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

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.\(^1\)


\(^1\) Antonio de Solís, Un bobo hace ciento, Tercer acto (thanks to Francisco Rico.)
Ad Doctum Milordum

Epistola Cocaiana.

O Macaronei Merlini, caro Milorde,
Qui joca fator arnas, capriciosque probas!
Cui, debata inter, Parlamentique facendas,
Gustum est privatis ludere quisquiliis!
Hunc tibi commendos, predare Milorde, libellum
Scarabochiatum poco labore meo.
Impertinentias narrat, magnasque bugias
Commentatoris serio-ridiculi;
Qui multas linguas et multa idiomata noscens,
Nescit quam didicit matris ab ore puer:
Qui bravos binas Quixoto praescidit aures,
Nasum Sanchoni sanguineumque dedit:
Qui, tanquam sutor veteranarius esset,
Johnsono 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 criticos randello rumpere dorsum
Mulescum possum, dando, redando bene.
O si Flaccis mea Musa tocaret iambis,
Et rabies numeris Archilochea foret!
Praeceptem hunc agerem, donec, velut ipse Lycamnes,
Fune sibi collum fregerit ante diem!
Anne probent Britones, Scoti, Hibernique libellum
Stregonus tantum vaticinare potest.
At, si Milordum, venesonis instar arostae,
Delectat, bene sit! fin minus, ah, chime!

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2 Translated by Hilaire Kallendorf of Texas A&M University (to whom my thanks, and to Eduardo Urbina as intermediary): “To wise My Lord. / Cocaigne 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—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, damps the peaceful John Bowle and his edition up and down. 1 As stated by Truman in his article in this same issue of Cervantes, 5

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 musde,/O if only my Muse would play flaccid iambics,/And Archidoclea 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!"

1 Available on microfilm in the series Early English Books 1641- 1700, Reel 145.


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 Accentted 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.

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,” or “Ahí va otra: Lamentaciones sobre las últimas ediciones quijotescas.”

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,” 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 Monguíó, Francisco Rico, Eduardo Urbi- na, and Hilaire Kallendorf.

Daniel Eisenberg

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7 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.
8 Dissertacion epistolar acerca unas obras [sic] de la Real Academia Española. n.p. [London]: n.p. [the author], n. d. [1784].
TOLONDRON.

A PREFACE,

Which is no Preface.

To 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-by: but, whether that my Fancy has lost the use of her 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,\(^9\) che han l' anima per sale
Acciocché la carnaccia non si guasti,
Se lo pottesse, mi faria del male.

Niccolò Forteguerri.\(^{10}\)

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 celebrious 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,

\(^9\) In the original, “costor” is capitalized.

\(^{10}\) "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). Forteguerri 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 Forteguerri (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 sbrigato poeta satirico." (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 circulation. 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 examplaries 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 the 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 them 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 complacency, 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 unauspicious 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 evident and convincing reasons, and thus exposed me to my two pupils for an archtype 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, 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 to remove either; and that, like a bull disappointed 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 comfort 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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11 A horse in Ariosto's Orlando furioso.
that frantickness 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 cœna Domini, 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 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

13 "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 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 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, 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 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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14 Baretti’s Travels, to which he will refer several times, is 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 doury 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] furar; 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 tolondronery, 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 Tolondon 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 tolondron-manœuvre 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 tenebrous 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.\textsuperscript{15}

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 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 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

\textsuperscript{15} 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 Oorang-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 matter 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
Oorang-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.16

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 pædant, 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 false-
hoods of me. Call me a rogue, a cheat, a pick-pocket, an evil-speaker, a

16 According to R. W. Truman, Lever (†1788) was born at Alkington, near
Manchester, and educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. “He formed a
noblemuseum 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 suit-
able 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 Dic-
tionary, 12 vols, 1853, as included in the British Biographical Archive, microfiche edition [London: K. G. Saur, 1984].)
defamer, a Turk, a Lestrigon, an Anthropophagus,\textsuperscript{17} any thing you please. Far from retaliating with similar, or worse names, I will be satisfied with terming you a Tolondron, and a Tolondron[45] 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, 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 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

\textsuperscript{17} 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:

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\[ Tiene su velenillo cada mosca,^{18} \]

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. Never-the-less 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 \(\text{acotan, magin, and lercha, are words absolutely}\)
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 \(\text{Lercha, I own, that I know}\)

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\(^{18}\) 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, 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 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.20 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,

20 “To be taught by an enemy.”

20 According to R. W. Truman, “the groat, not issued after 1662, was equal to four pence; ‘tester,’ a slang term for a sixpence.”
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.”

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 scolded 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 Tolondon 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 Caçajo 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 Tolondon'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 Tolondon 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 Tolondon 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,²³ that not a few of your neighbours are of opinion you will go

²³ 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 hueso, 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.²⁴

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 transcript, is this: “Temia Sancho si quedará, o nò, 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,²⁵ 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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²⁴ All’s Well That Ends Well, Act II, Scene 3: “methinks thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee.”
²⁵ 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 Tolondon! 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, disjoined. 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 vá por quatro años a galeras, haviendo passeado (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 noodle, these three oracular words on that very passage — “Acostumbradas, quizà 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 noodle, 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 noodle, 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 anybody, 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: “Concluíse [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 every 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 noodle, 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 tolonderery 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?

Q. Horatius Flaccus.

You 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 phases 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 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 Guadixa 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 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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26 Horace, Epodes, II.4: “¿Por qué, perro cobard, si estás entre lobos, atacas 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 Ribadenéra’s Flos Sanctorum: but have you ever read that other work of the same Author, entitled Flos Stultorum? Ribadenéra, 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 él si yo lo sé:
Púparo, péparo, papare.

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 Ribadenéra? Now for another from the facetious Chufletenera, 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, registers a lively Xacara that was sung and danced by the boys and girls admitted to partake of that feast. The Xacara runs thus:

The Xacara runs thus:

27 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 parecéis de lejos:  
Cantad y bailad,  
Bailad y cantad  
De nuestro Mosén Bolo  
Chichirichólo,  
Chichirichón,  
De cabo en rabo Tolondrón. [81]

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 Cofradía 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]

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 Mosén Bolo  
Chichirichólo,  
Chichirichón,  
De cabo en rabo Tolondrón.
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 surfét 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 noodle 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 sily 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 the mountain ope his jaws, and howl articulately, where could be 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 philanthrophy, set cheerfully about teaching him Spanish, Italian, French, English, or any other good thing?

However, quod dixi, dixi, 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. 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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28 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 damned 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-drondronship 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 Portugueze learning, and there you say of me muita coiza boa. Indeed I never said, or excogitated, that I ever knew more Portugueze, 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 Portugueze, 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 Portugueze, 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 Brichthelmstone, 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 Portugueze furtar: but let me inform you, that furar is also used in some of the Spanish provinces, and I dare say in some of the Portugueze. 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
furtaō [sic], either with a tilde, as I write it, or, as you do, with a circumflex, fura [sic]. Not to prove unthankful for your Portugeze 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 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 countrymen 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 beright with you, and hatebesides 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 English: 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, 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 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, 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 noodle during the twenty years incessant 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, knowsthat, during many years,

29 From the cradle.
30 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 other bodies: 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' Tesoro 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 absolve,
that henceforward I shall truly and sincerely believe the editions of that
dictionary to be three and not two, whatever 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 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, then
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 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 Academican'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 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 me henceforwards Baetti instead of Baretti? I thank you likewise for having informed me, that the Dictionary of Father Larramendi, 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 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 jocularity, 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-send! 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, Bartolozz, 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 Billingsgatical 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.  

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; 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 Brețannique, though this adjective derives its pedigree from their substantive Brețagne; and that the Spaniards say Británico not Bretanico, though an adjective 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 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 Nebrixa, and your Ribadeneiras, if they

31 If no one disagrees.
32 A rodent, similar to the American woodchuck; modern spelling ‘marmot.’
33 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 Tolondon; for it is only my old stationer, Mr. Inkottle. [110]

A short Dialogue between Mr. Inkottle 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. Inkottle. 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 Inkottle, 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 quoet buttavere viam.
Dens tibi si caderet quoties mandacia proers,
Jam tua non posset pane ganassa frui. 34
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? 35 Alas! Alas! Did you ever see so doleful dejected an aspect in all your born days, as that of my good friend Mr. Inkottle? 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 scruffy 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

34 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.)
35 Who, upon saying such a thing, is affected by tears?
four Authors, with 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 panegyrical strain, as their Authors seem to delight no better than your milky self, in penning panegyrics 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.

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


“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 Baretti. 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
TEXT. "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

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 benevolence 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."

Remark. 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 dismission 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?

Text. "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."

Remark. 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.

Text. "It need not be mentioned what he has offered in the life he wrote of that [119] unhappy man, in extenuation of his guilt?"

Remark. 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.

TEXT. "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."

REMARK. 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]

TEXT. "Savage himself says, that his offence was a casual absence of reason, and a sudden impulse of passion."

REMARK. How does this ingenuous confession, made by Savage on his trial, any way invalidate any thing advanced by his biographer?

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

REMARK. The Doctor reported what Savage said. Was he to say, that, whatever Savage might say, Savage was certainly drunk?

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

REMARK. 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 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 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 trial, 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.
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 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, nor in frisesomorum. The Doctor was asked this plain question: What  do

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39 “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!

TEXT. “When his defence of Baretti was mentioned to Doctor Johnson, the Doctor replied, I was not alone in that affair.”

REMARK. 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]

TEXT. “It was answered: Your conduct was no better for that circumstance, unless You would have been guided by your fellow-deponents in
every thing else."

REM AR 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 Baretti a good character, as some other gentlemen had done. You ought to have sided and agreed with those rogues, that asserted Baretti 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.

TEX T. "But Doctor Johnson's commiseration for unhappy criminals was remarkable." [129]

REM AR 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.

TEX 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."

REM AR 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 dreadful verdict? Poor Querist! He is raving, he is in a delirium of madness, whenever the marginal notes present themselves to his pertubated imagination!

TEX T. "But the impunity of Savage and Baretti was not sufficiently edifying to the Public in its consequences, to authorise the same indulgence to the unhappy Divine."

REM AR K. I say it again, that the milky fellow is out of his senses. What need had Baretti of any indulgence; that is, of having Royal Mercy extended to him, as it was to Savage? Baretti 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 Culpit! 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.  

40 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
T. E. X. T. “MR. URBAN, as you have mentioned Doctor Johnson’s partiality to Mr. Baretti; give me leave to observe, that Mr. Baretti is unworthy of any partiality from Britons.”

REMARK. Give me leave to observe too, that this second Bowlean letter begins with a lie, Mr. Urban never mentioned Doctor Johnson’s partiality to any body. It was Querist, alias Anti-Janus himself, that mentioned it to Mr. Urban; and Mr. Urban, that is, Messieurs Nichols and Henry, having given but a hasty glance to Querist’s vile letter, on account of their multifarious business, which keeps them both in an incessant hurry, sent it hastily up to their compositor. I am quite confident, that far from writing themselves such a rascally piece of nonsense, as they are here charged by [134] this Anti-Janus with having done, they both would vehemently resent the outrage of having it attributed to them, now, that I have explained it, and made the wicked nonsense quite intelligible. They saw the name of doctor Johnson several times repeated in it: a name that every Englishman reveres, and will hear with exultation for ages to come: and having but seldom reason to fear sly tricks from deceitful correspondents, made room for it in their Magazine. That this was the case, I do no doubt in the least, because, having had in my days many dealings with Printers of periodical publications, am fully conscious, that they often have considerable quantities of crabbed manuscripts to peruse, when they have but little time to spare; and I remember besides, that Mr. Ed. Cave, the first institutor of the Gentleman’s Magazine, whose friendship I enjoyed the last three or four years of his life, was himself now and then subject to such accidents. Instead therefore of expostulating with Messrs. Nichols and [135] Henry about the insertion of that wicked letter in their work,

kinds of disorderly people.” It is some years since I read those letters, and therefore do not remember many particulars; but, upon the whole, I do aver, that he has represented England, and London in particular, not as it really is, or then was, but as he wished it to be. It was, however, in this sink of Europe, where he stabbed a man to death, and where he was tried and acquitted of murder. —Mr. B. is as adept at a translation, and it is wished he would favour the publick with a translation of his familiar Letters, wherein he gives his real opinion of England and of Englishmen.

Yours, &c. ANTI-JANUS.”

* The original erroneously reads “680.”
I will only warn them to be more and more upon their guard for the future against the specious knavery of correspondents, with whose hand-writing they are not well acquainted, lest, instead of promoting the cause of virtue and literature, they assist the purposes of malignity and defamation: and, wishing the Gentleman’s Magazine a long continuation of the success it has long deserved, I will turn to my new friend Anti-Janus, who goes on glibly with his witty story.

TEX T. “For, though in his English publications Mr. Baretti speaks of England and of 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 addressed to his two Brothers, wherein he says, that 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 to jail all kind of disorderly people.”

REMARK. Bravo, Jack Anti-Janus! I did not expect you had wit enough to crowd so many lies in so narrow a space, as the last lines of your paragraph! This confirms my opinion, that Querist, Anti-Janus, and Mr. Editor, are so incorporated together, as to make but one Cerberus ’tween the three. But as Cerberus has been so kind, as not to quote from my brotherly Letters any passage to back his assertions, I must be excused, if I do the same, and leave to him the onus probandi, as he is the sole accuser of Mr. Baretti, not I. As to me, that am not willing to turn informer against Mr. Baretti, and would rather do him good, than harm, I will only take upon myself the onus observandi: that if Mr. Baretti had been so gigantically foolish, as to print, either in Italian, or in the Monomotapa-Tongue, what this triple Jack would make folks believe, no Italian, from the Pope down to the St. Marino’s cobblers, but what would have thought Mr. Baretti as mad as a March hare: and many English Reviewers besides, when he came back, would have made him dance a brisk horn-pipe, maugre his plaguy gout, and the gravity of his age. Cerberus thinks, that he has but to speak, to be presently believed, and that no man in England understands Italian, except himself. Is not that the case, Monsieur Cerberus?

\[42 In the original there is an extra blank space where the “s” would appear, leading to the conclusion that its absence is accidental.\]

\[43 Archaic form of “malgré,” “in spite of.”\]
TEXT. “It is some years since I read those Letters, and therefore do not remember any particulars: but, upon the whole, I do aver, that he has represented England, not as it is, but as he wished it to be.”

REMARK. And so, you do aver? You will aver any thing to do me good: that I know. Under the signature of Querist, you have averred, that I have been guilty of atrocious offences: you have averred, that I owe my life to Dr. Johnson’s apologies, and to the [138] indulgence, I know not of whom. You have averred, that the same Doctor Johnson charged himself and others with want of veracity, and declared himself guilty of perjury to boot. Pretty averrations these! Under your own signature you have averred, that I stole watches: you have averred, that I was a defamer, a savage, an ignorant wicked fellow, etcetera, etcetera: and, what is worse than all, you have repeatedly averred, that your Edition and Comment would prove such luminous luminaries, as should dazzle Englishmen’s eyes, and Spaniards understandings. Pshaw! What is there, that you would not aver, when seized by the fit of averring? Forbear averring, good Jack, as, were you to aver till doom’s day, no body, out of the Tolondronic circle, will ever credit your averrations. You aver here, that you have not read for some years my Italian Letters: but I aver, that you have quoted a passage out of them, the very passage, by means whereof you would prove, that I know not a jot of Portuguese. A sweet fellow you for averring! What, if I should also aver, that you would not have meddled with Don Quixote, but that you are the greatest Tolondron alive!

TEXT. “It was however in this sink of Europe, where he stabbed a man to death, and where he was tried and acquitted for murder.”

REMARK. How gleeful you look, my dear man of milk, when you harp on the string of stabbing and murdering! It seems, as if you delighted in no other music. Would you not be more pleased to hear of some more stabs and murders, than a duo between Signor Babini and Madam Mara? Strange taste! I suspect however, that the words and acquitted in your harmonious period, were foisted into it by Mr. Urban’s compositor, who did not think it round enough without that kind interpolation. But did he not make the period absurd by his kind interpolation? Did he not give your [140] reader a pinch of snuff, that he might not be offended by the stink of your other words?

TEXT. “Mr. Baretti is an adept at a translation, and it is wished he will favour the public with a translation of his Familiar Letters, wherein he
gives his real opinion of England and of Englishmen."

REM A R K. This is another innuendo cleaver enough: but it will not do neither, as Mr. John Bowle has told us (which we shall see in a following letter to Mr. Urban) as how that work of mine has already been translated into English, and has also quoted a passage out of it in his own letter to the Divinity Doctor. What need then of a new translation, by which I should get just as much, as he got by his edition of Don Quixote?

We shall see in the next speech what the other two correspondents of the worthy Mr. Urban have to say of me and of Mr. Bowle. [141]
SPEECH THE SIXTH.

Di darmi una ferita,
Pretaccio, hai la gran voglia!
Mala t' andrà fallita,
Povera e pazza Coglia,
Che nulla sai de esgrima,
E t' hai la mano inferma.

Peppe Titreba. 44

I tell you what, Mr. John Bowle! I begin to be sick of talking to these comrades of yours, and of answering the nonsensical and infamous falsehoods they do aver. Nevertheless, that I may not, as the saying is, leave my peacock without a tail, and as it is a shame to end what is well begun, I will endeavour to give such a reception to the two remaining fellows, as they may never more have the insolence to knock at my door: and I will then go straight to make my Comment upon your comment, which, I know, is [142] what you have been longing after, for this week past, as if the entire happiness of your future life depended solely upon it. Step therefore a little aside, that I may not be interrupted in the dispatching of this ill-looking cur, that you call Izzard Zed. Did you ever see such a villainous phiz in all your life? 45

44 "De darme una herida, / Petraccio, tienes muchas ganas. / Te saldrá malfallida, / pobre y loca Coglia, / que nada sabes de esgrima / y tienes la mano enferma" (Alicia Monguió).

45 Gentleman's Magazine 55 (1785): 675. (In the copy used, that of the New York State Library, volume 55 is split into two parts, and part 2, in which this letter appeared, also bears on the spine the volume number "58.")

"Mr. URBAN,

In extenuation of Dr. Johnson's foibles respecting two of the culprits, p. 497, it may be urged, that though he had been long acquainted with the second, he did not discover the man till very late. It is well known to several of his friends, that for more than the last thirteen months of his life all intercourse betwixt them was at an end, and a renewal, though solicited, was rejected on the part of the Dr. The no-notice of him, either in his will, or at his funeral, farther [sic] corroborates this, if other proof were wanting. In a word, he seems to have consigned him over to the solitary patronage of a man, who, to use his own words, 'if falsehood [sic] flatters his vanity, will not be very diligent to detect it.'

Yours, &c. X.Y."
In extenuation of Doctor Johnson’s foibles respecting the two Culprits, p. 492, it may be urged, that, though he had been long acquainted with the second, he did not discover the man till very late. It is well known to several of his friends, that, for more than the last thirteen months of his life, all intercourse with them was at an end, and a renewal, though solicited, was rejected on the part of the Doctor.” [143]

REMARK. Here we have a third witness with straw in his shoes, who comes to inform your honour, his name is Izzard Zed; that he knows full as well as brother Querist, that Doctor Johnson had foibles respecting two Culprits; and that the Doctor was besides such a Tolondon, as not to discover during thirty years and more, the true character of a man, with whom he had lived in the closest intimacy. Strange and insufferable, that such unhallowed Jacks—give them a fitter name,—such unhallowed Jacks, as these Querists, Anti-Januses, and Izzard Zeds, should dare to rub their hides against the monument, wherein the venerable remains of Samuel Johnson are deposited, and not a sexton or an overseer by, to cudgel them away to their filthy mansions!

But, shall I stoop so low, as to confute that part of the above paragraph, that regards the second of the two Culprits? “No, no, says Mr. John Bowle with a fluttering voice, and half vexed at this onset} lest you go a little too far for my purpose! No, no, confute it not for the love you bear me, as poor Izzard is not so bad as he looks, and at last, it signifies but little, to do away every misrepresentation and every rascally lie, advanced by this, and that, and t’other anonymous villain.”

So far, my good Mr. Bowle, you reason as right as any Plato, no doubt. Nevertheless I will, by telling the right way that story, which you have told the wrong way, assist your Tolondonship with what may be of some use to you, when you come to write the life of the second Culprit, which you are soon to set about compiling, for the satisfaction and edification of a curious public and what may still be thought of greater importance, that my story, rightly told, may be a lesson to eager mortals to mistrust the duration of any worldly enjoyment, as, even the best cemented friendship, which I consider as the most precious of earthly bless-

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46 In the original, “fittername.”

47 So as to avoid confusion, Baretti’s brackets are represented with { and }. 
Omai, a Tahitian [= Otaheite], arrived in England on Captain Furneaux's ship in 1774 and returned with Cook on the Resolution in 1777. He was an object of fascination to London's high society, meeting with such figures as Mrs. Thrale, Fanny Burney, and Samuel Johnson. He also had his portrait painted by Joshua Reynolds. To the proto-Romantic thinkers, he represented the noble savage, a man untainted and uncorrupted by "modern" European society.

Omai appeared in print in different literary and dramatic productions, including epistles written in his name. These often served more as critiques of London society than as insights into the experiences of a Tahitian in eighteenth-century England. He also appeared in print and on stage as a character in dramatic performances purported to be about his experiences in England and his return to his native land. (“The Voyages of Captain James Cook in the Global Eighteenth Century. Satire Based on Cook's Voyages, Part One: The Cult of Omai,” 13 July 2003, http://www.library.ucla.edu/libraries/special/scweb/cookcheck5.htm.)
was a witness to that ridiculous scene, may tell, whether the Doctor's obstreperous merriment deserved approbation, or blame: but such was Johnson, that whatever was the matter in hand, if he was in the humour, he would carry it as far as he could; nor was he much in the habit, even with much higher folks than myself, to refrain from sallies, which not seldom would carry him further than he intended.

Vexed at his having given me cause to be angry, and at my own anger too, I was not in haste to see him again, and he heard from more than one, that my resentment continued. Finding at last, or supposing, that I might not call on him any more, he requested a respectable friend to tell me, that he would be glad to see me as soon as possible: but his message was delivered me while making ready to go into Sussex, where I staid six full months; and then was taken to Bath, where I staid a month longer: and it was on my leaving Sussex, that the newspapers apprised me, my friend was no more, and England had lost possibly the greatest of her literary ornaments. It is more than I can tell, how this Izzard Zed came to stumble upon the information of that casual disagreement between the Doctor and me: and the use he has made of his intelligence, was just such as was to be expected from Bowlean honesty, and Bowlean averrations.

TEXT. "The no notice of him, either in his will, or at his funeral, farther corroborates this, if other proofs were wanting."

REMARK. Out, out with other proofs, as other proofs, will always be wanting to corroborate any thing you aver, or may aver! The Doctor could not take notice of every friend he had, in his will, as the task would have been too great; greater at least, than Mr. Bowle's is likely to be, when he comes to think of his. Dr. Johnson, one of the greatest procrastinators the world could show, made his will when life was nearly exhausted, and made it at the repeated solicitations of the very gentleman, that he had charged with his last message to me. Nor is it strange, if he left out of it the name of one, who wanted nothing of what he had, and was besides far from being so great a favourite, as several others, whose names he has no more noticed, than mine. Nor should I have been much pleased, if he had taken notice of us all, and left ever so small a token of his friendship to each of us, as, so far, it would have been a diminution of the little, that he bequesthed my friend Frank, who from his earliest youth served him with the greatest affection and disinterestedness. Had I been in London, no body, I suppose, would have had a right to keep me from attending the Doctor's obsequies along with other of his friends, many of whom
are my friends: but, how could I be at the funeral, being, as I was, struggling with the deep snows, that obstructed the road from Havant to Bath, when the funeral took place? Out, out with other proofs, my good master: out, out, for these two will not do!

