

was again assailed by the most delicious steams. I again heard my master ascend the stair; he stopped at my door, and I heard him pronounce my name.

“ ‘Master,’ said I.

“ ‘Listen to me, Lazaro,’ said he. ‘I’ll starve thee to death, as sure as thy name is Lazaro; no one can ever hear of thee more; I’ll have thee dried when thou’rt dead, and sell thy carcass to the Carthusians as a relic: but if thou wilt push the pieces of money one by one below the door, and if, when I reckon them, I find that thou hast fairly accounted to me, thou shalt dine upon the most savoury stew that ever descended into thy stomach.’

“The temptation was scarcely to be resisted, but I was in hopes of a better bargain, and answered nothing: the cura however saw my hesitation, and took advantage of it. I heard him leave the door, and in a few minutes he returned.

“ ‘Now, Lazaro,’ said he, ‘I have brought thy dinner: here is beef, and pork, and a rich gravy, and *garbanzos*, and bread. I will make this

agreement with thee: I will give thee of the stew in spoonfuls, underneath the door;* and for each spoonful thou receivest, thou shalt shove me one piece:’ and at the same instant, I saw the spoon filled with steaming stew, pushed towards me. ‘This first spoonful thou shalt have for nothing,’ said Cirillo, ‘but if thou would’st have a second, it must be paid for.’ The temptation was not to be resisted; one scanty spoonful after another, descended into my stomach, while an equal number of pieces descended into the cura’s pocket; and so outrageous was my appetite, and so excellent the stew, that I was soon eased of the greater part of my treasure; but—hist!” said the barber, suddenly interrupting his narrative, “I hear the trampling of horses on the highway; till it be past, I had best be silent.”

The trampling passed, but the barber continued silent. “Mr. Barber,” said I, “please to go on;” but the barber had dropped asleep. My imagination was yet too much awake, to permit the

* The doors of common rooms seldom fit so close that a spoon could not pass underneath.



George Cruikshank

Fazio outwitted by the Curia.

approach of drowsiness, so leaving the barber, I wandered up and down, as the common expression is; sometimes extending my turn as far as the high road, sometimes visiting our mules, who did not seem at all tired of the herbage that grew at their feet, and sometimes seating myself on the grass; and whether occupied in the one way or the other, enjoying the full luxury of my situation; standing at midnight, in the remote—and as associated in our minds with romance—the almost fabulous district of La Mancha, and on the threshold of the Sierra Morena, better known and more interesting as the scene of Don Quixote's exploits than as associated with the most brilliant passages of history, long I lingered about, giving myself up to the thick-coming fancies that the place, with which imagination had been recently fed, and the real recollections, might naturally inspire; and it was not because I was weary of my thoughts, but because I knew sleep to be necessary to the enjoyment of what the day might produce, that I returned to the neighbourhood

of my sleeping companion; and adjusting the furniture of my mule on the slope of the hollow, lay down, and resigned myself to the deep slumber that soon overtook me.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR AND HIS COMPANION REACH THE CONFINES OF THE "BROWN MOUNTAIN;" AND IN WHICH ALSO, THAT INGENIOUS FELLOW JUANES RELATES HIS DIVERTING HISTORY.

WHEN I opened my eyes, I found that the barber had already untied our mules, and saddled them, and that I had only to throw my leg over my beast. Grey morning still hung in the defiles of the Sierra, though the highest peaks were touched with the earliest sunbeams, when we pricked our mules up the side of the hollow, and regained the high road; and as we jogged along side by side, at a very small trot, for the inequalities of the road, now that we had left the plain, prevented us trying the mettle of our mules, "You perceive,"

said the barber, "that we are about to enter the Sierra Morena,* and, as near as can be guessed, at the spot where the Knight of La Mancha and his faithful Squire entered it."

"I should think," said I, "that in so extensive a range as the Sierra Morena, it must be indeed guess-work, whether we hit upon the precise spot or not."

"Not so much guess-work as you imagine," said the barber.

