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## Correspondence of John Bowle

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These letters, from which only some quotations were published by Cox, are presented here out of a desire to include material of Bowle in an issue devoted to him, and to illustrate his correspondence in Spanish with Spanish figures. All of the unpublished letters are taken from Bowle's *Green Book*, in the library of the University of Cape Town. Note that it contains Bowle's drafts and possibly erroneous transcriptions he made of the letters to him. The originals, both those he sent and those he received, are unknown and probably lost.

For other letters of Bowle, see Cox, Percy-Bowle, and Truman. Bowle's four pseudonymous letters of 1785 to the editor of *Gentleman's Quarterly* are reproduced in the notes to Baret's *Tolondron*, Speeches Fifth and Sixth.

I would like to thank R. W. Truman and Eduardo Urbina for their assistance.

Daniel Eisenberg

March 2, 1778

*To an unidentified "Rev. Mr. Powel," as published by Hoare, between pp. 62 and 63. On "Mr. Dillon," see Cox and Truman. This letter was not known by Cox, and shows that by 1778 the printing of Bowle's edition (the text only) had begun.*

I have begun and am actually embarked in my arduous Quixotick expedition. I am plunged into the Printers sea of Ink, and hope I shall not founder on unseen shoales by unforeseen tempests.

Good luck has thrown in my way an unknown ingenious and desirable correspondent, from whom I have received two most valuable letters, the one from Rome, the other from Leghorn, and I am in daily expectance of another. He has gone in my track before me, and freely offers me every assistance in his power, and indeed much may be derived from it: he has been very open in the account of himself, and is a Mr. Dillon. In his second letter he says, "I rejoice to see the admired Cervantes merge [sic] again from oblivion in his own language, and receive additional lustre from a British pen."

December 10, 1778

*This letter replies to the lost first letter of Pellicer of June 20, 1778, referred to in the January 6, 1781 letter to the editor of Gentleman's Magazine. Note that six months passed before Bowle had the opportunity, through some traveler, to send a reply.*

Señor Don Juan Antonio Pellicer y Saforcada  
de la Real Bibliotheca en Madrid

Muy Amigo, y Señor mio:

No quisiera dexar pasar la [oca]sion que se ofrece de escribir, y agradecer a vm por el favor hecho á mí en el presente de vuestro Libro, acompañado con la carta de Vm, que grandemente ensalza el don. Noticias Literarias deben de ser agradables a los hombres de Letras, y tales serán siempre deudores a Vm por sus tan autenticamente averiguadas, de un tan ilustre Varon como Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra: Honor y Gloria no solamente de su patria, pero de todo el genero humano. No permite mi tiempo alargar mucho ahora, aunque tengo que añadir de Cyprian de

Valera: dilato esto hasta que veo nuestro comun Amigo el Señor Baron de Dillon: Guarde Dios a Vm muchos años como sinceramente desea su mas Agradecido Servidor Juan Bowle.  
Londres, y Diciembre 10, 1778.

February 25, 1779

*Bowle used brackets in this letter, which are represented by { and }.*

Al Señor D. Juan Antonio Pellicer y Saforcada  
de la Real Bibliotheca en Madrid.

Muy amigo y señor mío:

Como he gastado tantos años en mis estudios, sobre la Historia de Don Quixote, espero que en buena hora saldrán a luz mis labores. La primera parte del Texto esta finalizada, y el Cimientto deste ha sido la Impresion de Madrid de 1608 por Juan de la Cuesta: pero he cotejadole con la del mismo Impresor en 1605, y con la de Valencia del mismo año. Tengo para mi que Esta de 1608 fue corregida, y revisada por el Autor: Hallanse en ella algunas variaciones, y Añadiduras, pero he seguido las dos primeras, quando a mi juicio ofrecieron una mejor leccion, y estas mostraronse al lector, como los inexcusables errores del Majadero Pineda,<sup>1</sup> no mejor calificado para dar una edicion de Cervantes, que el primer gañapan[sic] que pisa las ruas de Londres para hacer lo mismo para nuestro Cervantes, quiero decir Shakespeare.

Es de notarse, que no es mi intención ilustrar á esta Historia solamente para los Españoles, sino para los que quisieren entender un Autor dotado de tales prendas, y de tamaño Ingenio, que casi le ensalza sobre todos los otros que jamás parecieron. Yo pensava, si mi intencion fuera lisonjear la Nacion Española, que no podría tomar un camino mas cierto para este fin; pero nunca

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<sup>1</sup> The editor who prepared the text of the London, 1737 edition. See n. 7 below.

fue tal. Leí, muchos años ha, repetidas veces la Historia en una antigua traducción Inglesa: y como me dixo un Fulano, que seria cosa muy facil para quien sabia el Latin, me determiné á aprender la Lengua Española. En este tiempo en los margenes de mi libro note algunas alusiones a los Poetas Italianos, y despues de aver muchas veces leido el original, siendo tan fijado el texto en mi memoria, deseava, si fuera posible, [ ]nar la Libreria del Cavallero otra vez. Y halle primeramente las Ninfas y Pastores de Henares; pero como me precedió mi buen amigo el Doctor Percy, desisti y añadi estas y unos pocos otros a su Tesoro. Finalmente yo me consideré á mí como destinado a semejante empresa. Casi diez años pasados Enquaderné con hojas blancas las dos partes de la Historia, en las quales he escrito gran parte de mis Anotaciones,<sup>2</sup> y para mi tengo que he sido muy feliz en siguiendo las huellas del Autor no solamente entre los modernos, sino entre muchos de los Antiguos, Griegos, y Latinos, que ilustraronle en muchos pasajes.

Poco antes la Navidad [sic] pasada llegava a mis manos la Obra Msta [manuscrita] del Padre Sarmiento de la verdadera patria de Cervantes,<sup>3</sup> y me precio desse que en mis notas he tomado casi el mismo camino que el apunta. Comencé con los quatro [sic] libros de Amadis, y finalizara con ellos. Un buen amigo, muy aficionado a Don Quixote, me ha prestado la Impresion de Sevilla de 1547 en Fol. diferente de la que antes ley. Mas no son menos provechosos para mi asunto el nunca como se deve alabado Tirante el Blanco,<sup>4</sup> y Olivante de Laura. Estos he leido y dellos he sacado mucho. Mi Glosario enxerido entre las notas se forma principalmente de el su coetaneo Covarruvias, de Aldrete, y del Diccionario de la Academia.

Espero que seran agradables a V. M. las noticias siguientes.

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<sup>2</sup> This was the Madrid, 1750 edition of Padilla. The Hispanic Society of America owns Bowle's copy.

<sup>3</sup> *Noticia de la verdadera patria (Alcalá) de él [sic] Miguel de Cervantes*, first published in Barcelona in 1898; edited with introduction by J. L. Pensado (Santiago de Compostela: Xunta de Galicia, 1987).

<sup>4</sup> Bowle cites Don Quijote's words, from Chapter 13 of Part I.

Parece que Cyprian de Valera vivió muchos años en Londres, de varios Libros suyos alla impresos. Primeramente Dos Tratados. El primero del Papa, y de su Autoridad. El segundo de la Misa. En casa de Arnaldo Hatfildo {Arnold Hatfield} 1588 8<sup>vo</sup> pp. 496. La Epistola al Letor tiene la fecha de á 15 de Junio de 1588. C. D. V. [Ciprian de Valera] Fue [sic] otra impression deste Libro en Casa de Ricardo del Campo: nombre de Richard Field, Impresor bien conocido de Londres, Hispanizado, en 1599. En 1600 se halla una traducción Inglesa con el nombre del Autor Mr. Cyprian Valera. Imprimió assi el mismo Field, ó del Campo Catecismo que significa forma de Instruccion; que contiene los principios de la religion de Dios, util y necessario para todo fiel Christiano; compuesto en manera de Dialogo, donde pregunta el maestro, y responde el discipulo. En 1596. 12.<sup>mo</sup> No sé el Autor ni he visto el libro. pero v. Ames. 420. Tengo un Tratado para confirmar los Cativos de Berveria en la fe xo [cristiano] y un enxambre De falsos milagros de su casa de Pedro Shorto {Peter Short} Año de 1594. 8<sup>vo</sup>.<sup>5</sup> Creo sobre la fe de la sobredicha traduccion, que salió a luz por medio de Cyprian de Valera, aunque su nombre no se halla en el. En Catholico Reformado, Compuesto por Guillermo Perquino, y trasladado en Romance Castellano por Guillermo Massan Gentilhombre, y a su costa imprimido en Casa de Ricardo del Campo en 1599. 8<sup>vo</sup>. Se halla Epistola al Letor con la fecha de 4. de Julio de 1599. C. D. V.<sup>6</sup> No puedo adivinar porque [sic] Londres fue

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<sup>5</sup> *Tratado para confirmar los pobres cativos de Berueria en la catolica y antigua fe, y religion Christiana: y para los consolar con la Palabra de Dios en las affliciones que padecen por el evangelio de Iesu Christo. ... Al fin deste tratado hallareys un enxambre de los falsos milagros, y illusiones del Demonio con que Maria de la visitacion priora de la Anunciada de Lisboa engaño a muy muchos: y de como fue descubierta y condenada al fin del año de 1588* (London: Pedro Shorto, 1594); available on reel 1612 of the microfilm series *Early English books, 1475-1640* (Ann Arbor: Xerox University Microfilms, n.d. [1975?]).

<sup>6</sup> By William Perkins, translated by Valera using the pseudonym Guillermo Massan: *Catholicoreformado. O una declaracion que muestra quanto nos podamos. Con-formar con la Iglesia Romana, tal, qual es el dia de hoy, en diversos puntos de la religion: y en que puntos devamos nunca jamas convenir, sino para siempre apartarnos della. Yten, un aviso a los aficionados a la Iglesia Romana, que muestra la diche religion Ro-*

omitido en los titulos destes Libros, sino fue con el fin de no prohibir su entrada en paeses [sic] Catolicos, como no admitirá alguna duda que todos ellos estavan de Londres, y los libros que imprimieron pueden se ver en Ames's Typographical Antiquities Lond. 1749 4<sup>to</sup>.

Nunca saldrán de mi memoria mis Obligaciones a mi buen Amigo el Baron de Dillon, y especialmente por lo que comunicava Con V.M. a quien professo sin adulacion y con toda verdad que siempre leo su libro en todas partes con el grandisimo gusto.

Pocos años ha fue regalado a mi Francisco Petrarca con los Seis triunfos de Toscano sacados en castellano. Por mano de Antonio de Obregon. Ympresa en la muy noble y leal cibdad de Logroño por Arnao Guillen de Brocar año de mil e quinientos y doze años. Fol. Letras Goticas. Parece ser algun diferente de lo que refiere D. Nic. Antonio Bib. Hisp. T. 1 115.

Dista mi casa casi ochenta millas de Londres, la qual ciudad visitava al cabo deste mes solamente para gozar la conversacion del Señor Dillon; la qual sucedio muchas veces y siempre como creo a satisfaccion de entrambos, especialmente quando tuvimos insieme un combite con dos otros parcialissimos amigos de Cervantes, con cuyo honrado nombre pintavamos lo de Pellicer, que con tanto juicio ha ilustrada [sic] su vida y fama. Guarde Dios a V.M. Años muchos y felices, como sinceramente dessea su muy obligado y Fiel Servidor Juan Bowle.  
Idemestone cerca Salisbury, y Hebrero [sic] 25 1779.

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*manaser contra los Catholicos rudimentos y fundamentos del catecismo. Compuesto por Guillermo Perquino licenciado en sancta theologia, y trasladado en Romance castellano por Guillermo Massan gentil-hombre, y a su costa imprimido* (London: Ricardo del Campo, 1599), available on reel 1526 of the series mentioned in the previous note.

January 6, 1781

*A letter to the editor, Gentleman's Magazine 51 (1781): 22–24.*

MR. URBAN, Jan. 6, 1781

The following account of a writer universally read and esteemed will, I flatter myself, be acceptable to you and your readers, as the several particulars have been but very lately discovered by his own countrymen, and have never yet appeared among us.

#### THE LIFE OF CERVANTES

It will doubtless appear matter of surprize, that the family, birth, and place of nativity, of a man, who was so great an ornament to his country and mankind as MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, should for such a long period of time have continued unknown. When the learned *Don Gregorio Mayans y Siscar*, at the request of the late Lord Granville,<sup>7</sup> collected materials for his account of him, he could learn nothing about his first outset in life, and only guessed, in which he was quite wrong, that he was born in Madrid. These particulars have been very lately cleared up in the most satisfactory fashion, so as to make all future search unnecessary, as there is not the least room to doubt, they being ascertained by authentic evidence. It may not be amiss to state the account of the source of the present information. As I have for many years past regarded *La Historia de Don Quixote de La Mancha* as a classic, and have nearly completed an edition of it as such, a friend, utterly unknown to me but by correspondence, in the course of which I had fully explained my work to him, in

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<sup>7</sup>John Carteret, 1st Earl Granville (1690–1763), was the sponsor of the luxurious London, 1737 edition of *Don Quixote*, which Bowle would use as copytext (see Eisenberg 47 n. 7 and 51 n. 17). Mayans was commissioned to write the first biography of Cervantes for this edition; his biography was edited by Antonio Mestre (Madrid: Espasa-Calpe, 1972), and is available online in the Biblioteca Digital Valenciana and the Biblioteca Virtual Cervantes (24 December 2003, <http://bv2.gva.es> and <http://www.cervantesvirtual.com>).

June 1778 communicated it at Madrid to DON JUAN ANTONIO PELLICER Y SAFORCADA, of the king's library; and, in a letter dated thence the 20th of that month, enclosed the first leaf of the *Noticias para la vida de Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra*, then in the press, with a promise from him to present me with a copy as soon as printed.<sup>8</sup> Accordingly, early in November following, the book came to my hands: what added greatly to the worth of the present, is itself truly valuable, as containing much literary history, was a most polite and friendly letter sent with it, in which the author expressed his approbation of my undertaking, modestly rebuking his countrymen for permitting *strangers to come to cultivate their heritage, and to labour in their vineyard*.<sup>9</sup> But to come to the *Noticias*, from which the following is faithfully extracted.

"MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA was born IN ALCALA DE HENARES... [There follows a lengthy summary of Pellicer. There is no closing quotation mark, and no clear point where the summary of Pellicer switches back to Bowle's words.]

This last account of himself<sup>10</sup> with every one of his writings, have confirmed me in my notion, that the goodness of the man was equal to the grandeur of the genius. Sure I am, that good-nature and candour, charity, humanity, and compassion for the infirmities of man in his most abject state, and consequently an abhorrence of cruelty, persecution, and violence, the principal moral he seems to inculcate in his great work, were the glorious virtues and predominant good qualities of his soul, and must transmit his name to the latest ages with every eulogium due to so exalted a character. At length, on the same *nominal* day with his equally great and amiable contemporary WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE [sic], on the 23d of April 1616 died MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, in the 69th year of his age, and was buried in the

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<sup>8</sup> This biography is included in Pellicer's *Ensayo de una Bibliotheca de Traductores españoles* (Madrid: Sancha, 1778), reprinted with a prologue of Miguel Ángel Lama (Cáceres: Universidad de Extremadura, 2002).

<sup>9</sup> Estranos [sic] que vengán cultivar nuestra heredad, y trabajar nuestra vin'a [sic]. [Bowle's note.]

<sup>10</sup> Bowle refers to the prologue to *Persiles*.

church of the Trinitarian Nuns in Madrid. The Spanish Academy are [sic] raising a monument to his memory, in a magnificent and splendid edition of his *Don Quixote*; and it is humbly presumed that his *Commentator*, in elucidating the obscure parts of his text, in pointing out his allusions, in his indexes, and references to the several corresponding passages, will, on examination, be found to have executed a work not ungrateful to his learned readers. JOHN BOWLE.

June 28, 1781

Al Señor D. Edmund Bott Esqr.  
Stowerfield

Muy señor mio. Tiene calzadas las espuelas el Gran Cavallero de la Mancha para ir á besar los pies de V. M. la semana siguiente. Hallará sin duda buen acogimiento, y favor con el dueño de Stowerfield, quien con su solito beneplacito perdonará las culpas del Impresor, y los errores del Editor. Su muy obligado Servidor Juan Bowle.  
Idemestone, y Junio 28 1781.

October 19, 1783

*A letter to the editor, Gentleman's Magazine 53 (1783): 812–13. This letter, apparently unknown to Cox (see Cox 116), perhaps more than any other reveals Bowle's generous spirit. The Academia edition was in competition with his own; it was arguably costing him money. Another significant fact, confirmed in his letter to Pellicer of August 24, 1784, is that Bowle did not receive a copy of the Academia edition until October of 1783.*

Mr. Urban, Oct. 19 1783

When works of super-eminent merit arise from the press in a

country which, till within these few years, has been notorious for its discouragement of any improvements in literature, it may seem ungenerous to take no notice of such when they do appear. The Spaniards of the present time are shaking off every trace of barbarism, and set the rest of the world a pattern by their most elegant publications. War, amidst its other evils, has, till very lately, deprived us of one of the noblest productions that ever graced the republick of letters. This is the new edition of Don Quixote, *corregida por la Real Academia Espanola. En Madrid, 1780*; in four tomes, Royal Quarto.<sup>11</sup> This work was in hand seven years at least, and, besides what was principally intended by the academy, a very correct text, the impression and its decoration has been made with all possible elegance and magnificence, and the whole fabricated in Spain and by Spanish artists. Three new founts of letter, made for the printing-house of the Royal Library, were presented to the Academy for the purpose of this edition, and do real honour to the founder Don Geronimo Gil.<sup>12</sup> The frontispieces, the head and tail-pieces, the vignettes, are as beautiful as to design and execution as can be wished. The subjects of the several plates have been selected with judgement, and tho all allowance has been made to the designs, yet they all appear to have been confined to reality. Accordingly we are informed that, besides the goodness of the designs and gravings [sic], the dresses have the merit of reality, and are formed from several pictures and portraits of the time of the author in several royal palaces: The arms and armour have been drawn from originals of the same time in the Royal Armoury. The fore part, side, and back of the coat armour are to be seen in the several plates. Sorry am I to add that no portrait of Cervantes has as yet been discovered: one prefixed is given as ideal only. His life, by Don Vicente de los Rios, presents no material difference as to any circumstance to be found in that by Don Juan Antonio Pellicer, printed a few years since, and which, abstractedly, is to be found in your Mag. of Jan.

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<sup>11</sup> Reproduced by Editorial Turner, Madrid, 1977.

<sup>12</sup> The original reads "Gib."

1781.

But his "Analysis del Quixote" is a master-piece of criticism; and may entitle him to the name of the Addison of Spain, as he has done that for Cervantes which the former did for Milton, whose name he mentions in several places with due respect and esteem. Had the Academy suppressed this, which I am authorised to say was once in contemplation, they had deprived their country of the honour of having produced a work that will be read with pleasure as long as a real judge of its merit will be found. The distribution of the whole into two parts, agreeable to the plan of the late editor of this work, is here adopted: and as in the original editions there was no division of the second part into books, no notice of such is to be found in this, nor in the former. As some of your literary correspondents may be pleased with the above account, a corner in your useful compilation is requested for the same, by your constant reader,

J. B.

July 13, 1784

*A letter from Gabriel de Sancha, Madrid bookseller and scholarly publisher, son of Antonio de Sancha. The letter from Pellicer is unknown, though some sense of its contents may be gained from Bowle's reply.*

Señor Don Juan Bowle

Muy señor mio:

Mi Señor Padre en su ultima me ha incluido la adjunta del S.<sup>or</sup> Dn. Juan Antonio Pellicer para Vmd. La que remito por mano del S.<sup>or</sup> Baron de Dillon mi favorecedor. La respuesta, si es que la tiene, me hara Vmd. el favor de dirigirmela à casa de Mr. Thomas Payne Librero en esta.

