



1781



1781

RAMBLES
IN THE
FOOTSTEPS
OF
DON QUIXOTE
—
INGLIS.



1781



1781



1781









Rm. 6 plates by Cruikshank.

Paul Orssich
235'20 G

11954/2

A-2290

R
133401

RAMBLES
IN THE
FOOTSTEPS OF DON QUIXOTE.

RAMBLES IN THE
FOOTSTEPS OF DON QUIXOTE.

BY THE LATE

H. D. INGLIS,

AUTHOR OF "SPAIN:"—"NEW GIL BLAS, OR PEDRO OF
PENAFLORE:"—"THE TYROL:"—"CHANNEL ISLANDS," ETC. ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.



LONDON:
WHITTAKER AND CO., AVE-MARIA-LANE.

1837.



LONDON :

PRINTED BY MANNING AND SMITHSON,
IVY LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PREFACE.

A small portion of this work appeared in the Englishman's Magazine some years ago, and excited great and general interest; when that periodical was discontinued, Mr. Inglis was earnestly solicited, not only by his friends, but by those who were acquainted with him merely through the medium of literature, to complete a work which promised to illustrate the most delightful of romances, and also to exhibit the most characteristic features of Spanish life. Other avocations compelled him to delay for a season the accomplishment of this task; but early in 1835 the manuscript was prepared for the press, and the forthcoming work announced in the usual channels of literary intelligence. Before, however, the printing could be begun, a mortal disease seized upon the lamented author, and he sunk into the grave universally regretted.

Though the publication of this, his last and favourite work, may be justly regarded, not only as a tribute, but as a sacred duty to his memory, every reader of feeling must be aware how painful it is to gaze upon

the characters traced by a beloved hand—to feel that the spirit which dictated the glowing thoughts is parted, and the hand that recorded them cold in the grave. It was not until the lenient influence of Time had smoothed away the rough edge of sorrow and allayed the bitterness of grief, until anguish for his loss had derived consolation from a “hope full of immortality,” that his widow could summon strength to arrange these sheets for the press, and bring before the public the last work of an author so generally and so deservedly popular. It is now submitted to the reader, with a confident belief that it will be found worthy of the author’s fame, and in nothing inferior to the works of the same writer, which have already received such an unusual share of popular approbation.

It cannot be uninteresting to prefix a few particulars of the amiable author’s life to his posthumous volume: the following account, written shortly after his death, by one who knew and loved him, contains the most accurate summary of his history that has appeared; it is brief, but faithful: more, much more indeed might be told, but his loss is yet too recent for memory to bear the torture of recollecting the examples of tender feeling and powerful talent, “not lost, but gone before.”

HENRY DAVID INGLIS, was the son of a gentleman of very ancient family, who is mentioned in Nisbet as coming over at the period of the Conquest. His father was an advocate at the Scotch bar; for which the son also was originally designed. His discursive fancy, however, soon turned him aside from such pursuits; and led him, at an early age, to visit foreign lands, there to lay in, by the contemplation of nature in all her most picturesque and sublime forms, the basis of all those matchless descriptions with which his works every where abound. His grandmother was daughter of the celebrated Colonel James Gardiner, who fell so nobly at the battle of Prestonpans, in 1745, and was herself the authoress of an heroic poem: and through her he was related to the noble house of Buchan, and the Erskines. The venerable Lady Raeburn, was sister to his mother. His works are twofold: they consist of fiction and travels; and in these two walks, as often happens to literary men, his success was precisely in the inverse ratio of his merits. It is true, indeed, that whatever genius the subject admitted of, was thrown into it; but books of Travels, however useful, do not, in their nature, so well admit of any high flights of fancy. All that can be done, is to give a faithful copy of nature, and to paint justly, men and things as they

really exist. Yet the man of true genius, even here makes his power to be felt; and in reading over the pages of this new-fled spirit, we are everywhere made sensible, that in copying nature, by portraying her in her external forms, he was descending from the elevation of his towering genius. His work, entitled "Spain in 1830," is, beyond all question, his best book of this order; and next, his "Ireland in 1834:" his "Channel Islands" contains many beautiful descriptions; as also his "Tyrol," his "Switzerland and the Pyrenees," and his "Norway."

