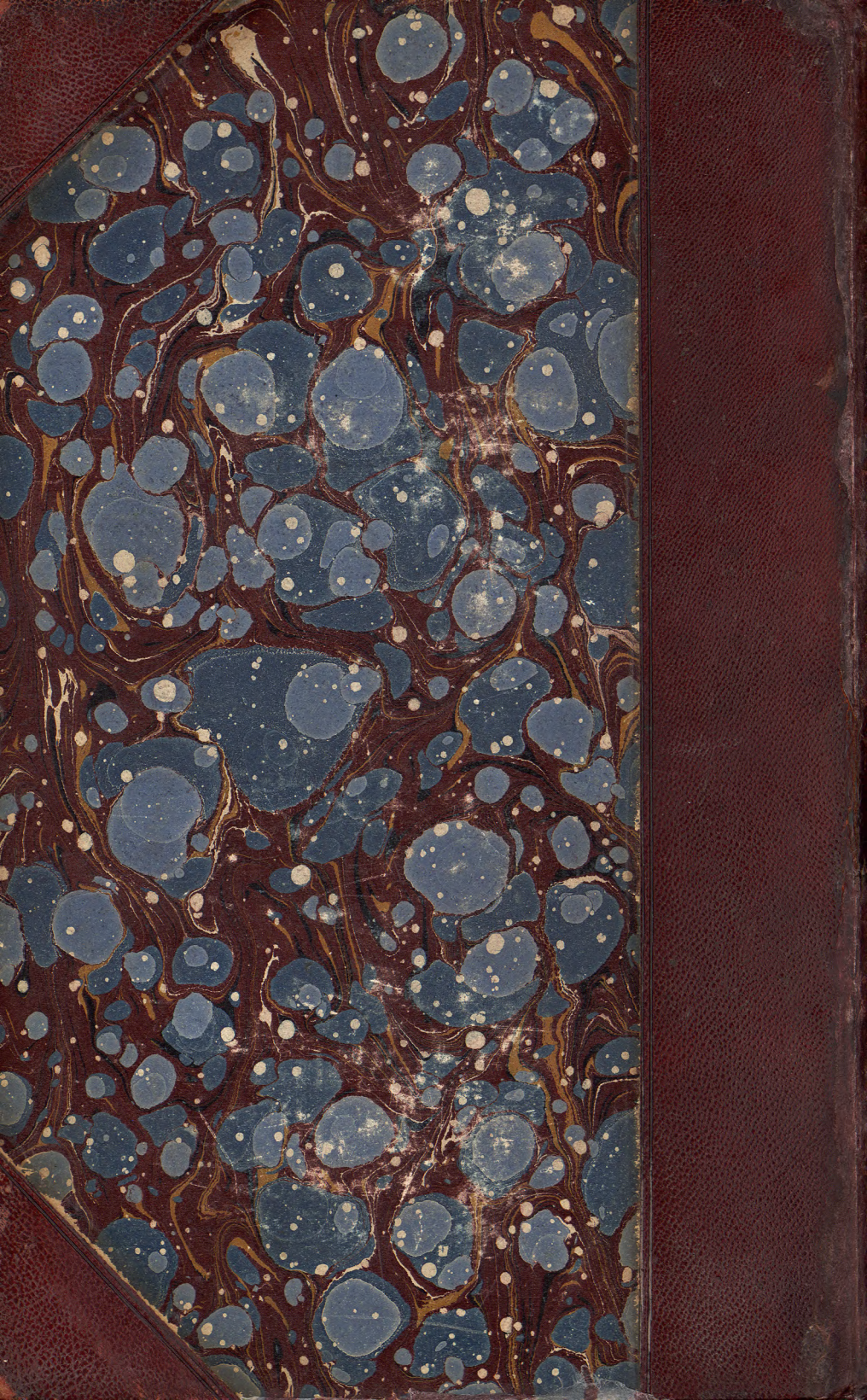
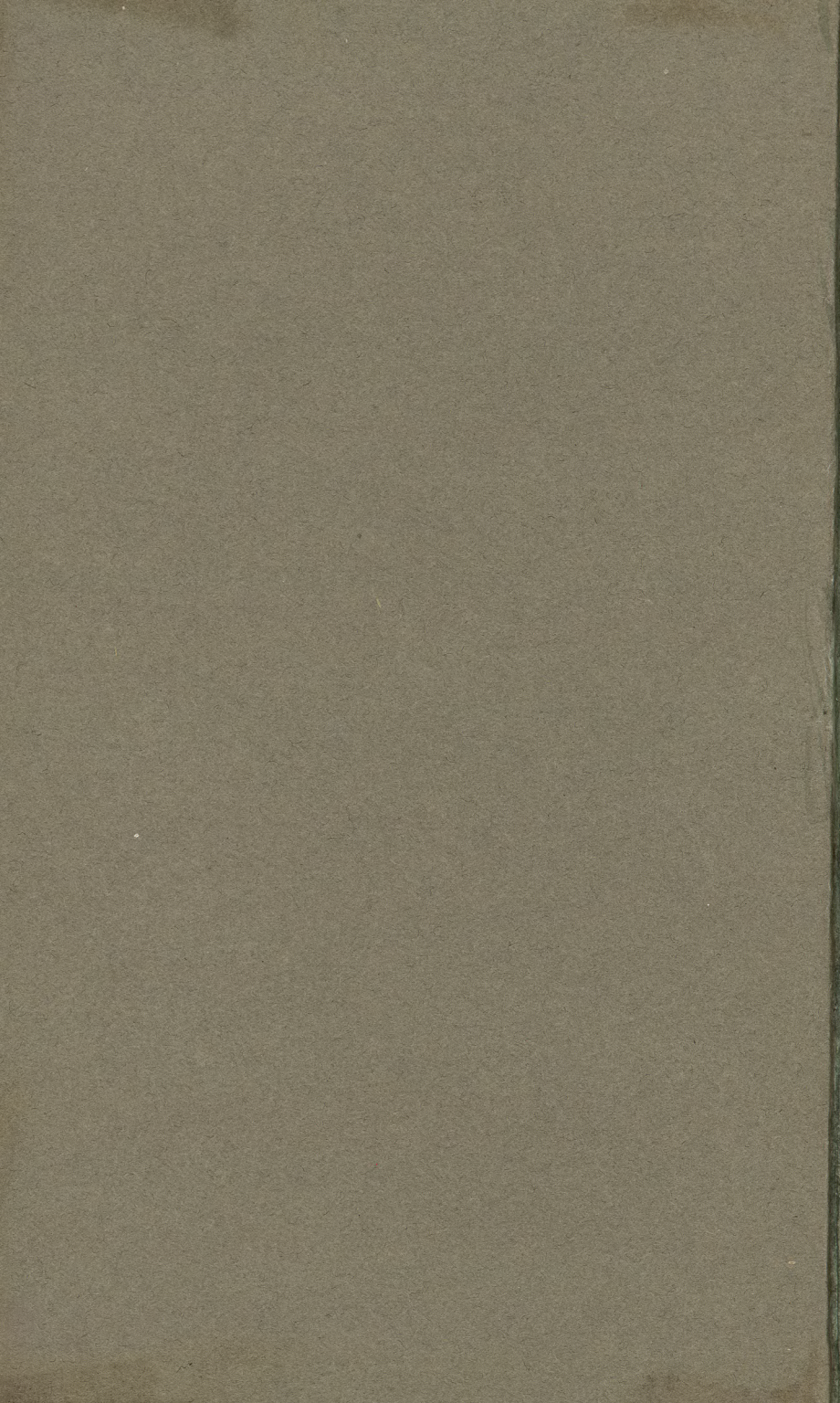


