

from whence he came back more lightsome, and more desirous to put in execution what his squire had projected. The Canon gazed earnestly at him, and stood in admiration at his strange and unaccountable madness, perceiving, that in all his discourse and answers he discovered a very good understanding, and only lost his stirrups, as has been already said, when the conversation happened to turn upon the subject of chivalry. And so, after they were all sat down on the green grass, in expectation of the sumpter-mule, the Canon, being moved with compassion, said to him: "Is it possible, worthy Sir, that the crude and idle study of books of chivalry should have had that influence upon you, as to turn your brain in such manner as to make you believe you are now enchanted, with other things of the same stamp, which are as far from being true as falsehood itself is from truth? How is it possible any human understanding can persuade itself there ever was in the world that infinity of Amadis's, that rabble of famous Knights, so many Emperors of Trapisonda, so many Felixmartes of Hyrcania, so many palfreys, so many damsels-errant, so many serpents, so many dragons, so many giants, so many unheard-of adventures, so many kinds of enchantments, so many battles, so many furious encounters, so much bravery of attire, so many princesses in love, so many squires become earls, so many witty dwarfs, so many billets-doux,

so many courtships, so many valiant women, and lastly, so many and such absurd accidents, as your books of Knight-errantry contain? For my own part, when I read them, without reflecting that they are all falsehood and folly, they give me some pleasure: but, when I consider what they are, I throw the very best of them against the wall, and should into the fire, had I one near me, as well deserving such a punishment, for being false and inveigling, and out of the road of common sense, as broachers of new sects and new ways of life, and as giving occasion to the ignorant vulgar to believe, and look upon as truths, the multitude of absurdities they contain. Nay, they have the presumption to dare to disturb the understandings of ingenious and well-born gentlemen, as is but too notorious in the effect they have had upon your Worship, having reduced you to such a pass, that you are forced to be shut up in a cage, and carried on a waggon from place to place, like some lion or tiger, to be shown for money. Ah, Signor Don Quixote, have pity on yourself, and return into the bosom of discretion, and learn to make use of those great abilities Heaven has been pleased to bestow upon you, by employing that happy talent you are blessed with in some other kind of reading, which may redound to the benefit of your conscience, and to the increase of your honour. But if a strong natural impulse must still lead you to

books of exploits and chivalries, read, in the holy scripture, the book of Judges, where you will meet with wonderful truths, and achievements no less true than heroic. Portugal had a Viriatus, Rome a Cæsar, Carthage an Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Castile a Count Fernando Gonzales, Valencia a Cid, Andalusia a Gonzalo Fernandez, Estremadura a Diego Garcia de Paredes, Xerez a Garci Perez de Vargas, Toledo a Garcilasso, and Seville a Don Manuel de Leon; the reading of whose valorous exploits may entertain, instruct, delight, and raise admiration in the most elevated genius. This, indeed, would be a study worthy of your good understanding, my dear friend, whereby you will become learned in history, enamoured of virtue, instructed in goodness, bettered in manners, valiant without rashness, and cautious without cowardice: and all this will redound to the glory of God, to your own profit, and the fame of La Mancha, from whence, as I understand, you derive your birth and origin."

Don Quixote listened with great attention to the Canon's discourse; and when he found he had done, after having stared at him a pretty while, he said; "I find, Sir, the whole of what you have been saying tends to persuade me there never were any Knights-errant in the world, and that all the books of chivalry are false, lying, mischievous, and unprofitable to the common-