TEXT. "In a word, the Doctor seems to have consigned him to the solitary patronage of a man, who, to use his own words, if falsehood flatters his vanity, will not be diligent to detect it." [150]

REMARK. The meaning of this last paragraph 'tis not possible for me to unravel, because, whether it be scantiness of merit, gross mismanagement, or lack of luck, I never enjoyed what is called patronage from any body, either in Italy, or in England: but I suppose, that my Tolondron, who knows nothing of me and my ways, has here fired a pistol in the air, to terrify the birds, lest I should catch them, and pick their feathers: and the birds in his eye, are the rich and the great, that might patronize the fellow who makes marginal Notes. What would I give, old as I am, that his tolondronic apprehensions were realized, by my obtaining the solitary (and I should not weep, if it were even the associate) patronage off some duke, or dukes, or of some lord or lords! What a delicious thing, if one, or two, or ten, or a hundred of them, to vex the fellow, would be suddenly and irresistibly seized by the whim of making me at once as opulent, as an alderman of London, or an Amsterdam-burgomaster! And [151] take this along with you that by so doing, their graces and lordships would stand a fair chance of sharing with me a few more loads of abuse, that the fellow would certainly not fail to lay upon my back in such a case. But – Hush, good folks! – Suppose I take the hint, and here give their graces and lordships an humble petition, inviting them to this meritorious double work! – Faith, 'tis a good scheme, whereof the execution ought not to be deferred a moment! Here then comes petition quite hot from the French baker’s oven in Poland-street:

Ducs et M ylors, venez tous sur la brune
Trottant à moi: faisons cause commune.
Point n’ écoutez mon Tolondron maudit,
Bouffi de baine, et rouge de dépit,
Qui se pendra peut-être cette nuit,
Lorsqu’un chacun, sans noise et sans racune,
Bien se garant de faire trop de bruit,
Chatouillera doucement sa chacune.
Vieux je le suis, M essigneurs: j’en conviens
M ais à quel age est-on marri des biens,
Qu'amonceller veut chés-nous la fortune? [152]
Ou tôt ou tard, richesse est opportune,
Disoit M ontaire en son patois mignon,
Plus fin d' esprit que n' est pas Tolondron,
Qui moins en a, qu' un canard, qu' une pie.
D ucs et M ylors, chapeau bas je vous prie,
D évers moi tous, sans barguigner, vénéz:
Sac de guindes à l' envir m' apportez:
Et vous aurez vers, prose, et flatterie,
Le double, et plus, qu' en eut jadis mamie,
T ant que direz: cesse donc, c' est assez!
C éla tout fait, en chantant merliton,
Verre pleurant, boirai bien vos santez
En bon Bourgoigne, ou bon jus de X érez. 49

49 Gentleman's Magazine, 55 (1785): 760. (In the copy used, that of the New York State Library, volume 55 is split into two parts, and part 2, in which this letter appeared, also bears on the spine only the volume number “58.”)

“Mr. Urban, Sept. 6

I have thought that the following words of Valerius Maximus, lib. ix. c. 2, describe pretty exactly the person of a man who has been mentioned in your two last Magazines. Truculenta facies, violenti spiritus, vox terriblis, ora minis, et cruentis imperiis referata. Can we hesitate a moment on whom to fix the following character? Pieno d'ignoranza, e di scelleragine, e sealtro, e petulante, e sfacciato, e maldicente, eadulatore, e travaccio, e vigliacco, e dissoluto, e matto, e fregiato in somma d'ogni abbominevole dote; a man full of ignorance and wickedness, sly, petulant, impudent, a slanderer and flatterer, a bully and poltroon, dissolute, fool, and, in short, adorned with every abominable endowment. See La Frustra Letteraria di Aristarco Scannabue, p. 287. Though your correspondent Anti-Janus, p. 608, has advanced nothing but what is to be confirmed from the 12th of his “Lettere familiari a suoi tre Fratelli,” to his three brothers; yet that he is unworthy of any partiality from Britons is not to be too hastily credited, as some Britons, in this age of affluence, in this total exemption from taxation, have thought him deserving of a pension: and who dares to controvert the propriety of such conduct? A translator from that language, in which this deserving man boasts himself to be an adept, at the same time he arraigned him of total ignorance in it, applied to him Johnson’s famous distich of

LONDON! The needy villain’s gen’ral home,
The common-shore of Paris and of Rome.

An account of his great worth and learning may be seen in “Some Remarks on the extraordinary conduct of the Knight of the ten Stars,” &c. for which see last Monthly Review, p. 156. With some slight variations. his Letters are trans-
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

October 1785, p. 760.

T E X T. Mr. Urban. I have thought, that the following words of Valerius Maximus describe exactly the person of a man, that has been mentioned in your two last magazines: Truculenta facies, violenti spiritus, vox terribilis, oraminis, et cruentis imperii referta. 50

REMARK. I must own, that the two, and even the three last magazines, have vexed me, because they have hurted my poor foot so much, as a blister clapt on the heel of my shoe: but this fourth makes me such amends, as I deem sufficient in all conscience. Here, my friends is a fourth, ragamuffin, who calls himself by the odd and characteristic appellation of J.C. that is, John Coglione; a ragamuffin of deep thought, par ma foi, as he has thought of an exact description of me out of Valerius Maximus, whose works he has read through, and to some purpose, as you will see.

But who is Valerius Maximus? Says your hopeful son, just come from Chiswickschool.

Valerius Maximus, my good Dick, was a free-born Italian, and my school-fellow many years ago. 52 It happen once, that quarrelling with me about the true meaning of some verses in the Secchia Rapita, 53 he gave me such a thump with his clenched fist in the pit of the stomach, that I fell down backwards, and broke my occiput against one of the school-forms. Valerius Maximus, as good-natur'd a lad as your very self, was quite sorry for what he had done, and presently helped me up, seated me on the form, ran for an egg to the master's maid, whose Christian name was Ancilla; opened it at the big-end, because he had been brought up in the big-endian religion; dexterously separated the white from the yolk; beat that white in a saucer with a tea-spoon, and applied it on a rag
to my wound with so much care and skill, that he absolutely won my heart for ever after.

On our quitting school, Valerius Maximus went to the Levant with one of his papa’s friends, one Colonel Sextus Pompeius, who had procured him a Lieutenantcy in the Duke of Modena’s guards: and a brave soldier did he look in his regimentals. Presently after his arrival at the place of his destination, many were the battles, in which he had his share, to the great comfort of Colonel Sextus Pompeius, who loved [155] him dearly. ’Tis enough to say, that he contributed as much as any other Lieutenant in the army, towards dispossessing the Turks of the Holy land; and it was in one of those battles, that he pluckt off a Bassa’s 54 whiskers, which he sent to Rome, there to be hung up in the church of St. Agnes, where we used to go to mass together on Sundays, when school-fellows.

Being once at Damascus, and his winter-quarters affording him leisure, he took into his fancy to write a book in Latin, wherein he collected a good many memorable sayings and doings 55 of several Officers of the army, in which he served, as also of many valiant Turks, though they were his country’s enemies; as he admired valour, no matter by whom possessed: Nor did he forget to intersperse in his work various of the pretty pranks and frolicks of his school-fellows, among who he highly distinguished me, as one of the most forward in robbing of orchards and vineyards, whenever opportunities offered. It was in that same Latin book, quoted by the [156] learned John Coglione, that he delineated my character, calling me by the name of Sulla, which was my school-nick-name because at times I was apt to be sullen, especially when I had the childblains, and awkward Tolondrons trod upon my sore heels. Valerius Maximus’ book, dedicated to one Squire Tibby, a Major of Grenadiers, was printed at Damascus, and soon after reprinted at Aleppo with ample notes, not by himself, like Mr. Bowle’s Letter to the Divinity-Doctor; but by above forty-four of the most erudite members of the Celo-Syrian society, among whom, the illustrious Isaac Vossius, an Arab by birth, 56 and the celebrated Freinshemius, Chaplain in ordinary to the Hospodar of Antiochia. 57 The four and forty Annotators had previously extolled Valerius

54 “Pasha.”

55 An allusion to the Factorum ac dictorum memorabilium libri IX of Valerius Maximus.

56 Dutch by birth, Isaac Vossius (1618-1689) was a scholar and commentator on many Greek and Latin texts. He moved to London in 1670 and lived there for the rest of his life.

57 John Freinshemius was a Swedish seventeenth-century scholar who edit-
Maximus’ work so high, that the Damascus-Printer gave a good penny for the manuscript, which was no contemptible addition to his scanty pay as a Lieutenant, and enabled him now and then to treat his brother-officers with a bottle of the best Mareotic\(^{58}\) from Grand Cairo. Nor [157] did any body throughout Asia speak disrespectfully of his work, excepting one Joe Scaliger,\(^{59}\) surnamed the Wasph Reviewer, a pretty clever pioneer in the enemy’s army, who seldom approved of any body’s literary labours but his own, and called Valerius Maximus: ineptus verborum et sententiarum affectator.\(^{60}\)

From that book of Sayings and Doings, my friend John Coglione extracted the above passage, and clapt it at top of his letter to Mr. Urban. The right meaning of the passage is: that, when I make marginal notes on Spanish Texts or comments, I look quite dreadful: truculenta facies. That my spirits move along with great violence, when I rally Tolondrons: violenti spiritus. That my voice, when I speak Speeches about the blunders of Editors and Commentators, proves terrible: vox terribilis; and that, when I bid any of my pupils to come to read Don Quixote, I do it in such an imperious and threatening tone, that there is no blockhead in the neighbourhood, but what presently bleeds, at the [158] nose: ore minis et cruentis imperiis referta: However, my dear Dick, take this with you, that (as Milton said to the Dutch Printer) this same John Coglione is a crafty knave; so enviously mean was he, that he suppressed the best part of the good things Valerius Maximus said of me in the same book, wherein he recorded, as a most faithful historian, not a few of the best legerdemains I ever atchieved, when with him at school; such as that, for instance, of drowning all the mice and rats I could catch; and another of lopping at Preneste (where we used go to spend the holidays) the tails of all the puppies and kittens of the shop-keepers of that country-town, those, especially, that belonged to a canting field-preacher, called by the rabble The Reverend Mr. Marius, who once flung the stump

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\(^{58}\) An Egyptian wine. “The Arva Mareotica mentioned by Ovid (Metamorphoses, ix. 73) produced the white grapes, from which was made the favourite beverage of Cleopatra, and mention of which is made both by Horace (Odes, i. 37) and Virgil (Georgics, ii. 91). The Arva Mareotica were the shores of Lake Moeris” (Brewer’s Phrase & Fable, 13 July 2003, http://www.bibliomania.com).

\(^{59}\) An allusion to the famous and ill-tempered humanist, Julius Caesar Scaliger (1484-1558).

\(^{60}\) “En las palabras inéptas y afectadas en las sentencias” (Alicia Monguíó).
of a cabbage at my head, because I made game of a devout matron the old fellow had a mind to marry, as she had a very considerable jointure. Nor did Valerius Maximus forget my skill in giving Cornish-tugs even to the tallest boys in the school at our [159] hours of recreation, and throwing them headlong after a very short struggle; by which means I came to be so much feared by them all, that they dared not to lift a finger against me, as long as I pleased to stay at school. Art thou satisfied now about Valerius Maximus? But let us hear what John Coglione has further to say of me when my name was Sulla.

TEXT. “Can we hesitate a moment on whom to fix the following character?”

REMARK. Let us have the following character by all means, especially as it is in Italian, which is another of the languages this Poliglot-John can copy out of his books, sometimes exactly, sometimes but so so.


REMARK. I must apprise the curious reader, that he would be wrong in hesitating a moment to apply the best part of this character to my Tolondon, as it is made up of many scraps, that he has carefully pickt out of an Italian work of mine, and sown them together for his own wearing, as you may see by his translation; though, to say truth, I wrote those Italian words long before I knew of the need he had of them.

TEXT. “A man full of ignorance and wickedness, sly, petulant, impudent, a slanderer and a flatterer, a bully and poltroon; dissolute, fool, and, in short, adorned with every abominable endowment.” See La Frusta Letteraria, p. 287.61

REMARK. It is not surprising, that, long before I knew this very John Coglione, and when I intended to paint another, I should paint him full as well, as Titian himself would have done? [161]

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61 A literary newspaper Baretti published in Venice between 1763 and 1765, full of attacks on those he considered bad authors and books. It has been called the first literary criticism in Italy.
Though your correspondent Anti-Janus, p. 608, has advanced nothing, but what is to be confirmed from No. 12, of his Familiar Letters to his three Brothers, yet, that he is unworthy of any partiality from Britons is not to be hastily credited, as some Britons in this age of affluence, in this total exemption from taxation, have thought him deserving of a pension: and who dares to controvert the propriety of such conduct?

See what a crafty knave, Milton would say, this Anti-Janus is, who, but t'other day, pretended he had not read my Italian Letters; and tells us now, that he has! But if John Bowle, and John Coglione are synonymous, there is no doubt, but Coglione will do what Bowle did, and dare to controvert for ever, what was repeatedly controverted by Bowle ever since the sad adventure of the Marginal Notes.

A Translator from that language, in which this deserving man boasts himself [162] to be an adept, at the same time, that he arraigned him of total ignorance in it, applied to him Johnson’s famous distich of

London, the needy villain’s general home,
The common-shore of Paris and of Rome.”

The temptation of calling me a needy villain was too strong for a Translator from the Spanish; and paltry sinners will yield to every temptation.

An account of his great worth and learning may be seen in some Remarks on the extraordinary Conduct of the Knight of the ten stars, and his Italian Esquire; for which see the last Monthly Review, p. 156.62

I have been to see that Review, as I was bid; and never was any thing so fair and candid, as what is said in it about the Bowlean Performance. The honest Reviewer acknowledges himself an incompetent

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62 “We acknowledge ourselves incompetent judges, as to the real grounds of the dispute or quarrel, which has given rise to these strictures. If Mr. Bowle, to whom the Public hath lately been obliged for a valuable edition of Don Quixote, in the original Spanish, hath been ill-treated by Signior Baretti, or others, he hath here, we apprehend, amply avenged himself on his adversary’s character and writings” (Monthly Review 73 [1786]: 156, as quoted by R. Merritt Cox, The Rev. John Bowle: The Genesis of Cervantean Criticism, University of North Carolina Studies in the Romance Languages and Literatures, 99 [Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1976], p. 22, n. 22).
[163] judge of the question: but, says he, if M r. Bowle tells truth, he has amply avenged himself on his adversary. The poor Tolondron, that never minds conditional ifs, eagerly bolts down the Reviewer's cautious words, as if they were a pretty compliment to him and his shilling-pamphlet. Much good may it do him. As to the Reviewer's calling Mr. Bowle's Edition a valuable one, I beg permission to enter my Librum Veto, for reasons best known to myself and friends; and as to Captain Crookshanks' extraordinary conduct, give me but time, Signor Coglione, and I shall take notice of it without any doubt: nay, I had already done it, had not you and your comrades come to retard my march.

TEXT the last. "With some slight variations, Baretti's Letters to his Brothers are translated and incorporated in his English Travels."

REMARK. Was ever any mortal so clumsy an advocate pro domo sua, as this poor Tolondon! He first wishes I would give the English [164] nation a translation of my Italian Letters, then comes to inform the English nation, that I have already done it! How true the Spanish proverb, that a liar is sooner overtaken than a lame ox!

But the business of the day is at last over, and the four Fellows are gone back to Idemstone,63 rather out of humour, than otherwise. Mr. John Bowle, give them a glass of small beer a-piece, for the good service they have done you: but, next time you come to me yourself, do it without your quadruple mask on your face, as, both you and I, begin to be rather too old for masquerades. [165]

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63 Idmiston, where Bowle lived.
SPEECH THE SEVENTH.

Quidquid cogitas vanum est,
quidquid loqueris falsum est,
quidquid improbas bonum est,
quidquid probas, malum est,
quidquid agis stultum est. 64

Petrarch.

Pardon me, good Mr. Bowle, if, in the two preceding speeches I have proved so incivil to your Tolondonship, as only to speak to you incidentally; and attribute my want of manners to your four gentlemen of the straw in the shoes, who proved so troublesome, and engrossed so much of my talk, that I had scarce time to think of your Tolondonship all the while. It took up two long chattering before I could force them to forbear telling of lies; and it was at last out of mere lassitude they told no more, and went away hurly burly, as if the devil had been in them. Let us therefore, you and I, resume the interrupted subject of your great [166] knowledge, and my great ignorance, and endeavour finally to settle so problematical a point to our mutual satisfaction, that we may never more be of quite opposite opinions, as, to my great vexation, we have hitherto been, and understand each other better for the future, now that we know each other better than we ever did.

Your Tolondonship has the goodness to inform me, that the Spaniards have two Tragicomedies and some interludes in prose: and by producing such a solid piece of erudition, quite unknown to me before, you pretend to have entirely demolished the assertion in my travels, that all the Spanish Comedies I ever read or heard of, are all in verse.

Your demolition, however, seems to me as yet not so entire as your fancy, because it so happens, that Tragicomedies and Interludes are not quite the same thing, that Comedies. But as you may reply, that this is a mere subterfuge, and that different appellations change not the intrinsic qualities of dramas, and may insist, that interludes and tragicomedies are tantamount to [167] comedies, I must inform you in my turn, lest you slip thus nimbly through my fingers, that, several years ago, here in London, I bought, and read, a collection of Spanish comedies, that was comprised

64 “What you believe, is vanity; what you say is false; what you think bad is good; what you think good is bad, what you do is stupid.” The quote has not been located and may be an invention of Baretti.
in no less than six and forty quarto volumes, each volume containing
twelve of them exactly; the first volume entitled: Primera Parte de
Comedias sacadas de sus verdaderos Originales, printed at Madrid in 1613,
and beginning with a comedy called La Baltasara; the last volume,
oddly entitled Primavera numerosademás muchas harmonias lucientes, printed
in 1679, and ending with a comedy called El Marqués de Cigarral:66 and
here, by way of parenthesis, let me tell you, it was from this very
collection chiefly, that I got the notion Spanish comedies were all in
verse, as not one in the six and forty volumes is in prose. Then, when I
came back from Madrid, I brought with me a good number of single
comedies, I had bought there for “un real de vellon cada una”; Anglicé,
three-pence a piece, and had them bound in 16 or 17 quarto volumes, ten
in each volume, besides such a number of Entremeses; that is,
Interludes, Entertainments, and Farces, that, when bound up together,
formed eight or nine pretty thick octavo volumes, every title in verse.
I was besides possessed once, but gave them away, of the comedies
of Don Agustín Moreto in two volumes quarto, and think they
amounted to more than twenty, each one in verse: and you know, or
ought to know, that Agustín Moreto, in the general opinion of the
Spaniards, holds the third place among their dramatic poets, the first
being occupied by Lope de Vega, and the second by Calderón de la Barca.
Then my two brave disciples, innocent cause of those marginal notes,
that have kept you this long while from eating with a good appetite,
have read with me (but the book is theirs) some of the seventy-three
comedies, and the forty-six Feasts (Fiestas is the Spanish word) con-
tained in eleven thick volumes quarto, all written by Calderón de la Barca
aforesaid, printed in Madrid 1760: and, with the same two young gentle-
men, as well as without them, I have also read a [169] good number of Autos
Sacramentales by the same Calderón and others, every thing in verse, and not
in prose: and you know, or ought to know, that Fiestas means, comedies
composed for the private entertainment of the king and his court, and Autos
means, sacred allegorical plays; the Fiestas gone out of fashion this long
while, and the Autos permitted no longer on the Spanish stage. All the
comedies and other theatrical performances of Lope de Vega, that I ever read,
which are a pretty many, are all in verse; and so are those of Don Antonio de
Solís, printed in quarto, Madrid 1681; the very man, that wrote the well-known

66 A collection with this title, that ends with the work mentioned, by Castillo
Solórzano, is found on reel 11 of the microfilm collection Spanish Drama of the
Golden Age, based on the collection of the University of Pennsylvania and
available from Primary Source Microfilm (http://www.galegroup.com/psm/, 3
November 2003).
History of Mexico, and father to the archbishop of Seville, latterly dead above a hundred years old. I hope besides, whatever you may have slyly insinuated to the contrary, in your letter to your Doctor, that you give me credit for having read even more of Cervantes' comedies, than are contained in the Madrid edition of 1749; and you may be sure, that they are all in verse. I have likewise read a number of [170] Loas, Zarzuelas, Sainetes, and other petty dramas of the Spaniards, and not one of them did I ever see in prose, as they are all in verse. So are the Comedies of Juan Bautista Diamante, numerous-enough: so those of Fernando de Zarate, of Luis de Bdmonte, of Don Antonio Martinez, and of Don Roman, who was what they call, Montero de Espinosa; and here, Jack, you may run to some Dictionary, to see what Montero de Espinosa means. All in verse are those of Don Juan de Zavaleta, and those of Don Francisco de Rojas, or de Roxas, thus written both ways in different editions. All in verse, likewise are those of Juan Matos Fregoso, of Diego Ximenes de Enciso, of Melchor de Leon, of the three Doctors Mira de Mescua, Felipe Godinez, and Perez de Montalvan; as also those of Juan de Vera y Villarod, and of a great many more, with whose names I could choak you, were I as fond as you, of choaking Christians with names of outlandish Authors. Upon a very moderate computation, I will venture [171] to say, that, in the course of my life, I have read twelve hundred Spanish comedies; and I will take my oath of it, that I never met with one, but what was in verse. Ask me not if I liked them, all, lest you force me to say, that there is not one in every hundred that would be the author of, not even excepting those of Lope de Vega, and Calderon de la Barca. The only two, as I still remember, that pleased me, were El Familiar sin Demonio by Gaspar de Avila, and No hai bien sin ageno daño by Antonio Sigler de Huerta. I don't recollect at present, that I liked any other throughout. Invention, plot, wit, and humour, many of them have here and there, Moreto and Solis especially: nor do many and many want true and singular characters, which would appear to great advantage, were they habilizz a la Corneille, as a few of Don Guillen de Castro's have been, several of whose Comedies I have read, that I may not forget them. Speaking, however, in general, the Spanish Comedies, in spite of the feeble efforts made in my days by Don Tomaso de Yriarte, by Don Agustin [172] Cordero, by the witty Countess del Carpio, by the Marquis of Palacios, and by half a dozen more that I could name, the Spanish Comedies (and Comedia in Spanish, like Play in English denominates both Tragedy and Comedy) suit not my taste much, though I have passed many mornings and evenings in the reading of them. But what was it to me, their being good, bad, or indifferent? I read them not with a view to learn from them the art of Comedy-making; but only to encrease my stock of Spanish
language; and it was out of them, to tell it here in another parenthesis, that I got above three thousand words [as I said in my Spanish Dissertation] not registered in the Academicians' Dictionary, which I have added in the margins of that same Dictionary, to be sent, after I am dead, to their Academy, as I am sure, that an Exemplary, thus augmented, will prove of good use, if ever the Members of it come to give us a second Edition of their Predecessors' Work. Nor have I added only to my Exemplary three thousand words, and more; but have also made Marginal Notes to many thousands of their Words, Definitions, Etymologies, Examples, etcetera; and I have likewise taken notice in the same way of their Prolegomena, telling my opinion freely of everything I disliked in their Six Volumes, with no more scruples than if they had been so many Jack Bowles, which, thank heaven, is far from being the case, because such Jacks are mighty scarce all the world over.

