; but I paſs 'em over in ſilence for want of Time.

Let Vertue be the Guide of all thy Actions; and prize thy ſelf for doing Vertuous Actions, and never envy Kings and Princes their Dignity. For Nobility is Hereditary; Vertue is acquir'd; Vertue is valu'd for its ſelf; ſo is not Nobility.

If any of thy poor Kindred come to ſee thee, never diſown 'em, nor refuſe to ſee 'em, but entertain 'em withal the Reſpect imaginable: So, thou wilt fulfill the Will of Heaven, and ſatisfie the Law of Nature.

If thou ſend'ſt for thy Wife, as it is but reaſonable ſhe ſhould partake of thy good Fortune, Poliſh her the beſt thou canſt; Inſtruct, Admoniſh and Adviſe her, and keep her from appearing much in Company, till ſhe has ſhook off her Ruſtical behaviour, that ſhe may not appear ridiculous in Company; and what ſhe wants in dancing and talking out of *Grand Cyrus*, let her make out in Modeſty and ſober Behaviour, and then let all the Giggling-prying Goſſips talk what they will.

If thou happen'ſt to be a Widower, and that the Cares of thy Family and thy Employment oblige thee to Marry again, have a care of Marrying a Hook and a Line; ſuch a one, I mean, as will be taking with both Hands, and is all for making Hay while the Sun ſhines. For a Judges Wife ought not to be a Sollicitreſs; nor to be her Husbands Conduite Pipe for the more cleanly conveyance of Bribes.

Have a care of Obſtinate Self conceit; for that's the only folly of ignorant People, that will preſume to be wiſer then they are.

Let the Tears of the Poor move thy Compaſſion, but no more Juſtice to them, then to the Informations of the Rich.

Let not the Preſents of the Rich blind thee, nor be tir'd out with the Importunities of the Poor; for there may be deluſion in both.

When thou art upon Tryal of Criminals, ſtand not too nicely upon the Rigour of the Law: For a Judge gets as little Reputation by being too ſevere, as by being too Indulgent.

If any of thy Enemies have a Cauſe before thee, lay aſide thy Reſentment, and Proceed only according to the Merits of the Cauſe; leſt blinded by thy Paſſion, thou be forc'd to repair the Injuries of thy Injuſtice, by building of Clock-Houſes.

When a Beautiful Woman comes before thee, be not ſurpriz'd by her Tears or Prayers; ſhut thy Eyes, and ſtop thy Ears, and ſtay no longer then to examin the Truth: For Beauty's a dangerous allurement; and there is no Poyſon ſooner corrupts the Integrity of a Judge.

Neither joke, nor be too ſevere upon thoſe thou condemn'ſt for their Crimes; for that's to inſult over the Misfortunes of the Miſerable, that rather deſerve thy Pity.

Be Merciful in Judgment, for God approves Mercy beyond Judgment.

If thou obſerv'ſt theſe Rules, *Sancho*, thou ſhalt live many Years upon the Earth, and perpetually in the Memory of good Men. Thou ſhalt be happy whilſt thou liv'ſt and bleſt in thy Poſterity. Thou ſhalt live in Peace and Honour, enjoying lawful Pleaſure, and dye in a good old Age, lamented by all the World, to receive eternal Recompence in Heaven. Theſe are the Precepts which I give thee in reference to thy Reputation, and the Salvation of thy Soul. And now I ſhall inſtruct thee in what concerns thy Perſon, and the Government of thy Family.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Being a Continuation of Don Quixote's *Inſtructions to* Sancho.

I Would fain know now whether there be any Man living that had heard this profound Diſcourſe, but would have thought our Knight not only to have been a Perſon of moſt Excellent Morals, but of great Prudence and Policy: Only this damn'd *Knight-Errantry* ſpoil'd all, the very ſmell of a Romance put him quite beſide his Reaſon, and diſlocated the whole Frame of his Underſtanding. As for his Oeconomics, they were not indeed of that Importance as his Politicks, only they ſhew'd us, that he had an Inſight into the moſt minute of Family Duties. To which purpoſe he thus proceeded.

As for the Government of thy Houſe and thy own Perſon, my firſt Admonition, *Sancho*, is, to go neat and cleanly; to keep thy Nails par'd, and not to let 'em grow like *Orſon* the Brother of *Valentine*, who was the moſt naſty and ſlovenly *Knight-Errant* that ever was i' the World, as having been bred and ſuckl'd by a Bear: and therefore deſervedly Expung'd out of the Roll.

Never appear in publick with thy Kneeſtrings unty'd, and thy Doublet unbutton'd, as if thou hadſt been drunk over Night. 'Tis an affected Negligence that will but render thee deſpicable.

Examin carefully what thy Revenues amount to by the Year, and if they will afford thee ſufficient to put thy Servants in Liveries, let 'em be decent and laſting, not for Gaudy Pomp and ſhew; and for the Overplus of thy Thrift, expend it upon the Poor. If thy Eſtate will afford thee ſix Lacqueys, keep no more then three, and let 'em be Poor Orphans; for by that means thou ſhalt have three Lacqueys in Heaven, as well as upon Earth, which they ſhall never have that hunt only after vain Glory.

Never defile thy Breath with Onions and Garlick, leſt People judge of thy former Condition, and the Ruſticity of thy Manners by the ſcent of thy Mouth.

Let thy Pace be grave, and thy Speech compos'd; yet not mumbling to thy ſelf and as it were whiſpring i' thy own Ears; for Affectation is Ridiculous.

Eat little at Dinner, and leſs at Supper; for the Health of the Body conſiſts in not overcharging thy Stomach.

Be moderate in thy Cups, conſidering that exceſſive Drinking neither keeps a Secret, nor obſerves any promiſe.

Never ſhew thy ſelf greedy in Eating; and above all things have a care of *Eructation* before People. That's a hard word, quo *Sancho*, I don't underſtand it. That is, reply'd *Don Quixote*, have a care of Belching, which is one of the moſt naſty Words in our Language, tho very ſignificant; and therefore I made uſe of the *Latin* Word *Eructation*, which is much more cleanly. Upon my Life, quo *Sancho*, I ſhall be ſure to remember this Admonition; for 'twas a Cuſtom I had got, to *Belch* very frequently. Fye, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, you muſt not ſay *Belch*, but *Eruct*. Well—quo *Sancho*, *Eruct* then let it be; tho 'tis a Plaguie Cramp Word, I wiſh I may be able to think oupn it.

In the next place have a care of mixing ſuch a Hodg-podge of Proverbs in thy Common diſcourſe; for tho they are Conciſe and Pithy ſayings, yet thou dragſt 'em ſo often by the Hair, that they ſeem to be rather

Extravagancies

Extravagancies then Maximes. God alone can remedy that, quo *Sancho*, for I have a Church Bible full; and they throng so thick, when I talk, to my Teeth, that they quarrel which shall get out first; so that my Tongue is forc'd to let go the first that comes, tho it be nothing to the purpose. But I shall take care for the Future to make use of no more then become the Grandeur of my Imployment. *For in a Rich mans House the Cloath is always layd——and 'tis a hard Winter when one Wolf eats another——Scratch my Breech and I'le claw your Elbow——Money will do more then my Lords Letter——In giving and taking there is no mistaking——More to do with one Jackanapes, then all the Bears.*——

Courage—honest friend, quo *Don Quixote*, too't agen, there's no body coming, *My Mother whips me, and I whip the Gigg*. I am correcting thee for a confounded Proverb monger as thou art, and here thou spewst me up a whole Legend of Proverbs, as much to the purpose, as to give a Goose Hay. A Proverb is not amiss when pertinent, but dragg'd in by head and Shoulders, renders Conversation troublesome, and tyres human Patience.

Be not a slave to thy Bed; for he that rises not with the Sun, loses so much Day-light. And I must tell thee, Diligence is the Mother of good Fortune, but Sloath brings a Man to Beggary.

Thus *Sancho*, I have bestow'd upon thee the best Instructions I could call to mind; I might think of others perhaps, but the Time and Season will not permit me. And I'me afraid I ha' giv'n thee more already then thou art able to barrel up in thy shallow Memory.

All these Instructions, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I do believe i' my Conscience to be extreamly profitable as well for this Life as for the next; but what good will they do one, if I should forget 'em? 'Tis true, that as for the paring my Nails, and marrying agen, if it should ever be my good luck to be a Widower, they will never out of my Mind; but as for that other Gallimaufrey, and fardel of Stories and Flimflams, I shall no more remember 'em then the Clouds of last Year, unless you give 'em me in writing, for my Confessour to read 'em to me, when I have occasion; for you know I can neither write nor read my self. Oh—*Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, what a Governour, and neither write nor read! For certainly, for a Man to be so Illiterate, and to be Left-handed, argues that either his Parents were very poor and mean, or that the Son was such a Blockheaded thick-Scul'd Dunce, that no Learning would enter his Brains. Poor Soul, I pity thee—for shame therefore, *Sancho*, learn at least to write thy Name. I can set my Name already, quo *Sancho*, that is to say, my Mark; I learnt to do it when I was Churchwarden of our Parish, and gave in my Account in Round O's that stood for Shillings. Besides, I may pretend that my right Hand is lame, and let another sign for me; for there is a remedy for all things but Death; and having the Power i' my own hands, I may do what I please. *Let 'em handle and see, and then they'l be satisfy'd——I desire no Man to buy a Pig in a Poke——They buy Honey too dear that lick it off the Brambles——When God intends a Man a kindness he comes to his House*—— The Follies of the Rich pass for Sentences i' the World. So that when I come to be a Governour, and consequently Rich, and Liberal withal, there's no Man will dare to question what I do. *Daub your self with Honey and you'll never want Flies——What a Man has, so much he's sure of*, cry'd my Old Grandmother—*Who shall hang the Bell about the Cats Neck——Muzzled Dogs never bite—Where e're a Man dwells he shall be sure of a Thorn-bush neer his own Door——But 'tis good farting before a Mans own Fire——A good Stomach is the best Sauce——And a scalded Cat*——

Accurs'd

amendement

Accurs'd of Heaven, cry'd *Don Quixote*, interrupting him, ſeventy thouſand *Belzebubs* take thee, and thy Proverb-Maſter together— this hour haſt thou been tormenting me with thy Proverbs; but if theſe Proverbs don't bring thee to the Gallows I am no falſe Prophet. I wonder where the Devil thou haſt 'em all— for to ſpeak One to the purpoſe, it makes me Sweat Mill-ſtones. Why now by my Life, Sir, quo *Sancho*, you are as Angry as a Cook, for juſt nothing—— for who do I wrong in making uſe of my own? My Eſtate lyes in Proverbs— nor do I borrow from any body—and i' good faith I had four coming out as pat to the purpoſe as Muſtard to a Sawcidge; but I'le keep 'em between my Teeth now I think on't, for *Sancho* has always had the Reputation of a Cloſe-Mouth'd Squire. *Sancho* the Cloſe-mouth'd! cry'd *Don Quixote*, *Sancho* the Babler, and *Sancho* the Coxcomb, thou meanſt—— but *Sirrah*, what Proverbs were thoſe thou braggſt of ſo pat to the purpoſe? tell me but one, and I'le forgive thee all the Reſt—Why, what four Proverbs would you have better then theſe? Firſt, *An Humble-Bee in a Cowturd thinks himſelf a King*— and agen, *He that Thatches his Houſe with a Turd ſhall ha' more Teachers then Reachers*— And agen, *The Horſe thinks one thing, and he that rides him another*— And agen, *Tickle my Throat with a Feather and make a Fool of my Stomach*. What a dekins ayls yee, *would yee have better Bread then is made of Wheat? They that ſo eaſily ſee a Mote in another Mans Eye, ſhould do well to take out the Beam i' their own, leſt the Pot call the Kettle Black-arſe*. Now have I rais'd the Devil, and there's no laying him, quo *Don Quixote*, however this is my Comfort, I ha' done my duty like a Man of Honour, and diſcharg'd my Conſcience. God direct thee *Sancho*, and may his Providence preſerve thee, and deliver me from thoſe fears that continually diſturb me, leſt thou ſhouldſt ruin this poor Iſland, and ſink in the Ruins; which however I may prevent by diſcovering in time to the Duke what thou art; a meer Swag-belly, laden with Proverbs and Corruption.

Sir, quo *Sancho*, if you think me not fit to do the Duty of a good Governour, I am ready to quit my pretenſions without proceeding any farther. Alas! the leaſt part of my Soul, tho no bigger then a poynt of a Needle, is far dearer to me, then the Guts and Garbage with which you upbraid me, and I hope I ſhall live Plain *Sancho*, with a Morſel of Bread and an Onion as contentedly, as Governour *Sancho* upon Pheaſants and Turkeys. For all Men are equal i' the Grave and when they're aſleep; Rich and Poor, High and Low. Only I deſire your Worſhip to remember who put this Government into my Head. For I knew what belong'd to Iſlands and Governours no more then an Oyſter; ſo that if you believe the Devil will have the Governour, I had rather go *Sancho* to Paradiſe, then Governour to Hell.

In Truth *Sancho*, theſe laſt Pious Expreſſions of thine deſerve the Government of a hunder'd Iſlands. Thou art naturally well diſpos'd to Vertue, without which Knowledge little avails. Recommend thy ſelf to God, and above all things beware of ſwerving from uprightneſs of Intention: For Heaven never fails to favour good deſigns; and ſo lets go and wait upon their Excellencies; for I believe 'tis now neer Supper time.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

How Sancho *went to take Poſſeſſion of his Iſland; and of the ſtrange Adventure that befel* Don Quixote *in the Caſtle.*

Don Quixote after he had ſupp'd, wrote down the Inſtructions which he had given *Sancho*, and deliver'd 'em into his Hands. But it was not long after *Sancho* had receiv'd the Paper before he as careleſsly dropt it; ſo that it was taken up and carry'd to the Duke and the Dutcheſs, who could not forbear admiring the Wit and Folly of the Knight. And to carry on a piece of ſport that afforded them ſo much content, they reſolv'd to ſend away *Sancho* the ſame Evening to his pretended Iſland. Now the Perſon that was order'd to accompany *Sancho* was the Dukes Steward, a Witty Man, and of a jocular Humour, and the ſame Perſon who had acted the part of the Counteſs of *Three-Skirts*; ſo that by means of his copious Fancy, and the Inſtructions which he had receiv'd from the Duke, he prov'd no leſs ſucceſsful in this then in the former Contrivance.

In the mean while *Sancho* having wiſtfully view'd the Stewards Face, perceiv'd at length that he extreamly reſembl'd the Counteſs of *Three-Skirts*, and turning to his Maſter, Sir, ſaid he, the Devil muſt immediately carry me away from the place where I ſtand, unleſs you will acknowledge the Dukes Steward to be Madam *Sorrowful*. Whereupon *Don Quixote* having exactly ſurvey'd the Lineaments of his Face; why, *Sancho*, ſaid he, I ſee no reaſon why the Devil ſhould be ſo haſty to carry thee away; for tho there may be ſome Reſemblance between the Features of Madam *Sorrowful* and the Steward, yet cannot the Steward be Madam *Sorrowful*; ſince it would imply a Contradiction. But 'tis no time now to diſpute this Affair, for fear of bringing an old Houſe upon our Heads. All we have to do is to pray to God to deliver us from Sorcerers and wicked *Necromancers*. Sir, quo *Sancho*, you may think perhaps I jeſt—— upon my Life there's no ſuch Matter. 'Tis not long ſince I heard the Steward ſpeak, and upon my Soul I thought I heard Madam *Sorrowful*'s Tongue. However I ſhall ſay no more at preſent, but I will take more notice for the future, and trye whether I cannot diſcover ſomething that may give us more Light. That thou maiſt do, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and let me know what thou haſt diſcover'd, and how thou ſucceedſt in thy Government.

At length the Hour of his departure being come, *Sancho* ſet forward with a numerous Train, clad himſelf like a Judge in a long Gown of Waterd Camblet, and a Bonnet of the ſame Colour, and mounted upon a *Spaniſh* Genet, and attended by honeſt *Grizzle*, richly Capariſon'd, bridl'd and ſaddl'd like a Horſe of State; upon whom *Sancho* ever and anon lookt back, ſo well ſatisfy'd with his own and *Grizzle's* Pomp, that he would not have chang'd Fortunes with the Emperour of *Germany*. Taking leave of the Duke and the Dutcheſs he kiſs'd their Hands, and then ran to embrace his Maſters Knees, who gave Poor *Sancho*, whimpring at his Feet, his Benediction with Tears in his Eyes.

Thus let the Noble Governour go in Peace; and now expect a Buſhel of Laughter when yee come to hear how he behav'd himſelf in his Employment. In the mean time it will not be amiſs to underſtand how *Don Quixote* ſpent the Night after he had parted with his faithful Squire. At

which, they that cannot laugh out-right, may be pleas'd to draw the Curtains of their Lips like Monkeys and ſhew their Teeth; for I muſt tell yee the famous Atchievments of *Don Quixote*, are to be recounted either with Admiration, or as provocatives to Laughter.

The Story relates, that after *Sancho*'s departure, ſo ſoon as *Don Quixote* was alone by himſelf; he would fain have recall'd him, to the depriving him of his Government, had it been poſſible. But the Dutcheſs diſcovering him to look like a Dog that had loſt his Tail, why ſo Melancholy my Lord *Don Quixote*? quo ſhe. If it be for the loſs of your Squire, I have Squires and Damſels enow, that will ſerve yee with all the reſpect and diligence imaginable. I confeſs, Madam, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I do miſs my Companion, poor *Sancho*, already; but that is not all that wrings me under the Withers; and therefore as your favours have been hitherto beyond meaſure, ſo I beſeech your Ladyſhip to permit me that in my own Chamber I may enjoy my Soliloquies, and Contemplations alone by my ſelf. By no means, quo the Dutcheſs, I have four Damſels that ſhall attend yee, as freſh as May Flowers. Such Flowers, Madam, reply'd *Don Quixote*, will be but as Thornes i' my Soul, and therefore Madam, I beſeech yee, let me be troubl'd with no ſuch Flowers nor Flower-pots i' my Chamber: I will rather lye i' my Cloaths, then ſuffer any of your Flowry Damſels to ſee me Naked. I'le only lock the Chamber Door, and that ſhall ſerve me for a Barricado between my Deſires and my Chaſtity.

'Tis enough, reply'd the Dutcheſs, ſince you will not have it ſo, there's not ſo much as a Flie ſhall enter your Chamber if I can help it: I would not willingly tranſgreſs the Laws of Civility; eſpecially conſidering that among all the reſt of your Vertues, there is none in which you pride your ſelf as in your Modeſty. Therefore dreſs and undreſs, as you pleaſe your ſelf—— only you ſhall have all things neceſſary carry'd up into your Chamber, that yon may not be forc'd to riſe in your Shirt to call for the leaſt Trifle. And may the Peerleſs *Dulcinea* live a thouſand Ages, and may her Fame be ſpread over all the Earth, ſince ſhe has the happineſs to be belov'd by ſuch a Chaſt and Loyal Knight: and Heaven incline our Governour *Sancho Pancha*'s Heart to put a ſpeedy end to his Penance, that the World may no longer be depriv'd of ſo much Beauty. 'Tis your Pencil, Madam, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that gives the laſt Touches to *Dulcinea*'s Merit—— For being prais'd by thoſe Charming Lips of yours, ſhe muſt needs become more known, and more eſteem'd in the World, then if all the Orators i' the Earth had employ'd all their Rhetorick in her Commendations. I cannot ſpeak too much, reply'd the Dutcheſs; and indeed what Language can ſuffice to praiſe a Creature ſo Celeſtial, whoſe Vertues are above all Imitation?—— But Supper ſtaies, and 'tis but reaſon you ſhould refreſh your ſelf, ſince you cannot but be very weary after your tedious Journey to *Candaya*. I proteſt, Madam, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I feel no ſuch thing, and I can ſafely ſwear to your Excellency, that in my Life, I never rid a more eaſie going Nag then gentle *Screw-Peg*. I wonder i' my Heart what came into *Malambrunes* Pate, to lend out ſuch a pleaſant Beaſt, and then to ſplit him in pieces when he had done. I am apt to believe, quo the Dutcheſs, ſome qualm of Repentance came over his Conſcience for having injur'd the Counteſs of *Three-Skirts*, and the reſt of her Companions; and for many other Villanies he had committed as a *Necromancer*; and therefore he reſolv'd to deſtroy all the Inſtruments of his illegal Arts, eſpecially *Screw-Peg*, that gave him ſo many opportunities of doing Miſchief; or elſe perhaps not deeming him worthy to carry any other Perſon, after his having been beſtrid by the renowned *Don Quixote de la Mancha*.

Don

Don Quixote a second time return'd the Dutcheſs thanks, and after Supper retir'd to his Chamber, not ſuffering any living Soul to attend him, ſo timorous he was of giving the leaſt Crack to that Fidelity which he had wholly dedicated to his Miſtreſs *Dulcinea*, taking for his Rule of Imitation the Conſtancy and Fidelity of the Great *Amadis de Gaul*, the Mirrour of all *Knights-Errant*.

He lockt the Door therefore, and made himſelf unready by the light of two ſearing Candles, that were ſet up in his Chamber. But oh! the diſmal Misfortune that befel him in pulling off his Breeches, nere before obſerv'd to have ever befallen a Knight of his Quality. For ſtraining to pull off one of his Stockins, he tore a great hole i' the Seam behind, above a Quarter of a yard long. And then it was that he took moſt impatiently the Abſence of his Squire, and would have given all the Shoes in his Shop for a Skain of Green Silk.

Here *Benengeli* could not forbear exclaiming, O Poverty, Poverty! which makes me wonder at that ſame Gooſcap of a Water-Poet that call'd thee a *Sacred Preſent*. I have learn'd indeed from the Chriſtians, that Holineſs conſiſts in Humility, in Faith, in Obedience, in Charity and Poverty. All which I acknowledge for Truth: But I am apt to believe that this ſame Poverty which is number'd among the Vertues, is only that Poorneſs in Spirit, by which we are taught to make uſe of our Riches as if we had 'em not, and not that indigency of every thing, which every Hour cauſes us to feel neceſſity. Cruel Neceſſity! Why doſt thou trouble the repoſe of Men of Honour? Why doſt thou conſtrain 'em to their Shifts, and to ſet the beſt Foot forwards? Why doſt thou enforce a Knight to mend the only Stockins that he has i' the World, without being able to buy another pair? Contemptible Poverty, what is Honour in Rags? How ſilly does a Knight of the *Sun* look, when you may diſcover a League off the Darns of his Hoſe, the Patches upon his Cloak, the Sweat of his Forhead ſoakt through his Ruſty Caſtor, and the very hunger of his famiſht Stomach?

Theſe Reflections enter'd *Don Quixote*'s thoughts, when he tore his Stockin, and he muſt have lain abed the next day like a Gentleman of *Furnival*'s *Inn*, had not *Sancho* left him a pair of Riding Boots, which he reſolv'd to put on, to conceal his Diſaſter.

At length full of unquiet and troubleſom thoughts, he compos'd himſelf to reſt; but *Sancho*'s Abſence, and the Heat of the Weather would not permit him. Up he got therefore walk'd about the Room in his Shirt, and then to let in the cool Air he open'd a Window that look'd into the Garden, where he overheard two Females talking together. Says one to the other, why d' yee deſire me to ſing, who ever ſince this Stranger came to the Caſtle, have had more cauſe to weep, then to be chanting of Carols? Beſides, thou knowſt, my Lady is very wakeful, and I would not for all the Gold i' the World ſhe ſhould find us here. But grant ſhe ſhould ſleep as faſt as a Dormouſe, what would my Singing avail me, if this ſame Dangerous *Eneas*, that is come to trouble my repoſe, ſhould be ſnoring at the ſame time, and not hear the ſound of my Complaints, nor the ſad occaſion of my diſturbances. Never let ſuch idle thoughts as theſe put a Cork i' thy Windpipe, my dear *Joan Tomboy*, reply'd Miſtreſs *Gilian a Croyden* (for ſo were the two Damſels call'd) I'le warrant thee for a *Graves-End-Toaſt*, that all the reſt of the Houſe are faſt i' their Neſts, but only the Lord of thy Heart: for, if I miſtake not, I heard him open his Window. Therefore never be afraid to ſing, my dear Siſter; it may be thy ſweet Voice and thy Lute together may charm his Adamant Soul, and bring him to thy Lure. Oh!

my dear *Gilian a Croyden*, reply'd *Joan Tomboy*, there is ſomething more i' the Caſe then thou dreamſt of——— for I'm afraid leſt my Complaints ſhould diſcover the thoughts of my Heart, and then they that know not the force of Love will take me for a light and indiſcreet Huſſie. But it behoves me to gratifie thy humour, tho it coſt me a little ſhame to ſeek the remedy of my tormenting Pains. And ſo ſaying ſhe took her Lute and touch'd it to a wonder.

Don Quixote was raviſh'd with what he had heard, and at the ſame Moment call'd to mind all that he had read of ſuch like Adventures, and preſently fancy'd that ſome one of the Dutcheſſes Damſels was fall'n in Love with him; but fearing the danger his Fidelity was in, he prepar'd to reſiſt all manner of Temptation; and ſo recommending himſelf to his Peerleſs *Dulcinea*, he thought himſelf ſufficiently guarded, and reſolv'd to hear the Muſick. To which purpoſe, as he ſtood, he fain'd a kind of Sneeze, to let 'em underſtand he was awake; which was Nuts to the Ladies, who deſir'd nothing more: And then Mrs. *Tomboy* thus began.

THou that from Ten to Ten ſleepſt on,
With Legs ſtretch'd out 'twixt Holland Sheets;
Regardleſs of my Doleful moan,
And Likelyhood to loſe my Wits.

So Sweet, ſo Gentle, Mild and Calm,
Renowned Knight in Mancha *born,*
A Peck of Gold and Quart of Balme
I'de ſquander, to buy off thy Scorn.

Oh hear the ſhrill and woful Cries
Of Lady drowned all in Tears;
With thy Alluring Boar-pig's Eyes
In Love, in Love up to the Ears.

Whilſt Thou run'ſt rambling up and down,
O're Mountains, Forreſts, Hills and Dales;
Thy Rigour at a diſtance wounds,
For which, no Remedy but failes.

Tell me, O tell me, Heart of Oak
What Savage Monſter brought thee forth?
Didſt thou deſcend from Scorpions Womb,
The Prodigie of Lybian *Earth?*

Or wer't thou lickt by Greenland *Bear?*
Or elſe begot by Dragon Father?
No, no, ſome Serpent ſuckled thee
Or Panther of the Deſert, rather.

Oh Dulcinea, *what didſt Thou*
To vanquiſh this ſame Savage Tiger?
The ſecrets tell; I'le try 'em all,
Were they Ten thouſand Millions, by Gar.

Well

Well mai'ſt thou boaſt thy charming Eyes,
That ſuch a Conqueſt haſt obtaind;
For ſuch a dangerous Beaſt as this
Was never by Knight-Errant *tam'd.*

Surrender but thy Right to Me,
I'le fairly give thee in Exchange
My beſt Embroider'd Petticoat,
Or t'other with a Golden Fringe.

Genteel and Lovely Son of Mars,
How happy ſhould I be to kiſs
Thy Velvet Nerves, and Skin that ſmells
Like Album-Græcum-Ambergreece.

But ſtay fond Heart, whether ſo faſt?
Thou art too haſty by my Truth;
For ſuch a Morſel ſo divine
Was never made to pleaſe thy Tooth.

Wouldſt thou but ſpare my dear Adonis
Thy longing Captive one Nights Lodging,
I have a hunder'd Curious Toys
Which I would give thee without dodging.

A fine white Beaver and a Feather,
A Silver Sword and Scarlet Cloak;
A Watch and Pendents for thy Ears,
And Guinies always i' thy Poak.

I'le look thy Head and comb thy Hair,
And come and ſit upon thy Knee;
Thou ſhalt be my Marck Antony;
Thy Cleopatra *I will be.*

Alas, in vain I make my Moans
To one that pity's not my ſmart;
The Cruel Nero laughs to ſee
The Conflagration of my Heart.

And yet my Tears might pity move,
For I am young and very fair;
A Maid upon my Honour too;
And not above Eighteen, I'le ſwear.

No Bulruſh ſtreighter then my ſelf,
Nor any ſlenderer in the Waſte;
And for my Hair, more bright then Gold,
It hangs an Ell below my Breſt.

No glittering Topaz e're out-ſhind
The dazle of my ſparkling Eyes;
Then knowing what the Proverb ſays,
Gueſs by the Proverb at my Thighs.

Beſides,

Beſides, if thou haſt heard my Voice,
I need not tell thee how I ſing;
Thou muſt conclude it better far
Then any Nightingales in Spring.

I have a thouſand other Gifts,
Which I omit for want of Time;
And therefore if thy Heart be good,
Say but the word, Joan Tomboy's *thine.*

Thus the Inamour'd Madam *Tomboy* having put up her Pipes, the Indifferent Knight, after he had fetch'd a profound Sigh, what Squint-ey'd Conſtellation ſcowld upon me at my Birth, ſaid he, that no Damſel can look upon me but ſhe muſt fall in Love? And thou tranſcendent, yet unfortunate *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, how haſt thou offended Heaven that will not let thee enjoy my Conſtancy in Peace? Why ſhould Empreſſes perſecute her? And why ſhould Damſels of Fifteen thus ſtudy to diſturb her? Oh— leave her to enjoy to her ſelf the Preſent which Love has made her, in ſubduing to her alone, my Heart and Soul. Avaunt Impertinent Crew, for I declare 'tis only for her ſake I live; for her alone my Heart is altogether Marchpane and Sugar-Plums, but to all Womankind beſide meer Flint and Braſs—— To her I am Honey, to others bitter Aloes. In *Dulcinea* only there is Beauty, Diſcretion, Debonairneſs, Modeſty and Nobility of Birth. All other Women are to me deformed, Fooliſh, meer *Town-Cracks*, and meanly deſcended. Let Mrs. *Joan Tomboy* ſing or weep; let her Heart harbour vain deſires, live in hopes or dye in deſpair; let all thoſe Ladies, the Cauſes of my former Torments, arm in their Enchanted Caſtles, all the Powers of Hell in their Revenge, I live for *Dulcinea*'s ſake alone, and her Adorer will I dye, mauger all the Sorceries and Inchantments i' the World. And having thus offer'd this Oblation of his Soul to his Miſtreſs, he clapt to the Window, and flung himſelf into his Bed with ſo much Indignation, as if he had receiv'd ſome terrible Affront. Where we muſt leave him a while to his Meditations, in regard the Great *Sancho Pancha* calls us now to be Witneſſes of the happy Commencement of his Reign.

CHAP. XII.

How the Famous Sancho Pancha *took poſſeſſion of his Iſland, and how he behav'd himſelf in his Government.*

O Thou perpetual Surveyour of the *Antipodes*, Torch to the World, and Eye of Heaven; Here *Timbrius* call'd, there *Phœbus*, in one place an Archer, in another a Phyſician, Father of Poeſie, and Inventor of Muſick: Thou that art always in Motion, never at reſt, thee I implore, O Sun, by whoſe aſſiſtance Men beget Men to the end of the Chapter; thee I beſeech to inſpire me, and quicken my dull Brains, that ſo I may be able to give a juſt and faithful accompt of the Great *Sancho*'s Actions, who rather deſerves a *Homer*, a *Virgil*, a *Taſſo*, or an *Arioſto*, to celebrate his Fame, &c.

Sancho

Sancho had not travell'd long with his Train and his Equipage aforemention'd, before he arriv'd at a ſmall Town, containing about a thouſand Inhabitants; being one of the beſt within the Dukes Territories. This they preſently told him was call'd the Iſland of *Barattaria* or *Cheap-ſide*, and had therefore this Name given it, becauſe his Government coſt him ſo little. So ſoon as he came to the Gates the Inhabitants were drawn up in Arms to receive him; the People ſhouted, the Bells rang, the Conduits piſs'd Wine, and the new Governour was hois'd up like a Relique upon a ſtout Wine-Porters Shoulders, and ſo attended to the Great Church, where after the performance of ſome Ridiculous Ceremonies, the Keys of the Gates were preſented him, and ſo he was ſworn perpetual Governour of the Iſland of *Barataria* or *Cheap-ſide*.

In the mean time the Air, the Meen, the thick Beard, the Tunbelly'd, Crumpſhoulder'd ſhape of the new Governour, ſtrangely ſurpriz'd all thoſe that knew nothing of the Contrivance, inſomuch that they who were acquainted with it could hardly believe their own Eyes.

From Church they carry'd him to the Court of Juſtice; where ſo ſoon as he had taken his Seat, the Steward making him a low Obeyſance; Sir, ſaid he, 'tis an ancient Cuſtom, that when ever any Governour takes poſſeſſion of an Iſland, he is bound to unriddle ſome difficult Queſtions that is propounded to him, to the end that by his Anſwer, the People may judge of his Abilities, and whether they have reaſon to rejoyce or be ſorry for his coming. All the while the Steward was Speaking, *Sancho*'s Eyes were fixt upon a Writing upon the Wall over againſt his Seat in great Letters, which becauſe he could not read, he ask'd the next that ſtood by him, what was the meaning of thoſe Pictures upon the Wall? Sir, ſaid they, 'tis only a Memorandum to let Poſterity know when you took Poſſeſſion of this Iſland.

This day being ſuch a day of the Month, in ſuch a Year, The Lord Don Sancho Pancha *took Poſſeſſion of this Iſland: May he enjoy it many Years in all Proſperity.*

Pray who is he, cry'd *Sancho*, whom they call *Don Sancho Pancha*? Your Lordſhip, my Lord, reply'd the Steward, for never any other *Pancha* then your ſelf ſate where you ſit, before. Pray friend, take notice, quo *Sancho*, that I diſown the name of *Don*; my Name is *Sancho Pancha*, quick and ſhort. My Fathers Name was *Sancho*, and my Grandfathers Name was *Sancho*, without any Addition of *Dons*, or *Tons*, or *Cons*—— See the Vanity of Men; I'le warrant yee there are in this Iſland as many *Dons* as Stones—— But God hears me, ſo God help me, let me but Govern the Iſland four days, If I don't clear the Iſland of theſe *Dons*, more offenſive then ſo many Fleſh-flies, I'le give yee my Mother for a Maid. And now Mr. *Steward*, let 'em ask me what Queſtion they pleaſe, I'le anſwer 'em as well as I can; nor ſhall it trouble me whether the People be glad or ſorry.

At the ſame Inſtant two Men came puffing and blowing into Court, the one clad like a Country Fellow, the other ſeem'd to be a Taylour, both by his Aporn, and his Sciſſars, which he carry'd in his Hand. My Lord, cry'd the Taylour, I beſeech your Lordſhip do me Juſtice; yeſterday this Countryman came to my Shop; for under your Worſhips Correction, I am a ſworn Taylour, and by the permiſſion of Heaven free of my Company; whereof, he deliver'd me a piece of Cloath, which he ſaid was enough to make him a Cloak. Whereof, I lookt upon the Cloath, and anſwer'd him

him, an't pleaſe your Worſhip, ſo it would. Now an't like your Worſhip, he thought, as I am apt to believe, and perhaps he thought true, that I had a mind to ſteal ſome of his Cloath, grounding his Conjecture upon the bad Opinion which the World generally has of us Taylours. Whereof, he bid me look again, and ſee whether there were not enough to make two? I ſmelt, an't like your Worſhip, what the old Fox drove at, whereof, I anſwer'd him, yes, there was. Whereof, he purſuing ſtill his firſt deſign, ask'd me again, whether 'twould make no more? Whereof, being ſtill willing to humour my Cuſtomer, I anſwer'd him all along, yes, and it would, till at length we agreed that the Cloath would make five Cloaks. Whereof, I made five Cloaks, and now the Cloaks are made, and I deſire my Money, he will have me to pay him for his Cloath, or return it him agen.

Is this true, honeſt Friend? quo *Sancho*; yes an't pleaſe yee my Lord, reply'd the Countryman— But pray my Lord, let him produce the Cloaks which he pretends he has made. With all my Heart, reply'd the Taylour; and ſo ſaying, he pull'd his Hand from under his Coat, and held up five leetle Cloaks, as if they had been for ſo many *Fairies*, hanging as upon ſo many Pins upon his Thumb and four Fingers; and before Heaven and upon my Conſcience, quo the Taylour, I have not wrong'd him of an Inch of his Cloath, and let any Workman be judg. Upon which there was ſuch a Shout i' the Court, as if it had been at a Baudy Tryal.

Sancho having ponder'd a while, Methinks, ſaid he, this Complaint requires not ſo much examination— and therefore the judgment of the Court is, that the Taylour ſhall loſe his making, the Countryman his Cloath, and that the Cloaks be divided among the poor Priſoners. Upon which, there was as loud a Shout as before, and ſo the Sentence was put in Execution.

After this there appear'd two very old Men, the one with a great Cane in his Hand, upon which he reſted himſelf; and the other preſently addreſſing himſelf to *Sancho*, My Lord Governour, quo he, it is now ſome Months ago that I lent this Man in his Neceſſity Ten Crowns in Gold, upon condition that he would pay me again when I ask'd him. I let him alone above a Year, becauſe I believ'd he had it not; but when I found that he never took any notice of the Debt, I askt him ſeveral times for my Money; But then he not only refus'd to pay me, but deny'd he ow'd me any; or if I had lent him any, that he had paid me already. Now becauſe I have no Witneſſes of the Loan, nor he of the Payment, I beg your Lordſhip to put him to his Oath, and if he will ſwear he has paid me, I am contented to forgive him before God and all the World.

What ſay you to this, Grandfather? quo *Sancho*. Sir, reply'd the Old Man, I confeſs this Man did lend me Ten Crowns in Gold, and ſince he refers himſelf to my Oath, I am ready to ſwear that I have truly and faithfully repayd 'em. Preſently the Governour order'd him to lay his Hand upon the Book; at what time the Old Man giving his Cane to one of his Friends that ſtood next him, as if it had encumber'd him, layd his Hand upon the Bible, and ſwore that he had borrow'd the Ten Crowns, 'twas true; but that he had deliver'd 'em into the hands of that honeſt Man; which was the reaſon that his Creditor being paid by another, had forgot the repayment of the Money. Preſently the Governour ask'd the Creditor what he had to reply? Who made anſwer, that ſince the old Man had ſworn it, he was bound to believe him as he was a Chriſtian, and ready to drop into his Grave, but that for certain he could not remember that ever he was payd. Thereupon the Debtor took his Cane agen, and after he had made a low obeyſance to the Judg, was trudging as faſt as he could out of

the

the Hall. But *Sancho* obſerving the fellow's haſte, and his taking care of his Cane, and admiring the Patience of the Creditor, after he had ſtudy'd a while with his Fore-finger upon his Noſe, of a ſudden he order'd the Old Man to be fetch'd back agen; to whom, ſo ſoon as he return'd, Prithee friend, ſaid he, let me ſee thy Cane a little? There 'tis, at your Service, an't pleaſe your Worſhip. *Sancho* took the Cane, and at the ſame time giving it the other Old Man, There, ſaid he, honeſt friend, you are now payd, or I'me miſtaken. How ſo, my Lord, reply'd the Old Man, d' yee think this Cane to be worth Ten Crowns in Gold? Or elſe, quo the Governour, I am the greateſt fool alive; and now you ſhall ſee whether I underſtand how to govern or no: Let the Cane be broken, added he. Preſently the Cane was broken, and out dropt the Ten Crowns. Which ſo ſurpriz'd all the Beholders, that they look'd upon *Sancho* as another *Solon* of *Greece*, and ask'd him how he knew the Ten Crowns were in the Cane? Becauſe, ſaid he, I perceiv'd the owner had put it into his Friends hands while he ſwore, when he had no occaſion ſo to do; and when he had ſworn preſently took it again, which made me believe he would never have ſworn with ſo much Confidence, a thing that the other ſo poſitively deny'd, had he not been upon ſure Grounds. Thus the two old Men were diſpatch'd, the one to his full ſatisfaction, the other with that ſhame and ignominy that attended him to his Grave. Inſomuch that the Regiſter knew not what to think or what to do, believing it a great piece of Abſurdity to Regiſter ſo Wiſe a Perſon for a Fool.

By and by comes a Woman with all her force, haling along into Court a Man that lookt like a Farmer pretty well to paſs. Juſtice, My Lord Governour, Juſtice, cry'd ſhe, and if I can't have it on Earth, I'le have it from Heaven—— This wicked Fellow met me i' the Middle of a Field, and has had the full uſe of my Body; he has handl'd me worſe then a Diſh-clout, and unfortunate as I am, has robb'd me of that which for above theſe three and twenty Years I have defended againſt Jews and Chriſtians, Natives and Forreigners: No Rock was ever ſo Conſtant as I; nor *Salamander* i' the Fire ever ſo Chaſt, till this ſame Fornicator with his naſty baudy Fiſts firſt mumbl'd the Poſie which I had ſo long preſerv'd. Woman, Woman, quo *Sancho*, 'tis no matter whether your Gallant's Hands were naſty or clean—— And then caſting a ſcowling look upon the Farmer, he ask'd him what he had to ſay to the Womans Complaint. My Lord, reply'd the Countryman, looking all the while as if the Hangman had been at his Elbow, I am a poor Shepherd, that keep a Flock of Sheep hard by, and this Morning I went, under your Lordſhips Correction be it ſpoken, to ſell four Hogs, to pay my Taxes. As I was coming home agen, I met this Woman, and preſently the Devil enter'd my Codpeice. Truly my Lord, his Temptations were ſo ſtrong, that he forc'd us to Yoak together, and I think I gave her that which would ha' given any reaſonable Woman content: Nevertheleſs this Strong-dockt Beldame would never leave hawling and tugging me till ſhe brought me into Court; and now ſhe ſays I raviſh'd her with a Pox to her, but by my Mothers Virginity ſhe lyes like a Queen as ſhe is. And this, as I hope for your Worſhips Compaſſion, is the whole Truth of the Story.

Haſt thou any Money about thee honeſt Friend? quo *Sancho*. Yes, an't like your Worſhip, about Twenty Crowns in a little Purſe, and that's all—Give it the Woman, Money and all, quo *Sancho*. The Fellow did ſo, but with a heavy Heart God wot. On the other ſide, the Woman having got the Purſe in her Clutches, fell upon her Marrow-bones, and powr'd

forth a thousand Prayers for the present Felicity and future Happiness of Mr. Governours Body and Soul, who took such pity upon distressed Orphans and Widows; and streightway tript out of Court. But then it was that *Sancho* commanded the Shepherd, who look'd like death to see the Departure of his Purse, to follow the Woman, take the Purse from her agen by main force, and bring it into Court. Nor was the Shepherd to be twice bid; away he flew like Lightning, and while all the People were gazing to see what would be the Event of this Judgment, the Woman and the Shepherd return'd, she tugging and he pulling, she with her Petticoat tuckt up, and holding the Purse fast between her Legs, and he using all the strength he had to wrest it from her. But the Woman defended her prize so well, that all the Shepherds Manhood little avail'd. At length the Woman setting up her Throat, cry'd out, Justice, Justice, My Lord; see this Impudent Varlet, that in the Face of the Court would rob me of the Purse which your Worship gave me. And hast got it honest Friend? quo *Sancho.* Got it! quo the Woman, I'le first lose all my Bowels and my Life to boot—— Got it! not ten such Chitterlings as he, poor Peel-Garlick as he is, shall get it from me—— Pincers, Mallets, Fire nor Flames shall make me let go my hold; no not the Claws of a Lyon, tho they tore all the Flesh from my Bones.

The Devil helps her, My Lord, I think, quo the Shepherd, the Jade's too strong for me, and at the same time he let her go. Presently, let me see the Purse, good Woman, cry'd the Governour; which the Woman had no sooner reach'd him, but he return'd it to the Shepherd, saying withal to the Woman, Mistress, Mistress, had you guarded your self this Morning from this Man, with half the strength and courage as you defended your Purse, not twenty Men together could have been able to have forc'd a Chastity so well fortify'd. Hence Harlot, hence, and let me find thee no more within six Leagues compass of this Island, under the Penalty of two hunder'd good *Bridewell* Lashes; and let me hear no more. At which words away sneak'd the Woman with a flea in her Ear. *Sancho* also bid the Shepherd get him home with his Money, advising him withal, to take care another time of sporting with such Strumpets as these, unless he intended to lose not only his Purse, but something else to boot. The Countryman thank'd him in the best Terms he could; and all the People stood in Admiration of their new Governours Judgments, which his Register fail'd not to send Post to the Duke, who expected their coming with no less impatience. And now let us see what becomes of *Don Quixote*, whose thoughts were all in a ferment, ever since he had heard the Amorous Complaint of Mrs. *Joan Tomboy.*

CHAP. XIII.

Of the strange Accident that befel Don Quixote *while he was pondring upon Madam* Joan Tomboy.

WE left the Great *Don Quixote*, as you have heard, not a little troubl'd in mind, perceiving himself so affectionately belov'd by the young and tender Madam *Joan Tomboy.* He had thrown himself into his Bed, with the same Indignation as if he had receiv'd some affront at her Hands,

Hands, ſo that the Misfortune of his torn Stockin adding to his affliction, it was impoſſible for him to take a wink of reſt. In the mean time the Sun having with his uſual ſwiftneſs viſited the other *Hemiſphear*, was now return'd again to our *Horizon*, at what time *Don Quixote* bouncing out of his Bed, put on his Cloaths, and drew on his riding Boots to conceal the want of his Hoſe. About his Shoulders he button'd his Scarlet Cloak, and cover'd his Valiant Head with his Hat turn'd up a one ſide, and edg'd with a Silver Parchment Lace; not forgetting his broad Belt, nor to faſten his Roſary about his Wriſt, which he always carry'd about him: and thus accouter'd, away he march'd with his uſual Gravity toward the Parlour, where the Duke and the Dutcheſs were ready prepar'd to receive him.

But as he paſs'd through a Gallery, he met the Beautiful Mrs. *Joan Tomboy* and her friend, who waited for his coming in the paſſage. So ſoon as Madam *Joan* perceiv'd the Knight, the Gipſie preſently diſſembl'd a ſwooning fit, and let her ſelf fall into the Arms of her Companion, who preſently fell to unlacing her Stays, ſeemingly to give her Air. At the ſame time *Don Quixote* approach'd, and without ſhewing the leaſt Commotion, this ſignifies little, ſaid he, I underſtand from whence ſuch Accidents as theſe proceed. You know more then I do, reply'd the other Lady, for of all the Virgins in the World, I never knew any in my Life that had her Health better then this Mrs. *Joan*; nor did I ever know her Finger ake before. The Curſe of Curſes light upon all *Knighs-Errants* in the World for me, if they are all ſo Ingrateful, and Diſcourteous as I imagin 'em to be. I beſeech yee my Lord *Don Quixote* withdraw from hence, for this poor Lady will never come to her ſelf ſo long as you are in preſence. I beſeech yee, Madam, reply'd *Don Quixote*, let there be a Lute left in my Chamber at Night, that I may endeavour the Conſolation of this Afflicted Lady; for in the beginning of an Amour, the moſt Soveraign remedy is to diſcover the abuſe and vanity of that idle Paſſion. And ſo ſaying he made haſte away, for fear of being found in that place alone with two young Damſels. So ſoon as he was gone, Mrs. *Joan* forſooth immediately came to her ſelf, and bid her Companion be ſure to leave a Lute in *Don Quixote*'s Room, for that without doubt they ſhould have ſtrange Muſick and rare Sport; and at the ſame time they went and told the Dutcheſs what they had done, who overjoy'd at the occaſion, immediately plotted with the Duke a new Contrivance to make themſelves merry with their Gueſt. The ſame day alſo they ſent away a Page with *Sancho*'s Letter to his Wife; and the Bundle which he had left behind, charging him to take peculiar notice of all that paſs'd, and to bring back a faithful accompt. All that day the Duke and Dutcheſs kept *Don Quixote* Company, extreamly pleas'd with his Converſation. But at length the Clock having ſtruck Eleven at Night, *Don Quixote* retir'd to his Chamber, where finding a Lute upon his Table, he tun'd it, open'd the Window, and perceiving there was ſome body in the Garden, fell a tickling the Lower Strings, and with a hoarſe woollen Voice, much after the rate of a Ten-pound a Year Songſter in a Cathedral, he Sung the following Song, which he had compos'd himſelf the ſame day.

Love is a dangerous Diſeaſe
To every lazie idle Slut;
They that have nothing elſe to do
Are ſtill for going all to Put.

But let 'em at the Wash-bowl toile,
Or for their Livings rub and spin;
Love raps at Door, and goes his way,
There's no body to let him in.

'Tis only Sloath and Ease prevails
O're Pamper'd Ramps, that live at ease;
Where Love excites the Beastial part,
Enflam'd by reading Baudy Plays.

But if a Husband 'tis you want,
Madam, the World is wide and spacious;
Enow would lick their Lips at You;
In truth I am not so salacious.

For we Knights-Errant *never care*
With Fliperous Titifists to couple;
Much more refin'd are our Amours;
Discretion only makes us supple.

Hot Love's soon cold, the Proverb says,
Like Flames that on dry Bavins feed:
And you may quench your Parching heat
With Vinegar and Lettice-seed.

One Picture on another drawn
Will scarce appear, at least but dull;
Then seek some Empty-hearted Man,
For I protest, my Heart is full.

Fair Dulcinea *has my Heart,*
There you may see her Face engrav'd:
I courted her, and my blest Fate
Kindly bequeath'd me what I crav'd.

Shall I then break Piecorner *Law,*
And prove a false Inconstant Knave?
'Tshall nere be said Don Quixote *went*
A faithless Lover to his Grave.

Don Quixote had no sooner concluded his Madrigal, to which the Duke, the Dutchess, Madam *Joan*, and a great number of other Ladies, full of Curiosity, had listen'd with most attentive Ears, but of a sudden the Disdainful Champion heard the tinkling of a hunder'd little Bells over his Head; and by and by down came a whole Legion of Cats pour'd out of a Sack into the Balcony before his Window, with little Bells ty'd to their Tails. The Miewing of those affrighted Animals, and the gingling of the Bells made such a confused noise, that they who were privie to the Contrivance were not a little scar'd for the present themselves. On the other side *Don Quixote* thought Hell had been broke loose, and stood like Mumbudget in a Trance; at what time, as ill luck would have it, four of the poor terrify'd Cats leapt into his Chamber; where seeking which way to get out again, they ran like so many Sprights from one end of the Room

to

to the other; flew againſt the Hangings; put out the Candle; threw down the Candle-ſtick; down came the Lute; never Hobgoblin made ſuch a Confuſion in a Brew-houſe, while the Cats ſtill flew about the Room affrighted at the gingling which they made themſelves. At length *D. Quixote* unſheathing his Sword began to lay about him back-ſtroak and fore-ſtroak like a Devil with two ſticks, crying out ever and anon, as loud as he could baul, Hence Villain *Necromancers*, hence Infernal Scoundrels — Devils, you have miſtook your Man y'faith; 'tis I *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, who fears not you, nor all your ineffectual Charms. And then running after the Cats, whom he follow'd by the Glimmering of their Eyes, he attack'd 'em ſo furiouſly, and purſu'd 'em with that Vigour, that he drove three out again at the Window; but the fourth remaining behind, and ſo hard put to't, that ſhe could not eſcape, or elſe perhaps being wounded, flew directly at *Don Quixote*'s Face, and ſeizing his Leathern Jaws with her Claws and her Teeth, made ſuch deep Impreſſions in his Skin, that the Champion began to roar out, like a Man tortur'd with the Strangury. Preſently the Duke, conjecturing the cauſe of *Don Quixote*'s diſtreſs by the hideous noiſe he made, ran to his aſſiſtance with Lights and ſeveral of his Servants; and indeed the Duke gueſs'd right, for no ſooner were they enter'd the Chamber, but there they ſaw the enraged Mouſe-catcher and poor *Don Quixote* ſtriving for the Maſtery, while the Cat held her hold, and the Champion us'd all his Art and ſtrength to make her let go. Thereupon the Duke proffer'd to aſſiſt him, but *Don Quixote* ſcorning all manner of ſuccour, let me alone, I beſeech yee, quo he, hand to hand with this evil *Demon*, this Pagan Necromancer, this Son of a Whore Enchanter, I'le warrant yee I'le teach him another time to know *Don Quixote de la Mancha* from *Tom-Bell*. Nevertheleſs the Cat, little regarding theſe Vainglorious Threats, growld and held faſt her Prey, till at length the Duke caus'd her to be unhook'd from the Knights Jaws and thrown out at Window. All this while the Blood ran down *Don Quixote*'s Doublet from his mangl'd Cheeks; but nothing madded him ſo much, as that they had reſcu'd out of his Hands that Hell-hound of a *Necromancer*, and prevented him from Triumphing o're an Incarnate Enemy. In the mean time there was great care taken of his Wounds; for Madam *Joan Tomboy* her ſelf with her own Lilly white Hands apply'd a Plaiſter to his Soars, and whiſpering him i' the Ear as ſhe was dreſſing him; Cruel and Ingrateful Knight, ſaid ſhe, this Misfortune is but the juſt puniſhment of your diſdain and contempt of Ladies; and I wiſh with all my Heart, your Squire may forget to Laſh himſelf, that you may nere enjoy the Embraces of your dear *Dulcinea*, at leaſt ſo long as I, th' Adorer of your Shadow live. To all which *Don Quixote* made no other anſwer then with a profound Sigh, and ſo prepar'd for his Bed, after he had teturn'd Thanks, not ſo much for his deliverance from that rabble of Necromantick Rat-catchers, which he fear'd no more then ſo many Snails, but for the Kindneſs and Civility of their proffer'd Aſſiſtance. Thereupon the Duke and the Dutcheſs retir'd, and left him to his Repoſe, not a little troubl'd at the ill ſucceſs of a Jeſt, that coſt poor *Don Quixote* no leſs then ſix days keeping his Chamber. During which Interval there befel him another Accident much more pleaſant, which we muſt refer till another time, it behoving us now to return and find out *Sancho*, no leſs careful then affable and Curteous in his Government.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Containing a Continuation of Sancho's *Government.*

SO soon as the Court rose *Sancho* was conducted to a Magnificent Palace, where he found the Cloth laid in a Dining-Room richly and sumptuously furnish'd. When he was enter'd the Room, the Wind Musick play'd all the while Dinner was serving up; and four Pages brought him a Bason of Water, where he wash'd himself, as reverently I'le warrant yee, as if he had been five Years learning to take State upon him.

And now the Musick ceasing, *Sancho* sate down to Dinner all alone by himself, at what time a certain Person, who was afterwards known to be a Physician, came and stood at his Elbow with a Whale-bone Wand in his Hand. So soon as the Almoner had said Grace, a Page brought *Sancho* a Napkin edg'd about with a Point Lace, and the Steward set before him a Plate of Musk Melon. But *Sancho* had hardly put one Bit into his Mouth before the Physician touch'd it with his Wand, and then it was presently taken away. Presently the Steward supply'd the Vacancy with another full Plate, but the Doctor laying his Wand upon it, it was as soon whiskt away as the former. *Sancho* was not a little surpriz'd at the oddness of the Ceremony, and looking about him upon the Standers by, demanded the meaning of it, and whether it were the Fashion in that Island to feed with their Eyes, and dine upon *Hei pass and be gone*? Sir, reply'd the Physician, it is not the Custom to eat in this Island, as they do in other Islands where there are Governours. I am a Doctor of Physick, an like your Worship, and I receive a Salary from the Islanders to wait upon the Governour. 'Tis therefore my Duty to take care of his Health much more then of my own, and to make it my study day and night to understand the Composition and Temper of his Body, that I may be able to know what to do when he falls Sick; and for this reason it is that I always attend him at his Meal, to prevent his eating what I know to be prejudicial to his Health. To that purpose I order'd the Melon to be taken away, as being too moist; and the other Plate to be remov'd, as being too hot and over season'd with Spices, which are corroding and cause drouth; for he that drinks much consumes the radical Moisture, which is the Principal of Life.

