

road; and I said to the damsel: 'Sweetheart, tell your lady, that I am grieved to my soul at her distresses, and wish I were a Fucar⁴⁰ to remedy them: and pray let her know, that I neither can nor will have health, while I want her amiable presence, and discreet conversation; and that I beseech her with all imaginable earnestness, that she would vouchsafe to let herself be seen and conversed with by this her captive servant and bewildered Knight. Tell her, that, when she least thinks of it, she will hear it said, that I have made an oath and vow, like that made by the Marquis of Mantua, to revenge his nephew Valdovinos, when he found him ready to expire in the midst of the mountain; which was, not to eat bread upon a table-cloth, with the other idle whims he then added, till he had revenged his death. In like manner will I take no rest, but traverse the seven parts of the universe, with more punctuality than did the Infante Don Pedro of Portugal⁴¹, till she be disenchanting.'—'All this and more your Worship owes my lady,' answered the damsel; and, taking the four reals, instead of making me a courtsey, she cut a caper full two yards high in the air.

"Oh holy God!" cried Sancho aloud at this juncture, "is it possible there should be such a one in **the** world, and that enchanters and enchantments should have such power over him, as to change my master's good understanding

into so extravagant a madness! Oh Sir! Sir! for God's sake, look to yourself, and stand up for your honour, and give no credit to these vanities, which have diminished and decayed your senses." — "It is your love of me, Sancho, makes you talk at this rate," replied Don Quixote; "and not being experienced in the things of the world, you take every thing, in which there is the least difficulty, for impossible: but the time will come, as I said before, when I shall tell you some other of the things I have seen below, which will make you give credit to what I have now told you, the truth of which admits of no reply or dispute⁴²."

CHAP. XXIV.

IN WHICH ARE RECOUNTED A THOUSAND IMPERTINENCIES NECESSARY TO THE RIGHT UNDERSTANDING OF THIS GRAND HISTORY.

THE translator of this grand history from the original, written by its first author Cid Hamete Benengeli, says, that coming to the chapter of the adventure of the cave of Montesinos, he found in the margin these words of Hamete's own hand-writing:

"I cannot persuade myself, or believe, that all, that is mentioned in the foregoing chapter, happened to the valorous Don Quixote exactly as it is there written; the reason is, because all the adventures hitherto related might have hap-

pened and are probable ; but in this of the cave I find no possibility of its being true, as it exceeds all reasonable bounds. But for me to think, that Don Quixote, being a gentleman of the greatest veracity, and a knight of the most worth of any of his time, would tell a lie, is as little possible ; for he would not utter a falsehood, though he were to be shot to death with arrows. On the other hand, I consider, that he told it with all the aforesaid circumstances, and that he could not, in so short a space, have framed so vast a machine of extravagancies : and if this adventure seems to be apocryphal, I am not in fault ; and so, without affirming it for true or false, I write it. Since, reader, you have discernment, judge as you see fit ; for I neither ought, nor can do any more : though it is held for certain, that, upon his death-bed, he retracted, and said, he had invented it only because it was of a piece, and squared with the adventures he had read of in his histories.”

Then the translator goes on, saying :

THE scholar was astonished, no less at the boldness of Sancho Panza, than at the patience of his master, judging that the mildness of temper he then showed sprung from the satisfaction he had just received in seeing his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, though enchanted ; for, had it not been so, Sancho said such words and things

to him as richly deserved a cudgelling; and in reality he thought Sancho had been a little too saucy with his master: to whom the scholar said: "For my part, Signor Don Quixote, I reckon the pains of my journey in your Worship's company very well bestowed, having thereby gained four things. The first, your Worship's acquaintance, which I esteem a great happiness. The second, my having learned what is enclosed in this cave of Montesinos, with the metamorphoses of Guadiana, and the lakes of Ruydera, which will serve me for my Spanish Ovid I have now in hand. The third is, to have learned the antiquity of card-playing; which was in use at least in the days of the Emperor Charles the Great, as may be gathered from the words your Worship says Durandarte spoke, after Montesinos had been talking to him a long time, when he awoke, saying, *Patience, and shuffle the cards*: and this allusion to cards, and this way of speaking, he could not learn during his enchantment, but when he was in France, and in the days of the said Emperor Charles the Great; and this remark comes pat for the other book I am upon, the *Supplement to Polydore Virgil on the Invention of Antiquities*: for I believe he has forgot to insert that of cards in his work, as I will now do in mine; which will be of great importance, especially as I shall allege the authority of so grave and true an author as Signor Durandarte. The

fourth is, the knowing with certainty the source of the river Guadiana, hitherto unknown."