wealth; and that I have done ill in reading, worse in believing, and worst of all in imitating them, by taking upon me the rigorous profession of Knight-errantry, which they teach: and you deny, that ever there were any Amadis's, either of Gaul or of Greece, or any other Knights, such as those books are full of."—"It is all precisely as you say," replied the Canon. To which Don Quixote answered: "You also were pleased to add, that those books had done me much prejudice, having turned my brain, and reduced me to the being carried about in a cage; and that it would be better for me to amend and change my course of study, by reading other books more true, more pleasant, and more instructive."—"True," answered the Canon. "Why then," said Don Quixote, "in my opinion you are the madman and the enchanted person, since you have set yourself to utter so many blasphemies against a thing so universally received in the world, and held for such truth, that he, who should deny it, as you do, deserves the same punishment you are pleased to say you bestow on those books, when you read them, and they vex you. For to endeavour to make people believe, that there never was an Amadis in the world, nor any other of the Knights-adventurers, of which histories are full, would be to endeavour to persuade them, that the sun does not enlighten, the frost give cold, nor the earth yield suste-

nance. What genius can there be in the world able to persuade another, that the affair of the Infanta Floripes and Guy of Burgundy was not true; and that of Fierabras at the bridge of Mantible, which fell out in the time of Charlemagne, which, I vow to God, is as true as that it is now daylight? And, if these be lies, so must it also be, that there ever was a Hector or an Achilles, or a Trojan war, or the twelve Peers of France, or King Arthur of England, who is still wandering about transformed into a raven, and is every minute expected in his kingdom. And will any one presume to say, that the history of Guarino Mezquino, and that of the lawsuit of Saint Grial, are lies<sup>43</sup>; or that the amours of Sir Tristram and the Queen Iseo, and those of Ginebra and Lancelot, are also apocryphal; whereas there are persons, who almost remember to have seen the Duenna Quintannona, who was the best skinker of wine, that ever Great Britain could boast of? And this is so certain, that I remember my grandmother by my father's side, when she saw any Duenna reverently coifed, would say to me; 'Look, grandson, that old woman is very like the Duenna Quintannona.' From whence I infer, that she must either have known her, or at least have seen some portrait of her. Then, who can deny the truth of the history of Peter of Provence and the fair Magalona, since, to this very day, is to be seen, in the

king's armory, the peg, wherewith he steered the wooden horse, upon which he rode through the air; which peg is somewhat bigger than the pole of a coach: and close by the peg stands Babieca's saddle. And in Roncesvalles is to be seen Orlando's horn, as big as a great beam. From all which I conclude, that there were the twelve Peers, the Peters, the Cids, and such other Knights as those the world calls adventurers. If not, let them also tell me, that the valiant Portuguese John de Merlo was no Knight-errant; he, who went to Burgundy, and in the city of Ras fought the famous lord of Charni, Monseigneur<sup>44</sup> Pierre, and afterwards, in the city of Basil, with Monseigneur Enrique of Remestan, coming off from both engagements conqueror, and loaded with honourable fame: besides the adventures and challenges, accomplished in Burgundy, of the valiant Spaniards Pedro Barba, and Gutierre Quixada, from whom I am lineally descended, who vanquished the sons of the Count Saint Paul. Let them deny likewise, that Don Fernando de Guevara travelled into Germany in quest of adventures, where he fought with Messire<sup>45</sup> George, a Knight of the Duke of Austria's court. Let them say, that the jousts of Suero de Quinones of the Pass<sup>46</sup> were all mockery: with the enterprises of Monseigneur Louis de Falses against Don Gonzalo de Guzman, a Castilian Knight; with many more exploits, performed by Christian

Knights of these and of foreign kingdoms; all so authentic and true, that, I say again, whoever denies them must be void of all sense and reason."

The Canon stood in admiration to hear the medley Don Quixote made of truths and lies, and to see how skilled he was in all matters any way relating to Knight-errantry; and therefore answered him: "I cannot deny, Signor Don Quixote, but there is some truth in what you say, especially in relation to the Spanish Knights-errant; and I am also ready to allow, that there were the twelve Peers of France: but I can never believe they did all those things ascribed to them by Archbishop Turpin: for the truth is, they were Knights chosen by the Kings of France, and called peers, as being all equal in quality and prowess: at least, if they were not, it was fit they should be so: and in this respect they were not unlike our religious military orders of Saint Jago or Calatrava, which presuppose that the professors are, or ought to be, cavaliers of worth, valour, and family: and, as now we say, a Knight of St. John, or of Alcantara, in those times they said, a Knight of the twelve Peers, those of that military order being twelve in number, and all equal. That there was a Cid, is beyond all doubt, as likewise a Bernardo del Carpio; but that they performed the exploits told of them, I believe there is great reason to suspect. As to Peter of Provence's peg, and its standing

