

SANDOVAL;

OR,

THE FREEMASON.

A SPANISH TALE.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "DON ESTEBAN."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

THE author of the following tale, encouraged by the favourable manner in which his previous work, DON ESTEBAN, has been received, ventures a second time to appear before the public, and again to claim its indulgence.

The garb which he has in the present instance assumed would, doubtless, entitle him to a still greater degree of favour, if he could but flatter himself, that the diligence with which he has laboured had enabled him to wear it with advantage. In glancing, however, over the difficulties against which he has had to struggle in the course of his work, he can hardly hope that he has so far succeeded in his object, as not to stand in need of some sort of apology.

In the first instance, the task of writing in a language foreign to him, and in which he has not yet had sufficient practice to enable him to exhibit the correctness of style, elegant turn of expression, and strictness of colloquial idiom, which are necessary to do justice to the variety of subjects his work embraces,—this task is at all times sufficiently arduous even to greater proficients in the language than the Author.* A second great obstacle which he had to surmount, arose from the obligation which, from the beginning, he imposed upon himself, to relate throughout nothing but facts, whether they had reference to political events, the

* In his former work a similar apology was offered to the public, the author considering himself in need of a similar indulgence; but some of the critics did him the honour to disbelieve his assertion, and even treat it as “uncandid,” under the impression, that it was either a translation by an English hand, or written originally in English by a native. However flattering to his vanity may be the opinion formed by those gentlemen, the author begs that he may be allowed to rectify it, and to assure them, that Don Esteban, as well as the present work, was originally written in English by himself.

domestic incidents recorded in his book, or the public or private characters introduced; of course, however, presuming to use his own discretion in the plan of his story. This he has done with the view of presenting a more faithful picture of Spanish manners, and Spanish habits; but it has considerably increased the difficulties which his inexperience in novel-writing already opposed to him.

It will be readily allowed, that it is no easy matter, without infringing on the established principles of novel-writing, to carry on faithfully, and in chronological order, through a period of six busy years, the history of the Secret Association to which the hero of the tale belonged,—to make several public individuals actors on a scene, where, nevertheless, they speak no more than what they have actually uttered,—to preserve the localities,—give characteristic sketches of provincial habits and scenery, —and interweave with the whole, the private adventures of an individual. He would fain have accomplished this difficulty; but he cannot, nor, if he

could, would he dissemble the truth, that he has in some instances departed from those rules, and in others assumed too much the character of an historian. He considered, however, (and he flatters himself the reader will agree with him) that the interest of the occurrences, which he has thus introduced, was more than sufficient to justify the transgression alluded to.

In the course of these volumes, the reader will meet with incidents which will appear to him very extraordinary; but he ought to bear in mind, that the scene is laid in Spain, where the order of things, in these oppressive times, has been so completely overthrown by the obstinate perverseness of the ruling despot, and his immoral counsellors, that everything there assumes an extraordinary character.

With respect to the conduct of that grave personage of his tale, the monk, the author can assure his reader, that it is a faithful copy, taken from certain great prelates, who are now at the head of the Spanish church. Everybody in Spain, who takes the trouble of looking at

things with his own eyes, sees, that the generality of them are downright atheists.—“*He believes in God!*” said a certain Bishop to a friend of the author, alluding contemptuously to another clergyman who passed for a man of talent and intrigue, “what great things can any one expect from him?”—But is Father Martinez, Bishop of Malaga, or Father Cirilo, General of the Franciscans, or Father Velez, General of the Capuchins, or any other of those who compose the Spanish hierarchy, a whit better than the above-mentioned ecclesiastical sneerer at piety? The author could fill a folio volume with anecdotes of the impious deeds and blasphemies of these men.

With respect to the source from which he has drawn his information, he begs to observe, that he is indebted for whatever has not immediately passed before his eyes to various friends of his, who were actors in the scenes he describes, and in particular to Don Eusebio Polo, who was one of the most indefatigable Freemasons of Spain, and a strenuous advocate of her rights.

That which relates to the unfortunate General Riego, he has received from the worthy brother of that martyr for his country, Don Miguel del Riego, to whom, as well as to his other friends, he returns this public acknowledgment of their favours.

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CHAPTER I.

Othello. What is the news?

Cassio. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine :

It is a business of some heat.

SHAKSPEARE.

IN Spain, previous to the invasion of Napoleon, the profession of arms, as in most absolute monarchies, formed in the state a class quite distinct from all others. As it was principally by family connexions, and court favour, that a man could obtain promotion, none who did not belong to the rank commonly denominated

noble, or had no friends among the people then in office, ever thought of entering on a career, from the pursuit of which little advantage and less honour were to be derived. The army, therefore, was the exclusive patrimony of the younger sons of both the great and petty aristocracy, and of those wealthy plebeians who, under the auspices of that great leveller of conditions—gold, being pretty certain of promotion, had ambition enough to gird on the sword, and wear the king's livery.

The knowledge possessed by this class (as doubtless my reader readily suspects,) was not likely to cause much disquietude to government. In fact, no revolutionary notions or subversive principles, like those of their immediate successors, had yet entered the minds of men too much occupied in sporting their epaulettes at balls, bull-fights, pilgrimages, theatres, churches, and all other places of public resort and amusement, intriguing night and day, and staking their last *real* on the chances of a gaming-table

To this happy state of ignorance, and indif-

ference with respect to their own more important interests, and those of their native land, were the military class of Spain reduced when Napoleon entered the Peninsula, with the intention (as he himself expressed it,) of regenerating the Spaniards. From that moment thousands of individuals, who had much to lose by a regeneration, came forward of their own accord, or sent their children to serve in the armies that were in process of organization by the different provincial juntas, to provide for the safety of the commonwealth; and thus was that barrier, which till then had separated the military from the other classes of society, removed, not more by the force of circumstances, than by the absolute helplessness of that privileged set of men, who, on such an emergency as this, could do little or nothing for the country that supported them.

But notwithstanding the amalgamation which thus took place, a wide difference was still observable between the veterans, or officers of the old school, and those children of the revolution, who, by their efforts and abilities, had raised

themselves to posts of confidence and command. These men, many of whom had belonged to the learned professions, or had just left the colleges and universities, were more capable of comprehending and keeping pace with the gradual progress of the political and moral information, which the press of the country already began to put forth, and consequently less imbued with exclusive and military prejudices than the class of the veterans above mentioned. They, therefore, more readily adopted those innovations of the new government, which tended to do away with all unreasonable pretensions to superiority, than their companions, who never having accustomed themselves to the fatigue of thinking very deeply on any subject, looked upon every attempt at reform as a blow aimed at their natural rights. This difference of opinion produced warm discussions, high words, and now and then a broken head.

As, however, it is by free discussion and investigation alone, that prejudices are made to give way, and knowledge gains ground, and as

the last was now rapidly diffusing itself throughout the country, notwithstanding the state of agitation in which it was involved, many of the veteran officers gradually yielded to its influence, and became converts to the new doctrines; while others of the same school, who would not be persuaded by mere reasoning, found promotion to a higher rank too eloquent an argument to be strenuously resisted.

On the other hand, nothing was more common, even amidst comfortless encampments, and after long and painful marches, than to see the officers eagerly perusing those works in which the principles of liberty were discussed; while others, surrounded by their comrades, read aloud the contents of a political pamphlet, or some periodical just received from the seat of government; and again, some of those who understood those principles more thoroughly than the rest might be seen standing on some elevated spot, explaining them to the uninformed soldiery, who eagerly pressed round to devour the information thus afforded. This active intercourse of ideas, which,

notwithstanding the toils of war, was exercised by all, uplifted the majority from the inaction to which they had been consigned for centuries before, and threw them into a state of restless but salutary agitation.

With respect to those officers who composed the staff, as the majority of them had been selected by the provisional government from among the most enlightened members of the army, and from those youths furnished by the military colleges, they were the best and firmest friends of the new institutions. Thus we shall find, that, with the exception of some superior officers of the ancient regime, in whom the mistaken notions of military honour had taken too deep a root, nearly all who held commissions in the service were favourable to the establishment of the constitutional system. Such was the state of public feeling among the troops on Ferdinand's return to Spain, at which epoch our history opens. It was in every respect one of the most momentous in the annals of the country, its highest interests being at stake, and the future offering two pros-

pects equally exciting, although most dissimilar in their results—the triumph of liberty or despotism ; the achievement of glory or disgrace ; the election of civil war or slavery. Hence the minds of the military fluctuated in a painful uncertainty between doubt and hope ; they caught with avidity at the news that came from the capital, and anxiously watched Ferdinand's slightest motions, as if to infer from them whether Spaniards would be brought back to shame and degradation, or be allowed still to retain the exalted station to which their own heroic efforts had raised them.

Having thus given an idea of the state of feeling and opinion among the troops, we shall proceed to our narrative, the thread of which our readers will now be better able to follow, than if we had omitted the above indispensable observations.

Soon after the battle of Toulouse, the third Spanish army, commanded by the Prince of Anglona, being quartered at Ortez, received orders to commence its march to the Spanish

frontiers, there to form their encampments. While the various divisions of the army occupied Irun and the adjacent towns, the head-quarters were fixed at Ondres, which is a little village distant a few miles from Bayonne, on the road to Dax, or rather a number of houses forming a single street, and skirting the road which leads to those towns. It is situated in a delightful plain, chequered with vineyards, corn-fields, meadows, orchards, and neat country houses, some emerging from amidst clusters of the richest foliage, and others offering to the eye symmetrical parterres, with alleys and groves of trees, cut into numberless fantastic shapes.

In one of these delightful country seats, which stood on a little elevation, with which the Pyrenees connected themselves by a long and varied chain of cliffs, some white with the snow of ages, and others covered to their very tops with brushwood, intermingled with tall mountain trees, a young Spanish officer and his servant were billeted. The latter, whose dark eyes, swarthy complexion, and sufficiently regular features,

the expression of which, when their owner happened to be in a silent mood, inclined to a degree of gravity, and even gloominess, though evidently capable of assuming a very opposite expression, showed him to be a Castilian by birth, was reclining, at the moment our history opens, on an upper front window of the house, smoking his cigar, and busily contrasting the scene before him with that in which he had spent the early part of his life. "These Gabachos,"* said he to a comrade of his, who sat in the court below, "certainly understand better than we do in our country how to make much of nothing. That nice pool of water in front of the house, not only provides food and amusement to those who like fishing and eating the carp and tench with which it is crammed, but also to the ducks and geese that go there to fatten, and acquire that taste between fish and fowl which renders them so palatable. Moreover it quenches the thirst of all the cattle of the farm, and waters the flowers

* A nick-name given in Spain to Frenchmen.

and plants of the parterre, and the vegetables of the kitchen-garden. Then the trees with which it is surrounded are all fruit-trees, nicely trimmed and properly taken care of; they overshadow it, give a coolness to the air around, and prevent the waters from being so soon dried up as they otherwise would in this hot weather. Now, I remember there was in my village a house, it was the hidalgo's, and the only one in the village in front of which there was to be seen such another piece of water as that; but it was half filled with thick mud, which made the water as black as ink, and unfit for any purposes—the cattle of the farm could not drink it, but were obliged to go one or two leagues distance to get good water; the flowers and plants (had our hidalgo ever known there were such things in existence, and sought to lay out a parterre) would have either withered for want of water, or obtained a quiet grave under that filth I speak of. As for fish, he might as soon have thought of putting a whale in his pond; and if he had, he knew well enough we all claimed an equal

right to any we might have put ourselves to the trouble of catching. Then for ducks and geese, they are not in fashion in Castile; the reason of which I take to be, that we are already pretty well stocked with beings that resemble them on more than one account. And lastly, if our hidalgo had ever planted any thing in the shape of a tree, why the whole district would have made a pilgrimage to our village to see it!"

"And whose fault is that?" enquired his comrade. "Think you, we should prefer cabbages and pippins to cauliflowers and artichokes, an elm or a pine to a peach-tree or pine-apple, were it not that we know but too well that the church would come in for half their produce, and the king for the other half? Zounds! the wonder to me is that we have cabbages and pippins to eat, and pine-kernels to crack."

"Ay, that's true enough," said our friend Roque; "but why do we not, as our master says, stand for our rights? and why do we allow ourselves to be harnessed, and driven about like asses?"

“ Ay, indeed, why do we ?” cried the other. “ But if we must believe what is reported about to-day, we may soon expect to wear more than one pack-saddle on our backs.”

“ What are the reports, then ?” enquired Roque.

“ That the Constitution is gone to Old Nick, and the serviles are crowing victory ; that is all ?”

“ And, by Judas Iscariot ! that is enough ! But is that true, though ? How do you know it ?” enquired Roque again.

“ Why, the Madrid mail, which is just arrived, has brought the intelligence, and I warrant you there will be a pretty kick up by and bye.”

“ Zounds ! I’ll go and tell my master, though he’ll go raving mad about it ; still, perhaps, being such a fine spirited youth as he is, he may be able to suggest what is to be done, if the news be true. But here comes a comrade. Halloo ! friend, what news ?”

“ Here are some letters for your master ; de-

liver them to him immediately. I dare say they are of importance, for I promise you there are fine goings on in Spain."

Saying this, he stuck them at the end of a pole, and lifted them up to Roque, who, seizing them, carefully examined their superscription. "This I know," said he to himself, as he looked over the first, "is the hand writing of Don Ignacio Sandoval, my master's father; this other I don't know; but this, I'll bet a dollar, will make his heart bound again in his bosom. Bless the angel! it is the first we have seen of her for these twelve months past. I'll wager now she is dying to see him; and I don't wonder at it, for they might have been married and happy long ago, if it hadn't been for this cursed long war. But patience awhile, my dear Señorita, for we are already on our return; and before the summer is over, you may possess the hand of the best and handsomest youth in Spain."

After this soliloquy, Roque directed his steps towards a parlour, where our young hero was

sitting at a breakfast table, between his French hostess and her handsome daughter, who like the girls of Bearn, though naturally timid and shy, appeared nevertheless quite at home in the presence of the amiable foreign guest, to whom, in imitation of her mother, she was showing a thousand pleasing little attentions, which he received with all that attractive gallantry that characterized his demeanour on such occasions. The host himself was not backward in tendering his civilities. "You must really," said he, "do honour to your country, by tasting of this ham; for it comes from Galicia, which as you well know is famous for its hams."

"Ay, that it is," said Roque, who presuming a good deal on his long services to his master, availed himself of every opportunity to thrust in his word, seldom considering whether his observations were agreeable or not, "thanks to the savoury and meally chesnuts with which the pigs are there fed, whom, by the way, in that particular, many of your countrymen would envy.

But, Monsieur, I hope you did not mean to hint that my master comes from Galicia? * Why he might as well be a Frenchman !”

“ Monsieur Roque,” said the host, a little piqued at the contemptuous sneer with which the Castilian accompanied the last words, “ I am a Frenchman, and would be very glad to know in what you Castilians are superior to us.”

“ In the first instance,” replied Roque, “ we should never send to that beggarly Galicia for hams, as you do, even if we were starving ; in the second, we never bake loaves of brown bread, as large as the wheels of a water-mill, to save fuel, and eat less bread by eating it stale ; in the third, we never make that execrable stuff

* It ought to be observed here, that Castilians have a high opinion of themselves, and always speak of other Spaniards somewhat cavalierly ; but particularly of the Galicians, whom they hold in great contempt, owing to the annual visits which the last pay to Castile, to perform that sort of work which the inhabitants would think themselves dishonoured by undertaking, no matter what their circumstances, such as vineyard-keepers, watermen, tinkers, &c.

which you call *petit-vin*, and which you give to your labourers to drink, reserving to yourselves the real juice of the grape, as if their throats were of a different order from yours; in the fourth, we never wear either wooden clogs, or hempen sandals, as you do, according to the season, but always good, strong leather shoes, with thick soles, well studded with hobnails; in the fifth, we always wear breeches with long gaiters, of good brown Segovia cloth, and vest and jacket of the same, while your peasantry seem quite satisfied with a short petticoat, not quite reaching to the knees, and a waistcoat of ten thousand hues, or sometimes a shirt over all, the better to hide the want of the shirt that should be *under all*;—in the sixth,”

Here our host interrupted him, with a thousand pardons, and begged to assure him, that no Frenchman ever went about shirtless, adding that such an accusation was altogether groundless.

“ Then,” said Roque, “ to sum up, no Castilian would ask a thousand pardons, and go ten leagues round about to tell another man, what

in plain terms means neither more nor less, *you lie.*”

These words somewhat startled the host, who was not quite prepared to hear such a plain speech. He knitted his brows, and then assumed a fierce look, which however disappeared when he observed Sandoval, whose physiognomy, though of that placid cast of which a soft melancholy is a prominent expression, when in a state of quietude, never failed to become animated when his feelings were in any manner roused, cast his dark and penetrating eyes on Roque, with a look of displeasure, accompanied by—
“Peace, you knave! How dare you talk thus to a man who entertains you so generously in his house, and while he is performing an act of hospitality? Another word, and I’ll have you run the gauntlet.”

“What!” exclaimed Roque, “and would you really use me so, after having served yourself and your family ever since I was born?”

“Even so,” said his master.

“I doubt it, though,” returned he, “but, if

I were sure of it, you would never see again the colour of my coat. But it is always so with you; you must needs take the part of these Gabachos, to whom no doubt you owe a great many obligations; among which you may reckon as one, the misfortune that befel your beloved Doña Gabriela Lanza.”

“What misfortune is that?” cried his master, in an agitated tone, his eyes lighting up, and sparkling like brilliants shaken before a light.

“Why, have you not told me a hundred thousand times, that she must have fallen a sacrifice to the ferocity of the French, or else you would have heard from her before now?” enquired Roque, with an inward sentiment of pleasure, at seeing he had now his *revanche* for the harsh words his master had uttered.

“Roque!” exclaimed Sandoval, in a melancholy manner, after some minute’s silence, “do you take pleasure in giving me this pain?”

“Well, if I do,” replied he, “have I not the means to cure the pain I cause? That I have

—and here” (drawing from his pocket the package of letters, and tapping on the top one) “is real medicine for you, I know the reading of this letter will ease your heart. It is from my lady Doña Gabriela, as sure as I am Roque.”

Sandoval eagerly snatched the package from his hands, and breaking the seal of the one pointed out by his servant, commenced perusing it with the utmost avidity. As we have permission to pry into its contents, we shall also extend this privilege to our readers. They were as follows:—

“ Logroño, April 28th, 1814.

“ My still dearly beloved Calisto,

“ Although since your departure for the army, I have not received a single line from you, which might have soothed a little the pain of your protracted absence, and although I am conscious you must have received some of the numerous letters I have sent you by every opportunity that offered itself, I will not yet believe the insidious rumours which at every moment I hear repeated by those who surround me, and by persons who,

arriving from France, affirm them to be true, from their own knowledge. Conscious of having given you no motive to act in any way unjustly towards me, I will not believe that, unmindful of those solemn promises, which by receiving the sanction of our parents, bound us to each other, you have renounced me for ever, and transferred to another that faith once pledged to me in love and truth.

“ Such, however, is the import of those rumours. Am I wrong in believing you incapable of so black a perfidy? I think I am not, though your uninterrupted silence seems to encourage and confirm what is hourly rung in my ears. Should I, however, be mistaken in this, or should you have found an object worthier of your affection than your once beloved Gabriela, I entreat you to tell me the whole truth; for were I called upon to resign that hope which I have cherished for years within this heart, and which has supported me through your absence, the sacrifice would be made, though it cost me my life, provided I knew that it was the only way

to ensure your happiness. But let me hope better. Let me put a more favourable construction on your silence, and attribute it to the pressing duties, and peculiar difficulties of your unsettled life, which must often prevent you from doing that which your heart desires. Still, did you but know how this painful absence, has been embittered by the unfavourable reports which are here daily circulated, I am convinced you would snatch half an hour from your repose, to relieve my mind from the anxiety under which it labours.

“In my former letters, I have given you an account of the gradual change which had been operating in my mother’s mind, and which threatened to destroy every hope of an union, which she was the first to sanction and encourage. I have now the grief to add, that it is so much confirmed that I tremble for the results, particularly as I know it springs from a source which nothing will be ever able to turn aside. Her excessive piety, which at all times placed her under the absolute dominion of her

spiritual director, has taken the alarm about your religious principles, which father Lobo, her present confessor, has taken great pains to represent to her as bordering on downright infidelity. He has even hinted, that you belong to the society of free-masons; that, while such is the case, you are out of the pale of the church, and that it would be on her part a mortal offence to hold communion with you. You, who know how easily her scruples are raised, may form an idea of the horror with which she heard such appalling intelligence. Indeed, from that moment, a complete revolution has taken place in her feelings; and she no longer speaks of you with the fondness of a tender and affectionate mother, as she used to do; on the contrary she avoids mentioning your name, and when she does, it is with a bitterness of expression amounting almost to detestation. In vain do I entreat her to suspend her judgment until the truth of such assertions shall have been proved,—Father Lobo has spoken, and she will not hear my prayers, nor be touched by my tears.

“ I cannot guess the motives which have urged that wicked monk to defame your character, and ruin you in my mother’s good opinion, unless it be on account of your liberal principles, to which he, like all his colleagues, is most furiously opposed. Of late, indeed, he has introduced to our house a nephew of his, whose deformed and ferocious countenance makes me shudder, and whose unpolished manners betray the lowness of his extraction. This horrid and frightful man persists in annoying me with his hateful attentions; though I have given him to understand that they displease and offend me. I really know not what the end of all this will be. Certain it is, that I am nearly distracted by a complication of miseries, and that they will be greatly increased if you should keep me much longer in the painful anxiety, which your long silence has occasioned.

“ If you still love me, and have any regard for your own character, you will write without the loss of an instant, were it only to quash

the injurious rumours so assiduously circulated against you. Meantime, believe that nothing shall ever shake the confidence I have in the sincerity of your affection, and that mine shall cease only with my last breath.

GABRIELA."

Whilst Sandoval read this letter, his countenance offered a forcible representation of what he inwardly felt,—melting tenderness for a being, the purity and fervour of whose affection filled his heart with gratitude,—offended pride at the unjust and inconsistent conduct of Gabriela's mother, in condemning him without even a hearing,—and wrath and indignation at the monk, whom he did not hesitate an instant to accuse of having intercepted both Gabriela's letters and his own. Having perused the letter again and again, he desired Roque to bring his portfolio, and immediately wrote one in answer to Gabriela's, full of passion and tenderness, in which he assured her of the constancy of his affection, and utter foundlessness of the malicious

reports circulated against him. He likewise wrote to Doña Angela, Gabriela's mother, expressing his astonishment at the sudden resolution she had taken, and requesting, that, at least, she would suspend her judgment until he could answer personally the charges thus brought against him; and that these two letters should not meet with the same fate as the others, he resolved immediately on his arrival in Spain to send a trusty messenger with them.

This duty performed, he next broke the seal of his father's letter. No sooner were his eyes set on the paper, than they began moving with such rapidity as threatened to disappoint Roque's curiosity, who stood opposite to him endeavouring to catch, from the expression of his physiognomy, some indication of the contents. To his great relief, however, his master paused awhile, and then he observed that as he proceeded in the perusal of it, his eyes kindled more and more, and his cheeks became flushed with a deeper red. The hand that held the paper now began to shake with agitation, while the fingers

of the other beat a quick measure on the table. Presently, his lips became compressed, and the word "traitor!" burst forth with such marked feelings of indignation, that the French family, who stood looking on, apparently astonished at his agitation, were fairly frightened out of the room.

When he had finished reading his letter, he started up from his seat, and asked his servant for his sword, with a tone and a look that clearly intimated his wish not to be annoyed with questions. Roque, though burning with curiosity to know the cause of his master's excited feelings, took the hint, and placed the sword in his hands without uttering a single word; but was fully determined to follow him and see where all this would end. Consequently, as soon as Sandoval left the house, he snatched up his own weapon and ran after him.

CHAPTER II.

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.

BURNS.

As they proceeded with hasty steps towards the little square, the only one in the village, a great bustle was observable among both the officers and soldiers, which indicated that something unusual and alarming was about to take place. Most of them were armed from head to foot, and ran about with their naked swords, vociferating "to the square, to the square." At this moment a drummer passed by Sandoval carrying his drum on his back. "Beat the *generale* quickly," cried he to him, "and on your life tell your comrades to do the same."

The drummer instantly jerking his drum off his shoulders began to perform his part with more than usual vigour and alacrity, seemingly delighted to be thus allowed to add the noise of his instrument to the great confusion that already prevailed.—“Pino!” cried he to one of his comrades who was seen sauntering about, “get thee gone for thy drum, man, and let us awaken the devil from his slumber, that he may preside at the glorious row which is now in the wind.—Why are you gaping there you block-head,” added he, seeing that his comrade took no notice of what he said, “do not your fingers itch to be employed as mine are? Aye, I dare say they do; but had you been a man of foresight you would have come out prepared as I did.”

“Mind your shoulders do not smart before many minutes are over, Master Foresight,” said his comrade with a significant look; and no sooner had he said it, than the luckless drummer felt a smart lash across his back.

“How now you knave, what do you mean

by this noise?" cried the squeaking voice of General Rodriquez, who held the office of Quarter Master General to the army,—an ancient looking personage, wearing a wig with a long pig-tail, a hat in the style of Frederick of Prussia, high riding boots, not unlike those of a French postilion, a Toledo sword nearly as long as its owner, a uniform coat, a precious monument of the good old times, shaped in front like a court dress, and with skirts so humble that they nearly kissed the ground, and lastly that essential part of an ancient officer's accoutrement, a long cane with a gold top. This officer, who to a long and lanky figure, joined a no less long and lanky face, was a true chip of that ancient block of which rancid prejudice, false pretensions to honour, total incapacity, and innate love of command form the principal qualities. As he made his chief occupation to consist in checking the young officers for what he called "the mania of politicizing," and hammering into the heads of the privates, the doctrine of passive obedience, he could not conceive how after so many ex-

hortations of his, both officers and soldiers should be running about uttering imprecations against his royal master, and sending all his dear friends to the infernal regions. Consequently he accosted the drummer in the above-mentioned manner, but so incensed was he against the caitiff for beating the *generale* out of all regularity, that had he found in his heart sufficient courage to draw his *toledana*, he would have run him through upon the spot. However, as he was always rather loath to unsheath his sword for hostile purposes, and as, moreover, the ancient regulations by which he governed his conduct, were not peremptory on this point, he contented himself with laying his cane again and again on the poor drummer's shoulders, and repeating the question inverted in various ways, as—"What do you mean by this noise, you knave? You knave, what do you mean by this noise? &c. Does not Chapter XXI, page 99, of our book of ordinances expressly forbid a drummer to beat the *generale*, unless commanded to do so by his drum-major, who is himself un-

der the immediate command of his Colonel, whose orders he may receive through the Adjutant?"

The drummer pointing with his drum-stick towards Sandoval, who was at that moment a little farther on, engaged in an animated conversation with another officer, the countenance of the latter gradually assuming that expression of wrath and indignation, which was so forcibly stamp'd on our hero's—said to the pig-tailed General, "You must address that question to Captain Sandoval,"—and then applying his hand to the drum, re-commenced his occupation with redoubled vigour.

Our General now walked towards Sandoval with as stately a step, as the hurry of his feelings permitted, uttering as he went along, some favourite words of his own, which, even during his sleep, he was frequently heard to utter, and which comprised the whole range of his ideas; namely, "discipline, subordination, ordinances, and passive obedience." On approaching the place where our hero stood conversing with

his comrade, the ancient chief ceremoniously touching his hat, begged to know the reason of his commanding a drummer to beat the *generale*.—"You must be aware, Captain," added he, "that you have assumed, in this instance, a right which is no where assigned to you in our military ordinances; for if you look into them you will find in Chapter XXI, page 99, of the book aforesaid, that to the drum-major alone belongs the issuing of orders to his drummers. But this total subversion of our military regulations, is of a piece with those levelling principles, now so much in fashion with our young upstarts, who, ignorant of every rule of discipline, strive to establish a system that precludes the respect due to superior officers, which, however, is the only true and sound foundation of social order. Yet, you, Captain, methinks ought to know better. Your noble birth, and the fact of having studied at the Military College of Segovia, ought to inspire you with the veneration which we all should feel for our book of ordinances."

Sandoval listened to this discourse with all the

patience which the respect he entertained for his superiors usually imposed on him ; but the feelings which had urged him to lay aside the rules of discipline on this occasion being too powerful to be so easily controuled, he answered rather sharply, that he had hitherto proved, by his conduct, he was not ignorant of the military regulations ; but that when he conceived the interests of his country were at stake, he would not hesitate an instant in laying empty forms aside, and doing that which he considered right to secure those interests.

“ Empty forms !” ejaculated the ancient chief, astonished and appalled at his rash words. “ Hark you, young gentleman, I have always had a particular liking for you ; because your conduct in the field has always been that of a true and gallant soldier, and because you are a Castilian of noble birth, and becoming morals ; but do you know the import of those words ? ‘ Empty forms !’ Are you ignorant that our book of ordinances ought to be to us, military men, what the book of the Gospels is to all Christians—the

fountain from which we ought to drink the precepts of our military conduct? Why, what says the edict of the King our Lord and Master, at the beginning of the ordinances, immediately after the table of contents, and before Chapter I? Does it not expressly say, that——”

“ For heaven’s sake, Sir, spare me what is said there,” interrupted Sandoval, rather abruptly, “ I have already told you, that, in this instance, I care not a straw for what the book of ordinances says. If I act contrary to it, I do so on my own responsibility, and allow me to add, that I will act so, even if by so doing I give my friends an opportunity of displaying at a court martial their knowledge of the ordinances.”

With this answer, which he expected would have overwhelmed the Quarter-Master General, and released him from his hold, he attempted a salutation; but the indefatigable citer, in his zeal to explain the ordinances, grasped more firmly the button which he had seized a moment before, and exclaimed—“ Then you grant that you will come under Book VIII, Chapter X,

which treats on military crimes, and more particularly under paragraph 53, page 286, which says, in speaking of tumultuary movements, that they who should excite them shall undergo corporal punishment, or even death, according to the degree of mischief arising therefrom. But I'll tell you the very words,—‘ he who without a just motive——’ ”

Here our hero lost all patience—“ Sir, Sir,” he exclaimed, “ do you imagine that I have nothing else to do than stand here listening to your jargon? I request you will let my button go, else, Sir, you'll compel me to use some measure repugnant to my feelings, and contrary to the duty I owe to your rank and grey hairs.”

Here he touched the hilt of his sword, which no sooner was observed by the doughty General, than he fell back to a respectful distance, exclaiming, “ By my faith! Sir, then you have forgotten altogether the book of which I speak—Do you not recollect, that Book VIII, Chapter X, paragraph 47, which treats on duels? or the edict at the end of the ordinances, where it

is expressly said, that whoever should at any time grasp a weapon, no matter of what sort, for the purpose of obtaining private satisfaction, shall undergo the penalty of death by hanging, being previously degraded of his rank, orders and distinctions, if he happen to have any, as well as his seconds, antagonists, and abettors ; nay, even those who, suspecting their intentions, neglect giving information to the proper authorities ?”

The greatest part of this harangue, Sandoval and his companion lost ; for no sooner had the pragmatical General quitted his hold on the button, than they both walked away towards the square, leaving him behind to conclude it in soliloquy, and ruminate on some other chapter of the ordinances.

In the square, the crowd of officers and soldiers assembled there, and forming different groups, presented an almost terrific sight. Some of them were seen waving on high the letters they had received by that day’s post, and vociferating their contents to their comrades, who

now and then broke out into indignant exclamations, flourished their swords with looks in which rage and indignation were strongly depicted. Their dark bright eyes, as they glanced around, appeared to emit sparkles, and their frowning eye-brows, wrinkled foreheads, compressed lips, and clenched teeth, seemed to threaten a sudden and general burst of violence.

When Sandoval reached the middle of the square, he leapt upon a table, which had been left there by some of the market-women, and from which an officer had just descended, and waving in his uplifted hand his father's letter, called the attention of the various groups:—
“Gentlemen!” cried he, with a powerful and distinct voice, “I hold in my hand a letter from Madrid, which I beg leave to read to you. Its contents will doubtless excite every honest man's indignation; but if we follow the advice contained in it, we may yet defeat the horrid machinations of a few traitors, who wish to enslave us for ever; we may yet snatch our dearly

beloved country from the utter ruin and degradation into which they seek to plunge her."

"Read, read," cried a multitude of voices, and an instantaneous hush spreading itself through the multitude, Sandoval read as follows:—

"My beloved son,

"I have this instant received a letter from Count Montijo, who with many other grandees a few days ago set off for Valencia, with the avowed intention of complimenting king Ferdinand on his return to the throne of Spain; but, as it turned out, upon a very different mission. In this letter, which is a compound of folly and villainy, he advises me, as a friend—he my friend!—instantly to quit the capital for a foreign country, as everything is now arranged between the king, the servile party, and some perjured troops, at the head of which is Elio, to overthrow the sacred code raised by the sacrifice of our fortunes, and cemented by our blood!"

Here a general burst of indignation interrupted

the speaker, and exclamations of "villain," "traitor," "ingrate," ran from mouth to mouth. "It appears now," resumed Sandoval, "that Ferdinand's object in going out of his road, and against the express directions of the Cortes to Zaragoza, was not that professed by him,—of gratifying a laudable curiosity, by visiting the glorious ruins of that Numantia of modern history. No, that was the mask with which he covered the blackest and most perfidious intentions. His journey was undertaken purely with the view of giving traitors and knaves time to remove the obstacles which opposed themselves to their meditated perfidy. It was indispensable before the blow was struck, to blacken the character of the victim they wished to sacrifice, and present it to the world as a pernicious monster, worthy of the fate they marked out for it; and with this object hundreds of subversive pamphlets, every line of which breathes vengeance and blood, have been circulated in that city, the king himself giving his sanction to these disgraceful proceedings! I have, however, been informed

that his perverse intention to overturn the constitution, has been formed only since his arrival at Valencia, where, it is asserted, an address, signed by several members of the Cortes, requesting him to annul all that has been done in Spain during his absence, was what principally induced him to adopt that measure. This is more than probable, since, to my knowledge; the most base and treacherous means have been resorted to here by those traitors who style themselves the friends of the king, to obtain from several members of the Cortes, remarkable for their weakness and timidity, signatures for a secret document, the nature of which is not very difficult to guess. Besides, it is enough to observe the barefaced exultation of the servile party, the unreserved expression of their sentiments, the insolent and open threats which they unhesitatingly denounce against the liberals, and the undismayed effrontery with which they carry on their once secret meetings, to enable any one to conclude that they are now pretty sure of success. Yet strange as it may appear, the govern-

ment sees all these ominous indications of their ruin, the Cortes hear the distant thunder rolling along the sky, and momentarily approaching the very precincts of their temple, and yet no voice is raised to excite the people and their defenders to rise and strike at tyranny. On the contrary, we have heard even patriots say, that no blood but our own shall be spilt! Must we then tamely yield up for ever all our dearest rights and interests, consent to our ruin and degradation, and fall without a struggle?—nay, must we be carried bound hand and foot to the scaffold? I ask this of thee, my son, and you must ask it of your companions in arms.”

As Sandoval pronounced these words he paused, and cast his eyes around on the soldiery. “No, it shall not be,” was emphatically shouted forth by all the spectators, as if they had been inspired by one sentiment. “Death to the traitors!” “Death to the ingrate king!” “Long live the Constitution!”

“Comrades!” cried Sandoval, “a word more, and I have done.” A deep silence again pre-

vailed, and he resumed his reading:—" Since those who stand at the helm of the state, overcome by their own fears, have so far lost all confidence in themselves as to be unable to steer the vessel any longer in safety, it is the duty of every true patriot to act without their concurrence in rescuing it from destruction. I therefore suggest that some general of experience, who to a well-tried love of his country joins the ambition of rendering his name immortal, may be selected from among those who are now on the frontiers, at the head of so many brave men, and that, accompanied by all those who wish to share in this glorious enterprise, he may, without the loss of one instant, march hither to the capital, to prevent the subversion of our dearly bought institutions. This is the only step which can save us in this painful crisis. It ought, indeed, to have been adopted long before this time; but, I still hope, that it is not too late, and moreover, that though, unfortunately, a few military have been found weak enough to allow themselves to be seduced from their duty, and become traitors to their

country, there are others, and these more numerous than the perjured party, who will know how to preserve unstained the true character of soldiers, and the honour of Spain. I exhort you and your friends to act with promptness and decision."

On the conclusion of this letter the air rent with cries of "To Madrid! To Madrid!" But public attention being immediately called to several officers, who also read aloud the letters they had received, all tending to question the purity of Ferdinand's intentions, and all concurring in the opinion that some bold measure should be instantaneously adopted, to defeat so much treachery and ingratitude, the groups retained their places, and with every letter that was read their indignation increased, till at length nothing was heard but threats and imprecations against the ingrate king, and his perfidious counsellors. The tumult now increased, and with it the fury of the military. A thousand opinions were delivered, and as many resolutions proposed; but, as it invariably happens

in popular commotions, the one superseded the other, and nothing but noise and confusion prevailed. Had they listened only to the impulse of their wrath, the first movement would have been to seize their arms, and commence their march to Madrid, to revenge the meditated insult to the nation ; but besides that, the various divisions which composed the army were already in full march, and far from head-quarters, the General-in-Chief, the Prince of Anglona, had not yet returned from Toulouse, where he had gone to congratulate the Generalissimo, Duke of Wellington, on his splendid victory over Soult's troops ; and no great reliance could be placed on his second in command, General Cienfuegos, who, though a man very well disposed to favour the cause of liberty, was of too timid and irresolute a disposition to take any decisive steps to insure its success.

Whilst matters remained in this state of confusion, every man recommending his own plan as the best, Sandoval, convinced they had not a moment to lose, cried out with a stentorian voice,

that as it was of the highest importance that all the army should act unanimously on this point, he would propose that commissioners should immediately be sent to the other divisions, to insure their concurrence ; and also, that the oath to the Constitution should again be publicly taken, and a report of their proceedings be sent to government, to convince them that the third army was ready to support the Constitution to the last drop of blood. This proposition, being seconded by Don Francisco Ferrez, chief of the staff, was unanimously adopted by the whole crowd, amidst tremendous shouts of “ *Viva la Constitucion !* ”

The whole mass now poured forwards, like a torrent, to the house of the chief of the staff. The colours of the regiments floated in the wind ; the drums and fifes struck up a quick and lively measure ; and the swords and muskets of the soldiery, who followed promiscuously in the rear of the body of officers, glittering in the sunlight, formed a brilliant and inspiring spectacle. At all times a large mass of men, acting under the

same impulse, has in itself a very imposing effect; but when to unanimity of action a deep feeling of injury and a strong excitement of the passions are added, the effect then is more than imposing—it is overwhelming and terrific. The inhabitants of the village, as if impressed with this sentiment, were seen peeping behind the blinds of their windows, or the hedges which border the various winding paths that led to their houses; but neither male nor female durst appear openly before this moving phalanx of wrath and power.

On reaching the house of the chief of the staff, the principal chaplain of the army, clad in his white surplice, and with the book of the Gospels in his hand, presented himself on the threshold of the house, which formed a kind of portico, and in a loud, impressive voice, administered to the different chiefs there assembled the oath by which they pledged themselves to defend the Constitution of the realm to the last drop of their blood; and having kissed the sacred volume, proceeded to administer the same

oath to the troops, who filed off under the unfurled standards, the officers kissing them with patriotic ardour and sincerity as they passed underneath. During this ceremony a religious silence was observed by all ; but no sooner was it over, than the air resounded with a burst of music from the military bands, striking up patriotic hymns, accompanied by loud cries of “ *Viva la Constitucion !*”

The officers then signed their names to the declaration that was to be sent to the government, and immediately afterwards retired to their respective quarters, somewhat relieved by having thus given expression to the feelings which had oppressed and agitated them just before.

CHAPTER III

Return to Xerxes ; tell him on this rock
 The Grecians, faithful to their post, await
 His chosen myriads ; tell him thou hast seen
 How far the lust of empire is below
 A free-born mind ; and tell him to behold
 A tyrant humbled, and by virtuous death
 To seal my country's freedom, is a good
 Surpassing all his boasted pow'r can give.

GLOVER'S LEONIDAS.

EARLY on the following day, the staff proceeded on their march to Irun, which they reached about evening, when orders were issued for their sojourn till the arrival of the General-in-Chief, which took place a few days after. Meantime the ordinary marches of the other divisions of the army had been a great obstacle to effecting those resolutions formed at Ondres, by the officers at head-quarters, for ensuring

unanimity and acting in concert with their comrades and friends. It was not easy for them, while the latter were distant from each other, and frequently shifting their quarters, to consult and agree on their plans with that promptness which circumstances demanded. This impediment, joined to the more serious one of receiving no official orders from the government, which, by sanctioning their resolutions, might give confidence to their party, gave their enemies, who had, by a well-concerted system, laboured with great activity, a decided advantage over them. The resources of the former, too, were confined to simple appeals to friendship, honour, and patriotism, while those of the latter were backed by the more tangible incentives of active gold, and the alluring prospect of promotion and distinctions. The king and the clergy had both these powerful means in their hands, and their agents did not neglect to lavish the one on the subaltern and the soldier, and promise the other to their chiefs.

Such was the state of things among the third

army, when three days after the arrival of the staff at Irun, positive news of the treachery of Elio reached the encampment, as well as some copies of that fatal and ever-memorable decree of the 4th of May, in which the code containing the rights of the Spaniards—that dearly earned reward of all their toils, and the pride of every patriot—was declared null and void. That same day, too, doubtless by some well-concerted combination of the servile faction, and as if to crush their opponents by repeated blows, an officer received a letter from Puente la Reyna, a town in Navarre, where the army of reserve, commanded by the traitor Abisbal, had its headquarters. In this letter was inclosed the proclamation issued by that general, in which he exhorted his troops openly to declare in favour of the absolute king, and against that government to which they owed their existence, and which still had their oaths and his. The popular scenes of this day are well worth recording, as shewing the spirit which prevailed in the mass of the military; but before we attempt to

describe them, we must follow our hero on a little excursion to Passages, whither he had early that morning bent his course on the summons of a mysterious billet, which had reached him at a late hour of the previous night, and which ran thus:—

“ One who loves you, and is most anxious to save you from ruin and disgrace, will give you, to-morrow morning, an opportunity of overcoming your present dangers, provided you will go to Passages, and meet a friend of his on the pier at six o'clock precisely.”

What these dangers were, Sandoval could not tell; but he determined to go and ascertain them. No sooner had the day dawned than he was seen on the mountain road which led to the place of rendezvous.

