all its tributaries are small; and in summer, carry no tribute at all.

Our provisions were not very tempting; the barber had been the purveyor, and had suited his own taste rather than mine. They consisted of several thick pancakes, interlarded with slices of bacon; and of cheese, bread, and wine. These are the provisions usually carried by every muleteer in Spain, with the addition sometimes of salted fish; but the pancake being well-seasoned with garlic, and the cheese made of sheep's milk, neither of them was very enticing.

As for the wine of La Mancha, in which, Sancho Panza found a solace for many of his hardships, its goodness depends altogether upon the skin in which it is carried; for unless the skin be old and well-seasoned, the best *val de peñas* acquires an unpleasant flavour. But it is impossible that the wine of La Mancha should be carried otherwise than in skins; the roads are only fitted for mules, and skins can be more easily and more safely carried across mules than casks; but indeed casks are out of the question in a

country in which there is scarcely any wood. It is no contemptible art, that of drinking out of a wine-skin without spilling the wine, and drenching the bosom; the wine-skin is held horizontally, one hand supporting its rotundity, and, by the pressure of the fingers, the wine is thrown forward to the neck, or narrow part of the skin. When, in the translations of Don Quixote, we meet with the word *bottle*, we must of course substitute skin, otherwise the sentence will sometimes be unintelligible; as for example, when, after the adventure with the wind-mills, we find Sancho visiting his *bottle*, and discovering that it was much more *lank* than it was the night before.

The sun was now blazing right overhead, so that it was out of the question to think of journeying for some hours; and as for a *siesta*, that would scarcely have been prudent where the shade was so scanty. Willing therefore, to pass the time in some other way, "Mr. Barber," said I, "I feel well convinced that you have not been all your life a barber in *Miguel Esteban;* we have now two good hours to spare; the shade of this olive-tree is

too scanty to allow a *siesta*, and how then can we spend our time better than you in telling, and I in listening, to your story."

"In truth," replied the barber, "you have guessed well in thinking I have not been all my life a barber in *Miguel Esteban*. I have been many trades; and since as you truly say, there is no shade for a *siesta*, and as our wine-skin would be dried up by the rays of the mid-day sun before we could get to *Lapiche*, you shall hear my story, such as it is:" and the barber accordingly began as related in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH THE BARBER MAKES A BEGINNING OF HIS DIVERTING STORY, AND OBTAINS THE APPLAUSE OF THE READER FOR HIS INGENUITY.

"I was born in the town of *Manzanares* in La Mancha. My father was porter to the Dominican convent there, and my mother was laundress in the house of the *Duque de San Carlos*, who owned then, and for anything that I know to the contrary, owns to this day, all the town of Manzanares and the neighbouring vineyards. As for me, I led the merriest of lives till I was fourteen years of age; I was idolized both by my father and mother, and spent my time about equally, in the kitchen of the Duke, and of the Dominicans. In the one, I tasted the most savory stews, and in the other, the most delicious fruit in the world; and nothing was

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Jaunes & the Goose.

farther from my thoughts than to leave so agreeable a mode of life, when one day my father called me to him and said, '*Lazaro*, it is time that thou shouldst think of bettering thy fortune, and I have found thee a road to it.'

"For my part, I felt no great inclination towards bettering my condition, which appeared to me the most agreeable in the world; and my mother was also of the same opinion: but the picture drawn by my father of my future prospects, was so flattering, that even I was anxious to commence my new mode of life. The opening was this: a certain stranger, who lately died in the house of the curate of the parish church of San Salvador, in *Manzanares*, had left to the church money for eight thousand masses to get his soul out of purgatory; and the curate, willing to receive the legacy, without the condition of saying a mass every day for twenty-two years, resolved to apply to the Archbishop of Toledo, as the head of the church, for permission to say eight, in place of eight thousand masses,—a restriction which would not affect the condition of the stranger's soul, since

the archbishop might declare, by his supreme authority, that eight mases should be as effectual as eight thousand in praying it out of purgatory.* The curate applied to the Dominicans to find a trusty messenger; they selected my father, and he delegated the mission to me.

