

REFERENCES TO THE MAP,

POINTING OUT THE PARTICULAR SPOTS, WHERE THE
SEVERAL ADVENTURES HAPPENED.

FIRST SALLY OF DON QUIXOTE ALONE.

N^o

1. THE inn, where he was knighted.
2. The adventure of the boy Andres.
3. The cross-roads, where Don Quixote was doubtful which to follow.
4. The adventure with the merchants of Toledo, from whence he was carried home by Pedro Alonso.

SECOND SALLY OF DON QUIXOTE, WITH SANCHE PANZA.

5. The adventure of the windmills.
6. The adventure of the monks and the Biscainer.
7. The wood, in which Don Quixote slept with the goat-herds, and the burial of Chrysostom.
8. The adventure with the Yangueses.
9. The inn, where Don Quixote prepared the balsam of Fierabras: and where Sauchó was tossed in the blanket.

N°

10. The battle with the sheep.
11. The adventure of the dead body, whence Don Quixote took the name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.
12. The adventure of the fulling-mills.
13. The battle with the barber, by which Don Quixote obtained the helmet of Mambrino.
14. The adventure of the galley-slaves.
15. The retreat into the Sable Mountain.
16. The spot in the same mountain, where Don Quixote did penance.

Note.—From this place they brought him to the inn, whence they carried him, as enchanted, back to his village.

THIRD SALLY.

17. The place where Don Quixote met the enchanted Dulcinea.
18. The adventure of the cart of the Parliament of Death.
19. The adventure with the Knight of the Wood.
20. Adventure with the lions, whence Don Quixote was called the Knight of the Lions.
21. The wedding of Camacho.
22. The lakes of Ruydera, and the cave of Montesinos.
23. The braying adventure.
24. The inn where the puppet-show was.
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27. The palace of the Duke.
28. The island of Barataria.

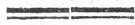
N^o

29. The place, where Sancho met the Moriscos on his return from his government.
30. The cave into which Sancho and his ass fell, on his return from his government.
31. The adventure with the nets, and the battle with the bulls.
32. The adventure with Roque Guinart and his troop.
33. The place, where Don Quixote fought with the Knight of the White Moon, and was conquered, in the plain of Barcelona.
34. The adventure of the hogs.
35. The place, where the Duke's servants met Don Quixote, and carried him to the palace, whence he returned to his village and died.

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cannot see its defects; on the contrary, he takes
them for wit and pleasantry, and recounts them
to his friends for smartness and humour; that
though I seem to be the author, being really but
the step-father of Don Quixote, will not go down
with the great of us, or even with you, as
most as it were with tears in my eyes, as others
do, dearest reader, to ponder on, or describe the
faults you shall discover in this my child. You

You may believe me without an oath, gentle
reader, that I wish this book, as the child of my
brain, were the most beautiful, the most sprightly,
and the most ingenious, that can be imagined.
But I could not control the order of nature,
whereby each thing engenders its like: and, there-
fore, what could my sterile and uncultivated ge-
nius produce, but the history of a child, meagre,
adust, and whimsical, full of various, wild ima-
ginations never thought of before; like one you
may suppose born in a prison, where every in-
convenience keeps its residence, and every dismal
sound its habitation! whereas repose of body, a
desirable situation, unclouded skies, and, above
all, a mind at ease, can make the most barren
Muses fruitful, and produce such offsprings to the
world, as fill it with wonder and content. It
often falls out, that a parent has an ugly child,
without any good quality; and yet fatherly fond-
ness claps such a bandage over his eyes, that he

cannot see its defects: on the contrary, he takes them for wit and pleasantry, and recounts them to his friends for smartness and humour. But I, though I seem to be the father, being really but the step-father of Don Quixote, will not go down with the stream of custom, nor beseech you, almost as it were with tears in my eyes, as others do, dearest reader, to pardon or dissemble the faults you shall discover in this my child. You are neither his kinsman nor friend; you have your soul in your body, and your will as free as the bravest of them all, and are as much lord and master of your own house, as the King of his subsidies, and know the common saying, *under my cloak a fig for the King*. All which exempts and frees you from every regard, and obligation: and therefore you may say of this history whatever you think fit, without fear of being calumniated for the evil, or rewarded for the good you shall say of it.

