this time fitter for plasters than discourses. Try, Sir, whether you are able to rise, and we will help up Rozinante, though he does not deserve it, for he was the principal cause of all this mauling. I never believed the like of Rozinante, whom I took to be chaste, and as peaceable as myself. But it is a true saying, that much time is necessary to come to a thorough knowledge of persons; and that we are sure of nothing in this life. Who could have thought, that, after such swinging slashes as you gave that unfortunate adventurer, there should come post, as it were, in pursuit of you, this vast tempest of pack-staves, which has discharged itself upon our shoulders?" — "Thine, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "should, one would think, be used to such storms; but mine, that were brought up between muslins and cambrics, must needs be more sensible of the grief of this mishap. And were it not that I imagine, do I say imagine? did I not know for certain, that all these inconveniences are inseparably annexed to the profession of arms, I would suffer myself to die here out of pure vexation." To this replied the squire: "Sir, since these mishaps are the genuine fruits and harvests of chivalry, pray tell me, whether they fall out often, or whether they have their set times, in which they happen; for, to my thinking, two more such harvests will disable us from ever reaping a third, if God of his infinite mercy does not succour us."

"Learn, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that the life of Knights-errant is subject to a thousand perils and mishaps: but then they are every whit as near becoming Kings and Emperors; and this experience hath shown us in many and divers Knights, whose histories I am perfectly acquainted with. I could tell you now, if the pain would give me leave, of some, who, by the strength of their arm alone, have mounted to the high degrees, I have mentioned; and these very men were, before and after, involved in sundry calamities and misfortunes. For the valorous Amadis de Gaul saw himself in the power of his mortal enemy, Archelaus the Enchanter, of whom it is positively affirmed, that, when he had him prisoner, he gave him above two hundred lashes with his horse's bridle, after he had tied him to a pillar in his court-yard. And moreover there is a private author, of no small credit, who tells us, that the Knight of the Sun, being caught by a trap-door, which sunk under his feet, in a certain castle, found himself at the bottom in a deep dungeon under ground, bound hand and foot; where they administered to him one of those things they call a clyster, of snow-water and sand, that almost did his business; and, if he had not been succoured in that great distress by a certain sage, his special friend, it had gone very hard with the poor Knight. So that I may very well suffer among so many wor-

thy persons, who underwent much greater affronts than those we now undergo: for I would have you know, Sancho, that wounds, which are given with instruments, that are accidentally in one's hand, are no affront. And thus it is expressly written in the law of combat, that if a shoemaker strikes a person with the last he has in his hand, though it be really of wood, it will not therefore be said, that the person thus beaten with it was cudgelled. I say this, that you may not think, though we are mauled in this scuffle, we are disgraced: for the arms those men carried, wherewith they pounded us, were no other than their pack-staves; and none of them, as I remember, had either tuck, sword, or dagger."—"They gave me no leisure," answered Sancho, "to observe so narrowly; for scarcely had I laid hand on my whinyard [43], when they crossed my shoulders with their saplings, in such a manner, that they deprived my eyes of sight, and my feet of strength, laying me now where I now lie, and where I am not so much concerned to think, whether the business of the threshing be an affront or no, as I am troubled at the pain of the blows, which will leave as deep an impression in my memory, as on my shoulders."—"All this notwithstanding, I tell you, brother Panza," replied Don Quixote, "there is no remembrance, which time does not obliterate, nor pain, which death does not put an end to."—"What greater

misfortune can there be," replied Panza, "than that, which remains till time effaces it, and till death puts an end to it? If this mischance of ours were of that sort, which people cure with a couple of plasters, it would not be altogether so bad: but, for aught I see, all the plasters of an hospital will not be sufficient to set us to rights again."

"Have done with this, and gather strength out of weakness, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for so I purpose to do: and let us see how Rozinante does; for, by what I perceive, not the least part of this misfortune has fallen to the poor beast's share."—"That is not at all strange," answered Sancho, "since he also appertains to a Knight-errant. But what I wonder at, is, that my ass should come off scot-free, where we have paid so dear."—"Fortune always leaves some door open in disasters, whereby to come at a remedy," said Don Quixote. "I say this, because this poor beast may now supply the want of Rozinante, by carrying me hence to some castle, where I may be cured of my wounds. Nor do I take the being mounted in this fashion to be dishonourable; for I remember to have read, that the good old Silenus, governor and tutor of the merry god of laughter, when he made his entry into the city of the hundred gates, went riding, much to his satisfaction, on a most beautiful ass."—"Perhaps he rode as your Worship

