

## CHAPTER III

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THE INNUMERABLE HARD-  
 SHIPS WHICH THE BRAVE DON QUIXOTE, AND HIS  
 WORTHY SQUIRE SANCHO, UNDERWENT IN THE  
 INN, WHICH THE KNIGHT UNLUCKILY TOOK FOR  
 A CASTLE.

DON QUIXOTE, who by this time was come to himself, began to call Sancho with the same lamentable tone as the day before, when he had been beaten by the carriers in the meadow; "Sancho," cried he, "friend Sancho, art thou asleep? art thou asleep, friend Sancho?"—"Sleep!" replied Sancho, mightily out of humour, "may Old Nick rock my cradle then. Why, how the devil should I sleep, when all the imps of hell have been tormenting me to-night?"—"Nay, thou art in the right," answered Don Quixote, "for either I have no skill in these matters, or this castle is enchanted. Hear what I say to thee, but first swear thou wilt never reveal it till after my death."—"I swear it," quoth Sancho.—"I am thus cautious," said Don Quixote, "because I

hate to take away the reputation of any person."—"Why," quoth Sancho, "I tell you again, I swear never to speak a word of the matter while you live; and I wish I may be at liberty to talk on't to-morrow."—"Why," cried Don Quixote, "have I done thee so much wrong, Sancho, that you would have me die so soon?"—"Nay, 'tis not for that neither," quoth Sancho; "but because I can't abide to keep things long, for fear they should grow mouldy."—"Well, let it be as thou pleasest," said Don Quixote: "for I dare trust greater concerns to thy courtesy and affection. In short, know, that this very night there happened to me one of the strangest adventures that can be imagined; for the daughter of the lord of this castle came to me, who is one of the most engaging and most beautiful damsels that ever nature has been proud to boast of: what could I not tell thee of the charms of her shape and face, and the perfections of her mind! what could I not add of other hidden beauties, which I condemn to silence and oblivion, lest I endanger my allegiance and fidelity to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso! I will only tell thee, that the heavens envying the inestimable happiness which fortune had thrown into my hand, or rather, because this castle is enchanted, it

happened, that in the midst of the most tender and passionate discourses that passed between us, the profane hand of some mighty giant, which I could not see, nor imagine whence it came, hit me such a dreadful blow on the jaws, that they are still embrued with blood; after which the discourteous wretch, presuming on my present weakness, did so barbarously bruise me, that I feel myself in a worse condition now than I did yesterday, after the carriers had so roughly handled me for Rozinante's incontinency: from which I conjecture, that the treasure of this damsel's beauty is guarded by some enchanted Moor, and not reserved for me."

"Nor for me, neither," quoth Sancho; "for I have been rib-roasted by above four hundred Moors, who have hammered my bones in such guise, that I may safely say, the assault and battery made on my body by the carriers' poles and pack-staves, were but ticklings and strokings with a feather to this.\* But, sir, pray tell me, d'ye call this such a pleasant adventure, when we are so lamentably pounded after it? And yet your hap may well be accounted better than mine, seeing you've hugged that fair

\* In the original, were tarts and cheese-cakes to this: *Tortas y pan pinto*.

maiden in your arms. But I, what have I had, I pray you, but the heaviest blows that ever fell on a poor man's shoulders? Woe's me, and the mother that bore me, for I neither am, nor ever mean to be a knight-errant, and yet of all the mis-adventures, the greater part falls still to my lot."—"What, hast thou been beaten as well as I?" said Don Quixote.—"What a plague," cried Sancho, "han't I been telling you so all this while!"—"Come, never let it trouble thee, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "for I'll immediately make the precious balsam, that will cure thee in the twinkling of an eye."

