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THE HISTORY OF
THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

DON QUIXOTE

OF

LA MANCHA

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY

P. A. MOTTEUX

VOLUME III

ILLUSTRATED

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THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

BLESS me! reader, gentle or simple, or whatever you be, how impatiently by this time must you expect this Preface, supposing it to be nothing but revengeful invectives against the author of the * *second* Don Quixote. But I must beg your pardon; for I shall say no more of him than every body says, that Tordesillas is the place where he was begotten, and Tarragona the place where he was born; and though it be universally said, that even a worm, when trod upon, will turn again, yet I am resolved for once to cross the proverb. You perhaps now would have me call him coxcomb, fool, and madman; but I am of another mind, and so let his folly be its own punishment. But there is something which I cannot so silently pass over; he is pleased to upbraid me with my age; indeed, had it been in the power of man to stop the career of time, I would not have suffered the old gentleman to have laid his fingers on me. Then he reflectingly tells me of the loss of one of my hands, as if that maim had been got in a scandalous or drunken quarrel in some tavern, and not upon the most memorable † occasion that either past or present ages have beheld, and which, perhaps futurity will never parallel. If my wounds do not redound to

* A person, who wrote himself a native of Tordesillas, published an impertinent book by that name, printed at Tarragona, while our author was preparing his second part for the press.—See Appendix, Note 1.

† The battle of Lepanto.

my honour in the thoughts of some of those that look upon them, they will at least secure me the esteem of those that know how they were gotten. A soldier makes a nobler figure as he lies bleeding in the bed of honour, than safe in an inglorious flight; and I am so far from being ashamed of the loss of my hand, that were it possible to recal the same opportunity, I should think my wounds but a small price for the glory of sharing in that prodigious action. The scars in a soldier's face and breast are the stars that by a laudable imitation guide others to the port of honour and glory. Besides, it is not the hand, but the understanding of a man, that may be said to write; and those years that he is pleased to quarrel with, always improve the latter.

I am not wholly insensible of his epithets of ignorant and envious, but I take heaven to witness, I never was acquainted with any branch of envy beyond a sacred, generous, and ingenuous emulation, which could never engage me to abuse a clergyman, especially if made the more reverend by a post in the inquisition; and if any such person thinks himself affronted, as that author seems to hint, he is mightily mistaken; for I have a veneration for his parts,* admire his works, and have an awful regard for the efficacious virtue of his office.

I must return this fine dogmatical gentleman my hearty thanks for his criticism upon my novels: he is pleased very judiciously to say, that they have more

* He means Lopez de Vega.

of satire than of morality; and yet owns, that the novels are good. Now I thought that if a thing was good, it must be so in every respect.

Methinks, reader, I hear you blame me for shewing so little resentment, and using him so gently; but pray consider, it is not good to bear too hard upon a man that is so over-modest and so much in affliction: for certainly this must needs be a miserable soul; he has not the face, poor man! to appear in public, but conscious of his wretched circumstances, conceals his name, and counterfeits his country as if he had committed treason, or some other punishable crime. Well then, if ever you should happen to fall into his company, pray in pity tell him from me, that I have not the least quarrel in the world with him: for I am not ignorant of the temptations of Satan; and of all his imps, the scribbling devil is the most irresistible. When that demon has got into a man's head, he takes the possession for inspiration, and, full of his false ability, falls slapdash to writing and publishing, which gets him as much fame from the world as he has money from the booksellers, and as little money from the booksellers as he has fame from the world. But if he won't believe what you say, and you be disposed to be merry, pray tell him this story—

Once upon a time there was a madman in Seville that hit upon one of the prettiest out-of-the-way whims that ever madman in this world was possessed withal. He gets him a hollow cane, small at one end, and catching hold of a dog in the street, or anywhere else, he clapped his foot on one of the cur's

legs, and holding up his hind-legs in his hand, he fitted his cane to the dog's back-side, and blew him up as round as a ball: then giving him a thump or two on the guts, and turning to the bye-standers, who are always a great many upon such occasions: "Well, gentlemen," said he, "what do you think, 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? but if this picture be not like him, pray, honest reader, tell him this other story of a dog and a madman.