"You are in the right," said Don Quixote: "but I would fain know, if by the grace of God a license be granted you for printing your books, which I doubt, to whom you intend to inscribe them?"—"There are lords and grandees enough in Spain, to whom they may be dedicated," said the scholar. "Not many," answered Don Quixote; "not because they do not deserve a dedication, but because they will not receive one, to avoid lying under an obligation of making such a return, as seems due to the pains and complaisance of the authors. I know a Prince⁴³, who makes amends for what is wanting in the rest, with so many advantages, that, if I durst presume to publish them, perhaps I might stir up envy in several noble breasts. But let this rest till a more convenient season, and let us now consider, where we shall lodge to-night."—"Not far from hence," answered the scholar, "is an hermitage, in which lives an hermit, who, they say, has been a soldier, and has the reputation of being a good Christian, and very discreet, and charitable. Adjoining to the hermitage he has a little house, built at his own cost; but, though small, it is large enough to receive guests."—"Has this same hermit any poultry?" quoth Sancho. "Few hermits are without," answered Don Quixote; "for those now in fashion are not like those in

the deserts of Egypt, who were clad with leaves of the palm-tree, and lived upon roots of the earth. I would not be understood, as if, by speaking well of the latter, I reflected upon the former: I only mean, that the penances of our times do not come up to the austerities and strictness of those days. But this is no reason why they may not be all good: at least I take them to be so; and, at the worst, the hypocrite, who feigns himself good, does less hurt than the undisguised sinner."

While they were thus discoursing, they perceived a man on foot coming towards them, walking very fast, and switching on a mule, loaden with lances and halberds. When he came up to them, he saluted them, and passed on. Don Quixote said to him: "Hold, honest friend; methinks you go faster than is convenient for that mule."—"I cannot stay," answered the man; "for the arms you see I am carrying are to be made use of to-morrow, so that I am under a necessity not to stop, and so adieu: but, if you would know for what purpose I carry them, I intend to lodge this night at the inn beyond the Hermitage, and, if you travel the same road, you will find me there, where I will tell you wonders; and, once more, God be with you." Then he pricked on the mule at that rate, that Don Quixote had no time to inquire what wonders they were he designed to tell them; and, as he was not a little

curious, and always tormented with the desire of hearing new things, he gave orders for their immediate departure, resolving to pass the night at the inn, without touching at the Hermitage, where the scholar would have had them lodge. This was done accordingly: they mounted, and all three took the direct road to the inn, at which they arrived a little before night-fall. The scholar desired Don Quixote to make a step to the Hermitage, to drink one draught: and scarcely had Sancho Panza heard this, when he steered Dapple towards the Hermitage, and Don Quixote and the scholar did the same: but Sancho's ill luck, it seems, would have it, that the hermit was not at home, as they were told by an under-hermit, whom they found in the Hermitage. They asked him for the dearest wine: he answered, his master had none; but, if they wanted cheap water, he would give them some with all his heart. "If I had wanted water," answered Sancho, "there are wells enough upon the road, from whence I might have satisfied myself. Oh! for the wedding of Camacho, and the plenty of Don Diego's house! how often shall I feel the want of you!"

They quitted the Hermitage, and spurred on towards the inn, and soon overtook a lad, who was walking before them in no great haste. He carried a sword upon his shoulder, and upon it a roll or bundle, seemingly of his clothes, in all

likelihood breeches or trousers, a cloak, and a shirt or two. He had on a tattered velvet jacket lined with satin, and his shirt hung out. His stockings were of silk, and his shoes square-toed after the court-fashion. He seemed to be about eighteen or nineteen years of age, of a cheerful countenance, and in appearance very active of body. He went on singing couplets, to divert the fatigue of the journey; and, when they overtook him, he had just done singing one, the last words whereof the scholar got by heart; which they say were these:

Not possess'd of a penny,
To the wars I must roam;
Of cash had I any,
I would ne'er stir from home.

