the numerous arms that would have intercepted him, 'Inez,' said he, at the same time beckoning to the caballero to advance, 'dost thou know this caballero?'

"'My brother, my brother!' cried she; and the next moment she was locked in his arms.

"'Monstrous profanation!' exclaimed the abbess.

"'Back!' roared the priest; 't is with her own consent that the novice, Inez, assumes the veil; who dares— !'

"'Inez,' said the caballero, 'is it with thy consent that thou takest the veil?' and at the same moment that he put the question, he led forward one of those individuals who accompanied him in the capacity of attendants; and he, throwing back his cloak, displayed the rich dress of a noble.

"Never before was there seen so deep a blush on the cheek of a novice, as that which overspread the cheeks of Inez, and she would have fallen to the ground, had not her brother encircled her with his arm.

"'Lead the way to the chapel,' said Don José, pushing the priest before him.

"'O Dios!' said the priest, holding up both his hands.

"Inez, too, modestly and timidly hung back, when her brother, addressing her, said, 'Inez, my sister, thy noviciate is ended; God has given to me the guardianship of my sister; I restore thee to the world with thine own consent; and with thine own consent entrust thy happiness to one who knows the value of that which is confided to him:' and he, leading the now pale, trembling, and beautiful novice, while Don José followed the priest, all stood before the altar.

"It is not necessary that I should relate what followed; you can imagine the sequel; the novice became a bride; and thus the object of our interference was accomplished. This, you will allow, was a good deed; but it is only one, of a hundred instances I could give, of such actions performed by the unfortunate Don José."

CHAPTER XIX.

WHEREIN THE BARBER UPHOLDS THE SUPREMACY OF DON QUIXOTE; AND WHEREIN ALSO IS RELATED THE CURIOUS INTERVIEW BETWEEN POLINARIO AND THE BISHOP OF JAEN.

"In truth, Master Nicholas," said I, turning to the barber, "this exploit of Don José might almost entitle him to rank as a knight errant, since none of their duties are so sacred, as that which enjoins them to succour distressed damsels."

"Ay, but," said the barber, "Don José had thirty to back him; but the Knight of La Mancha had but his own single arm."

"And the arm of Sancho," said I.

"Squires are forbidden to meddle in their master's affairs," said the barber; "and Don Quixote shewed that he had no need of anybody's

aid. To my mind, his encounter with the Biscayan needed more valour than Don José's exploit, in which he had only women and friars to contend with. In truth, the Knight of La Mancha would have entrusted the management of that affair to Sancho, and would have thought it derogatory to him to meddle in the business."

"I do not liken this exploit of Don José," said Polinario, who evidently knew the barber's way, "to the exploits of the Knight of La Mancha; but you 'll admit, friend," added he, addressing the barber, "that its results were of more value."

The barber would fain have been able to take up, like the knight himself, the plea of enchantment, as an apology for his want of success; and not readily finding an answer to the allegation of Polinario, he said, "the intention is everything; the Knight of La Mancha wished to relieve the distressed, succour the innocent, make wrong, right; destroy oppressors, and aid the weak by the strength of his arm. We are not to judge by the event only; though the giants turned out to be windmills, and the contending

armies sheep, and those whom he would have succoured, persons not standing in need of succour, all the world knows, that he would have assaulted a giant, as readily as a windmill; and in truth, I apprehend, a giant would have been the easier vanquished of the two; but come, friend," added he, and relapsing into his good humour, which had been somewhat ruffled by the supposition of any comparison between the exploits of Don José, and those of the Knight of La Mancha, "continue the narrative of thy own life, from which we have been too long detained by this foolish adventure of Don José."

"Poor Don José," resumed Polinario, "ill fortune overtook him. One by one, the greater number of his band were slain, or taken, and at length, in an encounter near Baylen, he himself was made prisoner; and was soon after, hanged at Cordova. I had often observed, that the misfortunes which overtook our band, were occasioned by too many being associated together; and when the news reached me at ———, where I chanced then to be on a voyage of discovery, that the band

was destroyed, and Don José a prisoner, I resolved thenceforward, to have neither partakers in my good fortune, nor companions in my reverses; and I will venture to say, that from that hour, the name of Polinario, who was never known to be otherwise than alone, was as terrible throughout ———, as that of Don José had ever been, with his thirty or forty carabines to back him. Peace to his memory!" said Polinario, taking a long draught from the wine-measure: "I suspect there 's little time left for my own adventures; in half an hour, my time will be up; but if you and this caballero are travelling about La Mancha, we 'll meet again—and then—"

"Most likely," said the barber, interrupting Polinario, "we shall fall in with each other again; but before separating now, let us at least hear the account of thy adventure with the Bishop of Jaen, which led, as all the world knows, to thy change of life."

