

Chapter 7

Regarding the second sally of our good knight Don Quixote of La Mancha

At this point, Don Quixote began to shout, saying:

“Here, here, valiant knights; here each must show the might of his valiant arm, for the courtiers are winning the tourney.”

Because of their response to this noise and uproar, the examination of the remaining books went no further; and so, it is believed that into the flames, without being seen or heard, went *La Carolea* and *The Lion of Spain*, along with *The Deeds of the Emperor*, composed by Don Luis de Ávila,¹ which no doubt were among the remaining books; perhaps, if the priest had seen them, they would not have suffered so harsh a sentence.

When they reached Don Quixote, he was already out of bed, still shouting and engaging in senseless acts, slashing forehand and backhand with his sword and as awake as if he had never slept. They seized him and forced him back to bed, and after he had calmed down somewhat, he turned to speak to the priest and said:

“In truth, Señor Archbishop Turpín, it is a great discredit to those of us called the Twelve Peers to do nothing more and allow the courtier knights victory in this tourney, when we, the knights who seek adventures, have won glory on the three previous days.”

“Be still, my friend,” said the priest, “for it is God’s will that fortune changes, and that what is lost today is won tomorrow; your grace should tend to your health now, for it seems to me your grace must be fatigued, if not badly wounded.”

“Not wounded,” said Don Quixote, “but bruised and broken, there is no doubt about that, for the ignoble Don Roland beat me mercilessly with the branch of an oak tree, all on account of envy, because he sees that I alone am his rival in valorous deeds. But my name would not be Reinaldos de Montalbán if, upon rising from this bed, I did not repay him in spite of all his enchantments; for now, bring me something to eat, since I know that is what I need most at present, and leave my revenge to me.”

They did as he asked: they gave him food, and he went back to sleep, and they marveled at his madness.

That night, the housekeeper burned and consigned to the flames all the books that were in the corral and in the house, and some must have been in the fire that should have been preserved in perpetual archives; but their destiny, and the sloth of the examiner, did not permit this, and so, as the proverb says, at times the just must pay for sinners.

One of the remedies that the priest and the barber devised for their friend’s illness was to wall up and seal off the room that held the books, so that when he got up he would not find them – perhaps by removing the cause, they would end the effect – and they would say that an enchanter had taken the books away, along with the room and everything in it; and this is what they did, with great haste. Two days later Don Quixote got out of bed, and the first thing he did was to go to see his books, and since he could not find the library where he had left it, he walked back and forth looking for it. He went up to the place where the door had been, and he felt it with his hands, and his eyes looked all around, and he did not say a word; but after some time had passed, he asked his housekeeper what had become of the library and his books. The housekeeper, who had been well-instructed in how she should respond, said:

“What library and what anything is your grace looking for? There’s no more library and no more books in this house, because the devil himself took them away.”

“It wasn’t a devil,” replied the niece, “but an enchanter who came on a cloud one night, after the day your grace left here, and he dismounted from the serpent he was riding and entered the library, and I don’t know what he did inside, but after a little while he flew up through the roof and left the house full of smoke; and when we had the presence of mind to see what he had done, we could find no books and no library; the only thing the housekeeper and I remember very clearly is that as the evil old man was leaving, he shouted that because of the secret enmity he felt for the owner of the books and the room, he had done damage in the house, which we would see soon enough. He also said he was called Muñatón the Wise.”

“He must have said Frestón,”² said Don Quixote.

1. The first two are epic poems by Jerónimo Sempere (1560) and Pedro de La Vecilla Castetlanos (1586); the third work is not known, although Luis de Ávila did write a prose commentary on Spain’s wars with the German Protestants Martin de Riquer believes that Cervantes intended to cite the poem *Carlo famoso* (1566) by Luis Zapara.

2. The enchanter Frestón is the alleged author of *Don Belianis of Greece*, a chivalric novel.

“I don’t know,” the housekeeper replied, “if he was called Frestón or Fritón; all I know is that his name ended in *tón*.”

“That is true,” said Don Quixote. “He is a wise enchanter, a great enemy of mine who bears me a grudge because he knows through his arts and learning that I shall, in time, come to do battle in single combat with a knight whom he favors and whom I am bound to vanquish, and he will not be able to stop it, and for this reason he attempts to cause me all the difficulties he can; but I foresee that he will not be able to contravene or avoid what heaven has ordained.”

“Who can doubt it?” said the niece. “But, Señor Uncle, who has involved your grace in those disputes? Wouldn’t it be better to stay peacefully in your house and not wander around the world searching for bread made from something better than wheat, never stopping to think that many people go looking for wool and come back shorn?”