At this rate, reply'd *Sancho*, you'll tell me I must not eat none of these Rosted Partridges, because they'll do me hurt——By no means, Sir, reply'd the Physician— God forbid, and let me never live to suffer it— Why so? cry'd *Sancho*. Because our Great Master *Hippocrates*, said the Physician, the North Star and Luminary of Physick, in one of his Aphorisms says, *All repletion is bad, especially that of Partridges.* If it be so, cry'd *Sancho*, prithee take a view of the Meat upon the Table, and tell me what I may eat and what not, without playing the fool with your Wand; for I'me so hungry I could eat a piece of a Horse.

Why truly, an like your Excellency, I would have these rosted Coneys taken away, as being a Terrene and Melancholy sort of Dyet; nor can I approve this Veal, unless it were better boild, besides that the Cook has forgot Green sauce. Prithee Doctor, quo *Sancho*, what think yee of that Dish yonder that smoaks so, which I take to be a kind of a *French* Potage; and therefore being a Mish-mash of several sorts, certainly I may meet with something there that may be wholsome enough—Not for a World cry'd the

the Physician; there is not a more dangerous sort of Diet, then these Mish-mashes, under the Sun. They are fit for none but Countrey-Attorneys, poor Singing-men, and at *Thrashers* Weddings, that will digest Iron: but Governours must be serv'd with more delicate Viands, and not so fiercely season'd. For always simple Medicines are better then those that are compounded of many Ingredients: for that one Drug alters the Quality of the other. And therefore after all, I think the best thing your Excellency can eat at present, for the support and preservation of your Health, is about a hundred Caraway-Comfits, and some two or three small slices of Marmaled, which are good for the Stomack, and easie of digestion.

Sancho having heard the Doctor's Opinion, turn'd himself in his Chair, and fixing his Eye earnestly upon him, ask'd him very seriously what his Name was, and where he had taken his Degrees. Sir, reply'd the Physician, they call me Signior *Pedro Puncinello*, a Native of *Ditto* in *Pomerania*; from whence I travell'd all over *Germany*, *Moravia*, *Silesia*, *Poland*, *Muscovy*, *Candaya*, *Lapland*, *China*, *Denemark*, *Abyssinia*, *Nova Zembla*, and most parts of *America*, for Experience; and being as full as a Bee, I went and took my Degrees at *Padua* in *Italy*. Mr. Doctor *Pedro Puncinello*, quo *Sancho*, Native of *Ditto* in *Pomerania*, you that travell'd over *Germany*, *Poland*, *Muscovy*, *Candaya*, *Lapland*, and I know not where my self: Few words to the wise; in short, Sir, avoid the Room forthwith, or by the Life of *Pharaoh*, I will immediately slit that venomous Wind-pipe of thine, and all the rest of your Post-daubing Mountebanks that I find within this Island: for as for Learned and Approv'd Physicians, I both esteem and honour 'em. Once more therefore I say, avoid Satan, and let me eat as I please; or else by the Body of *Cæsar*, I'le cap thee a-new with this Elbow-Chair, and send thee to set up thy Stage in the other World; and let them that are offended turn the Buckles of their Girdles behind 'em. For my part, I think I shall do God good Service in ridding the World of such a *Homicide* Doctor; such a Pest and Plague of the Common-weal. S'life——— let me eat, or let 'em take their Government agen——for a Doctor that will not let his Master eat, is not worth two Horse beans.

The Physician thus terrify'd at the Governours dismal Menaces, and ready to be-foul himself for fear, was making all the nimble speed he could to the Door, when of a sudden they heard the sound of a Post-horn i' the street; and presently looking out at Window, they understood there was a Courrier arriv'd from the Duke. Immediately the Post enter'd sweating and puffing, and pulling a Pacquet out of his Pocket, deliver'd it to the Governour, who gave it the Steward, ordering him to read the Direction; which was thus:

For Don Sancho Pancha, *Governour of the Island of* Barataria, *to be deliver'd either to his own, or the hands of his Secretary.*

Who is my Secretary? cry'd *Sancho*. 'Tis I, my Lord, reply'd a certain young Lad; for besides that I can write and read, I am a *Biscayner* at your Service. With such a Train of Characters thou maist be Secretary to the Emperor, quo *Sancho*———Open the Letter then, and read the Contents: which the young man having done, told the Governour, that it was business both of importance and privacy. Thereupon *Sancho* order'd the Room to be clear'd, and none to stay but the Steward and the Master of the House; and then the Secretary read as follows:

I have

I Have receiv'd Intelligence, Don Sancho Pancha, *that certain Enemies of yours and mine, have laid a Plot to ſurprize your Perſon within theſe few Nights. Therefore it behoves yee to be watchful, and to ſtand upon your Guard, leſt you be taken unprovided. I am alſo farther inform'd by faithful Spies, that there are Four Men got into your Iſland, in diſguiſe, with a deſign to aſſaſſinate the Governour, as being afraid of your Courage and your Conduct. Keep ſtrict Guards, be careful who you ſpeak with, and eat nothing that they bring to your Table, for fear of Treachery. I will take care to ſend you ſpeedy Aſſiſtance, if there be occaſion. I leave the ſucceſs of this Affair to your Prudence: and ſo farewell.*

16*th* of *Auguſt*, at Four in the Morning.

Your Friend,

The DUKE.

Sancho was ſtrangely aſtoniſh'd at the News, as the reſt of his Council ſeem'd to be; but at length turning to the Steward; that which is firſt to be done, ſaid he, in this caſe, and that ſpeedily too, is to lay that ſame Doctor *Puncinello* by the heels; manacle, and fetter him, and thruſt him into the Dungeon of the Common Goal; and there let him feed upon Caraway-Comfits and Marmalade with a Pox to him. For if any body be in this Plot, upon my Life it muſt be he; ſince you ſee, he was going about already to have ſtarv'd me. 'Tis my Opinion, Sir, reply'd the Maſter of the Houſe, that you forbear to eat any of the Meat that ſtands here before yee: for it was moſt of it ſent in by the Jeſuites; and they uſe to ſay, *the Devil ſtands behind the Croſs*. I am apt to believe, Maſter, quo *Sancho*, you give me good advice. However, let me have a Groat-Loaf, and four Pound of Reaſons; there can be no Poyſon in them: For in ſhort, 'tis impoſſible I ſhould ſubſiſt without eating; eſpecially ſince we muſt be preparing for action. 'Tis never to be imagin'd we can fight, and not feed: for 'tis the Belly ſupports the Heart, and not the Heart the Belly. In the mean time, Secretary, do you return an Anſwer to the Duke, and let him know, that all his Commands ſhall be punctually obſerv'd. Preſent my Humble Service likewiſe to Madam the Dutcheſs, and beg of her in my Name, to be mindful to ſend away an Expreſs with my Letter and the Bundle, to *Tereſa Pancha* my Wife; and tell her withal, that as ſoon as my Buſineſs is over, I intend to ſend her a parcel of High Lines, becoming a Governour, under my own hand. Moreover, crowd in among the reſt, the Choiceſt of my Commendations to my Lord *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, that he may ſee I am neither forgetful nor ingrateful: The reſt I leave to your Judgment, to write as an expert Secretary. In the mean time, let 'em take away theſe Vittles, and give me ſomething to eat, and then they ſhall ſee how little I care for all the Spies, or Bravo's, or Enchanters i' the World.

At the ſame time a Page entring the Room, My Lord, ſaid he, here is a Countrey man deſires to ſpeak with your Honour about Buſineſs of Importance. By the Lord *Harry*, quo *Sancho*, theſe Men of Buſineſs are ſo troubleſome. Is it poſſible that Men ſhould be ſuch Sots, as not to underſtand, that this is not a time for Buſineſs? Certainly, they think that we Governours and Diſtributers of Juſtice, are made of Iron or Marble; and that we have no need of Reſt and Repoſe, like other Men.

Before

Before Heaven and upon my Conſcience, if I continue i' this Government (as I don't believe I ſhall) I ſhall cauſe the bare Shoulders of ſome of theſe *Men of Buſineſs* to be well *Curry-comb'd*. Well—for once let the Country Fellow come in; but firſt let him be well ſearch'd—— he may be one of thoſe Fellows, for ought I know, that threaten my Life. O, Sir, for that, reply'd the Page, my Life for yours; this Fellow, God help him, looks as if he had no more Soul then an Oyſter. I dare ſay he's as Innocent as the Child unborn. But d' yee hear, quo *Sancho*, Maſter of the Houſe, now Doctor *Puncinello*'s gone, might not I eat ſomething that has ſome ſubſtance in it, tho it were but a Luncheon of Bread and an Onion? Sir, quo the Maſter of the Houſe, never fear, Supper ſhall make amends I warrant yee for the loſs of your Dinner, and that amply to your ſatisfaction. I wiſh it may, quo *Sancho*, I don't love theſe baukings of my Stomach.

At the ſame time the Countryman enter'd the Room, and ſeem'd by his looks to be a harmleſs ſilly poor fellow. As ſoon as he came in, he ask'd which was the Governour? Who but he that ſits yonder i' the Elbow Chair, reply'd the Secretary. I beg your pardon, cry'd the Countryman, and preſently throwing himſelf at the Governours Feet, he deſired to kiſs his Hands: Which *Sancho* refuſs'd to do, but bid him riſe, and tell him briefly what he had to ſay. Thereupon the Countryman riſing up, and addreſſing himſelf to the Governour, Sir, ſaid he, I am a Native of *Monks-Zeal* twelve Leagues from *Charity Bridg*. What more *Ditto's in Pomerania*? quo *Sancho*— well go on Friend— I know *Monks-Zeal* very well— for I don't live far from it my ſelf.

Then, quo the Countryman, purſuing his diſcourſe, my buſineſs is this, I was Marry'd, through Gods Mercy, in the face of the Holy *Roman*, Catholick and Apoſtolick Church, I ha' two Childern at the Univerſity, the one a Student and the other a Batchelour of Art. I am a Widower, becauſe my Wife is dead, or to ſay more truly, kill'd by a curſed Mountebank, that with permiſſion be it ſpoken, gave her a Purge when ſhe was big with Child. Had ſhe liv'd and been brought to Bed of a Boy, 'twas my Intention to have made him a Doctor, that he might have no cauſe to envy his Brothers. So then, quo the Governour, had not your Wife dy'd, or been kill'd by the Mountebank, you had not been a Widower. Very right, Sir, quo the Countryman. Go too honeſt Friend, quo *Sancho*, I find we have the full length of the Ell. But prithee diſpatch— 'tis more then time to go to ſleep then to talk of Buſineſs. Now, Sir, I ſay, continu'd the Country Fellow, that one of my Sons, the Batchelour of Art, fell in Love with a Maid in our Village, whoſe name was *Clara Singleſtone*, the Daughter of *Andrew Singleſtone*: And indeed ſhe might well be call'd *Singleſtone*; for ſhe was a *Diamond* for Beauty, eſpecially if you ſtood on her Right ſide and view'd her; for I muſt confeſs if you took a proſpect of her from the other hand, ſhe was not altogether ſo handſom, for that the Small Pox had depriv'd her of her left Eye; beſides that that ſame Devil of a Diſeaſe had walk'd with his Hobnails over all the reſt of her Face; but they tell me that's nothing, in regard thoſe Pits are but the Sepulchers to bury Lovers Hearts. She is ſo cleanly, that becauſe ſhe will not have her Noſe drop upon her Lips, ſhe has turn'd up the ends of her Noſtrils toward her Forehead, that you would ſwear they had taken a diſguſt at her Mouth, which is very wide; and were it not for ſome ten or a dozen Teeth which ſhe wants, ſhe would be one of the moſt abſolute Beauties i' the Country. As for her Lips I cannot commend 'em too much, for they are ſo thin and

ſo ſoft, that were it the Faſhion to wind Lips as they do Silk, they would make a Skain of I know not what to call it. Beſides, they are of the ſtrangeſt Colour that ever was ſeen, as being of a ſpeckl'd Jaſper Colour, Blew, Green and Violet. And I moſt humbly beg your Pardon my Lord Governour, for being ſo particular and punctual in the deſcription of her Beauties, who is to be my Daughter, in regard it is meerly out of the tranſports of my affection for her.

Prithee paint on, quo *Sancho*, as long as thou wilt: I am mightily pleas'd with theſe kind of Sketches; and had I but din'd, I wou'd not deſire a better Banquet then the Portraiture which thou haſt drawn me. Both my ſelf and the Portraiture, my Lord, are at your Service; or at leaſt if now we are not, the time will come when we may be. But alas, Sir, this is nothing, could I depaint to the Life, her Gate, and the Proportions of her Stature, you would be wrapt up in wonder and delight. But that's impoſſible for me to do, for that ſhe is ſo bow'd and crumpl'd up together, that her Knees and her Chin meet; but it is apparent that if ſhe could but unbend her ſelf and ſtand upright, ſhe would touch the Sealing with her Head. And ſhe had certainly before now given her Hand to my Son, the Batchelour of Art, had ſhe been able to ſtretch it forth, which ſhe cannot do by reaſon her Sinews are quite ſhrunk up; and yet by her broad chamfur'd Nails you may ſee ſhe has a Hand like a Counteſs.

'Tis very well hitherto, honeſt friend, reply'd *Sancho*, but ſuppoſe you ſhould have drawn her from the Crown of the Head to the Soles of the Feet, prithee what is that thou wouldſt have? come to the point Man, without ſo many windings and turnings, ſo many circumlocutions, and going about the Hedg.

With ſubmiſſidn to your Honour, reply'd the Countryman, I would humbly deſire and intreat that your Excellency would be graciouſly pleas'd to favour me with a Letter to the Father of my Daughter in Law, ſignifying to him, that it is your pleaſure he ſhould no longer delay the Marriage, ſeeing there can be no objections made againſt the equality of both our Fortunes, nor the Perſon of my Son. For not to conceal a Mite of Truth from your Lordſhip, my Son is poſſeſs'd; yeſterday the Evil Spirit tormented him three or four times, and at length threw him i' the Fire, which is the reaſon that the Skin of his Face is ſhrivell'd up like a piece of Parchment, and that his Eyes water as if he had a ſpring in his Brains. Nevertheleſs he is one of the beſt natur'd Men i' the World; and were it not but that he lyes wallowing upon the Ground, and tearing and thumping himſelf, you would take him to be an Angel.

Have yee any thing more to ſay? quo *Sancho*; yes an't pleaſe your Lordſhip, I have one requeſt more, but I am afraid to give it vent, for fear of your Honours diſpleaſure; yet it lyes rowling at my Tongues end; and therefore fall back fall edg, I muſt out with it. An't like your Lordſhip, I would beg of your Honour to beſtow upon your poor Servant Six hunder'd Crowns toward the Marriage of my Son, to put him into a Convenient Equipage; not that he wants Houſhold ſtuff, but to buy him Good Books at the next Divinity Auction, for the improvement of his Studies; for which if you think well of it, he ſhall every time he goes into the Pulpit pray for your Honours long Life and Proſperity, *as in duty bound.*

If you have any thing farther to ask, quo *Sancho*, do it, honeſt friend, and let not your Baſhfulneſs do yee any prejudice. I have nothing more, this is all an't like your Honour, reply'd the Countryman. Thereupon

Sancho

Sancho finding that the Countryman had ſhut up his Lips, ſtarting up briskly upon his Legs, and ſnatching up his Chair with both Hands, Yee Slabber-chapt Wither-fac'd ſneaking old Son of a Whore, cry'd he, all in a fury, get thee out of my Preſence, or elſe by the Body of St. *George* and all the Seven Champions, I'le ding out thy peſtiferous Brains.—Haſt thou been all this while painting out *Belzebub* and his Triggremate, and com'ſt to ask me for Six hunder'd Crowns! perpetual Ragamuffin! where doſt think I ſhould have 'em? Impudent Vagabond. And therefore be gone, I ſay, or by the Life of the Duke, my Lord and Maſter, I'le be as good as my word— Thou art no Inhabitant of *Monks-Zeal*, but ſome Imp of the Devil ſent from Hell to tempt me. 'Tis now not above twenty four Hours that I have been Governour of this Iſland, and thou wouldſt have me give thee Six hunder'd Crowns. Death of my Life! if I could not find i' my heart to daunce upon thy Belly and tread out thy Bowels.

Preſently the Steward made a ſign to the Countryman to withdraw, who retir'd with an humble and ſubmiſſive Bow, ſhaking and ſhivering, and pretending a Pannick fear leſt *Sancho* ſhould purſue him; for the Rogue acted his part incomparably. As for *Sancho*, they had much ado to appeaſe his Wrath; for the Countryman's tedious diſcourſe and his Impertinent Petition had put him into a dreadful fume. But we muſt leave him to champ upon his Bridle, and return to *Don Quixote* who lay wrapt up in Plaiſters, like a Poſt bedaub'd with Mountebanks Bills. During which time there befel him what we ſhall tell yee in the next Chapter; for *Benengeli* would not relate it in this.

CHAP. XV.

What befel Don Quixote *with Madam* Doroty *the Dutcheſſes Waiting-Woman, with other Accidents worthy Eternal Memory.*

THE poor diſtreſſed Knight ſad and melancholy to ſee himſelf ſo deſpightfully us'd, upon every occaſion where there was ſo little honour to be got, kept his Chamber ſix whole days and nights together; but at length one Evening when it was grown dark, as he lay reflecting upon his Misfortunes, and the Importunities of Mrs. *Tomboy*, he heard the Door open; and believing it to be the Amorous Damſel that came to make an Aſſault upon his Chaſtity, and ſhake that Loyalty which he had ſolemnly devoted to his Chimera, Madam *Dulcinea*; No, no, cry'd he, loud enough to be heard, no, no, not all the Beauty upon Earth can deface from my Heart that Fidelity which Love has there ſo deeply engraven. No, no, moſt amiable Object of my Vows, and Sovereign Miſtreſs of my Thoughts, whatever may be thy Condition; whether transform'd into a *Country Hoyden*, put to winnow Wheat, or ſerve the Swine; or whether *Merlin* or *Monteſinos* detain thee ſtill conceal'd from my ſight; whether Inchanted or at Liberty, my Conſtancy is ſtill unalterable: Abſent or preſent, thou art always before my Eyes, and my Heart is always with thee. And ſo ſaying, he roſe from the ſide of the Bed, wrapt up in a Coverlet of yellow Sattin, his Stocking ſerving him for a Night-Cap, his Face all bepatch'd with Plaiſters, and his Muſtachio's half claw'd off; ſo that in ſhort, he lookt like a Hobgoblin in a *Maſque*.

In this Condition fixing his Eyes toward the Door, instead of the *Sorrowful* Mrs. *Joan Tomboy* whom he expected, he beheld a venerable Matron, with a white Vail all in folds, and so long that it cover'd all her Body from Top to Toe. In her left Hand she carry'd about half a Candle lighted; and held her Right Hand before her Face to keep the blaze of the Candle from her Eyes, upon which she wore a large pair of Spectacles, and all the way she mov'd as if she had trod upon Thorns. *Don Quixote* watch'd her like a Sentinel, and observing her slow pace, her silence, and her Habit of a Priestess, took her for some Inchantress that came to put her Charms in Execution; and presently had recourse to his usual Christian Remedy. All this while the Female advanc'd toward the Knights Bed, to which approaching neer, she lifted up her Eyes, and saw *Don Quixote* in that forlorn Condition making a thousand Crosses upon his Breast. But if the Knight were astonish'd to see such a Ghost-like Figure of a Woman, the Woman was no less surpriz'd to behold the Knight with his long slender Shanks, so pale and bepatch'd, with his Stockin upon his Head. So that giving a loud Scream, Holy Virgin, cry'd she, what *Raw Head and Bloody Bones* is this? In this affright, the Candle dropping out of her Hand, went out, and she her self, thinking to run away, while the length of her Vail entangl'd her Feet, fell down at her full extent upon the Floor. The noise that she made, and the darkness of the Night, redoubl'd *Don Quixote's* fears, so that in great Confusion, he cry'd out, I conjure thee *Phantome*, to tell me what thou art, and what thy Errand is from the Infernal Shades? If thou art a Soul in Torment, tell me, and thou shalt not want the Consolation of what Assistance I can give thee. For I am a Catholick Christian, and one that makes it my business to do good to all Mankind: for which reason I took upon me the Order of *Knight-Errantry*, the Benefit of which Profession extends it self even to the succour of Souls in Purgatory.

The poor Lady hearing *Don Quixote* Conjure at that rate, gues'd by her own fears at his affrightment, and therefore with a low and mournful Voice, My Lord *Don Quixote*, said she, at least if it be you, I am neither Vision nor Phantome, nor Soul in Purgatory; I am Mrs. *Doroty*, Waiting Gentlewoman to my Lady Dutchess; who came hither to desire of you the remedy of an Affliction, which it is in your power to afford me. First, Mrs. *Doroty*, quo *Don Quixote*, be free with me, and tell me; are you not come upon some Amorous Embassie? If you are, you lose your time; for Madam *Dulcinea's* Beauty is so imprinted in my Soul, that I am deaf and insensible to all Importunities of this Nature. In a word Madam *Doroty*, provided it be no Love Message, you may go light your Candle and return, and when we understand your Distemper we'll endeavour to apply the safest Remedies we can; but no Provocatives, no tempting Glances, I beseech yee, Madam. Who I, Sir Knight, procure for others? You know me not I find, cry'd Madam *Doroty*: I am neither so old, nor so deformed, to be trading in that venerable Mystery yet; I am still in health, Heaven be prais'd, and have all my Teeth in my Head, except some few that I spoild with eating of Sweet Meats. But stay a little, I'le go light my Candle, and then I'le tell my Greivances to the only Physician of the Mind this day i' the World; and having so said away she tript.

In the mean time *Don Quixote* ruminating upon this Adventure, of which he could not imagin the Reason, entertaind so many strange *Conundrum's* in his Fancy, that he could not think himself secure, mauger all his Resolution, and the reservedness which he might well expect from Mrs. *Doroties* Years. Sinner as I am, cry'd he, who knows, who knows I say,

but

but that the Enemy of human Race is now plotting for my destruction; and whether by these dangerous Addresses I may not be intangl'd with this *Governante* to my Ruin. What an Ignominy would it be to me, and what an affront to *Dulcinea's* Honour? if this same Toothless Matron should Triumph at length over that Fidelity which neither Princesses, nor Queens, nor Empresses, nor all the most accomplish'd Beauties under the Sun, could ever so much as move an Inch. Yet who knows but this same Solitude, this Opportunity, this silence, may waken my sleepy desires, and cause me i' my old Age to fall, where I never stumbl'd before? And therefore in such cases 'tis better to vanquish by flight, then to make Head against the Enemy. On the other side, why am I thus unjust to injure Madam *Doroties* Discretion? Is there any Probability that so venerable a Matron, with so long a Vail, a whither'd Face and Spectacles, can harbour in her Heart immodest and lascivious thoughts, and lay contrivances so opposite to Vertue? There may be one *Governante* i' the World that may perhaps be honest; but I must tell yee she must be a *Phœnix*; 'tis the most unsanctify'd and unprofitable Rabble of Smother-Farts that ever were admitt'd into human Society. How is that Lady to be commended, that only set up two *Governantes* in *Effigie* in her Chamber, hard at their Needles with their Spectacles upon their Noses, and by vertue of that awful Representative kept all her Damsels in orderly decorum. And so saying, he started up from the Bed with an Intention to have lock'd the Chamber Door, and shut out Madam *Doroty*. But she had already set one Foot over the Threshold with her Candle lighted; at what time perceiving *Don Quixote* bedizon'd as we have already describ'd him, as if her former fears had return'd, she stept back, and with a timorous utterance, Is there no danger, my Lord, said she, for I don't like your standing up so brisk upon your Legs, as if you had some unlucky design? I ask you the same Question, Madam *Doroty*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; for I am weak and feeble, and would not willingly be forc'd against my own Nature. Who do you take for such a Masculine Rampscuttle? reply'd Mrs. *Doroty*. Even your own self, Madam, quo *Don Quixote*; for in short, as I am Flesh and Blood, so I deem you to be of the same Mould; and besides, this is a suspitious hour of the Night, especially in a Chamber so far remote from Company, and no less private then the Den where that perfidious *Eneas* taking the Advantage of unfortunate *Dido's* Imbecillity, enjoyd her Beauty. Nevertheless, give me your Hand, Madam; for I rely upon those Marks of honour which you wear about yee, and desire no other Assurance then my own Fidelity and Discretion. And at the same time he offer'd Madam *Doroty* his Hand, who gave him likewise her own with all the Ceremony of a Courtly Lady.

Here *Cid Hamet* swears by *Mahomet* he would ha' given all the Shoes in his Shop to ha' beheld the Amorous Countenances of the Knight and the Lady, and the Charming Air with which they walk'd hand in hand from the Chamber Door to the Bed side. *Don Quixote* layd himself down again upon the Bed, and cover'd all his Face; but Madam *Doroty* took a Chair and sate by the Bed side, with her Spectacles still upon her Nose, and her Candle in her hand; and after they had both continu'd in that Posture for some time without speaking a word, at length *Don Quixote* breaking silence, you may now, Madam, said he, freely unburd'n your Heart, and tell me the cause of your Annoiance; I shall listen attentively to your Complaints you may be sure, and afterwards you shall have all the Assistance from me, that can be expected from a Generous and Charitable Knight. I was convinc'd

vinc'd of that before, reply'd Madam *Doroty*, and therefore expected no other then ſuch a Chriſtian-like Anſwer from an Air ſo full of Curteſie and Nobleneſs as yours. And now, Sir Knight, altho you ſee me ſitting here in this Chair in the habit of an unfortunate Servant under Contempt, yet am I a native of *Oviedo*, and deſcended from one of the moſt noble Families in that Province; but my Father and Mother by their feaſting, and junketing, and ill Husbandry, reduc'd themſelves betimes to a mean Condition, and carry'd me to *Madrid*; where, becauſe they could do no better, they plac'd me with a Lady of Quality to be her Dreſſing-maid, and to work Point. And that you may know, Sir Knight, how I improv'd my time, I believe there is not a Maid i' the Country that can waſh and ſtarch fine Linnen better then I can. After this my Father and Mother dy'd and went to Paradiſe; for tho they lay abed all day, and ſate up at *Cards* all night from years end to years end, *Sundays* and all, yet they were very good Chriſtians. Then was I left an Orphan, without any thing more to maintain Me, then the ſhort Wages uſually given to perſons in my Condition; and at the ſame time the Gentleman-Uſher fell in love with me before I ever dreamt, Heaven knows, of any ſuch thing. He was a perſon well advanc'd in years, but comely, and of a good Figure, and as free as a Lord; for he was deſcended from the Race of St. *Taffie*. However our Amours could not be kept ſo private, but that they were diſcover'd to my Miſtreſs, who to prevent impertinent Stories abroad, caus'd us to be marry'd in the face of our Holy Mother the Catholick Church; and this Matrimony produc'd a Daughter to accompliſh our Misfortunes: not that I dy'd in Child-bed, for I had an experienc'd Midwife, and an extraordinary good Labour; but becauſe my Husband, God reſt his Soul, dy'd not long after of a certain Fright which he took, the particulars of which would now be too tedious to recount.

Here the tender-hearted Madam *Doroty* letting fall a Showre of Tears, Pardon me, Sir Knight, ſaid ſhe, I am not Miſtreſs of my Eyes, nor can I ever mention this Misfortune of mine, but it coſts me a Pail-full of Salt-water. Good God! with what a comely Grace he rode before my Miſtreſs, that ſate behind him upon a lovely pacing Mare, as black as Jet. For then there were no Sedans, nor Coaches and ſix horſes, but the Ladies of beſt Quality rode behind their Gentlemen Uſhers; and here I find I muſt be forc'd to tell your Worſhip the whole Story now my Tongue's in, that you may ſee what a compleat, well-bred man my Husband was, and how exact in every thing.

One day as my Husband was entring, with my Miſtreſs behind him, into St. *James*'s Street in *Madrid*, he met the City-Marſhal riding out of Town, with two of his Men attending him. Whereupon, my Husband out of Civility to ſo great an Officer, turn'd about his Mare with an intention to have waited on him to the Town's end: But my Miſtreſs, whiſpering him i' the Ear, What doſt do, *Fool-atum*, quo ſhe, haſt forgot thy way? Upon that the Provoſt Marſhal, in return of his Civility, ſtopping his Horſe, your humble Servant Sir, ſaid he, by no means—— it becomes me rather to wait upon Madam *Cuſſilda*, (for that was my Miſtreſs's Name) then that ſhe ſhould wait upon me. Nevertheleſs my Husband, with his Hat in his hand, perſiſted in his genteel Reſolutions. But oh, the fatal Conſequence of theſe mutual Complements! For my Miſtreſs being enrag'd at my Husband, and fearing to loſe her Viſit, took a great Pin from her Stomacher, or rather, as I am apt to believe, a long Bodkin, out of her Tweezers, and thruſt it into my Husband's Neck; upon which my Husband giving a loud groan, fell from his Horſe, and pull'd my Miſtreſs after him. Preſently her two

Lacques

Lacques ran, and the Provoſt Marſhal alighted to help her up again; the Lacques were ſoon at their Maſters heels, and all the Gate, I mean the People about the Gate, were immediately in a *Hubbub*. To be ſhort, my Miſtreſs return'd home a-foot, and my Husband went to a Surgeon, complaining that all his Bowels were skewer'd together. And now all the Coffee-houſes rang of my Husband's Civility, and the Women and Children flock'd to ſee ſuch a Mirror of Courtſhip. Nevertheleſs, becauſe he was a little pur-blind, my Miſtreſs diſmiſs'd him her Service; and this it was that griev'd him ſo, that he quite pin'd away and dy'd.

And now no ſooner was he dead but I became a Widow, abandon'd and forlorn, and left with a Daughter, whoſe Beauty was the Wonder of all that beheld her. At length, having the Reputation of being a moſt admirable Needle-woman, my Lady Dutcheſs being newly marry'd to his *Grace*, took me home along with her, and my Daughter likewiſe. In proceſs of time my Daughter grew to Maturity, diſplaying the moſt charming Qualities in the World; ſhe ſings like a Wood-Lark, dances like a *Fairy*, jumps like a wild Colt, writes like an Angel, and caſts Accompt like a Banquer. I ſay nothing of her Neatneſs; for certainly the pureſt Spring-water that runs, is not ſo cleanly: and ſhe is now, if I miſtake not, juſt ſeventeen years five Months and three days old.

Now with this pretty Creature did the Son of a rich Farmer fall in love. Verily I can't tell how he manag'd his buſineſs, but he ſo turn'd her and twiſted her about, that upon an abſolute Promiſe of Marriage, he got his Will of the poor ſilly Creature, and now refuſes to be as good as his word. And tho my Lord Duke has been acquainted with the whole buſineſs, for the Farmer is one of his Tenents; tho I have made my Complaint to him, and beſought him ſo to uſe his Authority, that the young Man may marry my Daughter, he turns his deaf Ear to me, and will hardly endure that I ſhould ſpeak to him i' my Daughter's behalf, becauſe the Farmer is rich, and lends him Money, and is bound for him upon all Occaſions.

Now, Sir Knight, my Requeſt to you, is, That you would be pleas'd to undertake my Daughter's Quarrel, and either by Mediation, or by force of Arms procure the Reparation of her Honour; in regard, that as it is the general Diſcourſe in theſe Parts, Heaven has ſent you into this World to revenge the Injuries done the innocent, and to ſuccour the diſtreſſed; be pleas'd to caſt your compaſſionate Eyes upon the Orphan State of my Daughter, upon her Youth, her Gentility, and all her other amiable Endowments; for upon my Honour, and upon my Conſcience, of all the Damſels that attend my Lady Dutcheſs, there is not one to compare with her: Nay, that ſame Mrs. *Malapert*, Madam *Tomboy*, that pretends to ſo much quaintneſs, and ſo much complaiſance above all the reſt, upon my faith is a meer Hoyden and a Dowdy to her. For do but conſider, Sir, and you will find, all is not Gold that gliſters; you will find, I ſay, that this Mrs. *Riggle-tail* is a Hoity-Toity, that has more of Vanity in her then Beauty; and has all the behaviour rather of a ranting Town-Crack, then of a Virgin fit to make a Wife of; not to tell ye that ſhe is now none of the ſoundeſt neither; for her Breath is ſo ſtrong, and ſuch a Hogo ſteams from her Armpits, that there is no ſtanding within a Coit's caſt of her; and altho my Lady Dutcheſs —— but I muſt ſay no more, becauſe, as they ſay, the Walls have Ears.

Prithee what was that you were going to ſay about Madam Dutcheſs, quo *Don Quixote*? I conjure ye by the firſt Pleaſures of your Nuptial Bed to tell me, dear Mrs. *Doroty*. O, Sir, quo Madam *Doroty*, that Charm has

forc'd

forc'd open my Lips —— Know then, Sir Knight, said she, as for that Beauty of Madam Dutchess, that same glistning Complexion that shines like the Blade of a new Sword; those Cheeks all Milk and Vermillion, and the air of her Gate while she treads, as if she disdain'd to touch the ground, and shews a Constitution as sane as Mother *Eve*'s; for all this, I say she may thank two Issues in both Arms, and two Blisters in her Legs, which she always keeps open to convey all the ill Humours out of her Body. Good God, what News you tell me, quo *Don Quixote*! can such a thing be possible? Is it possible that Madam Dutchess should have such Water-courses as those? In verity I should never ha' believ'd it, but from your Lips, tho all the *Franciscans* i' the Kingdom had sworn it: tho I am perswaded that those Fountains that have their Springs in such parts as those, must rather flow with liquid Amber, then such Humours as you speak of; but for all this I can never be perswaded, but that these sort of Issues are pernicious to Health.

Don Quixote had no sooner said those words, but of a sudden the Chamber-door flew open with such a Thunder-clap, that Madam *Doroty*, being seiz'd with a pannick Fear, let fall her Candle; and while they were thus all in the dark, Mrs. *Doroty* felt some body squeeze her Wind-pipe so hard, that she could scarcely take her Breath; and after another had pull'd up all her Coats, a third lay'd on so unmercifully upon her bare Buttocks as if she had renounc'd Compassion. As for *Don Quixote*, as charitable as he pretended to be, he never stirr'd from the Bed, but there lay pondring what the meaning of this Combustion should be, fearing also at the same time the Tempest that pour'd upon Mrs. *Doroty*'s Posteriors; nor were his Fears without good ground. For after the invisible Fantomes had tir'd themselves in blistering Mrs. *Governante*'s blind Cheeks, who durst not cry out for her Ears, they off with *Don Quixote*'s Coverlet, and fell a pinching and pulling him by the Nose so fast, and so cruelly, that he could not forbear imploying his Fists, *se defendendo*, till at length after the Combat had lasted almost half an hour, and that with an extraordinary silence, the Fantomes disappear'd. And then it was that Mrs. *Doroty* got up agen upon her Legs, and dolefully bewailing her misfortune, departed the Room without speaking a word to *Don Quixote*. As for the Knight, he still kept himself upon his Bed, pensive and melancholy, and so tir'd, that he was hardly able to stir his Bones; yet eagerly thirsting to know who this *Necromancer* should be, that had put him into such a Condition. But we shall hear more of that another time; now let us return to see what becomes of our noble Governour, as the order of our History requires.

CHAP. XVI.

What befel Sancho *in his Progress round the Island.*

WE left our noble Governour most highly incens'd, as you know, against that same Impostor of a Countryman, who according to the Instructions he had receiv'd, had put that ungracious Trick upon him, which you have heard related. Yet as thick Scull'd as he was, he made a shift to make his party good with 'em all; nor did he seem much to regard what they did; but turning himself to those that were in the Chamber, among whom

whom was *Monſieur Puncinello*; By what has happen'd, ſaid he, I underſtand now that Governours and Judges ought to be made of Braſs to reſiſt the Importunities of thoſe that pretend Buſineſs, who come at all Hours, and at all Seaſons for Audience and Diſpatch, conſidering no body's Intereſt but their own. And let what will come of the reſt, provided they have their Deſires, they care not a Straw. On the other ſide, if a poor Judge do not hear 'em preſently, or diſpatch 'em with Expedition, either becauſe he is at Dinner, or perhaps at mine Unkle's Houſe, or other ways buſie, they preſently give him their Benedictions backward, and curſe him and all his Generation. But wi' your leave, good *Mr. Impertinent*, kind *Mr. To-and-agen*, you are too haſty, pray be not ſo urgent, but obſerve your Meaſures as ye ought to do. There is a time for buſineſs, and yet neither when a man is at Dinner, nor aſleep. We are Fleſh and Blood as well as other People; and we muſt allow to Nature as well as others, what Nature requires. Tho for my own part, I think I have not over pamper'd my own Nature, thanks be to God, and my Friend Dr. *Puncinello* of *Ditto* in *Pomerania* yonder. He would fain ſtarve me, and then ſwears 'tis for my Health; God ſend him the ſame Sauce, and all ſuch Doctors as he is.

All that knew *Sancho* wonder'd to hear him talk ſo rationally, and began to think that places of Honour and Profit infus'd Underſtanding and Parts into ſome, as they ſtupify'd and confounded other Men. However, Dr. *Puncinello* to regain his Favour, promis'd him he ſhould ſup that Night to his Heart's content, tho he ſinn'd againſt all the Aphoriſms of *Hipocrates*, which begat a perfect Reconciliation between him and *Sancho*.

The Evening being now come, which in *Sancho*'s Opinion had been ſo long a coming, that he thought Time's Wings had been clipp'd, they ſerv'd him up a Giggot of Veal, with half a dozen St. *Omers* Onions handſomly peel'd, and two Calves Feet of a more then ordinary ſize. The well-minded Governour beheld his Commons with a ſmerking Eye, and fell on with ſuch a vigorous Appetite, as if they had been the choiceſt Dainties at a City Feaſt: and after he had pretty well allay'd the Paſſion of his Stomach, turning to Dr. *Puncinello*, You ſee now, Mr. *Doctor*, you need not torment your Brains to ſeek for Dainties and Curioſities to pleaſe my Appetite, for that would be to unhinge my Stomach that has been accuſtom'd to other Diet; that can very well bear with Beef, Bacon, Turneps, and Onions; or if by chance you tempt it with more courtly Diſhes, may ſometimes perhaps entertain 'em with a *Guſto*, but at other times loath the very ſcent of their ſpicy *Hogo's*. Not but that if the Maſter of the Houſe take a fancy ſometimes to change his Bills of Fare, he may ſet before me one of thoſe *Olla Podrida's*, as they call 'em, which the more tainted, the better they are; and there he may make a Jumblement of *all to mall*, of whatever he thinks convenient, provided the Ingredients be eatable; I ſhall take it kindly, and pay him for it at one time or other. But let no body think to play the fool with me, for either we are or we are not: come, come, let us eat and drink quietly and ſociably together; for when God ſent his light, he ſent it to all Mankind; as for my own part, I ſhall endeavour to govern this Iſland without doing wrong to the leaſt Worm that crawls in it, and without taking a hair from any Man's head. On the other ſide, I do not intend to loſe any thing of my own Right, for we muſt all live i' this World. Only let us have our Brains about us, and every man look to his own buſineſs, or elſe the Devil will be among the Cows; they that anger me a' my word will find me a croſs Piece; they that won't believe it, let 'em try, and they ſhall find what Mettle I am made of.

Sir, quo the Master of the House, your Worship speaks like an Oracle, and I will undertake for all the Inhabitants of this Island, that they shall punctually obey and observe your Commands, with Love and Respect. I am apt to believe it, reply'd *Sancho*, and they would be a company of Fools if they should do otherwise: and so give me leave to tell ye, 'tis my pleasure, you take care of me and my Grizzle, that we may have our Food in due season: that done, I hope we shall live merrily and happily together. In the mean time pray tell me when it will be proper for me to walk my Rounds, for I am resolv'd to purge the Island of all Vagabonds and idle Persons. For you know, my good Friends, that your sloathful, lazy Lusks and Street-walkers, are like your Drones among Bees, that waste and consume what the other had painfully gather'd together. I am for protecting the industrious and the laborious among the meaner sort, and for preserving the Priviledges of the Nobility; but above all things to be tender of the publick Religion, and careful that the zealous Ministers of the Church be not injur'd of their Rights. What say ye, my good Friends, do I say well or ill?

You speak so piously, and so nobly, my Lord Governour, reply'd the Steward, that I am altogether astonish'd, I profess, to hear that a man so illiterate, for I believe you never made it your business to study, should utter such uncontroulable Truths, and in every word a Sentence; And I dare say, far from what they who sent you hither, and they who are here present ever expected from your mean Capacity; which makes me believe Miracles are not yet ceas'd.

The Governour had no sooner supp'd with *Puncinello*'s leave, but he prepar'd to walk his Round, and presently set forward, attended by the Steward, the Secretary, the Master of the House, the Register, who recorded all his Acts, several Halbardiers and others, enow to make a good Guard, while he himself march'd in the middle with his Staff of Authority in his Hand. But hardly had they walk'd above two Streets before they heard the clashing of Swords, which made 'em hast'n to the noise. When they came to the place, they saw two men a fighting, who gave over, perceiving so much Company; at what time one of the two cry'd out, What a' God's Name, cannot a Man pass quietly along, but he must be robb'd i' the middle of the Street? Hold Friend, come hither, quo *Sancho*, and let me know the occasion of this Quarrel, for I am now Governour. An't please ye my Lord Governour, I'le tell ye in two words. This Gentleman, my Lord, has been at play in a gaming Academy hard by, and has won above fifty broad Pieces; I stood by all the while, and God knows how many false Casts I judg'd for him, quite against my Conscience. At length when he had won all the Man's Money, he went away with his Winnings: and when I expected he would ha' given me a Peece or two (as it is a Claim among us *Bully-rocks* from Gentlemen that win for wishing well o' their sides, and preventing the Box and Dice from flying about their Ears, as many times they do in such Places) nevertheless he took no notice of my Kindness, but like an ungrateful Hedghog as he was, went away without giving me a Cross. Thereupon I ran after him, and very civilly desir'd him to consider that I was his Friend, that he knew me to be a Gentleman, tho run to decay, and without Imployment, and therefore to give me two or three Peeces to drink for his sake; but he was still at his old lock, not a Doit for all my Kindness. And now, my Lord, I'le refer it to your Lordship, whether this Mr. Pinch-penny have dealt by me like one that had ever been born with a Conscience? But y' faith, had not your Lordship come just i' the nick,

nick, I had torn it out of his Throat, and taught him to put the Dice upon a Man of Honour.

What say you to this, cry'd *Sancho*, to the t'other? who made answer, that all that his Adversary had said was very true, only thus far, that he had proffer'd him four Crown-pieces and he would not take 'em; besides, that he was a Common Mumper at Ordinaries, and that he had frequently given him Money. And then agen, said he, methinks my Lord that beggers should not be choosers, but be thankful for what is given 'em, without haggling with those that have won, unless they have been privy to the Cheat; now to shew that I am no *Topper* nor *Pauner*, no *Low or High-fullum* Man, needs no other proof then my refusal to give him any thing; for your common Cheats are always tributary to these Bully-Rocks who know the Cheat and connive at it.

That's very true, reply'd the Steward; and therefore what's your Excellencies Pleasure shall be done with these two Men? Why then, quo *Sancho*, I know nothing more to be done then this: You that are the winner, whether by fair or foul play, that's no matter, give your Adversary five Pieces, and Thirty more to the Poor Prisners: And you Mr. *Bully-Rock*, that have neither Office nor Benefice, nor any Employment, but go sharking up and down from Place to Place, take your five Pieces, and to morrow Morning depart this Island, and come no more here in ten Years, unless you are weary of your Life before. For by the Life of *Pharaoh*, if I catch thee here agen, I will hang thee up i' the Sun, were there no more Men Living, or the Hangman shall do it for me.

Accordingly this Sentence was put in Execution, and then *Sancho*, continuing his discourse, either I'le want of my will, said he, or I'le send all these Gaming-Ordinaries to the Devil; for it shall nere be said that ever I permitted any disorderly Houses while I was a Governour. As for this same Academy, Sir, said the Register, it will be a hard matter to suppress it; for he is a Person of great Quality keeps it, tho it is certain he loses much more in a Year then he gets. But, an't like your Lordship, you may exercise your Authority over a number of other meaner Tippling Houses, that are open to all Comers and Goers, where there are a thousand Merchants and Citizens Prentices undone, and where numbers of Silk-Throwsters, Joyners, Shoemakers and Journy-men Printers, sit carding and dicing all Night long, while their Wives and Children want Bread at Home, and at length are stript to their Naked Skins themselves; for your Cheats and Bullies never dare to practice their *Leigerdumain* where Persons of Quality haunt, but in such Sinks of Iniquity as these. These are Disorders indeed, reply'd *Sancho*, that cry loud for Reformation; nor shall they scape our Consideration so soon as we have leisure.

Immediately after this, a Watchman came hawling a Young Man along, and bringing him before the Governour; My Lord, said he, this young Slip-string was coming this way, but perceiving it was the *Round*, the Rogue rubb'd off, and fell a running as fast as his Legs could carry him; a certain sign of his being no better then he should be; which made me run after him, tho had he not fallen, I had never overtaken him. What made you run so fast, honest friend, quo *Sancho*. Sir, quo the young Man, because I had no mind to be Catechiz'd by the Constable—— What Trade are yee, Sirrah? A Weaver— and what d' yee Weave? Steel Heads for Lances, an't like your Worship: Cuds niggers Daggers, quo *Sancho*, a very pleasant Strippling, I am very glad to find yee so merry. Pray whether are you Scaperloytring at this time a night? To take the Air, an't please yee—

yee—— And where do they take the Air i' this Iſland. Where it blows— Very well anſwer'd, quo *Sancho*, of a young Crackrope, a my word, I find you ha' been well bred. But now Mr. *Nimble Chaps*, ſuppoſe I ſhould be the Wind that ſhould blow i' your Tail, and ſend yee to *Bridewell*? Here— Officer, take him and carry him away; he may chance to catch cold by lying abroad all Night. Gad, Mr. Governour, you can as ſoon make me a Duke as ſend me to *Bridewell*. Why yee Inſolent Varlet, is't not in my power to ſend thee to *Bridewell*, and ſend for thee out agen, as I pleaſe my ſelf? I' good faith, Sir, had yee a hunder'd times more authority then you have, you ſhan't make me ſleep in *Bridewell*. How, quo *Sancho*! does the raskal mock me? Drag him away preſently to the Jail, and let him ſee with his own Eyes whoſe Maſter he or I. You are pleas'd to make your ſelf Merry, reply'd young *Graceleſs*, for I defie all the Men i' the World to make me ſleep this Night in Priſon, tho they flea me alive. What art the Devil, quo *Sancho*, in a Paſſion, or haſt thou any Familiar that will take off thy Irons and open the Priſon Locks? Why look yee, Sir, worthy Mr. Governour, let us talk reaſon and come to the point; ſuppoſe your Worſhip ſhould ſend me to Priſon, lay me i' the Dungeon and load me with Irons, and ſet a Guard upon me beſides; yet if I have a mind to keep my ſelf waking all Night, 'tis not you nor all the Power you have can make me ſleep. That's very true, quo the Secretary, an't like your Lordſhip, the young Fellow talks Sence. However I hope it is not in oppoſition to my Will that you keep your ſelf awake, quo *Sancho*, but only as a Man may chooſe to ſleep if he will himſelf. I never meant no otherwiſe an't like your Worſhip, quo the Boy. Why then prithee get thee home and ſleep, and God ſend thee good Reſt, but have a care another time of ſporting with Juſtice, for a my word you may meet with a Company of Peeviſh Cupſhotten Conſtables that will not take half what I ha' done at your hands.

By and by, by that time *Sancho* was got a little farther, came two more Watchmen bringing along with 'em another young Youth, very handſome and very well apparell'd. Sir, ſaid one of the Watchmen, we have brought before yee here a Damſel in diſguiſe. Thereupon they view'd her by the light of their Lanthorns, and found her to be a young Virgin about ſixteen years of Age. She had her Hair put up in a Net-work Cawle of Gold and Green Silk, and appear'd very amiable. They ſurvey'd her from Head to Foot, and found her to be clad in Cap of Tiſſue upon a Green Ground, with a Coat of the ſame Stuff; under which ſhe wore a Doublet of Cloth of Gold upon a White Ground: Her Breeches were of Carnation Silk; and her Garters of White Taffaty, Fring'd with Gold and Pearls; and her Shoes were of white Leather made like Mens: ſhe had no Sword, but only a rich Dagger, and ſeveral Rings of value upon her Fingers. In a word, ſhe ſeem'd Lovely to all that beheld her, but there was no body that knew her. The Inhabitants of the Iſland could not imagin who ſhe was; and they that were Privy to all the Tricks that were to be put upon *Sancho*, were more confounded then any of the reſt, as knowing nothing of this Adventure, and were therefore in great expectation of the Event. *Sancho* ſurpriz'd at the Beauty of the Virgin, upon whom he kept his Eyes fix'd all the while, ask'd her who ſhe was, whither ſhe was going, and why ſhe had put her ſelf into ſuch a Diſguiſe? To whom the Virgin, fixing her Eyes upon the Ground with a modeſt Baſhfulneſs, made anſwer, That the ſecret which concern'd her was of great Importance, but that ſhe was aſham'd to diſcover it before ſo many People. Only, ſaid ſhe, I do aſſure your Lordſhip that I am no Bulker nor Houſe-breaker,

nor

nor have any evil designs, but an unfortunate Damsel, whom Jealousie has constrain'd to break the Laws of Modesty and Maiden Decency. Which when the Steward heard, My Lord Governour, quo he, to *Sancho*, command your Retinue to retire, to the end the Lady may more freely speak her Mind. Thereupon all the Company remov'd at a distance, except the Steward, the Master of the House; and the Secretary, at what time the Damsel thus proceeded.

I am the Daughter of *Pedro Perez Mazorca*, Farmer of the Customs of Wooll in this City, who frequently comes to my Fathers House. How! Madam, quo the Steward, you contradict your self in every thing you say. I know Seniour *Perez* very well, and I am certain he has no Children at all. Besides, that after you had told us you were his Daughter, you said with the same Breath, that he frequently came to your Fathers House, which is Nonsence. I observ'd the very same mistake, quo *Sancho*. I beg your pardon, Gentlemen, I am so troubl'd in mind, that I know not what I say. But the Truth is, I am the Daughter of *Diego de Lana*, otherwise Mr. *James Woollman*, a Person known to all your Worships. I know Seniour *Diego de Lana* very well: I know him also to be a good Gentleman and very Rich, and that he has a Son and a Daughter. But since he happen'd to be a Widower, there is no Person in this City that can say they ever saw his Daughter, he keeps her so charily lockt up; tho indeed the general Report is, that she is extreamly Beautiful. You say very true, Sir, reply'd the Damsel, I am that very Daughter of my Father; and whether Report have bely'd me or no, you are now the Judges who have seen me. And having so said, the Poor young Lady fell a weeping like a Tipsie Nurse over Burnt Claret. *Sancho* condol'd her the best he could, and desir'd her not to be afraid, but to discover her Misfortunes to her Friends, who would not be wanting in any thing that might procure her satisfaction.

Then the Damsel proceeding; It is now Ten years ago since my Mother dy'd, and that my Father has kept me his Prisoner, not suffering me so much as to stir, tho hooded mask'd and scarf'd, to Morning Prayers. During which time I never saw any Man breathing but my Father, my Brother, and that *Pedro* whom I call'd Father, that I might conceal my true Parents Name. This same strict retirement, and severe Injunction upon me not to stir abroad, griev'd me to the highest degree, and made me stark madd to see the World, or at least the Place of my Nativity, which I thought no unlawful desire. When I heard 'em talk of Masques, and Shows, and Plays, I ask'd my Brother, who was a year younger then my self, what they meant? who told me as well as he could, and that set me agog to be gadding. In short, I desir'd my Brother, I wish to God I had never made him the Request——— And here she began again to moisten her Cheeks, at that rate, that she drew Compassion from all that beheld her. Come, come, Madam, quo the Steward, there's no such harme done yet—— pray go on, and relye for once upon the Governours Generosity. I have little more to say, reply'd the Damsel, but I have great reason to bewail my Imprudence and Curiosity.

The Master of the House who was smitten of a sudden with her Beauty, survey'd and view'd her, and look'd upon her not with Eyes of indifferency, but with earnest wishes to Heaven, that the cause of her Grief might not prove to be so great as she seem'd to testifie by her Sighs and Tears. On the other side the Governour was madd in his Mind, to find her hang so long upon her Story, and therefore desir'd her to make haste, and consider his time. Whereupon the Distressed Damsel, with languish-

ing

ing utterance intermix'd with Tears and Sighs, continuing her Relation, I desir'd my Brother, said she, to lend me his Cloaths, and that we might take a walk together about the City, while my Father was asleep. And such was my importunity, that my Brother lent me his Cloaths, and he took mine, which fit him to a Hair, so that you would take him for one of the prettiest Moppets about the Town. 'Tis not above an Hour since we left the House, but after we had walk'd about and seen as much as we could, as we were returning home, we heard a great number of People trampling i' the Street; whereupon, said my Brother, This is certainly the Watch; follow me and let us make our escape as fast as we can, for if it should chance to be the Constable of *Bow*, he'll send us to the Counter as sure as a Gun. Thereupon he fell a running so fast, that they cry'd out, stop Thief; I fell a running too, but alack a-day, I was so frighted that I fell down in the middle of my Flight. And at the same time the Watchman overtook me that brought me hither, to my shame and utter disgrace, among so many People. And has nothing else befallen yee but this, quo *Sancho*? If I mistake not, you talk'd at first of certain Jealousies that had constrain'd yee to break your Chains. Nothing else indeed, an't please your Worship, has befallen me but what I tell yee, quo the Damsel, nor did I venture out with any other design then only to see the Streets of the City, which I had never seen before i' my Life. All which was afterwards confirm'd by her Brother, whom the Watchmen brought as soon as they could overtake him. He was clad in Womans Apparel, a Simar, and over that a Blew Damask Mantle, with a Gold Fringe. However he had nothing about his Head, but his own Hair that hung down, Flaxen white and naturally curling: So that he appear'd no less beautiful then his Sister had bespake him.

Thereupon the Governour, the Steward, and the Master of the House took him aside, and after they had examin'd him apart, what he did in that disguise, he gave the same answer as his Sister had done, and with the same native Modesty and Simplicity; which infinitely satisfy'd the Master of the House, who was extreamly concern'd for the young Damsel.

All in good time, quo *Sancho* to the young Man and his Sister, Here's a little piece of Youthful Extravagance—— what need all these Tears and bitter Lamentation to relate a Childish piece of Folly? Could not you have said we were such and such Persons, and that we have a mind to play the Night-walkers for an Hour or two, not out of any Evil design, but only out of a Frolick to satisfie a little Curiosity! Alas, Sir, quo the young Damsel, I was frighted an please your Worship; and in that Condition I was in, I thought 'twere the least I could do to cry as all Children cry when they think they shall be whipt. Go too, quo *Sancho*, there's no harme done, go along with us and we'll return yee to your Fathers House; perhaps you may not yet be miss'd. But the next time have a care of being so desirous to see Fashions; a young Virgin ought to have one Leg broken. A Hen and a Woman lose themselves by gadding; and that Woman that longs to see, longs also to be seen.