Only I would give it you neat and naked, without the ornament of a preface, or the rabble and catalogue of the accustomed sonnets, epigrams, and encomiums, that are wont to be placed at the beginning of books. For, let me tell you, though it cost me some pains to write it, I reckoned none greater than the writing of this preface, you are now reading. I often took pen in hand, and as often laid it down, not knowing what to say: and once upon a time, being in

deep suspense, with the paper before me, the pen behind my ear, my elbow on the table, and my cheek on my hand, thinking what I should say, unexpectedly in came a friend of mine, a pleasant gentleman, and of a very good understanding; who seeing me so pensive, asked me the cause of my musing. Not willing to conceal it from him, I answered, that I was musing on what preface I should make to Don Quixote, and that I was so much at a stand about it, that I intended to make none at all, nor publish the achievements of that noble Knight. “For, would you have me not be concerned at what that ancient lawgiver, the vulgar, will say, when they see me, at the end of so many years, slept away in the silence of oblivion, appear, with all my years upon my back, with a legend as dry as a kex, empty of invention, the style flat, the conceits poor, and void of all learning and erudition; without quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end of the book; seeing that other books, though fabulous and profane, are so full of sentences of Aristotle, of Plato, and of all the tribe of philosophers, that the readers are in admiration, and take the authors of them for men of great reading, learning, and eloquence? For, when they cite the holy scriptures, they pass for so many St. Thomas’s, and doctors of the church; observing herein a decorum so ingenious, that, in one line, they describe a raving lover, and in another give

you a little scrap of a Christian homily, that it is a delight, and a perfect treat, to hear or read it. All this my book is likely to want; for I have nothing to quote in the margin, nor to make notes on at the end; nor do I know what authors I have followed in it, to put them at the beginning, as all others do, by the letters, A, B, C, beginning with Aristotle, and ending at Xenophon, Zoilus, or Zeuxis; though the one was a railer, and the other a painter. My book will also want sonnets at the beginning, at least such sonnets, whose authors are dukes, marquises, earls, bishops, ladies, or celebrated poets: though, should I desire them of two or three obliging friends, I know they would furnish me, and with such, as those of greater reputation in our Spain could not equal. In short, my dear friend," continued I, "it is resolved, that Signor Don Quixote remain buried in the records of la Mancha, until Heaven sends somebody to supply him with such ornaments as he wants; for I find myself incapable of helping him, through my own insufficiency and want of learning; and because I am naturally too idle and lazy to hunt after authors, to say what I can say as well without them. Hence proceeds the suspense and thoughtfulness you found me in, sufficiently occasioned by what I have told you."

My friend, at hearing this, striking his forehead with the palm of his hand, and setting up a

loud laugh, said: "Before God, brother, I am now perfectly undeceived of a mistake I have been in ever since I knew you, still taking you for a discreet and prudent person in all your actions: but now I see you are as far from being so, as heaven is from earth. For how is it possible, that things of such little moment, and so easy to be remedied, can have the power to puzzle and confound a genius so ripe as yours, and so made to break through and trample upon greater difficulties? In faith, this does not spring from want of ability, but from an excessive laziness and penury of right reasoning. Will you see, whether what I say be true? Then listen attentively, and you shall perceive, that, in the twinkling of an eye, I will confound all your difficulties, and remedy all the defects, that, you say, suspend and deter you from introducing into the world, the history of this your famous Don Quixote, the light and mirror of all Knight-errantry."

"Say on," replied I, hearing what he said to me: "after what manner do you think to fill up the vacuity, made by my fear, and reduce the chaos of my confusion to clearness?" To which he answered: "The first thing you seem to stick at, concerning the sonnets, epigrams, and eulogies, that are wanting for the beginning, and should be the work of grave personages and people of quality, may be remedied by taking some pains

yourself to make them, and then baptizing them, giving them what names you please, fathering them on Prester John of the Indies, or on the Emperor of Trapisonda; of whom I have certain intelligence, that they are both famous poets: and though they were not such, and though some pedants and bachelors should backbite you, and murmur at this truth, value them not two farthings; for, though they should convict you of a lie, they cannot cut off the hand, that wrote it.