close by Babieca's saddle, in the king's armory, I confess my sin, in being so ignorant, or short-sighted, that, though I have seen the saddle, I never could discover the peg; which is somewhat strange, considering how big you say it is."—" Yet, without all question there it is," replied Don Quixote, "since they say it is kept in a leather case, that it may not take rust."—" It may be so," answered the Canon; "but, by the holy orders I have received, I do not remember to have seen it. But supposing I should grant you it is there, I do not therefore think myself bound to believe the stories of so many Amadis's, nor those of such a rabble rout of Knights as we hear of: nor is it reasonable, that a gentleman, so honourable, of such excellent parts, and endued with so good an understanding as yourself, should be persuaded, that such strange follies, as are written in the absurd books of chivalry, are true."

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## CHAP. L.

OF THE INGENIOUS CONTEST BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE  
AND THE CANON, WITH OTHER ACCIDENTS.

"A GOOD jest, indeed!" answered Don Quixote, "that books printed with the licence of Kings, and the approbation of the examiners, read with general pleasure, and applauded by great and small, poor and rich, learned and ig-



norant, gentry and commonalty, in short, by all sorts of people, of what state or condition soever they be, should be all lies, and especially carrying such an appearance of truth! For do they not tell us the father, the mother, the country, the kindred, the age, the place, with a particular detail of every action performed daily by such a Knight or Knights? Good Sir, be silent, and do not utter such blasphemies; and believe me, I advise you to act in this affair like a discreet person: do but peruse them, and you will find what pleasure attends this kind of reading. For, pray, tell me; can there be a greater satisfaction than to see, placed as it were before our eyes, a vast lake of boiling pitch, and in it a prodigious number of serpents, snakes, crocodiles, and divers other kinds of fierce and dreadful creatures, swimming up and down; and from the midst of the lake to hear a most dreadful voice, saying: ‘O Knight, whoever thou art, that standest beholding this tremendous lake, if thou art desirous to enjoy the happiness, that lies concealed beneath these sable waters, show the valour of thy undaunted breast, and plunge thyself headlong into the midst of this black and burning liquor: for, if thou dost not, thou wilt be unworthy to see the mighty wonders enclosed therein, and contained in the seven castles of the seven enchanted nymphs, who dwell beneath this horrid blackness.’ And scarcely has the Knight heard the

fearful voice, when, without farther consideration, or reflecting upon the danger, to which he exposes himself, and even without putting off his cumbersome and weighty armour, recommending himself to God and his mistress, he plunges into the middle of the boiling pool; and, when he neither heeds nor considers what may become of him, he finds himself in the midst of flowery fields, with which those of Elysium can in no wise compare. There the sky seems more transparent, and the sun shines with a fresher brightness. Beyond it appears a pleasing forest, so green and shady, that its verdure rejoices the sight, whilst the ears are entertained with the sweet and artless notes of an infinite number of little painted birds, hopping to and fro among the intricate branches. Here he discovers a warbling brook, whose cool waters, resembling liquid crystal, run murmuring over the fine sands and snowy pebbles, out-glittering sifted gold and purest pearl. There he espies an artificial fountain of variegated jasper and polished marble. Here he beholds another of rustic work, in which the minute shells of the muscle, with the white and yellow wreathed houses of the snail, placed in orderly confusion, interspersed with pieces of glittering crystal and pellucid emeralds, compose a work of such variety, that art imitating nature seems here to surpass her. Then on a sudden he descries a strong castle, or