A mi llegada à Esta: pregunte à el Sr. Baron de Dillon por Vmd. con el deseo de ponerme á su disposicion y tener la honra de tratarle, pero tuve el disgusto de saber no estaba vmd. en Londres, lo que siento en extremo. por privarme del gusto de su conversacion è instrucciones sobre nuestros buenos libros.

La Nacion Española le esta Vmd y estará, sumamente reconocida por el trabajo que vmd. se ha tomado en publicar y aclarar la mayor obra de uno ò el mas ilustre de sus hijos. Y yo en particular le doy las mias rendidas gracias y le suplico me reconozca por su mayor apasionado y seguro Servidor, Q. S. M. B.  
 Gabriel de Sancha Librero en Madrid  
 Londres y Julio 13. de 1784.  
 P.D. El S.<sup>or</sup> Baron de Dillon me ha encargado de à Vmd. mil expresiones de su parte.

July [18], 1784<sup>13</sup>

Mr. De Sancha  
 at Mr. Thomas Payne's Bookseller  
 Mews Gate London.

Señor Gabriel de Sancha

Muy señor mio. Aviendo recebido [sic] ayer vuestro favor, y el del Señor don Antonio Pellicer, determine no perder la primera ocasion de responder á vmd. De no saber el tiempo de vuestra dimora [sic] en Londres, porque, si sea possible, me hare el plazer de gustar la conversacion de vmd. con mi buen amigo el Baron de Dillon sobre la, que tanto estimo, la Literatura Española. Quiza sera en mi poder visitar Londres esta semana [sic]: pero no puedo decir esto con certidumbre, porque es menester hallarme el martes y miercoles en Winchester. El favor de vuestra respuesta esperar en aquella Ciudad, donde pueda llegar en uno de estos dias, y dexare la jueves en la mañana. Vmd. me reconozca por su mas obediente Servidor Juan Bowle.

Idmiston y Julio [18] de 1784.

P.D. Vmd sera servido hacer mis expresiones al nuestro Amigo el

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<sup>13</sup> The date is illegible, but may be determined from Bowle's note on the same page that he received Sancha's letter on the 17th, and Sancha's reply in which he refers to Bowle's letter of the 18th.

Baron de Dillon, y dirigir su Carta – Rev<sup>do</sup>. Mr. Bowle at Dr. Wartons  
- College Winchester - My compliments to Mr. Paynes [sic].

About July 20, 1784

Revd. Mr. Bowle  
at Dr. Wartons  
College Winchester.

Muy señor mio: he recibido [sic] su muy estimada de 18 del corriente, en la que Vmd. decirme le avise el tiempo de mi estancia en este pais, para poder proporcionar el honrarme con su visita lo que deseo en extremo. A mi regreso de Oxford, donde voy pasado mañana, tendre la honra de participarselo a Vmd. diciendole poco mas ò menos el tiempo que estaré, que no será mucho, por si a Vmd. se le proporciona el venir à esta, lo que vuelvo à repetir me seria de sumo gusto, por poder tratar un rato sobre nuestra literatura y aprovechar con sus luces en ella. Tambien tendria el de comunicar a Vmd. el pensamiento que tenemos sobre una nueva edicion de Nuestro cavallero de la triste figura, y pedirle algunas noticias para su mayor logro. – de Vmd. Siempre Q. S. M. besa Su mas Seguro Servidor — Gabriel de Sancha.

July 24, 1784

Don Gabriel de Sancha  
under cover to Mr. T. Payne Bookseller  
Mews Gate, Lond.  
[Illegible] R. Thistlethwayte

Muy señor mio.

He recibido el favor de vuestra carta, y embio mi respuesta y una cobertura de posta, solamente informar à Vmd. que sera à mi preciso visitar à Londres cerca la media semana [sic] siguiente, mi

tiempo siendo ocupado en cosas que hacen mi presencia necesaria en mi casa. Espero que esta noticia sera agradable a Vmd. Serà assi de sumo gusto á mi de encontrar al Señor Dillon. Mi negocio aquí me ha detenido un dia mas que pensava, y voy este momento al lugar de mi residencia. Resto sinceramente grandemente aficionado de la Literatura Española, y he mucho de decir sobre este sujeto, poco conocido entre nosotros. Resto su muy obediente servidor Juan Bowle.  
Winton y Julio 23 de 1784.

August 2, 1784

Muy señor mio,

He recibido su muy estimada y deseo con ansia la satisfaccion de ver à Vmd. Mi estancia en Oxford, Blemsink [?] y Stowe ha sido mas que lo que yo pensaba, pero discuvro [sic] estarè en Londres el Sabado proximo. Si Vmd. gusta pasar ò enviar sus señas, esto es, el No. y casa donde Vmd. vive en Londres, en casa del Sor. Thomas Payne, encontiente de mi llegada pasarè à ponerme à su disposicion, y en el inter suplico à Vmd. me tenga siempre Su mas Seguro Servidor Gabriel de Sancha.  
Barckley Northamptonshire, Agosto 2 de 1784.

August 5, 1784

For Don Gabriel de Sancha

Under cover as before.

Muy señor mio.

Espectans Expectavi su respuesta cada dia de la ultima semana, y despues de diez demandas para la [sic] en el oficio de Posta en Salisbury vino a mis manos la noche del 3.o corriente. Es mi intencion besar las manos de vmd en casa de Mr Payne el lunes proximo cerca medio dia. En mi castillo en Londres solamente duermo y almuerzo: el resto del dia soy Cavallero Andante bus-

cando Aventuras. No tardaré un momento á mi llegada de apresurarme á su conversacion porque no tengo otro negocio, y á esta sazón tiempo es muy precioso conmigo. Resto con todo respeto su muy obediente servidor Juan Bowle.  
Idmiston y Agosto 5 de 1784.

August 12, 1784

*Note how casually Bowle lends his "muy raras" "ediciones originales de don Quijote," and tells Pellicer to keep his duplicate copy of the 1615 Segunda parte. This letter also refers to the earliest known reaction to Bowle's edition in Spain.*

Al Señor D. Juan Antonio Pellicer y Saforcada  
de la Real Biblioteca en Madrid  
n.b. sent by D. Gabriel de Sancha.

Muy Sr. mio y amigo.

Como Vmd. no dice nada cerca la mia carta de la fecha de Hebrero [sic] 25 de 1779 concluir que no ha llegado à sus manos: y por esta razon repete la con algunas variaciones, y adiciones.

Informa nos un historiador bueno que Cyprian de Valera...  
[Bowle repeats the information on Valera from his earlier letter.]

Es de notarse, que no era mi intencion ilustrar La Historia de DQ solamente para los Españoles, sino para los que quisieren entender un Autor dotado de tales prendas, y de tamaño ingenio, que casi ensalza lo sobre todos, que jamas parecieron. Lei, muchos años ha, repetidas veces, una traduccion Inglesa: pero, como me dixo un Fulano, que seria muy facil para quien sabia el Latin, determine conmigo aprender la Lengua Española. En los margenes de mi Libro notava algunas alusiones à los Poetas Italianos, y tuve el pensamiento de readunar [?] la Libreria del Cavallero, aviendo hallado Las Nymphas y Pastores de Henares. Pero aviendo precedido á me [sic] el Doctor Percy, desistí y añadí al su Tesoro.

El aver visto la Edicion de Salustio por el señor Don Gabriel

disminuyo en parte mi admiracion, y dispuso me para la de D. Q. por la Academica [sic]. En lo que he dicho en mis notas, que no corresponde con sus pensamientos, espero que tendran los Academicos la bondad de creer, que jamas vi su grande Edicion hasta el mes de Octubre pasado: y que perdonasenme el aver pensado con el grande Autor de la Historia que los Cavalleros Andantes no tuvieron camino determinado, y que el tiempo de la Accion avia de ser computado de los años del Ama. No fue mi intencion ofender ni a vmd, ni a Don Casimiro de Ortega: espero que miraran entrambos la libertad que tomava con sus nombres, como un testimonio de mi estima y respeto. Yo me fio de la generosidad de la Nacion Española; que asentavan los errores de la estampa, y advertirán, que no tuve alguna ayuda en el corregir la obra del Impresor, totalmente ignorante del lenguaje. Ruego a Vmd ser servido de asegurar a todos, que no he aseverado [?] ninguna cosa que pensava ofendiera ó las leyes, ó la Religion de España: con sumo cuidado he tantado [sic] de evitar todo eso. Que mis notas encuentran la aprobacion de Vmd es a mi un sumo placer. Sin adulacion a mí mismo, puedo decir, que sin ellas, muchas partes del texto al numero grande de Lectores deben de ser muy dificiles de entenderse. El trabajo de corregirlas ha sido mucho, y ponerlas pidió naturalmente largo tiempo.

En quanto al Analisis del Quixote se puede decir, que es la mas fina Critica, que ha parecido desde el tiempo de nuestro Addison; y que es en su modo superior á qualquiera de Francia. Leo y releola con gusto infinito. Pesa me mucho, que no puedo en todo convenir con la [sic]: con un amigo docto que tiene la [sic]; y sabe y gusta la Historia en tanto grado que algun otro vivi [sic] entero puedo creer que jamas serán generalmente admitidos al Itinerario del Heroe, y el Plan Cronologico. No soy pertinaz en mis opiniones, pero la edad del Ama parecer ser una objeccion insuperable. Me huelgo de leer que la Academia no adapta como propias las opiniones de Don Vicente, ni toma partido en ellas.

Las Ediciones originales de D. Q. son muy raras entre nosotros: envio a vmd todas que tengo: sera lo servido de retener consigo la segunda parte en Quarto 1615, siendo este un duplicado

conmigo, y volver los otros á su tiempo. Un Gentilhombre, que jamás ví, que vive mas de 300 Millas de mi casa, muy zeloso para la honra de Cervantes, el Ciudadano de todo el mundo, me prestó la del 1608. Esta fue corregida, acaso por el autor mismo; hallanse en el algunas omisiones, el efecto de mucho juicio. Tales son p. 283.24 en el suelo 288.20 que era discreta v. 287.23.<sup>14</sup> La repetición aquí parece ser inútil.

Tengo de añadir, que no la riqueza de un Fucar me aya tentado de comprender y acabar lo que ha hecho; sino me avian impelido mi mucha Afición y estima para el Autor, nunca avria salido a luz el todo. Fue mi intención a ser enviado a vmd un exemplar de mis Labores por Mr. Arthur Stanhope, Secretario de la Embaxada; lo que hago ahora por manos de Don Gabriel de Sancha. En su carta me dixo que “la Nación Espanola le esta [a] vmd y estara sumamente reconocido por el trabajo que vmd se ha tomado.” Espero como he gastado mucho tiempo en mis compilaciones, y no poco caudal, que los pocos exemplares seran permitidos de ser vendidos entre los doctos, como si mi información fue, como lo creo, verdadera, lisongeava el gusto de todos los eruditos. v. 117. Pocos años ha fue regalado á mí Francisco Petrarca, con los seys Triunfos de toscano sacados en castellano. Por mano de Antonio de Obregon ympressa en la muy noble y leal ciudad de Logroño Por Arnao Guillen de Brocar año de mil y quinientos y doze años. Fol. Letras Goticas. Parece de ser algun diferente de lo que refiere D. Nic. Antonio Bib. Hisp. T.1.115.

El Doctor Lowth, Obispo de Londres, sin ayuda de mi humilde [several words illegible] primero [illegible], y uno de los mejores hombres del Siglo, se le agradó mucho lo que dixo Vmd. cerca dél en su Ensayo. Así me informó un amigo mio quien está patronizado por aquel ilustre varon.

Guarde Dios a vmd años muchos y felices, como sinceramente de ser su muy obligado y fiel servidor Juan Bowle.  
Londres y Agosto 12 de 1784.

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<sup>14</sup> These are references to Bowle's edition of Part I. The first refers to chapter I, 29, the second two to I, 30.

August 15, 1784

Muy Señor mio y de mi mayor estimacion;

Me alegrare si haya Vmd. restituido à esa su casa sin la menor novedad y haya descansado de la fatiga del Camino. En cumplimiento de lo que le ofreci à Vmd. a nuestra despedida, remito el Cataloguillo de mis ediciones, advirtiendo que los precios que van puestos en Moneda Francesa son à los que los vendo en mi casa à los Libreros. – Espero que nos continuara Vmd. el favor de las tuyas, y que nos participare, si emprehende algun nuevo trabajo literario en Español y en el inter quedo rogando à Dios guarde su vida m.<sup>o</sup> a.<sup>s</sup> como puede. De Vmd. siempre que S. M. B. Gabriel de Sancha.

Londres y Agosto 15 de 1784.

August 17, 1784

*A letter to the editor, Gentleman's Magazine 54 (1784): 565–66.*

MR. URBAN, Aug 17

As I have within a few days past discovered some very unfair practices respecting the admission of an account of my edition of Don Quixote into two periodical publications, to which I had some reason to think I was entitled, and have found the perpetrators of them to have been a false friend, and another, whose encomium I should regard as an affront and real slander; the one as fond of the grossest flattery, as the other ready to give it, and both alike wholesale dealers in abuse and detraction; I beg leave, in justice to myself, to request of you permission to insert the following extract from a letter, which I received last month, dated "Madrid, y Junio 21 de 1784." The writer is personally unknown to me, but stands foremost among the literati of his own countrymen, and is at present engaged in a work somewhat similar to

that of our "Biographia."<sup>15</sup> I cannot but acknowledge my thanks to him for his candid representation. To the original I will annex a translation.

Llegaron con efecto á esta Corte los seis volumenes de que consta la Historia de D. Quixote reimpressa por vmd.<sup>16</sup> Como aca han llegado<sup>17</sup> pocos exemplares, un amigo me hizo el favor de prestarme la obra, que reconocí con gusto, especialmente el tomo de las Notas. Vuelvo á repetir que la empresa de anotar esta celebre Novela de Cervantes, no solo era nueva, sino mas digna de admiracion en un Estrangero. De ciertas Notas diran los Españoles<sup>18</sup> que para ellos eran escusadas; pero vmd<sup>19</sup> dira con razon que no solo escribe para ellos, sino para los lectores de toda la Europa, para quienes son utiles. Pero los mismos Espanoles no podran negar que no pocas de las Notas no solo les dan luz para la inteligencia de esta famosa Novela, sino que son enteramente nuevas."

In English: "The six copies are as yet arrived here, a friend did me the favour to lend me the work, which I acknowledge with pleasure, especially the volume of the notes. I repeat anew, that the undertaking to comment this celebrated Novel of Cervantes was not only new, but more worthy of admiration in a stranger. The Spaniards will say of certain Notes, that as to them they might have been spared; but you will tell them with reason, that you do not write for them, but for the readers of all Europe, for whom they are useful. But the same Spaniards will not be able to deny that not a few of the Notes not only give them light for the understanding of this famous Novel, but that they are entirely

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<sup>15</sup> This letter was obviously brought to England by Sancha. The author is apparently Juan Sempere y Guarinos, whose *Ensayo de una biblioteca española de los mejores escritores del reinado de Carlos III* would be published in 1785 (<http://www.cervantesvirtual.com/FichaAutor.html?Ref=287>, 7 December 2003). "Our 'Biographia'" refers to the *Biographia Britannica*, 6 volumes in 7, London 1747–66, 2nd edition 1778–93.

<sup>16</sup> In the original, "voud."

<sup>17</sup> In the original, "hon Uegado."

<sup>18</sup> In the original, the ñ is written n'.

<sup>19</sup> In the original, "vn'i."

new."

Such as the sentiments of my unknown friend. A desire to impart that pleasure to others, which I almost solely possessed, impelled me to the hazardous work of printing, in which if I have erred once, I may be readily credited, I shall never be guilty of a like offence again.

Yours, &c.      John Bowle.

June 9, 1785

*A letter to the editor, Gentleman's Magazine 55 (1785): 414.*

MR. URBAN,      June 9

I must beg the favour of you to obviate a mistake of yours in your account of Mr. Warton's book, p. 292, in which you represent me as the translator of Don Quixote. This is an undertaking for which I own myself absolutely unqualified. To adopt an expression of Milton's on Shakspeare [sic], I have *too much conceiving* of the merit of the original of *Cervantes*, ever to think of appearing in that character. I own my incapacity of clothing my own ideas in proper language. The difficulties of a translator must arise in proportion to his knowledge of the original: that he may comprehend as fully and satisfactorily as he may his maternal tongue, and yet find it impossible to discover adequate expressions in that for his own conceptions. An obvious reader presents itself; languages are not tautologous, *Industry, Industrie, Industria*, give very different ideas to an Englishman, a Frenchman, an Italian, and Spaniard. I am Sir,

Yours,              J. B.

May 5, 1788

*On the "Escoces" (Crookshanks) and Baretti, see Truman.*

Señor Don Juan Antonio Pellicer y Saforcada.  
Biblioteca Real en Madrid.

Señor y Amigo.

Quando embiava a vmd. por manos del Señor don Gabriel de Sancha las Ediciones de Don Quixote, hicelo sobre mi grande opinion de la Fe Nacional Española. Tenemos un refran, a Spaniards word is of more worth than a Dutchman's bond. La parola de un Español mas vale que la obligacion de un Holandes. Ha sido mi mala ventura de aver experimentado la verdad de uno de vuestros: no ay tal maldad, que es so zelo de amistad. Y vuestro poeta Luis Barahona de Soto me ha dicho

Nunca un enemigo descubierto ofende tanto  
Como un falso amigo

Tal es un Escoces, el qual, de si mismo incapaz, alquiló un maldiziente e ignorante Italiano, que piensa informar aun los Academicos Españoles: este es el infame Baretti: y como tal esta generalmente reputado entre todos que conocen el vellaco. Gracias a Dios, solamente me precio desto, que ni tengo verguenza, ni temor de la verdad. Aprendi primeramente la Lengua Castellana para leer la Historia del [sic] Don Quixote, y no es para todos, aun sus compatriotas hacer [sic] esto. El titulo de la Segunda Parte va incluida [sic]. Espero oir brevemente, que ha sido util en corrigiendo el texto de la nueva Edicion: hacera [sic] perfeto el tomo, el qual designava como un presente a su merced. Le ruego sea servido de hacer mis besamanos al Señor Don Casimiro de Ortega, cuya erudicion, bien conocida, honoro [sic] mucho; y á Don Gabriel de Sancha, cuyas hermosas impresiones añadiran a su fama. Guarde Dios muchos a.s [años] á su Md. Resto con todo respeto su mas obligado Servidor Juan Bowle.  
Londres, y Mayo 5 1788.

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Tolondron.  
Speeches to John Bowle about his  
Edition of *Don Quixote*, together with  
Some Account of Spanish Literature

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JOSEPH BARETTI

Cosa digna de embidia  
Es el consuelo que gastan  
Los Bobos en este mundo,  
Y aquella gran confianza  
De que imaginan, que son  
Sentencias las patochadas.

Antonio de Solís.<sup>1</sup>

London: Printed for R. Foulder, 1786.

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<sup>1</sup> Antonio de Solís, *Un bobo hace ciento*, Tercer acto (thanks to Francisco Rico.)

