

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."—

“Pray look better, sir,” quoth Sancho; “those things yonder are no giants, but wind-mills, and the arms you fancy, are their sails, which being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go.”—“’Tis a sign,” cried Don Quixote, “thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in a dreadful unequal combat against them all.” This said, he clapt spurs to his horse Rozinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawled out to him, and assured him, that they were wind-mills, and no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong conceit of the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his squire’s outcry, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them: far from that, “Stand, cowards,” cried he as loud as he could; “stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all.” At the same time the wind rising, the mill-sails began to move, which, when Don Quixote spied, “Base miscreants,” cried he, “though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance.” He most devoutly recommended himself to his Lady

Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante’s utmost speed upon the first wind-mill he could come at, and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with such swiftness, that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in the field. Sancho Pança ran as fast as his ass could drive to help his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir, such a blow he and Rozinante had received. “Mercy o’me!” cried Sancho, “did not I give your worship fair warning? did not I tell you they were wind-mills, and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also wind-mills in his head?”—“Peace, friend Sancho,” replied Don Quixote; “there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am verily persuaded, that cursed necromancer Freston, who carried away my study and my books, has transformed these giants into wind-mills, to deprive me of the honour of the victory; such is his inveterate malice against me: but in the end, all his pernicious wiles and stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing

edge of my sword."—"Amen, say I," replied Sancho. And so heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rozinante, that was half shoulder-slip'd with his fall.

This adventure was the subject of their discourse, as they made the best of their way towards the pass of Lapice; * for Don Quixote took that road, believing he could not miss of adventures in one so mightily frequented. However, the loss of his lance was no small affliction to him; and as he was making his complaint about it to his squire, "I have read," said he, "friend Sancho, that a certain Spanish knight,¹ whose name was Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in the heat of an engagement, pulled up by the roots a huge oak-tree, or at least tore down a massy branch, and did such wonderful execution, crushing and grinding so many Moors with it that day, that he won himself and his posterity the surname of † The Pounder, or Bruiser. I tell thee this, because I intend to tear up the next oak, or holm-tree, we meet; with the trunk whereof

* A pass in the mountains, such as they call Puerto Seco, a dry port, where the king's officers levy the tolls and customs upon passengers and goods.

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter VIII.

† *Machuca*, from *Machucar*, to pound in a mortar.

I hope to perform such wondrous deeds, that thou wilt esteem thyself particularly happy in having had the honour to behold them, and been the ocular witness of achievements which posterity will scarce be able to believe."—"Heaven grant you may," cried Sancho: "I believe it all, because your worship says it. But, an't please you, sit a little more upright in your saddle; you ride sideling methinks; but that, I suppose, proceeds from your being bruised by the fall."—"It does so," replied Don Quixote; "and if I do not complain of the pain, it is because a knight-errant must never complain of his wounds, though his bowels were dropping out through them."¹—"Then I have no more to say," quoth Sancho; "and yet Heaven knows my heart, I should be glad to hear your worship hone a little now and then when something ails you: for my part, I shall not fail to bemoan myself when I suffer the smallest pain, unless indeed it can be proved, that the rule of not complaining extends to the squires as well as knights."

Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire; and told him he gave him leave to complain not only when he pleased, but as much as he pleased, whether

¹ See Appendix, Note 2, Chapter VIII.

he had any cause or no; for he had never yet read anything to the contrary in any books of chivalry. Sancho desired him, however, to consider, that it was high time to go to dinner; but his master answered him, that he might eat whenever he pleased; as for himself, he was not yet disposed to do it. Sancho having thus obtained leave, fixed himself as orderly as he could upon his ass; and taking some victuals out of his wallet, fell to munching lustily as he rode behind his master; and ever and anon he lifted his bottle to his nose, and fetched such hearty pulls, that it would have made the best pampered vintner in Malaga a-dry to have seen him. While he thus went on stuffing and swilling, he did not think in the least of all his master's great promises; and was so far from esteeming it a trouble to travel in quest of adventures, that he fancied it to be the greatest pleasure in the world, though they were never so dreadful.

In fine, they passed that night under some trees; from one of which Don Quixote tore a withered branch, which in some sort was able to serve him for a lance, and to this he fixed the head or spear of his broken lance. But he did not sleep all that night, keeping his thoughts intent on his dear Dulcinea, in imita-

tion of what he had read in books of chivalry, where the knights pass their time, without sleep, in forests and deserts, wholly taken up with the entertaining thoughts of their absent mistresses. As for Sancho, he did not spend the night at that idle rate; for, having his paunch well stuffed with something more substantial than dandelion-water, he made but one nap of it; and had not his master waked him, neither the sprightly beams which the sun darted on his face, nor the melody of the birds, that cheerfully on every branch welcomed the smiling morn, would have been able to have made him stir. As he got up, to clear his eye-sight, he took two or three long-winded swigs at his friendly bottle for a morning's draught: but he found it somewhat lighter than it was the night before; which misfortune went to his very heart, for he shrewdly mistrusted that he was not in a way to cure it of that distemper as soon as he could have wished. On the other side, Don Quixote would not break fast, having been feasting all night on the more delicate and savoury thoughts of his mistress; and therefore they went on directly towards the pass of Lapice, which they discovered about three o'clock. When they came near it, "Here it is, brother Sancho," said Don