There was a madman at Cordova, who made it his business to carry about the streets, upon his head, a huge stone of a pretty conscionable weight; and whenever he met with a dog without a master, especially such a surly cur as would stalk up to his nose, he very fairly dropped his load all at once, souse upon him: the poor beast would howl, and growl, and clapping his tail between his legs, limped away without so much as looking behind him, for two or three streets length at least. The madman, mightily pleased with his new device, served every dog, that had courage to look him in the face, with the same sauce; till one day it was his fortune to meet with a sportsman's dog, a cap-maker by trade, though that is neither here nor there. The dog was mightily valued by his master, but that was more than the madman knew; so slap went the stone upon the poor dog. The animal being almost crushed to death, set up his throat, and yelped most piteously: insomuch that his master, knowing it was his dog by

the howl, runs out, and, touched with the injury, whips up a stick that was at hand, lets drive at the madman, and belabours him to some purpose, crying out at every blow, "You son of a bitch, abuse my spaniel! You inhuman rascal, did not you know that my dog was a spaniel?" and so thwacked the poor lunatic, till he had not a whole bone in his skin. At last he crawled from under his clutches, and it was a whole month before he could lick himself whole again. Nevertheless out he came once more with his invention, and heavier than the former; but coming by the same dog again, though he had a month's mind to give him the other dab, yet recollecting himself, and shrugging up his shoulders; "No," quoth he, "I must have a care, this dog is a spaniel." In short, all dogs he met, whether mastiffs or hounds, were downright spaniels to him ever after. Now the moral of the fable is this: this author's wit is the madman's stone, and it is likely he will be cautious how he lets it fall for the future.

One word more, and I have done with him. Pray tell the mighty man, that as to his menaces of taking the bread out of my mouth, I shall only answer him with a piece of an old song, *God prosper long our noble king, Our lives and safeties all*,*—and so peace be with him. Long live the great Conde de Lemos, whose humanity and celebrated liberality sustain me under the most severe blows of fortune! and may the eminent charity of the Cardinal of Toledo, make an eternal monument to his fame! Had I never pub-

* See Appendix, Note 2.

lished a word, and were as many books published against me, as there are letters in Mingo Revulgo's poems; yet the bounty of these two princes, that have taken charge of me, without any soliciting, or adulation, were sufficient in my favour; and I think myself richer and greater in their esteem, than I would in any profitable honour that can be purchased at the ordinary rate of advancement. The indigent men may attain their favour, but the vicious cannot. Poverty may partly eclipse a gentleman, but cannot totally obscure him; and those glimmerings of ingenuity that peep through the chinks of a narrow fortune, have always gained the esteem of the truly noble and generous spirits.

Now, reader, I have done with him and you. Only give me leave to tell you, that this Second Part of Don Quixote, which I now present you, is cut by the same hand, and of the same piece with the first. Here you have the knight once more fitted out, and at last brought to his death, and fairly laid in his grave; that nobody may presume to raise any more stories of him. He has committed extravagances enough already, he is sorry for it and that is sufficient. Too much of one thing clogs the appetite, but scarcity makes everything go down.

I forgot to tell you, that my Persiles is almost finished, and expects to kiss your hands in a little time; and the second part of the Galatea will shortly put in for the same honour.

CHAPTER I

WHAT PASSED BETWEEN THE CURATE, THE BARBER,
AND DON QUIXOTE, CONCERNING HIS INDISPOSITION

CID HAMET BENENGELI relates in the Second Part of this History, and Don Quixote's third sally, that the curate and the barber were almost a whole month without giving him a visit, lest, calling to mind his former extravagances, he might take occasion to renew them. However, they failed not every day to see his niece and his house-keeper, whom they charged to treat and cherish him with great care, and to give him such diet as might be most proper to cheer his heart, and comfort his brain, whence, in all likelihood, his disorder wholly proceeded. They answered, that they did so, and would continue it to their utmost power; the rather, because they observed, that sometimes he seemed to be in his right senses. This news was very welcome to the curate and the barber, who looked on this amendment as an effect of their contrivance in bringing him