The country about Irun presents many prospects, which may be equalled but not surpassed by any in the world ; as, however, they have already frequently figured in the works of travellers, we shall pass them over in silence, and

follow Sandoval through a wild, romantic path over the mountains, which as being much shorter, he followed in preference to the beaten road. This path, at first bordered with verdant slopes gently rising one above another, presented everywhere a scene of rural life and animation, that baffles all power of description. The Biscayan women, industrious, robust, and fine made, were already busily employed in their rural labours. They might here be seen arranged in regular files, in which all was order and uniformity, employed in digging the earth. The regularity and simultaneousness of their varied motions gave a singular and pleasing effect to their labours, and assisted them, moreover, to work with greater ease and rapidity, as it obliged every one to keep up in the line formed by her companions. The forked spade with which they till their land, though in reality large and heavy, is well suited to the mountainous nature of the country, and enables them to cultivate even the precipitous sides of the

most abrupt hills, where no oxen could tread; hence the state of high cultivation which this province every where presents.

On the other hand the elegant villas and neat built farms with which these verdant slopes are interspersed, and which have in front of them tasteful parterres, and behind well stored kitchen gardens, both surrounded with luxuriant orchards, and tall majestic trees, presented a busy scene of men and women employed in gardening, milking cows, mowing grass, felling wood, feeding cattle, pigs and poultry, in a word performing all the morning duties of the farms. Some, too, were employed in catching birds, of which the people of this province are passionately fond, whether for the purpose of keeping in cages, or for making patés and fricassees. At a distance from the kitchen garden, there is invariably a plot of ground exclusively devoted to the feathered tribe, in which maize, hemp, and various other seeds, are grown for their use. A grove of trees and a little pool, shaded by thick shrubs, render still more attractive this de-

licious retreat ; in front of which stands a little summer-house, so completely concealed by the creeping plants which overrun it, that nothing of its masonry is seen. Here those persons, who either find amusement or profit in catching birds, repair, and watch the favourable moment to pull the strings of a net, which communicates with the house, and is laid out close by the pool, where several cages with decoy birds and domestic fowls, tied by secret threads, are also placed to allure those which still soar above in freedom.

But to continue our path.—After these smiling hills, the scene suddenly shifts to a frowning mountain, crowned with thick plantations of tall mountain-trees ; while, here and there, the winding path on each side is overhung by bold and craggy rocks, whose jutting summits form a kind of archway over the traveller's head. From the summit of this mountain the eye wanders over a most magnificent and sublime landscape, presenting in one glorious picture a succession of fertile dales and va-

ried hills, narrow ravines and winding streams, lofty mountains, and, lastly, the ocean itself spreading its broad and ample bosom in the distance. On descending this mountain, the lulling noise of gushing rivulets, forming a succession of foaming cascades (some of which are hurled from such a height, that their falling waters rise again, and cling around the cliffs in dense mists) keep the senses absorbed in sweet contemplative lethargy ; but, as the traveller descends still lower, the sides of the path again bring him within sight of orchards, tillage and green meadows, and he beholds at no great distance the picturesque convent of the Capuchin friars, embosomed in a cluster of fine majestic trees. Beyond this lies Passages, surrounded by a bold and abrupt chain of cliffs, so closely connected with each other, that it is only through a small aperture a glimpse of the distant sea is again discernible.

To this spot it was that our hero directed his steps. As he approached the pier, he saw

some thirty or forty women, drawn up in line, all armed with oars, and dressed alike, with a broad-brimmed hat lightly thrown on one side of the head, a clean white kerchief underneath falling about their ears, and long tresses of dark hair floating about their shoulders, a loose jean jacket, a short petticoat of various colours, reaching to about the calf of their naked legs, and small shoes graced with large bows. As soon as they perceived him, they set up a hallooing in the dialect of the district, the more strange and deafening as both their voices and ages differed considerably ; and, as if their loud clattering were insufficient to express their wishes, they accompanied the whole with the most extraordinary contortions of the mouth, eyes, head, arms, and legs ; and yet, with all this eagerness for preference, no one dared to advance a step beyond the line marked out by themselves. Thus they all remained stationary, until Sandoval succeeded in making

them understand that his object was not to go on the water, when they immediately broke the line and dispersed, each her own way.

Having walked backward and forward for about twenty minutes, Sandoval at last distinguished a light skiff with four Biscayan women pulling most vigorously to the shore. At the stern sat a man, apparently an officer, in a military cocked hat and cloak, with which he was so muffled up, that his features could not be discerned, even by those who were in the skiff with him. No sooner was she moored, than he rose, and throwing a dollar to the women, who immediately commenced a most animated conversation among themselves, which threatened to end in blows, he walked towards Sandoval, and, without unmuffling, addressed him in the following words.—“If I am not mistaken, you are Don Calisto Sandoval.”

“I am,” replied he, fixing his eyes on the stranger, and endeavouring to discover who he was. Unable, however, to succeed, he inquired if he might be favoured with the name of one, who seemed so well acquainted with his.

“ You shall know it in due time,” said the stranger. “ At present let us walk towards the glen yonder; for I have business of a secret nature to discuss with you, which requires a more secluded place of conference than this.”

“ With all my heart,” said Sandoval, touching the hilt of his sword in a manner which could not fail to be observed by the stranger.

“ You seem to have there a trusty companion,” remarked this last.

“ It has proved so to me in many a rencontre,” said Sandoval, “ and I trust I shall find it still unchanged.”

“ Well !” exclaimed the stranger, “ they say, that he who fears death is better prepared to avoid it; but make your mind easy, for I have no hostile intentions towards you.”

“ Be it so, though I care little whether your intentions be hostile or not. Fair play I am entitled to, from a man of honour; and as long as I have that, there are few men I fear.” This Sandoval uttered in an apparently careless tone, yet very desirous to ascertain this point; for though he was no coward, he knew too well that

many a foul deed had been done about that period by the servile faction, who would have had little scruple in getting rid, by any means, of one who took no great pains to conceal his principles.

“Were I an enemy of yours,” said the stranger, “I have no hesitation in saying, you should have fair play, and yet I would be numbered by you among the few you fear.”

“I am glad to hear it,” cried Sandoval, “for no villain ever would dare to measure his sword with mine.”

After this brief conversation, they both walked silently towards the spot pointed out by the stranger. It was a wild, solitary dale, where one or two shepherds huts only were seen, perched like airies near the tops of some of the cliffs. A single rivulet, bordered by a few cherry and apple-trees, together with some goats, which were climbing to the summit of the surrounding rocks, were the only moving objects that could be discerned at the moment the two officers entered the glen.

“We are now out of the reach of any man’s

hearing," said the stranger still muffled up in his cloak, and if possible concealing still more his face, "and I may now safely disclose to you my mission. But, before I begin, I must request of you to be satisfied with what you see of me, and to make no attempt to discover who I am. Were you less hot-headed," continued he, "there would be no need of any of this mystery, but as I know how easily your blood rises, particularly if the justice of your political principles is questioned by any one, I thought it wiser to take these extraordinary precautions."

"And is it, Sir, for the purpose of discussing these, that I am called to this spot by you?" enquired Sandoval.

"A little patience, Señor Don Calisto," retorted the stranger; "I have no more to do with the matter in question than a simple bearer of a message can have. Allow me to lay it before you, and then you will judge and decide either for, or against, just as you may chance to be in the humour. My duty will be performed by listening to your answer. And now, Sir, to begin—You have some influence on the Prince

of Anglona's mind, and a great deal on that of General Cienfuegos. Have you not?"

"The Prince," replied Sandoval, "has condescended now and then to listen favourably to some of the propositions made by me; and upon this foundation alone rests the reputation I may have acquired of possessing some influence on his mind. With respect to General Cienfuegos, his excessive good nature, and great kindness to me, have on my part excited feelings of the liveliest gratitude, and I have endeavoured to perform all that duty and the respect I have for him required of me; but I protest against the assumption that I exercise any *undue* influence over his mind, which I should presume is what you would insinuate."

"Very modestly urged, upon my honour!" cried the stranger in a sneering tone; "but how does it come to pass, that you are commonly called, the General?"

"That, Sir, I suppose, I owe to the excessive candour of those, who like you, profess to be my friends," replied Sandoval in a similar tone.

"Well, let that pass," said the stranger

“ but as you own you are in habits of intimacy with the one, and on good terms with the other, it may not be difficult for you, by exerting your influence, to persuade them to declare for the king, and against the Constitution.”

At these words Sandoval involuntarily started back, as if a ball had just grazed his face, and with a look of the utmost surprise, gazed a while on the stranger ; half doubting whether what he had heard was meant as a jest.—“ I thought I heard you say,” cried he, when he had sufficiently recovered from his amazement, “ that my political principles were known to you.”

“ So they are,” returned the stranger calmly.

“ Then,” said Sandoval, his cheeks reddening with passion, “ be good enough to explain to me what you mean by thus daring to think me capable of betraying the oaths I have taken before the altar of God and my country, and trampling on the sacred duties imposed on me, by all the laws of honour, virtue, and patriotism.”

“ My meaning is soon explained,” cried the other, “ you are the heir of a noble house, and

your interest, to say nothing of your duty, calls upon you to support the royal cause. In an absolute monarchy you have privileges over your fellow countrymen which place you as much above, as you will be below them under a representative government. This form moreover, is foreign to our habits, and detested by the mass of the people, who prefer the government of ancient families, to that of upstarts, and demagogues, whose object is only to enrich themselves at the expense of those, that like yourself, have property to lose. If, therefore, you will follow the king's party, and induce the two generals to do the same, the command of a regiment is assured to you. The honours of the court also will be open to you; titles, wealth, and military distinctions will shower down upon you, as on the very favourite of fortune; but, if on the contrary, you should choose to go on playing the part of a champion of liberty, and conspiring with the enemies of the altar and the throne, to overturn both, you may look forward to certain ruin, poverty, and disgrace, as the only reward of all your efforts and toils."

“ I have listened to you,” cried Sandoval, his eyes flashing fire, “ without crushing you to the earth, because I wished to see how far your shameless folly would go ; but, as you have delivered your errand like a trusty messenger, return to your employers and tell them, that it shall be the endeavour of my life, to wash away in their blood the stain of having, by a conduct, perhaps, too weak, inspired them with the hope of finding in me a villain and a traitor.”

“ And am I really to carry that message to my employer, without your knowing who my employer is ?” enquired the stranger in a sarcastic tone.

“ Be it the king himself, Sir,” answered Sandoval sternly, “ the man who makes such a proposal to me is a villain, whose name I care not to know.”

“ Nay, but my employer is not a villain,” returned the stranger in the same strain of sarcasm, “ such an ungracious epithet does not become the dear, young innocent being who sends me ”

“Do you trifle with me, Sir?” cried Sandoval, laying his hand on his sword, and half unsheathing it.

“I have seen naked swords, even before now,” replied the stranger, apparently little moved by Sandoval’s action, “and depend upon it, I shall not show you my heels on this occasion. But I must put an end to your kindling passion by a little disclosure. That employer of mine, whom you have so gratuitously abused, is no other than your once beloved Gabriela Lauza.—Do not start thus, man, nor look as dark and fierce as a hungry vulture—I can convince you, beyond every human doubt.”

“Villain!” cried Sandoval, vainly striving to suppress the rage by which he was nearly choked, “on your life shew this instant the proofs of your daring assertion.”

“Take it,” said the stranger, drawing from underneath his cloak a gold locket, and placing it in his hands, “that is the token which Gabriella herself gave me, that I might be able to convince you, should you prove incredulous.”

Sandoval snatched the locket from the stranger's hand, and gazed on it in silence. It was his own miniature, the same he had given to Gabriela on the night previous to his departure for the army. The effect which the sight of it produced on him, was electrical ; his cheeks became bloodless ; his eyes, which a moment before seemed instinct with light, grew dim and overcast, and his whole frame shook so violently, that it was with difficulty he reached a tree close by, against the trunk of which he rested his right arm, then leaning against it his forehead, from which a cold sweat ran profusely, he remained some minutes in a state of stupor. Meanwhile the stranger was preparing himself for the raging storm which might follow this momentary calm ; he arranged the folds of his cloak over his shoulders, so that, if a struggle ensued, he should not be left uncovered ; then grasping the hilt of his sword, drew it out a little, and with a like precaution ascertained that the various weapons he had about him were ready to answer his call.

Sandoval, who began now to recover from that state of temporary insensibility, called out to him, his head still reclined against his arm, to approach—"Say," added he, raising a little his eyes and fixing them on him, "you, muffled up villain! by what means did you obtain this miniature?—what is become of its mistress?—On your life, let me know where she is to be found.—But, mark! if you attempt to deceive me, by heavens, I shall, before we part, avenge on your treacherous head your falsehoods and impostures. Now, your answer quickly," and immediately renewing his erect posture, he unsheathed his sword with the rapidity of lightning.

"The plague seize the suspicious fool!" cried the stranger, in a tone that showed more impatience than fear, "What interest could I possibly have in deceiving you? Have I not said already, that I am but a simple messenger, not caring a straw whether you do or do not accede to the wishes of your mistress? Give me a straight forward answer to this question, and I

have done with my errand, and with you. Are you determined to stand by your party, and forfeit, not only the brilliant prospects that are held out to you, but the love and esteem of one who breathes for you alone?"

"All, sooner than become a traitor," exclaimed Sandoval indignantly.

"Then, take her curse, and that of your brother," cried the stranger, "they both cast you from their affections."

"My brother, villain!—Is he——"

"He is a loyal man," interrupted the stranger, "attached to his king, and no less than yourself to his country. But, adieu, for I have done now, and time is too precious with me to waste any more of it with such a madman as you are."

Saying this he turned his back on Sandoval, and hastened away. "By heavens! you shall not go without resolving all my doubts," cried Sandoval rushing after, and trying to stop him, by placing himself, with his naked sword, in his way.

“Stand out of the way,” said the stranger, drawing from underneath his cloak a pistol, which he aimed at his head, “else by the king I serve, you are a dead man.”

“Fire,” exclaimed the rash Sandoval, “and tell my unworthy brother,—tell my perfidious mistress, that surrounded by traitors and villains, I thought my life not worth possessing.”

“I shall tell them rather, that you are more worthy of their pity than their anger,” said the stranger contemptuously, and hiding his weapon; “but,” added he, in an authoritative tone, “put up your sword, and let us part; for I hear the trampling of a horse, and we must not be seen together.”

While he was yet speaking, Roque, Sandoval’s servant, made his appearance, and called his master’s attention to some papers he held in his hand.—“I have been looking for you every where,” said he, “and began to fear that the wolves of these mountains had made a meal of you; so that these despatches from General Ceinfuegos would remain for ever unanswered.”

While Sandoval was occupied in perusing the papers, the stranger walked quickly away. This did not escape our hero's notice; but as the information brought to him was of an official nature, and called him back to Irun without delay, he contented himself with observing, that he trusted soon to hear from him, or else he would find him out

“You are welcome to do so,” said the other, with a nod, “meantime, peace be with thee.”

“Zounds!” exclaimed Roque, “there is something about that man which is not altogether unknown to me, and, if I am not mistaken, I saw him yesterday muffled up in his cloak, just as he is now, throwing handfuls of money to some soldiers, as if he were godfather at the christening of a marquis.”

“Alight,” said Sandoval, seeing that Roque still kept his saddle, “and follow me to Irun as fast as your legs can carry you.”

“If it is your pleasure,” cried Roque, “of course I must alight, but it appears to me that this nag is strong enough to carry us both. You

know he is mine by right of conquest, and that my neck had a narrow escape from the red-coats, when I took him in France ;—but he is much at your service,” added he, perceiving his master’s brows knitting; and bounding from the animal’s back, “Now, Sir, I’ll be at Irun sooner than yourself.”

Sandoval mounted, and putting spurs to the horse, rode away as fast as the steep nature of the road permitted. In about an hour he was at head-quarters.

CHAPTER IV.

How dare you mention Heaven? Call to mind
Your perjured vows, your plighted broken faith,
To Heaven, and all things holy!

SOUTHERNE.

ON Sandoval's reaching the house in which General Cienfuegos was quartered, and which stood at the entrance of the town, he was shown up stairs, where he found the good general, in company with some officers of the staff, walking backwards and forwards in a state of great agitation, rumpling a paper which he held in his hand, and muttering aloud,—“The villain! who could ever have believed this of him!—Zounds! it won't avail him, though. I'll go and see the Prince this moment, and, hang me, if we don't march at once to Madrid, and kick him and his throne out of Spain.”

Such was the ungentle language held at that moment by General Cienfuegos, who, however, was one of the most loyal and decided royalists, with no small share of aristocratic feeling, and reverence for the olden time. But this was a trying moment for every true lover of his country, which he undoubtedly was; and, therefore, his expressions, though a little jacobinical, must be pardoned by my loyal readers.

Sandoval, who had seldom seen him in such a ruffled mood, stood at the door, gazing on him with surprise, which, we must own, had in it something of the agreeable.—“General!” cried he, when he thought his first burst was over, “what ails you?”

“Only a rascally Frenchman, like him, curse him and all his race! would have played us such a trick,” continued the General, pacing the room without observing Sandoval, “but, I’ll promise you, we shall send him back before many weeks are over.—Ah! Captain Sandoval, welcome, my young friend. I sent for you to ask your opinion in this emergency. You, who are young

and resolute, will be less controuled by prudential motives than these gentlemen, who though all agree in the determination to avenge the affront offered to the nation by that minikin, Ferdinand, are far from chiming in with our resolution of marching directly to Madrid. But read that, and then say whether there is an instant to be lost."

He then handed him the paper he held in his hand, which was the memorable decree issued at Valencia, on the 4th of May. As Sandoval read it, his expressive countenance became lighted up, or depressed, according to the sentiments the document contained, now interrupting himself by bursts of indignation, and now pacing the room silently, and with long strides, while the General exclaimed from time to time,—“ Well! what do you think of that? Would you have believed that of him? Yet that is the ingrate for whom we have shed our blood!”

When Sandoval had finished perusing the decree, he exclaimed,—“ If there be any man in his senses who would for an instant hesitate in

adopting the only step that can save the country, that man I denounce as a traitor.”

“ I am of opinion that it ought not to be taken,” said one of the officers present, “ simply because the government, who must be the best judges of the danger that threatens them, do not require of us such a step. It is my firm belief that their cause is too good to stand in need of military bayonets to support it. Besides, our allies themselves would not permit those institutions, sanctioned by them all, to be overthrown by a man whose fetters we have just knocked off.”

“ Another motive for not taking it,” said another officer, “ is that the decree of the 4th acknowledges all our rights, and promises us our liberties. It even goes so far as to declare, that the ancient Cortes shall shortly be convoked. What Spaniard, then, who has read anything of the history of his own country, will maintain that our ancient laws are less democratical than those promulgated in Cadiz? In my opinion, liberty will gain by the exchange.”

“ Now, curse your democracy,” cried the General, “ those laws which you so much admire might be very befitting the democratical times you speak of ; but it is ridiculous to say that they would suit us equally well. Besides, I do not see why we should not be as capable of making laws as were our ancestors. Nay, we have made them ; and, methinks, we ought, were it only to establish our claims to wisdom, to support them through thick and thin.”

“ It appears to me gentlemen,” said Sandoval, “ that all these discussions are foreign to our present purpose. What we ought principally to resolve upon, is, whether we are to stand still witnessing, without attempting to interfere, the fall of a government whose existence we have sworn to maintain ?—whether we shall allow our own opinions to outweigh the duties we have entered upon ?—and whether the oaths taken at the altar of our country, and before our God, are to be considered by us as idle formalities not worth attending to ? If such be the opinion of the gentlemen present, and of the rest of our

companions in arms, why, then we need not interfere in such inconsiderable trifles, as the total subversion of our rights, and the ruin of our country; indeed there would be in them, something extremely congenial to minds so completely unprejudiced. But, if the opinion of my brother officers be contrary to this, you will allow that our interference is indispensable."

"Wisely spoken, by our Lady of Cavadonga!"* cried the General, "but let us proceed to the residence of our commander-in-chief, to see what he thinks of the matter."

After this conversation they all sallied out, and proceeded to the Prince of Anglona's residence. On entering the town, they observed that a great sensation had taken place among the military. The streets were literally blocked up by officers and soldiers, who were anxiously pressing their way to the square, to hear the contents of a

* General Cienfuegos was a native of Asturias, as this exclamation clearly indicates. He was of an ancient family, and died while the author of this work was yet engaged upon it.

letter just received from the head-quarters of the army of reserve, of whom, as it has already been observed, Abisbal was the commander. Our party, equally anxious to hear news from this quarter, followed in the mass, and reached the square just at the moment when an officer, mounted on the shoulders of some men, began to read aloud the proclamation, to which we have alluded at the beginning of the last chapter, from General Abisbal to his troops, exhorting them to declare for the king, and against the Constitution. No sooner was the purport of the proclamation discovered by the assembled multitude, than cries of, "To the fire with it!— to the fire with it,— and its infamous owner!"

"At these words, the speaker suddenly disappeared, his supporters alarmed at the doom pronounced by the crowd, dropped their load, and endeavoured to escape the fury of their comrades by mixing with them. The orator, however, was not so fortunate, for, as he fell down, he was collared by some of those who were nearest to him, and kept fast, to

undergo the summary sentence passed upon him. Meantime, several of the soldiers were seen climbing to the windows of the surrounding houses, and presently chairs and tables were hurled out of them, to furnish fuel for the intended political auto-da-fé. In a few minutes the pile was prepared, in the middle of the square; volumes of thick smoke rose on high performing their vertical evolutions, followed by immense sparkles, and at length, by a pyramidal column of flame, which waved its terrific radiance over the heads of the infuriated soldiery.

During these fearful preparations, the destined victim was protesting to heaven, and all its saints, that he was perfectly innocent of any evil intentions; that he had not read the proclamation previous to his reading it in public, and consequently could not know its contents; and that moreover, he was as ready as any of them to lose his blood in support of the Constitution. General Cienfuegos, who heard his protestations, and various officers of the staff, who were then

present, interposed in his behalf, and obtained his acquittal, to the no small disappointment of many soldiers, who had been feasting their imaginations with the prospect of seeing a servile roasted. However, the proclamation of Abisbal, and even several copies of the decree of the 4th of May, which had been received by that day's post, were committed to the flames *sine redemptione*, and amidst loud acclamations.

Our party now moved on towards the place of their destination; but they met with more than one interruption from the various groups who were discussing the events of the day.—“Comrades!” cried an officer, who was very numerously surrounded, “hear the language of that infamous traitor, Abisbal, at a splendid dinner given to commemorate the battle of Toulouse, and compare it with what he now says in his foul proclamation. I assisted at that banquet, and sat near him; the goblets were charged to the brim, and we all rose at his request.—‘Gentlemen!’ cried he with a feigned

patriotism, 'I request you to pledge me to a toast, which cannot fail to be acceptable to every patriot, but more particularly so to me, because an opportunity now offers to prove to the world the sincerity of my sentiments, by the public expression of my wishes.'—He then gave this toast:—'May the man who should ever consent to have, even a comma, erased from the tablet of the Constitution, disappear from the face of the earth, and his soul be everlastingly tormented by the furies of hell!' ”*

“Death to the traitor!” vociferated the surrounding group, and then the officer continued with his speech, which, however, we shall take leave to omit, in order to keep up with our party, which after various other interruptions, reached at last the house at which the General-in-chief was quartered.

The Prince of Anglona is brother of the Duke de Ousna, and a nobleman very superior

* Such were the very words of that despicable traitor at the moment alluded to.

to those of his class in point of information, and consequently differs also in political principles. At that time, at least, he espoused the cause of liberty, and acted with becoming decision in favour of the newly established institutions, though since that time various family considerations have obliged him to abstain from publicly shewing his attachment to the Constitution. He was then in the twenty-ninth year of his age, of very pleasing manners, and an elegant person, though rather slender, and not above the middle size : but his physiognomy was animated and agreeable. At the moment our party entered his apartments, he was surrounded by a crowd of officers, among whom Ferraz, Merconchini, Don Santiago Vigo, Manzanares, Infante, and several of the officers of the General's brave battalion, known by the name of the *Barbudos of Ballesteros*,* shewed

* *Ballesteros' bearded men.* They were some of the most gallant fellows that ever wore beards, and distinguished themselves in every rencontre they had with the enemy.

in their expressive countenances strong marks of wrath and indignation.—“ My dear General,” cried Anglona to Cienfuegos, “ you come in good time. Have the fatal news of the day yet reached you ?”

“ That they have,” replied the old General, “ and with a vengeance.”

“ Have you then thought on the line of conduct which we ought to adopt,” enquired the Prince.

“ Not I,” answered the unassuming Cienfuegos, “ but these gentlemen, and particularly Sandoval, who takes these things much to heart, says that no time ought to be lost in marching to Madrid, in order to prevent what seems in contemplation. For my part I will be ready at an hour’s notice, and shall feel proud in contributing to the defeat of that monster’s plans for the total subversion of our rights.”

“ That is a plan,” said General Barrutel, who was also present, “ which may suit the young Captain very well, particularly, if he be tired of

these mountains, and wishes to enjoy the pleasures of the capital, or show off his handsome person there; but, methinks, that *we*, at least, have other duties to attend to, and, moreover, ought not to be directed by what a youngster like him pleases to urge.”

Sandoval, who felt deeply the injustice of this inuendo, advanced towards Barrutel, with a look in which his indignant feelings were strongly pourtrayed.—“Sir,” cried he, “though you are my superior in military rank, I shall expect you to prove here, before our General-in-chief, in what instances you have found me neglecting my duties for my pleasures; but should you not be able to do this, (which you yourself know very well you cannot), I shall then call upon you to prove whether your courage is any truer than your tongue.”

Here the Prince interfered, and reprov'd in unequivocal terms Barrutel's conduct; which he said was a most uncalled for attack on a young and deserving officer. The General made a

lame apology and withdrew; and Sandoval received the praises of General Cienfuegos for his spirited retort.

At this moment, the Colonel Don Joaquin Escario, an officer on the staff, who had that instant arrived from Madrid, and who came to ascertain the state of feeling in the third and fourth armies, was announced. On his entering the hall, all the officers present crowded around him, to know what tidings he brought from the capital. The Colonel did not hesitate in giving them a true picture of the confusion and consternation that reigned in it, adding, that the government entertained no other hope but that which the conduct of the two armies, whose assistance they earnestly implored, inspired them with. The two Generals and their assembled officers, cursed unanimously the criminal irresolution of the government, who had allowed things to reach that crisis without having once consulted them on the measures to be adopted for the prevention of the evils that threaten the country. If Elio's troops were to get possession

of the capital the most disastrous consequences were to be expected, and they feared, that all their efforts would not then alter the tide of events. The necessity, therefore, of acting with promptness and decision was felt by both chiefs and officers, but the Generalissimo, Lord Wellington, being expected in two or three days at Irun, on his way to Madrid, and directions having been given to the other divisions of the army to repair to head-quarters, for the purpose of being reviewed by his Lordship, it was now impossible to take any active steps until that visit was over. This delay they very justly conceived, was likely to be highly prejudicial to the interests of the country, as it could not fail to give their enemies time to carry on their plans of bribery, deception, and intimidation; but as it could not be avoided, it was thought necessary, in order to check these plans, to assume a hostile attitude, and adopt some particular device, which might distinguish them from their perjured companions in arms. The majority of officers being agreed on these points, orders

were immediately issued by the General-in-chief to the depôts of the third army, then at Pamplona, to forward to head-quarters the necessary warlike ammunitions for the objects in view. The adoption of a new cockade (red and yellow) was also publicly proposed to the army, and immediately agreed upon.

Such were the incidents of this day, so eventful to Sandoval. The various feelings by which he had been agitated, and the rapid succession in which they followed each other, had prevented him from bestowing on his morning excursion that reflection which its importance seemed to demand. On his return to his quarters, he retired alone to his chamber, and seated at a little deal table, before a taper of resinous wood, the common light of the country, he launched out in numberless conjectures, as to who the disguised person could be, and by what extraordinary accident his dearly beloved Gabriela should from being as great an enthusiast in the cause of freedom as himself, thus suddenly turn over to

servilism.*—"Are women's minds so unstable in these matters," said he to himself, "as people pretend they are in those of love? or is it really an indication that I am supplanted by another, and he too a servile? Was her letter to me intended to serve as an excuse for the perfidy she was meditating? If this were true—but no, it cannot be. Pardon that base thought, Gabriela! You pledged your love to me, and I know it was by your heart's own inspiration you did it. Yes!" added he, rising abruptly, and upsetting the table, and the light, which was

* As it may appear strange to our fair English reader, why Gabriela should be either a liberal or a servile, we think right to explain, that Spanish ladies have from time immemorial always taken a very active part both in political discussions, and warlike disputes. Their active minds and fine sensibilities do not allow them to remain passive spectators of their countrymen's quarrels. Love, hatred, or prejudice, may, indeed, have a share in their decisions (though generally speaking their sense of right and wrong is very strong, which accounts for the fact that the generality of them are liberals); but, to take no part at all, would be utterly impossible for them.

extinguished by the fall, "thy heart is as true to me, as mine is to thee, Gabriela!"

At this moment loud clashing of swords, and cries of "Zounds! blow the traitor's brains out,"—"kill him,"—"send his soul to hell,"—"let us leave no spy alive," were heard at the door of the house where Sandoval resided. Soon after, a pistol was fired, and a rush heard of several men towards the door, which shut with a tremendous clash. Sandoval began to grope about the room in search of his arms; but as he had just lighted on his sword, the door of his room flew open, and some one entered, and drew the bolt after him. "Who enters there?" cried Sandoval, unsheathing his sword.

"A man of honour, who seeks protection here from a set of assassins," answered a voice.

"If you are such," returned Sandoval, "you shall have it; but what is your name, and why are you pursued?"

"My name matters little to you or any one else," cried the voice; "and as to your last

question, I am pursued for doing a duty imposed upon me by my principles and my conscience."

At this moment loud blows, struck against the door of the house, threatened to bring it down, and Sandoval went to the balcony to enquire into and quell the uproar. The armed men below, who immediately knew the voice of the Captain, said that they wanted an officer belonging to Abisbal's army, who had been detected in the act of bribing several of their sergeants and soldiers to declare against the Constitution. "The villain," added one of them, "has taken refuge in this house, and God's malediction fall on me, if we don't have his treacherous head?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Sandoval, speaking to the fugitive, "have we a traitor here—and yet thou call'st thyself a man of honour? By heavens! if that be true, thou shalt rue thy imposture!"

"Liberal man!" cried the fugitive, in a tone of true sarcasm, "am I to be condemned without a hearing? Would your refined notions of

justice be against sending away the assassins below, and judging me according to honour and impartiality?"

"My friends," said Sandoval to the military below, "retire in peace to your quarters, and rely upon my word, that you shall to-morrow hear a good account of any man who may have entered this house under the circumstances you state. My own sword shall punish the villain, if he has indeed come to make traitors among you."

The military obeyed, though not until some altercation passed among themselves, and they had uttered an abundance of oaths and imprecations against all spies and traitors.

When Sandoval saw there was no further danger to be apprehended from them, he re-entered the room, shut the balcony, and proceeded towards the chamber-door to call for a light; but as he groped about to find it, he felt two hands oppose themselves to his breast, offering a more strenuous resistance as he tried

to move on : “ Keep off your hands, sirrah !” cried Sandoval, endeavouring to force his way.

“ I can tell, and you too can hear my story quite as well in the dark,” said the stranger, keeping his ground firmly.

“ Zounds ! but I will not hear it without reading it too in your eyes,” returned Sandoval, with another push, by which he succeeded in reaching the bolt.

“ Well !” said the stranger, “ if it must be, let the light come,” and he was heard to move to another part of the room. Sandoval then called for a light, and continued at the door, to prevent the man’s escape, until the terrified hostess had brought him what he sought. He then bolted the door again, and advanced towards the middle of the room, holding the taper in one hand, and his unsheathed sword in the other. The stranger moved on towards the darkest corner, and Sandoval, who followed his steps, stretched out the arm in which he held the light, and saw by its reflection, to his no small sur-

prise, the stranger with whom he had that very morning had an interview, standing in an erect posture against the wall, muffled up in his cloak as before. "How now, villain," exclaimed he, "what other traitor's message have you been entrusted with?"

"Nothing that concerns you," replied the stranger calmly.

"Have you brought also to our sergeants some love-tokens, or rather some pledge of your own villiany, to urge them to deeds of treason and perjury?" enquired Sandoval, in a tone of bitter reproach.

"No," answered the stranger, in the same sarcastic manner; "men are not all love-sick, though few are not money-sick. I therefore brought them that which I knew they would like, and to which they would yield, and I make no secret of it; because I am of opinion, that no means are illegal or dishonest which are intended to bring men back to their duty."

"To their duty!" repeated Sandoval, "say to their eternal disgrace. The man who accepts

a bribe, and he who offers it, are equally unprincipled and equally dishonest. The one gives gold, because he has no better arguments to offer, and the other accepts it, because he wants virtuous firmness to withstand temptation. Both are villains conspiring together for guilty purposes; both are traitors uniting their meditated treachery to stab some innocent victim to the heart; both are the contemptible slaves of base and mercenary passions."

"Be it so," said the stranger, "but villainy and treachery, when used for good purposes, become commendable virtues; and I do boast myself a villain and a traitor in that sense of the words."

"Then," cried Sandoval, bursting with passion, and raising the hand in which he held his sword, "by the country I serve! I'll send thee to hell, where thou may'st find proselytes to thy infernal doctrines."

"Strike!" cried the stranger, throwing aside his cloak, which till then had concealed his person and his features.

Sandoval started back, and the sword dropped from his hand.

“Strike,” continued the other, “and live to boast that you sacrificed your brother to your jacobinical principles.”

“God of mercy!” exclaimed Sandoval, throwing himself on a chair, and resting his head on his hand, “why has a life, so often on the brink of death, been spared me to witness this accursed moment? Why do I live to see a brother—and he too the only one I have, for whom I would have given the very light of my eyes, the last drop of blood in my veins—thus lost to honour and to virtue, an agent of despotism, the spy of villains, and himself a traitor to his country!—Great God! what will our father do when he learns this? Oh heavens! crush me now, and spare me the sight of that venerable parent, who gave us life, dying of a broken heart, and cursing the brother I love, in spite of his infamy!”

“Calisto!” said his brother, moved at his distress, “I am not the villain you suppose. If

my conscience directs me to follow a path different from the one you have chosen, still are my motives pure and patriotic, still our country's welfare is all I have in view. I demand nothing for my services,—I expect nothing for them,—I betray no oath, for I have taken none,—I . . . ”

“ Hold !” interrupted Calisto. “ The army in which you served was the first to take their oaths to the Constitution, and that in the very sanctuary of our independence, and where the structure of our liberties was raised.”

“ True,” replied his brother, “ but I was not then present, nor have I since pledged myself to the support of aught but our God, our king, and his unshackled power. For these I have risked my life, and for these I will yet shed my blood.”

“ For our king have I done both,” cried Sandoval, “ and from him we had a different recompense to hope. Disgraceful treaties,* false

* This refers to that infamous treaty, concluded by Ferdinand with Napoleon, on the 11th of December, 1813, by

promises, treacherous conduct, and base deeds, are neither the rewards nor the inducements which ought to bind the lover of his country to the despot who wishes to rule, even to the injury of her best interests. But," added he, in a hurried manner, "were I certain that a scaffold awaited my efforts, they should not be wanted, while a pulse beat within my bosom."

"Fortunately for Spain," cried his brother, "the souls of all your boasted patriots have not received from nature, that degree of unbending temper which I admire in yours, but nevertheless cannot approve. Among them I have found many who would not yield to intimidation; but who could not resist gold, and the hope of promotion. Those men, you will say, are truly contemptible, perhaps as much as those who

which he pledged himself. on reaching the Spanish soil, to withdraw from the alliance of the other monarchs, and particularly from that of Great Britain, whom he was to compel to quit the posts her army occupied in the Pyrenees, &c. &c., which treaty, being presented to Cortes by the Duke of San Carlos, was sent back unanswered, without finding a single voice to advocate its adoption.

yield to fear. For my part, I despise them both as much as yourself; but they will be useful, and I am reconciled to live with them on terms of amity, until the moment arrives when there will be no further occasion for their services, and then we shall gladly lay them aside for ever."

"Fermin!" cried Calisto, "you have lost all principle, or else those accursed notions which you imbibed from the monks who educated you, have vitiated a mind naturally just and vigorous, and made cold to every generous impulse a heart once capable of virtuous and magnanimous feelings. Yet you tell me you are disinterested, and I myself will say I have always found you so; but why mislead others with promises that can never be fulfilled? Why advocate a system of corruption, from which you derive no advantage? Am I to believe that you expect no honours, no recompense of any sort, for the sacrifice of the half of our patrimony, to which you are entitled under the government of the Cortes, but which, under that of a despotic king, you forfeit to me as the head of the family?"

“Recompenses were made for those degraded souls only, whose thirst for earthly advantages outweighs a sense of duty,” answered Fermin; “but, with me, the consciousness of acting up to the precepts of our holy religion, is more than all the world can give. It is the good of my soul only that I am anxious to ensure; the rest I despise, and willingly abandon it to the slaves of the devil and the flesh.”

“You are a fanatic!” said Calisto, “and thus alone can I account for the absurd contradictions which your conduct involves. You would not hesitate to commit a bad action, nay, an atrocious crime, if you imagined it might redound to the honour of what you call religion. That is the accursed principle of the Jesuits; and had you been brought up a monk, instead of a soldier, you would surpass in barbarous cruelty the savage Torrequemada and his seven minions.—But leaving this aside, tell me now, with your wonted sincerity, has Gabriela too suffered herself to be seduced by your arguments? Did she really request that I should forswear myself, or

forfeit her love? Answer me candidly. Do not unnecessarily torture a heart, already too much bruised by these repeated blows."

"Did I still harbour the hope, that by such a deception I could gain you over to your king," replied he, after a long pause, during which a look of sadness overspread his countenance, "I would say, yes; but as my stratagem has failed, and hope is flown, I think it a duty to tell you the whole truth. That portrait was taken from Gabriela's bosom by her mother, when she lay asleep, and it was forwarded to me for the purpose of forcing you into the right cause. As for Gabriela's love for you, it is unabated. It is, indeed, a flame as unquenchable as that which burns in your own bosom for that phantom of liberty, which you seek in vain; and I know for certain, had you fallen into our snares, she would have hated you as cordially as she now loves you; and then . . . but, God's will be done!"

"Now, Heaven be blessed!" exclaimed Sandoval, his eyes glistening with tears, "these are the only words yet uttered by you, in which I

find some of that fraternal affection with which you used once to cheer up my drooping hopes. Oh, Fermin! why will you not be yourself again? Why will you not be a worthy brother, a dutiful son, a true patriot? Come, my yet beloved brother, give me your hand in pledge of our mutual reconciliation. Let us straighten the bonds of blood, by those of honour and patriotism.”

Fermin could not resist this touching appeal. His first impulse was to grasp his brother's hand, which he shook with apparent emotion; and Calisto, sure of having now triumphed over his prejudices, extended his arms in rapture to throw them around his brother's neck; but Fermin stepped back,—“ Hold, hold,” cried he, “ I am not yet a liberal—I will not be one—I will never be my sovereign's foe. Much as I love you, deeply as I venerate our father, I will never betray my king, our God's vicegerent on earth.—No, I cannot.—Adieu, adieu!” added he, and with the rapidity of a startled stag, rushed to the door, unbolted it, and fled! whilst Sandoval re-

mained riveted to the spot, following his brother's motions with his eyes, and able only to ejaculate, while he panted for breath, "Stay, stay, for God's sake stay."

But Fermin was far beyond hearing.

CHAPTER V.

My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me ; now from head to foot
I am marble constant ; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

SHAKSPEARE.

SOME time elapsed before Sandoval began to recover from the distress into which his brother's sudden flight had thrown him. The generosity of his character, and the warmth of his affections had prompted him to seek a reconciliation, though he felt convinced that he had justice on his side ; but his brother, who never allowed his feelings to interfere with his resolutions, and who was equally persuaded of the justice of his cause, had disappointed his hopes, and wounded his heart deeply. His sorrow then gradually gave place to a feeling of indignation, mingled with

pity, which by keeping possession of his mind during the whole of the night, harassed and prevented him from closing his eyes.

On the following day he rose with the dawn, resolved to seek his brother, and make an attempt to reclaim him from a position which appeared to him unnatural and disgraceful; but all his efforts to find him out were useless.

His feelings on this subject, however, soon gave way to others of a more general nature. The important events by which Spain was at that moment convulsed, succeeded each other with a rapidity which kept the minds, both of the people and the military, in a state of constant fermentation. Every hour things were assuming a more unfavourable aspect for the liberal party. Even in the third army, which was one of those most favourably disposed for the Constitution, corruption was gaining ground, and the secret agents of Abisbal were hourly making new proselytes. At Pamplona they had so effectually laboured, that those who were intrusted with the ammunitions and warlike stores

of the third army, and to whom superior orders had been sent to forward them to head-quarters, openly refused to do so. On the other hand, the fourth army, commanded by General Freyre, whose head-quarters were at Tarbes, did not display much trust-worthiness, though the General-in-chief, the staff, and many officers were ready to act in concert with those of the third; but the prevalent opinion that General Morillo, who commanded one of the divisions of the fourth, and who was stationed at St. Jean de Luz, was hostile to the Constitutional system, occasioned a distrust, which obliged the third army to keep a respectable force on the Bidasoa, to prevent a surprise from his troops. Mina's division, which also formed part of the fourth army, were not in open relation with the third, nor were there proofs wanting that many officers in it inclined to favour the king's pretensions.

Affairs were in this inauspicious state, when news of the king's entry into the capital, and of the total overthrow of the Constitution, reached head-quarters. The joy and exultation of the

servile party were equalled only by the rage and despair of their opponents, whose passions, now roused to the highest pitch, soon compelled their antagonists to moderate their extravagant demonstrations of satisfaction, and confine them to their own circles. The meetings among the officers of the liberal party were now more frequent than ever. Their numbers, indeed, were daily diminishing; but those who were true to their cause, seemed to gain fresh vigour by the new disasters which befell their party. Plans were traced out by them to arrest the progress of the evils which threatened to lay the country in ruins. Proclamations were printed, and orders to their comrades issued in every direction. Their object now was to muster as many resolute men as they could, and march through Biscay and Asturias, to unite themselves with the army of General Lacy, who was then in Galicia, taking active steps to oppose himself to the establishment of absolute power. This plan, though not officially sanctioned by Anglona, received his consent; but

its execution was retarded by various causes one among which was the expected visit of Lord Wellington

Meantime, however, their opponents were not idle. The deep laid intrigues of Abisbal had succeeded, not only in rendering abortive the steps taken by some of the liberal officers of an advanced division of the third army, commanded by General Barrutel, who had agreed to act in concert with those at head-quarters, but in persuading the majority of that division to declare for the absolute king. On that occasion a meeting had been convoked, in which General Barrutel and his friends, profiting by the surprise produced by the king's triumphant entry into Madrid, resolved to send an officer to the capital, for the purpose of congratulating his majesty on his happy restoration to the absolute throne of his ancestors. This was done in the name of the whole division, and without the concurrence of the General-in-chief, nor, indeed, of any other general, or body of troops. Not satisfied with thus acting against all military

subordination, by the adoption of measures so prejudicial to the honour of the rest of the army, they laboured incessantly to pervert the good feeling which existed in the other divisions stationed in the neighbouring villages, and conspired in every possible way to stifle the just indignation manifested by the majority.