“ As to citing in the margin the books and authors, from whom you collected the sentences and sayings, interspersed in your history, there is no more to do but to contrive it so, that some sentences and phrases may fall in pat, which you have by heart, or at least which will cost you very little trouble to find. As for example; treating of liberty and slavery:

‘ Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro.’

And then in the margin cite Horace, or whoever said it. If you are treating of the power of death, presently you have:

‘ Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede
Pauperum tabernas regumque turres.’

If of friendship and loving our enemies, as God enjoins, go to the holy scripture, if you have never so little curiosity, and set down God’s own words:

‘ Ego autem dico vobis, Diligite inimicos vestros.’

If you are speaking of evil thoughts, bring in the gospel again :

‘ De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ.’

On the instability of friends, Cato will lend you his distich :

‘ Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos;

Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.’

And so with these scraps of Latin and the like, it is odds but people will take you for a great grammarian, which is a matter of no small honour and advantage in these days. As to clapping annotations at the end of the book, you may do it safely in this manner. If you name any giant in your book, see that it be the giant Goliath; and with this alone (which will cost almost nothing), you have a grand annotation; for you may put: *the giant Goliath, or Goliath, was a Philistine, whom the shepherd David slew with a great blow of a stone from a sling, in the valley of Terebinthus, as it is related in the book of Kings, in the chapter wherein you shall find it.*

“Then, to show yourself a great humanist, and skilful in cosmography, let the river Tagus be introduced into the history, and you will gain another notable annotation, thus: *the river Tagus was so called from a certain King of Spain: it has its source in such a place, and is swallowed up in the ocean, first kissing the walls of the famous city of Lisbon: and some are of opinion, its sands are of*

gold, &c. If you have occasion to treat of robbers, I will tell you the story of Cacus, for I have it by heart. If you write of courtezans, there is the Bishop of Mondonedo will lend you a Laminah, Lais, and Flora, and this annotation must needs be very much to your credit. If you would tell of cruel women, Ovid will bring you acquainted with Medea. If enchanters and witches are your subject; Homer has a Calypso, and Virgil a Circe. If you would give us a history of valiant commanders; Julius Cæsar gives you himself in his Commentaries, and Plutarch will furnish you with a thousand Alexanders. If you treat of love, and have but two ounces of the Tuscan tongue, you will light on Leon Hebreo, who will give you enough of it. And if you care not to visit foreign parts, you have at home Fonseca, 'Of the Love of God,' where he describes all, that you, or the most ingenious persons, can imagine upon that fruitful subject. In short, there is no more to be done but naming these names, or hinting these stories in your book, and let me alone to settle the annotations and quotations; for I will warrant to fill the margins for you, and enrich the end of your book with half a dozen leaves into the bargain.

"We come now to the catalogue of authors, set down in other books, that is wanting in yours. The remedy whereof is very easy; for you have nothing to do, but to find a book, that has them,

all, from A down to Z, as you say, and then transcribe that very alphabet into your work; and suppose the falsehood be ever so apparent, from the little need you have to make use of them, it signifies nothing; and, perhaps, some will be so foolish, as to believe you had occasion for them all in your simple and sincere history. But, though it served for nothing else, that long catalogue of authors will, however, at the first blush, give some authority to the book. And, who will go about to disprove, whether you followed them or no, since you can get nothing by it?

“After all, if I take the thing right, this book of yours has no need of these ornaments, you say it wants; for it is only an invective against the books of chivalry, which sort of books Aristotle never dreamed of, Saint Basil never mentioned, nor Cicero once heard of. Nor does the relation of its fabulous extravagances fall under the punctuality and preciseness of truth; nor do the observations of astrology come within its sphere: nor have the dimensions of geometry, or the rhetorical arguments of logic, any thing to do with it; nor has it any concern with preaching, mixing the human with the divine, a kind of mixture, which no Christian judgment should meddle with. All it has to do, is, to copy nature: imitation is the business, and how much the more perfect that is, so much the better what

