

Dapple, he set forwards on his journey home, Sancho thus being forced to trudge after him on foot. On the other side, Don Gregorio, bid adieu to Anna Felix, and their separation, though but for a while, was attended with floods of tears, and all the excess of passionate sorrow. Ricote offered him a thousand crowns, but he refused them, and only borrowed five of Don Antonio, to repay him at court.

CHAPTER LXVI

WHICH TREATS OF THAT WHICH SHALL BE SEEN BY HIM THAT READS IT, AND HEARD BY HIM THAT LISTENS WHEN IT IS READ

DON QUIXOTE, as he went out of Barcelona, cast his eyes on the spot of ground where he was overthrown. "Here once Troy stood," said he; "here my unhappy fate, and not my cowardice, deprived me of all the glories I had purchased. Here fortune, by an unexpected reverse, made me sensible of her inconstancy and fickleness. Here my exploits suffered a total eclipse; and, in short, here fell my happiness, never to rise again."—Sancho, hearing his master thus dolefully paraphrasing on his misfortunes, "Good sir," quoth he, "it is as much the part of great spirits to have patience when the world frowns upon them, as to be joyful when all goes well; and I judge of it by myself; for if when I was governor I was merry, now I am but a poor squire a-foot, I am not sad. And indeed I have heard say, that this same she thing they call Fortune, is a whimsical, freakish, drunken

quean, and blind into the bargain; so that she neither sees what she does, nor knows whom she raises, nor whom she casts down.” —“Thou art very much a philosopher, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “thou talkest very sensibly. I wonder how thou camest by all this; but I must tell thee there is no such thing as fortune in the world, nor does any thing that happens here below of good or ill come by chance, but by the particular providence of Heaven; and this makes good the proverb, that every man may thank himself for his own fortune. For my part, I have been the maker of mine; but for want of using the discretion I ought to have used, all my presumptuous edifice sunk, and tumbled down at once. I might well have considered that Rozinante was too weak and feeble to withstand the Knight of the White Moon’s huge and strong-built horse. However, I would needs adventure: I did the best I could, and was overcome. Yet, though it has cost me my honour, I have not lost, nor can I lose, my integrity, to perform my promise. When I was a knight-errant, valiant and bold, the strength of my hands and my actions gave a reputation to my deeds; and now I am no more than a dismounted squire, the performance of my promise shall

give a reputation to my words. Trudge on then, friend Sancho, and let us get home, to pass the year of our probation. In that retirement we shall recover new vigour, to return to that which is never to be forgotten by me, I mean the profession of arms.” —“Sir,” quoth Sancho, “it is no such pleasure to beat the hoof, as I do, that I should be for large marches. Let us hang up this armour of yours upon some tree, in the room of one of those highwaymen that hang hereabouts in clusters, and when I am got upon Dapple’s back, we will ride as fast as you please; for, to think I can mend my pace, and foot it all the way, is what you must excuse me in.” —“Thou hast spoken to purpose, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “let my arms be hung for a trophy, and underneath, or about them, we will carve on the bark of the trees the same inscription which was written near the trophy of Orlando’s arms:—

‘Let none but he these arms displace,
Who dares Orlando’s fury face.’”

“Why, this is as I would have it,” quoth Sancho; “and were it not that we shall want Rozinante upon the road, it were not amiss to leave him hanging too.” —“Now I think better on it,” said Don Quixote, “neither the armour

nor the horse shall be served so, It shall never be said of me, 'For good service bad reward.'"—"Why, that is well said," quoth Sancho; "for indeed it is a saying among wise men, that the fault of the ass must not be laid on the packsaddle; and therefore, since in this last job you yourself were in fault, even punish yourself, and let not your fury wreak itself upon your poor armour, bruised and battered with doing you service, nor upon the tameness of Rozinante, that good-conditioned beast, nor yet upon the tenderness of my feet, requiring them to travel more than they ought."

They passed that day and four more after that, in such kind of discourse, without meeting anything that might interrupt their journey; but on the fifth day, as they entered into a country town, they saw a great company of people at an inn door, being got together for pastime, as being a holiday. As soon as Don Quixote drew near, he heard one of the countrymen cry to the rest, "Look ye now, we will leave it to one of these two gentlemen that are coming this way; they know neither of the parties; let either of them decide the matter."—"That I will with all my heart," said Don Quixote, "and with all the equity imaginable,

if you will but state the case right to me."—"Why, sir," said the countryman, "the business is this: one of our neighbours here in this town, so fat and so heavy, that he weighs eleven arrobas,* or eleven quarters of an hundred, (for that is the same thing,) has challenged another man of this town, that weighs not half so much, to run with him a hundred paces, with equal weight. Now he that gave the challenge, being asked how they should make equal weight, demands that the other, who weighs but five quarters of a hundred, should carry an hundred and an half of iron, and so the weight, he says, will be equal."—"Hold, sir," cried Sancho, before Don Quixote could answer, "this business belongs to me, that came so lately from being a governor and judge, as all the world knows; I ought to give judgment in this doubtful case."—"Do then, with all my heart, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for I am not fit to give crumbs to a cat,† my brain is so disturbed, and out of order." Sancho having thus got leave, and all the countrymen standing about him, gaping to hear him give sentence, "Brothers," quoth he, "I must tell you, that

* An arroba is a quarter of an hundred weight.