These various circumstances, united to the melancholy news which every instant poured in from the other provinces, where the clergy—the inveterate enemies of all salutary reforms,—were constantly sowing the most pernicious doctrines, and blackening the character of the liberals, threw a damp on the minds of even the most active patriots, and reduced their numbers still lower. Thus the arena was now occupied only by a few dauntless spirits, and free-born souls, who, spurning the threats of their enemies, were of opinion that a successful attempt might yet be made to redeem their country from disgrace; but the Prince of Anglona, who apprehended a failure, or considered their number too inconsiderable to offer

any effectual resistance to the torrent that threatened to hurl everything before it, called them around him, for the purpose of representing the evil consequences which he feared might result from the undertaking.

Among the band of fearless patriots was our hero, whose ardent mind had endured indescribable torments during the last two or three days; while he contemplated the weakness of some, the corruption of many, and the indifference or apathy of the rest. His efforts to keep up among all his comrades the flame of patriotism, which he saw gradually dying away, had been unremitting. Night and day he had passed in strengthening the opinions of those who appeared wavering or undecided. He had threatened and implored, flattered and reproached those who had been weak enough to yield to the suggestions of their enemies, who, in order to succeed better in making proselytes among the liberals, reported that it was in reality the intention of the king to call the ancient Cortes together—give to the government a representative

form—establish the liberty of the press, &c. &c., as specified in the decree of the 4th of May. All, in a word, that a man could do to bring back to their duty those who had abandoned it, had been tried by Sandoval. These constant struggles had impressed on his countenance a deep feeling of anxiety, which was immediately remarked by the Prince of Anglona, when our hero, with his other comrades, attended the meeting which had been convoked at the Prince's quarters. “ My young friend,” said the Prince to him in the kindest tone, and taking his hand, “ I fear you have suffered much of late, and what is still worse than all, that your patriotic exertions will be of little avail. Every town in Spain, with the exception of Cadiz, which formally refuses to acknowledge the authority of the king, but which, however, cannot hold out long, and one or two more in Galicia, where Lacy keeps up, by incredible exertions, the spirit of the military, have now submitted to the views of Ferdinand. In this state of affairs it would be madness to imagine that, with the

disunion which exists in our army, without men or money, we could successfully oppose our feeble efforts to those of our powerful enemies, who are in possession of everything we stand in need of, and who, moreover, have on their side a lawless mob, who, headed by daring and fanatical friars, keep the peaceable inhabitants in constant alarm, and prevent them from giving a free expression to their opinions."

"Then," cried Sandoval dejectedly, "your Excellency also abandons the cause of the nation, and we must yield without a struggle, perhaps be sacrificed by that monster of ingratitude!"

"I fear our interference would only hasten our fall," said the Prince; "but to prove that I am not willing to yield as long as the remotest hope exists of support from our companions in arms of the fourth army, I shall request you immediately to set off for Tarbes, to ascertain from the General-in-chief how far we may rely on their co-operation."

Sandoval bowed, and withdrew; and a few

minutes afterwards, he was seen winding his way towards the summit of the first hill, on the other side of the Bidasoa; and Roque, who never failed to accompany his master on his journeys, following at a little distance on his ambling French nag. Presently, however, he made up to his master, who, he thought, stood in need of some of his chat, to drive away the melancholy which seemed to prey on his mind. "This is a fine hilly country," said he, as he came up with him, "but the people here say, that witches and elves are seen at twilight, gamboling on the mountain tops, and playing all sorts of unnatural pranks."

"What do you call unnatural pranks?" enquired Sandoval.

"Why, I mean using their heads instead of their feet for dancing, and whirling in the air like as many fireworks. I have heard a Frenchman of St. Jean de Luz say, that some nights after Soult's posts on these heights were carried by the united armies, a grand carol was held on the place by a numerous assemblage of moun-

tain spirits. This happened just at mid-night, and, as on that month, and at that hour, all was darkness, the effect was very grand, as the Frenchman said. First of all, noises like the grunting of pigs were heard, proceeding from the bowels of the earth, and these were answered by others resembling the screeching of owls overhead. All of a sudden, various explosions followed those noises, and the surface of the different hills presented the wavering tops of lights gradually issuing from each; when presently out popped a number of witches, holding in their hands lighted torches, the flame of which, reflecting on the sky, showed a multitude of black spirits capering in the air with uncommon sprightliness, and astonishing rapidity of motion; or, as the Frenchman said, '*avec beaucoup de grace et de légèreté.*' After various dances, in which the hags and the elves mixed promiscuously to the sound of their own horrid screams, a loud rumbling noise suddenly stopped their whirling motions. The hags now uttered their malignant cry of 'ah, ah, ah,' and the elves of 'hah, hah, hah,' and immediately appeared a

troop of giant-like black-winged spirits, resembling devils, with twisted horns, long tails, and cloven feet, holding skulls in their hands filled with blood, which they quaffed off to the health of Napoleon, while wolves, bears, and wild boars danced around them, and owls, vultures, and vampyres hovered over their heads. Suddenly a clap of thunder was heard, and the whole hellish crew disappeared, leaving nothing behind, but a thick cloud of smoke strongly impregnated with sulphur !”

“ A fine tale that, my friend Roque,” said Sandoval, “ and you, like a simpleton, believe it, no doubt ?”

“ I own,” replied Roque, very gravely, “ that I don’t see how it is possible not to believe it ; you recollect the numerous desertions that happened among the English soldiers at that time ?”

• This is a fact ; several desertions took place at the moment alluded to, and had it not been for the severity used against those who were taken in the act of deserting, they would have been much more numerous, those superstitious notions being then very prevalent among the uninformed soldiery.

Well! how do you account for that, unless, as it was then believed by all, you allow that there are spirits who practised their cunning arts on those poor fellows—obliging them to desert to their enemies? Is it likely, think ye, that Englishmen would ever have passed over to the French, without some supernatural cause to compel them? If you think so, why you may as well believe, that Englishmen prefer water to wine; and the one is as likely as the other.”

“ But how did it come to pass,” enquired his master, “ that those desertions ceased altogether when a few, convicted of making the attempt, were shot, by way of example to the others? Was the fear of being shot stronger than all the cunning arts of your mountain spirits?”

“ That I can't tell,” answered Roque; “ possibly the shame of dying like deserters might have called forth all their resolution to withstand these witcheries; but certain it is, that those who deserted must have been bewitched.”

“ And why did not those witches entice you, or any other Spaniard, over to the enemy?”

“ Why, because they are French witches, naturally fond of their countrymen, and knew we could not serve them in any but one way—that was by stirring their hearts with the stiletto; and by the god Bacchus! had I been prevailed upon by them to pass over, I think I should have asked of the French a good account for burning our village-house, and murdering our relations and friends.”

“ They are very considerate witches then,” cried Sandoval. “ But do you see some men on the right hand, concealing themselves behind a thicket?”

“ I do,” answered Roque, “ and if my eyes deceive me not, they are Spanish officers.”

“ Let us make to them,” said Sandoval, putting spurs to his horse, in which he was imitated by Roque. As they approached, one of them stepped out and challenged them. At Sandoval’s answer of “ an officer of the third army,” the rest of his companions came forward. They all proved to be officers belonging to Morillo’s division, who informed our hero of

their intention to join Anglona's army, in order to avoid the danger to which all liberals in Morillo's division were now exposed, as the worst feeling existed throughout it. This information did not fail to increase Sandoval's anxiety and his speed to reach Freyre's headquarters, which he did on the following day, having allowed himself only a few hours' rest during his two days' journey.

On entering the house where the General-in-chief was quartered, he found a large concourse of officers, dressed *en grande tenue*, ready to sit down to a banquet, which was to be honoured by the presence of the Generalissimo, Lord Wellington, who had that day arrived from Toulouse, and who immediately after was to proceed post to Madrid. After the usual introductions, congratulations on the glorious termination of the war, and lamentations on the unfortunate events then passing in Spain, Sandoval was invited to take his seat among the officers of the staff. At the head of the table sat General Freyre, with his illustrious guest on

his right hand, and surrounded by those superior officers of his army who were then at headquarters. The dinner was as became the occasion, sumptuous and delicately dressed, several French cooks having exerted their united talents to show, that if Frenchmen were not always invincible in the art of war, they defied all the world to beat them in the culinary sciences. The conversation very naturally turned upon the affairs of Spain, and as the wine circulated, men's heads became heated, and their tongues more free. The conduct of King Ferdinand was generally reprobated, his counsellors denounced as traitors, and he himself as a despot and a tyrant. Sandoval painted in energetic colours the state to which all the patriots were likely to be reduced, if no vigorous steps were taken by them to compel the king and the servile faction to adopt a wiser line of conduct and concluded his discourse by putting the following question to the Generalissimo,—“ My Lord, what conduct would your Excellency adopt in a similar situation ?”

“ My functions of General-in-chief of the Spanish armies,” said his Lordship, “ will soon terminate, consequently it is not for me to interfere in the internal affairs of the Peninsula; but as an Englishman I must ever love the cause of freedom, and were I placed in a similar situation, the conduct I should adopt is not at all doubtful.”*

This reply, which though cautiously worded, was decidedly flattering to their feelings, was greatly applauded by all the guests, none of whom could now doubt that his Lordship continued still as favourable to the constitutional cause as he had been previous to the king's return.†

* These are as nearly as possible the words used by the noble Duke on the above occasion, the author having heard them from several of the officers who were present at that banquet.

† Many persons then imagined, and many still think, that his Grace took some share in the events of May, 1814; but this is a gratuitous assertion, resting on mere conjecture. That he should have acted in concert with Ferdinand seems not only improbable, but impossible. The treaty which this detestable and ungrateful tyrant had just concluded with Napoleon, in which he bound himself

After various patriotic toasts and sentiments the party broke up, and Sandoval, taking leave of the General-in-chief and his friends, immediately set off for Irun, having ascertained by this journey, that Freyre, like Anglona, was willing to act in favour of the Constitution, but was quite as isolated and helpless.

Sandoval reached Irun on the same day that Lord Wellington was to review the third army. All the troops were formed on the road to Oyarzun, and presented a somewhat less tattered appearance than they had done on previous occasions, when the events of the war, and the want of funds, left them almost in a state of nudity. After the various customary evolutions had been performed, Lord Wellington called around him all the officers of the staff, chiefs of battalions, captains, &c. and having highly eulogized the bravery and good conduct of all during the war, which had now so gloriously

to declare war against England, &c. being the best evidence of the total fallacy and absurdity of such suspicions.

terminated, and particularly during the time they had been under his immediate orders, he touched upon the step taken by General Barrutel, which he condemned in the strongest and most unequivocal terms, considering it as a breach of military subordination, unjustifiable under any circumstances. He then exhorted them all to stifle whatever resentment might still exist in consequence of any difference of political opinions, and recommended to them union and fraternity as virtues essentially requisite among military men. To the Prince of Anglona, who requested his Lordship's mediation at court, that a veil might be drawn over all the occurrences which had taken place in his army, and that none of the officers should ever after be molested for having expressed their sentiments in an open manner, Lord Wellington promised to use all his influence in their behalf, assuring him, that as he himself did not attach any criminality to their conduct, his efforts should be unremitting, till he had obtained from the king

a promise that no proceedings whatever should be instituted against them.* His Lordship then took his leave of the army, wishing them all happiness and prosperity, and the troops replied by hearty cheers of *Viva nuestro Generalissimo! Viva el Lord Wellington! Viva el defensor de nuestros derechos!*"†

After the review, the officers were seen returning to their respective quarters in small bodies, some walking or riding silently on, with dejected looks, and slow steps; and others, on the contrary, tripping on lightly, with triumphant air, in loud and animated converse, occasionally interrupted by bursts of laughter. The contrast showed that the former were liberals, and the latter serviles; for things had now come to that pass, when those who might, a few days

* This promise his Grace the Duke of Wellington obtained from Ferdinand, and strange to say, this despot king kept it, though with some trifling exceptions.

† Long live our Generalissimo! Long live Lord Wellington! Long live the defender of our rights!

before, have been the arbiters of the nation's destiny, were now reduced to the humiliating necessity of soliciting the mediation of a foreign general!—"Only a little resolution in one of these inert men at the head of an army, and Spain preserves her honour undefiled, and raises herself to the station she ought to hold—the first nation of Continental Europe," muttered Sandoval to himself, biting his lips with a feeling of mortification:—"but, no," he added, "Spain has nothing to expect from men who may all be classed either as fools or as traitors."

"Captain!" cried a thin squeaking voice behind him, proceeding from a person who is, or ought to be, known to my readers, "though the scales are much turned since we last met, and that I have particular reasons for being displeased with you, I pardon you freely, and, moreover, offer you my protection at court, whither I set off this moment, called by our august sovereign to receive the reward due to my eminent services."

“Your eminent services!” exclaimed Sandoval, “pray, General, enumerate them to me, for I’ll be shot if I know them.”

“What, Sir, do you mean to insinuate that I have not done my duty to our sovereign as our ordinances prescribe?” asked General Rodriguez, a little disturbed by Sandoval’s question.

“God forbid I should ever utter such a blasphemy!” cried Sandoval; “but I am a little puzzled to discover how your services have become eminent. Pray, is it because you have never been once during the whole campaign in a field of battle? or is it because you were always to be found in the rear of the army whenever danger pressed in front, and at the head of it when the rear stood in peril?”

“Ay! but you forget that I was subject to a fever whenever a battle was to be fought,” said the Quarter-Master-General, “and this simply because I worked up my courage to that degree of excitement, that it invariably brought on shiverings. This, too, was my reason for

accepting my present post of Quarter-Master-General, which obliged me to keep in the rear. Besides, mere courage is not worth a groat—that is a gift which almost every brute possesses; it is understanding, a knowledge of the ordinances, and above all, obedience, which are most requisite.”

“ And I should add *prudence*, of which few have a greater share than yourself,” said Sandoval, ironically, but which the General interpreted literally; “ it is this essential quality which has rendered you so celebrated among us, and for which it is just the legitimate government should recompense you. Well, Sir, receive my congratulations, for I make no doubt you will become the favorite of our Lord and Master, the King.”

“ Reckon upon my protection,” said the ancient chief, quite pleased at Sandoval’s eulogy, and no less so at the prospect he held out of the probability of becoming his master’s favorite. “ If you were to be a little more attentive to our ordinance-book,” added he, “ I could almost

promise you a step above your own; but we must see when we are at court what we can do for you."

"Many thanks and a pleasant journey to you," said Sandoval, bowing his head so low that it nearly touched his horse's neck; after which he rode off to avoid the grape-shot of articles, chapters, and books, from the military ordinances, which the General never failed to fire off against every individual who came within his reach.

CHAPTER VI.

— All is still,

But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill—

Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,

No hand shall close its clasp again.

On desert sands 'twere joy to scan

The rudest steps of fellow man ;

So here the very voice of Grief

Might wake an Echo like relief.

LORD BYRON.

THE time for the dissolution of the army was now fast approaching. It was not to be expected that the servile faction, which now held the reins of government, would allow a power, which had shewn itself hostile to the establishment of their favourite system, to exist long. Orders, therefore, were issued to the General-in-chief a short time after the troops took their departure from the frontiers to the interior, to

license his troops, and most of the officers. These orders, which were received at Siguenza, where the head-quarters of the army happened then to be, were hailed with equal pleasure, both by liberals and serviles. The desire of returning to their homes, after so many years absence and danger, was as strong with one party as with the other. Both had their parents, relations, and friends to embrace, and many among both, perhaps, were influenced by still dearer and more tender ties.

Among these last was our hero, who rejoiced at quitting the army, both because, by being free from military shackles, he should be better able to realize those plans of happiness, so long and fondly cherished by him,—his union with the beloved idol of his heart,—and because he expected to find more opportunities of effectually serving his country by quitting, than by continuing in a service, which might compel him to act contrary to his sense of justice and utility, and to comply with the commands of despotism and tyranny. Accordingly, when

he took leave of his Generals, though both offered to use at court their own influence, and that of their friends, to obtain the promotion due to his services, if he would but continue in the army, he declined availing himself of their kind offers, declaring himself to be perfectly satisfied with the consciousness of having done his duty, and with carrying with him their esteem and good wishes.

Having now taken an affectionate leave of his comrades and friends, Sandoval took the road to Logroño, his native town, whither he not only expected to find his beloved Gabriela, but also his father, who in his last letter from Madrid had informed him of his intention to repair thither. Of course, our friend Roque was not left behind on this important occasion. Indeed, he had sworn to live and die with his master, and being too much of a Castilian ever to forget his word, he would much sooner have hanged himself than remained behind, even if requested to do so. Besides he had a notion, that he was invaluable to his master, not

because he considered himself more clever than any of his acquaintances, but because his ancestors, having served in Sandoval's family during some generations, he thought his master derived as much pride from this as himself, and that it would be as great an infamy for him to live with another master, as for his master to put up with the attentions of another servant.

“Mi capitan,” cried he as they rode silently over the wide and sterile Sierras* which run through the greatest part of Lower Castile on the confines of Arragon and Navarre, “what makes you so silent and moody? Are you sorry to return to the house of your fathers?”

“Alas, Roque!” said his master with a sigh, “you would not have me gay, when you remember, that I shall find there only one, though when I parted I left two? My poor mother, she who loved me so tenderly, is no more! In vain now shall my eyes search for her in those places where I used to see her smile on me,

* Chains of Mountains.

and where she has so often folded me in her arms. Do you recollect, how eagerly, after a few days absence, she used to run down to the gate the instant she caught a glance of me, and with what transports she would embrace me as I alighted from my horse? Ah Roque! what would I not give to receive, after an absence like this, one more of those embraces!—my life, my life!”

“For the holy Virgin’s sake! Sir,” cried Roque, dashing a tear from his cheek with the back of his hand, “do not talk so, or you’ll make a child of me. Don’t I too recollect, as well as yourself, the many times when her ladyship, (may her soul rest with God), with her own white hands, as white as a curd, used to cut and present me with a good large slice of *cecina*,* or an Estremadura sausage, or maybe a nice piece of foreign cheese, because, as she was pleased to say, she liked to see Roque participate in the good things of this world?”

* A sort of salt beef, which is hung in the kitchens until it becomes dry, and which is really a delicate morceau.

God bless her !—Ay, well do I remember that, and a good many other things, and never shall I forget them, while I live ; but, Sir, it was the will of God to call her to himself, (curse all the French of this and the world to come who were the cause of it,) yet let us hope we shall meet her in a better place.”

“ True, friend Roque, it was the will of God,” replied his master ; “ but thoughts like these will sometimes intrude on our minds, and make us melancholy.—But changing to another subject,—what do you think of Doña Gabriela ? Would you say she was still attached to me ?”

“ Would I ?” said Roque, casting his head on one side knowingly, “ I wish to God I could say as much of that little jade Rosa, who though she snorted like a high mettled horse, and wept and tore her hair when I left her, I suspect, there was more noise than nuts,* in all her demonstrations. Zounds ! if she has forgotten

* A Spanish proverb—*Mas es el ruido que las nueces*, corresponding to the old English one of “ Like shearing hogs, a great cry and little wool.”

me, it will not be my fault ; for I have, more than once, recommended several of my acquaintances to dance with her, and trip* her for me, as often as I used to do, which she cannot fail remembering well ; for once she got a lump on the back of her head as large as my fist, which I rather think she never got rid of."

" Why, man, was that not throwing temptation in her way, or, in other words, recommending her to the devil ? Indeed, the only wonder would be if you were to find her true ; notwithstanding your endeavours to make her false."

" Ay, ay," cried Roque, " doubtless you imagine such a trick as that would be as current a coin with our class, as it is with yours ; but I should like to see the gallant, who having been entrusted with such a commission, would dare play false with me, or any one else. By the holy Mary ! I should not ask leave of the

* This tripping up of the fair dancer's heels, is considered a piece of gallantry among the peasants of Castile, and the oftener the lady is brought to the ground, the more gallant the lover is thought.

alcade to cudgel the knave's brains out, and break his marrow-bones for him, I promise you."

"Then," said his master, "I fear you will have some work on your hands on our arrival, and maybe with more than one of your honest folks."

"Never fear that, Sir," cried Roque, "but if I find the jade has forsaken me for any one else, I'll call her to a reckoning. By heavens! not a bead will I leave on her neck, nor a ribbon on her head. The silver shoe-buckles I gave her, which were the envy of all her friends, and which cost me no less than one dollar, six reals, and twenty maravedis, she shall sport no more; nor the beautiful silver-gilt locket with the Virgin Mary on one side, and the bleeding heart, pierced with two arrows on the other, tied to a silver chain, the whole of which cost me twenty-five reals; nay, I will not even leave her the consolation of showing on her fingers the two silver rings she was so proud of, one of which had on it no less than

fifteen beautiful coloured imitation stones, and the other a real cameo, cut in glass.—And what do you think I bring her now from France?”

“I suppose some fine diamond ear-rings, or some beautiful piece of lace, or else a well wrought gold comb, or maybe a pearl necklace,” replied Sandoval.

“And maybe, you think, I could have stolen that too? Else where the deuce should I have found money to buy diamonds, and pearls, gold and lace? I am sure I never saw even the colour of them in France. It is true I saw there a great deal of gilt brass, and false beads, many knick-knacks, not worth picking up, and which all the gold of America could not buy, if I were to believe what the Frenchmen who sold them said,—in a word, much tinsel and little gold,—just such another stuff as goes to the composition of the French themselves—But were you all the days of your life guessing at it, you would not hit the mark—Well, then I’ll tell you; it is four beautiful flat shells, which I picked up near St. Jean de Luz, and which I have made into a pair of castanets, the

sound of which will drown half a dozen of the common ones, and which I defy any man to shew me the like."

"Upon my honour, Roque!" exclaimed his master, "I had no idea you had so much gallantry and ingenuity."

"Let me alone for that," returned he, "for though I am no Andalusian to brag about my merits, were I to tell you the various ornaments I made for the jade, you would remain crossing* yourself till to-morrow morning."

"Then pray spare me their description," said Sandoval, spurring his horse towards an eminence on the right of the road, from which his native city burst at once upon the sight. No sooner had he reached the summit of this hill, than, overcome by a thousand different emotions with which the gay and animated sports of his boyhood inspired him, he pulled up his horse to breathe awhile, and contemplate from it the rich plain on which Logroño stands, fertilized by the

* It is a common practice among certain classes of people in Spain, to cross themselves when they hear anything very surprising.

meandering Ebro, and chequered with luxuriant vineyards, olive plantations, elegant villas, surrounded by beautiful gardens, and picturesque ruins, some of which, finely overrun with ivy, form a delightful contrast to the erect and symmetrical towers and churches, which contribute in no trivial degree to the adornment of the scene by the varied architecture of their lofty spires and belfries, and overlook a number of well-built edifices. The old walls of the town too, and the half-ruined bridge by which the Ebro is crossed on the road to Vittoria, were seen uninjured by the destructive hand of war. Every object indeed exhibited the same appearance as when he had left the city, and naturally brought to his mind a crowd of recollections, some pleasing and others melancholy; but those were always pure and bright, which carried him back to the days of infancy—the age of illusion or unalloyed happiness.

Roque, who, though a servant, had also the gift of recollecting past pleasures, stood by his master, ready to weep or laugh at the remem-

brance of things now hurried into eternity, just as the impulse was communicated to him by his master, who, however, was so much absorbed in his meditations, that neither tears nor smiles were observable in his countenance. Keeping his saddle in an erect posture, in his right hand holding a telescope, which he pressed against his thigh, and his eyes immovably fixed on the scene below, he offered an excellent model for the statue of a young hero, with his gallant, manly, intelligent physiognomy to aid the effect of his figure. "I hope he is not petrified," said Roque to himself, greatly tempted to touch him, and then he added aloud, "Mi capitán, are we to bivouac here to-night; for if so, I had better prepare our mess, and turn our horses into the valley below."

Sandoval started as if from a dream, and after a long-drawn sigh, he silently led his horse down the hill, and having reached the high road to Logroño, commenced a sharp trot, which soon brought him into the city. The agitation of his mind, and the wish to reach his

paternal roof, made him hurry through the streets without taking the least notice of the numerous assemblage of fashionable ladies who were repairing to the promenade in their white lace veils, and their silk *basquinas*,* many of whom cast their large dark eyes on him with a kind of interest that indicated some previous knowledge of the stranger.

At length he came within sight of his father's house, and he felt his heart beat with so much violence in his bosom, that he was obliged to pause a few minutes to recover a little serenity. Meantime, his anxious eyes were busily employed in examining every part of its exterior. There was in it no material change. The same massive appearance about the principal door, surmounted with the family escutcheon, cut on stone, was still discernible; the eight balconies—the six grated windows below—were still the same: even the twelve projecting spouts on the edge of the roof were complete, and underneath

* A petticoat worn by Spanish ladies whenever they go out.

were yet to be seen almost the same number of swallows' nests. Yet one thing Sandoval observed, which excited anxious forebodings in his breast, both the balconies and the windows were completely shut up; and though it was now the latter end of July, no white curtain decked the exterior, as was the case with those of the other houses. The principal door, which led to the patio,* and to the great staircase, was also shut, and only a wicket of the same door was half open.

“Hold my horse,” cried Sandoval to Roque, alighting with apparent emotion, “for I must clear this mystery, and you wait here till I return.” He then walked towards the wicket, pushed it open, and entered the court. As he cast a glance around, he was surprised to see it looking waste and desolate. Even the fountain that decorated the centre was dried up, and covered with dust and rubbish. Hastening,

* A court which is attached to the houses of most Spanish gentlemen, and in the middle of which there is generally a fountain.

however, to the great staircase, he ran up, and was on the point of grasping the knocker of the inner door when he heard a harsh voice issuing from underneath one of the corridors, vociferating—"Eh, halt there! What is your business here?"

Surprised at such an enquiry, Sandoval turned his head towards the place from which the voice issued, and observed in one corner of the patio a ragged soldier with a cigar in his mouth, carelessly reclining against the wall, and supporting a musket with one hand. "Pray, good friend," cried Sandoval, casting his eyes around the place as if to be assured of the fact; "am I mistaken, or is not this Don Fabricio Sandoval's house?"

"Odd enough if it were so," answered the soldier, puffing away at his cigar, and winking sarcastically on our hero, "but good friend, let me ask you two questions; first, in what booth or stable have we dined together to entitle me to be your good friend; and secondly, where did you hear of a bird having a cage when he has

flown away from it? Not in our days, I am sure."

Sandoval stared at the fellow, unable to understand either his impudence, or his jargon. "Sirrah!" exclaimed he, "I'll break your bones for you, though you be on duty, if you don't answer my question intelligibly, and quickly."

"Why, as to quickly," returned the soldier leisurely, "it was never my failing to do things in a hurry; and as to intelligibly, nothing can be more clear,—if a bird flies away from his cage, is the cage his, or his master's? In the same way, if a man chooses to fly from his house, is the house his, or our lord the king's?"

"Zounds!" exclaimed Sandoval impatiently, "trifle you with me? Say instantly what has become of Don Fabricio?"

"I was not born a conjuror," returned the soldier, in as indifferent a tone as ever, "he may be hung for what I know or care."

"Sirrah!" cried Sandoval angrily, "I'll make you care, you rascal. See you this?" unbuttoning his surtout and shewing him his cap-

tain's insignia. "You'll repent your insolence, and that shortly too."

The soldier apparently little concerned at it, approached to examine the buttons of Sandoval's coat, and [then exclaimed,—“Ay, I see, you belonged to the third army, and have been in France. You must be *purified* before I can fear your threats—and it is all very proper, by Saint Francis! for, as his holy disciples say, who knows but you may have smuggled heresy and impiety into Spain?”

This was too much for Sandoval. To be thus jeered by a ragged soldier in his own house, and at such a conjuncture, when every second to him was as precious as years might be to the egotist, was more than he, or any one else could have borne. “Hark ye, scoundrel!” cried he, bursting with passion, “whether I be pure or impure, that will not shield you from being shot before a week elapses. Take my word for it, I'll have an example made of you, to teach others the subordination due to their superiors.”

As he spoke these words, several people's

foot-steps were heard entering the patio. It was a corporal and three soldiers, who came to change the centinel. Sandoval withdrew on one side to allow the corporal to perform his duty, and when this was done, he enquired of him why a centinel was posted there.

“ Because,” replied the corporal, “ this is Don Fabricio Sandoval’s house, on which there is a sequestration laid for being a traitor to the king.”

“ A traitor !” exclaimed Sandoval indignantly, “ what do you mean, Sir, by a traitor ?”

“ I mean one who is not a servile,” replied the corporal ; “ for now a-days all are traitors who don’t cry—‘ Long live the King, our Lord !’ ”

“ And what has become of Don Fabricio ?” enquired Sandoval hastily.

“ That is more than I can tell,” returned the corporal. “ All I know for certain is, that about a week ago he left Logroño, and has not been heard of since.”

So saying he raised his hand to his cap, and

withdrew with his men, leaving Sandoval pinned to the spot, struggling with the most painful feelings. His filial devotion and attachment, at all times excessive, and now excited to the highest state of alarm, painted in the most vivid colours the sufferings and privations to which the venerable old man might be exposed. After all the sacrifices his father had made to restore Ferdinand to the throne of his ancestors, so pusillanimously abandoned by him, and after his patriotic exertions to insure to his country a less degrading system of government, by which its welfare and prosperity might be established on a lasting basis, even by the sacrifice of those privileges of his class which he enjoyed, he was entitled to another recompense than banishment and spoliation, at least, so thought his son. These and other reflections, which the present scene excited, to a mind naturally fervid, could not but be painful and distressing in the highest degree. Unconscious of the centinel's presence, he paced the patio with long strides, his arms folded across his breast, now ejaculating broken

exclamations of filial tenderness and affection, and now bursting into fits of passion, in which vengeance was fervently invoked, and which wasted itself in apostrophies and wrathful expressions.

While he was thus employed, Roque, who had observed the soldiers going in and out, suspected all was not right within, and consequently got his head in at the wicket, and cried out to his master—" Mi capitan, how do things stand here, and where are the knaves of my old master's servants, who do not hasten to open this gate, and allow our horses to come in? Am I to be holding them here to all eternity?"

" Where shall I find my unfortunate father?" ejaculated Sandoval, unheeding Roque's question, and pacing the patio hurriedly, " or where shall I turn my steps? Houseless and fatherless, where shall I find happiness and consolation?—Alas?" exclaimed he, making a sudden pause, " this was the very spot where I received the parting kiss of her whom I shall see no more! Well do I remember the hour. How her tears moistened

my cheeks!—ah! doubtless it was the presentiment of what was to happen!—Yes, for never does the heart thus bleed unconscious of its approaching doom! And here too,—dare I now think of her?—can I now think on plans of happiness?—may I now hope that the soothing hand of love will heal the wounds of fate and tyranny?—Gabriela! this was the spot where you pledged the vow I asked, and sealed it with a kiss,—here didst thou plight thy faith to me in truth and sincerity—here, in this spot, didst thou fold me to thy bosom, and amidst sighs and tears swore by the holiest things in the creation, never to forget me, never to be another's, but mine,—mine only.—How is it now?—Has my absence destroyed those recollections?—Do'st thou hold that faith pledged to me, as lightly as the many perjured traitors hold the oaths, taken at the altar of their country?”—He paused a while, and wiping his forehead, from which a cold sweat ran, rushed towards the door. “Roque,” cried he, “take our horses to the Fonda del Angel, and wait there my return. This is no longer my

home. I have no home—I have no parents.”
Saying this, he left the house alone, and following the impulse of his heart, in a few minutes he found himself at the door of Don Antonio Lanza, the father of his adored Gabriela.

CHAPTER VII.

Oh ! I have nothing to expect on earth !
But misery is very apt to talk ;
I thought I might be heard !

SOUTHERN.

IT is not easy for us to express what Sandoval felt on reaching Don Antonio's house. Hope and fear, mingled with a thousand contending passions, so agitated and distressed him, that he hesitated whether to go in, or retrace his steps. His natural impatience, however, urged him forward, and he entered the *portal** of the house; but before he could bring his mind to announce himself, a thousand apprehensions rushed into

* A sort of interior portico.

his mind, and a feeling of faintness came over him, which obliged him to recline his head against the door. After one or two minutes of violent agitation, he mustered sufficient courage to grasp the knocker, and give a rap. The noise made him start, and he drew back involuntarily towards the street door; but before he had reached it, a servant man came to answer the knock, and asked to know his business;—"Are the family at home?" enquired Sandoval, with a faltering voice.

"They are all at home," said the servant, looking steadily into his face, "do you wish to see them? What name shall I say?"

"Don Calisto Sandoval."

The man looked more fixedly on him.—"And do you really wish to see them?" enquired he again.

"I have told you so before."

"I think you had better take a glass of wine before you go in. You look deadly pale; you must be unwell," said the man, and without

waiting for an answer opened a cover, and drawing out a glass and a bottle, he poured out a bumper.

“Friend,” cried Sandoval, taking the glass and tasting some of the wine, “are you a Navarrese or a Biscayan?—one of the two undoubtedly you are.”

“I am a Biscayan—but why do you ask it?”

“Because I suspect you imagine that wine is a cure for all diseases,” replied Sandoval with a melancholy smile.

“The deuce, and you guessed it well,” said the servant, “I am really of that opinion; and, moreover, that it gives the weak man boldness, which you want above all things;—but here goes to your health, and success against all your rivals;” he then swallowed two bumpers, one after another, put the bottle in the cover, and beckoned Sandoval to follow him.

“Stay,” cried Sandoval, agitated, though affecting to smile, “who are those rivals you talk of? You don’t know me, do you?”

“*I rather think* I have heard your name before now,” said he, laying a great emphasis on the first words; “but you seem impatient to see the family,” he added, “they are here in the lower apartment, which looks into the garden,” and walking hastily to a little door opposite, all the while pretending not to hear Sandoval’s whisper of “stop, stop;” he lifted the latch, and announced him.

On entering, he found Don Antonio sitting at one extremity of the room, before a table, on which there was a wax taper burning to light his cigar. He was in close conversation with a reverend father, whose white habit, black cloak, and large round hood shewed him to be a Dominican, and who was in fact the family spiritual director. About the middle of the room was Doña Angela Lanza, Don Antonio’s wife, kneeling before a picture of the Virgin Mary, that hung over a sofa, and holding a prayer-book in her hand; and near one of the balconies that looked into the garden, sat, embroidering at a tambour frame, Gabriela her-

self. She was clothed in a white muslin dress, and wore a lace fichu over her well formed bosom, on which the shining dark-ebony tresses that fell from her Grecian hair-dress sported lightly, moved by the evening breeze which refreshed the room, as it passed through the verdant foliage with which the trees in the garden were clothed. Her fine oval countenance, at all times beautiful by the perfect symmetry of its features, looked now doubly interesting by an air of melancholy sweetness which overspread it, and by the soft paleness of her cheeks, on which now and then the parting rays of the sunset cast a rosy tinge, which no sooner had the leaves of the trees recovered from the tremor, caused by the pressure of the wind, shut the rays out, than it disappeared.

On our hero's name being announced, all four rose as if moved by one impulse, and fixed their eyes on the door. Sandoval paused an instant, as he glanced around, and then with open arms hastened towards Don Antonio to embrace him; but the latter raising up his hand as he ap-

proached, bid him stop, exclaiming,—“Gently, gently, Don Calisto, before I embrace you, I must first know that you are worthy of it.”

Sandoval remained motionless and rivetted to the spot, as if converted into a statue by the words; but he was soon roused from the overwhelming astonishment they had caused by a faint scream from Gabriela, who after an attempt to speak, fell back on her chair and fainted away. The distressed lover ran to her, and throwing himself on his knees, grasped her hand, which he pressed fervently to his lips, calling her by a thousand endearing names. Then rising from the ground, ran distractedly about the room, wringing his hands, and calling to his servant Roque, if he valued his life to fetch immediately a physician, salts, hartshorn, vinegar, and all the restoratives he could think of, swearing all the while he would have him shot if he did not return quickly. When this first burst was over, he seemed to recover a little serenity, and, drawing near Gabriela placed the palm of his hand over her

lips, felt her left side, and then her pulse, held up her head, pressed her hand in his, and covered it with kisses.—“ This is some of her nonsense,” cried Doña Angela, who had till then been looking with greater surprise and alarm at Sandoval’s violent demonstrations of affection, than at her daughter’s accident.—“ Had you never been allowed to read any other books than the prayer book, and the offices of the holy week, you would not thus make a fool of yourself,” she added, shaking Gabriela by the arm.

“ For God’s sake, Doña Angela,” cried the terrified Sandoval, “ have a little consideration, Gabriela is almost lifeless. Do not destroy her, pray be”

“ As you, Doña Angela very well observed,” interrupted the reverend father, who stood looking on, seemingly little affected, either at Sandoval’s distress, or Gabriela’s situation, “ the mischief lies *in reading*, that is the root of all evil. Young women now-a-days get hold of

books, which they are incapable of understanding, and from them learn only how to despise their parent's wholesome advice, and to run from folly into vice, and from vice into perdition."

"Methinks, holy Sir," cried Sandoval, not a little incensed at the brutal insensibility of his Reverence, "that such reflections are here unseasonable, and that it would be more befitting and christian like, were your reverence to try conciliatory measures, instead of lighting up discord, and to assist in restoring this unhappy lady."

Doña Angela seemed much shocked at this observation. "Señor Don Calisto," said she, drily, "if you have learned in France how to be disrespectful to the holy ministers of our mother church, I insist upon your not displaying your acquirements in my house; and as your assistance here can be dispensed with, you are at liberty to go as soon as you like."

Sandoval, notwithstanding he was prepared

to hear, after the unkind reception he had met from Gabriela's parents, any unceremonious discourse, felt a great difficulty in checking his excited feelings, though his love for Gabriela imposed upon him this necessity. "Madam," said he, after a few minutes silence, "I should never have intruded my presence on you, or entered your house, had I not been so earnestly invited by yourself. It is true," added he, hanging down his head, "circumstances are much changed since, and instead of my being the wealthy heir of the house of Sandoval, I am a houseless wanderer, and may be a beggar shortly. Yet, Doña Angela, to a civil reception I think I am entitled, though you may no longer court my alliance."

"Sir," replied the devout Doña Angela, "had you not forsaken your principles, and abjured your religion, while remaining in that heretical country from which you have just returned, you would find me as much alive to kindness now, as I was when I gave my consent

to your marriage with Gabriela, and you would have no occasion to accuse me of being actuated by paltry and worldly motives ”

“ Madam,” returned Sandoval, “ whoever has told you I have forsaken *my* principles and abjured *my* religion, him I declare a villain in the very face of the world. My principles at this moment are the same as they were since I came to the age of reason, and my religion as unchanged as they. The only difference now is, that my circumstances and prospects are altered. This is a crime unpardonable in the eyes of many, and calls forth the hackneyed pretext for every breach of faith in our age—the want of loyalty and religion.”

“ ’Tis impossible for a young man to live in a heretical country, and not become tinged with heretical ideas,” said gravely his Reverence.

“ And does your Reverence really think France a heretical country?” enquired Sandoval, in a tone of contempt.

“ And pray young man,” returned the friar,

with a jeering smile, "may I ask of your wisdom to inform my ignorance, what else are the French people but heretics?"*

"By telling you, that the majority are Roman Catholics," replied Sandoval. "I presume I am not informing you, but merely repeating what it is impossible you should be ignorant of."

"So that, according to your presumption, I am more a knave than a fool?—I am extremely obliged to you," said his Reverence with an affected bow, and then turning himself towards Doña Angela, he added with a triumphant look,

* People in Spain, before and during Napoleon's invasion, were taught to believe that those Frenchmen who were not atheists, were heretics; the conduct of the French troops under Napoleon justified this absurd accusation. But since the late holy crusade, in which a true son of St. Louis, a brother of Prince Hohenlohe, (of miracle-working notoriety,) a pious Moncey, a mistified Baron Damas, a devout Noailles, and various other saints, "*bajados del cielo à pedradas,*" descended to the earth on being stoned from heaven, as the Spanish adage goes, did not disdain to kiss the holy habit of that most formidable of all saints, the Trappist, their ideas must have undergone considerable alteration.

“ ’Tis delightful, Madam, to see how improved these young men are after a journey to France !”

While this conversation was going on, Sandoval did not neglect to tender every assistance in his power for the recovery of his beloved, in which he was effectually aided by Don Antonio, who though a weak man, and easily influenced by others, was very much attached to his daughter, who was his only child. At last, by dint of applications, chafing, and other remedies, they succeeded in recalling her to herself ; and Sandoval, who had been watching with great anxiety the moment of her recovery, on perceiving her lips quiver, and her bosom heave, dropped one knee on the ground, and clasping her hand in his, pressed it to his burning lips. Gabriela suddenly opened her large dark eyes ; but yet unconscious of what was passing, she cast a vacant stare around the room, as if to collect her senses, rubbed her temples with her disengaged hand, and drew a long sigh. At these evident signs of restored animation, Sandoval’s tears flowed profusely on the hand which he still held

to his lips, and she now, feeling the burning drops, looked down on him, and suddenly disengaging herself from his clasp, threw her arms round his neck, and burst into a flood of tears.

This affecting scene did not fail to excite Don Antonio's sympathy, and even to soften a little the severity of Doña Angela herself. The servants themselves, as they stood looking on, rubbed their eyes with their aprons, and participated in those delightful feelings, to which the indulgence of all compassionate impulses gives rise. But not so the friar, who a total stranger to all social affection, and free from human ties, being attached to society only by the selfish comforts he derived from it, walked about, unmoved at this sight, smoking his cigar, and from time to time casting a look of scorn on the interesting group.

At this conjuncture the *Comisario Regio*,* of

* A sort of judge created by Ferdinand, to try alleged political offences, or rather to persecute to utter destruction the enlightened and patriotic men who had replaced him on the throne.