"'This other letter,' said my father, at the same time, also, putting into my hand the letter to the archbishop, 'is for the *Padre Cirillo*, curate of the church of San Pasqual at Toledo; it recommends thee to his protection; and there is, therefore, little doubt but that he will take thee into his service, and who knows but that thou mayest, by and by, be transferred to the service of the archbishop, whose stews are no doubt as far superior to those of the *Duque de San Carlos*, as the melon you are eating, is to a turnip.' My teeth already began to water for the archbishop's stews; and I set out the same day with an honest muleteer, who was charged with wine for some of the canons. We did not lag by the way; on the second evening we

* The curate was mistaken in this opinion; it is only the Pope who possesses this power.

entered the city of Toledo, which appeared to me little less than a congregation of palaces, and scarcely even allowing myself time to dispatch a part of the puchero which the muleteer generously divided with me, I inquired the nearest way to the house of the curate Cirillo, so anxious was I to realize the promises of my father.

"'Thou shalt enter into my service,' said the *Cura*, when he had read the letter; and when I heard this piece of good fortune, I already fancied myself transferred to the service of the archbishop, and even scented the savour of his kitchen.

"My duties in the service of the *Padre Cirillo* were simple; they consisted in sweeping the church, and cleaning the ornaments used at mass; all the rest of my time was at my own disposal. If my treatment had been agreeable as my duties, I should have had no reason to complain; but the reverend *cura*, who fed upon dainties every day, shared them only with his housekeeper; and far from finding myself any nearer the archbishop's stews, I was only permitted to smell those of the *cura*. My allowance was a small loaf of bread,

and a string of onions every four days, with a scanty *puchero* on Sunday; and while I was half starved, the *cura* would say, '*Lazaro*, you young rogue, *mejor vida tienes que el Papa*, thou livest better than the Pope.'

"But hunger sharpens the wits; I set my ingenuity to work, and speedily discovered a method of bettering my condition. All my master's provisions were kept in a closet, and the door of this closet, hunger devised a means of opening; but I resolved that the theft should lie at another door than mine; and every night I made a tolerable meal in my master's store-house, by nibbling round his bread, and cheese, and bacon, so that the rats and the mice got all the blame, and I secured a double portion; for the *cura* never failed, after roundly abusing the secret thieves, to pare off all the nibbled parts, and hand them to me, saying, 'eat *Lazaro*, you rogue, *que el raton cosa limpia es*, rats are clean things.'"

CHAPTER IX.

WHEREIN THE BARBER MAKES FURTHER PROGRESS IN THE GOOD OPINION OF THE READER, WHO IS ADVISED NOT TO READ THIS CHAPTER UNLESS HE CONSIDER LAUGHTER AN AGREEABLE EXERCISE.

"ONE day, about this time, after I had been employed in cleaning the ornaments on the *major altar* in the church, I stole on tiptoe into the sacristy: God forgive me for my intention,—a slice of salted cod at breakfast, had made me thirsty, and the sacramental cup I knew was brimful. I had scarcely entered the sacristy, when I heard the footstep of the *cura* pass through the church, and I had only time to hide myself under the petticoats of the virgin of St. Pilar,*

* The images of the virgins and female saints in the convents and churches, are arrayed in garments so ample that an excellent shelter might be found where the barber sought it.

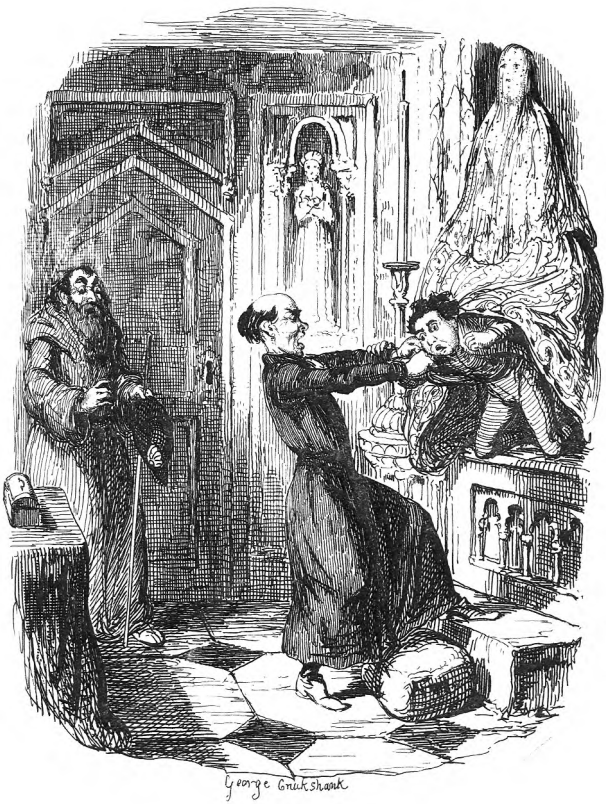
when my master entered the sacristy, accompanied by a stranger dressed as a pilgrim, who, after the door had been shut, produced from below his habit, a small wooden box, which he opened, and put into my master's hand.