"That will take but little time in telling," said Polinario. "I had been ten years and more at my trade, before that took place; and many are

the escapes I had had,—thanks, sometimes to luck; and a time or two, to my own courage, though indeed, I should not boast of that, which however the world gives me credit for."

"Nobody will doubt thy courage," said the barber, "but here in La Mancha, we 're difficult to please on that head; as thou may'st well believe; one valorous deed is fairly compared with another; and he would be a devil rather than a man, whose exploits eclipsed those of the Knight of La Mancha; but I must not interrupt thy relation, else we 'll be cheated out of thy story."

"I was saying," resumed Polinario, "that I had been ten years a robber before my encounter with the Bishop of Jaen. I began to be tired of extremities and escapes; and although I sometimes think, now that I am clear of all such difficulties, that I 'd once more like to take my seat on the little wall on the winding road above the venta de Cardeña, with my carabine in my hand, yet I had then begun to lose conceit of my trade. Well, I was somewhat low in purse, and threatened on many sides, when sitting one day in my ac-

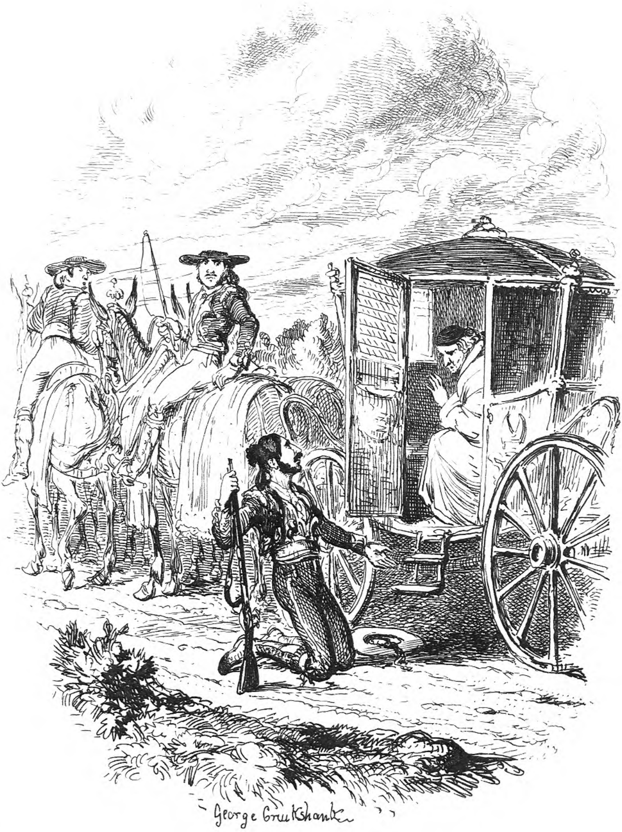
customed place, I descried a carriage and six mules just turning the summit of the mountain; and at the same time, a man well mounted, passed by me in advance."

"Holloa friend," said I, "who comes yonder?"

"The Bishop of Jaen," said he, "God preserve his reverence!"

"Well," said I to myself, "a bishop's gold's as good as another's; and he can better afford to lose it: he is reputed a good man; so he shall give me his blessing besides;" and the carriage rapidly drawing near, I sat down on the wall, as usual, and presenting my carabine, made a sign to the muleteers to stop. They knew whom they had to deal with, and the next minute I was at the coach door.

"The bishop, seeing that his people made no resistance, did the only thing he could do: he held out his purse to me, and at the same time said, 'Ah my son, 't is an evil trade thou art engaged in;' but there was something in the words, and tone, and look of the grey haired bishop, that softened my heart; and at the same



Polinario & the Bishop of Jaen.

moment that his purse dropped into my hand, I dropped upon my knees, by the steps of his coach, and throwing my hat on the ground, said, 'Reverend father, Polinario begs thy blessing.'