Logroño, Don Aniceto Artimaña, was announced, and in walked a man of low stature, dressed in a rich gold embroidered coat, decorated with the grand cross of Charles III, white kerseymere pantaloons, hessian boots with gold fringe and tassels, a gold-laced cocked hat under his left arm, and a cane with a gold top in his right hand. Unfortunately, all this finery could not conceal a look of marked ferocity, and features as coarse and vulgar as they were disgustingly deformed. Eyes of a greenish colour, sunken into the head, and so concealed by the bushy eye-brows which overhung them, that only a twinkling, resembling the glimmerings of a light burning in a deep dark dungeon was observed ; a nose which, by some unlucky accident in his boyhood, had been so completely flattened on his face, that it was impossible to discern either nostrils or bridge ; thick projecting lips of a mulberry hue, shewing through them a set of large, half broken, blackened, irregular teeth ; and a chin which instead of being, like most human chins, dimpled and nicely rounded,

slanted off so suddenly from the lower line of the inferior lip, that it was lost in the large straight jaws which ran considerably beyond the ears. His hair too was so fantastically arranged, that it resembled a half-dried artichoke, having some of its leaves erect, others half bent, and others hanging down.

This person, such as we have described him, was the nephew of the above Reverend Father, though it was whispered by some that he was his son; be this as it might, any one could have sworn that he was a man of low extraction, and of no education whatever; and all the world knew, that he had been raised to the important post he enjoyed by his uncle's exertions and intrigues. As all that was required to perform well the duties of his situation, was a violent hatred of liberal principles, and the complete absence of every feeling of integrity, justice, and humanity, Artimaña acquitted himself of his office with considerable success. His natural ferocity, joined to the low and depraved propensities, and the deep hypocrisy, which he had ac-

quired in the cloister, where he had served in an inferior situation, rendered him one of the most useful members of the body of commissioners, and the dread of every upright and honourable man in Logroño, and the country around. Wherever he appeared, his presence produced that chilling sentiment of horror which is felt at the approach of the Inquisitor General, or a man familiar with deeds of blood; but as he had the art of concealing the dark side of his character to those before whom it was his interest to appear quite the reverse of what he really was, he had succeeded in impressing Don Antonio and his wife with the notion, that he was one of the best men breathing, and accordingly was always received by them with every mark of respect.

As soon as he entered the room, the two lovers were left to themselves to talk over their own sorrows, while all the rest went towards Artimaña, to give him a suitable reception. "What a day is this for me!" exclaimed the unhappy Sandoval, gently pressing Gabriela's

hand, “ little did I expect when I quitted France to return to my home, that I should find it deserted by the only parent left to me, and that your own would add bitterness to my other disappointments ! Alas ! I fancied that all my dangers and troubles being now over, I might confidently hope that those plans of happiness, so long and fondly cherished, would be at last realized,—but how delusive was that hope !—how cruel—how bitter my disappointment !”

“ I fear,” said Gabriela, endeavouring to suppress the tears that started from her fine dark eyes, “ our misfortunes will not stop here. My mother has peremptorily ordered me to think no more of such a union, declaring that she will never consent to an alliance between her family and that of a liberal. And—I shudder to think of it,—she has given me to understand that I must be prepared to receive the hand of another.”

“ By heavens ! not while I live,” exclaimed

Sandoval with animation, "or she shall raise your nuptial couch over my tomb!"

"Nor while I breathe," cried Gabriela, clasping both his hands in hers, "sooner than fail in my promised faith, I vow to thee, Calisto, the grave shall close over me!"

The emotion with which she pronounced these words, which manifested the warmth and sincerity of her attachment, threw Sandoval into a sort of ecstasy—"My angel," he exclaimed, pressing her hand to his heart, "what need I fear now? What great misfortunes does an adverse fortune keep in store for me which I shall not overcome by the assurance of an affection so pure and disinterested, of a fidelity so lasting and sincere?"

"Rely on both," said Gabriela fervently, "the day that my affection and fidelity shall cease to exist, on that day the knell shall toll that warns my spirit into eternity. Let my mother, aided by those two monsters in human form, exert her severity in a thousand ways,

still shall I be true to my promised faith. Only be you true to your's, and I shall think lightly of all my troubles.—But," added she, drawing secretly from her bosom a letter which she put into his hand, "here is a trust your father left with me. Its contents will inform you of the cause of his departure. Follow his injunctions, for they interest me, and they interest your country. As a dutiful son, as the lover of your country, and of your Gabriela, you are bound to follow them strictly; but I need not exhort you to do it, I know you will."

At this moment their attention was called to Artimaña, who, on his uncle enquiring the news of the day, replied that one of the principal topics of conversation in the town was the public sale of Don Fabricio Sandoval's property,—"which," added he, "I am of opinion will fetch a good sum, as I understand the number of bidders is very great, which is always the case when the property of these enemies of God and the throne is put to sale. The fact is, people feel confident in the stability of our go-

vernment, and are anxious to shew their approbation of those wise measures by embarking their capitals in such speculations. Besides, as part of the funds raised through them go towards keeping up the splendour of the altar, God will continue his protection to our pious King, and his legitimate government."

Sandoval, who heard his excellent father thus abused, started up from his seat, and walking towards Artimaña—"Sir," said he, addressing him, "I am ignorant of my father's crimes, though I suspect they are such only in the eyes of the ruling faction; but surely there cannot be either justice or wisdom in those measures, so highly lauded by you, which visit the faults of the father on his progeny. If he ever had committed a crime, I see no justice in his children being reduced to beggary, when they have done their duty to their king and their country."

"Of all the wise laws which have come under my knowledge," cried his Reverence, "none appears to me more befitting the present depraved times than that by which children are

included in the punishment of their parents; for it is an observation we have an opportunity of making every day," (casting a significant look at Sandoval) "that when the father is bad, the child is worse."

"And be pleased to observe too," said Artimaña, raising his bloated hand, and extending its fore-finger, "that the fact of such a law emanating from the throne, precludes the possibility of its being unjust."

"A very just observation," remarked the friar instantly, "and one that ought to be engraven in letters of gold on all the corners of the streets to remind the people of their duties as loyal subjects."

Sandoval's lips quivered with passion; but Gabriela, alarmed at the consequences, had placed herself by his side, and softly whispered to him—"For God's sake, Calisto, do not give way to your indignation, or you are a lost man." On this he immediately snatched up his hat, and casting a fiery glance at the uncle and nephew, retired.

“So,” said the latter, when Sandoval left them thus abruptly, “that is the eldest and favourite son of Don Fabricio Sandoval? ’Tis no wonder, then, he should be so lost to loyalty and religion. And yet, he will expect lenity, or perhaps even a recompense at the hands of those whom he outrages by a conduct truly revolutionary? He may think himself fortunate if, like his father, he escapes the avenging sword of the law. Not that I should wish to do him any harm, God forbid! My own feelings have never allowed me to be the instrument in the ruin of any of my fellow-beings, although the duties of my station imperiously impose upon me the necessity of denouncing to justice those, who, like him, tread under foot the laws enacted by our beloved sovereign.”

“For God’s sake,” exclaimed the alarmed Gabriela, who guessed the import of these words, “consider his youth, and the severe trials he has been put to within these last few hours. It is natural he should feel irritated at hearing so much abuse poured on his father, and it would

be the height of inhumanity to make him responsible for words uttered under such appalling circumstances.”

“And what becomes then of the so much vaunted *philosophy* of the liberals, my lady?” asked his Reverence, laying a strong emphasis on that dreaded word; “were he a truly orthodox Catholic, and not a *philosopher*, I suspect he would have shewn a little more resignation, and less pride and impiety.”

“Do you hear that?” asked the mother with an imperious nod, “and will you still have an oar in the boat* for him? I have told you more than once that all your encomiums will be of no avail, and that your hopes must be entirely relinquished, if you do not wish to become as criminal as himself.”

“But my dear mother, you yourself cannot think of violating the solemn promises we all

* The Spanish phrase is *meter cucharada*, literally to put in her spoon.

have made to him?" said Gabriela, endeavouring to clasp her hand.

"Don't talk of promises," said Doña Angela, pushing her hand off, "besides, when they were made he was a Catholic, and now he is worse than a heretic, he is a *philosopher*. So let me hear no more of him."

"What proofs have we to believe he is not a—"

"Now, now, you disobedient prattler, that's enough," said the mother, stopping Gabriela's mouth, "I want none of your queries."

"My dear Doña Angela," said Artimaña, with an affected compassion, "allow her to speak. Obstinacy is often remedied by discussion, and I have no doubt your reasons would soon convince her."

"You are too good, Señor Artimaña, to take her part as you always do; but she ill requites your kindness. For my part I do not choose to encourage her obstinacy by arguments. She shall subscribe to my will, whether she pleases

or not. I am her mother, and have a right to exact obedience, and that's enough."

"Severity is sometimes requisite," said the monk, drawing the cowl over his shaven crown ; after which he made his bow to the family, and retired in company with his nephew Artimaña.

CHAPTER VIII.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

DR. SEWELL.

LEAVING the worthy pair, uncle and nephew, to go their own ways, we shall follow Sandoval out of Don Antonio's house. The agitated state of mind in which he left it may easily be conceived. The cruel reception he had met from Gabriela's parents, the fatal news of their intention respecting her, the dread of the infernal machinations of the above-mentioned uncle and nephew to which she was exposed, the chilling consciousness of knowing that he himself was in their power, and the additional pang of learning that he was completely ruined by the sale of his father's property, all rushed into his

brain at the same time, and kept it in a state of fermentation, which the recollection of Gabriela's words alone could sooth and qualify in some little degree. To them, therefore, he recurred as often as they gave way to the intruding sentiments of grief, which still kept the ascendancy.

Meantime, he pursued his way with wandering steps till he came to a secluded walk along the city ramparts, where, finding himself alone and unobserved, he drew from his pocket his father's letter, and read as follows :—

“ MY BELOVED CALISTO,

“ When your faithful Gabriela delivers this into your hands, I shall probably be a fugitive in that country, against whose children we have been waging an exterminating war, to rescue a tyrant who now rewards our toils and sacrifices with banishment, fetters, and death! There must your unfortunate father weep alone over the evils which afflict his beloved country, and lament (without the cheering prospect of remedying it) the cruel oppression which compels

him to be separated from all his heart holds dear. But let not this thought torment you, I am less to be pitied than you, my poor boy. What melancholy changes will meet your eyes wherever you chance to turn them? How will you bear so many bitter disappointments, and meet the new dangers by which you will be surrounded? Yet you must, my dear Calisto, your father, nay your country requires it. You have her wrongs to avenge. To fight her domestic tyrants is a no less imperious duty for a virtuous citizen, than to combat her foreign ones. You did this, you must now do the other. Oh! had not old age frozen the vigour of youth, with what delight I would show you the way to your country's deliverance! But since that consolation is not permitted me, listen to what I have to say and follow my instructions literally.

“ Not far from the city bridge, after crossing it, you will observe on the right-hand a small fisherman's hut, situated near the banks of the river. There lives in disguise a friend of mine,

who passes under the name of Anselmo; to him you must present yourself, and shew this letter. He has instructions from me to furnish you with whatever sums of money you may want. Listen to his advice, for he is a man no less prudent than enlightened. He will be a second father to you. We have known each other long, and I have the greatest esteem for him. Younger and more enterprising than myself, he prefers serving his country, at the hazard of his life, to becoming an exile; for he, too, like your father, has forfeited it for having sacrificed himself to the despot who proscribed us. As I am convinced the similarity of situations and ideas will link you in the closest bonds of friendship, I have only to add on this subject, that since I, with a thousand others, am become a victim for performing the duties of a good citizen, and a lover of his country, you will always keep in mind the injuries thus heaped upon me and her, and endeavour to avenge them.

“I cannot express the grief I feel at that breach of faith and friendship upon the part of Ga-

briela's parents, which affects both you and her. The pain which you both must experience at the prolonged postponement of your anxiously expected happiness, I myself feel as deeply as either you or she can do. Were it in my power to purchase it with my life, it should not long be deferred ; but no sacrifice of mine, short of that of my principles, would satisfy the misguided Doña Angela, and her good-natured, but weak-minded husband ; and that, neither you nor Gabriela would ever exact from me. But do not lose all hope, things cannot continue long as they are, and the day so much wished for by us all may yet come sooner than we expect. Love her then as you have hitherto done ; for she is worthy of you, and she will return your affection with a constancy of which she alone is capable, and in spite of all the machinations that your enemies and her's may contrive to render you hateful to each other.

“One word more I would fain add ; but it tears my heart to think of it. It is of all my misfortunes, the most cruel and severe. That son,

against whose virtues and integrity I have nothing to say, and whose firm, intrepid, and independent spirit I have always admired; but whose mind, warped by some fatal prejudice of boyhood, leads him on in a path trodden only by knaves and fools, perseveres in entailing disgrace on my name, and grief and sorrow on my grey hairs, by adhering to a faction that exists only by rapine, injustice, and oppression. All that argument and reason could urge, all that prayer and entreaty could do, was tried by me to reclaim him from a situation which would throw a stain, even on a wicked man's reputation; but all failed; his obstinacy was invincible.— 'To betray his God and his King,' as he termed the separation from his party, was not in his power; and I had the grief to part from him without even a distant hope of seeing him restored to honour and his country. It grieves my soul to think, that a son of mine should be so blinded by prejudice, as not to see the injustice and ingratitude of the ruling tyrant's conduct, and his country's misfortunes. My male-

diction should have fallen on his head, were I not persuaded that the curses of fathers only serve to urge children on to their ruin, and that far from being reclaimed by such a step, it renders them more desperate in the course they have adopted. Fermin is sincere, and I love him, because the errors of his mind do not extend their baneful influence to the virtues of his heart. Try all you can to convince him of them. It will be the greatest consolation, amidst the troubles by which I am beset, to hear that he espouses the cause of his country.

“Adieu, my beloved son, and may all your patriotic efforts meet with the success they deserve, that thy father may once more, before he closes his eyes on the light of this world, clasp thee in his arms. Adieu and receive the affectionate blessing of thy father—FABRICIO.”

The perusal of this letter caused Sandoval's tears to flow abundantly. It presented such a true picture of his father's excellent heart, and of the sorrows by which he was afflicted, that

the idea of his mourning, forlorn and unheeded, in a foreign country, uncertain of the duration of his exile, naturally recurred to his mind with increased force. Did he but know the place of his residence, he would willingly become an exile himself, to be the partner of his sorrows, and the comforter of his latter days; but the uncertainty of his destination was a check to his filial devotion; and he resolved, in the utter impossibility of joining his father, faithfully to follow all his injunctions, were he even to fall a victim in the attempt

There was in these resolutions, and even in his father's letter something so soothing, that he felt as if a heavy weight had been removed from his heart; and, as it was now growing dark, he proceeded more calmly to the Meson del Angel, to which he had sent Roque, and which was one of the best hotels in Logroño.

Here he found his servant waiting impatiently for him, and casting his longing eyes towards a table which stood in a corner of the kitchen, and which presented a truly rejoicing spectacle; a

huge soup-dish overflowing with rich broth from the *olla*, the contents of which were also displayed in various dishes, as well as a good sized roasted kid, a large turkey, fowls, and rabbits made into ragouts, dishes of eggs and ham, sausages and omelets, and abundance of vegetables, fruits of various descriptions, and large jugs of wine. The table was beset by as substantial a set of men, as the victuals under which it groaned; thick set strong built arrieros, from the surrounding provinces, who were going with their various productions to the fair of Santo Domingo de la Calzada; wealthy farmers, traders, horse and mule dealers, graziers, &c., all assembled there for the same purpose as the former, and all of them having well-furnished pouches, and no aversion to the good things of this world.

“ Thank God !” exclaimed Roque to himself, as soon as he perceived his master. “ Here he comes alive—I was afraid he might have jumped into the Ebro, so wild were his looks when he left me.”

“How is this, Roque?” inquired his master, surprised at seeing that he did not partake of the inviting supper, “have you lost your appetite, or is this a fast-day with you, that you don’t join those good fellows? and that, too, after having fasted all the day?”

“It is not for want of an appetite,” replied Roque, “nor that I fast to-day, or any other day; for, as you know very well, the church makes an exception in our favour, for fighting and fasting almost every day of our lives; but I heard you say that you had no longer a home, and I was afraid you might be without money too, and, thought I to myself, it don’t become me to eat what my master himself may stand in need of. Neither would I accept the invitation of those gentlemen; because, what would the world say if they knew that Roque, Don Calisto Sandoval’s servant, had sat down to eat a charity dinner? It would have been a dishonour to your name, and consequently to mine; so that I chose to fast, as I have done

many a time before now, rather than be indebted to any man's kindness."

"You are a good-hearted fellow, Roque," said his master, "and a true Castilian into the bargain ; but go and join them ; for though it is true I have no home, I am not yet so destitute as to want a few pieces to pay for your dinner."

Having thus dismissed his servant, he beckoned to the landlady, a brisk, bustling, pretty young woman, who advanced towards him, dropping gracious bows, and welcoming him warmly to her house. "Let me conduct you to the room, where you will meet with suitable company, my dear Sir," added she, her lively eyes becoming still more animated when she discovered she had got in her house a really handsome fellow ; "but perhaps you prefer first seeing your bed-room, and securing a bed?— This way then, Captain, along this corridor— take care you don't spoil your hat against those hams, or the sausages yonder ; for, as our house

has got such an excellent name, travellers of all descriptions flock here to be entertained in such numbers, that we are obliged to hang up our hams and sausages, black puddings, and tongues, cheeses and cecinas, anywhere we can, for as you may suppose there is a good demand for them. But now this is the room," added the loquacious landlady, shewing him into a long apartment containing seven or eight beds, arranged like those in an hospital against the side wall. "Allow me to assist you in pulling off your surtout, that you may lay it on either of these two beds, to mark your berth, for the rest are already taken."

"I should prefer having a room to myself," said Sandoval, "if there be one unoccupied."

"But there is none," replied she, "except one, which I would not let you have for all the world."

"Why so?" enquired Sandoval.

"Because it communicates with mine, and you are too handsome a man to have you near me; for, you know, we are all prone to fall

into temptation, and 'tis better avoided ; besides, my husband is on a journey that will keep him absent at least four days yet, and what would the other folks say if they knew you slept there ?”

“ But some one must,” said Sandoval, “ and I promise you to sacrifice to the pleasure of being by myself, any of those temptations which so much alarm your conscience.”

“ Ah !” exclaimed she, shaking her head significantly, “ there are no Josephs now-a-days, and much less in the shape of young Captains.”

Sandoval laughingly assured her, that if she would not believe in his being absolutely a Joseph, she should have no cause to complain, if she would allow him to become her neighbour ; but unable to prevail upon her, he took possession of one of the beds, and afterwards proceeded in her company to a saloon on the ground floor, which communicated with the garden, and where a table d'hôte was spreading out for the supper of the assembled travellers,

some of whom sat close to the glass door, which opened into the garden; others on the stone steps, and the rest on the benches placed under some of the trees. The company consisted of various descriptions of people, forming different groups, some young men, sons of mayorazgos, who were on their way to the fair of Santo Domingo, not on business, but pleasure, were sitting round two or three ladies, one of whom seemed to monopolize a good deal of the conversation, and who, although by no means in the spring of her years, still possessed many personal attractions, joined to great vivacity of manners, and a playfulness of wit, which kept up a succession of mirth and harmony through the circle of admirers. Further on was another group, listening to a lady and a gentleman, who were singing a duo, accompanying themselves on guitars. On another bench sat two grave priests, and some elderly people, enveloped in the smoke of their cigars, conversing on the events of the day, while here and there was seen a fugitive individual, sauntering from one

place to another, to catch the cream and substance of the conversation.

As Sandoval approached towards the glass door, he was accosted by a diminutive fellow, with toad-like eyes, starting from their sockets, aquiline nose, and sharp chin, who introduced himself to the Captain, by complimenting him on the noble appearance of his person, and his gentlemanly look, and then, as if his compliments entitled him to a knowledge of all the circumstances of Sandoval's life, he enquired his name, birth, place, parentage, where he came from, and where he was going to.—“And, pray,” cried Sandoval, staring at the little fellow, “what an I to expect for confiding to you all my secrets?”

“I'll tell you in return the life and deeds of all the people present,” replied the little man.

“Well, then, my little Cleofas, begin you first, by informing me, who that lady is, who makes so merry in that group of young men,” said our hero.

“Ah! Sir, she is a most wonderful crea-

ture!" said he, trying to whisper it into Sandoval's ear,—“but you are so tall, that I can hardly reach your ear. Come and sit down in that corner of the room, and I'll tell you all about her.”

Sandoval complied with this reasonable request of this modern *diablo cojuelo*,* and inclined his head to be better able to hear what he had to communicate.

“Well! Sir, as I was saying, she is a most wonderful woman! and I assure you I should not wish for better fortune than having her for my wife. Her name is Doña Susana Gazmoña, though, by the bye, I should say her christian name was not given her on account of her invincible virtue, very far from it:—but let that pass. She has just arrived from Madrid, and is going to Calahorra, bringing away the office of Intendant of that district for her husband, who was only first clerk in the Intendancy of that city. Imagine, Sir, how wonderful her

* Devil upon two sticks.

powers of pleasing must be, when in less than two months at court, and without any pecuniary sacrifice, she obtained a situation which would have cost the cleverest and best patronized man in Spain three thousand hard dollars, and two years' smiling, bowing, and scraping in the minister's ante-chamber. But the fact is, Sir, that she is one of those bewitching creatures who will do more in one night than any man would in a month, simply because she has such an amiable disposition, that no human soul can part from her without being enchanted. Besides, she is so well acquainted with the world, that there was neither cat nor dog in the minister's office, with whom she did not make friends, and joke. The moment she arrived at the capital, she went straight to the minister's office, and declared she could not state her case to his Excellency before so many gentlemen as attended his public audiences; for she could not help blushing, and begged his Excellency might grant her a private hearing. Macanaz, who was not born with a heart flinty enough to

refuse the prayers of such modest petitioners, gratified her in this ; and the porters, who know more asleep than many awake, or, as the phrase goes, who smelt the musk at one league's distance, as soon as they saw her appear, saluted her with a smile, and what is still more extraordinary, sometimes stood up as she entered. Of course, the lady was immediately ushered into his Excellency's private cabinet, and the poor devils who had been in the saloon cooling their heels, ever since twelve in the morning, might have still continued that occupation till night, or else put their petitions in their pockets and walked off ; because his Excellency had a great deal to do ! Faith ! not many weeks elapsed before she succeeded in throwing the Intendant, who was accused of liberalism, off his saddle, and getting her husband into his place, to the great disappointment of the treasurer, the chief accountant, the cashier, and every other candidate ready to pounce on that situation. At the news of the nomination of such a man, we were all struck

dumb; for, knowing as we did his incapacity, we saw, as in clear water, that the situation had not been given to him, but to his wife. Ah, Sir, she is a wonderful woman!"

As Sandoval found his little man so communicative, and well informed in the private history of his fellow travellers, he now asked him, who was another lady, who sat by herself so mournfully in a corner, with a countenance, though overcast with melancholy, still exceedingly interesting.

"Why, between you and me," he replied, "she is one of those poor conscientiously foolish women, whose extravagant ideas of virtue have brought ruin and misery on her whole family. Her husband, who had about as much brain as herself, held an office under the minister of finance, who thought proper to honour their house with a visit. No sooner, however, did the husband discover the intentions of his Excellency, than, unmindful of the respect due to the high station of his principal, desired his servants to give him a *not at home* whenever he

should call. The minister, naturally felt highly offended at this liberty, and dismissed him from his office; but still continued to honour his wife with his visits. The foolish husband, however, instead of adopting the proper conciliating course, as became one who had everything to lose, chose to shew off his airs, and requested his Excellency to discontinue his visits. Of course this fresh insult only aggravated his Excellency's displeasure, and he had him taken before that newly invented and admirable commission called the Tribunal, for vagabonds; and as it was there proved beyond all doubt, that he had no office, pension, or income, he was very justly condemned to ten years in the galleys; and when the first convoy which conducted the galley slaves to their destination sailed, he was tied to one of his fellow slaves, and marched off, in spite of his tears and those of his wife. His Excellency, however, always generous and forgiving, now renewed his visits to her house; but the lady, instead of having learnt something by experience, persisted in playing off the Roman matron's part,

and obstinately refused to comply with his Excellency's wishes, till at last, losing patience, he was compelled to have her banished from Madrid, where she might find too much protection from her friends; and now she is returning to Tudela of Navarre, her native place, to live there under the surveillance of the police. For my part, I think her too much of a fool to merit the pity of any one; for what other woman in Spain would have allowed such a fine opportunity to have slipped through her fingers, or not have thought it her duty to forward the interests of her husband?—But the fact is, that both her husband and herself are liberals."

"And is that the way the offices under government are obtained and lost at court in our days?" exclaimed Sandoval, surprised and indignant at such scandalous proceedings, and no less so at the vein of the narrator.

"What other way, then, should you wish, pray?" enquired the little man, seemingly no less surprised at Sandoval's exclamation.

"Shame on you!" replied Sandoval, "and

on every Spaniard who puts up with such infamous abuses !” .

“ I’ll tell you what, Sir,” said the little man, rising from his chair, and strutting before him with the importance of a little bantam cock, “ I presume, that when the king, our lord, has chosen those gentlemen as his ministers, it behoves every Spaniard, and *you* among the number, to respect their acts, and applaud their deeds, be they what they may.”

Sandoval, who had very different notions of the duties of a citizen from those of the little man, was on the point of giving him one of his own sharp replies, when his eyes caught those of the landlady, who was beckoning to him rather mysteriously,—“ That may be your opinion,” said he checking himself ; “ but all men do not think alike, you know, friend Cleofas.”—Then rising from his seat, walked away towards the landlady, to learn the reason of her signs.

“ Friend Cleofas,” muttered the little man to himself, “ I shall certainly be a Cleofas in discovering who you are, I promise you.”

“ Well, my pretty hostess, what have you to communicate now ?” enquired Sandoval of the landlady.

“ Do you know the man to whom you were speaking ?” she asked.

“ Not I,” answered Sandoval, “ but I suspect him to be an unprincipled villain, who has neither shame, nor cunning enough to conceal what he is.”

“ Then you had better be on your guard ; for he is an agent of the police, whom we are compelled to receive, and who comes to spy into what is going forward, and listen to the conversation of the travellers who alight here, for the purpose of reporting it afterwards to his employers.”

“ That accounts for his knowing so well their private history,” said Sandoval. “ Thank you for your hint, I shall henceforth be a little more cautious.”

Caution indeed was a virtue highly requisite at that epoch, though by no means a distinguishing trait in Sandoval’s character ; but being aware

that his situation was particularly critical, he resolved to put a seal on his lips, however monstrous and irritating the propositions which any one chose to advance might be, "For," said he to himself, "by giving vent to my indignation, I lay myself open to their suspicions, and endanger my personal liberty, without benefiting the cause I wish to defend."

"Ladies and gentlemen," cried the landlady, "supper is on the table; pray take your seats;" and then laying hold of Sandoval's arm, she went towards the table, and sat down at one extremity before a roasted turkey, requesting her favourite to place himself on her right-hand. The honorary seats of the middle were occupied by the ladies; and at the other extremity of the table, before a huge beef stew, presided one of the grave priests already mentioned, who administered his *bénédicté* with becoming gravity. The table was covered with good cheer, to which all the elements had contributed their share, there being game and fish, vegetables and fruits of all descriptions, in abundance, and dressed in

various ways. The good old wines of the province, too, circulated briskly, and soon set people's brains in motion. Of course the young men, who sat between the ladies, were all attention and politeness, while the fair ones flirted with every one within reach of sweet words or ogles, who was not under fourteen, or above seventy.

“Señora Intendenta,”* cried Sandoval, “your Señoria† is so numerously guarded, and well attended, that I am afraid you are inaccessible, and I shall not be able to prevail on you to taste some of this hare, which is particularly recommended by our hostess.”

“Why, Captain,” replied her Señoria, “though I certainly am well guarded, I suspect, I am not impregnable, particularly to your attacks; and although I intended to taste some of these fried capsicums that are before me—a

* Ladies in Spain are generally addressed by their husband's titles, but the name of the office must be changed into the feminine gender to suit their sex.

† A title between worship and lordship given to the Intendants.

dish, which by the bye, I have not tasted since my departure from Rioja to the capital, and which may be considered as indigenous to our province—to shew you how much I prize your flattering attention, I'll change my mind and accept part of a leg."

"No unusual thing with your sex," said peevishly a young man, who had been her cortejo* during the greatest part of the day; "and I would not vouch any more for a woman's inclinations, than for the reality of our landlady's hare, as God only knows, whether it be not a hare of the tiles."

"Why don't you set it down at once for a young ass," replied sharply the landlady; "it might then have a better chance of your acquaintance."

This observation, which excited a good deal of mirth, was thought very apropos, particularly by those who had been his unsuccessful rivals, and perfectly silenced, for the rest of the

* A beau.

night, the young man, who, within his own mind, had predetermined to be the wittiest man at table, at least during supper time.

“Your Señoria must feel very keenly the want of many of the delicacies you enjoyed at Madrid,” said a sharp looking fellow, who sat opposite the Intendenta.

“I assure you I do,” said she affectedly, “particularly after having attended so many of the entertainments given by the *Grandeza*,* and above all, those delicious *soupers* of that unrivalled actor Maïquez, where I had the honour to meet our gracious monarch for the first time.”

“What does your Señoria think of his majesty’s personal charms?” enquired the little spy, who occupied a corner of the table. “Don’t you think him a handsome, noble-looking man?”

“I was particularly struck with his countenance,” replied she, “there is something about it very majestic. Whether we look at each fea-

* The body of grandees is so denominated.

ture of his countenance individually, or as forming a *tout ensemble*, we shall be obliged to confess that there are few men in Spain more handsome than he. All is charming in his countenance—a retreating forehead, like that of his august ancestors, an exquisitely aquiline nose, bending over a mouth, which though somewhat irregular, is not without its charms; then those discoloured cheeks of his, which impress his physiognomy with a certain interesting air of melancholy, and his large square chin and long straight jaws, which I have always considered points of beauty in a man, are irresistible accomplishments, and I am sure no woman can behold them without mingled feelings of awe and tenderness.”*

* The disciples of Lavater will learn with pleasure, that the best portrait of Ferdinand VII. has been found in an excellently preserved medal of Nero. The likeness was so striking, that it was observed by every one who saw it. Its possessor, however, is now paying for having exhibited it, with other curiosities, during the time of the Constitution; an information having been filed against him, since the late restoration of the king to his absolute power, on the ground

At the beauty of this sketch, Sandoval felt a strong inclination to laugh outright; but as there is no accounting for tastes in physiognomical matters, he contented himself with observing, with a smile, that he was inclined to think many of the peculiar beauties enumerated by her Señoria, must derive their principal merit from royalty.

“ To his physiognomical accomplishments,” continued the Intendenta, “ must be added the higher beauties of the mind. There was a wit and a delicacy, both in the ideas and expressions of all his majesty uttered, quite different from what others said, though there were some of the wittiest noblemen in the room at the time I speak of. I shall never forget the night, when I had the honour to sup with him at Maïquez’s. His familiarity was enchanting, and his observa-

of his having done so with the view to assimilate Ferdinand’s character with that of the Roman tyrant. The gentleman alluded to is now an exile; and had he not fled in time from Madrid, it is probable he would have forfeited his head; which event would have given additional weight to Lavater’s system of physiognomy.

tions were all replete with wit and vivacity. There was a young *guardia de corps* in the room, a great favourite with our sovereign, who sung with a peculiar grace some of those smart boleras, commonly sung by the *manolos*,* and to him his majesty addressed these admirable words, which we all praised with one accord as the wittiest sally of that night. 'I say Pepe,† I'll bet you your horse, that you learned those *green* couplets at Lavapie.'‡ Nothing can be more playfully roguish, and yet more delicately said than that, the word *green* being so well adapted to express that pungency, which though biting to the tongue, is pleasing to the palate, as a *green* pickled cucumber for instance, that I defy

* A low class of people who inhabit a certain part of Madrid, from whose ranks the circus get their bull-fighters, the ladies of the higher circles their beaus, and those of the lower their bullies. In the third volume of this tale, these people are described.

† The familiar name for Joseph, the same as Joe in English.

‡ The Saint Giles's of Madrid.

the wittiest man alive to say anything more to the purpose."

The company applauded the wit of this royal sally almost as much as the Intendenta, and each commented on the word *green* separately, Sandoval excepted, who was too much amused with the fruitless efforts at ingenuity of some of the guests in finding out new meanings, to put his own invention to the rack. The conversation now shifted to another subject, to which our hero listened with greater interest, as it concerned him more immediately. "What purchases did you make at Don Fabricio Sandoval's sale?" inquired an elderly man of the canon who sat at the top of the table.

"None of any importance," he answered, "and the reason of it was, that half an hour before I went in, almost all Don Fabricio's estates had been knocked down to Don Aniceto Artimaña, he being the only bidder there at the moment they were put to sale, though afterwards the house overflowed with people."

“ It is pretty clear,” said another gentleman, “ that it was previously so arranged ; but though the house was afterwards crowded to excess, it was curiosity chiefly that attracted us there. All those whom I spoke to seemed impressed with a strong sense of the injustice and illegality of the sale, and would not become the spoilers of an honourable man, from whom we have only received benefits, even if the property had been offered them for nothing. This was not the case with Don Aniceto Artimaña, whose personal interests are too much identified with the existence of the present order of things, to feel scrupulous at buying estates, for which he did not deposit a real, and which will not cost him an acorn. Indeed, it was whispered about the room, that it had been agreed upon, between him and the Intendant, to refuse their sanction * to any other bidder, should their con-

* In similar public sales, both the Intendant and the Commissioner of Finance have the power to refuse giving their sanction to the sale, which they are sure to do, if it interfered with their interests, and this small inconvenience is thought by many a sufficient reason for not becoming bidders on such occasions.

trivance fail; but they need not have feared that, as it would have been dangerous for any man to show he had large sums of money in his possession, and still more dangerous to have deposited them in their hands, consequently none of those who might on this occasion have been willing to become purchasers would then step forward."

"Do you recollect," inquired the other gentleman, "for what sum Don Fabricio's principal estate on the banks of the Ebro was knocked down?"

"For a trifle," replied he, "for half a million of reals,* which I am sure is no more than what the estate produces annually. But had the sale been at the full value of the estate, it would have been all one; the public treasury would not have become richer than it will now; for 'tis all a farce, and that is the truth of the story."

The little spy did not allow one word of this

* Five thousand pounds.

precious conversation to be lost. He took notes of it as slyly as possible in a pocket-book, which he held on his lap, and which 'was' concealed from his neighbours by the table, while to them he appeared dozing, and altogether heedless of what the speaker said.

After some other observations from the priests who were present, in favour of the measures of government, and some replies from those who disapproved of them, grace was said, and the whole party rose from table, and, like a community of monks, retired at the same time to bed.

As on that night the house was particularly full, and all the private chambers were previously occupied, three of the travelling fair ones were obliged to sleep in the long room, a circumstance not at all uncommon in Spanish inns. To obviate the inconveniencies that might result from eight persons of both sexes undressing in the same room, the single lamp which hung in the middle of the chamber, and which shed a faint glimmering around, was, according

to custom, put out just when both ladies and gentlemen had disencumbered themselves of their very exterior habiliments, leaving them in the dark to complete their undress ; a plan to which, as good travellers, they all seemed pretty well used.

A ludicrous occurrence, however, took place in the course of the night, which we shall attempt to describe to our readers, only to show the inconvenience of a long room with more beds than one. About midnight, our friend the canon, who had left the apartment a little time previous, on his return, (whether wilfully or by mistake, we are unable to say,) jumped into the bed of the Intendenta, who, startled by the unexpected weight that fell on her, imagined in her drowsy fright that the beams of the ceiling were coming down, and screamed out so lustily, that the canon thought it more prudent to remove himself to another bed. Unfortunately for him, the one he came to next was also occupied by a female traveller, who, awakened by the shrieks of the Intendenta,

was sitting up in her bed, half dying with fright, though fully determined to defend herself to the last, should the attack extend so far as her bed, when this strange body came in contact with her's. As she held her hands in readiness, and he fell with his head foremost, her nails fastened on his face, and she inflicted some deep gashes upon the fleshy part of it, his natural wig, also, suffering considerable injury in the scuffle, while he, anxious only to be released from the grasp of this tigress, who kept him fast by the neck, strove to get away by most ungallantly returning her favours by sundry cuffs and buffetings, till he succeeded in disengaging himself from her hold. Meantime, her shrieks raised the cry of "light, light!" in the room; at which our canon, afraid of being discovered, leapt, like a grasshopper, from bed to bed, bruising and frightening every inmate, till, reaching his own, he got in, and lay very snugly, though not in any condition to enjoy the confusion he had thus raised.

When the light came, all the travellers were seen sitting up in their respective beds, with a different expression of countenance ; some manifesting affright, others eager curiosity, and the more distant a malicious look of suspicion. One lady, however, was missing ; but after a strict search, she was found under her own bed, trembling like an aspen leaf with terror and dismay. She was the same who had fought it out so bravely with the canon, and who, notwithstanding her success, had taken refuge there to avoid a second engagement ; but as her antagonist had so well escaped detection, and no one avowed himself the author of this uproar, the majority of her chamber companions, suspecting some intrigue in the case, began reproving her most severely for what they called her impropriety, particularly the canon, who shewed his scratched face in token of the sufferings he had undergone in the cause of virtue.

The lady protested, with tears in her eyes, to heaven and earth, that she was innocent, and

that, far from having assaulted any one in the room, she had herself been most inhumanly beaten; but she was not to be believed upon her bare assertion; for, as the canon said, "It was enough she was the wife of a liberal to be prone to mischief, which his face could prove." At last the generous Sandoval, who read her innocence in her distress, resolved to take the blame upon himself, and assured the party, that they were wrong in their suspicions; for, that he alone had caused the uproar, having had occasion to go out, and mistaken another bed for his own on his return. This explanation, though far from satisfying the majority, had the effect of putting an end to their reprimands, if it did not actually restore their opinion of the lady's virtue; but the Intendenta told him she would never forgive him for his rude conduct to herself.

CHAPTER IX.

O L——d ! thou kens what zeal I bear,
 When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
 And singin' here, and dancin' there,
 Wi' great an' sma' ;
 But I am keepit by thy fear,
 Frae 'mang them a' !

But yet, O L——d ! confess I must,
 At times I am fash'd wi' fleshly lust,
 An' sometimes too in worldly trust,
 Vile self gets in ;
 But thou remembers we are dust
 Deil'd in sin,

BURNS.

WHILST our hero tries to make up for the time lost, by the interruption caused by the canon, it may not be amiss to shift the scene to the Dominican convent, whither the father confessor, and his nephew Artimaña directed their steps soon after leaving Don Antonio's house.

The religious gloom of the long cloisters, lighted at intervals by oil lamps, whose light revealed on the walls the atrocious deeds of the great founder of the order, represented on the various pictures which decorated them, was in perfect harmony with the dark broodings of the personages who glided silently through their windings. Here was seen, painted in colours which made the figures start from the canvass, the horrific scene of slaughter which took place when that savage fanatic Castelnovo, at the head of his blood hounds, entered a Huguenot's church at Toulouse, and massacred in cold blood above two thousand individuals of all ages, sexes, and conditions, who had taken refuge within its sacred precincts. Here they were represented plunging their daggers into the breast of the terrified mother, who clasped her innocent infant in her arms—or the defenceless old man, who, kneeling with hands uplifted to heaven, resigned his spirit into those of his creator—or the weeping virgin, whose tears and innocence procured her no exemption from the

general doom—while each of the murderers held a crucifix in his left hand, and shouted in savage rapture, that his massacres were for the glory of God! Further on, the flames of the faith were seen consuming scores of human beings, and St. Dominic, seated under a rich canopy, and surrounded by his satellites, gazed on the horrific spectacle with a fiendish joy, that passed for celestial. In another picture his colleague, Castelnovo, was seen with arrogant and savage demeanor, treading on the neck of the conquered Count of Toulouse, who, dressed in his penitential habit, lay prostrate at his feet. Thus every picture that presented itself was fraught with horror and crime; and yet they all hung there, as if they were supposed to present models of conduct for the disciples of those atrocious fanatics, whom the church of Rome has canonized as saints. Is it to be wondered at, then, if these men thirst after blood, and pant after crime?

Having left behind these gloomy cloisters, the uncle and nephew mounted a handsome

stone staircase, illuminated with magnificent candelabras, and decorated with finely carved figures of saints and virgins placed in niches, which brought them to a capacious corridor, supported by a handsome colonnade, on the opposite side of which were the doors of the monks' cells. In approaching the middle of the cloister, the father drew from his pocket a key, and opened one of the doors, carefully locking it inside as they entered. They then went first into a sort of ante-room, neatly fitted up, and afterwards into a more handsome one, having all round it mahogany book-cases, with glass doors, containing well bound books, and surmounted with plaster and stone busts of learned monks. On one side of this room was a bureau of modern workmanship, with a comfortable arm-chair before it, and on the other a kind of desk, on which lay open before an ivory crucifix and two wax tapers, fixed on silver candlesticks, a large book of prayers, and at the foot of the desk a fine silk cushion for the knees. In the middle of the

room stood a round table, moving on brass wheels, on which a handsome lamp was burning. "Now, my dear Aniceto," cried the uncle, throwing both his black cloak and white habit aside, and remaining in a short jacket, black breeches, and silk stockings, "put aside your hat, sword, and cane, and let us see if there be in my covers anything to do penance upon."

He then went into an inner room, and returned loaded with a large tray, on which was a roasted capon, a small barrel of pickled oysters, a nice dried tongue, cheese, a dish of sallad, and several plates presenting pyramids of rich fruits.— "Hold up that lamp, and let me spread the table-cloth," said he, "for we must mortify ourselves comfortably. And now, if you go into the next room, you will find in the lower covers half a dozen bottles of wine; bring them all here, to add a bitter draught to our masticatory sufferings."

The nephew obeyed, and when all was ready, they both sat down to do their duty, the one, as a good monk, and the other, as an unworthy

sinner. "This is performing penance like Christians," said the nephew, with a grin, which he meant for a smile, "to eat on a Friday meat and fish, is showing that we understand the precepts of our mother church tolerably well."

"Aye," cried the monk, "had you not come to partake of it here, I should have gone to our prior's cell to do as much there; but let us moisten the capon with a bumper of Valdepeñas,* for though a dry wine in itself, it relishes well after poultry."

"With all my heart," said the nephew, "but do you know, I should drink it with greater pleasure were we now at Madrid, you as Confessor to the King, and I as Minister of Police?"

"All in due time," returned his Reverence, "we must not pull the bow-string too tight, for fear it snaps, and there may be a difficulty in mending it. The cry raised in this town at

* The Valdepeñas wine is considered in Spain as one of the best. It is grown in La Mancha, and is much in use at Madrid; but is an expensive article in the more distant provinces.

your nomination of Comisionado Regio is a pretty proof of my assertion, and had it not been for my friend Ostolaza,* who supported my claims with the king so strenuously, 'tis certain you would have continued a spy all your life. Now, however, with prudence and perseverance, we are pretty sure to succeed in climbing to the top of the wheel; but in so doing we should not forget, that when once we have got a footing, we must take care that those go down who have lent us a hand. This is a *sine qua non* among courtiers."