"Cervantes does not, as far as I recollect," said I, "give us any indications of the spot at which his hero entered the Brown Mountain; and besides, I perceive that we approach a house, which is nowhere mentioned,"—for just then, upon turning an angle of the rock, I observed a long low building, situated upon a small elevation on the left side of the road.

The barber, reining in his mule, which was always his custom when he wished to give peculiar

* In the translations of Don Quixote, it is said that he entered the Brown Mountain. This is merely a translation of Sierra Morena; *morena* signifying brown.

emphasis to what he was about to say, delivered himself as follows:—"I must claim my privilege in correcting a small error into which your grace appears to have fallen. Cervantes did not write a road-book; he left that to Antonio Ponz. Don Quixote and his Squire did not fly in a balloon, and therefore they must needs have passed through the towns, and by the inns, that lay in their way; but Cervantes did not think it necessary to notice any other places than those that are connected with his hero's adventures; 't is no proof then that the Knight and his Squire did not enter the Brown Mountain at this point, because Cervantes makes no mention of the Venta de Cardeña, which we must pass by;" and having so expressed himself, the barber struck his heel against the flank of his mule and trotted on before; but stopping at the foot of the first acclivity, that I might come alongside of him, he turned round upon his beast, and said, "here señor we must deviate a little from the footsteps of Don Quixote. Our wallet last night was but indifferently stored; and before journeying into the Sierra, where we

must needs follow the knight, it would not be amiss to replenish our stores in the venta hard by, for in the heart of the Sierra we can scarcely expect to find the pot boiling."

This reasoning being conclusive, I followed the barber to the door of the venta, which we entered, after having given our mules in charge to a serving wench,—for in the southern parts of La Mancha, women are generally employed in waiting upon the mules as well as the guests. We had no sooner entered the venta, than the barber and the Posadero approaching each other suddenly stopped.

"*Es posible ?*" exclaimed both, at the same moment.

"Lazaro!" said the innkeeper, with an incredulous stare.

"Juanes!" said the barber, with a look of almost equal incredulity, "is it indeed thee, my old play-fellow, that I find master of the Venta de Cardena?" and the recognition being complete, they embraced each other with every demonstration of regard.

“Ah,” said the barber, “many things have doubtless befallen thee, since the days when we played together in the vineyards about Manzanares.”

“Many things, truly,” returned the innkeeper, “but they have not made me forget the young Picaro, who divided with me the stew he got from the Duke’s kitchen: I long to hear thy history, and how chance has conducted thee to the Venta de Cardeña, where thou art heartily welcome, as well as thy friend, who is not, I see, from these parts.”

“My history,” said the barber, “thou shalt have by and by. Perhaps, in consideration of this unforeseen meeting, the Caballero whom I have the honour to accompany, will consent to spend the remainder of the day in the Venta de Cardeña, and in rambling upon the mountain; and we’ll find time to tell my story, as well as to hear thine.”

I assured the barber that I would willingly remain where I was, if it were for nothing else than that I might the sooner hear the continuation of his own adventures.

“Now Juanes,” said the barber, “set before us the best of thy larder, for we have yet tasted nothing this blessed morning, and if the provision put me in mind of the Duke’s kitchen so much the better.”

“’T will hardly do that,” said the innkeeper, “but we’ve some passable mutton, and good pork, and thou shalt cook for thyself,”—an arrangement that much pleased the barber; and before half an hour had passed, a stew smoked on the table, which, if not equal to those of the Duque de San Carlos, or even of the cura Cirillo, was an admirable provocative to the stomachs of those who had slept in the open air, and supped upon sheep-milk cheese.

“Friend Juanes,” said the barber, when we had made an end of breakfast, “I marvellously wonder at thy good fortune; thy head used to be as empty of brains as this dish is of stew, and thy belly was always fuller than thy pocket; tell us then how it has fallen out, that with neither wit nor pesetas, I find thee master of the Venta de Cardena; and as round as a wine-skin in the archbishop’s cellar.”

“As for pecetas,” replied the Posadero, “I confess they were scarce with me; but my wit, such as it was, I economized, and made a small stock go a great way: but thou shalt hear how I slid into this place; my story is not long, it will scarcely last as long as thy segar; and craving the indulgence of the Caballero, thou shalt have it such as it is.”