The first, who spoke to him, was Don Quixote, who said: "You travel very airily, young spark; pray, whither so fast? Let us know, if you are inclined to tell us?" To which the youth answered: "My walking so airily is occasioned by the heat and by poverty, and I am going to the wars."—"How by poverty?" demanded Don Quixote. "By the heat it may very easily be."—"Sir," replied the youth, "I carry in this bundle a pair of velvet trousers, fellows to this jacket: if I wear them out upon the road, I cannot do myself credit with them in the city, and I have no money to buy others; and for this

reason, as well as for coolness, I go thus, till I come up with some companies of foot, which are not twelve leagues from hence, where I will list myself, and shall not want baggage-conveniences to ride in, till we come to the place of embarkation, which they say, is to be at Carthage: besides, I choose the King for my master and lord, whom I had rather serve in the war, than any paltry fellow at court.”—“And pray, Sir, have you any post?” said the scholar. “Had I served some grandee, or other person of distinction,” answered the youth, “no-doubt I should: for, in the service of good masters, it is no uncommon thing to rise from the servant’s hall to the post of ensign or captain, or to get some good pension: but poor I was always in the service of strolling fellows or foreigners, whose wages and board-wages are so miserable and slender, that one half is spent in paying for starching a ruff; and it would be looked upon as a miracle, if one page-adventurer in an hundred should get any tolerable preferment.”—“But, tell me, friend,” said Don Quixote, “is it possible, that, in all the time you have been in service, you could not procure a livery?”—“I had two,” answered the page: “but, as he, who quits a monastery before he professes, is stripped of his habit, and his old clothes are returned him, just so my masters did by me, and gave me back mine; for, when the business was done, for which they came to court,

they returned to their own homes, and took back the liveries they had given only for show."

"A notable Espilorcheria⁴⁴, as the Italians say," cried Don Quixote: "however, look upon it as an earnest of good fortune, that you have quitted the court with so good an intention; for there is nothing upon earth more honourable or more advantageous, than first to serve God, and then your King and natural lords, especially in the exercise of arms, by which one acquires at least more honour, if not more riches, than by letters, as I have often said: for though letters have founded more great families than arms, still there is I know not what that exalts those, who follow arms, above those, who follow letters; with I know not what splendour attending them, which sets them above all others. And bear in mind this piece of advice, which will be of great use to you, and matter of consolation in your distresses; and that is, not to think of what adverse accidents may happen; for the worst that can happen is death, and, when death is attended with honour, the best that can happen is to die. That valorous Roman Emperor, Julius Cæsar, being asked which was the best kind of death, answered, that which was sudden, unthought-of, and unforeseen; and though he answered like a heathen, and a stranger to the knowledge of the true God, nevertheless, with respect to human infirmity, he said well. For, supposing you are

killed in the first skirmish or action, either by a cannon-shot, or the blowing up of a mine, what does it signify? All is but dying, and the business is done. According to Terence, the soldier makes a better figure dead in battle, than alive and safe in flight; and the good soldier gains just as much reputation, as he shows obedience to his captains, and to those, who have a right to command him. And take notice, Son, that a soldier had better smell of gunpowder than of musk; and if old age overtakes you in this noble profession, though lame and maimed, and full of wounds, at least it will not overtake you without honour, and such honour as poverty itself cannot deprive you of; especially now that care is taking to provide for the maintenance of old and disabled soldiers, who ought not to be dealt with, as many do by their negro slaves, when they are old, and past service, whom they discharge and set at liberty, and, driving them out of their houses, under pretence of giving them their freedom, make them slaves to hunger, from which nothing but death can deliver them. At present I will say no more: but get up behind me upon this horse of mine, till we come to the inn, and there you shall sup with me, and to-morrow morning pursue your journey; and God give you as good speed as your good intentions deserve."

The page did not accept of the invitation of riding behind Don Quixote, but did that of sup-

ping with him at the inn; and here, it is said, Sancho muttered to himself: "The Lord bless thee for a master! is it possible that one, who can say so many and such good things, as he has now done, should say he saw the extravagant impossibilities, he tells of, in the cave of Montesinos? Well, we shall see what will come of it."