"That will be the least part of the difficulty," said the nephew, "let me once get to the top, and the devil himself runs a chance of cutting a caper with his head foremost."

"I believe thee, my worthy nephew," cried his Reverence, "but to change the subject—Do you know that this arrival of Don Fabricio's eldest son may be fatal to your hopes?"

* Ostolaza was, at the epoch here alluded to, the King's Confessor. His life was a tissue of villainy and immorality, so much so, that the Inquisition itself was obliged to interfere. He died in one of its cells.

“ I am inclined to think it may be so, as his presence must contribute to fan a flame which already rages too wildly in Gabriela’s bosom, to promise myself any success; and I really don’t see how we can oblige her to give her consent to our marriage, unless the young man is disposed of in some way or other.”

“ The same thought has struck me,” cried the uncle, “but stay—let us first clearly understand our object. Is Gabriela’s hand so necessary to your happiness? and should we not gain our principal point by getting possession of the old man’s property?”

“ I should be deceiving you,” replied Artimaña,” “ were I to say, that I feel for Gabriela that sort of love which involves a man’s happiness. That is a thing of which I have not the least notion; and which, therefore, I cannot feel. But her charms, Sir, her charms—that divine form of hers, that angelic countenance, those coral lips, that bosom, by heavens!—is that not worth possessing, eh?—I know that the freedom of a bachelor’s life, is by far preferable

to the ties and shackles of matrimony ; but can I hope to obtain the one without the other ? Know you not her undaunted firmness of character ?”

“ You talk like a fool, my dear nephew,” said the uncle. “ Is she the only woman who has charms ? and can you not at this moment think of a hundred who might rival her in beauty, and who would think themselves honoured by receiving your attentions ? Take my word for it,—wedlock was made for fools only. It imposes on them the disagreeable necessity of blindly subscribing to the caprices of women. It renders them the slaves of the sex, without increasing their pleasure one iota ; on the contrary, it frequently destroys it, and is attended by never ending vexations. Then come the brats,—the pretty dears ! with their cries and shrieks, their slaverings and filth, more of the charms of matrimony ! Who, in the name of Lucifer, can think of it seriously, and in his senses ?—Believe me, all we ought to be eager about, is to ensure a permanent fund, which

may furnish us with every worldly comfort ; and this I think we can obtain, by persuading Don Antonio to get Gabriela into a convent, and adopt you as his son. The old man's natural weakness and great deference to my advice, and Doña Angela's blindness for any thing I propose, will greatly facilitate the success of this plan. Thus the existence of young Sandoval, or even his residence at Logroño, can be of little importance to us; but should it prove otherwise, we can then recur to the means which happily enough are in our power."

On the uncle concluding this eulogy on matrimony, the nephew, who, as we have already remarked, had not even a suppositious father to boast of, did not altogether dislike the idea of becoming the adopted son of a man of the rank and character of Don Antonio Lanza, consequently, he not only approved his uncle's plan, but made a long panegyric upon his wisdom and foresight. After this, he expatiated on the excellent purchase which his friend the Intendant had made for him.—“ He will get half the

property," added he, "but it is no bad job to secure for ourselves the other half, without paying down a single real. But do you know, I was afraid the second son of Don Fabricio Sandoval would have put in his protest, and baffled our plans ; for he has powerful friends at court, and his well known loyalty gives him claims which could not fail to meet with attention."

"You know him not," said the monk, "if you thought he would have taken such a step. Thanks to me, I have inspired him with sufficient disinterestedness for the things of this world, that he should ever entertain such a thought. What I most dreaded from him, was his determination to secure it for his eldest brother, which I was obliged to combat with every imaginable argument. Many his fanaticism, fortunately, furnished me with, and to these he at length yielded."

While this edifying conversation lasted, the uncle and nephew had demolished the greatest part of the capon and tongue, emptied half the barrel of oysters, swallowed a great part of the

cheese and salad, made deep inroads on the fruit dishes, and did not forget the wine, of which four bottles had been already discussed. Notwithstanding this, they were on the point of uncorking the remaining two, when a knock at the outer door stopped their proceedings.—“Zounds!” exclaimed the monk, rising abruptly from table, and running to the corner of the room where he had thrown his habit, which he put on in a great hurry—“in the name of the foul fiend! who comes to disturb our meditations, and prevent us from finishing our wine? Whoever it be, I wish him at the devil.—However, kick that table into the next room,—remove those bottles,—light the tapers on my prayer-desk—and get thee gone to my bed-room, while I go through my usual farce.—Who comes at this hour of night to interrupt my prayers?” added he loud enough to be heard outside, and winking at his nephew, who retired grinning and shrugging up his shoulders into the bed room.

“Fermin Sandoval, reverend father, who

is anxious to consult you on a point of conscience."

"Curse the conscientious fool!" ejaculated his Reverence, and going towards the door, opened it, and said—"Come in, my son, I am always glad to see thee, but particularly when tormented by the world, the flesh, or the devil, thou comest to fortify thyself against their temptations. What snares have they now spread against thee, my son?"

Fermin, whose well formed features were overcast with an expression of deep melancholy, knelt and kissed his hand reverentially, "I see father," said he, "I have interrupted your devotions. You were at your prayer desk, and I, sinner that I am! who, like you, ought to have been praying to the Almighty to give me wisdom and fortitude, have been sinfully struggling against your commands, and cavilling at your good advice. Forgive me, father, if I offend you, but I must follow a different conduct towards my brother from that which you pointed out. I must see him,—I must console him,—

he is wretchedly unhappy, Reverend father, and I cannot stifle the voice of nature, nay, that of conscience. To comfort the afflicted is a christian virtue, 'tis a precept enjoined upon us by our blessed Saviour, (crossing himself.) I am sinning against it by delaying, even an instant, to offer my unhappy brother the consolation he stands so much in need of. My heart bleeds to think, that abandoned as he is by the whole world, he should be so likewise by me,—great God!” added he lifting his hands to heaven, “can'st thou demand of me such a painful sacrifice?”

“He doth,” said the monk sternly, “rebellious youth! Did he not ask a greater one from Abraham? How is your unhappy brother to be brought into the path of righteousness, if while following that of sin and guilt, he see not the finger of God marking his destruction? Wouldst thou, then, act against his express commands, and oppose thy will to his? Reflect on the enormity of such a sin—reflect, and then talk of your sacrifices.”

At these words the unfortunate Fermin, who still was kneeling at the monk's feet, seemed to shrink into the earth. "Father," he cried, wringing his hands in agony, and lifting up his large hazel eyes filled with tears, "I am a most unhappy, a most wretched being. I can find in my heart no power to withstand the cry raised there by nature and compassion. What shall I do, father, what shall I do?"

"Pray, my son, pray to God that he may give thee fortitude to bear up with these little human tribulations, and resolution sufficient to obey his sacred commands," said the monk, with a softened tone of voice, adding, after some minutes silence, during which Fermin lay with his forehead touching the ground, absorbed in prayer, "now my son, thou wilt find all the efforts of obstinacy and disobedience of no avail against thy good resolutions. May the blessing of God be with thee, for I must to my prayers, in which thou shalt not be forgotten."

"Thanks, father, thanks," said Fermin, fer-

vently kissing his hand, and immediately leaving the cell.

“Zounds!” said the monk, as Antimaia came out from his hiding place, “that bigot of a youth gives me more trouble than half-a-dozen old devotees, and pays not so well as one of them. Always teasing me with his scruples, and his conscience, and disturbing my hours of quiet and enjoyment. However, he is a useful tool in our hands, and we must have some regard for him, for were he our enemy, the resolution and firmness of his character alone would be sufficient to overturn our best concerted plans. But you have no idea how much I have laboured to mould him to my will, and induce him to act towards his father and brother as suited our views. Were it not for that superstitious awe of the church’s commands, with which from his infancy we inspired him, and which renders him the weakest of creatures in our hands, it is certain he would be quite unmanageable.”

“There is a haughtiness about him which I

do not altogether like," said the nephew ; " he pays me no deference whatever, and there is in his look something so imposing, that I actually tremble when I gaze steadily at his face."

" 'Tis a good conscience and an upright heart which give a man that look, you fool !" cried the monk sneeringly, " don't you know that ? But go into the next room, and fetch a couple of bottles of the old Santo Domingo, our blessed patron, whose sanctity brings many a cask into our cellars."

" Aye," said the nephew, rising to obey him, " that it does ; but if we are to believe what some of your grave brethren say about your blessed patron, had his rules been followed up, I should find you now in some cave regaling yourself with a few water-cresses, a piece of brown bread, and a jug of pure water, instead of seeing you here mortifying yourself in the rigid manner you have done to-night."

" I'll be hanged if you had," cried the monk ; " I would sooner have shouldered a musket, and joined one of the errant tribes of

gipsies, than be an anchorite a single hour ; and I think had those rules been observed, few of my brethren would have shewn so much partiality for the cloister ; living secluded from the world and its comforts, working and praying night and day, (which our great patron recommended as necessary duties,) was not a rule made for his disciples, nor for himself either, though he made it."

"What I liked in your patron," said Artimaña, as he returned loaded with the bottles, was his *sang froid* at seeing heretics roasted. One would think he fed upon the smell of an auto-da-fe, so fond was he of the treat."

"He certainly had some good points in him," cried the monk, "that maxim of his, which none had yet dared to advance, and which now forms the ground work of our conduct, was evidently founded on a deep knowledge of human nature, and showed him to be a man of foresight."

"Do you mean," enquired the nephew, "when unsheathing his dagger, he threw aside the scab-

bard, and requested his comrades to do the same ; saying, they would want it no more, as either they or the enemies of God must be exterminated ; for there was a light abroad, which could not be extinguished, unless by putting out life ?”

“ Aye, I see you have not forgotten his apophthegm, my worthy disciple. Keep it in mind my boy, and, depend upon it, we shall have little to fear from those idiots the liberals, who boast of being more enlightened than ourselves. But now let us finish our wine, that we may go to our nocturnal carol at our little witch’s, and be able to perform it with becoming spirit.”

A detail of the debauch which took place at the house of the little witch, as his Reverence called his mistress, would set in a still stronger light the life and morals of the Spanish monks of the present age ; but we shall not forget that these pages are intended for an English public, and that such an exposure could not but be highly offensive to public decency, and an insult to our readers. We must, however, be allowed

to make here a few observations on another matter.

A multitude of writers have asserted, that the monastic state was instituted for the purpose of reviving and perpetuating among us the purity of morals of the first Christians. St. Jerome himself says, that the life led by the monks of his own times was the same as that of the former ; and, indeed, never did the spirit of poverty and disinterestedness, which are the best tokens of a contemplative life, shine forth with greater splendour than at the very birth of Christianity. But where shall we now look for that primitive perfection ? Is it in those magnificent monasteries that resemble, by the grandeur and splendour of their architecture the majestic palaces of kings, rather than the humble asylums of innocence and virtue ? Is it in those *hospederias** of their monasteries, which are perpetually crowded with wealthy ladies and gen-

* Houses kept at the expence of religious communities for the reception and accommodation of travellers and strangers.

tlemen, who, either through devotion for their patron saint, or friendship for the abbot, or prompted by their own interests, go to pay their court to him, and spend in those delightful retreats a day of mirth and amusement ; the whole forming the strongest contrast with the deep silence that reigns in the interior of the cloisters? — Or is it in those numerous country houses, and commodious town dwellings, which are the ordinary residences of their proctors, who are incessantly watching over the interests of the community, putting in claims the most distant, and involving people of slender fortunes in long and expensive law suits, frequently without a glimpse of right on their side, in order to accomplish their own objects?

In surveying, one by one, the innumerable monasteries in Spain, we shall find that even the wealthiest grandee cannot compete with them in objects of mere luxury ; such, doubtless, are those thick, shady, and neatly lopped plantations which generally surround their convents ; those interior extensive gardens, thickly studded

with all kinds of fruit-trees, and offering to the sight a scene no less beautiful than useful and agreeable; and lastly, those reservoirs filled with eels, tench, trouts, crawfish, and fresh water tortoises, which though seldom appearing on the tables of their refectories, are to be found in those of their cells, and particularly in that of the *Señor Abad*, who never fails to regale his guests and protectors with the choicest of these dainties. But what shall we say of those capacious and numerous granaries, which seem every moment ready to sink under the immense weight of the corn collected from their lands and tithes?—of those extensive subterraneous caves, in which the most exquisite wines of Europe are annually laid up in prodigious and almost incredible quantities?—of those magnificent stables, always well furnished with horses and mules of the best breed, height, and value?—of those extensive pasture grounds and rich meadows, which are stocked with thousands of all sorts of cattle?—and, lastly, of the commerce they make of all these articles, which if not

quite in accordance with their vows of poverty, is at least sufficiently lucrative to compensate for the sacrifice of principle?

We own, that on seeing such wealthy patrimonies enjoyed by men, who have renounced the vanities and comforts of this perishable world, to occupy themselves only with the blessings of the world to come, it is only after considerable friction of our temples, and many looks up to the ceiling that we can hit upon any answer which may be likely to satisfy our readers. “ If, we at length say to ourselves, our Saviour had travelled about the world with the pomp and ostentation of some of the abbots and generals of the Spanish monasteries, he certainly would not have found the search for disciples to assist him in preaching and propagating his divine doctrines such a difficult matter ; but his laborious life, his poverty, and the rigid morality of his conduct, are no longer in fashion, and, consequently, a travelling stick, instead of a comfortable carriage, or a good-paced horse, a single tunic, instead of cambric linen and silk

habits, and for food some fish, or a piece of honey-comb, instead of every delicacy that wealth can procure, would not at all fall in with the notions of our modern recluses. Yet, Jesus Christ and his apostles, though poor, ill fed, and covered with dust, no sooner entered a town and commenced preaching their doctrine, than the hearts of their hearers were filled with compunction, and they became meek and humble, while the fine carriages, retinue, pomp, rich crosses, and pectorals of the thrice happy modern abbots, are more likely to inspire pride and vanity into their flocks, and introduce effeminacy, dissipation, and voluptuousness among their brethren, than the love of retirement, poverty, and meditation on heavenly things."

CHAPTER X.

“ If I’m design’d yon lordling’s slave,
By nature’s law design’d,
Why was an independent wish
E’er planted in my mind ?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn ?
Or why has man the will and pow’r
To make his fellow mourn ?”

BURNS.

RETURNING now to our hero, whom we left in the long room, endeavouring to bury in sleep the memory of that day’s misfortunes, we shall find, that as soon as the day dawned, after having spent a sleepless night, his mind perpetually wandering from disappointments past, to painful anticipations of the future, he rose, in the hope of escaping the bitter recollections which during the lonely hours of repose had haunted his imagination, and immediately di-

rected his steps towards the abode of his father's friend, which, as we have already observed, was by the river side.

As he approached it through a vineyard, occasionally interspersed with olive trees, he could not help admiring the neatness and comfort that reigned around it. Two little hedges formed of rosemary and laurel led to the door of the hut, on each side of which, and encircling the only two windows of which it could boast, a number of jessamines and rose trees spread their flowery stems, and perfumed the air around. On the left side of the hut, and facing the south, was a little bee-house, with two rows of hives; and on the right, a small shed, the walls of which were hung with nets of different sizes and forms, fish-baskets, large hooks, ropes, and two or three broken oars. Between the two beams that supported the angular covering of the shed, lay a small boat, which completed the fisherman's chattels.

As Sandoval approached the door of the hut, he was met by a dog, who ran out barking hos-

pitably, and wagging his tail in a manner which indicated peaceful intentions. He was followed by a man clad in the dress of a common peasant, but in whose countenance Sandoval thought he could discern a person of superior intellect. He had a high forehead, strongly marked by a thick line, which seemed to separate it into two orbits, an aquiline nose, a well-formed mouth, large, dark, expressive eyes, and a complexion rather tanned with exposure to the sun and air. Its expression, however, was that of thoughtfulness and melancholy, and at first sight seemed marked by coldness and reserve. He was of middle stature, but his gait was far above the humble costume he wore. He stepped firmly, presented an elevated chest, and carried his head high. Upon the whole, his person and features were sufficiently prepossessing to interest Sandoval from the first moment of his appearance. He advanced towards him, and enquired if his name was not Anselmo?—"Even so," said he, "what is your pleasure, Sir?"

Sandoval drew from his pocket his father's letter—"I understand," said he, "you are a friend of the writer of this letter, I am his son."

Anselmo glanced rapidly over its contents, and welcomed him to his hut with the warmth and cordiality of one who sees a friend he loves and esteems. "You are come at an unhappy moment," added he, "and I lament the numerous disappointments which have thus crowded upon you; but remember your father's advice; let not your afflictions enervate your courage, and deprive you of the power of fighting in your country's cause. If we triumph, all may yet be well."

Saying this he invited him to repose himself awhile in his habitation, the interior of which corresponded in every respect with its exterior. There was nothing unbecoming a fisherman's hut; but it breathed the same cleanliness and comfort. Two wooden chairs were placed on each side of a large hearth, on which a cheerful fire of vine shoots was blazing, to prepare his breakfast; in the middle of the room stood a

clean deal table, over which a *candil** hung from the end of an iron hook fixed to the ceiling. A kind of dresser constructed of mason work, on which a few common earthen plates were arranged in good order, took up the greatest part of one of the side walls; whilst on the opposite, and between the space of the door and window, there was a large deal box, in which Anselmo's clothes and linen were contained. Facing the hearth there was a door communicating with a very small room, which just admitted Anselmo's bed.

“ Here,” said he to Sandoval, who was inwardly contrasting Anselmo's manners with his humble habitation, “ I live in a condition apparently bordering on indigence; but which is far from being so, since I am contented with the little I possess. My wants are few, and here I find enough to gratify them. Milk, honey, eggs, vegetables, fruits, and fish, are productions which are always within my reach,

* A rude iron lamp.

and which suffice for my subsistence. A little vineyard, on which my labours are more successfully bestowed than they have been among my fellow men, yields wine enough for my consumption, and a glass to spare for any visitor that chance may bring to my hut. So that far from being indigent, I even possess superfluities."

Sandoval expressed his delight at the simplicity and happiness of such a life; and highly praised that philosophy, which enabled his friend thus to reconcile himself to the new condition to which he had been reduced by the outrages of an unprincipled faction; but at the same time he could not help regretting that a man of his virtues and acquirements should be thus wasting his life and talents in obscurity.

"Were those outrages confined to myself alone," replied Anselmo, "I should think lightly of them; but shared as they are by every honourable man in the land, and by the majority of my countrymen, they become at times very irksome, and not a night elapses but

my pillow is wetted by my tears. This extreme sensibility may, perhaps, be thought unphilosophical ; but it is not in my nature, education, or habits, to be indifferent to the evils which afflict our country. I was brought up in a manner that necessarily called my reasoning faculties into action. The father, who educated me, died a victim to his liberal principles in the dungeons of the Holy Office of Zaragoza. The persecutions he endured, the early notions I imbibed of our common rights from the perusal of the best English and French works on these subjects, and my constant struggles with the enemies of reason and humanity, cannot be cancelled at my age. The love of our country has become deeply rooted in my breast, it forms a vital part of my existence, and is always foremost in my thoughts. Were I convinced that the restoration of liberty in our land was a visionary scheme, which I am far from believing, still my efforts would be unremitting, and, like my ancestors, I would fall in support of our rights. I am only sorry that

the enemies we have to fight will not face us honestly, and that their ferocity and oppression force the undaunted friends of freedom to resort to means which they alone can practice with success. "We must have recourse to secrecy and nocturnal meetings, to binding oaths, and disguises, in a word to means which I despise, as much as I hate; but to which we all must conform, as no other are now left in our hands to oppose to our powerful and treacherous enemies."

Sandoval lamented the fatal change brought about after the glorious termination of the struggle in which Spain had been engaged. "It was my firm opinion," said he, "that independence was the surest forerunner of liberty; and fondly did I hope it might prove so in this instance; for a nation that is roused to a sense of its own dignity, and sensible of the blessings accruing from the former, is in a fit state to understand those arising from the latter. Nay, they are linked together; and nothing is more natural to the mind of man, than the application of a ge-

neral principle to an individual one belonging to the same class. If a man knows that the reason of his taking up arms against a foreign enemy, is to preserve the property he possesses, and to avoid becoming a slave, he must necessarily know that that property is *his own*, and that no one but himself has a right to any part of it, unless it be by his consent ; as likewise that he is his own master, and no one has a controul over him as long as he is just to others. Then, how easy it is to make that man understand that the domestic tyrant, who claims his property and his person as if it were his own, is no less rapacious and unjust than the foreigner who comes into his country for a similar object ?—How then our countrymen have allowed themselves to be bereft of their already well established, and well understood rights, is a paradox to me.”

“ I differ from you in believing they were well understood,” said Anselmo ; “ if they had been so, nothing could have overturned them ; for it is not in human nature to yield up advantages of which one is sensible, for inevitable ruin.

Those rights were well understood at Cadiz, and hence Cadiz offered a formal resistance to the establishment of an absolute king; but in the provinces, particularly in those where the French had swayed, nothing was known of them. The Constitution was a word, which during the struggle had but just reached them; but the advantages which might be derived from it were totally unknown to them. The name of the king, on the contrary, was their watch-word; and for the king, the majority of the people declared as soon as he proscribed the Constitution. It is the government of the Cortes we ought rather to blame, for foolishly imagining that the moral beauty of their system was of itself sufficient to ensure our liberties. Those who had then the power in their hands ought, as soon as they discovered that Ferdinand would be content with nothing short of absolute monarchy, to have employed it in maintaining our rights against this domestic intruder, instead of endeavouring to suppress the just indignation of those who were willing to stake their lives

and fortunes in their defence. The perjury of one or two generals would then have rendered our triumph more complete. But, my young friend," added he hurriedly, "the past cannot be recalled ; at most it may serve as a living monument of our folly to avoid committing it again."

He then invited him to partake of his humble breakfast, which consisted of some fish, caught early that morning, milk, and honey, and some excellent fruit, which Sandoval relished, both on account of his naturally good appetite, and the pleasure of taking it with a man whose principles were in perfect harmony with his own, and from whose conversation he derived no less pleasure than instruction. When the breakfast was over, Anselmo's avocation obliging him to attend to other pursuits, he prepared himself to take leave of his friend, requesting his presence at a meeting of some good friends of freedom, who were to assemble in his hut precisely at midnight, to talk over some of their plans, and read the correspondence which they expected by that day's

post. "As you already belong to our society, you need not fear the terrifying trials of initiation," added he with a smile, "it shall only be a presentation, at which the most we shall require of you will be the security of your honour. When, some months ago, our enemies were plotting in their bloody conventicles the ruin of their country, they always required from those who became their associates to take the murderer's dagger in one hand, and the crucifix in the other, and swear that they were willing and ready, not only to sacrifice to the wish of their chiefs their social affections; but to spill the blood of their dearest relatives, if the atrocious crime were commanded. Our morality differs as widely from theirs as our political creed; therefore, we shall not bid you go and stab your brother to the heart, though he be our inveterate enemy, the supporter of tyranny, and a disobedient son, all of which are great crimes in our eyes; neither shall we ask you to become the assassin of any man, however cruel and treacherous his conduct may have been towards us.

We seek not for murderers, but for men of honour, for men who can steadily look on the torturing wheel of the Inquisitors while it is preparing for them, and who will not allow a sign of weakness to escape them while their limbs are torn asunder by the executioner. If, as I think, you have a soul endowed with sufficient firmness to do this, you will feel a pleasure in meeting with other men who are all resolved to sacrifice their lives for their country, and to undergo the greatest sufferings and privations in her cause.

Sandoval assured Anselmo of the delight he would feel at becoming the associate of such patriotic spirits, adding that his devotion for the cause of his country being founded both on principle and filial duty, he was ready to sacrifice to it his repose and his life. "We are not yet so far advanced in our plans," said Anselmo, as he took a final leave of him, "as to require the last of those sacrifices; but I doubt not, when the hour arrives, you will, if necessary, cheerfully make good your word. Adieu, then, till to-night, at twelve precisely."

In fact, until this epoch, nothing had yet been done by the patriots to establish a regular system of communication by means of secret societies. Scattered about the country, weakened, and discouraged by the destructive proceedings of their adversaries, a few of them, at most, assembled in private houses and secret places, to communicate to each other the news they received from their dispersed friends. The freemasons' lodges, which became afterwards the bonds of union with the liberal party, were at the moment here alluded to few in number, and very contracted in their object; but even before the king's return their influence had been very inconsiderable. Freemasonry, in Spain, previous to Napoleon's invasion, was confined only to a few individuals, who had been accepted masons in foreign lodges. The intercourse with both French and English freemasons, who went to Spain on account of the war, caused that number to be augmented, though by no means so greatly as might have been expected. The first attempt at forming a grand Spanish Orient was made by

those Spaniards who were attached to the party of king Joseph ; and who, aided by their Gallic friends, succeeded in nominally establishing it. Their numbers increased in proportion as their party gained ground ; but their object in making new proselytes, was principally to give strength to their faction, and obtain mutual assistance from each other in whatever difficulties, either personal or political, they might find themselves involved. At about the same period, and soon after the promulgation of the Constitution, those liberals who were at Cadiz, and who belonged to that society, formed also a kind of lodge, the object of which was merely to prevent the serviles from obtaining a preponderance in the administration ; but neither these masons, nor those belonging to the same party who were scattered about the country in the different armies, had among themselves any bond of union, or determined political object. This fact was well known to the servile faction ; yet on the king's return to Spain, unwilling to forget that it was owing to the efforts of some of the freemasons

that they had failed in obtaining, during the time they were at Cadiz, what they so much panted after, namely, a preponderance in the government, they, in conjunction with the beloved Ferdinand, the Grand Inquisitor, and our Holy Father, the Pope, fulminated a decree against the freemasons, in which, as the holy Inquisitors themselves expressed it, “ We henceforth offer to receive *with open arms*, and *all that tenderness* which has always characterized our ministry, those who, within the space of fifteen days from the date of this decree, shall spontaneously and voluntarily denounce themselves to us ; but if any person (which God forbid!) persist in following the road to perdition, we shall employ, to our great regret, rigour, and severity, causing the pains and penalties of the civil and canonical laws to be inflicted on the offenders.” It is needless to add, that this decree was followed by numerous arrests throughout the Peninsula ; and that, even some of those persons *suspected of being suspicious* in this respect, were unfortunate enough to be received

“in the open arms” of the holy Inquisitors, whose embraces we can compare only to the loving coil of the boa constrictor, or the more rapturous clasp of the African tyger.

But to return to our hero. Having arranged with Anselmo how he was to get down to his hut at that late hour of the night, when the city gates were all closed, he took leave of him, and walked slowly towards town, in rather better spirits than he had left it. “Reduced, by the present anarchical state of things, to almost the state of an outcast,” said he to himself as he walked on, “deserted, by former associates, deprived of the society of an enlightened parent, and disappointed in my long cherished hopes, how should I have been able to bear the weight of life, had I not met in Anselmo a true and valuable friend, whose society will compensate for many of those severe losses I have sustained? It is a resource and a consolation of which the despotism of men can never deprive me, at least, so long as we both inhale the free air.”

It must be confessed that there was nothing

in those hopes very visionary, or unreasonable ; but the vicissitudes of his life proved that a man who, like him, existed more for others than for himself, and who was under the controul of events, exposed to a thousand crosses and disappointments, had no right to entertain hopes of any kind, any more than they who are the slaves of circumstances, or of men—a comfortable reflection for him who is in either of these two predicaments !

CHAPTER XI.

“ — Fare thee well! most foul! most fair! farewell!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids let conjecture hang,
'To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.”

SHAKSPEARE.

THE midnight hour was anxiously expected by Sandoval ; who, elated at the idea of renewing before other patriots, those vows which he had a thousand times made within his own breast, felt as if at last they were about to be carried into effect. Besides, there was in the expectation of meeting congenial minds, something delightfully exciting for one, whose heart, overflowing with social affections, felt the neces-

sity of expansion. In order, therefore, not to fail in his appointment, as soon as the hour of departure came, he directed his steps towards an unfrequented quay, where he was to find a boat, the management of which was to be undertaken by his servant Roque, who was an excellent rower; but who, on this occasion, accompanied his master with some reluctance, having heard people say, that spirits slept in the waters, and not feeling very anxious to disturb their repose by the plashing of his oars, lest they should testify their sense of the obligation in a style of courtesy to which he was not accustomed.

The night was serene and cloudless, and the moon, which was on the zenith, appeared reflected on the waters like a silver mirror inlaid on the surface of a dark and highly polished marble. There was such a stillness in the air, that even the most distant murmur passed softly on, and died away in the distance by gradations as gentle, as those of the echo in a vaulted cavern. Nature itself seemed at a stand, so deep was the

silence of the night, and so motionless were all the elements. Man alone, that restless being, whose passions so often disturb the harmony of nature, was found wandering in the midst of this universal calm. Sandoval and his servant, however, reached their boat without any interruption, unmoored it, and rowed away as silently as that operation permitted. As they were obliged to traverse the whole line of the city in order to reach their place of destination, many a sigh escaped Sandoval as they passed along some of the houses, the gardens of which, though considerably raised above the level of the river, extended to the water side, in which he had once spent some happy hours, but the doors were now shut against him. Among these was one, which, long before they came to it, brought more painful recollections to his mind,—it was that of Gabriela's father. "Row not so fast," whispered he to Roque, some minutes before they reached it, "who knows but I may catch a glimpse of my unhappy love in some of those bowers near the river, in which

she has often sat in such nights as this to hear my light hearted serenade. All then was hope and light around us, all now is darkness and solitude !”

As he said these words, the plashing of oars was faintly heard in the distance ; it became gradually more audible, the quick succession of the strokes, indicating that the boat was well manned, and coming rapidly on. Sandoval wrapt himself up in his cloak, and ordered Roque to row as close along shore as possible, towards a cluster of trees that cast a dark shadow on the waters. Here they remained concealed till the other boat passed them, which happened very soon after. They observed by the moonlight, an officer in his regimentals sitting at the stern, with his arms folded across his breast ; but the distance being too great to distinguish his uniform, it was impossible for Sandoval to guess whether he belonged to the preventive service, or to the troops of the line. However, he kept his eye on the boat, to see

whither it was going. This he very soon ascertained ; for no sooner it came opposite Don Antonio Lanza's garden than the rowers pulled to shore ; and on the officer leaping out, the boat retraced its way with the same rapidity as it had come down. Sandoval's curiosity was strongly excited ; anxious to discover who the officer was, and also, if possible, to ascertain the object of a visit there at such an hour, he commanded Roque to row ashore. This done, he jumped out, and desired him not to stir from the place ; but keep himself in readiness at an instant's notice, should he be obliged to make a precipitate retreat. He then walked up towards that part of the rampart over which he had seen the officer climb and disappear ; and here he found a rope ladder fastened to the iron balustrade of the terrace. He did not hesitate an instant in ascending and leaping over the railing. Having stood awhile endeavouring to catch some sounds which might direct his steps, he thought he heard voices whispering in one of the pavilions on the right side of the garden. He listened more at-

tentively, and being soon confirmed in his opinion, stole with cautious steps towards the place whence the sounds issued. As he came nearer it, he heard distinctly a voice too familiar to his ear to be mistaken by him, saying—"You know it well, Fermin, my love is too deeply rooted in my heart, to require those soothing expressions you bestow. If we must again be separated—if our mutual interests demand this painful sacrifice—if, as you say, it may be the means of bringing about our long expected union—why should I then oppose your measures, when I have none better of my own to urge; nay, when by his sudden arrival, and untimely visit to our house yesterday, my hope became nearly extinct? Do, then, as your better judgment shall direct, and rely on it, I shall not shrink from any task you may impose on me. My heart could be sooner rooted out, than the affection that is kindled there. But for God's sake, Fermin, be cautious, in ——" here Sandoval's extreme agitation prevented his hearing the remainder of the sentence, and all

he now heard were half suppressed sighs from Gabriela, and soothing words addressed to her by his brother, expressive of tender and even passionate feelings. At last she made an effort to speak more collectedly—"You know Calisto's temper," she said, "and how easily it is excited—you know the passion that rages in his breast, spare then his feelings, as far as it may be in your power—Poor Calisto! how will you bear this news!—but it must be—yes! I am resolved, Fermin! I submit to your dictates. There will then be a greater probability of accomplishing our plans of happiness."

"Traitors!" exclaimed Sandoval, unable to restrain himself any longer, and rushing towards the pavilion, "it shall not be—by heavens! it shall not be—I'll be revenged on both of ye before we part!"

At these words, Gabriela shrieked wildly,—
"Great God, 'tis he!" and darting from the pavilion, rushed through some tall shrubs, and disappeared; Fermin following her with equal celerity, but exclaiming—"Holy Virgin, have

mercy on me ! 'tis my father confessor !"—while Sandoval stood at the entrance enveloped in his long cloak, and rivetted to the spot, gazing after both, but unable to follow. Soon after, a door was heard turning on its hinges, and bolts drawn, and then a dead silence ensued. "They are gone, the traitors are gone !" cried Sandoval, gnashing his teeth, "but they shall pay dearly for their perfidy ;" saying which, he flew to the balustrade, and dropping down the rope-ladder as swiftly as a squirrel, regained the boat, where he threw himself on his seat, exclaiming, "Row on, and let us fly this accursed land."

"Whither shall I row ?" enquired Roque, astonished at his master's extreme agitation.

"Whither, idiot ! to hell !" was the reply.

"I rather you would not insist on my company then," muttered Roque, and commenced rowing for home.

"Fool ! the other way !" cried his master ; "the traitor !" added he, stamping so violently, that he almost overturned the boat ; "but he

loves me!—He would sacrifice his repose and his happiness—nay, he would give his life to save mine!—How kind! how disinterested!—Yet he does not hesitate to seduce from me my betrothed mistress!—to blast my hopes, and to destroy my happiness!—nay, to stab me to the heart! Hypocrite! is that your boasted religion? villain, knave, and double traitor! is that the love you bear me? And thou, perfidious, and no less abandoned woman! where are now thy solemn vows, thy sincere tears, all thy binding pledges?—Ah, where?—I puff them from me; there,” said he, “I have done with you both—I cast you from my heart,—I drive you from my memory—seek now another fool to cheat and betray.”

After this first burst, he sat motionless, as if he really intended to think no more on the subject; but an affection so deeply rooted is not to be so easily forgotten. It is not without a pang that a man can redeem a heart he has once plighted to a beautiful and beloved woman. Many an hour of sorrow and irresolution must

be spent before he can bring his mind to forego the delightful hopes on which he has so long existed. Thus while Sandoval's resentment lasted, he was able to preserve the sullen silence of contempt ; but when it began to subside, the certainty that he had lost the affection of a woman whom it was impossible for him to forget, gradually made way into his mind, and goaded him to madness and despair.

Roque made several attempts to pacify his master, by enumerating the many stories he had treasured up in his memory from the various ballads he had learned of gallant knights who had been cruelly forsaken by their mistresses, and who instead of hanging, or drowning, or stabbing themselves, as seemed to be his intention, had taken the wiser course of conferring one of those favours on the false fair one, and her lover into the bargain ; but unable to succeed, he desisted, and now enquired if it was his intention that they should take a trip to the Mediterranean, as it appeared he had forgotten they had already left the town half a league be-

hind. "Row to the opposite shore," said he, "for this accursed interruption had nearly driven from my mind the object of my excursion."

Roque obeyed, and Sandoval stepping out of the boat, desired him to wait there his return, which he said would take place in a few hours, during which he was at liberty to take his repose. Roque then wrapt himself up in his cloak, and stretched himself at full length in the boat, while his master walked towards Anselmo's hut, which he reached later than he might have done had he not purposely followed a circuitous route, in order to have a little more time to compose his mind. In looking through the crevices both of the window, and door, he could not see a glimpse of a light, nor hear a murmur which indicated there was a single person stirring inside. Afraid that the hour of meeting was past, and that the party had already broke up, he hesitated a long time before he could bring his mind to disturb Anselmo's repose. Unwilling, however, to return to town without

having first ascertained the fact, he at length tapped gently at the door, which, however, was opened on a second knock. Sandoval then entered, and the bolts were drawn back. "I am afraid," said he, as he vainly looked for a light, "I have disturbed your rest, and am come too late."

"Better late than never," cried a deep voice, which he recognized as that of his friend Anselmo; "but give me your hand and follow me. Sandoval groped along, led by Anselmo to the other extremity of the room, where a little trap-door, which had escaped his notice in the morning, was lifted up, and he was requested to descend some steps that led to what had been during Anselmo's predecessor a wine cellar, and which served now as the place of meeting for a few trusty patriots. On reaching the bottom of these steps another door was opened, and Sandoval's eyes came at last in contact with a light, by which he saw five middle-aged gentlemen seated round a table, covered with letters and newspapers, Spanish, French, and English,

and busied in examining their contents. Their countenances, only partially revealed by the light of a single lamp, exhibited, nevertheless, nobler features than a Dutch painter would have given to a group similarly situated. At the approach of Anselmo and their new associate, they all rose, and one after another welcomed him to their *sanctum* with the warmth of old friends, two or three of whom were in fact well known to him. "Here, my young friend," said one of these to Sandoval, "we are obliged to assemble, in order to concert our plans of regeneration, under ground, and at the midnight hour, as if we were so many murderers, contriving schemes of plunder and assassination; but we must not forget that we are struggling with an enemy as powerful as perfidious, and that to escape oppression, the weak can never be too cautious. The office of a spy is now become a lucrative, and, among our oppressors, an honourable profession. We cannot make a step without stumbling upon one. We are afraid of speaking aloud, lest the very

walls or the stones should betray us ; nay, such is the absolute dominion of the clergy over the minds of the generality of people, that in our own houses we dare not trust our thoughts, even to our wives, children, or brothers, those monsters having succeeded in dissolving the social ties which bind the hearts of the nearest relatives, by inspiring them with the horrible belief that they perform a religious duty in betraying each other ! nay, that the very salvation of their souls depends upon their doing so ! Thus every individual in Spain who attends the confessional (and woe to him that does not,) must necessarily be a hypocrite or a villain. He must betray his dearest friends, or the principles of his religion, by committing the sacrilege of communing with his God, without having first made a competent confession.”

“Gentlemen !” said Anselmo, “it matters little where we assemble, provided we can put an end to such degradations. My blood boils in my veins, when I think of these atrocities ; but still more, when I see our inability to remedy

them. Still I hope that a better day may yet dawn for our land ; and I am led to this hope by a letter, which I have this day received from Madrid ; and which I beg leave to read to you. It is written by an intelligent friend of mine, and gives a tolerable insight into the actual state of things at court. But you shall hear it."

" MY DEAR FRIEND,

" The violent excesses committed here against the patriotic party by those persecuting demagogues who style themselves the friends of order and religion, are by this time too well known throughout the Peninsula to require my entering into the painful details they present. I shall, therefore, confine myself to such particulars as could not so well have reached you, and which may have reference to future events, already foreseen by all but those who never think on any subject.

" The sight which this capital offers at the present moment is such as would create in you,

who hear of nothing but persecutions, proscriptions, punishments, outrages, and injustices, the utmost astonishment. Were you to come to Madrid, and judge only by what you saw in public, you would be inclined to doubt the truth of the accounts you have heard. Wherever you might direct your steps, you would be struck with the luxury, joy, and exultation, which are every where displayed. The city and the court overflow with grandees and noblemen from the provinces, prelates, and dignitaries, high officers of government, and generals of all descriptions. These last, in particular, throng the saloons of the palace to congratulate Ferdinand on his return to the absolute throne of his ancestors. Their names have long ago ceased to exist, but their proper persons with their uniforms and insignia, now re-appear before the world as if by miracle or enchantment. Half a dozen of them at most took part in the late war, the rest fled, like cowards, to Mallorca, Cadiz, Ceuta, and even to the Canary Islands, where they remained distant from the roaring of the enemy's cannon,

and sheltered from its unpleasant effects, receiving and spending their salaries, while their unfortunate countrymen were struggling for life or death. Yet these are the men who share among themselves the highest and most lucrative offices of the state, the wealth of the nation, and the spoils of the liberal party, as a recompense for the extraordinary merit which they had displayed during our late struggle. You will think I am jesting, when I state, that Orcasitas, of whom you may perhaps have a faint recollection as being among the first generals who considered they served their country best by taking care of themselves, presented a memorial to the king, in which he had the shameless effrontery to say, that "such was his hatred to the French, that he could boast, and prove, that during the whole war he had not seen even a French prisoner, much less any of their troops!" But if such a disgraceful fact appear incredible to you, how will you believe, that this impudent declaration obtained for him not only the verbal thanks of the tyrant, but the grand crosses due to merit

only, a post in the supreme council of war, a military knighthood, worth annually eighty thousand reals, with its inheritance for one of his sons, and as many pensions as he had daughters? You will say it is impossible, but I assure you it is as true as that you are now reading this. Yet, at this very moment, Mina and the Empecinado—those two heroic chieftains, the glory and pride of Spain, the brave defenders of their natal soil, and the two great champions to whom Ferdinand is most indebted for his restoration to that throne so basely abandoned by him, and so deeply and frequently stained by his turpitude and tyranny—those heroes, I say, whom he himself had called to Madrid, though rather for the sake of gratifying a petty curiosity, than paying them the homage of that gratitude which was their due, were seen entering the capital in the most private manner, when all the triumphal arches, all the pomp and solemnity used on such occasions in ancient Rome, would hardly have sufficed to do justice to the immortal deeds they had performed.

“It was, however, an extraordinary sight to see these two brave warriors enter with the manly port, which conscious dignity alone can impart, the crowded saloons of the palace, where the despot was receiving the base incense of flattery from a multitude of embroidered sycophants, who crouched at his feet, and kissed the very floor on which he trod—to see them modestly take their place in one corner of the saloon, stared at by some with an air of impatient curiosity, mingled with contempt ; and by others with the pride of birth and self-importance.— ‘Do you observe Mina’s coat,’ said one of those embroidered puppets, ‘what a cut ! By heavens ! I’ll send my tailor to him to take a copy of it. It is a curiosity worthy of being preserved in the Royal Museum !’— ‘Aye,’ cried his companion, ‘and what say you to that other clownish looking ruffian, whose very look makes me shudder ? Do you see his straight lank locks, falling about his ears, like a lion’s mane ? He might as well have had them cropt before he dared show himself to his sovereign.’— ‘And what mean barber,

however filthily inclined, would have liked the job?' enquired 'a third, with a contemptuous sneer—'What I most lament, and am most surprised at,' said another, 'is that men of our birth and long standing in the army, should be obliged to associate with such clownish upstarts as these.'—'It will not last long you will find,' said the first speaker.