The young Lad return'd the Governour thanks for his Civility and his good advice; and so *Don Sancho* marching forward brought the two Night-walkers home; where the young Lad throwing a Stone against the Window, was presently heard and let in by a Servant that staid up on purpose. After which *Don Sancho* continu'd his Rounds, talking all the way he went of the Genteel Carriage of the Brother and the Sister, and the great desire those poor Children had to see Fashions i' the Night. In the mean time

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the Master of the House was so charm'd with the Beauty of the young Damsel, that he resolv'd to go the next day and demand her of her Father in Marriage, believing he could not have a denial, as being one of the Dukes Principal Domestick Servants. On the other side *Sancho* had a design to treat with *Don Diego* for a Match between *Sancha* and the young Damsels Brother, believing no Husband could think himself too good for a Governours Daughter. But *Sancho* having thus gone his Rounds, and losing his Government within two days, all his Designs and Contrivances were overturn'd and came to nothing.

CHAP. XVII.

Who they were that whipp'd Madam Doroty *and claw'd* Don Quixote; *with the Success of the Page that carry'd* Sancho's *Letter to his Wife.*

TO clear this Mystery, you must understand, that when Mrs. *Doroty* rose out of her Bed to visit *Don Quixote*, one of her Companions that lay next her, heard her make a bustle; and as all your *Governantes* are violently inquisitive, and eagerly desirous to prye into every thing, this same Mrs. Busie-body follow'd her softly and close at her Heels, and seeing her enter into the Knights Apartment, according to the Custom of *Governantes*, that love to carry News, away she flew to tell the Dutchess that Mrs. *Doroty* was gone to *Don Quixot's* Chamber. Presently the Dutchess told the Duke, and begg'd of him that she and her Woman Mrs. *Riggle-tail* might go and listen; for she was with Child to hear the issue of such a Night Visit. To that end they made haste you may be sure; and such was the spite which the Devil ow'd Mrs. *Doroty*, that she talk'd so loud that the Dutchess and Mrs. *Riggle-tail* heard every word they said: So that when Mrs. *Doroty* came to make that Fatal Discovery of the Dutchess's Issues, and Mrs. *Riggle-tailes* stinking Breath, 'Slife, the *Protector* might as well have held in his *Coach Horses*, as ha' prevented the enrag'd Females from thundring open the Door, and revenging themselves as they did both upon Mrs. *Doroty* and her Champion. Where after they had satisfy'd their unruly Passions, away went the Dutchess to give the Duke an Accompt of so memorable a Transaction, and after they had tir'd their Spleens with laughter at what was past, they were all for new Plots and Contrivances to make themselves merry with the Poor Adventurer.

At the same time, a Page was dispatch'd away to *Teresa Pancha*, *Sancho's* Wife, with a Letter from her Husband and another from the Dutchess, and a Necklace of Coral, of which the Dutchess made the good Woman a Present. To this purpose they made choice of the same Lacquey, as the Story says, that had acted *Dulcinea* in the Inchanted Chariot. Who departed without delay with his Lesson by heart, for he was a well tutor'd Page, a Pickl'd Youth that could mark his Cards, and carry'd his own Dice in his Pocket.

When he came neer the Village, he ask'd certain Women that were washing at the Brook, whether they knew a Woman that liv'd in the Town, whose Name was Mrs. *Teresa Pancha*, Wife to one *Sancho Pancha*, Squire to a certain Knight call'd *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. The Lad had no sooner ask'd the Question, but a young Girle that was rincing among the

the reſt, looking up and ſtaring the Boy i' the Face, Yes Sir, ſaid ſhe, *Tereſa Pancha* is my Mother, and that ſame Gaffer *Sancho* is my Father, and the Knight you ſpeak of is our Maſter. Very good, quo the Page, prithee go along with me, my pretty Sweet-heart, and bring me to her, for I have a Letter and a Token here to deliver her from your Father. With that the Girl throwing aſide her Clouts, and leaving her Shoes behind her for haſte, run before the Pages Horſe like a Gypſie upon the Road, and ever and anon looking back, Come, Sir, quo ſhe, come along, our houſe is hard by, and my Mother's at home, but full of Sorrow, God knows, to think what was become of my Father. Well— well—, quo the Page, I bring thoſe Tidings that will chear her Heart, I warrant her. And now being come to the Houſe, before ſhe open'd the Gate next the Common, Mother, Mother, cry'd the young Girl with a ſhrill Voice, come out Mother, here's a Mon has brought Letters and fine Things from my Vather. Preſently Miſtreſs *Tereſa* came forth with her Reel and her Spindle in a red Petticoat ſo ſhort, that it hardly reach'd to the Calves of her Legs, and her Waſtcoat hanging looſe about her Hips, diſcover'd her Smock that was none of the cleaneſt. Take her otherwiſe ſhe was 'bout forty, ſtrong dockt, active, and of a good jolly Humour.

What's the matter, Girl, quo ſhe, to her Daughter, what Gentleman is that? An humble Servant of yours, Madam *Tereſa*, quo the Page; and at the ſame time alighting and falling upon one Knee before Madam *Tereſa*; Permit me the Honour to kiſs your fair Hand, thrice honour'd Lady, quo he, as the only legitimate Wife of my Lord D. *Sancho Pancha*, Governour of the *Iſland* of *Barattaria*. God's my life, what's all this for, quo *Tereſa*? I beſeech ye riſe, Sir, I am no Lady, but a poor Country Dowdy, the Daughter of a Logg-cleaver, the Wife indeed of a *Squire-Errant*, but no Governour, I beſeech ye. Your Ladyſhip, reply'd the Page, is the deſerving Wife of a moſt worthy Governour; and for Proof of what I ſay, pray Madam be pleas'd to read this Letter, and receive this Preſent. And at the ſame time he deliver'd her the Letter and the Coral-Bracelet, the Beads of which were ſet in Gold: Telling her withal, that the Letter was from his Honour the Governour, but that the Preſent was from her *Grace* the Lady Dutcheſs.

Never was *Tereſa* ſo ſurpriz'd, nor her Daughter ſo over-joy'd. I'le lay my Virginity to a *Harry* Groat, quo the young Titmouſe, my Maſter *Don Quixote* hath given my Father the Iſland which I have heard him ſo much talk of. You ſay very true, pretty Miſs, quo the Page, for it is for the ſake of my Lord *Don Quixote* that the honourable *Don Sancho* is now Governour of *Barattaria*. Read me the Letter then, I pray, young Gentleman; for tho che con ſpin, che connot read Letters: By my Truly nor I neither, quo young *Sancha*. But I'le run and vetch our Curate, he con read I'm zure on't, and he'll be glad to hear the good News. 'Tis no matter for troubling any body, quo the Page; for tho I can't ſpin, I can read and write too, God be thanked. And ſo ſaying, he read the ſame that *Sancho* ſhew'd the Dutcheſs, which therefore we thought not fit to repeat any more. And having ſo done, he pull'd out the Dutcheſs's Letter to *Tereſa*, where he read as follows.

Friend Tereſa,

YOur *Husband* Sancho's *rare Endowments and his pregnant Wit oblig'd me to deſire the Duke to beſtow upon him a vacant Government of one of his Iſlands: Where I underſtand he ſo behaves himſelf, as if he had been a Gover-*

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nour from his Cradle. For which I am as glad as if any man had given me forty good Shillings; and my Lord Duke is ſo pleas'd with his Choice, that he ſwears he'll not change him for all the Governours he has. For you muſt know, Tereſa, *'tis a difficult thing to meet with a good Governour in this World. I have ſent thee, my deareſt Delight, a Neck-lace of Coral; I could wiſh they were every one Oriental Pearls, for thy ſake; but ſhe that gives thee Fire, does not deſire to ſee thee dead: The time will come when we ſhall be better acquainted. Commend me to little* Sancha *thy Daughter, and bid her not be too haſty, for I intend to marry her to a great Lord that I have i' my Eye, when ſhe leaſt dreams of it. They ſay you have in your Parts a rare ſort of Acorns, pray ſend me about two dozen; I ſhall take it kindly, and endeavour to requite your Civility. In the mean time let me hear from you every Week, and if you ſtand in need of any thing wherein I can ſerve ye, 'tis but ask and have. Your Friend that loves you dearly,*

The Dutcheſs.

Heav'ns bleſs me, quo *Tereſa,* what a good Lady's this! how humble and familiar ſhe is? God ſend me to be bury'd with ſuch Ladies as theſe, and not with ſuch Madam *Squeamiſhes* as we have in our Village; who, becauſe they are Ladies, forſooth, think the Wind muſt not blow upon 'em; and come flaunting to Church i' their embroider'd Petticoats, as if they were Queens. They think it ſcorn to look upon a poor Chair-woman, and yet here's my Lady Dutcheſs that calls me her Friend, and writes to me as if I were her Companion. May Heaven advance her Grace, and ſend her to be as high as the higheſt Bell in *Mancha* Steeple. As for the Acorns ſhe ſends for, tell my Lady, I'le ſend her half a Buſhel, and pick 'em my ſelf. And now, *Sancha,* pull off the Gentleman's Boots, and take as much care of his Horſe, as thou wou'dſt of thy ſelf: Run to the Barn, and ſee for ſome Eggs; take down the Bacon, and get a good Fire; and let the young Gentleman eat like a Prince: Good News deſerves good Vittles at any time. I' the mean while I muſt among my Neighbours, I can't hold; 'tis in, and it muſt out. The *Curate* and the *Barber* are thy Father's Friends, and when I ha' told 'em the News, my Heart will be at reſt. I dare ſay, 'twill be twonty Pence to night in poor Mr. *Nichlas*'s way. Ay, do Mother do, quo *Sancha*; but as ſhe was going, ſtay Mother, quo ſhe, ſhan't I have half of the Neck lace? For I don't take my Lady Dutcheſs to be ſo ill bred as to ſend it all to you. No, no, Chicken, 'tis all thine own; but let me wear it, and look like a Lady for two or three days, thou canſt not think how it rejoyces my Heart. You will rejoyce more by and by, quo the Page, when you ſee what I ha' got in my Portmantle, a new green Sute which the Governour wore a hunting but one day, and has here ſent it his Daughter pretty Miſtreſs *Sancha.* Now the Lord love my good Father, cry'd little *Sancha,* and the fine Gentleman that brought me the Preſent.

Preſently *Tereſa* ſcuttl'd away with the Neck lace about her Neck, and the Letters in her Hand, and meeting the *Curate* and the Student *Carraſco* by chance, ſhe fell a friſking and jogging her Tail like a Milk-maid upon a *May-day.* I' faith now the time's come, quo ſhe, that no body ſhall twit us with our poor Kindred —— for we have our ſhare i' the World as well as other People —— And now let the beſt Lady i' the Town fling up her Noſe at me, and I'le fling up my Noſe at her agen — I'le make 'em know their diſtance — How now, *Tereſa,* quo the *Curate,* has *Midſummer* Moon infected thy Noddle too? What Extaſie's this? What Papers are thoſe? —— No, no, Mr. *Curate,* quo *Tereſa,* the Caſe is alter'd, quo *Plowden*; theſe

are the Governour's and the Dutcheſs's Letters; this is my Coral Neck-lace, and here's Mrs. Governeſs. Why theſe are all Riddles to us, quo the Student *Carraſco*. They will be eaſily unfolded by and by, quo *Tereſa*; but firſt read theſe Letters. Thereupon the *Curate* having read the Epiſtles with an audible Voice, both *Samſon* and he were more in a Miſt then before. *Carraſco* ask'd her who brought the Letters? Come home and ſee, quo *Tereſa*, the prettieſt young Smock-face that ever you ſaw. The *Curate* took the Neck-lace in his Hand, view'd it, and view'd it three or four times over, and finding it was a thing of Value, his Imagination was quite confounded. By the Habit I wear, quo the *Curate*, I cannot comprehend this Myſtery— yet the Preſent is worth accepting—— Nay, quo *Carraſco*, there's ſomething in't you may be ſure, and therefore lets go ſee the Meſſenger. Thereupon they went home with *Tereſa*, where they found the Page ſifting Oats for his Horſe, and young *Sancha* ſlivering the Gammon to make a Bacon Phraiſe. They lik'd the Page's Aſpect and his Habit, ſo that after the uſual Complements, *Carraſco* ask'd him what was become of *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*? telling him withal, That they could make neither Head nor Tail of the Letters they had read; nor could they imagin how *Sancho* ſhould come by a Government, eſpecially of an Iſland, well knowing that all the Iſlands thereabouts were the Kings. Gentlemen, reply'd the Page, there's nothing ſo true as that my Lord *Sancho* is a Governour, but whether of an Iſland, or a By-land, or a Dry-land, I cannot be ſo particular as to inform 'em. But this I am ſure of, he lords it over a City that has above a thouſand good Scot and Lot Men in it. And as for the Dutcheſs's ſending to a Country Gentlewoman for a few Acorns, that's no ſuch Wonder; I have ſeen her borrow a Comb of one of her Neighbours. For you muſt know, our Country Ladies never ſtand upon their Formalities and Punctilio's, like your City Dames, but as their Garb is plain, ſo is their Converſation eaſie and familiar.

While they were thus diſcourſing little *Sancha* came with her Eggs in her Petticoat, and at the ſame time turning to the Page, Pray Sir, quo ſhe, does my Father truſs up his Breeches with Hooks and Eyes now he's a Governour? I never obſerv'd it, quo the Page, but no queſtion, little Miſtreſs, 'tis juſt as you ſay—Good God! quo *Sancha*, what would I give to ſee my Father all of a piece, with his Breeches and Doublet tite about his Waſte—— I have always begg'd it in my Prayers, ever ſince I was an Infant. Never fear it; quo the Page, you will have him here ſhortly; and if his Government holds but two Months, you will ſee him ride in his Glaſs Sedan.

The *Curate* and the Student plainly perceiv'd that the Page did but laugh at the Mother and the Daughter; yet for all that, they could not tell what to think of the Neck-lace and the Hunting Sute, which by this time they had well conſider'd. And tho the Daughter had made 'em ſmile at her Simplicity already, the Mother made 'em ten times merrier; who after ſhe had fetch'd a frisk about the Room, quo ſhe to the *Curate*, Pray enquire whether any of our Neighbours are going to the City—— I'de have 'em to buy me a Manteau Gown i' the faſhion——— for I intend to honour my Husband's Government; and then I'le go to Court and ride i' my Coach, as all Governours Wives do; 'tis a ſilly Government won't maintain a Coach— O law Mother, quo *Sancha*, I would to God 'twere to night before to morrow— Perhaps they would cry when they ſaw me ſitting by my Lady Mother— Hoy-day! whoſe here? Marry-gap! What! the Hog-driver's Daughter! how ſhe flaunts it, and taunts it like a little Pope *Joan*! But what would I care; let 'em jeer and flout on, ſo I ride at my eaſe— Don't I ſpeak reaſon,

ſon, Mother? Yes by my Truly, Chicken, reply'd *Tereſa*: beſides thy Father has often told me, we ſhould one day ſee better times, and that Fortune would never forſake me till ſhe had made me a Counteſs: And now 'tis a coming to come. But there muſt be a beginning of all things, as thy Father was wont to ſay, who knows more Proverbs then a Doctor. *When they give thee a Cow, run and fetch a Halter; when they give thee a Government, take it; when they proffer thee an Earldom, embrace it. That which is good to give, is good to take. Cry Sus, Sus, and the Dog never refuſes to lap. When Fortune knocks be ſure to open the Door.* Let 'em talk on and cry, the Hare has pick'd up her Crums, I knew when her Belly was lanker. Ay, ay, Mother, let 'em jeer on a God's Name, provided my Belly be full; the old Woman that ſaw the Monkeys in good Cloaths, took 'em for the Gentleman's Children.

In truth, quo the *Curate*, hearing the Mother and the Daughter talk at that rate, I think the whole Race of the *Pancha's* came into the World with their Guts ſtuff'd with Proverbs; I never knew one of the Name, but threw out a dozen at a time. I think ſo too, quo the Page, for the Governour thunders 'em out by hook or by crook, nor is there any Man that makes the Duke and the Dutcheſs more merry. But Sir, quo *Carraſco* to the Page, pray tell us ſeriouſly, for our Underſtandings are ſo entangl'd, that we can find no way to untie the Knot; and therefore I ſay, pray tell us ſeriouſly what's the meaning of this Government *Sancho* has got, and who this Dutcheſs ſhould be that ſends theſe gay Preſents and Letters to a poor Corn-weeder; for we cannot otherwiſe but look upon 'em as the ſtrange Effects of ſome Enchantment that has happen'd to *Don Quixote*. For my part, Gentlemen, reply'd the Page, I can ſay no more, but that I was ſeriouſly, and in good earneſt ſent with theſe Letters and Preſents hither: That my Lord *Sancho Pancha* is actually a Governour, where he does Wonders; and that my Lord Duke beſtow'd the Government upon him. If there be any Enchantment in it, do you examine that: this is all I have to ſay. All this may be, reply'd *Carraſco*, but you will give me leave to ſay, St. *Auſtin may doubt*. For that you may do as you pleaſe, reply'd the Page, you are Maſter of your own Thoughts. But I tell ye the truth: Don't think I ſwim upon a Lye, like Oil upon Water— *Operibus credite, non verbis*— go along with me, and you ſhall ſee with your Eyes what your Ears will not believe.

Who I! quo *Sancha*, with all my Heart, take me but up behind ye, Sir—— I long to ſee my Father. No, Madam, Governours Daughters muſt not travel alone, but in their Coaches, or their Litters, and then well attended too. Law ye now, Sir, quo *Sancha*, I can ride a Horſe-back as well as in a Coach—— I am none o' your tender Dillings, not I by my Truly. Peace, Girl, peace, quo *Tereſa* to her Daughter, thou doſt not know what thou ſay'ſt, the Gentlemon is i' the right. There are Times and Times; when 'twas plain *Sancho*, 'twas plain *Sancha*; but now he's a Governour 'tis Madam *Sancha*, remember thy ſelf. Madam *Tereſa* ſpeaks truth, reply'd the Page. But now, ſaid he, give me a Mouth-ful to eat, that I may be gone; for I hope to be back this Evening. Preſently the *Curate* invited him to a ſhort Commons at his Houſe; for that Madam *Tereſa* was more willing then able to provide for a Perſon of his Quality. To which the Page conſented, as believing it would be much for the better; nor was the Parſon leſs glad of his Company, in hopes to underſtand the whole Truth concerning *Sancho* and *Don Quixote*. *Carraſco* proffer'd *Tereſa* to write her Anſwer, but ſhe knowing him to be a Droll, would not permit him to be of her Coun-

ſell. And ſo ſhe gave a Penny white-Loaf and two Eggs to a young Queriſter to be her Secretary, who wrote her two Letters, one to the Dutcheſs, the other to *Sancho*, perhaps not the worſt Pieces in this long Hiſtory.

CHAP. XVI.

Containing the Continuation of Sancho's *Government.*

THE Maſter of the Houſe, as we ſaid before, was ſo deeply in love with *Diego de Lana*'s Daughter, that he could take no reſt all that Night, his Thoughts were ſo taken up in muſing and pondering on the bewitching Beauty of that young Lady. On the other ſide, the Steward ſpent his time in writing to the Duke *D. Sancho*'s admirable Sentences, and wonderfull Actions, of which he admir'd the ſtrange and unexpected intermixture. In the Morning the Governour roſe, and by that time he was ready, they brought him, by Dr. *Puncinello*'s Order, a ſmall Plate of Preſerves, and a Glaſs of fair Water, which he would have exchang'd with all his Heart for a cut round a Peck-brown-Loaf, and half a Frail of blew Reaſons. However, being oblig'd to *Hobſon*'s Choice, he ſeem'd to be content. The Doctor told him, 'twas highly expedient for thoſe that were in great Employments to eat but little, and that which was dainty, and eaſie of Digeſtion; for that ſuch a ſort of Diet only reviv'd the Spirits and quicken'd the Wit. Arguments that only ſerv'd to famiſh *Sancho*, who as hungry as a Kite, and curs'd in his Heart both the Government and him that had giv'n it him. However, he fail'd not to give Audience that day; and the firſt that came was a Stranger, who propos'd this Queſtion.

Sir, ſaid he, not far off there is a great River which parts the Lands of the ſame Lord. I beg your Honour to hear me with Attention, for 'tis a matter of great weight and difficulty. Upon this River there is a Bridge, at one end of which there ſtands a Gibbet, and not far from thence a little Houſe, where four Judges are appointed to ſit for the Execution of a certain Law, which is peculiar to the Lord of the Soil, and runs thus:

He that intends to paſs this Bridge from one end to the other, muſt upon his Oath declare from whence he came, and whither he goes. If he ſwear truth, he ſhall paſs freely without Interruption; but if he ſwear falſe, he ſhall be hang'd forthwith, without mercy upon this Gibbet.

Now this Law being known over all the Kingdom, whoever they are that paſs this Bridge, they are examin'd, and if they ſwear true, there's nothing more ſaid to 'em. It happen'd one day that a certain Paſſenger after he had taken his Oath, upon his Examination made anſwer, That he parted from ſuch a place, and that he was come to die upon that Gallows. Thereupon the Judges laying their Heads together, quo they, if we let this Man paſs, he ſwears a falſe Oath, and according to the Law he muſt die; if we hang him, he ſwears Truth, and then by the ſame Law we muſt let him paſs. Now I humbly beg your Opinion, my Lord, what the Judges ought to do with this Man i' this Caſe? For they are at a *Non-plus* at preſent, not knowing what to determine; but underſtanding by common Fame your great Abilities in reſolving difficult Queſtions, they ſent me hither to crave your Judgment in ſuch a knotty Point.

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To tell you truth, reply'd *Sancho*, the Judges that ſent you hither, might as well have ſpar'd you the Labour: For I am not ſo cunning as they take me to be; many times a Man that outwardly ſeems a Man, may be a Beaſt withinſide. However let me hear your Queſtion once more, and I'le endeavour to underſtand it, perhaps I may at length hit the Nail i' the Head. Thereupon the Stranger propounded the Queſtion agen. To whom, when he had done, *Sancho* having paws'd a while, This Queſtion in my opinion may be eaſily anſwer'd in two Words, as thus: You ſay, the Man ſwore he came to dye upon the Gibbet: If he dyes, he ſwears true, now if he ſwears true, the Law muſt let him paſs; and if they do not hang him, he ſwears falſe, and therefore he ought to be hang'd: is this true? You take it right, my Lord, reply'd the Stranger. Why then, quo *Sancho*, let 'em paſs that part of the Man that ſwore true, and hang the other part of the Man that ſwore falſe; and ſo the Law will be fully ſatisfy'd.

But then my Lord, quo the Sranger, the Man muſt be divided into two halves; which not being to be done without killing him, the Queſtion remains ſtill undecided.

Hark yee me, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, This ſame Stranger you talk of, either I am a Faggot Stick, or there is as much reaſon to diſcharge him as to put him to death; for if the Lye condemn him, the Truth ſaves him; and therefore I would have yee tell the Judges, that ſent yee, ſince there is as much reaſon to abſolve as to condemn him, that they let him go. For where the Ballance is even between Mercy and Rigour, the mild Judg is to be preferred before the ſevere and cruel. And this is that which I would give yee under my Hand, if I knew how to write: Nor do I ſpeak this of my own Head, but I remember it as being a particular Precept, which my Lord *Don Quixote* gave me among others, the night before I came to govern this Iſland; and this occaſion has brought it to my Remembrance. Sir, ſaid the Steward, your Sentence is ſo juſt and equitable, that *Lycurgus* himſelf, who gave Laws to the *Lacedemonians*, could never have given a better then the great *Sancho Pancha* has done. And now, Sir, I think you have ſate long enough for this Morning; be pleas'd to Adjourn the Court, while I go and look after Dinner. That's well ſaid, quo *Sancho*; feed me well, and let 'em ask me as many Queſtions as a Horſe will carry; if I don't ſnuff 'em as bright as a Candle, I'me a Ragamuffin. Nor was the Steward worſe then his word, as one that made a Conſcience of famiſhing ſo worthy a Governour, and ſuch a perſpicatious Judg; beſides that he had a deſire the next night to conclude the laſt Act, which he had prepar'd for *Sancho*, by the Dukes Inſtructions.

And now had *Sancho* din'd to his full Content, in ſpite of all the Aphoriſms of Doctor *Ditto in Pomerania*, when a Courrier entering the Hall, deliver'd him a Letter from *Don Quixote*. Which when the Secretary by *Sancho*'s order had read to himſelf, he told his Maſter, that it might not only be publickly read, but that it deſerv'd to be engrav'd in Letters of Gold; and then proceeded to read as follows.

Don Quixote de la Mancha *to* Sancho Pancha *Governour of the Iſland of* Barattaria.

WHen I was afraid to have news of thy Negligence and Fooleries, all the Country rings of thy Prudence and Diligence; for which I return Thanks to Heaven. However becauſe I know there are ſome Relicks of thy former

Meanneſs

Meanneſs that hang about thee, I would have thee know how to raiſe thy ſelf above the Vulgar, for the better ſupport of thy Authority. Let thy Apparel be clean, faſhionable and neat, not layd with Laces and Embroideries like a Courtier, but grave and decent like a Judg. Gain the Hearts of thy People by dealing uprightly with all the World; and be ſure to preſerve Plenty in thy Iſland. For nothing hurries the Mobile *ſooner to Tumult and revolt, then ſcarcity and Poverty.*

Never make many new Laws; but ſee that ſuch as are wholſome and good be exactly obſerv'd: For Laws that are not obey'd are no Laws; but like the Log that was given to rule the Frogs, which they fear'd at firſt, but ſcorn'd and contem'd when they perceiv'd it without force or courage.

Reward Vertue and puniſh Vice; Viſit the Priſons, the Shambles and the Publick Markets. For there particularly the Eye of a Governour is neceſſary to prevent Extortion, and regulate the Enormities of Weights and Meaſures, and the general Diſhoneſty of Traders. And let thy Exemplary puniſhments render thee formidable to all deceitful and fraudulent Dealers.

Avoid what thou wert alway naturally enclin'd to; Covetouſneſs, Ambition, and irregular Love of Women: For ſnares will then be certainly layd for thee, and thy Paſſion will be thy Ruin.

Read over and over Morning and Night the Admonitions which I gave thee in writing; of which thou wilt find the Benefit upon all difficult occaſions. Write to thy Maſters, and loſe no opportunity of making thy acknowledgments; for Ingratitude is the worſt of all Vices.

Some Perſons that par'd not their Nails were very ſharp upon my Noſe and my Cheeks within theſe few nights; but I am now pretty well recover'd again: For tho there are ſome Necromancers that hate me, I have others that are my Friends. Send me word whether thou think'ſt the Steward were he that acted Madam Three-Skirts, *as thou wert once of Opinion. For I am engag'd in a Buſineſs, which I am afraid will cauſe me to Break with the Duke. 'Tis true I owe him much for his Civilities, but I owe more to my Profeſſion,* Amicus Plato, ſed magis Amica veritas. *I ſent thee this ſame ſcrap of Latin in hopes thou maiſt have in ſome meaſure learnt the Language ſince thou camſt to be a Governour. So Heaven defend thee from all Misfortunes.*

Thy Friend

Don Quixote de la Mancha,

Knight of the Lyons.

This Letter was highly applauded, both for Sence and Integrity, while every body that heard it, judg'd *Don Quixote* to be an honeſt worthy well meaning Gentleman. And ſuch was *Sancho*'s Zeal to anſwer it, that riſing from his Chair, he went and lockt himſelf up in his Chamber with his Secretary, whom he order'd to write as follows, without adding or diminiſhing.

MY Employment finds me ſo much buſineſs, that I have no time ſo much as either to ſcratch my Head or pair my Nails; which is the reaſon they are now ſo long that I could ſcratch my Grannam out of her Grave. I tell you this, that you may know the reaſon why I have not wrote to yee all this while, to let you underſtand how things go.

The Duke ſent to me two days ſince, to inform me of certain Spies that were come diſguis'd into the Iſland to kill me. But as yet they have done me no harm

harm that I know of. Only here's a damn'd Hell hound of a Doctor, hir'd as he says by the Islanders, and I think so too, to kill all the Governours that ever come neer it. They call him Dr. Pedro Puncinello *of* Ditto *in* Pomerania; *and I tell yee his Name that you may be sure never to give him a Fee. This Doctor says himself, he can never cure those that are sick already, only 'tis his business to prevent Diseases; and the Physick he prescribes is a Dyet, or rather no Dyet, that in time will leave a Man no Flesh upon his Bones, as if want of Flesh were not as bad as a Fever. For my part I am almost starv'd to death, and it makes me madd, that when I thought as a Governour to eat rosted Larks by the Bushel, to drink brisk Wine by the Gallon, and recreate my Bones between Holland Sheets and upon Down Pillows, I should be constrain'd to do Penance like a Hermite; which because I do against my will, I am afraid the Devil will take his Opportunity, and carry me a Skeleton to Hell.*

I have as yet not so much as finger'd either Salary or Duties, and I cannot imagin the meaning of it; for I was told that the Inhabitants were wont either to give or lend their Governours Money before they enter'd into the Island.

Last night going my Rounds I met with a delicate young Miskin y'faith, in Boys Apparel, and her Brother in Womans Habit. My Landlord presently fell in Love with the Girle, and they say intends to be at her; For my part I design the Boy for my Son in Law. This day my Landlord and I are to discourse the Father, one Diego de Lana, *a Gentleman and a notable old Toper I warrant him.*

I visited the Markets according to your advice, and yesterday—— stay—Yes, 'twas yesterday— I met with an old Woman selling a Nuts—— She pretended to sell new Filberds, but I found she had mix'd a whole Bushel of old Nuts among 'em—— presently I confiscated all her Ware, and sent 'em to the Blewcoat-Boys to mend their Voices, and forbid the Woman to appear i' the Market in fifteen days; and they said I did well. To tell yee truth, I never met with such a Rascally Sawcy Foulmouth'd Generation of People then these Market-folks— they make nothing to call Gentlewomen Whores that will not give 'em their price— but I sent some of 'em to the Whipping-Post for their Civility.

I am glad my Lady Dutchess has writ to Teresa, *and sent her the Present you mean: By the Grace a' God I'le endeavour to requite her kindness when my leisure serves me. Present my Service to her, and tell her she has not strew'd her Favours upon the Water.*

I wish you had no occasion to fall out with the Duke, for if you two quarrel, 'tis I shall come by the worst on't. Nor do you follow the Precepts you give others, in shewing your self ingrateful to those who have been so kind to you.

As for these Pharisee's with long Nails, I can say little to't, only I find you are still haunted after the old rate. I would ha' sent you a Token, but I could not tell what to imagin worth your acceptance, unless it were half a dozen Glister-Pipes, which they have the Art of making here to a Miracle, with the Bladders belonging to 'em, and which they are very curious at setting on i' this Island. But if I stay, I'le endeavour to send yee a new Knife and Fork. If Teresa *writes me an Answer, pray pay the Carrier, and send me the Letter as soon as you can; for I long to hear how she does. Heaven preserve you from the Malice of Enchanters, and send me safe and sound out of this Government, which I am much afraid of, as Doctor* Ditto *dyets me.*

Your Worships most humble Servant

Sancho Pancha

From my Island the same day that I wrote.

Governour.

The

The Letter being thus written, the Secretary Seal'd it, and diſpatch'd away the Courrier. In the mean time they that play'd the Dukes Game reſolv'd to put an end to *Sancho*'s Government. But he that meant no harm was ſtudying new Laws for the Regulation of abuſes in his Iſland. To which purpoſe he ſuppreſs'd all the publick Taverns; however he would not ſtop the Importation of Wine from any Part whatever, provided they told him whence it came, to the end it might be rated according to its Goodneſs, ordering withal, that they who ſhould mix Water with their Wine, or any other way adulterate it, or ſell it in Flasks or ſmall Bottles, ſhould ſuffer death as common Cheats and poys'ners of human Bodies. He brought down the Price of Shoes, which to him ſeem'd exceſſive. He ſet a rate upon Servants Wages; deeming it unſufferable that Maid Servants ſhould ask ſo much and do ſo little as now adays they did, and be at no command neither: And he alſo forbid Kitchen-wenches to wear Silk Gowns and Petticoats. He layd great Penalties upon Lampooners and Ballad-ſingers, and forbid the carrying about of all Penny Divinity Books, and all Vagabonds the reading of Godly Exhortations through the Noſe i' the Streets. He alſo made a Peculiar Officer or Beadle to clear the City of thoſe ſhoals of Raw-Heads and Bloody-Bones, that peſter'd the Streets with their ſore Legs and mangy Sculs, and hung about Church Doors like Bees to ſuck the Honey of Peoples ignorant and irregular Charity, believing nothing more ignominious to a well Regulated Common-wealth, then the ſufferance of ſuch ſwarms of idle and lazy Vagabonds, that endur'd more hardſhip to be Idle, then they that took pains for their Living. And upon complaint of ſome that curs'd becauſe they miſs'd an Alms, or were rebuk'd, he order'd 'em forthwith to the Whipping-Poſt. With ſeveral other wholſome Conſtitutions, which are obſerv'd to this day, under the Title of *The Conſtitutions of the Great and Prudent Governour* Sancho Pancha.

CHAP. XIX.

The Adventure of the Second Madam Sorrowful, *otherwiſe Miſtreſs* Doroty.

Cid Hamet relates, that *Don Quixote* being cur'd of his Nail-marks, and growing weary of the lazie Life which he led in the Caſtle, ſo contrary to the Orders of his Profeſſion, determin'd to take leave of the Duke and depart for *Saragoſa*, where he thought to purchace Immortal honour at the approaching Feſtivals. But as he was ſitting at Table with the Duke, with a reſolution to reveal his Intention, a new Accident entangl'd, and for a time delay'd his laudable Purpoſes. For juſt as he was uſhering in his deſign with a graceful and ſtudy'd Complement, behold two Women enter'd the Room, clad in Mourning from Head to Foot. At what time, one of the two, throwing her ſelf at *Don Quixote*'s Feet, and kiſſing his Shoes, fetch'd ſuch profound and doleful Sighs, as if ſhe would have breath'd out her Soul at the Champions Toes. All the Company were aſtoniſh'd at the Spectacle; and tho the Duke and the Dutcheſs imagin'd it to be ſome new Project upon *D. Quixote*, yet there appear'd a ſorrow ſo natural and unfained in the Women, that he knew not what to think; till *Don Quixote* raiſing her from the Ground, and with much Importunity having prevail'd

prevail'd with her to lift up her Vail, she discover'd a Countenance all over-flown with Tears, and what they least suspected, expos'd to view all the Lineaments of Mrs. *Doroties* Face, Mother of the Maids to the Dutchess, and found her to be the same. And at the same time they likewise perceiv'd, that the young Lady that attended her was her Daughter, that had been so lately bauk'd by the Farmers Son. A Spectacle so unlookt for redoubl'd the Astonishment of all the Company, especially of the Duke and Dutchess; for tho they hnew her to be as silly as Simplicity it self could make her, a kind of an Image of *Rye-dough*, yet they never took her to be a madd Woman. But at length Mrs. *Doroty* addressing her self to the Duke and the Dutchess, after she had dropt 'em a Midwifes Curchie, I beseech your Excellencies, quo she, permit me to discourse this Knight a few Minutes, who is the only Person that can help me out at a dead Lift, dishonour'd as I am by the treacherous Insolence of a debaush'd young Country Bumkin. Good leave have yee, quo the Duke, and I make no doubt but my Lord *Don Quixote*'s Ears are open to your Complaint. Then Mrs. *Doroty*, turning to *Don Quixote*,

Some few days ago, quo she, Most Valiant Champion, I gave your Worship an accompt how basely and perfidiously an ungracious Villain of a Farmers Son had us'd my Daughter, this unfortunate Virgin which here you see before your Eyes, and then you promis'd to undertake my Quarrel, and revenge the Injury done me. But this day I understand you are about to leave this Castle in search of new Adventures, which I beseech Heaven may redound to your Everlasting honour. Nevertheless I have one Boon to beg of your Worship, that before you go, you would be pleas'd to challenge this Lourdain of a Clown, and compell him to Marry my Daughter according to his Promise, before she vouchsaf'd him her last Favours. For as for my Lord Duke, I can expect no justice from him for the Reasons I have already told yee. And this perform'd, the Prosperity of Heaven attend yee the Remainder of your days.

Dry up your Tears dear Lady, quo *Don Quixote*, and make a Truce with your Sighs. I am bound to do your Daughter Reason, tho doubtless she had done much better, had she not given such unwary Credit to the Protestations of Lovers, who are lavish of their Vows, but rarely keep their words. But in short, the Jobb's done; and now the Matter is, how to soder up the Crack agen. To which purpose I promise yee, with my Lord Duke's permission, to find out this young Hedgbird: Nay, I wil find him out if he be above ground, I will challenge him, and give yee a satisfactory accompt of your business. And if he be so audacious as not to stand to his Bargain, I will deliver him into your hands to dismember him, if you please. For the chief end of my Profession is to pardon the submissive, and chastize the stubborn. There will be no such need, Sir Knight, reply'd the Duke, for you to run after this same Country Lad, so dreadfully complain'd of by this Lady; for I will undertake my self, he shall accept your Challenge, and come here in Person to answer it; and I'le secure yee besides, a fair Stage, observing the Laws, and Conditions customary upon such Occasions; and doing Justice to both Sides, as Princes are oblig'd to do, that admit of single Combats within their Territories. Upon this Assurance which your Highness gives me, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I renounce all my Punctilio's of Gentility and Knight Errantry, and condescend to equal my self with my Antagonist: I yield my self to be as mean as he, and him to be as noble as my self, that he may be qualify'd to measure Lances with me. And so, let him be absent or present, I defye him as a Traytor, that

has abus'd this Poor Lady, and robb'd her of her Honour, or else to dye in her defence. And at the same time, pulling off his Glove, he flung it into the middle of the Room; which the Duke immediately took up, declaring that he accepted the Challenge in the name of his Vassal, and assign'd the day for Combat to be the Sixth ensuing, and the place to be the Castle Court, with Lance, Buckler and Armour of proof, according to the Custom of Knights, without Fraud or Treachery, or Enchantments, after search made by the Judges of the Field. On the other side, quo the Duke, this Lady and her distressed Daughter must deposite the Justice of their Quarrel in the hands of their Champion, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, for otherwise the Challenge is *ipso facto*, void in Law. That I do withal my Soul, cry'd Mrs. *Doroty*, and so do I, quo the Daughter, weeping and holding her Fingers before her Eyes, like a ravish'd Maid giving Evidence at the Bar. All things thus concluded upon, the Dutchess order'd that the Mother and the Daughter should no longer be lookt upon as her Domestick Servants, but as Lady-Errants, that came to demand Justice in her Castle. To which purpose there was a peculiar Apartment appointed for 'em, where they were serv'd and attended as Strangers, to the Amazement of all that understood not the Mystery of Mistress *Doroties* rashness and indiscretion.

Toward the conclusion of Dinner, as it were for the last Course, in came the Page that had carry'd the Present to the Governours Wife. You may be sure the Duke was eager to know the Success of his Journey; to whom the Page made answer, that he had many things to tell his Grace, but in regard they were such as requir'd Secrecy, he desir'd that he might deliver his Relation in private. Thereupon the Duke having order'd the greatest part of his Attendants to withdraw, the Page presented the Dutchess with two Letters; the one directed to her self, and the other to *Sancho*, with this Superscription.

For my Husband Sancho Pancha, *Governour of the Island of* Barattaria, *whose Life God prolong.*

The Dutchess had not patience to stay a Moment, but presently open'd her own Epistle, and finding there was nothing of secrecy in it, she read it thus aloud.

Teresa Pancha's *Letter to the Dutchess.*

Madam,

THE Letter which your Greatness sent me, was like a Cordial to my Heart, and i' good feth law, you could not have better pleas'd me. The Necklace is a wonderful pretty Thing, and the Green Hunting Suit was as welcom to me as my Wedding Smock. Our Village have rung the Bells for joy, that you made my Husband a Governour, and some of 'em were Tipsie last night with drinking your Health; more especially our Curate, Mr. Nicholas *the Barber, and the young Schollard* Carrasco. *They would not believe it a good while, but what care I whether they believe it or no, as long as I am sure on't. Truly I would not ha' believ'd it neither but for the Necklace and the Hunting Suit. For all our Neighbours take my Husband for an Honest Man; yet they wonder that a Man who never govern'd any thing but Goats and Sheep, should be able to Govern Cities. But they whom God assists, are well aided. I must tell yee dear Madam, that I intend within these few days to go to Court i' my Coach, tho it be but to spite some of our Twittering Ladies. And therefore I desire yee to bid*

my

my Husband send me good store of Money; for the Court's a chargeable Place; where a Loaf of Bread costs Sixpence, and a little Dish of Meat, as they dress it, comes to a Crown; therefore let him send to me quickly, for my Tail itches to be jogging. Besides, that my Neighbours tell me if I carry my self and my Daughter to Court, hoity toity alamode in a Lacker Coach, I shall be known by my Husband, and my Husband by me; while the People cry what Ladies are those, and my Coachman makes answer, The Governour of Barattaria, Sancho Pancha's *Wife and Daughter. And thus shall my Husband be known, and I shall be honour'd by every Body as far as* Rome *it self.*

You cannot think how I am troubl'd that our People have gather'd no Acorns as yet; but I will send you half a Bushel of my own which I pick'd up i' the Woods my self: nor is it my fault if they be not as big as Turky Egs.

Pray do not forget your Promise of writing to me, which I shall be sure to retaliate with an Answer, and to send you all the news in our Village. My Son Sancho, *and* Sancha *my Daughter, present their humble Service to your Greatness.*

She that more desires your acquaintance then to write to yee,

Your Affectionate Servant Teresa Pancha,

The Governour Sancho's *Wife.*

This Letter was very acceptable to all that heard it: But the Dutchesses Curiosity was not yet satisfy'd, and therefore having obtain'd *Don Quixote*'s permission to open the Letter directed to *Sancho*, she could not forbear reading it as follows.

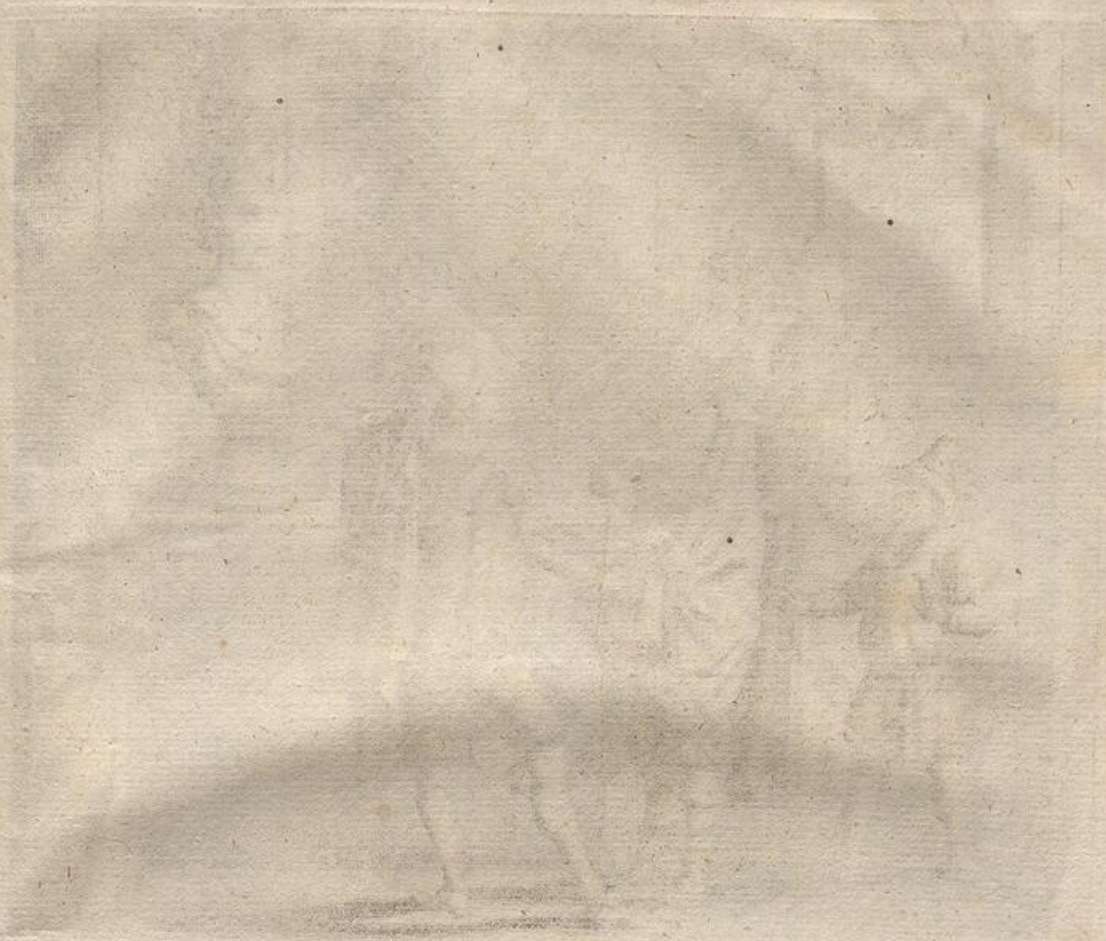
DEar Honey Sancho, *I receiv'd thy Letter, and I vow and protest to thee upon the Faith of a Catholick Christian, that I was within two Fingers breadth of running mad for joy. I was so transported, my Chuck, to hear thou wert made a Governour, that I thought I should ha' given the Crow a Pudding. For thou knowst, my dear Chuck, that sometimes sudden Joy as well as violent Sorrow kills. And as for thy Daughter* Sancha, *she was so ravish'd with delight, that she went Figet, Figet, about the House as if her Tail had been stung with Cowitch. I saw the Suit before my Eyes, had the Dutchesses Necklace about my Neck, held the Letters i' my hands, and talkt with the Messenger, and yet I thought my self in a Dream. For who could ha' thought that a Goat-keeper should ever have been Governour of* Barattaria? *But what said thy old Grandmother, and she was a wise Woman, God rest her Soul,* Little knows the Wife that sits by the Fire, how the Wind blows in Hurly Burly swire. *I speak this because I hope to see thee one day a Farmer of the Customs or the Excise; for tho they be Offices that send many to the Devil, yet they bring Grice to the Mill. My Lady Dutchess will tell thee, that I have a desire to go to Court; pray send me word whether thou thinkst it proper or no; for I intend to go i' my Coach, because I would not dishonour thee. The Curate, the Barber, nor the Schollar, nay the very Sexton neither will believe thou art a Governour, but say 'tis some of thy Masters Dreams or one of his Frantick Enchantments; and the Schollar threatens to come and tear the Government from thy Shoulders, and cut thy Master of the Simples. For my part I laugh at 'em, when I look upon my Necklace, and the Suit which I am about to fit for thy Daughter. I am to send my Lady Dutchess some Acorns, and I wish they were of Gold; do thou send me some Pearl, enow to make another Necklace, if there be any grow i' thy Island.*

The news here is that Gaffer Barrueca *has marry'd his Daughter to a Sign-Post-Painter, who came to our Town to paint all he met with. The Churchwardens have order'd him to paint the King's Arms over their Pew in our Church, for which they offer'd him an Angel in yellow Gold. He was eight days about it, but could make nothing of it; since that, he has taken a Spade upon his Shoulders, and goes a digging i' the Turnep Gardens.* Peter Lobo *the Crier of Carrots is turn'd Priest and wears a Cassock; but young* Minsa *the Chandlers Daughter sues him in the Arches upon a promise of Marriage; they say she is with Child by him; but she stiffly denies it. T'other day there march'd a Company of Soldiers through this Village; however they stai'd long enough to pick up three of our Town Girles, and carry'd 'em away along with 'em. I dare not name the Girles, because it may be, they may return when the Soldiers ha' done with 'em. We have had few Olives this Year, neither is there any Vinegar to be got for Love or Money.* Sancha *makes Cabbidg-Nets, and gets her Sixpence a day, which she lays up for her Portion, only a little she spends in Apples and Ginger-bread; but now she's a Governours Daughter she intends to go to the Dancing-School. Yesterday a violent clap of Thunder broke down the Gallows, I wish it had stood a little longer for some bodies sake. I expect thy Answer about my going to Court. So God send thee a long Life and a merry; and the same I wish to my self; for I would not willingly leave thee behind me.*

Thy Wife Teresa Pancha.

These Letters were a pleasant Divertisement, solemniz'd and admir'd by the Duke and all the rest of the Company. And to compleat their Mirth, at the same time the Courrier enter'd, that brought *Sancho*'s Letter to *Don Quixote*, which was read publickly, and indeed startl'd all the Hearers who took the Governour for a Fool. To whom we are now to return, as being the Flowre and Mirrour of all Mankind that ever govern'd Islands.

THE



The Adventure of the Enchanted Head. page 570.

Don Quixot conquer'd by the Knight of the White Moon page 581.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

Of the Ingenious KNIGHT

Don Quixote

DE LA

MANCHA.

PART II.

CHAP. I.

Containing the toilſome Concluſion of Sancho Pancha's *Government.*

THere is nothing certain in this World, cry'd *Cid Hamet*, the *Mahometan* Philoſopher: The Seaſons devour one another; Time paſſes away; Day ſwallows Night, and Night the Day; yet all things in their order ſtill appear agen: Only the Life of man runs headlong to its end, and labours under ſhort Viciſſitudes, not able to call any thing his own, nor Maſter of his preſent Enjoyments. But this ſame Moral Reflection of our Author is not here to be ſuppos'd as meant by him in its full and univerſal extent, it being plain, that he intended it only to ſhew the Inſtability of *Sancho*'s Fortune, cropp'd in the Bud of his Preferment, and thrown from the Pinnacle of his Honour to the mean degree from whence he roſe, ere he had time to look about him; ſo that his Government ſo happily begun, ſeem'd only to be a Dream; and that he wak'd out of his Sleep when he return'd to his former Condition.

For it was now but the ſeventh Night of his Rule, when the careful Governour had betaken himſelf, tho late, to his Reſt, with his Belly more full of diſpatch of Buſineſs then Vittles, either ſumptuous or homely; and more tir'd with labouring the Reformation of Abuſes, and ſtudying the good of the People under his Care, then with the nocturnal Toils of drinking and gaming. And now he thought to have refreſh'd his animal Spirits with Sleep, and was beginning to cloſe his Eyes, when of a ſudden he heard moſt dreadful Out-cries, the Bells rung backward, and the confuſed noiſes of Tmuult and Uproar at once invaded his Ears, as if his Iſland had been

ſinking

ſinking to the bottom of the Ocean. Preſently he ſtarted upon his Breech, and liſten'd like a Hare in her Form, as attentive as an old Woman at a Lecture, and full of Meditation how far this Hurly Burly might concern him. But while he was thus muſing, without the Gift of Divination, the Drums and Trumpets gave a freſh Alarum; and what with the Bawling and Cries of the People i' the Street, what with the hideous Jangling of the Bells, there was ſuch a Doom's day Clutter, that the Bolts of *Sancho*'s back ſide were ready to fly open. Up he leapt out of his Bed, and opening the Chamber-door in his Shirt, he ſaw above twenty of his Subjects making with all ſpeed toward him through a long Gallery, with their Flambeaus lighted in one Hand, and their Swords glittering in the other, crying out, *Arm, arm,* my Lord Governour, the Enemy is already i' the Iſland, and we are all undone and loſt for ever, unleſs aſſiſted by your Valour and Prudence. In this pannick Conſternation approaching the Governour, one cry'd out, *Arm, for Heavens ſake, arm, Sir, or certain Bondage attends both you and all your Subjects.*

What would ye have Me arm for, quo *Sancho*, who know nothing what belongs to Arms?— If your danger be ſo great, ſend for *Don Quixote* my Maſter, he'll diſpatch your Enemies in the twinkling of an Eye. For as I'm a Sinner to Heaven, I underſtand not what belongs to theſe things. Oh, my Lord Governour! what a cowardly Excuſe is this? Arm, Sir, for the love of Mercy, arm; will you abandon us in our neceſſity, we that bring you Arms offenſive and defenſive?—— Shew your ſelf a Governour, you that are our Captain and Governour. Why then arm me with a Vengeance, quo *Sancho*, ſince I muſt be arm'd. With that they brought him two long Bucklers as he ſtood in his Shirt, and ty'd the one behind upon his Back, and the other before upon his Breaſt, leaving out both his Arms, and faſtning the Shields to his Body as hard as well they could bind 'em with tough Leathern Thongs. So that the poor Governour was clos'd up like a Heater in a Smoothing-Iron, not able ſo much as to bend his Knees. And now having thus cas'd him, they beſought him to lead 'em on, and head 'em againſt the Enemies, telling him withal, that they were aſſur'd of Victory, having him for their Commander. Well! but how d' ye think I am able to go now, thus ſqueez'd as I am, like a Bag of ſweet Almonds in a Potecary's Preſs? You muſt 'een carry me to the Place where you would have me to ſtand, and I'le defend that ſingle Spot either with my Lance, or my Iron Body— that's all I can do, that I know of. No, no,— my Lord Governour, 'tis your fear, not the weight of your Armour that ſtiffens your Legs—— Move Sir, move, the Alarum grows hotter and hotter, the Enemy's at hand, and delay redoubles our danger. Poor *Sancho* thus taunted and upbraided, endeavour'd to put on, but the firſt ſtep he took threw him to the ground at his full length, where he gave over all his Bones for Broken. Nor was it poſſible for him to riſe again, but there he lay like a maſſie Tortoiſe, or like a great Boat overturn'd upon the Sands, with the Keel upward. Nor had thoſe drolling *Cannibals* the Compaſſion of Hangmen upon him as he lay; but on the other ſide, they put out their Lights, and making a hideous Hurly burly, and clattering with their Swords, as if it had been the Battel of *Lepanto*, they trampled to and agen upon the poor Governours body, and by and by laying on upon his Buckler, like Farriers making Horſe-ſhoes, they put the diſconſolate and helpleſs Governour into ſuch a Fright, that he lay ſweating like a piece of Beef in an Oven, and praying for Deliverance from the curſed Trade of governing of Iſlands. Some kick'd him, ſome fell upon him for the nonce; and one ungracious Hang-dog jump'd full upon

on him, and there ſtood for ſome time, like a General encouraging his Souldiers, and giving Orders, crying out, There Boys, there, ſtop that Gap, make good that Ground, down with thoſe Scaling-Ladders, bring more melted Pitch, more Bombs, more Granado's, fly Boys, fly, and fetch more ſcalding Tallow. In ſhort, he bawl'd out for all the diſmal Trinkets, and killing Inſtruments of Murder he could think of, and pour'd out ſo thick, and ſo faſt ſuch a thundering Peal of hard Names, that *Sancho* lay in his Shell half murder'd with the ſound of the words; and near expiring with Fear, quo he to himſelf, Would to God this Iſland were taken once, and I either well i' my Grave, or elſe deliver'd from this unſufferable Torment.

