

reals is the price for every question he answers, or his master for him, which is all one, you know; and that will amount to money at the year's end, so that it is thought the rogue is well to pass; and, indeed, much good may it do him, for he is a notable fellow, and a boon companion, and leads the merriest life in the world; talks for six men, and drinks for a dozen; and all this he gets by his tongue, his ape, and his show."

By this time Master Peter came back with his puppet-show and his ape in a cart. The ape was pretty lusty, without any tail, and his buttocks bare as a felt; yet he was not very ugly neither. Don Quixote no sooner saw him, but coming up to him, "Mr Fortune-teller," said he, "will you be pleased to tell us what fish we shall catch, and what will become of us, and here is your fee?" Saying this, he ordered Sancho to deliver Master Peter two reals. "Sir," answered Peter, "this animal gives no account of things to come; he knows something, indeed, of matters past, and a little of the present."—"Odds bobs!" quoth Sancho, "I would not give a brass jack to know what is past, for who knows that better than myself? I am not so foolish as to pay for what I know already: but since you

say he has such a knack at guessing the present, let goodman ape tell me what my wife Teresa is doing, and what she is about, and here are my two reals."—"I will have nothing of you before-hand," said Master Peter; so, clapping himself on his left shoulder, up skipped the ape thither at one frisk, and, laying his mouth to his ear, grated his teeth; and having made apish grimaces, and a chattering noise, for a minute or two, with another skip down he leaped upon the ground. Immediately upon this, Master Peter ran to Don Quixote, and fell on his knees, and, embracing his legs, "Oh glorious restorer of knight-errantry," cried he, "I embrace these legs as I would the pillars of Hercules! Who can sufficiently extol the great Don Quixote de la Mancha, the reviver of drooping hearts, the prop and stay of the falling, the raiser of the fallen, and the staff of comfort to the weak and afflicted!" At these words Don Quixote stood amazed, Sancho quaked, the page wondered, the brayer blessed himself, the inn-keeper stared, and the scholar was in a brown study, all astonished at Master Peter's speech, who then, turning to Sancho, "And thou, honest Sancho Panza," said he, "the best squire to the best knight in the world, bless

thy good stars, for thy good spouse, Teresa, is a good house-wife, and is at this instant dressing a pound of flax; by the same token, she has standing by her, on her left hand, a large broken-mouth jug, which holds a pretty scantling of wine, to cheer up her spirits."—"By yea and nay," quoth Sancho, "that is likely enough; for she is a true soul, and a jolly soul: were it not for a spice of jealousy that she has now and then, I would not change her for the giantess Andondona herself, who, as my master says, was as clever a piece of woman's flesh as ever went upon two legs. Well, much good may it do thee, honest Teresa; thou art resolved to provide for one, I find, though thy heirs starve for it."—"Well," said Don Quixote, "great is the knowledge procured by reading, travel, and experience. What on earth but the testimony of my own eyes could have persuaded me that apes had the gift of divination! I am indeed the same Don Quixote de la Mancha, mentioned by this ingenious animal, though I must confess somewhat undeserving of so great a character as it has pleased him to bestow on me; but nevertheless I am not sorry to have charity and compassion bear so great a part in my commendation, since my

nature has always disposed me to do good to all men, and hurt to none."

"Now had I but money," said the page, "I would know of Mr Ape what luck I should have in the wars."—"I have told you already," said Master Peter, who was got up from before Don Quixote, "that this ape does not meddle with what is to come; but if he could, it should cost you nothing, for Don Quixote's sake, whom to oblige, I would sacrifice all the interest I have in the world; and, as a mark of it, gentlemen, I freely set up my show, and give all the company in the house some diversion *gratis*." The inn-keeper, hearing this, was overjoyed; and ordered Master Peter a convenient room to set up his motion, and he immediately went about it.

In the meantime Don Quixote, who could not bring himself to believe that an ape could do all this, taking Sancho to a corner of the stable, "Look ye, Sancho," said he, "I have been weighing and considering the wonderful gifts of this ape, and find, in short, Master Peter must have made a secret compact with the devil."—"Nay," quoth Sancho, misunderstanding the word *compact*, "if the devil and he have packed anything together in huggemugger, it is a pack of roguery, to be sure, and

they are a pack of knaves for their pains, and let them e'en pack together, say I."—"Thou dost not apprehend me," said Don Quixote; "I mean, the devil and he must have made an agreement together, that Satan should infuse this knowledge into the ape, to purchase the owner an estate; and, in return, the last has certainly engaged his soul to this destructive seducer of mankind; for the ape's knowledge is exactly of the same proportion with the devil's, which only extends to the discovery of things past and present, having no insight into futurity, but by such probable conjectures and conclusions as may be deduced from the former working of antecedent causes, true prescience and prediction being the sacred prerogative of God, to whose all-seeing eyes, all ages, past, present, and to come, without the distinction of succession and termination, are always present. From this, I say, it is apparent this ape is but the organ through which the devil delivers his answers to those that ask it questions; and this same rogue should be put into the Inquisition, and have the truth pressed out of his bones. For sure neither the master nor his ape can lay any pretence to judicial astrology, nor is the ape so conversant in the mathematics, I suppose, as to erect a scheme.