“Meantime, the two heroes looked around with the native curiosity of men not accustomed to such sights. Their manly forms, and the extreme simplicity of their manners and dress, while it afforded the degraded courtiers subject for gross and vulgar remarks, offered as striking a contrast as that of Walton and his companion in the country of the monkeys, or Gulliver in the land of Lilliput. Aware that they were objects of ridicule, yet impressed, too, with the idea that the little unmeaning beings by whom they were surrounded, were not worthy of their frowns, much less their wrath, they smiled, and asked one another the names of those who were most covered with gold and silver, crosses, rib-

bons, and decorations ; but, alas ! neither of the two could tell—they had never seen them in the field of honour—they had never heard their names mentioned in the hour of danger.

“ But the tyrant himself did not receive them more graciously than the vile flatterers by whom he was surrounded. This will appear extraordinary ; but, I think, he has good reasons for such conduct. For who will say, he does not consider the services rendered to him during his pretended captivity, as nothing more than shameful testimonies of his own weakness and cowardice?—or, in fact, that he does not look upon the patriots as bold transgressors, for having, contrary to his express commands,—that they should remain in subserviency to Napoleon and his brother, Joseph,—forced him into a throne of which he was unworthy, whether on the score of ability, or of virtue ?

“ This treatment from the man they had just liberated, had a different effect on their minds than the scoffings of the sycophants. I could

see Mina's steady eye penetrate the inmost recesses of Ferdinand's soul, and there read *ingratitude* written in bloody characters. He smiled scornfully, and withdrew, his noble soul fired with a just indignation, which was worked up to a greater height, when he found that those men who had declared themselves his friends, were either consigned to dungeons, or otherwise harshly treated by the government; and particularly, when shortly after he himself received orders to quit the capital, and fix his residence at Pamplona, as a retired officer. There, too, he found that the troops, whom he had led through such extraordinary perils, in the late glorious campaign, and who owe their existence to him alone, had been placed under the orders of Espeleta, a decrepid old man, who during the war remained a distant spectator of our efforts; and who now must be rewarded by the tyrant with high posts of office, for his well-known hatred of liberal opinions.

“ It is impossible that a man of Mina's energy, and fine sense of honour and patriotism, can

remain the slave of the perverse dotard, under whose vigilance he has been placed, or look upon the evils which afflict his beloved country with a criminal apathy. Indeed, it is my firm opinion, that we may look up to him as the man who is destined by heaven to be the saviour of his country. May this prophecy be fulfilled, and when the moment of trial comes, may he meet with stout hearts to aid his virtuous enterprise. He has my prayers, and those of every true friend of freedom and his country."

"And now, Gentlemen," added Anselmo, "I have the pleasure to inform you, that I have likewise received communications from Pamplo-na, which lead me to think that my friend's conjectures respecting Mina, are not only probable, but well-founded. An attempt to hoist the banners of the Constitution is really meditated by him, the result of which we shall shortly know."

"Since that is the case," cried Sandoval, who had been listening with intense interest to Anselmo's communications, "to-morrow, gentlemen,

I will set off to join Mina, and share his fortunes, whatever they may be. I will become a glad participator in an enterprise, which cannot but cover those with glory who may engage in it, whatever may be its termination."

"My brave and gallant youth," cried Anselmo, as he folded the young enthusiast in his arms, "you have anticipated my wishes. Go and exert yourself to save the country of your birth; and remember, that he who falls for such a cause can never die. He lives in every patriot's heart, and his name is handed down from father to son to the remotest posterity."

"May heaven's blessing be with you, and may your virtuous endeavours be crowned with success," said the other gentlemen, as they saluted him one after another.

He then left the hut, anxious to regain his quarters before the day dawned, in order to avoid exciting any suspicions at the inn, which might endanger the prosecution of his designs, and returned to town by water, as he had come,

without meeting any other adventures worth recording.

The rest of the time, till the hour of his departure, was spent, not in sleep, but in the meditations suggested by the various, and, to him, important occurrences of the past eventful night.

CHAPTER XII.

Man, vain man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE resolution formed by Sandoval of joining Mina was to be carried into effect early that day. In this measure he saw the only remedy which could have a chance of healing the deep wound his heart had received on the previous night. It was natural enough to suppose that while his mind remained inactive, it would recur to the painful subject of his brother's treachery, and Gabriela's faithlessness; but if, on the contrary, it was engaged in matters which he had

ever considered paramount to all personal concerns, he could then hope to escape much of the misery he at present endured, the undertaking being of itself of sufficient weight to absorb every other feeling. Indeed, deep as was his passion for Gabriela, he would not, even when motives of affection might have urged his stay at Logroño, have hesitated an instant in sacrificing them to the duty he owed to his country, much less now when he wished to obliterate all remaining traces of his unfortunate passion. Accordingly, he no sooner rose than he gave instructions to Roque to prepare everything for their departure, and begged the landlady to bring his chocolate, and a bill of the expences he had incurred at her inn, as some urgent business rendered his instant departure indispensable.

The little hostess, whose natural inquisitiveness, joined to that of her profession, had enabled her to pump out of Roque some of the principal incidents of his master's life, and who really felt a certain sympathy for his misfor-

tunes, could not hear this sudden resolution without some emotion, and assured him that if he left her house on account of any pecuniary embarrassment, she would take it as very unkind of him; "For," added she, "I am not so covetous as we innkeepers have the reputation of being. To be sure, if God Almighty sends me a fat beneficiado, or a wealthy mayorazgo, I should belie myself were I to say that I would not try to pluck a feather out of him. That is one of the duties of our profession. But *you* need not apprehend an exercise of it; nay, I can accommodate you with any sum you want; for I have the key of the strong box in my possession, and can dispose of the money as I please; and don't imagine that my husband would say a word about it, for I would tear the eyes out of his head if he dared even to hint at it, as sure as my name is Juana. What! have I not as much right as he to share in what I earn, and spend it as I please?"

This right is too generally admitted in Spain, for Sandoval to have thought of disputing it.

However, thanking her warmly for the interest she seemed to take in his affairs, he declined accepting anything from her, as he stood in no need of money. While his breakfast was preparing, he sat down to write a letter to Gabriela, in which he expressed all the bitterness of his feelings in language more forcible than temperate. He had just finished it, when Roque came running into the room, with looks expressive of anxiety and alarm, and nearly out of breath, said, that all thoughts of departing must now be relinquished, as several alguaciles* were about the house in search of him, and the worst of it was that even an attempt to escape would prove useless, as all the doors were guarded.

“Virgen Santisima!” cried the landlady, much alarmed at this intelligence, “what shall we do?—I know of no place where if concealed you might not be easily found out—There, that is what comes of talking,” added she with a

* Officers of police.

reproving look, "I would lay a wager, that you are arrested in consequence of the information of that vile police man, who is constantly pestering us here, and poking his ugly face in every where. If it be so, I shall break my heart; for really, Captain, I feel very much concerned about you, now that I know who you are. Yet I don't understand why the deuce the government people should trouble their heads about your opinions, or any other person's. Surely, thoughts don't break bones?"

"But thoughts," replied Sandoval, "if allowed to diffuse themselves freely, might enlighten the people, and make some change in the circumstances of those who lord it over us in such a tyrannical manner, and it is to prevent this that the thinkers must be kept down. However, should any new misfortune befall me, or should I lose my liberty, you will remember me now and then."

"Nay, Captain, you need not recommend that to me," said she, wiping a tear from her

eyes, "I shall often go and see you, should the wretches imprison you; but I trust in God that will not be the case."

Sandoval gratefully pressed her hand, and waited the alguacile's arrival with that serenity which conscious innocence alone can impart; nay, he looked gay, and was the first to address the officer as soon as he made his appearance—"I understand," said he to him, "you are in search of one Don Calisto Sandoval."

"'Tis so, Sir," answered the alguacil, "and moreover I want him to attend me to the office of the police."

"Would you allow him to take his breakfast, before he attends you there?" asked Sandoval.

"Ay, he may, if he will pay reasonably for such an indulgence," cried the alguacil.

"And what do you consider reasonable?" returned our hero.

"Why, ten reals for half an hour, twenty for a whole one, forty for two, and so on."

"Faith!" cried Sandoval, "that would be

more than his breakfast, dinner, and supper put together would cost him. However, as I suppose it is an irrevocable regulation, he must submit—Roque,” added he, addressing his servant, “bring my breakfast as quickly as you can; for otherwise I shall be ruined—Pray, my good man,” said he, turning to the officer, “don’t people complain a great deal about the want of money to defray such expences as you and your friends bring upon them?”

“When did men not complain of wanting money?” replied the alguacil, “’tis the burden of every song, Sir; though now certainly more than ever. However, I can tell you this, that never were times better than at this present moment, thanks to the king, our lord and master, and to the clever people by whom he is advised. Why, I recollect ten years ago, when I entered upon my office of alguacil, that even the cleverest chap in the corporation had hardly enough to say grace for himself,

much less for his family; but now, Sir, I would not exchange my switch* for a *beneficio simple*,† so true it is that times have much mended since then.”

“ I should think so, indeed, if things have come to that happy state, when an alguacil despises a *beneficio simple*,” said Sandoval.

“ You may rely on it, Sir, they are very much improved,” returned the alguacil, “ for it is an undeniable fact, that for only half a dozen writs a month, which might be sent out at the time I allude to, and that too against pennyless individuals, pickpockets, and thieves, they issue now as many a day, and all against men of worth, character, and property, which, besides being highly profitable to us, is also much pleasanter, inasmuch as we have to deal with people of your rank and gentlemanly man-

* In Spain the alguaciles commonly carry a short switch in their hand, which on great public occasions is exchanged for a longer one.

† An ecclesiastical living, which is neither a curacy nor a prebend, but more properly speaking a sinecure.

ners. So that it must be allowed, there is no reason to complain of the times."

"None whatever," cried Sandoval; "and those men must be great fools, to say no worse, who do not identify the individual prosperity of your honourable profession with that of the country."

"That they are, Sir," cried he, "nay, I should say they were *liberals*, which, as you know very well," (winking significantly) "is still worse; though I, as a public man, was obliged to lie under the imputation during the short life of that accursed Constitution, which reduced me to a mere ambulating spectre, as well as my fellow alguaciles. I assure you, that of all his majesty's subjects, none rejoiced more at its overthrow than our honourable body."

"I believe it," said Sandoval, getting through his breakfast as fast as he could; and then rising, he added, "but I am now at your commands; and, if you will lead, I'll follow."

"I will," said the alguacil, walking before him, but having his eyes, which seemed to

turn upon a pivot, fixed on his prisoner, that he might not give him the slip.

A short walk brought the alguacil and his charge to the house where his Señoria the Comisionado Regio held his sittings. The court was crowded with ragamuffins of various descriptions—soldiers almost in a state of nudity, and with rusted arms, reclining against the walls, and lying about the court—spies chosen from the lowest dregs of the people,—and alguaciles, with their long switches and looks of importance, bustling about to convey to their superior, either the information obtained, no matter how, or to bring before him the unfortunate men suspected of liberalism ; and lastly, a low rabble assembled there to plunder and assassinate any one pointed out to them by the inscilent friars of all colours and denominations, who were entertaining them with the most vulgar and indecent species of ribaldry.

As our hero entered the court, the eyes of those who happened to be in his line of march were immediately turned upon him with a sort

of savage satisfaction, mingled with strong curiosity. "Who is he?" was the general inquiry.

"The son of Don Fabricio Sandoval," whispered the alguacil.

"In with him," shouted the crowd, waving their various weapons above their heads. "Zounds!" exclaimed one of them, "he is a prize. We'll have something out of him, or the thunderbolt shall crush me!" saying which, several ruffians rushed towards him, and laying their hands on his epaulettes, and on the crosses which decorated his breast, tore them away. Sandoval grasped the hilt of his sword, but the impetuosity of the crowd so overpowered him, that he was unable to draw it, or to hinder his being pushed about by some, and dragged on by others to the door of the hall itself, where, on being admitted, he found his Señoria, the Comisionado Regio, occupying a chair, considerably raised above those of the clerks by whom he was surrounded, in front of which stood a table, covered with passports, writs,

charges, and declarations, decrees, and other official documents. His haggard look and jaundiced appearance betrayed the debauch of the previous night, and added a disgusting deformity to his already horrific countenance.

At the moment Sandoval entered the hall, a respectable looking elderly man stood in front of the table listening with a cheerful air to the accusation preferred against him by his Señoria, who, with a hoarse and rattling voice, more resembling the gruntings of swine than the accents of a human being, was saying—"The crime you stand accused of will subject you to ten years imprisonment in Ceuta, if it be clearly proved you have acted wilfully in the commission of it. It falls under the late decree of his majesty, in which it is expressly forbidden to laymen to wear underneath their hats the black silk cap, that became so fashionable during the late disorganizing government, and which, as the decree itself expresses it, 'was intended as an encroachment on the rights of the clergy, the said cap having, from time immemorial,

been made use of exclusively by the holy ministers of the church, to cover their sacerdotal pericraniums.’”

“Your Señoria takes me quite by surprise,” said the elderly gentleman, “for I assure you I was not aware of the existence of such a law. I have worn a black cap for these ten years past; not for the sake of fashion, but because being nearly bald, I found it a very comfortable substitute for the want of a natural covering, particularly in foggy and damp weather, when I am always in the habit of pulling it over my ears to keep them warm; for which purpose, I assure your Señoria, it answers admirably.”

Artimaña frowned darkly at this speech.—“By the frivolous manner in which you speak,” said he, “I should not at all be surprised if you were the first to set to others the pernicious example of wearing that cap, and as the author of such a heinous crime I know of no punishment bad enough to expiate it.—Take him away to prison,” added he, addressing himself to some of the armed guards, who were in the room,

“and let him be shut up in solitary confinement, till the will of his majesty the king, our lord and sovereign, be made known to us.”

The gentleman made an attempt to speak, but the guards instantly collared him, and dragged him out of the hall. A minute after a savage shout of approbation from the rabble in the court put the seal to this case.

His Señoria now called aloud the name of another gentleman, who sat in a corner of the room, and who advanced at the summons of his judge—“ I have been informed,” said his Señoria, “ that yesterday, in going in your carriage to the promenade, you met a clergyman carrying the sacrament to a sick person, and disregarding the established usages, by which you were in duty bound to alight from your carriage, and humbly give up your seat to that holy minister of God, you continued your way without even making him a tender of it. By this scandalous conduct, you were guilty of a twofold offence, being unmindful not only of a religious duty, but of the example set to us, and

to the world, by our beloved sovereign, who on similar occasions does not disdain to walk on foot beside his own carriage, as every true christian ought, till the clergyman reaches the house where he is going to administer the sacrament. As this is a crime very much reprobated by his majesty, and as instances of it are but too common in our days, I shall condemn you to the loss of your carriage and horses, which must be sold for the benefit of the church; but being informed that this is your first offence, I shall not compel you to pay any fine in money."

The gentleman said, in his defence, that he had not alighted (as it had been his wish) because his wife, who was then in the carriage with her babe in her arms, and also another son, were in a very precarious state of health, and unable to walk far; to which Artimaña returned the following laconic, but feeling answer—"Sir, your duty to God ought to be paramount not only to your child's life, but to your own, and

to that of every member of your family either past, present, or to come."

"Amen," cried a voice in the hall, which was followed by a burst of laughter among the spectators ; but which so kindled the passion of his Señoria, that he started up from his seat, and said, his teeth clattering like a pair of castanets—" In the name of the king, I condemn to ten years presidio* the insolent person who has thus endeavoured to throw a ridicule on the proceedings of this august tribunal. Let him now appear before me."

At these words an old woman, most raggedly dressed, and holding a rosary in her hands, stepped forward, and said, she would apologize for having uttered that word aloud during her prayers, if it were required for the sake of justice ; " but," added she, " I suppose there will be no necessity for that, when you see it was your own mother who said it, though since

* The galleys.

your nomination to the post of Comisionado, you have behaved to me in such a scandalous manner, (treating me like an old slipper, and disowning me in public, as if people knew not you were my son) that perhaps you may wish to carry your sentence into execution."

"Away with that mad woman," cried Artimaña bursting with passion, "take her to a mad-house, and let me see no more of her."

"Ungrateful wretch," cried she indignantly, "think'st thou people will not hate thee the more for repaying all my cares with ingratitude, though I am poor and aged? Ay, and think thee a deeper villain too? The curse of heaven and of man will fall on thy head for thy wicked deeds sooner than thou art aware of."

Artimaña's face became livid with passion, and he waved his hand, unable to utter a word; till his mother was carried away by some of his minions, when he sunk into his chair, and with a sort of groan, called for the next case, which was still more extraordinary than either of the two preceding.

A young man, who had just arrived from England, had brought away, among other books, the ELEGANT EXTRACTS, the title-page of which runs thus:—"ELEGANT EXTRACTS, selected for the improvement of YOUNG persons." On his arrival at Irun, on the Spanish frontier, the priest, commissioned by the Inquisition to examine the books that are imported from foreign countries, in comparing the title-page of the works belonging to the travellers, with the names of those comprised in the *index expurgatorius* furnished him by the holy tribunal, found the one above-mentioned, and threw it aside to be burnt, because, as he said, "those were the damnable writings of the heretical and sacrilegious *Young*, whose name was marked down on his list." In vain did the youth endeavour to prove that those volumes which he condemned as the productions of *Young* were only extracts, or a selection of useful matter from different authors, for the improvement of *young* persons ; the priest, with that characteristic pertinacity which belongs to

ignorance, insisted that the title-page said YOUNG, and that that was enough for him to have the books burnt, which was accordingly done. The youth, however, could not help smiling at the gross ignorance displayed by the priest, and even ventured to compare the justice of the auto-da-fé made of his harmless books, to those performed in former days by Father Torquemada, and his fellow champions of the Faith, on their innocent victims. This sally did not pass unnoticed or unforgiven by that learned priest, who immediately wrote to the Comisionado Regio of Logroño, the place to which the young man was proceeding, requesting his Señoria to question him closely, as he suspected he had been smuggling into Spain heretical works from England. In fact, on his arrival at his native city, he was arrested and examined; but declared he had brought only those which had been burnt, and a few more that did not come within the pale of the sacred index. The Comisionado, however, not being satisfied with this declaration, had sent him to

prison, from which he was now brought to the court, to undergo another examination.

Artimaña, whose mind, though callous to the voice of conscience, was extremely alive to the ridicule of the world, which he conceived his mother's exposure was greatly calculated to raise, sat immovable in his chair, with one hand on the table firmly closed, and the other thrust into his waistcoat, darkly glancing about the room, to discover if an impression of merriment was any where visible.

“ Well !” said he, with a savage look, as the young man above mentioned came before him, “ do you still persist in denying the well known fact of having introduced into this country English works, containing most pernicious doctrines on religion and government ?”

“ As long as such a fact remains unproved,” replied the youth fearlessly, “ I must persist in doing so. This I declared during my former examination, and shall continue to declare while the fear of offending my Creator holds a place in my heart.”

“ I thought,” said his Señoria, “ that a week’s imprisonment would have sufficed to make you confess the truth ; but I see you have visited the country of the heretics to some purpose, you have at all events acquired their impious obduracy of character in denying truths as palpable as the gospels. But we shall see if your acquirements can withstand other proofs,—approach.”

The young man obeyed, and Artimaña drew from the table-drawer near him a thumb-screw, of which there were several of different sizes, and into which he put the young man’s thumbs.* The savage complacency with which he screwed them up, shewed that he was now in his ele-

* Rufino Gonzalez, whom Ferdinand nominated Minister of Police, after his return to Madrid from Cadiz, and whose barbarous decrees are the opprobrium of the age in which we live, was at the epoch alluded to in the text, Comisionado Regio at Pamplona, and made use of the thumb screws above described, as did also several of his colleagues in other cities. For this fact, many gentlemen at present in this country, among whom the author himself is one, can vouch, having been eye-witnesses of these barbarities.

ment. At every turn of the screw, the cracking of the bones became louder, and the blood gushed out at the tops of the thumbs in greater quantity ; and as they splintered into pieces one after another, the very marrow flew from them, and besmeared the tormentor himself. Still he proceeded, and watched the eyes and countenance of the youth with that kind of delight that an anatomist, who is trying an experiment, feels at the discovery of some important truth, or rather it was the gratification of the tiger when he holds fast in his claws his expiring victim, and sees his last agonies. At the excruciating pain, the unhappy youth's eyes filled with tears, but not a groan nor a sigh escaped his lips. Firm in his resolution to breathe his last, rather than utter a falsehood to save himself, every time Artimaña interrogated him, he repeated his first assertion with that undaunted courage peculiar to innocence, till at last his tormentor, having satiated his cruelty, gave up this mode of interrogatory, but sent his victim with an escort to the Inquisition,

where, he said, he had no doubt his obduracy would be conquered.

Sandoval, who had felt the utmost astonishment at the two first cases, which he thought nothing could equal in absurdity and caprice, hardly knew how to contain his indignation at the wanton barbarity of the third. He looked around him to observe if there were no others in the room, who sympathizing with him, would rush forward to snatch the prey from the monster's hands ; but instead of compassion, he saw terror depicted in the countenances of some, and satisfaction in those of others, while his own motions were watched by a great number in a manner, that would have rendered his interference useless to the youth, and fatal to himself. Compelled, therefore, to remain in his place, he waited impatiently until his name should be called, which was done as soon as the young man was removed from the hall, when he advanced before his judge with an air of bold defiance.

His lofty and manly gait, and the quick

penetrating glance of his eyes, seemed to throw around him a sort of spell, which kept the spectators breathless and immovable, and seemed to make Artimaña shrink into his chair, impressed with an irresistible feeling of awe, as if conscious of the presence of a superior being. Having remained some instants looking fixedly at his judge, Sandoval broke the deep silence which reigned in the hall, and demanded in a commanding voice to know for what purpose he had been desired to present himself there.

“ I think . . . there is a mistake . . . ” muttered the Comisionado hesitatingly, rummaging some of the papers that lay on the table, and now and then casting fearful looks towards a door in the hall, that stood ajar.—“ I can find no charge against you . . . you are acquitted,” added he still in a trembling voice.

Sandoval smiled scornfully on him, and without a word more, walked out of the office with a firm step, casting a contemptuous look on the awe-struck multitude, who followed him with their eyes, as if it had been an apparition, glid-

ing through the hall. In the court, the whisper, "he is dismissed," ran from mouth to mouth, and, as he approached, the assembled rabble fell back to afford him a passage, though they kept a sullen silence, and frowned darkly, as if displeased at such a decision. Roque, who had followed his master to the office, stalked after him as erect as a stork, casting triumphant looks around him, and muttering to himself—"The villain could not bear my master's look. It was one of his manly ones, though, which few could withstand, and which would have made all these ragamuffins take to their heels, and conceal themselves in the darkest corner of their hovels, as effectually as the sign of the cross does the devil."

"Roque," said his master, when they were at some distance from the police office, "I will walk on to the road of Pamplona, and in half an hour's time I shall expect you to meet me with the horses beyond the city bridge; for I suspect I shall not be permitted to quit the town on horseback without some kind of passport,

which I have no time to procure, and which probably I could not obtain." Saying this he left him, and proceeded with hasty steps towards the appointed place, as anxious now to quit his native town, as he had been to reach it two days before, the disappointments which had crowded upon him during that short period being such as to justify the sentiment of disgust, which he now felt for everything that surrounded him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Grief may to grief in endless round succeed,
And nature suffer when our children bleed ;
Yet still superior must that hero prove,
Whose first, best passion is his country's love.

W. WHITEHEAD.

IN his way through the town to the place of rendezvous, he could not resist the temptation of passing before the house of Don Antonio Lanza, not indeed with the intention of crossing its threshold, but for the melancholy pleasure of gazing for the last time on the walls that contained the being he still found it so difficult to forget ; and whom, nevertheless, he imagined he now hated. That he should have

sought of his own accord this way of increasing his torments and despair, may appear strange; but it is not at all singular. It is only what we every day behold in almost every human occurrence. The man who has just escaped shipwreck turns himself when on the beach, towards the furious element, on which the planks are scattered that once formed the vessel to which his all was entrusted. He whom the devouring flames have driven from his house, returns, the instant his first alarm is over, to contemplate the ravages they have committed, and see the last wall crumble and fall to the ground. The mother who has lost her darling child, finds a solace in kneeling and weeping beside the grave that encloses its mouldering bones. And the unhappy exile, who wanders friendless and unheeded in a foreign land, feels a pleasure in turning his sight towards those hills behind which lies his native home, and recalling, during his sleepless nights, the pleasures and comforts he has once known, and now lost, perhaps for ever. Even so it is with the disappointed lover;

—to seek and frequent those spots where once he has “breathed the sigh, and vowed the vow,”
—to weep where he has been wont to enjoy the delights of a pure affection—to listen to the voice of the being who can no longer be his, are the impulses of every heart that feels deeply, and cannot forget what appears to him at the moment an irreparable loss.

Thus when Sandoval had gratified this last wish, he hastened away to the appointed place ; where he found Roque waiting for him with some impatience. The better to escape the suspicions of the centinel on the bridge, and look more like a common peasant, he had assumed the *montera** of the country and put on his large brown cloak, under which he concealed his military dress. He had also had the precaution to place on his master’s horse the portmantaus in the manner of bales, and throw the usual matting over them, that he might not

* A cap in the shape of a cone, worn by the peasants of that province.

attract attention. Sandoval after bestowing on him the praises due to his ingenuity, and assisting him in unloading and saddling his horse, and arranging their equipage in the most portable manner, mounted and proceeded on his journey.

For the first two leagues, they kept travelling on the fertile borders of the Ebro, which present many rich and varied prospects. But on leaving that river on their right and following the track leading to the mountains, the scenery becomes more wild and imposing, and as the travellers penetrated deeper into those solitudes, it grew still more awful and majestic. Yet, however delightful it may be to travel through a country where gigantic cliffs and abrupt rocks lift themselves so as to overhang a number of narrow winding ravines, rushing torrents, and wild cascades, we doubt whether it would afford our readers an equal pleasure were we to describe minutely those objects as they appeared to Sandoval, who, though a great lover of nature in all her luxuriant wildness of mountain scenery, considered them now more

in the light of impediments to his progress than as objects worthy of his or any other person's admiration. Hence he travelled as fast as the nature of the country permitted, his mind now bent on the subject upon which he was about to enter, and now wandering to her whose charms still flitted before his imagination, and whose form he thought he could see emerging from every cloud that rose above the cliffs. But with all his speed, it was not till the day after his departure from Logroño, and on his reaching Puente de la Reyna, a town four leagues distant from Pamplona, situated on the banks of the river Arga, which fertilizes one of the best cultivated and most beautiful districts in Spain, that he met with some of the friends he sought.

From some of the soldiers with whom our travellers spoke in the outskirts of the town, they ascertained that the troops in garrison there belonged to Mina's division, and consisted of the First Regiment, commanded by the valiant Colonel Gorriz, to whose house Sandoval immediately repaired, with the intention of dis-

covering the place where he was likely to meet with the General.

Gorriz, who was one of the few bosom friends of Mina, and whose valour and fidelity had been well tried during that period, when such virtues were of vital importance to his chief, was, at the moment our hero entered his house, in close conversation with several of the officers of the regiment; but on seeing Sandoval appear, and request a word in private, he rose to receive him, and led him to an inner room, where he requested him to wait a few instants, while he gave some indispensable orders to his officers. Having done so, Gorriz re-entered the apartment where Sandoval was waiting, and requested to know his pleasure. "I am just arrived from Logroño," replied Sandoval, "and should be glad to know where I can find your General?"

"I cannot exactly say where you would find him at present," said Gorriz, "but can I do your business for you? I shall either send to him, or see him myself to-night."

“My business,” said Sandoval, “cannot be done through a third person; but as I know the intimacy which exists between you and him, and as, moreover, your patriotic sentiments are also well known to me, I will not hesitate in disclosing to you the object of my visit to the General. It is simply this:—I have positive information that he is on the point of raising the standard of liberty in our unhappy country, and re-asserting the sovereignty of the people, and as I am bound by my oath to support such principles, I come to offer him my services, and shed my blood for the sacred cause he thus heroically espouses, if I may be thought worthy of participating in his glorious enterprize.”

Gorriz gazed on Sandoval's countenance with a look of surprise, mixed with intense interest, and after a few minutes silence said—
“You may be sincere in what you say, Sir, but I am surprised you should be bold enough to make such a declaration to one who is an utter stranger to you.”

“I care not who knows it,” returned San-

doval. "To live under the despot who rules over us, is worse to me than death itself; and that, too, shall be welcome if the hour has arrived, though I would fain not die without a struggle. I, however, should not have spoken thus openly to you, were I not convinced you feel as a true patriot and a Spaniard."

Gorriz still paused before he spoke, and then enquired his name.

"Calisto Sandoval," was the reply.

"Calisto Sandoval," repeated the Colonel, slowly smoothing his forehead with his hand, and looking down thoughtfully—"I have heard that name true—you are Sandoval the artillery Captain, the friend of General Cienfuegos, of the Third Army."

"The same," said our hero.

"Why, now I remember having seen you while you remained at Pamplona, in your way to the interior. How is it that you left the army?"

"Because I have sworn in my heart to bear

no arms against any but despots and tyrants," replied Sandoval.

"So then, you are still true to those sentiments I heard you deliver with manly boldness when I once dined with your General; and you purpose living in them?" enquired again Gorriz.

"And dying too, if it be required," answered Sandoval. "Such at least is the motive that urges me to go in quest of your heroic General, who I know must feel and resent the treatment we receive at Ferdinand's hands, for the sacrifices and toils we have undergone for him."

"Indeed," said Gorriz, throwing away all reserve, "you may well say so. Here in this province, where we lavished torrents of our blood, and where our valiant chief led us through such extraordinary perils, to drive the enemy from our land, and restore Ferdinand to the throne; do we see Espeleta, a man known only by his cowardice and inutility, invested with the vice-royalty, and daring publicly to

declare that he will have Mina tried for the just punishments he inflicted during the war on those traitors who would have delivered him to the enemy tied hand and foot. Mina tried! whose immortal deeds caused him to be hailed wherever he went as the avenger and saviour of our native mountains, and who might (had he but wished it) have declared himself the king, and defied the whole power of the ruling despot, as he had just done that of a more powerful enemy!—and it is this Espeleta who threatens to try him!—Is this to be borne?—No, no, it shall not be,” added he, pacing the room in hurried manner, “this night, yes, this night, shall our banner wave on the city ramparts, and to-morrow a purer sun shall gild the horizon of Spain, and cheer the patriot’s heart.”

“Then,” cried Sandoval, enraptured at the last words that had escaped Gorriz, “I am still in time to aid in raising the banner of liberty?—thank God!”

“What did I say, then?” asked Gorriz, start-

ing back, and with anxious looks. "Did I betray the secret? Did I say any thing about to-night?"

"You have confided, not betrayed a secret," answered Sandoval, "and if it were entrusted to you as such, it shall not pass my lips.—Make your mind easy, Colonel," added he, seeing that Gorriz was disturbed, "you have nothing to fear. In my bosom it lies concealed as sacredly as in your own."

"'Tis not that I fear your betraying it," said the Colonel, "I know it is as sacred with you as with myself; but it is the first in my life that has escaped me, and I ought to have been on my guard. You are the only one who knows it, and I would I could recal it even at the expence of my life;—but since it cannot be, let it be buried in your bosom. And now, farewell, and be prepared to march with us to-night at eight o'clock."

The pleasure felt by Sandoval on leaving Gorriz's quarters, can only be conceived by those who, having once engaged in perilous undertakings, are on the point of striking the blow which is to secure to them what they have been vainly en-

deavouring to obtain through years of toil and strife. His countenance, limbs, motions, all exhibited the degree of excitement he felt on this joyful occasion. Unconscious that he was in the public streets, he ran rather than walked, hopped, limped about, and rubbed his hands in such a strange manner, that he might easily have been taken for some harmless madman, who had given the slip to his keepers, and was enjoying his new liberty. How long he would have rambled about at this pace it is impossible to say, had he not happened to run into the barracks, where Gorriz's regiment was quartered. In looking around, he was surprised to see that most of the soldiers he met appeared dejected or discontented, some even frowned sulkily at the officers who passed by.—“Zounds !” said one, who had been just reprimanded by an officer for the boisterous insolence of his language, “give me what you have been promising every day for these eight months, and you'll get rid of my grumbling. We engaged to serve during the war only, and our licences ought not to have been withheld from us

an instant after it terminated. Instead of that, here we are quartered amidst filth and vermin, and kept, as it were, to be gradually starved, till we become as dry as cod-fish.’

In fact the barracks presented the very picture of misery and desolation. Windows unglazed, dormitories without any partitions, and with only a few planks raised a few inches from the floor, on which some rotten straw, intended for mattresses, and emitting an offensive smell, was strewed here and there, their whole covering consisting of a blanket, the colour of which it was impossible to ascertain. The floors, matted with dust and filth, created every species of vermin; and the bare walls, the holes and chinks of which were the receptacles of disgusting reptiles, presented on all sides frightful faces, monsters of every description, and revolting obscenities drawn by their predecessors, the French, with the black smoke of the torches with which that wretched abode was lighted at night. On the other hand, the dress of the soldiers corresponded in every respect with their dwelling, their regimentals ex-

hibiting patches of various colours, or stiches as long as bears' teeth, and the shoes, of those who had any, holes through which the toes peeped out in despite of the patches which had been carefully sown to cover them. As to rations and pay, they had been gradually retrenched, until the soldiers considered themselves very fortunate if they received their half pound of bread, some lentils or beans, and five *quartos** a day.

It was not to be wondered at, then, if these poor wretches, who had so much contributed to the triumph of Spanish independence, and who were now so infamously treated, showed symptoms of insubordination and dissatisfaction, especially against their officers, whom they were taught by Mina's enemies to consider as the principal persons through whose agency they had been brought to that state of misery.—“ While your General and your officers were in want of you,” said the insidious enemies, “ you were abundantly provided with everything you wanted ; but now, when

* Three half-pence.

your services are no longer needed, you see how you are treated. And yet they keep from you the licences which they had promised to give you on the termination of the war; but they do so to have soldiers over whom they may continue to exercise the tyrannical authority to which they are accustomed."

The fact was, that Mina's admirable system of administration, by which, during the war, his soldiers enjoyed such excellent rations and good pay, had been discontinued by the ruling faction during the General's visit to Madrid; and all the remonstrances of the other chiefs to obtain redress had been unavailing. But those calumnies were circulated with the meditated object of rendering Mina and his officers unpopular with their soldiers. Afraid that the violence and tyranny of their faction would rouse the indignation of that upright chief, they thought, that the best way to render his efforts nugatory was to demoralize his troops, and deaden that influence which he had so usefully exerted, during the late struggle, over the minds of his soldiers, and which forms

the basis of all military subordination. In order to effect this, they did not confine themselves to mere calumnies; but exhorted the soldiers to desert, using every argument in their power to convince them that it was a duty they owed to themselves and their families; and when these arguments failed, they resorted to privations and slights, which could not fail to make an impression on men, who had been accustomed to be received with open arms, and looked upon as heroes and liberators wherever they arrived. Hence desertion, which before was hardly known, became now very common, some urged by the reasons just stated, and others yielding to the repeated entreaties of their families; so that, as a considerable number of the division was composed of volunteers from the neighbouring provinces, who had engaged to serve only while the war lasted, it was at the epoch here alluded to considerably diminished, and those who remained in it, had not, as we have already observed, great reason to be satisfied with the treatment they received.

Such was the deplorable state of things among Mina's division on his return from Madrid to Navarre. To some it will appear extraordinary that, under such circumstances, he should have thought of making the bold attempt of raising the standard of liberty; but besides that it was impossible for him ever to imagine that the demoralization of his soldiers had reached to such a height, though he had been punctually informed of some of the principal occurrences, if the attempt was to be made at all, was he to wait till he had not a man left, or till all obedience was at an end? Impressed from the moment he left the slavish court of the ungrateful Ferdinand, that there was not an instant to be lost in demanding the fulfilment of the decree of the 4th of May, in which a royal promise had been given to convoke the Cortes, as the ancient Constitution of the realm prescribed, he thought the moment of his return to the division the best for carrying into effect the plan he had conceived, and ensuring the success of his just demands, trusting still to find

the remainder of his fellow soldiers alive to honour and patriotism.

We return now to Sandoval. After various conversations which he held with some of the soldiers, from which he augured nothing very favourable to the success of the great enterprise they were about to undertake, and which considerably damped the enthusiasm to which a moment before he had so extravagantly abandoned himself, he went to the inn where his servant Roque had taken the horses, with the intention of recruiting all his forces, that he might be able to go through the fatigues of the night with the resolution that a strong mind derives from an increase of physical vigour. Having performed this duty as became his youth and appetite, he proceeded to Gorriz's quarters, where he found him seated at table with some of his officers, and on the point of finishing their repast. Soon after, the Colonel and Sandoval were left alone, the officers having the necessary preparations to make for the march; when they entered into a confidential conversation

On the approaching events, in which, however, both seemed afraid of touching on the discontent prevalent among the troops. They, nevertheless, drank together to the success of the glorious enterprise, with the enthusiastic fervour peculiar to each, and contented themselves with looking on the bright side of the picture.

CHAP. XIV.

——— Though perils did abound
As thick as thought could make 'em, and appear
In forms more horrid ; yet my duty
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

SHAKESPEARE.

AT six o'clock precisely Gorriz's regiment was formed in the square. It did not present a splendid show of finely arrayed warriors; but there were no faint hearts among them; for their General never kept any individual in his division who in the hour of danger betrayed the least signs of fear, and all his men had passed the ordeal of his steady and penetrating eye. On this occasion, however, their hard features were overcast with an air of sullenness and discontent

that foreboded no good. They asked each other in low whispers whither their chief intended marching them; there were even some who put the question to their officers; but as none knew, their curiosity remained ungratified, which did not fail to add considerably to their previous dissatisfaction. At last the order to march being given, they left Puente de la Reyna through the Pamplona gate. On the road to this city they continued for about an hour; but Gorriz, who had received orders from Mina to take every precaution that prudence could suggest to disguise their undertaking, and defeat even the remotest conjecture of the soldiers, led them through circuitous paths, some miles away from the beaten road, always refusing to give any explanation to the officers who demanded it. This mysterious conduct raised their suspicions, which increased considerably when they saw that a company, who had received orders to march to a neighbouring village, returned to join the regiment loaded with ladders, which they had found there ready for them. As their march lengthened, the road they

followed, though still circuitous, was gradually becoming more direct to Pamplona. The officers now began to murmur loudly about the intended operations, and the soldiers marched reluctantly on, both parties being convinced that an assault on the city was meditated, and speculating on the object of such an attempt. The soldiers, anxious to ascertain it, enquired of the serjeants, and the latter of the officers, who on their side put the question to their Colonel; he, however, answered them by assurances that he knew nothing more of the matter, than that he had received in the morning an official order from the General, directing him to repair to headquarters by the road they were now following.

Such an explanation did not satisfy either the officers or the men, who, whether through fatigue, for it was now almost midnight, and they had marched over many leagues of territory, or through reluctance to commence a fresh struggle, began to slacken their march, break the line of formation, and by degrees to lag behind and desert. The clamour of the men, as they approach-

ed Pamplona, and the visible desertion that had taken place among them, obliged the officers to demand from the Colonel, in a more peremptory manner, satisfactory explanations respecting the meditated attempt. Gorriz, who saw that the soldiery were almost in a state of mutiny, caused them to halt, and complying with the wishes of the officers, withdrew aside to hold a conference on the subject. He again protested he knew nothing of the nature or object of the attempt; but that at about a quarter of a league from Pamplona, he was to receive the necessary instructions to act, and would also give them the information they wanted; and that should it not be sufficiently satisfactory, they might then send to the General himself, who by that time would be near the citadel. The officers said, that to ensure the co-operation of their men, and gain their confidence, some explanation less ambiguous ought to be given them on the spot, and that they themselves must have a more defined notion of this mysterious undertaking before they marched a step farther. Gorriz exerted himself to the

utmost, to persuade them to march at least a quarter of a league towards Pamplona ; but unable to prevail on them, he resolved to send Sandoval and another officer to the place where the General was likely to be found, to inform him of the state of things in the regiment he commanded.

Sandoval and his companion rode as fast as the darkness of the night permitted, and in little more than twenty minutes they reached the foot of the citadel. As they walked their horses slowly round the ramparts, which were, completely enveloped in darkness, they heard, amidst the deep silence which prevailed around, some whispers, and low murmurs in one of the moats. They approached, and by the footsteps, rustling of arms, and other noises, they inferred that it must be there that the General would be found. Having alighted and secured their horses, they descended into the moat, and found Mina, with various officers of the staff, some lancers, and some infantry soldiers, preparing the ladders for the assault of the citadel.

The two emissaries called the General aside, and after the first greetings with Sandoval, and a hearty welcome, he listened to his statement of the occurrences in Gorriz's regiment with looks in which surprise was blended with indignation—"How!" he exclaimed, "are things come to this crisis!—and does the first regiment, in which I placed my greatest trust, refuse to obey my orders?—It is impossible!—I cannot believe it—it cannot be."

"Unfortunately it is but too true, General," said Sandoval's companion.

"Then," cried he indignantly—"it shall not be," and walking rapidly out of the moat to a short distance, where he had a horse ready saddled, he mounted it, and accompanied by our two emissaries galloped on towards the place where the regiment halted. Aware that he had not a moment to lose, if he wished to prevent the failure of the enterprise, and unwilling to abandon it altogether while there was the remotest hope of success, he was resolved to

make every exertion to bring the soldiers back to their duty.

On arriving near the place where the troops were, he stopped his horse, and sent forward the officer who accompanied him, to request his brother officers to come and confer with him, without being overheard by the soldiery. Meantime he alighted and walked to and fro, holding his horse by the bridle, till they all arrived, with Gorriz at their head.—“Gentlemen,” said he, when he saw himself surrounded by them all, “what do you want to know from me? Can you no longer trust your chief?—and must he now take no step without first disclosing its object to every man of his division?—How often have I betrayed you, that you should do me the injustice to suspect that I could undertake anything that was not to your honor and advantage?”

“General,” said one of the officers, “allow me to assure you in the name of my brother officers, that our confidence in the measures you may meditate is at the present moment as firm

as it was formerly. We believe that they can only be for the honour and interest, both of ourselves and the nation; but the perverted spirit of the soldiery demands some explanation, which by giving them an insight into the subject, should, at the same time convince them that their condition would be ameliorated by the project in execution."