At length Heaven heard his ſoft Ejaculations, and when he leaſt expected it, he heard 'em cry *Victory*, *Victory*; courage Mr. Governour, the Enemy's put to flight: Riſe, my Lord, cry'd another, riſe, my Lord, and come and ſhare with us the Fruits of our Conqueſt. Help me up, cry'd *Sancho* in a doleful and lamentable Tone. And when they had ſet him upon his Legs; The Enemy that I ha' kill'd, quo he, let him come and drive a Nail i' my Forehead; and therefore divide the Spoils among your ſelves, I ha' nothing to ſay to 'em. But if I have any one Friend here, let him give me a Gill of Brandy, for I am ready to faint; and for Heaven's ſake let me have a Towel, for I am all over in a Water. Thereupon they gave him a draught of Sack, wip'd him dry, and uncas'd him; at what time finding himſelf at Liberty, and going to reſt himſelf upon his Bed, what with the Fright, and what with his being violently teaz'd and haraſs'd, he fell into a Swoon: Inſomuch that they who had acted the Droll, began to repent that they had carry'd their Paſtime ſo high. But that pious Qualm was ſoon over, when they ſaw him revive agen, which he did in a little time.

No ſooner was he come to himſelf, but he ask'd what 'twas a clock? They anſwer'd, juſt break of day. Upon that, without ſaying a word more, he dreſt himſelf with all the ſpeed imaginable; the Company admiring all the while both at his haſte and his ſilence. But he having dreſs'd himſelf, not without ſome Member-twitches ye may be ſure, obſerving his firſt reſervedneſs, and taking no notice of any body, trudg'd toward the Stable, follow'd however by all the Company, and coming within a hairs breadth of his Grizzle, he embrac'd the dumb Beaſt, kiſs'd his Forehead, and with Tears in his Eyes, Come hither, my Joy, ſaid he, the faithful Companion and Conſolation of my Miſeries. When thee and I liv'd together, and had a right underſtanding one of another, then all my Cares were only to get Vittles for thee, and look after thy Pack-ſaddle; happy were my Days, my Months, and Years. But when I forſook thee, and clamber'd up the Towers of Pride and Ambition, a thouſand Hardſhips, carking Thoughts and Tribulations have harraſs'd my very Soul, and plung'd me over head and ears in Miſerie. At the ſame time he ſaddl'd his Aſs, and got upon her Back; and then addreſſing himſelf to the Steward, the Doctor, and the reſt of the Company, Open the Gate, ſaid he, and let me return to my former Liberty, ſuffer me good now, to ſeek my old Courſe of Life, that I may riſe again from that ſame death that buries me here alive. I find I am not born to be a Governour, nor to defend Iſlands againſt Fools and Knaves: I better underſtand how to go to Plough and Cart, and fill a Dung-pot, then to make Laws, and govern Cities and Provinces. St. *Peter* lives at *Rome*, that is to ſay, let every Man mind the Employment he was bred to. A Spade does better in my Hand, then a

Marſhal's

Marſhal's Truncheon: And I had rather have a Sop in a Meſs of Onion-Broth, then lie at the Mercy of a Son of a Whore Mountebanck, that would ſtarve me to death before he can find what's proper for me to eat. I can ſleep as well under an Oak i' the Summer, and i' the Winter nuzzl'd up in an *Iriſh* Rugg, as in the beſt Holland Sheets that ever were ſpun. Give me a good warm *Kentiſh* Cloth, and the Devil take your Foins and your Furs for me. Once more, Gentlemen, farewel, and tell my Lord Duke from me, that naked I came, and naked I return; I have neither won nor loſt; without a Farthing I came into the Iſland, and without a Farthing I leave it, quite contrary, I am ſure, to the Cuſtom of other Governours. Good night and good morrow, Gentlemen, and ſo let me paſs, and go ſeek out a Surgeon, for i' my Conſcience all my Bones are broken; God reward my Enemies that ſtamp'd upon my Back like ſo many Fencers.

You will not be thus unkind, I hope, good my Lord Governour, reply'd the Doctor, I will give you a Balſom to drink, that ſhall eaſe all your Pains, and reſtore ye to your former Vigour. And then for your Diet, you ſhall eat what you pleaſe, and as long as you pleaſe.

'Tis too late, Mr. Doctor, reply'd *Sancho*; I thank ye for your Balſoms, but you ſhall as ſoon make me turn *Turk* as ſtop me. By the Lord *Harry*, if ever ye catch me panting after Governments agen, I'le give ye leave to make a Whiſtle o' my Tail. No, no, Mr. *Gliſter-pipe*, I find you don't know the *Pancha's*; for when they ſay 'tis odd, it ſhall be odd, in ſpite of all the World. Go too then, let's begon, and leave behind us thoſe Flies Wings that would ha' been mounting me up i' the Air to eat Swallows. Now fair and ſoftly; when pinkt Cordovan Pumps fail us, good Neats-Leather will carry us through thick and thin. *Every Sheep to her Mate; and let us not be more Beaſts than the Wolf that devours us.* And ſo let me go; 'tis late.

My Lord Governour, quo the Steward, Heaven forbid that we ſhould ſtop your Lordſhip; yet we cannot but let you know how much it grieves us to part with ſuch a perſon, whoſe Merit and Chriſtian Behaviour has ſo highly oblig'd us. But you know that every Governour when he knows his Employment, is bound to give an Account of his Adminiſtration. Be pleas'd therefore to give an Account of yours, and we ſhall detain ye no longer. No body has power to call me to an Account, reply'd *Sancho*, unleſs it be the Duke himſelf, and to him it is that I am going; tho it may well be thought, that a Man that goes away pennileſs, as I do, has had no great Bargain of his Adminiſtration. Before *George*, cry'd the Doctor, the Great *Sancho* is in the Right, and therefore we ought to let him go; beſides that I know that the Duke has a great deſire to ſee him. Thereupon they all agreed to let him paſs, proffering withal to attend him, and furniſh him with what he wanted for his Journey. *Sancho* thank'd 'em for their Civility, but told 'em that all he deſir'd, was a little Barley for his Aſs, and a piece of Bread and Cheeſe for himſelf. With that they embrac'd him, and took their leaves; and then *Sancho* gave them his Benediction, and ſet forward, leaving the Company in Admiration of his rational Diſcourſes, and his ſudden Reſolution.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Containing several things that tend to the Illustration of this History, and no other.

THE Duke and the Dutchess who desir'd nothing more then to divertise themselves, resolv'd that *Don Quixot*'s Challenge should not sleep. And tho the Country Lad were fled into *Flanders*, for fear of being Madam *Doroty*'s Son-in-law, they made choice of a *Gascoyn* Lacquey to supply his Room, whose Name was *Tosillos*; to whom they gave Instructions before hand how to play his Game. The Duke also told *Don Quixote*, that within two days his Antagonist would return, and four days after that, would meet him arm'd at all Points to maintain, that the young Damsel was a Strumpet, and ly'd, to say that he had ever promis'd her Marriage. *Don Quixote* was over joy'd at the News, as one that long'd for an opportunity to shew the Extent of his Courage, and the Strength of his Arm in such good Company; and therefore waited as impatienly for the end of these four days, as a Lover for the appointed hour of an Assignation.

Now therefore while *Don Quixote* lies idle, let us see what becomes of poor *Sancho*, who was now upon the Road, better satisfy'd to find himself upon the Back of his faithful *Grizzle*, then afflicted for the loss of his Government. Nor was he got far from his Island, or City, or Village, for we could never yet tell what it was, before he met six Pilgrims, with their Staves, of that merry sort, that beg singing, like your Sweet Singers of *Israel*. So soon as they drew near him, they divided themselves, and surrounding his Ass, fell a singing all together, but in such a kind of *Pedlers French*, that *Sancho* could not understand a word they said, but only the Word *Alms*; by which he conjectur'd, that 'twas Money they wanted. Thereupon, being a very charitable person, as *Cid Hamet* reports him, he pull'd out half his Bread and Cheese, and gave it 'em, makeing signs withal, that he had nothing else to give 'em. They gladly receiv'd his kindness, but still not so satisfy'd, they still cry'd out, *Guelt, Guelt*. Friends, quo *Sancho*, y' good faith I do not understand this *Gibberish* of yours. Thereupon one of the Gang pull'd out a Purse out of his Bosome, and shew'd it to *Sancho*, shaking it as he held it in his Hand. But he putting his Thumb to his Throat, and extending his four fingers toward his Mouth, made a sign that he had not a Farthing; and so was riding on as fast as he could: at what time one of the Pilgrims calling him to remembrance, made him stop; and clipping him about the middle, Good God! said he, Who's this? What, my old Friend *Sancho*? 'Tis he I'm sure, for I am not yet drunk. *Sancho* was strangely surpriz'd to hear himself call'd by his Name, and to see himself so lovingly hugg'd by the Pilgrim, that he fix'd his Eyes upon him for some time without speaking a word; but for all his looking and gaping, he could not, for the life of him, tell who he was. So that the Pilgrim beholding *Sancho*'s Amazement, What, said he, don't you know your old Acquaintance, *Ricot* the *Moor*, that sold Hogs Cheeks and Chitterlings i' your Town? Then *Sancho* calling him to mind, and hugging him about the Neck, as he sate upon his Ass—— Who the Devil, quo he, could ever ha' known *Ricot* the *Moor* in this same strange Disguise? Why how durst thou return into *Spain*?—— y' good faith I would not be i' thy Coat, shouldst thou be discover'd. If thou dost not betray

me, *Sancho*, quo the *Pilgrim*, no Man living can know me i' this Habit. But let us get out of the Road, and retire to yonder Wood, where the reſt of my Comrades are reſolv'd to repoſe themſelves: there thou ſhalt dine with us too; for they are choice Lads, I'le aſſure thee, and ſuch as will pleaſe thy Humour; and there I ſhall have leiſure to tell thee how I have ſpent my time ſince I was forc'd to leave the Village. And ſo ſaying, he return'd to his Company; with whom after he had jabber'd a while, they went all together to the Wood, where, after they had laid by their *Pilgrims* Staves, and their Shoulder-Blankets, they were almoſt naked. They were a Knot of brisk young *Guſmans*, notable Tongue Pads, lov'd eaſe and a merry life, but car'd not how they came by what they had. Onely *Ricot* was ſomewhat ſtricken in years, and by conſequence Maſter of Miſrule. Every one carry'd his Wallet, and that well furniſh'd too. They wanted not their good Bits, nor their Shoeing horns to draw down good Liquor, eſpecially Bolony Sawcidges and Caveer: ſpecial Saints where the Devil wore the Croſs.

Nature had furniſh'd 'em with a Table-cloth, which was the green Graſs; ſo that the Cloth being laid, every one clubbing according to what Fortune had ſent him, preſently there was a comfortable appearance of Bread, Salt, Knives, Nuts, halfe Cheeſes; and ſome Bones on which there were ſtill ſome good pickings left, together with ſeveral Pots of Caveer: Olives they had alſo good ſtore, tho none of the moiſteſt. But the chief Glory of the Feaſt, was ſix Bottles of Wine, every one contributing his ſhare; and *Ricot*, who was now transform'd from a *Moor* to a *Dutchman*, pretended above all the reſt, to have a choice piece of the Pipe next the Wall. To be ſhort, to't they went tooth and nail, for they were too ſharp ſet to make uſe of their Knives; and then finding drouth ſtealing upon 'em, all at once they lifted up their Arms, and turning the bottoms of their Bottles up i' the Air, with their Eyes devoutly fix'd upon the Skies, they ſuffer'd the precious Liquor to ſtream down their Throats, moving their heads all the while like Puppets in a Show, to ſignifie the Raptures they were in. Nor could you ſay they were Jades, for they drew after the manner of Men, with Deliberation, not like Horſes. *Sancho* admir'd this harmonious faſhion of Drinking; and to ſhew he was able to bear his part in ſuch a Conſort, and that when he was at *Rome*, he could do as they did at *Rome*, he deſir'd *Ricot* to lend him his Bottle; and when he had it at his Mouth, he gave 'em to underſtand, that he wanted neither Method nor Breath. At what time one of the *Pilgrims* giving *Sancho* his right hand, God-a mercy *Spaniard*, well done *Dutchman*, quo he, the Bottle makes good Companions I ſee—— As good as ever wet Whiſtle, quo *Sancho*, Ho—ho—ho— and then holding his fat Sides, he fell a ſhewing his two rows of broad Teeth for half an hour together, no more concern'd for the loſs of his Government, then for the loſs of a Scape, that will away. Four times they rang the ſame Peal, but 'twas impoſſible to ring the fifth; for by that time they had not left a *Supernaculum* drop to drown a Nit, which turnd their Mirth into Sorrow. However, as their Bellies were full, their Bones deſir'd to be at reſt; and ſo five of the ſeven fell faſt aſleep. Only *Sancho* and *Ricot* having weighty Concerns to diſcourſe of, betook themſelves under the covert of a Hedge, where *Ricot* having chang'd his Language, thus began:

Sancho, ſaid *Ricot*, thou well knowſt how I was compell'd to fly the Kingdom upon the King's ſevere Proclamation. I do confeſs, I cannot blame His Majeſty; for to my Knowledge my Countrymen had very dangerous Deſigns againſt him; and therefore I think he was inſpir'd by Heaven to

expel

expel thoſe Snakes out of the Boſom of his Kingdom. For my part I was in nothing their Confederate, as being a good Chriſtian and no *Moor*. But finding my ſelf wrapt up in the ſame danger with the reſt of my Countrymen, I thought it not ſafe to abide where there was no ſecurity for me. For that reaſon it was, as thou knowſt, that I left our Town, and went into *France*, with ſome other of my acquaintance, where after I had ſtaid awhile, having a running Pate of my own, I travel'd into *Italy*, and from thence into *Germany*; where me thought I lik'd the humour of the People, as not being ſo inquiſitive and prying into their Neighbours affairs, and living with more freedom, and more ſociably one with another; beſides, that every one enjoys the Liberty of his own Conſcience. This made me make ſure of a Dwelling in a Village neer *Auſpurgh*, where I met with theſe Pilgrims, who make it their Buſineſs frequently to viſit the Shrines of the *Spaniſh* Saints, which they look upon as their Mines of *Peru*, as being certain to be no loſers by their Journey. For which purpoſe they ramble all the Kingdom over, not miſſing a Village, where they are ſure to meet with ſome good Prog or other, and many times ready Silver with the Kings Picture fairly engraven. And they husband their buſineſs ſo well, that at the end of their Travels they are able to muſter up a hunder'd Crowns in a bright heap, which they change into Gold and croud into the hollow of their Staves, or quilt into their Mantles; and are ſo induſtrious as to ſcape all ſearches at their going out of the Kingdom.

Now my deſign in returning hither is to fetch a certain parcel of Money that I buried upon my departure out of the Realm; which I may the better do, in regard it is in a place quite out of the Town. And having done that, I intend to go and fetch my Wife and my Daughter out of *Barbary*, and return into *Germany* agen. For I am ſure my Wife and my Daughter are as good Catholicks and as true Chriſtians as my ſelf. Only I wonder, *Sancho*, that my Wife ſhould rather chooſe to go for *Barbary* then into *France*, where ſhe knew ſhe might live like a Chriſtian.

That was none of thy Wives fault, quo *Sancho*, for her Brother-in-Law to my knowledg took her along with him, and ſhe made him her Companion the rather, believing he could beſt provide for her, as being a rank *Moor*. But Neighbour, my fears are that thou go'ſt in vain to look after thy hidden Treaſure: Alas— alas— the Bird's flown. For the report was hot among us, that they had ſeiz'd a great Quantity of Pearls and Gold which thy Wife and thy Brother-in-Law were privately conveighing away. That may be *Sancho*, reply'd *Ricot*, but I am ſure they have not met with my Hoord, for I never told ſo much as my Wife where I had hid my concerns for fear of the worſt. And therefore if thou wilt go along with me and help me to carry off this Money, I will give thee two hunder'd Crowns, and that will be better to Thee, then a flap with a Fox Tail.

I would do it withal my Heart, reply'd *Sancho*, but I am not covetous; for if I had lov'd Money, I would nere ha' quitted an Employment, as I did this Morning, wherein I might ha' got enough to ha' til'd my Houſe with Gold if I would ha' ſtai'd, and before ſix Months had been at an end, might ha' fed my Horſes in Silver Mangers. And therefore becauſe I believe it would be a piece of Treaſon to the King, to ſerve his Enemies, I would not go with thee, tho thou wouldſt double the Sum, and pay it me down in ready Caſh. What Employment prithee *Sancho*, is this which thou haſt ſo Self-denyingly left? quo *Ricot*.

Why, I have left the Government of an Iſland; and ſuch an Iſland that there is not the like of it again i' the World; 'tis above a quarter of a

League in Compaſs. Where does this Iſland lye? quo *Ricot*. Where does it lye? quo *Sancho*, about two Leagues off, and it is call'd the Iſland of *Cheap-ſide*. What doſt mean, *Sancho*? reply'd *Ricot*; be there any Iſlands upon the main Land? Why not? quo *Sancho*— I tell thee, I parted from thence this Morning; and laſt night I commanded it like an Emperor; yet I left it, becauſe 'tis my Judgment, that the Office of a Governour is not only troubleſom, but very dangerous. And what didſt get during thy Government? quo *Ricot*. What the Catt left i' the Malt, quo *Sancho*— only I learnt that I was not born to be a Governour, unleſs it were over a Flock of Sheep; and then agen, I learnt that Governours get their Wealth by watching and toyling, and hunger and drougth. For in Iſlands Governours never eat, eſpecially if they have Phyſicians to take care of their Health.

Who the Devil ſhould this be, quo *Ricot*, that was ſuch a Fool to give thee an Iſland to Govern? could he find out no body to Govern his Iſland but ſuch a *Gee-ho-man* as thou? Certainly *Sancho*, thou dreamſt and tak'ſt fool's Paradiſe for an Iſland—— Come— come— come along with me and help me away with my Money— there will be the Bird i' thy hand. I ha' told thee my Reſolution already——— let it ſuffice that I make no diſcoveries, and ſo adieu—— *He that will dye well muſt live well—— and he gains enough that ſcapes an ill offer—— and Goods ill got ſeldom proſper.* Well—— *Sancho*, quo *Ricot*, I'le preſs thee no farther— but little doſt thou know what a Shoe thy Horſe has loſt—— And now prithee tell me— wer't thou i' the Town when my Brother carry'd away my Wife and my Daugher? Yes I was, by the ſame token there was ſuch crowding to ſee thy Daughter, as if it had been at a Show, and every body cry'd, there goes the Primroſe of *Spain*. 'Tis thought there were young Men enow that would ha' lockt her up i' their Cabinets, ſhe was ſuch a Jewel. Among the reſt, they ſay the young Rich Batchelour *Peter Gregory* was mad for her— The truth is, he hath never been ſeen i' the Town ſince ſhe went—which makes ſome think, that he is run a Wild-Gooſe chace after her. Death o' the Devil, quo *Ricot*, I always thought that young Whipſter had a Plot upon my Daughter—— but I hope the Girl's honeſt, or at leaſt that ſhe knows how to play her Game wiſely—— For I muſt tell yee, your inamour'd Chriſtians will many times play a young Virgin a Heatheniſh Trick, if ſhe does not look well to her ſelf— And ſo farewel honeſt Neighbour—— Farewel, quo *Sancho*, and good Fortune attend thee. With that *Ricot* return'd to his Fellow Pilgrims, who by this time had fetch'd out their Naps, and *Sancho* continu'd his Journey.

CHAP. III.

What befel Sancho *upon the Road, which is all Truth.*

BUT this ſame Story of Father *Ricot* had kept *Sancho* ſo long, that before he could reach within a League of the Caſtle it grew dark, ſo that *Sancho* was forc'd to ſeek out for the next Summer Lodging he could find. But his unfortunate Hour being come, ſo it happen'd, that poor *Grizzle*, not ſeeing her way, tumbl'd of a ſudden into a deep Cellar, which belong'd to the Ruins of an old Houſe that had formerly ſtood in that Place. *Sancho* perceiving himſelf a going, as he thought to the Center

of

of the Earth, had all his Prayers at his Fingers end. But there was no need of ſo much Devotion; for by that time he had deſcended the depth of two Stories, diſmay'd *Grizzle* lighted upon her Feet like a Cat, and made a full ſtop. Preſently *Sancho* began to conſider the Condition of his Bones, held his Breath, and felt upon his Noſe to try whether any Blood came, and finding himſelf ſound in all his Members, gave thanks to Heaven in the firſt place for his deliverance from the Abyſs. Then lighting from his Aſs, he felt about to examin whether there might be any paſſage; but none could be found. The Walls were ſo ſteep and high, that there was no footing for a Mouſe. On the other ſide poor *Grizzle*'s Lamentations peirc'd his Ears; and not without Reaſon, whilſt her Crickling Hams were hardly able to ſupport the weight of her Body. *Sancho* therefore to comfort her in her miſery, Ah, poor Soul, cry'd he, how many are the unfortunate and unexpected Calamities that befal us Mortals in this Vale of ſorrow, call'd the World! Who would have thought that he who but yeſterday ſate in the Throne of an Iſland Governour, ſhould now be found buried in a bottomleſs Pit without Slaves or Servants to aſſiſt him! All our Comfort is in ſpeedy Death, thou dying of thy Hurts, and I of Mortal Hunger, or grief to ſee thee go before me. There is nothing but good and bad Luck i' this World—— We are fall'n below the hopes of ſuccour, when *Don Quixote* could find a Table ready ſpread at the bottom of *Monteſinos*'s Dungeon. His Bed was made in a ſecond Hell againſt his coming, and pleaſant Viſions attended him; while we are like to be Companions for none but Toads and Serpents. Unfortunate, whether will my Folly and my fond Imaginations hurry me! Had we dy'd at home and among our Friends, we ſhould ha' found thoſe that would ha' clos'd our Eyes at the point of Death, and ſeen us layd in our Graves.

Oh! my Dear Companion and Friend, how ill do I reward thee for all thy Faithful Services! But pardon me, for 'tis none of my fault—and therefore implore of Fortune the beſt thou canſt, to deliver us out of this Plunge, and thou ſhalt ſee I will not prove Ingrateful. Thus *Sancho* complain'd, but whatſoe're ſhe thought, the afflicted *Grizzle* anſwer'd not a word. Her pains were ſo great, that ſhe could not ſtudy Complements in return of her Maſters Kindneſs.

At length the Sun appear'd once more, and *Sancho* finding then the Impoſſibility of getting forth without help, he ſet up his Throat like a Cryer of Flounders; but he was far from Neighbours. So that now altogether helpleſs and deſpairing, he caſt his Eyes upon *Grizzle*, and ſeeing her ſtretcht forth upon the Ground, as he thought with Tears in her Eyes, he went to her and perſwaded her to riſe; which with much ado, by means of his aſſiſtance, at laſt ſhe did; and then, as tender of her as of his old Bedrid Mother, he gave her for a Cordial all the Bread he had in his Wallet; telling her withal, that Vittles did well in Affliction. In the highth of this Diſconſolation, at length he perceiv'd a hole in the Wall of the Cellar, wide enough for a Man to paſs thorough, which led into a Vault, that ſeem'd to enlarge it ſelf the farther it extended.

Thereupon *Sancho* fell to work, and being a Man of Labour, and one that knew what belong'd to digging, he ſo well beſtir'd his hands and his Nails, that in a ſhort time he had open'd a paſſage for his Aſs. Then taking her by the Halter, he led her along fair and ſoftly through the Vault, ſometimes in the light, ſometimes i' the dark; but ſtill perplex'd with a thouſand fears and frightful Imaginations. Heavens defend me, ſaid he, what a Heart of a Gudgeon have I! This were now a fit Adventure for my Maſter—

Master— He would fancy these Profundities and Ruins for lovely Gardens and magnificent Palaces, and expect to be led out of these Obscurities into some Celestial Paradise. While luckless, I, depriv'd of all my Sences, and fainting every step I take, am still afraid of every Chink I see, lest it should be some cunning Trap-door of Satan's to send me Post to his Infernal Mansions.

With these doleful Lamentations, and despairing Thoughts, *Sancho* crept on slowly about half a League; but then the Day began to come in so bright and comfortable, that he began to be somewhat refresh'd, in hopes his deliverance was at hand. But here *Benengeli* leaves him awhile to return to *Don Quixote*, who impatiently expected the Day appointed for the Combat between him and the Dishonourer of Madam *Doroties* Daughter.

In the Interim, it was his constant Course to ride out *Rosinante* every Morning to air and keep him in breath, that he might not fail him in his Necessity. Now to see how strangely Fortune will bring her conceits about; for it so fell out, that the same Morning that *Sancho* was in *Lob's Pound*, *Rosinante* being upon the Gallop, pitch'd both his Fore Legs upon a yie'ding piece of Ground, that discover'd a villanous Hole by the fall of the Earth; and into which both Horse and Champion had tumbl'd without redemption, had not *Don Quixote* by his Skill and Dexterity forc'd *Rosinante*, contrary to his considerate Humour, to take a saving leap. And now *Don Quixote*, being out of danger, would needs satisfie his Curiosity; to which purpose, wheeling about, he rode up to the Hole, which he found to be wide and large, as if it had been the Mouth of another *Montesinos*'s Cave. But this was not all; for while he was attentively musing, and making way for a thousand Crotchets that were crowding into his Noddle, he thought he heard a Voice that utter'd these words in a Mournful tone. Ah, woe is me, is there no good Christian that hears me, no Charitable Knight to take compassion of a Sinner, and Succour a distressed Governour, that knew not how to Govern the Reins of his own Beast?

Presently *Don Quixote* fancy'd that this must be *Sancho*'s Voice; and for his better satisfaction, with a roaring Sound, who's that below, quo he, that makes those doleful Complaints? Who should it be to his sorrow, cry'd *Sancho*, but the most wretched of Men, *Sancho Pancha*, for his Sins, and the punishment of his Transgressions, made Governour of the Island of *Barattaria*, formerly Squire to the most Famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*.

These words redoubl'd *Don Quixote*'s Amazement; for immediately it came into his Pate that *Sancho* was dead, and that his Soul was in Purgatory. Full of those Imaginations, I conjure thee, cry'd he, by all that can conjure thee, to tell me who thou art; and if thou art a Soul in Purgatory, let me know what 'tis thoud'st have me do to give thee ease. For as my Profession obliges me to succour all that are afflicted in this World, so am I bound to relieve the distresses of those that are helpless in the other World. Surely, Sir, 'twas answer'd from below, by the Tone of your Voice, you should be the Valiant Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. My name is *Don Quixote*, reply'd the Knight, and my Profession it is to assist and comfort the Dead as well as the Living. Tell me then who thou art thy self? for if thou be'st *Sancho*, and dead, provided thou art not already i' the Devils Clutches, but only detain'd in Purgatory, there is that Mercy still on Earth that can redeem thee from those Pains, and for my part I shall do whatever lyes in my power. But tell me then sincerely and quickly, who thou art?

Why

Why then, reply'd the Voice, As one Chriſtian may believe another, I do ſwear and make oath, that I am *Sancho Pancha* your Squire, and that I never was dead yet i' my Life. Only ſince I quitted my Government, for reaſons now too long to tell yee, laſt night I fell into this Cave, where I am ſtill becauſe I know not how to get out, and *Grizzle* with me, that will not ſuffer me to Lye; and immediately as if the Aſs had underſtood what her Maſter ſaid, ſhe fell a *Rouking* ſo ſtrenuouſly in confirmation of her Maſters *Affidavit*, that you wou'd ha' ſworn there had been a thouſand Aſſes braying together i' the Cavern. I need no other Teſtimony, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I ſee thou art my real Squire, *Sancho*—— ſtay therefore till I gallop to the Caſtle and fetch more Company to help thee out. Make haſte I beſeech yee, Sir, quo *Sancho*, and come quickly agen, for my Impriſonment here is very tedious, and my Guts ready to go together by the ears with my Stomach.

Away *Don Quixote* poſted to give the Duke and Dutcheſs an accompt of the Diſaſter that had befall'n *Sancho*; but they were ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to hear that *Sancho* had deſerted his Government, before they had Information of it. However they ſent their Servants with Ropes and Ladders, who with much Labour and Induſtry, at length recover'd *Sancho* and his *Grizzle* from uncomfortable Darkneſs to behold once more the light of the Sun.

At what time a certain Schollar ſtanding by, that had never ſeen *Sancho* before, 'Twere well, ſaid he, that all ſuch Governours might leave their Governments as this *Shack-rag* of a Governour has done, half ſtarv'd to death, and as I believe without a Croſs in his Pocket. What's that you ſay, Mr. Coffee-board-Cenſurer? quo *Sancho*; 'Tis now eight days ſince I enter'd upon this Government which they gave me, and in all that time I have nere had my Belly full but once. I have been perſecuted by a Phyſician; my Enemies have trampl'd me under their Feet; ſo that I had not time to rob or pillage. Which being ſo, I think I deſerv'd a better paſſage out, then through the Gates of Hell. *But Man propoſes, and God diſpoſes: He knows what beſt ſuits with every Mans Condition—— We muſt take our lot as it falls—— There's no Man can ſay I will not drink of this Water—— We count our Chickens before they be hatch'd*—— But I ſay no more, whatever I think——

Nere trouble thy ſelf, friend *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, ſo thy Conſcience be free, let the World talk at random, as it uſes to do, 'tis not a Pin matter what the beſt of 'em prate over their *Parch'd-Bean-Porridge*. They that go about to tye Fooles Tongues, may as ſoon carry the City Gates to *Highgate*. If a Governour returns Rich from his Government, then they ſay he has been an Oppreſſour; if Poor, then they call him *Simpleton* and *Ill-Husband*. Truly, quo *Sancho*, they that call me *Simpleton*, I think are not much out of the way; but for a *Fleecer* or an *Oppreſſour*, I defie all the World.

In the midſt of theſe and ſuch like Diſcourſes, with a great number of Boys and ſuch ſort of Rabble at their Heels, they at length arriv'd at the Caſtle, where the Duke and the Dutcheſs waited for their coming in one of the Galleries; but *Sancho* was reſolv'd to diſpence with all Ceremonies and Complements, till he had ſeen his *Grizzle* well litter'd and meated. Which done, away he went to attend their Excellencies; at what time throwing himſelf upon his Knees, My Lord, ſaid he, I have been to govern your Iſland of *Barattaria*, whether your Excellencies ſent me, and which was more your kindneſs then my deſert. Naked I enter'd, and naked I return. Whether I govern'd well or ill, there are ſome in this Room that can tell; and

let

let them tell, if they pleaſe, that can tell better then I can. I unriddl'd hard Queſtions, I determin'd Differences, and all the while ready to eat my Fingers ends for hunger, thanks to *Dr. Pedro Puncinello* of *Ditto* in *Pomerania*, Executioner in Ordinary to the Devil. At night the Enemy fell upon me, and after they had almoſt trampl'd me to Death, the Iſlanders cry'd out, that the ſtrength of my Arm had got 'em the Victory; and if 'twere ſo, *Mitch que ditch* 'em with their Victory; but I deſire 'em to get ſome body elſe to conquer for 'em next time. However it were, I did my utmoſt to performe all the Duties of a Governour, but I found that my Shoulders were not ſtrong enough to bear the burthen, and that I was not cut out for a Ruler. So that I was reſolv'd, before the Government left me, to leave the Government. And ſo yeſterday Morning I quitted the Iſland as I found it, with the ſame Streets and the ſame Houſes, juſt cover'd as they were when I firſt enter'd. I borrow'd of no body, nor made any Proviſion for rainy days—— 'Tis true indeed I intended to have made ſome wholſome Laws, but I made none, becauſe I did not find the People diſpos'd to keep 'em. Thus as I ſaid before, I quitted the Iſland without any other Company, but only poor *Grizzle* and my ſelf. At night we fell both into a Hole, where we ſtaid all night, and might ha' ſtaid till Doomſday, had not Heaven ſent my Lord *Don Quixote* to releive us. And now my Lord Duke and Madam Dutcheſs, here's your Governour *Sancho Pancha* agen, who by a Government of ten days has learnt to know ſo much of Government, that he would not give a ſtraw for all the Governments i' the World. And ſo I humbly kiſs your Excellencies Feet, and with your permiſſion Liſt my ſelf again in the Service of my old Maſter, with whom I have my Belly full, tho many times I take pains for't; yet ſtill I eat; and for my part, provided my Belly be but full, 'tis all one to me whether of Haſty Pudding or Turky-Powts.

Thus *Sancho* concluded his Speech, to the great ſatisfaction of *Don Quixote*, who was afraid he would not have ſo well contain'd himſelf. The Duke embrac'd him, and told him withal, that he was very ſorry he had quitted his Government ſo ſoon, but that he would take care to find him out ſome other Employment that ſhould be more beneficial and leſs troubleſome. The Dutcheſs alſo was no leſs kind, giving order that he ſhould want for nothing that her Houſe would afford; which laſt command ſo comforted the Cockles of *Sancho*'s Heart, that ſeiz'd with a Courtier-like rapture, he profeſs'd their Excellencies Favours were to him more acceptable then all the Governments under the Sun.

CHAP. IV.

Of the ſtrange Combat between Don Quixote *and the Lacquey* Toſilos, *in vindication of Madam* Dorotie's *Daughter.*

AND now the Story ſays, the day was come appointed for the long expected Combat; nor had the Duke been wanting to give *Toſilos* all requiſite Inſtructions how to vanquiſh his Enemy, and yet neither kill nor hurt him. To which purpoſe he order'd that the Lances ſhou'd be diſarm'd of their Steel Heads. And to pacifie *Don Quixote* he made him ſenſible, that Religion, for which he had ſo great a Veneration, forbad propenſe Malice in ſuch Combats as thoſe; and that it was ſufficient he had fair

Play

play and a clear Stage, where the Conqueſt would be as honourable tho won by drye Blows only, as by Murder. To which *Don Quixote* reply'd, that his Excellency had the ſole diſpoſal of all things within his own Dominions, and that it was only his duty to obey his Graces Orders.

And now the day for wonders being come, the Duke caus'd a Scaffold to be erected for the Judges of the Combat, and for the Injur'd Ladies that made the Complaint. Nor can you imagin what a noiſe this Combat had made all over the Country, ſo that the People flock'd from all parts far and near to behold this terrible Conflict, the like to which had nere been heard of ſince the days of *Amadis de Gaul*. Coſtermongers with their Apples, Ginger-bread Women and Brandy Booths cover'd all the neighbouring Fields. All the *Cuckolds-point* and *Triple-tree Heath* Fairs were nothing to this Inundation of Butchers, Weavers, Dyers, &c. and the ſhoals of Women and Children that crowded to behold this dreadful Encounter.

The firſt that appear'd within the Barriers was the Marſhal of the Field, who came to ſurvey the Ground, and ſee there were no Pitfalls, nor Plots upon *Roſinante*. After that enter'd the Complaining Ladies, who ſeated themſelves in their Places, all in cloſe Mourning, that ſhew'd their Grievance was not ſmall, and that they were not ſo ſad for nothing. By and by, at one end, enter'd the Formidable Skipkennel *Toſilos*, preceded by a great number of Trumpeters, *Tantantararing* before him, all enclos'd in Bright ſhinning Iron, as if he had been under the Bone-ſetters Cure for crooked Legs and a hunch Back, mounted on a Steed as big as a Draymans Horſe, but ſomewhat more fiery; and ſetting ſo hard, that he ſhook the very Earth. Afterwards appear'd the Peerleſs Champion *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, whom the Duke had beſought to ſpare his Adverſaries Life, and to that purpoſe to be merciful in his firſt Career. *Toſilos* fetch'd a Compaſs about the Barriers, and at length making a ſtop right againſt the two Ladies, caſt a leering Eye upon the young Damſel that demanded him in Marriage. On the other ſide the Judges of the Field call'd to *Don Quixote*, and in *Toſilos*'s preſence, ask'd the Ladies whether they conſented that *Don Quixote de la Mancha* ſhould defend the Juſtice of their Quarrel? and whether they would ſtand or fall by the Fortune of their Champion? All this the Duke and Dutcheſs, to their great content beheld from a Gallery that was over the Barriers, where the number of Spectators was ſuch, that they were almoſt ſtifl'd to death.

The Conditions to which the Combatants were oblig'd, were theſe, That if *Don Quixote* were the Victor, his Adverſary ſhould marry Madam *Doroties* Daughter; and if he were overcome, then that the Conquerour ſhould be quit of his Promiſe; and that he ſhould not be bound to make her any ſatisfaction for the kindneſs he had receiv'd. Then the Marſhal of the Field divided equally between 'em the Advantage of the Sun; and aſſign'd to each his place where they ſhould ſtart. And now both Champions ſeeming to be ready, the Drums rattl'd, and the Trumpets fill'd the Air with their Martial ſounds, that eccho'd back the loud Signals of Battel. At what time the Spectators trembl'd, *Don Quixote* in pithie Ejaculations bequeath'd his Soul to Heaven and his Body to the fair *Dulcinea*, and all was ſilent of a ſudden, in expectation of the Iſſue of the Fatal event of the firſt Aſſault.

But *Toſilos* had other thoughts in his Pate. For the cunning Varlet, as I ſaid before, having beheld the amiable Countenance of his lovely Enemy, immediately happen'd to be raviſh'd with her Beauty; which that little blind Elf yee call Love no ſooner perceiv'd, but as he is one that makes it

his buſineſs to improve his Triumphs over poor Mortals, he took his Advantage and ſhot the poor Skipkennel ſo ſmartly 'i the Ball of his Eye, that he was wounded to the Heart before his Antagoniſt had touch'd him; ſo that now no leſs the ſlave of Beauty, then he was before his Maſters Footman, he forgot what he was to do.

On the other ſide, *Don Quixote* had no ſooner heard the ſignal given, but clapping Spur to *Roſinante*, he began to thunder upon his Enemy with the ſwiftneſs of a *Bomb* out of a Morter Piece. At what time *Sancho* ſeeing him ſtart, Heavens preſerve, cry'd he, the Flowre and Cream of Chivalry-Errant, and grant thee Victory and Conqueſt according to thy ineſtimable Merits.

Toſilos ſaw *Don Quixote* coming on with a Vengeance; but Love having ſtrangl'd all his Malice, ſo far was he from making either defence or offence, or any Fence i' the World, that he call'd out three times as loud as he could to the Marſhal of the Field, who riding up to him; Sir, ſaid he, is it not the deſign of this Combat to conſtrain me to Marry yonder Lady? Yes, reply'd the Marſhal—— Why then, quo *Toſilos*, there need no Bloodſhed for the Matter— my Conſcience is awake—— I yield my ſelf vanquiſh'd; for my Conſcience tells me I muſt marry her; and I am ready to do it before all theſe Witneſſes—— This ſubmiſſion of *Toſilos* put the Marſhal of the Field to ſuch a Nonplus, that he knew not what to anſwer. On the other ſide *Don Quixote* ſtop'd in the middle of his Careere, ſeeing his Opponent made no reſiſtance. The Duke was amaz'd; nor could he imagin what the matter ſhould be, till being inform'd by the Marſhal, he bit his Lips, and call'd his Footman Ten thouſand Sons of Whores and Cowardly Dogs, but did not think it a time convenient then to diſplay his Indignation.

In the mean time, *Toſilos* advancing where the Ladies ſate, after a Reverend Obeyſance to the Scaffold; Madam, cry'd he, my Heart relents—— I am ready to marry your Daughter without the trouble of Law Suits and Combats, which I dare not undertake without the hazard of my Soul. Which words *Don Quixote* heard, and preſently riding up to the Judges; then, quo he, I am diſcharg'd of my Promiſe. The Knight y' good faith, has taken the ſafeſt Courſe; let him een marry the Lady and enjoy the Fruits of his Repentance.

At the ſame time the Duke coming down, and applying himſelf to *Toſilos*; Is it true, Sir Knight, that you yield your Enemy the Conqueſt, and through remorce of Conſcience are reſolv'd to marry the Damſel? 'Tis right what your Lordſhip ſays, reply'd the Lacquey. Marry and I think 'tis very well done, quo *Sancho*—— For what ſays the Proverb, *Give the Cat willingly what thou haſt to give her and keep thy ſelf out of trouble.*

In the mean time *Toſilos* made haſte to unlace his Helmet, and in the Tone of a Penitent call'd out for Aſſiſtance to help him off with it, as being ſo choakt up with his Armour, that he could hardly breath. But then Mrs. *Doroty* and her Daughter knowing who he was; a *Cheat*, a *Cheat*, they cry'd, This is *Toſilos*, the Dukes Footman, ſuborn'd to counterfeit my Daughters Husband—— Juſtice of Heaven and the King—— This is a piece of Treachery not to be endur'd.

Ladies, quo *Don Quixote*, never afflict your ſelves; 'tis neither Cheat nor Treachery— or if there be, I'me ſure the Duke is in no fault—— But thoſe perpetual Plagues of mine the *Necromancers*, they are the Traytors that have put this trick upon us, who envying the Honour I ſhould have won by this Combat, have transform'd my Antagoniſt into the ſhape of a Footman. And therefore Madam, ſpeaking to the young Damſel, take my

Advice

Advice and marry the Knight; for I dare undertake 'tis the ſame Perſon you Challenge, or elſe I'le be bound to marry my Horſe. The Duke heard all this, and tho he were ſo mad with his Footman, that he could ha' kickt him to the Devil, yet he could not chooſe but laugh, to hear how neatly *Don Quixote* had excus'd him. In truth, ſaid he, thoſe Accidents that every day befal the Champion of *Mancha* are every one ſo extraordinary, that I am eaſily induc'd to believe this Knight could be none of my Footman. But for our better ſatisfaction let us defer the Marriage for fifteen days, and in the mean while ſecure this Perſon that has put us into this Confuſion; it may be by that time he may reſume his former ſhape. For ſurely this inveterate Animoſity of theſe *Necromancers* againſt my Lord *Don Quixote* cannot always laſt, eſpecially, when they ſhall find that all their tricks and contrivances ſo little availe. Oh, Sir, quo *Sancho*, theſe Devils of *Necromancers* are not ſo ſoon tir'd, as you think for; they'l not leave my Maſter ſo eaſily, my Life for yours. Where my Maſter is concern'd, they form and deform, and turn this into that, and that into t'other. By the Holy *Shrove-Tueſday*, 'tis not long ago that they transform'd the *Knight of the Looking-Glaſſes*, whom my Maſter had vanquiſh'd in open Field, into the Schollar *Carraſco*, the Schoolmaſter of our Village, and our familiar Acquaintance. But for the Lady *Dulcinea*, our Miſtreſs, what d' yee think they ha' done with her? They ha' chang'd her and chopt her, and chopt her and chang'd her from the faireſt Princeſs alive, into the moſt deformed Trugmullion that ever was born in *Kent-ſtreet*; and i' good faith, either I am miſtaken, or this Footman will be a Footman as long as he lives.

Let him be what he will, reply'd Mrs. *Doroties* Daughter, if he'll have me, I'le have him; for I had rather be a Lacqueys Wife, then Miſtreſs to a Knight that makes no more Conſcience of cheating thoſe he pretends to relieve.

But at laſt the Concluſion of all was, that *Toſilos* was ſecur'd between two Walls, to ſee whether he would recover his former ſhape or no. *Don Quixote* was proclaim'd Victor by general Conſent; and the Rabble diſperſt, very much dejected becauſe the Combatants had not cut one another to pieces to make them ſport; according to their wonted Cuſtom, to be ſorry when there is but one Man to be hang'd, and there comes a Reprieve for him too. As for Mrs. *Doroty* and her Daughter, they took their diſappointment a little heinouſly; however they were in hopes the Skie would one day fall, and then they ſhould catch Larks. Which was all the preſent Conſolation they had.

CHAP. V.

How Don Quixote *took his leave of the Duke, and what paſs'd between him and the Diſcreet but Impudent Hoyden* Tomboy.

AT length *Don Quixote*, quite tir'd out with the lazie Life which he led in the Caſtle, ſo averſe to his Nature, and ſo oppoſite to his Profeſſion, he reſolv'd to take his leave of the Duke and be gone. The Duke ſeem'd very unwilling to part with him; but the Champions reaſons were ſo convincing, that his Grace was forc'd at laſt to ſubmit to him that conquer'd as well with his Tongue as with his Arm.

At the ſame time the Dutcheſs alſo gave *Sancho* his Wives Letter, which he had no ſooner heard read, but with Tears in his Eyes, Who would have imagin'd, ſaid he, that the hopes which my Wife conceiv'd at the news of my Advancement, ſo ſoon ſhould vaniſh into Smoak, and that I ſhould be reduc'd again to trot after my Unfortunate Maſter in ſearch of hunger and broken Bones. However I am glad *Tereſa* was ſo mindful of her duty as to ſend your Ladyſhip the Acorns; which if ſhe had not done, I ſhould ha' lookt aſquint upon her as long as ſhe had liv'd. And I am glad that no Man can ſay the Preſent was any Bribe that ever I receiv'd in the Iſland, ſince it came to your Ladyſhips hands without my knowledge: And tho it be but ſmall, yet it ſhews we are not come of an Ingrateful Generation. In ſhort, naked I went into the Iſland, and naked I return'd; and unleſs it be for my Teeth and my Beard, here I am, juſt as my Mother brought me into the World. Theſe were *Sancho*'s Sentences at his Departure, which I repeat for the Ponderoſity of the words, which it behoves not a true Hiſtorian to omit.

Don Quixote had taken his ſolemn leave of the Duke and Dutcheſs over night, and therefore he was up before the Sun the next Morning, and in a ſhort time appear'd all in Armour mounted upon ſober *Roſinante* ready to be gone, all the Galleries round the Court-yard being fill'd at the ſame time with Spectators, curious to behold the Formalities of his departure. *Sancho* was alſo got upon his Patient *Grizzle* with his Cloak-bag and his Wallet, much better furniſh'd then he thought he had been, for the Steward by the Dukes order had lin'd it with two hunder'd Crowns in Gold, to defray Expences, which was more then *Don Quixote* knew. And now being ready to ſet forward in the midſt of the crowd, the Brazen-fac'd Gipſie Madam *Tomboy*, caſting a Sheeps Eye after him, with a loud, and Amorouſly melting Voice, breath'd forth the following Madrigale.

STay, ſtay, oh ſtay, remorceleſs Knight,
And yet my only Hearts delight?
What Nettle ſtings in thee Britch?
Whither, ah, whether doſt thou Spur
That brok'n winded Hackney, which
No Man would give Five Shillings for.
Thou Fly'ſt not, Orphans brave defender,
From an enraged Vipers ſting,
But from a Lamb more ſoft and tender
Then either Swans or Thiſtle Down,
A Bedfellow for any King,
Sound Wind and Limb, and Woman grown.
Ill luck attend a Hangman ſo uncivil,
And Barabbas *conduct thee to the Devil.*

Monſter of Men, thou'aſt diſappointed
The faireſt Nymph, altho I ſay't,
That ever with Diana *hunted,*
Or ever did on Venus *wait;*
Eneas *thus forſook with ſcorn*
The vainly Fond Phœnician *Queen,*
That quench'd his Heat, her ſelf to burn;
But thou art ſtill more falſe then he,
For I alas, made ſure of thee.

Ill luck attend a Hangman ſo uncivil,
And Barabbas *conduct thee to the Devil.*

My Heart the Thief has ſtoll'n too,
Prophanely raviſh'd from my Breaſt;
A heart too precious for a Jew,
Tho I did love him, I proteſt.
Nor did the Ruffian ſtick to pull
My Garters from my Legs, and tear
Two rich lac'd Night-Coifes from my Hair,
While I am robb'd to pleaſe his Trull.
A thouſand Sighs too he has got,
No cooling Blaſts, but Furnace hot;
Enough a thouſand Troys *to fire,*
So fiery hot was my Deſire.
Ill luck attend a Hangman ſo uncivil,
And Barabbas *conduct thee to Devil.*

May that ſame Splay-foot Squire of thine
Forget his Vows and ſpare his Hide;
And curſt Enchantment ſtill confine
Thy Tatter'd Harlot of a Bride.
In Bridewell *every Friday whipt,*
And to her Task ſeverely kept;
May ſhe the due Chaſtiſements feel
To thy Obdurate Heart of Steel:
In thy Adventures wretched prove;
To every Tapſter forc'd to yield;
And may I live to ſee fulfill'd
The wiſhes of my ſcorned Love.
Ill luck attend a Hangman ſo uncivil,
And Barabbas *conduct thee to the Devil.*

After Mrs. *Tomboy* had thus concluded her Poetical complaint, *Don Quixote*, who had fix'd a ſerious look upon her all the while, return'd her not a word of Anſwer good or bad, but preſently turning about to *Sancho*, haſt thou any Heart or Night-coifs, or Garters, ſaid he, that belong to this Damſel i' thy Cloak-bag? As for any Hearts or Night-Coifes, quo *Sancho*, no more then upon the back of my Hand—— As for the Garters, I wont be ſo confident. The Dutcheſs altogether a ſtranger to this laſt part of the Game, could not tell what to think of it; for tho ſhe knew Mrs. *Tomboy* to be Hoyden and Ramp enough, yet ſhe did not believe her Waiting Gentlewoman would be ſo familiar with the Knight, as to give him thoſe wanton Opportunities. But the Duke being pleas'd with the Humour, and reſolv'd to put it forward; In truth Sir Knight, ſaid he, this was not done like a Gentleman and a Perſon of Honour, as I took you to be, eſpecially after ſuch a civil Entertainment as you have had here i' my Caſtle—Therefore reſtore the Lady her Garters agen, or elſe upon my word you and I muſt have a Career for't. To which purpoſe I fling yee my Glove, and let the Enchanters do their worſt with their Transformations. God forbid, quo *Don Quixote*, that I ſhould draw my Sword againſt a Perſon ſo Illuſtrious as you are, at whoſe hands I have receiv'd ſo many Favours and Kindneſſes. As for the Garters I will cauſe 'em to be reſtor'd, if they

they are to be found, for I ever took *Sancho* to be honeſt; but for the Coifs let the Damſel go look for 'em in her Night-bag, for I never ſaw nor heard of any ſuch Female Toys of hers i' my Life. I am no Pilferer, my Lord, nor ever was born with that mean and narrow Soul; but this Lady you ſee talks like one that is in Love, and ſeeks her revenge becauſe ſhe finds me engag'd to another. So that having no occaſion to beg pardon either of her or your Excellency, I only beſeech your Excellency to have a better Opinion of me, and to permit me to continue my Journey. Farewel my Lord *Don Quixote*, reply'd the Duke, and may your good Fortune be ſuch, that we may always be bleſt with the joyful Tidings of your great Atchievements. Go in Peace, ſince your Preſence does but add freſh Fuel to the Flames which you have kindl'd in theſe Ladies Breaſts, and which your Abſence only can cure.

One word more I beſeech yee moſt Valiant Champion, then cry'd Madam *Tomboy*, I beg your Pardon for laying the Felony of my Garters to your Charge, for i' my Conſcience I have 'em on; but the Raptures of my Love were ſuch, that I was like the Butcher, who lookt for his Knife when he had it in his Mouth. And I hope you are ſo much a Gentleman as to take this acknowledgment before all this Company for full ſatisfaction. Marry gap, quo *Sancho*, my Maſter had had a great Prize indeed of this Ladys old Garters, as if he had not Money in his Pocket to buy other *Princum Prancums*, were it the Faſhion for Horſes to wear Forehead-Knots. Thus *Sancho* having had the laſt word, as was his due, *Don Quixote* bow'd to the Pommel of his Saddle, and after he had made his Obeyſance to the Duke and all the Company, he turn'd about and took the Road for *Saragoſa*.

CHAP. VI.

How Don Quixote *met with Adventures upon Adventures, ſo thick that he knew not which way to turn himſelf.*

DON *Quixote* once again perceiving himſelf in the open Field, and free from Mrs. *Tomboys* Importunities, began to be now more Zealous then ever in the chace of Adventures and diſcharge of the Duty of his Profeſſion. Liberty, ſaid he to *Sancho*, is the greateſt bleſſing that Heaven can beſtow upon Mankind. Not all the Treaſures conceal'd within the Bowels of the Earth, nor what the Sea has ſwallow'd up within her vaſt Abyſſes, are to be compar'd in any meaſure with it. We run the hazard of our Lives for the ſake of Liberty, as well as for the ſake of Honour, accompting ſervitude the greateſt Miſery we can endure. Thou wert a Witneſs, *Sancho*, of that overflowing Plenty which we met with in the Caſtle, yet in the midſt of all thoſe exquiſitely ſeaſon'd Viands, and delicious Wines as cool as Snow, my thought I ſuffer'd the extremity of Hunger, becauſe I did not enjoy 'em with that freedom as if they had been my own. For the Obligations that lye upon us to make anſwerable returns for thoſe Kindneſſes, are Knots that a free Soul can never unravel. Happy the Man whom Heaven has bleſt, tho but with a Morſel of Bread, for which he has no farther Obligation to any body, but only to Heaven that gave it——— However, quo *Sancho*, interrupting his Maſter, I cannot but think my ſelf oblig'd

for

for the two hunder'd Crowns in Gold which the Dukes Steward gave me, and which I have here in a Purſe, and cheriſh i' my Boſom, as a ſacred Relick againſt Neceſſity, and a Cataplaſm to preſerve us from all unlucky Accidents. For, for one Caſtle where we met with our Bellies full, we may meet with a hunder'd Inns where we may have our Bones and our Limbs bruis'd like Egg-ſhels.

Thus diſcourſing together, the two Adventurers had not rid above a League, before they eſpy'd about a dozen People in the Habit of Countrymen, ſitting at Dinner upon the Graſs, and cloſe by 'em they beheld ſeveral white Table-Cloaths ſpread upon the Ground that cover'd ſome thing that was underneath. *Don Quixote* rode up to 'em, and after he had giv'n 'em the Time of the Day, he ask'd 'em what they had got under thoſe Linnen Cloaths? Sir, ſaid one of the Company, they are certain Images that we are going to place upon a new Altar, which we have erected in our Pariſh Church. We carry 'em upon our Shoulders for fear they ſhould break, and we cover 'em to keep 'em from the Air and the Duſt. I would you would do me the favour to let me ſee 'em, reply'd *Don Quixote*, for conſidering the care you take of 'em, they ſhould be Pieces of no ſmall value—You would ſay ſo, reply'd the other, ſhould we tell you what they coſt; for there is nere a Figure that ſtands us in leſs then fifty Ducats—and with that, ſtarting up upon his Legs, he took off the Linnen Cloth from one that happen'd to be a *George* a Horſe-back, trampling a terrible Dragon under his Feet, with his Lance in the Monſters Mouth; all as they uſe to ſay, Fire new guilt with Gold. *Don Quixote* having viewd the Figure, this Knight, ſaid he, was one of the Valianteſt *Knight-Errants* that ever handl'd a Lance. His name was St. *George*, a great Protector of Ladies Honour; ſhould a Fellow ha' bragg'd to him of his Familiarity with a Lady that never ſaw her in his Life, he would ha' made him chaw'd his Tongue and ſpit it out agen. What's the next I beſeech yee?—Which being uncover'd, prov'd to be St. *Martin* a Horſe-back. This Knight, ſaid he, was one of the beſt natur'd *Knight-Errants*, that ever put Foot in a Stirrup; for he divided his Cloak with a poor Man, and gave him half; and 'tis thought 'twas Winter-time, or elſe he would ha' given it him whole, he was ſo Charitable. That was not the reaſon on't, quo *Sancho*, but to ſhew he underſtood the Proverb, *He that lends his whole Breech muſt ſhite through his Ribs.* Very right *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, thou wilt ha' thy ſaying—but now to the next. Which being diſcover'd prov'd to be the Patron of *Spain*, with his Bloody Sword, mowing down the *Moors* like Ripe Barley. Ay marry, quo *Don Quixote*, this was one of the moſt Famous *Knight-Errants* that ever fought under the Standard of the Croſs; He was call'd St. *James*, and Sirnam'd the *Scourge-Moor*: I would not ha' given three Pence for any Mans Life, if he once lay'd his Clutches on him; he was no leſs Pious then Valiant, and now reſts in Heaven.