"'Of what value,' said the Bishop, 'were my blessing, unless approved of by God; and how could the blessing of God descend upon thee, at the moment when thou outragest his laws? Be no longer what thou art, and willingly my blessing will be given to thee.'

"At this moment, a sudden hope took possession of me. 'Reverend father,' said I, 'it needs courage, when a man has health and youth, to walk voluntarily to the foot of the scaffold. Polinario might as well tie the rope round his own neck, as relinquish his trade.'

"'May God turn thy heart,' said the bishop.

"'Stay, reverend father,' said I, still remaining on my knees; 'I am a robber, it is true; but I am guiltless of blood, and where I have sworn an oath, I have never broken it: your reverence has interest with the king; obtain the royal pardon for

Polinario, and I swear by the God that made me, that I will do all thou requirest of me.' "

But just as Polinario had proceeded thus far, the sound of wheels was heard approaching; and there was only time to pass round, and drain the measure, when he was called to his duties.

"I hope," said I, "we may meet this singular man again; he must have many adventures to relate worth listening to."

"No doubt," said the barber; "but what are his exploits, any more than those of Don José, to the exploits of him whose footsteps we are following!" and it was evident, from the manner in which the barber expressed himself, that he did not clearly distinguish between the real exploits of the one, and the fictitious exploits of the other; but I fear these relations of Polinario's, have suffered me to digress too long from the main purport, and object, and subject-matters of this book; for to lose sight of Don Quixote for so long a time, is a liberty which even Cervantes has not suffered himself to take. It is, indeed, one of the peculiar excellences of the work, that the interest of the reader

shall never be too long estranged from the hero and his eccentricities. Numerous examples of this might be given; but to mention only one, — a story is told in the kitchen of a posada, and the listeners became interested in it; and Cervantes suspecting this, and resolved never to keep his hero too long in the back-ground, suddenly interrupts the story by extraordinary and unheard-of sounds, which are occasioned by Don Quixote getting up in his sleep and attacking a number of wine-skins, and by this means the attention of the reader is recalled to the main purport of the work.

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH THE READER IS FURTHER INFORMED RESPECTING THE INN WHICH DON QUIXOTE MISTOOK FOR A CASTLE; AND IN WHICH ALSO, THE READER IS FAVOURED WITH THE BARBER'S OPINIONS UPON MANY POINTS, AS WELL AS WITH THE AUTHOR'S NOTICES OF THE ACHIEVEMENT OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET, AND OF OTHER FAMOUS EXPLOITS OF THE KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA.

For some time after Polinario departed, I remained in the kitchen, with the barber: all in the inn had long since retired to rest; a profound silence reigned throughout the whole house, in which there was no other light than a lamp stuck up in the passage, just as it is said to have been on the night when the Don himself slept there; and this "wonderful quiet," which disposed the knight towards those reflections relating to the

events recorded in books of chivalry, and made *him* fancy the inn a castle, certainly had the effect of adding vividness to the fancies which crowded upon *me*, sitting here in the inn which the knight mistook for a castle, and in which such a singular complication of events are recorded to have taken place.

My associations with the inn were not likely to be disturbed by the night accommodation which it afforded. "I verily believe," said the barber, when the Asturian maid lighted us to the sleeping-room, and hung the little lamp upon the cross-beam in the passage, "that your mercy is about to sleep in the identical bed that received the Knight of La Mancha;" and so indeed the barber might well say, for it was literally "four rough boards, supported on two benches of unequal height, covered by a mattress so thin that it might have passed for a quilt, and full of knots, so hard, that they might well have been mistaken for pebble stones." The barber turned up the mattress, and examined the boards, remarking that they appeared some hundreds of years old; and so wistfully did

he eye the bed, that seemed scarcely to have been made since Don Quixote lay in it, that I offered to resign it for his, which was spread upon the floor, and was composed of the furniture of the two mules, as Sancho's is recorded to have been. No amorous Maritornes disturbed our nightly slumbers; no jealous carrier bathed our jaws in blood; nor did any "trooper of the holy brotherhood," or "enchanted moor," discharge a lamp full of oil upon the "pate" either of the barber or myself.