By this time they arrived at the inn, just at night-fall, and Sancho was pleased to see his master take it for an inn indeed, and not for a castle as usual. They were scarcely entered, when Don Quixote asked the landlord for the man with the lances and halberds: he answered, he was in the stable, looking after his mule. The scholar and Sancho did the same by their beasts, giving Rozinante the best manger, and the best place in the stable.

CHAP. XXV.

WHEREIN IS BEGUN THE BRAYING ADVENTURE, WITH THE PLEASANT ONE OF THE PUPPET-PLAYER, AND THE MEMORABLE DIVINATIONS OF THE DIVINING APE.

Don Quixote's cake was dough, as the saying is, till he could hear and learn the wonders promised to be told him by the conductor of the arms; and therefore he went in quest of him, where the innkeeper told him he was; and, having found him, he desired him by all means to

tell him what he had to say as to what he had inquired of him upon the road. The man answered: "The account of my wonders must be taken more at leisure, and not on foot: suffer me, good Sir, to make an end of taking care of my beast, and I will tell you things, which will amaze you."—"Let not that be any hindrance," answered Don Quixote; "for I will help you:" and so he did, winnowing the barley, and cleaning the manger; a piece of humility, which obliged the man readily to tell him what he desired; and seating himself upon a stone bench without the inn door, and Don Quixote by his side, the scholar, the page, Sancho Panza, and the innkeeper, serving as his senate and auditory, he began in this manner:

"You must understand, Gentlemen, that, in a town four leagues and a half from this inn, it happened, that an alderman, through the artful contrivance (too long to be told) of a wench, his maid-servant, lost his ass; and though the said alderman used all imaginable diligence to find him, it was not possible. Fifteen days were past, as public fame says, since the ass was missing, when, the losing alderman being in the market-place, another alderman of the same town said to him: 'Pay me for my good news, Neighbour; for your ass has appeared.'—'Most willingly, Neighbour,' answered the other; 'but let us know where he has been seen.'—'In the

mountain,' answered the finder, 'I saw him this morning, without a pannel, or any kind of furniture about him, and so lank, that it would grieve one to see him: I would fain have driven him before me, and brought him to you; but he is already become so wild, and so shy, that, when I went near him, away he galloped, and ran in the most hidden part of the mountain. If you have a mind we should both go to seek him, let me but put up this ass at home, and I will return instantly.'—'You will do me a great pleasure,' replied he of the ass, 'and I will endeavour to pay you in the same coin.' With all these circumstances, and after the very same manner, is the story told by all, who are thoroughly acquainted with the truth of the affair.

"In short, the two aldermen, on foot, and hand in hand, went to the mountain; and coming to the very place where they thought to find the ass, they found him not, nor was he to be seen any where thereabout, though they searched diligently after him. Perceiving then that he was not to be found, the alderman, that had seen him, said to the other: 'Hark you, Friend, a device is come into my head, by which we shall assuredly discover this animal, though he were crept into the bowels of the earth, not to say of the mountain; and it is this: I can bray marvelously well, and if you can do so never so little, conclude the business done.'—'Never so little,

say you, Neighbour?' replied the other; 'before God, I yield the precedence to none, no, not to asses themselves.'—'We shall see that immediately,' answered the second alderman; 'for I propose that you shall go on one side of the mountain, and I on the other, and so we shall traverse and encompass it quite round; and every now and then you shall bray, and so will I; and the ass will most certainly hear and answer us, if he be in the mountain.' To which the master of the ass answered: 'Verily, Neighbour, the device is excellent, and worthy of your great ingenuity.' So parting according to agreement, it fell out, that they both brayed at the same instant, and each of them, deceived by the braying of the other, ran to seek the other, thinking the ass had appeared; and, at the sight of each other, the loser said: 'Is it possible, Neighbour, that it was not my ass that brayed?'—'No, it was I,' answered the other. 'I tell you then,' said the owner, 'that there is no manner of difference, as to the braying part, between you and an ass; for in my life I never saw or heard any thing more natural.'—'These praises and compliments,' answered the author of the stratagem, 'belong rather to you than to me; for, by the God that made me, you can give the odds of two brays to the greatest and most skilful brayer of the world; for the tone is deep, the sustaining of the voice in time and measure, and the ca-

dences frequent and quick : in short, I own myself vanquished, I give you the palm, and yield up the standard of this rare ability.'—'I say,' answered the owner, 'I shall value and esteem myself the more henceforward, and shall think I know something, since I have some excellence : for, though I fancied I brayed well, I never flattered myself I came up to the pitch you are pleased to say.'—'I tell you,' answered the second, 'there are rare abilities lost in the world, and that they are ill bestowed on those, who know not how to employ them to advantage.'—'Ours,' added the owner, 'excepting in cases like the present, cannot be of service to us ; and, even in this, God grant they prove of any benefit.'