Come now you, Tolondrontolondronissimo, cometo tell the bystanders, that the Spaniards, contrary to my assertion, have Comedies in prose; and display your vast erudition, by talking (out of Don Quixote and other Works of Cervantes) of Tragicomedy split in two, and of three or four Farces, never exhibited on the Spanish Stage, the first all in prose, the others partly in prose, and partly in verse. A blanca for your Tragicomedy; three or four ardites for your three or four Farces; and twelve hundred doblones for my twelve hundred Comedies, Fiestas, AutosSacramentales, etcetera! My Comedies, Fiestas and Autos have furnished me with such a store of words and phrases, that with many of them I have been able to enrich the margins of the great Spanish Dictionary: but, what have your lank Farces, and your puny Tragicomedy, furnished you with? Wretched things! With all their efforts, they could not even help you to find out a pun in Don Quixote: Ay! They could not even help you to the lady-like word diantre, to the pretty repetition of assì assì, and to the mouth-filling phrase de cabo en rabo! Away with your paltry trumpery! away with your Celestina, with your Juez de los divorcios, your Guarda Cuidadosa, and your other small ware! Nor dare you evermore to compare your Pedler-box to my Store-house, that contains half the riches of the Spanish Stage! Was ever such a Tolondron, that comes to make a parade of a few toothpicks, when I can shew him Norway-masts in plenty! I have no patience with such senseless Tolondronissimos!

You further come to tell me, Senor Licenciado Bowle (I have a good mind to make a Spanish Doctor of you, though you are but a poor Gorrón) that you have apprised Doctor Percy of my having given in my travels a defective and erroneous account of the Spanish literature. But pray, you monster of nonsense, you Gorrón de mis pecados! How could I
help that account being inexact and incomplete, if it was but a sketch, such as a poor traveller could give in a hurry?

I never asserted in any verbal, manuscript, or printed work, that my account was a good account; nor has Doctor Percy, or any other reader of my travels, taken it, but for what it was; that is, a little chit-chat about Spanish literature; an effort, made en passant, to induce people to suspect, that the Spaniards have in their language something else, besides Don Quixote; a tap on the shoulder to those, who impatiently affirm (they are not few) that in Spain every kind of literature is totally neglected, and has always been. Before I went to that country myself, I had read, in English, in French, and in Italian, more accounts of Spain, than I have fingers on my [176] hands, and found almost nothing else in them, but long descants, no less ridiculous than false, no less petulant than insipid, of Spanish idleness, Spanish ignorance, Spanish superstition, Spanish beggary, Spanish dereliction of all that is good. During my short residence at Madrid, the second time I was there especially, I got notions of a different kind, because I was so lucky, as to be introduced in what they call the best companies, where I could pay at sight my little bills of talk, without borrowing from the Italian or French chat-lenders, as most foreigners are forced to do, that go there with a single como está usted in their purse. There it was, that I made my humble bow to the Senior Don _ _ _, Campomanes, who deigned to converse with me, while his sprightly daughter Bibiana, then a bride, (I shall never forget her black eyes) was nimbly dancing Fandangos and Seguidillas with her Esposo. There I shook hands more than once with Father Sarmiento, in his own apartment, three or four pair of stairs up in his convent, and even [177] helped him to feed a multitude of sparrows, that visited him every morning. There I had once or twice a glimpse of Father Flores and a few more Reverendissimos, that used pretty often to call on the good Sarmiento. There I walked more than once in the King's Botanic garden, about half a league out of Madrid, betwixt Don Bermudes the botanist, and Don Domingo Venier, a learned Navarran, and Ayuda de Camara to his Majesty, both willing to turn me into a pretty botanist, but that I cannot remember the names of plants, when they are not of the culinary kind. There I dined twice, if not three

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66 *The economist and statesman Pedro Rodríguez de Campomanes.*

67 *Martín Sarmiento, the ilustrado Benedictine.*

68 *In the original, “pair of pairs.”*

69 *Possibly the historian Josef Miguel de Flores, Secretario perpetuo of the Real Academia de la Historia and editor of the chronicles of Enrique IV and Álvaro de Luna, published by Sancha.*
times, at the geographer Don Tomaso Lopez, who showed me many Maps he had himself made, of various provinces and districts of Spain.\footnote{70 The famous geographer, with whom Bowle corresponded.} There, at Count Gazola’s, General of the artillery, I paid my respects to several engineers, mineralogists, mathematicians, and other such people, who frequently surrounded him, and formed such entertaining company, as I shall never see the like for the future: nor do I, [178] as yet, forget thee, most courteous and most amiable Abate Romero, with whom I have so often wished to talk English again of the present state of the Arts and Sciences in thy country! There I went to see the Royal Academy of Painting and that of the Spanish language, and exchanged words with several of their respective members. In Madrid, at Talavera la Reina, Toledo, Guadalaxara, Zaragozza, and in divers parts of Catalonia, I gave running looks to several manufacturies of cloth and divers other things, and heard from divers creditable persons, that, at Valencia they work above three thousand looms in manufacturing silks only, besides a great many, that they have for clothes and silks at Segovia, and other towns, which I had not time or means to go to. I was going to omit, that I saw in many towns many libraries and booksellers’ shops, largely furnished with books, many printing-offices abounding with types, that had good eyes, and many hospitals richly endowed, and well attended. If you will [179] form a judgment to what a perfection the arts of paper-making and type casting for the use of printers, has been carried, give but a look to the translation of Sallust, made by one of the Royal Sons, and to the Academicians’ quarto and octavo editions of Don Quixote; and tell me then, whether the Spaniards, in that particular, have reason to envy Baskerville, or any other English or French type-caster, or paper-maker. In one word, as in a hundred, I saw with my own eyes, that in Spain there was something more, than superstition, ignorance, idleness, beggary, and dereliction of every thing, as many careless or disingenuous rascals would make me believe before I went there myself. I will not say by all this, that Spain is as yet, upon the whole, so far and so generally advanced in arts and sciences, as France, or England are. I will only say, that her sons are hard at work this very day, and that they take large strides to rival both the English and the French in every thing. My time for viewing and examining so many objects, and for ascertaining all the accounts given me of what I could not see, was but short, for the eternal reason, that my purse was short likewise: and, as I had a long journey to come back, I did not choose to run the risk of remaining in pawn for my reckoning at some inn or other on the road: so that, if in my Travels
through Spain (made up of observations put together in the two
journeys I took to that country) I told but a few of those many things
I had seen, or heard of, you might as well have conjectured, that I
dared not expatiate, for fear of some cursed mistake or inexactness,
that might then bring me to shame, and under the lash of censure,
either there or here. Of the Spanish Literature in particular, I said but
little, and that little with fear and trembling, as I knew but little of it,
which, to my sorrow, is still the case, and will surely be as long as I
live, for want of books and conversation, that I may not say, for want
of sufficient brains. And you, great Tolondron, you, that have never
seen fifty Spanish books on a shelf, you, that cannot utter one
poor sentence of Spanish; you, that have as much brains, as a flower-
pot, that I may not say some other pot; you, Mr. John Bowle, go
audaciously to tell Doctor Percy, that my Account of Spanish
Literature is imperfect and erroneous? You want to persuade him, that
my knowledge on this head, is nothing, or next to nothing, when
especially compared to yours? Oh the mighty Hispanist, that destroys
at once the whole of my poor Spanish learning, as the Sabio Muñaton
did that of Don Quixote, by turning it all into a cloud of smoke! But,
Jack! A word in your ear. Have you any idea, any conception, any clear
notion, of what an Account of Spanish Literature must be, not to be
imperfect and erroneous one? Do you know, that, beginning, as one
ought, an Account of the Literature from the eighth century, when
almost all the knowledge of Europe was centered in Spain, down to
the times of the great Don Alfonso; then down to Ferdinand, Charles [182]
the Fifth, and Philip the Second; then down to this present day; do you
know, I say, that such an Account is possibly out of the reach, I will not say,
of any single man, but of a great many men of the largest size of knowledge,
and of the most indefatigable perseverance in laborious searches? An
Account of Spanish Literature not imperfect, not erroneous! Poor fellow! An army
of such Bowles as thee, though it were as numerous as that of Xerxes, would
be far from sufficient for such an undertaking, which would be a great
undertaking indeed, as thou callest thy wretched Comento! Be but so
condescending, you immense Tolondron, as to regale the public with the
nice dainties you regaled Doctor Percy with; and, when I have tasted, or but
smelt them, I will give you and him, I am sure, many and many cogent
reasons, and in much more convincing words than yours, whether they are
to be served at his, or any body's table, or flung in the dust-hole, for the
scavenger to fetch, and inform you to boot, [183] whether you can cope with
Don Antonio Joseph Cavanilles or only rank with Monsieur Misson: Don Anto-
nio, a wise and well informed fellow: the Monsieur a silly and impertin-
tent puppy. But, why should I degrade even that French puppy, by put-
ting such a Tolondron as you upon a par with him? When Misson speaks of Spain he is a puppy, God knows; and an insufferable one too: but, on other subjects, he knows tolerably well what he is about, and has at least a good language, as well as lively style: but you, when speaking of Spain, or of any other imaginable thing, what are you, but a filthy conglomeration of ignorance, dulness, forwardness, presumption, malignity, and nonsense? You, John Bowle, you dare to think yourself equal to the task of writing an Account of Spanish Literature, or of any Literature! And that, not an imperfect, nor an erroneous one; but such, as to deserve to be read by Doctors and Bishops? Dii Immortales! In what a world do we live! Upon my credit, that I am ready to swear like a [184] trooper, and throw both my slippers into the Thames, or the Severn! But let me compose my spirits, too much agitated by such tolondronic vaunts and tolondronical bragging. Let me take a large pinch of snuff, that I may grow so calm again, as to be able to pursue this important subject to my reader’s satisfaction and contentment, which is what at present I have most at heart. But, my pinch is up, and half of it in the right, t’other half in the left nostril, and I am sure I shall now be angry no more: therefore, let us go on, chatting and gossiping, like two old Dowagers on an evening walk through Kensington Garden in the month of May.

Now, Mr. John Bowle, I tell you calmly and in good humour, that with regard to Doctor Percy, if you mean him, as I suppose you do, that actually adorns the Bishops’ bench in Ireland, I declare to you, and to everybody living, that I decline not, nor ever shall, any judgment passed by him on me, while reading your acute Remarks on my obtuse Account of Spanish Literature. I have had, and not seldom, the honour of sitting elbow to elbow with his Lordship, and have as good an opinion, possibly a larger idea than you have, or may have, of his extensive knowledge, powers of criticism, and good taste in literary matters; nor do I want on these several heads the last information from Mr. John Bowle, or any other good soul. I question however, whether he has not lost his time, when he read both my Account and your Remarks, if he has been so patient, as to go through both. As to my Account, I am pretty confident, that it is not worth a button: but let us, as I said, give but a poor peep at your Remarks, and we will soon see, whether, or no, they are worth a button and a half, or only half a button. That you had scribbled some nonsense, or other, about my account of Spanish literature, I heard long ago: but, as I cared not a fig for it, I should have forgotten it totally, had you not put me in mind of it. Why did you not do the same with

72 O immortal gods!
regard [186] to my marginal notes, and forgotten them likewise? Why did you go about Hampshire and Wiltshire, abusing me so cordially as you did, which procured you the honour of my naming you in my Spanish dissertation? Strange, that you should think yourself possessed of the exclusive right of abusing me about two counties, and scribble besides whatever you choose about me and my doings; yet be so violently angry at my making marginal notes on a work of yours, and dropping a characteristic epithet on your pate, on account of your adopting blindly some absurd orthographic notions! Where the devil, Master mine, is your equity in this proceeding? What claim have you to be totally exempted from the law of retaliation?

Those travels of mine, I find, by your industry in noting down several scores, or several millions, of errors and faults in them, that they stick cursedly in your gizzard, though they be now nearly forgotten by all that read them in diebus illis: but little good, I think, will you do yourself, by going to proclaim at Charing-Cross, or at the Royal-Exchange, that in November the 25th, 1779; that is, long before the date of my marginal notes, “a sensible friend of yours wrote you word that he had no great opinion of me, that my travels through Spain are full of errors and mistakes; and that when in Italy, he had frequent opportunities of experiencing, how surprisingly second rate Italians are warped by prejudices against the Oltramontani.”

I will not, Mr John, set about guessing, who that sensible friend of yours is, with whom you freely communicated your meagre conceptions about me and my works, at a time, that I never thought, or could think of your works, or of you, having seen you but once at a tavern, and never heard of your name before or after, until I saw you against Captain Crookshanks’s. Sure I am, if I chose, that I could point my finger at that sensible friend, and say, Thou art the man, because you [188] have been so indiscreet (not to say worse) as to give me sufficient hints to make me guess right. But, why should I guess, and make a stir about it? I had written a book, and I had printed it. He had, of course, an undubitable right to tell you and any other body, in his daily conversation, or in his letters, whatever he thought about my book: and none, but Tolondrons, will ever deny any body the exertion of such a right, which is one of the most lawful, that men can have. Flatter yourself not, however, that the gentleman will be much obliged to you for your forgetting yourself so far, as to give the public and me, that part of his letter to you, which has now made more than one, masters of an opinion, that he intended you should

72 In their days.
keep to yourself. Mr. John Bowle, thou hast here play'd a trick to thy sensible friend, that is not a pleasing trick: and, as I am fond of ending disputes by wagers, I will lay thee a goose to a gander, that if ever he reads thy letter to thy Doctor, he reprobateth thee for a dangerous correspondent; that will, when seized by a mad fit, betray the secret of his friends to any body, be the consequence what it will. But, to leave this matter to be adjusted between you and him, I will come to say this, that, if I have not his good opinion, I am sorry for it; and this is all, that I can say on his first paragraph: yet, with regard to my travels, I will repeat it again, that, no doubt, I have committed, as he says, errors and mistakes in them, through misapprehension, or misinformation; not through willfulness, of which I do acquit myself with a good conscience. However, that my travels are full of errors and mistakes, if he will permit me to say it, I cannot agree with him quite, and will make so free with him, as to tell him, that his word full, I take as a mere epistolary word, that ran off his pen unawares, instead of some, few, or any other monosyllable or disyllable of a more gentle meaning.

To inform him and you of the reason I have for not entirely acquiescing in his verdict, and for thinking somewhat better of that work of mine, than the word full comes to, I must tell you and him a story, or to say better, an anecdote, that in all probability will delight you as much, as any you ever heard to the advantage of Doctor Johnson, from the Sieur Boswell, or Squire Tyer. The anecdote is as follows.

One day at Madrid, the second time I was there, while I was at dinner at the young count Rubion's, who was at that time Sardinian Minister there, a travelling berlin stop't at his gate with a gentleman in it, whose sudden and unexpected appearance surprised and pleased me much. 'Twas Count Scarnasis, I know not how many years embassador from the court of Turin to that of Lisbon, who was returning home from his embassy. On his entering the dining-room, and after having gone through the usual ceremonies on such occasions with Count Rubion, he spied me among his guests, and presently knew me, though we had not seen each other a good long while. "What! Old friend Baretti? Lo! Here is thy book — and drew it out of his great-coat-pocket. — I have had it in my hands all along the road from Lisbon here. I have crossed the towns thou hast crossed; lodged at the inns thou hast lodged; spoke to many thou spokest to; enquired after thy supper at Yelvas, where thou did'st splice thy English cake for Paolita and the other dancers; asked of Tia Morena, who still lives at Maxaras, after thy feast of the quartillos; in short, made it a point to probe thy veracity as a traveller to the very bottom; and the devil is in it, but every syllable thou hast written is true, as truth itself."
I need not tell you, good John, that the book Count Scarnasia produced, was the Account of my Travels in Italian, which {as you have observed} is the same I translated afterwards into English. Count Scarnasia after that day, has been in England as Envoy Extraordinary: then went to Paris as Embassador; and there he is still. Your sensible friend, I have some notion, knows him; and if he does not, he may, by means of some friend, easily come to the truth of this fact, in case he should doubt it, which I am pretty confident he will not. But you, Mr. John, do you really think, that I can now allow with a good conscience of his epistolary word full, as if it had been the production, not of epistolary hurry, but of a long and serious examination? Do you think, that, as you have done, I must swallow it, as the Spaniards say, a trágala perra? Whip me, if I do, after such an unsought for and honourable testimonial in my favour by a man of rank, dignity, and knowledge! and, as to what your sensible friend said about second rate Italians, far from falling to loggerheads with him about it, as you expect, I will lay you another wager of a turkey to a pigeon, that he is right, knowing myself of my own knowledge, that even first rate Italians are surprisingly warped by prejudices against Foreigners, which is what he means by Oltramontani. But do you cross yourself at that, Master John? Indeed, if you do, you know not as yet, that two and two make four! I can vouch, without the least fear of contradiction, that there are many first, second, and third rate folks in Italy, as well as in any other country, surprisingly warped by prejudices against all countries but their own: and God forbid I should be so simple, on such a score, as to except the English. John Bull and I have been most intimate friends these many years, and I know enough of his prejudices and warpings! But, as they chiefly arise from his native simplicity, I do love him the better for them, especially as he happens to be quite right on a few important points, foolishly contested him by those prejudiced and warped Foreigners, who have only met him in the streets, or in St. George's fields, when he happened to be fuddled. I will tell you more, Mr. Bowle, if you will listen. Do you know, that, under different appellations, there are a great many branches of Mr. John Bull's family scattered in every country under the sun, of which every member has plenty of warpings and prejudices? But, who cares for the warpings of the John Bulls of any country? As for me, to tell you my secret, I make game of them all, when I hear them seriously talk of their individual and indubitable superiority over each other, which is the topic, whereon they are constantly willing to expatiate. And why do I laugh at them? Because that I love the great varieties this world exhibits, which would prove too insipid without them; and because I have long adopted as an irrefragable truth the
French saying, that, même en Normandie il y a des honnêtes Gens. Forget not to inform of these my odd notions your sensible Friend, if ever he comes again in your way: and next time you write to your Divinity-Doctor, give the world a few of your wise remarks upon these same odd notions of mine.

After having tried to make me angry at your sensible Friend, you awkwardly endeavour to soothe and appease me, by telling me of a very pretty thing said of me by the most pleasing Author, as you call him, of the [195] Nouveau Voyage en Espagne: but, for all this unusual piece of flattery, mihi obtundere not potes palpum. That most pleasing Author whom I know to be the Abbé de la Porte, concerned once with La Baumelle in writing the Volteriana, many people pretend, never was in Spain; but compiled his Nouveau Voyage in Paris, out of mine and other people's travels. Whether this be true, or not, I cannot as yet affirm, because, as yet, I have not read this work. But, true, or not true; and I would not give a coss-lettuce for the difference, I am vastly obliged to you for telling me, that he allows me de l'esprit: a gratuitous present, not frequently made to foreigners by the French, who, in general, keep so fast l'esprit to themselves, and consider it so much as their sole property, that a poor fellow born out of France must congratulate himself as transcendently fortunate, when he obtains from any Monsieur so much of that pickle, as may occasionally render a dish palatable, when served at any table throughout those parts of the [196] universe, that are not included in his king's dominions. True it is, that the pleasing Author, a little too Gallically, denies truth to my Spanish Travels: but, through I may irreluctantly submit to his opinion, when he thinks me a man of esprit, I admit not of his assertion, that I have not linked wit to truth throughout my work to the best of my power: and, whatever he may say about Aranjuez, I wish you to tell him, next time you see him, that my description of that place is as true, as it is true your name is John, and your nickname Tolondron. As to his affirming, that, both in England and France, there are finer situations, than that of Aranjuez, I answer, that 'tis always a mere matter of opinion, whether this and that spot is prettier, than this and that other spot: and so, Peter may prefer Versailles to Aranjuez, and Paul may prefer Aranjuez to Versailles, and Andrew may prefer Windsor to both, without any of them committing a mortal sin, and without injuring the smallest leaf, that grows on [197] any of their numerous trees. However, I never said, that the situation Aranjuez was a finer situation, than any in France, or in England. I only described the house and gardens in the most exact manner I could: and, if Monsieur l'Abbé de

73 “A mi con adularme no podrás debilitarme” (Alicia Monguíó).
la Porte has described both better than myself, that only proves he has more esprit, than I have: and you know, that I am not obliged in law, or in conscience, to have more esprit than a Frenchman. I will only remark, that the quotation added to the Frenchman’s words by another hand, is a knavish quotation, because the worthless dog, who put that ferret to the Frenchman’s cane, suppressed the second half of my words, as it is his constant method never to act fairly: and you may possibly give a guess at the man that I mean, and whose name I suppress.

To put an end, if possible, to your mighty fuss about my Travels, now buried in the dust, I must tell you another pretty story: a thing I am fond of doing, when I talk to children, or to tall folks, that have childish intellects. The story is as follows:

Two or three days after the publication of those same Travels here in London, a bag was left for me with my Landlady, together with a short note in Spanish, wherein I was told, that “Doña Paula sent her compliments to me, and that, having found, by my Account of Spain, that I disliked not the chocolate drank at her house, when in Madrid, she made free to send me a few bollos, etcetera:” and those few bollos filled that same bag, which was a bag of a very decent dimension.

You may well think, Mr. John, that, on receiving a present so rudely made, I presently wanted to know, who this imposing Doña Paula was, that saucily dared to personate her, whom I had left in the capital of Spain. Actuated by this curiosity, I set immediately about inquiring after her, fully resolved to find her out, that I might shame her for her assuming the name of another Lady, as I knew for sure, that Doña Paula was not in England. After a most inquisitive search, I fixed my suspicions upon Don Francisco de Escarano, a worthy Knight of Santiago, who was then Secretary to the Spanish Embassy, and wrote him word by Povoleri, who went often to read Italian with him, that, wanting some explanation of some passages in the Book of Frai Gerundio, which I did not well understand, and having heard, that he was a man of literature, and an admirer of that book, I begged of him he would permit me any morning to wait on him, to shew him those passages, and learn of him their meanings. Don Francisco presently appointed the next morning for our interview, and I waited on him accordingly with my book in my paw. While he was busily employed in explaining my real, or pretended difficulties, without the least suspicion of the trick I was meditating, chocolate was brought me, as I expected; and at the very first sip I exclaimed with a significant shake of the head: “¡ Jesús, y que parecido este chocolate al de mi Señora Doña Paula! Oh, how like is this chocolate to that of Lady Paula”!

Mal superchero, said he, with a hearty laugh, you have caught me in your
trap! But, for all your Frai Gerundio, and your roguery, I give you thanks in Doña Paula's name and mine, for having dared to speak honestly of our country, which is what no travel-writer has ever done before you.