I assured the innkeeper of my anxiety to hear his narrative, and he proceeded as follows:—

“When thy father, Lazaro, sent thee away from Mazanares to Toledo, I was left to my sheep-milk cheese and onions; and hearing that thou hadst got service in a canon’s house”—

“Not a canon,” interrupted the barber, “only a cura.”

“Well,” continued the innkeeper, “I speak as I heard, some said thou had’st got the place of page to the archbishop; others would have it that the dean had made thee a steward; but nobody pretended that thy master was any thing less than a canon. And so hearing of thy good fortune, I resolved upon trying my own. I had no interest

like thee, in the kitchen of either the Dominicans or the Duke; and despairing of being recommended by anybody, I left my father's house one morning, and took the road to Talavera.

“My wallet was but indifferently provided: I had only a small loaf and a string of garlic to support me by the way, and as young stomachs are not over provident, my provisions were exhausted long before I reached Talavera, where I arrived half starved; but a good father of the Carmelite order took pity upon me as I sat at the convent gate; and took me in; and here I became servant of all work. I cleaned my patron's dormitory, I swept the refectory, and assisted in the kitchen, and I was besides employed by the good friar in some small matters that concerned nobody but ourselves; I picked up for him odd volumes of plays and romances; and so well did he teach me to counterfeit his voice, which was naturally pitched high, that while I read aloud his breviary in the dormitory, he could safely amuse himself with his more agreeable studies; nor was he ever greatly offended when I ventured to smuggle into

the convent, a duck, or a capon, which I obtained at a distant cook shop; for this service I was always sure to be rewarded with the bones, and the head, after the brain had been taken out. I was made useful too in another secret service, which, however, as it might beget doubts as to the strictness of my patron's morals, I must beg leave discreetly to pass over.

“ Six years I continued to lead this life, and at the end of that time I had made up a very pretty store of *doblòns* from the surplus and parings of secret service money; but now an event took place that changed my fortunes. One day, after having dined in the refectory, my patron retired to his dormitory, where he knew I was waiting his arrival. I produced a small goose, dressed with so much care, that I believe the Superior himself could not have kept his teeth from it; and while I was busily employed upon one of the drumsticks, which had that day been unexpectedly added to my share, I was startled by a sudden noise, and upon looking round, I perceived that my patron had died while I was dining; whether from

apoplexy, or from a bone that had stuck in his throat, I did not think it prudent for me to waste time in determining.

“It was with some difficulty that I extricated the carcass of the goose from the firm clutch of the dead friar: luckily, he had reserved some of the best morsels for the conclusion of his meal, to the remainder of which I fell heir; and reflecting after I had picked the bones, that there was now an end of all other pickings in the convent, I judged it best to make room in my purse for the contents of my patron’s, which I found in a closet; and putting his cross and rosary, and a small image, in my pocket, and rolling his Carmelite habit under my arm, I wished him a speedy deliverance from purgatory, and shutting the door, hastened out of the convent.”

“By St. Anthony,” interrupted the barber, “thou hast more brains than I gave thee credit for, but go on; I am impatient to hear what trick put thee in possession of the Venta de Cardaña,” and the innkeeper proceeded.

“It may easily be believed, that I walked from

Talavera as fast as my legs would carry me, and purposely avoided my native town—thinking it possible that I might be suspected of having murdered the friar, and be sought for in that quarter. I passed towards the Sierra Morena, intending to cross into Andalusia, where, as I had been told, in case of being inclined to turn a rogue, I should find others to bear me company. It was more than a week's journey from Talavera to the Sierra Morena; but I not only travelled at the expense of others, but even added something to my store; for, the first night, after leaving Talavera, I put on the habit of a Carmelite, hung the rosary and the image about my neck, and drew the cowl over my head, to disguise the want of the tonsure, and thus my night's quarters, and a good puchero, cost me but a blessing; and in every market place I passed through, a melon or a bunch of grapes was well repaid by a kiss of the image which I carried in my hand: and as the Carmelites are not one of the orders sworn to poverty, some pecetas slipt into my purse, for prayers and masses in reversion.