"My friends," said the General, "every one of you is acquainted with Ferdinand's conduct towards all those who have laboured for his restoration, towards yourselves, and towards the nation. From the observations which I had an opportunity of making during my residence at Madrid, I infer, that we have nothing to expect from him but contempt, misery, and degradation. This being the case, I have resolved to seize on Pamplona, hoist the banners of liberty on its turrets, call around them the friends of a rational government, and compel Ferdinand to show his gratitude to the nation, by giving back the institutions which he has so treacherously overthrown, or at least by fulfilling the promise

he gave us in the decree of the fourth of May, of convoking the Cortes in the manner of our forefathers. These are my intentions, and I appeal to you if I am wrong in demanding this reward for our services."

The officers unanimously applauded those resolutions, and declared themselves ready to assist in such a glorious enterprise. Some of them, however, wished to know if there were any probability of success, to which Mina replied, that he could offer the firmest assurances of it— "The entrance in the city," added he, "presents no risk whatever; for those points through which we shall penetrate are occupied by one of those regiments who are in the secret of our plans. As for the other troops who are in the town, they must yield either willingly or perforce, as also those troops belonging to the fourth army, who are stationed in various places of this and the neighbouring provinces; though I have good reasons for saying that their chiefs will not stir the length of a pike to oppose our plans, nay, I am assured of their co-operation."

After various other explanations, all tending to shew that the meditated attempt was not the result of the single effort of an individual, nor that of rashness and despair, it was agreed by all that the plan should proceed. The General, then, to show the satisfaction he felt at this decision, shook every officer successively by the hand with enthusiastic warmth, and afterwards gave them orders to place themselves at the head of their men. They all immediately occupied their respective posts, drawn up in line of battle; and Mina, placing himself in front of the troops, addressed them in a short but energetic speech, in which he recalled to them their past deeds, the confidence they had always reposed in him, and their obedience to his orders, the honour they would now confer on themselves and the nation by their devotedness to the sacred cause of their country, and the brilliant prospects that awaited them on the termination of the glorious enterprise in which they were about to be engaged.

During this short discourse the deepest silence

reigned among the soldiers; but no one doubted it would be followed by enthusiastic cheers and repeated vivas. But what was the surprise, vexation, and disappointment of the General and his officers, when, instead of shouts, there was not even a whisper to be heard. Mute, and fixed to the spot, the soldiers appeared to have suddenly lost the power of speech or of action. Mina, accustomed as he had been to receive the cheers of his soldiers whenever he addressed them, presaged from this sullen silence the most fatal results; but as it was necessary to make a virtue of necessity, he gave the word of command to march by companies. The grenadiers, commanded by Juanito (who has of late years shown so much zeal against the Constitutional party in the same province) were the first to carry arms and march forward; but when the Captain of the first company gave the word of command to his men, a tremendous shout was suddenly heard, as simultaneously uttered as if it had proceeded from one gigantic throat.—“Halt,” was the cry, “not a soul stirs from hence,—give us our

licences—the war is now over—we go to our homes only—expect no more obedience from us.”

Amidst these and other deafening cries, those of the officers, who, mad with rage, endeavoured by oaths and threats to bring the soldiers back to their duty, were not even heard. One deep shout was immediately followed by another deeper still, and oaths and imprecations were fulminated from the mouths of all. Amidst this horrid confusion, the intrepid Mina rushed towards the soldiers, eager to quell the mutiny, and, fired with rage and despair, thundered out his words above those drowning cries, and for a moment silenced the uproar; but it was for a moment only; for no sooner his mighty voice was heard alone, than the soldiery, as if ashamed to have been borne down by a single tongue, again burst out —“Away, General, away, or you are a dead man.”—“Fire,” cried a voice among them, and an irregular discharge suddenly commenced. The confusion and disorder that ensued are indescribable. The

officers, anxious to prevent bloodshed, rushed towards their soldiers; but amidst the obscurity of the night their swords clashed against the bent bayonets, as they approached them, and in retracing their steps they stumbled upon each other, and fell, frequently in no small danger of being run through by their own weapons, while the fearless General stood firmly in front of the troops exposed to the volleys of musquetry that resounded from time to time, imploring them to be pacified, and say what they wanted.

After more than ten minutes the mutiny gradually subsided, and to the repeated questions of Mina, the soldiers answered, that they must return to Puente de la Reyna and have their licences granted.—“Return,” said he, “and there you shall obtain them; but you will one day repent having this night shut your ears against the voice of your chief.” Saying this he gave the orders which the circumstances permitted, for the return of the troops to Puente de la Reyna with something like order; but amidst the murmur and noise of the soldiers, the

voices of the chiefs were not heard, and every one took the road that best suited him ; some indeed seized that opportunity to return to their homes, armed and ready equipped, whilst those officers, who had met most resistance from their men, were obliged to go back to their quarters through bye-ways, in order to avoid the outrages to which they were still exposed.

Meanwhile Mina, accompanied by Gorriz, Sandoval, and some other officers, returned at full gallop to the place where he had been making preparations to scale the walls of the citadel ; and, in hopes of being able again to try his fate, gave orders to those who were waiting for him in the moat to withdraw the ladders immediately, and keep them in readiness for the following night. This done, he desired the friends who were around him to meet him in a few hours, as he intended to present himself at Puente de la Reyna before the mutineers, and endeavour to gain them over either by promises or threats, or at all events to ascertain how far

they would be inclined to act in favour of their country.

“ Mi capitan,” said Roque to his master, as they turned aside from the front of the citadel, in search of a hut, where they purposed passing a few hours of repose, “ it is a pretty mess that we have witnessed. I had already recommended my soul to God, and yours too ; for I saw that those earnest entreaties of yours to the soldiers to listen to the voice of their chief, those plungings from one extremity of the line to the other, whither I followed you, as if my nag had been tied to your horse’s-tail, were likely to be recompensed by a couple of bullets, which would at once have put an end to our exploits. I never witnessed more stubbornness, even from jack asses, than I saw displayed by those accursed fools ; but what else could have been expected from the well known obstinacy of Biscayans and Navarese ? Does not the proverb say of them, that a bull will beat them in intellect ; but not in force and stubbornness ? ”

“True, Roque,” cried his master, “even a bull would have yielded to those pathetic exhortations of the brave and unfortunate Mina. How my heart bled at seeing the brutal apathy of those deluded slaves, and the torments he suffered at their disobedience and insensibility! I would have given my life that they had but followed his steps; by this time Spain would have been free, and their own misfortunes at an end.—Yet he means to try them again; but I have no hope left. Nothing can be expected from men whom our enemies have brutified and demoralized.”

“I think so too,” said Roque, “therefore I would advise our return to Logroño without loss of time, and before the Captain General’s hounds begin their hunt after us, which I guess will be a pretty hot one. And be assured we shall not be spared, if we are caught, for the trouble of coming so far in search of adventures.”

“Let come what may, Roque,” said his master, “our duty is not yet over. While Mina entertains a hope, we must stand by him,

and ever afterwards, should he be in need of our arms—But,” added he, alighting near some ruined houses, “let us enter one of these ruins, for I see no dwelling near which to direct our steps, and our horses stand as much in need of repose as ourselves.”

They now took possession of one of the ruins, and having secured their horses, Roque struck a light, shared between the horses some barley he had brought with him in his bags, and then drawing out some cold meat, bread and cheese, sat down to his supper with that keenness of appetite to which he was never a stranger, and much less now, when it had been considerably increased by the long march which they had performed. Meantime his master spread his cloak on the ground, and lying down resigned his senses to the influence of sleep, in which he was imitated by Roque, as soon as the cravings of hunger had been duly appeased.

It is an observation which the soldier has often an opportunity of making, that, however fatigued, he can always awake at the precise

time he wishes, even if his repose must be confined to a couple of hours; hence Sandoval and his servant were on their legs, ready to join Mina, three hours after they had laid themselves down; when they proceeded to the place of rendezvous, which was on the road to Puente de la Reyna, where they found Mina ready to start with his adjutants, some officers, a few *employes*, and a party of light cavalry belonging to his regiment of lancers. This cavalcade set off for the place of their destination at a brisk trot; but in coming near the town they met an officer who had just left Puente de la Reyna, and who, belonging to the regiment of the mutineers, informed Mina, that the voices of the officers was not yet listened to, and that there was as much noise and confusion as on the previous night. Upon this information the General sent one of his escort to the town, with an official order to the Lieutenant-Colonel, on whom the command of the regiment had devolved, (Gorriz being then with Mina,) requesting an interview with him. The messenger was

not long in returning with an answer from the Lieutenant-Colonel, in which he regretted he could not leave the house where he was, as he would be certain to fall a victim to the fury of the soldiery; at the same time warning him how he approached the town, for there was an advanced post placed (by whose orders he knew not) at a little distance from it, on the same road by which he was coming.

Mina, who was determined to do his utmost to secure the obedience of his favourite regiment, pushed forward, followed by his escort. Before him, in the manner of scouts, went two lancers, to whom the centinel of the said advanced post, gave the usual challenge—*Quien vive?*—“The General,” was the answer.—“Let the General halt!” returned he, to which the two scouts paid no attention, but moved on rapidly upon him. The sentinel, who thought their intentions hostile, fired his musket, and called to arms. Immediately his companions rushed out, and a skirmish began. Every man in the General’s escort now drew forth his weapon, and galloped

forward to hem in their enemy, who, however, retreated in good order, keeping up a lively fire till they reached the town, when some hundreds of their comrades, who were concealed in the houses, rushed out to their support. The contest now was too unequal to last long, the volleys of musketry from the mutineers could not be successfully returned by the few military who composed the General's escort, and who were chiefly armed with lances and swords. Consequently, Mina and all his friends were compelled to retreat, followed by their enemies, who pressed on all sides down upon them, and ultimately remained masters of the field.

Fortunate in having escaped with life, Mina was obliged to withdraw into the mountains, sensible of the fallacy of that hope which had led him to undertake his country's deliverance, under the impression that he could still exert over the minds of his soldiers that influence which had rendered him invincible during the late struggle with tyranny, and by means of which he had still expected to triumph over the weaker efforts

of despotism. His nephew, the gallant and ill-fated Xavier Mina, who had been one of the principal promoters and agents of this unsuccessful enterprise, and who had everywhere kept near his uncle, joined him there, having, immediately after the failure of this attempt, endeavoured to make partisans among the cavalry of the division, who were stationed on the banks of the Ebro; but he had the grief to find that, with the exception of some of the officers, he could not rely on any of the troops, who laid on Mina, and on the other chiefs, the blame of having their licences delayed. Thus abandoned by their soldiers, the two Generals sought an asylum in France, where it is well known they were immediately arrested by the French government, though soon afterwards liberated.

The principal victims who fell at Pamplona, a sacrifice to this unsuccessful attempt, were the brave Colonels Gorriz and Zea; the rest were condemned to other punishments, and various kinds of sufferings.

Our hero, having escaped unhurt in the last mentioned affray as well as his servant, Roque, and having ascertained that Mina's intention now was to cross the Pyrenees, and wait in France for a more favourable opportunity of coming forward to strike a more effective blow at despotism, took his leave of the General, and with a heavy heart commenced his march homewards, where he hoped to arrive in time to escape the suspicion of having participated in the late unfortunate attempt.

END OF VOL. I.

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SANDOVAL;

OR,

THE FREEMASON.

A SPANISH TALE.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "DON ESTEBAN."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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SANDOVAL;
OR,
THE FREEMASON.

CHAPTER I.

This is a new way of begging, and a neat one.

FLETCHER'S PILGRIM.

IN manhood a severe disappointment will often produce inaction; in youth, on the contrary, the momentary depression which it causes is generally followed by restlessness and activity, because prudence, which frequently chills the ardour of maturity, is not numbered among its attributes. Thus alone can we account for

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Sandoval's resolution of returning to those places which he had left in disgust, and in which, known and beset by enemies, he could not fail to be exposed to dangers as great as he hoped to escape by flying from the province which had been the scene of the late rebellion. But the truth is, that there were other motives sufficiently powerful in themselves to induce him to return to Logroño, and risk all the perils with which such a step was likely to be attended.

Reflection, which invariably follows violent anger, though only in those who are capable of it at any other time, had much tempered the indignant feelings which had urged him to condemn Gabriela as a faithless and perfidious woman. He now thought he had judged too hastily of an accident, which though sufficiently mysterious, was not so conclusive as to warrant suspicions which destroyed in an instant that character for consistency, innocence of mind, and warmth of affection which she had manifested ever since he had become acquainted with

her. Desirous, therefore, to do her ample justice, and no less anxious to have the mystery of Fermin's nocturnal visit to her explained, he came to the resolution of requesting an interview with his brother; and, should he find that her affection for him had really vanished, sacrifice to Fermin his hopes of happiness on earth. This determination cost him many a struggle before he succeeded in making it; but his high minded generosity at last triumphed, though, if the whole truth must be told, it was not altogether unmingled with a certain portion of the pride of self-martyrdom; and, now and then too, the reflection, that the heart of a woman who could waver between him and another was not worth possessing, nor its loss hardly worth lamenting, came in to assist in reconciling him to his fate. Accordingly, on coming within two leagues of Logroño, he sent Roqué upon this message, and, turning away from the high road, entered a path leading to a farm, which adjoined a small village. The tenant of this place was an honest husbandman, rough and blunt in

His speech and manners ; but, like the generality of these men throughout Castile, frank, kind-hearted, and possessing strong good sense, mixed with shrewdness as well as an unbending consciousness of his independence. As this honest farmer had known Sandoval from his earliest infancy, and had received from our hero's father many important favours, Sandoval resolved to seek an asylum in his house, until he could devise some plan by which he might more effectually evade the persecutions to which he was exposed.

In approaching the place of his destination, through an open country, partly of vineyard ground, and partly of wood and arable land, he now and then caught sight of the house, which, like most farms in this part of Spain, did not present in its exterior a very symmetrical or attractive appearance. It was built of unbaked bricks, and exhibited on one side of it a little door at one of the extremities ; on one side of it there were several low iron-grated windows belonging to the ground floor, and three half ruined bal-

tonies above, duly decorated with branches of consecrated palm, which our host had received when he once attended in his capacity of steward of the Palm Sunday procession, and which served the house in place of an electrical conductor, as well as a preservative against the arts of the devil, and the witches, if perchance any came to sojourn in the village. Near the high projecting roof were some large holes, having neither glazing nor shutters, through which scores of sparrows got access to the granaries. The door, which opened into a kind of portal or passage, had the upper of the two compartments, into which it was divided, enclosed, and the lower shut, as is customary. Here Sandoval, having first alighted and tied his horse to one of the iron rings which were fixed to the wall of the farm, paused, and uttered the usual salutation, *Ave Maria Purissima*, before he entered the threshold.

“*Sin pecado concebida*,”* answered the rough

* Conceived without sin.

and loud voice of the honest landlord, who was at the moment in the parlour with his wife and family, and with the priest of the neighbouring village, who had just arrived to settle with him about sending him the tithes of what he himself had calculated the harvest of corn, olives, wine, &c. would amount to.

Sandoval entered the room where this party were assembled, and was immediately received by the farmer and his wife with a close embrace.—“Welcome to our house,” cried both with one accord, “we rejoice at seeing that you have not forgotten us, though there are strange things afloat concerning you.”

The priest, who sat in the only arm chair there was in the house, nodded gravely as Sandoval made his obeisance to him, while the three little boys, who were present, approached their new guest cautiously, with their thumbs stuck in their open mouths, and their large dark eyes considerably distended as they gazed with infantine curiosity on the stranger, whose military apparel excited both their wonder and awe.—

“Hipolito,” said the farmer’s wife to her husband, “did you ever see such a fine man as our Señorito is grown? Little did I think when I used to dandle him in my arms, and when he was no bigger than one of our brats, that I should see him one day taller than yourself.”

“Go, and fetch some refreshments for him quickly; and tell Francisco to take his horse to the stable, and feed him well,” said the *tio** Hipolito, “and you may then wonder as much as you please. Meantime, Señor Don Calisto, sit you down, and we will talk presently about what concerns you, even more than me. At present I must hear out our Señor *cura*† here, who is come for his share of our earnings.”

“Which belongs to us by divine-right,” immediately added the priest, who held in his hand a cash-book, in which there was an exact inventory of the amount of the farmer’s seeds, grains, and

* *Tio* means literally *uncle*; but this appellation is given to the peasants in most parts of Spain, and particularly in Castile.

† Curate, or parish priest.

all other fruits of the farm, of which he demanded the tenth, even to the last fraction, without discounting the expences of sowing, reaping, manuring, labour, conveyance, and a thousand other disbursements—"for," continued he, "as one of our wisest kings (our present excepted) said, in speaking of the tithes—'this is the word, because it is the tenth part of every thing which must be given, and hence the Christians lay it always aside; and the Saints, who spoke of it, shewed by as many reasons as they could, that men ought to give the tenth part of everything, rather than any other number; because, in the first place, our God created ten orders of angels, one of which having, on account of their pride, fallen, he wished to complete it from the lineage of men; and, in the second, because our God gave to Moses ten commandments, which he ordered should be kept, that men should live well with each other, and abstain from committing those sins which he condemns; and thereby meet with no evil hereafter. But there is yet another reason why men should give the tenth

part, and it is, because of the ten senses God gave them, to enable them to perform all their works, to preserve and better themselves, to act wisely, and keep scrupulously the ten commandments of the law, so that by following the humility of our Lord Jesus Christ, they shall merit to obtain that place which the tenth order of angels lost by their pride.* Such are the very words of one whose great wisdom is proverbial, and who besides was a king. Without therefore bringing Latin texts from the scriptures, which you don't understand, to support these reasons, I shall only mention one or two cases, that happened when I was vicar in a village of Galicia, and which prove how dangerous it is to withhold from the holy ministers of our mother church the premises due to her."

These last words seemed to be addressed

* *Don Alphonso the Wise, Tit. XX. part. I.* In this ingenious piece of reasoning, his majesty shows, that he learned mathematics and astronomy to some purpose. It is laughable to observe, how he reduces everything to numbers; but still more so, that he should have doubled the number of senses to answer his purpose better.

principally to tia Agustina, the farmer's wife, who having given her directions to Francisco, as she had been desired by her lord and master, had immediately returned to listen to the priest's discourse, unwilling to lose any part of it; for besides having the reputation of being the village devotee, which it was incumbent upon her to preserve, she was always very much edified by the little stories with which the Señor Cura was in the habit of embellishing his exhortations. In order, therefore, not to lose the best part of the priest's speech, she turned sharply round to the children to command silence; but the latter, who had seized on Sandoval's military hat, sword, and whip, as soon as their first surprise had passed, and who were now amusing themselves as noisily as they could; the one who had obtained possession of the hat, making profound bows to the company, and mimicking the priest's speech, another riding on the sword as hard as he could, and the third running after him cracking his whip, and hallooing as loudly as his little lungs per-

mitted, did not seem at all inclined to comply with their mother's desire. This produced an altercation between the contending parties, during which the mother was obliged to have recourse to her distaff, with which she succeeded in arguing them out of the room; after which she re-entered, and sat down to hear the rest of the priest's discourse.

"You must know, tia Agustina," resumed the priest, "that there was a wicked sinner in a village of Galicia, of which I was vicar, so little conscientious, so lost to God and his saints, that in measuring the corn for the church, he made use of false measures to cheat her of her due. This horrible fraud God permitted for half a dozen times, though not without some warnings, such as frightful dreams, and little fits of illness; still the sinner attempted it a seventh time, when one of his eyes started at least an inch and a half from its socket; and on the eighth time he committed the deadly sin, the other did the same; but will you believe that he took no warning from such a marked testimony of God's

wrath, and that he attempted the fraud a ninth time? Yet such was the fact, but horrible was the punishment! for suddenly his tongue was seen hanging nearly a foot out of his mouth, and in this horrific state he remained, exhibiting a frightful spectacle to the world, until he restored to the church what he had so sacrilegiously withheld from her. The other case," continued he, "is no less affecting. A husbandman had a vineyard and a daughter. She was as fair as a May flower, and the vineyard as productive as a man could well wish. When the vintage came, the father formed the wicked intention of sending no tithes to the *lagar** belonging to the church, and, horrible to relate, on the day of the vintage he found the whole vineyard dried up, and his beautiful daughter a lifeless corpse beneath one of the vines! His despair may be imagined; he ran distractedly about the country, and climbing up to the summit of a high rock, sought the most precipi-

* The place where the grapes are pressed.

tous side, and taking a furious leap, dashed himself into the yawning abyss below. Thus does God punish the defrauder of our mother church in this world. And not only in this, for in the next the eternal flames shall make the very marrow of his bones boil within them, and burn without being consumed. As for yourselves, my dear parishioners, I need not recommend you to act like good Christians, and send the premises to the village as soon and as exactly as the church commands; for I am sure you will do it of your own good will, and from your strong sense of Christian duty."

Saying this, he took his large round hat, gave his hand to the little brats who had stolen into the room again, and now skulked down on their knees to kiss it, wrapped himself up in his ample black cloak, and with a "May God pour out on you all his blessings," walked out of the house with becoming gravity of demeanour, accompanied as far as the door by the honest landlord, who immediately after re-entered the room, shaking his head and saying,

“Aye, I could have sworn he would not leave in the inkstand* his everlasting stories of heavenly visitations on those who keep a few handfuls of their own corn, or a few bunches of their own grapes; and I’ll wager anything, that next week he’ll honour us again with a visit to treat about the tenth of the fowls, chickens, and eggs, of the swine, sheep, and lambs, of the oxen, cows, and calves of the”

Here a salutation of “*Deo Gratias.*” at the door interrupted the tio Hipolito’s discourse, and presently a Franciscan friar, with his grey frock, large girdle, with a rosary suspended to it round his waist, the beans of which were almost the size of eggs, and a round straw hat equal in shape and size to a good large parasol, made his appearance. He had on his shoulder a pair of *alforjas*,† and on his left arm an empty sack. “Good morning, sister Agustina,” said he, walking up to her, and sitting in the

* *Dejar en el tintero*, leave in the inkstand, or to forget.

† Saddle bags.

arm-chair with all the authority of an humble servant of God. " Good morning, gentlemen. Hard times, these, sister Agustina, for our poor community. I know not how it happens, but the faithful seem to hang back in their alms to our convent, and our poverty is extreme this year. Only think, our Reverend Father, Alonso, your venerable father Confessor, went yesterday without his chocolate in the morning, because the pious lady who furnished him usually with a few pounds of it, dying the other day, no one has had the kindness to remember that he still remains in this world. Poor holy man! how dejected he looked! He was so distressed, that he could not go to the Confessional, as he always does, so that I fear we shall soon lose him."

The tia Agustina was much moved at this pathetic account. She immediately got up, and opening a large chest, which occupied a corner of the room, took out of it six cakes of chocolate, weighing an ounce each, and putting them into the friar's hand, said, " There, brother,

give that to his Reverence, and tell him he shall hear from me before they are out, and that I hope he will include me in his prayers."

"That he will, and you may depend on it," said the friar, taking the cakes and thrusting them into his wide sleeve. "The prayers, penances, and floggings of the brethren have been very beneficial this year to the crops; for I am informed the abundance of corn was very great, and as I am come to fetch the alms for our convent, perhaps you will serve me now, for I have at the door the donkey to convey them, and as I have already said, the community being much distressed, they would be glad of a double ration, for which you will reap a double harvest next year."

"Why, brother," said the tio Hipolito, "who was the wag who informed you of this year's abundance? I'll wager he was no proprietor of corn himself, or at least he feared not your frequent applications, else he would not have told such a palpable falsehood. Why,

there is almost a famine in the province for want of it."

"I'll tell you a good joke with which our father lecturer treated us the other day at the refectory, and which suits the present occasion to a hair," said the friar, with a broad grin. "He was reading the life of Saint Patrick, and when he came to that part when the crow brings him his daily loaf, he drew back his cowl, and scratching his head, said, "Brethren, would to God our faithful would all turn crows, for, hang me if I have seen this year as much as a loaf from one of them, ha! ha! ha!"

This joke, which, in the friar's opinion, was excellent and apropos, shamed the landlady out of a couple of loaves, which he, on receiving, put into his bags; after which he walked to the middle of the room, stood beneath a little hole in the ceiling, and opening the mouth of the sack, fixed his eyes on the hole, and said in a waggish tone—"Let me see if I can perform a miracle. Now, tío Hipolito, walk upstairs,

and let it rain corn, I'll make you the god of that element, ah, ah, ah !”

The tio Hipolito shrugged up his shoulders, and walking upstairs, poured through the hole a *fanega** of corn, which the friar examined carefully, to see if it were of the best.—“Sister Agustina,” said he, turning himself to her, “when I am dead, come to my shrine, for if while I am alive I perform miracles like these, what must I do when I am in God's holy keeping?”

“’Tis not quite certain he'll take you into his holy keeping,” said the tio Hipolito, who re-entered as the friar spoke, “there is *Pero Botero* too, who now and then insists on having his due, and he may perhaps put in his claim for you.”

“A pinch for that,” said the friar, grinning and stretching out his hand, in which he held a wooden snuff-box. Then addressing tia Agustina, he added,—“is there not in your cellar

* A measure of about an hundred weight.

a glass of the old friend, for the poor brother to wet his lips with? eh?"

It was now the landlady's turn to serve. She left the room with a sanctified smile, and soon after returned with a tumbler containing half a pint of wine. The friar took it from her, and quaffed the wine off with a single jerk of the hand,—“Good,” said he, loudly smacking his lips, “I'll bet a rosary that the tio Hipolito will not forget to send his skinful to the convent this year!—But now, lend me a hand to put this sack on my donkey's back, for by Saint Francis! you are an honest man tio Hipolito, and you have given me here a good measure.”

This said, the farmer took the sack on his shoulders and carried it outside the door, where a fine large donkey was patiently waiting the brother's return with another sackful of corn upon its back, while the friar took out a handful of well handled dried raisins from his sleeve, and distributed them among the children; after which chucking the landlady under the chin, he said in a cajoling manner—“God bless you,

sister Agustina, Let me see you soon at the farm yonder, my jewel;" after which, the poor brother took up his bags, walked out of the house, saw the donkey properly loaded, and taking up his pliant switch, laid it across the ass's back, and commenced his march to the next neighbour's house to have the rest of the sack filled.

"By my soul," said the tio Hipolito, on returning to the room, "that friar is as errant a rogue as ever drank wine. He has always some misfortunes and some jokes to tell, and never remembers that he comes begging; but says roundly, he comes to fetch the alms for his convent. The worst of it is, you cannot get rid of him by saying—"there is nothing for you to-day, brother," or by bestowing on him a rusty farthing—No, he must have his sack half full, or else, God protect us! we should soon be assailed by the whole community, and lose more than the *fanega* I have bestowed. Thus the sack goes backwards and forwards from the village to the convent, and from the convent to the village, till their granaries are pretty well

stored for the year, and no wonder that their superior says on seeing themselves so well provided against a famine,—‘Providence watches over our chosen flock.’”

“But, husband,” said the tia Agustina, looking very sanctified, “we have their prayers in return; and I suspect that were it not for their floggings, dearths and hail-storms would be more frequent than they are; as you must recollect, they said they were during the time that that strumpet the Constitution* reigned, because their prayers were not so frequent.”

“Tut, tut, wife!” exclaimed the tio Hipolito, “will you sooner believe what they say, than what you saw? For my part, I saw no difference in those times from others, and the land yielded quite as much when proper pains were bestowed on it. But where is our young Captain?—Ah,

* The tia Agustina, in bestowing this unhandsome appellation on the Constitution, said only that which many of their class had been taught to believe, the friars having impressed them with the idea that the Constitution was a woman; more wicked and dissipated than Maria Louisa, the queen of Charles IV.

there he is in the corner, deeply absorbed in meditation. I would fain know all about him and his father, God bless him! for the many good turns he did me, when he was our deputy, —yet I would not disturb him neither.”

“*Ave Maria Purissima,*” cried a deep and solemn voice at the door of the house, to which the tia Agustina immediately replying, “*Sin pecado concebida,*” there entered another friar, tall and thick-set, dressed in a chocolate coloured habit, with a frightful large conic hood, and a beard hanging down to his waist. He saluted with a nod the farmer and his wife, and with downcast eyes and melancholy voice commenced a pitiful tale of the difficulties in which his brethren the Capuchin friars were involved, on account of the scarcity felt every where, which of course was still greater among themselves. “You know,” added he, “that the rules of our holy founder do not allow us to touch money, therefore, I come to beg in provisions the trifle of half a bushel of corn from you; as otherwise it would be impossible for us to make a Nove-

nary to your patron Saint, or place on the altar the relic of Saint Anthony for any of our charitable sisters, when she has lost a lap dog, or a fan, or when she wishes to have any of her teeth drawn, or to be delivered without much labour, or have a son instead of a daughter."

In this way he went on recounting miracles and miseries, till he got his half bushel of corn, and a bottle of brandy to boot, for brother Anselmo who, he said, was very ill in the infirmary on account of the penance he had been practising to bring on the province God's blessing, and an abundant vintage. However, before he went, he gave the children, in exchange for their parents' kindness to the convent, some little prints of the Saint of the last Novenary, which they immediately stuck up against the walls of the room, beside many others which already decorated them, a present with which the tia Agustina seemed more than satisfied; for she cast a look on her husband in which one could plainly read—"have we not cheated his Reverence? How can he leave so

many sanctified prints for half a bushel of corn!"

No sooner had this frater made his exit, than a squeaking voice was heard at the door calling for sister Agustina.—“By our lady of Saragoza!” exclaimed the tio Hipolito with ruffled brows, we shall have to-day the visit of every vagabond in the province. This is the voice of brother Motilon,* the messenger from the nuns of Saint Brigida, who comes again to-day to tease us with his eternal begging. But this comes of the blessing of having a devout wife. In God’s name give him what he wants once for all, and let us be rid of him.”

At these words the lay brother came in with his saddle bags on his shoulders, and, without any long speeches or compliments, said plainly, that he came to beg the new baked tortas† for the poor sisters, the jar of honey for sister Sin-

* Motilon means a lay brother, whose hair is cropt short, and has no crown like those in orders.

† Loaves made of the best flour, and with milk instead of water.

forosa, and the six yards of linen cloth for the mother vicaress, who had instructed him to say, "that she longed very much to hansom the home-made linen, and that every day she waited seemed to her an age."

The brother motilon's requests being satisfied, he withdrew; but, unlike his predecessors, he bestowed nothing on the boys, who, expecting at least some rosquillas* from the nuns, which they suspected he had eaten by the way, shewed their disapprobation of such greedy conduct, by following him to the door; hallooing after him the following extempore apostrophe—

Fraila motilon,
 Cabeza de melon,
 Eres tan comilon
 Por ser hijo de cabron.†

The devout mother crossed herself half a dozen times at hearing these cries, and, seizing

* Sweet cakes.

† Brother motilon, head of a melon, thou art a greedy one, because thou art the son of a buck.

her distaff, was proceeding to punish them with the severity such an offence seemed to require, when the father, who began to be displeased with these repeated visits, stepped forward, and ordered her to go and sit down and say her rosary, as he would not have his children punished for telling the truth.

“Father, father!” shouted the boys as they re-entered, “here comes another brother. He has a white habit on, and on the breast a red round thing, like the arms we see in the large silver money, with a white cross over it on a red patch.* So fine!”

“Some mercenary friar, I’ll engage,” said the tip Hipolito, in an impatient tone, “the devil take them all! A few more visits like these, and we shall all go, soon enough, begging our bread too.”

“Who is the hard-hearted sinner,” cried

* An escutcheon with the arms of Aragon, and the white cross in a field gules, worn by the Mercenaries, an order instituted by Jayme, king of Aragon, for the redemption of captives.

the friar, who had heard the last words of tio Hipolito, as he entered, "who can refuse his mite to better the sad lot of our brethren the captives of Algiers, who have been more than two centuries pining in those subterraneous dungeons, without any other hope of getting out than what is sent there by the father solicitor of the Mercenaries? Shall the faithful hesitate a moment in bestowing a dollar, or so, to Father Bernardo Pingue, who has been commissioned by the fraternity to go and bargain with the Moors? Go to our convent, and look there at the quantity of fetters, handcuffs, and chains, which hang about the walls, and which have been worn by some of those unhappy sufferers. Poor men! expect not your deliverance yet; for Christians have of late become so depraved, that they think a dollar mis-spent which is bestowed for your redemption."

"Hark, you, brother," cried the tio Hipolito angrily, "I have not a real to give, much less a dollar; but had I a million, hang me, if you should even get a sight of a marvedi. What!

think you I am such a gull as to be fooled by your fetters and chains? Shew me the man who has been ransomed for these forty years back. Zounds! a likely story that of the poor sufferers, who have pined in the deep subterraneous dungeons for more than two centuries! Maybe you want to bring home their bones, or what is more likely, to leave our own as bare as those of the captives who died two centuries ago."

The friar seemed a little disconcerted at the justice of the honest landlord's speech; but, recovering his assurance, immediately said—"Why, man, you are the most matter-of-fact thick-headed simpleton I ever met. How would you have me speak? Must I not be permitted to use an hyperbole now and then? To be sure ransoming is no longer practised; but what of that?—Are there not plenty of benevolent monks, who deign to collect for themselves what the faithful give for that pious purpose? Well! how should we live otherwise, think you?"

“By working as I do,” replied the *tío Hipólito*; “but I suppose that your community like my landlords, the monks of the desert,—who even this morning came to demand their rent with their usual gentleness and forbearance, threatening they would cause me to be thrown into prison, sequester even my bed, and leave my family the heavens for a canopy, if I did not pay them within four-and-twenty hours,—threats which they would soon enough have carried into execution, had the temporal lordship of the manor been in their hands; for then I should have been dragged before their own tribunal, and have been completely at their mercy, unless, indeed, my daughter *Rosa*, or my wife, would have interceded with them in my behalf, making such trifling sacrifices as are hardly worth mentioning—I suppose, I say, that you, like those good fathers, though enjoined by your institute to earn your bread by your own labour, have likewise discovered that it is more easy and convenient to have the neighbouring lay-men to work for you, than your

hands should grow thick-skinned by manual labour ; and that, like them, you imagine, that it is impossible to raise one's soul to heaven, when the body is bent by hard labour ; and moreover, that it is not absolutely necessary for you to walk on foot with the spade on the shoulder, when it costs you nothing to go and see the journeymen work in the fields, mounted on mules like dromedaries ? And by our Lady of Mercy ! so it is ; but since you enjoy these advantages, why come you here with your impositions to draw from the poor farmers' pockets the little money which they so much need, to gratify the covetousness of your other brethren ?”

The tone of bitter irony, and the palpable truths that this discourse contained, completely silenced the impudence of the friar,—“ Well, brother,” said he after a pause, “ I see you are grown a *liberal*, and we must not expect you will either assist our community, or listen to the dictates of our holy religion, which enjoins the faithful laymen to assist its ministers, who can-

not both be on their knees praying for you in the choir, and working in the fields."

"Chaff, brother, chaff," returned the farmer, contemptuously, "I am no more a liberal than you are a Jew; but you must needs give every man who now-a-days speaks the truth some opprobrious name or other. All are liberals, jacobins, freemasons, infidels, and the like, who do not fill your pouches when called upon to do so.—Sit you down, if you are tired, and welcome to a glass of wine, if you are thirsty, and to a dish of eggs and ham, if you be hungry; but as for money, I have none to give you."

The friar, who still hoped to wring his dollar from the farmer's pocket, by changing his notes from the insolent and imperative into the supplicating tone, availed himself of this invitation, and sitting down with an air of diffidence and humility, commenced a doleful tale of the unheard of sufferings, which their predecessors had endured in Africa, to redeem from captivity the poor Christians, and which he concluded,

entitled their successors to the gratitude of the world. Meantime the tia Agustina was frying him a dish of ham and eggs in the kitchen, to which she, impelled by pious and charitable motives, added a couple of sausages, to give the bottle of wine, with which the friar was to wash them down, a better relish; and having performed her part with much skill and diligence, she summoned him thither, where he did honour to her cooking in such a gallant manner, as could be expected only from an humble servant of the church. On finishing his meal, the landlady put slyly into his hand half-a-dollar, and whispered into his ear—"Take that for the community, and let them pray that my daughter Rosa may be inspired with a vocation to be a nun, and my boys monks."

"Your pious request shall be attended to," said the monk, thrusting the money into his sleeve, and giving her a little copper medal of our Lady of the Mercy to deck her rosary with; after which he got up, and left the farm, giving

a distant nod to tío Hipolito, and, "the blessing of God" to tía Agustina.

"Now, Captain," said the honest farmer to Sandoval, who still occupied his seat in the corner, from which he had been able to observe unnoticed the scenes we have described, which had afforded him subject both for amusement and serious reflection, "come forward, and let us have a little chat on what interests you and me; for I trust we shall not be intruded upon by any more of those begging monks."

Sandoval was on the point of rising from his seat, when the father, who had performed the last missions, and tilled the vine of the Lord, with his sleeves tucked up to the elbows, and a crucifix half a yard long, made his appearance at the door. "God of mercy!" exclaimed the tío Hipolito, starting back as if he had seen a demon; "have the gates of hell been thrown open this morning, that so many devils visit us to-day? God forgive me for saying so; but the patience of Job itself would have been ex-

hausted long before now. First, the brothers of the desert, then the parish priest, afterwards a Franciscan, then a Capuchin, next brother Motilon, behind him a Mercenarian, now the missionary, and God and the devil knows who shall be next. Yet, if this happened only once a year, we might bear up with it good-humouredly, but, zounds ! they take their monthly rounds, as if the corn grew in my barns, the wine in my cellars, hams, sausages, and eggs in my kitchen, and silver and gold in my purse."

"What is the matter with the man?" said the father missionary, addressing himself to tia Agustina, "is he not glad to see me?"

"God forbid that he should not, father," said the pious tia Agustina, who, remembering the hallooings of his Reverence when he last preached at the village church, and the sighs and groans of the elderly part of the audience on that occasion, was afraid he should again conjure up with his thundering voice all the

devils from the dark abodes, and reveal the flames of the fearful abyss itself.*"

"Then what makes him angry?" enquired the father, in a more insinuating tone than when he came on his last mission, conscious, no doubt, that his present errand in search of a bushel of corn required a different language from that which he used in the pulpit on the above occasion. "God knows, that as I have no occasion for money," continued he, "I shall ask him for none. The trifle of a bushel of corn is all I shall demand, as he must be aware that the toils of the missionaries for the good of

* It is the custom with these missionaries to play such pranks, during their missions, as would disgrace even a mountebank. Among others is that of dipping their hand into a spirituous composition, and applying a light to it, which ignites the spirit without burning the flesh, the blue flame of which they pretend to have taken from that which burns the damned in hell. If Prometheus was chained to Mount Caucasus, and condemned to have his liver perpetually gnawed by a vulture for stealing fire from heaven, what punishment will Lucifer prepare for those modern *thieves* in every sense of the word?

souls entitle them to be, at least, supported by the faithful."

"And who will support me, if to-morrow I am reduced to beggary, which by the way is more probable than impossible with such frequent visitations to my granary?" said the tio Hipolito; "do you think I should bring home such copious alms as your paternity carried to your convent when you returned from your mission; or that I should be entertained in the best houses, and eat and drink as you did on that occasion? Would your community give to me, or to any of my family, I do not say a bushel, but a handful of corn?"

"We possess nothing in the world but what the faithful bestow," said the friar; "therefore, you could not expect we should assist you or any of your family; but God who is above never abandons his creatures, particularly when they have shewn, in prosperity, the spirit of Christian charity, and assisted his holy ministers with their alms."

In this strain the father expatiated, till tio

Hipolito, who had never been very fond of long sermons, and who perceived that by delaying to satisfy his Reverence, he would only protract what he so much dreaded, was compelled to measure him a bushel of corn, and ask his blessing to get rid of him, which was accordingly done.

“Tio Hipolito,” said Sandoval, when the father missionary had made his exit, “these are the blessings arising from the existence of those monstrous institutions which our last Cortes had so judiciously done away with. It is infamous that such men as have visited you to-day, all robust and able-bodied, should be feeding upon you like so many caterpillars, eating away that which might enable your children to obtain a good education, and to establish themselves comfortably in life, and thus become more useful and valuable members of society, than there is a prospect they will ever be while they are thus shamefully robbed of their means, and left beggars at their cradle.”

The tio Hipolito, who, like many other

honest farmers of that epoch, disliked the word Constitution, without knowing why, though evidently because he had been taught to hate it before he had had an opportunity of finding out the advantages, which its existence could not have failed to produce to his industrious class, muttered something against it, but on the whole assented to the truth of Sandoval's proposition.

No sooner, however, have the clerical Vampires done with their respective exactions, than the secular ones make their appearance to collect the taxes for their royal master. What a fine opportunity would it be for the humourist to observe the countenances of the notary, and the aguacil, with his long switch in hand, (the symbol of mercy), and his busy importance of look and action! How they make the farmer tremble before them! the poor fellow knows to a certainty where he is to pass the night. Chairs, tables, bedding, and wardrobe all go either through the door or window, no matter which, to be sold by auction, and defray the direct taxes; and when this storm has blown

over, then come the expences of irrigation, though his fields were dried up; those of a field keeper, though his grounds were levelled before the harvest, by the horses and hounds of any man who chose, not only to hunt in, but make a race course of them; those of a deputy, sent by the inhabitants of the village to Madrid, to be their client in a suit against the curate, and the expences and costs of the same, in which, of course, the village is always nonsuited; the duties on salt, cod-fish, tobacco, and other articles farmed out by the government, to extort between one and two hundred per cent. from the people; those on the *alcabala*, or per centage on various things sold; those on wine and meat, called *sisa*; those on straw and agricultural implements, and, in a word, on every tangible thing in existence, which appear every year under a new name and surname, and are doubled and doubled again to infinity.

“But speaking of something else,” said the tío Hipolito, after various reflections on the abuses of church and state, “our Rosa, who on

your mother's death (may she rest in heaven), went to live at Don Antonio Lanza's as *doncella** to his daughter, sent us word yesterday, that, in consequence of some strange accidents which had happened to her Señorita since your arrival at Logroño, she was on the point of losing her altogether, and”

“How losing her?” interrupted the dismayed Sandoval anxiously, “explain for God's sake!”

“If you interrupt me,” said the tio Hipolito, “I don't see how I can; a little patience, and you shall know all in time. Well! as I was saying, our Rosa sent us word yesterday. . . .”

“You have said that already,” interrupted our hero again impatiently, “go on to say what she meant by losing her. Is she so ill then that there is no hope of her living? Ah! I thought she was not well, when I saw her last; her pale cheeks, and that long swoon into which she fell, foreboded too clearly she could not live long— And yet, great God! I could do her the injustice

* Hand-maid, or lady's maid.

to suspect her of having violated her promises and vows to me, when, perhaps I am the cause of her death! Alas, alas! I shall never survive this!"