"'You perceive,' said the stranger, 'that it is as withered as the ear of an antediluvian ass—it would deceive the very devil.'

"'Hush,' said the *cura*, 'recollect where you are,' at the same time glancing towards the virgin of St. Pilar, whose petticoats slightly moved, and crossing himself,—'it is not necessary that it deceive the devil, if it but deceive the Superior of the Carthusian convent.'

"'How much am I to get for it?' said the pretended pilgrim.

"'That must depend,' said the *cura*, 'upon the value put upon it by the superior of the Carthusians; put up the ass's ear, and we will go together to the convent,—surely an ear of the ass that made the triumphal entry into Jerusalem must be worth half the convent treasury;' and as my worthy master so delivered himself, he turned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towards the virgin, as was his usual custom on leaving the sacristy, made his genuflection, and crossed himself. Whether it might be the ludicrous contrast between the sanctified face with which my master, from habit, paid his respects to the virgin, and the smile and roguish wink with which he had received the box from the pilgrim, that roused my risible faculties, I am not able to tell; but I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. At first my master trembled from head to foot, and crossed himself as fast as ever thumb could move; but common sense soon came in place of superstition; for if the virgin of St. Pilar had thought fit to shew her displeasure by laughing, the laughter would certainly not have proceeded from under her petticoats. In short, the *cura* discovered all; and dragging me from my hiding place, and telling me to remain in the sacristy till he returned, he went out and locked the door.

"I expected nothing less when he returned than an unmerciful beating; and was therefore greatly and agreeably surprised, when, again

entering the sacristy he addressed me thus, 'I perceive Lazaro, that thou art an ingenious, as well as a gluttonous youngster; for thou not only makest the rats and mice hide thy delinquencies, but even the petticoats of the virgin of St. Pilar cover both thee and them; thou hast heard what passed betwixt me and the pilgrim?'

"'I heard all,' said I, 'and saw'—'No matter what thou sawest,' interrupted he, 'I may have occasion for thy services; be discreet and secret: henceforth thou shalt dine at my table every day,' and so saying he walked out of the sacristy.

"This was the most agreeable change in the world; the *cura's* stews, though scarcely equal to those of the *Duque de San Carlos*, were delicious to one who had been obliged to nibble for six months like a mouse; my master loaded me with kindness; and one day, when we were in the sacristy together, he made me his confidant.—'The monks of the Carthusian convent,' said he, 'are making a collection of relics; the superior, '*tiene mas dinero que ingenio*,' has more money than brains,—and we, who are wiser and poorer, diminish his

treasury, and stock his relicary. Harkee, *Lazaro*,' continued he, 'the fool is not yet satisfied; thou art not wanting in wit: my invention is nigh exhausted,—the ass's ear was a last effort, and proved a hit; but if thou canst think of any thing new, half the profits shall descend into thy empty pockets.'

"This was encouragement, and I set my brains to work forthwith. One day passing through one of the streets on the outskirts of the city, I saw a cock standing upon the wall of the Franciscan convent garden, and I said to myself—'*Que alegria*,' for a happy thought struck me. When it was dark I stole from my master's house, and making my way to the garden of the Franciscan convent, I surprised a cock in the hen-roost; and next day finding myself alone with my master, I produced a cock's tongue, and said, 'what will hinder you from placing this in the relicary of the Carthusian convent, as the tongue of the cock that crew to St Peter?'

"'T is too fresh and too red,' said the *cura*.