The next that appear'd was the Figure of St. *Paul*, falling from his Horſe, with all the Circumſtances uſually painted, upon his Converſion;—Oh, quo *Don Quixote*, I know him—— this was once the bloodieſt Perſecutor, and afterwards the greateſt Defender of the Chriſtian Faith that ever was in the World—— A *Knight-Errant* for his Courſe of Life, that was always in motion, but ſteadfaſt in the Faith till Death; an Indefatigable Labourer in the Vinyard of Chriſt, and Paſtor of the *Gentiles*, who deriv'd his Doctrine from Heaven, while the Lord of Heaven vouchſaf'd to be his Maſter. And now my good Friends, cry'd *Don Quixote*, I take this ſight which I have ſeen for a proſperous Omen to my Undertakings. For

theſe

these Saints and Knights follow'd the Profession that I do, which is that of Arms: Only that they are Saints, and fought according to the Rules of Holy Discipline; and I am a Sinner, and combat after the manner of Men. They took Heaven by force (for Heaven I must tell yee suffers Violence) but after all my travel and pains, I know not of any thing Considerable that I have won. Nevertheless, were my dear *Dulcinea* but once deliver'd from that Captivity she endures, upon the change of my Condition and the return of my Senses, I might perhaps redeem my time, and recover what I have lost. God grant it, quo *Sancho*, and give us Grace to forget our old Sins.

All this while, the Country Fellows gap'd and star'd, like so many Bumkins in *Henry the Sevenths Chappel*; for both his Garb and his Language were a strain too high for their Understanding. So that after they had made an end of their Dinner, they shoulder'd their Images, took their leaves of *Don Quixote*, and continu'd their Journey.

And now *Sancho* survey'd his Master more then ever he had done before, wondring how he should come to know all these things, yet believing there was not that History or Adventure i' the World but he had it at his Fingers ends. Sir, said he, in troth Mr. Master of ours, if what has befallen us to day may be call'd an Adventure, it is the most quiet and pleasant one that ever we met with in all our Rambles. We are rid of it without so much as a dry basting; we have not so much as laid our Hands upon our Swords; nor has any body call'd us worse then our own names; we are here safe and found, neither a dry nor a hungry. Thanks be prais'd, that I ha' seen all this with my own Eyes; for I should nere ha' believ'd it else, tho an Angel had told it me. Thou saist well, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*; but there are Seasons and Times, and Times and Seasons, but neither these Seasons nor Times are always the same. And threfore what the Vulgar admire as Forebodings and Omens, a wise Man only ought to call by the name of *Happy Encounters*. One of these Superstitious Bigots, going out betimes i' the Morning, met a Franciscan Fryer, and as if he had met St. *Georges* Dragon, presently run back again, and barr'd up his Doors. Another thought himself undone, to see the Salt-celler overturn'd upon the Table, as if such slight Accidents as these could be any assured Prognosticks of ill Fortune. He that has but a Grain of Prudence and Christianity never troubles himself to dive into the Secrets of Heaven, nor frights himself with these little Punctillio's of old Womens Divination. *Scipio* landing in *Africa*, stumbl'd and fell down; the Soldiers were agast at the Accident, which they presently took for an ill Omen: but he embracing the Earth with both Arms, I have thee fast *Africa*, said he, thou shalt not scape me. And thus, friend *Sancho*, I take it for a good Omen to have met these Images.

I believe it to be as you say, quo *Sancho*; but I would fain know, why, when the *Spaniards* invoke St. *James* the *Scourge-Moor*, before they engage in Battel, they cry St. *Jago, and close up Spain*: Is it because *Spain* is divided like my Buttocks and wants to be clos'd up again? Pray what's the meaning of that Ceremony? 'Slife, quo *Don Quixote*, what an ignorant Booby art thou? Dost thou not know that this Renowned Knight of the Vermilion Cross is the Protector of *Spain*, and more especially of the Soldiery in all the desperate Battels that have been fought against the Infidels. Therefore they invoke him in all their bloody Ingagements; and he has been Personally seen hacking, hewing, slashing, cutting, overturning and destroying whole Squadrons of the Enemy at a time. *Sancho* seem'd well satisfy'd, and therefore changing the Discourse, I cannot but admire, quo he,

he, at the Impudence of Madam *Tomboy*, my Lady Dutcheſſes Waiting Gentlewoman; Beſhrew my Heart, that Slipſtring Love, muſt have given her a plaguy Wound; in at the Armpits, and out at the Navel, a whole Ell long i' my Conſcience. And yet I have heard ſay, that the Modeſty and Reſervedneſs of a young Virgin will many times blunt the Points of thoſe Amourous Darts, as if they had been ſhot againſt a Flint; But the contrary appears by Mrs. *Tomboy*, as if her Chaſtity had rather ſet an edg upon 'em. Love, Friend *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, acts without conſideration or guidance of Reaſon. For like Death, he ſpares neither Prince nor Peaſant; and wherever he gets Poſſeſſion, the firſt thing he does, is to turn fear and ſhame quite out of Doors. Which were no ſooner ſtrangers to Mrs. *Tomboy*, but you ſee ſhe made nothing to diſcover her wanton Deſires, to him that rather ſcorn'd then pity'd her loſe Amours. That's an inhumane piece of Cruelty, quo *Sancho*, an unheard of Ingratitude—had the poor Damſel addreſs'd her ſelf to me, I dare ſay I ſhould have yielded at the firſt word—Surely you muſt have a Heart of Marble and Bowels of Braſs—— But now I think on't, what did that poor Creature ſee i' your Face, to make her out-run the Conſtable as ſhe did? Where the Devil was the noble Air, the ſparkling Eye, or Beauty that bewitcht her? I have ſurvey'd yee a hunder'd times from Head to Foot, and by my Life, not to flatter yee, I never could ſee any thing i' your Face that was not more likely to ſcare then enamour a young Lady; ſo that either this unfortunate Virgin muſt be blind, or elſe Enchantment has a Finger i' this Pye.

Doſt thou not know, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, that there are two ſorts of Beauty, the one of the Soul, the other of the Body? That of the Soul appears in a Mans Wit, his Vertue, his Generoſity and his prudent Carriage and Demeanour; and all theſe Graces of the mind may happen to meet together in a Perſon not ſo accompliſh'd in outward Features: and when a Lady fixes her Eyes upon this Beauty, the Aſſaults of Love are far more vigorous and ſurprizing. For my part, quo *Sancho*, I know I am no Beauty, neither am I a Monſter——and therefore ſeeing 'tis ſufficient for a Man to be belov'd for the Graces of his Mind, I wonder how I ſcape making holes in Ladies Hearts.

In the midſt of theſe and ſuch like Diſcourſes, they found themſelves entring into a Forreſt quite out of the Road; and *Don Quixote* afore he knew where he was, perceiv'd himſelf entangl'd in certain little Nets of Green Silk that were ſpread among the Trees. With that, *Sancho*, quo he, either I am deceiv'd, or this is one of the ſtrangeſt Adventures that ever I met with. Let me dye now if I don't believe my Capital Enemies the *Necromancers* to be at work; and now their deſign is to entangle me in theſe Nets, on purpoſe to ſtop my Journey, and revenge my Contempt of Mrs. *Tomboys* Folly. But I'le ſpoil their Plots; for were theſe Nets as ſtrong as thoſe wherewith the Jealous God of Fire envelop'd once the God of War and the Goddeſs of Beauty, I would make no more to break 'em, then ſo many Spiders Webs. And ſo ſaying, he put briskly forward, with a reſolution to tear the Silken Encomberments that environ'd him: at what time there ſprung from a Thicket of Buſhes two fair Shepherdeſſes, at leaſt they appear'd to be ſo by their Habits; only with this difference, that they were Richly clad in ſumptuous Tiſſue. Their diſhevel'd Locks hung dangling down about their Shoulders in a Thouſand Curles; enterwoven with Garlands of Lawrel, Mirtle, and ſeveral ſorts of Flowers; nor did they ſeem to be above fifteen or ſixteen Years of Age. This Viſion of *Don*

Quixote and the Shepherdesses, so unexpected to both, equally surpriz'd as well the one as the other, and held 'em for some time in the same suspence and silence; till at length one of the Shepherdesses opening her Corral Lips, cry'd out, Hold Sir Knight, and do not tear those Nets, which we have only spread for our divertisement, and not to catch such Birds as you. And therefore to let yee know our design, and who we are, I shall tell yee in few words.

Two Leagues from hence lies our Village, where live a great number of Wealthy Gentlemen; among whom the younger sort have made up a Company together all of the same humour, to come and divertise themselves in this place, which is one of the pleasantest in all these parts; to which purpose we have design'd to act a New Pastoral, the young Men in the habit of Shepherds and the young Virgins in the dress of Shepherdesses. We have all got our parts by heart, some out of the Famous *Garcilasso*, and others cull'd from the works of the most Excellent *Comoes*, a *Portuguese* Poet. Yesterday was the first day of our Arrival, and we have set up our Tents neer the Banks of a River that Waters all the Meadows round about. And last night we spread these Nets to catch such little Birds, as the noise we made should scare into the Silken Snares. Now Sir if you think fit to make one of our Society, you shall be extreamly welcom; and you may be assur'd that the rest will be as glad as we of your good Company.

In truth, fair Lady, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I do not believe *Acteon* was more surpriz'd to see *Diana* bathing her self, then I was to meet your Beauty. I applaud your Innocent Mirth, and I return yee a thousand Thanks for the favour of your obliging offers. If you think me capable to serve yee, you may command the Person that will study an exact obedience to all your Impositions: For my Profession is to defie Ingratitude, and do good to all Mankind; and particularly to Persons of your Sex, your Quality, and your Merit: And let me tell yee, were these Nets spread over the Surface of the whole Earth, I would seek to find some other Passage into another World, before I would break the smallest Thread that conduces to your Pastime. Nor will you question the Truth of what I say, when you understand that he who acknowledges your Civility is *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, if e're his Name has reach'd your Ears.

Oh, Sister, Sister, cry'd the other, what good Fortune have we! This worthy Person, who d' yee think he is? the honestest, best natur'd Knight i' the World, if the History of his Life speak truth. I ha' read it, Sister, and I'le hold an even Wager, that the Punchin that is with him is *Sancho Pancha* his Squire, one of the pleasantest *Merry-Andrews* that ever droll'd upon a Mountebanks Stage. You say very true, Madam, quo *Sancho*, I am that very *Merry-Andrew*, that Squire you speak of, and this Gentleman, My Master is the same *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, so famous in his History. Nay then, Sister, if it be so, we must entreat 'em to stay; the whole Company will be overjoy'd to see 'em—— I have already heard of his Valour and his Vertue, the same thou now tell'st me— They say moreover that he is one of the most constant and amorous Persons i' the World, and that his Mistress, one *Madam Dulcinea del Toboso*, is the fairest Lady in all *Spain*. They do not talk without Book, quo *Don Quixote*; tho no disparagement to your Transcended Beauties neither; tho of all that ever I yet beheld, you are the only Persons capable to dispute the Advantage with her. But Ladies I beseech yee loose no time, for the Duties to which my Profession obliges me are so nice and exact, that they will not permit me to stay long in any Place.

At the same time arriv'd the Brother of one of the Shepherdesses, clad like a Swayn, but in a Garb nothing inferiour to the Gallantry of the young Ladies. Brother, cry'd his Sister, now you have the Happiness to see with your own Eyes, the Famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, and *Sancho* his Squire, whose Life you have so often read over with so much pleasure and delight. Thereupon the young Shepherd so highly Complemented *Don Quixote*, and begg'd his Company with that Importunity, that 'twas impossible for the Champion to deny him. At the same time they heard the hooping and hallowing of several Voices at a distance, which drave a thousand Birds of different sorts into the danger which they sought to avoid. This united all the rest of the Company, who made toward the Nets, to the number of about fifty Persons variously habited in Shepherds and Shepherdesses Weeds, and overjoy'd that they had met with *Don Quixote* and his Squire, carry'd 'em to their Tents, where Dinner was ready upon the Table. *Don Quixote* was constrain'd to take the place of Honour, tho not without a great deal of modest Resistance; and all the while that Dinner lasted, there was not one that did not gaze with admiration to behold so strange an Object.

But at length the Cloth being taken away, *Don Quixote* with a grave and serious Countenance lifting up his Voice, Of all the sins which Men commit, said he, in my Opinion Ingratitude is the fowlest, notwithstanding the judgment of others, who affirm Pride to be a greater; and I ground my Allegation on this, that Hell is said to be stufft with the ungrateful. Ever since I have had the use of Reason, I have always endeavour'd to avoid this Crime. For tho I have not been able always to return acknowledgments answerable to the Benefits I have receiv'd, yet I repay 'em with the real intentions and desires of my Heart; and as a mark of my acknowledgment, I make 'em known to all the World: For he that proclaims the Kindnesses he has receiv'd, at the same time declares his desire to make requital, were it in his power. But the greatest part of those that receive, being Inferiour to those that give, it is a difficult thing for such to discharge the Obligation but in Thanks. God, who is infinitely above all the World, bestows his Favours and his Blessings upon us, so vastly more then we deserve, that all the acknowledgment which Men can make, can never hold proportion with his Goodness. Nevertheless Men are not absolutely deem'd ungrateful, while they supply their want of Power with their cordial Desires, their Thanksgivings, and the Confessions of their own unworthiness.

Gentlemen, I am in this condition in respect of your selves; you have treated me with all the Civilities Imaginable, you have entertain'd me like a Prince, while I am utterly unable to make an acknowledgment equal to the Kindnesses I have receiv'd. I shall therefore contain my self within the narrow Limits of my own Abilities, and only offer yee what I have within my Power. Which is to maintain for two whole days together in the middle of the Road that leads to *Saragosa*, that these Ladies here disguiz'd in the Habit of Shepherdesses, are the faireſt and the civilleſt Ladies in the World, the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso* only excepted, sole Mistress of my Thoughts; without offence to all that hear me be it spoken.

Here *Don Quixote* made a Pause; at what time *Sancho* believing it his Turn, before any body else could have liberty to chop in a word of answer to his Master; Is it possible, said he, that there should be any People in the World so arrogant, as to say my Master is a Fool? Pray tell me Ladies and Gentlemen, did you ever know any of your Country Parsons that

pretend to talk Greek and Hebrew, that ever discours'd so *Metemphisically* as he does; or any of your *Knight-Errants* with all their Rodomontado's that ever made such a Frank and Generous offer as he has done? How! quo *Don Quixote*, turning toward *Sancho*, and beholding him with Eyes full of Fiery Indignation, Yee Pewter-button'd Rakeshame, quo he, is there any Man living upon the Face of the Earth, that would take thee for any other then the meerest Changeling that ever begg'd at a Towns end with a blew Coat and a Muckender, or at least for a Sawcy Impertinent Hobnail Hangdog as thou art? Who made you so bold, good Mr. *Apple-Squire*, to busie your self with my Folly or Wisdom? Dog in a Doublet, make no replyes, if you love your Sconce; but go and saddle *Rosinante*, that this noble Company may see I am no *Bouncer*, but one that does as he says; and as I have Right of my side, you may number those among the Dead already that deny the contrary. And so saying he flung from the Table in a dreadful Fury, to the wonder of all the Company, who were in a quandary what Judgment to make of him, whether Fool or Madman. They perswaded him to lay his Challenges aside, for that they were assur'd of his Gratitude, without the hazard of such dangerous Demonstrations; and for his Valour they were sufficiently convinc'd of it, by what they had already read of his famous Exploits.. By the Body of *Pharoah*, quo *Don Quixote*, 'twas never question'd yet, nor ever shall be; and so saying he mounted *Rosinante*, shoulder'd his Target, and with his Lance couch'd in his Rest, mauger all perswasion to the contrary, he went and posted himself in the middle of the High-way, attended by *Sancho* and all the Company, who were desirous to behold the Event of such a Hairbraind Resolution. And now having taken his Ground, he rang these loud Expressions through the neighbouring Air.

All you who e're you are, Knights-Errant, Squires, a foot or a horse-back, that pass or shall pass this Road for these two days together, know that *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, Knight-Errant, stays here to aver and maintain that the Nymphs which inhabit these Woods and Meadows, surpass in Beauty and Civility all the Beauties of the Earth, except the Mistress of my Soul, the Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*. And he that will uphold the contrary, let him dare venture hither, where I expect his coming. These lofty words he twice in vain repeated, for all the Knight Adventurers were deaf or else a sleep i' their Graves. But Fortune, his dear Friend, that always would be cutting him out work to make her self sport, shew'd him a jolly sight; for by and by he saw at a distance a great number of People a Horse-back, and some with Lances in their Hands, all trooping together, and in great haste. The Company that were with *Don Quixote*, no sooner beheld such a number of Cavaliers driving the Dust before 'em, but they got out of harms way, not judging it safe to be so neer danger. Only *Sancho* shelter'd himself behind *Rosinante*, while *Don Quixote* stood like an Oak, and with an undaunted Courage daring all Extremities. At length when the Horsemen drew neer, one of the foremost calling out to *Don Quixote*; What a Devil, cry'd he, does the fellow stand there for! get out of the way and be hang'd, do yee intend the Bulls should gore yee to pieces.

Scoundrels, reply'd *Don Quixote*, don't think to scare me with your Bulls or your Bears either; but acknowledg, I say acknowledg what I maintain to be Truth, or else prepare to fight me. But the Cowherd had no leisure to make him any answer; neither had *Don Quixote* any time to get out of the way if he would; for the Bulls came powdring on apace, and being chas'd

chaf'd by their Drivers, bore down all before 'em, Champion and Squire, Horſe and Man; and they that came after, never minding where they trod, trampl'd Valour, Gratitude and Fidelity under foot, at a moſt unmerciful rate. Never were human Bodies ſo poach'd and beſmear'd with Bulls Drivel, Foam, and Duſt before i' this World: Nor did they leave poor helpleſs *Roſinante* and *Grizzle* inſenſible of the weight of their Hooſs. But for all this, after the unruly Herd was paſt, *Don Quixote* ſtarted up, ſtunn'd with his fall and bruiſes, reeling, ſtaggering, ſtumbling; then falling, then up agen, and running a Dog trot as faſt as he could, made a hideous noiſe, bawlling all the way as loud as he could open his Throat, and crying out after the unmannerly Cowherds, ſtop Scoundrels, ſtop, and anſwer the Challenge of a ſingle Knight, who ſcorns the Humour of making a Golden Bridg for his flying Enemy. But no body vouchſaf'd him an anſwer; nor no body minded his threats or his Rodomentado's; ſo that Men and Beaſts by this time being out of ſight, *Don Quixote*, Sinew-ſprain'd, Shoulder-pight, and Hip ſhot, but moſt of all tormented in his Soul for the loſs of his Revenge, was forc'd to ſit down i' the middle of the Road, till *Sancho* arriv'd with *Roſinante* and *Grizzle*, all three ſo mortify'd, that they were hardly able to creep. However the two Adventurers made a ſhift to mount their Four-footed Cripples, and aſham'd of their bad ſucceſs, held on their Journey, without ever taking leave of the Shepherds of New *Arcadia*.

CHAP. VII.

What happen'd to Don Quixote, *which may be truly call'd an Adventure.*

A Fountain of clear and cool Water which they met with in a ſmall Coppice not far from the Field of their Misfortune, was the only Refreſhment that could be found to comfort the forlorn and tir'd Adventurers. By the Brink of which, leaving *Roſinante* and *Grizzle* unbridl'd and unhalter'd to their own diſcretion, they ſate down, and after they had duſted themſelves, as you would have duſted two pieces of old Hangings, they waſh'd their Hands, their Faces and their Mouths. Which done, *Sancho* the moſt careful of his Belly, of all Squires Errant under the Sun, went to his Wallet, which he always call'd his *Vade Mecum*, and having brought forth his Proviſion, ſet it before his Maſter. But *Don Quixote*'s Stomach was too full of his Misfortunes to eat, and *Sancho* was ſo mannerly, that he would not fall too before his Maſter; however at laſt, finding that his Maſters ſorrows would not permit him to lift his Hand to his Mouth, he laid aſide all conſiderations of good behaviour, and fell a cramming his Jaws, as if he had not eaten in fifteen days before. Eat, friend *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, eat and enjoy the Pleaſures of this Life, which thou haſt the happineſs to reliſh with a more pleaſing Guſto then I can. I am born, *Sancho*, to live like one continually dying, and thou to dye continually eating. And for proof of this, do but reflect upon me, Famous in the Hiſtory of my Life, more famous by my Exploits, honour'd and eſteem'd by Kings and Princes, belov'd by Ladies of the higheſt Quality; yet after all this, when I expected Laurel Wreaths, and the Triumphs which my Atchievements Merit, behold me Morter-trod, and trampl'd like the High-

way

way Dirt, under the Hoofs of unclean Beasts, and likely to be the scorn of all that shall come to understand the fatal Issue of so generous an undertaking. The consideration of these Misfortunes it is that files my Teeth; that dulls my Appetite and stupifies my Sences: for to tell thee truth I have not the Courage to lift my Hand to my Mouth, as fearing more to live, then starve my self to death; tho I confess it to be a most unnatural thing for a Man to have such a grudge against himself. Then you don't approve of the Proverb belike, quo *Sancho*, munching and swallowing all the while, *He must needs be Friendless that dyes with an empty Stomach.* For my part I am not so simple yet as to kill my self—— I am like the Shoemaker that stretches his Leather with his Teeth; I am for prolonging my Life by eating—— and I'le stretch it with my Teeth as far as Heaven will let it run—— In good faith Master, there is no greater Madness i' this World, then for a Man to despair—— And therefore take my advice, follow my example and eat; and when yee have done, lye down upon the fresh Grass with your Belly to the Sun, and take a Nap; and if you ben't the better for it when you wake, say I'm a Fool and no Physician.

Don Quixote yielded to *Sancho*'s Arguments; for he was convinc'd that the Squire spoke good Natural Philosophy at that time. However, having another project in his Head; Ah, *Sancho*, quo he, my Stomach is at thy disposal, and the ponderous weight of my Cares would sit much more light upon my Shoulders, if thou wouldst but step aside, and uncasing thy blind Cheeks, give thy self some two or three hunder'd smart Licks with the Reins of *Rosinantes* Bridle, and put 'em to accompt of what are past, and what are to come toward the disinchantment of thy distressed Mistress *Dulcinea.* For in truth 'tis a shame that poor Lady should suffer all this while through thy Negligence.

That's a Business requires a more serious Consideration, quo *Sancho*, first let's go sleep, and then we'll debate that question more at leisure. Do you think 'tis a reasonable thing for a Man to whip himself in cold Blood, especially when the Lashes must light upon a body so sorrily lin'd within as mine is? Patience good Madam *Dulcinea*—— one of these days you shall see me with as many holes i' my Skin as a Cullender—— There's nothing lost that comes at last—— I'le warrant yee for a *Gravesend* Toste, you'l find me exact to my Promise. *Don Quixote* return'd his Squire many thanks; and so laying themselves down at their full length upon the green Grass, they betook themselves to their Rest; leaving *Rosinante* and *Grizzle* to feed or repose at their own discretion.

The day was now far gone when the Adventurers wak'd, and made haste to mount their Spittles, in hopes to get to an Inn before it grew dark. I call it an Inn, because *Don Quixote* call'd it so himself; contrary to his custom, as being wont to take Inns for Castles; nor was *Sancho* any way displeas'd at his design. And here fortune favour'd 'em, for they had not rode above a League before they met with what they sought for. Where being arriv'd, *Sancho* ask'd the Innkeeper whether he had any lodging?—— Yes—— quo the Innkeeper, and the best Conveniencies of any Inn in all *Spain.* Thereupon they alighted, and *Sancho* having lock'd up his Portmantle and Wallet in his Chamber and taken the Key, after he had seen *Rosinante* and *Grizzle* well provided for i' the Stable, went to find out his Master, whom he found sitting upon a Bench in the Yard. Supper-time approaching *Don Quixote* went up to his Chamber; and *Sancho* staying with the Host, ask'd him what he had to eat. For Flesh and Fish, quo the Innkeeper, you cannot speak but have—— let him but take measure of his Mouth

and

and he would fit him with Birds of the Air, Barn-door Fowl, Beasts of the Field, or of the Forrest, and what not? And then for Wine he had all sorts, *Vin Chablay*, *Vin de bon*, *Puntack*, *Obryan*, *Champain*, *Vin de Pari*, *Hermitage*, *Rousillon*, and twenty more hard names, that *Sancho* thought himself in Paradise.

There's no need of all this, quo *Sancho*, two good Capons will do our business, and what's left will serve for Breakfast; for my Master has a very nice Stomach, and eats so little at a time, that the Pestle of a Lark will serve his turn, but only that I eat for him and my self too. As for Capons, reply'd the Host, we have none, for no less then four Lords din'd here to day and had all we had. Why then, quo *Sancho*, roast us a couple of Pullets with Eggs, so they be young and tender. Pullets! quo the Innkeeper, in truth, in truth, now I think on't, I sold above Fifty yesterday to a Hegler to carry to the City: But setting aside Capons and Pullets, you may have any thing else. Why then let's have a good Joynt of Veal or Lamb, quo *Sancho*. 'Slife, now I remember me, here were some Citizens and their Wives this Morning that clear'd my Larder. Cou-rage, quo *Sancho*, there's Life in a Muscle yet—now will I hold a Wager, that all this Monstrous Bill of Fare will end in a Dish of Collops and Eggs at last. There you have found it out indeed, quo the Host, I told yee I had no Hens, and you would have me have Eggs. The Devil twist the Neck of thee for a Fool, quo *Sancho*, prithee tell me what thou hast, and don't put me to puzzle my Brains i' this fashion. Why then look yee d' yee see, quo the Innkeeper, in short, I ha' two Neats Feet ready drest, with Onions and Mustard, a Dish for a Prince. Neats Feet! quo *Sancho*, let no body touch 'em, but keep 'em for me, I'le pay thee thy own rate. By the Ghost of St. *Marriot*, there's nothing I love better. I'le warrant 'em secure, quo the Innkeeper, for all the Guests at present in my House are Persons of Quality, that carry their Steward, their Cook and their Butler along with 'em, and cater abroad for themselves. As for Persons of Quality, quo *Sancho*, let that pass, my Master's a Person of as good Quality as the proudest He of 'em all, but his Profession does not allow him Butlers nor Cooks. We generally dine i' the Field under a Tree or a Hedg, and many times have nothing neither to dinner but a few Chestnuts, or a Sallad of my Masters own Picking. Thus ended the Discourse between *Sancho* and the Innkeeper; for as to the Innkeepers Interrogatories concerning his Masters Quality and Profession, *Sancho* was not then at leisure to make him any answer.

And now Supper time being come, the Innkeeper carry'd up his *Ragou*, such as it was, into the Champions Chamber; but ere *Don Quixote* had set his Teeth to the first Morsel he put in his Mouth, i' the next Room, between which and his own there was but a slender partition, he over-heard two Gentlemen talking together, and the one saying to the other, I pray Signour *Jeronimo* let us read one Chapter of the second Part of *Don Quixote*, till Supper come in. The Knight no sooner heard himself nam'd, but he rose from the Table, and went to hark'n what they said; at what time he heard *Jeronimo* make answer, wherefore have you such a desire to read those Impertinencies, Signour *Don John*? Methinks that after you have read the first Part, you should take but little delight in reading the second. I agree wi' yee, reply'd *Jeronimo*, however, there is no Book so bad, but there is something of good to be pickt out of it. Only that which I misslike in this part is this, that *Don Quixote* does not seem to be so much enamour'd of *Dulcinea del Toboso* as he was in the second. Upon those words, *Don Quixote* all Fire and Tow, cry'd out, Whoever says that

that *Don Quixote* has forgot, or is capable to forget *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, lyes in his Throat, and I'le make him eat the Blade of his Sword; for the Peerleſs *Dulcinea del Toboſo* is not a Perſon to be forgot; and ſuch a forgetfulneſs would be beneath *Don Quixote de la Mancha*: *Conſtancy* is his *Motto*, and his Profeſſion is to preſerve his Fidelity inviolable.

Who's that prates there, cry'd one of the Gentlemen, i' the other Chamber? Who ſhould it be, quo *Sancho*, but *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the ſame that will maintain what he has ſaid, my Life for yours; for a good Paymaſter never grudges to part with his Money.

Sancho's words were no ſooner out of his Mouth, but the two Gentlemen made bold to enter *Don Quixote*'s Chamber; and one of the two throwing his Arms about *Don Quixote*'s Neck, Your Preſence, Sir Knight, does no way belye your Reputation, nor your Reputation your Preſence—you are certainly the true and undaunted *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the Load-ſtone and North-Star of Chivalry-Errant, in deſpight of him that has uſurpt your Name, and endeavours to eclipſe the Luſter of your famous Exploits, as appears by this Book which I have here i' my Hand. *Don Quixote* took the Book, without ſaying a word, turn'd over the Leaves, and then returning it agen, I find fault, ſaid he, with three things that deſerve Reprehenſion. Firſt, I except againſt ſome words that are in the Preface; the next is, that the Language is *Aragonnois*; and in the third place, he ſhews himſelf an Ignoramus, while he fails in one of the principal parts of the Hiſtory, in calling *Sancho Pancha*, my Squires Wife, *Mary Gutteridge*, when her name is *Tereſa Pancha*, and I'me afraid that an Author who miſtakes in ſuch an Important Paſſage of the Story, may commit as many Errors in the Reſt. By my Faith, quo *Sancho*, he's a very pleaſant Fellow of a Hiſtorian, to call my Wife *Tereſa*, *Mary Gutteridge*—the Devil *Gutteridge* him for a Coxcomb—— pray Sir will you be pleas'd to read a little i' your Book, that I may hear whether he ſays any thing of me, and whether he ha' not chang'd my name too. Then I find you are *Sancho Pancha*, reply'd *Jeronimo*, Squire to Monſieur *Don Quixote*. Yes, Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, and I would have yee to know, I am not a little proud of my Employment. In truth, Sir, quo the Gentleman, then the laſt Author does not deal ſo civilly by yee as you deſerve. For he gives you the Character of a half-witted Guttle-gut; not able to ſay *Bo* to a Gooſe. Heaven pardon him, quo *Sancho*; however he might ha' let me alone, unleſs he had known me better, but St. *Peter* is at *Rome*.

Preſently the Gentlemen invited *Don Quixote* to ſup with them in their Chamber, for that they well knew there was nothing in the Inn that was fit for him to eat. A modeſt requeſt, which *Don Quixote*, who was all Civility and Complaiſance would not deny; ſo that he went along with the Gentleman to better Chear then his own. And now *Sancho* ſeeing himſelf Maſter of the ſouſt Neats Feet, plac'd himſelf at the upper end of the Table, and bidding the Innkeeper ſit down by him, they both fell on with keen Appetites, drinking and laughing as if they had had a Maſter and Wardens Feaſt before 'em.

In the mean time, as they were at Supper i' the next Room, *Don John* ask'd *Don Quixote* when he had heard of Madam *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, whether ſhe were marry'd; whether ſhe had any Childern; and whether ſhe were with Child or no; or whether he thought ſhe would tarry to reward the Conſtancy of her faithful Servant *Don Quixote*? *Dulcinea*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, is ſtill a Maid, and my thoughts are ſtill the ſame that ever they were; but alas, ſhe is disfigur'd, and her Beauty is transform'd into the Deformity

Deformity of a Country-dowdy; and with that he up and told the Gentlemen the whole Story of her being Enchanted, what had befallen him in the Cave of *Monteſinos*, and the means that *Merlin* had preſcrib'd for *Dulcineas* Releaſement, which now depended ſolely upon *Sancho*'s flogging himſelf only for an hour or two. The Gentlemen were overjoy'd to hear from *D. Quixote*'s own Mouth, the ſtrange Adventures of his Life, not more aſtoniſh'd at his Extravagancies, then at his Eloquent manner of relating 'em.

By this time *Sancho* having ſupp'd, and half fuddl'd his Hoſt, chang'd Rooms, and coming into the Gentlemans Chamber, let me be hang'd, quo he, Gentlemen, if I believe that he who wrote that Book had any deſign that ever he and I ſhould take a loving Cup together—— I wonder he did not blazon me for a Drunkard as well as a Glutton. So he does, I will aſſure yee, reply'd *Geronimo*, but I cannot well turn to the Place; only I remember he is forc'd to ſtrain hard for his Jeaſts, and now I find that *Sancho's* Phyſiognomy proves him a Lyar. Believe me, Gentlemen, quo *Sancho*, *Benengeli's Sancho* and his *Don Quixote* can never be the ſame Perſons with thoſe your Book talks of. For *Benengeli's Don Quixote* was Prudent, Valiant and Amorous; and his *Sancho* Simple and Merry, but neither Glutton nor Drunkard. I believe as you do, reply'd *Don John*, and for my part I think 'twere fit that all other Writers whatever ſhould be forbid to write *Don Quixote's* Life, but only *Cid Hamet* the firſt Author; as *Alexander* forbid all other Painters to draw his Picture except *Apelles*. Let who's will draw my Picture, quo *Don Quixote*, but let him have a care he takes it right; for there are ſome Injuries will provoke a Saint. There's no Man can injure *Don Quixote*, reply'd *Don John*, but he is able to revenge himſelf, eſpecially if once he lay aſide his Patience and take up his Buckler; for then I'me ſure the World muſt be at an end with ſome body.

Theſe and ſuch like diſcourſes waſted a good part of the Night; and tho *Don John* moſt earneſtly deſir'd *Don Quixote* to read on, and ſee if he could find any more miſtakes of the Hiſtorian, he could by no means prevail with the Knight, whoſe anſwer was, that if the Author ſhould ever come to know he had had it in his Hand, he would be proud to think he had read it; whereas he ſcorn'd to vouchſafe a Fabulous Writer ſo much as the Glance of his Eye. Thereupon *Don John* made bold to ask him what deſign he was now upon, and which way he was travelling. To which *Don Quixote* anſwer'd, that he was going for *Saragoſa*, to be preſent at the Turnaments annually held i' that City. Why, quo *Don John*, this ſame Book tells yee a Story of *Don Quixote's* being at *Saragoſa* once before at a publick Running at the Ring; ſo wretchedly ſimple, ſo miſerably poor, but ſo full of Extravagancies and Rodomontado's, that nothing could be more ridiculous. Why now you ſhall ſee, quo *Don Quixote*, what a Lyar I will make of this Hiſtorian, for I'me reſolv'd for his ſake not to ſet foot i' the City—— and then the World ſhall know whether I am his *Don Quixote* or no. You will do very well, reply'd *Don John*, beſides there is a Grand Turnament at *Barcellona*, where you may Signalize your Valour as well as at *Saragoſa*. That's my Deſign, and ſo Gentlemen good Night and good Repoſe to yee—— and pray do me the favour to number me among your beſt and moſt faithful Servants—— Pray Genlemen do me the ſame honour too, quo *Sancho*, it may be you may find me good for ſomething.

Thus the Knight and the Squire retir'd to their Chamber, leaving the Gentlemen fully ſatisfy'd, that theſe two Perſons were the ſame *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, ſo famous in the firſt part of their Hiſtory. So ſoon as it was day,

Don Quixote went and took his leave of the Gentlemen, while *Sancho* recken'd with his Hoſt, whom he paid like an Emperour, adviſing him withal, to brag leſs, and furniſh his Inn better.

CHAP. VIII.

What befel Don Quixote *going to* Barcellona.

'TWas a fair Morning, and promis'd a fair day, when *Don Quixote* left the Inn, after he had taken Inſtructions to guide him in the Road to *Barcellona*. For he was reſolv'd he would not ſo much as ſee *Saragoſa*, that he might make the *Arroganian* a Lyer, who had ſo foully beſpatter'd him in his Hiſtory. Six days he rode on, not meeting with any Adventure Conſiderable; but the ſeventh toward Evening, having loſt his way, and being ſurpriz'd by the Night, he was conſtrain'd to ſtop under a Covert of thick Trees, not being able to travel any farther. There they alighted both, and laying themſelves down at the foot of a ſpreading Oak, they reſolv'd to expect Day-light. *Sancho* having drank a little hard that day, quickly fell a ſnoaring; but *Don Quixote*, amus'd with his wonted Whims and Fancies, could not ſo much as cloſe his Eyes, while his roving Imagination kept his buſie Sences hurry'd a thouſand ſeveral ways at once. Sometimes he thought himſelf in *Monteſinos's* Cave, where he ſaw his deformed *Dulcinea* skipping upon on Aſſes Back like a Country Hoyden; ſometimes he thought himſelf diſcourſing with the Necromancer *Merlin*, and taking new Inſtructions how to diſinchant her. Then a fit of deſpair ſeiz'd him, to think how careleſs *Sancho* was, and how remiſs in the Execution of his Penance, which was never likely to be accompliſh'd, conſidering the ſlow rate that he went on, as not having given himſelf above five Laſhes in three Weeks. And this Reflection ſo tormented him, that he reſolv'd to put an end to his Affliction forthwith. If *Alexander*, ſaid he, cut the *Gordian* Knot, when he could not untye it, and yet became Lord of all *Aſia*, why may not I have the ſame ſucceſs by whipping *Sancho* my ſelf? For if the force of the Remedy conſiſts in *Sancho's* receiving three thouſand three hunder'd Laſhes, what matter is it, whether he be his own Pedagogue, or whether another lay on the ſtroaks for him; ſeeing the main Point is this, that he muſt be ſcourg'd. Thereupon having taken this Reſolution, and the Stirrup Leathers from *Roſinantes* Saddle, he ſtole ſoftly upon *Sancho*, and began to untruſs his Points. With that *Sancho* ſtarted out of his ſleep, Who's there? cry'd he, whoſe that untruſſes my Breeches? 'Tis I, quo *Don Quixote*, I am come to repair thy Negligence, and to ſeek the Remedy of my Torments. I come to whip thee, *Sancho*, and diſcharge thee of that Debt, for which thou ſtandſt engage. Poor *Dulcinea* periſhes, and I languiſh in Deſpair and Affliction: untruſs therefore peaceably and willingly, for my deſign is only to give thee about two thouſand ſtripes while we are here alone together.

Hands off, quo *Sancho*, pray be patient and let me alone, or elſe by all the Monuments of my Progenitours, I'le make ſuch a noiſe as ſhall alarum all the Dead within ten Miles round. The Laſhes which I am to give my ſelf, are to be voluntary and not by compulſion; I am to be whipt neither by Beadles nor Hangmen; and at this time I have no mind to be whipt at all; 'tis ſufficient that I promiſe yee to ſcourge my

my ſelf, when the Humour takes me; but you muſt ſtay my Humours leiſure.

I am not to ſtand to thy Curteſie, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*; thou haſt a hard Heart, hard and flinty toward a diſtreſſed Lady, but tender and compaſſionate toward thy own Skin: and ſo ſaying, he fell to untying his Squires Points with all his force. Which *Sancho* perceiving, ſtarted upon his Legs, and taking his Maſter about the middle, gave him a trip, and threw him fairly upon his Back; and then ſetting his Knee upon his Breaſt, held his Hands ſo faſt, that he could hardly ſtir or fetch his Breath.

How Traytor! cry'd *Don Quixote*, what, rebel againſt thy Maſter! againſt thy natural Lord! againſt him that gives thee Bread! I commit neither Murder nor Manſlaughter, quo *Sancho*, I am purely i' my own defence, as being my own Maſter, Lord and King. If your Worſhip will promiſe to let me alone, and lay aſide your whipping deſign, I will give yee leave to riſe; if not, you ſhall dye, like a Traytor and an Enemy of *Gammer Sancho*, as you are. Thereupon *Don Quixote* was forc'd to ſubmit, and ſwore by the Life of *Dulcinea*, not to touch a Hair of his Head, but to leave the whipping of himſelf to his own free will and diſcretion.

Sancho, having thus conquer'd his Maſter, roſe up and went to another place to ſleep out the reſt of his ſleep, at ſuch a diſtance from the Knight, where he thought he might lye ſecure. At what time he had no ſooner laid himſelf down at the feet of another Tree, but feeling ſomething lye hard againſt his Head, he put forth his Hand and felt a couple of Feet with Shoes and Stockins. This put him in a deadly fright, ſo that riſing from thence, he betook himſelf to another Covert, where the ſame Accident befel him again. But then ten times more ſcar'd and terrify'd then he was before, he ſet up his Throat, and fell a bawling for help as loud as he could yawl. Immediately *Don Quixote* flying to his Aſſiſtance, what's the matter, quo he? Why, quo *Sancho*, ſure theſe Trees walk, I can find nothing but Legs and Feet at the Roots of 'em—Thereupon *Don Quixote* felt, and preſently conjecturing what was probable enough—Oh, quo he, Thou wer't more afraid then hurt—— This place is the Common place of Execution, and the Fruit which theſe Trees bear are High-way-men and Robbers, hang'd upon the Boughs for their Crimes and Villanies. For Juſtice is conſtrain'd to hang 'em up by Twenties and Thirties at a Time; and this makes me think we are not far from *Barcellona*; wherein he was not miſtaken. Soon after day appearing, they ſaw the Trees laden with the Bodies of executed Felons. But while they were conſidering this Melancholy Spectacle, they were more ſurpriz'd to ſee a whole Regiment of St. *Nicholas*'s Clerks come ruſhing out of the Thickets, and crying out, ſtand, and ſpeak with their Captain. 'Twas then a word of Command that muſt be obey'd, for *Don Quixote* was a foot, his Horſe unbridl'd, and his Lance not to be recover'd, ſo that unable to make any defence, he was forc'd to croſs his Arms and ſhrug up his Shoulders. Preſently the Rakehells diſcharg'd *Grizzle* of her Burthen, the Portmantle and Wallet; and well it was that *Sancho* had his yellow Boys about him, faſt ty'd in the Lappet of his Shirt, which however thoſe honeſt Men would ha' found out, tho' they had been hid in the Pith of his Back (for they were beginning to uncaſe him) had not their Captain appear'd at the ſame Inſtant. He had on a Coat of Male, and four Pocket Piſtols ſtuck in his waſte Belt: He was about Thirty years of Age; vigourous and luſty; proper and well featur'd; brown of Complexion; his Locks black and dangling; and the Air of his Countenance ſurly and reſolute; yet where there appear'd how-

ever ſomething of Gentility and good Nature. Upon his approach, ſeeing his Squires undreſſing *Sancho*, he commanded 'em to hold their Hands and quit him, which they did at the firſt word. Then looking about him, and not a little ſurpriz'd to ſee a Lance ſet up againſt a Tree, a Buckler lying upon the Ground, and *Don Quixote* in his *Cap-a-pe*, walking with a ſad penſive Look, like a Merchant newly ſtript at Sea, and ſet aſhore; he made up to the Knight, and with a ſmiling Aſpect, come, Sir, quo he, be a' good Chear, you are not fallen into the hands of a Cruel Enemy; but into the hands of *Roques Guiniard*, who never injures them that never injur'd him. Moſt Valiant *Roques*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, my diſcontents ariſe not from my being at thy Diſpoſal, but that thy Soldiers ſurpriz'd me unawares and unprovided, whereas by the Laws of my Order of *Knight-Errantry*, which I profeſs, I ſhould have been upon the watch, and guarding my ſelf as my own Sentinel. For thou know'ſt brave *Roques*, had they found me a Horſe-back with my Lance and Shield ready fix'd, they had not ſo eaſily been Maſters of my Perſon. The Apprehenſive *Roques* ſoon gueſs'd by theſe laſt words, what was *Don Quixote*'s Diſeaſe: He had often heard of him, but could not believe what was reported of him to be true, or that ſuch Fantaſtick Whimſies could ever enter the thoughts of a rational Man. Nevertheleſs he was glad he had met with ſuch an Opportunity to judge whether the Original agreed with the Copie. Renowned Knight, ſaid he, never droop for this; nor count it any Act of Siniſter Fortune, which I am apt to think will rather redound to the advancement of your Fame, and the raiſing higher then ever your depreſt and lanquiſhing condition.

Don Quixote was about to have return'd the Generous *Roques* a Complement befitting himſelf, but he was prevented, by the trampling, as they both conjectur'd, of ſeveral Horſes. However it prov'd to be but one ſingle Horſeman, mounted like a Prince, and riding full ſpeed, as if he had been galloping for a Doctor of Phyſick. Turning about, they diſcover'd him to be a young lovely Gentleman, about Twenty years of Age, clad in a green Damask Suit laid with Gold Lace, with his Hat button'd up a one ſide, his Boots new and pull'd up, Horſeman like; his Sword, his Dagger and his Spurs guilt, and two Pocket Piſtols fix'd to his waſte Belt. His ſpeed ſoon brought him to the Company, where making a ſtand, Brave *Roques*, ſaid he, 'tis thee I ſeek, to find, if not the Cure, at leaſt th' Aſſwagement of my Sorrows. And therefore, not to keep thee long in ſuſpence, for I perceive thou knowſt me not; I am *Claudia Geronima* the Daughter of *Simon the Strong*, thy particular Friend, and ſworn Enemy of *Clauquel Torrellas*. His Son *Don Vincent Torrellas* not long ſince fell in Love with me, which he finding a means to diſcover to me, faith I, finding him civil and handſom, lent him a favourable Ear; inſomuch that at length we ſtruck up a Bargain, and he gave me his Hand, and I gave him mine upon it; but we did not go preſently to Church, becauſe we ſtaid to have both our Parents conſent. Nevertheleſs this very Morning was this ungrateful wretch to ha' marry'd another; but I think I ha' ſpoil'd his ſport; for underſtanding they were to be marry'd in the Country, I overtook him within a League of this Place, and without ſtanding to expoſtulate the matter, or to give him leave to ſay his Prayers, I clapt a brace of Bullets in his middle Region, and made him pay with the loſs of his Heart blood, for the Affront he had done me. Now my requeſt to you is, that you would conduct me ſafe out of the Kingdom, where I may ſhift in ſafety for my ſelf, and at your return, that you would ſtand by my Father, ſhould any of *Don Vincents* Relations or Friends pretend to revenge his Death.

Roques,

Roques, no leſs ſurpriz'd at the daring Courage then at the dazling Air and Beauty of the *Virago*, promis'd to accompany her wherever ſhe went. But firſt, ſaid he, let's be certain whether your Enemy be dead, and then we ſhall conſider what to do.

Don Quixote hearing all theſe Paſſages, There's no neceſſity, ſaid he, for this Lady to ſue for any Mans Protection, 'tis my buſineſs to undertake it, and provided I may but have my Arms, I'le find out this Perſon my ſelf, and either alive or dead I'le make him ſtand to his word. Nay then i' faith the work's done, quo *Sancho*, if once my Maſter comes to have a Finger i' the Pye; he has the luckieſt hand at ſodering broken Matches of any Man i' the World. 'Twas but t'other day that he forc'd a perfidious Whipſter to keep his word with a Lady in ſpight of his Teeth; ſo that had not his profeſs'd Enemies the *Necromancers* chang'd the young Hector into the ſhape of a Lacquey, they had been marry'd upon the ſpot, and the young Lady had been half got with Child before this. But *Roques* had now concerns of greater importance in his Head, then to mind what either the Man or the Maſter prattl'd; and therefore having order'd his Men to return the plunder they had taken from *Sancho*, and to keep cloſe in the Wood where they were before; away rode he with *Claudia* to ſee what was become of *Don Vincent*.

They arriv'd in a ſhort time at the place where *Claudia* left him, but finding nothing there unleſs it were the ſtains of his ſtill reaking Blood, they rode on, and at laſt overtook the wounded *Vincent* in the Arms of his Servants and Friends, and with a dying and languiſhing utterance deſiring 'em to let him dye quietly in that place; for that the loſs of his Blood, and the pain of his Wounds would not permit him to go any farther. At the ſight of ſo ſad a Spectacle *Claudia* alighted, ſhe took *Don Vincent* by the hand, and between pity and complaint; Ah, *Vincent*, ſaid ſhe, hadſt not thou been treacherous to me, thou hadſt not been in this Condition. At which words *Don Vincent* opening his Eyes half way, and knowing *Claudia*'s Face; I know, ſaid he, dear *Claudia*, I know thoſe hands of thine have given me my deaths wound; but how I diſoblig'd thee, that I know not, for neither in my actions or my thoughts I ever yet deſerv'd that thou ſhouldſt uſe me thus. How! reply'd *Claudia*, wer't thou not going this Morning to marry *Leonora* the Rich *Balvaſtro*'s Daughter? Who I? reply'd *Don Vincent*, aſſuredly I never had it in my thoughts. But thy Misfortune deluded thee to take away my Life; which I now willingly reſign thee, ſince 'tis my happineſs to ſurrender it into thy embraces. For proof of this dear *Claudia*, give me thy hand, and take him for thy Husband that nere deceiv'd thee yet; but now dyes overjoy'd that he has liv'd ſo long to undeceive thee of thy Errour. *Claudia* gave him her hand, and conſcious of the foul Crime ſhe had committed, dropt in a ſwoon upon the Body of her Husband; who at the ſame inſtant breath'd out the laſt remainders of his Life. *Claudia* came quickly to her ſelf agen; but too late obſerving the patience of a Conſtant Lover in departed *Vincents* Cheeks, like one diſtracted, ſhe cry'd, lamented, rung her Hands, and tore her Hair, ſhe curs'd her inconſiderate Folly, and made a thouſand vain complaints and moans for him that now was paſt recovery.

At length *Roques* gave order to *Don Vincents* Servants to carry his Body back to his Fathers Houſe, and leave the Diſconſolate *Claudia* to bewail her miſapply'd revenge. And ſo returning to his Crew, he found *Don Quixote* a Horſe-back, in the midſt of 'em, preaching Reformation and amendment of Life. But they being People of another humour gave little ear to his

his Morality, and did but laugh at all his pious Sentences. On the other ſide *Roques* ask'd *Sancho*, whether his Squires had return'd him all his Things? Every thing, quo *Sancho*, but only three Night-coifs, worth three Cities. How the Devil can that be, cry'd one of the Fellows? 'tis I that have 'em, and they are not worth three Sixpences. That's very true, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but my Squire ſo eſteems 'em, for the Perſons ſake that gave him the Preſent. Thereupon *Roques* order'd the Coifs to be reſtor'd him likewiſe; and then commanding his People to bring forth their laſt Booty of Jewels and ready Money; he made a diſtribution of the whole with ſo much equality and juſtice, as if it had been *Solon* himſelf. Which done, *Roques* turning about to *Don Quixote*, thus you ſee, Sir, ſaid he, how punctual and juſt, the moſt unjuſt of Men are forc'd to be one to another; without which there were no living among us. Ay, by my Faith, quo *Sancho*, certainly Juſtice muſt be a moſt Excellent thing when Thieves are forc'd to make uſe of it. Which grave Sentence of *Sancho*'s being overheard by one of the High-way-men, he up with the Butt end of his Carbine, and had certainly ſpoil'd *Sancho* for a Proverb-monger, had not *Roques* prevented the Execution of the blow. This was ſuch a fair warning to *Sancho*, that he reſolv'd to ſow up his Lips ſo long as he quarter'd with ſuch Robuſtious Company.

At the ſame time came one of the Crew who had been ſet Sentinel to ſpy what Paſſengers travell'd the Road, and addreſſing himſelf to his Captain, A Prize, a Prize, cry'd he, yonder's a Jolly Company going for *Barcellona*. What are they, ſaid *Roques*? ſuch as ſeek us, or ſuch as we ſtay for. Such as we ſtay for, quo the Sentinel, Horſe and away then, Boys, cry'd *Roques*, bring 'em all hither — let none eſcape.

With that, the whole Crew put Spurs to their Horſes, and now *Roques*, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* being left alone, ſaid he to *Don Quixote*, I warrant you look upon this to be a ſtrange Courſe of Life—for we always meet with change of Adventures, and always run great Hazards. Truly I muſt confeſs, 'tis a troubleſome and diſorderly Life we lead; and for my part I am thus engag'd by certain Motives of Revenge, that many times ſubdues our Prudence and our Reaſon. I am naturally of a mild and compaſſionate Humour, but the eager deſire of Revenging an Affront that has been offer'd me, ranverſes all my ſober Reſolutions, and forces me to follow this unconſcionable Trade, contrary to my natural Inclinations. And not only ſo, but as one Whirlpool ſwallows another, and Crimes are link'd together, I not only ſeek my own, but proſecute the Revenge of others. And yet I am in hopes that Heaven at length, ſo compaſſionate as it is of human Frailty, will by a divine Hand retrieve me from this diſorderly Courſe, not having power to do it of my ſelf.

Don Quixote ſtood amaz'd at *Roques*'s diſcourſe, not dreaming to have found among ſo leud a Crew, for whom the Gallows daily ſigh'd, ſuch Sentiments of Conſcience and Remorſe in any one; and therefore laying hold of the Opportunity to ſhew his Piety, Monſieur *Roques*, ſaid he, 'tis a great ſtep to Health, for a Man to underſtand his Diſtemper, and to find the Patient readily diſpos'd to take thoſe Remedies that are moſt conducing to his Cure. You are ſick, you know your Diſeaſe; therefore apply your ſelf to God, who is a moſt Infallible Phyſician, who will not fail to preſcribe thoſe *Recipes* for your Soul that will in a ſhort time compleat your Cure. Remedies that will work ſo much the more effectually when they meet with a good Nature, and a Diſpoſition prepar'd. A knowing Sinner is in a far more ready Path to amendment, then an ignorant Tranſgreſſour; for

for he more clearly diſcerning good from evil becomes aſham'd of his own Vices, whereas a Fool acts only by Inſtinct; aud abandons himſelf to his Paſſions, not underſtanding the danger of unrepented Crimes. Cou-rage. then Monſieur *Roques*, you are a Man of Wit and Prudence — make uſe of your parts, and never deſpair the perfect cure of your languiſhing Soul — and to make a more eaſie progreſs in the Road of Salvation, go along, and learn of me the Myſtery of *Knight-Errantry*, accompany'd with thoſe Hardſhips and Misfortunes, which the Penance of undergoing, will bring you in a trice to Heaven.

Roques ſmil'd to hear *Don Quixote*'s Whimſical Advice, and to change the Subject of the Diſcourſe, told him the whole Story of *Claudia Geroni-mo*'s Adventure, the relation of which put *Sancho* into a Melancholy Fit; for you muſt know the Life, the Spirit, and good humour of the young Girle, had ſtrangely wrought upon his Affections.

By this time the *Boothalers* return'd with their Prize, Two Gentlemen well mounted, Two Pilgrims a foot, and a Coach wherein there were certain Ladies, attended by Eight Lacqueys, ſome a foot, and ſome a Horſe-back, and Two Footmen belonging to the Two Gentlemen, each upon his Mule. All theſe were now in Huckſters Hands, and being carefully ſurrounded and attended by their Guard, with an awful ſilence expected their Doom; while their Guardians were no leſs whiſt to liſten to their Examinations.