“It was late in the evening when I arrived at the door of this venta, and upon pushing it open, my ears were assailed by the groans of a dying person. The master of the inn lay on his bed, to all appearance near his latter end.

“‘Ah,’ said he, when he cast his eyes upon my friar’s habit, ‘your reverence has come at last, has my niece returned with thee?’ From this address I at once comprehended that the dying man had sent his niece to the nearest convent, that some reverend father might hasten to him with the last offices of religion. ‘My son,’ said I, ‘fears for your soul gave wings to my speed; I have a far way outstripped your niece, and am now ready to make the step from this world easy; but first, let me ask how you dispose of your worldly possessions?’

“‘This house is my own,’ replied the dying man: ‘I have one niece, to whom the house will be a sufficient fortune; in that closet there is a bag of dollars, which I leave for masses for my soul, and to you and your convent I commit it.’

“‘Thou doest wisely,’ said I, ‘I scarcely think thou’lt spend an hour in purgatory.’

“Fortunately for my conscience, the old man’s niece and the friar just at this time approached the door, and informing them that having accidentally passed that way, I had prepared the mind of the dying man, the friar administered to him the last offices of religion, and almost at the same moment his soul went to claim the benefit of them.

“The rest of my story is soon told. I turned the old friar out of the house, and took possession; I threw back my cowl, and disclosing a face of two-and-twenty, endeavoured to comfort the old man’s niece, who was not absolutely inconsolable. A master as well as a mistress was needed for the Venta de Cardaña; the rest may be easily imagined; the girl was young, comely, and knew her business; and so of the two that I found in the venta, I buried the one and married the other, and thus became the respectable character you have found me.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

BEFORE THE CONCLUSION OF WHICH, THE BARBER RESUMES
HIS STORY.

“AND I give thee joy of thy good fortune,” said the barber, “though I cannot apply to thee our saying, ‘*la fortuna favorece a los locos,*’ (fortune favours fools), for thou hast had wit enough to take advantage of thy good luck.”

When the innkeeper had made an end of his story it was near mid-day, and being yet too hot to set out upon a ramble, I rested under the gateway, listening to the conversation that passed between the barber and his friend, who, from what I could gather, appeared to have made but indifferent progress in morals since he came to his kingdom. The fact is, of all the ventas in Spain, there is no one so notorious for the frequent

robberies that have been committed in it, as the Venta de Cardeña; and it has long been well known, that the master of it understands the system, and shares the booty of the banditti who make a convenience of it. Many anecdotes were related by the Posadero, which he appeared not over solicitous that I should hear; and my more honest companion generally followed up every narrative, by advising his friend to be an honest man, and to cut connexion with thieves,—an advice, however, which I suspect it would be dangerous for the innkeeper to follow.

Towards evening, when the heat had somewhat diminished, I threw myself upon my mule, and urged him up the acclivities of the Sierra Morena, which, notwithstanding the many historic recollections connected with it, was chiefly interesting in my eyes as the scene of Don Quixote's wanderings; but, as without the assistance of the barber I could have no assurance that I was following in his footsteps, I postponed for a time the pleasures of association and inquiry, and dismissing from my mind the chief object of my journey, I gave

myself up to those vague and delicious sensations that arise amid the solitudes of untrodden mountains. I lingered until the wide plain of La Mancha was one dusky expanse; till the shadows, creeping up the mountain side, and the bright lines of evening forsaking one eminence after another, left only the highest summits bathed with day's dying lustre; and before I regained the venta, the earliest stars were peering over the mountain top.

When I returned to the venta, I found that supper was already concluded: more than two hours had elapsed since the barber and his friend had proved the results of their combined skill; but the materials of an omelet were easily procured, and when this was cooked and dispatched, and when our segars had been lighted, "Now, my old friend Lazaro," said the innkeeper, "I long to hear some account of thy doings in the world, for I guess that thou hast had some ups and downs; and that in thy life as well as in mine, good fortune as much as wit, has had some share in keeping thee from the gallows."