says," answered Sancho; "but there is a main difference between riding, and lying athwart like a sack of rubbish." To which Don Quixote answered: "The wounds received in battle rather give honour than take it away; so that, friend Panza, answer me no more; but, as I have already said to you, raise me up as well as you can, and place me in whatever manner you please upon your ass, that we may get hence before night comes on, and overtake us in this uninhabited place."—"Yet I have heard your Worship say," quoth Panza, "that it is usual for Knights-errant to sleep on heaths and deserts most part of the year, and that they look upon it to be very fortunate."—"That is," said Don Quixote, "when they cannot help it, or are in love: and this is so true, that there have been Knights, who, unknown to their mistresses, have exposed themselves, for two years together, upon rocks, to the sun and the shade, and to the inclemencies of heaven. One of these was Amadis, when, calling himself Beltenebros, he took up his lodging on the poor rock, whether for eight years or eight months I know not, for I am not perfect in his history. It is sufficient, that there he was, doing penance for I know not what distaste shown him by the Lady Oriana. But let us have done with this, Sancho, and dispatch before such another misfortune happens to the ass as hath befallen Rozinante."

"That would be the devil indeed," quoth Sancho; and sending forth thirty Oh's, and sixty sighs, and a hundred and twenty curses, on whomsoever had brought him thither, he raised himself up, but remained bent by the way like a Turkish bow, entirely unable to stand upright: and with all this fatigue he made a shift to saddle his ass, who had also taken advantage of that day's excessive liberty, to go a little astray. He then heaved up Rozinante, who, had he had a tongue to complain with, most certainly would not have been outdone either by Sancho or his master. In short, Sancho settled Don Quixote upon the ass, and tying Rozinante by the head to his tail, led them both by the halter, he proceeding, now faster now slower toward the place, where he thought the road might lie. And he had scarce gone a short league, when fortune, which was conducting his affairs from good to better, discovered to him the road, in which he espied an inn; which, to his sorrow and Don Quixote's joy, must needs be a castle. Sancho positively maintained it was an inn, and his master that it was a castle; and the obstinate dispute lasted so long, that they had time to arrive there before it ended; and without more words, Sancho entered into it with his string of cattle.

CHAP. XVI.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN IN THE INN, WHICH HE IMAGINED TO BE A CASTLE.

THE innkeeper, seeing Don Quixote laid across the ass, inquired of Sancho, what ailed him? Sancho answered him, that it was nothing but a fall from a rock, whereby his ribs were somewhat bruised. The innkeeper had a wife of a different disposition from those of the like occupation; for she was naturally charitable, and touched with the misfortunes of her neighbours; so that she presently set herself to cure Don Quixote, and made her daughter, a very comely young maiden, assist her in the cure of her guest. There was, also, a servant in the inn, an Asturian wench, broad-faced, flat-headed, and saddle-nosed, with one eye squinting, and the other not much better. It is true, the activity of her body made amends for her other defects. She was not seven hands high from her feet to her head; and her shoulders, which burdened her a little too much, made her look down to the ground, more than she cared to do. Now this agreeable lass helped the damsel; and both of them made Don Quixote a very sorry bed in a garret, which gave evident tokens of having formerly served many years as a horse-loft. In which room lodged also a carrier, whose

bed lay a little beyond that of our Don Quixote. And though it was composed of pannels, and other trappings of his mules, it had much the advantage of Don Quixote's, which consisted of four not very smooth boards, upon two not very equal tresses, and a flock-bed, no thicker than a quilt, and full of knobs, which, if one had not seen through the breaches, that they were not wool, by the hardness might have been taken for pebble stones; with two sheets, like the leather of an old target, and a rug, the threads of which, if you had a mind, you might number without losing a single one of the account.