I might however have, with great propriety, addressed Master Nicholas in the words addressed by Don Quixote to his squire: "Art thou asleep, friend Sancho? friend Sancho, art thou asleep?" and he might very well have replied, "God's my life! how should I be asleep, seeing all the devils of hell have been upon me the whole night;" for although the arm of no "monstrous giant" descended upon either of our jaws, other torments, which need not be enlarged upon, proved almost as great hindrances to repose, as the pummeling bestowed upon our illustrious predecessors.

It was yet but the first blush of day that overspread the east, when, mounting our mules in the yard of the inn, we returned the parting salutation of the landlord, answered the smile of the Asturian damsel, and pricking our beasts, trotted out at the gate into the high road.

"It was in this day's journey," said the barber, after we had proceeded a few hundred yards side by side, "that the Knight of La Mancha found his heart's content of adventures,—you see these hillocks, and the meadows that lie between them; here it was that he made havoc with the flocks of sheep; a little farther on, the adventure of the corpse took place,—then followed the unheard-of adventure of the fulling-hammers; the acquisition of Mambrino's helmet succeeds next,—and, lastly, the adventure of the galley-slaves."

"And are all these adventures connected with any particular spot?" I inquired.

"No," replied the barber; "the high-road was the theatre of them all; but, excepting the last, which took place near the Sierra Morena, of which the 'Brown Mountain' is a part, they cannot be referred to any precise spot."

"'T is unfortunate," said I.

"'T is unfortunate," said the barber.

"I should have liked of all things," said I, "to have seen the spot where Don Quixote first clapped Mambrino's helmet upon his head."

"Now, to my mind," said the barber, checking his mule, "the adventure of Mambrino's helmet might have been omitted without great loss to the book, for 't is out of nature."

I could not agree with the barber in this; but I did not press my opinion upon him: it was easy to see why he should think as he did. The barber's basin was his every-day companion; and the fancy of Don Quixote in converting it into a helmet, was too violent a perversion of fact to obtain his assent to it. At every step in Spain, the traveller is reminded of this adventure, for in place of the barber's pole, a shining brass basin is suspended at every barber's shop.

"But for my part," said the barber, "though the excellent genius of the author is displayed in the adventures of his hero, these are to be looked upon only as heads of the discourse, or prominences in a landscape, which, although more

striking, are perhaps less valuable than that which intervenes,—for example," continued the barber, and stopping his mule upon a slight elevation which we had attained; "look before us, or to the right, or to the left, various eminences are visible, gilded by the morning sun, and the country that lies between them is less visible and prominent than they are; yet I make no doubt, that fine olive grounds, and rich vineyards lie concealed, and must be passed through in approaching them; and so I think, that the conversations between Don Quixote and his squire, which lie before or behind the adventures, are as worthy of our attention as the adventures themselves;"—and in such pleasant and instructive discourse, we went on our journey, at an easy pace, passing, one by one, the places which although not absolutely identified with the knight's adventures, are yet so little removed from the scene of them, that something nearly approaching to a belief in their identity is created; and, perhaps, the slight uncertainty rather increases interest than diminishes it; and the barber did not

fail to say, "there it most likely was, that the singular delusion of the flock of sheep took place; and that, the hillock where Don Quixote posted himself, and gave Sancho a detail of the knights that served in the two armies;" or, "here it might probably be that the adventure of the fulling-mills took place, for yonder are two or three chestnut trees, and a running brook, and some rocks," as the scene is described by Cervantes; or, "it was doubtless hereabouts, that a man was discovered by the knight, riding, with something on his head that glittered like polished gold;" or "it was without doubt near this place, that as Don Quixote and his faithful squire jogged along as we do, the knight delivered his famous discourse upon knight-errantry."

CHAPTER XXI.

WHICH NO ONE IS ADVISED TO PASS OVER, EXCEPTING SUCH AS DO NOT WISH TO HEAR OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE FULLING-HAMMERS, OR WHO DO NOT CARE TO READ A VINDICATION OF CERVANTES' CONSISTENCY.