The firſt whom *Roques* took to task were the two Gentlemen, to whom he put the uſual Queſtion, who they were, and whether they were traveling? Sir, reply'd the one, we are two Foot Captains; our Company's lye at *Naples*, whether we are bound, and going to take ſhipping at *Barcellona*. We have about two or three hunder'd Crowns about us, with which we thought our ſelves as Rich as *Cræſus*; for you know Men of our Profeſſion are no Uſurers. Well — and what are you, ſaid *Roques* to the *Pilgrims*? We, ſaid they, are going to *Rome*, and our Stock is about thirty Shillings — Very good, What are thoſe Ladies i' the Coach? To whom one of the Lacqueys a Horſe-back reply'd, that it was the Lady *Guiomer*, the Regent of the Vicar of *Naples*'s Wife, with her Daughter and Waiting Woman. That ſhe had ſix Attendauts, three afoot and three mounted; and that their Sum Total was about Six hunder'd Crowns. So then, cry'd *Roques*, we have got already Nine hunder'd Crowns and Thirty Shillings, and I have threeſcore Followers, now Gentlemen caſt it up, what comes to every Man's ſhare; for I am none of the beſt accountants. With that the whole Crew of Ruffians cry'd out, long live the great *Roques Gunniard*, in ſpite of all the *Dun*'s and *Catches* that gape for his Ruin.

On the other ſide the two Captains, Madam *Regent*, and the *Pilgrims* were as much caſt down, foreſeeing the Confiſcation of their Moveables, and all their Wealth paſt Redemption; when *Roques* turning about to the Captains, Gentlemen, ſaid he, lend me Threeſcore Crowns, and you Madam *Regent*, I beſeech yee lend me Fourſcore; this is only to ſatisfie my Men, for we muſt all live by our Callings. This done, you are free to go whether you pleaſe, and if you meet with any Straglers, as perhaps you may do, tell the firſt at the top of the next Hill, that *The Moon ſhines Bright*, and the next i' the bottom, that *The Kings Veſſels lye at* Barcellona, and then you are out of all danger. For my deſign is not to injure either Soldiers or Ladies, eſpecially thoſe that are of Quality. The two Captains thus deliver'd out of their Affliction, made him a thouſand Congies, return'd him Ten thouſand Thanks, and extoll'd his Generoſity and Liberality

ality to the Skies. The Lady *Guiomer* would ha' thrown her ſelf out of her Coach to ha' kiſs'd his Feet. But *Roques* prevented her, and withal begg'd her pardon for the wrong he had done her, conſtrain'd thereto by his Profeſſion, and the neceſſity he had to keep ſuch a Crew about him at the Expence of other Peoples Purſes. Thereupon the two Captains and Madam *Regent* paid him down his demands, and the Pilgrims, not hearing of any Mitigation for them, were about to give him their whole Stock; but *Roques* bid 'em ſtay; and then turning to his Company, Of theſe hunder'd and forty Crowns, ſaid he, there comes two a piece to your ſhare; and for the Twenty that remain, give Ten to theſe Pilgrims, and the other Ten to this honeſt Squire; that he may have cauſe to rejoyce at his meeting with this Adventure. And having ſo done he diſmiſs'd the Travellers overjoy'd, and admiring the generous Behaviour of the Famous *Roques*; his Generoſity, his noble Mien and deportment, and applauding him to the Stars. But one of the Rovers, not ſo well pleas'd with *Roques*'s Liberality; By St. *Nicholas*, quo he, this Captain of ours would make a better Monk then a Land Pirate: But if he intends for the future to be ſo Bountiful, let it be of his own, and not of our Plunder. *Roques* over-hearing him, drew his Sword, and after he had almoſt cleft his Scull, 'Tis thus, ſaid he, that I chaſtiſe ſuch Inſolent Raſcals that cannot rule their Tongues; nor durſt the ſtouteſt of the whole number ſo much as mutter at his puniſhment, ſo well he knew to be obey'd and fear'd.

After that, *Roques* retir'd a little aſide, and wrote to one of his Friends at *Barcellona*, that he had met with *Don Quixote*, the famous *Kinght-Errant*, ſo much talk'd of over all *Spain*; that he was a pleaſant ſort of a Man, Witty and one that knew the World; and that within four days after the Feaſt of St. *John Baptiſt*, he would bring him into the Publick *Piazza* of the City, in his Armour *Cap-a-pe*, mounted upon his lofty *Roſinante*, and his Squire *Sancho* upon his *Grizzle*. Deſiring him to give notice of his coming to ſuch of his acquaintance that he intended ſhould partake of the Paſtime; for that the ſtrange Intermixture of Folly and Sobriety in the Maſter, and the Buffonry of the Squire could not but be acceptable to all the World. Which Letter was carry'd by one of his Men, diſguis'd like a Country Carter, and deliver'd according to the Direction.

CHAP. IX.

What happen'd to Don Quixote *upon his entry into* Barcellona, *with other Things, that carry more of Truth then Probability.*

THree days did *Don Quixote* ſtay with *Roques*, and every day produc'd new Accidents. They never kept long in the ſame ſtation, but din'd in one place, ſupp'd in another; ſometimes they fled, not knowing why or wherefore; ſometimes they ſtopt with as little reaſon, always in a ready Poſture, always alarum'd; ſometimes fetching a ſhort Nap a Horſe-back, ſometimes upon the Ground; but ſo broken and interrupted were their Slumbers, that they hardly deſerv'd the name of Repoſe. Their Spies were every where abroad, and their Sentinels kept continual Watch. And as for *Roques* himſelf, he ſpent the Night at a diſtance from his Company, who ſeldom knew where he lay, not daring hardly to confide in himſelf,

and

and fearing to be betray'd by his own Men; ſo ſeverely was he purſu'd by the Viceroy of *Barcellona*, who had likewiſe ſet a price upon his Head. But at length *Don Quixote*, *Roques* and *Sancho*, attended by Six of the Jolly Band, croſſing the Roads, and taking all the By-ways imaginable, poſted for *Barcellona*, and got thither by that time 'twas dark night, upon St. *Johns* Eve. And thus *Roques* having brought the Knight to an Inn not far from the Towns end, after many Complements between him and *Don Quixote* for his Civilities, and a thouſand Thanks on *Sancho*'s part for the Ten Crowns, return'd back to his Company the ſame way he came.

And now the fair *Aurora* began to appear upon the Balconies of the Eaſt, ſhedding down her Liquid Pearls upon the fragrant Herbs and Flowers; but long ſhe ſtaid not ere the Brighter Sun took place, and fill'd the Northern World with day. What time a pleaſing, yet confuſed noiſe of Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums and Fifes, and other Warlike Inſtruments, fill'd both *Don Quixote*'s and *Sancho*'s Ears with Admiration. They lookt about and ſaw the Sea, which they had never ſeen before. It ſeem'd to them to be much more wide and ſpacious then the River of *Mancha*. They view'd the Galleys in the Port, and it was a Spectacle extreamly delightful to behold the Jacks, the Pendants and the Ancients ſporting in the Wind. The Trumpets fill'd the Air with their melodious Levets; and by and by the Galleys moving, began to counterfeit a Sea Engagement; while the Gentry of the City prancing out of Town upon their pamper'd Courſers, ſeem'd to manage their Horſes to the Motion of the Veſſels, that diſcharg'd their great Guns at the ſame time, and were as loudly anſwer'd by the Artillery from the City and Caſtle. Gladneſs and Pomp diſplay'd themſelves in all their Glory; the Land was jocond, the Air ſerene, the Ocean calm and ſmiling; and nothing interven'd to deprive the Gazing Eye of ſuch a lovely Proſpect. *Sancho* admir'd what he beheld; but could not for the Life of him apprehend how the Galleys ſhould have ſo many Feet, nor what ſort of Feet thoſe ſhould be that could ſo ſwiftly move thoſe Ponderous Bulks, and it was no leſs pleaſant to ſee how he ſtarted and duck'd his Head every time the Guns went off.

While *Sancho* was thus in an Extaſie, a Troop of Gentlemen richly apparell'd, galloping up to *Don Quixote*, ſurrounded him with loud acclamations, and one among the reſt (the Perſon to whom *Roques* had written) cry'd out, Welcom North-ſtar and Mirrour of *Knight-Errantry*— Welcom the Great, the Valiant, the Invincible *Don Quixote*, the true Knight of *Mancha*, whoſe Character the Famous *Cid Hamet Benengeli*, the Flower of Hiſtorians has ſo faithfully deliver'd to the World; not that Impoſtor, that Counterfeit piece of *Apocrypha*, that has uſurp'd his Glorious Name, to authorize his Fables and Impertinencies.

Don Quixote anſwer'd not a word; neither indeed had he either time or opportunity, they did ſo ride the *Hay* about him, ſo circulate him, and prance ſo many antick Figures round him in token of joy, that the amaz'd Champion was in a Labyrinth, only turning to *Sancho*, his only Intimate Acquaintance; *Sancho*, quo he, theſe People know me, and I'le venture a Wager, they have read my Hiſtory, and that of the *Arragonian*. But then the Gentleman that firſt accoſted him, ſingling him out; We beſeech yee, Sir *Don Quixote*, to let us have the Honour of your Company—— here are none but your Servants, and the Familiar Friends of *Roques Guiniard*. If Curteſie, reply'd *Don Quixote*, begat Curteſie, certainly your Civility ſhould either be the Daughter or near Kinſwoman of the famous *Roques*—— Goe where you pleaſe, I'le follow yee through all the World, more eſpecially

if you will do me the High honour to employ me in your Service. The Gentleman made him a Complement no leſs obliging, and no leſs ſtudied then his own; and then invironing him in the middle between 'em, they took the way to the City, the Trumpets ſounding and Drums beating before 'em. But whether or no the *Necromancers* waited for the Knights entrance, as it was reported they did, certain it is, a couple of unlucky young Baſtards, no leſs unlucky then *Necromancers*, out of their accuſtom'd Roguery, made a ſhift to get through the croud of Horſemen, and thruſt a bundle of Netles, one under *Roſinantes*, and the other under *Grizzles* Tail. Upon which, the poor Beaſts tormented with thoſe unwonted Stings in their Poſteriors, fell a kicking and wincing at ſuch an exaſperated rate, that they flung their Riders to the Ground. *Don Quixote* curſedly aſham'd, and damnable Mad, tho he forbore to ſhew his diſpleaſure, got up agen, and deliver'd *Roſinante* from his Torment; nor was *Sancho* leſs kind to his *Grizzle*, while the Gentlemen rode after the Miſcreants that had occaſion'd the diſorder, tho to little purpoſe, for they were ſoon loſt among the reſt of the Rabble. So that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* mounting once more, *Don Roques*'s Friend, who was one of the moſt conſiderable Perſons in *Barcellona*, carry'd them home to his own Houſe, free from any more diſaſters; where we muſt leave 'em for a time, becauſe *Benengeli* here concludes the Chapter.

CHAP. X.

Containing the Adventure of the Enchanted Head, &c.

THE Name of the Perſon where *Don Quixote* lodg'd, was *Antonio Moreno*, a Wealthy and a Facetious Gentleman, and one that lov'd a pleaſant and jocular Humour with all his Heart. Who having now *Don Quixote* in his Houſe, reſolv'd to make ſport with his Follies, yet ſo, as to give him no offence, as one who knew that Drollery, was not to exceed its Bounds, and that Affronts was no ſport. The firſt thing therefore that came into his Mind, was to have his Armour off, and to expoſe him in his Antick Habit in his Balcony, which look'd into one of the Principal Streets of the City; where all the People were got together, like the Boys about an Ape in a Haberdaſhers Shop. The Gentlemen alſo rode too and fro before the Windows upon their finical Prancers, and ſhew'd a hunder'd feats of Activity, as if it had been only for the Knight, and that they had been no ways concern'd for the Feſtival. *Sancho* was extreamly pleas'd to ſee all this, as one that thought he had met with another *Comacho*'s Wedding; another *Diego di Miranda*'s Houſe, or another Dukes Caſtle.

That day, there din'd with *Don Antonio* five or ſix of his Friends, who paid a great Reſpect to *Don Quixote*, treating him like a *Knight-Errant*, with ſo much Reverence and Ceremony, that *Don Quixote* was almoſt aſham'd to ſee himſelf ſo highly honour'd. And as for *Sancho*, he was ſo full of his Jeaſts and Quibbles, that he ſet not only all the Table a laughing, but all that heard him. Mr. Squire, cry'd *Don Antonio*, 'tis reported here, that you are ſuch a lover of Capons, and Saucidges, that when you can eat no more you put the reſt i' your Breeches againſt the next Morning. That's not true, reply'd *Sancho*; I am neither ſuch a Glutton, nor ſuch a Sloven;

Sloven ; here's my Maſter *Don Quixote* can tell yee, that many times for eight or nine days together we are forc'd to rob the Hogs of their Acorns ; and if we get half a dozen Onions, we look upon it as a Feaſt. But if any one gives me a Cow, I never refuſe to fetch a Cord—that is to ſay, I eat when 'tis given me, and I take Time by the Forelock ; and if any one ſays that I am either a Sloven or a Glutton, he does me wrong ; and I would give it him in other Language, but for the Worſhipful Beards that I ſee at this Table.

Certainly, quo *Don Quixote*, *Sancho*'s cleanlineſs in eating ought to be engrav'd in Plates of Braſs for an example to Poſterity. True it is, that when he is a Hungry, he eats a little Greedily, and one bit never ſtays for another ; but for his cleanly eating he was always cry'd up ; inſomuch that when he was a Governour, he always put his Raiſins and Pomegranates to his Mouth with a Silver Fork. How ! cry'd *Don Antonio*, has Mr. *Sancho* then been a Governour ? Yes, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I have been a Governour, and of an Iſland, which is call'd *Barattaria*, with this Mouth that you ſee, and all the while I loſt my Sleep, my Senſes, and waſted my Fleſh, and all I got by't, was only that it taught me to contemn all the Governments i' the World for the future ; ſo that I made ſo much haſte to leave it, that I and my *Grizzle* fell into a deep hole, where we had been ſtarv'd to death had not a Miracle reliev'd us. With that *Don Quixote* up and told 'em the whole Story of *Sancho*'s Government, to the great ſatisfaction of all the Company, who had their Belly-fulls of laughter as well as good Chear.

Dinner ended, *Don Antonio* took *Don Quixote* by the Hand, and led him into a Chamber, where there was no other Furniture then only a Table that ſeem'd to be of *Jaſper*, ſupported by a Pedeſtal of the ſame Stone ; and underneath the Table ſtood a Head of ſeeming Braſs, like one of the *Roman* Emperors Heads from the Breaſt upward. They walk'd ſeveral turns about the Room, and round the Table ; after which, quo *Don Antonio* to *Don Quixote*, ſince we are here in a place where I am ſure that no body overhears us, I will tell yee one of the ſtrangeſt Adventures that ever were known, provided you will lay it up as a Secret, in the remoteſt Apartment of your Breaſt. My Oath and Word are both engag'd, reply'd *Don Quixote*. The Perſon you ſpeak to has Eyes and Ears, but no Tongue, and tho you ſhould diſcover to me the very Secrets of your Heart, 'twere all one as to bury them in the Abyſſes of ſilence.

Well then, quo *Don Antonio*, I will tell yee thoſe things that will raviſh your Admiration, and deliver me from the trouble I have long been in for want of a Perſon with whom I could confide ſo great a Secret.

This Head that here you ſee, Sir *Quixote*, was made by one of the Cunningeſt *Necromancers* i' the World, a *Polonian* as I think, and the famous *Leſcot*'s Schollar, who is ſaid to have wrought ſo many Miracles. I kept him for ſome time here in my Houſe, and for a thouſand Crowns that I gave him, he made me this Head, which has that Faculty, that it will anſwer yee to any Queſtion you ſhall ask it. He obſerv'd the Motion of the Stars, their Retrogradations and Aſcenſions ; and juſt i' the nick of the Conſtellation brought it to that perfection you ſhall ſee to Morrow ; for upon *Frydays* it is always dumb, ſo that to day 'tis to no purpoſe to trouble it. *Don Quixote*, ſtrangely aſtoniſh'd at what *Don Antonio* told him concerning the Head, could hardly be induc'd to believe it, but in regard the time was ſo ſhort before he was to make the Experiment, he ſaid no more, but only return'd his humble Thanks to *Don Antonio* for entruſting him with a ſecret of that Importance. After this they left the Chamber, which *Don Antonio*

lockt after him, and return'd to the Company, to whom *Sancho*, 'i the mean time had related a great part of his Masters Adventures.

Toward Evening they went and took a turn about the City, *Don Quixote* without his Armour, but wrapt up in a long grey Freeze Cloak, enough to ha' made a Man sweat i' the last hard Frost. *Sancho* staid behind, the Servants having order to hold him in a Chat, and prevent his following his Master. Nor did *Don Quixote*, ride his *Rosinante*, but was mounted upon a large Mule, well equipp'd; and besides, they had pinn'd on his Cloak a large piece of Parchment, by him not tak'n notice of, whereon were written these Words, *This is Don Quixote de la Mancha.* So that the People reading the Inscription, as he pass'd along, and every one crying, *This is Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the Champion was amaz'd to hear that every body that saw him should have his Name so ready at their Tongues end, as if the whole City had been of his acquaintance; and turning at the same time to *Don Antonio*, that rode next him, Certainly, said he, there must be a hidden and unconceivable Vertue in *Knight-Errantry*, which has that Prerogative to render its Professours Famous over all the World; for here you see the very Women and Children know me, that never saw me before.

I find it so, Sir *Quixote*, reply'd *Don Antonio*: Like Fire that always discovers it self by its own light, so Vertue has that Lustre, that never fails to display it self; especially that Renown which is acquir'd by the Profession of Arms.

While they were thus upon the *Grand Paw*, a Castillian, reading the Inscription, cry'd out a loud, *The Devil take Don Quixote de la Mancha*, is that Cowardly Booby still alive, after so many Cudgellings and Lambastings as have rain'd upon his Bones? All the World knows thee to be a Fool in grain, and if that were all, 'twere no great matter; but thy Folly is contagious, and infects others; witness these deluded Gentlemen that admire thy Extravagancies and pamper thy Whimsies——get thee home with a Murrain, and look after thy House, thy Wife and Children, and leave playing the Fop and the Vagabond, as thou dost—— Friend, friend, quo *Don Antonio*, keep your way, and forbear your Advice to those that have no need of your Counsel. The Lord *Don Quixote* is a prudent Man, and we that accompany him think our selves no Beasts—— Valour is a Vertue to be honour'd where ever we meet with it. By St. *Christopher* you say true, reply'd the Castillian, A Man that spends his Breath in advising that same *Tom a Bedlam*, does but bast Flints with Butter. But let me perish and all my Generation, if e're yee catch me advising agen, were I to live the Years of *Methusalem*, and were begg'd upon the Knee to do it. And so saying the Castillian went his ways, and the Gentlemen continu'd their Procession; but they were so pester'd by the Rabble that crouded to read the Inscription, that *Don Antonio* was forc'd to take it off.

And now the Night coming on, they return'd to *Don Antonio*'s House, where his Wife, a Lady no less pleasant in her Humour then Beautiful, had invited several of her Friends, to honour her new Guest, and share in the Pastime of his Extravagancies. Thus the Room was fill'd with Ladies, and a magnificent Supper entertain'd the Company, and about Ten a Clock at Night they prepar'd for a Great *Ball.* Among the rest there were two Ladies of a frank and jolly Humour, and Witty withal; who to gratifie the Company, desir'd *Don Quixote* to lead a dance, and ply'd him so hard, one still taking him out when the t'other had left him, that they made him sweat like a Thrasher, and tyr'd him quite off his Legs. But the pleasure was to see so strange a Figure tumble about; a long Gaunt, Meager, Sway-backt, Thin-flank'd

Thin-flank'd manner of Man, Red herring Complexion'd, Hollow-ey'd, long Briſtly Muſtacho's, his Doublet out at Elbows, Seams unript, and as nimble as a Cow in a Cage. The Ladies under pretence of Courtſhip, frumpt and twitter'd at him without Mercy; and he return'd 'em Wipe for Wipe, but yet ſo cleverly, that no diſtaſte could be taken on either ſide. Till at length finding himſelf tormented by their Careſſes, Avoid Female Satans, cry'd he, ceaſe to diſturb me with your Flipperous twittle twattle, Ladies made up of Vanity and Town Humour, for the Peerleſs *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, ſole Queen Regent of my Heart permits me not to be enſlav'd to any other; and ſo ſaying, he ſate himſelf down upon the Floor in the middle of the Hall, all in a Dew and quite tir'd with his jumping Exerciſe. *Sancho* was the firſt that attempted to lift him up, and as he lent him his Hand, In good faith, Maſter of ours, you have ſhook your Heels moſt Couragiouſly —— but after all, do you believe the *Hero*'s were Hop-Merchants, or that the *Knights-Errant* of old were ſnappers of Caſtanets? If yee do, you are monſtrouſly deceiv'd. A Man of your Courage ſhould rather be murdring Gyants then dancing of Jiggs —— 'tis for Women to jogg their Tails —— you ſhould ha' ſent for me when they took yee out to dance, and I would ha' taught 'em to play at *Leap-frog* I warrant 'em; and ſtill if the Ladies have a mind to mould Cockle-bread, have at 'em. This put the Company into ſuch a fit of laughter, that *Sancho* had leiſure, with a little Aſſiſtance, to get his Maſter to Bed, where he left him cover'd over Head and Ears to ſweat out his Diſtemper.

The next Morning *Don Antonio* ask'd *Don Quixote* whether he would be pleas'd to go and diſcourſe the *Enchanted Head*, and to that purpoſe he carry'd into the Chamber where it ſtood the Knight and the Squire, two Gentlemen of the City, and the two Ladies that had ſo jollily exercis'd *Don Quixote* the Night before. So ſoon as they were enter'd, *Don Antonio* lockt the Door, enjoyn'd 'em Secreſie, and told his Friends the Vertues of the *Head*, and how it was the firſt time that ever he had the Opportunity to try the Experiment. Upon that *Don Antonio*, going up cloſe to the *Head*, with a low Voice, yet ſo as he might be heard, Tell me, ſaid he, by that Myſterious Vertue wherewith thou art endu'd, what I think at this preſent? At the ſame time, the *Head* with a clear and diſtinct utterance, yet never moving the Lips, made anſwer, *I am no Judge of Thoughts*. At which the Gentlemen ſeem'd to be aſtoniſh'd; and the Ladies ſcream'd out right; for there was no body to be ſeen in the Chamber, and they could plainly perceive that the Voice came directly from the *Head*. Then, quo *Antonio*, a ſecond time, How many are there of us in the Room? *Thou and thy Wife*, reply'd the *Head*, *thy two He-Friends and thy two She-Friends, with a certain Famous Knight call'd* Don Quixote de la Mancha, *and his Squire, one* Sancho Pancha. With that their Admiration was greater then before; ſo that you might have ſeen 'em ſweat for fear. Then *Don Antonio* retiring, 'tis enough I am convinc'd, ſaid he, 'twas no Impoſtor ſold thee to me; wiſe underſtanding *Head*, diſcourſing *Head*, miraculous and matchleſs *Head*. Now as Women are more Curious and eager then other Perſons, one of the dancing Ladies ventring up to it, Tell me *Head*, ſaid ſhe, what muſt I do to make my ſelf Amiable: *Be prudent and Modeſt*, anſwer'd the *Head*. I ha' done queſtioning, quo the Lady, giving way to her Friend. Who with the ſame Curioſity, I would know, quo ſhe, whether my Husband loves me or no? *Obſerve his Behaviour toward thee, and that will tell thee*, reply'd the *Head*. 'Twas well anſwer'd, quo the Lady, for truly a Mans Actions diſcover the Diſpoſition of his Mind. One of *Don Antonio*'s Friends put the Queſtion

to

to it, Who am I? To whom the *Head, doſt not thou know that thy ſelf*? That's not the Queſtion, reply'd the Gentleman, I would be ſatisfi'd whether thou knowſt who I am? *I know thee well*, quo the *Head, thou art* Don Pedro Noriz. 'Tis ſufficient, reply'd the Gentleman, I find thou art no Block-head. Then the other Gentleman, taking his turn, Prithee good *Head*, tell me, What does my Eldeſt Son think? *Have I not ſaid already*, reply'd the *Head, that I was no Judge of thoughts? however I will tell thee, thy Eldeſt Son is thinking how long it will be before he ſhall bury thee.* I believe it, reply'd the Gentleman, what I ſee with my Eyes I mark with my Finger—— 'tis enough. Then *Don Antonio*'s Wife approaching, I would know, quo ſhe, whether I ſhall live long with my dear Husband or no? *Long ſhalt thou live*, quo the *Head, for his healthy Conſtitution and thy Temperance promiſe long Life, which other People ſhorten by their Debauchery.* Then *Don Quixote* drawing neer with his accuſtom'd Gravity, and the Addreſs of one that underſtood how to Conſult an Oracle, tell me, ſaid he, thou Head of a Philoſopher, Is it a Truth, or a Dream what I related concerning the Cave of *Monteſinos*? Will *Sancho* my Squire fulfill his Promiſe, in giving himſelf thoſe Laſhes, according to his Vows and Proteſtations? And ſhall we ever ſee the Peerleſs *Dulcinea* Diſinchanted? *As for what concerns the Cave* reply'd the *Head, we have many things to ſay; 'tis partly True, and partly a Dream:* Sancho *will in time be as good as his Word, and* Dulcinea *will be at Liberty*, That's all I deſire to know, quo *Don Quixote*, for could I once but ſee fair *Dulcinea* Diſinchanted, aſſur'd Succeſs would then attend me in all my Adventures. Then *Sancho*, bringing up the Rear, tell me, ſaid he Renowned *Head*, whether I ſhall ever have another Government or no? Will it ever be my Fate to quit this miſerable Trade of Squire-Erranting? Or muſt I ever ſee my Wife and Childern agen? To whom the *Head, Thou mai'ſt Govern thy own Houſe when thou returnſt home; and thou ſhalt ſee thy Wife and Children if they be there; and when thou leav'ſt off ſerving thou ſhalt be no longer a Squire.* The Devil take thee for a Dunderhead, quo *Sancho*, what need I ha' come to a Sorcerer, to tell me what I knew before? Well Brute, quo *Don Quixote*, and what wouldſt thou have had him told thee? Is't not enough that the Anſwers which the Head gives thee are pertinent to thy Queſtions? Nay, quo *Sancho*, ſince you will have it ſo it ſhall be ſo—— yet I would ha' been better ſatisfy'd, would Monſieur *Head* ha' been pleas'd to ha' told me a little more of his Mind—but I find your Brazen Heads are very reſerv'd.

Theſe were the Queſtions propos'd, and the ſeveral Anſwers made by the Enchanted Head, to the great Admiration of all, but only two of *Don Antonio*'s Friends, who were privy to the Myſtery. But *Benengeli*, touch'd in Conſcience, thought it his Duty to unfold it, fearing leſt the Reader ſhould think him a Confederate with *Fryer Bacon*; and therefore he tells us, how that *Don Antonio* being a Perſon of great Curioſity, caus'd this Head to be made in Imitation of one that he had ſeen at *Madrid*, to make himſelf ſport with the Superſtition of other People. That the Table together with the Pedeſtal upon which it ſtood, reſembling at the bottom four Eagles Claws, was of Wood painted with ſeveral Colours like Jaſper. That the Pedeſtal was likewiſe hollow, through which there deſcended two Pipes from the Mouth and Ears of the Head, which was hollow alſo, and colour'd over like Braſs, into the Room underneath, where he that was the Oracle lai'd his Ear to one Pipe to liſten, and deliver'd his Anſwers through the other. And moreover that a Nephew of *Don Antonio*'s, a Witty young Gentleman, having his Inſtructions before hand from his Uncle

Uncle, who was the *Pythian* Prieſt. Moreover *Cid Hamet* reports, that this ſpeaking Head return'd Anſwers to all manner of Queſtions for Fifteen days together, but that at length the noiſe of the Miracle made ſuch a terrible Combuſtion in the City, that *Don Antonio* fearing to be had up in the *Inquiſition*, was forc'd to go and diſcover the Truth himſelf to the Fathers; who order'd him to break it in pieces, before the Impoſture had penetrated too deep into Vulgar belief.

But for all that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* were fully confirm'd that it was an Enchanted Head, tho true it is, that the Knight was much better ſatisfi'd with his Anſwer then the Squire. Soon after, *Don Quixote* had a great deſire to view the City, but afoot and *Incognito*, becauſe he would not be troubl'd any more with the Rabble; and to that purpoſe he walk'd forth attended only by *Sancho* and two of *Don Antonio*'s Servants. Now it happen'd, that as he was going up and down, he ſpy'd written over a Door in Great Letters theſe Words, HERE IS A PRINTING-HOUSE. This was an accident that overjoy'd him, and therefore to ſatisfie his Curioſity, in he went with his Train to ſee an Art which he had never ſeen before. There he ſaw ſome picking of Letters out of the Caſes; others correcting the Forms; and others working at the Preſs: and after he had diligently enquir'd what this was for, and what that was for; at length approaching to a Compoſitor, he askt him what 'twas He was doing? Sir, ſaid the Compoſitor (ſhewing a good Comely Perſon, with a ſerious Air in his Face) that Gentleman has Tranſlated a Book out of *Italian* into *Spaniſh*, and I am preparing it for the Preſs. Pray what may be the Title of the Book? quo *Don Quixote*. The Title of it, Sir, quo the Author, is *Toys* and *Trifles*—— but tho the Title ſeem to promiſe little, the Matter which it contains is both ſerious and uſeful. I pretend to underſtand a little *Italian*, anſwer'd *Don Quixote*, and have read *Arioſto* ſeveral times—— But pray, Sir, without any offence, did you never meet with ſuch a Word in *Italian* as *Pignatta*! Frequently, Sir, reply'd the Author, you meet with it often in *Ruini's Receites*. Very good, quo *Don Quixote*, how would you Tranſlate that Word into *Spaniſh*? I would render it a *Pipkin*, quo the Author, for 'tis its proper Signification. 'Tis very Right, quo *Don Quixote*, I find y'are a Maſter of the Language; but I fear me the World does not do yee Juſtice—— How many Men quite loſe their Talents! how many ſparkling Wits are buried in Oblivion for want of their Merits being known! But I beſeech yee one word more, Sir; do yee print this Book at your own Charges, or does any Bookſeller pay yee for your Copy. Why truly, Sir, I do print it at my own Coſt; for your Bookſellers are ſo niggardly, that 'tis hardly worth the Toyl of labouring only to promote their Gains—— and therefore as I ſaid before I print this Book at my own Expences, paying for Paper and Print, and I hope to get a hunder'd Pound clear by the firſt Impreſſion. Oh, Friend, quo *Don Quixote*, I'me afraid you'l come ſhort of your Reck'ning, you don't underſtand the Cunning of Bookſellers—they'l ſtifle your Book, cry it down, and give the Author an ill Name, as the Cobler did his Dog; and what will yee do then? Lord—— Sir, quo the Author, what would yee ha' me ha' done?—— ſhould I ha' gone and offer'd it a Bookſeller, he would ha' given me the tenth part of what 'twas worth, and thought he had done me a great Kindneſs too—— I ſeek my own Profit, which is better then Reputation. Then turning to another Place, he ſaw a Man Correcting a Page of a Book call'd the *Light of the Soul*—— Ay, quo *Don Quixote*, theſe are the Books that ought to be printed—for tho there be Legions of this ſort, yet the Number of Sinners

is

is so Infinite, that there can never be too much Light for People so much in the Dark. So passing on a little farther, he found another correcting a Book, of which when he ask'd the Title, they told him 'twas *The Second Part of the most Ingenious* Don Quixote de la Mancha, Compos'd by a Native of *Tordesillas*—— How! quo *Don Quixote*; I know this Book certainly— and I had thought the Fellow that made it had been burnt by this time for an Impostor— but if he ben't already, his time will come—— the World will certainly be convinc'd at length of so many Impertinences, that have neither probablility nor Coherence; and so saying he flung out of the Printing-house in a huff, bauking the Officious Workmen of their expected Two Dozen at least, and was curst with Bell Book and Candle by the whole Chappel.

The next day *Don Antonio* would needs shew *Don Quixote* the Galleys in the Road; which was a great Consolation to *Sancho*, who had never seen such a sight in his Life. To which purpose *Don Antonio* gave notice of his Intention to the Admiral, who had already heard of the Knight, and was no less desirous to see him. Of which you shall hear more i' the next Chapter.

CHAP. XI.

What befel Sancho *going aboard the Galleys, and of the Adventure of the Beautiful* Mooress.

IMmediately after Dinner, *Don Antonio*, his two Friends, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* went to see the Galleys, and no sooner had they made their appearance upon the Key, but the Admiral sent his Long-boat ashore spread with Turky-Carpets, and furnish'd with Crimson Velvet Cushions to fetch them aboard. By and by the Great Guns roar'd out their Salutations to *Don Quixote* from the Admiral Galley, which were answer'd by the Cannon from all the Rest: and *Don Quixote* being enter'd the Vessel, was presently saluted with three loud *Hou, Hou, Hou's*, according to the Custom of the whole Chiurm of Slaves and Seamen. The *Admiral*, who was a Knight of *Valence*, and a Person of great Quality, gave him his Hand, and embracing him, This day, said he, will I signalize particularly with a white Stone, as one of the happiest of my Life, since I have the honour now to see My Lord *Don Quixote*, whose Valour comprehends within it self all the Glory of *Knight-Errantry*. Nor was *Don Quixote* behind hand with him, but made him a Return of his Civility, answerable to his Dignity; overjoy'd to see himself so treated like a Grandee of the Kingdom. Presently they both went into the Great Cabbin, which was decently adorn'd; where both they and the rest of the Company took their Places. At the same time the Master went upon the Deck, and gave a Whistle, upon which all the Slaves immediately unstript. *Sancho* was scar'd to see so many Fellows i' their naked Skins, but much more when he saw 'em set up the Pavillions with so much swiftness, as if they had been so many Devils set at work. But this was not all, for as *Sancho* was sitting under the Main-Mast neer the Head-Rower on the Right Hand, the Galley-Slave, instructed what he had to do, took him up in his Arms, and lifting him up above his Shoulders, all the Rest of the Rakehells toss'd and handed him

one

one to another, as they do Fagots out of a Lighter, with ſuch a ſwift and ſtrenuous Motion, that poor *Sancho* loſt the very ſight of his Eyes, and as giddy as a Gooſe, thought himſelf now in the Paws of all the Infernal *Hobgoblins*, going the long Journey of the Wicked: which done, they ſet him again upon the Deck, ſweating like a Bell-founder, panting and heaving and all out of Order both in Body and Mind. Thereupon *Don Quixote* troubl'd to ſee his Squire playing *Chriſtmas Gambols* i' the Air; he askt whether that were a Ceremony us'd to welcom thoſe that had never been upon a Galley before? for if it were, he had no intention to ſhew Tricks, nor would he be ſo initiated into Naval Society——ſwearing by his Maker, that if they offer'd to touch him he would Kick their Souls out of their Bodies, and at the ſame time, ſtarting up, he laid his Hand upon the Hilt of his Sword.

By and by, down came the Main-Yard and Main-Sail, making a moſt hideous noiſe; ſo that *Sancho* thought the Skie had been falling, and frighted out of his Wits, thruſt his Head between his Legs to ſave the principal part. To tell yee the Truth, *Don Quixote* himſelf was but in a ſtinking Condition, his Heart fail'd him, and what was Miraculous, you might diſcern a Paleneſs in his Bacon Face. At the ſame time the Slaves hois'd up the Main-Yard and Main-Sail agen, with the ſame prodigious rattling and ſwiftneſs as before it fell. Preſently the Maſter gave the Word to weigh Anchor, and beſtirr'd his Bulls Pizzle ſo dextrouſly, that the Galley began to move in a Trice. But when *Sancho* ſaw ſo many colour'd Feet, for he took the Oares for ſuch; Paſſion o' my Heart, quo he, here are Inchantments indeed, my Maſter's are Trifles to theſe. But what have theſe poor wretches done to be ſo miſerably flawd?—— How dares that ſame Whiſtling Raſcal abuſe ſo many luſty Fellows, being but One to Forty——? By Guds Liggers, if this ben't Hell, I am ſure we are not far from it, and ſo it muſt be Purgatory. *Don Quixote* perceiving how earneſtly *Sancho*'s Eyes were fix'd upon theſe wonderful Objects, My dear Friend, quo he, now's thy time, here's a fair Opportunity preſents it ſelf, if thou wouldſt but go and ſtrip thy ſelf to the Waſte, and take a Score or Two Stripes among thoſe honeſt Rowers, thou mightſt come off at a cheap rate with thy Penance for *Dulcinea's* diſinchantment. For one Score of the Maſters Laſhes would be worth Four of thy own; beſides, the Conſolation of ſuffering with others. Which the Admiral over-hearing, would needs know the meaning of *Sancho's* Whipping, and *Dulcinea's* Enchantment; but he was prevented in the ſatisfaction which he deſir'd, by the Sentinel at the Top-Maſt-Head, who cry'd out at the ſame time *a Sail, a Sail*, to the *Weſt*. With that the Admiral leaping upon the *Courſey*, Cou rage, Boys, all hands to work, let her not ſcape Us, ſhe is a *Corſaire* of *Argier* I warrant her. Preſently the other Galleys made up to receive Orders from the Admiral, who Commanded two of the Nimbleſt to make out to Sea, and get the Windward of the Prize, while he crept along the Coaſt to prevent her running a-ſhore.

Scarce had the two Galleys made above two Leagues, but they diſcover'd the *Brigantine*, being a Veſſel of about Fourteen Oares; which no ſooner perceiv'd the Galleys, but ſhe made all the Sail and labour'd all ſhe could to get away; but in vain, for the Admiral Galley preſently fetch'd her up; and the Maſter of the *Brigantine* ſeeing his danger, was willing to have yielded; but ſo it happen'd, that two drunken *Turkiſh* Seamen at the ſame time diſcharg'd a couple of Muskets from the *Waſt-cloaths*, and kill'd two of the Admirals Soldiers that ſtood upon the *Wale* of the Galley; which ſo provok'd the Admiral, that he ſwore he would hang 'em up at

the Yards Arm every Mothers Son; and with that he lai'd the *Brigantine* aboard, and took her, with all that were in her. Which done, the Galleys return'd into Harbour with their Prize. The Admiral came to an Anchor not far from the Land, where the People ſtood waiting to know what Booty they had got; and underſtanding that the Vice-Roy was a-ſhore, he launch'd out his Long boat to fetch him aboard. In the mean while the Admiral ſending for the Priſoners, demanded who was the Maſter? To whom one of the Slaves, who was afterwards known to be a *Spaniſh Renegado*, This was our Maſter, quo he, pointing to a young Man of about Twenty years of Age, but Beautiful to Admiration. Yee Dog you, cry'd the Admiral, what was in your Mind to kill two of my Men, after yee had ſtrook? The Maſter was about to have reply'd, when the Admiral left him to receive the Vice-Roy, who was juſt coming aboard with ſeveral other Perſons of Quality. What Chear, Admiral, quo the Vice-Roy, ha' yee had a Lucky Chace?—— So lucky, reply'd the Admiral, that your Excellency ſhall ſee me hang up the beſt of the Purchaſe immediately at the Yards-Arm. How ſo? quo the Vice-Roy. Becauſe they kill'd two of my beſt Soldiers, contrary to the Cuſtom of the Sea, after they had loar'd in token of ſurrender; for which I ſwore I would hang up all that were in the *Brigantine*, eſpecially this Hair-braind Fellow the Maſter. But the Viceroy caſting his Eye upon him began to pity his Condition: His Beauty, his Youth, and a certain Air of Modeſty in his Countenance, ſeem'd to beg Compaſſion, ſo that he reſolv'd to ſave his Life. Maſter, ſaid the Vice Roy, art thou a *Turk*, a *Moor*, or a *Renegado*? Neither of the three, reply'd the Maſter. What art then? reply'd the Vice-Roy; I am a Virgin and a Chriſtian. A Virgin and a Chriſtian, quo the Vice-Roy, in that Habit and that Employment! 'tis a thing to be rather admir'd then believ'd. Suſpend a moment the Sentence of my Execution, reply'd the Maſter, nd you ſhall hear the Story of my Life; for the Delay of your Revenge ſhall be but very ſhort. Live then, cry'd the Admiral, very ſurlily, till the end of your Tale.

Gentlemen, ſaid the young Marriner, I am the Daughter of Parents that were both *Moors*, and born in *Spain* among thoſe unhappy and imprudent People, upon whom ſo many Misfortunes have lately fallen. In the hight of our Calamity two of my Uncles carry'd me into *Barbary*, for my averring my ſelf a Chriſtian would not procure my ſtay. My Mother was a Chriſtian and my Father profeſs'd himſelf ſo to be: So that I ſuckt in the true Catholick Religion with my Milk, neither did I ever in word or deed teſtifie any Inclination to the contrary. I muſt needs ſay my Parents kept me retir'd from the World, but notwithſtanding all their prudent Severity, the report of that little Beauty I had, gain'd me the Affection of a young Gentleman, by name *Don Gaſpar Gregorio*, Eldeſt Son of a Knight that liv'd in the ſame Village; who having notice of my Baniſhment reſolv'd to follow me, and intermixing himſelf among the *Moors* in our Company during the Voyage, he at length inſinuated himſelf into the Acquaintance of both my Uncles (for my Father having buried the Treaſure which he had, was gone to find us out a quieter Habitation in ſome other Country) and ſo it happen'd, that the firſt place where we landed in *Barbary* was *Argier*: Where the King underſtanding that I was very Beautiful and no leſs Wealthy, ſent for me, and ask'd me what part of *Spain* I was born in, and what ſtore of Money and Jewels I had brought along with me? I gave him an accompt of the Place of my Nativity, but for my Wealth, I told him I had left it behind me buried in the Earth; yet ſo as I could eaſily recover it, if I might be permitted to go my ſelf.

But

But in the midſt of theſe and ſeveral other Queſtions of this Nature, another Sycophant came in, and gave him Information of a young Man that was one of our Company, the goodlieſt and moſt graceful Perſon that ever was ſeen. I was preſently ſenſible 'twas *Don Gaſpar* that was ſpoken of; and knowing him to be no leſs lovely then he was deſcrib'd, I was extreamly concern'd for him, as one that had heard much talk of the beſtial Temper of thoſe People.

Preſently he gave command that the young Man ſhould be ſent for, and in the mean time he ask'd me whether the Information were true, that had been giv'n him? To which, as if I had been ſuddenly inſpir'd, I made anſwer that ſhe was a Virgin as I was, and therefore beſought his Majeſty that I might have leave to go and dreſs her, that her Beauty might appear in its natural Colours.

The King was pleas'd to grant me my Requeſt, and told me withal, that he would conſider of a way how I might return into *Spain*, and retrieve my hidden Treaſure. Thereupon I went to *Don Gaſpar*, told him the danger of his being diſcover'd; and after I had dreſt him up in Mooriſh Habit, I carry'd him that Evening to the Prince, who was ſo taken with the Charms of his Beauty, that he order'd him to be reſerv'd as a Preſent for the *Grand Signior*; and the better to ſecure him, order'd him to be ſhut up in his Womens *Serraglio*. And fearing the Sollicitations of his own deſires, gave him in charge to one of the Principal Ladies of the City, with a ſtrict Injunction to be careful of him, and to be anſwerable for his forthcoming. This was the laſt time I ſaw him; tho how impatiently I brook'd the ſorrow of ſuch a ſeparation, I leave you to judg.

The next day, by the Kings Order, I ſet Sail for *Spain* in this *Brigantine*, accompany'd with the two Turkiſh Soldiers that kill'd your Men; and this ſame *Spaniſh Renegado*, who is a Chriſtian in his Heart, and has a greater deſire to return to *Spain* then to live in *Barbary*. The reſt of the Chiurm are all *Moors* and *Turks* that tug at the Oar. And as for theſe two Covetous and Inſolent *Turks*, they were the only Perſons, who contrary to their Orders, which were to ſet me aſhore upon the firſt *Spaniſh* Ground they ſhould diſcover, would needs be cruizing after Booty. The laſt Night we diſcover'd this Coaſt, and knowing nothing of your Galleys that lay ſo neer, we were our ſelves diſcover'd and fell into your Hands.

All this while *Don Gaſpar* remains in Womens Habit among Women, and every Hour in danger of his Life. So that for my part, I know not whether I have any juſt cauſe to complain of the Condition to which my Misfortune has reduc'd me; for I am ſo weary of my Life, that I little regard the loſing of it: Only I beg this Favour, Gentlemen, that you will permit me to dye a Chriſtian, as I have always profeſs'd to be. And thus concluding, ſhe let fall a ſhowre of Tears, that melted the moſt Stony Hearts of all that were preſent; inſomuch that the Vice-Roy more touch'd with Compaſſion then any of the Reſt, went and unbound her Hands himſelf.

Now all the while that the fair Mariner was telling her Story, there was in the Galley an ancient Pilgrim, who came aboard with the Vice-Roys Attendants, and kept his Eye ſtill fix'd upon the Damſel. But no ſooner had ſhe made an end, but he threw himſelf at her Feet, and bathing 'em with his Tears, with a languiſhing Voice, interrupted with ſighs and ſobs, Ah, *Anna Felix*, cry'd he, my dear and entirely beloved Daughter, know'ſt thou not *Ricot* thy Father? At the name of *Ricot*, *Sancho* who was ruminating upon the Affront which he had receiv'd from the

Slaves, look'd up, and ſtaring the Pilgrim in the Face, knew him again to be the ſame *Ricot* that he had met upon the Road the ſame day that he left his Government, and then ſeriouſly ſurveying the Damſel he knew her to be *Ricots* Daughter.

But then *Ricot* addreſſing himſelf to the Vice-Roy and to the Admiral, My Lords, ſaid he, this is my Daughter, more unfortunate in what has befallen her then in her name. Her name is *Anna Felix Ricot*, well known for her Beauty and her Fathers Wealth. For her ſake I departed out of *Spain*, to ſeek, among ſtrangers, a quiet Habitation. Which after I had found in *Germany*, I return'd hither in this Habit with other Pilgrims, in ſearch of my Daughter, and to recover a certain parcel of Gold, and ſome other odd Treaſure which I had buried in the Earth. I found my hidden Wealth, but ſought my Daughter in vain, till now by this ſame ſtrange and unexpected Accident I met her here, the only Treaſure which I value above all the Riches in the World. If then our Innocency, her Tears and mine are capable to move your Compaſſion, have pity upon two unfortunate Wretches, that never offended either your Honours in particular, or ever harbour'd evil thought againſt the Publick Government.

Then *Sancho* taking his Turn, I know *Ricot*, quo he, as well as the Begger knows his Diſh; and as far as a Man may be certain of ſuch a thing, I'le engage that *Anna Felix* is his Daughter too; but for his Goings-out, or Comings-in; his good or bad Intentions, I ha' nothing to ſay to them: I am not hear to be Bail for his good Behaviour.

Such a Concourſe of ſurprizing Accidents aſtoniſh'd all the Company, ſo that the Admiral turning to the fair Captive with a Countenance more ſerene then before, Your Tears, ſaid he, have wrought Effectually; live lovely *Anna Felix*, live in peace a happy and a long Life, and let thoſe Hair-brain'd Slaves, whoſe Folly thus endanger'd your deſtruction, bear the Puniſhment of their Imprudence. And ſo ſaying he commanded the Two Turks to be forthwith hang'd up at the Yards-Arm. But the Vice-Roy begg'd their Lives with ſo much importunity, that the Admiral gratify'd the Vice-Roys requeſt, conſidering beſide the poorneſs of Revenge in cold Blood.

Then they began to conſider which was the ſafeſt way to retrieve *Don Gaſpar* from the Danger he was in, to which purpoſe *Ricot* offer'd to pay for his ranſome Two thouſand Ducats which he had about him in Jewels. Whereupon the *Spaniſh Renegado* proffer'd to return to *Argier*, in a ſmall Bark furniſh'd with Chriſtian Rowers; as one that well underſtood when and where to land, and more then that, was well acquainted with the Houſe where *Gregorio* was in Cuſtody. The Admiral and the Vice-Roy were ſomewhat ſcrupulous at firſt to truſt a Renegado, till *Anna Felix* undertook for him, and *Ricot* engag'd to pay the Ranſom of all the Chriſtians if they were taken by the Turks. So that all things being thus concluded, the Vice-Roy took leave of the Admiral; and *Don Antonio Moreno* carry'd *Anna Felix* and *Ricot* home to his own Houſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Containing that unlucky Adventure which Don Quixote *lay'd most to his Heart of any that ever befel him.*

Don Antonio's Wife was so overjoy'd to have *Anna Felix* for her Guest, that she receiv'd and entertain'd her with all the Caresses imaginable; and so attractive were the Charms of her Beauty and Wit, that she was visited by all the most considerable Persons in the City.

The same Evening *Don Quixote* told *Don Antonio*, that their Contrivance for the Releasement of *Don Gaspar*, no way pleas'd him; as being full of danger, and little or no probability of Success: And that therefore the safer and surer way would be for him to cross over into *Barbary* himself with his Horse and Arms; where he would undertake to rescue *Don Gaspar* out of Captivity in despite of all the *Moors* that should oppose him; as *Don Gayferos* had formerly rescu'd his Wife, the fair *Melisandra*.

Very right, Sir, quo *Sancho*, but you forget that when *Don Gayferos* rescu'd his Wife, 'twas upon the firm Land, and he carry'd her over the firm dry Land into *France*; but now in this Case, suppose we should deliver *Don Gaspar*, how the Devil shall we bring him into *Spain*, since the Sea's in the middle between us. There's a cure for all things but Death, reply'd *Don Quixote*: Let a Bark be but moor'd to the Shore, and then let us alone to take Shipping, mauger all the *Saracens* in *Barbary*. This is easily said, quo *Sancho*, but saying and doing are two things; and therefore I am for trusting the *Renegado*, who understands his Business better then a thousand *Knight-Errants*, and I dare say the Rogue will be honest. *Don Antonio* reply'd, that if the *Renegado* fail'd, that then they would have recourse to the Valour of the famous *Don Quixote*. Thereupon the *Renegado* was dispatch'd away within two days after, and the Admiral set Sail with all his Galleys for the *Levant*.

Now it happen'd one Morning that *Don Quixote* being rid to take a walk upon the Sea-Shore, arm'd at all points, his Arms as he said, being all his Bodily Ornament, as Combat was his only Rest, he beheld at a Distance stalking toward him another Knight, arm'd like himself from head to foot, with a Shield on which a Glittering Moon was blazon'd in her proper Colours. This Knight approaching neer, and addressing himself to *Don Quixote*, Illustrious Knight, cry'd he, with a loud Voice, most Valiant *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, I am the Knight of the *White Moon*, whose incredible Atchievments, no doubt ere this, have reach'd thy Ears. My business here is, in fair and equal Combat to prove which is the stronger thou or I, and to make thee acknowledg that my Lady, let her be who she will, is incomparably more Amiable, more Discreet, and better Descended then thy *Dulcinea del Toboso*. Now if thou wilt freely and without any more ado confess this Truth, thou shun'st assured Death, and freest me from the trouble of reducing thee to Reason. Otherwise, I demand no more, after thou art fairly vanquish'd, but that thou lay aside thy Arms, and forbear rambling in search of any more Adventures for one whole Year. Moreover, that thou shalt return home and live a sober and quiet Life, to the improvement of thy Estate and the Salvation of thy Soul. On the other side, if it be my fortune to be overcome, my Head is at thy Discretion; I bequeath thee my Horse and my Arms, and the Reputation of having vanquish'd the most Renowned

nowned Knight alive. Conſider what thou haſt to do, and let thy Anſwer be quick; for I have but this day to determine this Affair.

Don Quixote amaz'd at the Inſolence of the Knight of the *White Moon*, and the ſubject of his Challenge, with a proud and ſurly Air, Sir Knight of the *White Moon*, quo he, of whoſe Exploits I never herad a Title yet, I dare ſwear, thou never ſawſt th' Illuſtrious *Dulcinea*, for hadſt thou ſeen her once, thou nere wou'dſt thus expoſe thy ſelf to the hazard of doubtful Combat, to juſtifie ſo great a Falſhood. And therefore without giving thee the Lye, I only tell thee, Knight, thou art deceiv'd, and I accept thy Challenge upon the Conditions propos'd. However, take notice that I accept theſe Conditions barely upon your Word, without examination what your Atchievements are, which otherwiſe I ought to make enquiry after. For I know my own reputation, and am contented with it. Go then, and chooſe your Ground, as I intend to do; and let the Succeſs declare which of us two beſt knows to handle a Lance.

While the two Knights were thus jowring together, the Knight of the *White Moon* was diſcover'd from the City, and the Vice-Roy was inform'd that the Knight of the *White Moon* had been parlying with *Don Quixote*; ſo that he took Horſe, and accompany'd by *Don Antonio*, and ſome other Gentlemen of the City, arriv'd at the place, juſt as *Don Quixote* was preparing to make choice of the ſtarting Place. But when they were both ready, he rode in between 'em, and demanded the Reaſon of their Quarrel, that had ſet 'em ſo ſuddenly together by the Ears. To whom the Knight of the *Moon* made anſwer, that it was about precedency of Beauty, repeating in ſhort ſome part of the words that had paſt between him and *Don Quixote*, and the Conditions of the Challenge. Thereupon the Vice-Roy riding up to *Don Antonio*, ask'd him in his Ear, whether he knew the Knight of the *White Moon*, or whether it were not ſome Trick deſignedly put upon *Don Quixote*. *Don Antonio* made anſwer, that he knew nothing of the Buſineſs; which put the Vice-Roy into a kind of *Dilemma* whether he ſhould ſuffer the Combatants to proceed,—but at length believing it could be nothing but ſome jocular Contrivance of the Gentry there preſent; Sir Knights, quo he, if it be ſo that there be no Remedy, no Medium but Death or Confeſſion, while my Lord *Don Quixote* ſays 'tis *Thirteen*, and the Knight of the *White Moon* will have it *Fifteen*, the Field is free, and ſo God bleſs yee.

The Knight of the *Moon* return'd the Vice-Roy thanks in moſt obliging Terms for his Civility; nor was *Don Quixote* behind hand with his Complements, and then recommending himſelf to God and his Lady *Dulcinea*, according to his uſual Cuſtom, he took a little more Ground then he had done before, obſerving his Adverſary to do the like; and ſo without either Trumpet or any other Warlike Inſtrument to give the Signal, away they flew as ſwift as Rockets to meet each other at the Gates of Death. But the Knight of the *White Moon* was mounted upon a Courſer that had much the better Heels, and was far ſtronger then *Roſinante*; ſo that having rode three parts of the Career himſelf, without making uſe of his Lance, which 'tis thought he carry'd upright on purpoſe, he bruſht by *Don Quixote* with that Violence, that he overthrew both Horſe and Man to the Ground, and both in a very bad Condition. With that the Knight of the *White Moon* whip'd of his Horſe, and putting the Point of his Lance to *Don Quixotes* Vizor, You are vanquiſh'd, Sir Knight, quo he, and your Life is at an end, unleſs you perform the Conditions of the Combat. *Don Quixote* ſtunn'd and bruis'd with his fall, and unable to lift up the Vizor of his Helmet,

Helmet, with a feeble and languiſhing Voice, as if he had ſpoken out of a Sepulcher, *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, ſaid he, is the faireſt Perſon in the World, and I the moſt unfortunate Knight that breaths upon the Earth; nor is it juſt that my Misfortune ſhould belye a Truth ſo generally known. Thruſt home thy Lance, Sir Knight, and take away my Life, ſince thou haſt thus depriv'd me of my Honour.

No, no—reply'd the Knight of the *White Moon*, let Madam *Dulcinea del Toboſo*'s Beauty remain in its perfection; for my part I am ſatisfy'd, provided *Don Quixote* return in Peace to his own Habitation according to our Covenants before the Combat. The Vice-Roy, *Don Antonio*, and ſeveral others were Witneſſes to all theſe Paſſages; and heard moreover *Don Quixote*'s anſwer to the Victor, which was, that provided he demanded nothing prejudicial to the Honour and Intereſt of *Dulcinea*, he would upon the Faith of a true Knight accompliſh punctually what ever elſe he requir'd. With which the Knight of the *White Moon* being fully ſatisfy'd, he turn'd about his Horſe, and ſaluting the Vice-Roy, gallopp'd back to the City.

