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M.V.r Gucht Sculp.

Whilst Butler in Immortal Glory Sits
Enthron'd, as King of Poets and of Wits;
Ward Seeks not to usurp his Endless Fame,
But Courts his Genius to revive his Name.

THE

LIFE

AND

Notable Adventures

OF THAT

Renown'd Knight,

Don Quixote

De la MANCHA.

Merrily Tranſlated into Hudibraſtick Verſe.

By EDWARD WARD.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for T. NORRIS at the *Looking-Glaſs*, and A. BETTESWORTH at the *Red-Lyon* on *London-Bridge*; J. HARDING at the upper-end of St. *Martin's-Lane*; and Sold by J. WOODWARD in *Scalding-Alley*, over-againſt *Stocks-Market*. M DCC XI.

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To the Worſhipful

John Caſs, Eſq;

ALDERMAN of the City of *LONDON.*

SIR,

WAS I qualify'd to entertain a Gentleman of your Judgment, with as much Wit as there is Worth in your own unblemiſh'd Character, I might then preſume, inſtead of humbly begging, to challenge the Protection of ſo generous a Patron: But as I am altogether unworthy of ſo great an Honour, ſo I think it my Duty to acknowledge it a boldneſs to ſue for what I have ſo ſmall a Title to. Yet am comforted with the hopes, that a Gentleman of your excellent Temper, as well as Prudence, who

makes your own Hands, whilſt living, your truſty Almoners, and your Eyes the Overſeers of your Charitable Donations, will have Goodneſs ſufficient to excuſe the liberty I have taken, without leave, to addreſs your Worſhip in ſo publick a manner, ſince, if it prove an Error, it is particularly owing to that great Veneration your Merit juſtly claims from all true Lovers of their QUEEN and Country, as well as of that Church to which Her Majeſty, to Her Glory, is a *Nurſing Mother*, and Yourſelf ſo dutiful a Son; which, I cannot but confeſs, was the principal Motive that firſt induc'd me to this freedom. Beſides, who can hear of a Gentleman, ſo oft unanimouſly choſen into that High Station, to which You are now an Honour, and not be ambitious of ſhewing his publick Gladneſs to ſee ſo worthy a Patriot ſo eaſily diſappoint the indefatigable Endeavours of his downlook'd Opponents, who are always too apt to prefer the Intereſt of their Party to the Welfare of their Country; and conſequently to promote ſuch

Perſons

Perſons as are beſt qualify'd for their private Purpoſes.

Nor could any Ward or Society of Men give a better Teſtimony of their Duty to their Prince, their Zeal for the Church, and ſincere regard to the Honour of the City, than thoſe Electors did, in their reſolute and repeated Choice of ſo true a Churchman, and ſo wiſe a Governour to preſide over them, at ſuch a time, when Her Majeſty was graciouſly pleas'd to openly expreſs ſuch a tender Regard for the Eſtabliſh'd Church; as if Her Royal Wiſdom was almoſt perſwaded to believe, that the prevaricating Adverſaries of True Religion (had not proper Meaſures been ſeaſonably interpos'd) might have precipitated the Church, by their overheat and raſhneſs into ſome Danger; and therefore ſeem'd deſirous, that all Offices of Truſt might be timely tranſlated into the Hands of ſuch Perſons as wanted neither Courage nor Sincerity at all times to defend our happy Conſtitution, againſt the open Attacks, as well as ſecret Undermining of its impatient Enemies.

Nor

NOR was it leſs obſervable, that when the Honour of the Gown was unhappily impair'd by the unſteadineſs of the Chair, thro' an unſeaſonable Inadvertency, how ſoon it was recover'd by the joyful Election of a new Alderman, who, in the moſt wavering Times could never be tempted to ſhew the leaſt Prevarication, but always ſtood firm to the Intereſt of the Church, with a charitable Reſpect to all ſcrupulous Conſciences, without confounding true Chriſtian Moderation with the faſhionable Subtilty of the old Serpent.

AMONG the reſt of your Good Works which have added largely to your Character, the compaſſionate Regard You have ſo tenderly ſhewn to the innocent Children of poor unhappy Parents, in founding entirely at your own Charge a commodious School for their wholſome Education in Church Principles, that they may not thro' Ignorance, at riper Years, be expos'd to the Deluſions of every crafty miſleader of diſſettl'd Conſciences, has alſo rais'd You high in the Opinion and Eſteem of all

pious

pious and diſcreet Perſons; and ſo much the more, becauſe your bountiful Hand has erected that in your Life-time, which others have been too apt to poſtpone till Death has ſnatch'd them from their Riches; Therefore, may we juſtly hope a charitable Foundation ſo well laid, will remain a laſting Monument of the openneſs of your Heart to all ſucceeding Generations, as well as a great Example worthy to be follow'd by ſuch good Chriſtians, who, tho' they are ſufficiently able to help the Indigent whilſt living, yet let ſlip the preſent opportunity for Poſthumous Works of Piety, becauſe they have not a Soul to give their Eyes the ſatisfaction of ſeeing their Bounty enjoy'd by thoſe neceſſitous Objects, who often periſh for want of their more immediate Charity.

Sir, Tho' it has always been accuſtomary for the moſt polite Authors to apologize to their Patrons for the meanneſs of their Performances, yet I ſhall not trouble you with a tedious Harangue to that Purpoſe, but ſhall only beg your Acceptance of the follow-

following Poem for the ſake of the Original, which has ever been celebrated by the beſt Judges, as the moſt excellent Piece that ever was extant in the *Spaniſh* Tongue, written by *Miguel de Cervantes*, a Perſon of ſingular Wit and elegancy of Style, whoſe Memory muſt flouriſh as long as the univerſally known Names of DON QUIXOTE and SANCHO PANCHA have any being upon Earth.

NOR can the Mirth and Pleaſantry of ſo renown'd a Comedy, be thought by any Prudent Perſon to treſpaſs in the leaſt upon the moſt reſerv'd Gravity, ſince there are ſo many excellent Morals, thro' the whole Work, couch'd under every Adventure, ſhewing the ridiculous Vanity of ſuch fantaſtical Bravadoes, who, for want of true Magnanimity, only mimick Greatneſs by a theatrical Deportment.

BESIDES, the univerſal Approbation the Original has obtain'd in all the Courts of *Europe*, and the Step it has made towards a venerable Antiquity, has not only given a kind of Sanction to the Work,

but

but has procur'd for its Author a Monument of Fame, not inferior to that which is ſo juſtly due to the flouriſhing Memory of our own *Engliſh* BUTLER.

THEREFORE I humbly hope, for theſe Reaſons, an *Engliſh* Verſion of the ſame Adventures may be welcome to the Patronage of a true *Engliſh* Gentleman, that the Houour You vouchſafe me, in a favourable acceptance of this firſt Volume, may encourage me to run thro' the whole Hiſtory. Which, if granted, ſhall ever be acknowledg'd as an undeſerv'd Teſtimony of your Goodneſs to,

SIR,

Your moſt humble and

obliged Servant

Edward Ward.

THE PREFACE.

HAVING *read the beſt Tranſlation of* Don QUIXOTE, *with much Pleaſure and Satisfaction, I could not forbear thinking it an excellent Subject for a* Hudibraſtick Poem, *well worthy of a* Butler's *Genius, whoſe matchleſs Pen has made his Memory Immortal. But the preſent Age (tho' too much reſembling thoſe unhappy Times which inſpir'd the tuneful Bard with ſuch inimitable Numbers, and furniſh'd his happy Muſe with ſo ſingular a Theme for his ineſtimable Satyr) having not, as yet, rais'd up another* Phœnix *out of his Loyal Aſhes, who is able to ſoar to that* Promethean *height to which none in* England *ever climb'd before him, I hope it will not be thought an unpardonable Preſumption, if I attempt to follow him, tho' at ſome diſtance; for I am neither inſenſible of his Worth or my own Demerit, and therefore would not willingly be thought to have the Vanity to put myſelf in Competition with ſo tranſcendent an Author.*

I confeſs, as I am a great Admirer of his way of Writing, I cannot forbear wiſhing I was able to do any thing like him; but I am too conſcious of my

own

own inſufficiency, to flatter myſelf with the leaſt hopes of ever arriving to ſuch a pitch of Excellency.

However, as I have always hitherto met with Encouragement from my Friends, ſo I think myſelf oblig'd to thank 'em for their Favours, and to beg their further Friendſhip, in heartily promoting the following Undertaking, which, tho' it ſeems difficult at firſt ſight, yet I hope I ſhall perform to the World's Satisfaction.

Tho' I have ſtretch'd beyond the Proſe in the firſt Part, yet the Characters, Morals, Similies and Deſcriptions, which are the Life of Poetry, and too ſhort in the Tranſlation, will, I hope, attone for the Liberty I have taken; for I ſhall not lengthen or abridge it in any Part, but where, to the beſt of my Judgment, it ſhall be to Advantage.

I ſhall ſay nothing in Praiſe of the Spaniſh *Author, the Excellency of the Work having ſufficiently commended him in ſeveral Languages; but heartily wiſh I may be ſo happy as to give it ſuch a Verſion, as may make me a Sharer in his laſting Reputation.*

Whereas, what has been hitherto ſaid was only the Preface to the firſt Monthly Part, with a ſmall Alteration ſince to make it applicable to the Volume, I think it now but reaſonable to add ſomething in relation to the Difficulties this troubleſome Taſk has been forc'd to ſtruggle with; the greateſt of which was a generous Combination of ſome certain Perſons (who have the Vanity to ſay, as well as Folly to think, that no Author has Wit but thoſe that write under their Banner) in order to ſtifle the following

Per-

Performance upon its firſt Publication, for no other reaſon, but that which provokes the Huntſman to damn the Hare that eſcapes him for an old Bitch, and dry Meat, tho' himſelf would have been glad to have carry'd her home in Triumph tuck'd in his own Girdle. However, the Approbation and Encouragement this elaborate Undertaking has met with from thoſe of better Judgment, have, I thank my Stars, deliver'd me, at laſt, from the grinning Inſults of partial Envy, as well as threatning Ignorance, and given ſo great a diſappointment to their ſucceſsleſs Efforts, that the doubty Knight and his truſty Eſquire, will, in ſpight of Oppoſition, fight their way into the World in their Hudibraſtick Armour. So that the Second Volume is now in the Preſs, and will be publiſh'd entire in a little time, notwithſtanding the Proprietors of the ſeveral other Tranſlations in Proſe, as well as the Perſons aforemention'd, uſe their utmoſt Influence to obſtruct its Promotion, as they have done hitherto; therefore thoſe Gentlemen who depend upon the Trade for the Character of a Book, or an Author, are commonly deceiv'd, either thro' Prejudice or Partiality; for it often happens to be as much the Intereſt of one ſet of People to diſcourage Wit, as it is the Intereſt of another to promote Dulneſs; for the Bookſelling Trade are not without Myſteries. Therefore, I humbly ſubmit myſelf to the impartial Judgment of ſuch Gentlemen who read beyond the Title Page, and have Honour enough to do an Author Juſtice. So

Farewel.

To

To Mr. EDWARD WARD, *on his Tranſlation of* DON QUIXOTE *into Hudibraſtick Verſe.*

KNight-Errantry the *Spaniſh* Genius rais'd,
And, tho' fantaſtick, was with Prudence prais'd.
Thus with the Fire of Glory carried on,
They mighty Empires o'er the *Indies* won,
And paſs'd from riſing to the ſetting Sun.
Cervantes brought true Wiſdom to the height,
And taught the diſtance betwixt Vain and Great.
Then ANNA, *Europe*'s juſt Protector, came,
And ſhow'd their Monarchy true Paths to Fame.
You to *Cervantes* equal Spirit give,
And in the *Britiſh* Language bid him live.

W. KING, L. L. D.

To

To

To Mr. EDWARD WARD, *on his excellent Verſion of* DON QUIXOTE *into Hudibraſtick Verſe.*

WIth what Ill-nature can the Critick ſee
Cervantes loſt, becauſe improv'd by Thee;
For by the *Spaniard*'s Fancy Thou haſt ſhown
A much ſuperior Genius of Thy own.
Who then thy tuneful Verſion wou'd refuſe,
Sung by a Bard inſpir'd with *Butler*'s Muſe?
Tho' all the World with Juſtice muſt confeſs,
Cervantes bright in his own Country Dreſs,
That Mirth and Humour flow in ev'ry Line;
But poignant Satyr was the grand Deſign.
When the wiſe *Spaniard* in light Airs thus writ,
The graveſt Morals skulk'd beneath his Wit:
You to your Author ſhow ſuch juſt regard,
We know not which *Cervantes* writ, which *Ward*.

J. BROWNE, L. L. M. D.

To my very good Friend Mr. EDW. WARD, *on his excellent Verſion of part of the Life and Notable Adventures of* DON QUIXOTE *into* Engliſh *Metre.*

FRiendſhip commands what Friendſhip ſhould excuſe
In an unpractic'd and neglected Muſe,
That loſt to Numbers and Untuneful, long
Has been eſtrang'd from Melody and Song,
But when Thy Verſe, and ſuch as Thine has wrought
Warmth in my Breaſt and Rapture in my Thought,
Elſe had I with the reſt that read thy Lays,
In ſilence *wonder'd at*, not *ſung* Thy Praiſe.
Believe me, for I Sycophants deteſt,
Well is Thy AUTHOR's Senſe in THINE expreſt,
And fam'd *Cervantes* to thy *Metre* owes
The Beauties he had loſt before in *Proſe*;
Whilſt *Butler*, from whoſe excellence of Quill,
Judgment, and Wit, and Harmony diſtil,
Reſcu'd from ſervile Imitators ſhines
In THINE as in his OWN unerring Lines:
Spight of Thy Wrongs Thou haſt his Fame retriev'd,
So had that Bard tranſlated had he liv'd.
'Tis true, the Task is difficult and great,
And calls for much of Time, and much of Sweat,
The Knight's Adventures wholly to compleat.
However, do not from that Labour ſtart,
Artiſts muſt give Encouragement to Art,

And

And I in this unthankful Age foreſee
That Saying fully verified in Thee.
Criticks may ſnarl, and from ill-natur'd Pride,
The Worth they can't arrive at may deride,
As want of Merit in themſelves makes known
How they would leſſen Beauties not their own.
Yet be not from the ſearch of Fame deter'd,
Who *ridicules* Preferment that's *prefer'd?*
Go on, my Friend, thy wonted Steps perſue,
Still to Thy Author and Thyſelf be true,
Amongſt the Juſt and Loyal ſtill be read,
Nor quit thy wonted Honeſty for Bread,
Like others, who like Chaff by Tempeſts born,
Vere to that Quarter where the Courtiers turn.
To Knaves in Power never baſely ſneak,
Nor thy Repoſe of Soul for Intereſt break.
The Times ſhall come, and lo! thoſe Times are near,
When Men ſhall Truth of Principle revere,
When Thou, and ſuch as Thou, no more ſhalt fall
A Sacrifice to *Dagon* and to *Baal*,
But dare to ſpeak what would unſpoken wrong
Strict Innocence of Heart, as well as Tongue;
When that prevailing Faction ſhall deceaſe,
And even thoſe *Quixote Bravoes* ſue for PEACE.

W. PITTIS, *late Fellow of*
New-College *in* Oxford.

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Juſt Publiſh'd,

Nuptial Dialogues and Debates: Or, an uſeful Proſpect of the Felicities and Diſcomforts of a Marry'd Life, incident to all Degrees, from the Throne to the Cottage.

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With Moral Reflection on each Dialogue.

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II. *Between a pious Couple, concerning the peaceful Comforts of a religious Life, as on a fine Day they were taking their Recreation in the pleaſant Meadows.*

III. *Between an unfortunate Nobleman, and his beautiful Lady, who had ſurrender'd her Charms to the Careſſes of her Sovereign.*

IV. *Between a dethron'd Prince, and his diſconſolate Princeſs.*

V. *Between a melancholy fanciful Gentleman, and his merry bantering Wife.*

VI. *Between a ſalatious Monarch, and his barren Conſort.*

VII. *Between the ſurly Drunkard, and the inflexible Termagant.*

VIII. *Between King* Avery *the Pyrate, and his* Indian *Princeſs at* Madagaſcar.

IX. *Between an old amorous Knight, and a young Strumpet he was drawn in to marry, juſt come out of* Yorkſhire, *to take a View of the Town,*

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XX. *Between a very talkative Madam, and her merry Drunken Husband, who always us'd to Sing when his Wife ſcolded.*

XXI. *Between an over-fond Husband, very deſirous of Children, and his cunning Wife, who pretends often to miſcarry, yet is never with Child.*

XXII. *Familiar Chat between a loving Couple, concerning their own Happineſs.*

With Moral Reflections on each Dialogue.

THE LIFE AND *Notable Adventures, &c.*

CANTO I.

Of the Knight's Houſe, himſelf and Niece,
His way of Living, and his Dreſs;
Of Books that did his Wits Confound,
And of his Man, Maid, Horſe and Hound.

IN Jealous Regions where the Heat
Makes all Men Cuckolds in Conceit,
Who in their ſtately Strides expreſs
Their Stubborn Sloth and Lazineſs;

Where

Where Farriers ſcorn to Shooe their Horſes,
Without their Spado's at their Arſes,
And ſweating Moors in ſultry Weather,
Moſt proudly thraſh in Cloaks together;
Where Women Veil their handſome Faces
At Windows and in Publick Places;
Yet never baulk an Am'rous proffer,
When Opportunity ſhall offer.
There at a Village in *La Mancha*,
Fam'd for the Birth of *Sancho Panca*,
As well as that Illuſtrious Knight,
Who taught the ſturdy Clown to fight,
A Crazy Manſion leaning ſtood,
Built Ages ſince of Lime and Wood,
Whoſe Ancient Walls in time had got,
More Patches than a Mumpers Coat,
And tatter'd Roof was cover'd cloſe,
With cooling Houſeleek and with Moſs;
Whilſt o'er the Porch a ſpreading Vine,
Did with the Fruitful Fig-tree joyn,

Whoſe

'Tis true much Fat he ne'er could boaſt,
'Cauſe fed, poor Jade, at little Coſt,
Not pamper'd up like Brewers Horſe,
Wh' in loaded Dray exerts his force
With Twenty Barrels at his Arſe;
But kept ſo fine that e'ery Bone,
Appear'd like thoſe of Skeleton,
Yet ſound as any Roach at heart,
And fit for Saddle, Coach or Cart:
No Jadiſh Pranks would ever play,
But ſcorn'd to ſtart or run away,
Tho' ſeldom by his Maſter Rid,
Was never wanton when Beſtrid;
Yet look'd ſo ſhagged and forlorn,
For want of Dreſſing and of Corn,
That by his Coat you would have gueſt,
He'ad been ſome wild *Arabian* Beaſt.

A Greyhound tall of noted Breed,
For Courage, Beauty, and for Speed,
Before the Gate would couchant lye,
And ſnap at all that travel'd by,

Altho'

Altho' his Ribs, thro' want of Food, on
Like Hoop-ſticks round a Barrel ſtood,
And that his Age had bound his Hide,
To's ſtrutting Bones on e'ery ſide;
Yet neither Hare or Bitch could paſs
That way, but he'd be at their Arſe,
Or Clown approach in rural Jerkin,
But he'd give notice by his Barking;
Altho' too Old to Run or Bite,
Or give a Mate that's proud Delight,
Yet crazy Letcher like would ſhew,
His Will to what he could not do.

Beſides the *Don*, the number Three,
Made up his Chriſtian Family:
But theſe had in their ſev'ral Stations,
So many rare Qualifications,
That they could turn their Hands to any
Performance, as if thrice as many.

The firſt, a young depending Niece,
Of Female Fleſh, a pretty piece,

22165.

A frackly kind familiar Laſs,
Juſt Rotten Ripe for Man's Embrace,
Could Dance a *Minuet* or *a Bory*,
Sing an old Song or tell a Story,
Upon her Spinet chime the Tune,
Of *Happy Groves*, or *Bobbing Joan*;
And make a Pudding, that forſooth,
Should ſo delight her Uncle's Tooth,
That tho' he burnt his Chops for haſte,
He'd ſwear 'twas fitted to his Taſte;
As Muſtard Lovers praiſe the Grain
That bites the moſt, and gives them Pain.
Next Her, a pale-fac'd wither'd Slattern,
Of Piety the very Pattern,
Her Age full Forty Five or more,
Her Station that of ~~Houſe-keeper~~;
A Dame that underſtood by Halves,
To make fine Sweetmeats, Pickles, Salves;
Could alſo Dreſs and heal with Art,
Kibe, Cut or Bruiſe in any Part,

And

And never wanted in her Cloſet,
Ingredients for a good Sack Poſſet;
Or Chollick Drams upon Occaſion,
Of Her own coſtly Diſtillation.
Thus no experienc'd Dame could be,
More skill'd in Houſwifry than She,
Who was, as things requir'd Her Aid,
Phyſician, Cook and Chambermaid;
But above all Her boaſted Gifts,
With which ſhe made ſuch ſundry Shifts,
She had a Fiddle, as ſome ſay,
On which Her Maſter us'd to play,
Which Did his Am'rous Freaks ſupply,
And charm'd him from the Nuptial Tye:
So the Gay Damſel that is taught,
By ſome looſe Spark to know what's what,
When once ſhe'as found the pleaſing way,
With patience waits her Marriage Day.
A Serving Man he kept beſide,
Who divers Places occupy'd,

Could

Could uſe like Vallet, or like Groom,
The Razor or the Stable Broom;
Both which he did in order keep,
That he might Shave as well as Sweep,
And 'twice in e'ery Week make clean
His Maſter's Stable and his Chin:
No ſervile Drudgery could be,
Too hard for his Dexterity;
Both Jack and Clock he underſtood;
Was skill'd in Water and in Wood;
In Garden or in Field knew how
To manage pruning Hook or Plow,
And on occaſion, often Dreſt
His Maſter, and ſometimes his Beaſt;
Could Harneſs *Dobbin*, Saddle *Ball*,
Cure Glanders, Malender or Gall,
Could ſpread a Cloth like skilful Butler,
And whet the Knives like any Cutler;
Rub brown the Parlour, waſh a Room,
Twirl Mop, or exerciſe the Broom;

Shoot flying, angle, lay a Snare,
For Woodcock, Partridge, or for Hare,
Bake, Brew, with any Farmer's Bride,
And do a Thouſand things beſide;
Was all by turns, from Rent Receiver,
Down to the Poſt of Billet Cleaver.

The *Don* himſelf that rul'd the Roaſt,
(Whoſe Fame we are about to Roaſt)
Did by his ſolid Looks appear,
Not much behind his Fiftieth Year:
In Stature he was Lean and Tall,
Big Bon'd, and very Strong withall;
Sound Wind and Limb, of healthful Body,
Freſh of Complection, ſomewhat Ruddy;
Built for a Champion e'ery way,
But turn'd with Age a little Grey;
He never in his Life took Phyſick,
For Gout or Stone, Cold, Cough or Phthiſick,
Nor did his Stomach ever fail him,
Or Drunken Qualms, or Head-ach ail him.

The lufty Dinners that he fed on,
Were the beſt Beef Hands could be laid o'
Rare Juicy Buttocks ſtuff'd, like thoſe
Which Boiling Cooks on Stalls expoſe,
Garniſh'd with Marygolds and Carrot,
For Hungry Paſſengers to ſtare at:
Sometimes a Mutton Joint for Change,
Should Grace his good Old Kitchen Range,
And a Plumb Pudding piping Hot,
Well Butter'd to the Board be brought,
Boil'd in a Bag that had been torn
From ſome Old Smock his Niece had worn,
His Suppers chiefly were the Scraps
Of what at Noon eſcap'd their Chaps;
Sometimes an Egg or two at Night,
In Plate of Salt ſtuck bolt upright;
To which was added now and then,
A wholeſome Diſh of Butter'd Grain,
A Mouldy Apple-Pye and Cheeſe,
Or Cuſtard to oblige the Niece.

Lentils on *Fridays* were obſerv'd,
On which they moſt devoutly ſtarv'd,
And Cubboard Scraps and Pennance were,
On *Saturdays*, their only fare.
On *Sundays* there perhaps might be
A Cockerel extraord'nary,
To entertain the Pariſh Prieſt,
Or ſome ſuch accidental Gueſt;
For Holy Guides thoſe Men of Knowledge,
Train'd up to Pray'rs in pious College,
By Sacred Function and their Breeding,
Have Title to the beſt of Feeding.
The *Don* in this Abſtemious Life,
Without a Miſtreſs or a Wife,
(Except the Keeper of his Houſe,
Supply'd the Office of a Spouſe,
And when ſhe tuck'd him up at Night,
Receiv'd the Nipple of Delight,)
Conſum'd three Parts of his Revenue,
Upon himſelf and his Retinue;

The Remnant of his Annual Riches,
Went in Pluſh Jacket, Velvet Breeches,
And now and then a coſtly Piece
Of Silk or Sattin for his Niece
To wear on *Sundays*, that ſhe might
At Church be gaz'd on with delight,
Till ſome young Am'rous Fool ſhould doat
On her fine Gown and Petticoat,
And pine ſo for the Charming Toy,
Which underneath did hidden lye,
That he might Steal away the darling,
Without one croſs of Gold or Sterling,
And cool his Red-hot glowing Paſſion,
By Matrimonial Conſolation.
So *Cuff* will his Conſent refuſe,
To him that would his Daughter Nooſe,
In hopes the Fool may be ſo hot
For what the pretty Maid has got,
That he may Wed the Laſs by Stealth,
And ſave the Father all his Wealth.

His cuſtom was to early Riſe,
And Hunting was his Exerciſe,
To which he often had Recourſe
On Foot, to ſave his Aged Horſe;
For no Man had, of his Degree,
More Mercy on a Beaſt than he,
And from a Maſter no poor Creature,
Could ever merit more good Nature.
Thus had his Worſhip liv'd for Years,
As in his famous Life appears,
Still keeping up on all Occaſions
His good Old Cuſtoms and his Faſhions:
Some Writers who his Deeds proclaim,
Tell us *Quixado* was his Name;
But others do report 'twas not,
Affirming he was call'd *Quixote*;
Therefore ſhall my aſpiring Muſe,
The latter Appellation Chuſe,
And in fit Numbers by the ſame,
Sing forth his Everlaſting Fame.

The *Don*, whoſe Worth we mean to ſhew,
Having but little elſe to do,
B'ing ſubject unto Melancholy,
Was much addicted to the Folly
Of Reading the Renown'd Exploits,
Perform'd long ſince by Errant Knights,
Who us'd to bid ſuch bold Defiance,
To roaring Dragons, Bears and Gyants,
And reſcu'd Ladies when Diſtreſs'd,
By dint of Blows from Man or Beaſt,
That the ſtrange Wonders they atchiev'd,
The num'rous Beauties they reliev'd,
And Everlaſting Glories won,
By Deeds of Proweſs they had done,
At length ſo craz'd his Worſhip's Head,
And in his Brains ſuch Maggots bred,
That many Acres of his Grounds,
He Metamorphos'd into Pounds,
His Bedlam Study to ſupply
With Books of *Rumbus* and of *Guy*;

Of *George* who with his Nut brown Blade,
The Dragon ſlew to ſave the Maid,
Of *Palmerin* and fam'd *Amadis*,
Who did ſuch Wonders for the Ladies;
With all thoſe Whimſical Romances,
And uſeleſs froth of working Fancies,
Stuff'd full of Valiant Feats and Fights,
And quaint Amours of doubty Knights,
Aſſiſted by their Sturdy Squires,
Thro' dang'rous Waters, and thro' Fires;
Who ready were in all Diſaſters,
To ſtand a Drubbing for their Maſters.
Thus his whole Study Day and Night,
His only Buſ'neſs and Delight,
Was conning o're amuſing Tales,
Of Combats, Caſtles, Dens and Cells,
Of Gyants, Pigmies, Old Magicians,
And Beauties in diſtreſt Conditions;
Of Rampant Ladies leaping over
High Brazen Gates to meet a Lover,

And ſhewing Knights their Diſcontents,
By dropping Tears from Battlements;
Till by ſuch ſtrange Romantick Whims,
Wild Fictions and Poetick Dreams,
His frantick Brains were ſo beſotted,
The more he read the more he doated;
Forſaking all his uſual ſorts
Of Rural Games and wholeſome Sports,
And waſting daily his Eſtate
For Books to pleaſe his addl'd Pate,
Till by his Reading he was quite,
Bewitch'd into an Errant Knight,
And ſet his own ſelf up, inſtead of
Some doubty Champion he had read of.
Thus nothing now poſſeſs'd his Crown,
But Deeds of Proweſs and Renown,
Fierce Scuffles, Quarrels and Amours,
Fair Ladies and Enchanted Towers,
That e'ery ſtrange Romantick Tale,
Tho' never ſo Fantaſtical,

Gain'd Credit now, and ſeem'd to be
With him Authentick Hiſtory;
That all his Table talk at Noon,
Was of ſtrange Combats bravely won,
By doubty Knights and ſturdy 'Squires,
O'er other bold Adventurers;
To Reſcue Ladies from the Clutches
Of huge Robuſt Gygantick Slouches,
And from the Arms of daring Blades,
Whoſe Practice was to raviſh Maids,
Or when much injur'd and diſtreſt,
By Dragons or ſome other Beaſt;
That, Madman like, he now conceiv'd,
From the ſtrange Stories he believ'd,
The way to Honour Everlaſting,
Was by the downright dint of Baſting:
So out of Hand reſolv'd to be
A dabler in Knight Errantry,
In hopes to purchaſe and advance,
His Fame by Truſty Sword and Lance,

And that he ſhould become as Bright
A Champion as that Valiant Knight,
Who at one fierce Back-handed blow,
Did ſo much Rage and Vigour ſhow,
That with his flaming Sword he cut
Two Gyants down from Head to Foot.
Thus Madmen hearing wondrous Things,
Of Heroes, Emperors and Kings,
Oft by the Strength of their Conceit,
Believe themſelves to be as Great.

CANTO II.

The Knight's preparing, for the Field,
His Lance, his Armour, and his Shield;
The naming of himſelf and Horſe,
And his Dear Doxy, tho' but Courſe.

THE Crazy *Don* b'ing now inſpir'd,
With Courage and Ambition fir'd,

Could Dream of nothing but Amours,
Fine Ladies, Armour, Silver Spurs,
And Steed that would his Ground maintain,
In dirty Road or duſty Plain,
And all things that could needful be,
To mount a Champion *Cap-a-pe.*

Thus bent he did to mind recal,
The ruſty Breaſt-plate in his Hall,
And Batter'd Helmet which had born,
When in the Times of *Yore* 'twas worn,
So many bitter Bangs and Drubs,
Of truſty Swords and ſturdy Clubs,
That of each ſide the yielding Mettle,
Was bruis'd like *Grannum's* Ancient Kettle;
However, as the Maggot bit,
He thought it for his purpoſe fit;
So down the Trumpery was taken,
Which had for Ages hung forſaken,
And e'ery Piece with Care inſpected,
That all Defects might be corrected.

Much Pains were now beſtow'd upon
The Canker'd Armour by the *Don*,
Brick-duſt and Oyl, and Soap and Sand,
Were us'd with an induſtrious Hand,
And e'ery thing apply'd that might
Make the Old ruſty Head-piece bright;
Tho' 'twas but Labour ſpent in vain,
Like waſhing *Æthiopian*;
Yet no good Hus'wife that delights
To ſcour her Hand-ir'ns and her Spits,
That ſhe for cleanlineſs may vie
With any noted Goſſip nigh,
Could take more pains about her Grates,
Her Pots and Diſhes, or her Plates,
Than did the buſy *Don* to cleanſe
His Truſty Armour of Defence:
At length by nice Examination,
Found his Steel Cap of Preſervation,
That was to guard his Head from blows,
And deadly Thwacks of ſtubborn Foes;

No

No Beaver had to ſave his Face,
The Champion's only market place,
But that in Fight he muſt expoſe
His Eagle Eyes and Hawks-bill Noſe,
Unleſs he timely could project,
Some way to mend the ſad defect;
For nothing could the Champion daunt,
Turn Knight he would what e're came on't,
Was therefore much concern'd about
The needful ſafeguard of his Snout,
Which after all could not be found,
In Hole or Nook above the Ground:
So that at laſt, conſid'ring by
What means he could the loſs ſupply,
And being exc'llent at Invention,
He took with Care the true Dimenſion,
And of ſtiff Paſtboard did compleat,
A Beaver ſo exactly fit,
That it deſerv'd much Admiration,
Altho' it would not ſtand Probation;

For when he came to try how well
His Work would bear the force of Steel,
One ſturdy Stroke did quite diſſever
What a whole Week had patch'd together;
Thus many in One Minute ſpoil
The Product of a tedious Toil,
As Sots will at one ſitting ſpend,
What many Days hard Labour gain'd.
The penſive *Don* now growing vex'd
To find himſelf ſo much perplex'd,
Not doubting ſuch a fatal ſlip
In his own Artful Workmanſhip,
But rather thought his Paſtboard Beaver,
Would ſtand the Stroke of Butcher'sCleaver,
Doubl'd at leaſt to make it hold,
Like *Ajax* Shield full Sevenfold.
Thus Diſappointments unforeſeen,
Will often plague the Braveſt Men;
But he that's Stout will never bend
To thoſe Misfortunes he can mend.

There-

Therefore the *Don* being reconcil'd,
To what he had both made and ſpoil'd,
Reſolv'd by ſtitching and by paſting,
To make his Handy work more laſting:
So down a ſecond time he ſat,
With Awl and Ends, and God knows what,
And patch'd, as if 't had been his Trade,
The Cuts and Breaches he had made,
Till by his skilful pains at length,
It prov'd of ſuch undoubted Strength,
That he conceiv'd 'twas Cutlace proof,
And without Tryal firm enough
To ſave his *Phiz* from ſore miſchance,
Of Nut-brown Sword or ſtubborn Lance.
When thus to guard himſelf from Murder
He'd put his Armour into Order,
And made his Spurs not only bright,
But ſharp as Sword of Errant Knight,
Whetted his Weapons till as kene
As crooked Scythe had ever been;

The next thing to be done in courſe,
Was to revive his aged Horſe
With Oats and Beans, ſuch hearty Meat
Poor *Dobbin* very ſeldom eat,
Who now had ſcarce a uſeful Tooth
To bleſs his Gums, or grace his Mouth;
But, Grannum like, had much ado
To mumble what he could not chew.
However, now his matted Main
Was comb'd and trim'd, and comb'd again;
His Fly-flap too, that hung as low
As daggl'd Tail of Gammar's Cow,
Was dock'd as cloſe his bony Crupper,
As bob-tail Horſe of *Engliſh* Trooper;
His Heels new Shod, his Hide well curry'd,
And a long Lock brought o'er his Forehead,
Not only meant to add a Grace,
But Fierceneſs to his raw-bone Face,
That he might be by Foes accounted,
A bold *Bucephalus* when mounted,

And that each Horſe might be afraid
O'th' Hide-bound Anatomick Jade,
And ſtart againſt a Wall or Poſt,
To ſhun the Brute, as if a Ghoſt;
Or that each Steed of greater Force,
That met this Grandſire of a Horſe,
To crippl'd Age might Rev'rence pay,
And, without Joſtling, give the Way:
As Youth, whoſe Manners we extol,
To griſly Dotards give the Wall.
When thus he had prepar'd his Stramel,
Full as an Elephant or Camel,
And made the bony Scare-crow fit
For the War-Saddle and the Bit,
He took four Days Conſideration,
About what noble Appellation
He ſhould beſtow upon the Brute,
That beſt his Qualities might ſute,
And alſo add unto the Fame
Of him who was to mount the ſame;

For

For if a Name that's well apply'd,
Gives Credit to the Beaſt we ride,
Then he that is thereof the Donor,
In Juſtice ought to ſhare the Honour.
After the Don much time had ſpent,
Some apt Diſtinction to invent,
Had alter'd, mended, daſh'd, and blotted,
To make the Character unſpotted,
At laſt it came into his Fancy,
To call his Courſer *Rozinante*;
A Name that, in the Don's Conceit,
Sounded ſignificantly Great,
Filling the Mouth, when 'twas expreſt,
With Rev'rence tow'rds the worthy Beaſt,
And ſeem'd to intimate, the Steed
Was of no baſe or vulgar Breed,
But fit, by Quality and Birth,
To mount the braveſt Knight on Earth.
So Kings, with Titles, Honour thoſe
They for their own Companions chuſe,

That they may be, upon occaſion,
By vertue of their new Creation,
More fit for Royal Converſation.

Having thus far ſo well proceeded,
Himſelf began to think he needed
Some new addition to his Name,
That might his own true Worth proclaim;
And alſo to his native Town
Bring endleſs Honour and Renown,
By Deeds of Proweſs, which he meant
To do, if nothing ſhould prevent;
Accordingly a Week he took
For Study, without help of Book,
To find ſome new Donomination,
Deſerving of his Approbation:
At length, when very near diſtracted
With Thought, he timely recollected,
A doubty Knight, of wondrous Fame,
Who'd tag'd his Country to his Name,

Which was *Amadis*, whom we call,
(As he had ſtil'd himſelf) *de Gaul*,
A Precedent ſo very fair,
It nick'd the Champion to a Hair,
Who graſp'd a good old ſilver Cup,
And when with Wine he'd fill'd it up,
Himſelf new Chriſtens, and then drank a
Health to *Don Quixote de la Mancha*;
Which awful Name the Hero choſe,
To fright and terrify his Foes,
And make them fearful to advance
Their Arms againſt his Sword or Launce.
So Country Gaff, that keeps a Dog
To bait a Bull or hunt a Hog,
Calls the Cur *Towzer*, that his Game
May ſwiftly fly the dreadful Name.
The Don, with wondrous Satisfaction,
B'ing almoſt now prepar'd for Action,
His Armour made indiff'rent bright,
His aged Horſe in wholſome plight,

His Helmet, by his artful Pains,
Well cobbl'd to ſecure his Brains;
His ancient Spurs and Weapons made
As clean and keen as Pen-knife Blade;
Himſelf diſtinguiſh'd and his Steed,
To come of ſome Illuſtrious Breed;
That now there wanted but one thing
To fit him for Knight-Erranting,
And that was, laſtly, to approve
Some Maid deſerving of his Love,
For ſake of whoſe prevailing Charms
He might exert his conqu'ring Arms,
And at her Feet moſt humbly lay
His Trophies, when he'd won the Day;
For a Knight-Errant that has none
To heap his valiant Deeds upon,
Poor Tinker-like, without a Trully,
Muſt beat the duſty Road but dully;
For where a Champion has no Dame,
To ſhare his Honour and his Fame,

He Combats like that Bully-Rake,
That only fights for Fighting's ſake;
For Blood is ſeldom bravely ſpilt,
In Duel, Tournament, or Tilt,
Between the Plaintiff and Defendant,
Without a Woman at the end on't.
The Champion therefore recollected
A Laſs he'd heretofore affected,
Tho' now in Years a little ſtricken,
And ſomething wither'd, not to ſpeak on,
Only ſo wrinkl'd, that the Maid
Was what we call not Old, but Staid;
A careful Huſwife, fit to manage
Unlucky Striplings in their Nonage;
Or to become a Nurſe to ſuch
As lamely move by help of Crutch;
Beſides, ſhe famous was for making
Hogs-puddings, and for Brewing, Baking,
Churning rare Butter, preſſing Cheeſe,
And all ſuch uſeful things as theſe,

That

That not a Laſs of her Degree,
Could match her for her Huſwifry.
Her Dreſs was Highcrown'd-Hat and Pinner,
Suited to th' Qualities ſh'ad in her;
Red-Petticoat of noble Dye,
At which the Turkies us'd to fly;
A Grogram-Gown, and Doulace-Linen,
Both which were of the Damſel's ſpining,
Aldonca was the Chriſtian Name
Adapted to the Rural Dame,
Lorenco's ſaid to be the other,
Deriv'd from Father and her Mother:
And this was ſhe our famous Don,
After long ſtudy, pitch'd upon,
To make her, for her great Deſert,
The only ſov'reign of his Heart;
Reſolving to beſtow upon her,
Some new and ſwelling Name of Honour,
That might enlarge her Fame, and better
Become ſo excellent a Creature,

That

That when he ſhould declare her brightneſs,
Her Carriage, Prudence, and Politeneſs,
Her Name, to ev'ry Hearers wonder,
Might rumble from his Mouth like Thunder.
Accordingly he rack'd his Brains,
And took a Week's inceſſant Pains,
To conjure up ſome fine Device,
That might be applicably nice:
At length by Love and Fancy fir'd,
The Thoughtful Don became inſpir'd,
And leaping from his Buffet-Stool,
Cry'd out, I have it, by my Soul,
Dulcinea, that ſhall be her Name,
No Mortal can a better frame;
Says he, how ſweetly does it ſound!
Long look'd for now at laſt is found;
The Appellation fits my Dear,
It fills the Mouth and charms the Ear,
And well becomes ſo fair and chaſt
A Miſtreſs, of ſo great a Breaſt.

But yet the Champion, not contented
With the bare Name he had invented,
Reſolv'd to ſpend ſome Days, in order
To aptly find out ſomething further,
That might ſet off the Dame to be
Of Noble Birth and Quality;
At length, by little and by little,
The Hero fix'd upon a Title,
And like a ſkilfull Vertuoſo,
Added to *Dulci--- del Toboſa*,
Which was, as Authors do agree,
The Place of her Nativity.

His Lady's Name being thus commuted,
And all things to his Purpoſe ſuted,
He now reſolv'd, what e'er came on't,
To mount his Truſty *Rozinant*,
And beat the duſty Road to find
Out ſtrange Adventures to his Mind.

Thus, thoſe who take too much delight
In idle Tales that others write,

Are

Are oft miſled from Reaſon's Rules,
To act like Madmen, or like Fools.

CANTO III.

Of the firſt Mounting of the Don,
With all his truſty Armour on;
And how he ſally'd forth in queſt
Of Honour, on his founder'd Beaſt.

THE Champion being now prepar'd
With all things for his Body's Guard,
And quite impatient of Renown,
Which other famous Knights had won,
Awaking early in his Bed,
With fifty Crotchets in his Head,
He ſtarted up before the Sun
Had climb'd the bluſhing Horizon,

And did with ſecrecy environ
His hardy Corps in ruſty Iron,
Fixing his Helmet o'er his Ears,
Which itch'd to battle Bulls and Bears,
Making himſelf, from Head to Tail,
A Kernel to the ſtubborn Shell.

When thus, for Service and for ſhow,
Lock'd up in Steel, from Crown to Toe,
The Champion, proud as any Lord,
Then buckl'd to his nut-brown Sword,
And bracing on his Shield that ſhone
Like any new-ſcowr'd Dripping-Pan,
He graſp'd his Lance and ſtole away,
To th' Stable-door by break of Day,
And there with armed Heel he mounted
His *Rozinant*, who groan'd and grunted,
Upon his arched Back to feel
The pondrous weight of ſo much Steel,
A Burthen which till then, poor Beaſt,
He ne'er had born behind his Creſt.

Howe'er, no ſooner had the Don
Well fix'd his Arms and Arſe thereon,
But gently ſpurring ancient Steed,
On founder'd Stilts away he rid,
Well pleas'd that none had watch'd his motions,
Or knew his gen'rous Reſolutions,
Conſid'ring great Deſigns ſhould be
Carr'd on with greateſt Privacy,
Becauſe, too early publication
Of mighty things in agitation,
Either obſtructs what we're deviſing,
Or makes Succeſs the leſs ſurpriſing.
Having thus ſtol'n from out his Yard,
Both unſpected and unheard,
Away he jogg'd, like one forlorn,
O'er Fallow-Grounds and Fields of Corn,
Believing that the ruggedſt Way,
Which over Hills and Mountains lay,
Was the beſt Road, where Champions ſooner
Might ſtumble upon Fame and Honour,

Than in the common Path trod down
By the rude Feet of ev'ry Clown,
Moſt wiſely thinking, as he trotted
Thro' Brakes and Stones, like one beſotted,
The greatneſs of our Deeds are meaſur'd
By nothing but Fatigue and Hazard,
And that each Bleſſing Man obtains,
Is only valu'd by the Pains
We take to gain the happy Prize,
On which we fix our longing Eyes.
As thus he halted on in State,
From Gate to Gap, and Gap to Gate,
Poor *Rozinante* ſtill endeav'ring
To ſave that Leg that wanted fav'ring,
A Thought alarm'd him of a ſudden,
Which prov'd ſo biting and corroding,
That he at once, in great Confuſion,
Had lik'd to've drop'd his Reſolution,
For calling to his Mind, by chance,
He had no Right to bear a Lance,

Or

Or was he qualify'd to draw
His Sword, according to the Law
Of Chivalry, or ought to fight
A Champion till bedubb'd a Knight,
And that in caſe he ſhould be made
An Errant Brother of the Blade,
By ſtroke upon his crazy Helmet,
Enough to cleave or overwhelm it,
Yet, that his Armour ſhould be white,
Till he had done ſome brave exploit,
And that he ought to take the Field,
With no Device upon his Shield,
Till he had drub'd ſome Knight or Dragon,
Or done ſome mighty Deed to brag on.
Theſe thoughts perplex'd his Mind moſt ſorely,
And rais'd therein a Hurly-burly,
That made him ready to renounce
His noble Enterprize at once,
Till pond'ring, like a Man that frets
For want of Coin to pay his Debts,

At length he wiſely did project
A way to heal the ſad Defect,
Reſolving kindly to entreat
The next Knight-Errant he ſhould meet,
To dub him his Erratique Brother,
As one Fanatick Prieſt does t'other,
Which he had read, in times of Yore,
Had frequently been done before.
As to his Armour being white,
Of that old Rule he made but light,
Reſolving to improve his own,
By conſtant ſcow'ring, till 'twas grown
As bright as any Huſwife's Platter,
Or Pewter-Pot that holds her Water.
Thus overcoming, by degrees,
The Scruples that diſturb'd his Eaſe,
His Reſolutions were, at length,
Recover'd to their former ſtrength,
And he again as firm and ſtout
As when he firſt ſet boldly out.

So the fond Lover, for a while
Deſpairs, when Madam does not Smile;
But taking Heart renews his Court,
And Rallies till he wins the Fort.

The Don, to thinking much inclin'd,
'Mongſt other things, now call'd to Mind,
The Age and Wiſdom of his Beaſt,
Advanc'd beyond his Teens at leaſt,
Giving, on due Conſideration,
The Rein to *Rozinant*'s Diſcretion,
As if the Penſive Rider knew
His Horſe was wiſeſt of the two,
In Juſtice therefore ought to judge
Which Way was fitteſt for the Drudge;
Alſo what Speed and Pace would ſute
The Strength and Temper of the Brute.