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THE
LIFE AND EXPLOITS
OF THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

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VOL. III.
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LIFE AND EXPLOITS
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S. GOSNELL, Printer, Little Queen Street, London.



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THE
LIFE AND EXPLOITS
OF THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN
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DE LA MANCHA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL SPANISH

OF

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA,

BY

CHARLES JARVIS, ESQ.

NOW CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED:

WITH A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE

Spanish Poetry.

To which is prefixed

A COPIOUS AND NEW LIFE

OF

CERVANTES;

INCLUDING A CRITIQUE ON THE QUIXOTE;

ALSO

A CHRONOLOGICAL PLAN OF THE WORK.

EMBELLISHED WITH NEW ENGRAVINGS, AND A
MAP OF PART OF SPAIN.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM MILLER, ALBEMARLE STREET,
1810.

THE
P R E F A C E

TO THE
R E A D E R.

BLESS me! with what impatience, illustrious, or perhaps plebeian reader, must you now be waiting for this preface, expecting to find in it resentments, railings, and invectives against the author of the second Don Quixote; him I mean, who, it is said, was begotten in Tordesillas, and born in Tarragona! But, in truth, it is not my design to give you that satisfaction; for, though injuries are apt to awaken choler in the humblest breasts, yet in mine this rule must admit of an exception. You would have me, perhaps, call him ass, madman, and coxcomb: but I have no such design. Let his own sin be his punishment; let him chew upon it, and there let it rest.

But what I cannot help feeling, is, that he upbraids me with my age, and with having lost my hand; as if it were in my power to have hindered time from passing over my head, or as if my wound had been got in some tavern, and not on the noblest occasion, that past or present ages have seen, or future can ever hope to see. If

my wounds do not reflect a lustre in the eyes of those, who barely behold them, they will however be esteemed by those, who know how I came by them; for a soldier makes a better figure dead in battle, than alive and at liberty, in running away: and I am so firmly of this opinion, that, could an impossibility be rendered practicable, and the same opportunity recalled, I would rather be again present in that prodigious action, than whole and sound without sharing in the glory of it. The scars a soldier shows in his face and breast, are stars, which guide others to the haven of honour, and to the desire of just praise. And it must be observed, that men do not write with gray hairs, but with the understanding, which is usually improved by years.