In this wretched bed was Don Quixote laid; and immediately the hostess and her daughter plastered him from head to foot, Maritornes, for so the Asturian was called, holding the light. And as the hostess laid on the plasters, perceiving Don Quixote to be so full of bruises in all parts, she said, that they seemed to be rather marks of blows than of a fall. "They were not blows," said Sancho; "but the rock had many sharp points and knobs, and every one has left its mark." He said also, "Pray, forsooth, order it so, that some tow may be left; somebody else may have occasion for it, for my sides also ache a little."— "So then," said the hostess, "you have had a fall too?"—"No fall," said Sancho Panza; "but the fright I took at seeing my master fall has made my body so sore, that methinks I have received a

thousand drubs."—"That may very well be," said the girl; "for I have often dreamed, that I was falling down from some high tower, and could never come to the ground; and when I have awaked, I have found myself as bruised and battered, as if I had really fallen."—"But here is the point, mistress," answered Sancho Panza, "that I, without dreaming at all, and more awake than I am now, find myself with almost as many bruises as my master Don Quixote."—"How is this Cavalier called?" quoth the Asturian Maritornes. "Don Quixote de la Mancha," answered Sancho Panza: "he is a Knight-errant, and one of the best and most valiant, that has been seen this long time in the world."—"What is a Knight-errant?" replied the wench. "Are you such a novice, that you do not know?" answered Sancho Panza. "Then learn, sister of mine, that a Knight-errant is a thing that, in two words, is seen cudgelled and an Emperor; to-day is the most unfortunate creature in the world, and the most necessitous; and to-morrow will have two or three crowns or kingdoms to give to his squire."—"How comes it then to pass, that you, being squire to this so worthy a gentleman," said the hostess, "have not yet, as it seems, got so much as an earldom?"—"It is early days yet," answered Sancho; "for it is but a month since we set out in quest of adventures, and hitherto we have met with none that deserve

the name. And sometimes one looks for one thing, and finds another. True it is, if my master Don Quixote recovers of this wound or fall, and I am not disabled thereby, I would not truck my hopes for the best title in Spain."

All this discourse Don Quixote listened to very attentively; and, setting himself up in his bed, as well as he could, and taking the hostess by the hand, he said to her: "Believe me, beauteous Lady, you may reckon yourself happy in having lodged my person in this your castle, and such a person, that, if I do not praise myself, it is because, as is commonly said, self-praise depreciates: but my squire will inform you who I am. I only say, that I shall retain the service, you have done me, eternally engraved in my memory, and be grateful to you, whilst my life shall remain. And had it pleased the high Heavens, that love had not held me so enthralled, and subjected to his laws, and to the eyes of that beautiful ingrate, whose name I mutter between my teeth, the eyes of this lovely virgin had been mistresses of my liberty."

The hostess, her daughter, and the good Maritornes, stood confounded at hearing our Knight-errant's discourse, which they understood just as much as if he had spoken Greek: though they guessed, that it all tended to compliments and offers of service. And not being accustomed to such kind of language, they stared at him with

admiration, and thought him another sort of man than those now in fashion; and so, thanking him, with inn-like phrase, for his offers, they left him. The Asturian Maritornes doctored Sancho, who stood in no less need of it than his master. The carrier and she had agreed to solace themselves together that night; and she had given him her word, that, when the guests were in bed, and her master and mistress asleep, she would repair to him, and satisfy his desire as much as he pleased. And it is said of this honest wench, that she never made the like promise, but she performed it, though she had made it on a mountain, without any witness: for she stood much upon her gentility, and yet thought it no disgrace to be employed in that calling of serving in an inn; often saying, that misfortunes and unhappy accidents had brought her to that state.

Don Quixote's hard, scanty, beggarly, feeble bed, stood first in the middle of that illustrious cock-loft; and close by it stood Sancho's, which consisted only of a flag-mat, and a rug, that seemed to be rather of beaten hemp than of wool. Next these two stood the carrier's, made up, as has been said, of pannels, and the whole furniture of two of the best mules he had; which were twelve in number, sleek, fat, and stately: for he was one of the richest carriers of Arevalo, as the author of this history relates, who makes particular mention of this carrier, whom he knew very

well; nay some go so far as to say, he was somewhat of kin to him. Besides, Cid Hamet Benengeli was a very curious and very punctual historian in all things: and this appears plainly from the circumstances already related; which, however seemingly minute and trivial, he would not pass over in silence. Which may serve as an example to the grave historians, who relate facts so very briefly and succinctly, that we have scarcely a taste of them, leaving behind, either through neglect, malice, or ignorance, the most substantial part of the work. The blessing of God a thousand times on the author of Tablante, of Ricamonte, and on him, who wrote the Exploits of the Count de Tomillas! With what punctuality do they describe every thing!