Poor *Rozinante* pleas'd to find
His Maſter ſo extreamly kind,
With Moderation now jogg'd on,
Like Higler's Pad, or Pack-Horſe Drone,

Not caring to perform much more
Than one good *Yorkſhire* Mile an Hour.
The Champion hoping ſoon to enter
On ſome miraculous Adventure,
Beat ev'ry Buſh for Wolves and Bears,
As Rural Sportſmen do for Hares,
Each Minute wiſhing for the fight
Of ſome ſtrange Dragon, Maid, or Knight,
That his ſtanch Courage might be try'd
Upon ſome ſcaly Monſter's Hide;
Or have the happy luck to thwack
Some mighty Gyant's ſturdy Back;
Or kill ſome bluſt'ring *Furioſo*,
To bleſs *Dulcinea del Toboſa*,
By throwing at her charming Feet,
In ſpite of Sweat, divinely ſweet,
The bloody Head in Combat won,
With Warts and Whiſkers over-run:
Then ruminating on his Steed,
As if he'd done ſo brave a Deed,

Thus, in a Rapture, would he cry,
The Bards ſhall ſing my Hiſtory.
Scarce had the bright enliv'ning Sun,
From Thetis *Arms his Courſe begun,*
And gilded with his beauteous Rays,
The verdant Meads where Cattle graze;
Or had the Songſters of the Groves
In Conſort join'd with cooing Doves,
To welcome in, with tuneful Throats,
Expreſſing their melodious Notes,
The bluſhing Goddeſs of the Morn,
That chears the World at her return,
And bleſſes with her glorious Smiles
The buſy Farmer's early Toils;
Or had the happy Nymphs and Swains
Forſook their Bowers for the Plains,
Or from their fragrant Roſy Beds
And Pillows rais'd their drowſy Heads,
E're fam'd Don Quixote de la Mancha
Beſtrid his truſty Rozinante,

Forſaking that voluptuous Eaſe
Which does the ſlothful Temper pleaſe,
To beat the Deſarts of Montiel,
Where Glory, Fame, and Honour dwell,
And to ſurvey the duſty Plains
Where Great Belona *only reigns.*
O happy Age to thus Record
The bold Atchievements of my Sword,
That ought to ſtand engrav'd upon
Pillars of everlaſting Stone;
Or by ſome Painter be expreſt,
A Michael Angelo *at leaſt,*
Whoſe artful Strokes might ſpeak my Praiſe,
And univerſal Wonder raiſe,
That my great Deeds, thus drawn, might be
Examples to Poſterity.
But whoſoe'er ſhall paint or write
The Hiſt'ry of ſo fam'd a Knight,
As I e'relong ſhall ſurely prove,
For Combat, Conſtancy, and Love,

O let 'em, I beſeech, ſet forth
The Paces, Graces, and the Worth
Of Rozinant, *that truſty Steed,*
That all the World his Praiſe may read,
That Brute of Brutes, that careful Creature,
No Champion e'er beſtrid a better;
That faithful Drudge that Trots all Day,
And never pines for Oats or Hay;
That kind Companion of his Maſter,
In ev'ry Scuffle and Diſaſter.
O! let his Character be bright,
For he's my Horſe, tho' I'm the Knight;
And therefore as he ſhares the brunt
Of each Exploit, what e'er comes on't,
In Juſtice 'tis the Creature's due
To ſhare the endleſs Honour too.
When thus the Champion's roving Fancy
Had favour'd truſty *Rozinante,*
Next to his dear beloved Horſe,
His Miſtreſs muſt be prais'd in courſe;

Then

Then thus he'd into Raptures fly,
'Twixt Madneſs, Sadneſs, Love, and Joy.

O charming Goddeſs of my Breaſt,
Why thus do you diſturb my Reſt?
Why, Fair Dulcinea del Toboſa,
Is your poor Captive us'd but ſo-ſo?
Why, Princeſs ſo divinely bright,
Do you deſpiſe your doubty Knight?
Who wanders in Diſtreſs, to ſhew
The World his matchleſs Love for you,
And wades thro' Waters and thro' Fires,
To ſerve the Queen of his Deſires,
And bears the ſturdy thwacks and drubs
Of Champions Swords and Gyants Clubs,
To enlarge the Empire of your Fame,
And add freſh Glories to your Name,
Till all Men ſhall be forc'd to own,
Your ſpotleſs Right to Beauty's Throne,
And ev'ry Champion bend their Arms
In Honour of Dulcinea's *Charms.*

In

In ſuch extravagant Conceits
He ſpent the Remnant of his Wits,
Which entertain'd no other Fancies,
Than frothy Dregs of old Romances.
So he that loves the pleaſing Chaſe
Of either Hare or pretty Laſs,
With him, where-e'er he comes, 'tis common
To talk of *Chloe* or of *Bowman.*

Thus with his Head as full of Whims,
As an old Quaker's is of Dreams,
The Armed-Champion beat about
To find ſome ſtrange Adventure out,
Till the warm Sun, that ſhone ſo bright
Upon the Armour of the Knight,
Had made his Helmet full as hot
As Sauce-Pan, or as Porridge-Pot,
When ſcalding Broath, for Lads and Laſſes,
Has juſt been ladl'd into Meſſes.

However, ſtill he bore the Heat
With Patience, tho' he ſtew'd in Sweat,

And

And fry'd within, from Head to Tail,
Like Lobſter roaſting in his Shell.
Poor *Rozinante* halting on,
As much afflicted as the Don,
Was now near ready to complain,
As well of Hunger as of Pain,
For they had almoſt ſpent the Day
Together, without Bread or Hay;
So that like truſty Friends they far'd
Alike exactly, tho' but hard,
That neither could affronted be
At t'other's Partiality.
Thus up and down the ſpacious Plain
The Champion wander'd, but in vain,
Meeting with neither Gyant, Beaſt,
Or beauteous Lady ſore diſtreſt,
Nor any kind Adventure worth
So bold a Warrior's ſetting forth;
At length, deſpairing of Succeſs,
And Evening drawing on apace,

He now began, like *Rozinante*,
To think Proviſion very ſcanty,
Therefore with diligence look'd out
For ſome poor Shepherd's homely Hut,
Or curteous Gyant's ancient Caſtle,
Where he might hope to wet his Whiſtle,
And ſtuff his empty Guts with Beef,
Which now were honing for Relief,
And that his *Rozinant* might find
A good Horſe-Supper to his Mind,
Who could, if better Fare ſhould fail,
Of Barly-Stubble make a Meal;
Or if it happen'd in his way,
Mumble Wheat-Straw inſtead of Hay.

The Don, with all the Eyes he had,
Thus ſtaring round like one that's Mad,
At laſt, a diſtant Inn eſpy'd,
At which his Heart was overjoy'd,
Altho' his craz'd Imagination,
Transform'd the tipling Habitation

Into a ſtately Caſtle, where
Some Gyant cloiſter'd up the Fair,
And us'd to haul in harmleſs Maids
By the curl'd Treſſes of their Heads,
Chain down their Legs to overpow'r 'em,
Firſt Raviſh 'em, and next Devour 'em.
The nearer 'twas within his view,
The more Delirious ſtill he grew,
And fancy'd that 'twas fenc'd about,
With brazen Walls and ſpacious Moat,
And that the Corners which were Four,
Were guarded each with lofty Tow'r,
Whoſe Pinacles much brighter ſhon
Than burniſh'd Silver in the Sun,
And glitt'ring ſtood ſo very high,
As if near Neighbours to the Sky;
A Draw-bridge too his Brains ſupply'd,
And Iron-Gates on t'other ſide;
With fifty other monſtrous Fancies
He'ad glean'd from out his old Romances.

No ſooner was he come within
A hundred Paces of the Inn,
Tho' Caſtle we ſhould ſay, for lo
The frantick Don would have it ſo,
But his poor *Rozinant* he ſtops,
And waits, poſſeſt of wondrous Hopes,
That from ſome Battlement, or Turret,
Or Window of a lofty Garret,
A Dwarf, there poſted for a Spy,
Would ſound his Trumpet from on high,
To give due notice to his Dutcheſs,
Of a Knight's making his Approaches,
Or to apprize the Ladies Guard,
Some Gyant with a whiſking Beard,
A Knight that had a mind to thwack him,
Without ſtood ready to attack him.

Thus, the Don waited, with his Lance
Fix'd in a Poſture of Defence,
Dreaming he ſhould a Challenge hear,
Or that ſome Lady would appear,

To give him curteous Invitation
To a good Supper or Collation,
Which now he wanted to be taſting,
Much rather than to feel a Baſting,
Prefering wholſome Beef and Porridge,
To a ſharp Tryal of his Courage,
Altho' he wanted to confirm
His valiant Mind and ſtrength of Arm,
By ſlicing ſome *Goliah*'s Head off,
Like other Knights that he had read of;
Yet famiſh'd Guts allay'd his Choler,
And Hunger got the ſtart of Valour.
But no Fair *Roſamond* appearing,
Or Trumpet ſounding in his hearing,
And *Rozi.* ſtiff as any Poſt,
With ſtanding on three Legs at moſt,
B'ing very willing (tho' ſcarce able)
To crawl into ſome Barn or Stable,
The thirſty Don, with mounted Lance,
Did near to the Inn-Door advance,

Which

Which by the ſtrength of his Conceit
Still ſeem'd to him a Caſtle-Gate,
Where two looſe airy wanton Jades,
That look'd as if they'd learn'd their Trades,
Were ſtanding, in a merry Chat,
Laughing aloud at this and that.
Juſt in the Good-ſpeed, as the Don
Was ſpurring *Rozinante* on,
A Swineherd chanc'd to wind his Horn,
To call the Hogs from out the Corn,
Which happy ſound ſo overcame
The Champion with the hopes of Fame,
That he believ'd, as he had read,
The Signal by a Dwarf was made
From off the Battlements on high,
His near approach to notify;
That now o'erjoy'd he ſtabs the Sides
Of *Rozinant*, and boldly rides
To th' Houſe, quite Raviſh'd and Inſpir'd
With the Hog-Trumpet he had heard.

So

So in the dark, when Country Clown
Has loſt his Path-way to ſome Town,
He hears Dog-Muſick with delight,
Becauſe their Barking ſets him right.

The Strumpets ſtanding at the Door,
Who'd ne'er ſeen ſuch a Sight before,
Much frighted at ſo ſtrange a Creature,
Whoſe Head had neither Face nor Feature,
His Body arm'd with Iron-Shell,
Like flying Dragon's Coat of Mail,
In great Surpriſe flew back to ſhun
The ſcaly Devil of a Don,
Who lifting to his Helmet top
His ill-look'd Paſtboard Beaver up,
Shew'd 'em his rufty dufty Face,
Which caus'd the Jilts to ſlack their Pace,
And ſtand their Ground, when they began
To find the Monſter but a Man.

The Champion bleſt, to ſee the vertuous
And beauteous Pair ſo very curteous

As not to fly his Shield and Lance,
But rather freely to advance,
Was proud he ſhould reſpected be
By Ladies of ſuch high degree,
And bowing down his Head in courſe,
Low as the Withers of his Horſe,
Believing them to be no leſs
Than charming Nymphs and Goddeſſes,
In frantick old Romantick Strains
He thus accoſts the Harradans.

O beauteous Queens! how bleſt a Knight
Am I, to thus with-hold your flight?
Should I, Fair Virgins, do Offence
To ſuch enchanting Innocence,
I ſhould unworthily tranſgreſs
The Noble Order I profeſs,
Eclipſe my Everlaſting Fame,
And bring Diſhonour on my Name.
No! ſweet, angelick, lovely Creatures,
Your heav'nly Smiles, your charming Features,

Com-

Command me, Ladies, to redreſs
Your Wrongs, in caſe you're in Diſtreſs,
And forc'd to any foul Compliance,
By Champions, Dragons, or by Gyants.

This high-flown complimenting Speech
Gave the young Jades a Laughing Itch,
Whoſe Ears, till now, had Strangers been
To Angel, Lady, or to Queen,
Accuſtom'd to no Names before,
But *Doll* you Slut, and *Nan* you Whore;
So that for want of due Diſcretion,
They could not check their Titulation,
But giggl'd at the Dons Oration.
Who being ſomething mov'd to ſee
Ill-Manners in ſuch Quality,
As he miſtook the Punks to be,
And growing ſplenetick upon't,
He thus reſented the Affront:

Fair Ladies I am griev'd to find ye
So Wanton, therefore muſt remind ye,

That

That civil Words and courteous Mein,
From the coarſe Dowdy to the Queen,
Become your gentle Sex much better,
Than laughing in ſo rude a nature,
As if you ſcoff'd your doubty Knight,
Who only comes to do you right,
And in his Armour ready ſtands
T'obey your Ladyſhip's Commands:
This quaint Rhetorical Reproof,
With ſo much Gravity ſet off,
Put Manners quite beyond their Pow'r,
And made the Goſſips laugh the more.
As the Wife check'd by Nuptial Maſter
For ſcolding, always ſcolds the faſter.
This ſo provok'd the Champion's Spleen,
That he began to Fume and Grin,
Shewing his Valour was not wont
To brook ſo odious an Affront,
Without revenging, like a Knight,
So great and undeſerv'd a Slight.

Thus Anger breaks thro' Reaſon's Rules,
And makes the Braveſt act like Fools.

CANTO IV.

The Don's divertion of his Spleen,
And kind Reception at the Inn:
His Supper with a Jilting Crew,
And Muſick that he had thereto.

THe Champion vex'd he ſhould be ſcoff'd
Like any Bully rav'd and huff'd,
And in his Wrath was almoſt ready
To draw upon each laughing Lady:
Or with his Lance to run full tilt
At her that was the merri'ſt Jilt;
But the Hoſt hearing what had paſt,
Came t[illegible] to appeaſe his Gueſt,

And

And, interpoſing, beg'd Sir Knight
To ceaſe his Paſſion and alight;
Altho' when he himſelf beheld
So ſtrange a Warrior with his Shield,
A Mortal lock'd from Head to Heel,
In ſuch a ruſty Caſe of Steel,
He found 'twas Penance to forbear
A Laugh, in ſpite of all his Care;
However, being a Man of Peace,
Short-breath'd, and over-charg'd with Greaſe,
A wheeſing, lazy, punch-gut Fellow,
Made chiefly up of Dung and Tallow,
He acted with the greater heed,
For fear a Drubing ſhould ſucceed,
And thus receiv'd the hungry Don,
As lighting off his Skeleton.

Sir Knight you're welcome as a Lord,
To what my Cubboard does afford;
I hope my Cellar and my Stable
Are ſo well furniſh'd that they're able

To entertain both Man and Beaſt,
With what becomes ſo great a Gueſt:
Only, Right Worſhipful, I fear
There is no Bedding for you here.
Then, with Submiſſion, holding right
The off-ſide Stirrup of the Knight,
Who firſt diſmounts his feeble Prancer,
And thus returns his Hoſt an Anſwer,
Taking the mercenary Vaſſal
To be the Governour o'th' Caſtle.
Moſt curteous Senior Caſtillano,
You much oblige me, but I pray now,
Let your kind hoſpitable Plenty
Extend to this my Rozinante,
For ſure no Champion e'er beſtrid,
Tho' Old, a more deſerving Steed,
Nor can the Univerſe afford
His Fellow, take it of my Word.
This ſaid, at's Rump he made a ſtand,
And ſpank'd his Buttock with his Hand.

The liſt'ning Hoſt ſurpriz'd to hear
The hide-bound Strammel's Character,
Look'd nicely round him ev'ry way,
To ſee wherein his Goodneſs lay,
Yet could, alas, no Graces find,
But greaſy Heels and broken Wind,
Founder'd beſides in ev'ry Foot,
Lean, Old, and almoſt Blind to boot;
So Smiling led the Beaſt away,
To give the crippl'd Drone ſome Hay.
Returning ſoon from *Rozinant*,
To ſee what 'twas the Knight might want,
Whoſe haſty Paſſion now was o'er
With thoſe that ſcoff'd him at the Door,
So far, that they were ſtripping off
His Armour, and forbore to laugh.
The Don between them ſetting forth
Their great Humility and Worth,
And praiſing their exceſſive Beauty,
Down from the Top-knot to the Shoe-tye,

Whilſt

Whilſt the Jades labour'd Tooth and Nail,
To part the Champion and his Shell,
Till they had eas'd his Back and Breaſt,
Of half a Hundred weight at leaſt;
But at length ſtriving to unlock
The Helmet that inclos'd his Block,
They found no Method or Endeavour
Would looſe his Gorget or his Beaver,
Without they cut the Strings to waſt,
With which he'd ty'd them on ſo faſt,
Which were not Thongs, but Ribbons green,
That long i'th' Family had been,
Therefore with Sciſſers or with Knife,
He'd let none touch 'em for his Life,
That the poor Champion's ſeat of Reaſon
Was forc'd to lodge all Night in Priſon;
So that his Steel Belonian Bright-Cap,
Was now transform'd into a Night-Cap,
Which made the merry Doxies Chaps
Into a Laughing-fit relapſe,

Tho'

Tho' now, thro' Fear, they would be turning
Their Heads aſide, to hide their Girning,
That his grave Worſhip they attended,
Should not be at their Mirth offended.
The Don extreamly proud to ſee
That Ladies of ſuch Quality,
So Curteous, ſo divinely Fair,
As in his frantick Thoughts they were,
Shou'd with their charming Preſence grace him
And take ſuch Pleaſure to uncaſe him,
Thought himſelf bound, in point of Breeding,
To ſtrain from his Romantick Reading,
Some high-flown Compliment, that might
Become the Mouth of ſuch a Knight;
Accordingly he paus'd a little,
Then thus perform'd it to a Tittle:
O gen'rous Damſels to attend
Your Knight, your Lover, and your Friend,
And thus to welcome to your Caſtle,
Your Captive, Champion and your Vaſſal;

Sure

Sure no puiſſant Knight till now,
Whether of high Degree or low,
Was e'er ſo honour'd by ſuch bright
Attendance as Don Quixote *hight,*
Young Virgins cry, Sir Knight what want ye,
And Princes feed his Rozinante.

Now Ladies I have made my own
And my Steed's Title to you known,
Which once I had reſolv'd to hide,
Till I had pierc'd ſome Dragon's Side;
Or with this Arm of Valour ſlain
Some Gyant on the duſty Plain;
But ſince I could not but diſcover
His Name who is your truſty Lover,
Before your Champion and his Steed
Had ſerv'd you in ſome famous Deed,
Yet, Ladies, ſhall this Arm of Glory
Defend your Charms, do Wonders for ye,
To ſhew how greatly I adore ye.

The Jilts unqualify'd to anſwer
The Flights of ſuch a learn'd Romancer,
Inſtead of ſuitable returns,
Scoff'd him, unſeen, with Winks and Girns,
Such Game that merry Damſels make,
When plac'd behind their Grannum's back.
Yet one pert Laſs, to ſhew his Worſhip
The curteous Temper of her Whoreſhip,
Deſir'd him that he'd pleaſe to think
Of what he beſt cou'd Eat or Drink.

That kind Propoſal made him ſtart,
Eat, quoth the Knight, *with all my Heart,*
Fair Ladies, 'tis a welcome Thought,
Bring what you pleaſe, I care not what;
For now you've ſtrip'd me of my Armour,
I could, methinks, out-eat a Farmer.

But the Day proving to be *Friday*,
Amongſt all Romaniſts a bye-day,
That's ſet apart for hungry Sinners,
To mortify on Poor-Jack Dinners,

That th' Inn had nothing to delight
The Champion's craving Appetite,
But Stock-Fiſh, which muſt firſt be beaten
With Mallets, e're it could be eaten,
Call'd in ſome places *Coradilla*,
By the Inn-keeper, *Truchuela*,
Ironically ſo, no doubt,
Becauſe that Word means *little Trout*.
To which reply'd the Famiſh'd Knight,
A Lark's much better than a Kite,
Tho' a Whale's great he's no good Meat,
A Sprat's a better Fiſh to eat.
But ſince I'm fall'n amidſt ſuch Plenty,
I hope the number wont be ſcanty;
For, lovely Maids, to tell you truly,
I could, methinks, eat wonderfully;
Pray, therefore, let me have 'em quickly,
Before my Appetite grows ſickly.
With that the Hoſt, and ev'ry Huſſy
Were, in a Moment, wondrous buſy;

Some

Some for the Knives and Forks were looking,
Whilſt thoſe more handy went to Cooking,
That tho' the Supper was but mean
The Entertainment might be clean;
For what they had was only fitting
For downright Penitential Eating.
However, at the Door for Air,
The Cloth was laid by Maiden Fair;
Where, for ſome time, the hungry Don
Expecting fat with Helmet on,
Whoſe ghaſtly Phiz, with Beaver cock'd,
In ruſty Shell of Iron lock'd,
Like *Hamlet*'s Manes, in the Play,
Scar'd all that travel'd by that way.
At length the noble Feaſt was brought,
Swiming in Oil 'twixt cold and hot;
Such Sauce which ſmutty Vulcan takes
To liquor ſtubborn Locks and Jacks;
The Fiſh, we juſtly may allow,
Was tough as Countenance of Cow,

Like ruſty Bacon, rank and frowzy,
And Salt as *Lot*'s Wife's *Tuzzy-muzzy*.
Deal Shavings could not be more fine,
Fry'd in their own rich *Turpentine*,
The Bread both coarſe and mouldy too,
Brown, mix'd with canker'd ſtreaks of blue.
The Wine that did the Banquet crown,
And made the huſky Food go down,
Was, in its taſte related near
To Syrup, daſh'd with Vinegar;
Such as your Bawdy-houſe Taverns deal
To thoſe that come to Kiſs and Feel.
  Theſe were the Dainties that the Don
Was forc'd, alas, to feed upon,
Who, was, in ſpite of all Endeavour,
So plagu'd with's Head-piece and his Beaver,
That he was glad to beg the Sluts,
That cook'd his Food, to cram his Guts;
Nor could the Glaſs come near his Mouth,
That he might quench his craving Drowth,

Until

Until a hollow Cane was brought,
Thro' which he rinc'd his dusty Throat,
As Fluxing Patients, weak and ill,
Suck Broaths and Cordials thro' a Quill.
Thus sate the Knight on wooden Bench,
Upon his Right and Left a Wench,
Striving by painful Mastication
To yield his Bowels Consolation,
Bearing, like any patient Saint,
Without Reflection or Complaint,
His homely Usage, and the curse
Of Iron-Night-Cap, which was worse,
Rather than any Hand should be
The Mangler of his Finery.
So Heroes, to the Gods ally'd,
Make Ease and Safety stoop to Pride.
As thus his Worship chewing sat,
Too busy with his Fish to Chat,
A Gelder passing by, by chance,
Did to his Mouth his Horn advance,

And on his bending Cornet play'd
Such Muſick to proclaim his Trade,
That the Inn Dogs in Conſort join'd,
As ſoon as e'er they heard him wind,
All running out in mighty Anger,
As if they thought their Stones in danger,
At efore ſtood by one another,
As Brother Puppy ſhould by Brother.
The Champion highly pleas'd to hear
So ſweet a Harmony ſo near,
Was now confirm'd and very pos,
That 'twas a Caſtle, that it was;
The brawny Hoſt, a Knight of Fame,
Or Governour that kept the ſame;
And thoſe that by his Side ſate down,
No leſs than Ladies of Renown,
Who had undreſs'd him, cook'd his Food,
And ſo much veneration ſhew'd,
That now again he highly bleſs'd
The Occupation he profeſs'd,

And

And almoſt ready was to fly
Into a frantick Rhapſody,
But recollecting he'ad no Warrant
To claim the Title of Knight-Errant,
Like *Tatler*'s Church, it ſunk his Paſſion
From *Zeal*, quite down to *Moderation*.
So that his Thoughts were wholly now
Ta'n up about, which way and how
He ſhould arrive to this great Honour,
And what fam'd Knight ſhould be the Donor.
Thus we may ſee the Tracks of Fame,
At which ſuch giddy Numbers aim,
Are full of Thorns, and only fit
For thoſe to tread that can ſubmit
To taſte the ſowre as well as ſweet.

The End of the Firſt Part.

PART II.

CANTO V.

e merry Farce that paſs'd between
e Don *and* Landlord *of the Inn*;
id how he paid the Carriers off,
r coming near the Wat'ring Trough.

THE Champion's mind not ſitting (right,
For want of being dubb'd a Knight,
ıe melancholy Thought deſtroy'd
ıs Appetite before 'twas cloy'd,
ıd made his Supper but the worſe,
hich was at beſt both ſhort and coarſe.
owever, when the Jilts had clear'd
he Diſh, and wip'd his greaſy Beard,

The *Don* ariſing from his Seat,
Cry'd, *God be thank'd for what I've Eat*;
And then by a commanding whiſtle
Call'd for the Governor o'th' Caſtle,
That with him he might croſs the Yard,
To ſee how *Rozinante* far'd.
No ſooner had the Landlord led,
His noble Gueſt to view his Steed,
Who grunting lay, poor founder'd Creature,
On Muck, for want of freſher Litter:
But the *Don* locking of a ſudden
The Door o' th' Stable that they ſtood in,
Fell down upon his Knees before
His Hoſt, upon the filthy Floor,
And on a Cuſheon made of T—ds,
Addreſs'd him in the following Words.

Moſt Valiant Knight who Governs all
Within this Ancient Caſtle Wall,
Whoſe Courteous Bounty has been ſhew'd
In coſtly Wines and dainty Food,

I now muſt beg a further Boon,
Which you muſt grant or I'm undone ;
Nor will I riſe from this ſoft Place,
Till you aſſure me of Succeſs.

The ſtaring Hoſt ſtood much amaz'd,
To ſee his Noble Gueſt ſo craz'd,
And thought him down right mad at leaſt,
To Kneel where Cows had dung'd and Piſt,
Did therefore earneſtly deſire,
The *Don* to riſe from out the mire,
And not pollute his Marrow-bones,
By kneeling on ſuch filthy Stones;
But all the Landlord could deviſe,
Would not perſwade the *Don* to riſe,
Who, ſtill amidſt the naſty moiſture,
Continu'd in a Godſon's Poſture,
Till by the Hoſt his Suit was granted,
Before he knew what 'twas he wanted ;
Then riſing up, the joyful *Don*
Renew'd his Speech, and thus went on.

Moſt

Moſt worthy Knight of high Degree,
Your Goodneſs ſpeaks your Quality,
I therefore ſhall entreat no more
Than I may modeſtly emplore,
And you, when my Requeſt you know,
With Credit to your ſelf beſtow ;
The Boon that I ſhall now demand
By Promiſe, at your Generous Hand,
Is, that I may receive the Honour
Of Knighthood, from ſo brave a Donor,
And that to morrow Morn may be
The Day of the Solemnity.
All Night that I may be prepar'd
Your Caſtle Chappel will I guard,
There Watch my Armour, till the Sun
Surmounts the gilded Horizon,
Then by the Dint of Truſty Blade,
By you will I a Knight be made ;
That when thus qualify'd to ſhew
The Wonders that this Arm can do,

I may relieve diſtreſſed Maids,
Fight Champions, cut off Monſters Heads,
Take ſturdy Gyants by the Beard,
And do ſuch Feats that ne'er were heard,
Till Poets Songs my Deeds enrol,
And ſpread my Fame from Pole to Pole.
The Hoſt diſcerning very plain
The *Don's* Diſorder in his Brain,
Now rightly took his Talk to be
Th' effect of downright Lunacy,
And b'ing a ſharp and merry Blade,
Well fitted for the tip'ling Trade,
Reſolv'd to carry on the Jeſt,
By humouring his frantick Gueſt,
So cocking by his Bacon ſide
An Elbow, thus the Hoſt reply'd,
Moſt doubty Champion I am bleſt,
In ſuch a Valiant worthy Gueſt,
No Man at Arms has greater Right
Than you, Sir, to be dubb'd a Knight;

None

But now, ſays he, *I muſt confeſs*,
There's one miſchance you cannot gueſs,
That is, my Chappel's not in plight
To watch your Armour in this Night;
For being ſhatter'd by the Rage
Of Storms, and much impair'd by Age,
I raz'd it level with the Floor,
To build it finer than before.
So that it now in Rubbiſh lies,
From whence e'er long to th' World's ſurprize
Another Phœnix *ſhall ariſe.*

Therefore, ſays he, *Right Worthy Sir*,
You no Diſhonour will incur,
If you ſhould chuſe another Place,
In ſo Neceſſitous a Caſe.
The Court-yard, now the Nights grow warmer,
May ſuit the Vigil of your Armour,
'Twill fit your Worſhip to a Hair,
What ſignifies a little Air,

Nim

Now Madam Luna *ſhines ſo bright,*
And adds ſuch pleaſure to the Night,
That you your Lance and Shield may handle,
Without the Light of Lamp *or* Candle,
And watch your Armour with your Eyes,
By the bright Luſtre of the Skies :
But by the way there is one Query,
Which at this time ſeems neceſſary,
I hope your noble Worſhip's Pockets
Are lin'd with current Crowns *and* Duckets,
And that i'th' Morning you'll be free
To pay th' accuſtomary Fee
Of Honour, due to Errant Brothers,
For giving Knighthood unto others.
With that the Champion ſearch'd his (Britches,
And fumbl'd, but could find no Riches;
At length reply'd, *he had no Money,*
Adding, 'twas needleſs to have any;
For that he never found in Writing
That Cavaliers who Rid a Knighting,

E'er carry'd Pounds or Crowns about 'em,
But always liv'd like Kings without 'em;
Could feaſt their Guts and wet their whiſtles
In fine enchanted Caves and Caſtles,
Where Beauteous Dames ſhould ſmiling ſit,
And bid 'em welcome to their Meat;
Whilſt Virgins at their Backs ſhould wait,
To hand 'em Wine in Bowls of Plate;
So that he thought all Coyn but Droſs,
And therefore had not brought a Croſs.

This made the Landlord ſcratch a while,
Who yet could not forbear to ſmile,
Altho' his Ends were diſappointed,
And his own Project quite disjointed:
However, finding the delirious
Champion of Knighthood ſo deſirous,
He ſtill reſolv'd to pleaſe the *Don*,
And cary' the Humour further on;
But firſt he rack'd his crafty Wits,
To ſhew his Gueſt, that Errant Knights

As well as thoſe of courſer Mold.
Made uſe of Silver and of Gold,
For tho', ſays he, *we do not Read*
That Errant Knights had any need
Of Money, Cordials, Salves or Plaiſters,
In caſe of Wounds or ſuch Diſaſters;
Or of clean Linen to refreſh 'em,
If Gyant Rumbolo *ſhould thraſh 'em,*
And make 'em ſweat in the Defence
Of ſome fair Lady's Innocence;
Yet ſtill none Travels but he carries
Such uſeful common Neceſſaries,
That if he ſhould in fight ſuſtain
A Wound, he might relieve his Pain,
Or drop a looſe unſav'ry ſlirt,
ſhould ſoil the Lappit of his Shirt,
He might remove the warm Perfume,
That ſticks ſo cloſe unto his Bum,
And wrap his poor polluted Label
In Linen, clean and comfortable;

There-

Therefore, that Knight's equipp'd by halves
Who 'as neither Money, Shirts or Salves,
And muſt be very oft Diſtreſt,
Unleſs he happens to be Bleſt
With ſome Magician for a Friend,
Who can by Art of Magick ſend
A Dwarf or Damſel in a Cloud,
With Drams and Balſams for his Good,
Or with a Bottle or a Noggin
Of Aqua Tetrachimagogon,
That, tho' his Bones are ne'er ſo baiſted,
Will cure the Knight as ſoon as taſted.
But otherwiſe, in Times of Yore,
The Knights took always care to ſtore
Their Squires with all things that were wholeſome,
As Money, Linnen, Lint and Balſam,
That in their Snapſacks they might carry
Whate'er was truly Neceſſary
To dreſs their Wounds, and to ſupply
Their wants, when Hungry or a Dry.

But if it was a Knight's deſire
To range the World without a 'Squire,
Then in a little Bag behind,
Moſt neatly to his Saddle join'd,
Himſelf cary'd all that might Commode
His Worſhip on the duſty Road,
Well buckl'd down with Straps of Leather,
And thought it no diſhonour neither.
Therefore ſince you deſire to be
My Noble Son in Chivalry,
I charge you for the time to come,
When e'er you ſally out from Home,
That you take ſpecial Care to be
Well ſtock'd with what I've mention'd t'ye,
But above all, beſure you line
Your Bags or Pockets well with Coyn,
If that one thing ſhould be forgot,
The reſt won't ſignify a Groat;
'Tis all in all, the only Talent
That makes a Champion Wiſe and Valiant;

There-

Therefore I charge you o'er and o'er
That you ne'er mount or wander more,
Fight, Squabble, Scuffle, Eat or Drink,
Abroad, without the ready Chink.

The *Don* convinc'd he now ſhould be
Confirm d a Knight in Errantry,
Gave his Left Breaſt a ſudden blow,
And did in Solemn manner vow
Obedience to the whole Command,
Then from his Heart withdrew his Hand,
And did the Ceremony End
With an obſequious humble bend.

The *Don* now full of Joy prepar'd
His Armour for the open Yard,
And fearing neither Wind or Weather,
Laid all his Trumpery together;
Then, Porter like, convey'd his Caſe
Of Iron, to th' appointed Place,
Where ſtood between a Pump and Sink
A Trough where Horſes us'd to Drink.

The *Don* conceiving this to be
A very great Conveniency,
In the Stone Coffin did Intomb
His jointed Steel, which juſt had room,
And as at length 'twas nicely laid,
Look'd like a Corps without a Head,
For ſtill the Helmet was upon
The frantick Noddle of the *Don*,
Who was reſolv'd his Head ſhould dwell
A Pris'ner in its Iron Jayl,
Rather than cut the Silken Pride
With which his ſtubborn Cap was ty'd.
The Champion now brac'd on his Shield,
And did his Lance moſt nicely wield,
As, at a little diſtance off
The Pump, he mov'd to watch the Trough;
No Bell-man at a Banker's Door,
That walks to guard the Wealthy Oar,
Could put a Sterner Viſage on,
Or Strut more proudly than the *Don*.

The Hoſt had now forſook his Gueſt,
To laugh within Doors at the Jeſt,
And tell the merry Tale to thoſe
That ſat carouſing in the Houſe,
Who preſently came out in Cluſters,
As if to ſee a Horſe crack Oyſters;
And at a diſtance, by the Light
O'th' Moon, beheld the pleaſing ſight;
Whilſt the grave Centry ſtrutted round
The Trough, upon the ſelf ſame Ground,
And walk'd about in mighty State,
Like any Midnight Magiſtrate;
Sometimes he'd ſtop and pauſe a Minute,
As if his Head had ſomething in it,
Then leaning forward on his Hands,
Supported by his upright Lance,
Would on his Armour fix his Eyes,
And think as if profoundly Wiſe.
At length a ſturdy Lout, a Carrier,
Who fear'd no Errant-Knight or Warriour,

Wanted

Wanted to fill the Trough with Water,
That he might bring his Mules to't a'ter:
Accordingly he bluntly went
To th' Pump to make good his intent;
But the *Don* ſtorming in a huff,
To ſee the Clown approach the Trough,
Advanc'd his Lance, but thus he ſpoke
In Wrath, before he ſtruck a ſtroke.

O bold Preſumptious Knight, who e'er
Thou art that rudely dar'ſt prepare,
To lay thy Hands upon the bright
Unſully'd Arms I watch this Night,
Take heed, I ſay, how you approach,
Or with unhallow'd Fingers Touch
The Armour that belongs unto
The braveſt Knight that ever drew;
Stand off, return from whence you came,
Provoke me not into a Flame,
Leſt inſtant Death the end ſhould be
Of thy Robuſt Temerity.

'Nouns who are you, crys ſurly *Hob,*
D'ye think I fear your ſpiked Club,
I ſay my Mules ſhall Drink in ſpite
Of you, for all you are a Knight,
What's this, I tro, what have we here,
Steel Harneſs for a Cavalier:
So raſhly catching hold thereof,
He toſt the Armour out the Trough,
And had no ſooner ſeiz'd upon
The Pump, and made the Water run,
But the fierce Champion, in a ſtorm,
Let ſlip his Target from his Arm,
And turning up his wiſhful Eyes,
With great Devotion tow'rds the Skies,
He cry'd aloud, *thou charming Maid,*
Dulcinea, *Bleſs me with thy Aid,*
That for the Honour of Toboſa,
I may ſubdue this Furioſo,
And in this firſt Adventure ſhew,
My Love and Valour both are true,

Then raiſing up his Truſty Lance
Above his Head, with both his Hands
He gave the poor unwary Clown,
So damn'd a knock upon the Crown,
That had the Carrier been a Horſe,
He could not have withſtood his Force,
But muſt have fall'n upon his Rump,
By ſudden dint of mortal thump.
When thus with one ſucceſsful thwack,
He'ad laid the Carrier on his Back,
Without the leaſt Concern he left
The ſprawling Clown of Senſe bereft,
And gravely gather'd from the Dirt
His Arms, as if he'ad done no hurt,
Then calmly to the Trough reſtor'd 'em,
And as before walk'd by to guard 'em,
Minding no more the fatal knock,
He'ad given the Carrier on his Block,
Than if he'ad cruſh'd a ſilly Mouſe,
Or with his Thumb-nail crack'd a Louſe,

Tho'

Tho' very near depriv'd of Breath,
And gaſping lay 'twixt Life and Death,
Thus do the Brave deſpiſe the Foe
That they can conquer with a Blow.
No ſooner had our mighty Warriour,
Obtain'd this Victory o'er the Carrier,
And free from either Fear or Paſſion,
Return'd unto his watchful Station;
But a new Foe approach'd the Trough,
A ſecond Carrier, Stern and Gruff,
Who little knew alas! how hard
His Brother *Jobbernole* had far'd,
And wanting only like the firſt,
To bring his Mules to quench their Thirſt,
He boldly went about to clean
The Trough, that he might pump therein,
And taking hold of what he found,
To lug it out upon the Ground,
The *Don* renewing of his Paſſion,
Without a Word of Invocation,

Drop'd down his Target to be ready,
Forgetting his *Toboſa* Lady,
And with his Lance ſo laid about
The Noddle of the Country Lout,
That e'ery ſtroke did Execution,
By deep Inciſion or Contuſion.

The Carrier ſcar'd at the Attack,
Roar'd like a Bull at e'ery Thwack,
And cry'd out Murder, when he found
His Comrade gaſping on the Ground,
Which outcry ſoon alarm'd the Inn,
And brought out all that were within:
Amongſt the reſt the Hoſt appear'd,
All much ſurpriz'd at what they'd heard,
Moving together in cloſe Order,
To find who 'twas that cry'd out Murder.

The *Don* perceiving this Batall'on,
Juſt ready, as he thought, to fall on,
And taking them at firſt to be
All choſen Knights of Errantry,

[illegible]d on his Shield with Expedition,
Moſt gravely offe'ring with Submiſſion
To his dear *Dulci*, this Petition.

Thou Queen of Beauty whoſe bright Charms
Inſpir'd me firſt to take up Arms,
Thy kind Aſſiſtance I invoke,
O give me now a Heart of Oak,
That thy Advent'rous Knight may prove,
At once his Valour and his Love,
Enable 'm with thy diſtant Eyes,
To ſtruggle with this great Surprize,
And conquer this puiſſant Army,
Of Scoundrel Slaves that now alarm me.

Then drawing his Tremendous Sword,
He put himſelf upon his Guard,
Believing now no Foot or Horſe
Was able to withſtand his force,
And that if Fifty Warriours more,
Came on with their United Power;

Dron-

Droncanſo like he could have Slain
Them all, and not have ſpar'd a Man.
The Muliteers being much provok'd,
Their Friends ſhould be ſo roughly ſtroak'd;
But yet, not daring to come near
A Foe that did ſo fierce appear;
They pick'd up Stones to their Aſſiſtance,
And made their Onſet at a diſtance;
Giving the *Don* ſuch Knocks and Thumps,
That put him ſadly to his Trumps,
Becauſe he durſt not make a Sally
Upon the Croud that gave the Volley,
For fear the Foe ſhould ſnatch away
His Arms that in the Horſe-Trough lay.
The Hoſt now labour'd to divert,
The Clowniſh Mob from doing hurt,
Declaring that the Man they Pelted,
Was Mad, and ſhould not be Aſſaulted,
Leſt in his Fury he ſhould do
Some Miſchief that themſelves might rue,

For that in Caſe his Truſty Steel,
Should Chop 'em down from Head to Heel,
No Law would Puniſh his Offences,
Becauſe he was not in his Senſes.
The Champion who maintain'd his Poſt,
Eyth' Moon diſtinguiſhing his Hoſt,
So buſy in the Boiſt'rous Croud,
To him and them, Cry'd out aloud.
O Baſe Inhoſpitable Wretch!
To thus diſturb me in my Watch,
And Treat me in ſo Rude a Faſhion,
Amidſt my Solemn Preparation;
Durſt I but from my Armour part,
My Truſty Blade ſhould make thee Smart;
This Sturdy Arm and Nut brown Sword,
Should thy vile Perfidy Reward,
And Cleave thy Coſtern by this Light,
Had I but firſt been made a Knight.
But for you Ignominious Rabble,
Pelt on as long as you are able;

Advance, draw nearer if you durſt,
That I may lay you by the firſt,
And give you the return that's due
To ſuch a Scoundrel Herd as you.

This threatning, tho but ſhort Oration,
He Spoke with ſo much Indignation,
That each Bold Sentence ſtruck a Terrour
In e'ery Clowniſh Daſtard hearer,
So that for Fear, and partly thro'
The Landlords mild Perſwaſions too,
They ſtoop'd no more to gather Stones,
But gladly made a Truce at once;
The *Don* (that Wars might have an ending)
On his Side franckly Condeſcending,
That they in Peace ſhould carry off
Their Wounded Comrades from the Trough,
And they on their Side ſhould no more,
Moleſt him till his Watch was o'er;
So both Sides parted with content,
And in a Doors the Carriers went,

Leaving the Grave, Victorious *Don*
To finiſh what he had begun.
Thus, when Men fooliſhly fall out,
And ſcarce can tell what 'tis about,
If one Side's Mad and does deſpiſe
All Danger, to'ther ſoon complies.

CANTO VI.

The Manner of the Don's *b'ing Knighted,*
And how his Landlord was requited;
How the Bold Knight departed thence
In Peace without a Groat Expence.

THe Hoſt beginning now to vex
At the *Don*'s Mad unruly Tricks,
Reſolv'd before he ſlept to Knight him,
In hopes he then would bid God b' wit 'im,
That's Cuſtomers might Drink in quiet
Without the fear of further Riot;
To th' *Don* accordingly he went,
And made this welcome Compliment.
Right Worthy Sir, it gives me Trouble,
To think a Man ſo truly Noble,

Should

Should be attack'd by Clowns within
My Caſtle Walls as you have been,
And ſo Affronted by a Crew
Of Scoundrels not a Match for you:
But be aſſur'd their great Offence,
Committed with ſuch Inſolence,
Was done without my Approbation,
And was alone their own Tranſgreſſion;
Truly deſerving that ſevere
Correction which you gave 'em here:
Therefore ſince you've ſo bravely ſhewn,
Your Valour by the Light o'th' Moon,
And Beat ſo Bold a Rabble off,
Wh' Attack'd your Armour in the Trough;
You've well deſerv'd, and may Command
The Hon'r of Knighthood out of Hand;
And ſince my Chappel as I ſaid,
Quite Level with the Ground is laid,
I think if here we do perform
The Rites, it can be no great harm,

Now

Now you have Watch'd your Coat of Mail,
Four Hours, when Two had done as well.
The *Don* extreamly pleas'd to hear
His Time of Knighhood was ſo near,
Reply'd, I'll bend to what you ſay,
And gladly your Commands obey ;
The greater am I Bleſt, the ſooner
You Dub your Servant with that Honour;
For were I once but made a Knight,
Methinks I could ſo boldly Fight,
That ſhould the Rude provoking Crew,
Rally as they perhaps may do,
I ſhould not ſpare one daring Vaſſal,
Of all the Force within your Caſtle,
'Leſs I ſhould ſave, at your Requeſt,
Some choſen Friend that is your Gueſt;
For tho' enrag'd, yet your Command
Should ſtop the Fury of my Hand,
And move your Servant to forgive,
Ev n thoſe that ſcarce deſerve to live.

The Landlord fearing all his Sport,
At length might Terminate in hurt,
And that the Champion and the Carriers,
Should Fight again like ſturdy Warriours,
Reſolv'd on ſpeedily diſpatching,
The Knight without his further watching.
Accordingly in Doors he ſtept,
And fetch'd a Book wherein he kept,
His Inn Accompts of Oats and Hay,
Receiv'd and meaſur'd out each Day;
To improve the Solemn Sham the better,
And make the Comedy the greater,
He brought the Laſſes who before,
The *Don* had Sup'd with at the Door,
That the Two Wanton Jades might be,
A Grace to the Solemnity :
A Luſty Youth 'twixt Boy and Man,
With lighted Candle led the Van,
And thus they march'd with great Decorum,
To Knight the *Don* that waited for 'em,

As

As ſoon as they approach'd the Trough,
The Champion ſtanding not far off,
The Landlord thus begun the Farce,
And Cry'd, Kneel down, thou Son of *Mars*,
That endleſs Honour may be done thee,
And Knighthood be conferr'd upon thee.
The Joyful Hero out of Hand
Obey'd the Governour's Command,
And on the Cockling dirty Stones
Drop'd down upon his Marrow-Bones.
The Landlord now a Mumbling made
O'er his Accounts as if he Read,
And drawing forth his Truſty Spado,
Which was a Ruſty old *Toledo*,
H' adapted Words to the Occaſion,
That paſs'd for a Devout Oraiſon;
Turning his Eyes into the Air,
Like any Whore at Ev'ning Pray'r,
Feigning a Countenance as Pious,
As any Quaking *Ananias*,

And ſo diſſembl'd, that his Gueſt
In ſolemn manner bore the Jeſt:
At length he lifted up that hand
Which did the ſturdy Steel command,
And laid the tough old ſtubborn Blade
So hard upon the Champion's Head,
That bent his Helmet to his Crown,
And almoſt knock'd his Worſhip down;
Then lifting up his Sword ſoon after
He ſmote his Back a little ſofter,
Expreſſing loud ſome quaint Oration
That paſs'd for Words of Conſecration;
Then order'd one attending Laſs,
Whoſe Face had oft been rubb'd with Braſs,
To girt the Sword about the Knight,
Who ſtill was in a Kneeling plight.
Accordingly the Merry Gipſy,
With Wine and Brandy almoſt Tipſy,
In ſolemnwiſe kneel'd down in haſte,
And ty'd the Weapon to his Waſte,

Being forc'd to bite her Lips the while,
For fear they ſhould betray a Smile;
Whilſt ſhe was buſy juſt above
The hidden Label of his Love,
To faſten on his Belt before
Yet nothing could provoke the poor
Dumb Thing that hung a little low'r.
As thus the Mercenary odd-piece
Was fumbling near the Champion's Cod-piece'
To ſhew her Breeding and her Senſe,
She made the Knight theſe Compliments,
I humbly wiſh your Doubty Worſhip
Good Luck in Combat and in Courtſhip,
May neither Armour, Sword or Steed,
Or any thing in time of Need,
E'er fail you, but be always ready
To Cope with either Knight or Lady;
For pity 'tis ſo brave a Blade
Should e'er be foil'd by Man or Maid.

Don Quixote ſmitten with the Dame
Moſt humbly begged the Lady's Name,
That he might know to what dear Creature
He was oblig'd for ſuch good Nature,
Who had not only buckl'd on
His Sword, and other Service done,
But was ſo kind in her Expreſſion
On this his Solemn Conſecration.

The Lady, as the Champion thought her,
Told him She was a Coblers Daughter,
That her Name truly was *Toloſo*,
And tho her Circumſtance but ſo ſo,
She no Occaſion had to be
Aſham'd of Name or Pedigree,
For though her Friends liv'd by the Awl,
And in *Toledo* kept a Stall,
Yet were they counted, ſhe was ſure,
Good Honeſt People, tho but Poor;
And truly, that herſelf, altho
She was in Quality but low,

Yet ſhe was wholſome Fleſh and Blood,
And, tho ſhe ſaid it, had as good
A Countenance, and Skin as white,
And other Things for Man's delight,
As thoſe fine Dames that Men admire,
Who hold their Heads a great deal higher;
Adding, that ſhe'd be glad to do
What e'er he ſhould command her to,
And without Wages never grumble
To be his Worſhip's very humble.
The Knight upon his Honour bent,
Not heeding what the Strumpet meant,
Conceiting ſtill ſhe was a Maid
Of Virtue, tho an arrant Jade,
Only implor'd her for the Time
To come, in due reſpect to him
She had attended at his Knighting,
With Virgin Beauty ſo inviting,
That ſhe would add unto her Name
A Title that might raiſe her Fame,

And

And ſtile herſelf for ever after
Donna Toloſo, Eldeſt Daughter
To *Don Coblerio* of *Toledo*,
Deſcended of the Fam'd *Quevedo*.
My Lady ſmilingly reply'd
That Favour ſhould not be deny'd,
Nor any thing that could delight
So worthy and ſo brave a Knight.
But all the Proffers of her Whoreſhip
Could not excite his frozen Worſhip
To take her forward Hints, or move
The Crazy Knight to think of Love;
For thirſt of Glory crampt his Courting,
And put him by all thoughts of ſporting.
The other Harlot full as kind
Was fixing on his Spurs behind,
And taking pains with pointed Steel
To arm the kneeling Champion's Heel,
Who ſtill did Penance on his Knees,
And never flinch'd for want of Eaſe;

But with grave Patience and Content
Thro' all the Ceremony went;
Which ſhews what Struggle Pride will make
With hard Fatigues for Honour's ſake.