stately palace; whose walls are of massy gold, the battlements of diamonds, and the gates of hyacinths: in short, the structure is so admirable, that, though the materials, of which it is framed, are no less than diamonds, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, gold, and emeralds, yet the workmanship is still more precious. And, after having seen all this, can any thing be more charming than to behold, sallying forth at the castle-gate, a goodly troop of damsels, whose bravery and gorgeous attire should I pretend to describe, as the histories do at large, I should never have done; and then she, who appears to be the chief of them all, presently takes by the hand the daring Knight, who threw himself into the burning lake, and, without speaking a word, carries him into the rich palace, or castle, and, stripping him as naked as his mother bore him, bathes him in milk-warm water, and then anoints him all over with odoriferous essences, and puts on him a shirt of the finest lawn, all sweet-scented and perfumed. Then comes another damsel, and throws over his shoulders a mantle, reckoned worth, at the very least, a city or more. What a sight is it then, when after this he is carried to another hall, to behold the tables spread in such order, that he is struck with suspense and wonder! Then to see him wash his hands in water distilled from amber and sweet-scented flowers! To see him seated in a chair of ivory!

To behold the damsels waiting upon him in marvellous silence! Then to see such variety of delicious viands, so savourily dressed, that the appetite is at a loss to direct the hand! To hear soft music while he is eating, without knowing who it is, that sings, or from whence the sounds proceed! And when dinner is ended, and the cloth taken away, the Knight lolling in his chair, and perhaps picking his teeth, according to custom, enters unexpectedly at the hall door a damsel much more beautiful than any of the former, and, seating herself by the Knight's side, begins to give him an account what castle that is, and how she is enchanted in it, with sundry other matters, which surprise the Knight, and raise the admiration of those, who read his history. I will enlarge no further upon this; for from hence you may conclude, that whatever part one reads of whatever history of Knights-errant, must needs cause delight and wonder in the reader. Believe me then, Sir, and as I have already hinted, read these books, and you will find, that they will banish all your melancholy, and meliorate your disposition, if it happens to be a bad one. This I can say for myself, that, since I have been a Knight-errant, I am become valiant, civil, liberal, well-bred, generous, courteous, daring, affable, patient, a sufferer of toils, imprisonments, and enchantments: and though it be so little a while since I saw myself locked up in a cage like a

madman, yet I expect by the valour of my arm, Heaven favouring, and fortune not opposing, in a few days to see myself King of some kingdom, in which I may display the gratitude and liberality enclosed in this breast of mine: for, upon my faith, Sir, the poor man is disabled from practising the virtue of liberality, though he possess it in never so eminent a degree; and the gratitude, which consists only in inclination, is a dead thing, even as faith without works is dead. For which reason I should be glad, that fortune would offer me speedily some opportunity of becoming an Emperor, that I may show my heart by doing good to my friends, especially to poor Sancho Panza here, my squire, who is the honestest man in the world; and I would fain bestow on him an earldom, as I have long since promised him, but that I fear he will not have ability sufficient to govern his estate."

Sancho overheard his master's last words, to whom he said: "Take you the pains, Signor Don Quixote, to procure me this same earldom, so often promised by you, and so long expected by me; for I assure you I shall not want for ability sufficient to govern it. But supposing I had not, I have heard say, there are people in the world, who take lordships to farm, paying the owners so much a year, and taking upon themselves the whole management thereof, whilst the Lord himself, with outstretched legs, lies along

at his ease, enjoying the rent they give him, without concerning himself any further about it. Just so will I do, and give myself no more trouble than needs must, but immediately surrender all up, and live upon my rents like any duke, and let the world rub."—"This, brother Sancho," replied the Canon, "is to be understood only as to the enjoyment of the revenue: but as to the administration of justice, the lord himself must look to that; and for this, ability, sound judgment, and especially an upright intention, are required; for if these be wanting in the beginnings, the means and ends will always be erroneous; and therefore God usually prospers the good intentions of the simple, and disappoints the evil designs of the cunning."—"I do not understand these philosophies," answered Sancho; "I only know, I wish I may as speedily have the earldom, as I should know how to govern it; for I have as large a soul as another, and as large a body as the best of them; and I should be as much king of my own dominion as any one is of his: and being so, I would do what I pleased; and doing what I pleased, I should have my will; and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there's an end of it; and let the estate come, and God be with ye; and let us see it, as one blind man said to another."—"These are no bad phi-