## Ad Doctum Milordum

## Epistola Cocaiana.

O Macaronei Merlini, care Milorde,  
 Qui joca fautor armas, capriciosque probas!  
 Cui, debata inter, Parlamentique facendas,  
 Gustum est privatis ludere quisquiliis!  
 Hunc tibi commendo, preclare Milorde, libellum  
 Scarabochiatum poco labore meo.  
 Impertinenzas narrat, magnasque bugias  
 Commentatoris serio-ridiculi;  
 Qui multas linguas et multa idiomata noscens,  
 Nescit quam didicit matris ab ore puer:  
 Qui bravo binas Quixoto praescidit aures,  
 Nasum Sanchoni sanguinieumque dedit:  
 Qui, tanquam sutor veteramentarius esset,  
 Johnsonò impegit scommata foeda sopho:  
 Qui, sine vergognae grano, quasi rana, coaxat,  
 Innocuas operas vilificando meas.

Hic ego tento suum livorum cotundere iniquam,  
 Quo mundum totum pestiferare velit:  
 Tento, si critico randello rumpere dorsum  
 Mulescum possum, dando, redando bene.  
 O si Flacceiis mea Musa tocaret iambis,  
 Et rabies numeris Archilochea foret!  
 Praecipitem hunc agerem, donec, velut ipse Lycambes,  
 Fune sibi collum fregerit ante diem!  
 Anne probent Britones, Scoti, Hibernique libellum  
 Stregonus tantum vaticinare potest.  
 At, si Milordum, venesonis instar arostaе,  
 Delectat, bene sit! fin minus, ah, chime!<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> Translated by Hilaire Kallendorf of Texas A&M University (to whom my thanks, and to Eduardo Urbina as intermediary): "To wise My Lord. / Coccaine Epistle. / O Macaronic Merlin, dear My Lord, / Who earnestly jousts at arms, and tries caprices! / For whom, within debates, and Discourses to be made / It is someone's private pleasure to play! / I commend this scurrilous-mouthed book to you, most illustrious My Lord, / With little labor of mine. / It narrates impertinences, and great lies / Of a serious-ridiculous commentator; / Who, knowing many languages and many idioms, / Does not know that which a child learned from its mother's mouth: / He who foretold two treasures to brave Quixote, / Gave to Sancho a bloody nose: / Who, as much as his vestment was sweaty, /

Just as Bowle's *Letter to Dr. Percy* marks the beginning of modern Cervantine scholarship, this book inaugurates Cervantine controversy. It is not the first written about Cervantes or his works—that honor goes to Edmund Gayton's *Pleasant Notes on Don Quixot* [sic], of 1654<sup>3</sup>—but it is the first book devoted to a Cervantine scholar or Cervantine scholarship. In it, the lexicographer Baretti, whose life was marked by one controversy after another, to the point that he had to leave Italy and settled in England, damns the peaceful John Bowle and his edition up and down.<sup>4</sup> As stated by Truman in his article in this same issue of *Cervantes*,<sup>5</sup>

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Impugned Johnson with supreme faith: /Who, without a grain of shame, croaks like a frog, Villifying my innocuous works.

"I try to confound his iniquitous bile, /By which he wants to infect the whole world: /I try, if by critical effort I can break the right muscle, /Giving, giving well again. / O if only my Muse would play flaccid iambs, /And Archiclochea would explore numerous rages! /Precipitously, nonetheless, I do that which Lycambes himself wanted, / He himself will have broken his tail fatally before day! / Britons, Scots, and Irish will try the book through the years / A witch can prophesy as much. / Thus if, My Lord, you resemble roasted venison, / Let it be well! Without end, ah, chimera!"

<sup>3</sup> Available on microfilm in the series *Early English Books 1641–1700*, Reel 145.

<sup>4</sup> "Cet Italien fougueux a entrepris des polémiques semblables presque sans interruption au cours de sa longue vie. ...Bowle au contraire était un pasteur paisible qui n'avait jamais d'histoires avec personne" (Ronald Hilton, in Chapter 7, "Un Duel entre Hispanophiles: Baretti et John Bowle," of his *La Légende Noire au 18e Siècle: Le Monde Hispanique Vu du Dehors* (Starkville, MS: HTA [Historical Text Archive] Press, 2002; published online only, <http://historicaltextarchive.com/books.php?op=viewbook&bookid=8>; 30 November 2003).

There is a considerable bibliography on Baretti, author, among many other works, of *A Dictionary, Spanish and English, and English and Spanish: containing the Signification of Words, and their Different Uses ... and the Spanish Words Accented and Spelled According to the Regulation of the Royal Spanish Academy of Madrid* (London: J. Nourse, 1778; reproduced in the microfilm series *The Eighteenth Century*, reel 6186). As a start, see Ettore Bonora, "Baretti e la Spagna," *Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana* 168 (1991): 335–74, and the references given by Truman on p. 23 n. 26 of the article cited in the following note.

<sup>5</sup> R. W. Truman, "The Rev. John Bowle's Quixotic Woes Further Explored," *Cervantes* 23.2 (2003): 9–43. Available shortly at <http://www.h-net.org/~cervantes/csa/bcsaf03.htm>

Baretti's attack contributed to Bowle's demise.

It may be thought strange to reproduce an attack on Bowle, whose accomplishments I have elsewhere praised. That I do so is in part because of its literary quality. In a sense it is also a tribute to Bowle, and allows readers to see for themselves the treatment he received. Its tone is, to be sure, not missing from modern discussions of Cervantine editions, in which we find articles such as "'Por Hepila famosa,' o cómo no editar el *Quijote*,"<sup>6</sup> or "Ahí va otra: Lamentaciones sobre las últimas ediciones quijotescas."<sup>7</sup>

It was a harder decision not to reproduce the two shorter documents referred to in it and in Truman's article. These are what Baretti calls his "Spanish Dissertation,"<sup>8</sup> and Bowle's *Remarks on the Extraordinary Conduct of the Knight of the Ten Stars and his Italian Esquire, in a Letter to the Rev. J. S. D.D.*, or in Baretti's words, his "Letter to a Divinity-Doctor." Both of these, to my knowledge, exist only in the Bodleian Library. However, the topic of Baretti's "dissertation" is Spanish orthography, and *Cervantes* is not the right place for it. Bowle's subject is the shortcomings and errors of Baretti, and these are of much less interest than Baretti's attack on Bowle.

Since orthography and accentuation are issues in this controversy, they have been left exactly as in the original, except for changes indicated in the footnotes.

For their assistance I would like to express my appreciation to R. W. Truman, Nancy Mayberry, Alicia Monguió, Francisco Rico, Eduardo Urbina, and Hilaire Kallendorf.

Daniel Eisenberg

<sup>6</sup> By Francisco Rico, *El País, Babelia*, 14 September 1996, 16–17.

<sup>7</sup> By José María Casasayas, announced for the Segundo Congreso Internacional de la Asociación de Cervantistas, Naples, 5 de abril de 1994. Casasayas informs me that it will not be published.

<sup>8</sup> *Dissertacion epistolar acerca unas obras* [sic] *de la Real Academia Española*. n.p. [London]: n.p. [the author], n. d. [1784].

## T O L O N D R O N .

A PREFACE,

*Which is no Preface.*

**T**O my indubitable knowledge, there is no Bookmaker in all England, and I might as well say in all France, or any other country you please, but what finds it a very puzzling affair to contrive his first page so cleverly, as to make sure of his Reader's good wishes, when on the eve of going a journey to Scribbleland: and this is punctually my case. Tomorrow, or next day at farthest, I am resolved to set out for it, be the roads ever so bad, the season unpropitious, and the hopes of success uncertain: and to bespeak those good wishes, you may well guess, is what I have now mightily at heart, as it is very uncomfortable on such occasions, not to have a friendly soul to bid you good-bye: but, whether that my Fancy has lost the use of her [4] legs by staying constantly at home, these five years, and will not see me a step of the way, or that my queer subject, desirous to be my sole attendant on this jaunt, has locked her up in her dormitory; I question very much, whether she will see me at all before my departure, as she used kindly to do in the days of yore. Well: I will send to her again this afternoon, and try if I can at least induce her to lend me a few words for the above purpose; a favour she can scarcely refuse, considering what intimate friends we have been once. If she comes, well and good; the Reader shall have the customary page; if she comes not, he must endeavour to shift without it, as I cannot do, but what I can do. Mean while, that I may not be quite idle, to beguile the time, and fill up the interim, I will amuse myself with making a Speech to a certain Editor Don Quixote; and, if the by-standers have nothing better to do, I beg they will honour it with their attention. [5]

## SPEECH THE FIRST.

*Un di costor,<sup>9</sup> che han l' anima per sale  
Acciocché la carnaccia non si guasti,  
Se lo potesse, mi faria del male.*

Niccolò Forteguerra.<sup>10</sup>

The first time, I ever saw you, my good Mr. Bowle, was at a Tavern in Holborn, where your friend Captain Crookshanks invited me to dine with half a dozen dilettantes of the Spanish tongue, among whom I was to see your worship, a man celebrated for his unbounded learning, who was soon to publish an Edition of Don Quixote in the original language, the very best edition the world had ever beheld; together with a Comment on it, the most marvellous of all comments.

As I took it for granted, that the conversation there was to run in Spanish, I prepared [6] myself for it by a hasty review of my store, in order to bring my mind to think in Spanish, that I might contribute my little share to the satisfaction of the company: but not small was my surprise on finding, that we were to speak in English in compliment to Mr. Editor and Commentator, who declared without blushing, that he could not utter a syllable of Spanish, nor understand a word of it, when spoken. A special Editor (said I to myself) that does neither speak, nor understand the language of the book he is going to publish! How the deuce will he be able to place the accents right on the words of a language, that requires so many as the Spanish does, if his ear, unacquainted with the pronunciation,

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<sup>9</sup> In the original, "costor" is capitalized.

<sup>10</sup> "Uno de los que usan el alma como sal, para que no se les estropee la carnaza, si pudiera, me haría mal" (translation by Alicia Monguió). Forteguerra is the author of *Ricciardetto*, "poema giocoso in 30 canti apparso per la prima volta nel 1738 col nome dell'autore grecizzato in Carteromaco a Venezia con il falso luogo di Parigi. L'opera costituisce una divertita dissacrazione del genere del poema cavalleresco, tardiva derivazione del *Morgante* del Pulci e del *Baldus* del Folengo. Il Forteguerra (Pistoia, 1674-Roma, 1735), della stessa famiglia del cardinale Niccolò e dell'umanista Scipione, fu sacerdote, legato apostolico, segretario di Propaganda sotto Clemente XII e sbrigliato poeta satirico." ([http://biblioserv1.bibliophile-international.net/servlets/server?\\_config\\_=bibliopoly&\\_action\\_=MainFrameFromStaticPages&\\_display\\_action\\_=DisplayBook&\\_book\\_id\\_=3900630](http://biblioserv1.bibliophile-international.net/servlets/server?_config_=bibliopoly&_action_=MainFrameFromStaticPages&_display_action_=DisplayBook&_book_id_=3900630), 30 October 2003.)

directs him not? —However, I kept that thought to myself, as I was not to answer for the correctness of the edition, [7] and the Editor's reputation was not in my keeping.

On my entering the tavern, you in particular received me with great politeness, and endeavoured to make me recollect, that eight or nine years before, we had met in a Bookseller's shop, where, on your apprising me of your intended edition, I had been so kind (as you phrased it) to make you a present of I know not what pamphlet, that might be of some little use with regard to your enterprise; to which piece of good breeding I frankly answered, that I merited no thanks at all, having perfectly forgotten the transaction, together with your name and person, having unfortunately never had an opportunity to renew my ideas of you and your edition; and that was really the case. But, Sir, though that was the case, was not my little present [8] (if ever I made it) a proof, that I had conceived no aversion to you and your enterprise, the first time I heard of it from yourself in the bookseller's shop?

Our dinner was jovial, and for a couple of hours we seemed much pleased with each other. Presently after dinner, a Printer's boy brought you a sheet of your edition, and you went to a side-table to correct it. Your talk finished, I begged to give a look to the sheet; and was not a little surprised, on casting my eyes upon the first line, to find, as I had just thought it would happen, that every accent was either wanting, or misplaced. I asked you, whether that was your last revise, and you answered in the affirmative; which made me jocularly advise you to have one more, as sheets were not to be corrected whilst the bottle was in circu[9]lation. My hint was friendly, but was lost; for instead of taking it, and asking me what errors I perceived in your revise, you snatched it out of my hand, telling me with a pretty simper, that *you were sure of your corrections*: and dismissing the boy with it, sat down again with us, mightily contented with your brave performance.

What judgment I formed of you and your abilities, as an editor of Don Quixote, may easily be guessed by this first token you gave me of them. It was plain, that your book would prove perfectly useless to all classes of readers, and even hurtful to all learners of that tongue, if you were to be the Corrector. However, as I said before, your reputation as an Hispanist, and your profits as an Editor, were no concerns of mine, and I was satisfied, that I had not yet subscribed my three [10] guineas, which was enough for me, whatever might be my desire to see a faultless edition of Don Quixote; a thing, that has not yet been effected to this day in Spain, in England, or any where else. Being a perfect stranger to you, I knew not how you would take any advice I could offer without your asking for it:

therefore, I offered none, knowing very well that,

Es cosa de majadero  
El meterse a Consejero  
Ado vés que no te llaman;

And being likewise but lightly acquainted with Captain Crookshanks, I did not think proper to tell him, that your book would not do; but contented myself with refusing him my solicited subscription, as too dear for my finances: yet feeling an uneasy sensation, as I revolved in my mind the strange blunder you were going to commit, I made one effort more, [11] before we parted company, and tendered you my assistance in the correction of your sheets, as I heard you lived in Wiltshire, and could not, of course, see your printer often: but my offer was declined, because *you trusted your correction to no body, but yourself*, as you emphatically answered. —Well done! thought I again. The man is infatuated with his knowledge: but time will come, that he will find himself in a pretty pickle! —However, was not my tender a second proof, that I was quite friendly to your enterprise? What motive, what shadow of motive could I have, to be inimical to it? I had no edition of my own to sell in competition.

It happened five or six years after that date, that a gentleman invited me to spend a summer at his country-house, and to teach a little Spanish to his two sons, [12] whom he intended to send on their travels, and to Spain in particular. To bring that teaching about, I took with me, among other books, my Don Quixote: but as the reading of three out of one book proved inconvenient, the young gentlemen requested Captain Crookshanks, who lived in the neighbourhood, to help us to one or two exemplaries more; and he sent us Tonson's edition, and yours, which I had never seen, nor heard any character of, good, or bad, since I had parted from you in Holborn.

On casting my eye upon yours, I suddenly recollected the sheet I had seen at the tavern, which made me look into it with some eagerness: and your rageful *Letter to the Divinity-Doctor*, wherein you call me an ignorant fellow in point of Spanish, forces me to tell you, (not at all out of pique, whatever you may imagine, [13] but for the mere sake of truth) that I found your edition even worse, than I had preconceived. On a close inspection, dear Mr. John Bowle, I had plenty of reason to wonder at such an editor and commentator! The *Text*, upon an average, has forty or fifty errors (that I may not say sixty or seventy) in every page, mostly produced by your perfect ignorance of the pronunciation, as I shall shew you at large in its due place; and, as to your *Notes* upon it, they are either trifling, or

needless, or absurd for the greatest part, which I will evince clearly enough, when I come to make my comment upon your *Comment*.

But what shall I say to your two *Spanish Prefaces*, the one preceding your *Notes*, the other your *Indexes of Cervantes' words* alphabetically arranged? How could you, Mr. John, take into your head to write them in Spanish? You say in your letter to your [14] Doctor, that the first *has been honoured with the approbation of an Honourable Person*: but have you not mistaken a compliment for an approbation? or, are you sure, that *Honourable Persons* never make game of *Tolondrons*, when they throw themselves in their way? Whatever approbation you may dream of, I tell you in the name of my own *Inhonourable Person*, that your *Honourable Person* would take it very much amiss, were you ever to make so free with his name, as to tell it us in print upon this score; and I will tell you further, in my own name likewise, that such strange stuff, as your two Prefaces, was never penned in Spanish, ever since the siege of Saguntum. Believe quite the contrary, Mr. Preface-maker, if you choose; but believe likewise, that, as long as you shall believe the contrary, I will firmly believe you the arrantest *Tolondron*, that [15] ever put pen to paper, and my readers may possibly adopt my belief, rather than yours, before I dismiss you to your evening prayers.

I ask you now this serious question, Mr. John Bowle. How was I to act with my two pupils, now, that I was to use your edition in teaching them Spanish? They, as I immediately found, had by Captain Crookshanks been both so strongly prepossessed in your favour during some years, that, the eldest especially, could not but think you the greatest man England could boast of in point of Spanish, and almost quarrelled with me, on hearing me call your Edition a bad edition. Yet, how could I leave them in their opinion, had I been ever so willing to spare you? Was it possible for me to read on, and not point out the errors, that were soon to give them the eyesore? 'Tis plain, that this [16] was not practicable by any means, had I even been as clever at a contrivance, as Merlin the magician, or Merlin the machinist. I was therefore driven by the unavoidable circumstance, to let them into a secret, that could not be concealed, and to make them take notice, as we went on, of all your strange doings, by throwing a dash under every word that was mis-accented, or mis-spelt, and writing it the right way in the margin, which was scarce sufficiently spacious for this kind of work, though one of the most spacious that can reasonable be wished.

The two gentlemen advanced in the knowledge of the language with surprising facility and quickness, as they understood already so much of Italian and French, as to read *Ariosto* and *Moliere*, besides their having already a pretty good stock of Latin and Greek; and you know, [17] that

young folks will rapidly learn, when they have from their childhood been well disciplined, and accustomed to learn. Our reading went bravely on, at the rate of six or seven hours every morning; and at night, while I was engaged at whist or piquet, they would still be tooth and nail at Don Quixote till supper-time. My morning work of the *notes in the margin*, though in itself an irksome sort of business, encreased a-pace, and would often cause a hearty laugh, and good fun, as they call it, because of the equivocations, that the omission or misplacing of the accents produced. Had we kept the laughing and the fun to ourselves, you had not possibly written your wrathful *Letter to the Divinity-Doctor*, nor I these pages by way of an answer in the Doctor's stead, who is likely never to answer it himself. But laughter and fun are of a propagating [18] nature, and the urchins would by all means admit Captain Crookshanks (who loves both dearly) to partake in our diversion; a thing indeed unavoidable, except we had been rude to him, as he visited us every morning, had made a present of your book to me, and insisted to be present at my lessons, that he might see how we went on, and clear up at the same time some imperfect notions he had long conceived about the Editor's absurd orthography, and other matters. What can I say, Mr. John Bowle? Other visitors partook, by degrees, of our laughter and fun; and, as you lived not many miles off, were soon informed of my wicked doings by some merry mischief-maker, desirous, no doubt, to encrease that fun and laughter *ad infinitum*.

Little wits are apt to take great offence at little things; witness a certain elderly [19] lady of my acquaintance, who, but t'other day, besmeared the face of her hair-dresser with soft pomatum, because he did not make her handsome, as she knew the villain could, if he had been willing to take pains. But let us not digress from the main purpose, lest I lose any particle of your attention. Lack-a-day, my good friend, I am quite vexed, when I think, that, on your being apprised of my *marginal notes* (the devil take 'em all!) you flew into such a rage, that the king of Sparta's was butter-milk to it, when he first heard the news of his naughty Nelly running away with old Priam's roguish son! The story goes still about Wiltshire and Hampshire, that your first officious informer narrowly escaped a most noxious aspersion, as he, unluckily and unthinkingly, imparted to you the sad tidings while you were getting out of your bed, so much [20] were you galled at some appearance of complacence, by him betrayed while minutely relating the frightful tale. But so it is, that your Mamma begot you while she was scolding her chamber-maid for not having well cleaned the parlour-fender; and that was the cause you came into this world with such a disposition to irascibility, as to make even your dogs shiver, when they happen to bark in your outer-rooms, and interrupt your eternal study of

the Spanish language.