is written will be. And, since this writing of yours aims at no more than to destroy the authority and acceptance the books of chivalry have had in the world, and among the vulgar, you have no business to go begging sentences of philosophers, passages of holy writ, poetical fables, rhetorical orations, or miracles of saints; but only to endeavour, with plainness, and in significant, decent, and well-ordered words, to give your periods a pleasing and harmonious turn, expressing the design in all you advance, and as much as possible making your conceptions clearly understood, without being intricate or obscure. Endeavour also, that, by reading your history, the melancholy may be provoked to laugh, the gay humour be heightened, and the simple not tired; that the judicious may admire the invention, the grave not undervalue it, nor the wise forbear commending it. In conclusion, carry your aim steady to overthrow that ill-compiled machine of books of chivalry, abhorred by many, but applauded by more: and, if you carry this point, you gain a considerable one."

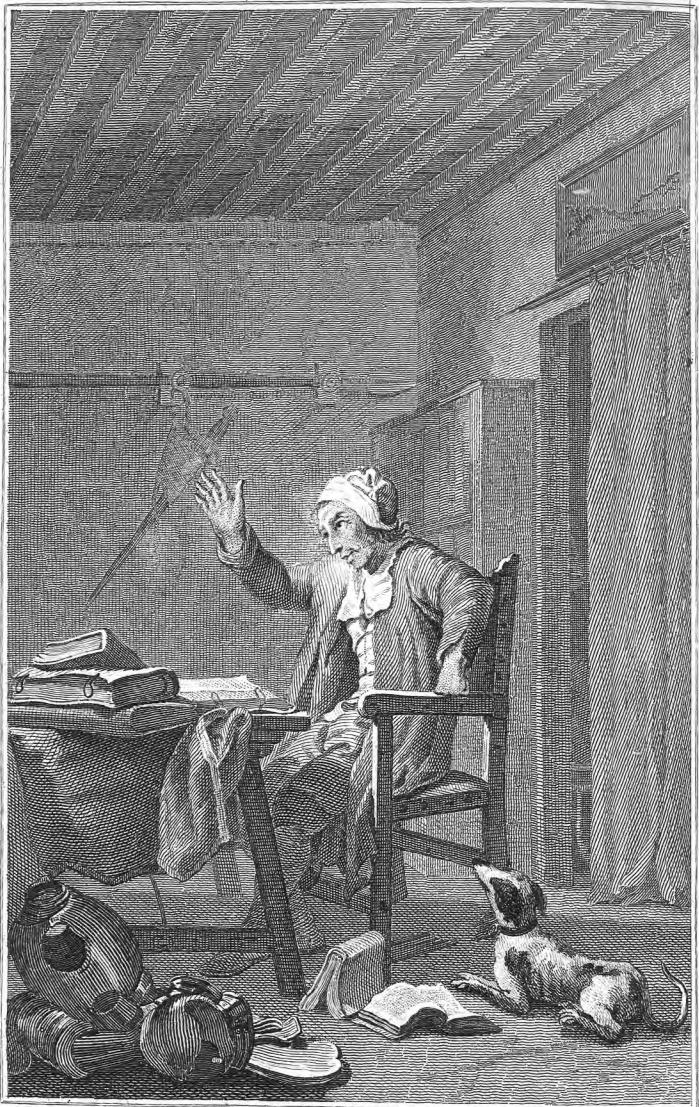
I listened with great silence to what my friend said to me, and his words made so strong an impression upon me, that I approved them without disputing, and out of them chose to compose this preface, wherein, sweet reader, you will discern the judgment of my friend, my own good hap in finding such a counsellor at such a pinch, and

your own ease in receiving, in so sincere and unostentatious a manner, the history of the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha; of whom it is clearly the opinion of all the inhabitants of the district of the field of Montiel, that he was the chastest lover, and the most valiant Knight, that has been seen in those parts for many years. I will not enchanse the service I do you, in bringing you acquainted with so notable and so worthy a Knight; but I beg the favour of some small acknowledgment of the acquaintance of the famous Sancho Panza, his squire, in whom I think I have deciphered all the squirelike graces, that are scattered up and down in the whole rabble of books of chivalry. And so, God give you health, not forgetting me. Farewell.