We had now left the wearisome plain of La Mancha, which was lost among the outposts of the Sierra Morena; and the country assumed a new, and charming aspect. The green of the northern acclivities had resisted the partial influence of the sun, and was refreshing to the eye; the air blew cooler upon the forehead; now and then hidden rills trickled by the wayside, and the chirp of little birds was here and there and everywhere. This is not a traveller's record of all he sees and hears,—else I would speak of the town of Val de Peñas; for although we nowhere read in Cervantes that

his hero passed through it, yet as he travelled on the high road, to the Brown Mountain, and as there is no more than one road, the traveller who follows in his footsteps must needs pass through Val de Peñas, whether he halt there or no. But my business is only with Don Quixote; and where nothing can be found to illustrate his progress, I take the liberty of using my discretion.

We had now entered "a spacious and retired valley between two hills," which was therefore the spot marked out as the scene of the adventure of the fulling-hammers.

"That adventure of the fulling-hammers," said I, "is not among the most remarkable of those recorded of our hero."

"And yet," said the barber, "it has its point, and to my mind, is not less interesting than some that are more spoken of;" and the barber was right. In no one of the adventures is the intrepid character of the knight better displayed: figure "the solitude of the place;" "the dreary whisper of the trees;" add the darkness of the night, and the noise of the water and strokes of the hammers;

and then figure the knight, battered and bruised as he was, from his adventure with the flock of sheep, bracing his shield, brandishing his lance, and saying, "I am he for whom strange perils and vast adventures are reserved;" and then how beautifully it brings before us, the kind-heartedness of honest Sancho, who, when his master, preparing to set out on the terrible adventure, tells him to wait three days at farthest, and then to return to Toboso, and tell Dulcinea, how her captive knight died, "began to blubber with incredible tenderness," and shews his plain sense and bluntish notions of the high honour inseparable from knights errant in trying to prevail with his master to turn out of the road; "since," says he, "if nobody sees us, we run no risk of being accused of cowardice." And then in its turn, we have displayed the kindness of the knight, who says, "God who has put it into my heart to attempt this dreadful adventure, will doubtless comfort thee in thy affliction." While I was thus musing on things that might naturally enter the thoughts at such a time, we were almost shut in among the ridges of

the Sierra Morena, and the day was drawing to a close.

"I hope," said the barber, "your mercy has left some Dulcinea in your own country, upon whose charms you may be able to muse the live-long night; for I am much deceived if we shall be able to find any better shelter than a tuft of trees."

"And if such be the case," said I, "I hope thy bag and wine-skin are well stored,—the night is warm, and the sward soft and yielding, and I look forward to as much entertainment from the continuation of your story, as Don Quixote received from Sancho's, of the goats that were ferried one by one over the river Guadianïa."

"In good truth," said the barber, looking about, and upward at the tall trees which grew around, "this is the spot where that same story was told, while the knight remained mounted on Rozinante, and Sancho grasped his leg through terror. Even this singular story, which Cervantes puts into the mouth of Sancho, cannot be read by one conversant with Spanish usages without resemblances being discovered in the usages of those

days and ours. Sancho relates in his story how the shepherdess Torralva in her pilgrimage, carried with her 'a bit of a looking-glass, a broken comb, and a wash for her complexion,' and the two former of these, I have myself seen carried by a young woman who had little else to carry."

"As we have just mentioned the adventure of the fulling-hammers," said I, "and are even now near to the spot where it took place, I will disburden myself of a thought that I have had about this same adventure; and if thou can'st help me to an explanation of my difficulty, I'll be thy debtor."

"Your worship is welcome," said the barber, "to all my poor stock, if aught I know or think can help us in a difficulty."

"It seems to me," said I, "that it is an error in Cervantes to make his hero conscious of his delusion: which, in the adventure of the fulling-hammers, he is; for when the morning dawned, and they discovered that the sounds which had so terrified Sancho, and so elevated the chivalrous hopes of the knight, were occasioned by six fulling-hammers, and when Sancho gives way to

laughter, at the expense of his master. Don Quixote says, 'I will not deny that that which has happened to us, is ridiculous enough;' now why in this instance, should the knight be represented as yielding his senses to the same evidence as that to which the senses of other men surrender, when he has not done so, in any of his previous adventures. When for example, he has been vanquished by the windmills, and when Sancho, distressed at the bruised condition in which he finds him, says, 'did I not assure you that they were no other than windmills? I believe, nay am certain, that the sage Freston, who stole my closet and books, has converted those giants into mills in order to rob me of the honour of their overthrow.' Then again, when after the adventure with the flock of sheep, when the knight is in the most grievous plight, and when Sancho, 'beholding with amazement' the madness of his master, and coming to his assistance, says, 'did not I warn you signor Don Quixote to turn, and assure you that those whom you went to attack were no armies, but flocks of innocent sheep?' 'How strangely,' replies the

