CHAPTER VII

DON QUIXOTE'S SECOND SALLY IN QUEST OF ADVENTURES

WHILE they were thus employed, Don Quixote in a raving fit began to talk aloud to himself. "Here, here, valorous knights," cried he, "now's the time that you must exert the strength of your mighty arms; for lo, the courtiers bear away the honour of the tournament." This amazing outcry called away the inquisitors from any further examination of the library; and therefore the housekeeper and the niece being left to their own discretion, it is thought the Carolea and Leo of Spain, with the Deeds of the Emperor,[1] written by Don Lewis d'Avila, which to be sure were part of the collection, were committed to the flames unseen and unheard, without any legal trial; a fate which perhaps they might have escaped, had the curate been there to have weighed what might have been urged in their defence.

When they came into Don Quixote's chamber, they found him risen out of his bed as mad

[1] See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter VII.

as ever he was, tearing his throat, and making a heavy bustle, laying about him with his sword, back-stroke and fore-stroke, as broad awake as if he had never slept. They ran in upon him, caught him in their arms, and carried him to bed again by main force; where, after he was somewhat quiet and settled, turning himself to the curate, "Certainly," cried he, "my Lord Archbishop Turpin, 'tis a great dishonour to us who are called the twelve peers, to suffer the knights of the court to bear away the honour of the tournament without any further opposition, after we the knight adventurers, had carried it for three days before."—"Be pacified, my good friend," replied the curate; "fortune may have yet a better success in reserve for you, and they who lose to-day may win to-morrow: at present think on your health, for doubtless you must needs be extremely tired, if not very much wounded."—"Wounded!" replied Don Quixote, "no; but as for being bruised, I will not deny it, for that base-born knight Don Orlando has battered all my limbs with the trunk of an oak, out of mere envy, because he sees that I only dare rival his exploits: but may I no more be called Rinaldo of Montalban, if, in spite of his enchantments, I do not make him severely pay for this as soon

as I can leave my bed; and therefore let my dinner be brought in, for 'tis what I want most at this juncture, and then let me alone to revenge this abuse." Accordingly they brought him some victuals, which when he had eaten, he fell asleep again, and they left him, all of them strangely amazed at his uncommon madness. That night the house-keeper burnt all the books, not only those in the yard, but all those that were in the house; and several suffered in the general calamity, that deserved to have been treasured up in everlasting archives, had not their fate and the remissness of the inquisitors ordered it otherwise. And thus they verified the proverb, *That the good often fare the worse for the bad.*

One of the expedients which the curate and the barber thought themselves of in order to their friend's recovery, was to stop up the door of the room where his books lay, that he might not find it, nor miss them when he rose; for they hoped the effect would cease when they had taken away the cause; and they ordered, that if he enquired about it, they should tell him, that a certain enchanter had carried away study, books and all. Two days after, Don Quixote being got up, the first thing he did was to go visit his darling books; and as he

could not find the study in the place where he had left it, he went up and down, and looked for it in every room. Sometimes he came to the place where the door used to stand, and then stood feeling and groping about a good while, then cast his eyes, and stared on every side, without speaking a word. At last, after a long deliberation, he thought fit to ask his house-keeper, which was the way to his study. "What study," answered the woman, according to her instructions, "or rather, what nothing is it you look for? Alas! here's neither study nor books in the house now, for the devil is run away with them all."—"No, 'twas not the devil," said the niece, "but a conjuror, or an enchanter, as they call them, who, since you went, came hither one night mounted on a dragon on the top of a cloud, and then alighting, went into your study, where what he did, he and the devil best can tell, for a while after he flew out at the roof of the house, leaving it all full of smoke; and when we went to see what he had done, we could neither find the books, nor so much as the very study; only the house-keeper and I very well remember, that when the old thief went away, he cried out aloud, that out of a private grudge which he bore in his mind to the owner of those books, he had

done the house a mischief, as we should soon perceive; and then I think he called himself the sage Muniaton."—"Not Muniaton, but Freston,[1] you should have said," cried Don Quixote. "Truly," quoth the niece, "I can't tell whether it was Freston or Friston, but sure I am that his name ended with a ton."—"It is so," returned Don Quixote, "for he is a famous necromancer, and my mortal enemy, and bears me a great deal of malice; for seeing by his art, that in spite of all his spells, in process of time I shall fight and vanquish in single combat a knight whose interests he espouses, therefore he endeavours to do me all manner of mischief; but I dare assure him, that he strives against the stream, nor can his power reverse the first decrees of fate."—"Who doubts of that?" cried the niece: "but, dear uncle, what makes you run yourself into these quarrels? had not you better stay at home, and live in peace and quietness, than go rambling up and down like a vagabond, and seeking for better bread than is made of wheat, without one so much as considering, that many go to seek wool, and come home shorn themselves."—"Oh, good niece," replied Don Quixote, "how ill thou understandest these matters! know,

[1] See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter VII.

that before I will suffer myself to be shorn, I will tear and pluck off the beards of all those audacious mortals, that shall attempt to profane the tip of one single hair within the verge of these mustachoes." To this neither the niece nor the governess thought fit to make any reply, for they perceived the knight to grow angry.

Full fifteen days did our knight remain quietly at home, without betraying the least sign of his desire to renew his rambling; during which time there passed a great deal of pleasant discourse between him and his two friends the curate and the barber; while he maintained, that there was nothing the world stood so much in need of as knights-errant; wherefore he was resolved to revive the order: in which dispute Mr Curate sometimes contradicted him, and sometimes submitted; for had he not now and then given way to his fancies, there would have been no conversing with him.