“I am ready to indulge thee,” replied the barber, “but my story will scarcely be interesting to the caballero, who already knows the greater part of it:” but I assured the barber that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to hear a repetition of it; and the barber accordingly, laying down his segar, began his narrative from the time that he left his native town, and related as circumstantially as I have already related to the reader, all that happened after he entered into the service of the cura Cirillo, not omitting the ass’s ear and the cock’s tongue, until the time when, being locked up in his garret, the cura handed the stew in spoonfuls underneath the door; and when he had reached this part of his story, he turned to me and said, “here, if I mistake not, it was that I was forced to break off my narrative, when, sitting in the hollow, we heard the trampling of horses upon the high road: I think,” continued he, “I had just said, that so tempting was the stew, and so hungry was Lazaro, that I was soon eased of the greater part of my treasure.”

“It was just at that point,” said I, and the barber went on as follows:

“ In fact, so long as a piece remained, there was a bait ready to tempt it from me ; and when not one duro was left, ‘ Mr. Cura,’ said I, ‘ we are now quits ; you have filled my stomach, and I have filled your pocket, so pray unfasten the door, for my ribs tell me, that another night on the bare boards may bring you in for the expense of a burial ; and where will you find another servant whose wits will coin money as mine have done ?’

“ ‘ Lazaro, my boy,’ said the cura, in a softened tone ; ‘ I never intended either to injure or defraud thee ; I did but keep back a part of thy share till thou shouldst have attained a riper age ; but if thou wilt have it now, here are ten duros for thee,—so let us forget the past, and exercise our wits at the expense of the Carthusians rather than of each other ;’ and at the same time my master unfastened the door, put the ten pieces into my hand, and conducted me below, where, seeing which way his interest lay, he loaded me with kindness. But I had discovered that I should never make my fortune under the roof of Cirillo ; and seeing no reason for doubting, that if my

invention could fill his pocket, it might do the same good office for my own, I resolved to leave his service; and as it has ever been my maxim, that a wise step cannot be taken too soon, I took advantage of my master's siesta, and carrying nothing more with me than belonged to me, I sallied into the street."

Here the innkeeper interrupted his friend in his narrative,—for perceiving the barber's significant look, when he said that he took with him no more than belonged to him, "I perceive my friend," said the innkeeper, "that thy honesty would fain claim the victory over mine, because when I left the service of the friar, I emptied the contents of his purse into my own; but have the goodness to recollect that a purse is of no use to a dead man; and that besides, it is an easier matter to take a purse from a dead than from a living man."

"True, Juanes," said the barber. "I admit the distinction,"—and he proceeded with his narrative.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN WHICH, TO THE GREAT REGRET OF THE AUTHOR, THE
BARBER CONCLUDES HIS STORY.

“IT so happened, that this day chanced to be the feast of the Immaculate Conception; and that when I descended into the street, the procession of the beast, and the heretic Ann Bolein,* was just

* In the cathedral of Toledo, there is kept a wooden beast, about the size of a small ox, and somewhat of its shape, mounted upon wheels; and also an image in wood, about eighteen inches long, of Ann Bolein, which, however, is not shewn to the English visitor of the *prexiosidades*. These images, a few years back, used to be carried through the streets on great days; and the person appointed to carry the image of Ann Bolein, every now and then popped it into the mouth of the beast, whose jaws were so contrived as to close upon it; thus, to the great delight of the spectators, typifying the punishment of her by whose means the Church of Rome received her death-blow in England.

issuing from the cathedral; it chanced also, that the person who carried the image was so short in stature, that as he ran alongside of the beast, he was not able to reach so high as to put the heretic queen into its mouth, and so the people shouted, and cried '*chico,*' (little fellow). I was among the tallest in the crowd; and a Franciscan who saw how awkwardly the miracle was managed, snatched the image of the heretic from the little man who was standing on his tiptoes, and yet with all his stretching was unable to touch the spring, and putting it into my hands told me to shew it no mercy, and I should be rewarded with a good supper. So well did I perform my duty to the heretic, that when the procession was over, the Franciscan took me to the convent, and after having given me as much as I could eat, he carried me to the Superior, telling his reverence that I was a clever youth, and might be serviceable, and might even be made to fill the office which was at that time vacant.