The Knight now finding t'other Huzzy
About his Heels ſo very buſy,
Did alſo very greatly long
To know from whence this Lady ſprung,
So that his Queſtions were the ſame
To her as to the other Dame.

The Jilt, who like her Sifter Trull,
Of Confidence b'ing brimming full,
Reply'd, the Name that ſhe was known by
Was *Miller*, which ſhe'd always gone by,
And that it alſo was the Trade
To which her Parents had been bred,
Who tho they had no Wealth, yet were a
Good Family in *Anqteuera*,
That ſcorn'd like other Knaves to ſteal
Five Pecks out of a Strike of Meal,

And that ſhe durſt to pawn her Soul
They never ſtopt more than honeſt Toll;
Adding, that if they'd took Extortion
They might have given their Child a Portion,
And not have only left their Daughter
A little Mill 'twixt Wind and Water,
Which his kind Worſhip by and by
Might find a good One if he'd try.

The ſober thoughtful Knight not minding
What twas ſhe meant, being paſt his grinding,
Inſtead of anſw'ring what the Jill
Had ſaid concerning of her Mill,
Return'd this Compliment upon her,
As if ſhe'd been a Maid of Honour.

Madam, ſaid he, *Altho by Birth*
You're not a Lady, yet the worth
And ſweetneſs of ſo fair a Creature
Has made you doubly ſo by Nature,
Beſides, as you've attended me
In this devout Solemnity;

For

For ever after 'tis your Duty
To add ſome Title to your Beauty,
That for your Service you may be
Diſtinguiſh'd as high Quality.
No matter tho' your Birth be mean,
At Princes Courts 'tis daily ſeen,
That Landreſſes and Chambermaids
From waſhing Smocks and making Beds,
For Secret Service Riſe to be
The very top of Quality;
Therefore I beg, ſince you have won me
With thoſe good Offices you've done me,
That for my ſake you'll always claim
The Lady Miller *as your Name,*
And if that any durſt diſpute
Your Honour, how you came unto't,
This Arm at all times ſhall be ready
To juſtify your Claim to Lady.

The merry Crack, who rather wanted
To be well treated and gallanted,

Drop'd a Tail compliment however,
And kindly thank'd him for his Favour.
The Hoſt, as well as all the reſt,
B'ing now quite weary of the Jeſt,
Cry'd out aloud, *Riſe up, Sir Knight,*
And for diſtreſſed Ladies Fight:
The Champion full of Life and Joy,
Sprung up as nimbly as a Boy,
Tho almoſt Crippl'd in the Hams,
Beneath their Ceremonious Shams,
His Poſture having numb'd his Toes
And Feet, as if they had been Froze;
However, leaning on a Poſt,
He made this Speech unto his Hoſt;
Right Worthy Governor and Knight,
And Lord of theſe Two Ladies bright,
Who by the Light of yonder Moon
Have thus adopted me your Son,
In Gratitude I'm highly bound
To own the Favours I have found,

And

And thank you for the welcome Cheer
That in Diſtreſs I met with here ;
But above all, for that great Honour,
Of which you've been the Gen'rous Donor :
So that I now beg leave to go
Where I my Valiant Strength may ſhow,
And for the ſake of theſe Fair Ladies,
I'll Fight Orlando *or* Amadis.

The Hoſt reply'd, *with all his Heart,*
Crying, *The deareſt Friends muſt part ;*
So gladly ſtepping to the Stable,
As nimbly as his Legs were able,
He rous'd the Courſer from his Reſt,
And clapping Saddle on the Beaſt,
He brought forth hopping *Rozinante*
From little Hay, and Oats more ſcanty,
Who groan'd and ſigh'd, poor founder'd Steed
For want of Sleep as well as Feed.
No ſooner had the Landlord brought
The Horſe, but up the Champion got ;

Then bowing o'er and o'er again,
As low as *Rozinante*'s Mane,
He thank'd the Damſels for their Favours,
And all their Lady-like Bevaviours,
Profeſs'd himſelf an humble Vaſſal
To th' Gen'rous Lord that kept the Caſtle;
So took his leave in Solemn manner,
And Gallop'd off with his new Honour,
Leaving what e'er he had to pay,
Till the next time he came that way.
The Hoſt being glad on any Terms
To ſend him packing with his Arms,
E'en let him march without the leaſt
Attempt to ſtop the Man or Beaſt,
And wiſely thought a friendly farewell,
Was Ten times better than a Quarrel,
With one whoſe fighting was his Pride,
Stark mad and Money-leſs beſide.
Thus thoſe who by their hair-brain'd Fancies,
And wild Conceits Eclipſe their Senſes,

With

With Eaſe and Pleaſure boldly run
Thoſe Riſques that ſober Mortals ſhun.

CANTO VII.

The Knight, in order to provide
Clean Shirs and Salves, does homewards Ride;
Saves by the way a Boy from Slaughter,
Who ſoon had cauſe to curſe him a'ter.

AUrora Goddeſs of the Morning,
In Bluſhing haſte was now returning,
And all the Nymphs and Swains began
To leave their Bowers for the Plain,
When *Quixote* ſally'd from the Inn,
Where he ſo well receiv'd had been,
In queſt of ſome Adventure new,
Wherein he might his Valour ſhew,

And

And do ſome worthy Deed of Fame,
To Crown his Knighthood and his Name;
But as poor *Rozinante* beat
The duſty Road, with founder'd Feet,
And now and then fell down upon
His Knees, beneath the penſive *Don*:
The Champion growing now more Wiſe,
Was mindful of the good advice
He had receiv'd not long before,
From the kind gen'rous Governor,
Concerning Money and clean Shirts,
And Salves in caſe of Maims and Hurts:
At length conſidering that theſe
Might much contribute to his Eaſe,
And that his Station did require
The Service of ſome Truſty 'Squire,
The Knight reſolv'd upon returning
To his own Houſe that very Morning,
That he with ſpeed might furniſh'd be
With what became his Quality.

Accordingly he turn'd his Horſe,
And Homewards chang'd his wandring
(Courſe,
Which gave ſuch Life to *Rozinante*,
That tho' his Age was almoſt Twenty,
He trotted back like any Colt,
Without a Stumble or a Halt:
The Knight ſtill thinking who ſhould be
His ſturdy 'Squire in Errantry,
At laſt, recalled to mind a Ruſtick,
Who was both Hardy and Robuſtick,
A luſty Looby, who had got
A Wife, and many Barns God-wot,
Who long had been his Worſhip's Neigh-
(bours.
All living poorly by their Labours,
By this ſtout Champion he depended
To be moſt manfully attended;
Who tho' both Lean and very Tall,
Was Nimble, and ſo brisk withal,

He had Races often run,
And many Foot-ball Matches won;
Could toſs or catch a Ball at Cricket,
And guard with Bandy-bat the Wicket
This was the Champion that the *Don*
Resolv'd in thought to pitch upon,
As one deſerving to receive
The Honour he had Pow'r to give;
That in good time he might provide
The better for his Brats and Bride,
When, next the Knight, he ſhould Command,
As Viceroy, ſome new Conquer'd Land,
Or fine Enchanted Caſtle won
From the fam'd Emp'ror of the Moon.
But as he thus was ruminating,
And many weighty Points debating
Within himſelf, he chanc'd to hear
A hidious out-cry very near;
The Knight determining the Noiſe
To be ſome injur'd Lady's Voice,

Ariſing from a little Wood,
Or lonely Thicket near the Road.
O'erjoy'd, much rather than diſmay'd,
Thus to himſelf the Champion ſaid;
Thanks to the lucky Stars of Heaven,
Here's now a kind occaſion given,
Wherein 'tis likely I may crown
My Knighthood early with Renown,
By reſcuing ſome beauteous Laſs,
From ſturdy Gyant's foul embrace,
Or Maid diſtreſs'd, from Dragon's Claws,
Or ſome worſe Monſter's greedy Jaws.
With that he made his Courſer feel
The Fury of his armed Heel,
And fled as faſt as e'er he cou'd,
From out the Road into the Wood;
Where, ſoon as enter'd, he eſpy'd
A Mare that to an Oak was ty'd,
And to another Tree hard by,
The Youth that made the hideous Cry

Was bound unmercifully faſt,
And ſtrip'd ſtark naked to his Waſte,
Roaring aloud in this diſaſter,
Whilſt drub'd by him that was his Maſter,
A gruff ill-natur'd Country Clown,
Who with a tough old Leathern Zone,
Strap'd him about from ſide to ſide,
And had no Mercy on his Hide,
Crying at ev'ry ſtroke he gave,
I'll teach you how to ſleep, you Knave,
Keep your Mouth ſhut, and your Eyes open,
And then, you Dog, no Loſs can happen.
The Boy for Mercy pray'd, and ſwore
And vow'd he'd never do ſo more:
But ſtill the Maſter would not loſe
His time, but follow'd Blows with Blows.
Which cruel and unchriſtian Sight
So rais'd the Fury of the Knight,
That in a fierce ſurpriſing Tone,
He thus reprov'd the angry Clown:

Who'd plac'd a Hop-Pole by the ſide
O'th' Tree to which his Mare was ty'd:
Diſcurteous Knight, at my Command,
With-hold thy baſe ungen'rous Hand,
Oppreſs not youthful Innocence
That's bound and cannot make defence;
So fair a Skin as you expoſe
To ſuch inhumane Stripes and Blows,
Seems not of manly Mold, but rather
Some Virgin ſtolen from her Father;
Perhaps ſome Prince's only Daughter,
That you firſt beat to raviſh after;
Therefore, I ſay, beſtride thy Steed,
And graſp thy ſtubborn Lance with ſpeed,
That I may right that harmleſs Maid,
Whom thou haſt injur'd and betray'd,
Or, Daſtard, by this Morning Light,
I'll brand thee for a cow'rdly Knight.
The Farmer ſore aghaſt to ſee
So fierce a Champion *Cap-a-pe*,

Reply'd, confus'dly in a fright,
Adsheartly wounds, I'm not a Knight,
Nor is that Rogue, and pleaſe you Sir,
A Lady, but an idle Cur,
An arch unlucky Bird I keep
To watch my Cattle and my Sheep,
Who either ſleeps or runs to play,
And daily leaves my Flocks to ſtray;
Therefore, ſince now I've catch'd him at it,
And drub'd his Hide, inſtead of Jacket,
He ſwears I only uſe him thus,
Becauſe I'm old and covetous,
In hopes to make him run away,
That I may cheat him of his Pay,
Tho', as I live, the Rogue's ſo baſe,
He lyes in ev'ry Word he ſays.
Cries *Quixote, he that gives the Lye*
Before a Knight, deſerves to dye;
Such Language, whenſoe'er it's ſpoke,
Calls loudly for a ſtabbing Stroke,

That did it not drop out by chance,
I'd ſurely pierce thee with my Lance;
Therefore this Moment looſe the Creature
That thou haſt beat with ſuch Ill-nature,
Or will I inſtantly diſſever
Thy Body and thy Soul for ever.

The Clown who fear'd an ugly Fray,
Not knowing what to think or ſay,
Held down his Noddle, and was glad,
Forthwith to looſe the Naked Lad,
Fearing refuſal might provoke
The Knight to give a hafty Stroke,
That might at once annoy him more
Than he had plagu'd the Boy before.
Thus fear of Danger ſoon ſuppreſt
The Anger in the Farmer's Breaſt,
And made him, with a nimble Hand,
Obey the fiery Knight's Command.

The puniſh'd Lad b'ing now unbound,
The Don with pity view'd him round,

And ſhook his awful Head to ſee
The Wheals and Marks of Cruelty:
Then ſcrewing up as ſowre a Phiz,
As a ſtern Judge at an Aſſize,
How much, ſays he, *Young-man, is due*
From your Old Gaffer unto you;
Tell me the Truth, and, e're he goes,
I'll make him pay you what he owes.
The Boy reply'd, *He owes me, Sir,*
Full Nine Months Wages, if not more,
And Seven Reals ev'ry Moon,
Was what we both agreed upon.
The Knight, a Dab at Computation,
After a ſhort Deliberation,
I find by Algebra, ſays he,
That makes the Sum of Sixty-three,
Which, vice verſa, *does contain*
Juſt nine times Sev'n, or ſev'n times Nine,
And meaſur'd by the Sun's career,
Makes the grand Climacterick Year.

There-

Therefore, ſays he unto the Farmer,
I charge thee, by my Sword and Armour,
That, Varlet, inſtantly you draw
Your Miſers Pouch, and pay the Boy,
Or, by my Knighthood, will I uſe thee
Dog-like, and drub thee till I loſe thee.

'Pray, good your Worſhip, *cries the Gaffer*,
'Firſt hear what I'm about to offer,
'That idle Raſcal, you eſpouſe,
'Is a ſad Rogue, the Pariſh knows;
'Nor can there be a Prieſt or Fryar,
'In *Spain*, that is a greater Lyar.
'What have I ſaid! forgive my Mouth!
'I mean a Rogue that ne'er ſpeaks truth.
'I owe him not, I'll plainly ſhew,
'One half of what he ſays I do,
'Three Pair of Shooes, the Scoundrel knows,
'I've bought him for his mangy Toes;
'Twice alſo have I paid for Bleeding,
'When ſurfeited with over-feeding;

'And

' And other things, which ought to be
' Deducted from his Sallary.
No, no, I'll not allow a Doit,
Replies the Arbitrary Knight,
As for the Leather he as deſtroy'd,
You've fetch'd as much from off his Hide;
Therefore I think it is but fair,
That you ſhould put the Foot o'th' Hare
Againſt the Giblets of the Gooſe,
And not abate the Boy a Sous:
Then as for what you paid the Surgeon,
By Men of Learning call'd Chirurgeon,
Your ſelf, againſt the Rules of Art,
In Health, have bled him to his Smart,
Not with a Lancet, as thoſe ſhou'd,
That mean to do a Patient good,
But with a ſtubborn Thong of Leather,
So that put that and that together;
And nothing, I affirm, amounts,
As due to you on thoſe Accounts:

There-

Therefore, I ſay, diſcharge the Youth,
Elſe will I ſpit thee in at Mouth;
And leſt thou canſt thyſelf defend
I'll run thee thro' at t'other end,
Aud bear thee on my Lance away,
To my dear Fair Dulcinea.

'And pleaſe your Worſhip (cries the Peaſant)
' My Pockets are unlin'd at preſent,
' I beg your Worſhip be not raſh,
' I ſeldom carry ſo much Caſh
' About me, as will pay him off.
' I own, at Home I have enough,
' And there I promiſe and conſent
' To pay him to his Heart's content;
' But here, where 'tis not to be had,
' Your Worſhip knows it can't be paid.

I, quoth the Boy, *go home! not I,*
I know his Tricks; I'll ſooner dy.
Indeed, Sir, when he gets me thither,
Then out again comes Thong of Leather!

And if your Worſhip now ſhou'd leave me
Unpaid, that's all he means to give me.
Indeed, Sir, he's a ſad old Cuff,
The Neighbours know him well enough.
He never took a friendly farewel
Of Man or Maid without a Quarrel:
Nor does he ever care to draw
His Purſe-ſtrings till he's forc'd by Law;
And when he does, the Country knows,
'Tis ne'er without ill Words or Blows:
Therefore unleſs you make him pay,
Before your Worſhip rides away,
Indeed, upon my Faith, Sir Knight,
By that time you are out of ſight,
He'll only thwack and thump my Hide,
But pay me not a Groat beſide.

'He will not dare (reply'd the Don)
'To diſobey me, tho' I'm gone;
'Firſt he ſhall ſwear, as he's a Knight,
'To truly pay thee ev'ry Doit,

'I

'And then thou may'ſt be well aſſur'd,
He will not dare to break his Word.
Lord, Sir, my Maſter, cries the Boy,
In troth's no more a Knight than I,
His Name is John Haldudo, *Sir,*
The rich old Cuff of Quintanar,
A Country Farmer bred and born,
That deals in Cattel and in Corn,
A Miſer that will ſkin a Flint,
In caſe there be but Profit in't.
'That's nothing, *(gravely quoth the Don)*
'Honour may be conferr'd upon
'A Man of Merit, tho' he be
'By Birth of humble Pedigree;
'Therefore a brave *Haldudo* may
'Be dubb'd a Knight, why not I pray?
'Beſides, too often Honour flows
'By Favour, juſt as Kiſſing goes:
'But the Brave Man, that heeds no Pelf
'Is a true Herald to himſelf

' Of his own Works, the Eldeſt Son,
' That Heirs the Fame his Deeds have won.
But, Sir, quoth *Andrew, pray what Worth*
Can that old Hug-a-Bag ſet forth,
Who in his Paſſions and Outrages,
Gives me hard Stripes inſtead of Wages?
' Prithee, good *Andrew* (cries the Maſter)
(Who ſtood in fear of ſome Diſaſter)
' Go Home, and by this picked Beard on,
' And all the Knighthoods ever heard on,
' I ſwear I'll pay thee out of hand,
' The utmoſt Groat thou canſt demand.
'Tis fairly promis'd, quoth the Don,
Beſure you give him what's his own;
For ſhould I hear that you have broken
Your Oath, and bate the Boy one Token,
By my Sword, Armour, and my Horſe,
I'll puniſh thee with Death, or worſe;
For know I am the valiant Knight,
Don Quixote de la Mancha *hight,*

The

The Righter of ignoble Wrongs,
And Puniſher of ſaucy Tongues;
The Ladies Champion, who redreſſes
Their daily Suff'rings and Diſtreſſes;
The Cavalier that bids defiance
To all Fell-Monſters, Rogues and Gyants;
Therefore beſure perform thy Word,
Or thou ſhalt feel my truſty Sword.

This ſaid the Hero ſpurr'd his Horſe,
Turn'd off, and homewards ſteer'd his Courſe,
Leaving the Farmer and his Boy,
One full of Fear, the other Joy;
But as the Youth foretold the Don,
No ſooner was the Champion gone
Both out of hearing and of ſight,
But the old Knave, to vent his Spite,
Coax'd the poor Lad, till he had got
Faſt hold of both his Skin and Coat,
And gave him ſuch a ſecond Banging,
That, for the time, was worſe than hanging,

Crying,

Crying, *I'll teach you how to Lye,*
And tell your Tale to Comers by;
Now call your doubty Knight, your Hog
In Armour, you confounded Dog,
I'll pay you, Sirrah, what I owe
With Int'reſt, e're I let you go.

Thus the poor Boy was forc'd to take
His Wages on his naked Back,
Having ſufficient Cauſe to curſe
The Knight, for whom he far'd the worſe.
Till Fortune proving kind at laſt,
The Girdle broke that bound him faſt,
And ſo poor *Andrew*, being cunning,
Sav'd ſome Arrears by dint of running.
Thus he that does appear too fervent,
'Twixt a vex'd Maſter and his Servant,
Like buſy Fool 'twixt Man and Wife,
Abates not, but foments the Striſe.

CANTO VIII.

The Knight's return to fetch clean Shirts,
And Salves, in caſe of Maims and Hurts;
His woful Suff'rings in a Fray,
He chanc'd to meet with by the way.

THE Knight conceiting he had won
Much Fame by th' Juſtice he had done
Between the Farmer and his Boy,
Now trotted homewards full of Joy,
The Beaſt expreſſing, like his Maſter,
Much chearfulneſs in jogging Faſter,
That truly 'twas no eaſy matter
For the moſt prying Obſervator,
To judge who felt the greateſt force
Of Joy, the Champion or his Horſe;

The

The one b'ing very much delighted,
To think how timely he'd been Knighted;
The other with his Journey back,
To his old Stable and his Rack,
Where he for many Years had led
A lazy Life, and oft been fed.
At length the Knight b'ing over-run
With the proud Thoughts of what he'd done,
As he jog'd on upon his Beaſt,
Thus his dear *Dulci* he addreſs'd,
With Love and Honour in his Breaſt.
O thou moſt beautiful of Beauties!
I kiſs the ſhadow of thy Shooe-ties,
And only ſeek to raiſe thy Name
The higheſt in the Rolls of Fame.
Well may'ſt thou deem thyſelf to be
The Faireſt and the Happy'ſt ſhe,
Whoſe Charms Divine can make ſo brave
A Knight as me thy Captive Slave;

Who tho' I was but dubb'd last Night,
By pale Diana's *ſilver Light,*
Yet have I done a Deed this Day,
Which humbly at your Feet I lay,
That ne'er was yet perform'd by Man,
Since ancient Knighthood firſt began;
The greateſt Wrong have I redreſt,
That e'er was done by Man or Beaſt,
And reſcu'd from a Tyrant's Rage,
An Infant of a tender Age;
And ſtop'd the cruel Hand that whip'd
Poor Innocence when naked ſtrip'd;
And would have ſurely flead'd him a'ter,
As God Apollo *did the Satyr.*

Before the Knight had fully ended
The noble Speech that he intended,
He chanc'd to come unto a Place
Where the Road ſplit four ſev'ral ways,
And having read that Knights were us'd,
In ſuch a Caſe, to be confus'd,

For half an Hour he ſtop'd his Horſe,
And ſtudy'd how to ſteer his Courſe;
At length he thought the wiſeſt way
Was on his Prancer's Neck to lay
The Reins, and let the Beaſt decide
Which was the lucki'ſt Road to ride,
Who, without Boggle, run a Head,
That Way which tow'rds his Stable lead,
And ſcowr'd as if he'd ſmelt or ſeen
The diſtant Hay-loft or the Bin.
Juſt ſo the Fortunate, by chance,
Step right, and do themſelves advance,
Whilſt others, full as wiſe as they,
But not ſo lucky, miſs the Way.
Don Quixote ſcarce two Miles had got,
Upon a round uneaſy Trot,
Within the Lane, the poor dumb Creature
Had choſen by inſtinct of Nature,
But he beheld a diſtant Croud
Of Mortals on the duſty Road,

Six *Spaniſh* Merchants, Mules beſtriding,
Four Servants upon Gennets riding,
Three Muleteers, who lamely beat
The drowthy Ground with batter'd Feet,
All from *Toledo* bound to *Murcia*,
To buy up Silks that came from *Perſia*.
No ſooner had the Valiant Knight
Beheld this unexpected ſight,
But he began to bleſs the Day
For this Adventure in his Way,
Believing it would prove to be
As he had read in Errantry,
Some Accident wherein he might
Advance his Glory to that hight,
That no Renown ſhould ever claim,
A Zenith equal with his Fame.
By ſuch fantaſtick Hopes inſpir'd,
His Breaſt with Courage ſoon was fir'd,
That now he warily prepar'd
To ſtoutly ſtand upon his Guard,

Sate himſelf firmly in his Seat,
And in his Stirrups fix'd his Feet,
His Target for his Safety plac'd
In ample Order, at his Breaſt,
Then couching his tremendous Lance,
He waited for the Foes advance,
And in this threatning Poſture ſtood
I'th' middle of the duſty Road,
That Rooks and Jack-daws ſhun'd the Knight,
And fled with Terror from his ſight.
At length the Travellers came up,
But wiſely made a diſtant ſtop,
And with faint Hearts and doubtful Eyes,
Beheld the Knight, to their ſurprize;
Some who his ſcaly Hide perceiv'd,
Cry'd, 'twas a Dragon they believ'd,
Taking his Lance to be his Sting,
And each bright Arm to be a Wing;
Others, more given to Superſtition,
Averr'd it was ſome dreadful Viſion,

That

That threaten'd, by its angry Motion,
The Chriſtian Church with Perſecution;
The reſt conceited 'twas ſome Evil
Infernal Monſter, or the Devil,
Or Ghoſt of *Chiron* the *Centaur*,
Whom they had read of long before,
Becauſe they could diſtinguiſh plain,
'Twas one half Horſe, the other Man:
But finding that the Scare-crow kept
His Ground, the Merchants forward ſtept,
Till humane Voice could reach the Ear
Of either ſide, they were ſo near.
The Knight perceiving that the Foe
Took Courage, and did bolder grow,
In haughty Tone, and Words as proud,
Thus ſpoke to the approaching Croud.

Let all Mankind at my Command,
No further paſs this way, but ſtand,
Till they confeſs, affirm, and ſwear,
By all the ſolemn Ties that are,

That

That the bright Ladies they pretend
To Love, to Honour, and Defend,
Are but dull Stars that ſhine but ſo-ſo,
Compar'd to Dulci del Toboſa,
That Queen of all the Beauteous Train,
Whoſe Empire I alone maintain.

No ſooner had the Merchants heard
This Speech, but they no longer fear'd;
And ſmiling at their paſt ſurprize,
Thought him ſome Madman in diſguiſe,
Who being by Ill-fortune croſt
In Love, had all his Senſes loſt,
So that to better underſtand
The meaning of his high Demand,
He that was thought to be the beſt
Improver of ſo odd a Jeſt,
And was moſt furniſh'd with Diſcretion,
To manage the Capitulation,
Was by the reſt, in their defence,
Appointed for the Conference;

Ac-

Accordingly he bow'd his Head,
And this evaſive Anſwer made.

Moſt worthy and renowned Knight,
We come to Treat, and not to Fight;
Nor do we only Honour you;
But that fair Queen you talk of too:
Yet how, alas, can we confeſs
She's brighteſt of the Female Race,
Or ſay and ſwear that ſhe alone
Has Title unto Beauty's Throne,
Before we've had the pleaſing ſight,
Of thoſe ſweet Charms that are ſo bright?
No Mortal can ſincerely vow
The Truth of what he does not know;
How then can we in Juſtice ſwear,
The Dame we never ſaw is Fair?
No awful Judge, with rev'rend Beard,
Decides a Cauſe before 'tis heard:
How then can you expect that we,
In ſolemn manner, ſhould agree

To own your Lady to be Queen
Of Beauties, till her Charms are ſeen.

'Should I (reply'd the angry Knight)
'Expoſe her Beauty to your ſight,
'Twould be no Wonder then for you
'To own what you're convinc'd is true;
'You ſhould believe upon my Honour,
'The Praiſe that I beſtow upon her,
'Or 'tis my Duty you muſt know it,
'By dint of Sword to force you to it;
'Therefore confeſs, affirm, and ſwear,
'That ſhe alone's the brighteſt Fair;
'Or elſe prepare to give me Battle,
'For Words are all but Tittle-Tattle;
'Therefore come on, diſcurteous Crew,
'By one and one, as Knights ſhould do,
'According to the Rules we ſee
'In the old Laws of Chivalry;
'Or altogether rudely join'd,
'Like cow'rdly Slaves undiſciplin'd,

'That

'That never trod in Honour's Field,
'In Battle and in Arms unskill'd:
'Come all, I ſay, and I'll depend
'On my juſt Cauſe to ſtand my Friend.
Pray, worthy good Sir Knight, reply'd
The Spokeſman on the Merchants ſide,
I humbly beg you, for the ſake
Of all theſe Princes at my Back,
That you'll regard the inward eaſe
Of all our tender Conſciences,
And for the Honour of thoſe Queens
That reign in the Alcarian *Plains,*
And Empreſſes that bear the ſway
Ith' Fields of Eſtramadura,
That you'd vouchſafe to let us ſee
The Picture or Epitome
Of the Fair Maid you love ſo well,
Tho''tis no broader than my Nail;
For Art is able to expreſs
Much Beauty in a little Piece;

Then ſhall we all be ſatisfy'd,
And lay our Scruples quite aſide,
And, after one judicious view,
Affirm what now we cannot do.
Nay, all, I find, as well as I,
Are ſo inclining to comply,
Provided you would ſhew her Face
In paint, or in a Magick Glaſs;
That tho' her Noſe ſhould be defective,
By being over kind and active;
Or ſhould ſhe prove a ſore-ey'd Gillion,
That wept both Brimſtone and Vermillion,
We're Men of Breeding, and more Honour,
Than to reflect ſmall Faults upon her;
But ſhall paſs by a blemiſh'd Feature
That's wrong'd by chance, and not by Nature,
And all agree to think her Fair,
And vow what e'er you'd have us ſwear.

'Brimſtone, Vermillion, (quoth the Knight)
'Ye Scoundrel Slaves prepare to fight,

I'd

' I'd have you know ſhe ne'er diſtils
' From Eyes, or any Feature elſe,
' Such Filth, or any thing, unleſs
' 'Tis Civet, Muſk, or Ambergreſe;
' Her Eyes, I'd have you know, are bright,
' And ſhine like Diamonds in the Night;
' Her Mein moſt graceful, and her Waſte
' A perfect Spindle when ſhe's lac'd.
' Know therefore, ye provoking Rabble,
' That this victorious Arm is able
' To vindicate my lovely Dutcheſs,
' Againſt your blaſphemous Reproaches;
' Nor ſhall you part unpuniſh'd hence,
' Till you've recanted your Offence.

With that he grin'd and ſpurr'd his Horſe,
Couch'd Lance, and with his utmoſt force,
Rid on full Tilt, to be the Death
Of him that had provok'd his Wrath,
But Fortune ſtepping in between
Moſt timely ſtop'd the bloody Scene,

And in poor *Rozinante*'s Way
Did ſuch a dirty Hillock lay,
That down he came, Arſe over Head,
And almoſt laid the Knight for dead,
Who ſtruggl'd hard upon the Ground,
And in the Duſt rowl'd round and round,
But could not raiſe himſelf to guard
Againſt that Danger now he fear'd:
However, tho' the weight of Iron,
That did his Raw-bon'd Corps environ,
And Bruiſes in his Hips and Thighs,
Made him unable to ariſe;
Yet the poor Knight, whoſe heart was ſtrong,
As in the Duſt he laid along,
Thus play'd the Hero with his Tongue.

Stay, Cowards, Raſcals, do not fly,
I ſhall be with you by and by,
'Tis not my Fear, or yet your Force,
That have o'erthrown me, but my Horſe:

Let me but Mount, and you ſhall ſee
I'll ſoon revenge this Injury.
Theſe Bugbear Words the Champion ſpoke,
At a bad time, did ſo provoke
A Merchant's Groom, ill-will'd enough
To lend the Don a Kick and Cuff,
That he attack'd the ſprawling Knight,
Firſt broke his Lance, to ſhew his Spite,
Then taking up that end thereof
Which he believ'd was Armour-proof,
Did on his Shoulders and his Breech
Return ſuch Anſwers to his Speech,
That made, at ev'ry ſtubborn thwack,
His yielding Armour bruiſe his Back:
But ſtill the Knight, in a Bravado,
Bore with ſuch Grace the Baſtinado,
That he ne'er flinch'd, cry'd out, or mourn'd,
Or beg'd for Mercy, but return'd,
In valiant Words, each painful Blow,
Receiv'd from his ignoble Foe.

Thus

Thus he that's Brave will ne'er lament
Thoſe Suff'rings that he can't prevent,
But by his Patience ſtill defeat
The Victor's Malice, tho' he's beat.
At length the Merchant rating off
His Groom, by crying 'twas enough;
Who now b'ing weary of the Pains
He'd taken for ſo little Gains,
Was glad, upon his Maſter's calling,
To leave the beaten Bugbear ſprawling,
Giving the Champion, as he lay
Half dead in the unlucky Fray,
A parting Blow upon his Cheſt,
That vex'd him more than all the reſt:
Which being done, they left the Knight
Bedung'd, in very woful plight.
The Don much bruis'd in Front and Rear,
Now ſeeing that the Coaſt was clear,
Made many faint Eſſays, in vain,
To raiſe his Carcaſs up again,

But

But finding Nature had not force,
As yet, to riſe and mount his Horſe,
Stretching his Limbs, lock'd up in Ruſt,
For Eaſe, upon his Bed of Duſt,
Upon his Arm he lean'd his Head,
And thus unto himſelf he ſaid:

Such croſs Adventures and Exploits,
Alas! are common to us Knights,
Fortune's not always in the way,
But will ſometimes from Valour ſtray.
Beſides, tho' I am overthrown,
The daſtard Foe is fled and gone:
Nor could their Uſage make me yield,
Tho' wounded, I have kept the Field;
Therefore, altho' my Hopes were croſt,
My Knighthood has no Honour loſt;
For the baſe Scoundrels plainly ſee
The Fault was in my Horſe, not me.

Thus the maim'd Knight reflecting lay,
Upon the paſt unhappy Fray,

Hoping

Hoping to gather Strength in time,
With *Rozinante* grazing by'm.

When Pride and Ign'rance jointly aim
At Glory, they come off with Shame;
And hair-brain'd Fools, that run at all,
For want of Forecaſt, often fall.

The End of the Second Part.

CANTO IX.

The Raving Knight in woeful Caſe
Advanc'd upon the Plowman's Aſs:
What paſs'd between the Don and Clown
As jogging to their Native Town.

THE Poor Unhappy batter'd Knight
Unable yet to ſtand upright,
Bury'd in Duſt, tho' not quite Dead,
His Coffin Steel inſtead of Lead;
As he thus lay ſtretch'd out at length
Upon his Back, depriv'd of ſtrength,
Had nothing left, alas, to be
His Comfort in extremity,

But to recall to mind the Caſe
Of other Champions in Diſtreſs,
That by their bloody Wounds and Drubs
Receiv'd from Gyant's Swords and Clubs,
And other Hardſhips he had read,
His own might be the lighter made;
For when we're doom'd by Evil Fate
To painful Troubles, tho they're great,
The way to bear with them the better,
Is to compare 'em ſtill with greater.
Accordingly the penſive Knight,
As thus he lay in doleful plight,
Leſſen'd his Sorrows and Miſchances
By thinking of his old Romances,
Giving Refreſhment to his Carcaſe
By *Baldwin* and the *Mantuan* Marqueſs;
The former Champion having fought
With *Charlet* to the Ground was brought,
And when almoſt of Life bereft
Bleeding on the Mountain left.

A Story often read and told
With Pleaſure both by Young and Old,
Tho only credited by Fools,
Like *Mahomet*'s old Miracles,
Being forg'd upon the ſelf ſame Anvil
As the Reports of Parſon *Glanvil*,
The ancient Fable which the Don
Had thus the luck to pitch upon,
He now conceited was no leſs
Than well adapted to his Caſe,
And that it ſuited his Miſchance
In each unhappy Circumſtance:
So that he roll'd from ſide to ſide,
And made his Suffrings but his Pride,
In the warm Sun ſtill grew the madder,
As quoil'd in Duſt like Snake or Adder,
Remembring how the Knight o'th' Wood
Complain'd in melancholy mood
Againſt the Empreſs of his Heart,
For whom he had endur'd ſuch ſmart,

Becauſe he thought the Lovely She
Forbore to grieve by Sympathy,
And whilſt he lay in ſore Diſtreſs
Did not bemoan his wretched Caſe,
And ſhew her Pity and good Nature
In Sobs and Tears when his dear Creature
Alas, knew nothing of the Matter.

This old Romantick Lamentation
Of *Baldwin* made ſuch deep Impreſſion
Upon the Don, who weak and lame,
Conceiv'd his Circumſtance the ſame,
That in the Words of that Romance
He thus began his own Complaints
Againſt his *Dulci'*, whom he thought
Guilty of t'other Lady's fault.

Why haſte you not, my only Dear,
To help me in Affliction here,
Or in my Abſence have you quite
Forſaken your diſtreſſed Knight.

Fond

Fond of this doleful Lamentation,
The Don went on without digreſſion,
Continuing the Romantick Verſe
He took ſuch pleaſure to rehearſe,
Till to the foll'wing Lines he came
Repeating to himſelf the ſame,
O thou my Uncle and my Prince
Marqueſs of Mantua, *Noble Lord*—
Juſt at this inſtant as the Knight
Was in his frantick raving Fit,
A ſturdy Plowman with a Sack
Of Griſt upon his Aſs's Back,
Was paſſing to a neighb'ring Village,
Where he for Years had liv'd by Tillage,
And ſtepping ſuddenly upon
The poor, forlorn, diſtreſſed Don,
Struck him at firſt with ſome ſurpriſe,
And ſtop'd his mad ſoliloquies;
The Clown more frighted than the Knight
At ſuch a ſtrange ungainly Sight,

Cry'd

Cty'd out Deliver us from Evil,
Art thou a Monſter or the Devil,
Or conquer'd Combatant whoſe Throat
Is cut in ſpite of Iron Coat ?
Don Quixote, whoſe diſtemper'd Brain
Had quite miſtook the Country-man,
Conceited he could be no leſs
Than Duke of *Mantua* by his Face,
Diſguis'd i'th' Habit of a Clown,
Perhaps not caring to be known,
So that the Knight without the leaſt
Regard to what the Lout expreſt,
Went on with thoſe *R*omantick Strains
Which wholly now poſſeſt his Brains,
Giving a ſolemn ſad Account
Of all his Hardſhips in the Mount,
And other Troubles of his Life,
Occaſion'd by the Jilt his Wife ;
Who would in Spite of Wedlock Run
To Cuddle with the Emp'rour's Son,

Fancy-

Fancying himſelf to be no leſs
Than her 'Spouſe *Baldwin* in diſtreſs,
And that the liſt'ning Country Boore
Was Uncle Marqueſs to be ſure,
Who by ſome means had underſtood
His woeful Suff'rings in the Wood,
Was therefore in compaſſion come
To ſeek him out and bring him Home.
The Plowman much ſurpris'd to hear
Such frantick Bombaſt reach his Ear,
And that a ſcaly Hide, that lay
As ſtill as Image made of Clay,
Should thro an Iron Coſtern vent
Such a ſtrange whimſical Complaint,
Began to be as much afraid
As he that heard the *Brazen-head*,
When it in doleful Tone expreſt,
Time is, Time was, and Time is paſt:
However, as he ſtaring ſtood,
At length he found 'twas Fleſh and Blood,

By ſeeing thro the Viſor where
'Twas broken by the Muliteer
A humane, tho a duſty Face,
Which made the Clown take Heart of Grace,
That now he grew full bold enough
To wrench the ſhatter'd Beaver off,
Then wiping from his ghaſtly *Phiz*
The duſty Vizard of Diſguiſe,
And well remembring he had ſeen
The Don, who had his Neighbour been:
Maſter *Quixada*, crys the Clown,
Adsheartlywounds, how came you down,
Stretcht out in this ſad plight I wonder,
And your old Pad-Nagg grazing yonder.
The Knight, tranſported with the Fancies,
He'd met with in his old Romances,
Ne'er minded what the Plowman ſaid,
But ſtill went on with what he'd read
Concerning *Baldwin* and his Bride,
The Lord knows who and what beſide,

As poor diſtemper'd *Bedlamites*
Are wont to do in Raving Fits.
The Clown who liſtn'd for a time
To the Knight's frantick Proſe and Rhime,
Till ready to bepiſs his Breeches
To hear ſuch ſtrange Romantick Speeches:
At length conjectur'd by his Tattle
He had been worſted by the Bottle,
Or that ſome Combatant had maul'd him,
And with his Sword or Spear ſo gaul'd him,
That he was dying Mad with Cuts,
Or Mortal Thruſts into the Guts;
So that the Plowman in good Nature
To's Neighbour and his fellow Creature,
With much ado uncas'd the Don
Of the Old Iron he had on,
Thro Pity, being well inclin'd
To eaſe thoſe Wounds he could not find,
Which were no more than Drubs too dry
To be diſcover'd by the Eye:

The Ruſtick having thus in vain
Search'd for the Cauſes of his Pain,
Which he believ'd had craz'd his Brain;
But finding neither Bruiſe nor Cut,
Or bloody Sign from Head to Foot,
Of any Wound that could be Mortal,
Or hinder him from being Heart-whole,
Only in ſhewing over Care,
By thruſting in his Hand too far,
He chanc'd unwarily to find
Some ugly Symptoms dropt behind,
Which the poor Clown no ſooner felt,
But ſnuffing up his Noſe, he ſmelt.
Thus when i'th' Dark one thing is grop'd for
We oft' meet others never hop'd for.

The Clown now gueſſing that the Knight
Was only in a frantick Fit,
And that his verbal ſeeming Sadneſs
Was nothing elſe but downright Madneſs,

Like

Like a kind Neighbour and a Friend,
He rais'd the Champion up on end,
And with much Trouble laid him croſs
The Sack of Wheat upon his Aſs,
Conſidering that the Don's own Beaſt
In height was Sixteen Hands at leaſt,
And pre-ſuppoſing he ſhould fall
From off a Steed ſo woundy tall,
He could not well do leſs than break
A Leg or Arm, if not his Neck;
So that he thought his Aſs in courſe
Aſafer Carrier than the Horſe.

When thus the kind induſtrious Clown
Had mounted up his Neighbour Don,
Who as he ſat with ſtinking Twiſt
On Aſs's Rump, behind the Griſt,
Lean'd forward o'er the ſwelling Sack
That lay upon poor Aſſins Back;
The Bumpkin careful of the Ruſt
That lay half bury'd in the Duſt,

Pick'd up Don's Armour of Defence,
And e'ery Splinter of his Lance,
His Helmet by his Foe much batter'd,
And Sword and Target that were ſcatter'd,
Binding the Trophies altogether
In a long Strap or Zone of Leather,
Which with much Care he ty'd upon
The Steed belonging to the Don;
So leading both the Horſe and Aſs,
Away he walk'd a gentle pace,
Like Pedlar going to ſome Fair
With loaded Jades to ſell his Ware,
Or a *Dutch* Trumpeter before
Some Monſtrous Sight juſt brought on ſhore.
Thus with Dwarf Aſs and Gyant Horſe
The Looby Plowman ſteer'd his Courſe
To the next Neighb'ring little Town
Where long had dwelt both Don and Clown,
Whilſt the Knight's dangling Legs that
Like a Clock Pend'lum as they hung,(ſwung

Swept

Swept e'ery Rut and Clod that lay
On each ſide cockling in their way.
So have I ſeen a huge *Scotch* Looby
Mounted on ſuch a puny Hobby,
That had the biggeſt eas'd the leaſt
The Rider muſt have carr'd his Beaſt.
The Knight, too ſore almoſt to Ride,
Shuffl'd his Arſe from ſide to ſide
To eaſe his Crupper, as he ſat
Romancing about this and that,
Whilſt the Clown ſanter'd in the middle
Between the Halter and the Bridle,
Reflecting on the Knight's ſtrange Fancies,
And all his wild Extravagancies,
Who now had quite forſook the good
Old Tale of *Baldwin* in the Wood;
And from the Stories he had read
Fully poſſeſt his frantick Head,
He was the Moor *Abindaraez*,
The Clown *Rodrigo de Narvaez*,

Leading

Leading him Pris'ner to his Caſtle,
And there to keep him as his Vaſſal,
So that when e'er the Lout look'd back
Upon the Knight behind the Sack,
And cry'd, *How is it with you Maſter,*
Shall we jogg on a little faſter,
The Don would ramble God knows where,
And talk of *George de Monte Mayor,*
From his *Diana* would be gleaning
Such Anſwers void of Senſe or Meaning,
That made the Clown as mad almoſt
As he that on his Aſs rid Poſt,
The Don ſaluting honeſt *Pedro*
The Plowman, as the fam'd *Rodrigo,*
A doubty Knight, a fighting Blade,
Of *Antequera* the *Alcayde,*
Conceiting, as expreſt before,
Himſelf to be the Captive *Moor.*
The Ruſtick gap'd at what he heard,
And ſcratch'd his Ears at e'ry word,

Won-

Wond'ring what Fever in his Noddle
Had made his Neighbour ſuch a Doodle,
Who now had given the Clown full (proof
By all his wild Romantick Stuff,)
That he was gally'd ſure enough,
So that he whipt both Horſe and Aſs,
And made them mend their *Spaniſh* pace,
That he might eaſe himſelf the ſooner
Of ſuch a ſtrange Diviſion-runner,
And free his puniſh'd Ears and Brains
From Madneſs and Impertinence;
But ſtill the poor diſorder'd Don,
From Tale to Tale went rambling on,
At length being thoughtful of his Dear
Hogs-pudding Dame, that lovely Fair,
He ſtrait into a Rapture fled,
And thus unto his Guide he ſaid,

Moſt Fam'd Rodrigo, *Valiant Knight,*
Who does in Feats of Arms delight,

Know that the Charming Beauteous Lady,
Whoſe Worth I have ſet forth already,
Is Fair Dulcinea del Toboſa,
A lovely Damſel that does grow ſo
Divinely graceful, that her Features
Outſhine all other Female Creatures,
Therefore, Rodrigo, *her Renown* —(Clown
'Nouns Maſter, Quoth the ſcratching
Why make you me your Sport and Game
Pedro Alonſo is my Name,
I doubt you ſcarce know what you ſay,
I am no Duke of *Mantua*,
No, What d'ye call him, *Don Rodrigo*,
No more than you're an *Aſſinego*,
I'm a poor Fellow, to my Sorrow,
That's forc'd to follow Plow and Harrow;
I live not many Furlongs off,
Your Worſhip knows me well enough,
Nor are you *Baldwin* I am ſure,
Or him with that long Name, the *Moor*
Senior

'*Senior Quixada* by this Light
'You are, or I have loſt my Sight.
With that *Don Quixote* growing Ruſty
Reply'd, *Why how now Goodman Cruſty,*
I'm old enough to know my Name,
And who I am, and whence I came,
Yet I can be, Sir, if I pleaſe
Both Baldwin *and* Abyndaraez;
Nay, the Twelve Peers of France *beſide,*
Or the Nine Worthies, were I try'd,
Becauſe my Valour far exceeds
Their Strength and all their mighty Deeds;
Therefore I'm greater than 'em all,
And am what I my ſelf ſhall call.
Diſcourſing thus the Clown and Don
With Horſe and Aſs went jogging on,
Talking ſometimes moſt complaiſantly,
At other times extravagantly,
That in their turns both Knight and Ruſtick
Were very thwarting and Robuſtick;

At length they gladly came in ſight
O'th' Little Village e'er twas Night ;
But the kind Plowman taking Caution
Of the Mad Senior's Reputation,
Was not ſo ſilly, tho a Clown,
T' expoſe his Neighbour to the Town,
Upon the Rump of long Ear'd Beaſt,
Turn'd up behind a Sack of Griſt,
Therefore lay by that they might ſpend
The Time till dark at Village end,
Taking a melancholly turn
By Hedge of Crab-tree and of Thorn:
So there we'll leave the doubty Frantick
To teaſe the Clown with Tales Romantick,
Till the kind Nocturn Goddeſs ſpreads
Her Sable Mantle o'er their Heads.
Thus he that ſtrives to ſerve or ſave
A Fool, a Madman, or a Knave
E'er he goes thro' ſtich will be cloyd
With Troubles which the Wiſe avoid.

CANTO IX.

In the Don's Abſence what was ſaid
By th' Curate, Barber, Niece and Maid:
The Champion by the Plowman's Care
Brought Home, and his Reception there.