I say then, that, after the carrier had visited his mules, and given them their second course, he laid himself down upon his pannels, in expectation of his most punctual Maritornes. Sancho was already plastered and laid down; and, though he endeavoured to sleep, the pain of his ribs would not consent; and Don Quixote, through the anguish of his, kept his eyes as wide open as a hare. The whole inn was in profound silence, and no other light in it than what proceeded from a lamp, which hung burning in the middle of the entry. This marvellous stillness, and the thoughts, which our Knight always carried about him, from the accidents recounted in every page of the

books, the authors of his misfortune, brought to his imagination one of the strangest whimsies that can well be conceived: which was, that he fancied he was arrived at a certain famous castle, for, as has been said, all the inns where he lodged were, in his opinion, castles, and that the innkeeper's daughter was daughter to the lord of the castle; who, captivated by his fine appearance, was fallen in love with him, and had promised him, that night, unknown to her parents, to steal privately to him, and pass a good part of it with him. And taking all this chimera, which he had formed to himself, for reality and truth, he began to be uneasy, and to reflect on the dangerous crisis, to which his fidelity was going to be exposed; and he resolved in his heart not to commit disloyalty against his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, though Queen Ginebra herself, with the Lady Quintaniona, should present themselves before him.

Whilst his thoughts were taken up with these extravagancies, the time and the hour (which to him proved an unlucky one) of the Asturian's coming drew near: who in her smock, and barefooted, her hair tucked up under a fustian coif, came with silent and cautious steps into the room, where the three were lodged, to find her carrier. But scarce was she come to the door, when Don Quixote perceived her, and, sitting up in his bed, in spite of his plasters and the pain of his ribs, stretched out his arms to receive his beauteous

damsel the Asturian, who, crouching, and holding her breath, went with hands extended feeling for her lover. Thus she encountered Don Quixote's arms, who caught fast hold of her by the wrist, and pulling her toward him, she not daring to speak a word, made her sit down on the bed by him. Presently he fell to feeling her shift, which, though it was of canvass, seemed to him to be of the finest and softest lawn. She had on her wrist a string of glass beads; but to his fancy they were precious oriental pearls. Her hairs, not unlike those of a horse's mane, he took for threads of the brightest gold of Arabia, whose splendour obscures that of the sun itself. And though her breath, doubtless, smelt of stale last night's salt-fish, he fancied himself sucking from her lips a delicious and aromatic odour. In short, he painted her in his imagination in the very form and manner, he had read described in his books, of some Princess, who comes, adorned in the manner here mentioned, to visit the dangerously wounded Knight, with whom she is in love. And so great was the poor gentleman's infatuation, that neither the touch, nor the breath, nor other things the good wench had about her, could undeceive him, though enough to make any one but a carrier, vomit. Yet he imagined he held the goddess of beauty between his arms; and clasping her fast, with an amorous and low voice, he began to say to her:

"Oh! that I were in a condition, beautiful and high Lady, to be able to return so vast a favour, as this you have done me by the presence of your great beauty: but fortune, who is never weary of persecuting the good, is pleased to lay me on this bed, where I lie so bruised and disabled, that, though I were ever so much inclined to gratify your desires, it would be impossible. And to this is added another still greater impossibility, which is the plighted faith I have given to the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole mistress of my most hidden thoughts. Had it not been for these obstacles, I should not have been so dull a Knight, as to let slip the happy opportunity your great goodness has put into my hands."

Maritornes was in the utmost pain, and in a violent heat, to find herself held so fast by Don Quixote; and not hearing or minding what he said to her, she struggled, without speaking a word, to get away from him. The honest carrier, whose loose desires kept him awake, heard his sweetheart from the first moment she entered the door, and listened attentively to all that Don Quixote said; and, jealous that the Asturian had broken her word with him for another, he drew nearer and nearer to Don Quixote's bed, and stood still, to see what would come of those speeches, which he did not understand. But, seeing that the wench strove to get from him, and that Don Quixote laboured to hold her, not