Having now been most impertinently prolix about one of my performances, it would be insufferable to talk of the rest, which, along with that, you promise soon to butcher. But, before you set about so useful and meritorious a work, let me, good Doctor Tolondron, humbly deprecate your wrath, by telling you ingenuously, that, whatever I have written in the long course of my life, was all done out of necessity, rather than choice. Having no houses, no lands, no money in the stocks, no annuity, nothing in the world to live upon, as presently after the death of my father [201], I gained away at Faro the little he had left me, I was forced to have recourse to my wits; and thus turned author in spite of my teeth, to keep them a-going. But, as want was incessantly pushing and pushing at my back, whatever I scribble was always done in a most confounded hurry: and it is a miracle, greater, I think, than any St. Anthony ever made, how I came to get bread and cheese, and now and then a beef stake, by my ill-chopt performances. Conscious of the numberless and supreme faults and imperfections of all my poor doings that way, I wish now; and, to my sorrow, I wish it in vain, that every page I ever sent to the press in Italy, or in England, were at bottom of the sea: and, by the bye, I am pretty sure the time is not far, that you will likewise form some wish or other very similar to mine, with regard to your own performances. After this declaration, drawn from the very core of my heart, I give you most ample leave to massacre all my literary offspring, these present speeches [202] not excepted: yet depend upon it, Mr. John Bowle, that, for one fault or mistake you may find out in any one of my publications, I will discover twenty, and even twenty-two, be your sagacity ever so quick-eyed, and your malignity ever so alert; and of this I will lay you a third bet of a fillet of veal to a pork-chop. I say not this, Mr. John, with a view to check your eagerness, or obstruct your diligence in your new great undertaking; but, on the contrary, to whip and spur you on, by presenting to your fancy probable hopes of success. Let me, however, caution you, Mr. John Bowle, if you write your new great undertaking in English, to do it in better English than that of your Letter to the Divinity-Doctor, and better than that of your four silly scraps to Mr. Urban. I caution you likewise, with your good permission, to bring all, or almost all, your meanings in your text, weaning yourself of that nasty custom of making the bottoms of your pages heavier than their tops, by

74 An allusion to the four letters to Gentleman's Magazine.
fixing to each of them those [203] pieces of lead, that you term notes and quotations. In that letter of yours to your doctor, though it is but a foolish shilling-pamphlet, you have no less than fifty-eight of those heavy quotations and notes, all numbered — 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, down to 58, and each enclosed in a parenthesis, (1) (2) (3) and so forth, as if they were all cameos and intaglios, to be set to so many rings of gold. Forbear so tolondric a manoeuvre as much as possible, for the reason, that not one in a hundred readers, cares to be disturbed by references at bottom of the pages, while in the extasy of reading such sublime works, as your Tolondronship has produced, and may produce. Forbear likewise, if you can, that other lousy trick of your multitudinous See's: See Aldrete, See Nebrixa, See Covarruvias, See Ribadeneira, See the Frusta, See the Travels, See the Gentleman's Magazine, See the Critical Review, See the Monthly Review, See the Devil and his Dam! I would by no means have you reject every individual [204] See in the world: that is not my intention. But, I take it to be a very great piece of impertinence, to be eternally plaguing people that read, with that saucy imperative See, as if they had no other business in the world, but to verify every little of your nonsense: besides that, it bespeaks ill-breeding to reproach a reader in each page with his beggary, if he happens to be one of those, that have not a duplicate of each book in your library. Try likewise to write your own thoughts in your own words, rather than copy words and thoughts from others, as you have so often done hitherto: and, whenever you shall mention people, living people especially, say of them what you think yourself, not what Valerus Maximus or Fabius Maximus, or any other Maximus said or thought; because it is my opinion, that none of those old gentlemen ever thought or said much of you, or of any other man living.

To recommend fairness and candour in every thing you write, and beg of you [205] to have always strict truth before your eyes, I know would be absurd, as well as hopeless. I might as well beg of you an addition to my pension out of your own income: and I know besides, that every writer cannot be possessed of every possible perfection. Some desideratum or other every writer is always in want of, that he never can attain, be his industry ever so vigorous, his drudgery ever so indefatigable. Truth, Jack, truth is the grand desideratum you will ever want in your literary performances, if by your past I may judge of your present doings: and on this point you are exactly like me, that am capable of saying any thing, as you have acutely observed. However, sticking to truth is but a trifling accomplishment: and you, possessed as you are, of many others of much greater magnitude and importance, you need not blush at the willful and constant want of that: Therefore the best thing you can do, is
to go on in the old track, like a Spanish mule, putting your dirty hoofs exactly in the same [206] holes, in which you put them before. Repeat then, and without stammering in the least, that, besides the already mentioned, I have stolen half a dozen watches more, and all of gold, though to your positive knowledge they be but of pinchbeck: and to make people swallow the assertion easily, say, that I have related myself the story in the hearing of half a dozen worthy gentlemen; only taking care not to call any of them to witness your words, for fear of contradiction. Say again and again, that I am an envious and malignant toad, when I set about making marginal Notes: through you may know for sure, it is chance, that brings me to make them for the instruction of my young disciples, or for my own pastime. Say, in a tone of fulmination, that I know not a jot of any thing whatsoever, and never shall, were I to spend all my future mornings at my desk, as I have customarily done these many years, but in town and country, and as I actually do, until the maid, or the bell, calls me to dinner. Cry out audaciously, that I am a mere flatterer, a mere sycophant, a mere parasite to the great and the rich, witness my past and present opulence. In short, milky John, say and repeat undauntedly, and without any bashful hesitation, whatever detraction may suggest, and wickedness can invent, with the sole precaution of involving your abstruse meanings in mysterious words, and oracular phraseology, for fear of accidents: and the Devil is in you, if in a short time you do not acquire as great a name, and as extensive a reputation, as Zolius, Herostratus, Cartouche, or any other sublime genius, that ever shone in ancient or modern times. By thus handling your pen with vigour and vehemence, I warrant you, Jack, that no man shall ever be able to beat it off your fingers with a fillip, through he were as strong as Broughton of muscular memory. [208]
SPEECH THE EIGHTH.

Confidio en que es rico,
No ha caído en que es borrico,
Cervantes.\textsuperscript{75}

Y borrico de pujanza,
Como aquel de Sancho Panza.
Baretti.

If my memory fails me not, you have averred in one of our preceding interlocutions, that my Italian suits not at all your refined taste, and you have given besides your Divinity-Doctor repeated hints, of your having a stock of that language at home, not only sufficient to qualify you for a Critic in it; but even to make you produce, spick and span upon any sudden call, a five-shilling book, or, at the very least, a nice eighteen-penny-[209]pamphlet, whatever some folks may think, who are, as yet, not so fully acquainted as yourself, with the dimensions of your Italian scientificalness; and, as it happens, that the good Doctor is quite a stranger to the modern tongues, what can he do else, but nod assent and consent to your hints, and admit of your averrations, as perfectly unexceptionable? How can he answer you, in the words of our bonny Don Miguel,

\begin{quote}
Pues como de lo que ignoras
Quieres mostrarte maestro?\textsuperscript{76}
\end{quote}

and how can he repeat to your face with a vigorous tone of voice, that energetic line of my Luigi Pulci,

\begin{quote}
Io non ti crederrè, stu fossi il Credo?\textsuperscript{77}
\end{quote}

Whether, or no, the Doctor gobbles down whatever you tell him of yourself and of your great knowledge of Italian, I must say it again, that, as to me, to pin my faith upon any thing you aver, \textsuperscript{[210]} what I shall never do on a full gallop, were I even the owner of Mr. Kelly's best race-

\textsuperscript{75} Baretti has invented this quotation.
\textsuperscript{76} La gran sultana, Jornada segunda.
\textsuperscript{77} "No te creería, así fueses el mismísimo Credo" (Alicia Monguíó).
horses, maugre the high opinion I have and entertain of your unmatchable veracity. Such are the times we live in, (as my good Gammer used to say) that easy believers are too often taken in by your averring gentry, and we want now-a-days accurately to spell their eyes and read their phiz, before we credit any thing they aver. For this, and other reasons, well known to myself, which I think indecent to give here, as I shall prove more prolix than a gentleman ought to be; and without presuming to prescribe the observation of my rules to others; I do protest in due form, that I will never swerve from that, which I have laid down for myself, of never buying any of my Jack's averrations, were he even willing to part with them at the low price of ten for an apple-fritter, as I know of no drug so bad and so useless in this wide world, as those his averrations, though they are sometimes as big, as the water-melons at Pistoja, and other parts of Tuscany.

Actuated by such a rule, I must frankly tell you, Mr. John Bowle, that though your knowledge of the Italian Tongue were as extensive in breadth and in length, as the Campagna di Roma, the very first specimen you have given mankind of it, was but a scrubby specimen upon my honour! It was by great chance, that I discovered it in a dark nook of your letter to the Doctor, shrunken up into so short a line, that it does not exceed seven words, monosyllables, dissyllables, and polysyllables included: yet, though contracted to so diminutive a size, I will venture to aver in my turn, that, in the composing of it, you have committed no less than three errors grammatical, and one idiomatical over and above: and you must, or ought, to own and acknowledge with much compunction of heart to the whole congregation, that three errors of grammar, and one bad idiom, are rather too much, than too little, for a pygmy-line, that consists only of seven words, which, taken in the lump, can scarce number twelve syllables. Do not give away to a qualm, my good Tolondron, when you come, as I hope you will, to read this averration of mine: and take care, above all things, not to grow angry at it; as anger signifies just nothing at all in such piteous cases as this: but, like a wise man as you are, make virtue of necessity; that is, make your profit of what I am going to remark upon your Specimen; no matter if it proves by the way, that you are as great a Coglionaccio in Italian, as you are a Tolondron in Spanish; and no matter neither, if it demonstrates undeniably, that the bulbs, you have

78 In the original, “sometimee.”

79 “A small testicle,” perhaps also “a small ball” (“bolo”), based on the Coglionaccio which was Baretti's expansion of the initials “J. C.” (see supra, n. 52).

80 In the original, “Talondron.”
imported from Italy, are not yet ready to shoot forth into five-shillings-hyacinths, and eighteen-penny-jonquilles, on account of that horrid winter, that makes your intellectual garden look more like the territory of Guanca-Vélica in the Audience of Quito, than like the environs of the Concepción in that of Chile: and go you to read the words of Don George Juan and his traveling companion, if you will get at the marrow of my comparisons, similies, and allusions, as I am in a hurry to come to the matter in hand without any further prefacing.

You wanted them to say of an Italian pickpocket, that he stole his friend's watch, as you expressed it with these very words in English: and, had you stop'd short there, I should have nothing to say to your so saying, and the matter would be soon over, by only calling your pickpocket a sad dog, though a countryman of mine. But the Devil, that owes you more than one grudge, tempted you to go beyond your depth, and made you translate your scrap of English into Italian thus: chefuravai oriuolo del suo amico; and this is what one may call a divilish bad translation; for, instead of furava, you ought in grammar to have said furò, because furava does not mean stole, which indicates an absolute act; but means was stealing, which denotes a progressive act; and an absolute act was what you wanted to express in Italian, as, by that word stole, you had expressed it in English: please then to grant, that, your using furava for furò, and much good may it do you, - was a solecism - Then the article il is never in our grammar placed before any noun (no matter whether substantive or adjective) that begins with a vowel. Read over again each one of your seven and twenty Italian books, all quoted in your Comento, along with all those, that Fontanini, and his corrector Apostolo Zeno, have noted down in their catalogues of Italian books: and I will submit to have my few remaining grinders to be drawn by any tobacconist, cheese-monger, or rat-catcher of your acquaintance, if you find only once, in any one of them, the article il placed before any noun that begins with a vowel, as oriuolo does. Our grammar, when the article is wanted before such nouns, bids us to use the article lo, sometimes abbreviated, sometimes not: and this is a rule never to be trans-

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81 Huancavelic (not vélica), currently in Peru, is at 12,400 feet (3775 meters) above sea level; Concepcion, Chile, is at sea level.

82 Jorge Juan and Antonio de Ulloa, authors of A Voyage To South America: Describing At Large the Spanish Cities, Towns, Provinces, &c. on that Extensive Continent, Interpersed Throughout with Reflections on the Genius, Customs, Manners, and Trade of the Inhabitants; Together with the Natural History of the Country, and an Account of their Gold and Silver Mines. Undertaken by command of His Majesty the King of Spain (Dublin, 1758).
pressed; nor ever was it, indeed, ever since the times of Guitton d' Arezzo to the [215] present day, which takes in a space of about five centuries. An Italian ear rejects the harsh sound of il oriuolo, il amore, il effetto, il universo, et sic de caeteris: therefore you ought to have said l' oriuolo, an abbreviation of lo oriuolo; and, by so doing, you would have avoided your second solecism. Do you grant this, Jack?—Then, the genitive does not follow the accusative of the verb furare, which requires a dative: so that, instead of del, preposed to the possessive pronoun suo, you ought to have preposed al, which would have kept you from breaking the knee-pan of your Italian leg, as you tumbled upon this your third solecism. —Then, the pronoun suo is unidiomatical, as well as superfluous in your phrase, besides that it disgusts the ear, on account of the hiatus caused by the meeting of the o of suo, and the a of amico.

—You ought, therefore, to have translated your English pygmy-line grammatically and idiomatically thus: che furò l' oriuolo all' amico; a translation so easy and obvious, that nobody, but a Coglionaccio like you, could [216] have missed. Let me add to all this, that, if you had even translated your English pygmy-line in the grammatical and idiomatical manner I have done, still you would not have proved a great conjurer, as our verb furare belongs to our poetry, not to our prose, because it has an antiquated and Latin look. But let me not be too nice with such a Tolondron as you, and allow, for shortness sake, of the verb you employed, though that of rubare had been the proper verb in your case. And now — down on your marrow-bones, you great Tol and Dron, and humbly thank me for my gracious condescension in stooping so low, as to give a Tol-ro-lol like you so long, so perspicuous, and so useful a lesson of Italian; and confess without any delay, and in an audible tone, to the whole congregation, that all your past vaunting of Italian knowledge, was nothing but an impudent sham, nothing but arrant imposture, nothing but a mountebank's bragging; and that you know little more of it, than an Italian Gimerro; as you yourself have here proved [217] beyond all possibility of negation, that you have not yet attained the first rudiments of our grammar, and the first ideas of our idiom, though you have been plodding and plodding a considerable part of your life at your seven and twenty books, pompously enumerated in your foolish Comento.

Very large is likewise the quantity of Italian verses and bits of Italian prose, transported in that, foolish comento from your seven and twenty Italian books; the greatest part so wretchedly spoilt in the transportation, that were the luckless fathers of those verses and proses (pardon me this plural) to see them again, I question whether they would know their respective children, so rife are their errors there, because you have lopped
a letter or a syllable from a word, added one to another, misplaced or
omitted this and that accent, and punctuated every thing throughout
with such a want of skill, that a country-booby, just come to town to
commence carpenter or cobler, could not have [218] done worse. And
shall I tell you, that, in the four lines out of Ariosto, quoted in the 25th
page of your Letter, you have committed no less, than six sins of
orthography? Never did I fret and fume so much in all my born days,
as when I found so large a quantity of my unfortunate native
language so intolerably mangled and mutilated in your foolish
Comento! Nay, to reveal to you one of my important secrets, many a
time havel been most liberal of strange epithets to Mr. Commentator,
while looking at that cursed farrago of quotations, made there by him,
for the sole sake of looking very grand in his character of Italianist.
Expect not however, that I will set about proving my averrations on
this head, with a single example out of the cursed farrago; because a
pretty large number of those errors I have pointed out to my disciples,
while I was reading Don Quixote with them, and noted innumerable
in the spacious margins of your edition, which is enough for me: and,
if it should not be enough for you, [219] Master Jack, you have but to
send any body you chuse, to look at those my marginal notes any day
in the morning, from ten till three, during three months after the
publication of these sheets, as this, and no more, is what I can do,
towards curing you of your dropsical vanity about Italian, if the above
correction of your first specimen proves inefficacious. I am not so
unskilful an apothecary neither, as to puke my English readers with an
account, that would prove useless, of the Italian prose and verse you
have chopped and disfigured in your Comment. No English reader,
but what has already had patience enough, if he has read all, that I
have been writing, down to this cross, that I make here +; and, were
I to pester him with an errata as long as Bond-street, sure am I, that he
would fling my speeches into the fire, with a curse a-piece to you and
me; and that is what I will avoid, if I can, that you and I may never
have any thing in common. Errata, or no errata, cease you great Tolon-
dron, to wrestle with me [220] on account of the language of Italy, as
you shall certainly get nothing, but falls upon fails, and overthrowes upon
overthrowes. You know the meaning of many Italian words, especially when
you refresh your memory by recurring every minute to my Dictionary: but,
without it, a-ground you are, as sure as a gun. Were you however to get
that my Dictionary as well by heart, as the Carmelite Nuns have the Ave
Maria, still it would be to no purpose, as you have not, nor ever will
have, the dexterity of mind, that is required, to put words of Italian, or of any
other foreign language, tight together, totally deprived, as you are, of that
natural musicalness of ear, that makes people distinguish in a twinkle, the nightingale and the sky-lark from the owl and the cuckoo. To end this matter at once, and to shew you that I can talk as big as you, and bigger when I am behind the parapet of reason, I command thee, Jack Tolondron tolonsonissimo, in the name of the Academy Della Crusca, to believe for the future, that in point of Italian, I am an elephant, a rhinoceros, when compared to thee, poor cock-chaser and dung-beetle, that thou art! And so, dare no more to plague me with thy quackish talk about Italian, whereof thou knowest little more, than I could teach a parrot in a twelve-month, were my Dictionary once taken from thee, and fairly flung down a hole in thy back-yard, that I will not name.

You give yourself likewise very great airs, Monsieur de Tolondron, with respect to French, and want to make your neighbours in the country believe, that you can even cope with an Ablancourt and a Vaugelas. To obtain this end, you quote, à tort et à travers, French verses and French prose, and give your opinion of French authors with as much audacity as if you had been heir at law to Messieurs Baillet and Boileau Despréaux. Fine doings these, mon cher Marquis de la Tolondroniere! but, by great goodluck [sic], you never as yet honoured us with the least morceau of French, out of that much, that you have been devouring these many years: No; we have, as yet, not seen the least petite fricassée of our own cookery, though, for what I know, you may be as good a Cuisinier as the Sieur Martialo of nice-roasting memory: and, so far, le Baron de Tolondronac is as safe, as an escargot in his winter-shell. Guessing however at the deepness of your skill this way, by the blunders you committed in copying the French you have quoted here and there; and, what is still a surer plummet, by the general and uniform tenour of your dulness and tolonsonery, when you hold forth on the subject of languages; I have reason à foison to suspect, that you are as yet far from being a Nostradamus in that language, and just as fit, as a Lithuanian Bear, to skip a sprightly Cotillon, or pace a graceful Aimable Vainqueur, which is an undertaking,

83 The Florentine academy whose Vocabulario was a model for the dictionary of the Real Academia Española.
84 Nicolas Perrot d'Ablancourt (1606–1664), a seventeenth-century translator of Classical works and member of the French Académie.
85 Claude Favre de Vaugelas (1585–1650), also a member of the Académie and an expert on French usage.
86 Adrien Baillet (1649–1706), French historian and biographer.
87 Nicolas Boileau Depréaux (1636–1711), author of an Art poétique and many literary works.
please your Tolondronship, that must be left to your charming English Misses, who have not an ounce of Bear's fat about their nimble bodies; not to you, that have so many [223] pounds. Believe me, notwithstanding, if you dare, and write and print but one pigmy-line of French, as you have done of Italian: and I will presently let you know, stans pede in uno, whether you are sufficiently frisé et poudré, for to go and hold converse at Paris au Café de Procope, or only qualified to be a waiter à l'Hôtel de Port-Mahon dans la Rue Jacob.

But, in your opinion, your fort is Spanish: and it is when you talk of Spanish, that you vault, and leap, and curvet, and prance, and kick, and neigh, like a frisky colt en las dehessas de Andalucia; Anglicé, in the launds of Andalusia! It is when you are in Spain, that you cry out with a joyful exultation: Mire la mosqueteria, como bien hago mi papél! “See, ye Gods above, what a clever fellow I am”! - It is there, Jack, that the Fandangos -

Stop, stop, Domine Baretti! Stop a moment, and recollect yourself! Can't we be calm, and talk like men of sense, without suffering ourselves to be run away with, by silly antipathies, and ridiculous animosities! You, Baretti, who have long piqued yourself on your unbiased uprightness and absolute candour, whenever you have set about criticizing, or censuring, any body's works, (which, by the bye, is what I never did in writing, but when my indignation was raised to the highest pitch) will you, Signior, so far debase your character, as to insist, that John Bowle has no knowledge at all of the Spanish Tongue? Will you do as he does, that cuts you down at once with the greatest effrontery, and assures and avers, that you know nothing at all of this, nothing at all of that, nothing at all of t'other thing?

No, no, John! Baretti will never be like you in any one thing, if the grace of God fails him not! Never will I speak of friend or foe, when put to it, contrary to what I really think, were I to live upon nothing, but brown bread and musty bacon the years of Methuselah. Never will I listen to passion when reason speaks. No, never, as long as I see God's light. I say therefore of your Spanish, as of your [225] French and Italian, that you know many and many words, possibly (within ten or twelve) all the words in Don Quixote, especially when your Dictionaries are spread open before you: but, granting you thus much is not at all allowing, that you know the Spanish Tongue. To know many words, and to know a language, are two different things, though the second requires the first. The nice craft of clothing your thoughts with Spanish words and phrases, in which the knowledge of a Tongue consists: the Spanish gracias and chistes, the Spanish donaires and sainetes; the Spanish primor and gracejo: in short, the true and genuine Spanish modes of expression are to you impenetrable barruecos and matorrales, and will be as long as you breathe.
The great secret of indolem frugum et Hispam femina conservare⁸⁸ you never could learn, and never will, were you to fag twenty years longer about Aldrete, Covarruvias, Nebrixa, Ribadeneira, the Academicians’ Dictionary, and your other Spanish books, with those to boot, that are registered in the Biblioteca Española of Don Nicolás Antonio.⁹⁹ [226] Nature has given you a mind of Portland-stone; and the Castellano castizo you will know as soon as you will the Malabaric and the Chinese. Your ridiculous Comment, and your most foolish Preface to it, are irrefragable proofs of my affirmation; living aside the beggardy poverty of your thoughts and ideas in that Preface, and the miserable misery of your method in impugning that Comment (subjects, that would have yielded spontaneously luxuriant crops of thoughts and ideas to any other man), and considering only the manner, in which you expressed your few and lousy conceptions, it is scarce possible to keep from growing peevish, and obtain from scolding, as some ladies will do at times, on seeing their finest china broken at once by the awkward elbow of their chambermaids. Your Spanish is worse than that of the Biscayan Groom, who fell by the powerful arm of Don Quixote; as the Groom had a meaning in his broken Spanish, which is what you scarce ever have in yours. Your Spanish is a hodge-podge [227] of words, that never before saw each other so damnably stewed together. No grammar, no idiom, nothing at all, or (to say better) nothing, but a Hottentot-mess that no Spanish esophagus could swallow a spoonful of, without vomiting the bowels. But, again! —How can I, without putting my reader out of all patience, present to his eyes the stinted limbs, the distorted gait, the clumsy attitudes of your monkey-periods! I know you will say, that this is pure invective, the language of malignity, a mere effusion of ill-will, on account of the villainous falsehoods you have told of me in your daily converse, in your epistolary correspondence with more than one, in your Letter to the Divinity-Doctor, and in your four scraps to Mr. Urban. No, no, Mr. John Bowle! You deceive yourself. I am not like you in any thing! I never say of friend or foe, but what I think; and I say it, when violently urged to it, as I am now. Were you my bosomfriend [sic], my panegyrist, my flatterer; as observant of me, as any spaniel of his [228] master’s nod, still I would honestly tell you, that your Spanish is a damned Spanish, in case you should ask my opinion of it with affection-

⁸⁸ “Conservar la índole y los frutos como la mujer hispana” (Alicia Monguió).