PREFACE

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ostentatious a manner, the history of the famous
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mous Don Quixote, his squire, in whom I think
I have discovered all the spaniel-like graces that
are scattered up and down in the whole table of
books of chivalry. And so God give you health,
not forgetting me. I am well.





Byrne sc.

Don Quixote in his Study.

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

PART I.

CHAP. I.

WHICH TREATS OF THE QUALITY AND MANNER OF LIFE
OF THE RENOWNED GENTLEMAN DON QUIXOTE DE
LA MANCHA.

IN a village of La Mancha, the name of which I purposely omit, there lived, not long ago, one of those gentlemen, who usually keep a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound for coursing. A dish of boiled meat consisting of somewhat more beef than mutton, the fragments served up cold on most nights, an omlet on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a small pigeon, by way of addition, on Sundays, consumed three fourths of his income. The rest was laid out in a surtout of fine black cloth, a pair of velvet breeches for holydays, with slippers of

the same; and on week-days he prided himself in the very best of his own home-spun cloth. His family consisted of an Housekeeper somewhat above forty, a Niece not quite twenty, and a lad for the field and the market, who both saddled the horse and handled the pruning-hook. The age of our gentleman bordered upon fifty years. He was of a robust constitution, spare-bodied, of a meagre visage, a very early riser, and a keen sportsman. It is said, that his surname was Quixada, or Quesada, for in this there is some difference among the authors, who have written upon this subject; though by probable conjectures it may be gathered, that he was called Quixana¹. But this is of little importance to our story: let it suffice, that in relating we do not swerve a jot from the truth.

You must know then, that this Gentleman, at times when he was idle, which was most part of the year, gave himself up to the reading of books of chivalry, with so much attachment and relish, that he almost forgot all the sports of the field, and even the management of his domestic affairs: and his curiosity and extravagant fondness herein arrived to such a pitch, that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of Knight-errantry, and carried home all he could lay hands on of that kind. But, among them all, none pleased him so much as those composed by the famous Feliciano de Silva; for

the gaudiness of his prose, and the intricacy of his style, seemed to him so many pearls; and especially when he came to peruse those love-speeches, and challenges, wherein in several places he found written: "The reason of the unreasonable treatment of my reason enfeebles my reason in such a manner, that with reason I complain of your beauty:" and also when he read; "The high heavens, that with your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, making you meritorious of the merit, merited by your greatness." With this kind of language the poor Gentleman lost his wits, and distracted himself to comprehend and unravel their meaning; which was more than Aristotle himself could do, were he to rise again from the dead for that purpose alone. He had some doubts as to the dreadful wounds, which Don Belianis gave and received; for he imagined, that, notwithstanding the most expert surgeons had cured him, his face and whole body must still be full of seams and scars. Nevertheless he commended in his author the concluding his book with a promise of that unfinishable adventure: and he often had it in his thoughts to take pen in hand, and finish it himself, precisely as it is there promised: which he had, certainly, performed, and successfully too, if other greater and continual cogitations had not diverted him.

He had frequent disputes with the Priest² of his village, who was a learned person, and had

taken his degrees in Ciguenza, which of the two was the better Knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis de Gaul. But master Nicholas, Barber-Surgeon of the same town, affirmed, that none ever came up to the Knight of the Sun; and, if any one could be compared to him, it was Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul; for he was of a disposition fit for every thing, no finical gentleman, nor such a whimperer as his brother; and, as to courage, he was by no means inferior to him. In short, he so bewildered himself in this kind of study, that he passed the nights in reading, from sun-set to sun-rise, and the days, from sun-rise to sun-set; and thus, through little sleep and much reading, his brain was dried up in such a manner, that he came at last to lose his wits. His imagination was full of all, that he read in his books; namely, enchantments, battles, single combats, challenges, wounds, courtships, amours, tempests, and impossible absurdities. And so firmly was he persuaded, that the whole system of chimeras, he read of, was true, that, he thought, no history in the world was more to be depended upon. The Cid Ruydiaz³, he was wont to say, was a very good Knight, but not comparable to the Knight of the Burning-Sword, who, with a single back-stroke, cleft asunder two fierce and monstrous giants. He was better pleased with Bernardo del Carpio for putting Orlando the Enchanted to death in Roncesvalles, by means of