Though I must confess that creatures of less parts, as foolish illiterate women, footmen and cobblers, pretend now-a-days to draw certainties from the stars, as easily and as readily as they shuffle a pack of cards, to the disgrace of the sublime science, which they have the impudence to profess. I knew a lady that asked one of these figure-casters, if a little foisting bitch she had should have puppies, and how many, and of what colour? My conjuror, after he had scrawled out his scheme, very judiciously pronounced, that the pretty creature should have three puppies, one green, one red, and another mixed colour, provided she would take dog between eleven and twelve at night or noon, either on a Monday or a Saturday; and the success happened as exactly as could be expected from his art, for the bitch some days after died very fairly of a surfeit, and Master Figure-finger was reputed a special conjuror all the town over, as most of these fellows are."—"For all that," said Sancho, "I would have you ask Master Peter's ape, whether the passages you told us concerning Montesinos' cave be true or no; for, saving the respect I owe your worship, I take them to be no better than fibs, and idle stories, or dreams at least."—"You may think what you will,"

answered Don Quixote; "however, I will do as you would have me, though I confess my conscience somewhat scruples to do such a thing."

While they were thus engaged in discourse, Master Peter came and told Don Quixote the show was ready to begin, and desired him to come and see it, for he was sure his worship would like it. The knight told him, he had a question to put to his ape first, and desired he might tell him, whether certain things that happened to him in Montesinos' cave were dreams or realities, for he doubted they had something of both in them. Master Peter fetched his ape immediately, and, placing him just before the knight and his squire, "Look you," said he, "Mr Ape, this worthy knight would have you tell him whether some things which happened to him in Montesinos' cave are true or no?" Then, upon the usual signal, the ape, jumping upon Master Peter's left shoulder, chattered his answer into his ear, which the interpreter delivered thus to the inquirer. "The ape, sir, says, that part of those things are false, and part of them true, which is all he can resolve ye as to this question; and now his virtue has left him, and won't return till Friday next. If you would

know any more, you must stay till then, and he will answer as many questions as you please."—"La you there now!" quoth Sancho, "did not I tell you that all you told us of Montesinos' cave would not hold water?"—"That the event will determine," replied the knight, "which we must leave to process of time to produce; for it brings everything to light, though buried in the bowels of the earth. No more of this at present: let us now see the puppet-show; I fancy we shall find something in it worth seeing."—"Something!" said Master Peter; "sir, you shall see a thousand things worth seeing. I tell you, sir, I defy the world to shew such another. I say no more: *Operibus credite, et non verbis*. But now let us begin, for it grows late, and we have much to do, say, and shew."

Don Quixote and Sancho complied, and went into the room where the show stood, with a good number of small wax-lights glimmering round about, that made it shine gloriously. Master Peter got to his station within, being the man that was to move the puppets; and his boy stood before, to tell what the puppets said, and, with a white wand in his hand, to point at the several figures as they came in and out, and explain the mystery of

the show. Then all the audience having taken their places, Don Quixote, Sancho, the scholar, and the page, being preferred to the rest, the boy, who was the mouth of the motion, began a story, that shall be heard or seen by those who will take the pains to read or hear the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXVI

A PLEASANT ACCOUNT OF THE PUPPET-PLAY, WITH
OTHER VERY GOOD THINGS TRULY

THE Tyrians and the Trojans were all silent; that is, the ears of all the spectators hung on the mouth of the interpreter of the show, when, in the first place, they heard a loud flourish of kettle-drums and trumpets within the machine, and then several discharges of artillery; which prelude being soon over, "Gentlemen," cried the boy, raising his voice, "we present you here with a true history, taken out of the chronicles of France, and the Spanish ballads, sung even by the boys about the streets, and in everybody's mouth; it tells you how Don Gayferos delivered his wife Melisandra, that was a prisoner among the Moors in Spain, in the city of Sansuena, now called Saragossa. Now, gallants, the first figure we present you with is Don Gayferos, playing at tables, according to the ballad:

Now Gayferos the live-long day,
Oh arrant shame, at draughts does play;
And, as at court most husbands do,
Forgets his lady fair and true.'