

CHAPTER XX

AN ACCOUNT OF RICH CAMACHO'S WEDDING, AND
WHAT BEFEL POOR BASIL

SCARCE had the fair Aurora given place to the refulgent ruler of the day, and given him time, with the heat of his prevailing rays, to dry the liquid pearls on his golden locks, when Don Quixote, shaking off sluggish sleep from his drowsy limbs, arose and called his squire: but finding him still snoring, "O thou most happy mortal upon earth," said he, "how sweet is thy repose! envied by none, and envying no man's greatness, secure thou sleepest, thy soul composed and calm! no power of magic persecutes thee, nor are thy thoughts affrighted by enchantments. Sleep on, sleep on, a hundred times, sleep on. Those jealous cares that break a lover's heart, do not extend to thee; neither the dread of craving creditors, nor the dismal foresight of inevitable want, or care of finding bread for a helpless family, keep thee waking. Ambition does not make thee uneasy, the pomp and vanity of this

world do not perplex thy mind; for all thy care's extent reaches but to thy ass. Thy person and thy welfare thou hast committed to my charge, a burthen imposed on masters by nature and custom, to weigh and counterpoise the offices of servants. Which is the greatest slave? The servant's business is performed by a few manual duties, which only reconcile him more to rest, and make him sleep more sound; while the anxious master has not leisure to close his eyes, but must labour day and night to make provision for the subsistence of his servant; not only in time of abundance, but even when the heavens deny those kindly showers that must supply this want."

To all this fine expostulation Sancho answered not a word; but slept on, and was not to be waked by his master's calling, or otherwise, till he pricked him in the buttocks with the sharp end of his lance. At length opening his eyelids half way, and rubbing them, after he had gaped and yawned and stretched his drowsy limbs, he looked about him, and snuffing up his nose, "I am much mistaken," quoth he, "if from this same arbour there come not a pure steam of a good broiled rasher, that comforts my nostrils more than all

the herbs and rushes hereabouts. And by my holy dame, a wedding that begins so savourly must be a dainty one."—"Away, cormorant," said Don Quixote; "rouse and let us go see it, and learn how it fares with the disdained Basil."—"Fare!" quoth Sancho; "why, if he be poor, he must e'en be so still, and not think to marry Quiteria. It is a pretty fancy, i'faith! for a fellow who has not a cross, to run madding after what is meat for his betters. I will lay my neck that Camacho covers this same Basil from head to foot with white sixpences, and will spend ye more at a breakfast than the other is worth, and be never the worse. And do you think that Madam Quiteria will quit her fine rich gowns and petticoats, her necklaces of pearl, her jewels, her finery and bravery, and all that Camacho has given her, and may afford to give her, to marry a fellow with whom she must knit or spin for her living? What signifies his bar-pitching and fencing? Will that pay for a pint of wine at a tavern? If all those rare parts won't go to market, and make the pot boil, the deuce take them for me: though where they light on a man that has wherewithal, may I never stir, if they do not set him off rarely. With good materials on a good foundation, a man may build a good

house, and money is the best foundation in the world."—"For heaven's sake, dear Sancho," said Don Quixote, "bring thy tedious harangue to a conclusion. For my part, I believe, wert thou let alone when thy clack is once set a going, thou wouldest scarce allow thyself time to eat or sleep, but wouldest prate on to the end of the chapter."—"Troth, master," replied Sancho, "your memory must be very short, not to remember the articles of our agreement before I came this last journey with you. I was to speak what I would, and when I would, provided I said nothing against my neighbour, or your worship's authority; and I don't see that I have broken my indentures yet."—"I remember no such article," said Don Quixote; "and though it were so, it is my pleasure you now be silent and attend me; for the instruments we heard last night begin to cheer the valleys, and doubtless the marriage will be solemnised this morning, ere the heat of the day prevent the diversion."