But it was as a writer of fiction that Inglis was really great. Indeed, while all the efforts of the greatest masters still press on my memory, I doubt whether even the greatest of them has far excelled this man in the regions of pure inventive genius. Shakspeare, it is well known, never once invented the *story* of his Plays. Byron owed most of his plots to D'Herbelot, and the German Kotzebue; and failed only when he trusted to his own invention; while, in one novel of Scott,—the *Ivanhoe*—I detect no less than three long plagiarisms of *incident*, direct from the *Decameron* of Boccaccio. Inglis invented all his own stories—because it was easier to invent than to borrow; and whatever this age may say to the contrary, I boldly assert that his "New Gil

Blas" is one of the noblest and most finished efforts in the line of pure imaginative writing, that ever fell from the pen of any one man, either in our own or in any other age. Yet, will it be believed—this was the only work, written by our author, that ever fell dead-born from the press. The world, alarmed at the name, were one-half of them afraid to read it—and the other half afraid to judge when they had read it; while, of those able to judge, and who felt the power of this admirable work, not a man was found bold enough to stand up and hazard the public ordeal, by making known his opinions to the world. That work cost the author five years—no other ever cost him as many months in the composition. "I lament to say, (my poor friend used often to exclaim), I have been compelled to write *my* Gil Blas for posterity." He was right, the world will some day acknowledge it.

His other imaginative work, "Solitary Walks in many Lands," abounds in beauties of the highest order; and approaches in some parts very nearly to perfection in one of the most capital, but unapproachable qualities in this species of writing,—I mean in the fine adaptation of human feeling and sentiment, to the beauties of the forms of nature without. His apostrophes to May, and his solemn picture of

September, have few parallels in our tongue, whether for purity of diction or for elevation of thought.

He died on the 20th March, 1835; near Regent's Park, at four in the morning, in the 40th year of his age—his body prematurely sinking down beneath the weight of his exalted mind.

It only remains to be said that this work is faithfully printed from the author's manuscript, which was completed a short time before his death; it is now published by his widow, who has felt it a sacred obligation to preserve every word of "the loved and the lost," without change or alteration.

London, Oct. 1837.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
IN which the reader is informed, how the project of treading in the footsteps of Don Quixote first entered into the author's head - - - - -	1

CHAPTER II.

Wherein the author sets out on his journey, and the Muleteer tells his story - - - - -	11
--	----

CHAPTER III.

Which brings the author and the reader (if he relish the journey) to the confines of La Mancha - - - - -	20
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

Which, if the reader please to peruse, will inform him in what corner of La Mancha lived the Knight, and his steed Rozinante; and wherein also he will be introduced to the representative—perhaps the descendant, of Barber Nicholas - - - - -	24
---	----

CHAPTER V.

	PAGE
Wherein the author—and through him, the reader—receive some information not unworthy of being known, and at the conclusion of which, the author is left asleep in the reputed house of Don Quixote, to the envy, no doubt, of the reader - - - - -	30

CHAPTER VI.

Which sees the author fairly in the footsteps of Don Quixote ; and in which also, the characters of the knight and his squire are the subject of instructive dialogue between the author and his companion - -	36
--	----

CHAPTER VII.

In which the author makes small progress in his journey ; but wherein he endeavours to make amends in other ways, and prevails on the Barber to tell his story - -	42
--	----

CHAPTER VIII.

In which the barber makes a beginning of his diverting story, and obtains the applause of the reader for his ingenuity - - - - -	48
--	----

CHAPTER IX.

Wherein the barber makes farther progress in the good opinion of the reader, who is advised not to read this chapter unless he considers laughter an agreeable exercise - - - - -	53
---	----

CHAPTER X.

	PAGE
In which the author continues his journey, and reaches the site of "the inconceivable adventure of the windmills," respecting which, and other matters related by Cervantes, he holds the reader for a little in conversation	59

CHAPTER XI.

Shewing the extraordinary popularity of Cervantes in Spain - - - - -	65
--	----

CHAPTER XII.

Which explains and illustrates some things that need explanation, and proves the necessity of travelling in the footsteps of Don Quixote; and wherein also the barber resumes his story - - - - -	70
---	----

CHAPTER XIII.

The subject of which, is Don Quixote's adventure with the Goat-herds - - - - -	78
--	----

CHAPTER XIV.

In which the barber continues his story, and shows that a young head is no match for an old one - - - -	83
---	----

CHAPTER XV.

Treating of the adventure with the Yanguesian Carriers, and bringing the reader within sight of the Inn which Don Quixote mistook for a castle - - - -	88
--	----

CHAPTER XVI.

	PAGE
Which must be read by all who desire to know more of the inn which Don Quixote mistook for a castle ; or who are desirous of reading the outset of Poli- nario's history. - - - - -	92

CHAPTER XVII.