liking the jest, he lifted up his arm, and discharged so terrible a blow on the lantern jaws of the enamoured Knight, that he bathed his mouth in blood: and, not content with this, he mounted upon his ribs, and paced them over, somewhat above a trot, from end to end. The bed, which was a little crazy, and its foundations none of the strongest, being unable to bear the additional weight of the carrier, came down with them to the ground: at which great noise the host awaked, and presently imagined it must be some prank of Maritornes; for having called to her aloud, she made no answer. With this suspicion he got up; and, lighting a candle, went toward the place, where he had heard the bustle. The wench, perceiving her master coming, and knowing him to be terribly passionate, all trembling and confounded, betook herself to Sancho Panza's bed, who was now asleep; and creeping in, she lay close to him, and as round as an egg. The innkeeper entering, said: "Where are you, strumpet? These are most certainly some of your doings." Now Sancho awoke, and perceiving that bulk lying as it were a-top of him, fancied he had got the night-mare, and began to lay about him on every side: and not a few of his fisty-cuffs reached Maritornes, who, provoked by the smart, and laying all modesty aside, made Sancho such a return in kind, that she quite roused him from sleep, in spite of his drowsiness: who finding

himself handled in that manner, without knowing by whom, raised himself up as well as he could, and grappled with Maritornes; and there began between these two the toughest and pleasantest skirmish in the world. The carrier perceiving, by the light of the host's candle, how it fared with his mistress, quitted Don Quixote, and ran to give her the necessary assistance. The landlord did the same, but with a different intention; for his was to chastise the wench, concluding, without doubt, that she was the sole occasion of all this harmony. And so, as the proverb goes, *the cat to the rat, the rat to the rope, and the rope to the stick:* the carrier belaboured Sancho, Sancho the wench, the wench him, the innkeeper the wench; and all laid about them so thick, that they gave themselves not a minute's rest: and the best of it was, that the landlord's candle went out; and they, being left in the dark, thrashed one another so unmercifully, that, let the hand light where it would, it left nothing sound.

There lodged by chance that night in the inn an officer of those, they call the holy Brotherhood of Toledo [44]; who, likewise hearing the strange noise of the scuffle, caught up his wand, and the tin box which held his commission, and entered the room in the dark, crying out: "Forbear, in the name of justice; forbear in the name of the holy Brotherhood." And the first he lighted on was the battered Don Quixote, who lay on his

demolished bed, stretched upon his back, and quite senseless; and laying hold of his beard, as he was groping about, he cried out incessantly, "I charge you to aid and assist me:" but finding that the person he had laid hold of neither stirred nor moved, he concluded that he must be dead, and that the people within the room were his murderers: and with this suspicion he raised his voice still louder, crying, "Shut the inn-door, see that nobody gets out; for they have killed a man here." This voice astonished them all, and each of them left the conflict the very moment the voice reached them. The landlord withdrew to his chamber, the carrier to his pannels, and the wench to her straw: only the unfortunate Don Quixote and Sancho could not stir from the place they were in. Now the officer let go Don Quixote's beard, and went out to get a light, to search after and apprehend the delinquents: but he found none; for the innkeeper had purposely extinguished the lamp, when he retired to his chamber; and the officer was forced to have recourse to the chimney, where, after much pains and time, he lighted another lamp.

CHAP. XVII.

WHEREIN ARE CONTINUED THE NUMBERLESS HARDSHIPS, WHICH THE BRAVE DON QUIXOTE AND HIS GOOD SQUIRE, SANCHO PANZA, UNDERWENT IN THE INN, WHICH HE UNHAPPILY TOOK FOR A CASTLE.

By this time, Don Quixote was come to himself, and with the very same tone of voice with which, the day before, he had called to his squire, when he lay stretched along in the valley of packstaves, he began to call to him, saying: "Sancho, friend, sleepest thou; sleepest thou, friend Sancho?"—"How should I sleep, woe is me?" answered Sancho, full of trouble and vexation; "I cannot but think all the devils in hell have been in my company to-night."—"You may well believe so," answered Don Quixote, "and either I know little, or this castle is enchanted. For you must know—but what I am now going to tell you, you must swear to keep secret, until after my death."—"Yes, I swear," answered Sancho. "I say it," replied Don Quixote, "because I am an enemy to the taking away any body's reputation."—"I do swear," said Sancho again, "I will keep it secret, until after your decease, and God grant, I may discover it to-morrow."—"Have I done you so many ill turns, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that you would willingly see me dead so very soon?"—"It is not for that," an-