⁹⁹ Nicolás Antonio’s Bibliotheca Hispaniae Hispanorum (Rome, 1672) was just then being divided into the Bibliotheca Hispana Vetus and Nova (1783–88). One of Bowle’s correspondents, the royal librarian and future Quixote editor Juan Antonio Pellicer, participated in the updating of the Bibliotheca Hispana Nova.
ate importunity. No, Mr. Bowle, and no again! On the odd supposition you were my best friend, never would I put it in your power to say, that Baretti approves of your Spanish. After having read your Preface, I would rather be cut into quarters, and broiled on a green-wood-fire by a New-Zealand cannibal, than give my sanction to your Spanish, if asked my opinion in earnest by my supposed friend Bowle: and you may well expect, that, having now taken into your silly numskull to show yourself my foe, I will, whenever occasion shall offer, tell you and every body else, and without any gag, what I think of you and your Spanish. You still insist upon my proving what I advance: but you insist in vain; and, were you twice as Demosthenical, as Janotus de Bragmardo, that obtained the restitution of the bells from Gargantu by the irresistible force of [229] his unmatchable oration, never could you persuade me to set about doing such a thing; besides, that the nature of the subject scarcely admits of proofs one way, or the other, without embarking on an Atlantic of discussions, to no other purpose at last, but to discover a dreary continent, of which the soil has produced nothing these twenty years, but weeds, and vetches, and tares, and burs, and docks, and papaverous flowers, of no use in anything to any body alive or dead. Take me a reader of spirit and taste, to such a promising land, if you dare! Pox on your preface! It is no more feasible for you to prove it good, than for me to prove it bad! Neither can be done without blotting so many reams, as to make the tax on paper the most productive of all taxes. What expedient shall we then contrive, to settle this mighty affair between us? Let us come to a compromise, Mr. Bowle, and let us choose an umpire. Go you yourself to the Spanish ambassador’s house, and ask for any of his people, no matter whether the secretary, the chaplain, the butler, or the cook. You will easily find access to any of them: and the first on whom you light will prove so obliging, as to hear what you have to say. I know the Spaniards better than you, and I can tell you, that they are polite and obliging, ninety nine in a hundred. With your Preface in your left hand, and your broad beaver in the right, (or the reverse if you choose) acquaint with your errand whom you meet first, by telling him, that “there is a person, who wants to know, whether the contents of that paper (quotations excluded) are expressed in Spanish or not, and beg of him to give you in writing, a declaration of his opinion, no matter whether for or against.” - Should such a declaration prove in your favour, I promise you that I will knock under, and presently give you another with my name affixed to it, that, as to Spanish, and any thing else you please, I am nothing, but a false pretender, an imposing quack, a tolondron, an ass [231] from head to tail, whatever any body may allege to the contrary. - But, on the other hand, should the declaration go against you, what will you forfeit? A
rump and dozen? No; because I will eat and drink no more with you, as, having done so twice, is more than enough. Will you forfeit your Aldrete? Your Nebrixa? Your Covarruvias? Your Ribadeneira? That you will think too great a stake against so trifling a thing as my literary reputation; though it had been greatly better for you, never to have seen their covers, for the good that they have done you. Well! Forfeit but a tester, to be given in alms to the first beggar in your parish you meet, to make him stare at your liberality. Can I propose fairer conditions? But, hold! There is your sensible friend, who knows Spanish, as you have hinted: there is Baron Dillon, to whom Captain Crookshanks advised you to go, because he speaks Spanish fluently; and there is the Honourable Person, who spoke of your Prologo in term of approbation, as you affirmed to [232] the same Captain Crookshanks. Send me a declaration from any one of the three in your favour, and you shall have mine forthwith in the above conformity, and without an hour's delay, with my full consent to publish it in the daily papers, or in any magazine you shall please, at my own expense, to reconcile the accumulation of your new honours with your habitual parsimony.

But your Preface, and my having named here Captain Crookshanks, put me in mind, that I have a few words to say to the reader in his behalf, as you have joined him to me in your silly letter to the Divinity-Doctor.

Who is then Captain Crookshanks? Is he a man of literature? Is he a linguist? Is he one of your scribbling gentry? An Editor? A Commentator? A Prologo-monger?

Nothing of all this, you peremptory interrogator! He is a respectable gentleman, ten years older than myself, who am nearer seventy than sixty; a man that [233] reads for his amusement; a man that knows more of French a great deal than of Latin; and a man, that has read many times over in the original, both Don Quixote, and the Novelas Exemplares; yet of no pretensions at all in the Spanish language, and many leagues far from assuring, that he can fluently read the poetry of Don Luis de Gongora, or any other Spanish poetry. As to his other qualifications, he is a true British tar, that speaks his mind roundly, and without mincing matters; loves a good joke as well as a cheering cup; and, please your honours, would also love a pretty lass, if the profound respect, due to his own white hair, and to a few wrinkles on each side of his face 'tween his eyes and his temples, did not absolutely forbid any thing of that there kind: nay, if you are all unanimous in the desire of knowing him as well as I do myself, he has, every day in the week, a better dinner than Don Quixote had on Sundays, prefers Welch mutton to Lancashire mutton, eats his beef-steaks [234] with chalotte, drinks two dishes of strong coffee after his afternoon-nap, and was but t'other day cheapening a forty pounds horse
for his own riding.

But, what brings him this way, and what has he to do with Mr. Bowle, or Tolondron, as you call him?

Poco a poco, Mr. Peremptory, say I in my own lingo, which does not mean hocus pocus, as a merry Gloucester-gentleman of my acquaintance explained it 'other day; but means tout doucement in French; and is tantamount to fair and soft in English. If you will but have half an ounce of patience, and let me speak in my turn, you shall know every thing, from the mast-head down to the kelson.

Did I not hint to you, yesterday abovestairs, that our Mr. Bowle has written a letter to a Divinity-Doctor (probably an ideal doctor) about the extraordinary conduct of the Knight of the Ten Stars, and his Italian Esquire? I am sure I told it you yesterday, or the day before, in the drawing-room, or the room adjoining. [235]

Now, my good Sir, you must know, that by the Knight of the Ten Stars, Mr. Bowle means Captain Crookshanks; and, by his Italian Esquire, means your most obedient. Why the Tolondron has thus nick-named us, he may tell in his next Comento; as in the same letter to his Doctor, this enigma is not deciphered, nor one word said about Knights, about Stars, or about Esquires, that may lead any body to the discovery of the abstruse meaning of the two appellations bestowed upon us in the title-page. Some conceit à la Tolondronne, there is no doubt of that: but, what it is, I know just as well as yourself. Be those appellations very witty, or very stupid, with a meaning, or without a meaning, I would not, for half a crown, set about to unriddle riddles, especially a Tolondron's riddles. You see then, my dear, that Captain Crookshanks has as much to do here as Spadille at quadrille, and Pam at loo: and the following story will tell you the cogent reason I had for taking him by the hand, and respectfully presenting him coram Patrum Conscriptorum maximè colendo timendoque Consessu, that is, before a club of English Reviewers, ready to broil me upon the gridiron of criticism, quod Cœlum avertat!

The Captain, in the days of yore, has been an intimate friend to our tolondronic hero: and being, as I said, none of your alembick-critics in Spanish, and hearing Mr. Bowle incessantly descant on his own great skill in that tongue; and finding that the man could talk glibly about Don

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90 In the original, "yousee."
91 "En persona ante la asamblea de los Padres Senadores, ciertamente te-miendo y honrando" (Alicia Monguíó).
92 "No lo permita el Cielo" (Alicia Monguíó).
Quixote and Sancho; and moreover, that now and then he could recall the meaning of a Spanish word, that had run away from his capitanick memory; The Captain, I say, took it for granted, that Mr. Bowle was as good an Hispanist as any marinero viejo, or old sailor, that ever put on trowsers in the good ship Santa Maria de los Milagros, and could find his way, if desired, through the Zahurda de Pluton, not very topographically described by the whimsical Quevedo. –And Zahurda de Pluton means no more, than Pluto's Hogsty; [237] and Pluto is the god in the kitchen below, very well known to those Eton-boys, that have plunged deep into the waters of mythology, and carefully read the Gradus ad Parnassum, Mr. Ward's Pantheon, or the Abbé Robertel’s Dieux Des anciens Grecs, translated into English, I know not by whom, if ever translated into it.

The odd notion, that Mr. Bowle was a confounded good Hispanist, had been so hard hammered into the Captain’s glandula pinealis, that, wrench it out with your forceps, if you can! No such thing in deed, were you a Cheselden, or a Pott! You could no more have done it, than knock off St. Paul’s cupola with a stroke of your cravat! But Old Nick, who is always on the qui vive, to embroil matters between friends – witness Omiah, who, by beating me at chess, was the unthought-of cause. –Zooks! Can’t you go on without your nasty digressions? Well then: Old Nick contrived it with such subtlety, that Mr. Bowle wrote his Spanish preface, and carried it to the Captain for his opinion. Can I tell you so much in fewer words?

It is habitual with the Captain, when going to do any important thing, to rub his hands briskly against each other, take a very decent pinch out of his oval silver-box, that always lays by upon his writing-table, and clap then his spectacles on his own nose. Did he do so, or did he not, on his occasion? Historians are quite silent on this particular, and so, I cannot say whether he did, or not; nor know what to believe about it. What I believe is, that he gave the preface an attentive perusal; then returned it to the author with these formal words: “Master Bowle, this Prologo will damn your edition at once.”

Reader, I will not give what is called in French a picaillon for thy imagination, if thou guessest not instantly, how high the man jumped at this unexpected epiphonema. Poor fellow! He quaked and snorted liked a cart-horse, that suddenly treads upon a black snake, and oped both [239] his eyes so wide, that a common tea-cup is not much larger at the upper orifice! However, his vigorous pride and sturdy good opinion of himself, soon bringing about a recovery of his spirits, made him ask with a hollow and globular voice, what was the matter with him, that he

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93 In the original, “recal.”
treated the Prologo with that unaccountable contempt? “Look ye, replied the captain: Contempt has nothing to do here, Master Bowle, as you know, that I could not, for the world, write you a better: and you know too, that I can’t point out the errors that are in this, because my store of Spanish runs but short for such an expedition. But, so much will I tell you, Bowle, that this ear of mine (and probably laid hold of the lower lobe of his left ear) tells me, that this here Prologo is no more Spanish than it is Irish. Go you to our friend Baron Dillon, who has been long in Spain, and speaks the language fluently: Go to him, Master Bowle, with your Prologo, beg of him to correct it, and give him [240] Carte blanche. Many things in it will blot, I am sure: but, the more, the better. Then take your Prologo back home, write it fairly over again, and carry it to some Spaniard or other, for another correction: then print it in God’s name, and welcome. You will have the whole honour of it, Bowle: and no body a whit the wiser.”

This, Mr. John Bowle, is, within a hair’s breadth, what Captain Crookshanks has told me with regard to you and your Prologo, when I asked him the reason of your actual great enmity to him, after having been very good friends during many years: and you yourself, in your Letter to the Divinity-Doctor, strongly corroborate his account by these very silly words: “On showing him my Prologo, the weather-cock of his opinion veered about, and he at once told me, that it would damn the whole work. On mentioning him an honourable Person’s speaking of it in terms of approbation, he turned a deaf ear. [241] ‘Gad, said he, if it stands as it now does, it will damn your whole work!’”

Find who can, any contradiction in these two accounts, as I am so vastly dull, that I cannot find any. They seem to me to meet each other as nicely, as the two blades of a scissor just come from the grinder. The comedy of the Simillimi, by St. Patrick!

But, what use, Master Bowle, did you make of the captain’s good advice? Conceited, infatuated, ridiculous Tolondron! Positively sure, lapidously sure, that your Prologo was a diamond of the first water. – A Prologo not a jot inferior to that of Cervantes to the Desocupado Letor. – You rejected scornfully the captain’s advice, turned your back upon him, went in the dumps, began to mutter about, that he was not the man you took him for, and grew sparing of your visits at Penton. Your spleen began thus to simmer in the caldron of disappointment: and to make it bubble up, not a word of praise from any quarter: and, what was still worse, no[242] body called with poor three guineas in his hand, for Bowle’s edition of Don Quixote, either in London, in Salisbury, at Idmistone, or any where else in the world. Then my unlucky planet managed it so, that I went to spend a summer in your neighbourhood; and the unavoidable
accident of the marginal notes came about, that made Sterope, Brontes, and Pyracmon, blow the bellows with such haste and fury, as not only to make the caldron boil over, but set at once the whole house in a conflagration, to the great terror of all the inhabitants, as neither fire-engines, nor fire-men, were within reach, by I don't know how many miles!

Pshaw! Hang your hodge-podges of Greek and English metaphors, or what do you call 'em! Hang Pyracmon and his brethren! Can't you speak plain, and hang you too!

Hush, hush, good people! I will do so anon: but, so crammed with learning am I, that, at times, it will burst out through the crevices of my skin; or ooze, at least, [243] at the pores of it: and I can no more help it, than I can fly, though ever so willing to please you.

Well: you may remember, Master Tolondron, how enraged you were against the captain, on account of his riding out every morning, sometimes on horse-back, sometimes in his little one-horse-chaise, for no other purpose, than to come to my two disciples, that he might hear my Spanish lessons to them: and, as he is a free-spoken gentleman, he made no scruple to approve of them to your very face, and in the very midst of the hop-fair, even when it was most crowded; as by this time he had pretty well found out, that the cock he had thought all along a gamecock was but a dastard dunghill-cock. A horrible grievance this, and by no means to be apathically borne, as my lessons were a manifest encroachment upon your indubitable right, of knowing alone the language of Spain. To vindicate your exclusive patent, and put a stop to so scandalous a violation of that right, you began [244] to scheme, then to broach, then wrote, then printed, then published, that masterpiece of a letter, wherein you laid before your Doctor, and the public, your reason, why you know Spanish, and I know it not; telling them besides, of your old friend's extraordinary conduct, and as how he had the illmanners of giving you a sound and wholesome piece of advice, which, in your well-chewed opinion, was an act little short of high-treason, and well deserving the most serious consideration of King, Lords, and Commons, in Parliament assembled.

This, Master John, is the doleful, woeful, mournful, rueful story of your present implacable and unconquerable enmity to Captain Crookshanks, against whom you have not been able to bring any other charge, but that he gave you good advice: a heinous crime indeed, to assume so princely a prerogative, and well deserving one, two, and even three hecatombs of captains, with a due proportion of lieutenants, on the broad altar of your infernal humility! [245] Good Advice to such a personage as Mr. Bowle! How the devil could a captain come to fancy and to suppose that John Bowle wanted good advice, especially about a matter of such
magnitude as a Spanish Prologo? Rot his Captainship and his good advice! John Bowle of Ildmistine—John Bowle the Editor—John Bowle the Commentator, never wanted good advice from Captains, or from Admirals. By gander! John Bowle of Ildmistine will have no good advice from any body in breeches, or with petticoats on! Ay! But what will John Bowle of Ildmistine have! Have! What a question! He will have approbation and admiration. Do you hear him, you individuals of this nation! Give him approbation and admiration without the least hesitation; or everyone of you shall suffer laceration and amputation in his reputation, by calumniation and misrepresentation from the arrantest dolt throughout the creation!

However, what your Tolondronship said of the Captain, in words, in epistolary [246] correspondence, and, at last, in print was but gingerbread and barley-sugar to what you said of poor me, when you did me the honour to create me his esquire, after having dubbed him knight! Garlick and onions! Far from being that polite gentleman you had taken and mistaken me for, on our first interview at a bookseller’s, I was – What? That man (said you in an elegant epistle to the Captain), that man, by the uniform account of all that know him, is a bad man; which I believe, that I may not affect a singularity of sentiment. The epistle is dated so far back as May 19, 1783. Do you recollect the penning of it? And, to show your belief of that uniform account, which, in my humble opinion, had no origin, but in the exemplary goodness of your incorrupted heart, always averse to slander, and brimful of Christian principles; to show that belief, I say, you fell a calling me, in your daily converse, by all the pretty names in the English language, that begin with an R and an S; and did it with such a volubility of tongue, as if [247] you had been twenty years professor of Ruffianology and Goddamnology in the celebrated University of St. Giles’s. In your epistolary allusions, I was an Italian assassin, by the uniform account of all that knew me; and in your printed ribaldry, a man that would say any thing, to serve the purposes of the most feculent part of mankind; a professed sycophant; a general slanderer; a needy villain, a pickpocket, and an atrocious culprit, escaped from the gallows by Doctor Johnson’s absurd apologies, false depositions, and wilful perjuries. To corroborate these, and other such averrations, you called to witness, not only Valerius Maximus, but also Mr. Warton on Spenser, Bishop Hare’s Difficulties and Discouragements, Dryden’s Miscellanies, Sir Edward Dering’s cardinal Virtues of a Carmelite Friar, Aulus Gellius, Erasmus, and others, whose names I have now forgotten: and you even produced two or three scraps, well glued into one, out of my own Frusta Letteraria, written in Italy four and twenty years ago, whereby you proved, that I am a man full of ignorance and wickedness; a sly, petulant, impudent bully and poltroon; a man and dissolute fool; a man adorned with very abominable
endowment. – And why, my dear, all this desperate delirium? – Caro Idolo mio, why all this rant of drunken lunatic? Forsooth! Because I made notes in the margins of a Spanish book! Was ever a juster, and a more cogent motive, for a man’s making an Ourang-outang of himself!

Let us suppose, notwithstanding, that I have brought myself in my Frusta Letteraria an irrefragable testimonial against myself: let us suppose, that Mr. Warton, Aulus Gellius, Dryden, Bishop Hare, the Carmelite Friar, and the rest, deposed truly to my abominable endowments: let us suppose, that the uniform account of your learned and polite acquaintance was a faithfull transcript of St. Mark or St. Luke’s Gospel: let us suppose, that Valerius Maximus was as good a prophet as Habakkuk or Jeremiah: What reason had you, Mr. John Bowle, to fall foul of Doctor Johnson? When you paid him the first, and only visit you ever paid him, with a design to turn him, if possible, into a panegyrist and proclaimer of your great undertaking, it must be allowed to his eternal shame, that he did not guess slap-dash at your being the most dazzling luminary in the bright constellation of the literary heroes of the day: of course did not exhaust his lungs, as you expected he should, in hyperbolical commendations of you and your great undertakings, and only treated you with the respect, that is commonly paid by gentlemen, to other gentlemen, who present themselves dressed in black, with a wig on their heads, and a book of their own inditing in their hands. And you grow angry at such behaviour? And his going no further than that, enrages you to frantickness and desperation? Yet, so it is, that, as soon as gone to the blessed place, where he may possibly never receive a second visit from you, you give way to that frantickness and desperation; and, to be even with him, besmear his tomb with your bestial ordure. Oh, heavenly powers! Such a man as Samuel Johnson write speeches, and speak apologies, in favour of the most atrocious delinquents! Samuel Johnson tell lies, forswear himself, and accuse some most respectable individuals, of having joined with him in an infamous testimonial? Go, Bowle; go straightways to Westminster-Abbey; prostrate yourself by the sacred stone that covers his revered remains; strike repentingly your hard skull against it, no matter if it cracks; and expiate by ardent prayer and fervourous obsecration, the hellish pollution you have committed; swearing to the injured manes of that good man, that you will endeavour for the future to govern better the wild turbulence of your passions! This is the advice, Mr. Bowle, that a real friend to human nature can give you upon that your most extraordinary conduct. Do you receive it more thankfully than that given you by Captain Crookshanks, on an occasion of much less moment: and God be with you with all my heart!
SPEECH THE NINTH.

Ecoutez, Vidaze, que le malubec vous trosse!
Je vous prie, qu'entre nous n'y ait débat, ni tumulte, et que ne cherchons honneur, ni applausement; mais la vérité seule.

Rabelais.34

The following information was kindly provided by Barbara Bowen, author of Enter Rabelais, Laughing (Nashville: Vanderbilt UP, 2003):

"Vidaze (Rabelais Vietdaze) is a deformation of vit d'âne, donkey's penis—not a compliment!

"Your quote is a conflation of a couple of passages from Rabelais: 'le maulubec vous trosse' or 'trousque' is in the last paragraph of the prologue to Pantagruel (Book II in coll. eds.) and of Gargantua (Book I). Maulubec is a Gascon form of mauloubet, ulcer (on legs), and trousquer is the Gascon trouasca, makes someone lame. 'Quenecherbons honneur ny applausement des hommes, mais la vérité seule' is in Tiers Livre (Book III) 17; Pantagruel and Thaumaste are agreeing that they will debate solely to get at the truth."
dissyllable preposition. Write Hacía, and you make it a three-syllable verb.

My sweet friend Jack Bowle, who, by his own confession, frequently repeated, and in a bragging manner, rather than taking shame to himself: Jack, I say, who never could speak a Spanish sentence in his life, but learnt the little he knows of it, in his closet by himself, nor ever asked anybody’s advice about his great undertaking; a big name he calls his edition by, as if reprinting and commenting Don Quixote, were a perforation of Mount Caucasus through and through: Jack, I say for the third time, has not even an idea about the Spanish pronunciation nor about the accentuation, that regulates the reading of Spanish: therefore, throughout the edition and the comment, has placed the accents as the teatotum of his grandson directed; for he knew (by looking night and day into Spanish books) that, mean what they will, accents are wanting on many Spanish words: and, in consequence of this acute observation, he placed a good many here and there, as the teatotum directed, throughout the book; and the teatotum, I must say it, to his immortal honour, has sometimes whirled the right way, and turned up the propitious side: but, upon the whole, has proved so untoward, that, in every one of the pages, not one excepted, throughout his six quarto Volumes, and pretty often in every line of every page, the accents are all placed in the wrong places, or they are omitted, which is as good an equivalent: and I, who foresaw that this would be the case, when I gave a transitory glance to one of his revises, the day we dined together at the tavern in Holborn, and pitied the blunder he was going to commit, which I was sure would annihilate his edition, made free to offer him my service in the correction of his sheets; and would, for the mere sake of literature, have looked them over with pleasure: but, forsooth! the proud Tolondron, who did not even suspect he had need of such a pair of crutches, rejected the offer, as he never trusted his correction to any body, but himself. Well: he has trusted it to his great self, to his knowing self! But, what was the consequence? He laid out several hundred pounds in the purchase of water-bubbles, which are no very merchantable commodity; made his ignorance known to many, to whom it was a secret; quarrelled with his friends, because they would no longer believe him a great Hispanist; and worked himself into a brown humour, that is likely to last to his dying day, if wine and gin copiously drank do not help to remove it. Is this tolondronery, or cauliflower? Give me leave, I beg, to call it tolondronery double-distilled, and no cauliflower at all.