In which Polinario proceeds with his history - - - -	98
--	----

CHAPTER XVIII.

A passage in the life of the renowned Don José - - -	106
--	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

Wherein the barber upholds the supremacy of Don Quixote ; and wherein also is related the curious interview between Polinario and the Bishop of Jaen -	115
--	-----

CHAPTER XX.

In which the reader is further informed respecting the inn which Don Quixote mistook for a castle ; and in which also, the reader is favoured with the barber's opinions upon many points, as well as with the author's notices of the achievement of Mambrino's helmet, and of other famous exploits of the Knight of La Mancha - - - - -	124
--	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

	PAGE
Which no one is advised to pass over, excepting such as do not wish to hear of the adventure of the Fulling-hammers, or who do not care to read a vindication of Cervantes' consistency. - - - - -	131

CHAPTER XXII.

In which the barber resumes his long interrupted story, but first digresses to the history of Gines de Passamonte, and the famous adventure with the Galley-slaves - - - - -	142
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIII.

In which the author and his companion reach the confines of the "Brown Mountain;" and in which also, that ingenious fellow Juanes, relates his diverting history - - - - -	151
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIV.

Before the conclusion of which, the barber resumes his story - - - - -	164
--	-----

CHAPTER XXV.

In which, to the great regret of the author, the barber concludes his story - - - - -	170
---	-----

CHAPTER XXVI.

	PAGE
Where, in following the footsteps of Don Quixote, the author conducts the reader into the heart of the Sierra where Cardenio told his story, and where Don Quixote did penance - - - - -	182

CHAPTER XXVII.

In which the beautiful episode of Dorothea is considered, and wherein the barber again takes occasion to vindicate the genius of Cervantes, and to enlarge on the episodes which are introduced - - - - -	192
---	-----

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In which the author, having related as much of his travels in the footsteps of Don Quixote as can be contained in this volume, is forced to stop for the present, and to request his readers to inform him whether they wish him to resume his agreeable task -	199
---	-----

RECENT RAMBLES

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF DON QUIXOTE.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH THE READER IS INFORMED, HOW THE PROJECT OF
TREADING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF DON QUIXOTE, FIRST
ENTERED INTO THE AUTHOR'S HEAD.

I had spent six days in that ancient and truly Spanish city, Toledo, musing among those interesting remains that are the witnesses of its former grandeur, and the proofs of its present decay; and when I had sipped my chocolate the seventh morning, and had looked for a while from the gallery of the *Posada* into the marble-paved court, where nothing was to be seen but two or three idle fellows sitting with their backs to the wall,

wrapped up in their tattered brown cloaks, I felt somewhat at a loss what to do with myself. One half-hour I employed in executing judgment upon the mosquitos that had tormented me during the night; another, in chatting with a dark-eyed damsel of the inn, who was engaged in preparing the ingredients of the *puchero*, and in helping her to strip the *garbanzos*, the large peas so indispensable to a Spanish kitchen; but as it would yet be many hours before the *puchero* could be ready, I took my hat and walked into the street, where, in a strange town, there is always something fresh to be seen. I strolled for the twentieth time through the *Plaza Mayor*, and wondered, for the twentieth time, how the blacksmiths of Toledo contrive to make horse-shoes by hammering cold iron; I next found myself in the cathedral, where a man might spend an hour to advantage every day of his life; I once more paced the aisles, and measured with my eye, the vastness of this queen of gothic temples; and walked into the sacristy; and admired, for the last time, those yellow and orange-coloured marbles that eclipse even the marbles of

the Escorial: then leaving the cathedral, I sauntered towards the Alcazar, and seated myself under the shadow of its huge front, and beside the colossal statue of the Gothic king, who looks down upon the provinces that were once subject to him and his race. The bell of the Dominican Convent chiming one, interrupted my reverie, and reminded me that it was time to return to the Posada.

In recrossing the *Plaza Mayor*, however, and glancing my eye at the clock which is above the gateway, I found I had still half an hour to spare. I must needs spend it in some way; so I took my seat upon a stone bench, one end of which was occupied by two canons, and the centre, by a poor curate with a bare greasy hat, and a cassoc that had once been black; and purchasing at a neighbouring stall, four slices of melon, I amused myself with counting the number of friars and churchmen who, like myself, were acquiring an appetite for dinner. As for the poor curate, I fear he crowded the provocative and the dinner into one.

The *puchero* proved as worthless, and the wine

as excellent as usual; and being now tired of sauntering through the streets, I strolled down to the old Roman bridge over the Tagus.