THE ſad Report, thro all the Town,
That Senior from his Houſe was flown,
By this time brought the Neighb'ring Rout
T' enquire the Truth of Matters out,
So that the Curate and the Barber,
Whom the Don often us'd to harbour,
Hearing the News, together paid
A Viſit to his Niece and Maid,
That they might ſhew their mighty care for
Their Friend, and ask how, why, and where-
(fore
He

He thus had plaid at Hide and Seek,
And ſhew'n them ſuch a ſlip'ry Trick;
Juſt ſo, when any Bad or Good
Has happen'd in the Neighbourhood,
Dame *Sly* muſt know of Gammar *Bounce*,
How many Farts will make an Ounce.
Amidſt their Chat, good Doctor crys,
The Houſe-keeper with piſſing Eyes,
What ſhall we do in this Diſaſter,
And whither run to ſeek our Maſter;
We've ſent his Man and others out,
On Horſeback ſome, and ſome on Foot,
Diſpers'd the Swains by Night and Day,
To make enquiry e'ery way, (Wretches,
Nay, ſearch'd our ſelves like frighted
The Neigh'bouring Grotto's Grounds and
But cannot hear of Horſe or Man (Ditches,
Since he his Ramble firſt began,
Who ſtole out early in the Morning.
T'hout giving any Mortal warning.

Beſides, where e'er, alas! he's gone,
I'm ſure he has his Armour on,
Becauſe of late, both Day and Night,
He took ſuch Pains to make it bright,
And now upon our ſearches round
The Houſe, it is not to be found;
Alſo, he'as taken from the Wall
Thoſe Arms which hong adorn'd the Hall.
'Tis ſtrange, reply'd the Man of God,
There's ſomething in't ſeems very odd;
But Dear Sweet-Miſtreſs Abigial,
I pray be free and tell me all:
I doubt that you have vex'd the Senior,
By ſome unfriendly Miſdemeanour,
Or by your ſcornful Frowns and Slights
Caus'd ſome diſorder in his Wits;
From his own Words I can aſſure you,
He has no little Kindneſs for you;
Beſides, Dear Nabby, Day will ſhow
Its ſelf, thro' little Holes, you know.

I've

I've heard and ſeen ſweet pritty Creature,
Such things perhaps--- But that's no matter---
Poh, poh, the Barber cannot hear us,
You ſee he's not at preſent near us.
Doctor, quoth *Abigial, I ſwear*
You've told me that which makes me ſtare,
By my warm Cheeks I feel I bluſh;
The Barber's coming tow'rds us, huſh.
Bleſs us, quoth *Nicholas, in troth*
This is a ſudden change Forſooth;
'Tis ſtrange, a Man of ſo much Senſe,
Who wanted neither Wit nor Pence,
Should leave his Houſe, and ride away
Unſeen from Home, by break of Day;
When I firſt heard the News, that Minute
Said I, there's ſomething wondrous in it.
What! would a Gentleman of Learning,
Wiſe, Wealthy, Frugal and Diſcerning,
Forſake his Ancient Dwelling Houſe,
His Niece, and all his Servants thus;

No,

No, no, I tell you what I ſay,
I wiſh he'as met with no foul Play.
Don't be too forward in your Cenſure,
(The Prieſt return'd by way of Anſwer)
But firſt with Patience let us hear
How Miſtreſs Nab *makes things appear;*
For he who lets his fooliſh Mouth
Give Judgment e'er he learns the truth,
Is worſe than he who loves to caſt
His reckoning up before his Hoſt.
Doctor I muſt confeſs, quoth ſhe,
That rul'd the little Family,
I have been guilty of a Crime,
In not acquainting you in time,
With what I fear has craz'd my Maſter,
And been the cauſe of our Diſaſter:
Nay, I am ſure the Books he read
Of late, have ſo diſturb'd his Head,
Thoſe idle Tales of Errant Knights,
Their Hardſhips, Courtſhips, and their Fights,

With

With Knight's and Gyants, to redreſs,
Fair Dames and Ladies in diſtreſs,
Have ſo bewitch'd him that he's rid
In Armour Out upon his Steed,
In queſt of that Romantick Glory
Found only in fictitious Story;
Therefore had I in time but told ye
What a ſtrange Fabulous old mouldy
Collection of prepoſterous Stuff
Lies pil'd beneath his Study Roof,
You, Doctor, who are Learn'd and Wiſe
Mgiht have remov'd his Enemies,
And ſtop'd his frenſical Condition,
By Pennance, Prayer and Admonition:
Therefore I own his frantick ailment
Is owing much to my concealment,
For had his Study been reform'd
He'ad never rid away thus arm'd,
And left us in this Care and Sadneſs,
To mourn his Abſence and his Madneſs.

It was a mighty fault, reply'd
The Jolly wellfed Pariſh Guide,
Then ſqueezing Madam by the Fiſt,
Who Croſs-leg'd ſat annext the Prieſt,
Says he, *We'll overlook to morrow*
The Fables that have caus'd this Sorrow,
And the moſt Guilty we'll condemn
To bottom Pies or to the Flame;
And if you pleaſe 'tis likely ſome
I may reprieve and carry home.
The Niece then turning to the Shaver,
For whom ſhe had ſome little Favour,
Betwixt a Simper and a Cry,
Did thus her pretty ſelf apply,
Laud, Nicholas, *I vow and ſwear,*
As I'm God's Child, and ſitting here,
I've ſeen my Uncle play ſuch Tricks
When in his frantick fighting Freaks,
That as I've peeping ſtood I oft
Have burſt my Stays I have ſo laugh'd;

Sometcmes when he for Forty eight
Full Hours has in his Study ſat,
Tiring his Brains with Fights and Fancies
He met with in his old Romances,
He'd of a ſudden from his Seat
Start up in ſuch a violent Heat,
Firſt pauſe, then throw away his Book,
And put on ſuch a frightful Look,
As if he meant to kick and beat
His Study Walls into the Street,
Then, flinging out ſome bluſtering Word,
Would from the Shelf ſnatch down his Sword,
And drawing out the ſtubborn Blade
Puſh at the Wall like any mad,
Poke at this hole, that ſpot or ſpeck,
Sometimes thruſt forward, then draw back;
And when he did each Shove begin
Cry'd Ha, and then he ſtuck it in;
Thus would he fence with Walls and Chairs
Till Sweaty Pearls run down his Hairs,

Then ſtrutting rave and ſwear he'ad kill'd
Four Gyants in the open Field,
Who were as big and full as tall
As any Steeple, Spire and all,
Fancying the trickling Sweat he felt
To be the Blood his Wounds had ſpilt
In the advent'rous lucky Fray
Wherein he 'ad nobly won the day.
This done, he'd call for me to bring
A huge great Jug full from the Spring,
Then would he ſwallow down juſt a'ter
A cooling Gallon of the Water,
And fancy 'twas ſome Cordial Draught
To heal the bleeding Wounds he 'ad got,
Brought him by ſome kind She Magician,
Dame Allcoife, *Surgeon and Phyſician;*
Therefore how ſtrangely muſt his Head
Confounded be by what h'ad read,
That he ſhould fancy me, his Niece,
Who is not ſuch a homely Piece,

To be ſome wither'd hagged Beldam
That conjures Champions out of Thraldom.
But when he'ad taken off his Pitcher,
Fancying no Cordial could be richer,
He'ad then ſit down and be as tame
And quiet as a Coſſet Lamb,
Talk with ſuch gravity and ſtate
As if he'ad been a Magiſtrate.
Now I confeſs I've been remiſs
In my ſo long concealing this,
For had I but in time made known
His frantick Actions when alone,
And all thoſe Freaks he has been in,
Which thro the Key-hole *I have ſeen,*
You his kind Friends whoſe good advice
He took as Counſel from the Wife,
Might, by your laying Heads together,
Have ſtopt his Rambling God knows whither,
And burnt thoſe Antichriſtian Books
That turn'd his Senſes off the Hooks,

For

For they deſerve the Flames much more
Than ever did Heretick I'm ſure.

' Be patient, Lady, quoth the Prieſt,
' Yout Sorrows ſhall be ſoon redreſt,
' My Neighbour *Nicholas* and I
' To Morrow will the Traytors try,
' And be aſſured that we ſhall ſhew 'em
' No Mercy when we come to view 'em,
' Since they have ſpoil'd the wiſeſt Head
' That ever fam'd *La Mancha* bred.

By this time *Pedro* by the Light (Knight,
O'th' Moon had brought Home Aſs and
With *Rozinante*, and the Lumber
That did his aged Back incumber,
But paſſing by the Hall that ſtood
Adjacent to the duſty Road,
And hearing of a vocal din
Come thro a Window from within,
He made a ſtop and overheard
The whole of what the Niece declar'd;

And

And being now inform'd thereby
How *Quixote*'s Brains were turn'd awry.
The Ruſtick as without he ſtood
Cry'd Out as loud as e'r he cou'd,
Soho, Where are You there, Who waits?
Here, Open wide the Caſtle Gates,
For Baldwin *that puſſant Lord,*
His Horſe, his Armour and his Sword,
And I that am his Noble Grace
Of Mantua, *I think's the Place,*
Make haſte, for here's a goodly Crew
Of Champions, and the Lord know who,
The Captive Moore Abindaraez
Whom Don Rodrigo *of* Narvaez
Brings on his Aſs a Pris'ner hither
Sick, Drunk or Mad I know not whether,
Some ſadly wounded in Conceit,
Some in Reality Beſh—t,
And others in as bad Conditions,
All wanting Cooks or good Phyſicians.

The

The Curate, Barber, Maid and Niece
'Pon hearing ſuch a Speech as this,
Came running to the Door in haſte,
The nimble Prieſt before the reſt,
And, greatly frighted, at his Tail,
Run ſodden Miſtreſs *Abigail*,
Young Tonſor next, the Niece cloſe a'ter,
All wondring what could be the matter;
No ſooner did they ſee whoſe Face
Peep'd o'er the Sack upon the Aſs,
But all got round him in a Cluſter
To welcome Home Friend, Uncle, Maſter,
Each ſtriving who ſhould firſt expreſs
Their ſudden Joy and Happineſs,
Warmly contending to embrace him,
Pulling on both ſides to uncaſe him,
The Senior crying out in vain
Forbear good Friends, for I'm in pain,
Much injur'd by my heedleſs Horſe,
Who o'er his Noddle pitch'd his Arſe,

Therefore I pray, diſmount me gently,
For I can ſtand or move but faintly ;
Good Doctor, let me ſtraight be led
Into my Room and put to Bed,
Send for Urguna, *Niece the while,*
Th' Enchantreſs of the Burning Iſle,
That with her Balſam ſhe may heal
My painful Wounds, and make me well.

See now, cry'd Houſekeeper and Niece,
‘ How right we both were in our Gueſs,
‘ I knew, ſays One, thoſe plaguy Books
‘ Of Wounded Lords and Fighting Dukes,
‘ And curſed Lies of Errant Knights,
‘ Had been the Cauſe of all our Frights ;
‘ Go, as you ſaid, to Bed, Dear Maſter,
‘ And we'll take care to find a Plaiſter
‘ Shall cure your Wounds 'twixt this and Sunday
‘ Without that Sorcereſs *Ugunda.*

With that they led him up to Bed
That he might eaſe his crazy Head,

Where his She-Vallet ſtroak'd him round
With her ſoft Hand, to find a Wound;
Who, tho' ſhe ſearch'd his Fleſh all over
She could no broken Skin diſcover,
Only his Buttock end ſhe might
Have felt before in better plight,
'Cauſe now 'twas ſmear'd with what the Clown
Had finger'd when the Knight was down.
Who told the buſy Crew, that tho'
His Ailments made no bloody ſhow,
Yet was he bruis'd and maim'd moſt ſorely
In an advent'rous Hurly-burly,
Wherein his heedleſs Horſe had thrown him,
And pitch'd his heavy Arſe upon him,
As he was bidding bold Defiance,
T'at leaſt Ten hugeous Looby Gyants,
The moſt diſcurteous and ungracious,
Outrageous, cruel, and audacious,
That e'er were bang'd and put to flight,
By truſty Sword of Doubty Knight.

How! quoth the Curate, *Is it ſo:*
Do Gyants in ſuch Numbers go?
Have we ſo ſtrong and ſtern a Crew
Of frightful Monſters to ſubdue?
Nay then, cry'd Pariſh-Guide, *Adsbobs*,
May I be ſtrip'd of Holy Robes,
If I don't burn the Books that bred
Theſe o'ergrown Maggots in his Head,
And turn, to Morrow, into Flames,
The hurtful Pile of Lyes and Shams;
For if we take the Cauſe away,
Th' Effect muſt ceaſe, the Learned ſay.
No ſooner had the weary Don
Stretch'd out his painful Limbs upon
His Downy-Bed, an eaſier Place
Than duſty Road or Rump of Aſs,
But he began to think that Eating
Before he ſlept was very fitting;
For now his Guts were tir'd with Faſting,
As much as were his Limbs with baſting.

He

He therefore rav'd for that which might
Suffice his craving Appetite;
For Hunger, that tormenting want
Of Food, was grown predominant:
Accordingly that wither'd Piece
His ſervile Thornback, and his Niece,
To cooking went, that he might pick
The roaſted Bones of Dunghil-Chick,
Whilſt Tonſor and the Prieſt went down
To tattle with their Neighbour Clown,
And to examine in what manner
He met their worthy Friend the Seignior,
From whence and how it came to paſs
He brought him home upon his Aſs:
The Plow-man told them all his Freaks,
His Bedlam Speeches and his Tricks;
Which hearing, jointly they renew'd
Their Reſolutions to intrude
Into his Study next Day Morning,
To ſee what Books deſerv'd their Burning,

Hoping thereby to mend his Wits,
And bring his Brains again to Rights.
Then walking back each lent a Kiſs
To Miſtreſs *Nabby* and the Niece,
So left the Laſſes in the Kitchen,
To mind the Cook'ry of the Chicken,
Each promiſing his Kind-look'd Dowdy
To come next Morn to purge the Study.
Thus Idle-Tales, adorn'd with Wit,
And hurtful Books with cunning writ,
In ſhallow Brains ſtrange Maggots breed,
And make Men Act the things they read.

CANTO XI.

The Don's Romantick Books ſurvey'd
By Prieſt and Barber, Niece and Maid;
The Righteous Judge ſecures the beſt,
And to the Flames condemns the reſt.

NExt Morning by the time the Sun
Had his diurnal Courſe begun,
The Pariſh-Guide and Pariſh-Shaver
Came to the Seignior's Houſe together,
Where Miſtreſs *Nabby* and the Niece
Had ſet out Wine and Bread and Cheeſe,
That they might break their Faſt before
They look'd the Seignior's Study o'er;
A Taſk of Time as well as Labour,
To puniſh what had craz'd their Neighbour.
No ſooner had they chear'd their Hearts,
With three or four repeated Quarts

Of

Of humming Liquor mull'd and brew'd
With coſtly Spice, to make it good,
But up the Stairs they gently crept,
Whilſt *Quixote* very ſoundly ſlept,
In order to inſpect and rummage
The Study that had done ſuch Damage;
The Niece admitting, by the Key,
Her truſty ſelf and t'other Three;
The Houſe-keeper, who having heard
Strange Nigromantick Stories, fear'd
The Room might be with Spirits haunted,
Or by her Maſter's Spells Inchanted,
Becauſe his Cuſtom 'twas to ſtart
Moſt frightful Tales of Magick Art,
And us'd to Lard his Converſation
With Wonders done by Conjuration;
Therefore ſhe'd carefully brought a'ter
The Prieſt, a Pot of Holy-Water,
Humbly beſeeching him to take
The Sprinkler, and for Heaven's ſake

To ſhake it o'er each Hole and Creek,
For fear the ſubtle Fiend Old-Nick,
Or ſome Infernal Sprite ſhould in
The ſinful Study lurk unſeen,
Who by its Power might circumvent
Their pious friendly good Intent
Of burning what had brought her Maſter
Beneath ſo fatal a Diſaſter.

The Guide reply'd, *There is no fear*
Of Satan whilſt a Prieſt is near;
The Devil always flies the Room,
Where-e'er our Holy Function come.
So calling, when he'ad made this Anſwer,
To his Friend *Nicolas*, the Tonſor,
He order'd him to hand him down
The Heath'niſh Volumes one by one,
That with due Care he might o'erlook
Each idle individual Book,
And paſs ſuch Judgment upon thoſe
Who'd been his Friend's ſeducing Foes,

That

That might at once prevent their further
Occaſion of his ſad Diſorder,
But ſave, by vertue of his Gown,
The Good and Guiltleſs as his own,;
Conſid'ring that no humane Laws
Should damn the Innocent, becauſe
Unknowingly they chance to be
Betray'd into bad Company.
The angry Females pleaded hard
That not one Volume ſhould be ſpar'd,
Of ſeveral Hundreds that were pil'd
On Shelves, but all be burnt and ſpoil'd,
Since they themſelves could witneſs bear
That each bewitching Volume there,
Had, in their turns, contributed
To craze his ſtudious Worſhip's Head:
They therefore beg'd all might be thrown,
Thro' Study-Caſement, headlong down
Into a bleeching Yard, that lay
Behind, convenient ev'ry way,

Where

Where none could ſee or ſmell the while,
The ſmoaky *Exit* of the Pile.
But ſtill the Curate was too wiſe
To mind their Importunities,
Reſolving to inſpect 'em firſt,
At leaſt the Titles, that the worſt
Might be condemn'd for their Abuſes,
And the beſt ſav'd for better Uſes:
So putting on, as Judges do,
An awful Magiſterial Brow,
Looking moſt gravely and diſcreet,
He now aſſum'd his Judgment-ſeat,
Where Culprits bound in Leathern Hide
Were haul'd before him to be try'd.
The firſt that to the Bar were brought
To be arraign'd of God knows what,
Were the Four Volumes of *Amadis*,
Handed by *Nic'las* and the Ladies;
I own, quoth Sacerdotal Judge,
To theſe old Books I owe a grudge,

Becauſe they were the firſt Romances
That introduc'd thoſe Idle Fancies,
And ſow'd in Spain, *as moſt agree,*
That freakiſh Vice Knight-Errantry;
Therefore as they originally
Were the Four Founders of that Folly,
And Teachers of that Frantick Fighting,
As well as of Romantick Writing,
I think 'tis fit they ſhould be doom'd
To be in fatal Flames conſum'd.

'Hold (quoth the Barber) I deſire
'To ſave theſe Volumes from the Fire,
'Becauſe they are allow'd, we find,
'To be the wittieſt of their kind;
'I therefore humbly crave your leave
'To beg both them and their Reprieve.

Well, honeſt Nic'las, cry'd the Curate,
To ſhew I'm not a Man obdurate,
I'll grant a Pardon for your ſake,
Altho' I know their Crimes are black:

How-

However take them to thyſelf,
And hand ſome other from the Shelf.
The next Romantick Volume brought
To haſty Judgment for its Fau't,
Was the fam'd Actions of that Man
Of Valour, *Don Eſplandian,*
The lawful Iſſue of *Amadis*
De Gaul, who fought ſo for the Ladies.
Nay, cries the Prieſt, with ſhaking Head,
Sure none in thy Defence can plead,
Nor ſhall thy Father's Wit atone
For want of Merit in the Son;
No Mortal ſhall for thee prevail,
Here take him Miſtreſs Abigail;
He's a meer Hector, poor and nought,
The Scoundrel is not worth a Groat;
Pray toſs him down into the Yard,
For he's too wicked to be ſpar'd,
Uſe him as the Foundation-Stone
T' erect the Learned Pile upon,

Which your fair Hand ſhall ſet on fire,
That in a blaze they may expire,
According to your own deſire.

'Here's a huge Volume, (cries the Shaver)
'I think I never felt a heavier:
'This, for its Bulk, deſerves no Quarter,
'Twould load the Shoulders of a Porter;
'This is *Amadis*, born in *Greece*,
'A notable deluding Piece;
'This Book, ſo wond'rous edifying,
'Contains the very Art of Lying:
'Nay, outdoes, in that ſort of Wit,
'All that the Jeſuits ever writ;
'And is, I'll ſwear, enough to crack
'The Brain not only, but the Back.

I've heard enough, (reply'd the Prieſt)
E'en pack him downwards with the reſt
That do their Readers ſo deceive
With Lies, they merit no reprieve.

'This

' This upper Claſſis (cries the Barber)
' Does none but ſuch like Lumber harbour;
' By their unweildy Bulk I ſee
' They're all upon Knight-Errantry,
' Books that their Authors did deviſe,
' To fill the giddy World with Lyes,
' And tempt us to miſpend our Prime,
' In fighting Proſe and am'rous Rhime.
Down with them all, (cries Holy Guide)
And let the Vermin be deſtroy'd,
That we may then proceed to try
Thoſe other Imps, the leſſer Fry;
For rather than I'd ſave or ſkreen
Antiquineſtra, *that fair Queen*
From burning, or from flaming Pile,
Protect the Shepherd Darinel,
His Eclogues, and the Author's worſe
Intolerable dull Diſcourſe,
I'd burn my Grandſire ſhould he be
Bound up in old Knight-Errantry.

The

The Houſekeeper and Neice b'ing glad
To hear this Sentence, toil'd like Mad,
To fetch thoſe bigger Loobies down
That did the Senior's Study crown,
Toſſing them out, without regard
To their old Fellows in the Yard,
Where the dull Crowd were forc'd to wait
Confus'dly mix'd, to ſhare their Fate.
Cries *Nich'las*, *Here's another Shelf*
Of Lumber, in a Nook by'ts ſelf,
Come forward one of you that ſkulk
Behind to hide your mighty Bulk:
Here's Olivant de Laura, *Doctor,*
A worthy notable Inſtructor,
The famous Author, alias *Father,*
Of this huge Muckhil pil'd together,
Has writ another noble Piece,
By ſome thought ten times worſe than this,
The Gard'n of Flowers *is the ſweet*
Inviting Name to's ſhallow Wit;

Both being ſtuff'd with little elſe
Than worthleſs Whims and monſtrous Tales,
Alike fit only to ſurpriſe
The Reader with ſtupendious Lyes;
Therefore e'en let 'em downwards go,
Among the reſt that wait below.
Here's more Antiquity (cries Tonſor)
This Book is older than my Grandſire:
Here you may read how Floriſmart,
The fam'd Hyrcanian *play'd his Part.*
'Is *Floriſmart*, (replies the Prieſt)
'That Noble Lord, among the reſt?
'Neither his Valour, nor his Worth,
'Or yet the ſtrangeneſs of his Birth,
'Or his incredible Exploits,
'Shall ſave him from his Brother Knights;
'For his rough, dull, inſipid Style
'Deſerves at leaſt a flaming Pile,
'E'en turn him down into the Yard,
'For he may very well be ſpar'd;

Which

Which Orders gladly were obey'd
By Niece and *Nab* as ſoon as ſaid.
Next, (cries the Barber) *comes* Don Platir,
That famous fighting Fornicator,
I gueſs he'll merit nothing more,
Than thoſe old Champions gone before.
'Truly, (replies the Prieſt) I own
'I have no Favour for the Don,
'E'en turn him downwards, for at beſt
'He's an old Lyar like the reſt.
Then buſy Tonſor chanc'd to look
Upon another Errant-Book,
Nam'd in its Front, *The Knight o'th' Croſs*,
Which put the Curate to a loſs:
Says he, *This Book deſerves a little*
Compaſſion for its Holy Title:
But ſince the Devil lurks behind
The Croſs, *as we in Proverb find*,
We ſhall no great Injuſtice do
In caſe we ſend him packing too;

For

For Holy Names to Heath'niſh Books
Are like a Pious Villain's Looks,
Us'd only to diſguiſe the Sin,
And impious Luſts that lurk within:
E'en toſs him down into the Yard,
He may do Miſchief if he's ſpar'd.

Then Tonſor reaching down the next:
Cry'd to th' Expounder of the Text;
Now, Doctor, if you want to ſee
The Quinteſſence of Errantry,
This Book of Knighthood you will find
The only Mirrour of its kind.

Quoth Prieſt, *I know him by his Looks,*
I own him as the Book of Books,
That is, with due Conſideration
To's Lying or Romantick Station;
There you may find the Noble Lord
Rinaldo *brandiſhing his Sword,*
With ſuch Companions as he lov'd,
Worſe Thieves than Cacus *ever prov'd;*

With them the Twelve bold Peers of France,
Who did their Fame ſo high advance;
Among the reſt that faithful Man,
Turpin, *the Juſt Hiſtorian.*
I own I have an itching Mind
To be to theſe a little kind,
Am therefore willing to prevent
Their Fate by only Baniſhment,
Becauſe the Story does contain,
As 'tis agreed by Learned Men,
Something of Boyardo's *Invention,*
Which gives unto the whole a Sanction,
For nothing can partake his Spirit,
But what muſt in itſelf have Merit;
Beſides, that famous Chriſtian Poet,
Arioſto's *Writings, plainly ſhow it,*
That thence the Subject he derives,
Wherein his Mem'ry chiefly lives,
And his bright Fame his Duſt ſurvives;

Yet

Yet ſhould a Bard of his Degree
Keep ſuch notorious Company,
And he ſhould ſtamm'ring turn his Tone
To any Language but his own,
No more Indulgence ſhall be ſhown him
By me, than if I'd never known him;
But if he ſpeaks his Mother-Tongue,
I vow I cannot do him wrong,
Becauſe his Excellency claims
A juſt exemption from the Flames,
And ſo deſerves our eſtimation,
That none can wiſh his Conflagration.
'I've one at home, (cries Tonſor *Nick*)
'But mine does in *Italian* ſpeak;
'So that I am not ſo politely
'Bred as to underſtand him rightly.
No reaſon that you ſhould, reply'd
The ſolemn, grave, judicious Guide;
For Works of Authors ſo diſcerning,
Are only fit for Men of Learning.

Nor can I much commend the Whim
O'th' Captain who tranſlated him,
And forc'd him ſo againſt the Grain,
To hoarſely ſpeak the Tongue of Spain;
Becauſe he's wrong'd in many places
Of all thoſe beauteous Thoughts and Graces
That in his native Stile appear
So ſweet, ſo excellent and clear:
A Fault that few eſcape who venture
On Taſks ſo difficult to enter:
For he that undertakes to ſhew
A Poet in a Dreſs that's new,
If the Original be fine,
His Numbers flowing and divine,
Is but like that officious Ninny
Who gives us Silver for a Guinea.
'Tis true, what we receive is more
In Bulk, but 'tis in baſer Ore.
Therefore, Friend Nich'las, *I deſire*
To ſave this Volume from the Fire;

Like-

Likewiſe all other Books that chance
To treat of the Affairs of France,
Pray let them be with Care laid by
In Vault or Cloſet that is dry,
Till we find Methods to diſpoſe
Of thoſe as Friends, inſtead of Foes:
But one Exception I muſt make,
And beg you for right Reaſon's ſake,
That if you meet with in your way,
Bernardo, *ſtil'd* del Carpio, *pray*
Deliv'r him freely up at ſight,
To th' Dames that wait to do him right;
Or if you ſhould, in Hole or Nook,
Find Roncevalles, *that fam'd Book,*
O! let him be excepted from
All Mercy, and receive his Doom;
For certain they muſt lurk among
This empty, vile, romantick Throng;
Therefore, Friend Nich'las, *prithee watch'em,*
For they're condemn'd before we catch'em.

Cries

Cries Tonſor, 'Be aſſur'd, Good Doctor,
'I'll do the Will of my Inſtructor;
'But, by the way, what is't you ſay
'To *Palmerin de Oliva*,
'For here he is, and in my view
'Stands *Palmerin* of *England* too.
'What Sentence does your Worſhip pleaſe
'To paſs judiciouſly on theſe?
Ha! (cries the Prieſt) *Do you appear?*
I thought that we ſhould find you here:
As for de Oliva, *be ſure*
You give him up to Female Pow'r,
Let the Fair make him, Page by Page,
A Sacrifice to Woman's Rage;
Rend him, unbind him, burn him a'ter,
And let the Wind his Aſhes ſcatter:
But as for t'other Palmerin
Of England, *'twould be thought a Sin*
To doom his noble ancient Style,
To periſh in the flaming Pile;

Nor

Not 'cauſe his Tales are finely told,
And that he's ſingular and old;
Or for neat Management and Care
At Miraguarda-*Caſtle, where*
The Author ſhows his Wit and Art
Diſcreetly mix'd in ev'ry part:
Not that I ſay it only ſhou'd
Eſcape, becauſe it's old and good,
But for its high Degree, much rather,
Becauſe it had a Royal Father;
For ſome, who know the growth of Wit,
Affirm, this famous Book was writ,
Moſt part thereof, if not the whole,
By a Learn'd King of Portugal;
Therefore let's keep the Offspring back
From Execution, for the ſake
Of that renown'd Majeſtick He,
Who got the ſpritely Progeny;
For tho' a better Book ſhould be
Compil'd by one of low Degree,

Yet due regard ſhould ſtill be ſhown
To th' meaneſt Iſſue of a Throne.
'Burn him, or ſave him, which you pleaſe,
(Quoth Nick) 'I long to be at Eaſe:
'My Shoulders are ſo tir'd, I vow,
'With lifting ſuch a lumbring Crew,
'That I muſt reſt, and take off juſt
'One Glaſs of Mountain and a Cruſt,
'And then (Fair Ladies) you will ſee
'The Work go on moſt chearfully.
Well ſaid, Friend Nicholas, (reply'd
The Prieſt) *I muſt be of your ſide;*
Continual Labour and no Play,
Makes Jack *a heavy Boy, they ſay.*
Quoth Niece & Nabby, 'Pray good Neighbours,
'If you're grown weary ceaſe your Labours,
'And we'll go fetch whate'er you think
'Is beſt for you to eat and drink.
Thus all deſiring to be Idle,
They cut their Work off in the middle;

Spending ſome reſpite in enjoying
The ſweets of Junketing and Toying.
Thus when the Head, that bears the Rule,
Turns Madman, or a Careleſs Fool,
Thoſe who obey'd whilſt he was wiſe,
Will then Command and Tyrannize.

CANTO XII.

Worſe havock with his Books they make,
Before the Seignior does awake.
At length he ſtarts, from Bed ariſes,
And raving, the Cabal ſurpriſes.

WHen Drinking, Sitting-ſtill, and Eating,
Had eas'd their Arms, and ſtop'd their Sweating;
They laid aſide the Glaſs, to make an
End of the Work they'd undertaken,

So that they briſkly now went on,
With what for Eaſe they'd left undone.
Thus, taken in due time, a Whet
Will prove a Spur, inſtead of Let.

The Curate very briſk and crank,
In his high Seat, with what he'd drank,
Finding ſharp Conduct in his Poſt,
And quick diſpatch oblig'd the moſt,
Cry'd out to *Nich'las*, *Prithee Neighbour*
Don't take ſuch Pains, but ſpare your Labour:
You need not ſpend ſuch time in reading,
Or be ſo nice in your proceeding,
But pull at once thoſe Folio Books
From off their Shelves, and out their Nooks,
And, without ſearching for their Names,
Condemn 'em all unto the Flames;
As Judges do by Rogues ſometimes,
More for their Looks than for their Crimes.

Quoth *Nicholas*, 'Tho' Judges have
'Sometimes a Pow'r to hang or ſave,

'Yet

'Yet we ſhould think that Judge ſtark mad
'That ſhould condemn both Good and Bad,
'And cauſe the Innocent to ſhare
'The Fate of thoſe that Guilty are:
'Therefore, Good Doctor, I beſeech you,
'For want of Brains enough to teach you,
'That in your Poſt you'd uſe a Conſcience,
'And not condemn good Wit with Nonſence.
'Here's *Don Bellianis*, that fam'd Piece,
'What Judgment will you paſs on this?
'In my Opinion, (quoth the Shaver)
'This Volume may deſerve ſome Favour.
Truly, (replies the Curate) *I*
Conceive him to be dull and dry,
He, with his Second, Third, and Fourth
Inſipid Parts, are little worth:
His Choler does ſo far exceed
Due Bounds, that he ſhould purge and bleed.
Beſides, he wants to be new poliſh'd,
His Caſtle of Fame *ſhould be demoliſh'd,*

And other Rubbiſh be remov'd,
Before he can be well approv'd:
However, Nich'las, *ſince I find*
To ſave him you are much inclin'd,
For once I'll grant him Tranſportation,
In hopes ſome Pen of Moderation,
In time, may work his Reformation:
Therefore as you have ſnatch'd him from
The fatal Flames, pray take him home;
For he that does from Gallows ſave
The Ruffian, or the filching Knave,
Ought to command him as his own,
In lieu o'th' Favour he has ſhown.

'Doctor, (cries *Nicholas*) I vow,
'You have ſo highly pleas'd me now;
'That ſince you've been ſo very kind,
'Do what you pleaſe with thoſe behind;
'For, as you ſay, I dare to ſwear,
'That all thoſe Folio Loobies there,
'By their old tatter'd leathern Cloathing,
'Are but dull Lumps, juſt good for nothing.

I told you ſo before, (replies
The Curate, very grave and wiſe);
Therefore, pray Ladies, take 'em all,
And let no Mercy ſtop their fall;
But let 'em be confus'dly caſt,
Where Flames, e'relong, ſhall be their laſt.

The Laſſes, fond to be imploy'd,
Were at this Sentence overjoy'd,
Running as gladly to the Books,
As if to make their Wedding-Smocks,
Tearing them down from off the Shelves,
With ſo much Pleaſure to themſelves,
As if their Authors and Tranſlators
Had all been beaſtly Woman-haters,
Working to anſwer their Deſire,
Like Helpers lab'ring at a Fire,
Luggiug whole Armfuls in a Heat,
From Shelf to Window, to compleat
Revenge, that's ſaid to be ſo ſweet.

At length the Niece, by taking up
Too many, chanc'd to let one drop,
Which being by the Barber found
At's Foot, he took it from the Ground;
And after he had paus'd a little
Upon the Book, and read the Title,
Now Doctor, (ſmiling cries the Shaver)
Here's an old Book that merits Favour;
This is call'd, Tirante the White,
That famous fighting doubty Knight.
'Have you got him, (replies the Prieſt)
'He ſhall be my old Friend and Gueſt,
'That merry Knight ſhall ſup with me,
'I'll ſecure him from Jeopardy;
'His Tales will yield me much delight
'Upon a tedious Winter's Night;
'He's rare obliging Converſation,
'Brim-full of Life and Recreation:
'No Miſer's Banquet can exceed
'His Dainties, and a Pipe of Weed.

'Beſides,

' Beſides, there's not a Page therein
' But what's rare Phyſick for the Spleen:
' Nay, you may find ſome places out
' That will divert the Stone or Gout,
' Or charm the Tooth-Ach, with Proviſo
' You meet *Don Kyrie-Eleiſo*,
' That valorous ſucceſsful Man,
' The famous Knight of *Montaban*,
' His Brother *Thomas*, and the doubty
' *Fonſeca*, who would ne'er fight Booty:
' And the fierce Combat bravely fought
' Long ſince, about the Lord knows what,
' Between the Valiant *Detriante*
' And Maſtiff, who had worry'd twenty:
' The Humours of that pleaſant Jade,
' That witty, wanton, merry Maid,
' The Fair *Plazerdimivida*,
' And all the Tricks ſhe us'd to play:
' Alſo the Jilting Ways and Wiles,
' Falſe Favours and deceitful Smiles

' Of

' Of the briſk Widow, whom, ſome ſay,
' Was therefore call'd *Repoſada*,
' Together with the Empreſs, who
' Was charm'd with young *Hippolyto*,
' Tho' but her Uſher, and no more,
' To lead her to her Chariot-door;
' Yet did her Royal Heart beguile,
' By tickling of her Palms the while.
' This Book for noble Style at leaſt,
(Continues the Judicious Prieſt)
' Is ſure the beſt the World can find
' 'Mongſt all the Volumes of its kind;
' For here Knight-Errants Eat and Drink,
' Talk Senſe, and regularly Think;
' Sleep in their Beds, as Men ſhould do,
' And when they're Ancient die there too;
' Firſt make their Wills, and in their Age,
' Like other Mortals, quit the Stage.
' Whilſt all of the Romantick Strain
' Beſides, are ſo profuſely vain,

' That

' That they will ſcarce vouchſafe a Word
' Of things beneath the Lance and Sword,
' Fair Ladies, Gyants, Dwarfs, Magicians,
' Young Damſels in diſtreſs'd Conditions,
' Knights wounded in tremendous Fights,
' And Lovers kill'd with Beauty's Slights,
' All vaniſhing at laſt together,
' Like Fiends and Witches, God knows whither.
' However, tho' a Man may profit
' By this one Book, the Author of it,
' I muſt confeſs, deſerves to be
' Chaſtis'd with ſome Severity,
' For writing ſuch an Aſs's Load
' Of ſilly things to pleaſe the Croud;
' For one Good-Work will not atone
' For all the Follies he has done:
' But take this Home, and for thy Pleaſure,
' Friend *Nick'las*, con it o'er at leiſure,
' And with thy own Opinion then,
' Return it back to me again.

I'll take your Counſel, quoth the Shaver;
But ſee what little Books we have here;
Theſe leſſer Fry ſure cannot be
A Nurs'ry of Knight-Errantry.

'No, (cries the Curate) they're too ſmall
'For fighting Knights, they're Poets all;
'They have not room enough to hold
'Such Gyants as were born of old.
'View them, and I'll engage you'll find
'Thoſe Dwarfs are of another kind.

With that the Barber took in hand
A Volume that did neareſt ſtand,
And op'ning it, cry'd out, *I'll ſwear*,
Here's a rare Piece of Montemayor;
His fam'd Diana, *I proteſt*,
I've ſingl'd out from all the reſt:
What think you of this beauteous Dame,
She cannot ſure deſerve the flame.

'No, truly, (cries Judge Advocate)
'She merits not ſo harſh a Fate;

'Such

'Such Paſt'ral Books can never be
'So hurtful as Knight-Errantry,
'Becauſe they treat of harmleſs Matters
'That rather ſoften rugged Natures,
'Than animate our headſtrong Paſſions
'To ſeek out miſchi'vous Occaſions;
'Therefore, I think, the Dame commands
'Mild Uſage at her Judges hands.
Good Doctor Perez, (then reply'd
The angry Niece unto the Guide)
Save not ſuch Witches, no not one,
For if you do we're all undone;
Their Sorceries will do more harm
Than thoſe that made my Uncle Arm;
For ſhould we, by our Care and Pains,
Recover his diſtemper'd Brains,
And conquer thoſe Knight-Errant Frenzies
That now deprive him of his Senſes,
Tho' robb'd of all that curſed Store
Of Books that made him Mad before.

Should we again but give him leave
To read what you would now reprieve,
He'd then turn Shepherd, range the Plains
In ſearch of beauteous Nymphs and Swains,
And wander thro' the Woods and Groves,
Where Turtles moan their abſent Loves:
Nay, Poet turn, run mad in Meter,
To make the Miſchief ſtill the greater,
And fill his Head with fooliſh Dreams
Of murm'ring Brooks and purling Streams;
A Madneſs which ſo ſtrangely pleaſes
The jingling Brains of him it ſeizes,
That 'tis incurable, they ſay,
And never will be chas'd away;
Therefore, dear Doctor, for the ſake
Of us whoſe Welfare lies at Stake,
And in Compaſſion to your Friend,
Poſtpone the Mercy you intend.

'Why truly, Madam, (cries the Prieſt)
'Tis but a reaſonable Requeſt,

'What

'What you have aſk'd I muſt allow
'Is really to the purpoſe now;
'Care ſhall be taken to remove
'Thoſe Stumbling-Blocks you diſapprove;
'Not that a Volume that does bear
'The worthy Name of *Montemayor*,
'Shall periſh in the Flames among
'So worthleſs a Romantick Throng;
'Therefore, Friend *Nich'las*, I deſire,
'Rather than doom him to the Fire,
'That you'll tear out, by my Commiſſion,
'*Felicia*, *Montemay'r*'s Magician,
'With that dull part that follows a'ter,
'Concerning the Inchanted Water:
'Alſo thoſe tedious Poems where
'Great length, but little Wit appear,
'And let the reſt eſcape the Flame,
'In Honour to its Author's Name,
'Becauſe we Men of Reading find,
'Tis the beſt Book of all its kind.

Doctor,

Doctor, (quoth *Nich'las*) *your Commands*
Shall be obey'd with both my hands:
But here are two Dianas *more,*
Which make up three, with that before;
One by Salmantino, *whoſe Name,*
I doubt, will ſcarce preſerve the ſame:
The other by Gill Polo *writ,*
He was, I think, a Man of Wit.
What ſay you, Sir, ſhall we diſpoſe
Of theſe as worthy Friends, or Foes?
'*Salmantino* (reply'd the Prieſt)
' Is a dull Rogue, without a Jeſt;
' I'm ſure 'tis worth no Mortal's while
' To ſave his Rubbiſh from the Pile.
' But (good Friend *Nich'las*) as for t'other,
' Which claims *Gill Polo* for its Author,
' Pray take him home, and lay him by,
' Tend'r him as th' Apple of your Eye;
' For ſcarce *Apollo* ever writ
' With finer Thought or keener Wit.

Say'e

Sa'ye ſo, (quoth *Nich'las*) *by my Life,*
I'll hug him as I do my Wife. ——
Here are Ten Books upon Love's Fortune,
Yet all bound up in one, for certain,
Written by him (if you would aſk who)
Whoſe Name was Tony de Lafraſco,
A merry Wag, who was (ſome ſay)
A Poet of Sardinia.
'Now, by my Function (cries the Guide)
'And all my holy Robes beſide,
'I do not think ſince Poets firſt
'With penſive Poverty were curſt
'Or ſince that ſublunary Time,
'When Madmen firſt began to Rhime,
'That e'er a more diverting Fool,
'So ſilly, yet ſo Comical,
'Appear'd before in Print, to make
'His Reader's Sides with Laughing ſhake.
'Pray, Neighbour *Nich'las*, give it me,
(Continu'd Father *Domine*)

'For

'For I am much more pleas'd to find
'So quaint a Darling of its kind,
'Than if ſome Penitent, to ſhew
'The laſt good Office they could do
'Within my Pariſh-Bounds, had dy'd,
'And left new Mourning to their Guide:
'But, prithee, Neighbour, make more haſte,
'This is hard Labour, I proteſt.

Cries Tonſor, *I am tired too*
Of this confounded Rhiming Crew:
What ſay you, Doctor, now you're weary,
To the fam'd Shepherd of Iberia,
Alſo the Nymphs of Enares,
Thoſe witty pritty Baggages;
And with thoſe two, to make up three,
Here comes the Cure of Jealouſie.

'Take 'em good Jaylor, (quoth the Prieſt)
'For burning they deſerve at leaſt;
'But pray forbear to aſk their Crime,
'Impertinence prolongs the Time;

'Judges,

'Judges, you know, when tir'd with ſitting,
'Or faint for want of Eaſe or Eating,
'Have never patience with Debates
'When Gout torments or Dinner waits,
'But by a Figure in the Laws,
'Apoſtrophe the tedious Cauſe.
The next (cries Tonſor) *in my way,*
Is call'd the Swain of Filida,
Or Shepherd *I ſhould ſtile him rather,*
I think 'tis no great matter whether.
'He was no Shepherd, I aver it,
'But a wiſe Courtier, (cries the Curate)
'He ſhall not be condemn'd for Fuel,
'Pray ſave him, he's a precious Jewel.
Now (cries Friend Nich'las) *here comes*
The Treaſury of divers Poems;
If Bulk or Greatneſs is a Sign
That Goodneſs is contain'd therein,
Then this, methinks, ſhould be the beſt,
Becauſe it's bigger than the reſt.

'Had there been leſs of 'em (replies
The Judge) 'the Poet had been wiſe:
'But that which has his Weakneſs ſhew'd
'Is, they're too num'rous to be good:
'However we'll their Doom ſuſpend,
'Becauſe the Author is my Friend.
'For Kiſſing does by Favour go,
'The Wiſe by old Experience know,
'In ev'ry Court it will be ſo.

Then Tonſor taking in his Hand
The next, cry'd, *What art thou, my Friend?*
Ha! a rare merry Fa-la-lado
Of Songs, by Lapez Maldonado.
'He's a rare Lyriſt (cries the Guide)
'Sings well, and is my Friend beſide;
'His Lyrick Poems too we find
'Are well approv'd of in their kind,
'And better when he does repeat
'The chearful Strains himſelf has writ;

'But

'But when he ſings 'em, then he warms
'The Fancy with a thouſand Charms.
'As for his Eclogues, I confeſs
'They're tedious, tho' I like their Dreſs;
'As if he thought no Reader cou'd
'Have too much of a thing that's good.
Cries Tonſor alſo, *I pretend*
To claim this Lapez *as my Friend*;
For Barbers and Muſicians chime
Together, juſt like Tune and Rhime;
Therefore I find we both agree
To ſave this Book from Jeopardy.
Now, Doctor, pray prepare to be a
Kind Advocate for Galatea;
For here among the reſt I've found
Her Ladyſhip moſt neatly Bound:
You'll ſpare her, I ſuppoſe, the rather
'Cauſe your Friend Miguel *was her Father*;
For he that does ſo well approve
The Parent, muſt the Daughter love.

'Truly, good *Nicholas* (reply'd
The grave, judicious, partial Guide)
'That *Miguel de Cervantes* is
'My Friend, I own, and what is his
'I'm bound not only to reſpect,
'But at this Juncture to protect.
'Judges, you know, will ſtrain the Laws
'In favour of a friendly Cauſe,
'And run the hazard of Repentance,
'To ſerve an honeſt old Acquaintance;
'Therefore, tho' *Miguel* has, for certain,
'Been more Converſant with Misfortune,
'Than with thoſe nice Poetick Rules
'Obſerv'd and taught us in the Schools;
'And that, as yet, we ſcarce can find,
'In his firſt Volume, what's deſign'd;
'Yet ſince he aims and does pretend
'To ſomething Noble in the End,
'We'll wave our Judgment of its worth,
'Until his Second Part comes forth;

'Be-

‘ Becauſe in that we find his Friends
‘ Expect he'll make the World amends;
‘ Therefore were I myſelf *Aſtrea*,
‘ I'd not condemn his *Galatea*;
‘ But take her Home, from Danger ſkreen her,
‘ Till the next ſhews us what is in her.

Now, Doctor, that we may go on, Sir,
The faſter, (quoth the weary Tonſor)
Here are three Volumes all together,
I ſuppoſe, Birds of the ſame Feather:
Firſt Don Alonſo's Auricana.
This far excels your fine Diana;
Next Juan Ruffo's Auſtriada,
This Book has giv'n me many a Play-day;
I've left my Victuals oftentimes
To feaſt upon his dainty Rhimes:
Thirdly, I give unto your view,
The famous Monferrato *too*;
A Book much valu'd for its Wit,
By Chriſtopher de Virves *writ*;

For theſe tranſcendant Poets ſure
You muſt have Mercy ſtill in ſtore;
Theſe merit not alone Compaſſion,
But claim reſpect and veneration.
' I muſt allow (replies the Prieſt)
' You've brought me now the very beſt
' Heroicks in the *Spaniſh* Tongue,
' We therefore muſt not do 'em wrong;
' For theſe melodious happy three
' Are th' only Beauties, I agree,
' That *Spain* can boaſt in Poetry.
' Theſe precious Works, as wealthy Jems,
' I'll ſave not only from the Flames,
' But keep 'em ſafe from Female Fury,
' Leſt they deſtroy 'em in the hurry.

Now Prieſt and Barber both were grown
So weary with the Work they'd done,
That they reſolv'd to damn the reſt,
Without enquiring which was beſt;

And

And turn 'em down into the Yard,
Unview'd, unpity'd, and unheard;
But juſt as they had thus agreed
To give the reſt no time to plead,
There chanc'd to fall in Tonſor's way,
The Tears of fair Angelica,
Which Book unto the Prieſt was handed,
And's Judgment of the ſame demanded.
Had this dear Book (reply'd the Guide)
With its ill Neighbours been deſtroy'd,
And after I, by chance, had known
The fatal Wrong I'd raſhly done,
I ſhould have curs'd the Evil time
I'd been ſo great a Foe to Rhime,
Becauſe its Author, all agree,
Did ſo excel in Poetry,
That he's not only juſtly thought
One of the beſt that ever wrote
In Spain, *but all the World can ſcarce*
Produce a greater King of Verſe.