knight, 'can that miscreant enchanter, who is my enemy, transmogrify things to thwart me; the malicious wretch who persecutes me, envying the glory I should have gained in this battle, doubtless metamorphosed the squadrons of the foe into flocks of sheep.' Now, in the adventure of the fulling-hammers, can'st thou friend give me any reason why Don Quixote should not in place of admitting the thing to be ridiculous, and that he had been deceived, have ascribed what he saw to the machinations of the enchanter his enemy, and have asserted, that the fulling-hammers had been something else than fulling-hammers?"

"Your worship," said the barber, "has started a difficulty that did at one time occur to me also; but I think it can be made clear, that nothing can in this be charged against Cervantes, or the consistency of the character of the knight, or of his adventures, one with another. Don Quixote never refuses at any time, to receive the evidence of his senses; and on no occasion does Cervantes carry his delusion to such a length, that we are forced to conclude his hero to be insane. His

madness is on all occasions a madness that the reader has some sympathy with. In the adventure of the windmills, he has just sallied forth, eagerly looking for adventures, and it must be recollected that the adventure of the fulling-mills differs from the adventures which your worship has just instanced, wherein he did not admit that he had been deceived; and indeed, the fulling-mills ought not to be called an adventure at all. In the adventures of the windmills and the flock of sheep, the delusion of the knight is carried to the utmost length to which Cervantes could safely carry it; his mental delusion does not vanish with the discovery that he has been attacking windmills, and slaying sheep; he yields to the evidence of his senses indeed, in admitting them to be windmills and sheep; but the same delusion that led him to fancy the windmills giants, and the sheep armies, suggests to him, that like other knight errants, he has supernatural enemies, and that the windmills and the sheep which he now sees, are the work of enchantment: but in the adventure, as it is called, of the fulling-hammers, the knight has never been

under any positive delusion; he has never asserted even, what the nature of the adventure is, in which he is about to be engaged. He and Sancho are in a thick wood on a dark night, and singular sounds are heard; and the knight, his head as usual running on adventures, fancies one to be at hand; but he gives no hint of what he expects it to be, nor ever once explains to Sancho the causes of the sounds they hear. If, contrary to the advice of Sancho, Don Quixote had spurred Rozinante amongst the fulling-hammers, first telling him that these sounds were occasioned by giants, or by any thing else upon which his fancy chanced to run, then there is no doubt that when morning dawned upon the discomfited knight, he would have told Sancho, and would have believed, that he had encountered giants or enchanters, and the fulling-hammers now before them were so by the power of enchantment; but after Don Quixote had remained quietly in the wood during the whole night, and when the day-light discovered the occasion of the sounds they had heard, it would never have done to have made the knight

affirm that these had been giants or enchanters; for in this case, he had never been under any delusion, and had never acted upon any delusion. To your worship or myself caught in a thick wood, on a dark night, the sounds of the fulling-hammers would have appeared as singular as they did to Don Quixote and Sancho."

"I perceive friend," said I, "thou hast thought upon this to some purpose; and thy explanation has greatly assisted in clearing away my difficulty; and besides, as thou hast already told me, the exploits of the knight are not to be regarded as the sole purpose and interest of the book. Some adventures are necessary to bring out the characters of the knight and his squire, and the ludicrous contrasts between them. The bravery of the one, and the cowardice of the other, are forcibly displayed while they rest in the dark wood; the knight sitting on his steed, desiring his squire to straighten the girth, that he may be prepared, and the squire fast embracing his master round the leg, fearful of moving an inch from his stirrup.

While this discourse was going on, we had proceeded farther up the valley, and the dusk beginning to gather over us, — "It was undoubtedly as near as may be to this spot," said the barber, "that the adventure of the galley-slaves is fixed by Cervantes; there seems to be a pleasant hollow on the left side of the road, so deep, that evil disposed persons passing by, will scarcely discover that it is tenanted; body of me! as Sancho used to say, but I would choose better quarters if I knew where they were to be found; my bags are but meagrely provided, and my wine-skin is almost a skeleton; but *la necesidad caréce de ley;* necessity has no law."