Loitering upon a bridge, one generally leans for a while over the parapet on one side, and then crosses to the opposite parapet, next bending for a while over it: and so did I on the bridge at Toledo. I watched, a long time, some scores of Toledo damsels washing clothes in the river,—every one conspicuous by her bright yellow petticoat, which was left uncovered, the upper garment being thrown over the head to shelter it from the sun; and amused myself with the precocious gallantry of two young university students, who endeavoured to attract the attention of these water nymphs, by throwing pebbles into the stream, and who were sometimes rewarded by the upward glance of several pairs of dark eyes: and having seen all that was to be seen from one parapet, I crossed to the other, from which nothing was to be seen at all, excepting the Tagus in its deep rocky bed, and beyond it, the high brown range of the Toledo mountains; a scene, not without its

charms however, to the lover of the wild, the desolate, and the picturesque.

When we look upon a lofty mountain range, fancy generally travels beyond it; and the eye wanders in imagination over those countries from which it separates us.

“These are the Toledo mountains,” I said to myself, “and what lies beyond? Is it not *La Mancha*, the country of *Don Quixote*?” What a host of vivid and delightful recollections instantly started into being! In a few moments I had lived over again the many happy hours of childhood, youth, and manhood, spent in the perusal of that imperishable monument of the genius of Cervantes; and when I again looked towards the mountains that separated me from *La Mancha*, I saw the tall spare figure of the courteous knight erect upon his Rozinante, his grave countenance expressing a consciousness of his high destiny; and behind, in comic contrast, the square figure of Sancho, jogging on his dapple, his wallet open in his hand, and his mouth filled with bread and cheese, and onions—the knight and the squire

carrying on the while, one of those dialogues, which are the most perfect of all comedies. A hundred other vivid and grotesque images rose before me, and peopled *La Mancha*.

But along with these, a thought, a fancy, a longing, a hope, that had belonged to the years of boyhood, was revived. What pleasure, I had once thought, would it be to follow in the footsteps of Don Quixote—to set out with him from his village, to sleep in the inn which he mistook for a castle, to enter the *Sierra Morena* with him, to visit Toboso, and to feed the recollection of his adventures, with the realities of place, and scenery, and manners! Little thought I in those early days, that I should ever have the power of realizing this wish; but now my mind was made up in a moment. I had seen all that was curious in Toledo; I had no wish to return to Madrid; it was yet too early to encounter the heats of Andalusia; and why therefore not indulge the dream of my boyhood? “I’ll cross the mountains tomorrow,” I said to myself, “and the day after, I shall be in *La Mancha* :” and so strong a hold had

this wondrous fiction taken of my mind, that in the moment of forming this resolution, it was allied with something almost amounting to an expectation of actually meeting the knight and his faithful squire. Neither the picturesque outline of the ancient city, nor the half-robed charms of the Toledo damsels, had any attraction for me now: a little while longer, I fixed my eyes on the mountain range, and then turning hastily away, made all speed to the Posada, that I might provide myself with an active mule, and an honest muleteer: and all this was speedily arranged to my satisfaction.

I was too full of my project to find much enjoyment in the *Tertulia* that evening; the charming nothings, and lively sallies, that in a running fire of pure Castilian, animated the lips of the *Senoras* and *Señoritas*,—the witchery of a score of black eyes, brighter and more piercing than as many “Toledo blades”—even the legerdemain of half a score of fans, were ineffectual all. My companions were the knight and his squire; and the conversation which I listened to, was carried on between

Sancho and his wife, about the government of the island, or the marriage of their daughter, whom her mother would not let Sancho make a duchess of; or between the curate and the barber, while sitting in judgment upon Amadis de Gaul, and Palmerin, and Bernardo del Carpio.

The *Tertulia* ended, the glass of *agua fresca*, the simple and only refreshment of a Spanish *Tertulia*, was handed round; the *mantillas* enveloped the heads, but scarcely veiled the eyes of the Castilians; a hundred civil things were said; the caballeros bowed and retreated, and bowed again; the shake of many fans bade goodnight, for the fan speaks a universal language, and has an alphabet of infinite meaning; and the departing lanterns made visible the darkness of the narrow streets.

As for me, I groped my way to the Posada, supped upon my *gazpacho*, — that singular, but refreshing compound of water, oil, vinegar, and bread, — prepared to encounter the mosquitos and many other more silent enemies, and slept and fought by turns, till the voice of the muleteer, and