After this, they lifted up *Don Quixote* upon his Bum, and unlacing his Helmet, they found him pale, dejected, in a cold ſweat, and almoſt ready to breath out his Soul. As for *Roſinante*, he was in ſo ſad a plight, that they were forc'd to let him lye at his eaſe. And *Sancho* coming in at the latter end of the Fray, equally penſive and aſtoniſh'd, knew neither what to think nor what to do; he look'd upon his Maſter as vanquiſh'd in the face of the World, and for a whole Twelvemonth engag'd to lay aſide his Arms, in which time the Glory of all his Famous Exploits would be buri'd in utter Oblivion. On the other ſide he conſider'd all his own expectations vaniſh'd into Smoak; he bemoan'd poor *Roſinante*, now believing him certainly crippled and condemn'd to a Duſt-Cart all the Remainder of his days: and wiſh'd his Maſter in ſome good Hoſpital for the Cure of his broken Bones.

At length the Vice-Roy ſent for an Elbow Chair and two or three Pillows, and having accommodated the unfortunate *Don Quixote* to his eaſe, he order'd him to be carry'd, like a Labourer fallen from the top of a Houſe, back to the City, whether he made haſte before, to know who this ſame Knight of the *White Moon* ſhould be.

CHAP. XIII.

Who the Knight of the White Moon *was; and of the News of* Don Gregorio's *Liberty, and ſeveral other Adventures.*

Don Antonio Moreno made haſte after the Knight of the *White Moon*, who was likewiſe attended by a Train of *Harlotrie* Boys, that never forſook him till they ſaw him lodg'd in a Houſe. Into which *Don Antonio* entring ſoon after, found him in a lower Room, where his Squire was helping him off with his Arms; where after he had ſaluted him, he ſtai'd till he might have an Opportunity to diſcourſe him farther. But the Knight perceiving that *Don Antonio* was reſolv'd to ſtay by him, I know, Sir, very well, ſaid he, what 'tis that brings you hither; you would fain underſtand who I am, and therefore not to ſtand upon Niceties and Punctilio's

Punctilio's I'le tell yee the whole Truth, so soon as I have got off my Armour.

Know then, Sir, that my Name is *Sampson Carrasco*, the Schollar, an Inhabitant in the same Village where *Don Quixote* lives. And the Folly and Extravagancy of this Gentleman, pity'd by all that are acquainted with his Humour, bred in me the same Compassion for him which others had; so that being convinc'd that the Cure of his Distemper depended upon his Living peaceably and quietly at home, I thought upon this Project to recover him back. To this purpose, about three Months since I trac'd him in all the Equipage of a *Knight-Errant*, under the Title of the Knight of the *Looking-Glasses*, with a purpose to fight, but not hurt him, and nere doubting but to vanquish him, I made the Conditions of our Combat the same as now. But Fortune order'd it otherwise; for that time he prov'd the Victor, and I was forc'd to quit my design. *Don Quixote* rode away Triumphant, and I return'd home well squelch'd and in danger of my Life. However, I had still that Kindness for him, that I was resolv'd to have t'other bout with him, which has now succeeded. For his exactness in observing inviolably the Laws of *Knight-Errantry*, is such, that I am sure he will as soon break his own Neck as the Conditions of this Combat, especially after his Oath given me for his performance. This is, Sir, the sum of what you desire to know, and I beseech yee that *Don Quixote* may not have the least inckling of my design, for fear I should lose the Fruit of my Care and Trouble, which I have thus far undergone to recover this poor Gentleman's understanding, exquisite in all other things, but only craz'd and intoxicated with the Extravagancies of *Knight-Errantry*. Oh, Sir, reply'd *Don Antonio*, I can never pardon you the Injury you ha' done to all the World, in Robbing us of the most pleasant Fool that ever was known. You never consider'd, that all the Benefit we can expect from *Don Quixote*'s serious parts, can never equal the Delight which we take in his Follies: Not but that I am assur'd that all your Pains and Industry are already mispent; for 'tis impossible to work an absolute Cure upon that Person who has lost his Sences. But because, if it were not a Sin against Charity, I could wish that *Don Quixote* might nere be cur'd, in regard the Loss of his conceited Frenzies, deprives us at the same time of *Sancho*'s Drolleries also; two such Cordials against *Melancholy* as are not to be had in any *Potecaries* Shop.

However, I promise yee not to speak a word, tho it be only to trye which of us two are soundest in our Conjectures. Thus after some Complements past between 'em, *Don Antonio* left the Knight of the *White Moon*, who having packt up his Armour, and ty'd it upon his War-Horse, took the Road for his own Village, where he safely arriv'd in a short time. Presently after his departure, *Don Antonio* went and gave an Accompt of the Discourse which he had had with the unknown Knight to the Vice Roy, who seem'd not a little troubl'd, that the World was to be so suddenly depriv'd of such a pleasant Humourist.

Six days did *Don Quixote* keep his Bed, very much bruis'd and disorder'd by his fall, but much more discompos'd in Mind to see himself vanquish'd and his Honour lai'd i' the Dust. *Sancho* however attended him all the while, endeavouring to asswage his grief the best he could; and to that purpose, among other things, Pluck up a good Heart, Sir, said he, and thank God that none of your Brains dropt out with the fall, and that you broke neither Neck nor Ribs—— *They that will be giving and taking, must take as well as give*—— *Harm watch, and harm catch*—— However;

Better

Better my Hog durty home then no Hog at all—— *We muſt not think to find Bacon always where we ſee the Hooks*—— *They that ſow Thiſtles reap Thorns: 'Tis well 'tis no worſe*—— *And a Fig for the Surgeon*, cry I, *when we have no need of his Plaiſter Boxes*——— And now, faith, Maſter take a Fools Counſel for once; ſince y' have had this fair ſcape, let's ee'n return Genteelly home agen, and leave theſe idle rambles among Hectors and Swaſh-bucklers, that give us Roaſt-meat and beat us with the Spit— Tho all this while I ſpeak againſt my own Intereſt: for when y' have ſaid all, 'tis I am the loſer, tho you get the Knocks and the Bangs. When I quitted my Government, 'tis true I lai'd aſide all thoughts of ever being a Governour more, but not of being a Count; which ſince I nere can be, becauſe I find you nere can be a King, if you leave off *Knight-Erranting*; why let it go, and farewel Froſt, quo I.

Sancho, reply'd *Don Quixote*, nere deſpair—— a Years retirement ſignifies little—— which once expir'd, no Man can hinder us from returning to the honourable Exerciſe of Arms, and then I make no Queſtion but to find Kingdoms to conquer, and Earldoms to beſtow upon thee. Oh— cry'd *Sancho*, A blind Man would be glad to ſee't—— *But hope well and have well*, quo Hickwel.

As they two were thus diſcourſing *Don Antonio* enter'd the Chamber, and with a ſmiling Countenance, cry'd out to *Don Quixote*, good Tydings, Sir *Quixote*, good Tydings, *Don Gregorie* and the *Renegado* are ſafe arriv'd, and now at the Vice Roys Palace; and both deſign a ſpeedy Viſit to the Noble Knight of *Mancha*. I am glad to hear it, reply'd *Don Quixote*, with a careleſs Delivery; but I could have wiſh'd the deſign had miſcarry'd, that I might have paſs'd my ſelf into *Barbary*; where by the ſtrength of my Arm, I might have had the ſatisfaction not only to have purchas'd the Freedom of *Don Gregorie*, but of all the Chriſtian Captives in that Pagan Country. But what is that I ſay? unfortunate Wretch as I am, continu'd he; am not I that Coward that ſuffer'd himſelf to be Winepreſs'd? that luckleſs Son of Infamy that was lai'd ſprawling upon the cold Earth! and for a whole year confin'd to lay aſide his Arms? What do I Rodomontado thus for, that am more fit to handle a Diſtaff then a Sword and Buckler.

Paſſion o' my Heart, quo *Sancho*, interrupting him, pray leave your puling, Sir—— you kill me wi' your whining—— as if the Pullet could not live becauſe ſh' has got the Pip—— To day 'tis thy Turn, to morrow 'tis mine—— There's no heed to be taken to ſuch Encounters and Lambaſtings as theſe—— to day a Mouſe, to morrow a Man—— there's a poor Soul indeed! deſpair and dye for a Cudgelling!——Fie—fie—get up— Maſter get up—— and be ready to meet *Don Gregorie*, I believe he's i' the Houſe already, by the noiſe I hear below Stairs.

'Twas true as *Sancho* ſaid. For *Don Gregorie*, ſo ſoon as he had kiſs'd the Vice-Roys Hands, nere ſtai'd to ſhift his Habit of a Slave, but impatient to ſee Madam *Anna*, made haſte to *Don Antonio*'s Houſe; where he became the wonder of all that view'd him, ſo ſurprizing was his Beauty at the Age of Eighteen or Nineteen years. And here I ſhould tell yee how *Ricot* and *Anna Felix* receiv'd him; moſt certainly 'twas with a great deal of Joy, a great deal of Modeſty, and ſhowres of Tears; but let it alone till another time. You may be ſure too that the *Renegado* was well pai'd for his Pains, and for his good Service was once more receiv'd into the Boſom of the Church; or elſe there had been a Botch i' the Story.

Two days after, *Don Quixote*, pretty well ſettl'd in his Bones, took his laſt leave of unfortunate *Barcellona*, and in his travelling Habit, having lai'd

aside his Arms, set forward in his Journey homeward, attended by *Sancho*, who was forc'd to beat it upon the Hoof, in regard that *Grizzle* was forc'd to bear the Load of the Knights Furniture.

CHAP. XIV.

Which treats of that which he shall see who reads, and he shall hear that listens with Attention.

AT his departure from *Barcellona*, *Don Quixote* beholding the Place where all his soaring thoughts had suffer'd Shipwrack: There it was, said he, where once *Troy* stood; there it was that my Misfortune, and no fault of mine, depriv'd me of all the high Renown which I had purchas'd: there Fortune made me sensible of her Inconstancy and Fantastick Humours; There lay all my Glory, like a Litter of Whelps drown'd in a durty Ditch; and there it was my Honour fell in a Cow-turd.

Sir, said *Sancho*, a noble and true Courage ought to have as much patience in Adversity, as joy in prosperous Success. Take example by me: For when I was a Governour, I was jocund and merry, and now I am but a poor Squire, a-foot, I take my chance without Grumbling. And indeed I have heard say, that this same Female yee call Fortune, is a capricious Baggage, always drunk, and beyond the Assistance of Spectacles, as blind as a Brewers Horse; so that she neither sees what she does, nor knows whom she raises or whom she casts down.

Thou mightst be a Constable for thy Wit, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, thou talk'st like a Philosopher: I wonder where thou hadst thy Learning—— But I must tell thee there is no such thing as Fortune in the World; for all that happen's here below of good or ill, comes not by Chance, but by a particular Providence of Heaven, and thence arises the Proverb, *That every Man is the Architect of his own Fortune.* For my part I was my own Artificer; but because I did not work, nor handle my Tools with that Prudence as I ought to ha' done, I am chastiz'd for my Presumption. I might well have consider'd that *Rosinante*'s feeble Limbs were nere able to bear the Brunt of the Knight of the *White Moons* Lusty Stallion, able to brush down Twenty such as my poor Cripple; however I would needs adventure, and do what I could for my Life, the Devil paid me the shame he ow'd me. But tho it has cost me my Honour, yet have I not lost my Integrity to perform my word. When I was a *Knight-Errant*, Valiant and Bold, the strength of my Arm and my Actions were Testimonies of my Courage; but now I am no more then a Dismounted Squire, my Obedience and the performance of my Promise, shall make known my Sincerity. Trudge on then, *Sancho*, let's go and stay out our Exilement at home: By that time we shall recover new strength, and return with more vigour to our never to be forgotten Profession of *Knight-Errantry.*

Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, 'tis not so pleasant a thing, as you think for, to trot a-foot, especially long Journeys—— And therefore let us hang up this old Iron upon the next Trees—— and when I am got upon *Grizzle*'s Back, then ride as fast as you please—— but as long as I trot afoot, you must observe my Pace. Thou saist very well, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, let my Arms be hung up upon the next substantial Tree, upon the

Bark

Bark of which we will engrave the ſame Inſcription, which was written at the foot of *Orlando*'s Arms, after *Zerbin* had won 'em from that famous Knight.

Let no Man dare to be ſo raſh
Theſe Arms from hence to pull;
Unleſs he means to trye a Craſh
With him that crackt Orlando's *Scull.*

No better way i' the World, reply'd *Sancho*, and were it not but that we ſhall want him upon the Road, I think we might do well to hang up *Roſinante* too, with the Armour, to compleat the Trophy. Now I think on't, quo *Don Quixote*, I'le neither hang up one nor t'other—leſt the People twit me i' the Teeth, and cry—*A rare Maſter—good Service, bad reward.* Why, truly, quo *Sancho*, 'tis a ſaying among the Wiſe, that the faults of the Aſs ſhould never light upon the Pack-ſaddle. And therefore ſince you your ſelf have only done the Injury, puniſh your ſelf and not your Innocent Armour, bruis'd and batter'd with defending your Ribs; but as for *Roſinante* methinks a little Reſt might do him no harm, eſpecially ſince my Toes muſt ſuffer for his want of ſtrength.

All that day and for four days after, their whole divertiſement was only ſuch ſort of diſcourſe as this, but the fifth days Journey brought 'em to a Village where the People were aſſembl'd together for Paſtime, as being a Holiday.

Don Quixote was no ſooner within hearing of the Company, but he heard one of the Countrymen cry, Look yee now, here's our buſineſs done to our Hands—— Here are two Gentlemen, Strangers, that know nothing of the Matter—— let one or both of them decide the Difference—— Ay, Ay, Friends, with all my Heart, quo *Don Quixote*, provided I may underſtand your Caſe—— Why, Sir, quo the Country Fellow, the Buſineſs is this, one of our Neighbours here i' this Town, ſo fat and ſo heavy that he weighs neer Two hunder'd and fourſcore Pound, has challeng'd another Inhabitant, that weighs not half ſo much, to run with him a hunder'd Paces, provided the other ſhall carry ſo much weight as to equal him. Now the Challenger being deſir'd to tell what weight he requires, he demands, that the other ſhall carry a Hunder'd and fifty Pound of Iron, and then they ſhall weigh both alike.

Hold, quo *Sancho*, not giving his Maſter time to ſpeak; this buſineſs belongs to me, that come ſo lately from being both a Governour and a Judge, as all the World knows. With all my heart, quo *Don Quixote*, for I am not fit to give Crumbs to a Cat, my Brains are ſo out of order. Why then, Sir, judg on, quo the Countryman: Then I muſt tell yee, honeſt Friends, quo *Sancho*, that the Challenger's demand is unreaſonable; for the Perſon Challeng'd muſt always chooſe his Weapons, as I have heard ſay, but here the Challenger makes the choice himſelf, and ſo loads him, that inſtead of being in a Condition to run, he ſhall not be able to ſtir. Therefore 'tis my judment, that he who is ſo big and ſo fat, ſhall cut, pare, ſlice or ſhave off a Hunder'd and fifty Pound off his Fleſh here and there, as he thinks fit; and then both Parties being equal in Poiſe, neither will have cauſe to complain.

By my Life, quo the Country Fellow, this Gentleman has judg'd like an Advocate—— but by Guds Liggers the Challenger will nere be ſuch a Fool to cut off an Ounce of his Fleſh, much leſs a Hunder'd and fifty

Pound—— Why then, quo another Fellow, the beſt way will be not to let 'em run at all; for then the one Spares his Fleſh, and the other ſaves melting his Greaſe: and ſo let half the Wager be ſpent at the Tavern, and let's take our Judg and this Gentleman along with us—— if it come to more, let me wear the Cloak when it rains.

I am much oblig'd to yee Gentlemen, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and it troubles me to be uncivil, but my Buſineſs requires haſte; and ſo ſaying, he gave *Roſinante* a gentle remembrance, and put on, leaving the People to deſcant upon the ſtrange Figure and Diſcretion of *Sancho*, his Lacquey; for ſuch they judg'd him to be.

When they were gone, ſaid one of the Country Fellows to the reſt, If the Maſter be but as Witty as his Lacquey, I'le hold a Wager that if they would but go and ſtudy a while at *Salamanca*, we ſhould ſee 'em in the twinckling of an Eye either Biſhops or Doctors at leaſt; for 'tis nothing but chance and favour, whether a Man ſtudy more or leſs, if he but underſtands the World.

That night the Maſter and the Man ſlept under the Canopy of Heaven; and next Morning continuing their Journey, they ſaw coming toward 'em a Man a-foot with a Wallet at his Back, and a Pikeſtaff in his Hand. This Man doubl'd his pace, when he perceiv'd *Don Quixote*, and now being met, after three Scrapes and a low Congey, My Lord *Don Quixote*, ſaid he, Oh, how glad would my Lord Duke be, did he but know that your Worſhip were returning to his Caſtle, for there he is now with his Dutcheſs. I don't know yee, friend, quo *Don Quixote*. My Lord *Don Quixote*, reply'd the other, I am *Toſilos*, my Lord Dukes Lacquey, who was to have fought your Worſhip upon the Quarrel about Madam *Doroties* Daughter. How! quo *Don Quixote*, is it you that thoſe Enemies of mine the *Necromancers* transform'd into a Lacquey, to rob me of the Honour of that Combat? In good truth, I beg your pardon, Sir, reply'd the Lacquey, 'twas neither Transformation nor Enchantment. I was a Footman when I enter'd the Barriers, and when I went out; and it was only becauſe I had a mind to marry the young Damſel, that I refus'd the Combat. But there was the Devil of Inchantment when you were gone. The Duke my Maſter caus'd me to be ſoundly ſtrappado'd for not obeying his Orders, the young Damſel is turn'd into a Nunnery, and Madam *Doroty* packt away to ſeek her Fortune: And I am going to *Barcellona* with a Packet of Letters from my Maſter to the Vice-Roy. However, Sir, I have here a full Bottle, at your Service, if your Worſhip pleaſes to take a Draught, 'tis a little hot I confeſs, but I have a good Cheeſe to boot, that will make it go down I'le warrant yee, Sir. I take yee at your Word, quo *Sancho*, for I never ſtand to Complement with my Friends. Let *Toſilos* but lay a Napkin, and in ſpight of all the *Necromancers* in the *Indies*, we'll try whether we can liſt our Elbows to our Heads.

In truth, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, thou art a very Glutton, if there be e're a Glutton i' the World, and the moſt ignorant Sot alive, that knowſt not that ſame Meſſenger to be enchanted and a meer Counterfeit Lacquey——Go then, and ſtuff thy ungodly Gut—— For my part I'le ride ſoftly on before—— *Toſilos* ſmil'd to ſee *Don Quixote* leave a good Breakfaſt—and then fetching his Bottle and his Cheeſe, *Sancho* and he ſate down upon the Graſs, from whence they never ſtirr'd till they had fully decided the Controverſie.

While they were munching, quo *Toſilos* to *Sancho*, the Devil take me, *Sancho*, if I know what to make of thy Maſter—he has as many Windmills in his

Pate

Pate as would grind Corn for a whole City— That's no more, quo *Sancho*, then I ha' told him a hunder'd times— but I had as good ha' kept my Breath to cool my Porridge; I might tell him what a Fool he was to leave a good Bottle of Wine and good Cheese—— but what will it signifie? especially at this time that he's all in his Dumps, for having been thrash'd by the Knight of the *White Moon*— *Tosilos* begg'd of *Sancho* to tell him that Story— But *Sancho* reply'd the Story was too long, and therefore desir'd his excuse till the next time they met; and so saying away he trudg'd after his Master, driving *Grizzle* before him.

CHAP. XV.

Containing Don Quixote's *resolution to turn Shepherd, all the time of his being confin'd from bearing Arms.*

DON *Quixote* was laid down at the Root of a Tree in expectation of his Servant *Sancho*, much more disturb'd and disquieted in his Mind since his last disaster, then ever he was before. And in that musing Posture a thousand Fancies and Figaries crowded into his Noddle so thick, as if his Brains had kept open House for all the Maggots in nature.

In this Pensive Condition *Sancho* finding him, began to commend *Tosilos* for his generous Humour, saying that he was one of the honestest Footmen that ever he had met with. Ah, *Sancho*, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, wilt thou ever be so Thick-scull'd to believe that Apparition to be a real Footman? Canst thou have forgotten that thou saw'st the lovely *Dulcinea* transform'd into a Country Fussock; and the Knight of the *Looking-Glasses* chang'd into the Schollar *Samson Carrasco*; and all this by the Magick of those Enchanters that continually plague me? But prithee tell me, didst thou not ask *Tosilos* who that Maiden Gentlewoman was? Whether she bewails my absence, or whether she have banish'd from her Breast those Amorous Sentiments, that so tormented her when I was there. By my Life, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I had other business then to enquire after such Trifles. But what the Devil makes you so inquisitive after other Peoples thoughts, especially their Amorous thoughts? Oh, *Sancho*, there is a great difference between those Actions that proceed from Love, and those that proceed from Acknowledgment; for a *Knight-Errant* may cease to Love, but he can never forget to be grateful. Certainly the Virgin lov'd me; she Presented me, as well thou knowst, with two Night-caps; she wept and took on at my departure; curs'd me, revil'd me, and was not asham'd to complain of my Cruelty before all the World: assured signs, all, that she was desperately in Love; for the disappointments of Lovers generally end in Maledictions. For my part, it was not in my power to give her any hopes; nor had I any Rings or Gold Watches to Present her; for the Treasures of *Knight-Errants* are like the Portions of Town Cracks that lye i' the Clouds; besides, that I am entirely reserv'd for another: So that I have nothing wherewith to gratifie her Love, but to give her some few Marks of my acknowledgment, without prejudice however to *Dulcinea*, who I must needs say, is extreamly beholding to thee for sparing thy Flesh, and letting her lye in torment, as thou dost. For I must tell thee, my dear Friend, thou art so tender of thy Skin, that

I wish

I wiſh the Wolves were well at Supper on that filthy Carkaſs of thine, ſince thou preſerv'ſt it ſo charily for Worms Meat, rather then to do a deed of Charity to relieve thy poor Miſtreſs.

Sir, reply'd *Sancho*, if I muſt needs tell yee the Truth, I don't believe the ſcourging of my Poſteriours will ſignifie a ſtraw to the diſinchanting of any Body. 'Tis no more then if a Man ſhould bid you noint your Shins becauſe your Head akes; and I dare be bold to ſay, that in all the Books of *Knight-Errantry* that ever you read, you never heard of any Enchantment that was diſſolv'd by Bum-clawing —— However, let it ſucceed ill or well, I will for your ſatisfaction try a ſtroke or two, more or leſs, as ſoon as I can find my ſelf in the humour. I wiſh thou wou'dſt, reply'd *Don Quixote*; and Heaven give thee Grace at length to underſtand the duty which thou ow'ſt to her as my Miſtreſs, and to me as thy Maſter.

By this time they were come to the Place where the Mad Bulls had mortify'd their Carkaſſes; which *Don Quixote* ſadly remembring, ſee yonder, quo he to *Sancho*, the Meadow where we met the Ladies and their Sparks in Shepherds Weeds, with a deſign to ſet up a new *Arcadia*; if thou thinkſt well on't, *Sancho*, we'l een go and turn Shepherds too, at leaſt for the time that I have promis'd to lay aſide my Arms —— I'le buy thee a Flock, and all thy Accouterments; and ſo calling my ſelf the Shepherd *Quihottiz*, and thee the Shepherd *Pancino*, we'l betake our ſelves to the Woods and Downs, ſinging, Piping and making complaints of *Phillis* and *Amarillis*; ſometimes we'l drink the Liquid Chryſtal of the Fountains; ſometimes from the main River, as Fortune ſends it us. The Green Cheſtnut Trees and Oaks will afford us both Lodging and Dyet; the Roſes will preſent us their Perfumes, the Meadows variety of Noſegaies; the Sun the Moon and Stars will chear us with their Light; light Hearts will make us merry, Mirth will make us ſing; *Apollo* will find us Verſes, and Love Conceits: And thus we ſhall become famous, not only while we live, but even to Poſterity.

By my Life, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I'me Enchanted with this manner of Living, provided the Schollar *Carraſco* would leave his Books, and Mr. *Nicholas* the Barber his Waſhing-balls, and go along with us; nay, I could wiſh that Mr. *Curate* too would approve the Frolick, and lay himſelf a whitening i' the Fields for good Company; for he's full of his Jokes, and would make us ſport.

Very well thought on, quo *Don Quixote*, and then ſhall the Schollar be call'd the Shepherd *Samſonino*, and Mr. *Nicholas Nicholoſo*, in imitation of the Ancient *Nemoroſo*. For the Curate, I know not what name to give him, unleſs we ſhould call him the Shepherd *Curiambro*. As for the Shepherdeſſes that are to be our Miſtreſſes, I am fitted already with a Name for mine, in regard that *Dulcinea* is a Name as proper for a Shepherdeſs as a Princeſs. And as for thine *Sancho*, thou maiſt call her as thou pleaſeſt thy ſelf. I think to make very little alteration, quo *Sancho*, I ſhall only call her *Tereſona*, a Name that very well agrees with the plumpneſs of her ſhape, and her own proper Name; beſides that when I come to name her in my Verſes, all the World will know her to be my Wife, and ſo to be one that grinded at no Mill but my own. As for the Curate, he muſt be contented without a Shepherdeſs, for good examples ſake — and for the Schollar, let him conjure for one with his Heathen Greek, if he means to have one. ——

Bleſs me, quo *Don Quixote*, what a Life ſhall we lead! what a Rattle ſhall we make i' the Air with our oaten Reeds, our Bagpipes, our Tabours and Drums,

Drums, our Morice Bells and Snappers! and if we could but get your Lancashire Whistles, or your *Doodle-doodle-Hum's*— we should be made for ever——— Your *Doodle-doodle-Hum's*—! quo *Sancho*, what are those? I never heard of such an Instrument i' my Life——— Oh! quo *Don Quixote*, 'tis the rarest Musick i' the World—'twill make a Mans Guts dance in his Belly— make a Dog sing like a Wild *Irish* Man, and a Cat speak *Arabick*— There is one thing more requir'd to add to the perfection of our Profession, and that's Poetry. As for my own part I shall shift well enough for my self: but then there's the Schollar *Carrasco* one of the quickest Rhimers about Town, he shall make Sonnets for himself and thee too— I say nothing of the Curate, but I dare swear he knows more then he says— and so does Mr. *Nicholas* too; for your Barbers are always tickling the Guittar, or if he wants let him get him a Musick Book, and he shall find Verses enow to *Phillis* and *Amarillis* or *Lucinda*, or one or another, that will serve his turn. For my part I'le complain of Absence; thou shalt boast of thy Loyalty and Perseverance; *Carrasco* shall complain of his Shepherdesses disdain, and let the Shepherd *Curiambro* complain of the Sextons Wife, and thus we'l be as merry as Mice in a Corn heap.

Alass, quo *Sancho*, I am such an unfortunate Man, that I shall never live to see these jolly Days— How I shall lick up the Curds and Cream!— How I shall slice the thin Cheese!——— I'le nere be without a Wooden Spoon i' my Pocket I'le warrant yee——— I can make Woodden Spoons like any Turner——— Garlands for my self and my Shepherdess like any Milk Maid—— and whittle Sticks like any blind Beggar upon the Road—— For tho I can't pretend to Wisdom, I can do any thing that belongs to a Shepherd——— *Sancha*, little *Sancha* too shall bring us our Dinners a-Field—— But hold—— now I think on't she's no contemptible Girl, and knowing as I do, that Shepherds are as wanton as other People, I would not have her come for Wooll and return home shorn—— For Love and Love-Tricks will be shewing their Gambols as well i' the Fields as in Cities; as well in Cottages, as your Princely Palaces——*Take away the Cause and remove the Effect*——*What the Eye sees not, the Heart never rues*——*Young Wenches make old Wrenches*——*And it is time to yoke when the Cart comes to the Caples*——Enough, enough, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, I understand thy meaning——— I ha' told thee a hunder'd times of this Proverb Prodigality, but I preach in a Desert; *My Mother whips me, and I whip the Top*——— By my Faith, Sir, quo *Sancho*, you put me in mind of another Proverb, as pat as a Pudding to a Fryers Mouth—*The Porridge-Pot calls the Kettle Black-arse*— you reprove me for talking Proverbs, and bring 'em out your self by dozens at a time——— But you don't consider, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, that those I speak are to the Purpose— but thou fetchest 'em in by Head and Shoulders without Rhime or Reason.

By this it grew late; so that they were forc'd to seek for shelter in the next Wood, where after they had made a Lent-Supper, *Sancho* betook himself to his usual Rest, while his Master renewing his Complaints against Fortune, found business enough, after a small Nap, to employ his Roaving Imaginations till Morning.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

Containing the Adventure of the Briſtles.

THE Night was ſomewhat dark, tho the Moon ſhon; for many times the Lady *Diana* takes a walk to the *Antipodes*, leaving the Mountains and Valleys a this ſide the World without Light. And let her walk where ſhe pleas'd for *Sancho*, for he had no need of her Company; he lay like a Stone from his down lying till his up riſing; a ſign of a ſound Conſtitution, and that he had no Plots in his Head. But *Don Quixote*'s cares ſoon wak'd him; and then for want of other Company, after he had thump'd and tugg'd *Sancho* till he had wak'd him too; Sure, *Sancho*, ſaid he, thou art made either of Braſs or Marble; thou ly'ſt without either Motion or Feeling——— Thou ſleep'ſt while I wake—thou ſing'ſt while I Mourn—I am feeble and caſt down for want of neceſſary Nouriſhment——— thou feed'ſt and guttl'ſt till thy Vittles are re[illegible] to choak thee without a Halter; whereas 'tis the Duty of an affectionate Servant to ſhare in his Maſters Afflictions, to lay his Sorrows to Heart, and to endeavour the Conſolation of his Grief. Behold the brightneſs of the Moon; conſider the ſtillneſs of the Night, and the Serenity of the Seaſon, all Invitations to enjoy the Beauty and Pleaſure of theſe charming Solitudes. Up then Lazy-bones, get up, and in pity to *Dulcinea* and my ſelf, go and give thy ſelf Four or Five hunder'd Slaſhes in diſcharge of thy ſolemn Obligations; and do it willingly and chearfully I entreat thee——— for I am unwilling to lay violent hands upon thee, which otherwiſe I muſt be forc'd to do. And when thou haſt done, we'l ſpend the reſt o' the night in ſinging, the one of the Torments which he ſuffers, and the other of his Fidelity, and ſo we'l begin our Paſtoral manner of Living this very Night.

Oh, Sir, quo *Sancho*, I am no *Franciſcan*, to riſe i' the middle of the Night and diſcipline my ſelf; nor do I believe I ſhall have any mind to be Muſical after ſuch a ſcourging bout. Therefore pray let me alone and don't preſs me ſo to the Whipping-Poſt, leaſt I make an Oath never to touch ſo much as the out ſide of my Doublet as long as I live. Oh! Heart of Marble, cry'd *Don Quixote*, Ingrateful Squire! Oh Friendſhip and favour ill beſtow'd: Is this my Reward for having made thee a Governour, and my good Intentions to make thee a Count or ſomething elſe Equivalent; which I dare engage to do ſo ſoon as *Dulcinea* and my ſelf are once again at Liberty. For in ſhort, *Poſt Tenebras ſpero Lucem.*

I don't know what yee mean by that, reply'd *Sancho*, all that I know is only this, that when I ſleep, I neither hope nor fear; I neither think of reward or puniſhment——— Bleſſed was the Man that firſt invented ſleep; the Mantle that covers all the Cares of Men; the Food that ſatisfies their Hunger; the Drink that quenches their Thirſt; the Fire that warms 'em when a cold; the cool Air that refreſhes their heat; the currant coin that purchaſes all the Pleaſures of the World, and equals the Swain with the Prince, and the Unlearned with the Learned. There is only one thing that I miſlike in ſleep, that it is ſo like death; and yet I'me ſure there is a difference between 'em for all that, for the one ſnoars, and the other has not that Priviledge.

Never i' my Life, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, did I ever hear thee talk with ſo much Wit and ſo much Eloquence as now. But what ſays the

Proverb?

Proverb? *Tell me thy Master, and I'le tell thee where thou hadst thy Learning* —— Have I caught yee napping y'faith, quo *Sancho*, who squitters Proverbs now? —— but yours are in Season, forsooth —— Marry 'tis a good thing to be a Master —— would I were a Master too for me —— and then I'de domineer as well as the best *Knight-Errant* of yee all.

Sancho had no sooner made an end of his Sentence, but they heard a kind of a Grumbling noise, that spread it self over the whole Valley. Presently *Don Quixote* started up briskly upon his Feet, and laid his Hand upon his Sword, while *Sancho* entrench'd himself with his Masters Arms on the one side, and his Packsaddle on the other, under *Grizzles* Belly; where he lay tumbling and panting like a Mouse in a Cats Claws. And every Moment the noise encreas'd, to the dreadful terrour of the one at least; for, as for the t'other, you know already what his Valour was.

Now you must understand, for 'tis worth your understanding, that this terrible Noise was occasion'd by a vast Herd of Swine, to the Number of about Six hunder'd, which several Hog Merchants were driving to Market. These Sheep of the Devil, what with their Grunting, and what with their Squeaking, made such prodigious Outcries, that *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* stood amaz'd, not being able to divine what Region of Hell was broke loose upon 'em. But at length the Knight and the Squire standing full i'their way, those rude, rustical, boarish, swinish Animals, never so much as crying bear leave (as they would, had they been but Civil Sedan-men) without the least respect or veneration to *Knight-Errantry*, some running between *Sancho*'s, some between *Don Quixote*'s Legs, levell'd both Master and Man with the Earth, while the Rest following their unruly leaders, like an Inundation of Hogs, made still forward, overturning *Grizzle*, Pack-saddle, Armour and all; crowding, treading, trampling over *Proverbs* and *Moral-Knighthood* at such a Hoggish Rate, that sometimes they fell down and brush'd the Champions Chaps with their uneasie Bristles, and sometimes others would be so kind as to give 'em a Buss at parting, thinking they had met with some old Bunch of Turneps, and with their *Ægyptian* Nose-rings lend 'em such a Rake o' the Cheeks, that the Philosophers had almost lost all their Patience, especially *Sancho*, that was not so well grounded in human Literature. Who at length getting upon his Legs, when the unmannerly *Hogs-Norton* Herd was pass'd, and desiring his Master to lend him his Sword, Nowns, quo he, I'le teach these Monsieur Hogs better manners then to use *Knight-Errantry* so uncivilly.

Let 'em een go, reply'd *Don Quixote*, 'tis no more then what I deserve; 'tis but meer Justice, that a vanquish'd *Knight Errant* should be Food for Flies, and trampled upon by Swine. I ha' nothing to say to that, quo *Sancho*, but I'me sure 'tis not just that the Squires to Cudgell'd *Knight-Errants* should be starv'd to death, and eaten up by Wasps and Hornets. Were we Squires the Sons or neer Relations of those Rascally beaten *Knight-Errants*, we might indeed expect to be punish'd to the Fourth Generation; but what a Kin are the *Pancha*'s to the *Quixot*'s? However let's not fling the Helve after the Hatchet; since we can't eat, let's go sleep out the rest of the Night, 'twill be day to morrow, and then we shall see what we have to do.

Sleep, *Sancho*, sleep, for thou wer't born to sleep, reply'd *Don Quixote*; But I was born to lye with my Eyes open; I'le een go ruminate upon my Misfortunes; and endeavour to appease my Griefs by singing certain Verses which I made last Night. In my Opinion, quo *Sancho*, such Misfortunes as will give a Man leave to make Verses cannot be very great. But you

may go ſing and dance too, if you pleaſe, for my part I'le go ſleep as long as I can, and for your part, never fear my diſturbing your Muſick: And ſo ſaying, he clapt his Breech to the Calves of his Legs, as Maids do at Church, and fell into a profound Trance, without either fears or hopes or cares to diſquiet his Reſt. On the other ſide *Don Quixote*, leaning his Shoulders againſt ſome Tree or other (for *Cid Hamet* does not mention what Tree it was) and intermixing his Voice with his Sighs, bequeath'd in Melody the following Fancy to the Neighbouring Woods; being a Compoſition, as we told yee before of his own, and therefore you may be ſure none of the Beſt.

OH Love, ſo unkind, when I think upon Thee,
I find that thou never doſt think upon Mee;
For the Sorrow and Smart
That torture my Heart,
Each Moment Afflict me moſt terriblee.

Yet neither can I complain of the Colick,
The Cramp, the Gout, or the Stone, which is worſe;
As ſound as a Roach in Body, and Frolick;
But as ſick, but as ſick— i' my Mind as a Horſe.

This ſickneſs of mine my Body diſorders,
With Anguiſh and Torment, and ſuch Fiddle Faddles;
Then call I to mind a Thouſand Self-murders
Of People by Love diſturb'd i' their Noddles.

To drown my ſelf then to the Water I go,
But when I come there, the Water diſmays me;
Then a Dagger I take, but my Fancy crys, no;
Then a Halter I take, but the Beam does not pleaſe me.

At length I conceit that my Miſtreſs grows kind,
And charm'd with the Kindneſs of her I adore,
I preſently alter my wavering Mind,
And covet the Life which I hated before.

But oh! but oh! the Fit's return'd again,
She's abſent— or what moſt I fear, untrue;
Then tortur'd with deſpair, I live in Pain,
And then again,
'Tis welcom Death to rid me of my Woe.

The Poor Knight at the end of every Stanza wept and ſigh'd at ſuch a rate, that you might well perceive he neither wept nor ſang for joy, but as one that deeply laid to heart his being thraſh'd, and the abſence of *Dulcinea*.

By this time 'twas broad day, ſo that the Sun ſhining full in *Sancho*'s Face, he began to ſtretch himſelf; and at length opening his Eyes for good and all, and beholding how the Swine had made a meer Hog-ſtie of his Bed-Chamber, he open'd his Lips, and in lieu of his Morning Prayers, ſent a whole Legion of Curſes after the Hogs, wiſhing both them and their Drivers boyling together i' the Devils Kitchen.

At

At last they mounted their Dromedaries, and after continu'd their Journey till toward Evening; at what time they saw coming toward 'em about Eight or Ten Men a Horse-back, and Five afoot. *Don Quixote* was not a little troubl'd to see so many People, and *Sancho* was terribly frighted, perceiving they were all arm'd, and lookt like Men that us'd to borrow upon the Road and never pay agen. Ah, *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, what pity 'tis that I am now debarr'd the use of my Arms; this same Squadron else should never pass me unexamin'd: I would know who they were, and whether they were going, tho they were sent from the Devil himself; and make no more of 'em, thou should'st see, then of so many painted Figures i' the Hangings.

But the words were no sooner out of *Don Quixote's* Mouth, when the Horse-men coming up, and surrounding the Knight, some clapt their Pistols to his Breast, others to his Guts, and some to his Kidneys, threatning no less then dismal Manslaughter. At what time one of the Footmen, laying his Finger upon his Mouth, as much as to say *Mum*, took *Rosinante* by the Bridle, and led him out of the Road, while the rest encircling *Sancho*, drave him after his Master. The poor Knight was once or twice thinking to have ask'd 'em what they intended to do with him, and whether they meant to carry him? But still as he was going to open his Lips, his cruel Guardians threatn'd to murder him if he spoke a word. Neither could *Sancho* scape so; for if he did but make the least Motion with his Eyes they prickt him with their Swords, and poor *Grizzle* too, as if the Ass had had the use of his Tongue. When it grew dark, they doubl'd their pace, and new fears dismai'd the Adventurers, when they heard 'em cry, *On Troglodytes, Silence Barbarians, Peace Cannibals, Shut your Eyes Scythians, Murdrous Polyphemes*, devouring *Lyons, Wolves* and *Tygers*, with a great many other hard Names, with which they deaffen'd their Captives Ears. Ah—quo *Sancho* to himself, as he afterwards confess'd. Fore-George 'tis an ill Wind that blows; all this Heathen Greek prognosticates no good; all our Mischiefs come together, like blows upon a Dogs back; however I wish this Adventure might end in a few dry Rubs, but I dread a worse Conclusion. As for *Don Quixote* he resign'd himself over to utter destruction, not being able to imagin the Reason either of their severe Usage, or bad Language. But at length after they had rode about an Hour all in the dark, and expecting every Minute some Bloody Sentenee or other, they could perceive themselves at the Gates of a Castle, which *Don Quixote* knew again to be the Dukes, where he had been so kindly entertain'd not long before. But then not able to forbear, Heaven's bless me, said he, What place is this? Is not this the Dukes Castle, the Mansion of Curtesie and Civility? But when Men are once unfortunate and vanquish'd, the World delights in adding to their Miseries. Not a word of Answer was return'd; only the two Prisoners were carry'd into the Chief Court of the Castle, where every thing they saw augmented their fears, as we shall find in the following Chapter.

CHAP. XVII.

Containing the ſtrangeſt Adventure that ever Don Quixote *met with, and the moſt ſurprizing in all this Large Hiſtory.*

IN that ſame Court the Horſemen alighted, and together with the Footmen, pulling *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* rudely from their Horſes, ſet 'em down in the Court, which was all hung about with lighted Torches, as were all the Galleries, which gave as great a light as if it had been Noon day. In the middle of the Court was a Tomb, between ſeven or eight Foot high, cover'd with a large Pall of Black Velvet; round about which there blaz'd a hunder'd Tapers of Virgins Wax, in Silver Candle-Sticks. And upon the Tomb it ſelf lay the Body of a young Damſel deceas'd, in whoſe Countenance, however, ſuch remainders of Beauty appear'd, as baniſh'd thence all Terrour of Mortality. A Cloth of Gold Pillow ſupported her Head, which was crown'd with a Garland of ſeveral Flowers, and in each of her Hands, that were laid a croſs upon her Breaſt, ſhe held a Palmtree-Branch. At one of the corners of the Court there was a Theatre erected, where ſate two Perſons with Crowns upon their Heads, and Scepters in their Hands, repreſenting *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*; and thither it was that the Perſons who had ſo rudely ſeiz'd 'em, led *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, cauſing them to ſit down upon Seats a' one ſide of the Theatre, and ſtill enjoyning 'em ſilence with angry looks, and Countenances full of Terrour. But there was no need of Threats; th' Adventurers were ſo amaz'd, that even Fear it ſelf had ty'd their Tongues.

At the ſame time two Perſons of Quality aſcended the Stage, to whom *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* paid moſt profound Reverences, believing them to be the Duke and Dutcheſs, to whom they had been ſo highly beholding for their former Civility. Both the one and the other return'd 'em a gentle Nod, and took their Places in moſt magnificent Boxes, next the Crowned Heads.

The Champion beheld 'em with Aſtoniſhment, and knew not what to think, perceiving the Dead Corps at the ſame time to be the Body of the Fair Madam *Tomboy*.

Preſently they threw about *Sancho*'s Shoulders a Robe of black Buckram embroider'd with Flames of Fire, and a Fools Cap upon his Head; at what time the Perſon that dreſs'd him, whiſper'd him i' the Ear, that if he did but offer to open his Lips, they would either gag him or ſlit his Weazand. *Sancho* view'd himſelf from Top to Toe, and ſaw himſelf all over nothing but Fire and Flames, but in regard he did not feel himſelf burn he was well enough content. Then taking off his Bonnet, and finding that it was all over in Flames like his Mantle, he put it on again, ſaying to himſelf, that certainly there muſt be ſome Conjuration i' the Caſe, that neither the Flames burnt him, nor the Devils offer'd to carry him quite away. *Don Quixote* alſo ſteadfaſtly ſurvey'd his Squire, and in the midſt of all his Fears could not forbear ſmiling to ſee his Man ſo ſtrangely bedizond'd. Thus while all the Court was in a deep ſilence, and every body expected the Event, a Conſort of Flutes playd ſeveral ſoft and amourous Airs under the Tomb for ſome time, which pleaſing Harmony ceaſing, there appear'd at the Head of the Monument, a young Man extreamly Beautiful, and clad in Antique *Roman* Habit, who ſang to the Harp, on which he playd himſelf, the following Verſes.

Within

Within this Coffin lyes enclos'd
A Lady of her Life deflour'd
Ere Sixteen Years her Beauties had expos'd:
Yet ripe at Sixteen, and so fair,
So mettlesome and Debonair,
That she incurr'd some little Censures
From those that thought her prone to Love Adventures.
A fault indeed to be so fond of Man,
Which prov'd her so untimely Bane.
Thus early Ripe and early Rotten;
Howere she must not be forgottten:
Her Aims, we know, were High, and she bestow'd
Her early Favours on a Toad
Of a Knight-Errant, high in Fame,
But his Professions and his Orders Shame;
Who had he had a Grain of Honour;
For want of stepping to a Church,
Would nere ha' left a Lady i' the Lurch.
But I will sing her praises still,
To every Grove and every Hill,
And Monuments of Verse will rear
To her True Love in Regions far and near.
Nay, when by Death snatcht hence, my doleful Ditty
To Shades Infernal, void of day,
Her Wrongs and Sufferings shall conveigh,
And move th' Inexorable God to Pity.

'Tis enough, cry'd one of the two Kings, no more, Celestial Songster; thy Task would be an endless Labour to repeat the Perfections of the Peerless Madam *Tomboy*, who is not dead as the Ignorant Vulgar thinks, but still Survives in the Mouth of Fame, and once more shall revive to live with us, so soon as *Sancho* shall have restor'd her to the World, by the Punishment which he is to suffer for her sake. And therefore *Rhadamanthus*, thou that sit'st equal in Commission with me, Infernal Judge of Hell, declare what Fate by th' Inalterable Decrees of Destiny has ordain'd in order to the restoring this same Amiable Person to Life agen, that we may dispatch the Execution of it, and no longer delay the promis'd Felicity of her Return, to Comfort the abandon'd World.

Then *Minos* starting up; Servants of this House, cry'd he, Great and small, Strong and Feeble, Men and Women, Boys and Girls, come hither one after another, and saddle *Sancho*'s Countenance with Twenty four slap's o' the Face, give him Twelve pinches upon the Shoulders, and run Twelve Pins a piece into the Small of his Back; for by this means shall the Fair and Beautiful Madam *Tomboy* be again restor'd to Life.

By the Life of *Pharoh*, cry'd *Sancho*, not able to hold any longer; I'le as soon turn Infidel as endure all this —— Death of my Life, what has my Skin to do with Madam *Tomboys* Resurrection! *Dulcinea* is Enchanted, and I forsooth must tickle my *Toby* to Disinchant her —— and here's a young Damsel dead, of a Surfeit of green Genitings for ought I know, and I must fill my Skin full of Oylet-holes to raise her again! No by my Faith, there's no such need —— een find out some other Cully —— These Jokes won't pass upon me —— An old Dog will learn no Tricks. *Tiger*, then cry'd *Rhadamanthus*, with a loud Voice, allay thy Cruelty, humble thy self proud,

Nimrod,

Nimrod, be silent and suffer, or else prepare thy self to dye: Impossibilities are not requir'd from thee; only Four and twenty Whirrets, Twelve Pinches, and as many Pricks with a small Pin—— a great piece of business indeed. Fall on then Servants of the House, and obey my Commands, or by the Death of *Cerberus* I'le make yee know your Driver. At the same time there appear'd Six *Governantes* in the Court, marching in Procession one after another, Four of which wore Spectacles, but every one holding out their Arms to make their Hands shew the longer. *Sancho* no sooner perceiv'd 'em, but he began to roar out like a Bull. Do with me what yee please—— let all the Town lay violent hands upon me—— only I beseech yee take off your *Governantes*. Let 'em tear my Cheeks, as the Cats did my Masters—— let 'em pinch me by the Nose with red hot Tongs, as St. *Dunstan* did the Devil, I'le suffer all patiently—— but before I'le endure these *Governantes* to touch me, I'le resign my self up to the Devils Mercy—— Patience a little, good *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, satisfie these Gentlemen for once: and give thanks to Heaven, that has bestow'd upon thee so great a Gift, as to raise the Dead, and disinchant the Inchanted. Thereupon submitting to his Masters Admonitions, or rather to Necessity upon the approach of the *Governantes*, he settl'd himself in his Seat, and offer'd his Cheek to the first, who after she had given a good smart Whirret, made him a Curtchie and went off. Oh, good Madam, cry'd *Sancho*, no more o' your Civility, and less o' your Ointment, for by Cuds Niggers I believe your Hands ha' been soak'd in Vinegar. In short, all the *Governantes* one after another paid him in the same Coin; and then the rest of the Servants of the House came and pinch'd him decently in their Order. But that which put him besides all his Patience was their Pricking him with the Pins; so that upon the first that he felt, starting from his Seat, he snatcht up one of the Flambeaux, and laid at the *Governantes* and the Rest of his Executioners like a Man truly in Wrath; crying out at the same time, Hence Imps of Satan, d' yee think I have a Body of Brass, or intend to be the Devils Martyr. At which words, Madam *Tomboy*, who was weary of lying all that while in the same Posture, turn'd a t'other side. Which the Company perceiving, cry'd out, *Madam Tomboy Lives*, *Madam Tomboy Lives*. And then *Rhadamanthus* addressing himself to *Sancho*, desir'd him to be pacifi'd, since he had wrought the Miracle. On the other side *Don Quixote* seeing Madam *Tomboy* stir, went and threw himself at *Sancho*'s Knees, and embracing him with a most tender Affection; Ah, my dear Child, said he, what a happy Moment is this!—— if thou would'st but now give thy self some few Scores of those Lashes thou ow'st thy Mistress; now's the time that thy Vertue is in the hight of its operation, and therefore don't lose this kind Opportunity, I beseech thee, for the ease of thy poor Lady and my satisfaction.

Don't you know, Sir, quo *Sancho*, that Mettal upon Mettal's false Heraldry? Is't not enough for me to have been whirreted, pinch'd and scratch'd, but I must whip my self too? No, no, I have something else to do then to tye a Mill-stone about my Neck and throw my self into a Well—— and the Devil take me if I think any more of your Mistress, if I must be the common Hackney to carry other Peoples Burthens. You might be asham'd indeed to make such a Motion as this to me, in the Condition I am in; enough to make me forswear either disinchanting, or raising any body agen from the dead as long as I live, tho it would not cost me a Hair o' my Beard. Upon my Soul, what a Gift have I brought from my Mothers Womb, to cure others, and be Sick my self! I would fain see all the Doctors i' the Kingdom do as much as I ha' done.——

By

By this time Madam *Tomboy* was come to her ſelf; and at the ſame time that ſhe ſate upright upon the Hearſe, the Hautboys and Cornets fill'd all the Court with their loud Muſick, while the People cry'd out, Madam *Tomboy* Lives, Madam *Tomboy* Lives. Thereupon the Duke, the Dutcheſs, *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus* handed her down from the Hearſe, to whom ſhe made a profound Reverence; and at the ſame time looking a skew upon *Don Quixote*, Heaven pardon thee, quo ſhe, Ingrateful Knight, I have been a thouſand Years i' the other World for thy Cruelty; then turning to *Sancho*, To thee, to thee, the moſt Compaſſionate Squire in the Univerſe, it is, that I am beholding for the Life which I enjoy; receive as a Reward theſe half a dozen Smocks of mine to make thee ſix Shirts; for tho they are not all ſpick and ſpan new, or rather ſomewhat of the thinneſt before, yet they are all clean and ſweet. *Sancho* kiſs'd her Hands, with his Cap in his Hand, and his Knees down to the Ground. He alſo begg'd of the Duke at the ſame time that he might have his Flaming Robe and his Bonnet, to carry home for a Memorial of the Miracle he had wrought. Keep it *Sancho*, ſaid the Dutcheſs, you know I am one of your beſt Friends and can deny yee nothing. Which done, the Company was diſmiſs'd, and *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* conducted to their Chambers.

CHAP. XVIII.

Which follows the Seventeenth; and treats of ſeveral things neceſſary for the Illuſtration of this Hiſtory.

Sancho lay that Night in a Bed which was ſet up in the ſame Chamber where *Don Quixote* lay; which no way pleas'd him, for that he was quite weary'd with his paſt Adventure, and was no leſs afraid leſt he ſhould be much more tyr'd, and kept from his Reſt by the Impertinent Queſtions and Anſwers between his Maſter and himſelf, ſo that he would ha' given his ſix Smocks to ha' lain in the Stable, rather then in his Maſters ſtately Room. Nor indeed were his Fears without ground; for *Don Quixote* was no ſooner laid in his Bed, but his firſt word was, what doſt think *Sancho* of laſt Nights Adventure? Thou ſaw'ſt with thy own Eyes Madam *Tomboy* in her Tomb; nor was it any Dart, or Sword, or Poyſon that kill'd her, but only my diſdain of her Affection. Pox take her, quo *Sancho*, ſhe might ha' dy'd how ſhe wou'd and when ſhe wou'd, ſo ſhe had but let me alone; for I never gave her any occaſion to love me, neither did I ever diſdain her love i' my Life. For my part, as I ſaid before, I wonder how *Sancho Pancha* ſhould come to be oblig'd to ſuffer Martyrdom for ſuch a hoidenly Rampſcuttle as Madam *Tomboy*, a meer Rig that I never lik'd i' my Life? But I beſeech yee, Sir, let me go to ſleep, or otherwiſe I muſt be forc'd to throw my ſelf out at the Window. Take thy Liberty, *Sancho*, then cry'd *Don Quixote*, and kind Heaven grant thee a better Nights, then thou haſt had an Evenings Reſt. Thereupon they both betook themſelves to their Repoſe; and here it is that *Cid Hamet* takes the Opportunity to tell yee what oblig'd the Duke to contrive the Adventure laſt related.

He ſays that *Carraſco* meditating Revenge, for being unhors'd by *Don Quixote*, when he went by the Title of Knight of the *Looking-glaſſes*, reſolv'd to make a ſecond Attempt. To which purpoſe, underſtanding by the

the Page that brought the Dutcheſſes Letter to *Tereſa*, where *Don Quixote* was, he got him Horſe and Arms, with a Reſolution to purſue him. That coming to the Dukes Caſtle, he there underſtood that the Knight was departed for *Saragoſa*, after all the ſport which the Duke had made with him and *Sancho*. That he follow'd him from thence to *Saragoſa*, and miſſing him there, he overtook him at *Barcellona*, where having had his Revenge, as we told yee before, he return'd to the Duke, and inform'd him what he had done, who from thence took an occaſion to contrive this Frolick, to divertiſe himſelf once more with our pleaſant Adventurers. *Cid Hamet* adds, that he lookt upon the Joakers to be as much Fools as they that are joakd upon; and that he could think no other of the Duke and the Dutcheſs, who had nothing elſe to do but to make ſport with the unfortunate Frenzies of two craz'd People.