“ This said, they separated again, and fell anew to their braying ; and at every turn they deceived each other, and met again, till they agreed, as a countersign to distinguish their own brayings from that of the ass, that they should bray twice together, one immediately after the other. Thus doubling their brayings, they made the tour of the mountain ; but no answer from the stray ass, no not by signs : indeed how could the poor creature answer, when they found it in the thickest of the wood half devoured by wolves ? At sight whereof the owner said : ' I wondered indeed he did not answer ; for, had he not been dead, he would have brayed at hearing

us, or he were no ass : nevertheless, Neighbour, I esteem the pains I have been at in seeking him to be well bestowed, though I have found him dead, since I have heard you bray with such a grace.'—'It is in a good hand,' answered the other; 'for if the abbot sings well, the novice comes not far behind him.'

"Hereupon they returned home, disconsolate and hoarse, and recounted to their friends, neighbours, and acquaintance, all that had happened in the search after the ass; each of them exaggerating the other's excellence in braying. The story spread all over the adjacent villages; and the devil, who sleeps not, as he loves to sow and promote squabbles and discord wherever he can, raising a bustle in the wind, and great chimeras out of next to nothing, so ordered and brought it about, that the people of other villages, upon seeing any of the folks of our town, would presently fall a-braying, as it were hitting us in the teeth with the braying of our aldermen. The boys gave into it, which was all one as putting it into the hands and mouths of all the devils in hell; and thus braying spread from one town to another, insomuch that the natives of the town of Bray⁴⁵ are as well known as white folks are distinguished from black. And this unhappy jest has gone so far, that the mocked have often sallied out in arms against the mockers, and given them battle, without king or rook⁴⁶, or fear or

shame, being able to prevent it. To-morrow, I believe, or next day, those of our town, the brayers, will take the field against the people of another village, about two leagues from ours, being one of those, which persecute us most. And, to be well provided for them, I have brought the lances and halberds you saw me carrying. And these are the wonders I said I would tell you; and if you do not think them such, I have no other for you." And here the honest man ended his story.

At this juncture there came in at the door of the inn a man clad from head to foot in shamois leather, hose, doublet, and breeches, and said with a loud voice: "Master host, have you any lodging? For here come the divining ape, and the puppet-show of Melisendra's deliverance."—"Body of me," cried the innkeeper, "what! master Peter here! we shall have a brave night of it." I had forgot to tell you, that this same master Peter had his left eye, and almost half his cheek, covered with a patch of green taffeta, a sign that something ailed all that side of his face. The landlord went on saying: "Welcome, master Peter! where is the ape and the puppet-show? I do not see them."—"They are hard by," answered the all-shamois man; "I came before, to see if there be any lodging to be had."—"I would turn out the Duke d'Alva himself, to make room for master Peter," answered the innkeeper: "let

the ape and the puppets come; for there are guests this evening in the inn, who will pray for seeing the show, and the abilities of the ape."—"So be it in God's name," answered he of the patch; "and I will lower the price, and reckon myself well paid with only bearing my charges. I will go back, and hasten the cart with the ape and the puppets." And immediately he went out of the inn.

Then Don Quixote asked the landlord, what master Peter this was, and what puppets, and what ape he had with him? To which the landlord answered: "He is a famous puppet-player, who has been a long time going up and down these parts of Mancha in Arragon, with a show of Melisendra and the famous Don Gayferos; which is one of the best stories, and the best performed, of any that has been seen hereabouts these many years. He has also an ape, whose talents exceed those of all other apes, and even those of men; for, if any thing is asked him, he listens to it attentively, and then, leaping upon his master's shoulder, and putting his mouth to his ear, he tells him the answer to the question that is put to him; which master Peter presently repeats aloud. It is true, he tells much more concerning things past, than things to come; and, though he does not always hit right, yet for the most part he is not much out; so that we are inclined to believe he has the devil within him. He has two reals for each question, if the ape

answers; I mean, if his master answers for him, after the ape has whispered him in the ear: and therefore it is thought this same master Peter must be very rich. He is, besides, a very gallant man, as they say in Italy, and a boon companion, and lives the merriest life in the world. He talks more than six, and drinks more than a dozen, and all this at the expense of his tongue, his ape, and his puppets."