losophies, as you say, Sancho," added the Canon; "nevertheless there is a great deal more to be said upon the subject of earldoms." To which Don Quixote replied: "I know not what more may be said; only I govern myself by the example of the great Amadis de Gaul, who made his squire Knight of the Firm Island; and therefore I may, without scruple of conscience, make an earl of Sancho Panza, who is one of the best squires, that ever Knight-errant had." The Canon was amazed at Don Quixote's methodical and orderly madness, the manner of his describing the adventure of the Knight of the lake, the impression made upon him by those premeditated lies he had read in his books: and lastly, he admired at the simplicity of Sancho, who so vehemently desired to obtain the earldom his master had promised him.

By this time the Canon's servants, who went to the inn for the sumpter-mule, were come back; and spreading a carpet on the green grass, they sat down under the shade of some trees, and dined there, that the waggoner might not lose the conveniency of that fresh pasture, as we have said before. And while they were eating, they heard on a sudden a loud noise, and the sound of a little bell in a thicket of briers and thorns, that was hard by; and at the same instant they saw a very beautiful she-goat, speckled with black, white, and gray, run out of the thicket.

After her came a goatherd, calling to her aloud, in his wonted language, to stop and come back to the fold. The fugitive goat, trembling and affrighted, betook herself to the company, as it were for their protection, and there she stopped. The goatherd came up, and taking her by the horns, as if she were capable of discourse and reasoning, he said to her: "Ah, wanton, spotted fool! what caprice hath made thee halt thus of late days? What wolves wait for thee, child? Wilt thou tell me, pretty one, what this means? But what else can it mean, but that thou art a female, and therefore canst not be quiet? A curse on thy humours, and on all theirs, whom thou resemblest so much! Turn back, my love, turn back; for though, perhaps, you will not be so contented, at least, you will be more safe in your own fold, and among your own companions: and if you, who are to look after, and guide them, go yourself so much astray, what must become of them?" The goatherd's words delighted all the hearers extremely, especially the Canon, who said to him: "I entreat you, brother, be not in such a hurry to force back this goat so soon to her fold; for since, as you say, she is a female, she will follow her own natural instinct, though you take never so much pains to hinder her. Come, take this morsel, and then drink; whereby you will temper your choler, and in the mean while the goat will rest herself."



And in saying this he gave him the hinder quarter of a cold rabbit on the point of a fork. The goatherd took it, and thanked him; then drank, and sat down quietly, and said: "I would not have you, Gentlemen, take me for a foolish fellow, for having talked sense to this animal; for in truth the words I spoke to her are not without a mystery. I am a country fellow, it is true, yet not so much a rustic, but I know the difference between conversing with men and beasts."—"I verily believe you," said the Priest; "for I have found by experience, that the mountains breed learned men, and the cottages of shepherds contain philosophers."—"At least, Sir," replied the goatherd, "they afford men, who have some knowledge from experience; and to convince you of this truth, though I seem to invite myself without being asked, if it be not tiresome to you, and if you please, Gentlemen, to lend me your attention, I will tell you a true story, which will confirm what I and this same gentleman (pointing to the Priest) have said."

To this Don Quixote answered: "As this business has somewhat of the face of an adventure, I for my part will listen to you, brother, with all my heart, and so will all these gentlemen, being discreet and ingenious persons, and such as love to hear curious novelties, that surprise, gladden, and entertain the senses, as I do not doubt but your story will do. Begin then,