I have also heard, that he taxes me with envy, and describes it to me, as if I were ignorant of what envy is; and, in good truth, of the two kinds of envy, I am acquainted only with that, which is sacred, noble, and well-meaning. And this being so, as it really is, I am not inclined to reflect on any ecclesiastic, especially if he is besides dignified with the title of a familiar of the Inquisition: and if he said what he did for the sake of that person, for whom he seems to have said it, he is utterly mistaken; for I adore his genius, and admire his works, and his constant and virtuous employments. But, in short, I own myself obliged to this worthy author, for saying,

that my novels are more satirical than moral, but however that they are good; which they could not be without some share of both. Methinks, reader, you tell me, that I proceed with much circumspection, and confine myself within the limits of my own modesty, knowing, that we should not add affliction to the afflicted; and this gentleman's must needs be very great, since he dares not appear in the open field, nor in clear daylight, but conceals his name, and dissembles his country, as if he had committed high treason. If ever you should chance to fall into his company, tell him from me, that I do not think myself aggrieved: for I know very well what the temptations of the devil are, and that one of the greatest is, the putting it into a man's head, that he can write and print a book, which shall procure him as much fame as money, and as much money as fame: and, for confirmation hereof, I would have you, in a vein of mirth and pleasantry, tell him this story.

There was a madman in Seville, who fell into one of the most ridiculous and extravagant conceits, that ever madman did in the world: which was, that he sharpened the point of a cane at one end, and catching a dog in the street or elsewhere, he set his foot on one of the cur's hind-legs, and lifting up the other with his hand, he adjusted the cane, as well as he could, to the dog's posteriors, and blew him up as round as a

ball: and, holding him in this manner, he gave him a thump or two on the guts with the palm of his hand, and let him go, saying to the bystanders, who were always very many: "Well, gentlemen, what think you? Is it such an easy matter to blow up a dog?" And what think you, Sir? Is it such an easy matter to write a book? And if this story does not square with him, pray, kind reader, tell him this other, which is likewise of a madman and a dog:

There was another madman in Cordova, who had a custom of carrying on his head a piece of a marble slab, or stone, not very heavy, and when he lighted upon any careless cur, he got close to him, and let the weight fall upon his head: the dog went limping away in wrath, barking and howling, without so much as looking behind him for three streets length. Now it happened, that, among the dogs, upon whom he let fall the weight, one belonged to a cap-maker, who valued him mightily: down goes the stone, and hits him on the head; the poor dog raises the cry; his master seeing it resents it, and catching up his measuring yard, out he goes to the madman, and leaves him not a whole bone in his skin: and, at every blow he gave him, he cried, "Dog, rogue, what, abuse my spaniel! did you not see, barbarous villain, that my dog was a spaniel?" and repeating the word spaniel very often, he dismissed the madman, beaten to a

jelly. The madman took his correction, and went off, and appeared not in the market-place in above a month after: at the end of which he returned with his invention, and a greater weight, and, coming to a place where a dog was lying, and observing him carefully from head to tail, and not daring to let fall the stone, he said: "This is a spaniel; have a care." In short, whatever dogs he met with, though they were mastiffs or hounds, he said they were spaniels, and so let fall the slab no more. Thus, perhaps, it may fare with our historian: he may be cautious for the future how he lets fall his wit in books, which, if they are bad, are harder than rocks themselves.

Tell him also, that, as to his threatening to deprive me of my expected gain by his book, I value it not a farthing, but apply the famous interlude of the Perendenga, and answer, "Long live my lord and master, and Christ be with us all. Long live the great Count de Lemos, whose well-known Christianity and liberality support me under all the strokes of adverse fortune; and God prosper the eminent charity of his Grace the Archbishop of Toledo, Don Bernardo de Sandoval and Roxas." Were there as many books written against me as there are letters in the rhimes of Mingo Revulgo, the favour of these two princes, who, without any flattering solicitation, or any other kind of applause on my part,

but merely of their own goodness, have taken upon them to patronize me, would be sufficient protection: and I esteem myself happier and richer, than if fortune by ordinary means had placed me on her highest pinnacle. The poor man may be honourable, but not the vicious: poverty may cloud nobility, but not wholly obscure it: and virtue, as it shines by its own light, though seen through the difficulties and crannies of poverty, so it always gains the esteem, and consequently the protection, of great and noble minds.

Say no more to him, nor will I say more to you, only to let you know, that this second part of Don Quixote, which I offer you, is cut by the same hand, and out of the same piece, with the first, and that herein I present you with Don Quixote, at his full length, and, at last, fairly dead and buried, that no one may presume to bring fresh accusation against him, those already brought being enough. Let it suffice also, that a writer of some credit has given an account of his ingenious follies, resolving not to take up the subject any more: for too much, even of a good thing, lessens it in our esteem; and scarcity, even of an indifferent, makes it of some estimation.

I had forgotten to tell you that I have almost finished the Persiles, and that you may soon expect the second part of the Galatea. Farewell.