"'Put it in the stewpan,' said I—'t will frizzle as dry as if it had not crowed for a century.'

"'Thou 'rt a marvel,' cried the *cura*, 'let me embrace thee, and so—'" but just as the barber had proceeded thus far with his story, chancing to glance towards the place where we had left our mules, they were no where to be seen. "We must go in search of them," said the barber; "and besides, the sun gets lower; and unless we jog on, we shall scarcely reach Lapiche before dark; my story is a long one, and if you have found any amusement in it, we 'll resume it another time," and so tying up our wallets, and taking another draught from the wine-skin, we rose and went in search of our mules. They had strayed a long way; but at last we discovered them taking their *siesta* under the partial shade of a sand bank; and mounting our beasts, we continued our journey.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR CONTINUES HIS JOURNEY, AND REACHES THE SITE OF "THE INCONCEIVABLE ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS," RESPECTING WHICH, AND OTHER MATTERS RELATED BY CERVANTES, HE HOLDS THE READER FOR A LITTLE IN CONVERSATION.

As we trotted slowly on, I inquired of my companion to which scene of the knight's adventures he meant to conduct me first?

"That," said the barber, "is a natural question; for although we wish to follow the track of Don Quixote, yet, as he made two sallies from his village, and as we make only one, it might be expected that we should be forced to make choice of a first scene; however it so happens that this is unnecessary; because no one has ever been able to discover the inn which he mistook for a castle, and in which the ceremony of knighthood was

performed; and we have, therefore, no choice but to make for Lapiche, and the windmills, which doubtless furnished the first adventure in the second sally."

"Is it supposed then," said I, "that the inn never had any existence, excepting in the imagination of Cervantes?"

"It existed," said the barber, reining in his mule, and looking at me as if I had uttered some profanation—"as surely as"—he was going to say as surely as the knight himself existed; but after a moment's hesitation he said,—"as surely as Cervantes himself existed."

There is little doubt, however, that the inn in question is fictitious; there is no solitary house on this track; and between Miguel Esteban and Puerto Lapiche there is no village.

It wanted yet about an hour of sunset, when upon a small elevation that lay at some little distance to the left, I descried four windmills: at the same moment the barber laid hold of my bridle, and pointed to the still existing memorials of "the inconceivable adventure of the windmills;" and as

we rode nearer, and the great sails were seen moving slowly round, the Knight of La Mancha seemed to be at my side—I saw him turn towards his worthy squire, and heard him say, "Look there, friend Sancho, and behold thirty or forty outrageous giants with whom I intend to engage in battle: fly not, ye base and cowardly miscreants, for he is but a single knight who now attacks you."

"There are there," said I, turning to the barber, "only four windmills; was it a part of the knight's delusion that he should perceive thirty or forty?"

"Partly it might be so," said the barber; "but I myself recollect when fourteen, in place of four windmills were to be seen there; the neighbouring country was then more a corn country than it is now, for the cultivation of saffron has supplanted that of corn, and there is therefore less occasion for windmills."

It does not appear that the Knight of La Mancha entered Puerto Lapiche; for after the adventure with the windmills, he sojourned with the goat-herds, when the story of the shepherdess

Marcella is told; and he then journeyed to the inn which he mistook for a castle,—not that in which he was dubbed a knight, but that in which Sancho was tossed in a blanket. I did not think it necessary however to follow the footsteps of Don Quixote so rigidly, as to avoid the town, and make my bed with the cow-herds, or under a tuft of trees; and my friend the barber yet retained as much of his original propensities, as led him to prefer the prospect of a savoury stew, to anything that our wallet could have offered him.

As we entered Puerto Lapiche, I noticed that all the women of the lower orders, wore the skirts of their petticoats thrown over their heads; this is the universal custom in La Mancha, the *mantilla* being used only by the upper classes: and it explains a passage in Don Quixote which would otherwise be obscure.