friend, for we will all hearken.”—“ I draw my stake,” quoth Sancho, “and hie me with this pasty to yonder brook, where I intend to stuff myself for three days ; for I have heard my master Don Quixote say, that the squire of a Knight-errant must eat, when he has it, until he can eat no longer, because it often happens, that they get into some wood so intricate, that there is no hitting the way out in six days ; and then, if a man has not his belly well lined, or his wallet well provided, there he may remain, and often does remain, until he is turned into mummy.”—“ You are in the right, Sancho,” said Don Quixote : “ go whither you will, and eat what you can ; for I am already sated, and want only to give my mind its repast, which I am going to do by listening to this honest man’s story.”—“ We all do the same,” added the Canon, and then desired the goatherd to begin the tale he had promised. The goatherd gave the goat, which he held by the horns, two slaps on the back with the palm of his hand, saying : “ Lie down by me, speckled fool ; for we have time and to spare for returning to our fold.” The goat seemed to understand him ; for, as soon as her master was seated, she laid herself close by him very quietly, and looking up in his face, seemed to signify she was attentive to what the goatherd was going to relate, who began his story in this manner.

## CHAP. LI.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT THE GOATHERD RELATED  
TO ALL THOSE, WHO ACCOMPANIED DON QUIXOTE.

“THREE leagues from this valley there is a town, which, though but small, is one of the richest in all these parts: and therein dwelt a farmer of so good a character, that, though esteem is usually annexed to riches, yet he was more respected for his virtue, than for the wealth he possessed. But that, which completed his happiness, as he used to say himself, was his having a daughter of such extraordinary beauty, rare discretion, gracefulness, and virtue, that whoever knew and beheld her was in admiration at the surpassing endowments, wherewith Heaven and nature had enriched her. When a child, she was pretty, and, as she grew up, became still more and more beautiful, until, at the age of sixteen, she was beauty itself. And now the fame of her beauty began to extend itself through all the neighbouring villages: do I say, through the neighbouring villages only? It spread itself to the remotest cities, and even made its way into the palaces of kings, and reached the ears of all sorts of people, who came to see her from all parts, as if she had been some relic, or wonder-working image. Her father guarded her, and she guarded herself; for there are no pad-

locks, bolts, nor bars, that secure a maiden better than her own reserve. The wealth of the father, and the beauty of the daughter, induced many, both of the town and strangers, to demand her to wife. But he, whose right it was to dispose of so precious a jewel, was perplexed, not knowing, amidst the great number of importunate suitors, on whom to bestow her. Among the many, who were thus disposed, I was one, and flattered myself with many and great hopes of success, as being known to her father, born in the same village, untainted in blood, in the flower of my age, tolerably rich, and of no despicable understanding. With the very same advantages another of our village demanded her also in marriage; which occasioned a suspense and balancing of her father's will, who thought his daughter would be very well matched with either of us: and, to get out of this perplexity, he determined to acquaint Leandra with it; for that is the rich maiden's name, who has reduced me to this wretched state, considering that, since our pretensions were equal, it was best to leave the choice to his beloved daughter; an example worthy the imitation of all parents, who would marry their children. I do not say they should give them their choice in things prejudicial; but they should propose to them good ones, and out of them let them choose to their minds. For my part, I know not what was Leandra's liking: I only

know, that her father put us both off by pleading the too tender age of his daughter, and with such general expressions as neither laid any obligation upon him, nor disobliged either of us. My rival's name is Anselmo, and mine Eugenio; for it is fit you should know the names of the persons concerned in this tragedy, the catastrophe of which is still depending, though one may easily foresee it will be disastrous.

“ About that time there came to our town one Vincent de la Rosa, son of a poor farmer of the same village: which Vincent was come out of Italy, and other countries, where he had served in the wars. A captain, who happened to march that way with his company, had carried him away from our town at twelve years of age, and the young man returned, at the end of twelve years more, in the garb of a soldier, set off with a thousand colours, and hung with a thousand crystal trinkets and fine steel chains. To-day he put on one finery, to-morrow another: but all slight and counterfeit, of little weight and less value. The country-folks, who are naturally malicious, and, if they have ever so little leisure, are malice itself, observed, and reckoned up all his trappings and gewgaws, and found that he had three suits of apparel, of different colours, with hose and garters to them: but he disguised them so many different ways, and with many inventions, that, if one had not counted them,