“Oh, my dear niece,” replied Don Quixote, “how little you understand! Before I am shorn I shall have plucked and removed the beard of any man who imagines he can touch even a single hair of mine.”

The two women did not wish to respond any further because they saw that he was becoming enraged.

So it was that he spent two very quiet weeks at home, showing no signs of wanting to repeat his initial lunacies, and during this time he had lively conversations with his two friends the priest and the barber, in which he said that what the world needed most were knights errant and that in him errant chivalry would be reborn. The priest at times contradicted him, and at other times he agreed, because if he did not maintain this ruse, he would not have been able to talk to him.

During this time, Don Quixote approached a farmer who was a neighbor of his, a good man – if that title can be given to someone who is poor – but without much in the way of brains. In short, he told him so much, and persuaded and promised him so much, that the poor peasant resolved to go off with him and serve as his squire. Among other things, Don Quixote said that he should prepare to go with him gladly, because it might happen that one day he would have an adventure that would gain him, in the blink of an eye, an *ínsula*,³ and he would make him its

3. A Latinate word for “island” that appeared frequently in novels of chivalry; Cervantes uses it throughout for comic effect.

governor. With these promises and others like them, Sancho Panza,⁴ for that was the farmer’s name, left his wife and children and agreed to be his neighbor’s squire.

Then Don Quixote determined to find some money, and by selling one thing, and pawning another, and undervaluing everything, he managed to put together a reasonable sum. He also acquired a round shield, which he borrowed from a friend, and doing the best he could to repair his broken helmet, he informed his squire of the day and time he planned to start out so that Sancho could supply himself with whatever he thought he would need. He ordered him in particular to bring along saddlebags, and Sancho said he certainly would bring them and also planned to take along a donkey he thought very highly of because he wasn’t one for walking any great distance. As for the donkey, Don Quixote had to stop and think about that for a while, wondering if he recalled any knight errant who had with him a squire riding on a donkey, and none came to mind, yet in spite of this he resolved to take Sancho along, intending to obtain a more honorable mount for him at the earliest opportunity by appropriating the horse of the first discourteous knight he happened to meet. He furnished himself with shirts and all the other things he could, following the advice the innkeeper had given him; and when this had been accomplished and completed, without Panza taking leave of his children and wife, or Don Quixote of his housekeeper and niece, they rode out of the village one night, and no one saw them, and they traveled so far that by dawn they were certain they would not be found even if anyone came looking for them.

Sancho Panza rode on his donkey like a patriarch, with his saddlebags, and his wineskin, and a great desire to see himself governor of the *ínsula* his master had promised him. Don Quixote happened to follow the same direction and route he had followed on his first sally, which was through the countryside of Montiel, and he rode there with less difficulty than he had the last time, because at that hour of the morning the sun’s rays fell obliquely and did not tire them. Then Sancho Panza said to his master:

“Señor Knight Errant, be sure not to forget what your grace promised me about the *ínsula*; I’ll know how to govern it no matter how big it is.”

To which Don Quixote replied:

4. *Panza* means “belly” or “paunch.”

“You must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a very common custom of the knights errant of old to make their squires governors of the Insulas or kingdoms they won, and I have resolved that so amiable a usage will not go unfulfilled on my account; on the contrary, I plan to

improve upon it, for they sometimes, and perhaps most times, waited until their squires were old, and after they had had their fill of serving, and enduring difficult days, and nights that were even worse, they would grant them the title of count, or perhaps even marquis, of some valley or province of greater or smaller size; but if you live and I live, it well might be that before six days have passed I shall win a kingdom that has others allied to it, and that would be perfect for my crowning you king of one of them. And do not think this is any great thing; for events and eventualities befall knights in ways never seen or imagined, and I might well be able to give you even more than I have promised.”

“If that happens,” replied Sancho Panza, “and I became king through one of those miracles your grace has mentioned, then Juana Gutiérrez,⁵ my missus, would be queen, and my children would be princes.”

“Well, who can doubt it?” Don Quixote responded.

“I doubt it,” Sancho Panza replied, “because in my opinion, even if God rained kingdoms down on earth, none of them would sit well on the head of Man Gutiérrez. You should know, Señor, that she isn’t worth two *maravedis* as a queen; she’d do better as a countess, and even then she’d need God’s help.”

“Leave it to God, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and He will give what suits her best; but do not lower your desire so much that you will be content with anything less than the title of captain general.”

“I won’t, Señor,” Sancho replied, “especially when I have a master as distinguished as your grace, who will know how to give me everything that’s right for me and that I can handle.”

5. Presumably through an oversight on the part of Cervantes, Sancho’s wife has several other names, including Marí Gutierrez, Juana Pan;a, Teresa Cascajo, and Teresa Panza.