Thereupon Sancho said no more, but saddled Rozinante, and clapped his pack-saddle on Dapple's back; then both mounting, away they rode fair and softly into the arbour. The first thing that blessed Sancho's sight there, was a whole steer spitted on a large elm, before

a mighty fire made of a pile of wood, that seemed a flaming mountain. Round this bonfire were placed six capacious pots, cast in no common mould, or rather six ample coppers, every one containing a whole shamble of meat, and entire sheep were sunk and lost in them, and soaked as conveniently as pigeons. The branches of the trees round were all garnished with an infinite number of cased hares, and plucked fowls of several sorts: and then for drink, Sancho told above three-score skins of wine, each of which contained above two arrobas,¹ and, as it afterwards proved, sprightly liquor. A goodly pile of white loaves made a large rampart on the one side, and a stately wall of cheeses set up like bricks, made a comely bulwark on the other. Two pans of oil, each bigger than a dyer's vat, served to fry their pancakes, which they lifted out with two strong peels when they were fried enough, and then they dipped them in as large a kettle of honey prepared for that purpose. To dress all this provision, there were above fifty cooks, men and women, all cleanly, diligent and cheerful. In the ample belly of the steer, they had stewed up twelve little sucking pigs embowelled, to

¹In Spain they reckon the quantity of wine by the weight, an arroba being 28 pounds, so that two of them make seven gallons.

give it the more savoury taste. Spices of all sorts lay about in such plenty, that they appeared to be bought by wholesale. In short, the whole provision was indeed country-like, but plentiful enough to feast an army.

Sancho beheld all this with wonder and delight. The first temptation that captivated his senses was the goodly pots; his bowels yearned, and his mouth watered at the dainty contents: by and by he falls desperately in love with the skins of wine; and lastly, his affections were fixed on the frying-pans, if such honourable kettles may accept of the name. The scent of the fried meat put him into such a commotion of spirit, that he could hold out no longer, but accosting one of the busy cooks with all the smooth and hungry reasons he was master of, he begged his leave to sop a luncheon of bread in one of the pans. "Friend," quoth the cook, "no hunger must be felt near us to-day (thanks to the founder.) 'Light, 'light, man, and if thou can'st find ever a ladle there, skim out a pullet or two, and much good may it do you."—"A lack-a-day," quoth Sancho, "I see no ladle, sir."—"Blood and suet," cried the cook, "what a silly helpless fellow thou art! Let me see." With that he took a kettle, and sowsing into one of the pots, he fished out

three hens and a couple of geese at one heave. "Here, friend," said he to Sancho, "take this and make shift to stay your stomach with that scum till dinner be ready."—"Heaven reward you," cried Sancho, "but where shall I put it?"—"Here," answered the cook, "take ladle and all, and thank the founder, once more I say; nobody will grudge it thee."

While Sancho was thus employed, Don Quixote saw twelve young farmer's sons, all dressed very gay, enter upon stately mares, as richly and gaudily equipped as the country could afford, with little bells fastened to their furniture. These in a close body made several careers up and down the meadow, merrily shouting and crying out, "Long live Camacho and Quiteria! he as rich as she is fair, and she the fairest in the world!" Poor ignorants, (thought Don Quixote, overhearing them,) you speak as you know; but had you ever seen my Dulcinea del Toboso, you would not be so lavish of your praises here.—In a little while, at several other parts of the spacious arbour entered a great number of dancers, and amongst the rest twenty-four young active country-lads in their fine Holland-shirts, with their handkerchiefs wrought with several colours of fine silk, wound about their heads, each of them

with sword in hand. They danced a military dance, and skirmished with one another, mixing and intermixing with their naked swords, with wonderful sleight and activity, without hurting each other in the least.

This dance pleased Don Quixote mightily, and though he was no stranger to such sort of dances, he thought it the best he had ever seen. There was another he also liked very well, performed all by most beautiful young maids, between fourteen and eighteen years of age, clad in slight green, with their hair partly filleted up with ribbons, and partly hanging loose about their shoulders, as bright and lovely as the sun's golden beams. Above all they wore garlands of roses, jasmine, amaranth, and honey-suckles. They were led up by a reverend old man, and a matronly woman, both much more light and active than their years seemed to promise. They danced to the music of Zamora bagpipes; and such was the modesty of their looks, and the agility of their feet, that they appeared the prettiest dancers in the world.