“ ‘Please your reverences,’ said I, ‘what are the duties, and what is the office for which you

design me; for my wit is small, and my knowledge still smaller.'

“ ‘The office,’ replied the friar, ‘is that of barber to the convent.’

“ ‘If the emoluments be considerable,’ said I, ‘I willingly accept it, for judging by the length of your reverences’ beards, I should take it to be next thing to a sinecure; and I shall no doubt have time to learn the art before I be required to practise it.’

“ ‘Tis not so much of a sinecure,’ said the Superior, ‘as it may at present seem to thee; but if thou canst be contented to spend all thy days within the convent, the office is thine; thou shalt be well fed, and have sufficient wages besides; these can be no use to thy body, because thou shalt have all that it requires within the convent, and therefore thy wages will be best laid out in the purchase of masses for thy soul.’

“ I had no great inclination to spend all my life within a convent, and as for the wages, I saw that it would be only taking with one hand and giving with the other: but trusting to my ingenuity to

terminate my engagement when I became weary of it, and knowing that Franciscans keep a good table, I signified my acceptance of the conditions.

“The friar who had conducted me to the convent, now took charge of me, and leading me to the cloisters, where I walked by his side, ‘Now Lazaro,’ said he, ‘for such I think thou hast told me is thy name, I will explain to thee what are the duties of the office thou hast undertaken: the beard which thou seest that I wear, is not a real beard; and neither are those of my brethren. When we go out of the convent, or into the church to celebrate our services, where we may be seen by the people, we are bearded; but at meals, and other inconvenient times, we throw these incumbrances aside: twice every week, therefore, thou shalt have seventy-five real beards to shave, and seventy-five false beards to put in order: I understand that thou art unacquainted with these duties; but thou shalt begin with the novices, who can afford to lose some blood, and will be all the better for it,’—and so I found myself established in the office of barber in the Franciscan convent.

“Well may I bless the day that led me to the Franciscan convent; for had Providence otherwise disposed of me, I should have remained for ever ignorant of the adventures of the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha: nor should I otherwise have ever followed the calling of my ancestors in the village of Miguel Esteban.

“I observed that among all the reverend fathers, no one was so studious as the friar who had brought me to the convent. Not content with the hours that were set aside for devotional exercises, a book was never out of his hand. There was only one occasion upon which he ever intermitted his studies; and that was, when his chin was under my management; but one day so deeply engaged was he (as I then thought) with his devotions, that he placed the book upon his knee, and with downcast eyes continued to read whilst I performed my duties; and judge of my amazement, and I may even say affright, when just as I was putting the last polish upon his chin, the friar burst into the most immoderate fit of laughter that ever was heard within a convent



George Cruikshank.

Lazarus & the Franciscan Friar.

walls; and so ungovernable was his mirth, that even the sight of his own blood appeared rather to increase than to diminish his risibility.

“ ‘In the name of God, Reverend Father,’ said I, ‘what has befallen thee?’

“ ‘Canst thou read?’ answered the friar, ‘for if thou canst, ’t will save me the trouble of telling thee the cause of my laughter.’

“ ‘Luckily, Sir,’ said I, ‘I am able to read; that accomplishment was taught me by a Domin——.’

“ ‘No matter who taught thee,’ interrupted the friar: ‘read there,’ said he, lifting from the floor the book that had dropped upon it, and putting it into my hand; ‘read there, while I attend to the cure of this wound, which has not been occasioned through thy fault.’

“ It was this moment that first opened up to me that treasure of knowledge and delight that is contained in the work of Cervantes: that moment will never be forgotten by me. The friar had intended to open the book at the page where he had been reading; but ready to drop down with

laughing, he could only put the book into my hand. For my own part, I began at the beginning; half the friars went unshaven that day; and when my patron returned from the refectory, he found me still deeply engaged with his book.

