But nothing of all that I have repeated, or omitted, is like to make this wedding so remarkable, as what I believe the slighted Basilius will do upon this occasion.

"This Basilius is a neighbouring swain, of the same village with Quiteria: his house is next to that of Quiteria's parents, with nothing but a wall between them; from whence Cupid took occasion to revive in the world the long-forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thisbe; for Basilius was in love with Quiteria from his childhood, and she answered his wishes with a thousand modest favours, insomuch that the loves of the two children, Basilius and Quiteria, became the common talk of the village. When they were grown up, the father of Quiteria resolved to forbid Basilius the usual access to his family; and, to save himself from apprehensions and suspicions, he purposed to marry his daughter to the rich Camacho, not choosing to match her with Basilius, who is not endowed with so many gifts of fortune as of nature: for, if the truth is to be told without envy, he is the most active youth we know; a great pitcher of the bar; an extreme good wrestler, and a great player at cricket; runs like a buck, leaps like a wild goat, and plays at ninepins as if he did it by witchcraft; sings like a lark, and touches a guitar, that he makes it speak; and, above all, he handles the small sword like the most accomplished fencer."—"For this excellence

alone," said Don Quixote immediately, "this youth deserves to marry not only the fair Quiteria, but Queen Ginebra herself, were she now alive, in spite of Sir Lancelot, and all opposers."—"To my wife with that," quoth Sancho Panza, who had been hitherto silent and listening, "who will have every body marry their equal, according to the proverb, *Every sheep to its like.* What I would have is, that this honest Basilius, for I begin to take a liking to him, shall marry this same Lady Quiteria; and Heaven send them good luck, and God's blessings (he meant the reverse) on those, who would hinder people that love each other from marrying."—"If all, who love each other, were to be married," said Don Quixote, "it would deprive parents of the privilege and authority of finding proper matches for their children. If the choice of husbands were left to the inclination of daughters, some there are who would choose their father's servant, and others some pretty fellow they see pass along the streets, in their opinion genteel and well-made, though he were a beaten bully: for love and affection easily blind the eyes of the understanding, so absolutely necessary for choosing our state of life; and that of matrimony is greatly exposed to the danger of a mistake, and there is need of great caution, and the particular favour of Heaven, to make it hit right. A person, who has a mind to take a long journey, if he be wise, before he sets

forwards will look out for some safe and agreeable companion. And should not he do the like, who undertakes a journey for life, especially if his fellow-traveller is to be his companion at bed and board, and every where else, as the wife is with the husband? The wife is not a commodity which, when once bought, you can exchange, or swap, or return; but is an inseparable accessory, which lasts as long as life itself. She is a noose, which, when once thrown about the neck, turns to a Gordian knot, and cannot be unloosed till cut asunder by the scythe of death. I could say much more upon this subject, were I not prevented by the desire I have to know, whether Signor the licentiate has any thing more to say concerning the history of Basilius." To which the scholar, bachelor, or licentiate, as Don Quixote called him, answered: "Of the whole I have no more to say, but that, from the moment Basilius heard of Quiteria's being to be married to Camacho the Rich, he has never been seen to smile, nor speak coherently, and is always pensive and sad, and talking to himself; certain and clear indications of his being distracted. He eats and sleeps but little; and what he does eat is fruit; and when he sleeps, if he does sleep, it is in the fields, upon the hard ground, like a brute beast. From time to time he throws his eyes up to Heaven; now fixes them on the ground, with such stupefaction, that he seems to be nothing but

a statue clothed, whose drapery is put in motion by the air. In short, he gives such indications of an impassioned heart, that we all take it for granted, that to-morrow Quiteria's pronouncing the fatal *Yes* will be the sentence of his death."