As *Nich'las* and the Holy Father
Were ord'ring Matters thus together,
The *Seignior*, who had long been dreaming,
Of Gyants, Knights, and pretty Women,
Awak'd i'th' middle of a deep
Engagement he had had in's Sleep,
And was as raving Mad as if
His Reſt had giv'n him no Relief:
So that the Roaring and the Noiſe
He made did the Cabal ſurpriſe,
And cauſe them to condemn the reſt,
Without a view, in fear and haſte.

Thus we may ſee how Servants reign
When they the upper-hand can gain;
And when our Rulers once run Mad,
How the Good ſuffer for the Bad.

The End of the Third Part.

CANTO XIII.

The Knight's Deportment in his Pains,
Till Sleep had reconcil'd his Brains;
The Prieſt, the Niece, and t'other Dowdy,
Contrive to cheat him of his Study.

THe waking *Don*, whoſe Bedlam Skull
Of Tilts and Turnaments was full,
As climbing fancy grew the Prouder,
Thus to himſelf he rav'd the louder:
Come all ye brave Puiſſant Knights,
Expert in Arms and Bloody Fights,
Now is the only Time to ſhew
Your Diſcipline and Valour too:
For lo the Courtiers bear away
The Fame and Honour of the Day.

Theſe mad Excurſions of the *Don*
Soon ſcar'd the Prieſt from going on,
And alſo eas'd his trimming Neighbour,
As well as ſelf from further Labour,
Who giving over their Survey,
To the *Don*'s Chamber made their way;
Where at the Door they ſtood unſeen
Some time before they enter'd in,
That by his mad Ejaculations,
His frantick Whims and raving Paſſions,
The cauſe that ſo diſturb'd his Brain
Might in his Talk appear more plain,
Leaving the Laſſes to compleat
The Work themſelves were glad to quit;
Who being thus both Judge and Jury,
And in the height of Female fury,
Tumbl'd the reſt unto the Pile,
Fav'ring no Author with a Smile,
But quick did their Revenge purſue,
As angry Women always do,

By whoſe raſh Judgment many far'd
The worſe, that merited Regard,
And Wits and Fools without debate
Were doom'd to ſhare an equal Fate:
Juſt ſo when Subjects have ingroſt
The Pow'r their Prince hath madly loſt,
The Innocent too oft partake
Of Ruin, for the Guilty's ſake.

The Prieſt by this time, and the Shaver,
Who'd liſten'd to their Friends Behaviour
Hearing him riſe from out his Bed
With Fifty Meagrims in his Head,
Raving and ranting like a Bully
Inflam'd with Drunken Rage and Folly;
Now grinning forth a bluſt'ring Word,
Then Brandiſhing his Truſty Sword,
Laying about him here and there,
Stabbing the Wainſcot, then a Chair,
As if beſet with Twenty Ruffins
Imploy'd to fill Church-yards and Coffins;

So that the Barber and the Prieſt,
Finding the Signior thus poſſeſt,
Like Bailiffs, bolted in upon him,
Fearing ſome Inj'ry might be done him
By his own Hand, in theſe mad Freaks,
'Leſs manag'd in his Bedlam Tricks,
And running of a ſudden tow'rd
The *Don*, caught hold of Man and Sword;
Then wreſting from his ſtubborn Arm
The Weapon, to prevent all harm,
They forc'd him to his Bed again,
That Reſt might eaſe his crazy Brain;
Where firſt he rattl'd, rav'd and ſwore,
And whilſt they held him, kick'd and tore
Like Horn-mad Cuckold, by the Jade
His Wife, to Bedlam juſt betray'd;
But finding after all his buſtling,
That Two to One were odds at wreſtling,
And that the Gyants had moſt Strength,
He grew diſcreetly Mad at length,

And turning tow'rds the Pariſh Guide,
Moſt gravely thus *Don Quixote* cry'd:
My Lord Archbiſhop Turpin, *ſure*
We the Twelve Peers muſt not endure,
To ſee the Honour of the Day
By the Knights Courtiers born away,
And all ſneak off in this Condition,
Without a further Oppoſition;
When we the Twelve Puiſſant Peers
Of France, *the Knights Adventurers,*
Obtain'd, to our Immortal Praiſe,
The better for the firſt Three Days.
My Noble Valiant Lord, reply'd
The Curate, *pray be pacify'd,*
Bad luck to Day, may be to morrow
Turn'd into Good, to eaſe your Sorrow;
Let not vain Honour as you lye,
But your own Health your Thoughts employ;
For both your Speech and Aſpect ſhew,
You're weary, if not wounded too.

Wounded I am not, crys the Signior,
But bruis'd in an ignoble Manner,
A huge Gygantick baſe-born Knight,
Full of unmanly Rage and Spite;
That Don Orlando Furioſo,
Has us'd me I confeſs but ſo-ſo,
For envy'ng that Immortal Fame
My bold Atchievements juſtly claim,
And in his Travels meeting me,
His Rival mounted Cap-a-pe,
With Pride and Malice, Mad and Drunk,
He tore up by the Roots the Trunk
Of a tall Oak, that long had ſtood
The Guard and wonder of the Wood,
And coming unawares upon me,
Had like at once to've over run me;
Gave me ſuch mighty Thwacks and Stroaks,
Sufficient to have fell'd an Ox,
For every blow I'm ſure I bore
Ten load of ſolid Wood or more;

But finding I deſpiſed his Club,
And ſtood the force of e'ery Drub,
At laſt he clap'd the Trunk between
His Legs, then gave a ſnarling grin,
And o'er the Mountains ſteer'd his Courſe,
Upon his huge long Hobby Horſe;
Then coolling, I began to find
Each Blow had left a Bruiſe behind;
But ſince he has ſo baſely maul'd
My Ribs, may I no more be call'd
Rinaldo, *if I e'er forget him,*
Or not revenge it when I meet him:
Firſt bring me a Supply of Food,
And Wine that's reliſhing and good,
Then ſhall the vile Orlando *feel*
The force of my revengeful Steel.
Accordingly they now proceeded
To what the Signior chiefly needed,
And brought him a voluptuous Meal
That did his craving Stomach heal,

Who Eat like any famiſh'd Horſe,
Or Grey-hound ſharpen'd by a Courſe,
Till active Jaws had conquer'd quite
The fury of his Appetite;
Which when he had done, like pamper'd Beaſt,
He ſoon compos'd himſelf to reſt,
Leaving the Laſſes, Prieſt and Shaver,
Once more unto their good Behaviour,
Who now began in woeful Sadneſs
To Convaſs his uncommon Madneſs,
And to lament with flowing Eyes,
His and their own Calamities;
Which Sorrow made their Malice grow
So great againſt the common Foe,
The Books they had condemn'd to Flames,
That the two weeping furious Dames
Set Fire unto the Learned Pile,
Shedding their ſpiteful Tears the while;
And as the Flames encreas'd and ſpread,
The Gypſies wept as *Nero* plaid.

Thus

Thus Women ripe to perpetrate
Revenge, with Tears their Malice wet,
As Smiths on Cynders ſprinkle Water,
To make 'em burn the fiercer a'ter.
No ſooner had the She Controller
O th' Houſhold, full of Spleen and Cholor,
With Madam *Niece*, by help of Lights,
Giv'n Fire to all the Errant-Knights,
And to the Guiltleſs Poets too
That lay condemn'd among the Crew;
But they began to dry their Eyes,
And turn their Sorrows into Joys,
Still nimbly fetching new Supplies
To make the Flames the higher riſe:
Till many worthy Volumes, writ
By Men of Learning, Fame and Wit,
When Female Paſſion grew too warm,
Were Martyr'd in the fiery Storm:
So when the hair-brain'd Rabble feel
The mad Effects of Dogſtar Zeal,

The Righteous for the Wicked's ſake
Are often injur'd thro' miſtake.
The Prieſt and Barber, who had ſtaid
To ſee the *Don* compoſe his Head,
Now left him Snoaring, when they found
His Sleep not Counterfeit but ſound,
And came juſt time enough to ſee
The Study's ſad Cataſtrophe;
Where, like great School-boys by the Fire,
They ſtood to ſee the Flames expire,
Commending Female Reſolution
For ſo expert an Execution,
Purſuant to the rigid Sentence
Themſelves had given without Repentance,
On ſuch Enchanting Books, that had
Made their Wife Friend ſo wondrous Mad.
So partial Judges, when they ſtrain
A Point to ſerve a Wicked Reign,
And to confirm ſome Plot, condemn,
With worthleſs Wretches, Men of Fame,

They

They flatter thoſe that dare preſume
To execute the ſinful Doom.
The Learned Pile which long had burn'd,
B'ing now to Duſt and Aſhes turn'd,
The Laſſes next were at the Pains
To carry off the burnt Remains,
That ſhould the *Don* by chance herea'ter
Caſt Eye upon the place of Slaughter,
He ſhould have no juſt Grounds to gueſs
That fatal ſpot to be the place,
Where all his Valiant Knights were ſlain,
And ſturdy Gyants met their Bane;
Where Princes fell, and mighty Lords,
In ſpite of Shields and truſty Swords,
And fair Enchantreſſes of Hearts,
With all their Spells and Magick Arts,
Were burnt for Witches till they ſmoak'd,
To pleaſure thoſe they had provok'd.
So ſhe that carries Corn to Mill,
And lets Young *Roger* kiſs his fill,

As ſoon as e'er ſhe'as plaid the Jilt,
Bruſhes her Cloaths to hide her Guilt,
Becauſe the Meal from off his Jacket
Should not be ſeen upon her Placket.
No ſooner had they nicely done
This private Execution,
But the Wiſe Curate had projected
What further ought to be effected,
That doubtleſs might conducive be
To his Dear Friend's Recovery,
And be a means of ever hiding
The Buſineſs they had been employ'd in,
Which was, that they ſhould now go ſtop
The Study Door ſo nicely up,
That when his Friend ſhould be inclin'd
To gratify his Studious Mind,
He never more ſhould find the way,
To th' Room where once his Volumes lay,
And that in caſe he ask'd concerning
The Darling Fountain of his Learning,

In Anſwer to his Inquiſition,
They then ſhould tell him ſome Magician,
Conjur'd the Books away together,
Study and all, the Lord knows whither.
This Stratagem as ſoon as mov'd,
By all the reſt was well approv'd;
So that to work they jointly run,
That 'twas no ſooner ſaid than done,
With ſo much Art it could no leſs
Than be attended with Succeſs.
If therefore Prieſts can paſs their Cheats,
On Madmen who have loſt their Wits,
How eas'ly may the ſame impoſe
On Fools, who have no Wit to loſe.
When they had thus remov'd with gladneſs
The Cauſes of the *Seignior's* Madneſs,
And by their Marring and their making
Had fitted all things for his waking,
The weary Barber, and the Prieſt,
Took Leave, and ſo went home to reſt,

Leaving

Leaving the Laſſes to bemoan
The loſs of two ſuch Friends, when gone,
Who both however were ſo kind
To leave fair Promiſes behind,
That they their Viſits would renew,
At fartheſt in a Day or two.
Thus Friends when parted have no prop,
But hopes to keep their Friendſhip up.

The *Don*, who had been ſore oppreſt,
With Blows upon his Back and Breaſt,
Alſo fatigu'd with tedious Watching,
And many harms he had been catching,
In ſpite of Bruiſes, and of beating,
Slept very ſoundly after Eating;
Like merry Toapers who for Eaſe
Had tak'n a Doſe againſt the Fleas.
Next Day he wak'd, tho' ſcarce ſo ſoon
As the Church Clock proclaim'd it Noon,
And having by his Reſt reliev'd
His Senſes, found his Sides aggriev'd;

His Arms ſo ſtiff, his Legs and Thighs
So ſore, he had no mind to riſe,
But like a Wiſeman had the Grace
To think his Bed the ſafeſt Place:
So that his Bruiſes, Sleep and Lameneſs,
Having thus brought him to a Tameneſs,
He now began to only crave
Such things as Sickmen ought to have,
And taking Counſel, fed his Chops
With Caudles, and with Sugar-ſops,
Which ſo compos'd him, that he lay
Till almoſt Noon the ſecond Day:
Then riſing from his Downy Bed,
Which greatly had reliev'd his Head,
And finding his exalted Mind
To Feats of Chivalry inclin'd,
He wanted now to feaſt his Senſes
With fighting Tales in Old Romances;
So walking tow'rds the Room which he
Had turn'd into a Library,

He groap'd and gaz'd, and ſearch'd about,
But could not find his Study out;
Or in the Wainſcot ſee the Door
Which he had enter'd oft before.
This made him pauſe, ſtare, fret and fume,
Grin, bite his Lip, and then his Thumb,
Like careleſs Huſſy, who has loſt
Her Wedding Ring ſhe valued moſt.
Under this great Diſſatisfaction,
Which he expreſs'd in Word and Action,
He rang'd about from place to place,
But found out neither Door nor Caſe;
Mov'd up and down from Room to Room,
Search'd e'ery Wall about his Home;
Till at length put into a Paſſion,
By fruitleſs long Examination,
And then he call'd in Words moroſe
For the She-Ruler of his Houſe,
Asking of her the ready way
To's Study where his Volumes lay.

Lord,

Lord, Sir, reply'd the Jilting Quean,
I can't imagine what you mean;
You have no Books or Study left,
But have been long of both bereft;
When you were gone the Lord knows whither,
Some Wizard, or the Devil rather,
One Ev'ning to our mighty Wonder,
Came in a Storm of Wind and Thunder,
And carr'd 'em off upon his Back,
Juſt as a Pedlar does his Pack.
No Uncle, crys the pretty Niece,
'Twas not the Devil, but I gueſs
Some ſpiteful Conj'ring Politician,
Call'd an Enchanter, or Magician,
Half Witch, and to'other half Phyſician;
For he came mounted on the Back
Of a huge Dragon, Red and Black,
Cloath'd with a Sable Morning Gown,
Embroider'd with the Sun and Moon,

A Mounteer Cap beſet with Stars,
Hung flapping o'er his Leather Ears;
A Bag of Female Fern-ſeed, ty'd
With Crabs Guts, to his Dexter Side.
Thus in a Stormy Cloud he came,
Compos'd of ſooty Smoak and Flame,
Making his Entrance with a fierce
Tremendous Whirl-wind at his A—ſe,
And when he'ad forc'd your Study Door,
And look'd your Learned Volumes o'er,
He tore it down in half a Minute,
With all your Books and Writings in it;
Which, tho' enough to fill a Waggon,
He clap'd behind him on his Dragon,
And carr'd them off upon my Life,
Juſt as a Bumkin does his Wife,
Leaving ſo ſtrong a choaking Scent
Of melted Brimſtone when he went
As if the Wizard Stern and Dreaa
Had like a Helborn Fury fed

Upon Sulphureous Smoak and Flame,
And backward fizzl'd out the ſame,
That he more ſpitefully might ſhew
His foul Revenge to us and you:
For as he flew away in haſte,
Upon his frightful winged Beaſt,
He cry'd aloud, I am the Sage
Muniaton, *who in my Rage*
Have nobly Gratify'd my ſpight,
In tricking the pretended Knight.
I tell thee Cozen, quoth the Don,
His Name was not Muniaton,
It muſt be Freſton, *that Old Granſir,*
A famous cunning Necromancer.
I am not certain, I proteſt,
Whether 'twas Freſton, quoth the Niece,
Or Friſton, *'cauſe the Wizard broke*
His Silence in a Cloud of Smoke;
But whatſoe'er he call'd his Name,
Ton *was the ending of the ſame.*

I'm ſure, reply'd the Don, *'twas he*,
That did me this baſe Injury;
I know he bears Ill-Will unto me,
And was he able would undo me,
Becauſe he by his Art foreſees
That I ſhall conquer whom I pleaſe,
And notwithſtanding all his Charms,
Perform ſuch Wonders by my Arms,
That I ſhall ſtill Victorious prove
O'er Knights, for whom he has a Love;
Cruſh, Vanquiſh, bear 'em down, and beat 'em,
Where e'er it is my Chance to meet 'em:
'Tis therefore the Revengeful Wizard
Has ſuch a grumbling in his Gizzard,
And for that Cauſe that he has done me
This Wrong, and put this Trick upon me;
But I aſſure that angry Sage,
That all his Malice and his Rage,
His Dark Infernal Operations,
Magical Spells and Conjurations,

Can

Can neither hinder, thwart, abate,
Or alter the Degrees of Fate.
You're in the right, replies the Niece,
All Perſons muſt agree with this;
But why, Dear Uncle, will you run
Such dang'rous Riſques as you have done,
Range Deſarts, Woods, and Plains, beyond
Your Knowledge, like a Vagabond;
To Quarrels pick with Bulls and Bears,
And ſtake your Precious Life 'gainſt theirs;
Encounter Gyants in your way,
Kill Knights, and Scaly Dragons ſlay,
And undergo ſuch painful Strife,
For nothing but a ſtarviug Life,
As if you thought no Bread to Eat
Better than what we make of Wheat,
And that a Slumber was as good,
Beneath a Hedge, or in a Wood,
As on an eaſy Bed of Down,
Whoſe Comforts you ſo long have known.

Beſides,

Beſides, I pray what Honour is't,
To Fight a Gyant or a Beaſt,
And to come off ill bruis'd with Blows,
Subdu'd and batter'd by your Foes,
And then brought home upon an Aſs,
Like Vagabond convey'd by Paſs,
And all perhaps to raiſe the Fame
Of ſome ſtrange diſtant Beauteous Dame
You know no more of than her Name.
So Cats who run a Catter waulling,
In hopes by ſcratching and by ſqualling
To beat their Rivals, oft come Home
Well feretted from Pole to Bum.
Therefore, Dear Uncle, I aſſure you,
I think 'twould be much better for you,
To lay aſide your Thoughts of Rambling,
Of Fighting, Squabling and of Scrambling,
And like a Prudent Man prefer
Pleaſure to Pain, and Peace to War;
For who that has his Senſes right
Would ſuch engaging B'eſſings ſlight,

To lead a Life much worſe than they
Who Conquer for a Groat a Day.

Lord help thee, crys the Don, *poor Creature,*
How ill thou underſtand'ſt this Matter,
Know that, before I'd ſuffer wrong
From Ruffains Arm or Sland'rous Tongue,
I'd take a Thouſand Knights and Gyants
Byth' Beard, and bid 'em all Defiance.

But, Sir, conſider (crys the Niece)
That many go to ſeek a Fleece,
Who oft, alas! at their return,
Appear themſelves moſt baſely ſhorn.

Nouns, quoth the Signior in a fume,
Should any Knight or Knights preſume,
To touch the tip but of one Hair
Of theſe Muſtachoes that I wear,
I'd rend their Beards from off their Faces,
And beat 'em into Slaves and Aſſes.

The Niece and Houſe-keeper not daring
To Anſwer when they heard him ſwearing,

Drew

Drew wiſely off; and left the *Don*
To cool his Heat when they were gone.
Thus good Advice againſt the Grain,
Provokes misjudging wilful Men.
And ſeldom works thoſe good effects
The Giver wiſhes or expects.

CANTO XIV.

How fam'd Don Quixote de la Mancha,
Choſe for his 'Squire poor Sancho Panca:
How they ſtole out by Night together,
And Rode away they knew not whither.

FUll Fifteen Days our Doubty Knight
Remain'd at Home in Peace and Quiet,
Shewing for's loſs of Books no Sadneſs,
Nor any freakiſh Signs of Madneſs;

But

But in his Actions ſeem'd to be
A Man of decent Gravity,
As if he'ad re-aſſumed his Wits,
And laid aſide his rambling Fits;
All which was but a meer Diſguiſe,
To ſeem leſs Frolick and more Wiſe,
A ſubtle force he put on Nature,
To carr' on his Deſigns the better.
Thus as all ſober Men have Paſſions,
So Lunaticks have their Ceſſations,
And both their Shams and Politicks
T' accompliſh their intended Freaks;
For the ſly *Seignior* during this
His Reſidence at Home in Peace,
Was fully bent to ſtill purſue
Thoſe Honours which he thought his due;
But recollecting that a Knight
Was not Equipp'd or fitted Right,
Till furniſh'd with a Truſty 'Squire,
According to his Heart's Deſire,

And having fix'd his Eyes upon
A luſty Neighb'ring Country Clown,
Nam'd *Sancho Panca*, bred to Plow,
Sow, Harrow, Reap, and thraſh the Mow,
A downright Honeſt lab'ring Fellow,
His Purſe but low, and Brains but Shallow,
Plagu'd with a Wife and Bearns good ſtore,
Whoſe craving Mouths ſtill kept him poor;
And this was he the Knight pick'd out
From all the Bumkins thereabout,
To win by private Applications,
Fair Words and kind Solicitations,
And all his ſoothing fine Preambles
T' attend him in his fighting Rambles,
Telling the poor unthinking Lout,
That in a little time no doubt,
But they ſhould Conquer wealthy Iſles,
And Caſtles full of Golden Spoils,
O'er which he ſurely ſhould be made
Chief Governor, or Great Alcay'd,

And that he then might hope to ſee
A Time of ſuch Proſperity,
That might not only be Enjoy'd
By him, but Wife and Bearns beſide.
This frantick wild alluring Stuff,
With artful Gravity ſet off,
Was to poor *Sancho* ſo bewitching,
Above his Hedging and his Ditching,
That he conſented ſoon to be
The Knight's Eſquire in Errantry,
And to renounce the Scythe and Flayl,
Thoſe Arms he underſtood ſo well,
For the broad Sword, that he might learn
To Mow down Men, inſtead of Corn,
And Thraſh thoſe Foes he could o'erpow'r,
As he had done his Grain before.
Thus Men are oft decoy'd to quit,
Their ſcanty Meals for ne'er a bit,
Juſt as the Maſtiff was betray'd,
To drop the Subſtance for the Shade.

The Knight moſt highly pleas'd to find,
He'ad got a Sword-Mate to his Mind,
A luſty Looby, who was able
To ſcuffle ſtoutly in a Squabble,
And bear in any deſp'rate Caſe
A baiſting with a Manly Grace,
Began to think of Ways and Means
To raiſe that uſeful Friend the Pence,
Remembring that upon his Knighting,
His Hoſt who had been us'd to fighting,
Enjoin'd him never more to ride
Without his Pockets well ſupply'd;
Therefore to keep the Vow he'ad made
When dub'd by dint of Truſty Blade,
He now convey'd away by Stealth,
Subſtantial Lands for Pocket Wealth,
Mortgag'd one part, another ſold,
Thus turn'd his Acres into Gold,
That *Sancho Panca* and himſelf
Might fight and fool away the Pelf:

But

But why at *Quixote* ſhould we wonder,
Since other Madmen daily ſquander
Eſtates away, that they may be
Much more Ridiculous than he.
When thus the Knight was fluſh of Money,
He walks unto his Truſty Crony,
Conſults him, and appoints the Day
On which they were to ſteal away,
Biding him make all due Proviſion,
For their intended Expedition,
And that he ſhould be ſure to take
A good large Wallet at his Back,
Sufficient to contain their Luggage,
And carry off their Bag and Baggage.
Poor *Sancho* who was glad at Heart,
To hear the Knight ſuch News impart,
Reply'd, *his Will ſhould be obey'd*
In each Commandment he had ſaid:
But hark ye me, Sir Knight, I pray,
There's one thing I have more to ſay,

I've

I've Corns upon my Feet and Toes,
And cannot Trot on Foot, God knows;
But I have got a ſturdy Aſs,
Who, tho' not fit to r Race,
Yet is he Good to an [illegible]*eam,*
And truly ſound both Wind and Limb;
Well built before, and ſtrong behind,
A perfect Beauty in his kind;
And as for Weight, his Strength and Force,
Will make an Aſs of any Horſe;
Beſides, I'm ſure he'll never tire,
Therefore ſince I am made your Squire,
I'll freely venture Life and Limb
Upon no other Beaſt but him.

At this the Knight began to pauſe,
And mumbl'd many Hums and Haws,
Wracking his buſy Brains to find
A Precedent of ſuch a kind,
But could not recollect that e'er
A Knight permitted his Eſquire

To mount his Fundamental Twiſt
On ſuch a dull diſgraceful Beaſt,
Whoſe pricked Ears he fear'd might be
A Scandal to Knight Errantry:
However, he at length comply'd
That *Sancho* ſhould his Aſs beſtride,
Till he could purchaſe for his 'Squire
A mettl'd Courſer that was higher,
Or put him into better plight
By 'nhorſing ſome Diſcourteous Knight.
Thus having fix'd the Time and Place,
And got their Arms in readineſs,
New vamp'd and mended whatſoe'er
Had ſuffer'd by the Muliteer,
And carefully ſupply'd their Bags
With Salves, clean Shirts, fine Lint and Rags,
And all things fit and neceſſary
For Doubty Knight and 'Squire to carry:
According to the Midnight Hour
They had prefix'd not long before,

Both

Both ſtole from Home when dark and late
And at the Place appointed met,
Don Quixote Hors'd in Armour Clad,
And *Sancho* on his prick-ear'd Pad,
With Wallet at his Crupper ty'd,
And Leathern Bottle by his Side,
To ballance which a mighty Weapon
Hung down, whoſe Scabbord had no Chape (on;
So that the threat'ing point where Death
Was ſeated, hung below the Sheath,
And ſerv'd him now and then, in caſe
Of ſpeed, to ſpur his ſluggiſh Aſs:
So have I ſeen a Highland Clown,
On puny Tit Trot thro' a Town,
With a huge Bag of Oatmeal ty'd
To's Girdle, on his Dexter Side,
And on the Left a Sword, whoſe Blade
Thro' unſtitcht gaping Scaboard made,
Ill favour'd grins to e'ery Eye
That view'd him as he travel'd by.

When

When thus they had began together,
Their Midnight Ramble, God knows whe-
(ther,
And from their Homes, with equal Art,
Had made an unſuſpected Start,
Both jointly fearing a purſuit,
Each ſpur'd on his unwilling Brute,
That they might make ſuch ſpeedy way,
And gain ſuch Ground by break of Day,
As to be paſt all doubt of Danger
From thoſe they'd left at Rack and Manger,
The Knight, tho' ſtout, b'ing much afraid,
Of the Prieſt, Barber, Niece and Maid;
And his 'Squire tim'rous of the Clamour
Of crying Brats and ſcolding Gammar,
Both knowing ſhould they be o'ertaken,
By means of thoſe they had forſaken,
That it muſt fruſtate or poſtpone
The great Deſigns they were upon,

And ſtop their Journey made by Stealth,
Tow'rds endleſs Honour, Fame and Wealth;
Poor *Sancho* thinking now of nothing
But dainty Bits and coſtly Clothing,
And larger Pockets in his Breeches,
As big as Sacks, to hold his Riches,
Expecting ſoon to be a King,
Or ſome ſuch mighty pompous thing.
Thus thoſe who enter upon Arms,
Ne'er think of Hardſhips or of Harms,
But Dream of riſing to be Great,
Till Want or Wounds compleat their Fate.
The Knight and 'Squire alike poſſeſt
With vain Conceits of being bleſt,
By ſome ſtrange accidental Fortune
As yet conceal'd behind the Curtain,
Jog'd on repleat with mutual Joy,
Altho' beneath a ſullen Sky,
Which neither ſhone with Moon or Star's
To guide the wand'ring Travellers;

But Reſolution knows no fear,
And in the dark its Courſe can ſteer,
Makes Night as pleaſant as the Day,
When hope of Int'reſt paves the way.
Yet, tho' the Heavens were as Cloudy
As ill-look'd *Æthiopian* Dowdy,
Poor *Roſinant*, whoſe doubtful Sight
Was not exceeding Young or Bright,
Made ſhift to keep the very Road
Which he before had often trod,
In which his worthy Knight and Maſter
Had met with ſuch a ſore Diſaſter;
So that by th' time the Morning Goddeſs
Began to fumble for her Bodice,
And with her charming *Eaſtern* Bluſhes,
To gild the Meadows and the Buſhes,
They found themſelves upon the Plains
Of *Montiel*, where the early Swains
Were moving from their Rural Huts,
To Milk their Kine and tend their Goats,

And to Enjoy, exempt from Pride,
Thoſe Bleſſings unto Kings deny'd.
As thus they beat the Heathy Ground,
Which Eccho'd back their Steps in ſound,
Quoth *Sancho*, ‘ What your Knightſhip ſaid
‘ I vow runs ſtrangely in my Head,
‘ I hope your Worſhip won't forget
‘ The Iſland, tho' unconquer'd yet;
‘ I queſtion not but I've Diſcretion
‘ To govern any Land or Nation,
‘ Altho' as big as all *La Mancha*;
‘ Beſides, methinks, Duke *Sancho Panca*
‘ Would ſound as nobly in the Ear
‘ As any Title one ſhould hear.
Friend Sancho, quoth the doubty Knight,
Ne'er fear but I will do thee right;
'T 'as always been and ſtill muſt be
The Cuſtom in Knight Errantry,
For Knights who fight for Honours ſake,
By way of recompence, to make

Their

Their Truſty Squires the Governors
Of Kingdoms, they have won in Wars;
For he who with a Valiant Heart,
In Conqueſt bears a noble part,
In Juſtice ought to do no leſs,
Than ſhare the Fruits of the Succeſs:
'Tis true, I muſt confeſs, we're told
In Hiſt'ry, that the Knights of old,
Their Bounties and Rewards delay'd
Till their poor Squires were quite decay'd,
By the hard Service they had done,
And Wounds receiv'd in riſques they'd run:
But I, Friend Sancho, *thou ſhalt find,*
Will prove more generous and kind;
For the firſt Empire I ſubdue,
A Kingdom will I give to you,
Add Royal Honours to your Name,
And Crown thee Monarch of the ſame;
All which I'll do thou need'ſt not doubt,
Before ſix Days are gone about,

For

For mighty Things, if well projected,
May be in little time effected.

Sancho tranſported with Delight,
Reply'd unto his Maſter Knight,
' And ſhall I be a King d'ye ſay,
' I wiſh to ſee that happy Day;
' It makes me laugh to think how *Joan*
' My Wife, would look upon a Throne;
' For if I riſe to Kingly Pow'r,
' Then *Joan* muſt be a Queen beſure,
' And all our Bearns, who now are Clad
' In Rags and Tatters, and are glad
' To run upon their naked Tentoes,
' Be made rich Princes and Infanta's.

You need not fear, reply'd the Knight,
But all theſe Things will happen right;
How oft have Rural Nymphs and Clowns,
Been rais'd from Shepherds Crooks to Crowns,
And climb'd by Fortunes Smiles from nothing
To dainty Bits and coſtly Clothing;

Therefore ne'er doubt but by my Sword,
Or Lance, I'll ſoon make good my Word,
And honeſt Joan *and you ſhall ſhare*
A Kingdom, tho' I know not where,
And your fair Progeny ſhall be
Succeſſors in the Monarchy.

'Maſter, quoth *Sancho*, all I fear
'Is, that if *Joan* ſhould come to wear
'A Crown, 'twould ſit I know not how,
'Juſt like a Saddle on a Sow;
'For tho' ſhe carries, I confeſs,
'The Milk-pail with a wondrous Grace,
'Yet ſuch a Golden Badge of Honour
'Would hang ſo awkwardly upon her,
'That I dare ſwear ſhe'd look therein
'Like a coarſe Tapſtry hanging Queen,
'Who by her ſtiffneſs ſeems to be
'Unworthy of her Dignity;
'Therefore on ſecond thoughts poor *Joan*
'Will never well become a Throne,

'Her

' Her Bulk, her Breeding, and her Stature,
' Her Ruddy Face and homely Feature,
' May, if ſhe ſtrains a Point, agree
' With Counteſs, but not Majeſty:
' So that indeed I don't deſire
' She ever ſhould be rais'd much higher,
' 'Cauſe ſhe's too headſtrong, loud and little,
' In ſhort for any Royal Title.

Quoth *Quixote*, *never Entertain*
A Thought ſo ſcandalous and mean,
I can foreſee that You and She
Are Born to Soveraignity,
And muſt e'erlong, in ſpite of Fate,
Be both Majeſtically Great.
' Nay, replies *Sancho*, if our Stars
' Will force ſuch Favours unawares
' Upon us, we muſt be Content,
' And manage well our Government;

' But

'But I'd be glad methinks to know
'In what ſtrange World thoſe Kingdoms grow,
'O'er which your Worſhip, as you ſay,
'Intends to bear Imperial Sway,
'And under whom, my Dame and I
'Are jointly doom'd to Majeſty.

Thus as they jog'd along the Plains,
The one infected t'other's Brains,
Till the poor truſty Squire was quite
Deluded by the frantick Knight.

Since groundleſs hopes of Gain we find
Sometimes will Humane Reaſon blind,
How far muſt real Int'reſt ſway
The Mind, and lead the World aſtray.

CANTO XV.

Dòn Quixote *thro' miſtake, attacks*
A Windmill, and his Lance he breaks;
Poor Sancho, *at a diſtance, prays*
That Heaven may give the Knight Succeſs.

AS o'er the Plains by break of Day
The Knight and *Sancho* made their way,
Don Quixote happen'd to e'ſpy
A Row of working Windmills nigh,
On which he fix'd his Eyes with dread,
And thus unto his Squire he ſaid:
This Day, Friend Sancho, *ſhall we be*
Crown'd with a glorious Victory,
And by our Arms and Valour raiſe
Our ſelves, above the reach of Praiſe;

Behold

Behold thoſe mighty Gyants yonder,
Did'ſt ever ſee ſo great a wonder?
Mind how they brandiſh in the Air
Their nimble Arms that ſtretch ſo far
As if they cuff'd the peaceful Winds
To eaſe the Malice of their Minds:
In Times of Yore *ſuch monſtrous Brutes,*
Who fought with Trees pull'd up byth' Roots,
And made Barn Doors and Waggon Wheels
Their pondrous Bucklers and their Shields,
Thought it a Scandal and Diſgrace
To ſhew above one murd'ring Face
At ouce, but here there comes a Troop
To meet us, and to Eat us up.

'I doubt, quoth *Sancho* to the Knight,
'The Haiſy Morn confounds your Sight;
'Thoſe Monſters you miſtake to be
'So full of Rage and Cruelty,
'Are only Wind-mills, I'll be ſworn
'That eat up nothing elſe but Corn,

' And thoſe long Arms in your Conceit,
Are Sails by which they grind their Wheat.
Poh, poh, thou ſilly Wretch, replies
The Knight, *do's think I have no Eyes,*
I find thou art a perfect Stranger
To brave Adventures and to Danger;
I tell thee, they are monſtrous Gyants,
Huge Cow'rdly Lubbers, whoſe Relyance
Is on their Number, and their Strength
Of Arms, of ſuch a wondrous length
And bigneſs, that one angry Graſp
Would give a Foe his dying Gaſp,
Except a Vall'rous Knight like me,
Expert in Feats of Chivalry.
Poor *Sancho* in a Fume replies,
' Why ſure your Worſhip is more Wiſe
' Than fancy, as you ſeem to do,
' You've any Monſters here in view;
' The Dev'l a Gyant's there before you,
' They're Wind-Mills all I can aſſure you;

' Or

‘ Or you're a Dragon, and no Knight,
‘ My ſelf an Owl, my Cap a Kite.
Poh, quoth the Don, *thou haſt not Skill*
To know a Gyant from a Mill;
Thy fear I find has Rob'd thee quite
Of Reaſon, or at leaſt of Sight,
Since I conceive thou art affear'd
To take a Gyant by the Beard:
E'en go aſide, Kneel down and Pray,
Whilſt I prepare to Fight and Slay,
Or to diſperſe that monſtrous Race,
So daring cruel and ſo baſe.
‘ Strange ways crys *Sancho* to himſelf,
‘ Of winning Kingdoms full of Pelf;
‘ Nouns does his Worſhip mean, I wonder,
‘ To Ride o'er all thoſe Wind-Mills yonder,
‘ Let him Conceit whate'er he will,
‘ And make a Monſter of a Mill,
‘ If they are Gyants, by the Maſs
‘ I dare be bound to eat my Aſs;

‘ How-

' However, let him take his Freak,
' I'll pray the while and ſave my Neck.
No ſooner had the Valiant Knight
Made all things for the Combat fit,
Couch'd his bright Lance, and fix'd his Bum
In his War Saddle, cloſe and plumb,
But he cry'd, *Stand ye Cowards all,*
So Big, ſo Mighty, and ſo Tall,
That I a ſingle Knight may try
Your Strength and Valour e'er you fly;
What, tho' your Whiskers are ſo long,
Your Looks ſo fierce, your Arms ſo ſtrong,
Your Number Thirty Three or Four,
Know that I'd fight ye were you more.
Then making a Conciſe Oration
To his Dear *Dulci* in a Paſſion,
Imploring her prevailing Charms
To give a Bleſſing to his Arms,
He rais'd his ſpacious Target over
His Head, and did his Body cover;

Then

Then ſpurring his Dim-ſighted Horſe,
He boldly Rid with all his force,
T' attack that Mill which neareſt ſtood,
That ſturdy Gyant made of Wood,
And hitting with his Lance the Sail,
Blown round with a refreſhing Gale,
The Wings, which were in ſo much haſte,
And whirl'd about ſo wondrous faſt,
Shiver'd the Handle from the Spear,
And toſt the pieces here and there;
Giving the Knight ſo ſad a Cant
From off the Back of *Rozinant*,
That he was forc'd ſometime to dwell
'Twixt Heaven and Earth before he fell;
Where twice or thrice, if not more oft,
He turn'd the *Somerſet* aloft,
Then nicely pitching headlong down,
Stood bolt upright upon his Crown,
Whilſt *Rozinant*, his Aged Horſe,
Far'd e'ery Jot as bad, or worſe,

And by a ſpiteful Sail that croſt
His ſtubborn Sides, was fairly toſt
Three times his length, from off the Hill
Where ſtood this Gyant of a Mill.
Thus thoſe who blindly will engage
With Foes they know not, in their Rage,
Come off ſometimes, tho' ne'er ſo Stout,
With broken Bones and batter'd Snout.

Poor *Sancho* ſeeing Horſe and Maſter
In this unhappy ſore Diſaſter,
Left Pray'rs, and, with his utmoſt ſpeed,
Spur'd on his long-ear'd braying Steed,
That he might help the groaning Knight,
Who lay in very doleful plight,
As if he fear'd, in caſe he ſtir'd,
A riſing Blow with Fiſt or Sword.

How fares it Maſter, quoth the Squire,
I hope you've found me now no Lyer,

Did

Did not I, o'er and over, tell you,
Before this ſad Miſchance befel you,
That all thoſe huge gygantick Blades,
With monſtrous Arms and mighty Heads,
Were nothing elſe but Mills that grind
Our Wheat and Barly Corn by Wind:
Why therefore would you madly go
To Combat ſuch a wooden Foe,
Whoſe grumbling Guts are Stones and Cogs,
And Ribs made up of Planks and Logs,
When you beforehand knew full well,
There was no Fence againſt a Flail?

'Peace, prithee *Sancho* (cry'd the Knight)
'Theſe things you underſtand not right,
'War, ev'ry Wiſeman muſt agree,
'Is full of great Uncertainty,
'None know which Side will be befriended
'With Vict'ry till the Battle's ended,
'Tho' I, too late, can make appear
'The Cauſe of my Misfortune here,

'And know full well to whom I owe
'This unexpected Overthrow;
'*Freſton*, that cunning old Magician,
'Has brought me into this Condition,
'That ſubtle Knave, who ſtole away
'My Books and Study, t'other Day,
'Has now transform'd, by Magic Charms,
'Thoſe Gyants that appear'd in Arms,
'Into baſe Windmils, to confound
'My Strength, and caſt me to the Ground.
'Curſe of his Malice and his Spite,
'That ruin'd ſuch a brave Exploit,
'And hinder'd me from hacking down
'Thoſe monſtrous Brutes who now are flown.
'But ſtill I'll make him know, that all
'His Wiles ſhall never work my Fall;
'For by my Sword and Lance, tho' broke,
'I'll make the ſpiteful Wizard ſmoke.

Amen, (quoth *Sancho*) *I could wiſh*
The Devil had him in his Diſh.

I fear

I fear the Rogue has diſappointed
My being made the Lord's Anointed.
But pray recover your ſurprize,
And try if you have ſtrength to riſe:
I wiſh you find, when off the Ground,
That all your Bones are ſafe and ſound;
For you have had, I muſt declare,
An ugly Tumble thro' the Air.

With that Squire *Sancho* lent the Knight
His Hand, and ſet him bolt upright,
Who faintly without Motion ſtood,
Like Image made of Stone or Wood,
Till, by degrees, his Limbs began
To loſe their Numbneſs and their Pain.
Then *Sancho* led him to his Steed,
Who, in the Fray, had ſpoil'd his ſpeed,
And was become, by his Diſaſter,
A far worſe Cripple than his Maſter:
However, *Sancho*, by main force,
Mounted the Knight upon his Horſe,

Who, when he once was got a Straddle,
Could make a ſhift to keep his Saddle;
Then ſtriding his obſequious Aſſe,
Away they jogg'd a gentle Pace,
Making the fatal Windmil Battle
The Subject of their Tittle-tattle.
So Rakes, when they've a Brothel ſtorm'd,
And come off beaten and diſarm'd,
Their greater Pleaſure is, at laſt,
To prattle of the Danger paſt.
Thus on they travel'd tow'rds the Paſs
Of *Lapice*, a noted Place.
The Valiant *Don* b'ing ſtill inclin'd
To Fight, tho' beat by Wood and Wind,
And therefore choſe that publick Way
To meet with ſome advent'rous Fray,
Wherein he might, by dint of Steel,
Repair his Honour which the Mill
Had ſorely wounded with the Blow
That prov'd his fatal Overthrow;

So valiant Generals, when they're beat,
And forc'd to Fly or to Retreat,
Strive by new Hazards to reſtore
The Honour they had loſt before.
The only Sorrow now that hung
Upon the Knight's complaining Tongue,
Was the Ill-fortune and Miſchance
He had to loſe his truſty Lance,
Which at his firſt bold manly Stroke,
Th' enchanted Mill to ſhivers broke.
This ſad Affliction almoſt gravel'd
His working Fancy as he travel'd.
At length he was reſolv'd to try
The following Method of ſupply:
And having thought a while upon it,
He cry'd to *Sancho*, *Now I've done it*,
I've read, ſays he, *a* Spaniſh *Knight*
Who broke his Sword, by chance, in Fight,
In this Diſtreſs with Fury ran
To an Oak growing on the Plain,

And

And rending from the ſturdy Trunk
A mighty Limb, full ſiz'd for Plank,
Return'd again unto his Foes,
And ground whole Legions with his Blows,
Slaughter'd ſuch Numbers that he trod
Full Ancle deep in Mooriſh *Blood*;
From whence, 'tis ſaid, he was ſurnam'd
The Grinder, *and for ever fam'd*;
Therefore do I intend, like him,
From the next Oak to tear a Limb,
That I, Don Quixote, *may ſurpaſs*
Don Diego Perez de Vargas,
For that's the Name of that bold Knight
Who kill'd ſo many Moors *in Fight*;
But yet, Friend Sancho, *thou ſhalt ſee*
I'll do much braver Deeds than he,
That thou may'ſt bleſs thyſelf, and warm
Thy Soul with Wonders I perform.
'I wiſh I may, (replies the Squire)
'For your Succeſs is my Deſire,

'I muſt

'I muſt allow, an Oaken-Club
'Will give a Foe a dev'liſh Drub;
'*'Tis* true, a Lance might ſpill more Blood,
'Or elſe a Cudgel is as good.
'But pray don't fidle ſo and waddle,
'But ſit more upright in your Saddle,
'That plaguy Mill has been no Friend
'To your poor Worſhip's fizling End;
'I have ſome cauſe to fear, an't pleaſe ye,
'Your Bruiſes make you ſit uneaſy.
'Tis true, Friend Sancho, (quoth the Don)
My Rump is diſoblig'd I own,
But Knights, altho' they're almoſt ſlain,
Muſt never of their Wounds complain,
Or pine, like other daſtard Wretches,
Tho' their Guts drop into their Breeches.
'Nay then (quoth *Sancho*) 'tis no wonder
'Your Worſhip is ſo patient under
'The Danger you ſo lately paſt,
'With a damn'd break-neck Fall at laſt,

'A

A trifling Blow that made you fly
' Twelve Yards, at leaſt, 'twixt Air and Sky;
' And yet, if I the truth could know,
' 'Tas only broke a *Rib*, or ſo;
' But ſuch ſmall puny Hurts, I'll warrant,
' Can never move a brave Knight-Errant:
' However, if your Worſhip's Back,
' Or Sides, are maim'd in your Attack,
' Or that you find you've broke a Bone,
' I ſhould be glad to hear you Hone,
' Or I ſhall never have the Skill
' To know when you are Well or Ill.
The Laws of Knighthood (quoth the Don)
To thee, I find, are quite unknown,
I tell thee, Knights muſt not complain,
Or make Wry-faces when in Pain,
But, by their Patience, Chance defeat,
And, tho' o'erpowered, ne'er ſubmit;
For he who, when he's overthrown,
To Foes will no Subjection own,

Tho'

Tho' worſted, can't be truly ſaid
To be ſubdu'd, unleſs he's dead.
'Enough of this, (replies the Squire)
'I'm glad I am advanc'd no high'r;
'For tho' I fancy I could fight,
'With any of my Bulk or Hight,
'Yet ſhould I make a ſorry Knight;
'For were I to be beaten ſoundly,
'I'm ſure that I ſhould Hone moſt woundly;
'Nay, without Wounding, truly Maſter,
'My Guts are grumbling for a Plaſter,
'They wamble much, as I'm a Sinner,
'I hope it's time to go to Dinner.
Whene'er you pleaſe (replies the Knight)
Stuff you your craving Appetite;
But I am not diſpos'd, as yet,
Like common Slaves, to drink or eat;
My Mind's Intent on ſomething greater
Than the dull drudgeries of Nature;

But you that are my truſty Squire,
May feed as oft as you deſire.

No ſooner had poor *Sancho* won
This pleaſing Licenſe from the Don,
But the Squire lugs from out his Wallet,
A luncheon ſuited to his Palate,
And fixing rightly on his Aſſe,
Fell-to without one thought of Grace,
Grinding ſome Morſels of his Food,
And ſwall'wing others quite unchew'd,
With horny Claws ſupplying ſtill
His Mouth, as Miller does his Mill;
Sometimes committing to his uſe
The Bottle fill'd with noble Juice,
Taking ſuch hearty Swigs thereof
Till almoſt choak'd 'twixt Wine and Cough,
Conceiting, like his Maſter Don,
The Life he now had enter'd on
Was the moſt happy, and the beſt
That ever mortal Man poſſeſt.

So

So the freſh Soldier that receives
The Premium that his Captain gives,
With his new Choice is well content,
Till all his Bounty-Money's ſpent.
Sancho of Drowth and Hunger eas'd,
Now jogg'd along extreamly pleas'd,
Fearing as little as his Maſter,
Knight, Gyant, Combat, or Diſaſter,
Pratling and Jeſting with the Don,
Till Darkneſs unawares came on,
So that Chance throwing in their way
A Hedge-row at the cloſe of Day,
Wherein were planted Oak and Aſh,
Sloes, Wildings, Crabs, and other Traſh;
'Twas here they ſtop'd from further trudging,
And choſe this Umbrage for their Lodging,
Where *Rozinant* found Weeds and Graſs,
And Thiſtles grew for *Sancho*'s Aſſe.
Thus, tho' unhappy Man forſakes,
His Welfare to purſue his Freaks,

Yet Providence, altho' we ſtray,
Flings needful Bleſſings in our Way.
The Knight, who had no Pow'r to bridle
His active Thoughts, which ne'er were Idle,
Inſtead of praying to the God
Of Sleep that he might take a Nod,
Began to make his lovely fair
Dulcinea now his only Care,
So fam'd for Butter and for Cheeſe,
Hogs-puddings, Tripe, and Sauſages,
That now 'twas Gluttony or Sloth
To think of Hunger, Sleep, or Drowth,
Since pond'ring on the Charms poſſeſt
By *Dulci* was both Food and Reſt.
But *Sancho* having much more Wit,
To the Hedge-bottom ty'd his Tit,
And making of his Arms his Pillow,
Slept all the Night beneath a Willow;
For having ſtufft, but juſt before,
His Guts with Food and Wine Galloure,

He did his weary Limbs requite
With one ſound Nap of all the Night,
Whilſt thoughtful *Quixote* waking ſat,
Brim-full of Love, and God knows what.