Sancho, when upon one occasion he returns home, endeavours to persuade his wife Theresa, to accept with a good grace the honours in store for her, when he shall have obtained the government of the island: he tells her how great a lady she

will then be, and that she must make up her mind to the transformation. But Theresa replies, "neither will I put it in the power of those who see me dressed like a countess or governor's lady, to say, Mind Mrs. Pork-feeder, how proud she looks! it was but yesterday she toiled hard at the distaff; and went to mass *with the tail of her gown above her head, instead of a veil.*" It is worthy of remark, that nowhere in Don Quixote is there a word spoken in praise of the beauty of the women of La Mancha; "hale," or "buxom wench," are the highest expressions that the veracity of Cervantes permitted him to use, for to have spoken of them in other terms, would have been a departure from truth. "The flower of Castilian maids," sounds well in poetry; but a Castilian maid, or a maid of La Mancha, which is the same thing, is a coarse, brown, ill-favoured personage, who in any other country would retain her maiden distinction during life.

It was almost dark when we alighted at the door of the Posada; my companion took charge of the mules, and I groped my way into the kitchen,

the only habitable place in a Posada. How different is the reception one meets on arriving at a French or an English inn? At a Spanish posada, no bustling waiter, with his napkin, bows you into the house; no smart *demoiselle* drops a curtsey, and leads the traveller forward with the glance of her black eyes. In the Spanish posada, the traveller is welcomed by nobody; is received by nobody; is never asked his pleasure, or what are his wants; he is left to feel his way along a stone wall, and is at last directed to the kitchen by a glare of light from the fire, which is kindled on the floor. It is a curious fact too, that the rank of the traveller makes no difference in his reception. There is not one kind of welcome for the gentleman traveller, another for the coach traveller, and another for the visitor of low degree. All ranks find their level in a Spanish posada; no separate tables are set; no distinctive honours are paid; there is no scale of civility; the *caballero*, the merchant, the muleteer, are alike left to shift for themselves.

CHAPTER XI.

SHEWING THE EXTRAORDINARY POPULARITY OF CERVANTES IN SPAIN.

When I entered the posada, I found eight or ten muleteers at supper round a table, upon which stood a huge basin, whose fumes announced a stew that might not indeed vie in delicacy with those of either the Duque de San Carlos, or the cura Cirillo, but which had marvellous attraction to one who had been indebted only to his wallet for a day's living. There was a vacant place; I seated myself among the muleteers, and soon began, like the rest, to fish out of the basin with my clasp-knife, one huge piece after another. Meanwhile, the barber, who had been looking after the mules, made his appearance, and he too contrived to squeeze himself into a place.

Hitherto I had been a person of no importance; but the arrival of the barber and his opening discourse raised me a thousand per cent. in the estimation of all the company.

"Gentlemen," said he, when there was nothing left to be fished out of the stew, "the *caballero* who does us the honour to sup with us, has travelled from the remotest corner of the earth, to see the country of Don Quixote." Immediately upon this announcement being made, every eye was turned upon me; the landlord, who was seated upon a distant bench smoking, took his little paper cigar out of his mouth, and approached the table; even the girl who was stirring some mess over the fire, ceased her stirring and turned round; the long-spouted crystal gilded bottle was pushed towards me; and an old man who appeared half asleep, offered a leaf of Indian corn to roll my tobacco in. I never was treated with civility in a Spanish posada before. One of these acts of civility requires a word of explanation for those who have never been in Spain. Black bottles are rarely seen there: wine is either drunk out of the

skin, or emptied into a crystal vessel, shaped like a coffee-pot, with a long spout, in the using of which, an ingenious talent is displayed. The Spaniard does not put the spout into his mouth, but holds the vessel above; and the greater distance from which he can direct the stream with precision into his mouth, the greater is the merit. The reader must also be informed, that the Spaniards generally make their cigars at the time they smoke, by wrapping up some tobacco in thin paper; but the inner leaf of the Indian corn is preferred.