† Alluding to the custom in Spain, of an old or disabled soldier's carrying offals of tripe or liver about the streets, to feed the cats.

the fat man is in the wrong box—there is no matter of reason in what he asks; for if, as I always heard say, he that is challenged may choose his weapons, there is no reason that he should choose such as may encumber him, and hinder him from getting the better of him that defied him. Therefore it is my judgment, that he who gave the challenge, and is so big and so fat, shall cut, pare, slice, or shave off a hundred and fifty pounds of his flesh, here and there, as he thinks fit, and then, being reduced to the weight of the other, both parties may run their race uponequal terms.”—“Before George,” quoth one of the country people, that had heard the sentence, “this gentleman has spoken like one of the saints in heaven; he has given judgment like a casuist; but I warrant, the fat squab loves his flesh too well to part with the least sliver of it, much less will he part with an hundred and an half.”—“Why then,” quoth another fellow, “the best way will be not to let them run at all; for then, Lean need not venture to sprain his back by running with such a load, and Fat need not cut out his pampered sides into collops. So, let half the wager be spent in wine, and let us take these gentlemen to the tavern that has the best, and lay the cloak upon me when it rains.”—“I

return you thanks, gentlemen,” said Don Quixote, “but I cannot stay a moment; for dismal thoughts and disasters force me to appear unmannerly, and to travel at an uncommon rate;” and, so saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and moved forwards, leaving the people to descant on his strange figure, and the rare parts of his groom, for such they took Sancho to be. “If the man be so wise,” quoth another of the country fellows to the rest, “bless us! what shall we think of the master? I will hold a wager, if they be going to study at Salamanca, they will come to be lord chief justices in a trice; for there is nothing more easy; it is but studying and studying again, and having a little favour and good luck; and when a man least dreams of it, slap he shall find himself with a judge’s gown upon his back, or a bishop’s mitre upon his head.”

That night the master and the man took up their lodging in the middle of a field, under the roof of the open sky; and the next day, as they were on their journey, they saw coming towards them a man a-foot, with a wallet about his neck, and a javelin or dart in his hand, just like a foot-post. The man mended his pace when he came near Don Quixote, and, almost

running, came with a great deal of joy in his looks, and embraced Don Quixote's right thigh, for he could reach no higher. "My Lord Don Quixote de la Mancha," cried he, "oh! how heartily glad my lord duke will be when he understands you are coming again to his castle, for there he is still with my lady duchess."—"I do not know you, friend," answered Don Quixote; "nor can I imagine who you should be, unless you tell me yourself."—"My name is Tosilos, if it please your honour; I am my lord duke's footman, the same who would not fight with you about Donna Rodriguez's daughter."—"Bless me!" cried Don Quixote, "is it possible you should be the man, whom those enemies of mine, the magicians, transformed into a lackey; to deprive me of the honour of that combat?"—"Softly, good sir," replied the footman; "there was neither enchantment nor transformation in the case. I was as much a footman when I entered the lists as when I came out; and it was because I had a mind to marry the young gentlewoman that I refused to fight. But I was sadly disappointed; for, when you were gone, my lord duke had me soundly banged for not doing as he ordered me in that matter; and the upshot was this, Donna Rodriguez is packed

away to seek her fortune, and the daughter is shut up in a nunnery. As for me, I am going to Barcelona with a parcel of letters from my lord to the viceroy. However, sir, if you please to take a sip, I have here a calabash full of the best. It is a little hot, I must own, but it is neat, and I have some excellent cheese, that will make it go down, I warrant you."—"I take you at your word," quoth Sancho; "I am no proud man, leave ceremonies to the church; and so let us drink, honest Tosilos, in spite of all the enchanters in the Indies."—"Well, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou art certainly the veriest glutton that ever was, and the silliest blockhead in the world, else thou wouldst consider that this man thou seest here is enchanted, and a sham lackey. Then stay with him, if thou thinkest fit, and gratify thy voracious appetite; for my part, I will ride softly on before." Tosilos smiled, and, laying his bottle and his cheese upon the grass, he and Sancho sat down there, and, like sociable messmates, never stirred till they had quite cleared the wallet of all that was in it fit for the belly, and this with such an appetite, that when all was consumed, they licked the very packet of letters, because it smelt of cheese.

While they were thus employed, "Hang

me," quoth Tosilos, "if I know what to make of this master of yours; doubtless he ought to be reckoned a madman."—"Why ought?"* replied Sancho; "he owes nothing to any body, for he pays for everything, especially where madness is current; there he might be the richest man in the kingdom, he has such a stock of it. I see it full well, and full well I tell him of it; but what boots it, especially now that he is all in the dumps, for having been worsted by the Knight of the White Moon?" Tosilos begged of Sancho to tell him that story; but Sancho said it would not be handsome to let his master stay for him, but that, next time they met, he would tell him the whole matter. With that they got up, and, after the squire had brushed his clothes, and shaken off the crumbs from his beard, he drove Dapple along, and, with a good-by-to-ye, left Tosilos in order to overtake his master, who staid for him under the cover of a tree.

* A double entendre upon the word *deve*, which is put for *must*, the sign of a mood, or for owing a debt.

CHAPTER LXVII

HOW DON QUIXOTE RESOLVED TO TURN SHEPHERD, AND LEAD A RURAL LIFE FOR THE YEAR'S TIME HE WAS OBLIGED NOT TO BEAR ARMS; WITH OTHER PASSAGES TRULY GOOD AND DIVERTING

IF Don Quixote was much disturbed in mind before his overthrow, he was much more disquieted after it. While he staid for his squire under the tree, a thousand thoughts crowded into his head, like flies in a honey-pot; sometimes he pondered on the means to free Dulcinea from enchantment; and, at others, on the life he was to lead during his involuntary retirement. In this brown study Sancho came up to him, crying up Tosilos as the honestest fellow, and the most gentleman-like footman in the world. "Is it possible, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou shouldst still take that man for a real lackey? Hast thou forgotten how thou saw'st Dulcinea converted and transformed into the resemblance of a rustic wench, and the Knight of the Mirrors into the