By this time the officer, having lighted his lamp, came into the room, to see who it was that was murdered. Sancho seeing him enter in his shirt, a napkin wrapped about his head like a turban, and the lamp in his hand, he being also an ugly ill-looking fellow, "Sir," quoth the squire to his master, "pray see whether this be not the enchanted Moor, that's come again to have t'other bout with me, and try\* whether he has not left some place unbruised for him now to maul as much as the rest."—"It cannot be the Moor," replied Don Quix-

\* *Left some place unbruised, &c.* Literally, left something at the bottom of the ink-horn; that is, left the business incomplete.

ote: "for persons enchanted are to be seen by nobody."—"If they do not suffer themselves to be seen," quoth Sancho, "at least they suffer themselves to be felt: if not, let my carcase bear witness."—"So might mine," cried Don Quixote; "yet this is no sufficient reason to prove, that what we see is the enchanted Moor."

While they were thus arguing, the officer advanced, and wondered to hear two men talk so calmly to one another there: yet finding the unfortunate knight lying in the same deplorable posture as he left him, stretched out like a corpse, bloody, bruised, and beplastered, and not able to stir himself; "How is't, honest fellow," quoth he to the champion, "how do you find yourself?"—"Were I your fellow," replied Don Quixote, "I would have a little more manners than you have, you blockhead, you; is that your way of approaching knights-errant in this country?"—The officer could not bear such a reprimand from one who made so scurvy a figure, and lifting up the lamp, oil and all, hit Don Quixote such a blow on the head with it, that he had reason to fear he had made work for the surgeon, and therefore stole presently out of the room, under the protection of the night.—"Well, sir," quoth Sancho, "d'ye

think now it was the enchanted Moor, or no? for my part, I think he keeps the treasure you talk of for others, and reserves only kicks, cuffs, thumps, and knocks for your worship and myself."—"I am now convinced," answered Don Quixote: "therefore let us wave that resentment of these injuries, which we might otherwise justly shew; for considering these enchanters can make themselves invisible when they please, it is needless to think of revenge. But, pray thee rise, if thou canst, Sancho, and desire the governor of the castle to send me some oil, salt, wine, and rosemary, that I may make my healing balsam; for truly I want it extremely, so fast the blood flows out of the wound which the fantasm gave me just now."

Sancho then got up as fast as his aching bones would let him, and with much ado made shift to crawl out of the room to look for the inn-keeper; and, stumbling by the way on the officer, who stood hearkening to know what mischief he had done, "Sir," quoth he to him, "for heaven's sake, do so much as help us to a little oil, salt, wine and rosemary, to make a medicine for one of the best knights-errant that ever trod on shoe of leather, who lies yonder grievously wounded by the enchanted Moor of

this inn."<sup>1</sup> The officer, hearing him talk at that rate, took him to be one out of his wits; and it beginning to be day-light, he opened the inn-door, and told the inn-keeper what Sancho wanted. The host presently provided the desired ingredients, and Sancho crept back with them to his master, whom he found holding his head, and sadly complaining of the pain which he felt there: though after all, the lamp had done him no more harm than only raising of two huge bumps; for that which he fancied to be blood, was only sweat, and the oil of the lamp that had liquored his hair and face.

The knight took all the ingredients, and, having mixed them together, he had them set over the fire, and there kept them boiling till he thought they were enough. That done, he asked for a vial to put this precious liquor in: but there being none to be got, the inn-keeper presented him with an old earthen jug, and Don Quixote was forced to be contented with that. Then he mumbled over the pot above fourscore *Paternosters*, and as many *Ave-marias*, *Salve Reginas*, and *Credos*, making the sign of the cross at every word by way of benediction. At which ceremony, Sancho, the inn-keeper, and the officer were present; for as for

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 1, Book III., Chapter III.

the carrier, he was gone to look after his mules, and took no manner of notice of what was passed. This blessed medicine being made, Don Quixote resolved to make an immediate experiment of it on himself; and to that purpose he took off a good draught of the overplus, which the pot could not hold: but he had scarce gulped it down, when it set him a vomiting so violently, that you would have thought he would have cast up his heart, liver and guts; and his retching and straining put him into such a sweat, that he desired to be covered up warm, and left to his repose. With that they left him, and he slept three whole hours; and then waking, found himself so wonderfully eased, that he made no question but he had now the right balsam of Fierabras; and therefore he thought he might safely undertake all the most dangerous adventures in the world, without the least hazard of his person.