So the poor Slave that's doom'd to wait
At the proud Elbows of the Great,
With Pleaſure takes his peaceful Reſt,
Whilſt Cares diſturb his Maſter's Breaſt.

CANTO XVI.

How the two Champions ſpent the Night,
Beneath a Hedge-row, 'till 'twas Light.
The Conteſt with the Monks in Vizards,
Whom the Don fanſy'd to be Wizards.

THE Day appear'd and Sun aroſe,
E're *Sancho* did his Eyes diſcloſe;
Nor could the Birds, whoſe chearful Strains
Welcom'd the Morn and rais'd the Swains,
Awake or Charm him from the Ground,
He ſlept ſo eaſy and ſo ſound:
But ſoon as e'er the watchful Knight
With pleaſing Eyes beheld the Light,
B'ing thoughtful of the great Miſchance
He'd had ſo lately with his Lance,
He rang'd the Hedge from End to End,
In hopes ſome Tree might ſtand his Friend,

And

And yield him, in Diſtreſs, but one
Strait Branch to mount his Spear upon,
Which uſeful part he had the luck
To ſave, altho' the reſt was broke:
At length a proper Bough he found,
But ſo far diſtant from the Ground,
That on his Horſe's Back, the Knight,
With much ado, ſtood bolt upright,
Then catching hold o'th' taper end,
Did with his utmoſt weight deſcend,
Which caus'd the ſlender Bough to yield,
That Thump came Don into the Field;
His Armour rattling, when he fell,
Like a Braſs-Pot with Iron-Bale,
Which haſty drop was near as bad,
As that he at the Windmil had:
However, tho' he hurt his Haunch
And Huckle, down he brought the Branch,
Which pleas'd him more than Bruiſe cou'd vex (him,
Or any broken Bone perplex him.

So

So have I ſeen a Noddy climb
Aloft and hazard Life and Limb,
Encourag'd by no other Gains
Than a poor Crows-Neſt for his Pains.
The Don thus fitted to his Mind,
Repair'd his Lance as he deſign'd,
Then gave his drowſy Squire a Jog,
Who ſnoaring lay like any Hog.
No ſooner had poor *Sancho* rais'd
His Head, and ſtar'd as if amaz'd,
Shrug'd, ſcratch'd his Ears, gap'd twice or thrice
And rub'd the Gum from out his Eyes.
But turning from the Knight he ſlips
The Leathern-Bottle to his Lips,
And does by hearty Swigs prepare
His Stomach 'gainſt the Morning Air,
But griev'd, when he had clear'd his Sight,
To find the Veſſel grown ſo light,
Shrewdly miſtruſting, when the Juice
Was gone, of which he'd been profuſe,

That

That he muſt live ſome time without,
By ſmelling to the Bottle ſnout,
Took therefore t'other Swig, to drown
The preſent Fears that teas'd his Crown.
So Spend-thrifts live at large and borrow
To Day's Expences of to Morrow.

But the grave Don, who all the Night
Had feaſted, with unknown Delight,
Upon *Dulcinea*'s Charms and Graces,
And all the ſweets of her Embraces,
So far as Fancy could ſupply
The want of more ſubſtantial Joy,
Would not be tempted to forſake
His luſheous Thoughts, his Faſt to break,
Preferring Beauty ſo divine,
To groſſer Food, and Love, to Wine.
So wiſe Philoſophers, we find,
Are ſo far of *Don Quixote*'s Mind,
That on Ideas they can Feaſt,
And ſtile the happier Man a Beaſt,

Who on the real Subſtance feeds,
And ne'er denies what Nature needs.
The Sun by this time having flown
Some Leagues above the Horizon,
And drank up all the Dews and Fogs
That roſe from Rivers, Fens and Bogs,
The Knight, with *Sancho* at his Breech,
Their Farewel took of Hedge and Ditch;
And, like two ſtroling Gypſies budg'd
From off the Ground where they had lodg'd,
Having no half-dry'd Sheets to pay for,
Nor Landlord's ſaucy Bill to ſtay for,
But unmoleſted bent their ſpeed
Tow'rds *Lapice*, as they'd agreed,
Hoping its *Paſs* would ſoon afford
Adventures worthy of the Sword,
Wherein *Don Quixote* and his Horſe
Might ſhew their Valour and their Force,
That *Sancho* might be made an ample
Bravado by the Knight's Example,

And alſo boldly try how far
His Courſer was an Aſſe of War.
Thus on they travel'd, Man and Maſter,
A Milk-maid's Pace, and not much faſter,
Till near the Publick Place they came,
Where both were to advance their Fame.
The Knight then turning to his Squire,
Bid him advance a little nigher.
Sancho (quoth he) *thou art, I ſee,*
Unread i'th' Laws of Chivalry;
I therefore charge you, whilſt I live,
To mind theſe Cautions I ſhall give.
Whene'er thou ſeeſt me draw my Sword
'Gainſt Knight or Knights ſay not a Word;
And tho' I'm ne'er ſo much oppreſt
With Numbers let your Whinyard reſt;
For 'tis againſt the ancient Law
Of Knighthood for a Squire to draw,
Or ſhew his Valour and his Rage,
When any Knight with Knights engage,

Or at ſuch times t'aſſiſt his Maſter,
Tho' fallen beneath the worſt diſaſter;
None, except Knighted, muſt defend
A worſted Knight, when Knights contend;
For he that ſuffers, in a Fight,
His Squire to draw upon a Knight,
Shall be unhors'd, the Gauntlet run,
And loſe all Honours he has won.
But ſhould I chance to have a ſquabble
With Ruffians, or a ſcoundrel Rabble,
There you may draw, if you are willing,
And kill till you are tir'd with killing,
Without reſtraint your Valour ſhow,
And chine a Slave at ev'ry Blow.
But once more let me ſet you right,
Be ſure ne'er draw 'twixt Knight and Knight.
'If this is all that you require,
(Quoth *Sancho*) 'never doubt your Squire,
'Such eaſy Laws a Man may keep,
'Not only waking, but aſleep;

'I ne'er

'I ne'er was fond to run my Noſe
'Into a Quarrel 'twixt two Foes;
'Or to affront or fight a Stranger:
'I always hang-on-Arſe in Danger.
Juſt as poor *Sancho* and the Don
Were talking thus, and jogging on,
Two well-fed *Benedictine* Monks,
With brawny Limbs and burly Trunks,
And Blubber-Cheeks blown roundly up,
Between the Kitchen and the Cup,
They chanc'd t'eſpy approaching near 'em,
Mounted on Strammels fit to bear 'em,
Strong pamper'd Mules, as full and fat
As thoſe who croſs their Shoulders ſat,
Whilſt their ſtretch'd Bellies aud cram'd Guts
Hung o'er the Withers of their Brutes.
Half Masks their Faces did diſguiſe,
To ſave the Duſt from out their Eyes,
By Glaſſes which were fix'd therein,
To keep their rowling Eye-balls clean.

Um-

Umbrellas in their Hands they bore,
Againſt the Sun's oppreſſive Pow'r,
For fear his painful ſcorching Heat
Should melt their Blubber into Sweat.
Behind 'em came a Coach full trot,
Where, with her Maid, there lolling ſat
A fair *Biſcayan* tempting Devil,
Flying with all her Charms to *Sevil*,
To give her Spouſe a parting Night
Of Sorrow, mingl'd with Delight,
Who ſtood conſign'd to th' *Spaniſh Indies*,
But had lain Wind-bound eight or nine Days.
Behind came four or five, ſome riding
On Mules, ſome Gennet-Pads beſtriding,
Two nimble Muleteers on Foot,
Who, to keep Pace, were hard put to't.
No ſooner had the Knight ſet Eyes
Upon the Monks, but in ſurpriſe
He check'd his *Rozinante*'s Head,
And thus unto his Squire he ſaid:

Sancho *behold the monſtrous Statures*
Of theſe approaching frightful Creatures,
In black infernal Gowns and Vizards,
Theſe, by their Habits, muſt be Wizards,
Who, by the Art of Necromancy,
Are baſely Conjuring, I fancy,
Some Princeſs in that Coach behind,
To ſome dark Cave againſt her Mind,
That they may raviſh and deflow'r her,
Then ſet their Devils to devour her;
Therefore it is my Duty here
To ſtop 'em in their full Career,
And reſcue from their helliſh Clutches
The poor diſtreſſed beauteous Dutcheſs.
Quoth *Sancho*, 'Sure your Worſhip dreams,
' Or *Sol* half blinds you with his Beams;
' They're *Benedictin* Fryars both,
' 'Nowns, you may know 'em by their Cloth,
' Nor will you find the Coach to wait
' Upon the Monks, or they on that,

' They

'They only formoſt do advance,
'As others follow them, by chance,
'By reaſon, as a Man may ſay,
'Their Bus'neſs lies the ſelf-ſame way.
Thou'rt blind (replies the Don) *and wilful,*
As yet in Arms and Arts unskilful,
Thou know'ſt not how to judge or enter
Upon ſo proſp'rous an Adventure;
I've told thee Truth, and to thy ſight,
I'll prove what I have ſaid is right.
Then ſpurring on his limping Horſe,
Much giv'n, poor Jade, to hang on Arſe:
Into the middle of the Road
He rid, and there he boldly ſtood,
With his broad Shield upon his Arm,
To face the Monks, who meant no harm,
But on their Mules came jogging on,
Till pretty near the furious Don,
Who, in a poſture of Defence,
Let fly this rude Impertinence.

Stand

Stand, ye curs'd Implements of Hell,
By your Glaſs-Eyes I know ye well,
Releaſe that Princeſs in the Coach,
Whoſe Virgin-Charms you would debauch;
And from your baſe Enchantments free
Such high-born Worth and Quality,
Whom you are carrying to ſome Cave,
Or Gyant's Caſtle to enſlave,
Elſe will I inſtantly advance,
And pierce your Bodies with my Lance,
That all your magic Spells may be
Diſſolv'd in your Cataſtrophe.

The Monks ſurpriz'd at ſuch a Figure,
And frighted with the Champion's Rigour,
Whoſe Threatnings ſeem'd an Introduction
To ſudden ſubſequent Deſtruction,
Soon ſtop'd at ſuch a dreadful ſight,
And humbly cry'd, *Pray good Sir Knight,*
With-hold your Fury, we implore,
We're not the Men you take us for,

But Monks, in verbo Sacerdotis,
As theſe our Habits give you notice;
No Conjurors, but honeſt Fryars,
Or elſe chaſtize us both for Lyars:
We're utter Strangers to the Coach
Behind, that's making its approach;
Nor do we know what beauteous Lady
Is coming in't, by him that made ye,
Whether a Virgin or a Matron,
A lovely Princeſs or a Slattern;
Therefore pray cool your Indignation,
And give no further Moleſtation,
But drop your Weapon, move your Steed,
And grant us freedom to proceed.

'Falſe Caitiffs (cries the Champion grining)
' Fair Words ſhall not diſguiſe your Meaning,
' What I have ſaid I'm ſure is true,
' I know your baſe Deſigns and you;
' But I'll prevent your wicked End,
' And ſtand the Captive Lady's Friend.

With

With that he couch'd his Lance, and rid
Full-tilt at one poor Fryar's ſide,
And in his Guts had made a hole,
But that he drop'd from off his Mule;
And by his falling in the Duſt,
Happ'ly eſcap'd the fatal Thruſt,
Whilſt t'other Monk, who, in a fright,
Beheld the Fury of the Knight,
Thinking his Brother had been Slain,
Spur'd on his Mule and croſs'd the Plain,
Signing as many Chriſtian Types
Upon his Breaſt, with Finger-wipes,
Making ſuch ſpeed from Death and Slaughter,
As if the Dev'l was poſting a'ter,
Or that ſome old fanatick Witch
Had been behind him at his Breech.
Thus Monks grow Pious when they find
Danger purſuing cloſe behind;
Tho' with their Nuns, the Holy Brothers,
Some ſay, will be as looſe as others.

Sancho, as ſoon as he beheld
One Fryar ſcowring o'er the Field,
And t'other ſcrambling on the Ground,
Half dead with either Fright or Wound,
Away he runs to him that lay
Diſmounted in the duſty Way,
And ſtrips him with ſuch Art, as if
He had been born and bred a Thief:
At ſight of which the Muleteers
On Foot, that waited on the Fryars,
Came running up with all their ſpeed,
To ſerve the Monk in time of need,
And aſk'd poor *Sancho*, what the Devil
He meant by being ſo uncivil;
Who told them, that whene'er a Knight
Had vanquiſh'd any Foe in fight,
That 'twas his Squire's undoubted Fee
To ſtrip the conquer'd Enemy;
And that his Maſter, who was yonder,
Allow'd it him as lawful Plunder.

The rugged Grooms not well content
With *Sancho*'s ſelfiſh Argument,
Fell foul upon him, whilſt the Don
To th' Coach was at a diſtance gone,
To tell the Princeſs ſhe was free,
And reſcu'd out of Jeopardy:
In the mean time the Muleteers
Half tore off *Sancho*'s Beard and Ears,
Thump'd him and kick'd him up and down,
Rent his Apparel, crack'd his Crown,
Not only bled him at the Noſe,
But alſo purg'd him with their Blows,
That ſomething worſe than rotten Eggs
Flow'd down his painful Thighs and Legs;
Whilſt the poor Fryar ſtole away,
Thro' Fear, from out the dang'rous Fray,
And mounting his prepoſt'rous Steed,
Rid after t'other Monk full ſpeed;
Who, at a diſtance, ſtaid to ſee
The Fight, and what th' event might be.

But when one frighted Holy Brother
Had gladly overtaken t'other,
The ſafeſt way, they both agreed,
Was not to tarry, but proceed,
For fear that when the Knight had found
His Servant ſprawling on the Ground,
It ſhould provoke him to purſue 'em,
And do ſome further Miſchief to 'em:
Therefore they rid away pell-mell,
Both pleas'd they had eſcap'd ſo well.
  Thus Men of Prudence never ſtay
To ſee the upſhot of a Fray,
Nor into Danger run, but when
Spur'd on by Glory or by Gain.
  Poor *Sancho* being ſtun'd and laid,
With Knocks and Blows, three quarters dead,
Was left in ſuch a bad Condition,
That needed Surgeon and Phyſician,
Not being in ſufficient plight,
At preſent, to attend the Knight;

Still

Still rowling, as he gather'd ſtrength,
From Clod to Cart-rut, till, at length,
His Senſes by degrees returning,
Upon his Back he thus lay Mourning.

Where am I, O this batter'd Noddle!
Adsheartlywounds t'as bled a Puddle!
How my confounded Shoulders Ach!
Let's try to riſe: Nowns, O my Back!
I ſcarce can feel my Legs: a Pox
Of all theſe plaguy Thumps and Knocks.
How my numb'd Arms begin to prickle!
I'll ſwear a very pritty Pickle!
I maun't lie here this ſcorching Weather:
I can't get up a Tip-toe neither!
I find there's little in this Squiring,
As yet, that's worth a Man's admiring.
Should ſuch hard Fare be oft my Doom,
I ſoon ſhould wiſh myſelf at Home;
For one had better bear with Joan's
Damn'd Rattle, than with broken Bones.

Thus

Thus the poor Squire a while lay honing,
His Bruiſes and his Kicks bemoaning,
Till he had ſtrength to riſe and mount
His Aſſe, who had eſcap'd the Brunt,
That he might ſeek his doubty Maſter,
Who'd left him in this ſad Diſaſter.

He that will join with, or attend
A fighting Maſter, or a Friend,
Muſt ſhare each ill Event that waits
On all their Quarrels and Debates.

The End of the Fourth Part.

PART V.

CANTO XVII.

DonQuixote's *Speech toth' beauteous Daughter*
Of ſome Great Monarch, as he thought her,
The fiery Threats and dreadful Fight
'Twixt the Biſcayan *and the Knight.*

DON *Quixote* having overthrown
One Monk, the other being flown,
And routed thoſe who, in his Fancy,
Profeſs'd the Art of Necromancy,
The Lady next he did approach,
And boldly ſtop'd her Fly-ing-Coach,
Paying this Compliment unto her,
As if he'd been about to wooe her.
Moſt High-born Princeſs, for I gueſs,
Your awful Self can be no leſs,

Know that I've ſet your Beauty free
From magical Captivity,
And, by my Valour and my Arms,
Diſſolv'd thoſe Necromantick Charms,
Which forc'd your Royal Perſon hither,
And would have carr'd you God knows whither;
But I have vanquiſh'd both the Wizards
Who rid before you in their Vizards,
Pronouncing Spells that might enſlave you,
And draw you where they meant to have you;
Therefore that you may ken my Name,
The better to enlarge my Fame,
Know that I am the val'rous Knight
Don Quixote, *who has done you right,*
And ſav'd your Innocence and Vertue
From helliſh Fiends deſign'd to hurt ye:
Nor ſhall I, for the Service done you,
Impoſe the leaſt return upon you,
Only that you with ſpeed, this day,
Will to Toboſa *make your way,*

And

And ſeek out the Illuſtrious Fair
Dulcinea *who inhabits there,*
And thank her, proſtrate on the Ground,
For this deliv'rance you have found
By me, her Captive Slave, whoſe Hand
And Heart are both at her Command,
And at whoſe charming Feet I lay
The Honours I have won this Day.
The Lady frighted at the ſight
Of the ſtrange Figure of the Knight,
And more aſtoniſh'd ſtill to hear
The Nonſenſe that alarm'd her Ear,
For a Reply was quite to ſeek,
And knew not what to think or ſpeak:
But Madam having, to attend her,
A Servant able to defend her,
A luſty Lout in *Biſcay* born,
Well built to ſerve a Lady's turn,
Tho' mounted on a hireling Mule,
That was but a decrepit Tool;

However taking great Offence
At the Don's rude Impertinence,
And hearing him about to ſend
The Coach to his *Toboſa* Friend,
The bold *Biſcayan* ſpurr'd his Tit,
Aud bore up briſkly to the Knight,
Laying a rugged Hand upon
The new-vamp'd Weapon of the Don,
Expreſſing in a manly Paſſion,
The following Words of Indignation.

Thou daring Bugbear of a Knight,
Why thus do you my Lady fright,
Draw back thy mangy Scrub and ride
This Inſtant from the Coach's ſide,
Or by my Beard, with all my force,
I'll knock thee down from off thy Horſe.

Tho' this was ſpoke 'twixt bad *Biſcayniſh*,
And worſe adult'rate broken *Spaniſh*,
Yet *Quixote* underſtood his Meaning,
By's mode of ſpeaking and his grinning,

And gravely, full of Scorn and Pride,
To the *Biſcayan* thus reply'd :
Wert thou a Gentleman or Knight,
A proper Match for me to fight,
This Arm ſhould puniſh, thou ſhould'ſt ſee,
Thy Inſolent Temerity ;
But thou, poor Wretch, eſcap'ſt the danger,
Becauſe unworthy of my Anger ;
For 'tis Ignoble for the Brave
To Combat with a ſervile Slave.
The ſtout *Biſcayan*'s Fury riſing,
To hear Expreſſions ſo deſpiſing,
Proud as a Shentleman of *Wales*,
Let fly worſe Oaths than *Splutteranails*,
Replying, full of Rage and Fire,
Tho' thou'rt a Knight thou art a Lyar,
I'll make thee know that a Biſcayan
Can ſhew himſelf a Gentleman,
Throw by thy Hop-Pole of a Lance,
And draw thy Sword in thy defence,

That

That I may let thy Knightſhip ſee,
Thou'rt not a Man, but Mouſe to me;
I'll make thee know by this my Hand,
I'm Gentleman by Sea and Land,
A Gentleman who ſcorns to fear
Thoſe ruſty Ironſides you wear,
A Gentleman that dares to fight
Thief, Ruffian, Devil, Rogue or Knight,
And he's a Coward that's ſo free
To queſtion my Gentility.

'Say you me ſo (replies the Knight)
'I'll try your Courage by this Light,
'And wave my Honour for this once,
'To cool the heat of ſuch a Bounce.
With that he throws aſide his Lance,
And does his naked Sword advance;
Then graſping of his Shield prepares
Himſelf and Horſe for bloody Wars.

The bold *Biſcayan*, when he found
The Knight reſolv'd to ſtand his Ground,

Now entertain'd ſome Thoughts of quitting
His Jadiſh Mule, too weak for fighting,
Conceiting he might Combat better
On Foot, than on ſo dull a Creature;
But the Don ſpurring *Rozinant*,
Came on ſo like a *John of Gaunt*,
That's Foe had juſt but time to ſnatch
A well-ſtuff'd Cuſheon out the Coach,
Which uſeful Furniture he made
A Target to ſecure his Head.
No ſooner was the poor *Biſcayan*
Thus arm'd, but both began to lay on
With ſo much Vigour, Heat, and Paſſion
That none could give determination
Which made the moſt courageous puſh on,
The Sword and Shield, or Sword and Cuſheon.
The Lady frighted at the ſight
Of ſuch a dang'rous dreadful Fight,
Scream'd out aloud, *O Murder, Murder!*
Giving her flogging Driver order

To turn a little out o'th' Way
Leſt ſhe ſhou'd ſuffer in the Fray,
And that ſome ſpiteful Stroke awry,
Should make her Chariot-Windows fly;
For Blows ſometimes in Quarrels light
On thoſe they ne'er deſign to hit,
And Standers-by receive, by chance,
More Miſchief than the Combatants.
By this time ſome that lag'd behind
The Coach came up, amaz'd to find
So fierce and terrible a Fight,
'Twixt the *Biſcayan* and the Knight,
And caring not for Blood and Slaughter,
Endeavour'd to compoſe the Matter;
But ſtill the bold outrageous Foes
So follow'd their malicious Blows,
That neither would with-hold their Arms
To liſten to pacifick Terms;
For when engag'd it is no ſeaſon
For Peace to be enforc'd by Reaſon.

When

When thus the Standers-by beheld
The Cuſheon work againſt the Shield,
And that no Meaſures would aſſwage
Their mutual Envy and their Rage,
They ſtood aſide to ſee fair play,
And to their Paſtime turn'd the Fray,
Some crying out, *Now Cavalier.*
Others, *Well fought brave Cuſhioneer.*
Now Horſe, now Mule, now Hog in Armour;
Have at him Boy, Now Country Farmer;
For ſo the Gazers, who were three,
Took the *Biſcayan* Lout to be.
At length the Lady's bold Defender
Did o'er *Don Quixote*'s Target tender,
A Blow ſo ſpiteful on his Shoulder,
That twang'd and ſtartl'd each Beholder,
And would have cleft him ſure enough,
Had not his Armour been Sword-proof.
The Knight b'ing much enrag'd to feel
The weighty Stroke quite thro' his Steel,

Cry'd, *O!* Dulcinea, *let thy Charms*
Inſpire my Breaſt and guide my Arms.
That this diſcurteous daring Knight,
With whom, for thee alone, I fight,
May own thy Pow'r, or not outlive
The next tremendous Blow I give.
Then binding Knees unto his Horſe,
And graſping with a ſtrenuous force
The Handle of his truſty Blade,
And cov'ring with his Shield his Hea.
With angry Heels he ſpurs the Sides
Of foaming *Rozinant*, and rides
Full tilt, to cleave and overthrow
His hardy and preſumptuous Foe,
That fiercely charging, without Mercy,
One Blow might end the Controverſy.
But the *Biſcayan* taking Caution,
From the Knight's Poſture and his Motion,
With equal Bravery prepar'd
To ſtand undaunted on his Guard,

Reſol-

Reſolving to ſuſtain the Brunt,
Or furious Stroke, what e'er came on't;
So covering, with Cuſhion large,
His Head and Breaſt againſt the Charge,
He ſate well fix'd upon his Mule,
Who ſtood immovable and dull,
His paſſive Strength being fitter far
To ſtand the Shock than fly the War;
For Work and Age had ſo decay'd
The Sinews of the ſullen Jade,
That neither Whip or pointed Spur
Would make the Hobby care to ſtir;
So that the Rider and his Steed,
As things fell out, were well agreed,
For neither were for baſely ſhunning
The Danger by their haſty running.
No ſooner had the furious Knight
Began his Charge, with all his Might,
But the *Biſcayan* nimbly ſhew'd
His Strength, and the Attack withſtood,

Giving no Ground unto his Foe,
But bravely anſwer'd Blow with Blow,
Whilſt thoſe that ſtay'd to ſee the Fight
With Terror trembl'd at the ſight,
Expecting ev'ry Stroke would Lop
A Head, or that a Limb would drop.
The Lady gazing from her Coach,
As pale as Death, her Fear was ſuch,
Praying to all the Saints of *Spain*,
That they'd aſſiſt her poor *Biſcayan*,
And from the loſs of Life or Limb
Deliver ſafe herſelf and him.
Thus Women, who can Smile to pleaſe,
And Frown to interrupt our Eaſe,
Oft ſet their Lovers by the Ears,
Then crown the Fray with Pray'rs and Tears.
The brave *Biſcayan* now grew warm
With ſtruggling in this ugly Storm,
In which a ſhow'r of Blows, as well
Upon the Shield as Cuſhion fell,

That

That both were almoſt out of Breath,
By bravely diſappointing Death;
Nor could the Combatants foreſee
Which Side ſhould gain the Victory;
So that the bold *Biſcayan* Foe,
Now watch'd for a deciding Blow,
And finding that the Knight, at length,
Lay open, he renew'd his Strength,
And gave ſo ſmart a Stroke upon
The crazy Head-piece of the Don,
That from the left-ſide of his Crown
He cleft it to his Shoulder down,
Dividing with his ſtubborn Blade,
His Ear from his aſtoniſh'd Head,
Which fell to th' Ground, by great miſhap,
With a large Sliver of his Cap,
And there lay bury'd in the Duſt,
O'erwhelm'd with monumental Ruſt.
Don Quixote much enrag'd to find
His Stars ſo ſpitefully unkind,

Began again aloud to pray
Unto his dear *Dulcinea*,
That ſhe'd enable him to perform
Some Wonder with his ſtrenuous Arm,
And to revenge the fatal Blow
That had debas'd his Knighthood ſo,
And ſo defac'd his Ear as if
He'd been ſome Pill'ry cheating Thief,
Or taken that unthankful labour
To bear Falſe-witneſs 'gainſt his Neighbour:
Therefore when he had clos'd his Prayer
Unto his deareſt charming Fair,
He briſkly ſummon'd all his Force,
And ſpur'd new Life into his Horſe,
Then looking fierce and graſping hard
The Handle of his nut-brown Sword,
He rais'd himſelf upon his Stirrups,
And gave his Steed ſome heart'ning Cherups,
Then puſhing cloſe upon his Foe,
He lent his Noddle ſuch a Blow,

Which

Which if the Edge had been but true,
Muſt needs have cleft his Trunk in two,
And made him fall with cloven Twiſt,
On both ſides of his ſcrubby Beaſt;
However the revengeful Stroke
Surpris'd him both with Cut and Knock,
And tho' the Wound was not o'erbig,
It made him bleed like any Pig,
And fell'd him down, with drooping Head,
Upon the Withers of his Jade;
Which Poſture ſo provok'd the Mule,
That tho' in Fight he prov'd ſo dull,
Yet now he ran about the Field
Like Foreſt-Colt, and ſeem'd as wild,
Till he had ſhaken off his Load
Upon a Greenſwerd near the Road,
Which the Knight ſeeing ſpur'd his Steed,
And rid unto the place with ſpeed,
Where, lighting from his Horſe, he put
His Sword-point to the Victim's Throat,

And gravely vow'd, unleſs he'd yield,
He'd, with his Blood, manure the Field,
And cut his Head from off his Shoulders,
In ſight and ſpight of the Beholders,
Whilſt the poor Foe, beneath his Sword,
Lay ſtun'd, and could not ſpeak a Word.
The frighted Lady, with her Maid,
Came running, and beſeech'd and pray'd,
That for her ſake he would not ſlay
Her Servant, who at Mercy lay,
But ſpare his Life, and what he wanted
Should inſtantly by them be granted.
Ladies, (reply'd the Don) *'tis true*,
I ſhall be glad to pleaſure you,
Provided you will paſs your Word,
That he who lies beneath my Sword,
Shall on this very Day beſtride
His Mule, and to Toboſa *ride*,
There proſtrate on the Ground ſubmit
Himſelf at fair Dulcinea's *Feet*,

And

And let her know that I the Brave
Don Quixote *ſend him as her Slave,*
A Victim conquer'd by my Arms,
And made a Captive to her Charms.

The Lady, full of Fear and Trembling,
Scrupl'd no Soothing or Diſſembling,
But gave her Word that ev'ry Taſk
The Victor could demand or aſk,
Should be perform'd, altho' ſhe made
But ſmall Account of what he ſaid:
Nor did ſh'enquire about his Fair
Dulcinea, who ſhe was, or where
The Noble Lady's Palace ſtood,
Near what Town, River, Plain, or Wood,
That the poor Victim might the better
Know how or which way to come at her:
However, Madam pawn'd her Honour,
His conquer'd Foe ſhould wait upon her,
And that th' Injunctions he had laid,
Should all be punctually obey'd.

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CANTO XVIII.

Poor Sancho, *in a woful plight,*
Returns to the victorious Knight.
The Squire's Petition to the Don,
And the coarſe Fare they ſup upon.

POOR beaten *Sancho*, e're the Knight
Had ended his ſucceſsful Fight,
In ſpite of all his Kicks and Drubs,
With clumſy Shoes and Oaken Clubs,
Had rais'd his Corps, made black and blue,
From out the Duſt, with much ado,
And by ſome eaſy Steps had found,
Tho's Fleſh was bruis'd, his Bones were ſound
So crawl'd to mount his paſſive Beaſt,
And ſeek his ſtraggling Maſter out:
But looking round him ſaw the Don
With naked Truſty laying on,

As if he meant to cleave his Foe,
From Head to Rump at ev'ry Blow.
Poor *Sancho* having had ſo lately
More baſting than he fancy'd greatly,
Conceiv'd the beſt and ſafeſt way
Was not to go too near the Fray,
For fear freſh Drubs ſhould be his Lot,
Before the laſt were quite forgot:
He therefore at a diſtance ſtay'd,
Knelt down and very wiſely pray'd,
That the kind Saints would give his Maſter
Succeſs, and ſave him from Diſaſter;
But when he ſaw the worthy Knight,
Had got the better of the Fight,
And that the Foe, who'd loſt the Day,
Upon the Ground at Mercy lay,
Then up he leap'd from Pray'rs, and took
His Aſſe, and all his Saints forſook,
Poſting with haſte unto the Don,
To wiſh him Joy of what he'd won,

Begging that he might ſhare the Spoils
That crown'd the Days victorious Toils,
And that his Worſhip would beſtow
An Iſland, or a Town, or ſo,
That he might now become a Lord,
According to his Worſhip's Word;
And his Wife *Joan* and he command
Some pretty little wealthy Land,
For that no two could manage Pow'r,
Or Govern better he was ſure.
Truly, Friend Sancho, (quoth the Knight)
Thou art beſide the Cuſheon quite;
For theſe Adventures never tend
To Iſlands, or to Wealth, but end
Alone, as here your Eyes may ſee,
In Blood, and glorious Victory.
Theſe are Rencounters by the bye,
In which we Knights our Valour try;
Nor do the Combatants propoſe,
At ſuch times, any Gain, but Blows.

Quoth

Quoth *Sancho*, 'Much good do 'em all,
'On whom thoſe plaguy Profits fall,
'I hope ſuch Fees and Perquiſites
'Belong not to the Squires but Knights;
'Let 'em be theirs who fight about 'em,
'I own I'd rather go without 'em.
Thou talk'ſt at random, honeſt Sancho,
(Reply'd the Champion of *La Mancha*)
Be patient and thou ſoon ſhalt find,
I'll Conquer and be largely kind;
You ſhall have Kingdoms to command,
E're you're much older; (Here's my Hand.)
We've round us now ſuch fine Dominions,
And Thrones and Crowns for our Convanience,
That ſome, e're long, ſhall call me Lord,
Or I'm unworthy of my Sword.
And then, Friend Sancho, *from the reſt,*
I'll give thee leave to chuſe the beſt,
Such a ſweet Country that may be
Pleaſant to Joan *as well as thee.*

Sancho

Sancho b'ing highly pleas'd with all
The gen'rous Words the Knight let fall,
Return'd due Thanks and humbly bow'd
In the beſt manner that he cou'd,
Kiſſing his Glove and Armour-Skirt,
As if bred up to cringe at Court;
Then help'd his Worſhip to remount
His Steed, who'd bravely ſtood the Brunt,
And, tho' ſo old, was forc'd to take
Many ſhort Blows for's Rider's ſake.
No ſooner had the Don clap'd Arſe,
And fix'd himſelf upon his Horſe,
But, ſilent as a Thief, he ſpurr'd
His Courſer, dropping not a Word
To Foe or Lady at his parting,
But rid away with Prancer, farting,
As if the ſtinking Brute, inſtead
Of Oats, made Cabbage-ſtalks his Feed;
Away the Don thus jog'd apace,
And *Sancho* after, on his Aſſe,

Whoſe

Whoſe ſullen Tit would make no way,
That he was forc'd to call and pray
The haſty Knight to ſlack his ſpeed,
Which the complacent Champion did,
Till with much thraſhing *Sancho*'s Foal
And *Quixote*'s Horſe came Cheek by Jowl,
One, looking on his monſtrous Beaſt,
Who was full ſixteen Hands at leaſt,
More like a Viſion than a Warrier,
The other like a Country-Carrier.
They now b'ing got into a Wood,
Where Nature's tall Umbrella's ſtood,
Fit to defend them from the Pain
Of ſcorching Sun or chilly Rain;
So that the Knight ſeem'd well inclin'd
To tarry here till they had Din'd;
But *Sancho* ſoon made this reply,
Suppoſe the wounded Knight ſhould dye,
Whom you have left with bleeding Head
Upon yon Mole-hill Pillow laid,

The Brotherhood would ſurely grant
Their Warrant upon ſuch Complaint;
And ſhould the Country Apprehend us
The Gallows then would ſurely end us,
Unleſs ſome Miracle defend us.

'Poh! (quoth the Don) thou ſilly Wretch,
'Didſt ever know a Champion ſtretch,
'Or read of any Errant-Knight,
'Who tho' he's kill'd a Score in Fight,
'That e'er was try'd for a Defaulter,
'Or made his *Exit* in a Halter?
'No, no, we fear no crabbed Judges,
'We kill not to revenge old Grudges,
'But for the ſake of Fame and Glory,
'That we, like Kings, may live in Story.
'No Knight was e'er ſo much as try'd
'For Riot or for Homicide,
'The very Laws of Arms forbid.

Quoth *Sancho*, *Say what e'er you pleaſe,*
About your Rites and Homilies,

What are thoſe odd-nam'd things, I trow?
They may be Monſters f'rought I know.
But he, I ſay, that runs the danger
Of murd'ring either Friend or Stranger,
Whether he be a Knight or Squire,
Or lower in Degree, or higher,
If out of Sanctuary taken,
I doubt would hardly ſave his Bacon;
Therefore I think 'tis beſt to fly
For ſafety to ſome Church that's nigh.

'Poor worthleſs Mortal (quoth the Knight)
'To put thyſelf in ſuch a fright,
We Knights, by precedent, have long
Had Pow'r to Judge of Right and Wrong,
And when we ſpare, or when we kill,
It always goes for Juſtice ſtill.

But tho' you are a Knight (reply'd
Friend *Sancho*) *and a Judge beſide;*
Yet if your Worſhip chance to ſave
From Puniſhment the guilty Knave,

And

And when provok'd extend your Wrath
T'oppreſs the Innocent, i'faith,
I think you ought to ſhew good reaſon,
Why you do things ſo out of Seaſon.
'Thou ſilly Caitiff (quoth the Don)
'How wrong thou art! Is't ever known
'That any partial Judge, who favours
'The Guilty, try'd for Miſbehaviours,
'Or dooms the Innocent to Slaughter,
'Give Reaſons for his Judgment a'ter?
'I tell thee no, his Sentence muſt
'At all times be accounted juſt;
'For the Law's ever on the ſide
'Of him by whom the Cauſe is try'd.
Quoth *Sancho*, *Now your Worſhip ſtrains*
A Point beyond my ſhallow Brains,
You're a far better Arguſier
Than I, that am but a poor Squire;
But all your Worſhip yet has ſaid
Won't beat it into my weak Head,

That Knights or Judges, at their pleaſure,
May do ſuch wicked things as theſe are;
And that their ſay ſo, and no more,
Still warrants the Miſtakes of Pow'r;
If ſo, then all is juſt and right,
That's ſaid or done by Men of Might.

'True, (quoth the Knight) I muſt allow
'Thou haſt improv'd thy Notions now;
'But let's ſuſpend this knotty Matter,
'To talk more fully on't herea'ter;
'And be aſſur'd my ſtrenuous Arm
'Has Pow'r to ſave us both from harm,
'That ſhould an Army here attend us,
'This Sword is able to defend us.

Quoth *Sancho, When you're vex'd, I know,*
Your Worſhip is all Fire and Tow;
But yet, methinks, if Coniſtable,
Attended by a Country-Rabble,
Well arm'd with Prong and Flayl, ſhould come
To ſeize us here, ſo far from home,

You

Your Worſhip, were you ne'er ſo ſtout,
Could never Conquer ſuch a Rout:
As for my part, their very looks
Would put my Courage off the Hooks,
And make me think, I know full well,
Of nothing elſe but Bayl or Jayl.

Quoth *Quixote*, 'Thou ſhouldſt ſee that I
'Alone would make the Scoundrels fly;
'The Eagle can, with little Pains,
'Deſtroy a thouſand Tits and Wrens;
'And ſuch a cow'rdly Crew would be
'No more than little Birds to me.
'Doſt think the World (thou'ſt ſeen me fight)
'Can boaſt of ſuch another Knight,
'A Champion who has equal Valour,
'Altho' he's bigger made and taller?
'No Knight can be more Reſolute
'To undertake or proſecute;
'None can attack with greater Vigour,
'Or ſhew more Mercy or more Rigour;

'None

'None has more Pow'r and active Strength,
'Or Breath to fight it out at length;
'Nor can the moſt experienc'd he
'Strike home with more dexterity,
'Or ſhew more Judgment in his Blows,
'To conquer or defeat his Foes.

Quoth *Sancho*, *What your Worſhip ſays,*
I muſt acknowledge in your Praiſe;
No Squire can ſerve a bolder Maſter,
Or one that ſeeks out Quarrels faſter;
Nor does the beſt Game-Cock in Nature,
I dare to ſwear, love fighting better;
But, after all, I wiſh this Brav'ry
Don't bring us into Priſon-Slav'ry.

'No Knight (reply'd the Don) has cauſe
'To dread a Jayl, or fear the Laws,
'No Bars or Fetters can detain him,
'Or ſtern imperious Judge arraign him;
'We never want old wife Magicians
'To give us Aid in ſuch Conditions;

'Men

'Men who, i'th' twinkling of an Eye,
'Can make Bolts, Bars, and Fetters fly,
'And in a Minute free their Friends,
'In ſpite of Iron-Grates or Chains.

Quoth *Sancho*, *This is News indeed,*
I'm glad to hear, againſt we've need,
You have ſuch cunning Friends in ſtore,
That can unlock a Priſon-Door;
For if you fight as you begin,
It can't be long before we're in;
And if a ſtarving Jayl, God wot,
Should chance to be our ſcurvy Lot,
Your What-d'ye-call-'em Friends, I doubt,
Muſt conjure hard to fetch us out;
For even Lawyers are a kind
Of Wizards, and the Law we find
Such a ſtrange piece of Conjuration,
'Twill cheat the Dev'l upon occaſion.

But, Sir, you quite forget your Ear,
It bleeds, and pains you much, I fear,

I've

I've Lint and Salve too in my Wallet,
Which in a day or two may heal it;
'Tis a diſhonourable Scar,
But Wounds will be the Fate of War.

'Bleſs me! (quoth *Quixote*) I've a noble
'Receipt that would have ſav'd this trouble,
'By which I might have made a Balſam,
'So very Sanative and wholſome,
'That one ſalubrious Drop would cure
'The biggeſt Wound in half an Hour;
'Nay, raiſe a Champion or a Knight,
'Who has been kill'd a Week in Fight,
'Provided down his Throat they pour
'A Spoonful, or a little more.

Pray Sir (quoth *Sancho*) *what d'ye call it?*
I wiſh I'd ſome on't in my Wallet,
I'd make it bear our whole Expences,
By raiſing dead Folks to their Senſes.

'Tas a hard Name, (reply'd the Knight)
'I think, if I remember't right,

'Tis

' 'Tis call'd *Balſamum Fierbraſſum*,
' And in a little time we'll ha' ſome;
' For he that carries it about him,
' Should any Foe in pieces cut him,
' May command Health, prolong his Breath,
' And live in ſpite of Wounds or Death;
' Therefore, when I have made a Quart
' For thee to carry'n caſe of Hurt,
' And thou ſhould'ſt ſee me cut aſunder,
' By a back-ſtroke, which is no wonder,
' Becauſe it happens oft, when Knights
' Engage in deſp'rate bloody Fights,
' Then take that part which falls from off
' The Saddle, down to th' Horſe's Hooff,
' And clap it nimbly on again,
' With all th' exactneſs that you can,
' Then gently pour a little draught
' Of this ſame Balſam down my Throat,
' And in an Inſtant it will glue
' My Trunk, which was before in two,

'And make me full as ſtrong and ſound
'As any Man that walks the Ground.
If this be true, (replies the Squire)
No Recompence will I deſire,
No other Perquiſites or Gains,
For all my Service and my Pains,
Than true Directions how to make
This Stuff for wounded Knights to take.
Adſheart, had I but this Receipt,
How richly would I drink and eat,
I'd ſoon with Balſam ſtuff my Wallet,
Turn Riding-Mountebank and ſell it;
A Buſineſs better worth deſiring,
Than this Drub-Jacket Trade of Squiring,
I'd quit you of thoſe promis'd thingdoms,
Rich Iſlands, Caſtles, Towns, and Kingdoms,
And be moſt heartily content
With only this Medicament.
But, pray, Sir, what Expence muſt you
Be at, to make a Quart or two.

'Poh!

'Poh! (quoth the Don) the Coſt is little,
'I'll make a Gallon for a Trifle.
Nouns, Sir, (quoth *Sancho*) *I declare it,*
You're much to blame you don't prepare it;
Or elſe teach me the way, that I
May do it for you, by and by;
For I proteſt your Worſhip's Ear
Looks bad, and will be worſe, I fear,
And this ſame What-d'ye-call't, you ſay,
Would make it well in half a Day.
'Ay, that it would, (reply'd the Knight)
'In half an Hour, if manag'd right:
'And ſince 'twill be of Service to thee,
'The way to make it will I ſhew thee;
'But I deſign thee many more
'Such Secrets, which I have in ſtore,
'And other Favours that are greater,
'As ſoon as e'er I know thee better.
'But, prithee, *Sancho*, clap a Plaſter
'On this unfortunate Diſaſter;

'For tho' we Knights muſt ne'er complain,
'Yet, as a Friend, I tell thee plain,
'This Remnant of an Ear's in pain.
Faith, Maſter, 'twas a ſhaving Stroke,
(Reply'd the Squire, by way of Joke)
A Man by t'other Ear might gueſs,
Its Fellow once ſtood in this place:
But it's quite gone, for, by my Soul,
Here's no remains but juſt the Hole;
Beſides, 't'as cut your Head-piece thro',
And carr'd away a Sliver too.
'How! (quoth the Don) ſtark ſtaring wild,
'And is my good old Helmet ſpoil'd?
Then claping Hand upon his Sword,
And turning up his Ogles tow'rd
The ſhining Heavens, in a Paſſion,
He made this Oath of Abjuration.
'By both their ſacred Duſts that got me,
'And by the Blood of him that fought me;

'By

'By Fair *Dulcinea*'s awful Charms,
'And by my Armour and my Arms;
'By *Rozinant*, my truſty Steed,
'By all the Living and the Dead,
'I'll lead a Life like the Great Duke
'Of *Mantua*, when he forſook
'His Wife, his Children, and his All,
'T' revenge his Couſin *Baldwin*'s Fall.
'Like him I take a ſolemn Oath,
'To dine without a Table-cloth,
'To wipe no Fingers when they're foul,
'On Linen-Napkin or on Towel;
'Nor will I evermore embrace
'*Dulcinea*'s Charms, or ſee her Face,
'Till I revenge myſelf on him
'Who put my Helmet out of trim,
'And with his Weapon made ſo wide
'A Breach on the ſiniſter ſide.

Pray, good your Worſhip, (quoth the Squire)
Don't be thus haſty in your Ire,

I think

I think your Worſhip's wrong in taking
So raſh an Oath, not worth the making;
For if the vanquiſh'd Knight, whom you
Had the good Fortune to ſubdue,
Recovers and performs his Duty,
In kiſſing your Dulcinea's *Shoe-tye,*
I think that you and he are even,
Until ſome new Affront be given;
And that it is not fair or right
You ſhould revenge what paſt in Fight;
For Blows the conſequence muſt be,
When two contend for Victory,
And either ſide may chance to loſe
An Ear i'th' Battle, or a Noſe.

'As for my Ear (reply'd the Don)
'I do not value't, ſince 'tis gone,
'Tis only for my Helmet's ſake
'That I theſe Proteſtations make.
'However, right is right, I muſt
'Confeſs, what thou obſerv'ſt is juſt.

'I there-

'I therefore my Revenge revoke,
'As to the Foe that gave the Stroke;
'But all the reſt that I have vow'd
'Is ſacred, and ſhall ſtand for good,
'Proteſting ſolemnly to lead
'That very Life the Marquis did,
'Till I, by force of Arms in Fight
'Diſpoil the Helmet of ſome Knight,
'That's temper'd well of Metal fine,
'And is, at leaſt, as good as mine:
'Nor would I have it thought or ſaid,
'The Vow is raſh that I have made,
'Since other Knights of ancient Fame,
'In the like caſe, have done the ſame;
'We know the Judges of the Laws,
'By Precedents, decide the Cauſe:
'Examples therefore ought to be
'Of equal force in Errantry.
'*Mambrino* made a ſolemn Vow,
'On this Account, as I do now,

'And

' And ne'er diſſolv'd his ſacred Oath
' Till *Sacrapante* felt his Wrath.

Quoth *Sancho*, *Pray renounce this Evil,*
Let Oaths and Curſes go to th' Devil;
If broke, your Soul muſt ſuffer for't,
If kept, your Body's Health be hurt;
Therefore 'tis madneſs firſt to make 'em,
And wickedneſs, in ſhort, to break 'em:
Beſides, Suppoſe no armed Knight
Should chance to come within your ſight
Theſe three Months, that in all that while
You meet no Helmet to diſpoil,
Would you lie rough ſo long, and feed
On Acrons, as the Marquis did;
Like Vagrant range the duſty Roads
All day, and ſleep at Night in Woods,
Only becauſe your Helmet's broke
In fight, by an unlucky Stroke.
Trought I know you may wander o'er
Theſe Plains for half a Year or more,

And

And never meet, I dare to ſay,
A Knight or Helmet in your way;
For few but Waggoners and Pedlars,
Swains, Gypſies, Rogues, and Country Fidlers,
Frequent theſe Roads who are ſo far
From bearing Arms, like Men of War,
That they ne'er ſaw an Iron bright-Cap,
Or know a Helmet from a Night-Cap.