From that unassuming moment, you conceived, it is plain, such an unquenchable aversion to your luckless *Annotator*, that, in my humble opinion, is by many yards disproportionate to the occasion I accidentally and unavoidably gave for it: and, to let you into a secret, as aversion breeds aversion, I have on my side taken such a dislike to you, that you are now as odious to me, as the fiddle of an old foot[21]man, whom I hear from morn to night scrape and scrape in my next neighbour's kitchen. A vast deal of nonsense you and I are now going to pen against each other, in consequence of our mutual antipathy: but so much the worse for you, that began the battle, which you might as well have done without. Had any wise body been in your skin, he would have acted quite differently on his first hearing of my *marginal notes*. Instead of fretting, and fuming, and swearing, and damning, and opening the gate quite wide to a black and tormentous passion, a wise body would in such a contingency have come straightways to me, and in a bonny tone desired to see some of my iniquitous doings, which had certainly been granted. If then, on the inspection of half a dozen pages, he had found me a silly annotator, he could easily have defended himself and his edition, by evi[22]dent and convincing reasons, and thus exposed me to my two pupils for an archetype of ignorance, dullness, injustice, or capriciousness at least: But if, on the other hand, and contrary to his expectation, he had been persuaded himself by evident and convincing reasons, that he knew little or nothing of the matter, little or nothing of what he had long dreamt he knew thoroughly; he would have handsomely thanked the Annotator for having cured him thus of his long blindness, gone back home on a full gallop, made a heap of the whole edition in his yard, and set it a-fire, as the honest Curate did Don Quixote's chivalry-books, nor even troubled himself afterwards about Spanish language, and Spanish authors.

This is the manner in which any magnanimous Briton would have proceeded [23] upon so trying an occasion. But magnanimity, Mr. John, is not yet to be registered in the catalogue of your manifold virtues; and I am sorry to say, that, among your few foibles, there is such a terrible conceit of your thorough knowledge in point of modern languages, Spanish in particular, that, like musk in an old drawer, has permeated and tainted the most compact parts of your wooden skull; so that, the same wooden skull will now require a good washing and rubbing with soap, sand, and boiling water, to rid it of the stinking effluvia; and that will not be the work of a day, upon my honour. The thorough knowledge of the Spanish tongue is the hobby-horse you have been riding on during such a length of years, that I fear you will never be brought to sell it at half price. The beast is

lineally descended from *Bajardo*, the famed stallion,<sup>11</sup> who [24] could at times speak and hold conversation with his enamoured master about the coy *Angelica*, as I have read, I remember not where: and, being thus highly descended, he too (nasty hobby-horse!) will talk in imitation of his prattling progenitor; and has really talked you into the stubborn persuasion, that you are as superlative a linguist, as Mithridates, king of Pontus, of loquacious memory: hence the lamentable reason that, on the above occasion, you did not act with a becoming British spirit, to the great detriment of your daily business, the incessant turning the leaves of folio dictionaries, and octavo grammars. Lack-a-day! It was by listening to the silly talk of that insidious animal, that your anger has now gotten such a superfetation of wrath, as is absolutely beyond the medical powers of Doctor Munro<sup>12</sup> to remove either; and that, like a bull dis[25]appointed of his white heifer, you now run about the Wiltshire hundreds, loudly bellowing against me, as if I had robbed you of every comfort of life by those notes in your margins. But hark ye, Mr. John Bowle! It is never too late to mend; and there is no hobby-horse upon the face of the earth, but what any editor or commentator will subdue, be his mettle ever so high, if the editor or commentator will but valiantly go about it. Take my advice, Mr. John Bowle: Set only your whole edition, *text and comment*, a-fire in your yard, and place the beast a leeward of the burning pile; and I lay you a Spanish doubloon to a maravedi, the very first whiff of the smoke that enters his nostrils, deprives him of his pernicious power of talking: and the horse once dumb, you are a made man, and recover from your distemper, to the great com[26]fort and satisfaction of your numerous friends and well-wishers, who have long been mourning at the loss of the plumpness, which used to irradiate hitherto your cheeks, and encrease the natural rotundity of your chin.

I say, that, on your first hearing of my *marginal Notes*, you became so frantic and desperate, that, with your wig all awry, you stopped every body in the street, and fell a telling each one of my past, present, and future iniquities, though not one in ten thousand had ever heard of my name, and though you yourself had seen me but once at a tavern, and once at Captain Crookshanks's about a fortnight or three weeks before; of course, knew just as much of my iniquities, or no-iniquities, as you do of the present Kan of the Usbeck Tartars. And what was the consequence of

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<sup>11</sup> A horse in Ariosto's *Orlando furioso*.

<sup>12</sup> According to R. W. Truman, possibly an allusion to Hugh Monroe, author of *A Compendious System of the Theory and Practice of Modern Surgery...in the Form of a Dialogue* (London, 1792).

that fran[27]tickness and desperation? Dear bystanders, I will tell you, if you are at leisure to hear it! The Goddess of the hundred trumpets, as chatty a jade as ever was born, quickly apprised me of it; and informed me besides, that the *Tolondron* was actually scheming and compassing no less than my utter annihilation as a man of literature; which annihilation was to be accompanied with circumstances quite direful, tremendous, and never heard of before by man, woman, or child. All this chimney-fire, however, I flattered myself (and who does not flatter himself?) would, in about a week or two, end in smoke, and that, in a sober hour, Mr. John Bowle, like a good Christian, would give up all his ideas of revenge, and bear my *marginal Notes* as other people bear misfortunes, that amount not to the loss of an elbow, a knee, or a great toe: and [28] in fact, three complete years elapsed, that I heard but very seldom of Mr. John Bowle and his misbegotten wrath, in which long interval I had almost forgotten both him and his Don Quixote, and thought of him little more than of the man in the moon. But, oh Jupiter and Juno! Too veridic did he at last make the report of the gossiping Goddess! For, within these seventeen months (some say eighteen) he worked so hard, as to produce the above-mentioned *Letter to a Divinity-Doctor*, quite as dreadful as the Pope's bull *In cæna Domini*,<sup>13</sup> if not more. Zooks! It was in that annihilating letter, that Mr. Bowle, you, you, Mr. John Bowle, said, in an annihilating tone, as how there was in London-town an

odd fellow, ycleped Joseph Baretti, who to your most positive knowledge, knows no Spanish at all, is a compleat ignoramus in French [29] and in English; and what is quite scandalous, knows no more of Italian than your grey-hound, though it happens to be his native language. True, adds your Tolondronship, that this same fellow, this stupid fellow, this very hateful and very detestable fellow, has proved so malapert, as to scribble a variety of things in each one of those tongues; and that the world, as they call it, has been in general so egregiously foolish, as to look upon him as a kind of linguist: but, what signifies what the world thinks, or says, when I refuse my sanction to what is said, or thought? The real fact is, my Lord, that this fellow's English

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<sup>13</sup> "This was a series of excommunications read out each year on the Thursday of Holy week (hence its name) in the churches of Rome and other Italian cities. It particularly aroused the ire of civil authorities by asserting the exclusive rights and authority of the papacy against those of the civil courts as regards ecclesiastical matters. It provoked a great political storm when the Bourbon Powers were pressing for the suppression of the Society of Jesus; it was read for the last time on Maundy Thursday, 1768." (R. W. Truman.)

swarms with outlandish words and idioms, besides, that it is stuck all over with outlandish conceits, and witticisms outlandish. Then his French is just such as is [30] spoken by the Basque-Peasants, that go to help harvest in the *Pais de Bigorte*, or I know nothing of it: and, as to his Spanish, take my word for it, that the King of Spain's decipherers would hang themselves in despair, were they tasked with the explanation of it. However, the worst of all is his Italian. In my ears, and I will take my oath of it, it sounds exactly like the *High-Dutch* spoken at *Nuremberg*, and in the Swiss Canton of *Underwald*. Oh, what a Talian! *Libera nos, Domine* from his Talian!

All this, my sweet Mr. John, you have said with regard to my skill in those languages, and said it to no less a man, than a Divinity-Doctor, who probably knows as much of them as yourself, or thereabouts. True it is, that, in your letter, you have not been quite so clear and explicit, as I am here; because, unluckily for your readers, you are as yet but young and raw in your authorship, and a mere novice in the art of epistolary writing; but what is that to any body? Tantamount is tantamount all the world over; and it makes not a farthing difference, if you as yet not gotten the knack of clothing your deep meanings in clear English words and explicit English phrases, especially as you are morally sure, that it will be but the work of some dozens of years to bring yourself to tell your multitudinous thoughts without confusion and without amphibology: but I, that know how to squeeze a lemon, when punch is to be made, have here squeezed out the juice of your sour letter, which, mixed with the water and sugar of my words, makes now such a lemonade, as may be drank at one gulp even by your washer-woman. [32]

Let me now, dear Mr. John, by way of setting clearer off my little skill in expounding your abstruse and intricate ideas, give a short scrap of your genuine style and manner of writing, and try whether I am conjuror enough to make my readers comprehend another passage, rather nebulous than misty, in that same letter of yours, which, in my humble apprehension, they will never attain the sense of, if I forbear approaching my rush-candle, to dispel the thick darkness, that surrounds it.

You, Mr. John Bowle, when composing that fine annihilating letter to your Doctor, thought yourself under the most precise necessity, not only, to deny me all gift of tongues, but, what is almost as unkind, to give a nice cut to my moral character, which, you fancied, stood a little in your way, and kept you wavering in your [33] intended annihilation of my literary one. Under so strict a necessity, as a man that is fertile in expedients, when good purposes are to be brought about, you conceived the noble design of

metamorphosing me into a pickpocket, and charged me with having done no less, than to steal a watch.

To bring this pretty imputation cleverly about, you took advantage (and a fair advantage it was) of a story I told at Penton, the day, that you, and I, and some other gentlemen dined at Captain Crookshanks's, of a man of fortune, who made me once a present of a *Quare*, or *Tompion*, I recollect not which; but, hearing a few months after, (from one of his Huntsmen, who wanted me out of his way for a certain purpose of his own) that I had spoken with contempt of some of his verses, grew at once so angry, as to [34] send for the watch back, on pretence, that he had only lent it me; with which request I instantly complied, giving him however such a hint in my answer, as made him mind the Does in his park a little better than he had done before, and grow ashamed of his ready crediting the Huntsman's tale: and here, by way of corollary, I must add, that I told my story, as one of the company happened to mention the gentleman that lent watches.

I suppose, honest John, that, on your hearing a short while after that conversation at the Captain's, of my *marginal notes* on your edition, and wanting, in the height of your Christian goodness, to give me something more than tit for tat, you thought of a collection of rare anecdotes, that might be serviceable to the intended annihilation: and calling back to your [35] mind my pretty story, presently schemed of turning it to your purpose: but not being able to speak with the identical lender of watches, for the obvious reason, that he had by this time been a good many years in his grave, and meeting no where with any body, that could tell it you with less drollery than I had done at the Captain's table, you bravely resolved to do it yourself; yet, in such an innuendo-way, that no human wit could make any thing of it in that part of this great metropolis, called Westminster. Availing therefore yourself of an account given in my travels through Spain,<sup>14</sup> of two Portuguese chaise-drivers, one of whom made use of the word *furar*, you paraphrased that account with these words.

Though it may be said with truth of an Italian, who stole his friend's [36] watch, *che furava il oriuolo del suo amico*, yet had we not the irrefragable testimony of the relator, we would rather think, that both, if either, would have used the word *furtar*, that being their verb to steal.

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<sup>14</sup> Baretti's *Travels*, to which he will refer several times, are his *A Journey from London to Genoa, through England, Portugal, Spain and France*, London: T. Davies, 1770. See Truman.

Let me put into plain English these cloudy words, that Mr. Bowle's ingenuity and honesty may appear to the best advantage. By substituting my name to the two words *Italian* and *Relator*, the sense of the paragraph will be this:

It is true, that Mr. Baretti has stolen a watch from one of his friends; and we have his own irrefragable testimony for the fact, as he himself has related it, in mine and other gentlemen's hearing, at Captain Crookshanks's table. And this is what either, or both the chaise-drivers, would have called, not *furar*, which is an Italian word, but [37] *furtar*; which is the Portuguese for *to steal*.

Having now rendered his paragraph intelligible to the meanest capacities, Mr. Bowle will expect, that I put myself to the trouble likewise of confuting the charge it contains: but this, by his good leave, I will decline, as it would in my opinion be quite absurd to contest any point advanced by Mr. Bowle, a man, whose veracity it would be a sin ever to question in the least. This, however, I will say, that it is great pity he has with his veracity mixed so much of his tolonronery, as to affirm that I was myself *the Relator* of my pick-pocketical prank; for, that may, in my opinion, somewhat infirm the credit due to his pretty story, and, were he not the Tolondron he is, his charge would have been rendered greatly more *believable*, had he suppressed [38] that circumstance, as few folks will ever be brought to bolt it down, that I would go wantonly myself to tell half a dozen worthy gentlemen such a story of myself. Dear Mr. Bowle, did you not see, that, by making such an impudent rogue of me, you have made an impudent Tolondron of yourself? And, moreover, what need had you to tell your honest meaning, as it were, in hugger-mugger? Could you not have it out boldly, and without involving it in a silly gibberish, made up of Italian, Portuguese, and English? Why such an interlardation of exotic words with your own main language? Dear Bowle! Leave off in future this tolontron-mancœuvre of jumbling languages together, when there is no urgent necessity for it, as in all likelihood you will not find every day and every where, such skilful interpreters [39] as I am, of your tenebrious way of writing.

But my stolen watch tells me, that it is now near twelve: and it is time for me to go to bed. To-morrow I will rise earlier than usual, to make a second speech to your worship. Go you to sleep likewise, that you may be up as soon as I call you. Good night, John Tolondron, good night. [40]

## SPEECH THE SECOND.

*Con rostro firme, y con serena frente,  
Como habla el hideputa y como miente!*

Isidro de Figuera.<sup>15</sup>

By the trouble I took last night to explain your passage about the stolen watch, in order to make your honesty and ingenuity shine forth and dazzle the eyes of your readers, you may see, Mr. John Bowle, that I have both your literary and moral interest at heart, and, of course, that I do not quite deserve the charming character you have been pleased to give me in your annihilating letter, wherein you say, and I apprehend with some inconsiderateness, that I have *a super-abundance of gall in my ink*, and that my pen is *dipt in double poison, which makes me write with acrimony, rancour, and virulence*.

But, how came your Tolondronship to dream, that I ever did you the honour to [41] write a line against you, or about you in all my born days? Why will you make yourself of importance in people's eyes, by falsely telling them, that you have been written against, when neither I, nor any living soul, ever thought of such a thing? True it is, that, as chance would have it, I made *marginal notes* on your edition and comment of Don Quixote, for the instruction of two disciples, and threw a multitude of dashes under a multitude of petty errors, committed by you throughout that edition and that comment: but notes and dashes admit of no *gall*, of no *double-poison*, of no *acrimony*, *rancour*, and *virulence*; therefore they could not warrant your calling me a *waspish Reviewer, who endeavours to bias people by misrepresentation, ignorance, and prejudice*, especially as you never would call on us to give them a look, which it was in your power to do. No more did they warrant you to say, that I am *capable of saying any thing*; that I might *cut a figure in the "Parcheles de Malaga,"* which may mean, that I am a rogue and [42] a cheat; that I am a *malignant interpreter of other people's literary labours*; that I have *no regard to truth*; that *my tenets are only acceptable to the most feculent part of the human race*; that I am *an evil speaker with a tongue like a razor*; that I am *any body's agent for defamatory purposes*; that I am *cruel, barbarous, inhuman, savage*, and so forth. Indeed, indeed, Mr. John, this senseless rant you will do better by half to abstain from in all your future lucubrations, for the reason, that I have lived the

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<sup>15</sup> Sic. There is no such poet.

best part of my life in this your country, and not in Kamtschatka; and am, of course, personally known to a considerable number of your countrymen and countrywomen, for a sober, peaceful, and studious man, who lives the greatest part of his time at home, and has for these many years delighted in nothing but books and amicable conversation. Take care of yourself, you great Tolondron, lest by your senseless rant, you run the danger of being thought, by my numerous acquaintance at least, not a native of their island, [43] but an Ourang-Outang, imported from Borneo in some Dutch ship, and missed on the Hampshire coast by the carelessness of his keeper. Indeed, Mr. Bowle, this same rant of yours, is rather the grinning mutter of that, or some such like beast, than the language of a Briton: and you know but little of the people you live amongst, if you think they will approve of such a phraseology in the mouth of one of their countrymen. Be a poor Tolondron as long as you live: there will be no great harm in it: but assume not the Ourang-Outang any more, if you intend to save your skin from being sent, soon or late, to Sir Ashton Lever's museum, and placed in the most conspicuous part of his gallery.<sup>16</sup>

That I have many and many exceptional qualities, I will easily allow. I am a man, and of course a sinner; and I heartily wish it were otherwise: yet, I cannot by any means persuade myself, that my sins have been increased, when I made *marginal notes* on your *Don Quixote*; [44] nor did ever, as yet, any man of literature or any other reasonable being, dream that he does a wrong and wicked thing, who points out to his pupils in private, or to the world in general, the errors committed by Editors and Commentators of books; nor was ever an inoffensive Critic madly called *inhuman, barbarous, savage, cruel*, for having marked down in his own book, accents misplaced, idioms that are no idioms, verses spoiled in the transcription, or other such ridiculous faults, produced by the stupidity of a proud pedant, who never would stoop to consult, but his own silly self, when going upon an enterprise greatly above his acquired capacities. Print away, my honest Jack; print, at any rate, the most extravagant falsehoods of me. Call me a rogue, a cheat, a pick-pocket, an evil-speaker, a

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<sup>16</sup> According to R. W. Truman, Lever (†1788) was born at Alkington, near Manchester, and educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. "He formed a noble museum of natural history, and spared no expense in procuring specimens from the most distant regions. This was removed to London about 1775, and opened for the public in Leicester-house, Leicester-square; but, for want of suitable patronage, Sir Ashton was in 1785 obliged to dispose of it by way of lottery. It was afterwards sold by auction." (H. J. Rose, *A New General Biographical Dictionary*, 12 vols, 1853, as included in the *British Biographical Archive*, microfiche edition [London: K. G. Saur, 1984].)

defamer, a Turk, a Lestrigon, an Anthropophagus,<sup>17</sup> any thing you please. Far from retaliating with similar, or worse names, I will be satisfied with terming you a *Tolondron*, and a *Tolon*[45]*dron* again, until I see you mend for the better.