By this time master Peter was returned, and in the cart came the puppets, and a large ape without a tail, and its buttocks bare as a piece of felt; but not ill-favoured. Don Quixote no sooner espied him, than he began to question him, saying: "Master diviner, pray tell me what fish do we catch, and what will be our fortune? See, here are my two reals," bidding Sancho to give them to master Peter, who answered for the ape, and said: "Signor, this animal makes no answer, nor gives any information, as to things future: he knows something of the past, and a little of the present."—"Odds bobs," quoth Sancho, "I would not give a brass farthing to be told what is past of myself; for who can tell that better than myself? And for me to pay for what I know already, would be a very great folly. But since he knows things present, here are my two reals, and let Goodman ape tell me what my wife Teresa Panza is doing, and what she is employed about?" Master Peter would not take the

money, saying: "I will not be paid beforehand, nor take your reward, till I have done you the service;" and giving with his right hand two or three claps on his left shoulder, at one spring the ape jumped upon it, and, laying its mouth to his ear, grated its teeth and chattered apace; and having made this grimace for the space of a Credo, at another skip down it jumped on the ground, and presently master Peter ran and kneeled before Don Quixote, and, embracing his legs, said: "These legs I embrace, just as if I embraced the two pillars of Hercules, O illustrious reviver of the long-forgotten order of chivalry! O never sufficiently extolled Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha! Thou spirit to the faint-hearted, stay to those, that are falling, arm to those, that are already fallen, staff and comfort to all, that are unfortunate!" Don Quixote was thunderstruck, Sancho in suspense, the scholar surprised, the page astonished, the braying-man in a gaze, the innkeeper confounded, and, lastly, all amazed, that heard the expressions of the puppet-player, who proceeded, saying: "And thou, O good Sancho Panza, the best squire to the best Knight in the world, rejoice, that thy good wife Teresa is well, at this very hour is dressing a pound of flax; by the same token that she has by her left side a broken-mouthed pitcher, which holds a very pretty scantling of wine, with which she cheers her spirits

at her work.”—“ I verily believe it,” answered Sancho; “ for she is a blessed one; and, were she not a little jealous, I would not change her for the giantess Andandona, who, in my master’s opinion, was a very accomplished woman, and a special housewife; and my Teresa is one of those, who will make much of themselves, though it be at the expense of their heirs.”—“ Well,” said Don Quixote, “ he, who reads much and travels much, sees much and knows much. This I say, because what could have been sufficient to persuade me, that there are apes in the word that can divine, as I have now seen with my own eyes? Yes, I am that very Don Quixote de la Mancha, that this good animal has said, though he has expatiated a little too much in my commendation. But, be I as I will, I give thanks to Heaven that endued me with a tender and compassionate disposition of mind, always inclined to do good to every body, and hurt nobody.”—“ If I had money,” said the page, “ I would ask master ape what will befall me in my intended expedition.” To which master Peter, who was already got up from kneeling at Don Quixote’s feet, answered: “ I have already told you, that this little beast does not answer as to things future: but, did he answer such questions, it would be no matter, whether you had money or not; for, to serve Signor Don Quixote here present, I would wave all advantages in the world. And

now, because it is my duty, and to do him a pleasure besides, I intend to put in order my puppet-show, and entertain all the folks in the inn gratis." The innkeeper hearing this, and above measure overjoyed, pointed out a convenient place for setting up the show: which was done in an instant.