you would have sworn he had had above ten suits, and above twenty plumes of feathers. And let not what I have been saying of his dress be looked upon as impertinent or superfluous; for it makes a considerable part of this story. He used to seat himself on a stone-bench, under a great poplar-tree in our market-place, and there he would hold us all gaping, and listening to the exploits he would be telling us. There was no country on the whole globe he had not seen, nor battle he had not been in. He had slain more Moors than are in Morocco and Tunis, and fought more duels, as he said, than Gante, Luna, Diego Garcia de Paredes, and a thousand others, and always came off victorious, without having lost a drop of blood. Then again he would be showing us marks of wounds, which, though they were not to be discerned, he would persuade us were so many musket-shots received in several actions and fights. In a word, with an unheard-of arrogance, he would *Thou* his equals and acquaintance, saying, his arm was his father, his deeds his pedigree, and that, under the title of soldier, he owed the King himself nothing. To these bravadoes was added, his being somewhat of a musician, and scratching a little upon the guitar, which some said he would make speak. But his graces and accomplishments did not end here; for he was also a bit of a poet, and would compose a ballad, a league and a half

in length, on every childish accident that passed in the village.

“ Now this soldier, whom I have here described, this Vincent de la Rosa, this hero, this gallant, this musician, this poet, was often seen and admired by Leandra, from a window of her house, which faced the market-place. She was struck with the tinsel of his gaudy apparel: his ballads enchanted her; and he gave at least twenty copies about of all he composed: the exploits he related of himself reached her ears: lastly (for so, it seems, the devil has ordained) she fell downright in love with him, before he had entertained the presumption of courting her. And as, in affairs of love, none are so easily accomplished as those, which are favoured by the inclination of the lady, Leandra and Vincent easily came to an agreement, and, before any of the multitude of her suitors had the least suspicion of her design, she had already accomplished it: for she left the house of her dear and beloved father (for mother she had none), and absented herself from the town with the soldier, who came off with this attempt more triumphantly than from any of those others he had so arrogantly boasted of. This event amazed the whole town, and all that heard any thing of it. I, for my part, was confounded, Anselmo astonished, her father sad, her kindred ashamed, justice alarmed, and the troopers of the holy Brotherhood in rea-

diness. They beset the highways, and searched the woods, leaving no place unexamined; and, at the end of three days, they found the poor fond Leandra in a cave of a mountain, naked to her shift, and stripped of a large sum of money, and several valuable jewels, she had carried away from home. They brought her back into the presence of her disconsolate father: they asked her how this misfortune had befallen her; she readily confessed, that Vincent de la Rosa had deceived her, and, upon promise of marriage, had persuaded her to leave her father's house, telling her he would carry her to Naples, the richest and most delicious city of the whole world; that she, through too much credulity and inadvertency, had believed him, and, robbing her father, had put all into his hands the night she was first missing; and that he conveyed her to a craggy mountain, and shut her up in that cave, in which they had found her. She also related to them how the soldier plundered her of every thing but her honour, and left her there, and fled: a circumstance, which made us all wonder afresh; for it was no easy matter to persuade us of the young man's continency: but she affirmed it with so much earnestness, that her father was in some sort comforted, making no great account of the other riches the soldier had taken from his daughter, since he had left her that jewel, which, once lost, can never be recovered.