However, Mr. John Bowle, take not this intended meekness of mine in such a sense, as to believe, that I want, by the indirect means of a mild deportment, to blunt the edge of your wit, when, as you threaten, you shall set about reviewing, *per extensum*, every thing I ever published in any language, and write my Life into the bargain. So far from intending to check your wit and genius, when you shall think proper to arraign my knowledge, or no knowledge, of this, and that, and t'other thing, I exhort you, on the contrary, to do it with as much briskness and vigour as your innate gloominess and tolondronery will permit: for, to tell it you between friends, I naturally hate as much a water-gruel critic, and a controvertist, that has no spunk, as I hate a dunghill cock, that runs into the cow-house, when he spies a kite hovering over the farm-yard. But still! Can't you bring yourself to speak and write, as all well-bred folks do, [46] with temper and good-humour, even when the pot of resentment is boiling? Can't you rally and banter, and be gamesome, instead of playing the Hyena, and endeavour to bite off people's flesh from people's bones? Do you not know, as yet, that it is a most hateful trick to embroider with atrocious lies and calumnies a droll and laughable story, told in a convivial hour? Do you not know, that noting silly errors in the margins of books, is not robbing people of their moral characters, no more than of their guineas and half-guineas? Can't you, in short, carry on a war (and a ridiculous one too) without breaking the laws of hostility to an enemy, who never took, nor ever will take, any advantage of you, but what shall fairly be given him by your malice and tolondronery? Dear Jack, if you will have me be your enemy, be it so, and good speed to me! but let us be gallant enemies, that fight with their coats on, and not stripped to the skin, like ostlers and stable-boys. Let us pull each other's wig and cravat, if coming within [47] grasp, and even give each other a good rap on the knuckles, when either shall awkwardly present his clenched fist to the other's eye or nose; but let us not run a kitchen-spit into each other's guts about accents, or no accents, about idioms, or no idioms, about right-written verses, or wrong-written verses; and other such petty nonsense. I will take my oath of it, that your Letter to your Doctor is a very slovenly specimen of your skill in the art of writing letters to doctors: and had you

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<sup>17</sup> Lestrigon and Anthropophagus are mentioned in a stanza of Canto 36 of the *Orlando furioso*.

to deal with an adversary less soft-livered than I, you would doubtless, by the same letter, have brought upon yourself a much sharper animadversion than mine are likely to be. You may possibly recollect a line of Quevedo, that says:

Tiene su velenillo cada mosca,<sup>18</sup>

which I translate with some allowable latitude:

Some flies there are, that will make asses mad.

Quevedo's line is very pretty, though my translation of it is but so so: yet you [48] will not do amiss to imprint both in your memory, in case you undertake to give the world another specimen of your skill in writing annihilating Letters to Doctors. Foul language, foul slander, foul calumnies, foul innuendos, foul rascality, Mr. Bowle, few folk will brook with that stoic indifference, with which I am apt to brook them. Nevertheless remember, good Jack, that Stoics, whatever they may pretend, will not have clumsy fellows tread upon their gouty toes; and mostly repel such frolics, by wielding their crutches at the frolickers' pates. But let me leave off the friendly preacher, and resume the trifling critic, by telling you, that the words *acotan*, *magin*, and *lercha*, a re words absolutely belonging to the Spanish language, though you deny it, by challenging me to prove it. What need have I to prove it? Indeed, I would rather undertake to hop on my left leg from St. James to White-chapel, than set about proving every thing you are willing to deny when I assert! Those three words, you will allow, were [49] spoken by Sancho Panza; and if they were spoken by him, it is incumbent upon you to prove, that Sancho Panza spoke Greek instead of Spanish. Yes, yes: prove you that, and prove it in such a forcible manner, as to carry conviction to my mind, and I will then submit to your opinion, that those three words have no right to claim a place in any Spanish Dictionary. As to the word *Lercha*, I own, that I know

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<sup>18</sup> This quote, if genuine, has not been located. "No he encontrado en toda la poesía de Quevedo el verso que cita, ni tampoco en buena parte de su prosa, aunque no toda. Habría que revisar algunas obras en prosa de Quevedo a las que no tengo acceso electrónico, pero si mi intuición de quevedista pudiera ser de alguna ayuda, creo que esa frase no es de Quevedo y, en cualquier caso, no figura en las ediciones de Blecua de su poesía con total seguridad." (Santiago Fernández, consulted on my behalf by Julián Olivares.)

A satirical sonnet of Quevedo begins: "Su colerilla tiene cualquier mosca" (thanks to Francisco Rico for this information).

no more the meaning of, than a post: but no more do you, cousin John, as you declare in a *Note* to your Letter: and to tell you truth, I am vexed you never knew the meaning of it; for, if you had, 'tis probable you would, some how or other, have explained it in your Comment, or in your Letter: and I, that am not adverse *ab hoste doceri*,<sup>19</sup> as you seem to be, should thus have had the same obligation to you, that you to the gentleman, who gave you the meaning of the word *Jangueses*, which I know not to have been of your own finding out, though you set it down as such: and here, by way of parenthesis, [50] I will tell you, that the only thing I learned from your Comment, was, the meaning of that very word *Jangueses*, which I had searched for in vain these many years. Instead, however, of inferring, as you absurdly do, that the academicians did right in not registering the word *Lercha* in their Dictionary, why did you not join with me in the wish they had, that we both might know what it meant? I know that you would give a good shilling, and even eighteen pence, to have it expounded; and I wish you may have your wish, that you may spare yourself a journey to *Lerici*, on a sleeveless errand: but, if you think, that a wish after that meaning is laudable in you, why do you find it blameable in me? Why do you tauntingly say, that, with regard to the word *Lercha*, I have left you *in the lurch*, when you, Mr. Editor and Commentator, who ought to have helped me to it, have left me in the same forlorn condition? And why, above all, do you face me down, that *Lercha* is no Spanish word, when, far from telling us to what [51] other language it belongs, you cannot give us any thing about it, but an absurd conjecture, and would, if you could, derive it from a town in Italy, where Sancho Panza never was, and of course could not know whether the fishermen at *Lerici* strung herrings by the gills or by the tails? Who ever was so much out of his way, as you have been on account of that same word *Lercha*? Mind me, dear Tolondron! Instead of falling out with me, about a word that neither of us can make any thing of, let us make a bargain, that the first of us who is so lucky as to stumble upon the meaning of it, shall honestly and Christianly impart it to the other, and demand no more than a groat, or a tester, for his trouble.<sup>20</sup> Am I not reasonable in proposing such a bargain? Let me only add for your information, that the word *Sardinas*, linked by Sancho Panza to that of *Lercha*, does not mean *Herrings*, as you have translated: and, if you will open your ears wide, I will pour into them a piece of erudition, that will prove a jewel to you,

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<sup>19</sup> "To be taught by an enemy."

<sup>20</sup> According to R. W. Truman, "the groat, not issued after 1662, was equal to four pence; 'tester,' a slang term for a sixpence."

[52] if ever you come to reprint your Comment with additions, as I am confident you will do to-morrow morning. The *Sardinas*, a name derived from the island of *Sardinia*, are fishes not half so large as *Herrings*, which, at a particular season swim in large shoals about that island, as also (possibly in smaller shoals) along several parts of the Spanish coast. The Spanish fishermen, like those of *Sardinia*, catch as many of them as they can, salt them, stow them in barrels, or in that kind of baskets called by them *banastas*; and they are then sold about. Mr. Pennant, in his account of fishes, mentions the *Sardina*, and describes it; as I am credibly informed by that same gentleman, who gave you the note about the *Jangueses*.<sup>21</sup> The common people in Spain, who are not such good naturalists as Mr. Pennant, by a great many yards, give, possibly with impropriety, the appellation of *Sardinas*, to the fishes called *Pilchards* in England: and I know this, because travelling through Spain in lent-time, I was many times obliged, whether I would or [53] not, to eat them with my bread at dinner for want of roast-beef. The *pilchards* go to Spain from Falmouth, where, if a fish-monger has informed me right, they are caught three times a year in different seasons. The *Herrings* likewise go to Spain in great quantities from Yarmouth and Leostoff,<sup>22</sup> and are called by the Spaniards *Sardinas Arenques*, or *Arenques*, without the addition of *Sardinas*. Of these also, many a meal I did make, when travelling in that country; not seldom without a wish, that it had been in my power to metamorphose them into *Soles* and *Turbots*, fresh from the water. All this wonderful erudition, Mr. Bowle, I impart to you, not with a view to reproach you with ignorance, on account of your having translated *Herrings* for *Sardinas*; but merely to let you know, that I am more of a communicative disposition, than of a *diabolical nature*, though a native of Turin. Had I never been in Spain, I might, in point of *Sardinas*, be as ignorant as yourself, without thinking myself a bit the worse for want of such know-[54]ledge: but since chance has stored me plentifully with it, and as I know that you are likewise desirous of being as good an Italianist, as you are an Hispanist, let me tell you further, that the Italians are one degree more happy than the Spaniards, on account of proper names for those fishes, as they call *Sardina* the *Sardina* of the Spaniards, *Aringa* the *Herring*,

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<sup>21</sup> According to R. W. Truman, the reference is to "Thomas Pennant (1726–98), educated at Queen's and Oriel Colleges, Oxford, eminent naturalist and tourist. Fellow of the Royal Society 1767. Author of *British Zoology*, first published at London, 1766; republished 1768–70, 4 vols. (London & Chester), with a volume now added on reptiles and fishes. A much printed work."

<sup>22</sup> Lowestoft, very close to Yarmouth on the coast of East Anglia.

and *Salacca* the *Pilchard*. Here, Jack, here is erudition for thee to wallow in, in case thy Comment, as I said, comes to-morrow morning to a second edition! Say now that the Turinese are of a *revengeful disposition*, and of a *diabolical nature!*

You scold me again, Mr. Bowle, for having wished, that the Spanish Academicians had registered in their Dictionary all the rustic words used by Sancho and his wife, and you say with your customary wisdom, or, (as I phrase it) in your Tolondron way, that *the Academicians would have had too much upon their hands, if they had paid particular attention to Sancho's lingo, and paid such a compliment to Madam Teresa.* [55] But, pray Mr. Bowle, where did you learn to apologize for the omissions of others, or your own? How can we strangers come to understand every tittle in Don Quixote, as many of us wish to do, if Dictionaries forbear to pay such compliments and attention to the words of Sancho and *Madam Teresa*, as you scornfully and gallically title that respectable lady of the *Casajo* family? Indeed I never wished, in my Spanish Dissertation, the Academicians to pay compliments to Sancho, to Teresa, to Don Quixote, or to any other imaginary being: but, as the readers of Spanish, and of Don Quixote in particular, are, and will always be, pretty numerous all over Europe, and even out of Europe, I only wished that the Academicians had, in the first edition of their Dictionary, not omitted one word to be found in that book; and I still wish and hope, that in due time they may do it, not in compliment to the readers of Cervantes' work, without minding any Tolondron's opinion to the contrary, and I [56] wish and hope, furthermore, that in a second edition of their Dictionary, they may register every individual word in their language, no matter whether rustic words, cant words, or antiquated words, whatever you may wish in opposition to my wish. A good deal of this they have already done, as you, and I, and every other Tolondron knows, or may know: but *Quevedo* and *Gongora*, among their poets, they have as yet not gleaned with sufficient solicitude; and those are the two that I particularly wish to understand every word of. You have given a hearty horse-laugh at my honestly owning, that I find many passages in *Gongora* difficult, and, in your pretty Tolondron way, define him *an easy pleasing poet, who drank deep of the clear stream of Helicon, and is never obscure.* Laugh heartily, Jack, at a poor adept, that will be obliged still to travel many a weary mile before he reaches you in Spanish knowledge. Laughing drives away care, and is a mighty specific against the spleen: and you are so little addicted to exhilarate [57] your milt with it,<sup>23</sup> that not a few of your neighbours are of opinion you will go

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<sup>23</sup> R. W. Truman: "Milt is a very rare word = 'the spleen in mammals and

melancholy at last, which would be a thousand pities: and, to make you laugh again, I will again say, that *Gongora's verses* puzzle me oftentimes, and set my Spanish at defiance, especially in his *Decimas, Letrillas, and Romances*, possibly because I never looked into any of his Commentators, *who*, as you affirm, *make him obscure by their absurdities*. Permit me, however, to say, that I will not, can not, ought not, to take your word without a pledge, when you say, that his verses give you no manner of trouble, and that you understand them well. The astrolabe of your mighty Comment has given me pretty exactly the altitude of your Spanish learning: and how could you, good man, understand *Gongora*, you, that are as yet so ignorant, as not to know, after being *fourteen years* employed in commenting Don Quixote, that Sancho never speaks any language but Spanish? *A otro* [58] *perro con este huesso*, my good man; and away with your stories! The inhabitants of your parish may credit every word you tell them about your marvellous knowledge of this, and that, and t'other language: but Jack—I am none of thy parish! [59]

## SPEECH THE THIRD.

*Methinks thou art a general offence,  
and every body should beat thee.*

Shakespeare.<sup>24</sup>

Casting my eye askance on your Letter to the Divinity-Doctor while my breakfast was making ready, I find that you have for once been so very liberal, as to bestow upon me the appellation of *Fool* without any intricate circumlocution; an appellation, that, if you had not courageously resolved to give me, might in all probability have struck to you *per omnia secula*, in virtue of that right, which Lawyers term *Antonomasia*.

And why did you favour me with such a free-gift? Because I have said in a Spanish dissertation, that "the verb *Deslocar*, in the sense of *to cure of madness*, is not to be found in the Spanish Dictionary, [60] though used by Cervantes in his *Don Quixote*."

Falling a little too heavy upon that casual assertion of mine, you deny the truth of it in no very smooth English; that is, in the following words: "*Deslocar*, to cure a man of being a *Loco*, or *Fool*, an explanation worthy of a *Loco* only, is *certainly not* to be found in Cervantes."

This, my sweet Editor of *Don Quixote*, is a period of yours, faithfully copied from your Letter to your Doctor. But, friend John, how could you write it without first covering your face with a dish-clout, that your looking-glass might not reflect your blushes to yourself, if you blushed, as you ought, in the penning of it You yourself, sweet John, a few lines after that period, have been so incredibly clumsy, as to transcribe immediately the very lines out of *Don Quixote*, in which *Deslocar* is used in the *sense of to cure of folly*, or as you more laconically phrase it, *to cure a man of being a fool*. Cervantes' passage, which I copy after your own tran[61]script, is this: "Temia Sancho si quedaría, o nõ, contrecho Rocinante, o *deslocado* su Amo, que no fuera poca ventura, *si deslocado* quedara."

I wish, Mr John Bowle, that after having transcribed this passage,<sup>25</sup> your Tolondronship had favoured us with a translation of it. Understanding the second *deslocado* in the same sense you do the first, what glorious nonsense you would have made of it! But what you have not done I will be at the trouble of doing myself, if you give me leave. Taking both

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<sup>24</sup> *All's Well That Ends Well*, Act II, Scene 3: "methinks thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee."

<sup>25</sup> In the original, a period.

*deslocado's* in the sense of *dislocated*, a translation ad literam of the passage would run thus. "Sancho was doubtful whether, or no, Rocinante would be maimed, or his master dislocated: yet it had been lucky, if he had been *dislocated*."

Turn it which way you please, friend John, no other meaning than this will you be able to get from Cervantes' period, if you translate the second *deslocado* in the same sense that the first: and, if you do so, what is the passage, but downright [62] nonsense? Poor Tolondron! Let me help you to the true meaning, which, such is your skill in Spanish, you did not even suspect, after I had given you a cue to it. You have called me a *fool* because I understand the passage, and I must of course call you a *wise man* because you do not even suspect your ignorance of its meaning, and thus return good for evil. I tell you then, that only the first means *dislocated, disjointed*. The second, as I said in my Spanish Dissertation, means *sacado de loco*, in English *cured of folly, cured of madness*. Cervantes has here punned on the double-meaning, that the verb *Deslocar* has in Spanish. With that second meaning in your intellects, read now the passage over again, and the deuce is in it, if you do not understand it presently. Cervantes says, *it had been great good luck, if Don Quixote had been cured of his folly when unhorsed by a hard push of his enemy's lance that put his bones in danger of dislocation*: but you, not knowing the double-meaning of the verb he made use of, because you [63] could not find it in any of your dictionaries, passed silently over the period in your Comment, and omitted quite the verb *deslocar* in either meaning, in your *indexes of Cervantes' words*, in order to get out of the difficulty. A pretty Commentator you, and a cunning Index-maker! Nor do you reply, as you have done in a note, that Shelton has translated the period in a sense totally different from what I give it; as such a poor shift will only make your tolondronery more and more conspicuous. Shelton, and the other English translators, could not translate a pun, because the English language has not a verb equivalent to the Spanish verb, and expressive of two meanings quite distant from each other: therefore Shelton, and the other translators, turned the passage without the pun, as they could not do what cannot be done: but the duty of a Commentator goes a few steps beyond that of a Translator, if you give me permission to inform you. The Commentator's duty is, to point out the [64] passages in his author, that are not quite obvious, as in the present instance, and explain them clearly. Have you done so in your farraginous Comment with regard to this? No. Have you done it in your letter to the Divinity-Doctor? No. There you called me a *Fool*, for having in my Spanish Dissertation told you the second meaning of the verb in question: and how could you be so monstrous dull, as not to take

my hint towards clearing up to yourself the passage of your author? But such are your most acuminated powers of penetration, that it is an even wager, whether you will be able to perforate the period, and see clearly through it, even now that I have pointed out and explained the pun to your worship. Should that be the case, I will own myself a *Fool* of the very first magnitude, for attempting to make Mr. Bowle comprehend any thing, though ever so easily comprehensible.

But, a-propos of the verb *deslocar*, who told you that, in the signification of to *dislocate*, or in any signification, it is an [65] *antiquated verb*? I am sure, that neither Covarruvias, nor any other Spanish lexicographer, calls this verb an antiquated one. How come you then to affirm what you have no authority for affirming? You would have been right, if you had said, that *deslocar*, in the sense of to *dislocate*, is used by the generality; and that the few who affect to speak with courtly elegance, say *dislocar*: but what can my Tolondròn know of these niceties, and of such jemmy distinctions, whereof he never had the least idea?

Having now settled this matter as well as it could be settled, I must go on with some other word that my Tolondròn does not clearly understand; previously asking the reader's pardon, if I prove a little tedious; as no scribbler can help fatiguing a reader, when discussing such trifles, as the meaning of words, and expounding petty passages of this and that author.

Mr. Bowle asks me with an erected comb, "In what noddle did it ever [66] enter that *acostumbrada* signifies *calle*, a *street*?"

See, madam, how a poor fellow foolishly unveils his ignorance of a language he would make people believe himself a great master of! But let me, with a dejected comb, ask him in my turn: How do you, Mr. Jack, explain the following words of the galley-slave in your own edition of Don Quixote? "Este hombre honrado và por quatro años a galeras, habiendo paseado (Cervantes wrote *passeado*) las *acostumbradas* en pompa y a cavallo?" If *acostumbradas* does not mean *streets*, what does it mean? Cucumbers? Mince-Pies? Poached-Eggs? Do, tell us what it means?

I will not be at the trouble of looking into *Shelton*, *Jervais*, *Motteux*, or any other English translator, to see whether they have translated *streets*, or *cucumbers*: but, that it means *streets*, I will prove with an authority nearer at hand, and altogether an authority of such irrefragability, that [67] Mr. Bowle himself will admit as a most excellent one without the least hesitation. And what authority is that? Shall I tell it, or shall I not? Yes, I will tell it, were I to undergo the strappado. Look into your own Comment, Mr. Bowle, and there you will find, that *You yourself are my authority*. Can I produce a better? There, Jack, there you will find, that

you wrote with your own hand, and out of your own noddle, these three oracular words on that very passage —“*Acostumbradas*, quizá *calles*”—that is: *acostumbradas*, perhaps *streets*. This quotation from your own comment, besides proving what I said, that *acostumbradas* means *streets*, proves also, that your noddle, as somewhat thicker than other folks’ noddles, could not receive the meaning of that word at one blow: therefore you modified it with your foolish *perhaps*: but my noddle, less thick by a few inches than yours, admitted it at once with out any salvo. Endeavour you to understand it so for the [68] future, Mr. Bowle, and leave off your *perhaps*, which are quite ridiculous in such clear cases as this. Nor do you come, in your absurd way, and artfully dropping the main point of the question, to tell me, that *acostumbradas*, being a cant word (as I assure you it is) the Royal Academicians were right in rejecting it from their dictionary, in spite of my contrary opinion. Such an attempt at retaliation would be but a very silly one, I assure you. The Academicians are not to be blamed, if in a first edition of so voluminous a work as their dictionary, they happened to leave that cant word out of it, along with many others: but, in another edition, it is most likely that they will not omit it, as they know, that the chief purpose of dictionaries is, to register all the words used by writers, that readers may have recourse to them, when they happen not to understand this or that. Having turned the leaves of that dictionary with a diurnal and nocturnal hand, during [69] the *fourteen years* you have been employed in the compilation of your mighty Comment, you ought to know that the Spanish academicians have not been so absurd, as to reject their cant-words from their work; and you know on the contrary, that they have transcribed into it almost the whole dictionary of those words, compiled by *Juan Hidalgo*. But shall I make so free, as to tell you how you came with your crest erected to assure me, that *acostumbradas* meant not *calles*? Your dull brains, when you commented upon that word, laid squat upon Cervantes’ passage, and all the English translators were spread open before you, ready to help you to this and that meaning: No wonder, therefore, if you went within a *perhaps* of the meaning of it. But your hernious memory, happening to lose the bandage applied to it by those translators, down went that poor meaning when you wrote the letter to your Divinity-Doctor; and so, like a ruptured Tolondron, arro[70]gantly asked me the silly question you asked. Do not so again, Master Johnny, and look before you jump, lest you break your nose again.