Don Quixote was not entirely satisfied with the ape's divinations, not thinking it likely that an ape should divine things either future or past: and so, while master Peter was preparing his show, Don Quixote drew Sancho aside to a corner of the stable, where, without being overheard by any body, he said to him: "Look you, Sancho, I have carefully considered the strange ability of this ape; and, by my account, I find that master Peter his owner must doubtless have made a tacit or express pact with the devil."—"Nay," quoth Sancho, "if the pack be express from the devil, it must needs be a very sooty pack: but what advantage would it be to this same master Peter to have such a pack?"—"You do not understand me, Sancho," said Don Quixote: "I only mean, that he must certainly have made some agreement with the devil to infuse this ability into the ape, whereby he gets his bread; and, after he is become rich, he will give him his soul, which is what the universal enemy of mankind aims at. And what induces me to this belief, is, finding that the ape answers

only as to things past or present, and the knowledge of the devil extends no farther: for he knows the future only by conjecture, and not always that; for it is the prerogative of God alone, to know times and seasons, and to him nothing is past or future, but every thing present. This being so, as it really is, it is plain the ape talks in the style of the devil; and I wonder he has not been accused to the inquisition, and examined by torture, till he confesses, by virtue of what, or of whom, he divines: for it is certain this ape is no astrologer; and neither his master nor he knows how to raise one of those figures called judiciary, which are now so much in fashion in Spain, that you have not any servant-maid, page, or cobbler, but presumes to raise a figure, as if it were a knave of cards from the ground; thus destroying, by their lying and ignorant pretences, the wonderful truth of the science. I know a certain lady, who asked one of these figure-raisers, whether a little lap-dog she had would breed, and how many, and of what colour the puppies would be. To which master astrologer, after raising a figure, answered, that the bitch would pup, and have three whelps, one green, one carnation, and the other mottled, upon condition she should take dog between the hours of eleven and twelve at noon or night, and that it were on a Monday or a Saturday. Now it happened, that the bitch died some two days after of a surfeit, and master figure-raiser had the re-

pute in the town of being as consummate an astrologer as the rest of his brethren.”—“ But for all that,” quoth Sancho, “ I should be glad your Worship would desire master Peter to ask his ape, whether all be true, which befell you in the cave of Montesinos ; because, for my own part, begging your Worship’s pardon, I take it to be all sham and lies, or at least a dream.”—“ It may be so,” answered Don Quixote : “ but I will do what you advise me, since I myself begin to have some kind of scruples about it.”

While they were thus confabulating, master Peter came to look for Don Quixote, to tell him the show was ready, desiring he would come to see it, for it deserved it. Don Quixote communicated to him his thought, and desired him to ask his ape presently, whether certain things, which befell him in the cave of Montesinos, were dreams or realities ; for, to his thinking, they seemed to be a mixture of both. Master Peter, without answering a word, went and fetched his ape, and, placing him before Don Quixote and Sancho, said : “ Look you, master ape, this Knight would know, whether certain things, which befell him in the cave, called that of Montesinos, were real or imaginary.” And making the usual signal, the ape leaped upon his left shoulder ; and seeming to chatter to him in his ear, master Peter presently said : “ The ape says, that part of the things your Worship saw, or

which befell you, in the said cave, are false, and part likely to be true: and this is what he knows, and no more, as to this question; and if your Worship has a mind to put any more to him, on Friday next he will answer to every thing you shall ask him; for his virtue is at an end for the present, and will not return till that time.”—“Did not I tell you,” quoth Sancho, “it could never go down with me, that all your Worship said, touching the adventures of the cave, was true, no, nor half of it?”—“The event will show that, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote; “for time, the discoverer of all things, brings every thing to light, though it lie hid in the bowels of the earth; and let this suffice at present, and let us go and see honest master Peter’s show; for I am of opinion there must be some novelty in it.”—“How, some?” quoth master Peter. “Sixty thousand novelties are contained in this puppet-show of mine: I assure you, Signor Don Quixote, it is one of the top things to be seen, that the world affords at this day; *Operibus credite et non verbis*; and let us to work; for it grows late, and we have a great deal to do, to say, and to show.”

Don Quixote and Sancho obeyed, and came where the show was set out, stuck round with little wax-candles, so that it made a delightful and shining appearance. Master Peter, who was to manage the figures, placed himself behind

the show, and before it stood his boy, to serve as an interpreter and expounder of the mysteries of the piece. He had a white wand in his hand, to point to the several figures as they entered. All the folks in the inn being placed, some standing opposite to the show, and Don Quixote, Sancho, the page, and the scholar, seated in the best places; the druggier-man began to say, what will be heard or seen by those who will be at the pains of hearing or seeing the following chapter.