swered Sancho, "but I am an enemy to keeping things long, and I would not have them rot with keeping."—"Be it for what it will," said Don Quixote; "I trust for greater matters than that, to your love and kindness: and therefore you must know, that this night there has befallen me one of the strangest adventures imaginable; and, to tell it you in few words, know, that a little while ago there came to me the daughter of the lord of this castle, who is the most accomplished and beautiful damsel, that is to be found in a great part of the habitable earth. What could I not tell you of the gracefulness of her person? What of the sprightliness of her wit? What of other hidden charms, which, to preserve the fidelity I owe to my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, I will pass over untouched and in silence? Only I must tell you, that Heaven, envying so great happiness as fortune had put into my hands, or perhaps, which is more probable, this castle, as I said before, being enchanted at the time, that she and I were engaged in the sweetest and most amorous conversation, without my seeing it, or knowing whence it came, comes a hand, fastened to the arm of some monstrous giant, and gave me such a dowse on the chaps, that they were all bathed in blood; and it afterwards pounded me in such sort, that I am in a worse case than yesterday, when the carriers, for Rozinante's frolic, did us the mischief you know. Whence I con-

jecture, that the treasure of this damsel's beauty is guarded by some enchanted Moor, and is not reserved for me."—"Nor for me neither," answered Sancho; "for more than four hundred Moors have cudgelled me in such a manner, that the basting of the pack-staves was tarts and cheesecakes to it. But tell me, pray, Sir, call you this an excellent and rare adventure, which has left us in such a pickle? Though it was not quite so bad with your Worship, who had between your arms that incomparable beauty aforesaid. But I, what had I, besides the heaviest blows, that, I hope, I shall ever feel as long as I live? Woe is me, and the mother that bore me! for I am no Knight-errant, nor ever mean to be one; and yet, of all the misadventures, the greater part still falls to my share."—"What! have you been pounded too?" answered Don Quixote.—"Evil befall my lineage!" quoth Sancho, "have I not told you I have?" — "Be in no pain, friend," said Don Quixote; "for I will now make the precious balsam, with which we will cure ourselves in the twinkling of an eye." By this time the officer had lighted his lamp, and entered to see the person he thought was killed; and Sancho, seeing him come in, and perceiving him to be in his shirt, with a nightcap on his head, a lamp in his hand, and a very ill-favoured countenance, he demanded of his master; "Pray, Sir, is this the enchanted Moor, coming to finish the correction

he has bestowed upon us?"—"It cannot be the Moor," answered Don Quixote: "for the enchanted suffer not themselves to be seen by any body."—"If they will not be seen, they will be felt," said Sancho: "witness my shoulders."—"Mine might speak too," answered Don Quixote: "but this is not sufficient evidence to convince us, that what we see is the enchanted Moor."

The officer entered; and, finding them communing in so calm a manner, stood in suspense. It is true indeed, Don Quixote still lay flat on his back, without being able to stir, through mere pounding and plastering. The officer approached him, and said: "How fares it, honest friend?"—"I would speak more respectfully," answered Don Quixote, "were I in your place. Is it the fashion of this country to talk in this manner to Knights-errant, Blockhead?" The officer, seeing himself so ill treated by one of so scurvy an appearance, could not bear it; and, lifting up the brass lamp, with all its oil, gave it Don Quixote over the pate, in such a manner, that he broke his head; and, all being in the dark, he ran instantly out of the room. "Doubtless, Sir," quoth Sancho Panza, "this is the enchanted Moor; and he reserves the treasure for others, and for us only blows and lamp-knocks."—"It is even so," answered Don Quixote: "and it is to no purpose to regard this

business of enchantments, or to be out of humour or angry with them; for as they are invisible and fantastical only, we shall find nothing to be revenged on, though we endeavour it never so much. Get you up, Sancho, if you can, and call the governor of this fortress; and take care to get me some oil, wine, salt, and rosemary, to make the healing balsam: for, in truth, I believe I want it very much at this time; for the wound this phantom has given me bleeds very fast."