'Poh! (quoth the Champion of *La Mancha*)
'Thou'rt much miſtaken *Sancho Pancha*,
'We cannot croſs this ſpacious Plain,
'But we ſhall meet more armed Men,
'And val'rous Knights than e'er were known
'To lie before *Albraca* Town,
'When they beſieg'd it Foot and Horſe,
'And ſtorm'd it with their utmoſt Force,
'That they might win and bear away
'The lovely Fair *Angelica*.

If ſo (quoth *Sancho*) *Heaven ſend us*
Good Fortune, and the Lord defend us.

Thoſe plaguy Grooms have made my Hide
So tender, and ſo ſore beſide,
That I'm not able, without Jeſting,
To bear with ſuch another baſting.
However, I can do no leſs
Than wiſh and pray for your Succeſs,
That you may win ſome wealthy Sov'reign
Dominion for your Squire to govern,
Such a kind Plaſter ſoon would heal
The ſmarting Drubs and Blows I feel;
For were I once to be a King,
'Twould make me quite another thing.

'A King thou ſhalt be (quoth the Don)
'This Sword of mine ſhall make thee one.
'But ſhould we miſs of Iſlands, then
'Thou may'ſt be ſure e'relong to reign
'O'er *Cimbrica* or *Sobradiſa*,
'Or never more believe what I ſay.
'But firſt, Friend *Sancho*, looſe thy Wallet,
'I'm now inclin'd to pleaſe my Pallat,

'This

'This ſhady Wood, and Air ſo ſweet
'Gives me an Appetite to eat.
I've nothing left (reply'd the Squire)
But two or three hard Onions here,
And a few Cruſts, juſt fit to try
Your Worſhip's Jaws, they are ſo dry,
With a ſmall modicum of Cheeſe,
Enough to ſmell to, if you pleaſe.
And this is all, upon my Word,
My Bag, at preſent, does afford;
Therefore I hope your Worſhip's Birth,
Your Knighthood Quality and Worth,
Can never condeſcend to ſhare
The Fragments of ſuch homely Fare;
Tho' I can eat, I muſt declare it,
The mouldieſt bit, if you can ſpare it.
'Thou'rt out (reply'd the *Champion*) might'ly
'For want of knowing Matters rightly.
'Were you but better read in Story,
'You'd find Knight-Errants always glory

' In living, for a Month or two,
' Without an Ounce of Food to chew ;
' Nor do they quarrel with their Meat,
' Whene'er they are diſpos'd to eat ;
' But fall on any homely Food
' They meet with, whether bad or good,
' And wiſely ſhew themſelves content,
' Without Reflection or Complaint :
' Nor do they e'er purſue their Luſts,
' Or heed their Appetites or Guſts,
' Like Mortals of the common ſort,
' But Nature's noble Parts ſupport,
' By thinking of their great Deſigns,
' Filling their Bodies with their Minds,
' Except, when ſome fam'd Prince is Knighted,
' 'Mong Kings and Queens they are invited,
' As worthy and as welcome Gueſts,
' To Royal Banquets and to Feaſts ;
' But otherwiſe they never think
' So meanly as of Meat or Drink.

' Only

‘ Only, perhaps, ſometimes they may,
‘ With a ſhort Meal their Stomachs ſtay,
‘ When Fortune flings it in their way;
‘ Becauſe, as they are mortal Men,
‘ They muſt have Victuals now and then.

Quoth *Sancho* to the Knight, *I wiſh*
Your Worſhip had a better Diſh:
But ſuch poor Fare as I have got,
Here 'tis, and you are welcome to't.
But if you'd rather faſt than feed
On mouldy Cheeſe and hoary Bread,
My Teeth are ſound, and not a Cruſt,
I can aſſure you, ſhall be loſt.
With that they lovingly fell-too,
And ſtrove each other to out-chew;
As if both fear'd, when this was ſpent,
Their Guts muſt keep a tedious Lent.

When Scarcity and Hunger meet,
The meaneſt Cupboard-ſcraps are ſweet.

The

The Proud grow Humble when they've lo
That Plenty which they once could boaſt.

CANTO XIX.

Don Quixote *and his Squire conclude*
Their homely Dinner in the Wood;
At Night, Chance leads them to the Hu
Of Goatherds, where they feaſt their Gut

THE Knight and Squire, by eating fa
And grinding *Cruſts* with *too* much ha
For fear that one ſhould chance to chew
A greater Share than was his due,
Had ſooner tir'd their working Jaws
Than ſatisfy'd their hungry Maws;
So that they chatted now and then
A while, and ſo fell to't again.

Quoth

Quoth *Quixote*, *How divinely ſweet*
The Linets *cherup*, *whilſt we eat*;
The Robin-Red-breaſt *joins*, *and hark*
How both are anſwer'd by the Lark:
No Monarch ſure had ever finer
Melodious Muſick to his Dinner:
Or ever fed on dainty Chear
With more Content than we do here.
Thus liv'd the Errant-Knights of old,
Who were ſo valorous and bold,
That Plenty they deſpis'd and Eaſe,
For Primroſe-Beds and Bread and Cheeſe;
And left the Worthleſs to be Great
In Riches, *and to live in State.*
So the wiſe Ancients oft withdrew
From Cities into Woods, *to ſhew*
The World how much they did deride
All humane Vanity and Pride.

'Truly, (quoth *Sancho* to the Don)
'I am no Scholard, but a Clown;

'By

'By reading, therefore, ne'er could tell
'How Knights or Ancients us'd to dwell:
'But if they did from Plenty fly,
'And Eaſe, to fare like you and I,
'I ſcarce can think their Wit the greater
'For puniſhing poor harmleſs Nature
'With Ill-fare, when they might have better.

I tell thee, Sancho, (quoth the Knight)
They found more Reliſh, Peace, and Quiet,
In ſalutary Herbs and Roots,
Nuts, Acrons, and in ſuch like Fruits,
Than in a vain expenſive Meal,
Of coſtly Capon, Duck, or Teal.

'Then (quoth the Squire) I'll fit your Pallat
'The next time that I fill my Wallet,
'I'll ſtuff it well with Garden-Ware,
'Since Roots and Herbs are proper Fare
'For you brave Men that ride a Knighting,
'And take ſo much delight in fighting.

'But

But as for me that am your Squire,
My Gutts do Groſſer food require ;
My Stomachs not ſo nice or Sullen,
But I could make a ſhift with Pullen,
I'd be content to pick the Wings
And Legs, of ſuch Subſtantial Things,
And Liquor my Muſtachus a'ter
With Wine much rather than with Water ;
But what your worſhip Says is right,
Thin dyet beſt becomes a Knight.

But hold friend, Sancho, *Quoth the* Don,
We are not bound to feed Upon
Roots, Herbs and Akorns altogether,
We're not ty'd up ſo ſtrictly neither ;
But that for Change we now and then
May pick a Capon or a Hen :
I only mean, we Cheriſh Nature
With Herbs, when we have nothing better,
B'ing Skillful', and profoundly Knowing,
In all ſuch products that are growing,

Which uſeful Learning I'll impart,
And make thee maſter of the Art,
As well as teach thee how to make
That Balſam, which I want to take.

'Truly the Knowledge, quoth the Squire,
'Of Herbs, I very much Deſire,
'For I am apt to think in ſteed,
'E'erlong 'twill ſtand us much in ſtead;
'I fear 'twill be my wofull Caſe,
'To mumble Thiſtles with my Aſs;
'And when we've Spent our Little Riches,
'To weed the Meadows, Banks and Ditches.

Thus o'er their Fragments did they Sit,
Prattl'd ſometimes, and ſometimes Eat,
Till the long Shadows gave 'em warning,
That *Sol* to *Thetis* was returning;
And that 'twas time they Should be budging
In Search of ſome Convenient Lodging,
Where One or 'tother might prepare
The Balſam, for the Champions Ear;

The

The poor remaining injur'd part
Beginning now to Throb and Smart,
So that they Sprung from off the Graſs,
And Nimbly mounted Horſe and Aſs,
Riding, and wandering up and down,
In Search of Caſtle or of Town,
Or rural Village, where they might,
With Eaſe and Comfort, ſpend the Night;
But Daylight, and their wiſhes failing,
And Darkneſs ſuddenly prevailing,
The Champions had not time to find,
A Noble Palace to their Mind,
But falling, in their Evening travells,
Among ſome Goat-herds Huts and Hovels,
The *Don* who oft had read in Story,
That Knights would in their hardſhips (Glory,
Thought fit to Chuſe this homely place
Inſtead of Better, and to Grace
The Cottages, of thoſe poor Peaſants
With *Sancho*'s, and his worſhips preſence,

Well Knowing that Contentment Dwells
With Swains, in rural Cots and Cells.
This the Knight's Suddain Reſolution,
Toth' Squire was downright perſecution,
Who, tir'd with Scanty Meals, was Mad
To be where plenty might be had:
However, Since his hopes were Croſt,
And baulk'd by him, who rul'd the Roaſt'
The Squire in Complaiſance thought fit,
Without much Grumbling, to Submit;
So riding to a little Dwelling,
Where Swains their merry Tales were tel-
(ling'
The Squire did from his Aſs alight
And ask'd Reception for the Knight:
The Goat-herds, much Surpris'd to See
An Armed Champion Cap-a-pee,
Betwixt Humanity and Fear,
Reply'd, they very welcome were;
After which words, the *Don* in Courſe,
Diſmounted from his Lofty Horſe,

And

And in-a-Doors his Corps he Shov'd,
His armour rattling as he mov'd,
Like Skillets mix'd with Sauſs-pans ty'd
Round Tinker Tom, on E'ery Side,
Whilſt *Sancho* Carry'd Horſe and Aſs
Into a Neighb'ring Croft to Graſs;
Which needfull Buſineſs being done,
Among the merry Swains he run,
Attracted by the Sav'ry Smell
Of Kids Fleſh, which he Lov'd full well,
Which by kind Providence was Boiling,
To Sup the Goat-herds after Toiling.
The Hungry Squire, whoſe Heart was glad
Of ſuch Good fare, no Patience had,
Could Scarce forbear, tho' Scalding hot,
To dip his Fingers in the Pot;
That he might pleaſe his Liq'rſh Tooth
By taſting of the wholſome Broth;
But, as it Chanc'd, the Meat was Stew'd
Enough, and fitting to be Chew'd,

The Courteous Swains, to pleaſe the Squire
Remov'd the Kettle off the Fire:
And on the Ground ſome Sheep-ſkins laid
Which as a Table-Cloth were Spread,
I'th' middle Set a Homely Platter,
And Turn'd the Victuals into't a'ter;
Then, like true Chriſtians, Saying Grace,
They beg'd Sir Knight to take his Place;
Upon a Hogt-rough which a Clown
Officiouſly turn'd up-ſide down,
The Hungry Goat-herds Sitting round,
With their hard Buttocks on the Ground,
Whilſt the poor Squire was forc'd to wait,
With Trenchard Brown inſtead of Plate,
At's Maſter's Back, and do the pennance
Of giving Lacquey boy's attendance;
Till his Kind Maſter well Obſerv'd,
It was unjuſt, as well as hard,
That one Should Eat while tother Starv'd,

So

So turning tow'rds the Squire, his Head,
Thus to his Man the Maſter Said;
Sancho, *tho' waiting's but good* Manners,
Which Knights *Expect from their retainers,*
Yet tis a priviledge we grant
Unto our Squires, in Caſe of want,
That they partake of Day by Day,
What E'er we meet with in our Way,
Therefore, at preſent 'tis my will
That you Sit down, and take your fill;
For tis not fair that I ſhould Eat,
And thou complain for want of Meat:
From this time forward I allow
The Liberties I grant thee now;
Which are, that you Sit down at Table
With me, and guttle whil'ſt you are able;
Drink in the ſame Cup, Horn or Veſſel,
And oft as I do wet your Whiſtle,
Refreſh at all times when you See,
Thoſe needful duties done by me;

Except

Except it be at Royal feaſt,
Where Kings and Knights are only gueſts,
Then your beſt manners you muſt Shew,
And wait, as Squires are wont to do;
Bow Low at Every word I Speak,
And like Court Flatterers, Cringe and Sneak,
For, Sancho, *you muſt know the Great*
Can ne'er Enlarge their pomp and State,
But by their humble Slaves that wait;
Yet Since there's none but Peaſants here
Sit down and be as free as we are.

'Quoth *Sancho*, I am no ſuch Noddy
'But I can Eat with any Body;
'Yet had much Rather have a Luncheon
'Of Victuals, by my Self to munch on,
'Tho' but poor fare yet I could make,
A better Meal behind your Back,
'Than when your worſhip Smiles, perhaps,
'To ſee how faſt I Stuff my Chaps,
'I hate to Sit where I muſt piddle,
'And Eat as if my Jaws were Idle;

‘ I never care to Sup or Dine,
‘ With Knights or Folks that are ſo fine,
‘ Where one muſt mincing Sit as they do,
‘ And wait for, *Help your Self I pray do*;
‘ Spend half one's precious time Forſooth,
‘ In wiping clean ones Hands and Mouth,
‘ And be affraid to Cough or Sneeſe,
‘ Allthoʼ one wants to doʼt for Eaſe:
‘ I'd rather Stand by half and Eat
‘ Alone, as I my Self think fit,
‘ Than for your worſhip's Eyes to follow
‘ Each Gob and Morſel that I Swallow.

Once more I bid thee, Quoth the Knight,
Sit down or you my Kindneſs Slight;
Make no more words about the Matter,
But Share the meat that's in the Platter
Or by thy Looks I plainly See,
Thou'lt Soon repent thy Modeſty.

Sancho Obſerving that the Fleſh
Was Snatch'd apace from out the Diſh,

Obey'd his Maſter thro the Dread
Of going Supperleſs to Bed;
Seating himſelf upon the Ground,
In the firſt Vacant place he found,
Then Crying *By your Leave, good Friends,*
He quickly made himſelf Amends
For the loſt time that he had Spent
In waiting and in Compliment;
And without Chewing Swallow'd down
Two Mouthfulls to Each Goat-herds one;
Who ſtar'd to ſee their hungry Gueſt
Out eat the Knight and all the reſt;
Exchanging Hands from Diſh to Mouth
Moſt notably imploying both,
For whilſt one Fed his Craving Nature,
The other travel'd to the Platter,
That not a Finger Idle ſtood
But nimbly work'd 'twixt Teeth and Food,
Thus E'ery Member, in regard
Of Nature's wants, will Labour hard,

And like kind faithfull friends agree
To Serve her in neceſſity.
The Gazing Goat-herds, when they found
The Squire Lay on ſo like a Hound,
Began to mend their Sluggiſh pace,
And fall more warmly on their Meſs,
Leſt *Quixote* and his underſtrapper
Should diſappoint them of their Supper;
So that by ſtriving who ſhould Eat
Moſt faſt, they ſoon diſpatch'd the Meat;
Then half a Hatchet Cheeſe was brought,
And in an Earthen pan or Pot,
Dry'd Acorns to be Eat inſtead
Of better, and more coſtly bread;
But all had made ſo good a Meal
Of the firſt Courſe, and Supp'd ſo well,
That this poor fare would not go down,
With Knight, Friend *Sancho*, or with Clown,
But ſtood neglected, whilſt the Horn,
Full charg'd with Wine, went round in

turn.

Which *Sancho* Swallow'd like a Fiſh
And gap'd for a Succeeding Diſh,
That came as quick as he could wiſh.
Thus the kind Juice was dealt about,
Till they had drank one Hogskin out,
Which out of Two was very Fair,
They having but another there;
Which *Sancho* viewing, Sat perplext
To ſee no Foſſet in the next;
For when the one was gone, he reckon'd
Upon the broaching of the Second;
Thus greedy Sots are ne'er Content
To move untill the Bowl be ſpent;
Nay, when it's Empty, look awry;
And fret for want of a Supply.

The Knight who now had warm'd his Veins
And with the Wine Enrich'd his Brains
With many Noble Thoughts concerning
His valour, happy State, and Learning,

Had

Had Cull'd a Parcel of the Beſt
And Yellow'ſt Acorns from the Reſt,
With which his Worſhip playing ſat,
Toſſing up this and catching that,
As Lovers do when dinners over,
To Steal a Squint at One another,
When Jealous Governant ſits by
To Watch Each Motion of the Eye;
At length the *Don* in Penſive Mood
His Golden Pignuts gravely view'd,
And when ſometime he had admir'd
Their Beauty, then, as if inſpir'd,
He hem'd by way of Exaltation,
And thus began a Long Oration,

O happy Golden Age, long ſince,
When each Man was a free-born Prince,
And had a Right to chuſe his Food,
Where e'er he found twas Sweeet and Good;
Before the Pride and Boundleſs Rage
Of Tyrants curb'd this worldly Stage

Or Men by Strife were taught to Coin
Thoſe Spiteful terms of Mine and Thine ;
When none were other's Slaves for pay,
But the Whole Earth in Common lay,
That all alike Enjoy'd its Fruits
'Thout envious Cavils or Diſputes,
And might their wants ſupply as oft
As they would lift their Hands aloft,
And from the Sturdy Oak at leiſure,
Gather ſuch Golden food as theſe are.
Then to the Chriſtal Spring repair,
And cool'd their droughty Intrails there,
Or pull, when e'er they needed Wine,
Ripe pulpy Grapes from off the Vine ;
Ranſack the Rich induſtrious Bees,
In clefts of Rocks and hollow Trees,
And reap beneath Kind Nature's Smiles
The fruitful Harveſt of their Toils.
How happy then were humane Race
In thoſe paciſick pious daies ;

How ſilent, undiſturb'd and bleſt,
When Men were Juſt, and Women Chaſt,
Sweet flowry banks their Beds of Eaſe,
And Roſy Bow'rs their Palaces,
Then Love and Friendſhip crown'd the Day,
And e'ry thing look'd Kind and Gay,
All Lying down at Night to reſt
Unarm'd, unenvy'd, unoppreſt,
As yet no Rural Slave had found
The painful Art to Till the Ground,
Or to his care and Sorrow made
The Plow-ſhare, Harrow, or the Spade,
To rip and skin his Mother Earth,
Who gave to humane Race their birth,
And without Labour ſtill had nurs'd
Her Sons, who make themſelves accurs'd,
And from her Boſome would have granted
What toiling Millions ſince have wanted.
Then was the time, when comely Swains
And Beauteous Nymphs, enjoy'd the plains,

And

And when 'twas Night retir'd in peace
To ſhady Bow'rs and Cottages,
Where all alike ſo happy were
They'd nought to wiſh for, or to fear,
But e'ery Lover knew his Mate,
And hug'd and kiſs'd without deceit,
Till the Curs'd Furies and the Fates
Unbar'd their old Infernal Gates,
An Envying humane Race, let fly
That helliſh Monſter, Tyranny,
Attended with thoſe fatal three
Ambition, Luſt, and Cruelty ;
From whoſe Contagious wombs, e'erlong,
Pride, Avarice, and Malice Sprung,
And many more deſtructive Foes
To humane Peace, in time aroſe ;
Then Juſtice did her ſelf withdraw,
And left the Rule to baſtard Law,
Hypocriſy, with Artfull Face,
Invaded Charming Vertue's place,

And

And truth and Innocence were made
The Scoff of Knaves whom Fools obey'd:
'Twas in that wicked Age of Man,
That old Knight Errantry began,
And Worthy Champions form'd that Order
To ſave the fair from Rape and Murder;
Alſo to Reſcue the Diſtreſs'd,
Defend the weak, and the Oppreſs'd;
And boldly fight in the defence
Of Juſtice, Truth, and Innocence.
Of this fam'd Order I am one,
My Strength and proweſs both are known,
And tho the Laws of Nature bind
All men to be to Knighthood Kind,
Yet as a gratefull Civil Gueſt,
I thank you for your noble Feaſt,
And ſhall at all times far and near
Well arm'd in your defence appear,
For this your Entertainment here.

Thus many, tho' like *Quixote*, Mad,
Or Foolliſh, yet you'll find 'em Glad,
If Complements will paſs upon ye,
To Spend their Breath, to Save their Money.

CANTO XX.

Antonio *Sings to pleaſe the* Knight,
Who gravely liſtens with delight.
The Goat-herds broach their Second Wine
Which Sancho *Guzzles like a Swine.*

WHen *Quixote*, ſitting on his Crupper,
Had Ended both his Speech and Sup-
(per;
And puzzl'd Ev'ry Rural Swain,
Who liſten'd, tho alas in vain;
Becauſe his words were ſome degrees,
Above their Low Capacities

Yet

Yet all the preſent Country herd
Were pleas'd to ſee him wag his Beard,
And hear his accents Smoothly flow
From his Enchanting tongue, altho,
They could not by his worſhip's grinning,
Or gaping, underſtand his meaning:
So Fools admire thoſe things the moſt
Wherein their Shallow reaſon's loſt,
And think the Guide moſt fit to teach,
Who cants and prates beyond their reach;
However up the Goat-herds got,
And thank'd him for they knew not what,
Telling the Knight and Squire, to ſhew 'em
That they were kindly welcome to 'em,
They'd Cauſe a pretty Youth they had,
Well skill'd in muſick for a Lad,
To entertain 'em with a Song,
Who, tho' as yet he was but young,
Could write and read like any Friar,
And tune the Fiddle or the Lyre;

Excelling far the beſt muſician,
In all that Pariſh or diviſion,
But was ſo Smitten with a Maid,
A little peſtle waſted Jade,
A Shepherds, Daughter in the Town,
A Tidy Huſwife they muſt own,
That he was ſtaring mad t'obtain her,
But She's ſo Coy he could not gain her,
That in few Minutes he'd be there,
Was ſent for, and he liv'd but near.
No ſooner had the Swain ſet forth
Antonio's Character and worth,
But in he came, Surpris'd to ſee
The Knight in Armour Cap-a-pee,
And ſuch a ſtrange Rapſcallion fellow,
As *Sancho*, very brisk and Mellow,
With a huge Sword and ſorry Cloths
Sitting on's Rump with horn at Noſe,
For by this time thro' *Sancho's* Cunning,
The Second Skin was ſet a Running;

That the Rich Juice contain'd within
Might put them on a merry pin.
The Goat-herds Glad to ſee *Antonio*
Ask'd him to Eat, *He anſwer'd No, No* ;
Alledging that he Juſt was come
From Supper with his Friends at Home.
Now mirth on ev'ry Brow was Seated,
And Horn was after Horn repeated;
To tune *Antonio's* Pipes the better,
That he might play and ſing the ſweeter;
For wine to Songſters may be ſaid
To be like Spur to ſullen Jade,
One gives the youth a bolder Face,
The other mends the Gennets pace.
No ſooner did the *Goat-herds* find,
Antonio by his Hum inclin'd
To ſing a Song, and that the horn
Had made him fit to ſerve their turn,
But one and all deſir'd the youngſter
To ſhew himſelf an able Songſter,

As they'd reported him to be
Before he came in Company ;
And that he'd ſing the Charming ditty
Upon *Olalia*'s want of pity,
Whoſe Lovely Looks and killing Eyes
Had made his own kind Heart her Prize ;
For whom he long had ſuffer'd pain,
By her Ill-Nature and diſdain.

The Song you ask, reply'd the Lad,
Was by my Learned Unkle made ;
Who now has (God be thanked) *Got*
A good fat Prebend *to his Lot* ;
Yet tho' he's in his Fifty'th Year,
The Jolly prieſt delights to hear
A pleaſant ditty o'er the Bowl ;
Or merry Tale, with all his Soul.

This ſaid, the Youth began to place,
An am'rous air upon his Face ;
Giving a prelude undigeſted,
To try his voice, and then he reſted ;

Till he'd adapted to his Sonnet,
His Looks, his Poſture, and his Bonnet,
That his whole Body might agree
With the approaching Harmony;
Then turning up his Eyes towards Heaven,
And beating time with Hand moſt even,
The Songſter Lyrick'd o'er with all
His Skill the following Madrigal.

Antonio's *Amorous Complaint,*
Againſt Olalia *that fair Saint;*
Be'ng a Choice Ballad newly writ
To ſhew his Folly and her Wit.

My Bowels Burn with am'rous fire,
My paſſion's ſo ſincerely true
That I am Swallow'd in deſire,
And o'er my Liquor thirſt for you.
By Day, alas, I never Drink,
But in the Bowl I ſee your Charms,
And when in Bed, all Night I think,
I hug *Olalia* in my Arms.

Why

Why then ſhould you be nice and Coy,
And treat your Lover with diſdain,
Who only ſeeks to give you Joy,
Whilſt you requite his Love with pain?
Sometimes I only think you try
My Heart as ſilly Nymphs will do,
In hopes when you my paſſion ſly,
The faſter I ſhould ſtill purſue.
As thus I do my ſelf amuſe
My am'rous flame the fiercer burns;
But ſtill in vain, ſince you refuſe
All kind and ſuitable returns.
I ſing and play to Charm your Ears
And dreſs and dance to pleaſe your Eyes,
Yet daily you Encreaſe my fears,
That I ſhall loſe the happy Prize.
Tereſa did your Fame impair,
I fought her Swain on that account,
And made him own you were more fair
Than ſhe that did your Charms affront.

How

How then can you be Coy, and proud,
To him him ſo Loving Juſt and true,
Who has your greateſt Foe ſubdu'd,
Yet knows not how to Conquer you.
But why, fair Nymph, will you refuſe
What both might mutually poſſeſs,
And thro' ill nature daily loſe
A Thouſand Joys we might Embrace,
What tho you ſtill diſturb my reſt,
'Tis all in vain, you muſt be kind,
For I ſhall teaze your Sullen Breaſt,
Till I have made you Change your mind;

The Knight, who was himſelf a play'r
Upon the Cittern, and Gittar;
And, therefore, did preſume to be
A skillfull Judge of Harmony;
Was highly pleaſ'd to hear a Song,
So very Charming, tho ſo long;

And liſten'd to both Words and Tune,
With all his Ears, which was but one,
Aſtoniſh'd at the Strains he heard
From a young Swain without a Beard,
Bred up in Mountains far remote,
Where none but feather'd Songſters taught,
The happy youth to tune his Throat:
Nor was the Knights harmonious Soul,
As yet of ſatisfaction full;
But mov'd with his prevailing Tongue,
That t'other ditty might be Sung.

Good Sir, *Quoth* Sancho, *who was Maudling,*
And tir'd with Eating and with ſuddling;
'Tis time your worſhip ſhould be thinking
Of Bed, Conſider, we've been drinking
Beſides, our honeſt Friends, per Lady,
Begin to wink and nod already:
Nay one or two to ſleep are gone,
The reſt can not forbear to yawn;

And

And I my ſelf am forc'd to gape,
Hoy ho, I'em ripe to take a nap.
To tell you truly, I'm ſo drowſy,
And faith and troth ſo very Boozy,
That Singing after all this horning,
Would lull me faſt a ſleep till Morning,
' *Truly reply'd* the Knight, *I fear'd,*
' By often Liquoring thy beard,
' The horn e'er long would make thee fitter
' For Chimney Nook, or Stable Litter,
' Than to delight thy Stupid Senſes
' With Muſick's Charming Excellencies:
' Reſt therefore may be beſt for thee,
' Since ſleep and dullneſs well agree;
' But Knighthood, to prevent Surpriſe,
' Muſt have *Minerva's* watchful Eyes;
' Strict vigilance, without Ceſſation,
' Becomes a man of my Profeſſion;
' But thou mayſt ſnoar like Swiniſh Brute,
' As oft as nature calls thee to't:

'However, Dreſs my Ear before
'You ſtretch your Limbs upon the floor;
'Becauſe I find the pain Encreaſes,
'As if 'twould tear that ſide in pieces.
Sancho, now Riſing off the Ground,
Made a round ſtagger to the wound,
And clumbſily took off the Plaiſter,
In order to obey his Maſter;
So that a Goat-herd ſtanding by,
And Caſting on the wound an Eye,
Aſſur'd the Knight he ſoon could heal
His Ear, and make it ſound and well;
So clapping on the Rag again,
Leſt Air ſhould aggravate the Pain,
He did ſome leaves of Roſm'ry bruiſe,
And caſting Salt among the Juice,
Apply'd the ſame unto the part
Aggriev'd, which tho' it caus'd ſome ſmart
Was very ſpeedy, ſafe, and ſure,
Performing a mirac'lous cure,

And of all Balſams is the beſt
For a Sore Ear, *probatum eſt*,
Prime good for thoſe who ſwear at Randum,
To always keep, that it may ſtand 'em
In ſtead, in Caſe the Law ſhould brand 'em.
No ſooner had the Swain apply'd,
His *Noſtrum* to the painful Side,
And bound up the afflicted part,
From whence the Ear had made a ſtart,
But in there came a Jolly Clown,
Belonging to a Neighb'ring Town,
Who Twice, or Thrice a Week took pains
To bring proviſions to the Swains;
Faſt had he trip'd it o'er the Graſs,
To Shew that ill News flys apace.
A while he panted e'er he ſpoke,
But told bad tidings in his look:
At length in tears he fainty ſaid,
The gen'rous *Chryſoſtome* is Dead,

This

This Ev'ning he reſign'd his Breath,
And all the Country mourn his Death,
Occaſion'd by that peeviſh Quean,
Marcella, whom he lov'd in vain,
Rich *William*, that old miſer's Daughter,
She was, they ſay, his bane and ſlaughter:
For her he lov'd ſo very greatly,
And ſhe behav'd herſelf ſo ſtately;
That he took pet at her proud Carriage,
And Dy'd, cauſe ſhe refus'd him Marriage

Poor *Chryſoſtome*, reply'd all thoſe,
Who heard the fatal piercing news;
And is he gone, the beſt of Swains,
That ever bleſt theſe Neighbouring plains:
Curſe on her Charms, who had the pow'r,
To wound and to refuſe a Cure:
May ſhe lament him now he's Dead,
Live Slighted, Scorn'd, and die a Maid.

But that which has amaz'd us more,
Added the Weeping Country Boor;

Is that before he dy'd he made
The ſtrangeſt will that e'er was read,
Deſiring that he might be carry'd,
When dead, into the fields and bury'd
By th' Cork-tree Fountain near a Rock,
Where firſt *Marcella's* beauty ſtruck
That fatal blow, of which he dy'd
A Martyr to her cruel Pride:
Beſides, ſome other things, they ſay,
He's order'd in the Pagan way,
As if deſign'd in Imitation
Of the *Moors* ancient Heath'niſh faſhion:
Which cauſe ſome folk to think egad,
The Gypſy's ſlights had made him mad,
So that the Pariſh Heads contend,
With *Ambroſe* his intruſted friend:
And will not ſuff'r 'im to fulfill
His Brother Shepherd's dying Will;
So that the Village now are all
In arms about the funeral,

Tho'

Tho' tis thought *Ambroſe* and his party,
Muſt gain the better if they're hearty.

Thus Beauty, tho' it charms the ſight,
And Entertains us with Delight ;
It fills the World with cares and fears
And often ſets us by the Ears.

FINIS.

PART VI.

CANTO XXI.

The News of Chryſoſtome *who dy'd*
By Fair Marcella's *cruel Pride.*
The Goatherd's Story to the Knight,
Who gravely liſten'd with delight.

THE Goatherds being much amus'd,
And all their Jollity confus'd,
At the hard Suff'rings and the Doom
Of kind and gen'rous *Chryſoſtome*,
Now rais'd their Rumps from off the Floor,
Where they had been ſo blithe before,
And aſk'd the neighb'ring Clown that brought
The mournful Tidings, when he thought
The Conteſt in the Town would end,
That *Ambroſe* might interr his Friend.

The Meſſenger reply'd, in Sorrow,
The Day appointed was the Morrow;
And that for certain there wov'd be
A pompous great Solemnity.
This Anſwer made the Goatherds all
Reſolve t'attend the Funeral,
Except poor *Petro*, who had got
A Thorny Ailment in his Foot;
And therefore rather choſe to ſtay
At home, than limp ſo long a way:
Which Reſolution pleas'd the reſt,
Since one muſt be oblig'd at leaſt,
By drawing Cuts or Caſting Lots,
To tarry and attend the Goats.
Thus *Petro* wiſely was i'th' right,
To chuſe the pref'rable Delight
Of Eaſe, before a pompous Sight.
Don *Quixote* who had ſilent ſat,
And liſten'd unto all their Chat,

Enquir'd of *Petro* if he knew
This *Chris'tome*, what he was, and who,
That ſuch Contention ſhould ariſe,
When dead, about his Obſequies.
Petro reply'd unto the Knight,
Such crabbed Words confound me quite,
But as for Chriſoſtome *that's dead,*
He was a Scholard, all Folk ſaid,
One who had taken his Degree,
At Salamanca *'Verſity;*
And after ſev'ral Years return'd
From College home ſo deeply Learn'd,
That he by Night could read and tell
The meaning of the Stars, as well
As if he did the Heavens know,
As truly as his Chriſt-croſs-Row;
The Sun could neither ſet or riſe,
Or the Moon wander thro' the Skies,
But he could gueſs what they were doing,
From whence they came, and whither going;

And would appoint the very Minute
O'th' Clip, and when they wou'd be in it.
'Th' Eclipſe you mean, (the Don replies
To ſhew himſelf more learn'd and wiſe.)
Truly, (quoth *Petro* to the Knight)
For ought I know you may be right,
I ne'er was taught the learned Rules
Of ſpeaking fine, obſerv'd in Schools:
But all that I have ſaid to you,
For certain, Chryſoſtome *could do.*
Nay more, for he would tell us when
We ſhould have Sunſhine, Wind, or Rain;
When cauſe to hope for, or to fear
A plentiful or Eſtil Year.
'Steril, not Eſtil, Friend, you mean,
(Replies the Knight unto the Swain.)
Steril and Eſtil (quoth the Clown)
To us poor Goatherds are as one.
But this I know, that the Deceas'd
Was learn'd and wiſe as any Prieſt;

And

And that his Friends, in little time,
Grew Rich, by being rul'd by him,
And fill'd their Barns in Drought or Flood,
Let Seaſons happen as they wou'd.
One Year he'd cry, your Uplands plow,
The next, come Till your Valleys now.
Here ſow your Rye, and there your Wheat.
This Soil will Oats and Barley fit.
And that Incloſure beſt agrees,
This Year, with Turnips or with Peas.
The next will ſcarce reward your Toil,
The following will abound with Oil.
Thus whatſoe'er he did foretel,
Would come to paſs, and never fail:
As if he in the Stars could ſee
Whatever ſhould hereafter be.

'That noble Science, (quoth the Knight)
'By which he gueſs'd ſo very right,
'Is call'd Aſtrology, whereby
'We into Nature's Secrets pry,
'That at a diſtance hidden ly.

Quoth Petro, *'tis a wondrous Art,*
Whatever crabbed Name you've for't.
I wiſh my ſelf bred up in College,
For nothing but this ſort of Knowledge,
Which Chriſoſtome *was ſo Expert in,*
That he foreknew all things for certain;
However tho' his Bookiſh Learning,
Made him ſo ſkilful and diſcerning,
That he could name the Stars and Meteors,
As well as he could do his Letters;
Yet he forſook his Scholard's Gown,
And of a ſudden laid it down,
To lead his Life upon the Plains,
Among the Rural Maids and Swains;
Would in no other Dreſs appear,
But ſuch as Country Shepherds wear,
And took as much delight in driving
His Flocks, as if 't'ad been his Living.
But what amaz'd his Friends the more,
His Father dy'd but juſt before,

And

And left him, as ſome Neighbours ſay,
Beſides Land, Cattle, Corn, and Hay,
More Money were it in a Sack,
Then he could carry at his Back;
Yet all theſe Riches would not keep
This Learned Youth from tending Sheep.
I'm ſure were I as Rich as he,
Old Nick *might feed my Goats for me;*
But Chriſoſtome, *in hopes to ſpend,*
His Hours more happ'ly with a Friend,
Took with him one young Ambroſe, *who,*
They ſay, was a rare Scholard too,
That they might Logick chop together,
Beneath a Hedge in pleaſant Weather.
Thus did they lead a Shepherd's Life,
And Lov'd like any Man and Wife,
Feeding the Poor, and doing Good
To all that wanted Cloaths or Food.
At length the hidden cauſe came out,
Why Chriſoſtome *thus rang'd about,*

Which

Which was, that he was ſo beſmitten.
With Beauty, and with Love ſo bitten,
That his poor tortur'd ſighing Breaſt,
Amidſt his Riches, could not reſt,
Bnt he muſt run Sheep-driving after
Rich Williams *fair and only Daughter;*
A Skittiſh Laſs that overlooks
And tends her own and Uncles Flocks,
A puny thing, that, I may ſay,
Was a meer Brat but t'other Day,
Yet now She's taller grown and older,
She's mir'd by all that do behold her.
'Admir'd you mean, (replies the Knight)
'Pray mind your Words, pronounce 'em right.
Nouns, Maſter, (quoth the homebred Clown)
Without Corruption let's go on.
For if you will not hear me ſpeak
My way, I ſhan't have done this Week;
Therefore pray mind me what I ſay,
Don't thwart, but give my Tongue fair play.

That

That my whole Tale may hang together.
This William, *fair* Marcella's *Father,*
Was, by the by, a wealthy Yeoman,
A Graſier Shepherd and a Ploughman;
By the good management of which,
He made himſelf moſt woundy Rich;
Then dy'd, bequeathing all he had
To this young piſtail puny Jade,
Before her Body was a Span,
Some Years e're ſhe was Meat for Man,
Leaving the little Lady Fair
Beneath a tender Uncle's Care,
Our Pariſh-Prieſt, and tho' I ſay't,
A good Man, notwithſtanding that,
Who did ſo love her, that he rather
Diſcharg'd the Duty of a Father,
Becauſe ſhe had no Parent left,
But was of Mother too bereft,
Who dy'd in Childbed, and is bleſt,
For certain, with eternal Reſt.

'Tis true it often was her way,
To take a Cup, as People ſay;
What then, there's not another Dame,
All round, who had ſo good a Name;
For ſhe not only hug'd the Bowl,
But Lov'd her Neighbour with her Soul;
And had a Face, that ſhone as bright
As Sun by Day or Moon by Night;
And many think her handſom Daughter,
When once ſhe grows a little fatter,
Will be ſo very like her Mother,
That in the one you'll ſee the other.
Yet is Marcella *now ſhe's fit*
For Wedlock, ſuch a pretty Tit,
That 'tis agreed by all the Swains,
There's not her Fellow on the Plains;
Her Beauty makes all Youth purſue her,
And tempts Great Perſons Sons to wooe her.
There's not a Tree but bears her Name,
Or Shepherd but he ſings her Fame:

All

All Men that ſee her ſeek her Favour
And many run ſtark Mad to have her;
Nay, Months, before ſhe took the Dreſs
Upon her, of a Shepherdeſs,
Fine Youth from diſtant Places came,
To view the Beauty of the Dame:
And all the Neighbour's Sons of Note
Paid Hom'lies to her Petticoat.

'Homage, (quoth *Quixote* in a Paſſion)
'I hate this miſpronunciation.
Adsheart, Sir Knight, (quoth angry *Peter*)
Mayhap you'd ha'me ſpeak in Meter:
E'en hear my Tale, or you know what,
I've told you, I'm not learn'd a jot.
Give my Tongue therefore leave to run
As uſual, or my Story's done.

'Nay, nay, good Friend, (reply'd the Don)
'Don't let me ſpoil your going on,
'And rob my own deſirous Ear
'Of that Account I long to hear.

'Proceed, I'll pardon all Abruption,
'And give thee no more Interuption.

Well then, (cries *Petro*) *you muſt know,*
This Maiden did ſo handſome grow,
That all Men who beheld her Feature,
Bleſs'd Heaven for ſo fine a Creature.
Some to herſelf made wealthy Proffers,
Others to'r Uncle made great Offers;
In hopes, by gaining his Good-Will,
They ſhould into her Favour ſteal;
Yet the old Parſon, tho' he might
Have got, it's thought, ſome Hundreds by't,
Would never ſhew the leaſt intent
To wed her 'gainſt her own conſent;
But always gave her good Advice,
To chuſe a Huſband ſhe could prize;
Still telling her, from time to time,
What Suiters had apply'd to him;
Their Worth, their Family, their Name,
The Terms propos'd, and whence they came,

And

And who himſelf approv'd on beſt,
As more deſerving than the reſt;
But ſtill ſhe kept her wonted Carriage,
And by no means would hear of Marriage,
But always made it her endeavour,
To ſhun all thoſe that ſought her Favour.
I've heard indeed, the more we Love,
The more perverſe the Women prove.
As thus Marcella *older grew*
Her Beauty made the brighter ſhew,
And drew ſuch Crowds of Lovers to her,
That all the Youth laid wait to wooe her;
And fought and ſquabbl'd ſo about her,
The Town had better been without her.
'Twas then ſhe chang'd her ſlanting Dreſs,
And for her Eaſe turn'd Shepherdeſs,
T' avoid the Teaze and mournful Sighs
Of thoſe ſhe'd conquer'd with her Eyes;
Nor could her Uncle cauſe her ſtay,
By all that he could do or ſay;

But to the Fields and Plains ſhe vow'd
She'd go, ay marry that ſhe wou'd;
There lead a peaceful happy Life,
Reſolving ne'er to be a Wife.
No ſooner had ſhe thus beta'en
Herſelf unto the ſpacious Plain,
But then there was a greater Rout,
For all the Youngſters round about
Turn'd Shepherds too, with an intent
To worſhip her where'er ſhe went.
Among the reſt poor Chriſoſtome
Was one of thoſe who left his Home,
On purpoſe to purſue the Laſs,
So Beauteous, and ſo well to paſs,
More for her Wealth than what was in her,
Becauſe, as yet, he ne'er had ſeen her,
Believing that his Wit might win her.
Marcella's *Care was all along*
To live ſo Chaſte that none might wrong

Her

Her good Repute, and out of ſpight,
Report thoſe things that were not right;
For ſhe was Free, altho' ſo Fair,
With Swains, as other Maidens were;
But if they once began to talk
Of Love, in ſcorn away ſhe'd walk,
And would have nothing more to ſay
To him who bent his Tongue that way.
Thus Coy and Froward ſhe remains,
And as the Queen of Beauty reigns,
Doing the Country Youth more harms,
With what you Scholards call her Charms,
Than any Witch, by Satan's Pow'r,
Has done this Forty Years before.
For her fair Looks and curteous 'Haviours,
Which the young Shepherds take for Favours,
Engage 'em all to dearly love her;
And when they do their Pain diſcover,
From out their Company ſhe ſtarts,
And leaves the Fools to break their Hearts,

Giving

Giving no Comfort but a Frown,
Not caring if they hang or drown,
And what Relief they find poor Souls,
Is only in their Sighs and Howls,
Complaining to ſome ſhady Tree,
Of Fair Marcella's *Cruelty.*
And to the deaf regardleſs Wind,
Call her ungrateful and unkind.
Here one deſpairing Lover Lies,
And there another Shephard dies;
Beneath this Hedge complaining Sits
An am'rous Youth beſides his Wits;
At foot of yonder Rock a Swain,
Curſing his Stars for her Diſdain;
By ſuch a Murm'ring Brook there Lolls
A Brace or Two of Whining Fools,
Who 'mong the Willows ſigh and groan,
And Eccho to each others Moan.
Thus the fair Tyrant Reigns and Kills
And with her bleeding Captives fills
The Plains, the Valleys, and the Hills.

Now

Now we who unconcern'd look on
Theſe Miſchiefs which her Eyes have done,
Are at a heavy loſs to gueſs
The End of all her Frowardneſs ;
What her Pride, Coyneſs, and Diſdain
Will at laſt come to, in the main ;
And who of all the Swains will prove
So happy as to win her Love ;
Therefore ſince ſhe has ſlain and wounded
So many, and their Wits confounded,
I am perſwaded in my Thought,
The News is true our Friend has brought ;
That ſhe has ſtruck her Darts too home,
And been the bane of Chriſoſtome :
If ſo, his Funeral, to Morrow,
Will be a pompous Shew of Sorrow ;
For he had many Friends, 'tis ſaid,
Who wont forſake him now he's dead,
Till they have ſeen him ſafe, where he
Deſir'd his reſting-place ſhould be ;

Therefore if you ſo pleaſe, Sir Knight,
Methinks I'd have you ſee the Sight;
It is not much above a Mile
From hence, and 'twill be worth your while.
Quoth the grave Don, 'I mean to ſee
'The Funeral-Solemnity;
'And for the Story you have told,
'My Friend, I thank you doublefold.
Alas, Sir Knight, (reply'd the Boor)
Sh'as made a thouſand Miſchiefs more.
I have not told you half the Wrongs
Her ſcornful Pride has done among's;
But at the Funeral there you'll hear
Marcella's *Life and Character;*
For her ill Fame the loudeſt rings
At Burials, Wakes, and Chriſtenings.
Yet, after all her ſtubborn Nature,
She's a moſt lovely luſheous Creature;
Her Eyes at ev'ry glance or ſquint,
Strike fire like any Steel and Flint,

That

That you may ſee 'em ſhine and ſparkle,
For all the World like lighted Charcoal;
Her pouting Lips appear ſo red,
That one would think they always bled;
And her ſoft Cheeks are like two Poſies,
Made up of Pinks and Damaſk-Roſes.
When ſhe draws Breath ſhe does ſo heave,
That 'tis a pleaſure to perceive
Her ſnowy Breaſts pop in and out;
Like Dumplins boiling o'er the Pot.
And when along the Plain ſhe trips,
She'as ſuch a Motion with her Hips,
That any mortal Man muſt love her,
Tho' ne'er ſo much in Birth above her.
Could I believe that ſhe would grace
The Fun'ral with her handſome Face,
I'd thither Limp for all my Thorn,
If but to ſee the Gypſie mourn.

Here *Petro* finding that 'twas late,
Made a full ſtop, and ceas'd to prate

About *Marcella*'s further Charms,
Purſu'd by ſuch admiring Swarms,
Adviſing his attentive Gueſt
To think it time to go to reſt
Within a little Hut, for fear
The Air ſhould hurt his wounded Ear.
Sancho, who did not reliſh well,
The Goatherd's dull longwinded Tale,
Back'd the good Counſel of the Clown,
And beg'd his Maſter to lie down;
Who took their kind Advice, and laid
Himſelf upon his Stubble-Bed;
Whilſt *Sancho* found another Cabbin,
And for his Pillow took a Babbin.
No ſooner did the Knight withdraw
Into his Hut, well ſtuff'd with Straw,
But the fair Goddeſs of the Plains,
Marcella, brought into his Brains
His dear *Dulcinea*, that he ſpent
The Night in Sighs and Diſcontent,

As if his Caſe had been the ſame
With theirs who lov'd the ſcornful Dame,
Moaning her Slights, in imitation,
To pleaſure his fictitious Paſſion,
Which had but little other ground
Than Tales he'd in Romances found.

Thus Men too often ſtand in fear of
Thoſe Dangers which they only hear of;
And by the ſtrength of Fancy ſhare
The Torments others really bear.

CANTO XXII.

The Don *and* Sancho *ride to ſee*
The Funeral Solemnity:
The Croud they meet with by the way,
Their Chat, and how they ſpend the Day.

SCARCE had the dawning of the Morn
Proclaim'd *Aurora*'s kind return,
In th' Eaſtern Quarters of the Skies,
Where the bright God delights to riſe,
E're th'early Goatherds left their Sheep,
And from their Huts began to creep,
Leſt they ſhould miſs the pompous Sight
They'd thought and dream'd of all the Night.
Or loſe ſome Rural Recreation,
That might forerun the grand Proceſſion.
So that as ſoon as each had bolted
From out his Straw, and ſcratch'd his Dolthead,

They

They in a Body call'd upon
Their armed Gueſt, the doubty Don,
To aſk if he was ſtill inclin'd
To do what he o'er Night deſign'd.
Quixote with Love and Valour fir'd,
Reply'd, *He nothing more deſir'd.*
So rowſing with a wakeful Brain,
Like a fierce Lyon from his Den,
He gap'd and fizzl'd twice or thrice,
And then was ready in a trice;
Ord'ring the Squire to fetch his Steed,
And his own Aſs from Graſs, with ſpeed,
That both in readineſs might be,
To bear the Goatherds Company.
Sancho ill fuddl'd over Night,
Could ſcarce look up againſt the Light,
But ſcratch'd his Ears and rub'd his Eyes,
Like one juſt wak'd in a ſurpriſe.
However, when he'd paus'd a little,
He did his Errand to a tittle.