At length Day-light ſurpriz'd *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, the one ſnoaring like a Boar in his Frank, the other ſwallow'd up in his uſual Dreams and Deliriums. But as he had recover'd himſelf, and was about to riſe (for vanquiſh'd or Victor, he was always an Enemy to Sloth) Madam *Tomboy* being riſen again, with the ſame Garland that ſhe wore upon the Hearſe, in a white flowr'd Sattin Manteau, and her diſhevell'd Locks curling about her Shoulders, enter'd his Chamber, ſupporting her ſelf with an Ebonie Stick; which Viſion ſo ſurpriz'd him, that never regarding Complements or Civility to Ladies, he withdrew himſelf under the Bedcloaths, and cover'd himſelf over Head and Ears. However Madam *Tomboy* ſate her down in a Chair by the Bedſide, and after a profound Sigh, with a languiſhing and yet amorous Voice, When young Ladies, quo ſhe, trample their Modeſty underfoot, and permit their Tongues to diſcover the Secrets of their Hearts, Men way well conceive 'em to be ſtrangely diſorder'd in their Minds. Truly, my Lord *Don Quixote*, I am one of thoſe unfortunate Perſons overrul'd by my Paſſion, and deſperately in Love, yet with ſo much Vertue and Reſervedneſs, that the only care to conceal my Torments coſt me my Life. 'Tis but two days ago ſince my reflexions upon thy Cruelty, and the reſentment of thy Rigour laid me in my Grave; and had it not been that Love, in pitty of my Miſeries, found out a means by the ſufferings of thy Compaſſionate Squire to relieve me, I had ſtill remain'd in the other World.

Truly, quo *Sancho*, I ſhould ha' been beholding to Love, had he beſtow'd his Honours upon my Aſs. But pray, Madam, tell me, and ſo may Heaven provide yee a better Husband then my Maſter, what did you ſee i' the other World? and what ſort of Hell is that, which they that deſpair and dye for Love are oblig'd to touch at by the way.

To tell yee truth, reply'd Madam *Tomboy*, I was never abſolutely dead, and ſo I never enter'd into Hell; for if I had, I'me ſure I ſhould nere ha' got out agen. I only went as far as the Gate, where I ſaw about a dozen Devils in their Breeches and half Shirts, edg'd at the Collers with *Flanders* Lace, playing at Tennis with flaming Rackets. But that which I moſt admir'd at, was, that inſtead of Balls they made uſe of Books blowd up, and ſtuft with Flocks; which was to me both new and wonderful: And I was more aſtoniſh'd to ſee that contrary to the Cuſtom of Gamſters, among whom you ſhall have always ſome that are merry and pleas'd; theſe all the while they plaid did nothing but fret and fume, ſtamp, ſtare, curſe and ſwear as if they had been all loſers. That's no wonder, quo *Sancho*, for your Devils are of that Humour, that whether they play or no, win or loſe, they can never be contented. I grant it, reply'd Madam *Tomboy*; but

there

there was one thing that aſtoniſh'd me more then all this, that the firſt ſtroak they gave the Ball, ſpoil'd it in ſuch a manner, that it was no longer ſerviceable; ſo that they tore as well the old as the new Books in pieces; and there was one Book among the reſt Fire new, which they ſtrook with ſuch a force that all the Leaves flew about i' the Air. Then cry'd one of the Devils to the t'other; Look, look, what Book is that? To whom the other made anſwer, 'tis the *Second Part of Don Quixote*; not that which was compos'd by *Cid Hamet*, but by a certain *Arragonian*, that goes by the name of *Tordeſilla's*. Take it away, cry'd the firſt Devil, and throw it to the bottom of the Abyſs, where I may never ſee it more. Why, quo the t'other, is it ſo bad? So deteſtable, cry'd the other, that if I had made it my ſelf on purpoſe it could not ha' been worſe. The Devils continu'd their Game, and ſhatter'd a power of other Books; but for my part hearing *Don Quixote*'s Name, that is ſo dear to me, I minded only to remember this Viſion, which I ſhall nere forget.

This was a Viſion without doubt, cry'd *Don Quixote*, for there are no more *Don Quixote*'s but my ſelf i' the World. I know the Story is printed, and I know that 'tis already ſentenc'd to the bottoms of Pyes, or to the Grocer for waſte Paper; nor am I at all offended at it; nor do I care what becomes of it, for had it been a true and faithful Hiſtory, 'twould ha' laſted to Eternity; but as it is, the ſooner 'tis buried alive, the leſs 'twill deceive the World.

Madam *Tomboy* was then going on with her complaints againſt *Don Quixote*'s Rigour; which *Don Quixote* obſerving, by way of prevention, My pretty little new Peice of Reſurrection, quo he, I am heartily ſorry, that you have miſpent your Affections upon me; as having no other way to repay your Civility but with my Thanks —— for as for any Coolers of your Amorous Heat, upon my Honour I have none. I was born for *Dulcinea del Toboſo*; for her the Deſtinies have reſerv'd me; and for you to imagin that any other Beauty can joſtle her out of my Boſom, is meer Madneſs; and therefore ſet your Heart at Reſt; call home your Modeſty, and don't let the Itch of your paſſion hurry yee thus about, lowing after me, as *Io* low'd after *Jupiter*, when *Juno* thruſt a Gad-Bee in her Tail.

By the pleaſure of Generation, cry'd Madam *Tomboy*, counterfeiting a moſt diſmal Paſſion, Thou Steelly, Date-ſtone-hearted Fellow, more inexorable then a School-maſter brandiſhing his Burchen Indignation over a Boys Buttocks, a little thing would make me tear out thoſe Eyes of thine, as deep as they are i' thy Head—— You think perhaps Mr. *Captain-cut-pudding*, *Don* All to-be-thwick-thwack'd, *Don* All-to-be rib-roaſted, that I dy'd for Love of thy tranſparent ſhrivell'd Carcaſs—— No—no—I am not a Woman that would ha' prickt my Finger for ſuch a Camel as thou art—— All you ſaw laſt Night was only a Trick, a meer Contrivance to make ſport with ſuch a Cully-brain'd Fellow as thou art.

By my Troth, quo *Sancho*, I believe what you ſay, that all your Stories of Lovers dying for Love, are as true as I am the Popes Uncle. They tell yee themſelves they are dead, but the Devil a word of Truth do they ſpeak.

At the ſame time enter'd the Muſician and Poet that ſung the Verſes over Madam *Tomboys* Hearſe, and making a reverend Congie to *D. Quixote*, I beſeech your Worſhip, ſaid he, to rank me in the Number of your moſt faithful Servants; for I have always had a great Eſteem for your Perſon, as well in regard of your continu'd Reputation, as the fame of your Atchievments. Pray, Sir, let me know who you are, reply'd *Don Quixote*, that I may proportion

my Thanks according to your Quality. To whom the Musician reply'd, that he was Madam *Tomboys* Poet, that made and sung her Elegy the last Night. You have an Excellent Voice, reply'd *Don Quixote*, but for the Matter you sung I do not think it was much to the purpose. Oh, Sir, never wonder at that, reply'd the Musician, that's no fault among the Poets of this Age: They write according to their own Fancy, and Pillage where they think fit, whether it be to the purpose or no; for let 'em write what they will, all Extravagancies are sure to be guarded by Poetical Licence, which is a Protection for all Nonsence in Poetry. *Don Quixote* was about to have reply'd, but he was prevented by the Duke and the Dutchess, who at the same time enter'd his Chamber; where there was a long Discourse between the Duke, the Dutchess, the Knight, and the Squire; and where *Sancho* was so full of his Jokes and his Quibbles, that the Duke and Dutchess were at a stand which to admire most, his Wit or his Nonsence. After that, *Don Quixote* desir'd leave that he might be gone betimes the next Morning, for that Caves and Dens better became a vanquish'd Knight then the Palaces of Princes. Then the Dutchess ask'd him whether Mrs. *Tomboy* and he were reconcil'd or no? To which *Don Quixote* reply'd, that her Disease proceeded only from Sloth and Lazines, and that the best cure for her was to keep her to work and out of idleness. And this is my Opinion, and this is my Counsel, that she be well employ'd, and kept close to her Spinning Wheel, till her Amorous humour be over, least she be ruin'd by the Temptations of Satan, who will pimp for any Man Living to get a Soul. By my Faith and 'tis my Opinion too, quo *Sancho*, for I never knew any of your Bobbin-Wenches that ever dy'd for Love. I know it by my self; for when I am hard at work, I think no more of my sweet Swatterkin, I mean my Dear Wife, then I do of the Grand Signior, tho I love her as the Apple of my Eye. After which Discourses, and a great deal more Chat of the same Nature, *Don Quixote* din'd with the Duke; and after Dinner continu'd his Journey.

CHAP. XIX.

What befel Don Quixote *and his Squire in their way home.*

BEing thus upon the Road, the Knight rode on, equally divided between Grief and Joy; for on the one side he was extreamly dejected for the disgrace that had befallen him in the presence of a Vice-Roy; on the other side he was no less overjoy'd to have discover'd such a Mine of Vertue in *Sancho* that render'd him worth his weight in Gold; for unless it be some Women that bury their Husbands, and young Heirs that out live their Fathers, who would not give half his Estate to raise his Friend from the dead. But as for *Sancho* he was neither griev'd nor joy'd, but vex'd and discontented in his Mind because Madam *Tomboy* had not given him the Six Smocks she promis'd; so that not being able to concoct such a piece of Ingratitude. By my Faith, quo he to his Master, I think I ha' the worst luck of any Physician Living. Other Physicians kill their Patients, and are paid for their Pains, and yet all they do is but the scrawling of two or three hard Words to an Apothecary, while I that raise People from the Dead at the expence of my own Skin; whirreted, pinch'd, box'd about the Ears, clapper-claw'd and whipt, must wear the Woodden Dagger, and lose all my winnings, for

for the Devil take me if I can get a Croſs. But if ever they bring me any more Mrs. *Tomboys* to cure, I'le be ſure of my Money before hand—— Come— come — the Monk lives by his ſinging; nor do I believe that Heaven has beſtow'd this wonderful Gift upon me, that I ſhould be ſuch a Charitable Fool as to ſtarve with it. Thou ſaiſt very true, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*, and Madam *Tomboy* ſhews her breeding to be worſe then her word; for tho 'tis true thy wonderful Gift coſt thee nothing, yet a Man of thy Excellencies and endowments would not ha' been ſo Satan-like buffeted, for forty ſuch Shirts, tho they had been all Flanders-lac'd. For my part hadſt thou demanded any thing for Laſhing thy ſelf in order to *Dulcinea*'s diſinchantment, I would ha' given thee a Mountain of Gold ere this: I muſt confeſs I am a little in doubt whether my proffering or thy taking Money might not hinder the Operation of thy Penance; but I am of ſuch a grateful Diſpoſition, that I'le venture it—— And therefore prithee tell me *Sancho*, what muſt I give thee—— or rather go and do thy work preſently, and then be thy own Paymaſter to thy own content, out of the Money which thou haſt of mine i' thy Hands.

Theſe Temptations open'd *Sancho*'s Eyes; ſo that finding there was Money to be got; Sir, quo he, now yee ſay ſomething—— pay well and I'le laſh well, I'le warrant yee; for ſuch is my Love to my Wife and Childern, that to provide well for them, I care not what I ſuffer my ſelf. Go too, then, Sir, how much will you give me by the Laſh?—— Were I able to recompence thee, *Sancho*, according to what the Quality and Conſequence of the Cure Merits, I would give thee all the *Finances* of *France*, and all the Mines of *Peru* to boot. But do thou ſet thy own Price, and caſt it up what it comes to.

Why, Sir, quo *Sancho*, the Laſhes which I am to give my ſelf amount to Three thouſand three hunder'd and odd; of which I have given my ſelf Five already. In the firſt place then, let thoſe five ſerve for all the odd Laſhes behind, that we may come to an even Number: For I would not willingly be troubl'd with more Fractions then needs. Now I demand four Pence a Laſh, of which I wou'd not bate the Pope himſelf the tenth part of a Pins Head, which in all amounts to Three thouſandthree hunder'd Groats. Reckon then, Nine hunder'd Groats is Three hunder'd Shillings, that's Fifteen Pounds, and a Hunder'd Groats is one Pound thirteen Shillings four Pence. Three fifteen Pounds is forty five Pound, and three times one Pound thirteen and four Pence is Five Pound. So that Three thouſand Laſhes comes juſt to Fifty Pound: Then the Three hunder'd Laſhes comes to Five Pound more; in all, Fifty five Pound. This Fifty five Pound will I deduct out of the Money which I have of yours, and then I'le go home an Aldermans Fellow, Rich in ready Coin, and Rich in ready Laſhes—— but that's nothing, ſomething has ſome ſavour, and you know, Sir, Trouts muſt be baited before they be caught.

Oh, Bleſſed *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, more dear to me then *Endymion* to the Moon; how ſhall *Dulcinea* and I be bound to pray for thee as long as we live. For if we can but maſter the Devil but this one time, then once more ſhe ſhall be the Queen of Beauty; and if ever I meet with that ſame curſed Knight of the *White Moon* agen, I'le *White Moon* him, and *Black Moon* him too, or I'le miſs of my Aim. For I muſt tell thee, *Sancho*, when the Queen of Beauty's once at Liberty, I defie Satan himſelf to wrench an Adventure out of my Hands. And therefore, dear *Sancho*, do but tell me when thou'lt begin, take fifty Shillings more beſides thy Bargain, for an additional Encouragement—— When will I begin, Sir!—— Why this very Night, ſo ſoon as we come to a Place convenient; and you your ſelf ſhall

look on and ſee how I'le lay about me, Back-ſtroak and Fore ſtroak. Alas, Sir, I may well venture my Skin for Money, when ſo many Men venture their Souls for it.

Well, in ſhort, the Night came which *Don Quixote* long'd for with ſo much impatience, that he could not imagin what the Sun ſtaid ſo long for, unleſs a ſecond *Phaeton* had overturn'd his Chariot, and made him ſtay the mending of the Wheels; ſo that he began to ſpeak Bugs words againſt the ſovereign Planet of the Skie. But at length approaching Night befriended him, and brought him to a Place convenient as well for his own repoſe, as for *Sancho*'s Pious deſign. It was a ſhady Wood remote from the Highway; where when *Sancho* had unſaddl'd *Roſinante* and unpannell'd *Grizzle*, he let looſe the two Loving Couple to ſhift for themſelves. Then opening his ſeldom empty Wallet, the Maſter and the Man went to Supper, and ſed like *Pylades* and *Oreſtes* together.

And now *Sancho* being pretty well lin'd within, bethought himſelf of earning his Money. To which purpoſe he made himſelf an unmerciful Lick-back of *Grizzles* Halter, and the two Girts of *Roſinante*'s Saddle; and ſo Cordial he was in his Intentions, that he would not take off the Iron Buckles, as one that reſolv'd to give his Maſter good Meaſure for his Money. Which done, he ſtript himſelf to his Waſte, and ſo taking leave of his Maſter he retir'd to the Wood ſome Twenty Paces from his Maſter.

Don Quixote ſeeing him march naked as he was, with ſuch a ſerious grim and ſullen Air, that ſeem'd to threaten no leſs then the deſtruction of Natures delicate Frame of Arteries, Muſcles, Nerves and Fibres, and I know not what my ſelf, with a Compaſſionate Tone, cry'd after him, *Sancho*, dear *Sancho*, be not ſo Cruel to thy ſelf, neither, as to cut thy ſelf to the Bone. Moderate thy Paſſion, and let one blow follow another leiſurely—As thou art ſtout be merciful——, for ſhould'ſt thou kill thy ſelf before thy Penance be over, thy loſs will be irrecoverable and my Afflictions then will never have an end—— Take pity therefore of thy ſelf, of Me, thy poor Miſtreſs, and thy Wife and Childern, and render not ineffectual by unreaſonable Severity, the only means ordain'd to make us both for ever happy. Give thy ſelf not a Laſh more then thou needs muſt, and therefore leſt thou ſhou'dſt be out i' thy Tale, I'le ſtand a little way off, and reckon the ſtroaks by the help of my Roſary, and then I'me ſure thou canſt never Err——— So Heaven protect thee, and give a good iſſue to thy Endeavours.

A good Paymaſter, quo *Sancho*, never grudges his Money—— and therefore tho I intend to Curry my own Hide as befits me, don't you believe but I'le take care of the main Chance. However I'le ſo tear my ſelf, that I'le make my Back find that my Hands are none of its beſt Friends; and therein I think it is that the ſtreſs and vertue of the Remedy lies—— And ſo ſaying, he began to claw himſelf where it did not itch, in ſuch a rude manner, that after he had given himſelf Seven or Eight ſtroaks, the ſmart was ſuch, that he began to conſider, and after a ſhort pawſe, 'Slife, quo he to his Maſter, this wont do—I ha' ſold *Robinhoods* Pennyworths—Certainly I was bewitch'd to ask but Sixpence a Laſh—— for ſuch Laſhes as theſe are worth Twelve Pence a piece of any man's Money i' the Kingdom—— Fore-George I'le ha' Twelve Pence a piece or I'le laſh no farther.

Go on, go on, good *Sancho*, quo *Don Quixote*, Money never broke ſquares between us two, I'le double the Sum if that be all—nay and I'le treble it too if thou deſir'ſt it———

Now

Now by my Life, quo *Sancho*, and I'le lay it on then; do but liſten, and you ſhall hear the Bones rattle i' my Skin —— And with that the Conycatching Hangdog fell a laſhing the Trees like a *Wincheſter* Schoolmaſter, groaning at every Laſh, as if his Soul had been taking her laſt leave of his Tormented Carkaſs.

Thereupon *Don Quixote*, who was naturally Compaſſionate, and fearing leſt poor *Sancho* ſhould kill himſelf, or rather leſt his Imprudence ſhould diſappoint and fruſtrate the Cure —— Hold, *Sancho*, quo he, hold I conjure thee —— I never lov'd ſpurring a free Horſe to death —— This is a ſort of Phyſick too boyſtrous to be taken all at once —— and therefore make two Doſes of it —— Come, come, fair and ſoftly goes far —— Neither was *Rome* built in a day —— If I ha' told right, thou haſt giv'n thy ſelf above a Thouſand remarkable Twingers already —— and therefore I ſay be bold with thy Fleſh, but not too bold. Should it come to a *Fiſtula in Ano*, a Surgeon would quickly lick up all thy Gettings.

No, no, my dear Lord and Maſter, quo *Sancho*, it ſhall nere be ſaid of me that I got my Money by roaring, or as the Countryman ſaid by his Lawyer, that he nere ſpoke a word for his Fee —— Beſides, I have ow'd this wicked Skin of mine a payment a good while, and I'm glad o' th' occaſion —— And therefore I beſeech yee, Sir, don't diſturb me with your Pity; but if y' are ſo merciful, get out o' the noiſe on't —— for I'm reſolv'd to give my ſelf the t'other Thouſand Stripes — and then there will be the leſs behind —— With that he had the t'other bout at the poor Trees, with that outragious fury, that he fetch'd off their Skins which was Ten times harder then his own; that had they been any of *Ovids* Metamorphos'd Nymphs the whole Wood had cry'd out Murder. And at length, as it were reſolv'd to give himſelf a ſparring blow, laying on at the ſame time upon a ſturdy Oak, Here it is, cry'd he, with a loud Voice, that *Sampſon*, were he Ten thouſand *Sampſons* ſhall dye.

Don Quixote, who liſten'd all the while like a Hare in her Form, hearing that unſanctify'd menace of utter deſtruction, and the unconſcionable ſound of the ſtroaks that follow'd it, with the ſwiftneſs of a Panther, flew to his Squire, and catching hold of the dreadful Inſtrument of Execution, Stay *Sancho*, ſtay, cry'd he, the fury of thy Arm; 'tis not thy precious Life that I deſire; Live to the Comfort of thy Wife and Children, that will be bound to curſe thy Maſter, ſhould'ſt thou miſcarry for his ſake. Let *Dulcinea* therefore ſtay a while, and I my ſelf will live in hopes a little longer, till thou haſt got another Skin, and recover'd new ſtrength to end the Buſineſs to the Satisfaction of all Parties.

Well, Sir, quo *Sancho*, ſince you will have it ſo, ſo let it be; however i' the mean time be pleas'd to throw your Cloak over my Shoulders, for I am in a dropping Sweat, and unwilling my Sores ſhould take Wind.

With that the Compaſſionate Knight leaving himſelf in *Querpo*, bequeath'd his *Iriſh* Mantle to the protection of *Sancho*'s Shoulders, who took care to cover his diſſembl'd Mortification as charily as if he had been a dancing a dozen *Weſtminſter* Weddings; and then laying himſelf down to reſt himſelf, the poor Creature fell aſleep, and never wak'd, for all his Pain, till Sun-riſe.

After that, *Sancho* got up, and going aſide under pretence to waſh himſelf with his own Water, ſlipp'd on his Cloaths, and after three Hours riding, they came to an Inn, which *Don Quixote* allow'd to be an Inn, and not a Caſtle with Moats and Draw-bridges, as he was wont to do, before his laſt Baſting had ſomewhat reform'd his Senſes and his Judgment.

He

He was lodg'd in a Ground Chamber, inſtead of Tapiſtry, hung with painted Cloath; upon which were ſcrawl'd by a leud Hand, the Stories of *Helen* of *Troy*, when *Paris* run away with her; and *Dido* Queen of *Carthage*, when *Eneas* had robb'd her of her laſt Favours. In theſe two Pictures, *Don Quixote* obſerv'd, that *Helen* ſeem'd nothing at all concern'd for the force that was put upon her, but rather lookt blithe and bonny, and ſmiling under her Hood, as if ſhe had been pleas'd with her eſcape. Whereas *Dido* on the other ſide, ſtood like a Wench that had had her Pocket pick'd i' the Fair, letting fall Tears in Cluſters, which becauſe they ſhould be ſeen, the Painter had made as big as Filberds. Upon which *Don Quixote* making his ſudden Reflexions, How unfortunately it fell out, quo he, that either I did not live in theſe Ladies time, or they in mine; for I had never ſuffer'd two ſuch pieces of Injuſtice i' this World; and ſo by the death of *Paris* and *Eneas*, which muſt have ſurely happen'd by my Hand, I had ſav'd *Troy* from being burnt, and *Carthage* from Ruin.

I'le venture my Life to a Sheeps-turd, quo *Sancho*, that before next *Pancake day*, there will be nere an Inn nor a Barbers Shop i' the Country, where we ſhall not have the Story of our own Exploits adorning the Walls of the Rooms, for the Country Bumpkins to gape at, tho I could wiſh 'em drawn by a better Artiſt, then ſuch a dauber of Sign-poſts as this.

'Tis very true, *Sancho*, reply'd *Don Quixote*; but this is our Comfort, that *Cæſar* and *Pompey* and moſt of the *Roman* Conſuls have lit already into as bad hands as we can do. 'Tis the Fate of Great Perſons to be famous in Ballads as well as Heroick Verſe, tho one continues our Memory among People of Quality, the other among the Vulgar. But let the Rogues have a care that they paint true, for if I catch 'em painting Cocks for Bulls, and Bulls for Cocks, by the Order of Knight-hood, which I profeſs, I'le ſend a Legion of 'em to the Devil if they paint while I live. But to leave this Diſcourſe, what doſt think of giving thy ſelf t'other Touch to Night? In my Opinion a warm Houſe ſhould be much better then the open Air.—

Why, truly, quo *Sancho*, I could like a cloſe Room very well ſo it were among Trees; for I have a natural Affection to Trees; beſides that they ſeem to be a kind of Companions to me in my Affliction.

Why then, reply'd *Don Quixote*, now I think on't, we'll een ſtay till we get home, and then I can ſet thee up a little ſhed i' my Grove. You may do as you pleaſe for that, quo *Sancho*, but for my part I am for ſtriking while the Iron is hot——— *'Tis good grinding at the Mill before the Water's paſt—— An Opportunity loſt is not ſo ſoon regain'd—— When the Shoulder of Mutton's a going take a ſlice—— 'Tis good to take half in hand and the reſt by and by—— Every Dog has his Day, and every Man his Hour—— Delay breeds danger—— One take it, is worth Two thou ſhalt have it's.*

Enough, enough, good *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*— thou cureſt me with thy Kindneſs, and murder'ſt me with Proverbs—— prithee, dear *Sancho*, keep thy Moth-eaten Adagies for ſome body elſe—— Speak to me as other Men do, and then thou ſhalt ſee a Word to the Wiſe is ſufficient.———

Bleſs me, Sir, quo *Sancho*, you ſee I never ſtudy for 'em— they're as natural to me as Milk to a Calf— but ſince they diſpleaſe yee, I beg your pardon— better mend late then never——— And ſo they broke off their Diſcourſe for that time.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

How Don Quixote *and* Sancho *arriv'd at their Village.*

ALL that day *Don Quixote* ſtaid in the Inn, reſolving not to ſtir till night, that he might give *Sancho* an Opportunity to finiſh his Pennance. Now while he was thus concluding with himſelf, there came a Gentleman a Horſe-back to the Inn Gate, attended by three or four Servants. At what time, ſaid one of the Attendants to the Gentleman, What think yee, Siginor *Don Alvaro Tarfe*, of ſtopping here, till the Heat of the day be over?—— in my Opinion the Houſe looks well and cleanly.

Don Quixote no ſooner heard the Name of *Tarfe*, but preſently turning to *Sancho*, certainly, quo he, I muſt be groſly miſtaken if I did not meet with this ſame Name of *Don Alvaro Tarfe* in turning over that ſame Second Part of the Hiſtory of my Life. That may be for ought I know, quo *Sancho*, but let 'em firſt alight, and then we'l examin the Premiſes more ſtrictly. Preſently they alighted, and were carry'd into a Chamber next to *Don Quixote*, where the Gentleman having put off his Boots, came forth ſoon after to take the freſh Air at the Inn Gate, where *Don Quixote* was cooling himſelf at the ſame time. To whom, Sir, ſaid the Gentleman, which way travel yee? To a Village not far off, reply'd *Don Quixote*, where my Habitation is. And you, Sir, quo *Don Quixote*, which way are you bound? For *Grenada*, the Place of my Nativity, reply'd the Gentleman—— A fair City, and no leſs nobly Inhabited, reply'd *Don Quixote*; but pray, Sir, may I be ſo bold to crave your Name? For I have ſomething of a Reaſon more then ordinary, that makes me ſo uncivilly inquiſitive. My Name is *Alvaro Tarfe*, reply'd the Gentleman. *Alvaro Tarfe*! cry'd *Don Quixote*. Then certainly you muſt be the Perſon mention'd in the Second Part of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, ſo lately Publiſh'd by a Modern Author. The very ſame, reply'd the Gentleman; and farther, that *Don Quixote* was one of my Intimate Cronies, whom I perſwaded to take a Ramble from his Houſe, at leaſt told him of the Juſts and Turnaments at *Saragoſa*, and put him upon the Tilting Vain; and truly as it happen'd, I prov'd the beſt Friend he had, for I kept him from being claw'd by the Hangman, for an Inſolent Coxcomb as he was.

But pray, Sir, one thing more, quo *Don Quixote*, you look like one that could diſtinguiſh Faces—— does the Air of my Face in any thing reſemble that of your *Don Quixote*? Not in the leaſt, reply'd *Alvaro*. Once more then, I beſeech yee, Sir, had that *Don Quixote* of yours any ſuch Squire to attend him, whoſe Name was *Sancho Pancha*. Yes, Sir, reply'd the Gentleman, he had a Squire of that name; and he was ſaid to be a pleaſant Fellow. But for my part I never heard him ſpeak ſo much as one word that was like Sence—— The Rogue deſerv'd to be hang'd for a Fool, but was not worth a Halter.

I believe it, quo *Sancho*, for all Men were not born to have ſo much Wit as I have—— nor is it ſo eaſie a thing to play the Fool as People think—— and therefore that *Sancho* this Mr. Gentleman ſpeaks of muſt needs be ſome pitiful Hangdog, ſome Louſie Rarie-ſhow-man, or Mountebanks Budget-Carrier. For 'tis I that am the true *Sancho Pancha*; 'tis I am that merry conceited Squire that tickles the Spleens of Dukes and Dutcheſſes, and make no more to make a Gentleman laugh, then I do to pull off my Stockins. If you don't

don't believe me, trye me, Sir, your ſelf— do but follow me for a year or two, and you ſhall hear Miracles. And then for my Maſter, the true *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the Brave, the Valiant, the Diſcreet, the Amorous and War-like; the Redreſſer of Wrongs, Revenger of Injuries, the Father, Mother, Uncle and Aunt of all Orphans, the Widows Protector, the Defender of Ladies, the ſole and only Sweet-heart and Servant to the Peerleſs, Matchleſs Phœnix, *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, Knight of the *Lyons*, and Lord of Ten Inviſible Iſlands, Here's your Man, Sir, This is He. The t'other of your Acquaintance, and all other *Don Quixote*'s and *Sancho Pancha*'s are meer Dreams and Fables, counterfeit Miſcreants and Vagabonds.

Now by the Ghoſt of *Garagantua*, I believe as much, quo *Alvaro*, for you have utter'd in a few words much more then ever I heard the t'other talk for a Month together. T'other was a meer Paunch-belly'd Cur, that carry'd all his Brains in his Guts: So that I am apt to believe that thoſe Enchanters which perplex the True *Don Quixote* are become my Enemies, to herd me with a Couple of Sots and Dunderheads that were kitten'd in a Cage, and will dye in a Sawpit. And yet I can hardly believe my own Eyes; for I'me as ſure as I ſtand here that I left *Don Quixote* in *Bedlam*, whether he was ſent to be cur'd of his Frenzie; and now I meet here another *Don Quixote*, as like Mine, as an Apple's like an Oyſter.

For my part, reply'd *Don Quixote*, I will not undertake to juſtifie my ſelf for the True *Don Quixote*, but I am certain I am none of the Counterfeit. For to be plain with yee, Sir, I never was at *Saragoſa* i' my Life: For when I heard that this ſame Uſurper of my Name had appear'd at the Turnaments i' that City, I reſolv'd not to come near the Place, on purpoſe to convince the World of the Falſhood of that pretended Author, who had the impudence to Publiſh a ſham Second Part of my Life. Thereupon I went directly for *Barcellona*, the Mother of Civility, the Sanctuary of Strangers, the only Place of all Europe, where a Man may meet Sincere and Conſtant Friends, and the City of the World, the faireſt and beſt ſituated. And tho I did not meet with all the Good Fortune there, that I expected, but rather all the Jades Tricks of that curſed *Jezebel* mortal Men ſo much admire; yet am I glad I ſaw that City, which makes me bury the reſt in Oblivion. In ſhort, Mr. *Alvaro Tarfe*, I am that Individual *Don Quixote*, of whom Report and Fame have publiſh'd ſo many Glorious Actions, and not that pitiful Captain *Cut-pudding* that has uſurp'd my Name. And therefore I have one Boon to beg of yee, in Favour of a Truth, of which you cannot but be now convinc'd. I beg it of yee by all the Reſpect which you owe to the Profeſſion of a *Knight-Errant*, which is to give me a Certificate in due Form acknowledg'd, before the next Juſtice of the Peace of the Place. that you never ſaw me in all your Life till this day, and that I am not that *Don Quixote* mention'd in the Second Part of my Pretended Life; alſo that *Sancho Pancha* my Squire is not the ſame Perſon that you ſaw go under his Name.

With all my Heart, reply'd *Alvaro*, and yet 'tis to me the greateſt wonder in the World to behold two *Don Quixote*'s and two *Sancho*'s at the ſame time, who both derive themſelves from the ſame Country, yet both ſo different in their Phyſiognomies, their Actions, and their Diſpoſitions, which makes me think that I ha' been all this while in a Dream.

I'me afraid, Sir, quo *Sancho*, yee are inchanted like Madam *Dulcinea*— and I wiſh it may not be my Lot to give my ſelf the t'other Three thouſand Six hunder'd Laſhes to diſinchant your Worſhip, as I have been forc'd already to beſtow upon this Back of mine, to diſinchant her— However if it be, Sir, the

Buſineſs

Buſineſs is ſoon done at a ſmall Charge —— For who would be a Priſoner to the Devil a whole Year without Bayl or Mainprize for fifty or Threeſcore Pounds.

Truly Mr. *Sancho*, quo *Don Alvaro* you ſpeak riddles to me —— I never heard the t'other *Sancho* talk a Tittle of Three thouſand ſix hunder'd Laſhes —— unfold your meaning good Sir —— O, Sir, quo *Sancho*, the Story's too long at a Minutes warning —— but if you travel our way, you may chance to hear more then I'le tell every body, according as I'me in the humour.

By this time Dinner was upon the Table, and *Don Quixote* and *Don Alvaro* din'd together. More then that, the Story brings to the Inn a Juſtice of Peace and his Clerk juſt at the ſame Inſtant. Who being known and admitted, *Don Quixote* deſir'd Mr. *Alvaro* to dictate his Certificate to the Clerk, that he had never ſeen *Don Quixote de la Mancha* there preſent, before that day, and that he was not the ſame Perſon, that he had ſeen mention'd in a certain printed Story, call'd the Second Part, &c. written by one *Abellaneda de Tordeſillas*. Which the Clerk afterwards engroſs'd in due Form, and then it was ſign'd by *Don Alvaro*, and Jurated by the Juſtice *Coram Me, &c.* And now *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* thought themſelves the happieſt Men i' the World; not believing their Actions, Words, and Countenances enough to diſtinguiſh 'em from their Competitours, without a Certificate in Law; ſo jealous are Fools of being robb'd of their Honour, tho it be but of being the better Fools of the Two.

Many were the Complements and Offers of Service and Civility that paſs'd between *Don Alvaro* and *Don Quixote*, wherein the *Manchegan* diſplay'd ſo much of Wit and Courtly Language, that *Alvaro* began to be convinc'd that there was no Enchantment i' the Caſe, and was ſatisfy'd in Conſcience that he had given a true Certificate.

Toward Evening they ſet forward both together, and as they rode along *Don Quixote* inform'd *Alvaro* of the unfortunate Foyl which he had receiv'd from the Knight of the *White Moon*, and of *Dulcinea*'s Enchantment, with the way preſcrib'd by *Merlin* for her Releaſe. And thus *Alvaro* being furniſh'd with a new ſtock to muſe upon, the Knight and the Gentleman parted at the meeting of two Roads.

That Night *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* lodg'd among the Trees, that *Sancho* might have an Opportunity to accompliſh his Penance, which the juſt and faithful Squire couragiouſly perform'd, at the ſevere expence of the Bark and Buſhes, in the mean time ſo well preſerving his Skin, that a fly would hardly have ſtirr'd from his Back for any Mortification he gave his own Shoulders. However *Don Quixote* kept an exact accompt, and found that the Stroaks were right to a Unite, tho they were not beſtow'd upon the Right Place.

It ſeems the Sun roſe earlier then uſual the next Morning, as if he had envy'd Starlight the unwonted Spectacle of ſuch a Human Sacriſice. But *Sancho*, unwilling to truſt his Secret to the Blabtongu'd *Phœbus*, had taken care that the Fair *Aurora*, ſhould not behold his Nakedneſs, and ſo having cas'd himſelf again, the Knight and he ſet forward by peep of day.

All that day, nor the next night did they meet with any thing conſiderable; only whenever they met with any Woman kind, they rode up to her, and ſtar'd her i' the face, in hopes to meet the Diſinchanted *Dulcinea*. For *Don Quixote*'s Confidence was ſtill ſo great in *Merlin*, that he could not believe his Promiſes could ever fail.

Thus hey rode gaping and ſtaring ſome tedious Miles, till at length mounting up a little Hill, they diſcover'd their own Village. At what time *Sancho* threw himſelf from his *Grizzle*, and all in a ſudden rapture falling upon his Knees, Open thy Eyes, dear Native Country, ſaid he, and here behold thy long Abſented *Sancho* return'd once more to thy Embraces, tho not rich in Coin, yet paid to the full in Whipcord Gaſhes: Open thine Arms, and here receive thy Son *Don Quixote*, vanquiſh'd by the good Fortune of another, but Victor over himſelf, which as he has often told me is the greateſt Conqueſt in the World. We have met with many Misfortunes both of us, becauſe we did not always find what we ſought for. However I come not home altogether empty, I have ſtill a little Money Heaven be prais'd; for tho I have been well whipp'd, thanks to an honeſt Knight, I have been well gratify'd for my Sufferings.

Leave off theſe Fooleries, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, and let us appear with Reputation in the place of our Nativity, where we are now to enter into a new Courſe of Life, and lay aſide our Martial Thoughts. Let's not appear among our Neighbours as if we were half muddl'd, but with a ſerious Air, without Exceſſes and Transſportments receive their Welcoms. And for the deſign we have in hand ſpeak not a word of it. 'Tis a Giggling World *Sancho*, and always carping at good Intentions; therefore keep thy Lips cloſe till opportunity ſerves.

After this they deſcended the Hill, and began to draw neer their Beloved Village.

CHAP. XXI.

Of the ſtrange ill Omens that happen'd to Don Quixote *before he enter'd the Village.*

UPon his Approach to the Village, *Cid Hamet* Reports, how that *Don Quixote* ſaw two little Boys conteſting together, at what time, cry'd the one to the other, *Oh pray be quiet, you are never like to ſee her as long as you live.* Doſt hear, *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*, what the Boy ſays? *You ſhall never ſee her as long as you live*—— What's that to the purpoſe, what the Boy ſays? quo *Sancho*——'Slife, quo *Don Quixote*, haſt loſt thy Sences?—do's it not ſignifie that I ſhall never ſet Eyes upon *Dulcinea*, as long as I have breath i' my Body? *Sancho* was about to reply when he ſaw a Hare, which being purſu'd by ſeveral Greyhounds and Courſers, came and ſquatted for protection between *Grizzle*'s Legs. Preſently *Sancho* took her up, and preſented her to his Maſter. But he with a dejected Countenance refuſing the Preſent, cry'd out aloud, *Malum ſignum, Malum ſignum.*

Nouns Maſter, quo *Sancho*, you are a ſtrange ſort of a Man—— do but imagin this Hare to be *Dulcinea*, and the Greyhounds to be the wicked *Necromancers* that transform'd her into a Country Puſs. She flyes, I take her up; I give her you; you take her; make much of her and kiſs her; where is the ill ſign in all this?

At the ſame time the two Boys coming to look upon the Hare, *Sancho* ask'd 'em what 'twas they were quarelling about? To whom the Boy that had ſaid the words, *Thou ſhalt never ſee her agen*, reply'd, That he had got a Cage full of Crickets from the other Boy, which he nere intended to give him

him again. Upon that *Sancho* gave the Boy a Groat for his Cage, and delivering it into *Don Quixote*'s hands. There, ſaid he, there's the ill Omen ſent to the Devil—— Curſe on 'em— a thouſand of 'em ha' no more to do with our buſineſs, then we with the laſt years Snow—— For tho' I'me but a ſimple Fellow, I have a little underſtanding—— beſides that you ha' been told a hunder'd times, that 'tis beneath the Profeſſion of a Chriſtian to mind Death-Watches, and Rats eating holes i' the foul Clothes. Nay, 'tis not long ſince you told me ſo your ſelf—— and therefore don't you be one of thoſe Chriſtian Fools that you your ſelf have ſo often preach'd againſt—— Go on, go on, Sir——if any body had ill Luck 'twas the Hare to be caught.

Riding a little farther, they were perceiv'd by the Curate and *Carraſco* walking together in a Field adjoyning, who preſently ran with open Arms to embrace their old Friends.

Now it happen'd that *Sancho* had flung over *Grizzle*'s Back the gay Coat, all painted over with flames, which the Duke had given him, to cover his Maſters bundle of Armour, like a Sumpter Cloth; and his Miter, which was no leſs gaudy, he had fix'd upon the Aſſes head; ſo that it might be truly ſaid that never Four-footed Aſs was ſo ſtrangely bedizon'd in this World. Which the Childern, who are generally as ſharp-ſighted as Lynxes, perceiving, came running Bare-foot and Bare-legg'd, and flocking about the Shew, Hoy-day, look, Sirs——— Here's Madam Aſs and Gaffer Horſe——— did yee ever ſee an Aſs as fine as a Lady, and a Horſe ſo like a Red Herring before?——— And with that, they ran hooping and hollowing before, like the Boys upon a *Holy-Thurſday*, while the Curate, *Don Quixote*, *Carraſco* and *Sancho* follow'd leiſurely after, like the Parſon and the Maſters of the Pariſh, till *Don Quixote* arriv'd at his own Houſe, where his Maid and his Neece attended him coming.

At the ſame time *Tereſa* being inform'd of their arrival, came running with her Hair about her Ears, and pulling her Daughter after her, who ran like a Doe in her Hand. But when ſhe ſaw that her Husband was not ſo Don-like attir'd as ſhe imagin'd, Bleſſed Lady, quo ſhe, what's the meaning of this? you look as if y' had come all the way afoot; upon my Life too as tir'd as a Dog after hunting—Why, this is more like a Beggar then a Governour.—

Peace, dear *Tereſa*, peace a while, firſt let's go home, and then I'le tell thee wonders— Many times when a Man has got Boots, he wants Spurs— But I ha' Money, my Honey, tho I ha' nothing elſe—— Money got by my own Induſtry, without doing wrong to any Body.——

Haſt got Money, Chuck! quo *Tereſa*, nay then 'tis no matter how thou cam'ſt by it—— 'tis not the Faſhion now a days to be ſo inquiſitive. At the ſame time little *Sancha* embracing her Father, ask'd him what he had brought her home? telling him withal that ſhe had long'd for his coming more then ere the Flowers did for Dew in May. Which Ceremonies of Love and Duty thus perform'd, *Tereſa* took him under the Arm, and *Sancha* faſtning upon the Waſt-band of his Breeches, away they tugg'd him to his Cottage, leading *Grizzle* by the Collar in his hand.

And now were the Champions friends orejoy'd, they had got him home agen, not dreaming he had any more Crotchets in his Head; but before he could pull off his Boots and comb his Head, ſo full he was, that taking the Curate and *Carraſco* aſide, after he had given 'em a ſhort account of his being defeated by the Knight of the *White Moon*, and the obligation that lay upon him not to bear Arms for a whole Year; which he was reſolv'd to perform to the laſt Minute, he added that ſince he had ſo fair an Opportunity, he was determin'd to ſpend that leiſure time the moſt pleaſant-

ly i' the World; for now, quo he, will I retire to the Woods and Plains, where like a Shepherd of old *Arcady*, I will entertain my Amorous Passions with Madrigals and Roundelays; and therefore desir'd 'em, if their Business would permit, to bear him Company in so delightful and innocent a Life. To which purpose he would furnish 'em with such a number of Sheep as might justly entitle 'em to the dignifi'd name of *Shepherd*. Moreover he gave them to understand that he had half done the work already; for that he had found 'em out names so suitable to the Profession, that *Pan* himself could never have invented better.

Thereupon the Curate being desirous to know the Names, *Don Quixote* reply'd, that he for his part would be call'd the Shepherd *Quihotis*; that he had given him the name of *Curiambro*; that the Student should be call'd *Samsonino* or *Carrascon*; and *Sancho Pancha*, *Pansino*.

This new Project made the Curate and the Schollar stare; however being resolv'd to humour him, The Duce take me, quo the Student, if you ha' not hit it to a hair—— we shall lead the merriest Lives imaginable—— I am old Dog at Poetry—— I can make Eclogues with *Virgil* himself, and Pastoral ditties for all the Musitians i' the Kingdom—— But now I think on't what shall we do for Shepherdesses? For 'tis as impossible for a Shepherd to be without a Shepherdess, as for a *Knight-Errant* to be without a Mistress—— Else, how shall we do to carve and notch the Trees, as we must do? For I'me resolv'd to carry a sharp Penknife along with me, and to omit no duty of a Shepherd when I come to be one.

Oh, quo *Don Quixote*, shaking his Head, Mr. *Carrasco*, Mr. *Carrasco*, I wonder that should be your want; for I never knew a young Student of any Mettle without a Female, tho it were his Laundress, i' my Life— for your young Students are much of the nature of Turtles, they cannot live without a Mate— however for a shift you may conceit a Shepherdess, and that will do as well— For my part I am provided already with the Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, the only Nymph of these Rivers, the Ornament of these Meadows, the Primrose of Beauty, the Fountain of Chastity, more graceful then the three Daughters of *Jupiter* put together; and in a word, the Subject of all Applauses that are able to puzzle *Hyperboles*.

We grant all this to be true, quo the Curate, but we that cannot pretend to such perfections, would be glad of some passable *Barren Doe* or other, that may stand us instead upon occasion. For I don't find in any of your Ancient Authors, but that the Shepherds and Shepherdesses do play together now and then.

However, quo the Student, we can take what names we please out of Books, *Diana*, *Florinda*, *Amarillis* or *Galatea*; they are to be bought in any Booksellers Shop, and when we have purchas'd 'em, they are our own. And then if I meet with a Shepherdess whose name is *Bess*, I'le call her *Eliza*, from *Elizabeth*; if *Dol*, *Dorothea*, from *Doroty*; if *Lucie*, *Lucinda*. And I am apt to believe if I propound this Project to my Landladies Daughter, I shan't miss of one for my Turn.

Don Quixote was so extreamly pleas'd to find that his Invention took so kindly, that he resolv'd to send for his *Dulcinea* forthwith, not doubting but that she must be out of the Devils Clutches by this time, since he had paid so dearly to the Keeper for her Lodging. But the Student adviz'd him to provide all things ready first; to buy his Sheep and his Sheep-hooks, his Tarboxes, Fifes, Drums and Tabours, and then they would all go meet her in their *Pontificalibus*. And having so said, the Curate and the Student took their leave of the Knight, who thought himself in

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the Bosom of the Moon, he was so wrapt up in pleasure and Content.

All this while the Maid and the Neece had been listning like two Sows i' the Beans, and having heard the rambling Discourse between the Three Shepherds; Lord, Uncle, quo the Neece, what new Maggot is this, that crawls i' your Pate? When we thought you had been come home to live like a sober Gentleman, you are hearkning after new Temptations of the Devil, and going to turn Mutton-monger. By my truly you ha' pickt out a very fine Employment—— Besides, another disappointment you'l meet with to boot—— not a Straw to be had for Love or Money, fit to make a Pipe of—— For the Fields have been shav'd this Three Weeks.———

Faith Master, quo the Maid, I am neither Drunk nor Mad yet, and to my shame be it spoken, an old Maid at Fifty without a Husband, and therefore take my advice——— stay at home and read godly Books, say your Prayers, and be Charitable to the Poor—— for you are as fit to lye Basking i' the Summer Sun, or upon the cold Snow i' the Winter, as I am to be Captain of a Ship.

Good Neece, and you Mrs. Twittle Twattle, hold your Peace, quo *Don Quixote*, for I know best what I have do—— All I desire of you at present is to make my Bed; for if I mistake not I dont find my self very well——— but let me do well or ill, I shall do well enough for *You*; and that's as much as you can desire or need to trouble your heads with.

Upon these fair promises they undrest him, put him to bed, and brought him his Supper; and after he had done, they drew the Curtains and left him to his Repose.

CHAP. XXII.

How Don Quixote *fell sick, of the Will that he made and of his Death.*

PResumptuous Man! how vainly dost thou pretend to be the disposer of thy Life or thy Affairs! Fond Man proposes to himself to live a merry Life, and meditates future Revenge of past Indignities; but then comes Death and disappoints as well his hopes as Joys. *Don Quixote* thus propos'd to live a Jolly Shepherds Life, and after that to resume his first Profession of *Knight Errantry*, to regain his lost Honour and in search of new Fame; but Death surpriz'd him when he least thought of it. But whether his sickness proceeded from the sad Remembrance of his last defeat, or whether the Heavens had so decreed it I will not undertake to determin. Certain it is that a Burning Fever seiz'd him, which enforc'd him to keep his Bed Six days.

All that time the Curate, the Student and the Barber gave him frequent Visits, and such was *Sancho*'s Love that he would not stir from his Bed.

Among the rest, the Student rationally conjecturing that some confirm'd Suspition of the Devils treachery in not delivering *Dulcinea* to him after full payment made by *Sancho*, might be the Cause of his Grief that augmented his Distemper, endeavour'd all he could to comfort him. To which purpose, he desir'd him to pluck up a good heart and rise, to the end they

they might begin their Paſtoral Life; telling him withal that he had already compos'd an Eclogue, not inferiour to the Dialogue of *Shepherd in faith I cannot ſtay*, or *Strephon* and *Phillis*; and how he had bought two the beſt Dogs i' the Country for keeping of Sheep, the one call'd *Gipp* and t'other *Tanſey*, both Dogs of thoſe Eminent Parts that they could dance the Shepherds delight to the Flageolet.

But theſe were vain attempts to raiſe *Don Quixote*'s Mirth, for he could neither laugh nor talk, but lay like an Alderman in Stone i' the Chancel.

Thereupon they ſent for a Phyſician, who feeling his Pulſe ſhook his Head, and bid his Patient prepare for another World, for that he had not long to ſtay i' this.

For which *Don Quixote*, without the leaſt diſmay return'd him thanks; telling him withal, that he did not expect ſo much Divinity from a Perſon of his Profeſſion.

The Phyſician was no ſooner gone, but he fell into a ſound ſleep, and had a Nap for ſix hours together; ſo that his Neece and his Maid thought he never would have wak'd again. However at the ſix houres end it happen'd that he did open his Eyes again once more in his Life, as it were to take his laſt leave of the World. At what time, he call'd for his Neece, and bid her ſend for the Curate, the Student and Mr. *Nicholas* the Barber; for that he found himſelf drawing toward his end, and therefore was reſolv'd to make his laſt Will and Teſtament, and thoſe other preparations for Death, which a good Chriſtian ought to do.

Which *Sancho* hearing, Oh my dear Maſter, quo he, is this a time to dye, when we have juſt now news of Madam *Dulcinea*'s being diſinchanted? Come, come, Sir, leave your melancholy Dumps and riſe; is this a time to lye groaning a bed, when we ſhould be abroad i' the Fields, piping like the Boys in *Bartlemew* Fair time, and ſinging like Canary Birds. Take my Counſel Maſter, live as long as you can; for 'tis the greateſt folly i' the World to dye for a bruiſe o' the Bum. Why, what if yee were unhors'd, and were well Crupper-ſcratch'd, what great matter's that. You know 'tis a common thing for *Knight-Errants* to overturn one another. Beſides, you may lay the blame of your diſgrace upon me, and ſay 'twas through my confounded neglect, in not girting *Roſinante* as I ought to ha' done.

By this time the Curate and the Schollar came into the Chamber; to whom *Don Quixote*, with a chearful Voice, Come Neighbours, quo he, I am no longer *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, but plain Mr. *Alonſo Quixano*. I am an utter Enemy to *Amadis de Gaul* and all his Generation. I abominate and deteſt all the whole Rabble of *Knight-Errants*, and all thoſe prophane and ungodly Legends of wandring Chivalry that ſo beſotted my Underſtanding, and heartily forgive the Necromancer that robb'd me of that wicked Study of mine. In a word, I have liv'd like a Fool, but I am reſolv'd to dye i' my Wits. To that purpoſe I deſire yee to ſend for a Scrivener to make my Will, for I find the Approach of Death too neer; and with that he ſunk down again in his Bed.

The Curate, the Schollar and the Barber were not a little ſtartl'd at his Expreſſions, and ſtaring one upon another, knew not what to think of his Condition. Thereupon while the Curate confeſs'd him, the Schollar went for a Scrivener; nor was it long before he return'd again; at what time, quo the Curate to the Schollar, meeting him upon the Stairs, Upon my word you come in good time; for now I believe he has not long to live indeed, however I am glad that he dyes in the Bed of Repentance, rather then in the Bed of Romantick Honour. I deſire yee to be mindful of the Church and

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the poor Curate, and don't let him give all away to Neeces and Maid Servants; and so go on with your business.

With these Instructions the Student carri'd the Scrivener into the Chamber, where, after Mr. Penman had made the formal Part of the Will, with an *In Nomine Domini*, in Text Letters, *Don Quixote* order'd him to write on in these words.

Item, It is my Will, that as to the Money which *Sancho Pancha* (whom in my madness I made my Squire) has in his hands, no accompt be taken of him; I know he has layd out much Money for me, and I owe him for Three thousand three hunder'd Lashes, which he laid upon his own back for my sake about ten days ago; and therefore if there be any Money remaining I freely give it him and much good may it do him. And as I gave him the Government of an Island when I was mad, so would I now give him a Kingdom if I had it; for his simplicity and fidelity deserve it. And then turning to *Sancho*, he begg'd his pardon for having seduc'd him from his Wife and Family to make him as mad as himself; and for being the occasion of his being so cruelly toss'd in a Blanket.———

But then *Sancho*, letting fall a showre of Tears as big as Pibbles, besought him once more not to dye that Bout; put him in mind of his pleasant Pastoral Life, and told him withal that for a Man to dye of the *Mulligrubs*, was like a Hens dying of the Pip.

But *Don Quixote* was not now at leisure to hear his Squire's Admonitions as he wont to do, and therefore ordering the Scrivener to proceed,

Item, quo he, I give to my Neece *Antonia Quixana* all my Houshold Goods, deducting the payment of my Maid her full Wages and Forty Shillings to buy her Mourning.

Item, I make my Executors Mr. Curate, and Mr. *Samson Carrasco* the Student, and bequeath 'em Five Shillings a piece for the hire of a Mourning Cloak, and to buy each of them a Mourning Hat-band, to attend me to my Grave.

Item, It is my Will, that if my Neece have a desire to marry, that the Man be enquir'd after, whether he be a Person addicted to read Romances; and if he be found to be such a one, and yet my Neece will obstinately marry him, that then she shall forfeit her Legacy to be bestow'd in Pious Uses.

Item, As for *Rosinante*, I bequeath him to the Parish Scavenger, for his Incontinency with a Carriers Mare, which cost me the worst Basting that ere I had i' my Life.

Item, I leave my old Armour to *Don Perez de Mendoza* the Famous Bonesetter, for the rectifying of crooked Virgins, to prevent their Parents doubling their Portions, to the ruin of their other Children, and the madness of young Men that will marry Faggot-sticks for Money.

Item, My Will is, that the Bason (which I took for *Mambrinos* Helmet) be restor'd to the Barber, from whom in my madness I took it by force and violence, and Five Shillings withal, either to get it mended or buy him a new one.

Item, I desire my Executors, that if at any time they happen to meet with the Author of the Second Part of the History of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, that they beg his Pardon i' my Name, for having been the occasion of his writing so many Lies an Extravagancies as he has done. For I depart this Life much disatisfi'd for having given him such an unnecessary Trouble.

The Will thus made and seal'd, the Scrivener protested that he had never read in any Book of *Knight-Errantry* of any *Knight-Errant* that ever dy'd

dy'd ſo penitent, and ſo like a good Chriſtian, as *Don Quixote* did; who three days after expir'd.

Thus dy'd the Famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, upon whom (to omit the Lamentations and Howlings of *Sancho*, the Neece and the old Maid) the Student *Carraſco* made the following Epitaph.

HEre ſeiz'd by Death's immediate warrant,
Lyes one that call'd himſelf Knight-Errant;
In ſearch of Fame from home he rubb'd,
And got himſelf by Tapſter dubb'd:
And thus made Knight, away he poſted,
To be lambaſted and Rib-roaſted.
For bravely he his Sword devotes
To ſuccour all in Petticoats.
More ſhame to Fortune, ſo to vex
The ſtout defender of her Sex.
For always ſhe, in Honours Porch,
Unkindly left him in the Lurch,
Half Maſſaker'd with Clubs and Stones;
And when ſhe ſaw him maul'd and drop,
The Punk would laugh, and cry, riſe up
Sir Don *Raw-head, and Bloody-bones.*
In ſhort, he ſlept awake, and lull'd
With Honours charms, himſelf befool'd.
His Life was Peaceful, and outragious,
A Dream of Pious, and Couragious:
To ſhew that Honour's an edg'd Tool,
Not to be dally'd with by every Fool,

ACADEMIA BIBLIOTECA

The End.