Sancho got up, with pain enough of his bones, and went in the dark towards the landlord's chamber; and meeting with the officer, who was listening to discover what his enemy would be at, said to him: "Sir, whoever you are, do us the favour and kindness to help us to a little rosemary, oil, salt, and wine; for they are wanted to cure one of the best Knights-errant in the world, who lies in yon bed, sorely wounded by the hands of the enchanted Moor, that is in this inn." The officer, hearing him talk at this rate, took him for one out of his senses. And the day beginning to dawn, he opened the inn-door, and calling the host, told him what the honest man wanted. The innkeeper furnished him with what he desired, and Sancho carried them to Don Quixote, who lay with his hands on his head, complaining of the pain of the lamp-knock, which had done him no other hurt than the raising a couple of bumps pretty much swelled: and what

he took for blood was nothing but sweat, occasioned by the anguish of the past storm. In short, he took his simples, and made a compound of them, mixing them together, and boiling them a good while, until he thought they were enough. Then he asked for a phial to put it in: and there being no such thing in the inn, he resolved to put it in a cruise, or oil-flask of tin, which the host made him a present of. And immediately he said over the cruise above fourscore Paternosters, and as many Ave-marias, Salves and Credos, and every word was accompanied with a cross by way of benediction: at all which were present, Sancho, the innkeeper, and the officer: as for the carrier, he was gone soberly about the business of tending his mules.

This done, he resolved immediately to make trial of the virtue of that precious balsam, as he imagined it to be; and so he drank about a pint and a half of what the cruise could not contain, and which remained in the pot it was infused and boiled in: and scarcely had he done drinking, when he began to vomit so violently, that nothing was left in his stomach; and, through the convulsive strainings and agitation of the vomit, he fell into a most copious sweat; wherefore he ordered them to cover him up warm, and to leave him alone. They did so, and he continued fast asleep above three hours, when he awoke and found himself greatly relieved in his

body, and so much recovered of his bruising, that he thought himself as good as cured. And he was thoroughly persuaded that he had hit on the true balsam of Fierabras, and that, with this remedy, he might thenceforward encounter, without fear, any dangers, battles, and conflicts whatever, though never so perilous.

Sancho Panza, who likewise took his master's amendment for a miracle, desired he would give him what remained in the pipkin, which was no small quantity. Don Quixote granting his request, he took it in both hands, and, with a good faith and better will, tossed it down into his stomach, swallowing very little less than his master had done. Now the case was, that poor Sancho's stomach was not so nice and squeamish as his master's; and therefore, before he could throw it up, it gave him such pangs and loathings, with such cold sweats and faintings, that he verily thought his last hour was come: and finding himself so afflicted and tormented, he cursed the balsam, and the thief that had given it him. Don Quixote, seeing him in that condition, said to him: "I believe, Sancho, that all this mischief has befallen you, because you are not dubbed a Knight: for I am of opinion, this liquor can do no good to those who are not."—"If your Worship knew that," replied Sancho, "evil betide me and all my generation! why did you suffer me to drink it?" By this time the drench operated

effectually, and the poor squire began to discharge at both ends with so much precipitation, that the flag mat upon which he lay, and the blanket, in which he wrapped himself, were never after fit for use. He sweated and sweated again, with such faintings and fits, that not only himself, but every body else, thought he was expiring. This hurricane and evacuation lasted him near two hours; at the end of which he did not remain as his master did, but so shattered and broken, that he was not able to stand. But Don Quixote, who, as is said, found himself at ease and whole, would needs depart immediately in quest of adventures, believing that all the time he loitered away there was depriving the world, and the distressed in it, of his aid and protection; and the rather, through the security and confidence he placed in the balsam: and thus, hurried away by this strong desire, he saddled Rozinante with his own hands, and pannelled his squire's beast, whom he also helped to dress, and to mount him upon the ass. He presently got on horseback; and, coming to a corner of the inn, he laid hold of a pike, that stood there, to serve him for a lance. All the folks in the inn stood gazing at him, being somewhat above twenty persons: among the rest, the host's daughter stared at him, and he on his part removed not his eyes from her, and now and then sent forth a sigh, which he seemed to tear up from the bot-

tom of his bowels; all imagining it to proceed from the pain he felt in his ribs, at least those, who the night before had seen how he was plastered.