“ ‘I perceive, Lazaro,’ said he, ‘that thou art worthy of my care,’ and so much satisfied was he with some reflections I made upon what I had read, that he affectionately embraced me; and sitting down, explained to me the spirit and object of the book, and descanted upon its perfections. One observation I well remember. ‘When I laugh,’ said he, ‘it is at the contrast between Don Quixote and his Squire, not at the adventures; these make me sad; for it is melancholy to see the noble-minded knight always the dupe of his own illusions.’ ”

Here the barber paused a moment in his narrative; re-lighted his segar, took two or three whiffs, and then looking at his old friend the Possadero, with a graver countenance than usual, “Juanes,” said he, “read Don Quixote, not for the amusement it may give thee, but for the good

it may do thee; 't is better than a hundred masses; there's that in it will turn a hard heart soft as wool, and change a rogue into an honest man. There, a proud man will be taught humility; a cruel man will learn to be compassionate; an avaricious man will learn a lesson of generosity; wisdom and piety may be gathered from every page. Ay! Juanes, there's no denying that we were both of us rogues in our youth; and a rogue I should have remained to this day, but for what I learned in that book."

Juanes looked not quite at his ease, but said nothing, and the barber continued.—“When the friar found that I took almost as much pleasure as he did himself in the history of Don Quixote, he was never weary of enlarging upon its beauties, and explaining, wherever explanation was necessary; and I, on my part, by a little exercise of ingenuity, repaid, in some manner, the good offices of the friar. I had always had a turn for handicraft of every kind, and perceiving with how much regret he was obliged to lay down his ‘Don Quixote’ and take up his breviary, when he went

to join in any of the religious exercises, or even when he was called to the refectory, or walked in the convent garden, I took off the white parchment in which the breviary was bound, and neatly inclosed 'Don Quixote' within it, so that the friar could indulge his passion without intermission, and his devotion appeared only the more ardent. It is true, indeed, that an unlucky dialogue between the knight and the squire, sometimes provoked a change of countenance not very reconcileable with the study of the breviary; but the piety of the friar continued unquestioned.

“It was at this time that the war of independence broke out; and it is well known with what fury the Franciscan convents throughout Spain were attacked; none with more than the Franciscan convent of Toledo. We were all in danger of being massacred; and no distinction appeared likely to be made between the friars and their barber.

“‘Reverend Father,’ said I to my patron, ‘there’s no time to be lost; throw aside thy friar’s garment, let me unfasten thy artificial beard, clap

my hat upon thy tonsure, and, with Don Quixote under thy arm, no one will question thee. As for me, I have not much the air of a friar;—and stay,’ added I, when the friar had obeyed my instructions, and was preparing to go, ‘though I would not rob any man of a quarto, I can see no impiety in taking that which, in another hour, will be in the grasp of a French soldier, and something is besides due to me for wages,’ and so running to the relicario, I put in my breast a gold crucifix mounted with emeralds, and joining the friar, we passed out of the garden into the street. What befel the remaining seventy and four friars, I am unable to tell, but soon after we left the convent, a shell burst in the gallery, and threw down one half of the cloisters.*

“‘Now,’ said I to my companion, when we got into the fields, and began to breathe more freely, ‘what hinders us from carrying into effect the project of which we have so often spoken, but

* The Franciscan convent of Toledo was almost destroyed by the French; but when the writer of this volume visited Spain in 1830, they were busily employed in re-building it.

which till now was impracticable. Let us together pass over every foot of ground that was traversed by our favourite. I have here in my bosom ten times more than the provision we shall require.'

“The friar was overjoyed at my proposal, and we forthwith put it in execution. First, we visited my native town, where I found that both my parents had lately paid the debt of nature; the inheritance that I fell heir to, consisted of an old mangle, and a stock of worn-out linen—for, be it recollected, that my mother was laundress to the Duque de San Carlos — and a few cast-off garments of the Dominicans, which had been the perquisite of my father, who was porter to the convent. I discovered, however, from some papers, that my ancestors had been barbers in the village of Miguel Esteban, and that the name of one of them, many generations back, was Nicholas. Leaving Manzanares, we diligently sought the footsteps of Don Quixote, as far as Barcelona, where I disposed of the cross which I had brought from the Franciscan convent, taking care, however, to provide another of wood, which answered