Still with too much arrogance by half, you tell me, that never any body, but myself, made *the sagacious discovery*, that *precios* means *años*, “years.”

To convict you again of tolondronery, and still quoting you as my authority, I must tell you, that, in the first edition of Don Quixote, given by Cervantes himself in Madrid, and in the second, made in Valencia, both bearing the date of 1605, there is a passage, that runs thus: "Concluiose [sic] la causa, acomodáronme las espaldas con ciento, y por añadidura tres *precios* de gurrapas." The London Edition by Tonson has this passage in the same words, and so has that of Amsterdam, copied from it. But you, that know Spanish much better than me by a great many yards, leaning on another edition made in Madrid in 1608, and, not [71] understanding the cant-word *precios* in the above period, substituted *años* in your own edition; and this you did silently, without apprising us with the cogent reasons, that induced you to prefer the reading of the third edition of Don Quixote, to the reading of the two first, and of many subsequent ones. A special Editor you, that will not conform to a text given by the author himself, and take the liberty to adopt another, possibly adulterated in other passages, as well as in this, that I have quoted, for the forcible reason, that you understand it not! But pray, master mine, Is your ignorance a sufficient warrant for your not conforming to a text? You may say, yes; but I say, no. You may however answer, in extenuation of your deviation from that text, that when you printed your book, you were not possessed of Don Quixote's *first edition*, and that you thought better to follow any other, than frustrate the world of your Herculean labours, most anxiously expected both in England and in Spain, by e[72]very body, that has a nose in the middle of his face. But, good Jack, urge not so lame an apology, lest I answer, that you tell not truth. You yourself, in a most unlucky hour, have tagged to your edition *the various readings* of the three first editions, and there informed us, that *the first and second* have *precios* instead of *años*. Will you ever have the effrontery to deny the evidence of those *various readings* given by your own self? How came you then stupidly to rail at my *sagacious discovery*, which was no *discovery* at all, except you call a discovery every little peep given to your silly Comment? The sagacious discovery was yours, who, not understanding the word *precios* in the two first editions of Don Quixote, had recourse to the third, which helped you out of our puzzle by the word *años*, whereof the signification is more obvious than the other, and to be found in any Spanish dictionary, which, unluckily for you, is not the case with the word *precios*. Let me tell it you again, Jack: Look before you jump, and suffer [73] to be advised, that henceforwards you must not be in a hurry in contradicting any thing I advance, lest I quote again yourself against yourself, to make your friend Mr. Smith laugh at you in his sleeve.

In spite, however, of my not-at-all-sagacious discovery of your infidelity to Cervantes' text, to which you had solemnly promised, in your *proposals* many years ago, you would most religiously adhere, let me not press very hard on your having preferred one edition to another, as, at the very worst, your reading *años* instead of *precios*, was but a peccadillo, to be washed off, as they say at Rome, with a spoonful of holy water. The story of the Knight and his Squire is not injured in the least by so trifling an alteration as that; and both heroes may still rove on about the Mancha in search of kingdoms and islands without any hindrance. I want not to triumph over so pitiful an adversary as poor John Bowle, [74] in good troth the most pitiful adversary that a man of literature could ever have stumbled upon. By convicting him of great and small mistakes, of great and small deviations from Cervantes' text, I only want to drive into his poor noddle, that he is as yet many furlongs from being the mighty Hispanist he has long taken himself to be; and I want to make him comprehend, if possible, that such a Tolondron as he, must not put too many petulant or fierce questions to me, if ever he resolves to write more letters to his Divinity-Doctor about Don Quixote, about Spanish language, or indeed about any other thing imaginable. Modesty and diffidence will, at all events, do him much more good, than fierceness or petulance, as, by the grace of God, we have two eyes as well as he, and can possibly cut a goose-quill much better than he can, whatever his own haughty tolondronery may make him believe, either in his cups, or out of his cups. I am [75] not, as he says, *capable of saying any thing*: but I am more than capable to say, over and over, and prove it over and over too, that he had done originally much better to mind the improvement of his farm, than to meddle with don Quixote, as he has done *por sus pecados* these twenty years past, to the great annoyance now of every body, that fortuitously happens to hear of it. [76]

## SPEECH THE FOURTH.

*Quid immerentes hospites vexas canis  
Ignavus adversum lupos?*<sup>26</sup>

Q. Horatius Flaccus.

Y ou assure me, good Mr. Bowle, and with the greatest gravity, that, among other innumerable faults and blemishes, my Spanish Dissertation has that of not being idiomatically written, that the diction of it is affected, and that it has furnished you with words and phrases you never had the luck to meet in twenty years almost daily reading.

To prove all these allegations effectually, what have you done? Oh the mighty Hispanist! Oh the formidable Critic! Oh the immense Tolondron! You have selected out of the Dissertation *one word*, and *two phrases*, none of them half as long as your little finger; and woe to me, if you had thought of pitching upon [77] several dozen as big as your thigh! One of those two phrases is, the proverbial one *de cabo en rabo*, which you will have to be no better, than an Anglicism, because it so happens, that the English say likewise *from head to tail*.

But to what purpose, poor John, have you studied Spanish these twenty years and upwards, when you mistake for an Anglicism, as good an Hispanism as ever was born? You Muses, Nymphs, Dryads, Hamadryads, or what you are, of the Guadix and the Guadalquivir, come to assist me on this pressing occasion, and, if not prose, give me verse sufficient to convince this Tolondronissimo, that the phrase *de cabo en rabo* is loudly echoed morning, noon and night, along the banks, that keep your crystalline waters from overflowing in dry weather! Huzza! My prayer was heard at this great distance from Spain, and granted so compleatly, that I see verses enough to pick and choose for authorities, dancing and skipping all about me! Here they are the pretty [78] things, and each one written in a genuine Spanish hand. Will you believe me, Master John, that here I have them all before my eyes; or will you put me to the trouble of transcription?

Believe thee, Turinese? No, to be sure! Never will I believe a Turinese as long as I live! Prove away, prove away without any further ado! Quote authorities, I say; or I will swear, that thou tellest nothing but damned

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<sup>26</sup> Horace, *Epodes*, II.4: "¿Por qué, perro cobarde, si estás entre lobos, atacas a a los inocentes huéspedes que no lo merecen?" (traducción de Alicia Monguió).

lies.

Jack, you are not goodnatured, indeed, by talking to me in this strain: Yet you are right. I have sworn, (and if I have not, I swear now) that I will never take your affirmation without a pledge; therefore you have a right to demand the same of me. I love fair dealing 'tween man and man, as much as I do apple-tarts and petty-patties; and black upon white is a better security than bare words: therefore I will do here what is generally done on similar occasions; that is, I will produce my authorities, and from such illustrious Spanish writers, that you shall not easily [79] challenge as not sufficiently classical, though you may possibly not find them on the shelves of your library, as I did not see them in the catalogue of the books, with which you decorated your Edition of Don Quixote.

You say, Mr. John, that in the course of twenty years, among other Spanish Authors, you have read *Ribadeneira's Flos Sanctorum*: but have you ever read that other work of the same Author, entitled *Flos Stultorum*? *Ribadeneira*, in a short *Zarzuela*, entitled *El Editor sin seso*, makes *Mariposa*, a coy *Gitana*, or Gypsy, ask the *Gracioso* this question:

Como llamas a este cero  
De cabo en rabo majadero?

To which the *Gracioso* answers:

Preguntas por el Bolocho  
De cabo en rabo tonto y tocho?  
Maldito èl si yo lo sé:  
Púparo, péparo, paparé.

And here, as a *marginal note* tells us, the *Gracioso* kicks about, and cuts a great many capers. [80]

Have you any thing to say to this quotation from your beloved *Ribadeneira*? Now for another from the facetious *Chufleteneira*, who, in his second book, chapter the second, page the second, column the second, and line the second, (you see I can be as exact as you in my quotations) speaking of a ball given by the *Alcalde* of *Mofadilla*, upon occasion, that one *Juan Bolo* was chosen *Mosen*, or *Vicar* of that *Aldeguela*,<sup>27</sup> registers a lively *Xacara* that was sung and danced by the boys and girls admitted to partake of that feast.

The *Xacara* runs thus:

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<sup>27</sup> Bowle was vicar of the village of Idmiston.

*Cantan las Mozas; that is, The Girls Sing.*

Vaya vaya de Xácara,  
 Gallardos Zagalejos,  
 Si sois los buenos páxaros  
 Que pareceis de lejos:  
 Cantad y bailad,  
 Bailad y cantad  
 De nuestro Mosén Bolo  
 Chichirichólo,  
 Chichirichón,  
 De cabo en rabo Tolondrón. [81]

*Cantan los Mozos; that is, the Boys sing.*

Vaya vaya de Xácara,  
 Taimadas Rapazuelas:  
 Llevad con garbo pícaro  
 Al aire las chinelas:  
 Cantad y bailad,  
 Bailad y cantad  
 De nuestro Mosen Bolo  
 Chichirichólo,  
 Chichirichón,  
 De cabo en rabo Tolondrón.

These two quotations, Mr. Bowle, ought to satisfy you quite with regard to the legitimacy of my phrase: but, as I am of a liberal, rather than of a *diabolical* nature, as you would make me believe I am, here goes another quotation out of the heroic poem, entitled *El Comentador Charlatan*, lately published by *Don Lope Bufonadaneira*, who calls himself *Muñidor de la devota Cofradia de los Truhanes Manchegos y Estremeños*. Thus does this great Epopeian describe his principal hero, a haughty *Presbiterillo* called *Juanito Bastarduco*, in the second stanza of his second Canto: [82]

No sé si su Merced es hembra, o macho,  
 Eunuco, hermafrodita, o cuero, o bota:  
 Si sabe a Inglés, a galgo, o a moharracho,  
 Si es olla hendida, o calabaza rota:  
 Si tiene tiña, o sarna, o si vá gacho;  
 Ni si es zago de iglesia, o de picota:  
 Si lleva, o no, por calavera un nabo;  
 Mas sé, que es Charlatan de cabo en rabo.

My dear Mr. John Bowle, believe me when I tell you, that I could, if it were necessary, give you a surfeit of such classical authorities as these, for my phrase *de cabo en rabo*, and without stirring an inch from my writing-table. Dream therefore no longer of my having coined it myself, and ask me not where I have been *groping* for that other phrase *assí assí*, for the word *diantre*, or for any other employed in my *Spanish Dissertation*. Whoever understands Spanish, will find the above quotations apposite enough: but the task would be endless, were I punctually to answer every idle question you may put to me, and adduce authorities for all the words I use, that are unknown to you. You must besides consider, that [83] these my fooleries are to go to you by the same road, that yours came to me; that is, by means of the press; and some crabby reader might possibly blame your indiscretion in thickening interrogatories upon interrogatories on me, and likewise, find fault with foolish me for my tameness in suffering you to do so over and over: therefore, let me prudently avoid these two dangerous rocks, and only take upon me to set you right here and there; explain to you this unknown word, and that phrase unknown, and do for you such other petty jobs occasionally, as Christians do now-a-days for other Christians, when they see them hardly pressed by dire necessity: but to pay at sight all the bills you may draw upon me for large sums of words and phrases, would be to teach you Spanish over again; and that I cannot do now, that age has rendered your noddle as hard as mine, and that your Comment and Letter to your Doctor have convinced me of your sluggishness in learning languages. Study Spanish [84] twenty years longer, Mr. Bowle, and the *diantre* is in it, if at last you do not learn it *assí assí!*

After this good piece of advice given you without fee or reward, I must beg of you not to go any more to inform the world, that I was *bred in Lybia*, where *Serpents gave me suck*, as this is one of those secrets I would not have divulged in any of these three kingdoms, wherein it is still a secret. It is true, I said somewhere, that *proneness to cruelty is inherent in man*, without meaning such men as Mr. Bowle, who has not the least

spice of cruelty in his whole composition; but meaning only man in general, when left to himself, and to his nature not corrected by education.

What made me advance that position, which is far from being an uncommon, or an acute one, was the most obvious notice one may take every day of uneducated children of all ages and sizes, who will wantonly kill flies and earwigs; put out the eyes of sparrows and finches; tie a [85] bladder or a log to a cur's tail to make him run to the devil; apply a red-hot poker to a cat's paw, when she sleeps by the fire-side, to make her make room for those that want to warm themselves; drive oxen furiously along crowded streets, to procure themselves the pretty diversion of seeing men gored, and women tossed up high; or, like the Barcelona Boys in Don Quixote, put slyly a handful of furze under an ass, or lean horse's rump, that, by kicking and bouncing, they may endanger the neck of their riders, etcetera, etcetera.

The notice of such or similar tricks, that any man who has two eyes, or even only one, may take every day in the week in many parts of this world, made me unwarily lay down the above position, on which you chanced, I know not how: and as you are always very humane and good-natured to me, you made this very kind Comment upon it for my instruction: *God forbid that it should be so, and depend upon it, that it is not so. Could the most savage beast upon [86] the mountain ope his jaws, and howl articulately, where could he find fitter words to bring down human nature to a level with his own?*

I need not by this time, gentle she-reader, tell thee, that this ingenious kind of allegory of the *savage beast*, means an humble servant of thine, who, in the days of yore, was far from disdaining the touch of such ruby lips as thine: and what will you say, you studious lads, to whom I give all the books I can spare, when I inform you, that a few lines after my luckless position is termed *a damnable position* by this Jack, who can sometimes *howl articulately* as well, as any *savage beast on the mountain*? And how can I, my boys and my girls, after this specimen of such a Jack's philosophy and philanthropy, set cheerfully about teaching him Spanish, Italian, French, English, or any other good thing?

However, *quod dixi, dixi*,<sup>28</sup> and I will say it again, that, now and then, I will take the trouble of setting him right, when I see him shamefully or ridiculously wrong, [87] and here and there explain him a word or phrase: but to teach him *da capo*, (as musicians say) as if I had nothing better to do, would be like an attempt to drink the ocean dry. He may have, as he says, what I have not a drop of, a full hogshead of the *milk of*

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<sup>28</sup> Lo que dije, dije.

*human nature* running in and out at his *sistole* and his *diastole*: and, of course, shudder, and be horribly shocked, at my *damnabale positions* and *diabolical doctrines*: but, for all his courting and coaxing me at this rate, I cannot undertake to teach *da capo* such a milky philosopher, as his tolon-dronship shews himself, whenever the marginal notes haunt him like hobgoblins.

To tell the truth, Mr. Bowle, you are somewhat more milky, and sugary too, when you anatomize my Portuguese learning, and there you say of me *muita coiza boa*. Indeed I never said, or excogitated, that I ever knew more Portuguese, than what could help me once through the *Lusiada* of *Camoens*, which, however, I own, I never had Bluteau enough to understand so well, as I do the French *Telemaque*. Far [88] from parading away with my Portuguese, as you do with yours, I only dropped a few words of it in the short account I gave of my crossing a part of Portugal, as I happened to hear them from my chaise-drivers, and a few other folks. You, Mr. Bowle, with *Father Bluteau's Dictionary* in your hands, are pleased to inform me, that two or three of those words are not Portuguese, and make a fuss about it (taking even advantage of some error of the press) as if the Scythians and Parthians had just landed at Brighthelmstone, and were advancing to besiege Lewes, or Croydon. But, good Jack, if those words give you any uneasiness, diminish your appetite, or interrupt your sleep, on account of their not being spelt the right way, I have no objection in the world to your correcting them in the margin by the help of your *Father Bluteau*. The exemplary of my *Travels*, which you have bought with your own money at the bookseller's where once we met, belongs to you as much as your garters; and you may burn it, or correct [89] it, as you like best. Suppose you only correct it, we shall then be quit on the score of *marginal notes*, as by your corrections you may vex me full as much, as you chose to be vexed at mine: In this case, however, you may let go untouched the chaise-driver's phrase, *En esta tierra furan todo*, which means, *In this country they steal every thing*. It is true, as you most generously condescended to inform me, that *to steal* is in Spanish *hurtar*, and in Portuguese *furtar*: but let me inform you, that *furan* is also used in some of the Spanish provinces, and I dare say in some of the Portuguese. The chaise-driver who spoke that sentence, was, in all probability, neither a native of Castille, nor of Estremadure [sic]; and it is a thousand pities I forgot to ask him of what province he was, which would have been an important piece of information to my reader: yet depend upon it, that I took down with my black pencil in my memorandum-book those words, exactly as he spoke them: therefore you will certainly commit a great sin, [90] if you change the *furan* into *hurtan*, or

*furtaô* [sic], either with a *tilde*, as I write it, or, as you do, with a *circumflexo*, *fura* [sic]. Not to prove unthankful for your Portuguese *furtar*, and your Spanish *hurtar*, I will tell you in return, that the same verb *furtar* is also an antiquated Spanish verb, and that you will find it as such, not in the Academical Dictionary, nor in Covarruvias, nor in Ribadeneira; but in many old Spanish books, that in particular entitled, *Las Siete Partidas del Rey don Alfonso el Sabio*, wherein if you turn to the *Setena Partida, Titulo XIII*, you will find the same Titulo beginning with these words: *Furtar lo ageno es malfetria, que es defendida a los omes*; that is, *To steal other people's goods is a crime forbidden to men*: a text that, if you had thought of when you invented the story of the stolen watch, would have proved to you a text of gold, as it would have come quite pat to your purpose. By the bye, as I find by the catalogue of your books, that you have that of *Don Alonso*, I exhort you to read it more than you have done *Don* [91] *Quixote*; and I assure you, if you ever come to understand it well, you will reap greater advantage from that, than you did from the other, because Don Quixote makes people good-humoured; and that is what you'll never be: but Don Alfonso makes people honest; and that is what you ought to be.