CHAP. XXVI.

WHEREIN IS CONTAINED THE PLEASANT ADVENTURE OF
THE PUPPET-PLAYER, WITH SUNDRY OTHER MATTERS
IN TRUTH SUFFICIENTLY GOOD.

TYRIANS and Trojans were all silent: I mean, that all the spectators of the show hung upon the mouth of the declarer of its wonders, when from within the scene they heard the sound of a number of drums and trumpets, and several discharges of artillery; which noise was soon over, and immediately the boy raised his voice, and said: "This true history, here represented to you, Gentlemen, is taken word for word from the French chronicles and Spanish ballads, which are in every body's mouth, and sung by the boys up and down the streets. It treats, how Don Gayferos freed his wife Melisendra, who was a pri-

soner in Spain, in the hands of the Moors, in the city of Sansuenna, now called Saragossa: and there you may see how Don Gayferos is playing at tables, according to the ballad:

Intent upon the tables sits the Don;
Neglectful of his wife, he still looks on.

That personage, who appears yonder with a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hands, is the Emperor Charles the Great, the supposed father of Melisendra; who being vexed to see the indolence and negligence of his son-in-law, comes forth to chide him; and, pray, mark with what vehemency and earnestness he rates him, that one would think he had a mind to give him half a dozen raps over the pate with his sceptre: yea, there are authors, who say he actually gave them, and sound ones too: and, after having said sundry things about the danger his honour ran, in not procuring the liberty of his spouse, it is reported, he said to him: 'I have told you enough of it, look to it.' Pray observe, Gentlemen, how the Emperor turns his back, and leaves Don Gayferos in a fret. See him now impatient with choler, flinging about the board and pieces, and calling hastily for his armour; desiring Don Orlando, his cousin, to lend him his sword Durindana; and then how Don Orlando refuses to lend it him, offering to bear him company in that arduous enterprise: but the valorous enraged will

not accept of it: saying, that he alone is able to deliver his spouse, though she were thrust down to the centre of the earth. Hereupon he goes in to arm himself for setting forward immediately. Now, Gentlemen, turn your eyes towards that tower which appears yonder, which you are to suppose to be one of the Moorish towers of Saragossa, now called the Aljaferia⁴⁷, and that lady, who appears at yon balcony in a Moorish habit, is the peerless Melisendra, casting many a heavy look toward the road that leads to France, and fixing her imagination upon the city of Paris and her husband, her only consolation in her captivity. Now behold a strange incident, the like perhaps never seen. Do you not see yon Moor, who stealing along softly, and step by step, with his finger on his mouth, comes behind Melisendra? Behold how he gives her a smacking kiss full on her lips: observe the haste she makes to spit, and wipe her mouth with her white shift-sleeves; and how she takes on, and tears her beauteous hair for vexation, as if that was to blame for the indignity. Observe that grave Moor in yonder gallery: he is Marsilio, the King of Sansuenna; who, seeing the insolence of the Moor, though he is a relation of his, and a great favourite, orders him to be seized immediately, and two hundred stripes to be given him, and to be led through the most frequented streets of the city, with criers before to publish his

crime, and the officers of justice with their rods behind: and now behold the officers coming out to execute the sentence, almost as soon as the fault is committed: for among the Moors, there is no citation of the party, nor copies of the process, nor delay of justice, as among us."

Here Don Quixote said with a loud voice: "Boy, boy, on with your story in a straight line, and leave your curves and transversals: for, to come at the truth of a fact, there is often need of proof upon proof." Master Peter also from behind said: "Boy, none of your flourishes, but do what the gentleman bids you; for that is the surest way: sing your song plain, and seek not for counterpoints; for they usually crack the strings."—"I will," answered the boy; and proceeded, saying:

"The figure you see there on horseback, muffled up in a Gascoign cloak, is Don Gayferos himself, to whom his spouse, already revenged on the impudence of the enamoured Moor, shows herself from the battlements of the tower, with a calmer and more sedate countenance, and talks to her husband, believing him to be some passenger; with whom she holds all that discourse and dialogue in the ballad, which says:

As through the realms of France, O king, you stray,
Inquire for noble Gayferos, I pray.

The rest I omit, because length begets loathing.