Sancho, encouraged by the wonderful effect of the balsam on his master, begged that he would be pleased to give him leave to sip up what was left in the pot, which was no small quantity; and the Don having consented, honest Sancho lifted it up with both his hands, and with a strong faith, and better will, poured every drop down his throat. Now the man's

stomach not being so nice as his master's, the drench did not set him a vomiting after that manner; but caused such a wambling in his stomach, such a bitter loathing, kecking, and retching, and such grinding pangs, with cold sweats and swoonings, that he verily believed his last hour was come, and in the midst of his agony gave both the balsam and him that made it to the devil.—“Friend,” said Don Quixote, seeing him in that condition, “I begin to think all this pain befalls thee, only because thou hast not received the order of knighthood; for it is my opinion, this balsam ought to be used by no man that is not a professed knight.”—“What a plague did you mean then by letting me drink it?” quoth Sancho; “a murrain on me, and all my generation, why did not you tell me this before?” At length the dose began to work to some purpose, and forced its way at both ends so copiously, that both his bed-mat and coverlet were soon made unfit for any further use; and all the while he strained so hard, that not only himself, but the standers-by, thought he would have died. This dreadful hurricane lasted about two hours; and then too, instead of finding himself as free from pain as his master, he felt himself so feeble, and so far spent, that he was not able to stand.

But Don Quixote, as we have said, found himself in an excellent temper; and his active soul loathing an inglorious repose, he presently was impatient to depart to perform the duties of his adventurous profession: for he thought those moments that were trifled away in amusements, or other concerns, only a blank in life; and all delays a depriving distressed persons, and the world in general, of his needed assistance. The confidence which he reposed in his balsam, heightened, if possible, his resolution; and thus carried away by his eager thoughts, he saddled Rozinante himself, and then put the pannel upon the ass, and his squire upon the pannel, after he had helped him to huddle on his clothes: that done, he mounted his steed; and having spied a javelin that stood in a corner, he seized and appropriated it to himself, to supply the want of his lance. Above twenty people that were in the inn stood spectators of all these transactions; and among the rest the inn-keeper's daughter, from whom Don Quixote had not power to withdraw his eyes, breathing out at every glance a deep sigh from the very bottom of his heart; which those who had seen him so mortified the night before, took to proceed from the pain of his bruises.

And now being ready to set forwards, he

called for the master of the house, and with a grave delivery, "My lord governor," cried he, "the favours I have received in your castle are so great and extraordinary, that they bind my grateful soul to an eternal acknowledgment: therefore that I may be so happy as to discharge part of the obligation, think if there be ever a proud mortal breathing on whom you desire to be revenged for some affront or other injury, and acquaint me with it now; and by my order of knighthood, which binds me to protect the weak, relieve the oppressed, and punish the bad, I promise you I'll take effectual care, that you shall have ample satisfaction to the utmost of your wishes."—"Sir Knight," answered the inn-keeper, with an austere gravity, "I shall not need your assistance to revenge any wrong that may be offered to my person; for I would have you to understand, that I am able to do myself justice, whenever any man presumes to do me wrong: therefore all the satisfaction I desire is, that you will pay your reckoning for horse-meat and man's meat, and all your expenses in my inn."—"How!" cried Don Quixote, "is this an inn?"—"Yes," answered the host, "and one of the most noted, and of the best repute upon the road."—"How strangely have I been mis-

taken then!" cried Don Quixote; "upon my honour I took it for a castle, and a considerable one too; but if it be an inn, and not a castle, all I have to say is, that you must excuse me from paying anything; for I would by no means break the laws which we knight-errants are bound to observe; nor was it ever known, that they ever paid in any inn whatsoever;<sup>1</sup> for this is the least recompence that can be allowed them for the intolerable labours they endure day and night, winter and summer, o'foot and o'horseback, pinched with hunger, choked with thirst, and exposed to all the injuries of the air, and all the inconveniences in the world."—"I have nothing to do with all this," cried the inn-keeper: "pay your reckoning, and don't trouble me with your foolish stories of a cock and a bull; I can't afford to keep house at that rate."—"Thou are both a fool and a knave of an inn-keeper," replied Don Quixote: and with that clapping spurs to Rozinante, and brandishing his javelin at his host, he rode out of the inn without any opposition, and got a good way from it, without so much as once looking behind him to see whether his squire came after him.

The knight being marched off, there re-

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, Note 2, Book III., Chapter III.

mained only the squire, who was stopped for the reckoning. However he swore bloodily he would not pay a cross; for the self-same law that acquitted the knight acquitted the squire. This put the inn-keeper into a great passion, and made him threaten Sancho very hard, telling him if he would not pay him by fair means, he would have him laid by the heels that moment. Sancho swore by his master's knighthood, he would sooner part with his life than his money on such an account; nor should the squires in after ages ever have occasion to upbraid him with giving so ill a precedent, or breaking their rights. But as ill luck would have it, there happened to be in the inn four Segovia clothiers, three Cordova point-makers, and two Seville hucksters, all brisk, gamesome, arch fellows; who agreeing all in the same design, encompassed Sancho, and pulled him off his ass, while one of them went and got a blanket. Then they put the unfortunate squire into it, and observing the roof of the place they were in to be somewhat too low for their purpose, they carried him into the back yard, which had no limits but the sky, and there they tossed him for several times together in the blanket, as they do dogs on Shrove-Tuesday. Poor Sancho made so grievous an

outcry all the while, that his master heard him, and imagined those lamentations were of some person in distress, and consequently the occasion of some adventure: but having at last distinguished the voice, he made to the inn with a broken gallop; and finding the gates shut, he rode about to see whether he might not find some other way to get in. But he no sooner came to the back-yard wall, which was none of the highest, when he was an eye-witness of the scurvy trick that was put upon his squire. There he saw him ascend and descend, and frolick and caper in the air with so much nimbleness and agility, that it is thought the knight himself could not have forborne laughing, had he been anything less angry. He did his best to get over the wall, but alas! he was so bruised, that he could not so much as alight from his horse. This made him fume and chafe, and vent his passion in a thousand threats and curses, so strange and various that it is impossible to repeat them. But the more he stormed, the more they tossed and laughed; Sancho on his side begging, and howling, and threatening, and damning, to as little purpose as his master, for it was weariness alone could make the tossers give over. Then they charitably put an end to his high dancing, and set

him upon his ass again, carefully wrapped in his mantle.

But Maritornes's tender soul made her pity a male creature in such tribulation; and thinking he had danced and tumbled enough to be a-dry, she was so generous as to help him to a draught of water, which she purposely drew from the well that moment, that it might be the cooler. Sancho clapped the pot to his mouth, but his master made him desist; "Hold, hold," cried he, "son Sancho, drink no water, child, it will kill thee: behold I have here the most holy balsam, two drops of which will cure thee effectually."—"Ha," replied Sancho, shaking his head, and looking sourly on the knight with a side-face, "have you again forgot that I am no knight? or would you have me cast up the few guts I have left since yesternight's job? Keep your brewings for yourself in the devil's name, and let me alone." With that he lifted up the jug to his nose, but finding it to be mere element, he spirted out again the little he had tasted, and desired the wench to help him to some better liquor; so she went and fetched him wine to make him amends, and paid for it too out of her own pocket; for, to give the devil his due, it was said of her, that though she was somewhat too

free of her favours, yet she had something of Christianity in her. As soon as Sancho had tipped off his wine, he visited his ass's ribs twice or thrice with his heels, and, free egress being granted him, he trooped off, mightily tickled with the thoughts of having had his ends, and got off shot-free, though at the expense of his shoulders, his usual sureties. It is true, the inn-keeper kept his wallet for the reckoning; but the poor squire was so dismayed, and in such haste to be gone, that he never missed it. The host was for shutting the inn-doors after him, for fear of the worst; but the tossers would not let him, being a sort of fellows that would not have mattered Don Quixote a straw, though he had really been one of the Knights of the Round Table.