After these, came in an artificial dance or masque, consisting of eight nymphs, cast into two divisions, of which Love led one, and Wealth the other; one with his wings, his

bow, his arrows, and his quiver; the other arrayed in several gaudy colours of gold and silk. The nymphs of Cupid's party had their names inscribed in large characters behind their backs. The first was Poesy, Prudence was the next, the third Nobility, and Valour was the fourth. Those that attended Wealth were Liberality, Reward, Treasure, and Peaceable Possession. Before them came a pageant representing a castle, drawn by four savages clad in green, covered over with ivy, and grim surly vizards on their faces, so to the life, that they had almost frightened Sancho. On the frontispiece, and on every quarter of the edifices, was inscribed, "The castle of Wise Reservedness." Four expert musicians played to them on pipe and tabor. Cupid began the dance, and, after two movements, he cast up his eyes, and bent his bow against a virgin that stood upon the battlements of the castle, addressing himself in this manner.

THE MASQUE.

LOVE.

"My name is Love, supreme my sway,
The greatest good and greatest pain.
Air, earth, and seas my power obey,
And gods themselves must drag my chain.

"In every heart my throne I keep,
Fear ne'er could daunt my daring soul:
I fire the bosom of the deep,
And the profoundest hell controul."

Having spoken these verses, Cupid shot an arrow over the castle, and retired to his station. Then Wealth advanced, and performed two movements; after which the music stopped, and he expressed himself thus:

WEALTH.

"Love's my incentive and my end,
But I'm a greater power than Love;
Though earthly born, I earth transcend,
For Wealth's a blessing from above.

"Bright maid, with me receive and bless
The surest pledge of all success;
Desired by all, used right by few,
But best bestow'd, when graced by you."

Wealth withdrew, and Poesy came forward, and after she had performed her movements like the rest, fixing her eyes upon the lady of the castle, repeated these lines:

POESY.

"Sweet Poesy in moving lays
Love into hearts, sense into souls conveys
With sacred rage can tune to bliss or woe,
Sways all the man, and gives him heaven below.

"Bright nymph, with every grace adorn'd,
Shall noble verse by thee be scorn'd?
'Tis wit can best thy beauty prize;
Then raise the muse, and thou by her shalt rise."

Poesy retired, and Liberality advanced from Wealth's side, and after the dance spoke thus:

LIBERALITY.

Behold that noble golden mien
Betwixt the sparing and profuse!
Good sense and merit must be seen
Where Liberality's in use.

"But I for thee will lavish seem;
For the profuseness I'll approve:
For, where the merit is extreme,
Who'd not be prodigal of love."

In this manner all the persons of each party advanced and spoke their verses, of which some were pretty and some foolish enough. Among the rest, Don Quixote, though he had a good memory, remembered only these here set down. Then the two divisions joined into a very pretty country dance; and still as Cupid passed by the castle, he shot a flight of arrows, and Wealth battered it with golden balls; then drawing out a great purse of Roman cat's-skin, that seemed full of money, he threw it against the castle, the boards of which were presently disjointed, and fell down, leaving the virgin discovered without any defence. Thereupon Wealth immediately entered with his party, and throwing a golden chain about her neck, made a shew of leading her prisoner: But then Cupid with his attendants came to her rescue;

and both parties engaging, were parted by the savages, who joining the boards together, inclosed the virgin as before; and all was performed with measure, and to the music, that played all the while; and so the show ended, to the great content of the spectators.