The word Parecera, which is the very first of the Prólogo damned by Captain Crookshanks, happens to be no word at all, because it wants an accent on the last a, to inform the reader at once, that it is the third person singular of the indicative future of the verb Parecer, which means to
appear, to seem. Try this simple experiment, if you want to verify this averration of mine. Write his word upon a bit of paper, and present it to a Spaniard. The Spaniard will read Parecera, as it rhymed with mollera, madera, calavera, and other words that end in era; and say, that he supposes it the name of something unknown to him. Take your bit of paper back, place the due accent, and make it Parecerá; and the Spaniard will presently say, that it is the said future. Without an idea about the necessity and the use of the Spanish accents, were Mr. Jack to read a page of Spanish, what a delightful gabble he would make of it! A Spaniard would no more understand him, than if he were reading the book of necromancy, written in Runish characters by Satan himself, and presented to Pierro d'Abano, the famous Salernitan Conjurer: as Mr. Jack would pronounce the vowels in the English way, greatly different from the Spanish way, and utter his syllables in an even and monotonous manner: yet, so thick is the film on his mind's eye, that he never could to this day perceive this colossal error throughout his edition and comment; and how difficult, if not impossible, it is, for any body, Spanish or English, Greek or Pomeranian, Christian or Jew, to read his book fluently; of course, to read it with satisfaction; no body having in his brains that imaginary system of reading, which Jack, somehow or other, must have fabricated in his own. [257]

But, hear him, hear him! He asks me, whether, or not, I can read his book myself? And I answer, that I can read it, and can understand it too. Yet, what does that signify? I can read and understand it, because I have read Don Quixote several times before and after he schemed and executed his edition, and because I can read and understand any Spanish book, full as well as I do any Italian book. This, however, I will have him know, that, if I read Don Quixote in any edition but his, I read on, and never stop a moment: but, if I read it in his, I must stop here and there, on account of the bad orthography (and accenting is a part of orthography), and read this and that passage twice, that I may make out the meaning: and, if his edition stops a veteran reader, who shaved his chin these fifty years, consider how a poor reader must be stopt, that has as yet no whiskers peeping out under any part of his nose!

Yet, the Tolondron stands up stoutly for his edition, as the ne plus ultra of perfection, and wonders at folks being so fractious, as not to buy it in a hurry; nor can he bring himself to conceive, that this happens, because the very first glance informs them, that it is the ne plus ultra of imperfection: nay, it is an even wager, that he will persist in his notion, even he shall have read these speeches, as his tolondronery keeps constantly a-breast of his opinion of himself; an opinion so very high, that, if you touch him this string, even with the lightest finger you have in
your hand; far from listening to the sound it emits, he grows gruff that instant, and pouts, and frowns, and squints, and makes such wry faces, as you would think him possessed by half a dozen legions of Astaroths and Asmodees; and starts up and stamps, and bullies, and calls you by every name that begins with an R, or an S: and how can I help calling him Tolondron, knowing all this so well as I do?

Long before the sad accident of the marginal notes, and at a time that I was so totally unacquainted with him, as not even to know his name, I find, by his foolish letter to the Divinity-Doctor, that he bore me a grudge and wanted to give a bad impression of me to his sensible Friend, and to Doctor Percy, and busied himself about my travels in Spain, and other of my performances: and God knows what wise and learned remarks he has made on my writings to those two gentlemen, and to others! This kind of clandestine hostility on his part, I cannot as yet exactly ascertain when it began, and to what a length he has carried it: but this I know, that it was not very pretty in him to begin it, and carry it on in the dark, as he did. If he had any objections, to my travels especially, I think that he would have done better to apply directly to me in person, or by letter; or even in print; as I might possibly have been able, more than any other, to satisfy him fully on any point that might appear wrong to him, or to any of his acquaintance. But, to behave like a gentleman is not his way as yet, and that may come in time, poco a poco, as he goes on, getting fillips under his chin, and raps on his knuckles. Notwithstanding, however, what he has done, and may have otherwise done, to my prejudice and disparagement, at the time I knew not even his name; all was nothing to what he has done since that sad accident of the notes; and the reader by this time may possibly have formed some conjecture about the share I have had of his R’s and his S’s, and of his curses to boot: But, let him curse and call names; who cares? Not I indeed! He may misname me till December next, and curse me seven years running; but he shall not keep me now from telling him in his black mustachos, that he would burn his Edition, if he was not the Tolondron he is; for, the devil a three-guineas will he ever finger from any body, that knows any thing of the matter. The accumulate ribaldry that he has regaled me with, in words and in print, has provoked me to tell him so, without any circumlocution; and I do tell [261] him so; which is what I would never have done, nor dreamt of doing, had he gone his ways, spoken of me as gentlemen speak of gentlemen, not published his foolish Letter to his Doctor, and forbore to write his wicked scraps to Mr. Urban. Oh, oh! but he will bluster and swear a hundred, a thousand, a million of times more, than ever he did, when he shall have read these speeches! Ay! Will he do so? Dos higas for it, and Tolondron to boot! Were his edition correctly printed
in other respects, which is far from being the case, the paper of it, which is very white, and of a good consistency; the types of it, which have tolerable good eyes; and the margins which are very spacious, would have induced me to buy it; those spacious margins especially, as I have long had the custom to make notes in the margins of all my books: but, to lead me into such a temptation, he ought to have left the accents quite out of his text, as, while reading, I might have placed them myself with my pen: and you know,[262] that several thousand accents are easily placed, as one goes on in the perusal, if one knows the pronunciation: that, on the other hand, takes several thousands off with the tip of your penknife, and your work will be endless, besides that you spoil the pages by scratching. A new paroxism of rage seizes Tolondon on hearing me say so, and he foams as if he were in an epilepsy: but foam away, Tolondon; foam to thy heart's satisfaction; and another higa for it, and Tolondon again! Thou hast dragged me out of that quiet obscurity, in which I had promised myself to live the short remainder of my days; and must take the consequence, if I am now as mad as Don Quixote, and resume the author, and suffer not thy ribaldry to circulate about in magazines and in letters to Doctors, without standing up in my own vindication, were thou to go to Bedlam within the week, and I follow thee fifty years hence. Let me alone, my good friends, and never fear, but I will manage this jade as well as Mr. Angelo does[263] his most mettlesome horses. What is so easy, as to ride on the back of such Tolondrons as this? And before my riding be over, depend upon it, my friends, I will make him aware that, old as I am, I have still so much spirit left, as to expose ignorance, ridicule nonsense, repress insolence, obtund malignity, and chastise brutality, without any assistance from his R's and S's, and without writing one word, but what may be read without a blush by any modest lady about St. James's Square, Berkeley Square, or any other Square. In the sciences of Ruffianology and Goddamnology, I knock under, and humbly acknowledge, that I am unworthy to be even second usher in the Bowlean Gymnasium: but men have different inclinations, pursue different studies: and I am confident, that, in Funnology and in Laughathimology, I can checkmate him at any time, and much faster than Omiah did me, when I had the imprudence to attack him at chess: and I insist upon it, that Funnology and Laughathimology are sciences of more use and profit to mankind than Ruffianology and Goddamnology.

The Tolondon's perfect unacquaintance with Spanish pronunciation; of course, his perfect incapacity of pointing it out to his readers by accent duly placed, is, no doubt, the most glaring, but not the only capital fault in his text. Instead of following in it the orthography of Cervantes, with the only substitution of the zed to the exploded zedilla, which, at all
events, would have screened him from blame; he took into his muddy fancy to regale us with an orthography of his own, to which I can give no other name, but that of teatotum-orthography; or, if you like it better, fortuitous orthography. For his many sins, the poor fellow stumbled upon four editions of a small book, entitled Ortografía Castellana; that is, the Orthography of the Spanish Tongue; all the four printed, at different periods of time, in Madrid, by the Spanish Academicians, who, at the head of their great dictionary (printed about sixty years ago) had already given us a treatise on that part of grammar, which is now in a great measure reprobated by the Academicians of this day (and with good reason), by means of those four new treatises.

The reprobation, however, of that first academical composition, proves as yet of no great use to us; for the reason, that each of those four subsequent ones contains rules and precepts about orthography, that in many points run counter each other: I mean, that some of the rules and precepts laid down in the first of the four are repealed and declared null, by other rules and precepts laid afterwards down in the second; some laid down in the second, repealed and annulled in the third; and some in the third, treated in the same manner by other rules and precepts laid down in the fourth and last. If those repeals and annulations, thus subsequent to each other, mean any thing, they mean, that the members of the Royal Academy, being possibly too many in number to persuade each other, or having some whimsical, and not very intelligent great man amongst them, whom they care not to oppose (which is the most probable conjecture), have not yet been able unanimously to agree about unchangeable rules and unalterable precepts, and have been shifting from rule to precept, and from precept to rule, merely, as it were, to keep themselves a-going. This will appear strange to English critics, who have not turned their attention to the language of Spain: but those that have, know, that the point is very knotty, and very hard to be settled, as it is involved in many peculiar difficulties, not incident to other tongues. The doing away all those difficulties in a complete and satisfactory manner, has perplexed the learned of that nation so long, and to such a degree, since they began to think about it, that the famous Jesuit, Padre Isla, (in my opinion, the best, by many cubits, of their modern writers) ridiculed very humourously, in one of his works, all attempts towards ascertaining their orthography; and seemed of opinion, that the best that could be done with regard to the manner of writing their language, was to leave every writer to shift for himself, as it had been done during some centuries, without any great prejudice to their literature on that particular account. But this opinion, which he urged in a ludicrous, rather than
in a serious manner, does not suit the taste of the generality; that wish
for rules and precepts as little objectionable as possible, that they may,
like other nations, have a fixed orthography of their own. To strike out
a reasonable and solid one, has now been rendered possibly more
difficult than it ever was, not only by the contradictory rules and
precepts prescribed, as I said, at five different periods of time, by the
five Treatises of the Academicians, but also by other Treatises of other
men of letters, before and after the institution of their academy.
Among those who have conspicuously distinguished themselves in
this line, that I may not show off too much of my learning this way, I
will only mention a Señor Don Gregorio Mayans y Siscar, of whom, by
the bye, we have a very meagre Life of Cervantes, written on
purpose, if I remember well, for Tonson’s edition of Don Quixote,
wherein is incorporated a prolix criticism on all Cervantes’ works; the
poorest criticism that ever I read in my days. That same Don Gregorio
was, no doubt, a man of extensive reading, and far from wanting cart-
loads of erudition: but, withal, so wrong-headed was he, so entirely
deprived of taste, and so very ostentatious mal-a-propos, that Spain,
which has hitherto had her full proportion of ostentatious pedants,
can scarcely show another of the same bulk. Don Gregorio too, who has
been, as I suspect, typified in the Coxo de Villaornate, a lame, ignorant, whims-
cical, and most pedantic schoolmaster, by the witty Padre Isla: Don Gregorio,
I say, would likewise have a system of orthography of his own manufacture,
whereof we have a cursed specimen in the above Life of Cervantes. But that
system was thought at once so bad, so inefficient, so very absurd and
ridiculous, that it has procured him but few, if any, proselytes in Spain,
and out of Spain.

About all those oppugnating systems of orthography, our poor
Tolondron has been plodding and plodding during many years, both
before, and while he brooded over his great undertaking: and having
tumbled them all pell-mell in his poor noodle, made such a hodge-
podge out of them all, that one at last was produced, which is neither
here, nor there, nor any where, as a lady of my acquaintance would phrase
it. Tolondron writes sometimes his words as Cervantes did; sometimes
follows the Academicians, no matter after which of their five Treatises;
sometimes Nebrixa; sometimes Covarruvias; sometimes Don Gregorio; that,
little or much, all differ in sundry points; and sometimes follows no body
at all: and does this quite unknown to himself, totally ignorant, as he is, of
the pronunciation; still whirling the teatotum, and whirling it again, just
as he did in the affair of the accents. But, can I, in good conscience, note
down here all the inconsistencies of his teatotum or fortuitous ortho-
graphy, without shooting dead at once, every one of those among my
readers, who know as little of these outlandish matters, as the Tolondon himself? Far from having any thought of shooting them dead, you may believe me without putting me to my oath, that I wish, on the contrary, to multiply their numbers ad infinitum. Whether what I wish will take effect or not, give me leave to inform you (and here I get up from my desk, pull off my cap, and make a very low bow to you all); I must inform you, I say, that having some years pretty well studied this particular point of Spanish orthography, and accurately observed that of the languages, which bear affinity to that of Spain; and being, moreover, vehemently desirous (every one has his hobby-horse) that the Spanish were fixed upon a permanent and unexceptionable footing, I took into my own noodle—or upon myself (that I may speak with more respect of my respectable self)—to write down my ideas about it, in an epistolary dissertation in Spanish, which (see Masters and Mistresses, how ungovernable my hobby-horse!) I printed here in London, at my own expense, about three years ago, and made a present of near the whole edition (which was not large, as you can imagine) to the well-known Spanish bookseller and printer, Señor Antonio Sancha, who happened to be in England at that time; that he might show his countrymen, the Academicians, and other good folks in Spain, what were the thoughts and ideas of a foreigner about their orthography and lexicography: two districts of their academical province, which, to me, seem, as yet, but poorly cultivated.

As a modest man, and apt to blush, when forced to speak of myself, I ought not to say what I am going to say: but let you pardon me for this once, (here goes another low bow!) and let me brag away, that my Spanish Dissertation has been penned with as much liveliness of expression as I could muster up, lest it should prove tedious in the reading; and surely, the daisies and flowers (let me brag, I beseech you) are not few, that I have scattered in it, in order to obviate fastidiousness; which, as you all know, is the chief bane of books, and the ruin of booksellers. But, though I penned it in as brisk a style, as my stock of Spanish language and Spanish ideas could afford, and objected with as much energy and impavidness (quere if this word is English) as I possibly could, against several parts of their great Dictionary, and against some of the rules and precepts, laid down by the Academicians, as final, in the last edition of their Ortografía Castellana; yet I treated their Señorías with the greatest respect, humbly holding my chapeaubras under my left arm, every time that I directed my words to them; and there is no manner of need in discussing literary matters, to urge our differing opinions with bludgeons in our hands; or as you may possibly term it, with Bowlean malice, and Bowlean brutality: besides, [273] that, as I take it, the Academicians of Madrid
are a body greatly upon the encrease, and likely to rival in a short time any society of the kind ever instituted in Europe, especially if it comes to be noticed by the long-nosed critics abroad, and given to understand, that the productions of their academy, like those of their vineyards, shall be transplanted and cultivated in their gardens and hot-houses.

Together with my reasons for refusing as yet obedience to some of the rules and precepts prescribed by the Academicians in their last Orthographical Treatise, I have likewise objected, as I said above, to several parts of their Dictionary, the compilers whereof adopted a system of lexicography most obviously defective, that I may not say absurd; as most of the learned men, called up by Philip the Fifth to compose the several divisions of it; instead of sticking to the simple business of defining words, giving their etymologies, and exhibiting, by quotations from their writers, the different way, in which each word is to be [274] used; chose to make a great parade of their respective quantities of learning, and took large excursions into the regions of various arts and sciences, that have little or nothing to do in the dictionary of a language. Had they, here and there, and, when it came quite pat, brought in a savoury bit of learning in this and that example, and even in each one of the examples, I should have admired the good choice of their examples: but, I cannot, by any means, bear their ostentation of learning in their definitions, which ought always to be as neat and concise as possible, and convey nothing else to the enquirer, but what he enquires after, which is only the signification of this and that word. Have I any need, for instance, to know what Dioscorides said about Lapizlázuli, when I only want to know, what Lapizlázuli is. What do I care, whether Café is the Bancho of Avicenna, or the Banca of Rasis, when I only want to know, what Café means? What need to know, whether the fish, called Mená, casts her spawn in [275] March, or in September, which are her powers of fecundity, and at what season it proves good or bad to eat, when I only want to know, whether Ména means a fish, or a stew-pan? I want not to be made a lapidary, a naturalist, nor a fishmonger by a dictionary of words; but simply to know the meaning, or the etymology, of those words; and, if ever I come to want a full knowledge of any of the three trades, leave me to my own direction, and I shall soon find the books, or the men, that teach them ex professo. It is not the business of the lexicographer to teach arts, or sciences, but only to explain words, and give their etymologies; and even this second duty may be omitted without committing a mortal sin.

That the Academicians of to-day may not proceed on so wrong a plan, in case they resolve to give us a second edition of their great work, and guard against being seduced by the example of their predecessors,
I have made so free, in my Spanish Dissertation, as to make some remarks on the several errors, or improprieties (if you like the word better) committed by those their predecessors in too many of their definitions, and apprised, moreover, the present Academicians of the method, incomparably more reasonable, pursued by Doctor Johnson in his English Dictionary; paralleling some of his definitions to some of theirs; endeavouring to make them sensible of the great superiority of the English method over the Spanish, and exhorting them to adopt and follow it, as closely as they can: and I am confident, that, if they shall be willing to do the best, in case of a new edition, they will do me the honour, not to disregard my notions upon so important a subject; and by so doing (all national pride and partiality left aside) bring themselves at once upon a par with other learned nations about orthography and lexicography, which they may possibly do with greater facility, than they are aware.

Our great Tolondron, who has seen my Epistolary Dissertation, has mentioned it in his foolish Letter to the Divinity-Doctor; (as he has some other of my performances), and, to be sure, with his usual politeness, affability, good sense, candidness, and veracity. If you will take his honest word, I have treated the Spanish Academicians, as he has done your humble servant. I have pretended to teach them to spell. I have given myself to them as a Magister, under whose ferula they are to quake and shiver. I have coaxed and threatened them by turns; and promised to do this and that for them, and against them, just as my own teatotum shall whirl. What have I not done in that monstrous fetus of my morbid brains! By the decision of his Tolondronship, the Academicians' Ortografía Castellana is right in every dot ever so small, in each one of their four editions. No contrariety at all in any of their rules and precepts, that he can see with his vulturine eyes. And, as to their Diccionario, not the least speck in any page of six folio volumes: not a comma, but what is as straight, as an arrow: every thing right, tight, prim, trim, consistent, uniform, impeccable. It is an Ortografía!—It is a Diccionario!—Poh! the Pope, the Emperor, the Patriarch of Constantinople, cannot wish better for a birth-day-wearing! And how could a fellow, like that Baretti, of total ignorance in the Spanish Tongue, dare to controvert the smallest rule, the most dwarfish precept, laid down by such a set of men, as the Academicians of Madrid in Parliament assembled! Find blemishes, faults, mistakes, deficiencies, superfluities, errors, blunders, in their definitions, in their etymologies, in their examples? Fy upon him, that will not think the Academicians of any country, those of Spain in particular, to be Evangelists every one of them! Fy upon a fellow so very saucy, as to express a desire of having works of any kind, quite perfect of their kind, and ex-
press it in Spanish, and in print! Beat him, whip him, hang him, and ex-
communicate him! He is a Papist, a Huguenot, an R, an S, and all the
letters of the alphabet! And what can poor I answer to all these [279]
charges, to all these just reproofs? Answer? A vaunt, Tolondron! Get
thee out of my way this instant! The ox has spoken, and said mu-uh.
Let me not hear the ox speak again. Dost thou mind me, Tolondron?
I will have no more of thy mu-uh’s!

Some of my readers may possibly wish me to tell them here, in
what the five Academical Treatises on Spanish Orthography agree,
and in what they disagree; that is, which are the parts in them
confirmed, and which the parts repealed: and I am sensible, that, by so
doing, I might give in my way a few more sound lashes to my
Tolondron, and expose further to derision his teatotum adoptions, and
his teatotum rejections. But, though I need not be told, that, in a
country like Great Britain, (where all imaginable kinds of knowledge
have numerous votaries) some there are, to whom details of this sort
would prove quite intelligible and quite acceptable, I must own, that
I havenot spunk enough to enter into so unpromising [280] a subject.
The lovers of Spanish in England, compared to those, who know little
or nothing of it, are but few, if I have counted noses right: and to
gratify the few, must I run the risk of teasing the many, that know
nothing of Spanish Language and Spanish Literature, and would not
even give a rush for either? Most will be diverted by my hitting with
my Toledo-foil every button, that a booby has in his waistcoat,
without his being able to parry one push: yet, very few care to be
acquainted what about the booby and I are fencing. And, as to the
booby himself, is it worth my while minutely to note all his folleries;
or anybody’s while to have them all accurately told, as they do
guineas and bank-notes at Child’s, and at Drummond’s? Please your
Honours, I think not: therefore I must be excused, if I decline such a
task for the present; especially, as it would besinning against the laws
of decorum, to treat any literary subject in the light and hasty manner
adopted in these speeches; not written with a view to in[281]form or
instruct any set of readers; but only to vindicate myself against calumnious
aspersions; and, as I proceed, to bring down a little the proud stomach of a
Tolondron, that, besides wanting to blast my moral, as well as my literary
character, wants also to pass upon his fellow-parishioners his stinking tripes
and unwashed pettites, for venison-pasties, and perigord-pies. So very
sensible am I, that the subject of this very speech will prove tedious to
most of the by-standers, that I have almost a mind to end it here abrupt-
ly, and cry mea culpa for having already made it too long; but, that I am
quite in the humour of scribbling just now, have absolutely nothing else
to do, and shall not be sleepy this hour. Let me then bespeak a few more minutes of your indulgence, (and here is another low bow) that I may, before I go to bed, say something satisfactory to those few good souls among you, who have un poquitillo meddled with the language of Spain, enough at least to read Don Quixote in the original, or to write, upon occasion, a short letter to a correspondent at Cadiz or Malaga, for a bale of wool, or a pipe of sweet wine.

To those few, therefore, I say, that, whatever rules or precepts may have been enjoined by the Spanish Academy in any of her Five Treatises on Orthography, I will, if they give me leave, heartily laugh at their good souls, as I did at Tolondron in my Spanish Dissertation, (wherein I first called him by this characteristic name) if they shall ever, to please the Academy, choose to write, for example, Diccionario with two c's, instead of Dicionario with a single c; because, (mark well my reason) because, when one comes to spell the word, the first c of Diccionario cannot be joined with the preceding syllable Di, and make it Di-c; as the Spaniards, throughout their language, have not one syllable ending in ic in the midst of any of their words. Not joining then that first c to the preceding Di, it follows of course, that you must join it with the next syllable, which is ic, and spell Di-ccio; and this would prove an evident absurdity; deserving derision rather than criticism. How then must we write it? I will tell you. The Spaniards pronounce Dicionario, and this is a fact, that no Spaniard will controvert: therefore, conform to their pronunciation, and write it Dicionario, and you shall be right at once. What I say of this word, I say of all other words of the same stamp, such as acion, satisfacion, lecion, interdicion, bendicion, conducion, introducion; and in short of all, that the Academicians direct us to write with two c's, for the only reason, that they came in a straight line from such Latin words, as actio, ectio, ictio, and uctio in them. If you write them not as I tell you, you run counter pronunciation, and cannot spell them to boot. Somebody may answer in the Academicians' name, that the two c's in such words, are a kind of etymological substitution to the ct in those mother-words, and, that such a substitution gives the Spanish Tongue a noble Latin aspect: But I answer, that, what cannot be spelt ought not to be written, especially when pronunciation runs another way, or rumbo, as Spanish sailors term it. Are we to spoil our pronunciation, and embarrass, or impossibilitate our spelling, for the paltry sake of etymology? I beg on my knees the Academician's pardon for my Italian assurance, if they will so call it: but, what do they talk of etymology, they, who, but t'other day, have repealed and annulled the old rule of writing etymologically, Orthographia, Philosopho, Thesoro, Phrase, Laberintho, Dictado, Dictamo, and thousands of
other words, thus written in their predecessor’s dictionary! They who have enjoined us to write henceforwards, according to pronunciation, Ortografía, Filosofía, Tesoro, Frase, Laberinto, Ditado, Ditamo, and so forth? What privilege of exception can the words with two c’s claim to refuse paying tax to pronunciation, when these last pay it without muttering, and even with alacrity? Mind me, Señores Académicos! Let us have all one way, or all the t’other way. Consideratis considerandis, in this particular case, I join with you against your predecessors, and give Pronunciation the preference over Etymology, as more natural, more easy, and less liable to mistakes. I am as fond as other old Christians, of sticking to Etymology, whenever it can be done properly and conveniently: but when it does lead Pronunciation out of the coach-road, and, above all, when it does obstruct Spelling, as it does in the case of the two c’s—Hang Etymology! Hang her by the neck, I say; and let us embrace and kiss Pronunciation, and be good friends.

Then again! What do the Academicians talk of etymology, who, but t’other day, have told us, that we must never write any Spanish word with two s’s; no matter whether etymology demands it, or not: of course, that we must write el Rey de Prusia, and la Emperatriz de Rusia? Do they stick to etymology, when they prescribe us such a rule? Who has ever heard of countries in modern Europe, called Rusia and Prusia? The people at large in Madrid, and through most provinces of Spain (I have attended to it carefully myself), pronounce Russia, Prussia, Missa, Passo, Priess, Huesso, Gruesso, Tosser, Bravissimo, Reverendissimo, et cetera, with the same forcible hiss, by which the Italians, the French, the English, and other nations, denote the double s’s; and all over Spain they pronounce with a much more feeble sibilation the single s, as in Camisa, Casa, Casarse, Queso, Sensitivo, Espece, Mismo, Guisar, Consignar, and a whole host of others: and the Academicians, making nothing of forcible hissing, nor of feeble hissing, and giving a kick a-piece to etymology and pronunciation, shall come and tell us, that we must banish all double s’s from their language? That we must write; of course, pronounce, even their superlatives, even the preterite imperfects of their subjunctive moods, with the same softness and laxity, as we do, for instance, the s in the word Asno? And they shall send us to hear una Misa, as if we were to put on our Camisa? They shall bid us to break a Hueso, as if it were as soft as Queso? Write you, my English friends, write and pronounce with a forcible hiss Missa, Huesso, Prussia, Russia, Fortissimo, Bravissimo, Supiesse, Viniesse, and so forth;

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95 Taking into account what needs to be taken into account.
96 In the original, “Emperadriz.”
and mind not such precepts and rules, more fit for an assembly of Pisaverdes
and Petimetras, than for an Academy of Hombres de pelo en pecho!

But these, and other matters, I have already sufficiently discussed in my
Spanish Dissertation; and I hope the time is not far, that those, among the
Spanish Academicians, who have unaccountably declared for double c’s,
where they pronounce but one; or for a single s, where they pronounce two,
will think better of these matters, before they publish a new Orthography
and a new Dictionary; and wondering at their double mistake, as well as at
some other oversights, committed in their anterior works, will correct them,
and give their country and the world a Grammar and a Dictionary better
than those we have at present from them, and from other of their
countrymen; and thus save from debasement and degradation, a language
so very beautiful as theirs, and so pleasing to my ear, that I like it even
better than my own, though I have a very high opinion of my own too;
especially, when in the handling of a few old friends, that are still alive in
that Peninsula yonder, so strangely shaped, that it looks like a Frenchman’s
boot. And, as to what our Tolondron may say about these same matters, with
his Nebrixas, Covarruvias, and Ribadeneiras spread open before him, I will
answer only this, that I wish some small-beer brewer may make him a
present of a rotten old barrel’s bung, that he may stop his foolish mouth,
when these same matters are debated within his hearing, as he can no more
speak to them, than an artichoke.

But my candle runs low, and I shall presently be in the dark: therefore,
give me leave to go to bed, that I may be up early to-morrow, to give you one
speech more about the Tolondron’s Espantable y desaforado Comento. That
done, I will continue to wish a good journey to all that go to York, or any
where else; [289] continue to play shilling-whist; continue to mind my
book, and continue to let the world go round, as it has done these many
years: for, to tell it you sub sigillo confessionis, 97 lest I be impeached of high
treason, I am as sick of the Tolondron and his doings, as any one of you can
possibly be: and, with this, buenas noches to you all, y Christo con todos. [290]

97 Under the seal of the confessional.
SPEECH THE TENTH AND LAST.

Quare con tanta altrui et tua molestia
Tanto parlar d’un Viso di— di cavolo?
Gamba di legno mio, mandalo al diavolo,
Che ad ogni modo e’ sara’ sempre bestia.

Don Petronio Zamberlucco

Having now fairly settled the account between Jack and Joe, about their respective quotas of Italian and French, about the Spanish comedies, the Spanish orthography, the Spanish Prologo damned by Captain Crookshanks, and sundry other matters of infinite importance to the inhabitants of the waves, that moisten the littoral parts of the British empire; I hasten to speak of the Tolondron’s Comento on the delightsome History of Don Quixote, that I may put an absolute end to his ridiculous pretensions of being a Being in the literary world, as it is high time for me to save the little ink I have left, for my customary employment of writing Marotic and Macaronic verses to those among my good friends, who are as old and idle as myself, and look out for light amusement, rather than grave lucubrations.

The raising of that odd structure, now going by the tremendous name of Comento, if we credit the exulting averrations of our Tolondron, was a work so confounded arduous to be carried into final and perfect completion, that, no less than two of the best climacterial divisions of his life were spent in the mere collecting of its multitudinous materials from several distant quarters of this terraqueous globe; besides, I know not how many more, in the putting them so tightly together, that they might not crumble too soon, and fall about our ears: and, in fact, such has been the sturdy perseverance of his sluggish mind, and the unabated drudgery of his porter-like body, during all that time, that Comento has at last obtained the wonderous bulk it actually possesses, which, awaking us all out of our long and shamful le\[292]thargy with regard to learned objects, has forced us to get on tiptoe one behind the other, and gaze with aston-

98 Fictitious author who published in Baretti’s La Frusta letteraria, “erudito di campagna, che rappresenta l’ormai superata cultura reazionaria” (5 July 2003, http://www.italianculture.net/region/r05-giornali.html). “Why, with such unselfishness and your trouble, to talk so much of the face of a——ahorse? My wooden leg, send him to the devil, because in any event he is and always will be a beast” (Alicia Monguíó).
ishment on the Tolondronic edifice, certainly the most unarchitectonic, and antivitruvian ever hitherto erected in the boggish part of the lands, that have belonged these many years to my uncle Apollo, and his chanticleering nieces.

One of the chief contrivances that the great Tolondron has had recourse to, in order to make Comento as huge and durable as the Memphitic masses, was the unbounded use he made of half a score folio and quarto dictionaries, out of the bowels whereof, he dug a considerable quantity of words, with their explanations at full length, without caring a hob-nail, while employed in the sweat-provoking labour, whether those, who were to read, or to consult the strange work, wanted, or not, those words and those explanations.

If master Jack (say I, in the great simplicity of my heart) intended his Comento for the inhabitants of Spain, ought he not to have previously taken into his wise considerations, whether, or not, the good folks yonder stood in need of having their own words explained to them? Words, that the most illiterate among them understand; or, in the contrary case, that they all can go to look for in those very dictionaries, wherefrom Jack has given them? On this point, therefore, submissively craving his ten thousand pardons, his Tolondronship seems to me, to have been tolondronically absurd beyond all decent limits of tolondronical absurdity, especially if it is true, as I humbly conceive to be the real case, that the Spaniards are no such strangers to the words of their own tongue, as not to know the meaning, that he has idly given them, of hidalgo, desocupado, cuchillada, cuerno, alborozo, corral, apellido, cascabeles, trompeta, despeñadero, jumento, pajar, candil, camaranchon, naipes, tiento, and three or four thousands other such, which in their country are every day as much in every body's mouth, as bread and butter are every day in England. I say the same of those most common phrases, en un cerrar de ojos, acertar a passar, con las setenas, predicar en desierto, a carga cerrada, sacar el pie del lodo, descubrir la hilaza, no consentir cosquillas, pedir de lo caro, paciencia y barajar, and some thousands more, all as trite all over Spain, as in this country how do you, and very well thank you. Indeed, there is no cobbler, that I know; there is no bricklayer, no chimney-sweeper in all New-Castile, or Old Castile, but what has at his fingers end the true and genuine signification of all such words and phrases; nor do any of them stand in the least need of going for the explanations to his Aldrete, to his Nebrixa, to his Covarruvias; much less to his Comento: and much less still, to Quintus Curtius, Homer, Biblia Vulgata, Scriptores de Morbo Gallico, and to any other book or lexicon, registered in the Catalogue of the Authors, that his

*The pyramids of Egypt.*
Tolondronship has quoted with the paltry view of making a parade of his learning, no matter whether it came in at the fore-door, at the back-door, or at no door at all.

The man may answer, that he writ his Comento for the use of the English. For the English with all my heart! I like the English well enough to wish them plentiful crops of Comentos, provided they be such, as may prove useful to them! But, if you wrote it for the English, why did you not write it in English, as the English tongue, salvo errore, is commonly better understood in England, than the Spanish tongue? And what need, besides, had any Englishman that reads Don Quixote in the original, of any explanation of common Spanish words, and Spanish common phrases? How could you be such a thorough dolt, as not to conceive, that there is no reading an outlandish book, without having previously mastered so much of the language, in which it is written, as not to want every individual signification of every common word, and every common phrase in it?

Be that as it will, replies the undaunted Tolondron: Sure am I, that neither Baretti, the atrocious culprit, nor Johnson, the wicked apologist, nor Johannes Ihre, the compiler of the Suio-Gothicum Lexicon, nor Valerius Maximus, the lieutenant in the eastern army, nor Epaminondas, nor Zoroaster, nor any other imaginable body, named, or not named in the Comento, could have fallen on a more subtle and easier method than mine, of digging out of Spanish Dictionaries, thousands and thousands of words and phrases, to make it corpulent, as I made it, by transplanting them into it, bodies and souls at once. And do you not see, that, without so cunning a contrivance, poor Comento would have looked as lank and lean, as a French marquis that had never seen a round of beef, but in the prints of Hogarth?—Tolondron for ever, huzza!—This is a cogent, an unanswerable reason; and I love reasons cogent and unanswerable.

Another of the clever and speedy means (yet not so speedy neither) employed by Jack to impinguate Comento, has been, that of quoting, out of various poems, songs, and chivalry-books, a great many passages, that bear resemblance to passages in Don Quixote, and bring them nose to nose. Don Quixote, for instance, enters a wood full of trees: and lo! Amadis de Gaul has likewise entered a wood, that was full of trees. Don Quixote falls flat from his horse to the ground. Does he? Tirante the white, and Olivante, the yellow, both fell, as flat as flounders, from

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100 An allusion to the Glossarium suigoticum of the Swedish linguist Johann von Ihre (Uppsala, 1769).
101 That Olivante is yellow is a detail Baretti has invented.
their horses to the ground. Don Quixote kneels to a fair lady, that rides alone upon a lilly-white palfrey by the walls of a castle, built on the east-side of a clear and rapid river. Where is the wonder of that? Splandian, Rinaldo, Platir, Palmerino, Florismarte, St. George, St. Martin, and several scores more of knights, all belonging to the erratic fraternity, have all kneeled to fair ladies, who rode alone upon lilly-white palfreys, by the sides of castles, that were built on the eastern, western, southern, or northern bank of this, and that, and t'other clear and rapid stream. [298]

There is no end in the Comento of such parallel passages, that throw a most radiant light on Cervantes' obscure and mysterious history: but, what can one say to that ferocious quantity of apposite erudition, brought for this same purpose of illustration, by our most learned Tolondon, in most pages of Comento? The Englishman that has read Don Quixote, in any one of the translations, may remember, that a galley-rogue is mentioned in it, whose name was Gines de Passamonte; a very nimble fellow, who stole asses, exhibited puppets, made monkeys speak, and wore a patch on one of his eyes, that he might not be known by the officers of the Holy Brotherhood. From what family the clever gentleman was descended, had always been a secret impenetrable to the Spanish Genealogists, as the prudent Cervantes, for reasons best known to himself, did not think proper to make his book intelligible to his countrymen, by revealing to them that family secret. But Tolondon, to whose opera-glass not an atom [299] of any visible object ever could escape, has spied, in a small crevice of an Italian poem, a tall, comely and substantial giant, ycleped Passamonte, and as the resemblance between Passamonte and Passamonte, may; without the least exaggeration, be compared to that of two eggs dropped by the same hen, Tolondon has fairly conjectured, that the Giant Passamonte was the founder of the illustrious Passamonte-family, and, of course, one of our Gines' progenitors; possibly the Atavus or Tritavus of him: nor should I be much surprised, if, in the Appendix to Comento, actually on the anvil, Jack were to affirm, that the Genesis of Moses was indubitably the great-grand-mother of the same Gines, as the resemblance is likewise amazing between Gines and Genesis.

I intend not to attempt here the great undertaking of giving even a fore-shortened idea of Jack's book-learning, and of setting down even so little, as the quarter-part of the erudition he has collected out of his Bibliotheca, wherewith he has embellished and set off his Comento. A turnip-wagon, actually going from Streatham, or Tooting, to any of the London markets, carries not half so many fine turnips, as Comento does erudite quotations. That you may not, however, be quite disappointed on this article, there go some few of them, by way of sample: and I am satisfied, that you will find them of as quick a relish, as any turnips you have
ever eaten with your boiled mutton.

To do all possible honour to one of the two illustrious Margravines, who assisted incog. at the august ceremony of Don Quixote's knighting, Tolondron informs you, that, at the distance of a league from the town of Antequera, where that chaste lady was born, there is a most copious spring of water, which, by falling downwards almost perpendicularly, makes above twenty mills go round and round, to the great comfort and emolument of as many millers and their families, that keep themselves from starving by the grinding of corn: and no body will deny, but this illustration of the beautiful Margravine, and her sweet-smelling friend Dona Tolosa de Remendon y Pendanga.

The Spanish appellation of Hidalgo, by some of your English translators, is rendered by that of Country 'Squire or Country Gentleman: but as such a version leaves the text in a most deplorable ambiguity, Jack translates it much better by these more learned and more specific words: "Hidalgo in Spanish and Fidalgo in Portuguese, ille solum dicitur, qui Christiana virtute pollet:" and so good a Christian is Jack, as not to know, that there are many Hidalgos in Spain, many Fidalgos in Portugal, and many (I ought to say few) Country Gentleman and Country 'Squires in England, qui Christiana virtute non omnino pollent; yet all go promiscuously by those honorific apppellations, not only when awake, but even when they are fast a-sleep.

Cervantes, in the Curate's scrutiny (a slovenly scrutiny in my opinion) of Don Quixote's books, has named the Carolea, which he says to have been a work of Don Luis de Avila. Jack, who never saw the book, yet wants to make you believe he has, makes this short note on the title of that book: "La Carolea: Hieronymus Sempere, scripsit neque pura, neque poetica dictione." What that Hieronymus had to do there, I know not: but, has not Jack mistaken one book for another? That is what I suspect, because he flatly contradicts his text. However, bits of Latin, whether out of Don Nicholas Antonio's Bibliotheca, or out of Valerius Maximus, always give a good look to a Commentator's notes, say what you will; and if such notes explain nothing, who cares?

That you may be duly apprised, as how Dulcinea was Don Quixote's mistress, Jack tells you, that Don Galaor had a mistress too, called Aldeva;

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102 De quienes se dice, que su virtud cristiana les da autoridad.
103 Que por la cristiana virtud, no tienen autoridad alguna.
104 Lo escribió Jerónimo de San Pedro, en lenguaje ni puro ni poético.
a wonderful pretty girl, that had the honour of being maid of honour to Queen Grindalaya. What a deal [303] of learning has Jack, and how he brings it forward to disencumber and disentangle his text, and make it as plain, as if it were in prose!

Whereas Ambrosio, in his scolding speech to Marcella, has, very apropos, happened to name the emperor Nero, to whom he justly compares that pretty milk-maid, Jack informs us all, on the unquestionable authority of many ancient historians, that "the burning of Rome lasted six days and seven nights;" which piece of erudition renders most luminous Ambrosio's speech to the cross-grained damsel, who delighted, like the emperor Nero, in nothing so much, as to sit in the shadow of cork-trees, when the weather was sultry.

As Don Quixote says somewhere of himself, that he could and did write verses; Jack clears up the equivocal expression by telling you, that Amadis and Olivante composed many love-songs in praise of their respective sweet-hearts: and, to illustrate the text still more, he adds, that Rinaldo, though a French[304]man, could touch occasionally the Welch-harp in as masterly a manner, as if he had been born at Carmarthen.

Don Quixote stands up stoutly for the superiority of arms over letters: and Jack says, that apud Doctores controversum est, an Miles præferatur Doctori; but, that the Ecclesiastes, without any regard for Doctor Quixotus' opinion, decides this knotty question by that famous axiom: melior est sapientia quam arma bellica. Was I wrong, when I created him a Salamanca-Gorron out of my own undisputable authority?

Cervantes mentioned King Pepin and Charlemain, when he told us, that they were both killed in Passamonte's puppet-show. Jack, however, denies the truth of that fact, and will have it, that, both Charlemain and King Pepin, died many years before, not in Spain, and by a single cut of Don Quixote's irresistible sword in that puppet-show; but in France, and of a natural death in consequence of some fevers they both caught in their latter days: and to prop his strange contradiction, he notes down [305] with wonderful accuracy the very years, in which the two monarchs died.

Cervantes affirms—Reader, have mercy upon me, and be not so indiscreetly cruel, as to force me to produce more specimens of our Tolondron's immense erudition! Suffice, that Tolondron is very erudite, and knows how to adapt his learning nicely to his laudable purpose of ex-

105 "Para los doctos es debatable que los soldados precedan a los sabios" (Alicia Monguíó).

106 Es mejor la sabiduría que las armas bélicas.
pounding and illustrating his text, always dark and unintelligible. Mercy, mercy, gentle reader, and do not suffer me to waste my powers to so very silly an end; but let me go on in my own manner, which, if not the most satisfactory to thee, will certainly prove the least fatiguing to thy humble servant; and thou hast no right to make me drive this way, or that way, as if I were a hackney coach-man.

Such, or thereabout, is the main method pursued by the wise Jack, to impugnate Comento, and do away all obscurities in Cervantes’ oracular book: and quite unreasonable would I make free to call the Oxford or Cambridge scholar, that were [306] to complain of his want of exactness in his quotations out of the poem, song, or chivalry-book, from which all his erudition was extracted; as his Tolondronship has taken the trouble to set down, not only the titles of the works, out of which he got it, but, such a chapter of such a book, such a page of such a chapter, and such a line of such a page. How could otherwise any Spaniard, or any Englishman; nay, any Egyptian, or any Ethiopian, ever conceive, understand, comprehend, and be thoroughly persuaded and convinced, that Don Quixote did so and so, if Tolondron had neglected to tell him that Don Galaor did so and so? How could Dulcinea ever have winnowed her wheat in her back-yard, if Melisendra had not sat the whole day long in the balcony, looking wistfully toward France? How could Sancho ever have eaten his bread and cheese, if Gandalin had never gotten a dinner?

Poor Jack, among the several misfortunes that have befallen him, has run his noddle against one of the sundry volumes published by my old acquaintance, Father Sarmiento (as he tells us in the Prolog damned by the Captain); wherein that learned Father says, that “one needs to have read all that Cervantes had read, in order to understand Don Quixote:” and, without recollecting, that learned Fathers, as well as learned Sons, will, at times, say strange things, for the sole reason, that they happen suddenly to come across their fancies, the passive Tolondron, who swallows down for true every assertion he finds in any outlandish book, presently swallowed without chewing the learned Father’s, presently procured many of the books that he conjectured Cervantes had read, and presently thick-strewed Comento with passages out of them, whenever and wherever he chanced to spy any, that bore any likeness to any passage in his text, no matter whether such likeness was as that of a night-cap to a man’s foot, or of a galligaskin to a woman’s head: and, that he might not be wanting to himself, he got likewise a considerable number of [308] other fine things out of his other books, no matter whether written in Spanish or Italian, Greek or Latin, Dutch or Suio-Gothick: and those fine things he thrusted piece-meal into Comento, with as much industry and skill, as the London-Tavern cook would bits of lard into beef-a-la-mode: by which
surprising means we are at last come to see quite clear through the fog of Cervantes' most foggy performance, and to comprehend every tittle of it, as well as if we had written it ourselves with our own Hamburg-goose-quills.

But, to be serious, if it is possible to be serious when about so merry a subject: whatever the learned Benedictine may have said, or the unlearned Tolondron may have believed, Don Quixote is a book that wants no Comento, but what may be contained in two or three pages, as very few are the things in it that want explanation and clarification. Travelling through Spain, one meets with it, not only in almost every gentleman's house; but not [309] seldom in inns, in barbers' shops, and in peasants' cottages: and boys and girls, ten years old, understand it as well as grown folks; nor is ever any body stopt in the perusal by any difficulty, Robinson Crusoe in England, Gil Blas in France, and Bertoldo in Italy, are not better understood, than Don Quixote is in Spain: and Cervantes himself was so far from suspecting his book would ever want a comment, that he courageously predicted the popularity of it, not only in his own country, but in many countries: nor can a book ever be popular, that wants a comment to make it intelligible. Far from harbouring any such idea, or hinting, that, to understand his Don Quixote, we were to read the chivalry and other silly books he had read himself, Cervantes condemned them all to be burnt by means of the Curate: and the few, that he did not doom to the flames, were not saved with a view that they should assist readers to understand Don Quixote, but out of partiality to this and that, on some other account. Fling you, [310] Mr. John Bowle, fling into the fire your Comento likewise; as I tell it you again, that there is not one line throughout Don Quixote in want of any of your explanations; or point out only one, that you have explained better, than any Spanish girl could have done. Single words there are here and there in Don Quixote, that a Spanish girl, and a Spanish boy too, must ask mamma the meaning of: but such words scarce go beyond half a dozen, or a whole dozen, if you will have it so: and half a dozen or a whole dozen of words, are no fit subject for a Comment so very voluminous as your Tolondronship's; besides that, the explanation of words does not belong to Commentators, but to Dictionary-makers: and I will dare to say, that it would not prove difficult to find in Robinson Crusoe a dozen words not understood by boys and girls, who still will read it through, and think it a very clear and intelligible book, that stands in no want of a comment. What then signifies all your foolish erudition, brought into your foolish Comento, for the sole foolish purpose of showing your foolish self off? and what becomes of that immense farrago of quotations from your dictionaries, from your poems, songs, and chivalry-books, that illustrate nothing, expound nothing, and
clear up nothing at all? What becomes of your numberless passages out of your silly and forgotten Trobas and Coplas, which are no better than blind beggars’ compositions, or old nurses’ lullabies to still babes, and make them sleep? How could a thick-bearded man like you lose his time in treasuring up all that farrago of silly pieces, as if they had all been Greek fragments of the remotest antiquity, to be added to the Arundelian collection? You were much in the right, no doubt, in choosing the fabulous motto: Libera per vacuum posui vestigia princeps, Non aliena meo pressi pede;[107] as no body, but a Princeps Tolondronorum,[108] would have attempted the princely undertaking of treading and wading through the spacious bog of miry nonsense, you have trod and waded through during fourteen years, foundering knee-deep at every step,[132] and with an admirable mulish fortitude, that you might bless us at last with as doltish and despicable a work, as ever was seen, since Noah’s coming out of the Ark on the Armenian mountain! Come now, ye Moralists and Divines, to stun us dead, by vociferating in our ears, that time is fleeting, and must be well employed! John Bowle tells you, that, besides Ginés, therewasanother Passamonte in this world: that Don Galaor had for a sweet-heart one of Queen Grindalaya’s maids of honour; and thinks he has employed his time very well, when he enabled himself by constant study during fourteen years, to give you such important pieces of information.

But let me, gentle reader, or ungentle, if thou art ungentle, produce to thee only one specimen more of our Commentator’s great ability in expounding the various and obscure senses of his text, which (or I am sadly mistaken) will prove to thee the most edifying and instructive thing thou hast ever read: and I will have thee know, that I have such a regard for thee, as I [313] should be quite vexed to send thee home, without some little instruction or edification of some kind or other.

In my Spanish Dissertation already mentioned, I have happened to observe, that the Academicians, who compiled the great Spanish Dictionary, had been so remiss in collecting words, as to omit even some, that are to be found in their most common books: and, to back my observation, I quoted about five and thirty out of Don Quixote alone. Master Jack, who takes every body to be as ignorant as himself, in his remarks on my observation, did not miss the opportunity of palming himself upon those among his English readers, who know nothing of Spanish, for a mighty Hispanist, by explaining to me, those few among the thirty-five, that he

[107]“Fui el primero en dejar mi huella en tierra virgen, donde mi pie no pisó vestigio ajeno” (Horace, Epistles I, 19; translation of Alicia Monguíó).
[108]The prince or leader of Tolondrons.
could make out: but how did he contrive to save his credit with regard to those, that he could not make out? Some of these, said he, are not in general use; and some do not belong to the Spanish language, though spoken by Sancho and his wife. Ergo, not one of the two [314] classes has a right to a place in the Academicians' Dictionary. Such is the drift of the Tolondon's argument, and no Tolondon in the universe could ever argue more tolerondronically, as, according to this fine doctrine, we must not have in Spanish dictionaries all the words we read in Don Quixote: and, if we are not to have them in those dictionaries, you may depend on it, that we are not to look for them in the Comento neither.

But, what I was going to say, is, that, among the thirty-five words, of which the Tolondon condescended to give me the meaning, there is the word Bogiganga. This word, says Jack, means a particular kind of Farce.

A particular kind of Farce? Thank you, Jack; thank you dearly: and let me now, with this pretty explanation in my head, translate the passage in Don Quixote, wherein there is the word Bogiganga. The passage runs thus:

"Estando en essas pláticas, quiso la suerte que llegassequiesto de Bogiganga." [315] That is: "While thus talking, chance would have it, that there came a fellow dressed in a particular kind of farce."

But pray, good Jack! Why can the word Bogiganga only be explained to the reader of the original? I have long thought the English tongue copious enough, to enable any Englishman to explain any word, ever so odd and abstruse, of any outlandish language, were it even that of Pipiripao, if not with a direct equivalent English word, by means at least of a circumlocution! [316]

Master Jack shakes his wise head to and fro, persists in his opinion, that his native language is inadequate to the enormous task of explaining so very difficult a word, as that of Bogiganga: and, if you are obstinately resolved upon sounding this Eleusine Mystery, this Free-Mason-Secret, to the very bottom, you must open your silk-purse, take three good guineas out of it, buy his edition, carry it home, sit yourself down, and search into it for the wished-for explanation. No other option is left you. And is this not a good contrivance, to help the sale of an unsaleable book? Thanks to thee, good Crookshanks, for thy valuable present, that has saved me from the necessity of helping on Jack's lucrative schemes! Here
then is Comento, spick and span! What does Comento say about the magical word Bogiganga?

Comento explains it to the reader of the original in the following words, which I copy here with the greatest exactness, italics, etceteras, numbers, and bad orthography, just as they are in the second part of [317] Comento, page 31, line 9; and, on sending this sheet to the Printer, I will not forget to write a few words to his Compositor, to beg of him to be particularly careful in this place, that Mr. Commentator may not complain of my not having copied his Spanish faithfully. Here goes Jack’s explanation.

“Ay ocho maneras de compañías y representantes, y todas diferentes. Entre esas Boxiganga, Farandula, etc. En la boxiganga van dos mugeres y un muchacho, seys ó siete compañeros, y aun suelen ganar mui buenos disgustos: 79.29. porque nunca falta un hombre necio, un bravio, un mal sufrido, etc. etc. Rojas. 51. 2. 6.”

Now, good Jack; you that, in one of your four letters to Mr. Urban, called yourself a translator from the Spanish, give us in English the true and exact meaning of this precious bit of your Comento.

Nothing so easy, upon my honour, says Jack, with a pretty smile: and here you [318] have it, every bit as clear and as perspicuous, as in the original.

“There are eight kinds of companies and actors, and all different. Among them Boxiganga, Farandula, etc. In the boxiganga there go two women and a boy, six or seven companions, and also liable to get very good disgusts: 79. 29. because never is there wanting a foolish man, a bully, an impatient man, etc. etc. Rojas. 51. 2. 6.”

Idle reader, that hast the patience to go through this page, thou wilt certainly say, that, by this translation of Mr. Bowle’s Spanish note, I am playing booty to the poor cur, and humbugging thee at a great rate: but, I assure thee, that I scorn to be mean, and would not do such a thing for all the money thou mayst have at thy banker’s. What need, besides, if I were even a duplicate of Mr. John Bowle, to have recourse to unfair tricks, when one has to deal with so foolish a fencer, as comes on unbuttoned, and exposes his broad bosom so awkwardly to all passes, [319] that one may hit him, as if he were a man of straw? My translation, I repeat it, is quite faithful: and if it conveys to thee nothing, but stark nonsense, so does the original to me: nor is it my fault, if both convey nothing, but stark nonsense, both to thee and me, and help us no more
to the explanation of the word Bogiganga, than a chapter of the Alcoran, or
of the Zenda Vesta: nor be thou so curious, as to ask me even so little, as a
guess at the meaning of the note. I am no more a conjuror than my next
neighbour, and can translate Spanish words fast enough; but cannot guess
at the meaning of Jack's nonsense, which is always so superlative a kind, as
no body can make head, nor tail of, were he even to distil his brains through
a limbeck. What I can do, is, to make thee take notice, that this is the mighty
linguist, who is ready to swear to my total ignorance of Spanish, and offers to
teach it me, magnanimously beginning to give me the real signification of
my thirty-five words, among which that of Bogiganga. [320] What a pity I am
so old, as to be unfit to go to his school! Go to it thyself, reader, and be
documented by the most skilful documentor in the three kingdoms, that
thou mayst learn to make Comentos.

But still, Mr. Pickpocket, or Mr. Culprit, or what you are: if you know
what Bogiganga means, do, tell it us yourself intelligibly, and with as little
circumlocution, as you can.

What? Tell it intelligibly? Ay! And, who asks this question of me? Is it
a gentleman, or a lady?

A lady, to be sure! and a young one too: and a very pretty one, in her
mamma's opinion, as well as in her own.

Well then, lady pretty. Stick your needle in that chip-hate you are
covering with gauze, and listen patiently; because, to tell in English the
meaning of a Spanish word, that has puzzled our great Commentator, is not
to be done in a trice, I warrant you. Bogiganga then means—Let me see. It
means ______________. [321]

What? Out with it at once, dear Mr. Culprit.
It means Punchinello.
Punchinello! You are laughing; that cannot be!

But I say it is so. Bogiganga means neither more nor less, than
Punchinello. With this meaning in your head, translate now yourself the
passage in Don Quixote, and you will see how well it fits.

"Llegó, uno de la compañía vestido de Bogiganga."
"There came one of the company in a Punchinello dress."

This translation, you see, is as clear as your complexion, lady pretty.

Clearer at least, than Mr. Bowle's two explanations! And what was the
man saying, that it could not be translated, but to a reader of the original?
Thank you, good Mr. Culprit, for your better opinion of our English
language. But, here is Cousin Maitland, a studious boy of Captain Crook-
shanks's acquaintance, just come from Tunbridge-school, who wants to
know what he calls the temology of that [322] Spanish word. Don't you call
it so, cousin?

Young Maitland, I know what you mean: but do you want to be as
learned as myself, you saucy rogue?
And more if I could.
Well said, my lad! I will then tell you what Bogiganga means, from the Bo to the ga. Hush!

Bogiganga, which I would rather write Boxiganga, though in opposition to the Spanish Academicians’ edition of Don Quixote, might as well be written Voxiganga as the Spaniards make almost no difference between a B, and a V, and use them promiscuously in the speech: and Voxiganga is a coalition, or coalescence, of the Spanish feminine substantive Voz [in Latin Vox, in English Voice] and the Spanish feminine adjective gangosa, oddly shortened to ganga: and Voz gangosa means a squeaking and nasal voice, like that of Punchinello, who as you well know, speaks with a squeaking voice, that seems to come out at his nose, because the fellow, who in a [323] puppet-show, manages the puppet called Punchinello, or Punch, (as English folks abbreviate it) speaks with a tin-whistle in his mouth, which makes him emit that comical kind of voice.109

To make you as learned as myself, I must tell you, Maitland, that Punchinello in Italy, and Boxiganga in Spain, besides their appearing as puppets in puppet-shows, as they do in England, are also Dramatis Personae in some farcical extempore comedies, mostly exhibited by strolling players. Of course, the parts of Boxiganga and Punchinello are acted by men like you and me, and not by dolls in breeches, as Punch is in England: and I assure you, that, when the fellow, that acts the part of Punchinello or Boxiganga in either country, happens to have wit and humour, as is often the case; not only the vulgar, but the very best of people, cannot help being thrown into immoderate fits of laughter in spite of their teeth. Don Quixote owns, that, when young, he liked greatly the Carátula and the Farándula; [324] that is those low farces and comedies: and I own too, that, when young, I liked them as well as he, nor am I sure, that I should dislike them now, that am old, were I to see them again. And, since I am about it, having given you the etymology of Boxiganga, I may as well give you that of Punchinello, as it is not to be found in Johnson’s Dictionary, nor in any dictionary that ever I looked into; nor in the Pot-pourri of Monsieur de Voltaire, where he talks much of Polichinelle, and, besides his Life and Adventures, gives his genealogy with as much correctness, as if the humpback little fellow were a descendant of the famous Marshal Duke of Luxembourg, who was likewise as humpback, as our friend

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109 The current (22nd ed.) Spanish Academy dictionary derives bojiganga from “voxiga, variante de vejiga,” and the latter from the Latin vesiga (www.rae.es, 9 May 2003).
Know then, that the English word Punchinello is in Italian Pulcinella, which means a hen-chicken. I need not tell you, Maitland, that chickens voices are squeaking and nasal; and for this reason, as well as because chickens are timid and powerless, my whimsical countrymen have given the name of Pulcinella, [325] or Hen-Chicken, to that comic character, both on the stage, and in the puppet-show; the show being nothing else, but an imitation of the stage, and a kind of abbreviature of it. By this etymology you may see, that Punchinello and Bogiganga are nearly allied, as they nearly convey the same idea; the idea of a man that speaks with a squeaking voice through his nose: nor are you to be told neither, that Punch, in your puppet-shows, being but a timid and weak fellow, is always thrashed by the other puppet-actors in the show; yet always boasts of victory after they are gone, as feeble cowards are apt to do, bragging, that they have gotten the better of those, by whom they were soundly bastinadoed.

To all this abstruse and wonderful erudition I must add, that the Spaniards call Ganga a wild bird of the web-footed kind, because her voice, like that of geese, ducks, and other birds of that sort, is squeaking and nasal; and it is a moot point, whether from the bird Ganga came the Spanish adjective Gangoso, gangosa, or the very contrary: a point, that I am not scientific enough to decide with Bowlean promptitude, and well deserving the deepest consideration of the most learned scholars.

And, as the pouring out of my unbounded learning is a-going, I will pour it off to the last drop, by telling you furthermore, that Mogiganga, a word easily equivocated with Bogiganga, is the name given in Spain to some masqued assemblies, whereto people resort in the oddest disguises they can think of, and there speak to each other in a squeaking and nasal voice, that they may not be known; exactly as they do in your masquerades at the Opera-house and the Pantheon. The Academicians' Dictionary gives Mogiganga a part of this my definition; and Don Antonio de Solis, in one of his farces, entitled El Salta en Banco (the Mountebank) introduces Seis hombres vestidos de Mogigangas; that is, six men in Mogiganga-dresses; whereby we see, that, in some sense, [327] there is no great difference between Mogiganga and Bogiganga, and that the concurrents to that sort of assemblies or masquerades go themselves by their very names. Our Tolondron, who has been more than twenty years employed in turning the leaves of the Academicians' Dictionary, 'tis probable, that he has formerly lighted upon their definition of the word Mogiganga: but preserving only a confused remembrance of it, when he gave me his non-

\[\text{Note that Baretti strays off the topic so as to display his erudition, the same fault he accuses Bowle of.}\]
sensical explanation of the word Bogiganga, confounded the two ideas of farce
and masquerade, and blundered at the rate he did, in his letter to his Doctor.
Whether this conjecture of mine is right or wrong, I will refer him to Shélon’s English translation of Don Quixote, who, with great propriety,
renders the word Bogiganga, the fool in the play; which might have put the
Commentator in the way of being right, if he had attended to it, while he
was about his mui malda\ntas Anotaciones a Quixote, as he calls his mui maldito
Comento.

But enough of this kind of learning, which, in all likelihood, will, by
serious [328] readers, be termed most impertinent learning: and, should any
lover of etymologies pardon it, and consider it as deserving a small corner
in M enage or Covarruvias’s works, I am sure I should be as proud of it, as my
landlady’s maid was on Sunday last, when she put her new gown of a yard-
wide stuff, to go to church in. At all events, our Tolondron, that fancies he
could teach me Spanish, may well be aware by this time, that, were I to go
to his school, I might possibly prove a very clever lad, and even play the
husher in his absence, if he were ever willing to trust me with the rod.

To his Comento the Tolondronissimo has tagged no less than five
Indexes, mightily conducive, like his double definition of Bogiganga, to
the complete understanding of Don Quixote, which, no doubt, was
the laudable aim he had in both his eyes during his fourteen years
incessant drudgery.

The two first of those Indexes, which might as well have been
melted into one, if the man had ever known how to do [329] things
right: the two first Indexes, I say, contain, in due alphabetic order, not
only the names of all the men and women mentioned in Don Quixote,
from Adam and Eve, down to Sancho and Teresa; but also the names, that
Cervantes happened to name, of countries, towns, castles, villages, rivers,
streets, squares, churches, and other component parts of this low world.
By thus bringing in a synoptical view Adam and Eve, Alexander, Ovid,
Pedro de Bustamante, Don Galaor, Ariosto, Cardenio, Agramante, Le\la
Marien, Leo the Jew, the little engineering Friar, Mahomet, Lucifer, Julius
Caesar, and other such personages, plain it is, that the comprehending
of Don Quixote is greatly facilitated to the Spaniards, especially, as,
among those names of men and women, the Tolondron has
ingeniously intermixed, not only those, as I said, of Sancho and his wife,
but also those of the Curate, of the Barber, of Sanson Carrasco, of Tomé
Cedral, of Dulcinea, of Sancho’s elegant daughter Sanchica, and that of
Don Quixote himself, which, had [330] they unfortunately been left out
of either Index, would certainly have left the poor text as dark, as any
dark cellar in Darkhouse-lane, near Billingsgate, where Jack often
resorts to learn English, and eat oysters cheap.
Don Quixote is likewise further expounded by Jack's having registered in those two Indexes the names of Africa, Spain, England, the Island Barataria, the Island Melindrania, the Kingdom of Sobradisa, Naples, Valencia, Barcellona, Carthage, Carthagena, and other places, which, no doubt, render very intelligible the puzzling geography of Cervantes. Nor has the Tolondron forgotten, among so many names, those of Bucophalus, Babieca, Frontino, Bajardo, and Brilladoro; that were formerly mounted by Alexander, Ruy Diaz surnamed the Cid, Sacripante, Rinaldo, and Orlando; every thing with a view to sweep away difficulties, clear up obscurities, and make every rough passage as smooth, and as nice, as an infanta's nuptial bed. His admirable ingenuity went even so far, [331] as to tell you exactly, how many times Rocinante is named by his name throughout the text: a thing that contributes not a little to make it plainer and plainer. But—O tempora! O mores! Could you have suspected it, ye Christians of all denominations, that, having done so much for the fortunate Rocinante, Mr. Index-Maker has totally forgotten Sancho's meritorious Ass, as if the glorious quadruped had been a blictir, a mere nonentity, in comparison to his lean and slow-paced comrade! Prodigious busy have I been in searching under the words Asno, Burro, Borrico, Pollino, Jumento, Rucio, Animal, Bestia, and Bestezuela, by all which the brave ass is called in various parts of the text: but could get no more tidings of him, than of the braying Alcalde's, or of those three, on which the sublime Dulcinea and her two amiable damsels rode, when the wicked Necromancer transformed them into three garlic-stinking wenches. How the diligent and accurate Tolondron could, on this great [332] contingency, be so unlike himself, and prove guilty of so strange an oversight, can scarcely be conceived, considering the long time he has wasted away in heaping up, with his broad intellectual space, every most minute minutia, that could throw light upon his text, and give a tympany to his Comento. Mercy upon me! Not so much as a cumin-seed of brotherly love in some flinty hearts! O tempora! O mores!

But what do you imagine, good neighbours, that Mr. Bowle's third Index contains? Out with your groat a-piece each of you, and you shall know it as well as myself! That third Index contains (and I do not bamboozle you) neither more nor less than the names, told over again, of all the men and women named in Don Quixote; such as Adam and Eve, Sancho and Teresa, Don Quixote, Sanson Carrasco, Don Galaor, Alexander, Mahomet, Agramant, Ovid, Lela Marien, and the rest; as also the names told over again, of countries, towns, villages, rivers, castles, churches, etcetera, [333] with the only addition of two regions, by him discovered, I know

“¡Qué tiempos! ¡Qué costumbres!” (a famous verse of Cicero).
not in what latitude; the one called Pastor Fido, and the other Paternoster. What part of the text this repetition of names clarifies, and makes intelligible, I cannot as yet guess: but, if ever I am so lucky as to find it out, every soul of you shall know it speedily, by means of some scholia to the present Speeches, that I am actually planning, as I am none of your Rosicrucians, that keep to themselves all the beneficial knowledge they can get at, to the great detriment of the literary commonwealth.

Index four, and Index five, not only contain the palabras principales, or principal words, used by Cervantes in his book, such as Abundancia, Marinero, Famoso, Dolor, Absurdo, Ingenioso, Bastardo, and other such; but also a punctual enumeration of the times, that each one of those palabras has been repeated throughout the book, every repetition ascertained by proper numerical references to the chapters, pages, [334] and lines, wherein they have occurred again and again. To own the truth, I have, as yet, not had sufficient leisure, accurately to read these two last Indexes through: but Señor Sancha, the Madrid bookseller and printer already mentioned, who came to England on purpose to be taught by Mr. Bowle the Aljami, or Moorish Jargon, used by Cervantes throughout his Don Quixote, told me, before his return to his country took place, that Mr. Bowle, by means of those two glorious Indexes, had informed him of the number of times, that the word Cavallero (knight) has been repeated in Cervantes’s book; which number I have now forgotten whether it amounted to seventeen hundred, or seventeen hundred thousand; but I know it is thereabouts: a piece of information, said he, that, he was quite sure, would prove of infinite advantage to the Royal Academicians, and all other good people in Spain if ever desirous to understand Don Quixote, and enter into the very marrow of all his numerous dark meanings. Mr. Bowle, added Señor Sancha, has done us all such mighty service by apprising us minutely of all Don Quixote’s doings, not very well known to us before, that, depend upon it, my grateful countrymen shall have a statue raised to his honour in the very center of Barataria, to match that already erected there to Sancho Panza, to immortalize his ever-memorable government of that celebrated island.

This, ye yeoman of England, lairds of Scotland, and volunteers of Ireland; this is the sketch, that I have, with no great labour, etched of Mr. John Bowle’s unmatchable performance. A more waspish reviewer than myself, by taking some more pains than I have been willing to do, might have tossed him much higher in his critical blanket, than I have done in mine: but as it matters not a straw to the wide world, whether his book is good or bad, of use, or of no use, I did not think it right to lose more time in epitomizing it, than I have already lost. [336] Captain Crookshanks was the man, who gave me the first notice, while I was in Sussex,
of the Letter to the Divinity-Doctor, by means whereof our good Jack flattered himself to blister me all over, and cure me of the rheumatism. But that letter I had disregarded, as too sublimely despicable in every point to be noticed, if, on my coming to town, the beginning of last month, (and today is the 17th of November, 1785), I had not happened to read his four other Letters to Mr. Urban, which, I own, shocked me, not so much on mine, as on Doctor Johnson's account, whose most respectable memory is, in those rascally scraps, so beastly vilified, as you have seen, by this vile dealer in scurrility, scandal, and abominable lies. To chastise the brute for having dared so to do, and teach him to leave off his Ourang-Outang tricks for the future, I have scribbled in a hurry these Speeches, firmly persuaded, that there is not one honest man in the three kingdoms, but what will approve of my hunting down such a Savage, who excavates and throws open, with claws and fangs, even sepulchres, that he may satiate his horrid hunger with the bones of the dead. In the Prologo, so judiciously damned by Captain Crookshanks, the Jack has told us in his Spanish lingo, that, long before any body had seen any part of his performance, Deans, Barons, Esquires, and Dons gave it infinite praise: and to them he might have added the Captain himself, who was then likewise one of his warmest encomiasts, as well as one of his most liberal subscribers. But, if ever the Edition and Comment come to a second edition, as the Tolondronissimo still flatters himself will be the case, let him issue forth with the names of the Deans, Barons, Esquires, and Dons, that approved of his great undertaking after they saw it printed. I would give the world, as the phrase is, to see Mr. John Bowle produce, out of his pocket-book, a single card of congratulation on this score, subscribed Percy, Dillon, Tyrwhitt, Ortega, or Saforcada, who were those, as he tells us, that approved of his great undertaking, and spurred him briskly to carry it on, as they took it for granted, that he told them truth, when he informed them of his own immense abilities for that purpose, which then they had certainly no means of forming any idea of.

To conclude and make an end of this paltry subject, I now pull my night-cap off my white-haired noddle, and, making a most reverential bow to Mr. John Bowle, alias Querist, alias Anti-janus, alias Izzard Zed, alias Coglione, alias Jack, alias Tolondon; and wishing a merry Christmas to you all, there goes to the Devil his edition and my pen, quite worn out to the stump. Valete omnes.

FINIS