So up they mounted, and away
They jog'd, ſoon after break of Day;
But had not travel'd, Horſe and Foot,
A Mile from whence they firſt ſet out,
E're they met coming from a Croſs-way,
Six mourning Shepherds on the Coſs-way,
Clad all in long black Lambſkin Gowns,
And on their Noddles Cypreſs Crowns,
Adorn'd, to make the better ſhew,
With ſprigs of Roſemary and Ewe,
Each bearing upright in his hand
A Holly Staff, or rather Wand.
And after theſe two Gallant Blades,
Came on well mounted on their Pads;
On Foot three Lacquies running by,
To ſhew their Maſters Quality.
Theſe choping on the Don by chance,
They join'd, and did one way advance.
All Sides, with civil Carriage, greeting
Each other at the place of meeting;

A Paſſage wonderfully rare,
Conſid'ring that the Knight was there.
No ſooner had they been ſo free,
To Quere, *Which way travel ye?*
But each by t'others Anſwer found,
They all were to the Funeral bound.
So Cheek by Jowl along they went,
Like *Old Nick* and the Earl of *Kent.*
As they jog'd on, from place to place,
Familiar Chat ſprang up apace.
So that the Horſemen all began
To be as great as Cup and Kan;
And mutual Queſtions paſs'd between
Don Quixote and the Gentlemen.
At length they talk'd about the Death
Of him who had reſign'd his Breath,
And curs'd the Charms of poor *Marcella,*
For killing ſuch an honeſt Fellow;
And for the Cruelty and Pride
She'd us'd to many more beſide.

The Knight deſirous not a little,
To know the Matter to a tittle,
Was very prying to diſcover
Whate'er had paſs'd 'twixt Laſs and Lover;
But could not be inform'd much more,
Than what the Clown had told before.
At length a pert young jolly Blade,
Who had the armed Don ſurvey'd,
And view'd him round, from Head to Foot,
His Horſe, his Lance, and Man to boot,
Preſum'd to aſk him, why in Peace
He wore ſo ſtrange a warlike Dreſs,
And rid ſo fiercely arm'd abroad,
On ſuch an inoffenſive Road.
The Don, affecting much Diſcretion,
Reply'd, *I'm bound by my Profeſſion*
To thus go arm'd in ev'ry place,
Where I my Perſon ſhow, or Face.
Should I without theſe Arms appear
'Twould ſhame the Honour that I bear.

Luxu-

Luxurious Feaſts and coſtly Meſſes,
Dull downy Eaſe and ſumptuous Dreſſes
Were firſt invented to delight
Rich Courtiers, not diſpos'd to fight:
But Labour, Vigilance, and Arms,
To ſave the Innocent from Harms,
Belong to Errant Knights alone,
Of which fam'd Order I am one.

This crazy Anſwer was enough
To give the Gentlemen a proof,
That Love or Study had confus'd
His Senſes, and his Brains abus'd.
However, to diſcover wholly,
The nature of the Champion's Folly,
Vivaldo, who was entertaining
Don Quixote, gravely aſk'd the meaning
Of theſe Knight-Errants, whence they came,
And when they firſt obtain'd that Name?
What was their real Occupation?
And how that Order came in faſhion?

The Champion not diſpleas'd to hear
Such Queſtions aſk'd within his Sphere,
Reply'd, *I wonder Men of Birth,*
Whoſe Equipage declare your Worth,
Should, after all your Learning, be
Such Strangers unto Errantry;
Turn but the Britiſh *Annals o'er,*
Which treat of things in times of Yore;
And there at large you may behold,
King Arthur's *famous Deeds of old,*
Who, by Inchantment, long ago,
Was metamorphos'd to a Crow;
And will again, 'tis thought, recover
His former Shape, ſome time or other,
And reaſſume that ſov'reign Pow'r
He was poſſeſs'd of heretofore.
Wherefore the People of that Nation
Are conſcious, ſince his Transformation,
Of killing any Crow, for fear
Their good old Prince, to whom they bear

Such

Such Rev'rence, ſhould, by chance, be ſlain,
And never more appear again.
This warlike King, of ancient Fame,
The only Monarch of that Name,
Vertue and Valour's great Rewarder,
Firſt inſtituted that brave Order,
Surnam'd the Knights of the Round-Table,
For Ages held ſo venerable;
Who prov'd, as Learned Heads agree,
The Fathers of Knight-Errantry.
'Twas alſo then, or I miſtake,
The fam'd Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Nobly tranſacted the Amour,
'Twixt him and fair Queen Guinever;
Quintiniana, *by conſent*
Of both, b'ing made their Confident,
And Manager of all between
The worthy Champion and the Queen;
For Court-Intrigues are ne'er well laid,
Without ſome cunning Goſſip's Aid,

Who

Who can pray often, look demure,
Lye gracefully, and hold the Door.
This fortunate Amour, by chance,
Produc'd that noted old Romance,
Wherein theſe following Lines are writ,
In Spain *ſo valu'd for their Wit.*
'On Earth there never was a Knight
'So waited on by Ladies bright,
'As was Sir *Lancelot du Lake,*
'When he his Country did forſake.
In ſuch pathetick Strains as theſe,
Contriv'd to both inſtruct and pleaſe.
His Feats of Arms, Amours, and Worth,
Are well and artfully ſet forth,
As the Polite and Learn'd may ſee
In the ſame ancient Hiſtory.
From thence Knight-Errantry began,
And, by degrees, advanc'd in Spain,
As well as in all other Parts,
Where Men encourag'd Arms and Arts;

Then

Then great Amadis, *ſtil'd* de Gaul,
Made known his Valour unto all;
And by his Actions ſo inſpir'd
His Offſpring, that his Race acquir'd
An everlaſting Reputation,
Down to the fourth or fifth Gen'ration.
Then Felixmart, *the bold* Hyrcanian,
By's Feats obtain'd the World's Opinion.
And Tirante the White *became,*
In thoſe bleſt Times, a Knight of Fame.
Nay, had we liv'd a little ſooner
We might have had the happy Honour,
To've ſeen that modern Champion's Face,
Don Bellianis, *Knight of* Greece,
Who ſtrictly kept to his Profeſſion,
Reſcuing all Suff'rers from Oppreſſion.
Theſe of that ancient Order were,
According to whoſe Laws I bear
Theſe truſty Arms, in the defence
Of helpleſs injur'd Innocence.

'Tis

'Tis for this Cauſe I thus ſet forth,
And range the Deſarts of the Earth,
All Dangers face, and Hardſhips bear,
Without Regret, Complaint, or Fear,
And Night and Day Occaſions ſeek,
To ſuccour and defend the weak.
Vivaldo being much amaz'd,
To find a Man ſo ſtrangely craz'd,
Who, notwithſtanding, ſpoke ſo well,
And in a Mode thus Rational,
Reſolv'd, ſince *Quixote* was ſo free,
T'improve the Opportunity.
So riding cloſe to t'other's Horſe,
He thus continu'd the Diſcourſe.
Methinks, Sir Knight, your ſtrict Profeſſion
Muſt be a ſtrange Mortification.
O'th' two I ſhould as ſoon deſire
To be a poor Carthuſian *Fryer.*
Nay, as your Worſhip ſtates the Matter,
The eaſi'ſt Life muſt be the latter.

'Our

'Our diſcipline (replies the Knight)
'Is more ſevere, ſo far you 're right;
'But grant that the *Carthuſian* Fryers,
'Laid ſtricter Bonds on their Deſires,
'Their pious Prayers, which are but Words,
'Would never do the work of Swords,
'They only ſit in Peace and Eaſe,
'And pray no oftner than they pleaſe;
'Have little to diſturb their Heads,
'Beſides their *Paters* and their *Beads*,
'But danger-free enjoy the Light,
'And unmoleſted ſleep at Night;
'Whilſt we, with hazard of our Lives,
'Help injur'd Widows, Maids, and Wives,
'Lie rough, feed hard, and cut and ſlay,
'For what thoſe Fryers only pray;
'We Knights are often forc'd to bleed for
'What they, alas! but intercede for:
'We travel on without retreat,
'From Winter's cold or Summer's heat,

' And daily do our Lives expoſe,
' To Truth and Vertue's monſtrous Foes.
' Therefore the Juſtice that we do,
' In theſe Adventures we purſue,
' And Riſques we run, moſt plainly ſhow,
' We're Heaven's Miniſters below;
' Not that I would be thought profane,
' So irreligious and ſo vain,
' As to condemn a Holy Life,
' Becauſe it's free from Care and Strife;
' I only would infer from thence
' We 'ndure more Hardſhips, take more Pains,
' And do to humane Race more good,
' Than all the Convents ever cou'd.

But there's one thing (reply'd *Vivaldo*)
I can't approve of, which you all do,
I've read that when an Errant Knight
Is juſt preparing for a Fight,
Inſtead of making his Addreſs
To Heav'n for Safty and Succeſs,

As all good Chriſtians ought to do,
When Life's at ſtake and Death in view,
He only dedicates his Pray'r
To ſome far diſtant Lady fair,
Imploring her deceitful Charms,
To give the vict'ry to his Arms,
Tho' his dear Madam's quite a Stranger,
To his Adventure or the Danger;
Beſides, it is a Pagan *Mode,*
To make a God of Fleſh and Blood,
And ſuch prepoſtrous Zeal can be
No leſs than baſe Idolatry:
'We're bound (quoth *Quixote*) not to vary
'From what has been accuſtomary
'In Errantry, our ancient Faſhions
'Admit no modern Alterations;
'Knights always, e'er they fight, implore
'The Aid of Beauties they adore,
'And in all Dangers and Surpriſe,
'Conceit 'em ſtill before their Eyes,

' And ſtrongly fancy, when they fight,
' They Tilt to do their Ladies Right.
' This Rule the Knights in ev'ry Age
' Have kept, when going to engage,
' That Love and Rage together join'd,
' Might fire and animate the Mind,
' And make us ruſh upon our Foes,
' With greater Zeal and fiercer Blows;
' Yet tho' we pray to thoſe we Love,
' We're not forgetful of above,
' But whilſt contending, ſtill apply
' Our thoughts to Heav'n for Victory.

Vivaldo to the Knight reply'd,

I am not yet well ſatisfy'd,
For I have often found in reading,
Two Knights, of equal ſtrength and breeding,
Have firſt ſaluted one another
With How d'ye do? I thank you Brother.
And the next moment falling out,
Have turn'd their Horſes Heads about,

Then

Then Couching their inviduous Lances,
Have made ſuch deſperate Advances,
And at each other rid full Tilt,
Till one upon the Spot had ſpilt
His Adverſary's Blood, and brought him
To th' Ground, whilſt t'other Knight that fought him,
To keep his Saddle drop'd his Rein,
And catch'd faſt hold of Horſe's Mane.
All this being often done of old
In half a Minute, as we're told,
How was there time in ſuch a ſpace,
For both Idolatry and Grace,
That they their Love and Zeal could ſhew
To th' Peticoat and Heaven too.
Eſpecially, what room have they
For Chriſtian Thoughts, who only pray,
I'th' Onſet, to ſome Beauteous Creature,
And dye the very moment a'ter,
But ev'ry Knight who does approve
This wand'ring Life is not in Love,

Or

Or have they, I ſuppoſe, their Laſſes
T' invoke in all ſuch deſp'rate Caſes.

'Sir your Conjecture (quoth the Knight)
'I can aſſure you, is not right;
'No Champion can from Love be free,
'If he profeſſes Errantry;
'The Starry Orbs that ſhine ſo bright
'And bleſs the neather World with Light,
'Can never more eſſential prove,
'To th' Lofty Skies, wherein they move,
'Than Love, and the prevailing Charms
'Of Beauty, are to Knights in Arms;
'For 'twould be thought a great Tranſgreſſion
'In any Man of our Profeſſion,
'To wander thro' the World unbleſt,
'Without a Sov'reign of his Breaſt,
'Whoſe Charms the want of Spite ſupply,
'When e'er he does his Valour try;
'Beſides no Hiſt'ry does diſcover
'One Champion Knight that was no Lover;

'For

'For ſhould we own ourſelves to be
'From Love, that gen'rous Paſſion, free,
'The World would ſay we had no Right
'To bear the Worthy Name of Knight,
'But leap'd the Fence and baſely came,
'Thief-like, to th' Honour that we claim;
'Becauſe we have no Lady fair,
'According as our Laws require,
'No Beauteous Damſel in our view,
'To dedicate our Combats to.
'*Mars* had his *Venus* to excite him
'To Warllke Deeds, and to delight him;
'So ev'ry Knight muſt have his Lady,
'To keep his Reſolution ſteady;
'For none are deſp'rate, ſay the Learn'd,
'Unleſs a Woman be concern'd.
But Sir I'm ſure (reply'd the other)
I've read of Don Galaor, *the Brother*
Of Amadis, *who ne'er had Wife,*
Fair Laſs, or Miſtreſs in his Life;

And yet he was eſteem'd to be
A valliant Knight in Errantry.

'For Truth we can't depend upon
'That ſingle Inſtance, (quoth the Don)
'Beſides, ſuppoſe it no Miſtake,
'One Swallow does no Summer make.
''Tis true, I've read he would be great with,
'And court all Ladies that he met with;
'From whence ſome Readers do infer,
'He'd no one in particular:
'But that ſome Writers do diſprove,
'Affirming that he was in Love,
'And that he had, behind the Curtain,
'A fav'rite Lady, of a certain,
'Whom he admir'd in ev'ry part,
'And crown'd the Empreſs of his Heart;
'Alſo to whom, in ſilent thought,
'He made Oblations e'er he fought;
'For 'twas his Temper to approve
'Always of Secreſy in Love;

'For

'For which Diſcretion ev'ry Dame
'Admir'd him, whereſoe'er he came.
Juſt here the ſtumbling of his Horſe,
At preſent, broke of their Diſcourſe,
Wherein *Vivaldo* and the Knight,
Had ſuch reciprocal Delight.

Miſtaken Men with Zeal defend
The Cauſe to which they do pretend,
And, *Quixote* like, divert their Hearers,
In lab'ring to maintain their Errors.

CANTO XXIII.

Vivaldo's *Banter by the way,*
Upon the Don's Dulcinea:
The Croud's Deportment round the Dead,
And the Oration Ambroſe *made.*

VIVALDO having now done whipping
His careleſs Gennet for his tripping,
Rid up again unto the Don,
And thus he carr'd his Banter on:
Since you allow, Sir Knight, ſaid he,
That Love's the Soul of Errantry,
I muſt preſume you would not bear
Theſe Arms without ſome Lady Fair,
For whom you lead this wandring Life,
In hopes to win her for a Wife;
Therefore except, like Don Galaor,
You keep your Miſtreſs and Amour,

As Boſom Secrets, that no Lover,
Without diſhonour, can diſcover,
I beg you'd let us know the Worth,
The Name, the Quality, and Birth,
Of that great Lady, for whoſe ſake
This dang'rous Courſe of Life you take;
That, I ſuppoſe, her matchleſs Charms
May reap the Glory of your Arms;
Doubtleſs ſhe muſt be young and fine,
All over Lovely and Divine,
And in her fancy doubly bleſt,
To be by ſuch a Knight Careſt.

With that the Don, to eaſe his Paſſion,
And vent his Am'rous Perturbation,
Fetch'd ſev'ral Sighs before he ſpoke,
And then his Silence thus he broke:

I wiſh that Object of my Flame,
Whoſe Charms the Univerſe proclaim,
Was but affected with the Pains
I take to ſhew the World my Chains;

'Twould be my Pride that all ſhould know,
To whom I do my Paſſion owe:
Dulcinea *is the Lady's Name*
Born in La Mancha, *to it's Fame.*
Toboſo *is the Town wherein*
She Lives, and Reigns as Beauty's Queen.
Her Quality no leſs can be
Than Princeſs, ſince ador'd by me,
And in my Breaſt the only Fair
That's crown'd and rules as Empreſs there.
Her Charming Beauty's ſo tranſcendent,
No mortal Eye can ſee the End on't.
She far exceeds all Female Creatures,
As well in Vertue as in Features.
Her Golden Locks outſhine the Sun,
Upon a Summers Day at Noon.
Her Forehead looks, when e'er it's ſeen,
As ſmooth as Cupid's *Bowling-Green;*
And to the Sight more Pleaſure yields,
Than found in the Elyſian *Fields;*

Her

Her Brows, thoſe two Celeſtial Bows,
Point at the Beauty of her Noſe,
Which ſtands admir'd amidſt her Face,
And adds to ev'ry part a Grace.
Her Eyes like Glorious Stars appear;
Her Cheeks two Beds of Roſes are;
Her Lips are of a Coral dye;
Her Teeth with Orient Pearl may vye;
Her Neck is of the lovely hue
Of Alabaſter, vein'd with blue;
And her dear Breaſts more whiteneſs boaſt,
Than new-par'd Turnips in a Froſt;
And as for thoſe ſweet parts that lie
Conceal'd and veil'd from humane Eye,
The ſtrength of my Imagination
Muſt not break forth into Expreſſion
But drown in ſilent Admiration;
For Lovers ought not to unfold,
What they're not ſuffer'd to behold.

But,

'But, Sir, (*Vivaldo* then reply'd)
'To what great Prince is She ally'd,
'A Lady of her Worth muſt be
'Of ſome Illuſtrious Family;
'Therefore we beg you'd give your Tongue
'The leave to tell us whence ſhe ſprung.
This Queſtion puzzl'd and perplex'd
The Knight, and caus'd him to be vex'd;
However firſt he ſcratch'd his Head,
And this Evaſive Anſwer made:
She's not deſcended of the Gods,
And drop'd on Earth from bleſt Abodes;
Or does ſhe from thoſe Emp'rors come,
Who once bore Rule in Greece *or* Rome,
She ſcorns to any Kindred Claim
With Helen, *that fair wanton Dame,*
Who did ſo many Kings Enjoy,
And coſt ſo many Lives at Troy;
Yet is her Pedigree and Blood,
Tho' not ſo ancient, full as good,

As

As ever ran within the Veins
Of Conſuls, Tyrants, or their Queens;
Nor could the greateſt Prince on Earth
E're boaſt a more Illuſtrious Birth,
From Adam *to this very Day,*
Than can the fair Dulcinea;
For from the fam'd Toboſo *ſhe*
Derives her Vertuous Pedigree,
A worthy, tho' a Modern Race,
That in La Mancha *thrive apace;*
From whence the World in time will ſee
The moſt Victorious Progeny,
And greateſt Emp'rors, I'll engage,
That e'er ſprang up in any Age.
Let therefore none preſume ſo far
To contradict what I averr,
Before he hears what Zerbin *wrote*
With his own fingers, at the foot
Of fam'd Orlando's *Armour bright*
In mem'ry of that worthy Knight,

Let

'Let none but he, theſe Arms diſplace,
'Who dares *Orlando's* Fury face.
Sir I believe you, (cries *Vivaldo*)
And ſo I'm poſitive we all do.
By ſkilful Heralds I am told,
Our Houſe is venerably Old,
That we're deſcended from the Loins
Of the Laredo Cachopines;
But yet we can't pretend to ſhow ſo
Renown'd a Lineage as Toboſo;
Tho' I ne'er read or hear'd, I vow,
Of this Great Family till now;
Nor did I think La Mancha *bleſt*
With ſuch a Princeſs, I proteſt;
Or that indeed there could be found
In the whole Province, ſearch it round,
A Lady ſo divinely bright,
Deſerving of ſo Brave a Knight.
'Tis ſtrange (quoth *Quixote*) that the Fame,
'Which ſpreads abroad *Dulcinea's* Name

'Should

' Should never reach the Ears before
' Of you that are a Travelour,
' But what Men hear of and not ſee
' Too oft eſcape the Memory.

The Moving Troop of Foot and Horſe,
All liſt'ning to the *Don*'s Diſcourſe,
Were now convinc'd by what he ſaid
Some Frenzy had confus'd his Head,
That Love, or ſome Miſhap more ſcurvy,
Had turn'd his Senſes topſy turvy,
Except Poor *Sancho*, who for Truth
Took all that fell from *Quixote*'s Mouth,
Becauſe he'd known him long to be
A Man of great Sincerity,
And fam'd throughout the Neighbourhood
For being Pious, Learn'd and Good;
Yet the Knights Frantick Talk about,
Dulcinea left him in ſome doubt
Becauſe *La Mancha* was his Place
Of Birth, where he had ſpent his Days,

But ne'er had heard in all his Life
Of ſuch a Princeſs, Maid or Wife,
Or ſuch a Family within,
Toboſo where he oft had been;
However, like a Truſty Friend
He wiſely Conquer'd in the end,
His Doubts, kept all his Scruples cloſe
And willfully believ'd in groſs;
Thus we may ſee how Men will ſmother
Conſcience to Credit one another.
As they Jog'd on an eaſy Trot,
On Horſeback ſome, and ſome on Foot,
In a Low Valley that was nigh,
Between the Hills, they chanc'd to ſpy,
Six Bearers with a Bier upon
Their Shoulders moving ſlowly on,
Strew'd o'er with Flowers and with Green
An Ancient Cuſtom with the Swains,
Attended with a num'rous Train
Of Shepherds from the Neighbouring Plain

Each

Each with a Garland on his Head
Of Solemn *Ewe* and *Cyprus* made,
Cloth'd in Black Skins which they had Fleec'd
From Lambs to Honour the Deceas'd;
There goes the Ghoaſt, the *Goatherd* cry'd,
That Sacrafice to Female Pride,
They're carry'ng Faithful *Chriſoſtome*
To his Long, Laſt, and Silent Home,
For near to yonder Rock he Pray'd
His Heart, when broken might be laid,
For in that very fatal Place
He firſt beheld *Marcella*'s Face.

This ſudden, ſolemn mournful ſight,
Broke off *Vivaldo* and the Knight,
And caus'd at once both Foot and Horſe
To mend their Pace and ceaſe Diſcourſe,
That they might come in time to ſee
And join in the Solemnity;
The Knight with Fury ſpur'd his Steed,
Who had at beſt no other ſpeed,

Than Higlers Hobby on the Road
To Market makes beneath his Load,
Whilſt Truſty *Sancho*'s Stubborn Aſs
Unwilling to improve his Pace,
Endur'd more thraſhing very fairly
Than a large Sheaf of Wheat or Barly;
However, by the Painful Strength,
Of Armed Heel and Hand at length,
The Spurring Knight and Whipping Squire
Moſt Manfully brought up the Rear,
And tho Poſtpon'd, they yet came in
To ſee what e'er was to be ſeen.
When to the Burying Place they came
The Bier was grounded near the ſame,
Where Shepherds four by Dint of Spade
The ſilent Habitation made;
Whilſt Champion *Quixote* and his Squire
With others crouded round the Bier,
Whereon a comely Corps was laid,
Whoſe graceful Mein appear'd tho' Dead;

Nor

Nor was he wrap'd in Winding Sheet
Ty'd ghaſtly cloſe at Head and Feet,
But at his own Requeſt inſtead
Of Shroud, was clad in Shepherds Weed,
Strew'd o'er with Flowers, as he lay,
That look'd and ſmelt both Sweet and Gay,
Adorn'd by Rural Wits, to pleaſe
His Friends, with Paſt'ral Elegies,
Which in Pathettick Strains ſet forth
His Love, his Learning and his Worth,
Amongſt 'em Verſes of his own
Which in Diſpair he Wrote upon
Marcella's Beauty and Diſdain
Who did both Bleſs and Curſe the Plain ;
Whilſt Lifeleſs Youth thus lay expos'd
The Swains in Tears their Grief diſclos'd,
And for ſome doleful Minutes ſpace
With Sobs, and Sighings fill'd the Place ;
At length Young *Ambroſe*, dearly lov'd
Of the deceas'd by Friendſhip mov'd,

Slept

Slept cloſe the Corps and at the Head
The following kind Oration made.

' This venerable Clay which here
' Does Cold and Lifeleſs now appear,
' Once entertain'd the brighteſt Soul
' That ever mov'd 'twixt Pole and Pole,
' Enrich'd by Heav'n with all that cou'd
' Conduce to make him Great and Good;
' This is the Body, freed from Pain
' Of *Chriſoſtome*, that Noble Swain,
' Who liv'd belov'd and prais'd by all
' But that Fair Maid who work'd his fall;
' His Vertues were without deceit,
' Matchleſs his Learning and his Wit,
' Sagacious, tho in Years but Green,
' Magnificent his Looks and Mein,
' A Gen'rous and a Faithful Friend,
' A Loving Neighbour to his End,
' Courteous to all, from Av'rice free,
' And giv'n to Saint like Charity;

' Grave

‘ Grave without Pride or Oſtentation,
‘ Yet open without Reſervation,
‘ Peaceful and harmleſs as the Dove,
‘ No other Paſſion knew but Love,
‘ And was the beſt of all good Swains
‘ That ever Bleſt the Woods or Plains.
‘ Behold you, fatal Spot, I pray
‘ That muſt intomb ſuch worthy Clay,
‘ O! that was the unhappy Place
‘ Where firſt he ſaw *Marcella's* Face;
‘ There alſo did he firſt diſcover
‘ How much he was her faithful Lover,
‘ And in ſoft Eloquence ſet forth
‘ His Admiration of her Worth,
‘ There the relentleſs Maid deny'd
‘ His Suit, and Stab'd him with her Pride,
‘ There from his Arms ſhe fled with ſcorn,
‘ And left him hopeleſs and forlorn,
‘ O'er-burthen'd with that ſad diſpair
‘ Too weighty for his Breaſt to bear,

‘ On

' On that illboding Bank of Ground
' Did he receive his Mortal Wound,
' And there the Shepherd choſe to lye,
' A Martyr to her Cruelty,
' That ſhe, who had the Power to ſave
His Life, might Triumph o'er his Grave.
' But Ah, how Cruel muſt ſhe be,
To ſcorn ſo much ſincerity,
' And ſuffer ſuch a gen'rous Swain
' To periſh by her proud Diſdain,
' Who without Scruple was poſſeſt
' Of all wherein ſhe could be bleſt,
' But flattery too oft prevails
' O'er Beauty when true Merit fails.
' His only Comfort was to hide
' in Woods and Deſarts e'er he dy'd,
' To breathe out his Complaints for eaſe
' To the Deaf Winds and Speechleſs Trees,
' There too he did invoke his Muſe
' And for his Theme *Marcella* chuſe,

' That

‘ That tho' his Heart ſo long had born
‘ The Painful Conflicts of her Scorn,
‘ His flowing Verſe might Crown her Name
‘ And Beauty with Immortal Fame,
‘ As ſome of theſe his Labours here
‘ Which on his Worthy Corps appear,
‘ Would teſtify, but that I'm bound
‘ To Bury'm with him in the Ground.

That would be Raſhneſs, Sir, reply'd
Vivaldo, ſtanding by his Side;
In ſuch a Caſe the Will o'th' Dead,
Ought not, I think, to be obey'd:
What e'er Requeſt is out of ſeaſon,
Or inconſiſtent with our Reaſon,
We may diſpenſe with, if we pleaſe,
And ne'er diſturb their Peaceful Eaſe.
Our Breach of Friendſhip or of Truſt
Can ne'er affect their ſilent Duſt:
Why then ſhould either Wealth or Wit,
Since the Dead profit nothing by't,

Into the Grave be with them hurl'd,
To th' Injury of the Living World;
Should a Man beg before he dy'd,
His Tomb ſhould be with Food ſupply'd;
What Man would bury Wine and Meat,
To Feaſt the Dead, who cannot eat?
Why then, alas, ſhould you fulfill
So weak a part of Chryſom's *Will,*
Which is to rob the World, by giving
To th' Dead what's uſeful to the Living:
Auguſtus Cæſar *had more Grace*
Than to let Virgil's *Will take place;*
He by his Royal Mandate hinder'd
The World from being ſo much injur'd,
Which 'twould have been, if the Teſtator,
When Dead, had been but humour'd a'ter;
But Cæſar *prudently thought fit*
T' oppoſe the Will and ſave the Wit:
I therefore beg you, Worthy Sir,
I'th' Name of all aſſembled here,

That

That you'll vouchſafe to let me ſave
Some of theſe Poems from the Grave,
To caution others, and our Selves,
From wracking on thoſe dangerous Shelves,
Which prov'd the much lamented Bane
Of this unhappy worthy Swain.
So ſtretching out his longing Hand,
Did for no Leave, or Anſwer ſtand,
But ſnatch'd ſome Papers that were near,
Into his own peculiar Care,
That all the Martyr'd Lover's Labours,
Should not be hid from Friends and Neigh
'Well Sir, ſaid *Ambroſe*, ſince I find, (bours
'You are ſo Zealouſly inclin'd
'To ſave ſome Remnants of the Wit
'Of my dear Friend, I will ſubmit
'So far as to excuſe, to pleaſe ye,
'Your Sacrilege, but pray be eaſy
'With what you've taken, for the reſt
'Shall gratify my Friend's requeſt.

Vivaldo bow'd and ſaid no more,
But eager was to con 'em o'er,
And op'ning one, he read aloud
The Title to the Mournful Croud.
'That, reply'd *Ambroſe*, is the firſt
'My Friend e'er writ, yet not the worſt,
'Where in ſoft Strains he does impart
'The reſtleſs Suff'rings of his Heart,
'And in ſmooth Numbers lets us ſee,
'*Marcella*'s Pride and Cruelty;
'Pray therefore publiſh o'er his Herſe,
'Thoſe Stanza's of Immortal Verſe,
'That all his preſent Friends may hear
'What raging Conflicts, and ſevere
'Depreſſions terrify'd his Wound,
'And cruſh'd the Shepherd to the Ground.
Vivaldo to oblige the reſt,
Comply'd to anſwer the Requeſt,
And ſo, firſt hemming twice or thrice
To ſtretch his Pipes and clear his Voice,

Upon

Upon a riſing Bank he ſtood,
And loudly read the following Ode.

' This Song of *Chryſoſtom*'s, ſaid he,
' Is call'd *Marcella*'s Cruelty,
' Or the Deſpairing Faithful Swain,
' Who Loves the Maid, but ſighs in vain.

Why Faireſt Tyrant ſo ſevere,
To puniſh him that loves ſo well,
Who Charm'd by you, is forc'd to bear
Thoſe Torments that are worſe than Hell.

O hear your Captive Slave impart
His Love, Fidelity and Grief,
That they may move your ſtubborn Heart
To yield his Paſſion ſome relief,

Aſſiſt me, Ye Celeſtial Quires,
Harmoniouſly to tune my Voice,
That I may ſing what Love inſpires,
And win the Nymph that is my choice.

Come

Come ye wing'd Suff'rers of the Groves,
Whoſe Feather'd Mates have from ye flown,
And left ye to bemoan your Loves
On drooping Branches perch'd alone.

Come all ye harmleſs Kids and Lambs,
That bleating through the Meadows run,
And mourn the abſence of your Dams,
Who into diſtant Fields are gone.

Joyn your impatient Grief with mine,
A doleful Conſort let us make,
That our ſad Muſick may incline,
Marcella's *ſtubborn Heart to break.*

That when the Charming Tyrant feels,
The Terrors of inceſſant Pain,
She may repent thoſe fatal Ills
Occaſion'd by her proud Diſdain.

And from the Torments that ſhe bears
Within her own afflicted Breaſt,

Com-

Compaſſionate my Fears and Cares,
And by her Pity give me Reſt.

But 'tis alas in vain to hope
For what ſhe has ſo long deny'd,
No Lovers Prayer's or Tears can ſtop
Marcella's *Cruelty and Pride.*

Then Fiends and Furies all ariſe,
From your Infernal loathſome Cells,
And with my ſad deſpairing Sighs
Commix your frightful Groans and Yells.

Let all the Winds their Priſons break,
The foaming Ocean roar aloud,
The Heavens rend, the Mountains ſhake,
And Thunder Ecchо from each Cloud.

Let Man and Beaſt together run
Diſtracted with the Noiſe they hear,
And Wives and Virgins fly to ſhun
The dreadful Prodigies they fear.

May blazing Stars and Comets ſpread
Their fiery Tails around the Skies,
Th' inſatiate Grave diſgorge the Dead,
And Skeletons in Troops ariſe.

Let angry Serpents quit their Hole,
Upon the Surface hiſſing lye,
And all betweeen the diſtant Poles,
Be toſs'd and wrack'd as well as I.

Then will I burſt my flaming Heart,
Amidſt the terrible ſurprize,
For her who does to ſome impart
Thoſe Favours ſhe to me denies.

Love when with Gratitude it meets,
Is cheriſh'd with a thouſand Sweets,
But when its ſcorn'd, too fierce it burns,
And to Deſpair and Madneſs turns.

CANTO XXIV.

Marcella *on the Rock appears,*
And Charms the Shepherd's Eyes and Ears:
All hear her ſpeak with great ſurprize,
And when ſhe's done away ſhe flies.

THE Verſes which *Vivaldo* read,
Made e'ery Shepherd ſhake his Head,
And ſhed alike freſh Tears of Pity
For th' Author of the Mournful Ditty,
Who unmoleſted lay in State,
Why they bewail'd his wretched Fate,
And curs'd the Cruelty and Pride
Of the Fair Maid for whom he dy'd.
Vivaldo, though he lik'd the Song,
And prais'd it highly to the Throng;

Yet fancy'd the concluding Strain
Of what had iſſu'd from the Brain
Of *Chriſoſtome*, did not agree
With fair *Marcella*'s Modeſty,
Or juſtly anſwer what was ſaid,
Of the ſtrict Vertue of the Maid;
But rather ſignify'd that tho'
She would to him no favour ſhow,
Yet ſhe had others who enjoy'd
Thoſe Bleſſings ſhe to him deny'd.
But *Ambroſe* hearing this Reflection,
Remov'd the Critical Objection,
By urging, that his Friend compos'd
The Lines *Vivaldo* had diſclos'd,
When in ſome Melancholly Wood
He'd hid himſelf in Solitude,
Reſolving never more to ſee
The Author of his Miſery,
Provided to his Eaſe he found
That ſuch Reſtraint would Cure his Wound:

But

But finding that an abſent Life
From her he wiſh'd to make his Wife,
Did rather aggravate than tame
His unextinguiſhable Flame;
So that he grew downright diſtracted,
And car'd not what he ſaid or acted;
But in the abſence of the Fair
Marcella, whom he lov'd ſo dear,
Gave way to the impetuous Teaſe
Of groundleſs Fears and Jealouſies,
Ariſing only from his Paſſion,
Working on's wild Imagination,
Which furniſh'd his diſorder'd Wits
With Idle Whimſies and Conceits:
Alledging, Whatſoe'er his Friend
In thoſe diſtracted Fits had pen'd,
Could by no means a leſſening be
To Fair *Marcella*'s Chaſtity:
For tho' ſhe was a Cruel Creature,
To exerciſe ſo much ill Nature,

Yet was her Character unblotted,
And her ſtrict Modeſty unſpotted,
That none could juſtly e'er arraign
Her Carriage or her Vertue ſtain,
No Envy ever touch her Honour,
Or fix the leaſt reproach upon her,
But what was falſe, except in caſe,
Of her diſdainful Haughtineſs,
A Fault the giddy World might blame,
But not reflect on to her Shame;
For ſhould the Beauteous Dame be bound,
To cure all thoſe her Graces wound,
Then all that Love might claim the Woman,
And Gratitude muſt make her Common.
Vivaldo being thus confuted,
The Point no further was diſputed;
And having a deſire to read
Some other Poems of the Dead,
Was op'ning of a ſecond Sheet
Of Verſe which *Chriſoſtome* had writ:

But was prevented by the ſight
Of a Fair Nymph Divinely bright,
Who with a ſweet, but awful Look,
Appear'd upon the riſing Rock,
Dazling the Eyes of all the Croud,
With e'ery Glance ſhe downward throw'd.
Thoſe who before had never ſeen
Her Beauteous Face, and Princely Mein,
Seem'd frighted at the Glorious Viſion,
And took her for an Apparition,
Deſcended from her Heavenly Home,
To Mourn the Fate of *Chriſoſtome*,
And to illuſtrate, or to ſee
The Funeral Solemnity;
For Gods ſometimes deſcend to ſhow
Their Love to Humane Race below.
Others, who knew her Beauteous Face,
Cry'd out, Behold the Cruel Laſs,
Yonder *Marcella* ſtands, ſhe's come
To triumph o'er her Lover's Tomb,

And

And Glory to the laſt degree
In her profound Severity:
Yet all with Admiration view'd
Her matchleſs Beauty as ſhe ſtood,
And gaz'd with Pleaſure and Surprize
Upon her bright, but killing Eyes,
And greatly honour'd and rever'd
The dang'rous Lightning that they fear'd:
But *Ambroſe*, ſoon as he eſpy'd
Marcella on the Quarry, cry'd,
'Why ſhew'ſt thou here thy Charming (Face,
'Thou Baſilisk of Humane Race?
'Com'ſt thou to triumph o'er the Dead,
'And cauſe his Wounds afreſh to bleed,
'As murder'd Wretches do, when e'er
'Their Ruffians near the Corps appear;
'Or art thou come to glut thy Eye
'With this Ignoble Victory
'And trample on that Gen'rous Clay,
'That lov'd Thee when Alive and Gay:

'As

' As *Tarquin*'s baſe ungrateful Daughter
' Did on the Corps of him that got her.
' Tell us thou bright, but cruel Fair,
' What mak'ſt Thee ſtand in triumph there,
' And what thou want'ſt, that ſince our (Friend,
' Ador'd thy Beauty to his End,
' Thy preſent Will may be obey'd
' By us now *Chriſoſtome* is Dead.

The Fair *Marcella* then reply'd,

No black Ingratitude or Pride,
No cruel Scorn, or Ends ſo baſe,
Have brought me to this fatal Place;
I come unſtain'd with ſuch Offence,
To clear my injur'd Innocence,
And ſhew th' Injuſtice and the Wrongs
I ſuffer from their Envious Tongues,
Who charge the Follies and the Bane
Of Chryſoſtome *on my Diſdain.*
I therefore beg your kind attention
To what I am about to mention;

And ſhould I chance to give Offence,
For want of artful Eloquence,
I hope my Friends you'll not upbraid
The Weakneſs of a Rural Maid.

By this time ſhe had charm'd the Croud
So far, that all cry'd out aloud,
Let none oppoſe or Silence break,
But hear the Fair Marcella *ſpeak.*
Then in a ſweat melodious Tone,
The lovely Tyrant thus went on.
Suppoſe kind Heaven, as you ſay,
Has made me Beautiful and Gay,
And that the Graces I poſſeſs,
Force you to Love me to exceſs,
In ſpight of all the Means and Arts
You practiſe to ſecure your Hearts:
And you that feel the painful Wound,
Conceive in Gratitude I'm bound
All ſuitable Returns to ſhew,
And bear the like Eſteem for you,

Which

Which in my judgment cannot be
Conſiſtent with true Modeſty :
For grant by numbers I'm admir'd,
Courted, Belov'd, and much Deſir'd,
And all are equally at ſtrife,
Who ſhall obtain me for a Wife,
The right is ſtill in me to love,
And chuſe the Man I moſt approve ;
Therefore ſhould one alone be bleſs'd,
I muſt be Cruel to the reſt :
For if I caſt my Smiles on more,
I ſhould an odious Name incur ;
And ſince I juſtly may refuſe
All others, but the Man I chuſe,
And thoſe I diſappoint may be
As Meritorious full as he,
By the ſame juſtice I may ſhun
All Courtſhip, and deny that one,
And if I pleaſe, ſtill Miſtreſs be
Of my own Virgin Liberty :

Therefore as I preſerve my Charms
Aim for Death's cold Icy Arms,
The Fault is yours to Love in vain,
Not mine, to diſregard your Pain.
Beſides, ſuppoſe your Eyes can ſee
A thouſand winning Gifts in me,
That blow up ſuch an Am'rous Rage
The ſtricteſt Prudence can't aſſwage;
And I no equal Graces find
In you to move me to be kind,
Muſt I, of many Charms poſſeſs'd,
Love him with no Inducements bleſs'd,
And ſacrifice ſo bright a Gem
To him that merits no Eſteem,
Only becauſe he pines for that,
Which is too lofty to come at,
And calls it Cruelty to ſtarve
For want of what he don't deſerve?
Nay further, Should a Man poſſeſs
The greateſt Gifts of Humane Race,

And

And ſhould he have a Paſſion for me,
So great as even to adore me,
That does not give him yet a claim
To me, nor can he juſtly blame
My Cruelty, or ſay I uſe him
Ingratefully, if I refuſe him ;
For tho' he's handſome in your Eyes,
In mine he may ſeem otherwiſe,
And e'ery Grace appear to me
Conceited ſtiff Formality.
Some in the Moon that ſhines ſo bright,
Can behold Spots by ſtrength of Sight,
Whilſt ſhe appears to weaker Eyes,
Clear and unblemiſh'd as ſhe flies ;
Why therefore may not I diſcover
Diſtaſtful Failings in a Lover,
Whoſe Shape and Temper may be thought
By you to be without a Fau't ?
Beſides, Suppoſe he cannot move
My Virgin Innocence to Love,

And he declares he can't forbear
To Love, becauſe he thinks me Fair;
Though his Accompliſhments are great,
Yet ſtill with me they're not of weight,
Why then muſt I, to give him Eaſe,
Do that which does my ſelf diſpleaſe,
And change this happy Maiden Life,
To be a ſad Repenting Wife?
But tell me, Shepherds, I beſeech ye,
Since you affirm my Charms betwitch ye,
Whether if Heav'n had made me Homely,
Inſtead of Amiable and Comely,
You could have lov'd ſo greatly then,
As to have fear'd my cold Diſdain,
And for my ſake thoſe Wounds endur'd,
Which now you're forc'd to bear uncur'd?
Or had I lov'd the handſom'ſt Swain
That ever grac'd our Neighb'ring Plain,
Could I have blam'd his croſs Behaviour,
If thought unworthy of his Favour?

Or had I been deſpis'd by all,
Who here attend this Funeral,
And ne'er regarded been by thoſe
Who now diſquiet their Repoſe,
Could I with juſtice have reprov'd
Your Pride, becauſe you had not lov'd?
Why then, ſince Heav'n has made me Fair,
Should you condemn my prudent Care,
To keep my Virgin Breaſt ſecure
From thoſe Love Torments you endure?
Not of your Choice you all agree,
But forc'd to't by neceſſity;
Then why ſhould I regard a Flame
You'd fly, could you avoid the ſame?
Beſides, Suppoſe, as you affirm,
My charming Looks have done you harm,
'Tis your own Fault, you hurt your Sight
By too long gazing on the Light:
Thoſe whom my Beauty has aggriev'd,
My Words have always undeceiv'd.

When

When e'er they firſt made known their Paſſion,
I fled from their Solicitation,
Anſwering at once expreſly plain,
That all Efforts would be in vain.
The ſame Repulſe I frankly gave
To him you're following to his Grave;
Nor did I ever yield the leaſt
Encouragement to be Addreſs'd
By any Perſon, or endeavour
By free or promiſing Behaviour,
To pre-poſſeſs him of my Favour;
But always from their Love withdrew,
And hid my Perſon from their view,
In hopes my abſence might appeaſe
Their early Paſſions by degrees:
Why therefore do you charge on me,
Or my ingrateful Cruelty,
The Painful Suff'rings, and the End
Of your belov'd unhappy Friend;

Since

Since in that Place that muſt become,
The Grave of Gen'rous Chriſoſtome ;
When firſt he let me know his Pain,
I told him that he ſu'd in vain,
Entreated him to check his Paſſion,
And wave all further application ;
Alledging, I had vow'd to lead
A chaſte and ſingle Life till Dead,
And that the Grave alone ſhould be,
The 'Spouſe of my Virginity ?
If therefore he would ſtill perſiſt
In Love, when he was thus diſmiſs'd,
Why ſhould I ſuffer in my Fame,
For thwarting his unruly Flame,
And for his head-ſtrong Indiſcretion
Be injur'd in my Reputation,
Since his own Raſhneſs caus'd his Pain,
And Obſtinacy work'd his Bane ?
I therefore beg for Time to come,
That for the ſake of Chriſoſtome,

I may have Leave to range the Plain,
Unthought of and unview'd by Men,
That none hereafter may moleſt
The happy Quiet of my Breaſt,
Or run the hazzard of his own,
By ſtorming what can ne'er be won;
For ſince the Charms that I enjoy
Do others Peace and Eaſe deſtroy,
To Heav'n I'll dedicate the ſame,
And live unſeen a Pious Dame,
Till frozen Death ſhall reap the Spoils
Of all my wither'd Virgin Smiles,
And Senſeleſs Earth alone embrace
This comely Shape and handſome Face.

Thus ending what ſhe had to ſay,
She vaniſh'd, like a Ghoſt, away,
Leaping at once into a Wood
Which juſt behind the Quarry ſtood,
Leaving the Croud ſo charm'd and fir'd
With what they'd ſeen, and what they'd heard,
That

That ſome more ſmitten than the reſt,
Believing all her Vows a Jeſt,
Were for purſuing the Fair Dame,
And hunting down the lovely Game,
Which caus'd *Don Quixote* in a Paſſion,
To make the following Proclamation.

Let no raſh Perſon preſent here,
Gentle or Simple, Prince or Peer,
Knight, 'Squire, Gentleman or Yeoman,
Prieſt, Scholar, Shepherd, Swain or Plowman,
Preſume to follow her that ſpoke
So like an Angel on the Rock,
Under the Penalty or Pain
Of being ſoundly bang'd or ſlain:
For I am bound by Nature's Laws
To vindicate that Virgin's Cauſe,
And ready am with this right Arm
To Combate all that mean her Harm.

Theſe Threat'nings made 'em change their Chaſe
Deſign, and ſtop'd the Lover's Chaſe,
So that they hung their Ears and ſtaid
To ſee th' Interment of the Dead,
Which being finiſh'd as it ſhou'd be,
With all the decent Rites that cou'd be,
And the Grave ſtrew'd by weeping Friends
With fragrant Flowers and with Greens,
The mournful Shepherds went their ways,
Some loudly ſetting forth the Praiſe
O'th'Dead, whilſt other Swains diſplay'd
The Wit and Beauty of the Maid,
Who had ſo won *Don Quixote*'s Favour,
By her Speech, Preſence, and Behaviour,
That he reſolv'd to ride in queſt
Of this new Empreſs of his Breaſt,
To manifeſt his great Affection
By offering her his kind Protection;

While

While *Ambroſe* to bemoan his loſs,
Sat down upon a Bank of Moſs,
And for the Tomb he did intend
To build in Mem'ry of his Friend,
Penn'd, as he muſing ſat alone,
This Epitaph to grace the Stone.

Here lies Interr'd the beſt of Swains,
Whom ſcornful Beauty would not ſave
To be an Honour to the Plains,
But ſent him to enrich the Grave.

Here firſt the Virgin gave the Wound,
Here firſt the Swain for Cure apply'd;
And for his Grave this Spot of Ground
He choſe where ſhe his Suit deny'd.

Fly from Marcella's *killing Eyes,*
For ſhe that could be ſo unkind
To Chriſoſtome, *may well deſpiſe*
The Pow'r of Love and all Mankind.

Thus

Thus Beauty, when reſerv'd, we find
Deſtroys for want of being kind,
And when ſhe's Wanton, Free and Gay,
She kills as oft the other way :
Therefore when e'er ſuch Stars appear,
Enjoy a Glimpſe, but come not near.

FINIS.

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