When all was over, Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs, who it was that composed the entertainment? She answered, that it was a certain clergyman who lived in their town, that had a rare talent that way. "I dare lay a wager," said Don Quixote, "he was more a friend to Basil than to Camacho, and knows better what belongs to a play than a prayer-book: He has expressed Basil's parts and Camacho's estate very naturally in the design of your dance."—"God bless the king and Camacho,¹ say I," quoth Sancho, who heard this. "Well, Sancho," says Don Quixote, "thou art a white-livered rogue to change parties as thou dost; thou art like the rabble, which always cry, Long live the Conqueror."—"I know not what I am like," replied Sancho; "but this I know, that this kettle-full of geese and hens is a bribe for a prince. Camacho has filled my belly, and therefore has won my heart. When shall I ladle out such

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Chapter XX.

dainty scum out of Basil's porridge-pots?" added he, shewing his master the meat, and falling on lustily; "therefore a fig for his abilities, say I. As he sows so let him reap, and as he reaps so let him sow. My old grannam (rest her soul) was wont to say, there were but two families in the world—Have-much and Have-little; and she had ever a great kindness for the family of the Have-much. A doctor gives his advice by the pulse of your pocket; and an ass covered with gold looks better than an horse with a pack-saddle; so once more I say, Camacho, for my money."

"Hast thou not done yet?" said Don Quixote. "I must have done," answered Sancho, "because I find you begin to be in a passion, else I had work cut out for three days and a half."—"Well!" said Don Quixote, "thou wilt never be silent till thy mouth is full of clay; when thou art dead, I hope I shall have some rest."—"Faith and troth, now, master," quoth Sancho, "you did ill to talk of death, heaven bless us, it is no child's play; you have even spoiled my dinner; the very thought of raw bones and lantern jaws makes me sick. Death eats up all things, both the young lamb and old sheep; and I have heard our parson say,

death values a prince no more than a clown; all is fish that comes to his net; he throws at all, and sweeps stakes; he is no mower that takes a nap at noon-day, but drives on, fair weather or foul, and cuts down the green grass as well as the ripe corn: He is neither squeamish nor queesy-stomached, for he swallows without chewing, and crams down all things into his ungracious maw; and though you can see no belly he has, he has a confounded dropsy, and thirsts after men's lives, which he guggles down like mother's milk."

"Hold, hold," cried the knight, "go no further, for thou art come to a very handsome period; thou hast said as much of death in thy home-spun cant, as a good preacher could have done: Thou hast got the nack of preaching, man! I must get thee a pulpit and benefice, I think."—"He preaches well that lives well," quoth Sancho; "that is all the divinity I understand."—"Thou hast divinity enough," said the Don; "only I wonder at one thing. It is said the beginning of wisdom proceeds from the fear of Heaven; how happens it then, that thou, who fearest a lizard more than Omnipotence, should'st be so wise?"—"Pray, sir," replied Sancho,

“judge you of your knight-errantry, and don’t meddle with other men’s fears, for I am as pretty a fearer of Heaven as any of my neighbours; and so let me despatch this *scum* (and much good may it do thee, honest Sancho); consider, sir, we must give an account for our idle words, another day; I must have the other pluck at the kettle.” With that he attacked it with so courageous an appetite, that he sharpened his master’s, who would certainly have kept him company, had he not been prevented by that which necessity obliges me to relate this instant.

CHAPTER XXI

THE PROGRESS OF CAMACHO’S WEDDING, WITH
OTHER DELIGHTFUL ACCIDENTS

WHILE Don Quixote and Sancho were discoursing, as the former chapter has told you, they were interrupted by a great noise of joy and acclamations raised by the horsemen, who, shouting and galloping, went to meet the young couple, who, surrounded by a thousand instruments and devices, were coming to the harbour, accompanied by the curate, their relations, and all the better sort of the neighbourhood, set out in their holiday clothes. “Hey-dey!” quoth Sancho, as soon as he saw the bride, “what have we here? Adzookers, this is no country lass, but a fine court lady, all in her silks and satins, by the mass! Look, look ye, master, see if, instead of glass necklaces, she have not on fillets of rich coral; and instead of green serge of Cuencha, a thirty-piled velvet. I’ll warrant her lacing is white linen too; but hold, may I never squint if it be not satin! Bless us! see what