"Heaven will order it better," quoth Sancho; "for God, that gives the wound, sends the cure: nobody knows what is to come: there are a great many hours between this and to-morrow; and in one hour, yea, in one moment, down falls the house: I have seen it rain, and the sun shine, both at the same time: such an one goes to bed sound at night, and is not able to stir next morning: and tell me, can any body brag of having driven a nail in Fortune's wheel? No, certainly; and between the Yes and the No of a woman I would not venture to thrust the point of a pin; for there would not be room enough for it. Grant me but that Quiteria loves Basilius with all her heart, and I will give him a bag full of good fortune: for love, as I have heard say, looks through spectacles, which make copper appear to be gold, poverty riches, and specks in the eyes pearls."—"A curse light on you, Sancho, what would you be at?" said Don Quixote. "When you begin stringing of proverbs and tales, none but Judas, who I wish had you, can wait for you. Tell me, animal, what know you of nails and wheels, or of any thing else?"—"Oh!" replied Sancho, "if I am not under-

stood, no wonder that what I say passes for nonsense: but no matter for that; I understand myself; neither have I said many foolish things: only your Worship is always cricketising my words and actions."—"Criticising, I suppose, you would say," said Don Quixote, "and not cricketising, thou misapplier of good language, whom God confound."—"Pray, Sir, be not so sharp upon me," answered Sancho; "for you know I was not bred at court, nor have studied in Salamanca, to know whether I add to or take a letter from my words. As God shall save me, it is unreasonable to expect that the Sayagües[33] should speak like the Toledans; nay, there are Toledans, who are not over-nice in the business of speaking politely."—"It is true," replied the licentiate; "for how should they speak so well, who are bred in the tan-yards and Zocodover[34], as they who are all day walking up and down the cloisters of the great church? And yet they are all Toledans. Purity, propriety, elegance, and perspicuity of language, are to be found among discerning courtiers, though born in Majalahonda. I say discerning, because a great many there are, who are not so, and discernment is the grammar of good language, accompanied with custom and use. I, Gentlemen, for my sins, have studied the canon law in Salamanca, and pique myself a little upon expressing myself in clear, plain, and significant terms."—"If you had not piqued

yourself more upon managing those unlucky foils you carry than your tongue," said the other scholar, "you might by this time have been at the head of your class; whereas now you are at the tail."

"Look you, Bachelor," answered the licentiate, "you are the most mistaken in the world in your opinion touching the dexterity of the sword, if you hold it to be insignificant."—"With me it is not barely opinion, but a settled truth," replied Corchuelo; "and if you have a mind I should convince you by experience, you carry foils, an opportunity offers, and I have nerves and strength that, backed by my courage, which is none of the least, will make you confess that I am not deceived. Alight, and make use of your measured steps, your circles, and angles, and science; for I hope to make you see the stars at noon-day with my modern and rustic dexterity; in which I trust, under God, that the man is yet unborn, who shall make me turn my back, and that there is nobody in the world, whom I will not oblige to give ground."—"As to turning the back or not, I meddle not with it," replied the adept, "though it may happen that, in the first spot you fix your foot on, your grave may be opened; I mean, that you may be left dead there for despising the noble science of defence."—"We shall see that presently," answered Corchuelo; and, jumping hastily from his beast, he snatched one of the

foils, which the licentiate carried upon his ass. "It must not be so," cried Don Quixote at this instant; "for I will be master of this fencing-bout, and judge of this long-controverted question:" and alighting from Rozinante, and grasping his lance, he planted himself in the midst of the road, just as the licentiate, with a graceful motion of body, and measured step, was making toward Corchuelo, who came at him, darting, as the phrase is, fire from his eyes. The two countrymen, without dismounting, served as spectators of the mortal tragedy. The flashes, thrusts, high strokes, back-strokes, and fore-strokes, Corchuelo gave, were numberless, and thicker than hail. He fell on like a provoked lion: but met with a smart tap on the mouth from the button of the licentiate's foil, which stopped him in the midst of his fury, making him kiss it, though not with so much devotion, as if it had been a relic. In short, the licentiate, by dint of clean thrusts, counted him all the buttons of a little cassock he had on, and tore the skirts, so that they hung in rags like the many-tailed fish. Twice he struck off his hat, and so tired him, that, through despite, choler, and rage, he flung away the foil into the air with such force, that one of the country-fellows present, who was a kind of scrivener, and went to fetch it, said, and swore, it was thrown near three quarters of a league: which affidavit has served, and still serves, to show and

demonstrate, that skill goes farther than strength. Corchuelo sat down quite spent, and Sancho going to him said; "In faith, master Bachelor, if you would take my advice, henceforward you should challenge nobody to fence, but to wrestle or pitch the bar, since you are old enough and strong enough for that: for I have heard say of these masters, that they can thrust the point of a sword through the eye of a needle."—"I am satisfied," answered Corchuelo, "and have learned by experience a truth I could not otherwise have believed:" and getting up, he went and embraced the licentiate, and they were now better friends than before. So, being unwilling to wait for the scrivener, who was gone to fetch the foil, thinking he might stay too long, they determined to make the best of their way, that they might arrive betimes at Quiteria's village, whither they were all bound. By the way, the licentiate laid down to them the excellencies of the noble science of defence, with such self-evident reasons, and so many mathematical figures and demonstrations, that every body was convinced of the usefulness of the science, and Corchuelo entirely brought over from his obstinacy.

It was just night-fall: but before they arrived, they all thought they saw, between them and the village, a kind of heaven full of innumerable and resplendent stars. They heard also the confused and sweet sounds of various instruments, as flutes,

tambourins, psalteries, cymbals, and little drums with bells; and, drawing near, they perceived the boughs of an arbour, made on one side of the entrance into the town, all hung with lights, which were not disturbed by the wind; for all was so calm, there was not a breath of air so much as to stir the very leaves of the trees. The life and joy of the wedding were the musicians, who went up and down in bands through that delightful place, some dancing, others singing, and others playing upon the different intruments aforesaid. In short, it looked as if mirth and pleasure danced and revelled through the meadow. Several others were busied about raising scaffolds, from which they might commodiously be spectators next day of the plays and dances, that were to be performed in that place, dedicated to the solemnizing the nuptials of the rich Camacho, and the obsequies of Basilius. Don Quixote refused to go into the town, though both the countryman and the Bachelor invited him: but he pleaded, as a sufficient excuse in his opinion, that it was the custom of Knights-errant to sleep in the fields and forests, rather than in towns, though under gilded roofs: and therefore he turned a little out of the way, sorely against Sancho's will, who had not forgotten the good lodging he had met with in the castle, or house, of Don Diego.

CHAP. XX.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE WEDDING OF CAMACHO THE RICH, WITH THE ADVENTURE OF BASILIUS THE POOR.

SCARCELY had the fair Aurora given bright Phœbus room, with the heat of his warm rays, to dry up the liquid pearls on his golden hair, when Don Quixote, shaking off sloth from his drowsy members, got upon his feet, and called to his squire Sancho Panza, who still lay snoring: which being perceived by Don Quixote, before he would awaken him, he said: "Oh happy thou, above all that live on the face of the earth, who neither envying, nor being envied, sleepest on with tranquillity of soul! neither do enchanters persecute, nor enchantments affright thee. Sleep on, I say again, and will say a hundred times more, sleep on; for no jealousies on thy lady's account keep thee in perpetual watchings, nor do anxious thoughts of paying debts awaken thee; nor is thy rest broken with the thoughts of what thou must do to-morrow, to provide for thyself and thy little family. Ambition disquiets thee not, nor does the vain pomp of the world disturb thee; for thy desires extend not beyond the limits of taking care of thy ass: for that of thy person is laid upon my shoulders, a counterbalance and burden that nature and custom have laid upon masters. The servant sleeps, and the

master is waking, to consider how he is to maintain, prefer, and do him kindness. The pain of seeing the obdurate Heaven made, as it were, of brass, and refusing convenient dews to refresh the earth, afflicts not the servant, but the master, who is bound to provide, in times of sterility and famine, for him, who served him in times of fertility and abundance." To all this Sancho answered not a word, for he was asleep; nor would he have awakened so soon as he did, but that Don Quixote jogged him with the but end of his lance. At last he awoke, drowsy and yawning; and, turning his face on all sides, he said: "From yonder shady bower, if I mistake not, there comes a stream and smell, rather of broiled rashers of bacon, than of thyme or rushes: by my faith, weddings, that begin thus savourily, must needs be liberal and abundant."

"Have done, glutton," said Don Quixote, "and let us go and see this wedding, and what becomes of the disdained Basilius."—"Marry, let what will become of him," answered Sancho; "he cannot be poor, and marry Quiteria: a pleasant fancy, for one not worth a groat, to aim at marrying above the clouds! Faith, Sir, in my opinion, a poor man should be contented with what he finds, and not be looking for truffles at the bottom of the sea. I dare wager an arm, that Camacho can cover Basilius with reals from head to foot; and if it be so, as it must needs be, Qui-

teria would be a pretty bride indeed, to reject the fine clothes and jewels, that Camacho has given, and can give her, to choose instead of them a pitch of the bar, and a feint at foils, of Basilius. One cannot have a pint of wine at a tavern for the bravest pitch of the bar, or the cleverest push of the foil: abilities and graces, that are not vendible, let the Count Dirlos have them for me: but when they light on a man, that has wherewithal, may my life show as well as they do. Upon a good foundation a good building may be raised, and the best bottom and foundation in the world is money."—"For the love of God, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "have done with your harangue: I verily believe, were you let alone to go on as you begin at every turn, you would have no time to eat, or sleep, but would spend it all in talk."—"If your Worship had a good memory," replied Sancho, "you would remember the articles of our agreement, before we sallied from home this last time; one of which was, that you were to let me talk as much as I pleased, so it were not any thing against my neighbour, or against your Worship's authority; and hitherto I think I have not broken that capitulation."—"I do not remember any such article, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "and though it were so, it is my pleasure you hold your peace, and come along; for by this time the musical instruments we heard last night begin

again to cheer the vallies; and doubtless the espousals will be celebrated in the cool of the morning, and not put off till the heat of the day."

Sancho did as his master commanded him; and saddling Rozinante and pannelling Dapple, they both mounted, and marching softly entered the artificial shade. The first thing that presented itself to Sancho's sight, was a whole bullock spitted upon a large elm. The fire it was roasted by was composed of a middling mountain of wood, and round it were placed six pots, not cast in common moulds; for they were half-jars, each containing a whole shamble of flesh; and entire sheep were sunk and swallowed up in them, as commodiously as if they were only so many pigeons. The hares ready cased, and the fowls ready plucked, that hung about upon the branches, in order to be buried in the caldrons, were without number. Infinite was the wild fowl and venison hanging about the trees, that the air might cool them. Sancho counted above threescore skins, each of above twenty-four quarts, and all, as appeared afterwards, full of generous wines. There were also piles of the whitest bread, like so many heaps of wheat in a thrashing-floor. Cheeses, ranged like bricks, formed a kind of wall. Two caldrons of oil, larger than a dyer's vat, stood ready for frying all sorts of batter-ware; and with a couple of stout

peels they took them out when fried, and dipped them in another kettle of prepared honey, that stood by. The men and women cooks were above fifty, all clean, all diligent, and all in good humour. In the bullock's distended belly were a dozen of sucking pigs, sewed up in it to make it savoury and tender. The spices of various kinds seemed to have been bought, not by the pound, but by the hundred, and stood free for every body in a great chest. In short, the preparation for the wedding was all rustic, but in such plenty, that it was sufficient to have feasted an army.

Sancho beheld all, considered all, and was in love with every thing. The first that captivated and subdued his inclinations were the flesh-pots, out of which he would have been glad to have filled a moderate pipkin. Then the wine-skins drew his affections; and, lastly, the products of the frying-pans, if such pompous caldrons may be so called. And, not being able to forbear any longer, and having no power to do otherwise, he went up to one of the busy cooks, and, with courteous and hungry words, desired leave to sop a luncheon of bread in one of the pots. To which the cook answered: "This is none of those days, over which hunger presides; thanks to rich Camacho: alight, and see if you can find a ladle any where, and skim out a fowl or two, and much good may they do you." — "I see none," answered Sancho. "Stay," said the

cook; "God forgive me, what a nice and good for nothing fellow must you be!" And so saying, he laid hold of a kettle, and, sousing it into one of the half-jars, he fished out three pullets, and a couple of geese, and said to Sancho: "Eat, friend, and make a breakfast of this scum, to stay your stomach till dinner-time."—"I have nothing to put it in," answered Sancho. "Then take ladle and all," replied the cook; "for the riches and felicity of Camacho supply every thing."

While Sancho was thus employed, Don Quixote stood observing, how, at one side of the spacious arbour, entered a dozen countrymen upon as many beautiful mares, adorned with rich and gay caparisons, and their furniture hung round with little bells. They were clad in holyday apparel, and in a regular troop ran sundry careers about the meadow, with a joyful Moorish cry of, *Long live Camacho and Quiteria, he as rich as she fair, and she the fairest of the world.* Which Don Quixote hearing, said to himself: "It is plain these people have not seen my Dulcinea del Toboso; for, had they seen her, they would have been a little more upon the reserve in praising this Quiteria of theirs." A little while after, there entered, at divers parts of the arbour, a great many different sets of dancers; among which was one consisting of four-and-twenty sword-dancers, handsome, sprightly swains, all

arrayed in fine white linen, with handkerchiefs[35] wrought with several colours of fine silk. One of those upon the mares asked a youth, who led the sword-dance, whether any of his comrades were hurt. "As yet, God be thanked," replied the youth, "nobody is wounded; we are all whole:" and presently he twined himself in among the rest of his companions, with so many turns, and so dexterously, that though Don Quixote was accustomed to see such kind of dances, he never liked any so well as that. There was another, which pleased him mightily, of a dozen most beautiful damsels, so young, that none of them appeared to be under fourteen, nor any quite eighteen years old, all clad in green stuff of Cuença, their locks partly plaited, and partly loose, and all so yellow, that they might rival those of the sun itself; with garlands of jasmine, roses, and woodbine upon their heads. They were led up by a venerable old man, and an ancient matron, but more nimble and airy than could be expected from their years. A bagpipe of Zamora[36] was their music; and they, carrying modesty in their looks and eyes, and lightness in their feet, approved themselves the best dancers in the world.

After these, there entered an artificial dance, composed of eight nymphs, divided into two files. The god Cupid led one file, and Interest

the other; the former adorned with wings, bow, quiver, and arrows; the other apparelled with rich and various colours of gold and silk. The nymphs, attendant on the god of love, had their names written at their backs on white parchment, and in capital letters. Poetry was the title of the first; Discretion of the second; Good Family of the third; and Valour of the fourth. The followers of Interest were distinguished in the same manner. The title of the first was Liberality; Donation of the second; Treasure of the third; and that of the fourth Peaceable Possession. Before them all came a wooden castle, drawn by savages, clad in ivy and hemp dyed green so to the life, that they almost frightened Sancho. On the front, and on all the four sides of the machine, was written, *The Castle of Reserve*[37]. Four skilful musicians played on the tabor and pipe. Cupid began the dance, and, after two movements, he lifted up his eyes, and bent his bow against a damsel that stood between the battlements of the castle, whom he addressed after this manner.

LOVE.

Behold the God, whose matchless name
Claims from each element devotion:
Through nature's boundless range the same
Sways the dull earth, th' aspiring flame,
The breathing air, and billowy ocean!

Supreme within this petty sphere,
Urging, forbidding, binding, freeing,
My dauntless spirit knows no fear,
No check restrains my bold career,
Which soars beyond the bounds of being.

He finished his stanza, let fly an arrow to the top of the castle, and retired to his post. Then Interest stepped forth, and made two other movements. The tabors ceased, and he said:

INTEREST.

To thy soft guidance, Love, I bow;
Though mightier pow'r to me is given.
Men breathe to me th' incessant vow,
To me the foremost rank allow,
'Mongst all the boons of bounteous Heaven.

Int'rest my name—my vot'ries few,
To whom is giv'n all earthly treasure;
But, lovely Maid, I bring to you
Blessings, which all in vain pursue,
And bow me to your sov'reign pleasure.

Then Interest withdrew, and Poetry advanced; and after she had made her movements like the rest, fixing her eyes on the damsel of the castle, she said:

POETRY.

Whate'er of beauteous, or sublime,
Tongue can express, or thought discover,
There I present of gifts the prime,
Cloth'd in the garb of lofty rhyme,
The feeling language of the lover.

Nor thou receive them, Nymph, with scorn,
The deathless meed of verse despising;
For higher shall thy fame be borne,
Than the bright portals of the morn,
On eagle pinion proudly rising.

Poetry went off, and from the side of Interest stepped forth Liberality; and, after making her movements, said:

LIBERALITY.

Mine is the task, with rigid rein,
To curb the squand'rer's lavish spirit;
Mine the firm balance to maintain,
Spurring the sluggish sons of gain
To gen'rous deeds of lib'ral merit.

Yet o'er my wonted bounds for thee,
Sweet Maid, I pass, their limits spurning;
For sure profuse he needs must be,
Whose deeds would speak, in full degree,
The passion in his bosom burning.

In this manner all the figures of the two parties advanced and retreated, and each made its movements and recited its verses, some elegant, and some ridiculous; of which Don Quixote, who had a very good memory, treasured up the foregoing only. Presently they mixed all together, in a kind of country-dance, with a genteel grace and easy freedom: and when Cupid passed before the castle, he shot his arrows aloft; but

Interest flung gilded balls against it. In conclusion, after having danced some time, Interest drew out a large purse of Roman catskin, which semed to be full of money: and throwing it at the castle, the boards were disjointed, and tumbled down with the blow, leaving the damsel exposed, and without any defence at all. Then came Interest with his followers, and, clapping a great golden chain about her neck, they seemed to take her prisoner, and lead her away captive: which Love and his adherents perceiving, they made a show as if they would rescue her: and all their seeming efforts were adjusted to the sound of the tabors. They were parted by the savages, who with great agility rejoined the boards, and reinstated the castle, and the damsel was again enclosed in it as before: and so the dance ended, to the great satisfaction of the spectators.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs, who it was that had contrived and ordered the show? She answered, "A beneficed clergyman of that village, who had a notable headpiece for such kind of inventions."—"I will lay a wager," said Don Quixote, "that this bachelor or clergyman, is more a friend to Camacho than to Basilius, and understands satire better than vespers: for he has ingeniously interwoven in the dance, the abilities of Basilius with the riches of Camacho." Sancho Panza, who listened to all this, said: "The King is my cock; I hold with Camacho."—"In

short," replied Don Quixote, "it is plain you are an arrant bumpkin, and one of those who cry, *Long live the conqueror!*"—"I know not who I am one of," answered Sancho: "but I know very well I shall never get such elegant scum from Basilius's pots, as I have done from Camacho's." Here he showed the caldron full of geese and hens; and, laying hold of one, he began to eat with no small degree of good humour and appetite, and said: "A fig for Basilius's abilities! for, you are worth just as much as you have, and you have just as much as you are worth. There are but two families in the world, as my grandmother used to say: the Haves and the Havenots, and she stuck to the former; and now-a-days, master Don Quixote, people are more inclined to feel the pulse of Have than of Know. An ass with golden furniture makes a better figure than a horse with a pack-saddle: so that I tell you again, I hold with Camacho, the abundant scum of whose pots are geese and hens, hares and rabbits; whilst that of Basilius's, if ever it comes to hand, must be mere dish-water."—"Have you finished your harangue, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "I must have done," answered Sancho, "because I perceive your Worship is going to be in a passion at what I am saying; for were it not for that, there was work enough cut out for three days."—"God grant," replied Don Quixote, "I may see you dumb before I die."—

"At the rate we go on," answered Sancho, "before you die, I shall be mumbling cold clay; and then perhaps I may be so dumb, that I may not speak a word till the end of the world, or at least till doomsday."—"Though it should fall out so," answered Don Quixote, "your silence, O Sancho, will never rise to the pitch of your talk, past, present, and to come: besides, according to the course of nature, I must die before you, and therefore never can see you dumb, not even when drinking or sleeping, which is the most I can say."

"In good faith, Sir," answered Sancho, "there is no trusting to Madam Skeleton, I mean Death, who devours lambs as well as sheep: and I have heard our vicar say, she treads with equal foot on the lofty towers of Kings, and the humble cottages of the poor. That same gentlewoman is more powerful than nice: she is not at all squeamish; she eats of every thing, and lays hold of all; and stuffs her wallets with people of all sorts, of all ages, and pre-eminences. She is not a reaper that sleeps away the noon-day heat; for she cuts down and mows, at all hours, the dry as well as the green grass: nor does she stand to chew, but devours and swallows down all that comes in her way; for she has a canine appetite, that is never satisfied; and, though she has no belly, she makes it appear, that she has a perpetual dropsy, and a thirst to drink down the lives

of all that live, as one would drink a cup of cool water."—" Hold, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, " while you are well, and do not spoil all; for, in truth, what you have said of death, in your rustic phrases, might become the mouth of a good preacher. I tell you, Sancho, if you had but discretion equal to your natural abilities, you might take a pulpit in your hand, and go about the world preaching fine things."—" A good liver is the best preacher," answered Sancho, " and that is all the divinity I know."—" Or need know," said Don Quixote: " but I can in no wise understand, nor comprehend, how, since the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, you, who are more afraid of a lizard than of Him, should be so knowing."—" Good your Worship, judge of your own chivalries," answered Sancho, " and meddle not with judging of other men's fears or valours; for perhaps I am as pretty a fearer of God as any of my neighbours: and pray let me whip off this scum; for all besides is idle talk, of which we must give an account in the next world." And so saying, he fell to afresh, and assaulted his kettle with so long-winded an appetite, that he awakened that of Don Quixote, who doubtless would have assisted him, had he not been prevented by what we are under a necessity of immediately telling.

CHAP. XXI.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE HISTORY OF CAMACHO'S WEDDING, WITH OTHER DELIGHTFUL ACCIDENTS.

WHILE Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the discourses mentioned in the preceding chapter, they heard a great outcry and noise, raised and occasioned by those that rode on the mares, who, in full career, and with a great shout, went to meet the bride and bridegroom, who were coming, surrounded with a thousand kinds of musical instruments and inventions, accompanied by the parish priest and the kindred on both sides, and by all the better sort of people from the neighbouring towns, all in their holyday apparel. And when Sancho espied the bride, he said: "In good faith she is not clad like a country girl, but like any court lady: by the mass, the breast-piece she wears seems to me at this distance to be of rich coral; and her gown, instead of green stuff of Cuença, is no less than a thirty-piled velvet: besides, the trimming, I vow, is of satin. Then do but observe her hands: instead of rings of jet, let me never thrive, but they are of gold, ay, and of right gold, and adorned with pearls as white as a curd, and every one of them worth an eye of one's head. Ah whoreson jade! and what fine hair she has! if it is not false, I never saw longer

nor fairer in all my life. Then her sprightliness and mien: why, she is a very moving palm-tree, loaden with branches of dates; for just so look the trinkets hanging at her hair, and about her neck: by my soul the girl is so well plated over, she might pass current at any bank in Flanders [38]." Don Quixote smiled at the rustic praises bestowed by Sancho Panza, and thought that, setting aside his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, he had never seen a more beautiful woman. The fair Quiteria looked a little pale, occasioned, perhaps, by want of rest the preceding night; which brides always employ in setting themselves off, and dressing for their wedding-day following.

They proceeded towards a theatre on one side of the meadow, adorned with carpets and boughs; where the nuptial ceremony was to be performed, and from whence they were to see the dances and inventions. And, just as they arrived at the standing, they heard a great outcry behind them, and somebody calling aloud; "Hold a little, inconsiderate and hasty people."—At which voice and words they all turned about their heads, and found they came from a man clad in a black jacket, all welted with crimson in flames. He was crowned, as they presently perceived, with a garland of mournful cypress, and held in his hand a great truncheon. As he drew near, all knew him to be the gallant Basilius, and were in

suspense, waiting to see what would be the issue of this procedure, and apprehending some sinister event from his arrival at such a season. At length he came up, tired and out of breath, and planting himself just before the affianced couple, and leaning on his truncheon, which had a steel pike at the end, changing colour, and fixing his eyes on Quiteria, with a trembling and hoarse voice he uttered these expressions: "You well know, forgetful Quiteria, that, by the rules of that holy Religion we profess, you cannot marry another man, whilst I am living; neither are you ignorant, that, waiting till time and my own industry should better my fortune, I have not failed to preserve the respect due to your honour. But you, casting all obligations due to my lawful love behind your back, are going to make another man master of what is mine; whose riches serve not only to make him happy in the possession of them, but every way superlatively fortunate: and that his good luck may be heaped brim full, not that I think he deserves it, but that Heaven will have it so, I with my own hands will remove all impossibility, or inconvenience, by removing myself out of his way. Long live the rich Camacho with the ungrateful Quiteria; many and happy ages may they live, and let poor Basilius die, whose poverty clipped the wings of his good fortune, and laid him in the grave!" And so saying, he laid hold of his truncheon,

which was stuck in the ground, and drawing out a short tuck that was concealed in it, and to which it served as a scabbard; and setting what may be called the hilt upon the ground, with a nimble spring and determinate purpose, he threw himself upon it; and in an instant half the bloody point appeared at his back, the poor wretch lying along upon the ground, weltering in his blood, and pierced through with his own weapon.

His friends ran presently to his assistance, grieved at his misery and deplorable disaster; and Don Quixote, quitting Rozinante, ran also to assist, and took him in his arms, and found he had still life in him. They would have drawn out the tuck; but the priest, who was by, was of opinion, it should not be drawn out till he had made his confession; for their pulling it out, and his expiring, would happen at the same moment. But Basilius, coming a little to himself, with a faint and doleful voice, said: "If, cruel Quiteria, in this my last and fatal agony, you would give me your hand to be my spouse, I should hope my rashness might be pardoned, since it procured me the blessing of being yours." Which the priest hearing, advised him to mind the salvation of his soul, rather than the gratifying his bodily appetites, and in good earnest to beg pardon of God for his sins, and especially for this last desperate action. To which Basilius replied, that he would by no means make any confession,

till Quiteria had first given him her hand to be his wife; for that satisfaction would quiet his spirit, and give him breath for confession. Don Quixote, hearing the wounded man's request, said in a loud voice, that Basilius desired a very just and very reasonable thing, and besides very easy to be done; and that it would be every whit as honourable for Signor Camacho to take Quiteria, a widow of the brave Basilius, as if he received her at her father's hands; all that was necessary being but a bare *Yes*, which could have no other consequence than the pronouncing the word, since the nuptial bed of these espousals must be the grave. Camacho heard all this, and was in suspense and confusion, not knowing what to do or say; but so importunate were the cries of Basilius's friends, desiring him to consent, that Quiteria might give her hand to be Basilius's wife, lest his soul should be lost by departing out of this life in despair, that they moved and forced him to say, that, if Quiteria thought fit to give it him, he was contented, since it was only delaying for a moment the accomplishment of his wishes. Presently all ran and applied to Quiteria, and some with entreaties, others with tears, and others with persuasive reasons, importuned her to give her hand to poor Basilius: but she, harder than marble, and more immovable than a statue, neither could, nor would return any answer. But the priest bid her resolve im-

mediately; for Basilius had his soul between his teeth, and there was no time to wait for irresolute determinations.

Then the beautiful Quiteria, without answering a word, and in appearance much troubled and concerned, approached Basilius, his eyes already turned in his head, breathing short and quick, muttering the name of Quiteria, and giving tokens of dying more like a Heathen than a Christian. At last Quiteria kneeling down by him, made signs to him for his hand. Basilius unclosed his eyes, and, fixing them stedfastly upon her, said; "Oh! Quiteria, you relent at a time, when your pity is a sword to finish the taking away of my life; for now I have not enough left to bear the glory you give me in making me yours, nor to suspend the pain, which will presently cover my eyes with the dreadful shadow of death. What I beg of you, O fatal star of mine, is, that the hand you require and give, be not out of compliment, or to deceive me afresh; but that you would confess and acknowledge, that you bestow it without any force laid upon your will, and give it me, as to your lawful husband: for it is not reasonable, that, in this extremity, you should impose upon me, or deal falsely with him, who has dealt so faithfully and sincerely with you." At these words he was seized with such a fainting fit, that all the bystanders thought his soul was just departing.

Quiteria, all modesty and bashfulness, taking Basilius's right hand in hers, said: "No force would be sufficient to bias my will; and therefore, with all the freedom I have, I give you my hand to be your lawful wife, and receive yours, if you give it me as freely, and the calamity you have brought yourself into by your precipitate resolution does not disturb or hinder it."—"Yes, I give it you," answered Basilius, "neither discomposed nor confused, but with the clearest understanding that Heaven was ever pleased to bestow upon me; and so I give and engage myself to be your husband."—"And I to be your wife," answered Quiteria, "whether you live many years, or are carried from my arms to the grave."—"For one so much wounded," quoth Sancho Panza at this period, "this young man talks a great deal: advise him to leave off his courtship, and mind the business of his soul: though, to my thinking, he has it more in his tongue than between his teeth."

Basilius and Quiteria being thus with hands joined, the tender-hearted priest, with tears in his eyes, pronounced the benediction upon them, and prayed to God for the repose of the new-married man's soul: who, as soon as he had received the benediction, suddenly started up, and nimbly drew out the tuck, which was sheathed in his body. All the bystanders were in astonishment, and some, more simple than the rest, began to cry