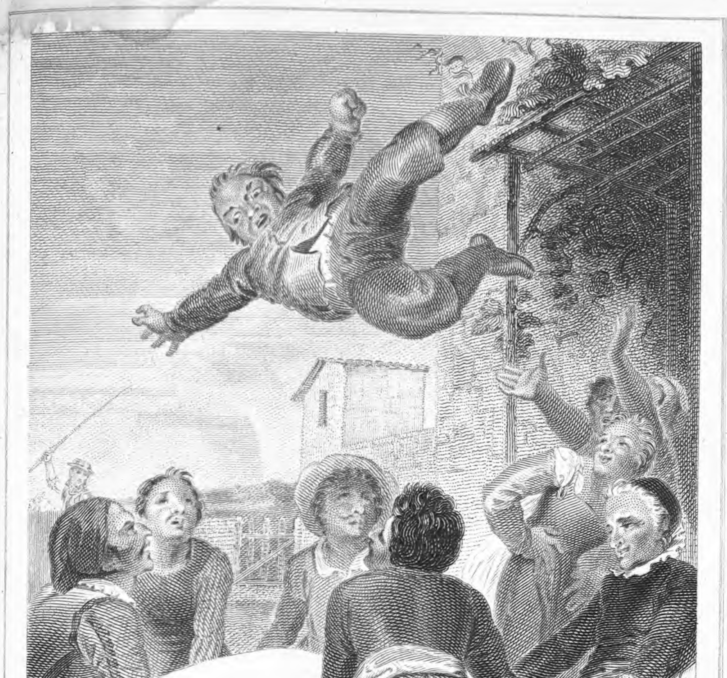
They being now both mounted, and standing at the door of the inn, he called to the host, and, with a very solemn and grave voice, said to him: "Many and great are the favours, Signor Governor, which in this your castle, I have received, and I remain under infinite obligations to acknowledge them all the days of my life. If I could make you a return, by revenging you on any insolent, who has done you outrage, know, that the duty of my profession is no other than to strengthen the weak, to revenge the injured, and to chastise the perfidious. Run over your memory, and if you find any thing of this nature to recommend to me, you need only declare it; for I promise you, by the order of Knighthood I have received, to procure you satisfaction and amends to your heart's desire." The host answered with the same gravity: "Sir Knight, I have no need of your Worship's avenging any wrong for me; I know how to take the proper revenge, when any injury is done me: I only desire your Worship to pay me for what you have had in the inn, as well for the straw and barley for your two beasts, as for your supper and lodging."—"What then, is this an inn?" replied Don Quixote. "And a very creditable one," answered the host. "Hitherto

then I have been in an error," answered Don Quixote; "for in truth, I took it for a castle, and no bad one neither: but since it is so, that it is no castle, but an inn, all that can now be done, is, that you excuse the payment; for I cannot act contrary to the law of Knights-errant, of whom I certainly know, having hitherto read nothing to the contrary, that they never paid for lodging, or any thing else, in any inn, where they have lain; and that because, of right and good reason, all possible good accommodation is due to them, in recompence of the insufferable hardships they endure in quest of adventures, by night and by day, in winter and in summer, on foot and on horseback, with thirst and with hunger, with heat and with cold, subject to all the inclemencies of Heaven, and to all the inconveniences upon earth." —"I see little to my purpose in all this," answered the host: "pay me what is my due, and let us have none of your stories and Knight-errantries; for I make no account of any thing, but how to come by my own."—"Thou art a blockhead, and a pitiful innkeeper," answered Don Quixote: so clapping spurs to Rozinante, and brandishing his lance, he sallied out of the inn, without any body's opposing him; and, without looking to see whether his squire followed him or not, got a good way off.

The host, seeing him go off, without paying him, ran to seize on Sancho Panza, who said,

that, since his master would not pay, he would not pay neither; for being squire to a Knight-errant, as he was, the same rule and reason held as good for him as for his master, not to pay any thing in public houses and inns. The innkeeper grew very testy at this, and threatened him, if he did not pay him, to get it in a way he should be sorry for. Sancho swore by the order of chivalry, which his master had received, that he would not pay a single farthing, though it should cost him his life; for the laudable and ancient usage of Knights-errant should not be lost for him, nor should the squires of future Knights have reason to complain of, or reproach him for the breach of such a right.

Poor Sancho's ill luck would have it, that, among those, who were in the inn, there were four cloth-workers of Segovia, three needle-makers of the horse-fountain of Cordova[45], and two butchers of Seville, all arch, merry, unlucky, and frolicksome fellows; who, as it were, instigated and moved by the self-same spirit, came up to Sancho, and dismounting him from the ass, one of them went in for the landlord's blanket; and putting him in it they looked up, and seeing that the ceiling was somewhat too low for their work, they determined to go out into the yard, which was bounded only by the sky. Having placed Sancho in the midst of the blanket, they began to toss him aloft, and to divert themselves with



Stothard R.A. del. J. Neagle sculp.

Sancho tossed in the Blanket.

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