“The very same day that Leandra returned, she disappeared again from our eyes, her father sending and shutting her up in a nunnery belonging to a town not far distant, in hopes that time might wear off a good part of the reproach his daughter has brought upon herself. Her tender years were some excuse for her fault, especially with those, who had no interest in her being good or bad: but they, who are acquainted with her good sense and understanding, could not ascribe her fault to her ignorance, but to her levity, and to the natural propensity of the sex, which is generally unthinking and disorderly. Leandra being shut up, Anselmo’s eyes were blinded; at least they saw nothing, that could afford them any satisfaction: and mine were in darkness, without light to direct them to any pleasurable object. The absence of Leandra increased our sadness, and diminished our patience: we cursed the soldier’s finery, and detested her father’s want of precaution. At last, Anselmo and I agreed to quit the town, and betake ourselves to this valley, where, he feeding a great number of sheep of his own, and I a numerous herd of goats of mine, we pass our lives among these trees, giving vent to our passions, either singing together the praises or reproaches of the fair Leandra, or sighing alone, and each apart communicating our complaints to Heaven. Several others of Leandra’s suitors, in imitation of us, are come to these

rocky mountains, practising the same employments; and they are so numerous, that this place seems to be converted into the pastoral Arcadia, it is so full of shepherds and folds; nor is there any part of it, where the name of the beautiful Leandra is not heard. One utters execrations against her, calling her fond, fickle, and immodest: another condemns her forwardness and levity: some excuse and pardon her; others arraign and condemn her: one celebrates her beauty; another rails at her ill qualities: in short, all blame, and all adore her; and the madness of all rises to that pitch, that some complain of her disdain, who never spoke to her: yea, some there are, who bemoan themselves, and feel the raging disease of jealousy, though she never gave any occasion for it; for, as I have said, her guilt was known before her inclination. There is no hollow of a rock, nor brink of a rivulet, nor shade of a tree, that is not occupied by some shepherd, who is recounting his misfortunes to the air: the echo, wherever it can be formed, repeats the name of Leandra: the mountains resound with Leandra; the brooks murmur Leandra: in short, Leandra holds us all in suspense and enchanted, hoping without hope, and fearing without knowing what. Among these extravagant madmen, he, who shows the least and the most sense, is my rival Anselmo, who, having so many other causes of complaint, complains only

of absence: and to the sound of a rebec, which he touches to admiration, pours forth his complaints in verses, which discover an excellent genius. I follow an easier, and, in my opinion, a better way, which is, to inveigh against the levity of women, their inconstancy, and double-dealing, their lifeless promises, and broken faith: and, in short, the little discretion they show in placing their affections, or making their choice.

“This, Gentlemen, was the occasion of the expressions and language I used to this goat, when I came hither; for, being a female, I despise her, though she be the best of all my flock. This is the story I promised to tell you: if I have been tedious in the relation, I will endeavour to make you amends by my service; my cottage is hard by, where I have new milk, and very savoury cheese, with variety of fruits of the season, not less agreeable to the sight than to the taste.”



## CHAP. LII.

OF THE QUARREL BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE GOATHERD, WITH THE RARE ADVENTURE OF THE DISCIPLINANTS, WHICH HE HAPPILY ACCOMPLISHED WITH THE SWEAT OF HIS BROWS.

THE goatherd's tale gave a general pleasure to all, that heard it, especially to the Canon, who, with an unusual curiosity, took notice of his

manner of telling it, in which he discovered more of the polite courtier than of the rude goatherd; and therefore he said, that the Priest was very much in the right in affirming, that the mountains produced men of letters. They all offered their service to Eugenio: but the most liberal of his offers upon this occasion was Don Quixote, who said to him: "In truth, brother goatherd, were I in a capacity of undertaking any new adventure, I would immediately set forward to do you a good turn, by fetching Leandra out of the nunnery, in which, doubtless, she is detained against her will, in spite of the abbess and all opposers, and putting her into your hands, to be disposed of at your pleasure, so far as is consistent with the laws of chivalry, which enjoin, that no kind of violence be offered to damsels: though I hope in God our Lord, that the power of one malicious enchanter shall not be so prevalent, but that the power of another and a better intentioned one may prevail over it; and then I promise you my aid and protection, as I am obliged by my profession, which is no other than to favour the weak and necessitous." The goatherd stared at Don Quixote; and observing his bad plight and scurvy appearance, he whispered the Barber, who sat next him; "Pray, Sir, who is this man, who makes such a strange figure, and talks so extravagantly?" — "Who should it be," answered the Barber, "but the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha

