his infancy he was fond of books; but he applied him­ſelf wholly to books of entertainment, ſuch as novels and poetry of all kinds, eſpecially Spaniſh and Italian authors. From Spain he went to Italy, either to ſerve Cardinal Aquaviva, to whom he was chamberlain at Rome; or elſe to follow the proſeſſion of a ſoldier, as he did ſome years under the victorious banners of Mar­co Antonio Colonna. He was preſent at the battle of Lepanto, fought in the year 1571; in which he either loſt his left hand by the ſhot of an harquebus, or had it ſo maimed that he loſt the uſc of it. After this he was taken by the Moors, and carried to Algiers, where he continued a captive five years and a half. Then he returned to Spain, and applied himſelf to the writing of comedies and tragedies; and he compoſed ſeveral, all of which were well received by the public, and acted with great applauſe. In the year 1584 he publiſhed his Galatea, a novel in fix books; which he presented to Aſcanio Colonna, a man of high rank in the church, as the firſt fruits of his wit. But the work which has done him the greateſt honour, and will immortalize his name, is the hiſtory of Don Quixote; the firſt part of which was printed at Madrid in the year 1605. This is a satire upon books of knight-errantry; and the prin­cipal, if not the ſole, end of it was to deſtroy the repu­tation of theſe books, which had ſo infatuated the great­er part of mankind, eſpecially thoſe of the Spaniſh na­tion. This work was univerſally read; and the moſt eminent painters, tapeſtry-workers, engravers, and ſculptors, have been employed in repreſenting the hiſtory of Don Quixote. Cervantes, even in his lifetime, ob­tained the glory of having his work receive a royal ap­probation. As King Philip III. was Handing in a bal­cony of his palace at Madrid, and viewing the country, he obſerved a ſtudent on the banks of the river Man­zanares reading in a book, and from time to time break­ing off and beating his forehead with extraordinary tokens of pleaſure and delight: upon which the king laid to thoſe about him, “ That ſcholar is either mad, or reading Hon Quixote: ” the latter of which pro­ved to be the cafe. But *virtus laudatur et alget:* notwithstanding the vaſt applauſe his book every where met with, he had not intereſt enough to procure a ſmall pension, but had much ado to keep himſelf from ſtarving. In the year 1615, he publiſhed a ſecond part; to which he was partly moved by the preſumption of ſome ſcribbler, who had publiſhed a continuation of this work the year before. He wrote alſo ſeveral novels; and among the rest, “ The Troubles of Perſiles and Sigiſmunda. ” He had employed many years in writing this novel, and ſiniſhed it but juſt before his death; for he did not live to fee it publiſhed. His fickneſs was of ſuch a nature, that he himſelf was able to be, and actually was, his own hiſtorian. At the end of the pieſace to the Troubles of Perſiles and Sigiſmunda, he repreſents him­ſelf on horſeback upon the road, and a ſtudent,. who had overtaken him, engaged in converſation with him: “ And happening to talk of my illneſs (ſays he), the ſtudent soon let me know my doom, by laying it was a dropſy I had got; the thirst attending which all the wa­ter of the ocean, though it were not ſalt, would not ſuſſice to quench. Therefore Senor Cervantes, ſays he, you muſt drink nothing at all, but do not forget to eat; for this alone will recover you without any other physic. I have been told the fame by others, anſwered I;

but I can no more forbear tippling, than if I were born to do nothing elſe. My life is drawing to an end; and from the daily journal of my pulſe, I ſhall have ſiniſhed my courſe by next Sunday at the fartheſt. —But adieu, my merry friends all, for I am going to die; and I hope to ſee you ere long in the other world, as happy as heart can wiſh. ” His dropſy increaſed, and at laſt proved fatal to him; yet lie continued to fay and to write bon mots. He received the laſt ſacrament on the 18th of April 1616; yet the day after wrote a He- dication of the Troubles of Perſiles and Sigiſmunda to the Condé de Lemos. The particular day of his death is not known.

SABA, a Hutch iſland near St Euſtatia in the West Indies.@@ It is a ſteep rock, on the ſummit of which is a little ground, very proper for gardening. Frequent rains, which do not lie any time on the foil, give growth to plants of an exquiſite flavour, and cabbages of an extraordinary ſize. Fifty European families, with about one hundred and fifty ſlaves, here raiſe cotton, ſpin it, make ſtockings of it, and fell them to other colonies for as much as ten crowns@@\* a pair. Throughout America there is no blood ſo pure as that of Saba; the wo­men there preſerve a freſhneſs of complexion, which is not to be found in any other of the Caribbee iſlands. Happy colony! elevated on the top of a rock between the sky and lea, it enjoys the benefit of both elements without dreading their ſtorms; it breathes a pure air, lives upon vegetables, cultivates a ſimple commodity, from which it derives eaſe without the temptation of riches: is employed in labours leſs troubleſorne than uſeful, and poſſeſſes in peace all the bleſſings of mode­ration, health, beauty, and liberty. This is the temple of peace from whence the philosopher may contemplate at leiſure the errors and pallions of men, who come, like the waves of the ſea, to ſtrike and daſlr themſelvcs on the rich coaſts of America, the ſpoils and poſſeſſion of which they are perpetually contending for, and wreſting from each other: hence may he view at a diſtance the nations of Europe bearing thunder in the midſt. of the ocean, and burning with the flames of ambition and avarice under the beats of the tropics; devouring gold without ever being ſatisſied; wading through ſeas of blood to amaſs thoſe metals, thoſe pearls, thoſe dia­monds, which are uſed to adorn the oppreſſors of man­kind; loading innumerable ſhips with thoſe precious calks, which furniſh luxury with purple, and ſrom which flow pleaſures, effeminacy, cruelty, and debauch­ery. The tranquil inhabitant of Saba views this maſs of follies, and ſpins his cotton in peace.

SABÆANS. See Sabians.

SABAZIA, in Greek antiquity, were nocturnal myſteries in honour of Jupiter Sabazius. All the ini­tiated had a golden ſerpent put in at their breaſts, and taken out at the lower part of their garments, in me­mory of Jupiter’s raviſhing Proſerpina in the form of a ſerpent. There were also other feaſts and ſacriſices diſtinguiſhed by this appellation, in honour of Mithras, the deity of the Perlians, and of Bacchus, who was thus denominated by the Sabians, a people of Thrace.

SABBATARIANS, or seventh day baptists, a ſect of anabaptiſts; thus called, becauſe they obſerved the Jewiſh or Saturday-Sabbath, from a perſualion that it was never abrogated in the New Teſtament by the inſtitution of any other.

@@@ [mu] Raynal's History, vol. iv.

@@@\* [m]L. 1: 5: 0.