Not to digress too widely, and returning to your making *notes* in *my margins*, as I did in *yours*, you have my full permission to blot the last *o* in the word *Borracho*, and to put an *a* in the stead, and make it *Borracha*, which, as you say (and you say right) is the true Spanish name of that *leather-bag* so much used all over Spain to keep wine in. Recollect, however, that when I made so free as to call it *Borracho*, I was writing in English, not Spanish: and as the English call it *Borracho*, I called it *Borracho* too. I know full well, that you, who are a scrupulous linguist, and want to promulgate such a notion through your parish, would in my case not have missed the opportunity of rebuking your country[92]men as you do me, for their abominable transformation of a Spanish feminine into an English neuter, and gone even so far, as to wish for a motion in parliament to have it enacted into a law, that "In conformity to the Spanish language, the subjects of this realm be henceforwards compelled to say and to write *Borracha* instead of *Borracho*: and furthermore, that this same nasty *Borracho* be transported for life to Africa, or any other of his majesty's plantations." But, Mr. Bowle, I, that am not quite so fond as you of teaching nations how to speak their respective tongues, and choose rather to err with them, than be right with you, and hate besides all ostentatious pedantry and parade of trifling knowledge, will continue to write *Borracho* in English, and save my *Borracha* for my next Spanish Dissertation, or whatever it may be, notwithstanding any Jack's protest to the contrary: and so will I likewise do with regard to the word *Comment*,

which I will never call *Comento*, as you sillily do when writing Eng[93]lish: see the *Comento*; as I said in my *Comento*, and so forth. Strut away, Jack, and let the universe be apprised of they vast scientificalness! Teach nations, thou that art equal to the *great undertaking*, and simper prettily at me for looking upon myself as only a *tolerable adept* in Spanish! But, what can I do, if the unlucky star I was born under, made me *ab incunabulis*,<sup>29</sup> so confounded modest, that I never dared to advertise myself as a giant in that tongue, to be seen, at a shilling a head, in the large room over the New Exchange! Would you believe it, milky master Jack, that on presenting a few of my most intimate friends with my *Spanish Dissertation*, most of them stared at it, as at the oddest meteor? and why! because none of them had ever suspected my having sufficient cleverness that way, and capability to write so many Spanish pages. And it was likewise a mere accidental dispute, that induced me to let some folks know, that I was not quite so ignorant of that tongue as they supposed. True it is, that you find that Dissertation [94] little better than a long string of anglicisms, for the cogent reason that you have been these twenty years incessantly reading Spanish, yet could not make out many lines in it: but, be the Dissertation a string of Anglicisms, or Madagascarisms, take this from the Author of it, that you will do yourself no mischief at all, to bring yourself a few pegs down in your high opinion of yourself; as it is a maxim pretty generally received in the literary commonwealth, that all Boasters are Tolondrons of no small magnitude. Were it true, as I apprehend it is not, that in point of languages you are a second Father Finetti,<sup>30</sup> still your talking somewhat smaller, than you have hitherto done, will give you no cholick, nor indigestion: and to tell it you at once without mincing the matter, I should be much ashamed, if, in three or four months teaching, I had not put more Spanish into the heads of my two young gentlemen, (you know whom I mean) than you have gotten into your noddle during the twenty years incessant [95] reading of your *Covarruvias* and your *Ribadeneiras*.

Your eternal bragging of your deep skill in this, and your deep skill in that, being but ridiculous tolondroneries in you, I scruple not, as you see, to make game of them, and expose them in the ludicrous language of comedy and farce. But to be a moment serious, what shall I say of that paltry malevolence you are so unguarded as to betray about my pension? Every body, that knows any thing of me, knows that, during many years,

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<sup>29</sup> From the cradle.

<sup>30</sup> A reference to Bonifazio Finetti, author of the *Trattato della linguaebraica e sue affini*, Venice, 1756.

I have done what I could to throw my little mite into the immense stock of English literature, and would have done more, if my short abilities had permitted. For the little that I have done, your country, which, in bestowing rewards, looks more on her innate generosity, than on people's merits, has bestowed enough upon me, to make my old age easy and comfortable, God be blessed for it: And you, good Mr. John Bowle, you arraign her for it? I will easily agree with you, that from [96] all my writings you never learnt what was worth the thousandth part of a half-penny; and that may likewise be the case of many otherbodies: However, your contribution, as a subject, towards my easy and comfortable existence, amounting possibly to less than even the thousandth part of a half-penny, how can you boast of having *the milk of human nature* flowing *à gros bouillons* in your veins, when you grudge it me, and objurgate your noble nation for having taken so invisible, so incomprehensible a part of your property from you, to bestow it upon me, when, as I am informed, you enjoy under her protection the use of much more money, than you know what to do with? Fie upon you, and your natural milk, Mr. John Bowle! How can you utter the humane sentiments of Terence, as if they were your own, and in the same breath vomit the most inhuman ones against your beneficent country? Be guilty of such paltry malevolence no more, my milk master; and, as you know I am on the brink of [97] seventy, comfort yourself in secret, that I cannot keep you long out of your thousandth part of a half-penny, as men so aged have but a short race to run.

But let me hasten away from those paragraphs, wherein you shew yourself in the aspect of a Yucatan-alligator, rather than of an English citizen. To insist any longer on them, would prove with a vengeance, my *damnable position* to be true, *that man, unassisted by education, is a cruel being*. From those nasty and hateful paragraphs, let us turn to those absurd and ridiculous ones, the exposition whereof may draw from my readers smiles and laughter, rather than contempt and detestation.

In one of those absurd and ridiculous paragraphs you fall upon me with great fierceness, and appear superlatively enraged at the imperfect account I gave in my travels of the editions of Covarruvias' *Thesoro* [sic]; alias *Dictionary*. There I unfortunately said, that I had seen only *two* of those editions; and you put yourself in a [98] passion, because I have not seen *three*. To appease you, my milky man, I fall down prostrate at your feet, and confess with the utmost contrition and attrition to *Vuestra Reverendissima*,

as if you were the Pope's first Penitentiary, that I have been so wretchedly sinful when on my travels through Spain, as never to have seen but *two* of those editions; *two*, and no more. *Vuestra Reverendissima* informs me now, that the Bookseller's Catechism, the only orthodox book I ought to look into, says plainly and intelligibly, that *the editions of Covarruvias' Thesoro are three*, and not *two*, as my heretical and profligate eyes had taught me to believe, when on my travels. Ten thousand thanks from my heart's bottom to *Vuestra Reverendissima* for his soul-saving information; and be your *Reverendissima* sure and certain, if you will, but for this once, pronounce an *Ego te absolvo*, that henceforwards I shall truly and sincerely believe the editions of that dictionary to be *three* and not *two*, what[99]ever my wicked eyes may hear preach, or report to the contrary.

Full as wise is your prolix talk about the same Covarruvias, when you say, that *in my travels* I have exalted him, and depressed him *in my Spanish Dissertation*. I said in my travels, that Covarruvias was a very learned man, and a respectable Etymologist, so far as I could judge by a cursory look given to his book with the hurry of a Traveller: and this was not setting him at the very top of the house. Then, at another period of my life having had occasion to inspect that same book at leisure, I disapproved of his incessant endeavours to trace even the most common words from the Greek and the Hebrew, when he could easily have found them nearer home: and is this sending him down from the garret to the cellar? In the Dissertation I produced two or three examples of his so doing, which I thought sufficient to the purpose I had then in hand: But how did my so doing depress him, and destroy his character as a man of very [100] extensive learning? Where is the sinful contradiction of my two assertions? Does not the second, as well as the first, characterize him as a man possessed of Greek and Hebrew, which in English implies *extensive learning*? Jack, Jack, thou art but a sorry caviler, and hadst better to eat beef and plumb-pudding on Sundays, than play the critic any day in the week! But, suppose that I had fallen even harder on the *Señor Don Bastian*, had I said half so much, as *Quevedo*? You, that have impinguated your *Comento* by transplanting into it thousands of Don Bastian's words along with their definitions, are ridiculously persuaded, that you have been stringing up Oriental pearls: but *Quevedo*, who understood him certainly somewhat better than you, passed just such a judgment upon him in his *Cuento de Cuento*, as *mutatis mutandis*, I pass upon that silly work of yours. These are *Quevedo's* words: "Tambien se há hecho tesoro de la lengua Española, donde el papel es mas que la razon. Obra grande, y de erudicion [101] desaliñada." That is: *A vast number of Spanish words has Covarruvias hoarded up: but his work is not worth his paper. A large work; but full of slovenly erudition.* Don Balthasar de Acevedo, in his queerly-written *Censura*, prefixed to the Academician's Dictionary, having taken

notice of the immoderate use made by the same Academicians of *Covarruvias' Tesoro*, and obliged not to disapprove them, would make us believe, that Quevedo said, "por gracejo" by way of shewing his wit, what he said of that *Tesoro*: but, I am not quite of his opinion, and take Quevedo to have literally said what he thought, without mincing the matter at all, and his words admit not of *Acevedo's* interpretation.

In some parts of my Travels I said, that the Biscayan Dictionary of *Father Laramendi* bears the title of *Trilingue*, because it runs in Castilian, Biscayan, and Latin: and you take me severely to task for so saying, as if I had again been guilty of a second heresy, as big as the other about two and three. But the [102] reasons of your contrary assertion are conveyed in so strange a gibberish, that I cannot absolutely find out what you would be at. What do you mean, when you reply in confutation, that *Laramendi's* work is entitled *Diccionario Trilingue*, which is neither more nor less, than what I said? If you agree with me on this point, what is it, that you find fault with? Is it my having written *Laramendi* with a single *r*, instead of *Larramendi* with two *rr's*? If this is all your objection, correct that my great error by the addition of another *r*, without any anger, and be satisfied with my humble thanks for your having corrected my English pronunciation of that Lexicographer's name with your more exact Biscayan pronunciation, and so far, done me a monstrous deal of good: and if my humble thanks are not sufficient expiation for my crime, take away the *r* from my own name, and put it to that of the good Jesuit, without any further snarling and barking at a shadow. Can I do more to please you, than give your leave to call [103] me henceforward *Baetti* instead of *Baretti*? I thank you likewise for having informed me, that the Dictionary of *Father Laramendi*, with two *rr's*, preceded his *Grammar* by sixteen years, as such an important point of literary chronology would probably have been for ever beyond the reach of my intellects without your charitable assistance, as I have neither of the two works in my possession, and could not of course have compared the dates of them at bottom of their Title-pages. Indeed, I had only said, if you had been willing to take exact notice of my words, that next the Dictionary of the Biscayan language, the *Grammar* of it, as far as I knew, was the most considerable work in it: but this you deny with great wrath, not by apprising me, that there are works in that language more considerable than that *Grammar*, but by informing me, that *the Dictionary preceded the Grammar by sixteen years*: a piece of information of such Colossal magnitude, that I shall certainly place it in my gallery of Biscayan [104] Antiquities, and never lose sight of it as long as I can make use of both my eyes. Faith, Mr. John, you have here, I own, displayed your immense knowledge, and exposed my im-

mense ignorance with such immense wit and ingenuity, that it would now be hopeless to deny your being able to read the dates of the books you have, in their title-pages.

I could nevertheless wish, Mr. John Bowle, that you would forbear to rally me at the rate you do, for having mentioned the five Dialects, into which the Biscayan language is divided, and not congratulate the Biscayans so heartily, for my having, with the few lines I borrowed on that subject, *enabled them*, as you say, *to enter into trade with other nations*. This your first attempt towards sprightliness and jocularly, puts me in mind of the Ass in Æsop, that bounced in his master's lap, to shew he could play as prettily as little Pompey. How vivaciously, dear Tolondron, you expatiate on my total ignorance of the Biscayan Tongue, [105] which, as it is well known, though you keep it a secret, you have at your finger's end! But in the name of common sense, what had Doctor Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the bad Painters of Italy, and our Royal Academy to do with the five Biscayan Dialects, with the Biscayan Dictionary, with the Biscayan Grammar, and with the Biscayan name of Father Larramendi with two rr's? Will you be so milky, my good Tolondron, as to inform me why you jumbled them all together, and created that chaos of nonsense you have created by that strange hodge-podge? I almost suspect, that you want to recommended yourself by it to our Royal Academy as their *Secretary for the Foreign Correspondence* immediately after my death, as you have so eagerly embraced that opportunity to apprise the President and Members of it, that I fill that post unfitly, on account of my *total ignorance* of foreign languages. But a word in your ear, *Monsieur de Tolondron*. If that is the blank you aim at, I tell you, between [106] friends, that you will not hit it. Look into the English Chronicle, Nov. the 12th of this same year 1785, and you will find that you have been too slow in your application. Another Tolondron, that aims at my emoluments, already corresponds with the Public as a *Volunteer Secretary to the Academy*, and informs us at large in her name, that the Italian Members of the same Academy; that is, Messieurs Cipriani, Bartolozzi, Carlini, and Rigaud, are *shameless, indecent, partial, ungrateful* Members of it, and *of no abilities; depreciators of English merit, without honour, principle, or decorum; a paltry insidious Junto and Faction, scandalous, malevolent, malignant, envious, despicable, and always to be viewed with indignation, while there is a spark of dignity in the human heart*. Mr. John, match me such a Pindar for Billingsgatal flights, if you can! There is epistolary sublimity, magnificently dressed in the resplendent robe of poetry? And do you think, you poor, creeping, lousy Jack, fit only to write wretched prose-letters to Divinity [107] Doctors; do you think, that when I am gone, the Royal Academy will choose you in preference

to this brave volunteer, to succeed me in that Secretaryship? Lower your pretensions, you dull Mr. John Bowle, and dismiss all your hopes at the sight of so formidable a Concurrent, of a Candidate of such terrible abilities and expectation! Not a doit would I give you for your chance, (when I am dead especially) as it is a most notorious fact, that Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir William Chambers, Mr. West, Mr. Peters, Mr. Cosway, Mr. Wilton, and every other Academician, instead of endeavouring to add new honours to their country by taking indefatigable pains to raise the fine arts to the highest pinnacle, have thought of nothing else, ever since the institution of their body, but to encourage defamation and tolondronery to the utmost of their powers: and whatever Mr. Bowle's merits may be both ways, my Pindar will be the man, that shall carry all their votes for that Secretaryship *nemine contradicente*.<sup>31</sup> [108]

But what is that other information you impart me, that the Spanish adjective *Británico* ought to be written and pronounced with an *e*, *Bretánico*, instead of an *i*, *Británico*, because it comes from the Spanish substantive *Bretaña*? Is your *Borracho* empty already, Mr. Bowle, or is this another of your witty jokes? Yet, you look as sober and as grave, as a marmotte;<sup>32</sup> therefore I must infer, that you are neither drunk, nor in a droll humour; and it is incumbent upon me to inform you in my turn, that your Etymologicon, as your ill luck would have it, is of a spurious edition, and you must get another, the sooner the better. To convince you of it, Mr. Jack Linguist, I give you notice, that the Italians say *Britannico* not *Bretannico*, though this adjective is lineally descended from their substantive *Bretagna*: that the French say *Britannique*, not *Bretannique*, though this adjective derives its pedigree from their substantive *Brétagne*; and that the Spaniards say *Británico* not *Bretanico*, though an adjective [109] lawfully born of their substantive *Bretaña*. Who the deuce, Mr. Bowle, ever told you, that the mouth of Madam Etymology is no more a pretty mouth, if the very least of its teeth happens to be somewhat loosened in the gum? Don't you<sup>33</sup> know, miraculous Hispanist, that the Spaniards do not think they break the nose of that same Madam Etymology, when they say *Castellano*, with an *e*, though that adjective of theirs be the eldest son of their substantive *Castilla* with an *i*? Burn the treaty, wherein you found your ridiculous *Bretánico*, Mr. Bowle, or make a present of it to some Brother-Pedant, if you choose not to burn it, and kick out of your library your *Aldretes*, your *Covarruvias*, your *Nebrixas*, and your *Ribadeneiras*, if they

<sup>31</sup> If no one disagrees.

<sup>32</sup> A rodent, similar to the American woodchuck; modern spelling 'marmot.'

<sup>33</sup> In the original, "you" is repeated.

teach you no better Spanish than that comes to!

But, hush! Who comes here now to interrupt us? Pray, don't stir as yet, dear Tolondron; for it is only my old stationer, Mr. Inkbottle. [110]

*A short Dialogue between Mr. Inkbottle  
the Stationer, and his Customer.*

INK. *Dear sir, I come to you on a very woful errand.*

CUST. *What is the matter, old friend? What has happened?*

INK. *To make short of the matter, sir, here I have brought you four Gentleman's Magazines, in which you are most frightfully abused, and I am heartily sorry for it.*

CUST. *Pshaw! Is that all? Never mind that, Mr. Inkbottle. That is a trick, that has been played me many times in my life: yet I am still alive and well; and nothing very frightful can be said of me now, that I have left off scribbling these five or six years.*

INK. *Ay, you grow fat of late, master; but I apprehend these four Gentleman's Magazines will make you lean again, or I am much mistaken.*

CUST. *That, indeed, may be, as I am apt to take such things very much at heart. However, leave the Magazines here, and if you hear of more in the following months, that abuse me, let me have them all.*

*[Exit Inkbottle, crossing himself. [111]*

Now, Mr. Bowle —But where is he? Upon my word he has given me the slip, while I was talking to the stationer! No matter. It is now late, and I am sure I shall see him to-morrow early; and so, my readers, I wish you all well home. [112]

## SPEECH THE FIFTH.

*Nunquam scivisti quid sit vergogna, Gajoffe:  
 Coprit brutturas mascara nulla tuas.  
 Quando tuos meditor mores, incago bagassis,  
 Vergognam penitus quoe buttavere viam.  
 Dens tibi si caderet quoties mandacia prozers,  
 Jam tua non posset pane ganassa frui.<sup>34</sup>  
 Merlinus Cocaius.*

YOU, Mr. John Bowle, who have I know not how many porrigers of milk (probably asses milk) mixed with your blood, were greatly concerned last night to see the old Stationer so grieved, as hardly able to suppress his groans and his sobs, which was your reason for sneaking away, lest you should be brought to weep by way of company: and indeed, *Quis talia fando temperet a lacrymis?*<sup>35</sup> Alas! Alas! Did you ever see so doleful dejected an aspect in all your born days, as that of my good friend Mr. Inkbottle? Never, I am sure! [113]

Let me now inform you, milky Sir, of what the *four Magazines* contain, that you may know the quadruple motive the good man had for being so tenderly affected, as he was on my account, who have been these nine and twenty years his constant customer for pens, ink, paper, wafers, and almanacks, besides having been godfather to his daughter Peggy, lately married to an eminent bookbinder in Ave-Mary-lane. Sit you down in this easy chair, my milky Tolondron; and, as you have had, ever since you were but a scrubby boy, a most uncommon longing after odd and surprising stories, collect all the rays of your attention in a narrow focus, that you may not lose a single syllable of that, which I am going to tell: nor do you stir an inch from your seat, until I have done, if you will oblige me.

You must then know, dear Tolondron, that in those *four Magazines* brought me by the Stationer, these are *four Letters*, one in each, written by

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<sup>34</sup> You never knew what is shame, Gajoffus: / No mask covers your brutalities. / When I meditate on your ways, I incur baggage; / Troublesome shame, which is to look back the wrong way. / If to you a tooth had fallen out as much as your mendacity deserves, / already your well-cooked bread could not be enjoyed. (Thanks to Hilaire Kallendorf.)

<sup>35</sup> Who, upon saying such a thing, is affected by tears?

*four Authors*,<sup>36</sup> with [114] whom I really believe you to be as unconnected, as broomsticks are from brooms, though it may be true, that a broom can be a broom, even when connected with the broomstick.

What is most astonishing in this singular affair is, that each of the *four Authors*, thus unconnected with each other, has directed his own letter to the well-known *Mr. Urban*: and as a second accident would have it, each of the four has chosen me for the chief topic of his animadversion: and, accident upon accident, or wonder upon wonder! The style of each of the *four Letters* bears such a family-likeness, in point of bad English and good nonsense, to the *Letter* you wrote the Divinity-Doctor, that one would swear the four gentlemen and you were all born at a litter.

I should not, milky John, adhere strictly to truth, were I to say, that those four letters run in a panegyric strain, as their Authors seem to delight no better than your milky self, in penning panegyrics [115] upon me. But, how can I help that, Mr. John Bowle? How can I, as the Spanish proverb has it, turn a mule's head to my neighbour's stable, if the stubborn beast will come to mine?