"'T is a proverb among all nations," said I.— "You are my guide, Mr. Barber—and to return you proverb for proverb, *Mas sábe el necio en su casa que el cuerdo en la agena;* every man knows his own business best. And so dismounting from our mules, and leading them about three hundred yards from the road, we descended into the hollow which the barber had espied.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN WHICH THE BARBER RESUMES HIS LONG INTERRUPTED STORY, BUT FIRST DIGRESSES TO THE HISTORY OF GINES DE PASSAMONTE, AND THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE WITH THE GALLEY-SLAVES.

It was a pleasant verdant spot, though without trees; and making some thongs of the esparto rush, which grew in the neighbourhood, we fastened our beasts to some rosemary bushes that covered the sides of the hollow, and seated ourselves upon the grass,—untying our bag, and taking the stopper out of the wine-skin,—and after the glorious example of the Knight and his Squire, with hunger for our sauce, we crowded "dinner, afternoon luncheon, and supper into one meal,"—and although the viands were not over

savoury, they marvellously solaced our stomachs. As for the wine-skin, 't was but the shadow of its former self, its corpulency had long since departed, and the merest novice might have put it to his head without fear of suffocation.

During our meal, and as long as any thing remained to be eaten, the conversation was not much to the purpose; but no sooner had the barber made an end of his repast, than he fell into his usual train of thinking.

"That Gines de Passamonte," said the barber, "was a clever rogue; I would give some *pecetas* for the manuscript of his adventures, which he pawned for two hundred reals."

"'T would doubtless be well worthy," said I, taking no notice of the strange length to which the fancy of the barber had carried him. "But this adventure of the galley-slaves is not one of the happiest."

"'T is one of the most instructive though," said the barber; "for it shews the similitude and the disagreement between the days of Cervantes and our own."

"It proves to be sure," said I, "that there were galley slaves in those days as well as in ours."

"And, that confession was extracted by torture;" said the barber.

"And, that witchcraft was believed in," said I, "and punished by condemnation to the galleys."

"And that men were sent to the galleys for increasing population without the priest's permission," said the barber.

"It proves all that," said I.

"It proves more still," said the barber; "it proves that *escrivanos* (attorneys) were rogues in those days as well as in ours."

"How does it prove that?" said I.

"Thus," said the barber: "Don Quixote offers the galley-slave twenty ducats, if these will relieve him from his misfortune, and the galley-slave says, 'that is like offering money to a man dying of hunger at sea, where food cannot be bought; for if I had been a little while ago, master of the twenty ducats your worship offers me, I would have anointed the secretary's pen, and quickened

my lawyer's invention with them, to so much purpose, that I should now be standing at liberty in the square of Zocodover in Toledo, and not carried like a hound to the galleys;' so that in those days, the escrivano was as useful to the rogue who had a long purse, as he is now; when no man need be hanged, who has a handful of duros to slip into the fist of the escrivano."

The light had now nearly faded, night had drawn her mantle round her, and the faint stars were seen through its folds; the outline of the dark Sierra was only visible against the sky, and the only sound was that of the mules cropping the grass.

"Mr. Barber," said I, "I was never better disposed than I am now, to listen to a story; we have satisfied hunger, and it is too early to sleep: I left you last, in a very awkward predicament, and I long to know how you extricated yourself from it."

"I did not extricate myself," said the barber; "after the key turned in the lock, I could hear some one step lightly away; and this person I

knew could be no other than my master. There I sat on the floor, hour after hour, till it grew dark; the cura took care to have a more savoury stew than usual for supper, that the scent of it might mount into the garret: I would have given half my gains for the good-will of it, but nobody came near me, and I at length fell asleep upon the floor, and dreamt of ragouts and rich sauces.

"It was day-light when I awoke: and nearly at the same moment, I heard the cura's step ascending the stair.

"'Lazaro,' said he, from the other side of the door.

"'Master,' said I.

'"Hast thou made up thy mind to die of hunger?' said Cirillo.

"'I am not hungry,' said I.

"'Bien,' said the cura, and I immediately heard him descend the stair.

"But the stomach bitterly admonished the tongue for the lie it had told, and every hour the admonition became more severe.

"It was now the hour of dinner, and my nose