It is certainly a curious fact, but one well worthy of being recorded, that of the eight or ten muleteers with whom I shared the stew in this posada, not one of the number was ignorant of Don Quixote and his doings,—nor of the claims of Cervantes to the veneration of his countrymen. In a country where book learning is so scantily diffused, and where so few of the lower orders are educated, one might imagine that anything like minute knowledge of the work of Cervantes would be a miracle. It is true, that there is no English

novel so bound up with the manners and scenery of the country,—none so powerful in genius,—none of such brilliant invention—so rich in all that stamps a work with immortality, as this production of Cervantes; and that in all this, no proof can be offered so strong, as that which arises from the fact I have stated—the more universal and more intimate knowledge of the adventures of Don Quixote, which is found to pervade all ranks in Spain, than any similar kind of knowledge existing among the peasantry of perhaps any other country in Europe. I never omitted an opportunity,—not in La Mancha only, but in other parts, remote from the scene of Don Quixote's exploits, — of ascertaining the existence of this knowledge; and I believe I may safely say, that I never mentioned Don Quixote to a muleteer, or a peasant of any condition, without finding myself understood; an ignorant stare was never the answer I received; and I think I may even go so far as to assert, that I never found any one unacquainted with the name of Cervantes. I should certainly say, that the popularity of any other author, in any other

country, is absolutely nothing, in comparison with the popularity of Cervantes in Spain.

So much civility as I received in this posada, deserved some return; and a measure or two of superior *val de peñas*, which the innkeeper produced at my bidding, established me more and more in the hearts of the company; for be it known, that although in comparison with other nations, the Spaniards are a sober people, they are not insensible to the attractions of a measure of wine: and here again, we find Cervantes just in his portraiture of tastes and manners; for Sancho is represented as shewing much affection for the wine-skin; and in the supper with the goatherds, of which both the knight and the squire partook, the wine-cup was a vessel of so much importance, that it was the duty of one individual to hand it about.

CHAPTER XII.

WHICH EXPLAINS AND ILLUSTRATES SOME THINGS THAT NEED EXPLANATION, AND PROVES THE NECESSITY OF TRAVELLING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF DON QUIXOTE; AND WHEREIN ALSO, THE BARBER RESUMES HIS STORY.

NEXT morning, betimes, the barber called me from my slumbers. "Rozinante and Dapple are waiting," cried he, thrusting his comical face over the door,* "and the squire waits permission to store his wallet for the journey; 't is a good day's journey to the inn where Sancho was tossed in a blanket; and a bad road it is for robbers; so we had best be jogging, that we may end our journey before dark."

I was ready in a trice; and having swallowed a

* In many of the chambers in the *posadas* and *ventas*, the door is only a half-door, leaving an open space at the top.

cup of chocolate, that wafted a fragrance like that which comes from the Spice Islands,* we mounted our mules, and rode out of Puerto Lapiche. It was Sunday morning, and all the inhabitants were in the streets waiting the summons to repair to mass; and a miserably poor population seemed that of Puerto Lapiche, with the old tattered brown cloaks, and black caps fitting close to the head. How different from a holiday turn-out in France! But to any one who has travelled through Connaught and Munster, or who, after travelling through La Mancha, may visit these parts of Ireland, the resemblance between the population of a Milesian, and of a Castilian country town, will appear very striking.

It was a charming morning when we sallied out of Puerto Lapiche; and although the country upon which we entered on leaving it was anything but beautiful, it was still the country; and where

* The following is the composition of Spanish chocolate:—to six pounds of the nut, are added three pounds and a half of sugar; seven pods of vanillas; one pound and a half of Indian corn; half a pound of cinnamon; six cloves; one dram of capsicum; and a small quantity of musk.

is the country that does not smile beneath the rays of the new risen sun, and the azure of cloudless skies,—even the sickly olive looked well; and the lilac flowers of the rosemary loaded the air with their sharp fragrance.

The abundance of rosemary in these parts, illustrates the truth of a passage in Don Quixote. When the knight abides in the goat-herds' shed, Sancho speaks of the wound his master has received from the encounter with the windmills, and wishes for a balsam to cure it; and the goat-herds immediately tell him to be under no uneasiness, for they possess a cure for it at hand, and they accordingly make a balsam of the leaves of rosemary, "which grew plentifully around the shed;" and this is true not only to nature, but to Spanish usage, for the rosemary-leaf bruised, and mixed with oil, is used in La Mancha for such injuries as that which Don Quixote received in his battle with the windmills.