To keep you no longer in suspense, I will copy here for your perusal those *four Letters*, paragraph after paragraph, that you may judge (if I may so call them) of the pretty rascalities they contain: and I beg of you to help me, if you are at leisure to decide, whether or no, they were the genuine productions of four different Jacks, or of one Jack only, as Doctors still differ in settling this knotty point of criticism, which, I am afraid, will require a long and troublesome indagation, before it is adjusted to the mutual and full acquiescence of the contending parties. Let us then begin with the first letter, which is subscribed *Querist*.<sup>37</sup> [116]

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<sup>36</sup> *Querist*, Anti-Janus, X. Y. (that Baretto refers to as Izzard Zed), and J. C. (that Baretto turns into the vulgar John Coglione). Bibliographical details are given when each is referred to.

<sup>37</sup> *Gentleman's Magazine* 55 (1785): 497–98:

"MR. URBAN,

If it is reckoned among Dr. Johnston's foibles, that he became apologist for two culprits arraigned for atrocious offences at the bar of justice, viz. Messieurs Savage and Baretto. Perhaps his friends will not allow that these undertakings should be imputed to him as blemishes in his character, but rather considered as the mere effects of humanity. But let us consider the circumstances under which the Doctor is supposed to have composed the short speech which Savage spoke before sentence was passed upon him. It need not be mentioned what he has offered in the *Life* he wrote of that unhappy man in extenuation of his guilt. Mankind will judge very differently of his case, and the Doctor had no right to pass the judgment he has done upon the event of Savage's trial. Savage himself

## GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

July 1785. p. 497.

T E X T. "MR. URBAN, if it is reckoned among Doctor Johnson's foibles, that he became apologist for *two culprits* arraigned for *atrocious offences* at the bar of justice; that is Savage and Baretti, perhaps his friends will not allow, that these *under-takings* should be imputed to him as blemishes in

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says, that his offence was the effect of a casual absence of reason, and a sudden impulse of passion. Dr. Johnson said, that Savage always denied his being drunk, as had been generally reported. How is this consistent with the casual absence of reason which Savage mentioned at his trial as an apology for his conduct, &c.? What Dr. Johnson said in behalf of Baretti, as it was taken down at the trial, is exactly as follows:

'Dr. J. I believe I began to be acquainted with Mr. Baretti about the year 1753 or 54. I have been intimate with him. He is a man of literature, a very studious man, a man of great diligence. He gets his living by study. I have no reason to think he was ever disordered with liquor in his life. A man that I never knew to be otherwise than peaceable, and a man that I take to be rather timorous.

Q. Was he addicted to pick up women in the streets?

Dr. J. I never knew that he was.

Q. How is he as to eye-sight?

Dr. J. He does not see me now, nor do I see him. I do not believe he could be capable of assaulting any body in the street, without great provocation.'

Observe. The accusation was, that Baretti had murdered a man by stabbing him, and it was in evidence that he had stabbed two men, one of whom died of his wound. What says Dr. Johnson in his defence? 'Mr. Baretti, says he, is a man of letters, and a studious man; he never picks up prostitutes in the street, that I know of; he is short-sighted, and so am I; and, I believe, would not assault a man without provocation.' This puts one in mind of the Dutch printer's defence in answer to Milton's accusations. 'You are a crafty knave, says Milton; but, says the printer, I am a good arithmetician.' 'You fled from your creditors, says Milton, for debt; but, says the printer, I published tables of signs and tangents.'

When his defence of Baretti was mentioned to Dr. Johnson, the Doctor replied, 'I was not alone in that affair.' It was answered, 'Your own conduct was no better for that circumstance, unless you would have been guided by your fellow deponents in every thing else.' But Dr. Johnson's commiseration for unhappy criminals was remarkable. And as he had some success in his operations on Savage's account, perhaps he might think that a little of his benevo[498]lence of the same kind might save Dr. Dodd; but the impunity of Savage and Baretti was not sufficiently edifying to the publick in its consequences to authorise the extending the same indulgence to the unhappy Divine.

Yours, &c. QUERIST.

his character, but rather considered as the mere effects of humanity.”

R E M A R K. By this elegant, perspicuous, and long-winded period it appears, that this *Querist* wants to traduce the great Doctor Johnson’s memory: and to bring so good a purpose about, he begins his *undertaking* with the most notorious falsehood, that the Doctor *engaged in the undertaking*, of apologizing for *two culprits*, neither of whom had ever a word of apology from [117] him. Who, but a Tolondron, wants to be told, that Savage was *cast* and *pardoned*, not in consequence of any apology, but out of mere Royal Mercy? And as to the other culprit, he was *honourably acquitted*: of course, in no need of an apology, as a free dismissal from the bar is a much better apology, than any Doctor could make. I tell it you as a fact, Mr. Querist, that Baretti was acquitted: and I will take my oath of it, for I was present at the trial myself in *propria persona*. But tell me, Master, why do you call the two unfortunate gentlemen by the opprobrious appellation of *culprits*? Have you too a porringer of asses-milk circulating in your body? And why do you term Baretti’s accidental misfortune *an atrocious offence*, when you know, that, after a trial of six hours, *an English Jury* found he had committed *no offence at all*?

T E X T. “But let us consider *the circumstances* under which the Doctor is *supposed* to have composed the short speech, which [118] Savage spoke before sentence was passed upon him.”

R E M A R K. Dear Querist, what have you done with the *circumstances* the Doctor was *supposed* (I know not by whom) *to be under*; which *circumstances* I was to *consider*? I have read, and read again, this letter of yours from top to bottom, and a plague on the *circumstances* I can find in it! You had drank too much porter, when you folded your letter for Mr. Urban; and not knowing what you were about, forgot to enclose the *circumstances* in it. Pray fail not to send them in a soberer hour, because I want to *consider* them attentively. But who was he vile fellow that told you of the Doctor having composed a *speech* for Savage? Kick the rascal, that told it you; for he told you a shameful lie, as sure as your name is John.

T E X T. “It need not be mentioned what he has offered in the life he wrote of that [119] *unhappy man*, in extenuation of his guilt?

R E M A R K. *Unhappy man*, and *atrocious culprit*, don’t agree very well: Yet we will let this pass without observation. But, milky Querist, read over again the Life of Savage, and you will find, that the doctor has not

*offered* in it a single syllable *in extenuation* of Savage's guilt. All that could be *offered*, was offered at the trial, and offered in vain; for he was *cast*: and the Doctor related the *offered extenuations* with no Bowlean malice, but with his never-swerving veracity.

T E X T. "Mankind will judge very differently in his case; and the Doctor had no right to pass the judgment he has done upon the event of Savage's trial."

R E M A R K. What nonsense is this? What *judgment* has the Doctor past, or not past, upon that trial? Drink less porter, friend, if you will judge of *what mankind will judge*. [120]

T E X T. "Savage himself says, that his offence was a *casual absence* of reason, and a *sudden impulse of passion*."

R E M A R K. How does this ingenuous confession, made by Savage on his trial, any way invalidate any thing advanced by his biographer?

T E X T. "Dr. Johnson said, that Savage always denied his being drunk, as had been generally reported."

R E M A R K. The Doctor reported what Savage said. Was he to say, that, whatever Savage might say, Savage was certainly drunk?

T E X T. "How is this consistent with the *casual absence of reason*, which Savage mentioned at his trial, as an apology for his conduct?"

R E M A R K. If I comprehend well this bad English, *Mr. Querist* means, that there is a manifest contradiction in Savage's two assertions, *that he was not drunk* when the fray happen[121]ed, and *that he had then only a casual absence of reason*. Yet, does his Tolondronship think, that no body, but when drunk, can have an absence of reason? The frigid villainy of this letter almost tempts me to think, that *Querist* was not drunk when he writ it: yet, is it not quite evident, that when he writ it, though he may have been sober, his reason was not at home? But what has Savage done to *Querist*, that he falls so hard upon the poor man's memory? Savage wrote no *marginal notes on Don Quixote*, as far as we can judge by his *Life*: therefore *Querist* might as well have forborne abusing a poor fellow, who has now been many years in his grave. Simpletons! you do not see the clovenfoot of Old Nick! All this wicked nonsense about Savage, is but

dust Nicky throws in your eyes, that you many not perceive his drift. *Querist* wants to impeach Doctor Johnson's goodness and wisdom; well knowing, that one, who was a friend to that wise and good man, will never be thought wicked and foolish, whatever *Querist* may say: therefore [122] says *Querist*: let me first destroy *Johnson*: and I warrant you, that I shall soon annihilate *Baretti*. Not a fig do I care about Savage, continues *Querist*: but this *marginal Annotator*! Oh! If I could but see him scalpid! If I could but cut off from his body one pound of flesh, and eat it raw! what a delicious meal that would prove!

TEXT. "What Dr. Johnson said in behalf of Baretti, as it was taken down at his trail, is as follows.

*Dr. Johnson*. I believe I began to be acquainted with Mr. Baretti about the year 1753, or 54. I have been intimate with him. He is a man of literature, a very studious man, a man of great diligence. He gets his living by study. I have no reason to think he ever was disordered with liquor in his life. I never knew him to be otherwise, than peaceable, and I take him to be rather timorous.

*Q*. Was he addicted to pick up women in the streets? [123]

*Dr. J*. I never knew that he was.

*Q*. How is he as to eye-sight?

*Dr. J*. He does not see me now, or do I see him. I do not believe he could be capable of assaulting any body in the street without great provocation."

REMARK. If honest *Querist* had dared, he would here have impeached the Doctor's veracity about the character he gave me in the above deposition: but fearing Mr. Urban might smell a rat, and reject his anonymous letter, as a piece somewhat too rascally for publication, this is the way he goes to work.

TEXT. "Observe. The accusation was, that Baretti had murdered a man by stabbing him; and it was in evidence, that he had stabbed **two** men, one of whom died of his wounds."

REMARK. So far, so good! The period is very sweet and harmonious to Mr. Bowle's ear. [124]

TEXT. "What says Dr. Johnson in his defence? Mr. Baretti, says he, is a man of letters, and a studious man. He never picks up prostitutes in the street, that I know of. He is short-sighted, and so am I; and, I believe,

would not assault a man without provocation.”

R E M A R K. What could the Doctor say, besides this? He was not there as my advocate; but, along with several other gentlemen of the highest distinction in this nation, he came there to depose to my general character and way of life. He said upon oath what he knew of me. So did five or six of those gentlemen, whose friendship I had had the good fortune to merit by my good behaviour, not by my power, or my riches, as I was then poor and powerless, just as I am now. Some of them, namely the Honourable Mr. *Topham Beauclerk* and Mr. *Garrick*, with whom I had lived in intimacy long before I saw them at Venice, said what they had seen and heard of [125] me there, and in other parts of Italy. Only five or six of them were questioned about me, and twice as many would have spoken in my favour, if the Court had not thought the five or six quite sufficient. Why does *Querist* omit the depositions of the those five or six, and fasten singly on the Doctor's? The milky man knows why. So many favourable testimonials presented too large and too thick a front, for him to force his way through. Let us see what an expedient the pretty Rogue has recourse to, in order to invalidate the only one he pitched upon.

T E X T. “This (deposition of the Doctor) puts me in mind of the Dutch Printer's defence in answer to Milton's accusations. You are a crafty knave, says Milton. But, says the Printer, I am a good arithmetician. You fled from your creditors, says Milton, for debt. But, says the Printer, I publish tables of signs and tangents.” [126]

R E M A R K. We are told in *Don Quixote*, that Rosinante galloped once in his life; and so this fellow once in his life has shewn himself witty: but the misapplication of his pretty story in this place, renders it a mere piece of malicious buffoonery; and malicious buffoonery does not validate arguments, especially Bowlean arguments, that are neither in *baralipton*,<sup>38</sup> nor in *frisesomorum*.<sup>39</sup> The Doctor was asked this plain question: *What do*

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<sup>38</sup> Luis Vives, in 1519, ridiculed the Professors of the University of Paris as “sophists in *baroco* and *baralipton*.” Montaigne (in *Essais*, Book I, Ch. XXV) says “C'est Barroco et Baralipton qui rendent leur supposts ainsi crottez et enfumez.” (*Dictionary of the History of Ideas*, ed. Philip P. Wiener [New York: Scribner's, 1973–74], 12 July 2003, <http://etext.lib.virginia.edu/cgi-local/DHI/dhiana.cgi?id=dv1-27>.)

<sup>39</sup> “Legati ad una cultura soprattutto orale, i logici medievali hanno sviluppato anche tecniche di apprendimento mnemonico che facevano leva sulla condensazione in pochi versi di un elevato numero di informazioni. Un esempio viene

*you know of this man?* Was he to give no answer, or a Bowlean one? Was he to say, that he knew me but superficially, having dined with me *but twice* by great chance? That he never would be intimate with me, because he had found me to be *totally ignorant* of every thing? That I had no diligence, no industry, but in playing dogs' tricks to every body I could? That I was a notorious whoremonger and a bullying Tom, whether in liquor, or in no liquor? Was he to say, that, instead of living by literature, I lived by stealing watches? That I was such an [127] unconscientious scoundrel, as to affirm the most iniquitous lies of the living and of the dead, no matter what their characters were, or had been? Was he to conclude, that, for all my pretending to be nearsighted, I had such a telescopic eye, that I could see a brother-rogue at the league's distance? Master Querist was not yet an Editor when I was tried. Woe to me, if he had been, and by life had depended on his single testimonial!

T E X T. "When his defence of Baretti was mentioned to Doctor Johnson, the Doctor replied, *I was not alone in that affair.*"

R E M A R K. No more he was, you blasphemous villain! How dare you, by this hellish innuendo make a Doctor Johnson charge himself with want of veracity and willful perjury, and in the same breath accuse of the same crimes, half a dozen of the most respectable men in this land? Was ever such an Ourang-Outang among us? [128]

T E X T. "It was answered: Your conduct was no better for that circumstance, unless You would have been guided by your fellow-deponents in

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proprio dalla sillogistica. Sono attribuiti a Pietro Ispano alcuni versi di facile memorizzazione che compendiano tutta la teoria del sillogismo:

BARBARA, CELARENT, DARI, FERIO, BARALIPTON  
 CELANTES, DABITIS, FAPESMO, FRISOMORUM;  
 CESARE, CAMESTRES, FESTINO, BAROCO; DARAPTI  
 FELAPTO, DISAMIS, BOCARDO, FERISON

Le parole non hanno naturalmente alcun significato in latino, ma sono composte di lettere cui è arbitrariamente associato un senso. Senza entrare troppo nei dettagli, le vocali che abbiamo posto in maiuscolo corrispondono ai quattro tipi di premesse e di conclusioni possibili... (C. Marmo, "La semiotica di Peirce," Dispensa supplementare del corso di semiotica a.a. 2003-2003 (Gruppo B), 12 July 2003 [http://www.dsc.unibo.it/dsc1/corsodilaurea/materiali\\_didattici/nuovo\\_ord/Marmo\\_%20semio\\_Peirce.pdf](http://www.dsc.unibo.it/dsc1/corsodilaurea/materiali_didattici/nuovo_ord/Marmo_%20semio_Peirce.pdf)).

every thing else.”

R E M A R K. This test is artificially dark, as the wicked Querist does not dare to speak quite intelligibly. Let us throw some light upon it, and give the meaning of it. You, Doctor, had *no good conduct*, says Querist, when you followed the dictates of your own conscience, and give Baretto a good character, as some other gentlemen had done. You ought to have sided and agreed with those rogues, that asserted Baretto had assaulted their gang, whom you were to consider as your *true fellow-deponents*. This is Bowlean doctrine: but is it good doctrine? I am of opinion it is not.

T E X T. “But Doctor Johnson’s commiseration for unhappy criminals was remarkable.” [129]

R E M A R K. It was out of *commiseration* to be sure, that the Doctor did not join his testimonial to that of his *true fellow-deponents*, as Querist would have done without the least hesitation, having no notion of commiserating writers of marginal notes, that, right or wrong, ought all to be hanged. Pretty Bowlean doctrine, say I again.

T E X T. “And, as Doctor Johnson had success in his operations on Savage’s account, perhaps he might think, that a little of his benevolence might save Doctor Dodd.”

R E M A R K. Here is another innuendo on Doctor Johnson for commiserating Doctor Dodd, in whose favour he would have been willing to defeat the effects of justice, to shew his benevolence, if it had been in his power. But what were Doctor Johnson’s *successful operations* in favour of Savage? Did the Doctor save him from the dread[130]ful verdict? Poor Querist! He is raving, he is in a delirium of madness, whenever the marginal notes present themselves to his pertubated imagination!

T E X T. “But the impunity of Savage and Baretto was not sufficiently edifying to the Public in its consequences, to authorise the same indulgence to the unhappy Divine.”

R E M A R K. I say it again, that the milky fellow is out of his senses. What need had Baretto of any *indulgence*; that is, of having *Royal Mercy* extended to him, as it was to Savage? Baretto was honourably acquitted to your own indubitable knowledge, you worthless Querist. What do you talk then, with regard to him, of *Royal Mercy* extended to him to the great

scandal of the Public? Ay, you Criminal! You Culprit! Did you not blot Don Quixote's margins? And is not that blotting ten thousand times more *atrocious*, [131] than murder and forgery? What business had you to teach your pupils how to spell Spanish the right way? To let them know, that I am a Tolondron?

The reader is now at liberty to make further remarks on this fine Letter to Mr. Urban, and to judge whether or not the Ourang-Outang's skin is to go to Sir Ashton's Museum, in case Old Nick does not interfere. Whatever be the Reader's opinion on this head, I will here tell a little anecdote of Doctor Johnson, to corroborate the Ourang-Outang's assertion, that the Doctor would have saved Dodd, if it had been in his sole power so to do.

Doctor Johnson, as it is well known, was earnestly solicited by poor Dodd to write a petition for him to the King; and complied with the solicitation. Being in a tête-à-tête with him, I begged of him to repeat that petition to me, as I knew he could, and *ad literam*, repeat any thing, that he had once written in good earnest. He did; and, though that was not one of his highest performances, he spoke it in such [132] a tone, that my eyes glistened: and so would have the Reader's, had he been by. But, said I, (that wanted to know his real sentiments about every thing) were you called to advise the king in this particular case, would you advise him to extend his mercy to Dodd? *No, no*, replied the Doctor hastily, but solemnly. *As a private man it is certainly my duty to bewail the situation of a fellow-creature suddenly plunged in the gulph of wretchedness; nor do I think I act amiss by doing the little I can to help him out of it. But a king's adviser must tell him, that if he pardons Dodd, the hanging of the Perreaus was nothing but a double murder.*" This is the account I can give of Doctor Johnson's *commiseration* to poor culprits, and particular *benevolence* to the unhappy Divine. If it does not quite square with the notions of Querist, 'tis not my fault. — But it grows late, and here is another milky rogue, called *Anti-Janus*, with another milky letter in his hand, that runs as follows.<sup>40</sup> [133]

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<sup>40</sup> *Gentleman's Magazine*, 55 (1785): 608:

"MR. URBAN,

As you have mentioned Dr. Johnson's partiality to Mr. Baretti give me leave to observe, that Mr. Baretti is unworthy of any partiality from Britons; for though, in his *English publications*, he speaks of England and Englishmen with that great regard which he, who has been so well received among us, ought, yet, when he returned to his native country, he published a number of familiar letters there, addressed to his two brothers, wherein he says, 'London is the sink of Europe; that the common prostitutes are children of ten years of age; and that on Sundays men are placed at the corners of the streets to hurry away to jail all