In the meantime Don Quixote earnestly solicited one of his neighbours, a country labourer, and a good honest fellow, if we may call a poor man honest, for he was poor indeed, poor in purse, and poor in brains; and, in short, the knight talked so long to him, plied him with so many arguments, and made him so

many fair promises, that at last the poor silly clown consented to go along with him, and become his squire. Among other inducements to entice him to do it willingly, Don Quixote forgot not to tell him, that it was likely such an adventure would present itself, as might secure him the conquest of some island in the time that he might be picking up a straw or two, and then the squire might promise himself to be made governor of the place. Allured with these large promises, and many others, Sancho Pança (for that was the name of the fellow) forsook his wife and children to be his neighbour's squire.

This done, Don Quixote made it his business to furnish himself with money; to which purpose, selling one house, mortgaging another, and losing by all, he at last got a pretty good sum together. He also borrowed a target of a friend, and having patched up his head-piece and beaver as well as he could, he gave his squire notice of the day and hour when he intended to set out, that he might also furnish himself with what he thought necessary; but above all he charged him to provide himself with a wallet; which Sancho promised to do, telling him he would also take his ass along with him, which being a very good one, might

be a great ease to him, for he was not used to travel much a-foot. The mentioning of the ass made the noble knight pause a while; he mused and pondered whether he had ever read of any knight-errant, whose squire used to ride upon an ass; but he could not remember any precedent for it: however, he gave him leave at last to bring his ass, hoping to mount him more honourably with the first opportunity, by unhorsing the next discourteous knight he should meet. He also furnished himself with shirts, and as many other necessaries as he could conveniently carry, according to the inn-keeper's injunctions. Which being done, Sancho Pança, without bidding either his wife or children good-bye; and Don Quixote, without taking any more notice of his house-keeper or of his niece, stole out of the village one night, nor so much as suspected by anybody, and made such haste, that by break of day they thought themselves out of reach, should they happen to be pursued. As for Sancho Pança, he rode like a patriarch, with his canvas knapsack, or wallet, and his leathern bottle, having a huge desire to see himself governor of the island, which his master had promised him.

Don Quixote happened to strike into the same road which he took the time before, that

is, the plains of Montiel, over which he travelled with less inconveniency than when he went alone, by reason it was yet early in the morning; at which time the sunbeams being almost parallel to the surface of the earth, and not directly darted down, as in the middle of the day, did not prove so offensive. As they jogged on, "I beseech your worship, Sir Knight-errant," quoth Sancho to his master, "be sure you don't forget what you promised me about the island; for I dare say I shall make shift to govern it, let it be never so big."—"You must know, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that it has been the constant practice of knights-errant in former ages, to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered: now I am not only resolved to keep up that laudable custom, but even to improve it, and outdo my predecessors in generosity; for whereas sometimes, or rather most commonly, other knights delayed rewarding their squires till they were grown old, and worn out with services, bad days, worse nights, and all manner of hard duty, and then put them off with some title, either of count, or at least marquis of some valley or province, of great or small extent; now, if thou and I do but live, it may happen, that before we have passed six

days together, I may conquer some kingdom, having many other kingdoms annexed to its imperial crown; and this would fall out most luckily for thee; for then would I presently crown thee king of one of them. Nor do thou imagine this to be a mighty matter; for so strange accidents and revolutions, so sudden and so unforeseen, attend the profession of chivalry, that I might easily give thee a great deal more than I have promised."—"Why, should this come to pass," quoth Sancho Pança, "and I be made a king by some such miracle, as your worship says, then happy be lucky, my Whither-d'ye-go Mary Gutierez would be at least a queen, and my children infantas and princes, an't like your worship."—"Who doubts of that?" cried Don Quixote.—"I doubt of it," replied Sancho Pança; "for I cannot help believing, that though it should rain kingdoms down upon the face of the earth, not one of them would sit well upon Mary Gutierez's head; for I must needs tell you, she's not worth two brass jacks to make a queen of: no, countess would be better for her, an't please you; and that too, God help her, will be as much as she can handsomely manage."—"Recommend the matter to providence," returned Don Quixote, " 'twill be sure

to give what is most expedient for thee; but yet disdain to entertain inferior thoughts, and be not tempted to accept less than the dignity of a viceroy."—"No more I won't, sir," quoth Sancho, "especially since I have so rare a master as your worship, who will take care to give me whatever may be fit for me, and what I may be able to deal with."

CHAPTER VIII

OF THE GOOD SUCCESS WHICH THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE MOST TERRIFYING AND NEVER-TO-BE IMAGINED ADVENTURE OF THE WIND-MILLS, WITH OTHER TRANSACTIONS WORTHY TO BE TRANSMITTED TO POSTERITY

As they were thus discoursing, they discovered some thirty or forty wind-mills, that are in that plain; and as soon as the knight had spied them, "Fortune," cried he, "directs our affairs better than we ourselves could have wished: look yonder, friend Sancho, there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter: and having deprived them of life, we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils; for they are lawful prize; and the extirpation of that cursed brood will be an acceptable service to Heaven."—"What giants?" quoth Sancho Pança.—"Those whom thou see'st yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long extended arms; some of that detested race have arms of so immense a size, that sometimes they reach two leagues in length."—