A knight errant travelling in these days through La Mancha, would find a lack of adventures, even if, like Don Quixote, he construed every natural

occurrence into an occasion for the exercise of his profession. Spain, in the days of Cervantes, was more a travelled country than it is now; not by foreigners, but by natives; Toledo was then a populous and flourishing city, and the cities of the south were eminent on account of their commerce with the new world. In approaching Puerto Lapiche, Don Quixote says, "there we shall have our hearts' content of adventures," and when he finds himself on the high-way he says, "we shall be up to our elbows in adventure;" but now-a-days, not a traveller is to be seen in the neighbourhood of Puerto Lapiche, — no Biscayans travelling in coaches,—nor Toledo merchants on their way to Murcia to buy silks; only trains of mules are met, and country people going out to labour. So faithful are the pictures of Cervantes, that when we find any contradiction between his sketches, and the realities we see around, we feel inclined to inquire into the cause, as if the work of Cervantes were the journal of a traveller, and not the creation of a novelist; but this is the highest compliment we can pay to his immortal production.

This observation arises from seeing no cows or cattle in La Mancha; whereas Cervantes on one occasion introduces his hero into the company of cow-herds. This little difficulty I cannot pretend to explain; all the husbandry of La Mancha is performed by mules; and even if there were cows in La Mancha, they would have been in their summer pastures in the sierras, at the time when Don Quixote perambulated La Mancha, which is stated to have been the month of July. Flocks of sheep however are occasionally seen; and in this morning's journey, a large flock grazing at the foot of a hillock could not but remind me of the celebrated adventure of the Knight of La Mancha, and his previous address to Sancho. "Seest thou that cloud of dust before us? the whole of it is raised by a vast army composed of various and innumerable nations that are marching that way." These words I chanced to repeat aloud; and the barber who was then in advance of me, hearing them, turned about his mule, and said, "I perceive that I am not the only one who looks upon the adventure with the flock of sheep, as one of the most admirable inventions of the author."

"It is," replied I, "one of the most excellent, for in it Cervantes has carried as far as it was possible, the delusion of his hero; and has made the boldest experiment upon our sympathies."

"And yet in truth," said the barber, turning round upon his beast, and looking towards the sheep, which chanced to be then crossing the road, and were raising a cloud of dust, "'t was after all no such great delusion." And sometimes discoursing in this manner, and sometimes musing, we journeyed on at a small trot, till the sun getting high, we began to think of shelter; and soon after, a small tuft of trees presenting itself, we dismounted as we had done the day before, left our mules to their inclination, untied the wallet, and took the stopper out of the wine-skin,—and seating ourselves among the saffron flowers, which in these parts grew plentifully, tinting all the fields with a bluish garment, applied with assiduity to the agreeable task, which was not despised even by the self-denying knight of the rueful countenance, who says to his squire, "see if thou hast got any thing in thy wallet."

"And now, Mr. Barber," said I, when the wallet began to grow somewhat lighter, and the wine-skin to get lankish, "suppose you indulge me with the conclusion of your story;—for judging by what I have already heard, I am certain it must contain many diverting incidents, and I long to hear how you became a barber in Miguel Esteban, and so great an admirer of Don Quixote."

"As for my admiration of the invention of Cervantes," replied the barber, "I believe there is no one in La Mancha, no one in Castile, scarcely any one in Spain, who thinks less highly of it, or more highly of it than myself; and as for the circumstance that settled me as a barber in Miguel Esteban, I ought to have told you in the beginning of my story, that although my father and my mother lived in Manzanares, my grandfather and his father and grandfather before him, were barbers in Miguel Esteban."

"Then," said I, interrupting the barber, "I am possibly at this moment speaking to the identical descendant of Master Nicholas!"

"'T is that possibility," replied the barber, "that fixed me in Miguel Esteban; for when I came to know the history of the Knight of La Mancha, in the manner you shall afterwards learn, and reflected, that I might be the descendant of Master Nicholas, and that the line of barbers was broken, I felt it a duty to step into my grandfather's shoes when he died, at the age of eighty, in the identical house where you first accosted me; but before continuing my story, and returning to the cura Cirillo, I find I must indulge myself with a nap, for I have dined heartily, and feel heavy; and by the softness of this wine-skin under my head, its contents appear to be well drained; jog me when I have slept long enough, and you shall then, since it pleases you, hear the continuation of my story." And so for the present, the barber lies sleeping under a tuft of trees; I will allow him half an hour for his siesta, and then,—