"Well!" exclaimed the farmer, "have you done? A pretty *philosopher* (as they call you) who can never survive the loss of he knows not what! Who spoke of her being dying? She is as well in health as she ever was; but when Rosa spoke of losing her, she meant that her Señorita is either going away, or to be married, and she herself returning home."

"To be married!" repeated Sandoval, "to whom in God's name?"

"Not to you, you may be sure of that," returned the tio Hipolito, "for Rosa, says, that Doña Angela, will not have a word spoken about you; so that it must be to somebody else."

"By heavens!" cried Sandoval with his usual animation when such a subject was touched upon, "that shall not be as long as I have an arm to oppose it."

“That will be as God disposes,” said the tio Hipolito, “and I suspect you would not point a sword at your own brother’s breast, supposing he were the suitor.”

“My brother!” exclaimed Sandoval, starting back. “Are you sure of that?—Ah traitor! bane and disgrace of our family, destroyer of thy father’s peace of mind, and assassin of thy brother’s happiness, think not thou shalt escape my vengeance. By heaven thou shalt pay once for all thy villanies and treacherous arts.”

“*Ya escampa y llueven guijarros,*”* said the tio Hipolito. “I said your brother, merely to cool your anger a little, though my reasons for saying so rest only upon the very slender rumours that are afloat; and yet you explode as if you were a mine, and I had applied a match to you. But I suppose you are determined to show off your *philosophy*.”

* “At last the rain gives over, and it rains pebble stones,” a Spanish proverb, meaning, that instead of a man becoming calm and resigned by certain reasons, he grows more violent and outrageous.

“ I have no doubt that he is the suitor,—the traitor!—I knew it but too well—and I am a fool to be grieved at it—They are both unworthy my affection, and I have done with both,” said Sandoval waving his hand, and sitting down again, to think about it more deeply, and curse his fate more at leisure; while the tio Hipolito, who observed how much he became absorbed in his own reflections, went away to assist his wife in preparing dinner, confident that the best cure for a heart affected with Sandoval disease must proceed from itself.

We shall also leave him to his meditations, and follow his servant Roque on the errand upon which his master had sent him.

CHAPTER. II.

—In soft speeches hypocrites impart
The venom'd ills that lurk beneath the heart ;
In friendship's holy guise their guilt improv'd,
And kindly kill with specious show of love.

LIALA—*The History of Persenna.*

“ IF my master was born three-and-twenty years ago, it was because nature made a mistake. He no more belongs to our age than Don Quixote, for he is as stark-mad about love and liberty as the knight of La Mancha was about chivalry. Our last expedition, in every respect worthy of that valiant knight, shews that my master ought to have been born when that compeer of his played his pranks. The worst of it,

is, that the madness of the one could at worst only have led him to Bedlam, while that of the other is more likely to terminate at the gallows. And what will then become of Roque? will he find some Baratarian island to be governor of, or the oar of a galley-slave to pull at? The latter is more probable, if indeed he is not destined to decorate some of these trees, or a higher post in the public square. But be it as God disposes; I am bound to serve my master, and I shall stand by him in spite of swords and bullets, the gallows and the galleys, hangmen and devils."

Thus did Roque confabulate with himself, as he jogged on his way to the city, caring little whether his predictions were ever to prove true or not; but steady in his affection for his master, and in the attachment which Spanish servants pique themselves on displaying, not only for years, but for generations. By means of this they come to be looked upon more in the light of companions than menials in the family they serve, and treated with that kindness which

induces them to be as jealous of their masters interests as of their own, and to consider themselves in every respect identified with them.

Having reached the city gates, he asked the sentinel for Captain Don Fermin Sandoval's quarters.—“ You mean the Commandant, man. He lives in the great square, where you'll see a sentry posted,” said the soldier pacing up and down. “ But have you said your prayers ?” added he in a sarcastic tone, “ and can you say the Catechism ? for else I don't advise you to shew yourself there, if you love your shoulders, though they are broad enough for a couple of hundred, which might not sit badly on them neither.”

“ Thank you for your advice, friend ; but I have, even before now, been between the bull's horns,” replied Roque, pushing on towards an inn close by, where he left his nag, and then proceeded to the square, which he was not long in reaching.

As the market was held there, and as that happened to be the hour when people of all

classes repair to provide themselves with fruits, game, and poultry, it presented a scene of agreeable bustle. There might be seen ladies in their morning dishabille, with their long sable tresses floating on their shoulders, and a mantilla or light veil, half covering their oval faces, accompanied by their female attendants; the generality of them pretty brunettes, whose well formed persons, arrayed with becoming simplicity, are rendered more elegant by their tight-laced waists, and well-rounded bare arms, and whose rosy cheeks and roguish dark eyes attract the admiration and gallant compliments of the idle young men and gay soldiers, who throng the market for no other purpose, than that of seeking some assignation with their sweet-hearts, or perhaps the wish of varying their amusements. The sleek canon, the corpulent beneficiado, and the mendicant friar, who never misses a place where there is anything to be got, were also seen there, moving stately through the crowd, the two former either to look after their pretty nieces

and *amas*,* who often seize that opportunity to flirt with the beaux, *per variare la sua vita monotona*, or to select the best flavoured fruit and fatest game for their well stocked pantries ; and the latter to fill his bags at the expence of the charitable venders, and cut his vulgar jokes on the damsels who attend the market. But among this motley crowd, the busiest of all are those important personages, dressed in black, who wear powder in their hair, and a bag and pig-tail hanging behind, a three cornered hat, a short dress sword, with a highly wrought steel hilt, stuck at their side, and a small black rod in their hands, and who bustle about with all the importance of little men in office, to see that the prices of the articles sold do not exceed those which have been fixed upon at the Common Hall. These gentlemen are called Regidores,† and have the charge of rating every article that is publicly sold. Bread, meat,

* Housekeepers.

† Aldermen.

wine, fish, poultry, game, fruits, vegetables, all in a word must be rated by them, and cannot be sold under pain of a fine, payable to the *alguaciles*. For, who is the man so bold as to assert, that those gentlemen are not better judges of the prices which ought to be set on every production of the land, than even the gardeners or proprietors themselves? Where can the expences of labour, the loss of cattle, the drought and inundations of the lands, or whatever contributes to lower or raise the price of an article, be better appreciated than at the Common Hall? Does not one advantage, at least, result from this wise regulation; namely, that when the *Regidores* or their servants come to purchase for themselves, the venders instantly select the choicest article of their stock, and make them a present of it, merely to evince a little good breeding? It is true that the caprice and exactions of these gentlemen often occasion a scarcity; but in return, as there is no competition among the venders, they do not stun people with their discordant bawlings, and the gentry have the pleasure of seeing, that some

distinction is made between them and the rabble, who, unable to give the first price set on the articles, are obliged to content themselves with the refuse, which, by the way, is even too good for such ragamuffins.

Having thus satisfactorily proved the advantages and wisdom of a tarif on victuals, drawn up by the Regidores, we shall endeavour to follow through the crowd our friend Roque, who, as he stooped down to look at, and enquire the price of a basket, which might contain an *arroba** of peaches, each as large as an orange, † and for which the vender asked no less than four reals, ‡ he felt a smart pull at the short tail of his jacket, to which, however, he paid no attention, his eyes being too much engaged in the contemplation of the delightful spectacle before them, to be so easily diverted

* A Spanish weight of twenty-five pounds, of sixteen ounces each.

† This is no exaggeration, for in that province they are particularly fine, in great abundance, and very cheap.

‡ About ten-pence.

from it. But upon a second pull, which nearly laid him on his back, and on hearing the voice of a female saying—"Fool! why don't you look back? Are the peaches more worthy your attention than I am?" he looked around, and starting back with agreeable surprise, exclaimed,—"Good God! is it you? Rosa, my dear Rosa, soul of my soul, juice of my life, my best jewel, is it you, indeed, my beloved, my idol. . . ."

"Stuff, stuff," interrupted the interesting Rosa, pouting a very pretty little mouth at him, and casting her large black eyes on the ground with an expression of resentment, "your beloved, your idol, your jewel deceiver! Don't I know that you arrived in town more than ten days ago, and never came near me once?—and yet you come here with your deceit!—But let me tell you, that if I stop to speak to you now, it is only to let you know that I don't care a fig about you, and that you may go back to France or Flanders as soon as you like; for I will have nothing to say to such a worthless fellow as you

are—And yet, on your account, wretch! only the other day, I refused an offer from tio Periquillo, the miller, who, I am sure, is worth twenty like you, and loves me better too.”

“Tis false,” said Roque, stoutly, more so perhaps than politely; but the charge of indifference angered him a little, when he felt conscious that he had been as true and loving to her, as a Dutchman to his bottle. “I’ll tell you what, if you take things in that strain, without even listening to what I have to say, you may return to me what I have given you, and here,” (taking from his neckcloth a large silver-gilt ring, with some green stones, which fastened the ends of it) “is all you ever gave me, and which I have kept, as if it were part of my heart, in war and in peace, in Spain and in France, loved or despised. Here, take it, and let us be even. Zounds! a pretty reception this!”

Rosa looked more angry than abashed, and had it not been for the place, her first impulse would have been to take the ring and fling it at

his face ; but as it was, she was obliged to content herself with saying,—“ And will you be barefaced enough to say that you have not been more than ten days in town ?”

“ I'll say the truth, and say no. We left the town on the second day after our arrival, and I have just this moment returned. This is as true as I am Roque, and you may believe it or not, but such is the fact.”

“ Ah, Roque, you don't deceive me, do you ?” enquired she with a softer tone of voice, and an imploring look ; “ but why did you not come and see me when you arrived ?”

“ Because,” replied Roque, replacing the ring in the neckerchief, “ I am no conjuror to guess where you had gone to, and I could find no time to go to your father's farm and enquire it. Are you contented ?”

“ I must be contented with what you say, Roque ; but if I find you have deceived me, I'll tear your eyes out, burn everything you have given me, and forget you for ever.”

“ And I give you leave to do so too, my

pretty wench," returned he, "but come, let me carry your basket, my little heart."

"I won't, for I have not made it up with you yet."

"How now?" enquired Roque; but before she had time to reply, she caught a glance of his Reverence, Father Toribio Lobo, the family Confessor, and she hurried away as fast as a timid hare at seeing the hounds close at its heels, forbidding Roque to follow her if he loved her, and did not wish to expose her to some unpleasant consequences. The agitated yet decided manner with which she commanded it, had the same effect on him as a curb on an impatient and spirited horse; it checked his steps, but he bit his lips and darted first to one side then to another, and then again backwards and forwards, unable to understand why he should not follow her. "There is some mystery in this," said he to himself, "but let me have done with my message, and I'll sift it to the bottom."

He then proceeded to the house occupied by

Don Fermin Sandoval, which was one of the best in the square, and where he was obliged to wait the Commandant's return from church; for, as he was informed by one of the soldiers on guard, he had gone to confess, and receive communion, "which, by the bye," added the informant, "is a thing he does once a week, such is his great devotion."

"He was very devout before he entered the army," said Roque, "but I am surprised he should continue so, even now when he has so many gay companions around him."

"I don't think," said the soldier, "he associates much with any of them; on the contrary, I observe he keeps as much aloof from them all as if he held them unholy. So, while they never let a day pass without frequenting the billiard-tables, the promenades, the balls, the theatre, and every place where amusement is to be found, he is seen wandering about in lonely paths, roving by the moonlight along the water side, or among the ruins of that monastery on

the other side of the Ebro, or else closeted in his own apartment, without receiving a human being, save his father Confessor. Some say that he is an hypochondriac, others that religion has turned his brain, others, again, that it is his father's exile that makes him melancholy, and others, that he is deeply in love. I don't know who is most near the mark, but certain it is, that some deep grief preys on his heart and disturbs his mind. We have only to look at his care-worn countenance, to discover that he is far from being either happy or contented."

Whilst Roque was thus listening to what the soldier said; the sentinel presented arms, and Fermin Sandoval entered, accompanied by Father Lobo. Roque was on the point of stepping forward to demand an interview, but the soldier stopped him, saying he had better wait till the father had left the Commandant, as he never suffered any one to speak to him while his Reverence was with him. Roque took the hint, and sat down again to continue his conver-

sation with the soldier, in whose company we shall leave him, to follow the father and his penitent up-stairs.

“How do you feel now, my son?” said the monk, on reaching Fermin’s apartment, and seating himself in an arm chair by an escritoire. “Has the spiritual advice administered this morning to you been of service in quieting those restless thoughts which have of late agitated you so much?—But sit down my son, do not stand on my account.”

Fermin bowed low, and sitting down, leant his left arm on the chair, and rested his head on his hand. “Father,” said he, in a tremulous voice, and casting his eyes on the ground, “my heart is far from being at ease. Your advice I *must* follow, for obedience requires it of me; but, as I am also bound to say the truth on all occasions, (save on those when the interests of our mother church imperatively command the contrary) I will not hesitate in avowing that I am *not* convinced by your reasonings.”

“My son,” said the monk, “you are not convinced by them, because the spiritual grace, which alone opens men’s intellect to the light of truth, and to the great mysteries of our holy religion, has not yet been vouchsafed to you; but do not expect it while you repose more confidence in your own weak and fallible judgment than in the words of one, who, though as great a sinner as yourself, has been admitted to the communion of saints, and judged worthy of expounding God’s own words.”

Fermin sighed, and was silent—“Faith, faith, in the words of the ministers of our mother church, and blind obedience to their dictates, alone, can bring God’s grace on Christian man,” continued the monk. “If I have recommended that you should use all your influence with Gabriela, to induce her to follow her parents’ commands, it is because I am convinced, that it is for the good of her soul. As long as she remains in her present state, as yet probably of venial sin, but which by one step further may become mortal, there is no hope of

her being saved. Compulsion, therefore, must be resorted to, to bring her into the right path, and a convent is the only harbour where she will find shelter against all human temptations. Besides," added he, rising from his chair and gently tapping him on the shoulder, as he bent his head to whisper it into his ear, "who knows but she may, during her noviciate, change from a guilty to a virtuous affection, and fix it on an object worthy of being loved?—Opportunities shall not be wanting to persuade her to it, I promise you."

Fermin turned suddenly his head, and looked with earnestness and astonishment at the monk. —"What do you mean, father?" said he, agitatedly. "I never said I." Here he hesitated.

"Loved her, you would add," said the monk. "Come, my son, come, in vain would you strive to hide the secret from me. I know, it is true, little of these things, and, thanks to heaven! I do know so little of such worldly profanations; but the light of heaven often

enables the ministers of religion to penetrate into the inmost recesses of the heart, and I can see the cancer that feeds on yours. Understand, however, that I do not blame you for it, my son. Would to God she would do justice to your virtuous sentiments!—but it was sinful, it was irreligious, to conceal from your father Confessor such thoughts as those which agitated you, for even if it had not been in his power to remedy the evil, he might have found means to sooth its bitterness.”

These words seemed to strike awe and terror into Fermin's soul; he clasped the monk's hands in agony, and exclaimed, his eyes filling with tears—“Oh, father! forgive me, forgive me. That was the secret of my heart, and if I kept it from you, it was because I hoped to conquer it in time,—nay, father, I still hope to do so. I will not, for the sake of securing my happiness, sacrifice that of my brother—no, not were I even to gain by it every earthly blessing.”

“In this case such generous sentiments are

childish and unbecoming," said the monk in a cold scornful manner, "they can benefit nobody; for it is settled,—your brother must not have Gabriela, though I am not sure if you. . . . but no matter—for, as you say, your brother's happiness must be considered before yours. Yet, mark what I say.—You have an influence on Gabriela's mind; she persists in not yielding to her parents' commands—this is a sin, and to you I entrust the care of making her sensible of its enormity.* This, I, as your spiritual guide, demand and expect from you."

"Father!" said Firmin meekly, but firmly, "I feel all the importance of such a trust, and cannot take its responsibility upon me. To abet in reducing Gabriela to a condition which may render her miserable for life,—to be the chief promoter of my brother's despair, are in my eyes crimes, which I must not be guilty of."

The monk's eyes flashed fire at hearing this declaration. He could hardly restrain his passion; but checking it as much as he could,

said—"Hear, young man, what I have to say on this subject. Gabriela's salvation was entrusted by her parents to my care; your brother is an infidel, and while I live he shall not become her husband. A convent shall screen her from his attempts, and the wrath of heaven shall fall on your head, if you aid in preventing my purpose. This is all I have to say, and I now leave you to yourself."

Saying this, he pulled his cowl over his eyes, and proceeded towards the door.—"Stay, father, stay," cried Fermin, clasping one of his sleeves, and dropping one knee on the ground, "for God's sake, leave me not in anger. I told you before, I would do all I could to obey you, and my word shall be kept. I take God to witness that I am sincere—I am repentant, father."

"Then God forgive thee, my son, and thou hast my blessing," said the monk, in a softened tone of voice, and tendering his hand to kiss; after which he immediately withdrew, leaving his wretched penitent in a much more agitated

state than he found him.—“Sinner that I am,” said he, pacing the room rapidly, “what could possibly induce me to keep from father Lobo a secret which I had no interest in keeping? I complain of enjoying no peace of mind, of feeling a disgust for the pleasures of life, and almost a hatred for existence; but how can it be otherwise? Had I done my duty as a Christian, and made a competent confession, it is likely I should not have felt so sick at heart as I now do—nay, who knows, but, as he said, he might have found the means of softening my miseries. . . . Perhaps of doing that which I dare not do myself—letting Gabriela know how deeply, how sincerely. . . . But no, no, it shall not be.—She shall not know it.—I will not stand in the way of my brother’s happiness; and if she cannot be his, I will not add to his misery, by either forcing her inclinations, or seducing her affections from him. Father Lobo may put his plans into execution, I shall not oppose them; but neither shall I assist in reducing

her to a condition, which, however holy in itself, may render her miserable for life."

Though a fanatic in religious matters, Fermin was high minded and generous. While making those resolutions, a tapping at the door announced somebody waiting outside.—"Come in," said he, turning his head towards the door.—"Ah, my good fellow, Roque, is it you? Welcome, my friend. Where have you left my brother?"

"As every body in town looked upon us as if we had been men affected with leprosy," replied Roque, "we have been wandering about the country, till at last that good man, tio Hipolito, having more honesty and more gratitude than most of the town folks, has received my master under his roof; and I am here with a message from him, to request you would favour him with a call at the farm; for his mind is sorely disturbed about I know not what."

"I hope he does not think me unkind?" said Fermin.

"I cannot think you unkind," replied Roque,

presuming, as he was often in the habit of doing, to answer the question for his master; "but what in the name of Jerémiás prevented you from coming to see us on our arrival in town, when no sooner we set our feet in your father's house than we were requested by your soldiers to leave it almost at the point of the bayonet; and when we found neither father nor mother, mistress or friend to receive us, or care whether we slept in the street, or starved for want of money to buy a loaf of bread? Was that kind, think you? And at such a time too!"

"You must not judge harshly of me, Roque," said Firmin, visibly affected, "imperious circumstances, which I cannot explain, compelled me to act against my wishes, and even now I shall not be able to do all my heart desires. I will, however, go and see my brother, and do you tell him what I have said; for I would not have him think me his enemy. No, I love him, in spite of his principles, as sincerely as brother ever loved, and though my king and my religion have a right to be offended at it."

“I respect and love you as much as I ever did,” said Roque, “but, hang me, if you are not as mad for *your* king, as you call him, as my master is for the Constitution. Would you have him kiss the rod which lays him sprawling on the earth, after he sees himself robbed of his father, his mistress, and his money? And, then, why lug religion in? Is he not as good a Christian as ever? That those whose interest it is to enjoy what belongs to him should *say* he is not, is perfectly natural; but how you should *think* it, when you are as great a loser yourself by his misfortunes, I must leave you to explain, for I don't understand it.”

“That I will at another time; at present return to my brother, and tell him to meet me alone to-night at ten o'clock by the fountain, between tio Hipolito's farm, and the road leading to the village.”

Roque took his leave, and withdrew, not a little gratified at the manner he had acquitted himself of his message, the happy issue of which he attributed rather to his cleverness and supe-

rior management than to the affection Fermin might still entertain for his brother. Full of this idea, he hurried away as fast as his nag's legs could carry him, to impart to his master the conciliating tone of his brother's answer. This was hailed by the latter with joy; for notwithstanding the great anger he had manifested an hour or two before, the meditations in which we left him engaged had considerably allayed it, and made him come to the resolution of deferring, until he had heard his brother's explanation, his final judgment, both of his and Gabriela's conduct; and he now anticipated, by the tenor of Firmin's answer to his request, such an explanation as his wishes had framed for him. Such are the sudden transitions to which men who feel and love deeply are exposed, when, as was the case with our hero, their strong passions get the better of their judgment.

Meantime, the reception that Roque met from his sweetheart's father was such as could not but be highly gratifying to his feelings. The good farmer showed the pleasure he felt at seeing him

there, by bestowing on him sundry vigorous blows on the shoulder, compressures of the neck, and smart pinches in the arms, all which demonstrations of affection, though somewhat mulish in the mode of their expression, are considered among these honest folks as unequivocal proofs of a hearty welcome.

CHAPTER III.

How great a toll to stem the raging flood,
When beauty stirs the mass of youthful blood.
When the swoln veins with circling torrents rise,
And softer passions speak through wishing eyes!
The voice of reason's drown'd : in vain it speaks,
When hasty anger dyes the gloomy cheeks :
And vengeful pride hurries the mortal on
To deeds unheard.

SPENCER.

THE hour appointed by Fermin to see his brother was anxiously expected by Calisto, who on observing Hipolito's family retire to their respective rooms, sallied forth, enveloped in his cloak, and armed with his trusty sword, to proceed to the place of rendezvous. His way lay through an olive plantation, the symmetrical rows of which were intersected by small canals, cut for the purpose of irrigation ; and their waters,

curled in the moon-beams, as they fell from their little elevations with a gentle murmur, the more agreeable as no other sound was to be heard at that hour of night. To Sandoval, whose imagination loved to luxuriate in whatever beauties nature or art offered to his sight, these gentle sounds, and the stillness which reigned in the arched groves of olive trees, had in them something unusually soothing, and deeply interesting. He sat to listen to the murmur of the waters, and thought, as he saw them pursue their course so uninterruptedly, what happy hours men might enjoy if their minds were less occupied in devising schemes for injuring each other, and, if imitating the objects by which they are surrounded, they were less eager to throw obstacles in the way of each other's happiness. "From the prince to the peasant, from one extremity of the world to the other," thought he, "men war with each other; interest or prejudice arm them all to disturb the harmony of nature. One drags the other into his quarrels, no matter whether by fair or foul means; they fight till

the weakest sinks into a slave, and if open violence fails, deceit and treachery are resorted to, until the world becomes at last divided into three great classes, tyrants or knaves, slaves and fools."

Thus reasoned Sandoval with himself as he glided through his solitary path, towards the appointed place, which he reached at the critical moment when Firmin was alighting from his horse. Prepared as the minds of the two brothers were for a reconciliation, they flew into each other's arms, and the tears of both mingled as they fell, till at last their hearts relieved by the indulgence of their feelings from the heavy weight of contending passions which had oppressed them, they broke the silence of this affectionate greeting. "Dear Calisto," said Firmin, "appearances are much against me. A chain of mysterious accidents have contributed to excite in your mind suspicions derogatory to my affection as a brother, and perhaps to my honour as a man, but I can assure you in truth that the peculiar circumstances under which I labour

have alone given to my conduct an air of criminality which does not in reality exist."

"Then my suspicions are erroneous," interrupted Calisto hastily, "and you do not love Gabriela?"

Firmin stated visibly; his conscience was struck, and his heart whispered he did; but he answered evasively—"What would it signify if I did, you are the man she loves, the one she has always loved, and will ever love. But I fear. . . ."

"What in God's name," exclaimed the other, seizing his arm.

"That it will be all in vain," added Firmin. "To-morrow, perhaps, she will take leave of her friends, and the day after a convent will separate her from the world."

"Oh no,—no," said Calisto in that tone of calmness that sudden madness is apt to assume, "fear it not. You know I love her."

"I know you do, my dear brother," said Firmin, observing the agony of mind he endured

by the great change in his voice, and kindly pressing both his hands in his. "But how can you oppose what her parents have resolved upon? You know her devoted obedience to their commands, and how essential it is to a child's virtue and happiness to submit to their dictates."

Here Calisto burst forth into a paroxysm of rage. "Talk you of obedience?" said he, pushing his brother from him, "have you found out it is essential to secure a child's virtue and happiness? Out upon your hypocrisy! They are not her parents. Not they. A father, and still less a mother, never immolate to their own caprice, or that of another, an only daughter—they do not bury her alive between two walls—nor condemn her to live among fanatics and idiots, only to curse the hour of her birth, and those who gave it—they do not send her to hell the shortest road.—But it shall not be; I am her only father and protector, and, by heavens! I'll take care they do not send her there. I have a hand, and I have a sword, and

know the use of both. Let them come and tear her from me if they dare."

At these words he walked agitatedly to and fro, uttering the wildest rhapsodies, while his brother stood with his arms folded across his breast, reclining against the erect stone of the fountain, reflecting on the words which had escaped Calisto, and which had made a deep impression on his mind. "Am I wretched, then," said he to himself, his head bent upon his chest, "because I have disobeyed my father's commands? Heaven knows it has cost me many a struggle! but, were they not reprov'd by religion, and could I have obeyed them without offending the king? No, I could not; and both were sins too deadly to be thought of. Disobedience then, in my case, was meritorious; not so in Gabriela's; her undutifulness militates against her eternal salvation. Father Lobo proved it this morning to me. Her conduct and mine, then, differ as widely as light does from darkness."

In this way Firmin exculpated his conduct from the charge of disobedience, and drew favourable inferences, which only the man whose mind is warped by fanatical prejudices could have thought of finding. Meantime, Calisto's rage having gradually subsided, he approached the place where his brother was, and after gazing awhile on him with looks of surprise, said he had made up his mind to go to town with him, and take Gabriela away from her parents' house. "You know," added he, "that our laws permit a suitor to take his mistress away from her parents, and place her in a friend's house till the tribunal take proper cognizance of the case. I should never have thought of recurring to means which may appear violent to some, and raise in others suspicions prejudicial to the purity of Gabriela's character; but there is now no alternative left, and I must lose her, and lose her for ever."

"And *where* will you place her, supposing you actually succeeded in carrying her off? for it is well to consider that first," said Firmin.

The question staggered his brother. "Where are those powerful friends of your's, who will take charge of such a trust?" continued he, "or who will set at defiance the indignation and influence of Don Antonio, to oblige you? Unless, indeed, you intend placing her in a nunnery, where alone she may find shelter against those injurious suspicions which you so justly fear might prejudice her in the opinion of the world."

"A nunnery!" exclaimed Calisto; "there are none to which your father Confessor finds not free access; and I would rather have Satan himself visit the dwelling of my Gabriela, than that such a monster should come within ten leagues of her."

Fermin crossed himself. "Hark, Calisto!" cried he, fixing his resolute eye upon him, "I can endure all the opprobrious epithets you may please to heap on me, but another blasphemy against Father Lobo, and we part for ever."

"You are a fool, then," said his brother, "and a fanatical dupe to boot."

“Be it so,” said Fermin, “but to your wise plan. Let me suppose you find a house, the respectability of which will preclude the suspicions of the world, think you, you will come triumphantly off in the decision of the tribunal? Does not every man in office know your political principles, and every one of the clergymen, through whose hands it must pass before the affair can be said to be finished, your religious ones? What then would be the use of making the attempt? None in the world but this—to come out defeated in every stage of the proceedings, leave Gabriela exposed to the excited wrath of her parents, and to the laughter or contempt of the world; and lastly, deprive yourself of every hope of becoming one day reconciled to her family.”

These were reasons too cogent not to make an impression on Sandoval's mind. “Can you procure me an interview with Gabriela?” said he, after much hesitation, on the proper course to take.

“I cannot,” replied his brother; “I have

pledged my word not to interfere in the matter, and I should be acting against my conscience, and the express commands of those whom I am bound to obey. Besides," added he, "I advise you not to come within the walls of Logroño. You are an object of suspicion on the part of the government, and your safety would be endangered by shewing yourself there."

"I see," said Calisto, despondingly, "I have no favour to expect from any living man, not even from my own brother. I am an outcast from society,—and yet why, why am I an outcast?—for having kept my honour undefiled; for having done my duty to my country, and for remaining faithful to the oaths I took before God and the world. Such are the crimes to which I owe all my miseries!"

"It gives me pain to refuse you my assistance," said Fermin; "but do you recollect the night when you surprised me with Gabriela in the garden of her house? The object of that visit was no other, than to apprise her of a

determination taken against you, and to obtain from her a pledge which might have added force to my arguments, in persuading you to quit Logroño; but before I could see you, you were apprehended, and taken before the *Comisionado Regio*. Anxious still to save you, I followed you there, and by my presence prevented the design set on foot against you. You were then dismissed, and I had the pleasure of seeing, that aware of the danger of your situation, you left the town immediately, which rendered useless any further interference from me. The pangs, however, which I endured for having thus innocently given rise to suspicions in your mind, against Gabriela's faith, and my own honour, and those added by the remorse of a conscience struggling with the reflection, that I had acted contrary to the religious vows I had made at the feet of the confessional, wrung from me a promise, that I would never again interfere in any matters that concerned you and Gabriela, and that oath must not be violated."

Calisto was too well aware of the all-subduing influence of religious prejudices on the mind of his brother, as well as of the inflexibility of his character, to resort to entreaties which could only have the effect of distressing his feelings, without inducing him to yield; therefore, unwilling to make useless solicitations about what, he thought, ought to proceed from the impulse of brotherly affection alone, he resolved to seek in his own resources means for the prevention of the meditated attempt on Gabriela's personal liberty; and thanking his brother, though somewhat coldly, for what he had done for him, wished him more happiness than he himself enjoyed, and a speedy recovery from his political and religious errors.

Fermin, urged by the purest motives of affection, earnestly begged to be made acquainted with his intentions or designs respecting Gabriela, that he might at least give his opinion as to their practicability; but Calisto assured him, he hardly knew them himself, and could not say whether the vague ideas that floated in his

mind would be realized into a feasible plan or not. Consequently the two brothers parted, after an affectionate embrace, the one to return to town, and the other to betake himself to his own anxious thoughts and plans.

There are few hours more favourable for concentrating our imaginative powers, and bringing them into action, than the season of midnight, particularly if to the undisturbed silence of the time, a solitary and secluded spot be added, both of which our hero enjoyed, in his way to Hipolito's farm, and which contributed to aid him in forming a plan for visiting Gabriela, on the following night, which might be unattended with risk either to her or himself. This done he re-entered the farm by the yard at the back of it. At the extremity of this yard was a kind of shed, under which a few oxen and mules, a mare, two or three donkeys, and a sow with half a dozen sucking pigs, were lying amicably together, and at a little distance, in one corner of the same shed, and perched on the wheels and barandas of a cart, about two

dozen hens, capons, and turkeys. Facing this shed, stood a pile of faggots made from the vine-shoots, and further on was the *pajar** where the farmer's serving men slept, in company with some hounds, on the straw with which it was filled. The *lagar*, or place in which the grapes are pressed, occupied another side of the yard ; and, lastly, the family dung-hill stood in the middle of it, rearing its bulky summit considerably above the surrounding objects, and diffusing odours very much in unison with the cleanliness of the rest of the farm, and probably very grateful to honest tio Hipolito's hens and pigs, but not at all so to Sandoval, who made the best of his way to the room which had been assigned to him, and which unfortunately looked upon the said yard.

He found in one corner of it a bed, or rather some planks, raised from the ground by a couple of stands, on which there was a straw mattress,

* The house in which the straw for the cattle is contained, which being cut very small to give it them, mixed with barley and oats, must be enclosed under cover.

and over it a woollen one, which had served through many generations; some idea may be formed of its value when we say, that it had been left untouched by the thousands of foreigners who had entered the village, during the late war, most of whom were not at all nice in carrying away anything which might be of use in forming their bivouacs. On this same mattress, however, there was a sheet, which, for want of a companion, was doubled; and so well tucked up and pinned to the mattress that it was more strictly speaking a sack, the materials of which also resembled it in quality and texture, and to complete the bedding, something between a blanket and a coverlet, decorated with as many holes, and of about the same colour as a standard of Napoleon's imperial guard, covered the whole. Such was the resting place prepared for him by the tia Agustina; who, however, ought not to be blamed if it was not a better one, for the kind-hearted woman had got together what she had best in the house, and it is very probable her own was not

more elegant or commodious.—“With what the monks and friars carried away this morning,” thought Sandoval, as he stretched himself on the bed with his clothes on, “the tia Agustina might have furnished half of her house as commodiously as any man could wish. But these are happy beings; few of them consider in the light of privation the misery they live in. Yet it is not that they are deficient in intellect, or the capability of enjoying a happier state of things, very far from it; but bereft of the hard earned fruits of their labours almost as soon as they obtain them, they are compelled to look at last with indifference on the comforts of life, which, under the present order of things, (all or which concur to depress their natural genius) it is impossible they should ever enjoy, so that this hardy, intelligent, and reflecting peasantry, gradually become poor, and consequently indolent; till at last, habit, which, they justly say, is a second nature, reconciles them to filth and misery.”

After these reflections, he endeavoured to re-

sign his senses to the influence of sleep; which probably he would have enjoyed, had it not been for the noise and rummaging of the rats (who got admittance into his room through the large crevices of the door,) among a heap of dry peas, that lay in one corner of it, and which, to judge by the cracking and grinding of their teeth, they seemed to relish amazingly. To this must be added also the cooings of the pigeons, occupying the room next to his, who, frightened probably by the same sounds that disturbed him, flew about the room, frequently striking and pecking against the door. Daylight, however, soon drove the rats to their holes; but then the bustle in the yard of tio Hipolito's servants, who commenced getting ready their beasts to go with them to their usual labours in the fields, the crowing of the cock, the grunting of the disturbed pigs, the twitterings of the sparrows, that had their nests close by the window, and came into his room to pick up whatever they could find; and, above all, the fleas, that fed on him with an eagerness which int-

mated a conciousness that they should make the most of their time, as they were likely soon to lose their prey, drove him out of his room to ramble about the country, and thus get rid at once of his troublesome companions.

In this walk, Sandoval observed the cheerfulness of that industrious and much injured class of society, who from three in the morning till seven at night, under all the changes of the weather, whether in summer or winter, with cold, rain, or a scorching sun over their heads, labour to make the earth produce what they are hardly allowed to taste of, much less to enjoy. He heard with a pleasure mixed with compassion, the merry sounds of the labourer, who thrusting vigorously with one hand the plough-share in the ground, and directing the oxen or the mules with the other, pursued his labour and his song, as if both were inseparable from each other, though now and then an oath to the mules, or a little pause where unusual exertion was required, interrupted the latter for the moment. Seldom do these men return to the

village or farms, before the setting of the sun, particularly if the fields they labour in are at a distance from their homes. A loaf of bread, some cheese, or a piece of cold meat, and a pitcher of water, serves them till they return at night, where a bason of *sopas de ajo*,* a dish of bacon and eggs, a few vegetables, and a pint of wine is served up to them for their supper. The generality of these men are robust, and well made, temperate, and honest, kind-hearted, and fond of obliging; but in order to obtain favour with them, it is absolutely necessary to treat them with something more than condescension, with kindness and almost deference; for if you hurt their pride, or treat them with haughtiness, or anything like the levity of contempt, they become enemies, as inveterate as they are capable of being faithful friends. To the truth of this, let the French under Napoleon, who to their sorrow experienced it, testify.

On his return from his ramble, Sandoval par-

* Garlic soup.

took of *tia Agustina's* homely breakfast of fried eggs, sausages, and bacon, furnished by the pigs and hens of her own yard. He also tasted some of her wine, which though not very old, (for in a wine country people seldom keep it more than two or three years,) was nevertheless very good. This morning duty done, he wrote a letter to *Gabriola*, in which he requested an interview in her garden at any hour of the night that might be convenient to herself; after which he called *Roque* aside, and desired him to set off immediately to town, with instructions to see *Rosa*, and request her to deliver to her mistress the letter he had written, without one minute's loss of time.—“Now,” added he, “avoid any of the family to whom you are known, and use all possible diligence to obtain, and bring back an answer to this message. Above all do not, by your chattering and laziness, spoil all again, if you should succeed.—Now, away, and do not stand there like a fool.”

“I stood,” said *Roque*, trying to look very much surprised, “endeavouring to catch the

echo of your words; for I could hardly persuade myself it was you who spoke. How now? I spoil things by chattering, and by the other nasty word you have just used? When have I done so, I pray you? Was it yesterday or when was it?—It is well for you that you are my master;” added he, shaking his head, “otherwise I would sooner tear my tongue from my throat than say another word to you.”

Having said this, he hastened away to saddle his horse, and immediately set off for Logroño, rejoiced at the opportunity thus afforded him of seeing his mistress, and serving his master. His eagerness to reach Don Antonio's house, soon brought him into the town, where, no sooner had he alighted at his favourite inn, and saw his horse well accommodated, than he marched up to the place which enclosed his heart's best treasure. Unfortunately for him the Biscayan porter, who was an avowed, and what is worse, an unsuccessful rival of his, kept sentry at the door with more than usual vigilance, and prevented him from making any

attempt to penetrate into the house, as he would otherwise have done. In this emergency, he had no other alternative than to pace up and down before the door, and watch a favourable opportunity of gaining admittance; but several hours elapsed before one offered itself. Meantime he observed a good deal of bustle going on about the house. Ladies and gentlemen decked in their gala dresses arrived in carriages, sedan-chairs, and on foot, followed by servants, also dressed in their holy-day clothes. Within the house, too, he heard an unusual noise, though he could not tell whether it was that of merriment alone. There were, however, various indications that a great festival was about to take place; for the servants went out with empty salvers, and returned loaded with things, which, though carefully covered, emitted rich and pleasant odours.—“A pretty joke if it were Doña Gabriela's marriage!” said Roque to himself, “I should do wisely to stand aloof from my master; for as sure as day-light he'll kill the first man who tells him of it.—But,

by Barrabas ! can I find no way to get in, and see what is going on ?”

By dint of racking his brains, he recollected, that in a narrow lane leading to the banks of the river by a steep descent, there was a small private door which opened into the garden, and through which he had frequently gained admittance into the house, being sometimes left unlocked. He immediately went round to try his luck that way, and, to his great relief, found that it opened at the first effort. He now stole in with cautious steps towards the servants hall, which he found so crowded with male and female servants of the company who were in the house, that he took his corner among them without being particularly noticed. Here he remained in momentary expectation of seeing Rosa appear ; but in this he was also disappointed ; for Rosa was at that moment with her young mistress, occupied as may be seen in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Nought is there under heaven's wide hallowedness
That moves more dear compassion of the mind,
Than beauty brought to unworthy wretchedness
By envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind :
I, whither lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pierced with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

SPENSER.

FROM what has been hinted above, our readers doubtless guess, that the festive preparations going on at Don Antonio's house, had no other object than the celebration of an event, which was to reduce the unhappy Gabriela to the state of a nun. We will not tire their patience by detailing here the various arguments urged by Father Lobo to persuade her parents to make a sacrifice, as unnatural as it was cruel ; but

which he represented as the most gratifying they could offer to the Divinity. His artful reasonings, falling as they did upon two beings, who had no will but his, could not be received by them otherwise than with the utmost deference and submission. In justice to Don Antonio, however, we must say, that, notwithstanding his constitutional weakness, he withheld his consent as long as he was allowed to fight it out in single combat with the father Confessor; but when Doña Angela, who seemed to take as much pleasure in opposing her husband's wishes, as in granting those of Father Lobo, stepped forward to back his antagonist, the poor man's strength soon failed him, and he was gradually driven from the field of battle in utter and impotent despair.

As for Gabriela herself, she had in vain exhausted all her tears and entreaties, her bigoted and imperious mother being deaf and blind to everything, except the dictates of her own mistaken devotion. Thus the day for her taking leave of the world, as it is called, that in which

the unhappy victim sees for the last time her friends, being fixed, Gabriela saw it arrive with agonies not easily to be described.

About the same time when Sandoval's servant reached Don Antonio's house, the unfortunate Gabriela was in her own apartment, bewailing the cruel lot that was preparing for her. Hardly able to support herself, she had sunk into an arm-chair, where for some minutes she lay in a state of exhaustion; her head reclining against Rosa's arm, who at the same time pressed one of her mistress's hands to her lips and wept over her, endeavouring by the most soothing expressions to allay her deep-rooted grief, and exhorting her to collect herself, and exert all her fortitude. Gabriela opened her eyes, swollen by the tears she had shed during a sleepless night, and fixing them on Rosa's, gently shook her head, and said in a faint and thrilling voice, while the flash of fever overspread her pale cheeks, and a smile of agony played on her almost livid lips: "No fortitude of mine, Rosa, can bear me through this

painful trial. To take leave of the world is not what grieves me; for painful as the sacrifice seems, I could accomplish it; but to be torn from what my heart most loves, to hear his voice no more, to relinquish all hope of ever seeing him; alas! I cannot, Rosa, I cannot."

These words she uttered amidst sighs and sobs, which were quickly followed by a flood of tears. "Good God!" she exclaimed, when this first burst of grief was over, sitting up in the chair, and throwing back with both her hands the black shining locks that fell in ringlets over her face and neck, "must I be forced into a condition I abhor? Must I be dragged to a place where, instead of living resigned; I shall only die miserable? And is it indeed possible that this compulsion proceeds from my own parents? That to them I shall owe a life of wretchedness in this world, and the eternal torments of the world to come? Alas! can this really be?"

"For heaven's sake, my dear Señorita, calm your grief. Here comes your mother, wipe off

your tears, I entreat you," said the affectionate Rosa, giving her a handkerchief, which Gabriela hastily passed over her eyes, as a child, who, fearing her mother's rebuke, seeks to conceal what might give rise to them.

Doña Angela now came in, preceded by two maid-servants bringing two handsome salvers, in one of which the splendid apparel which Gabriela was to wear to take an eternal farewell of her friends, was carefully folded; and in the other a wreath of white roses and several costly trinkets, belonging to the family, to adorn her person on this occasion. The sight of these, and still more the stern countenance of her mother, made her blood run cold in her veins. The salvers being deposited on a toilet before a large looking glass, the two maid-servants withdrew, both casting a look of pity on their young mistress, who continued trembling in her chair. The mother then drew a chair beside Gabriela's, and commanded Rosa to bring her the salver which contained the jewels. "This diamond necklace," said she, pointing to it with a

fan she held in her hand, "was your grandmother's by your father's side. It was bequeathed by her to our miraculous lady of the Pilar of Zaragoza. It decked that holy image for more than thirty years, till the profane French laid siege to that city, when a friend of your father, the pious archdeacon of the Cathedral, obtained possession of it, and returned it to Don Antonio, who has since paid one hundred thousand reals,* to preserve in the family this precious relic. No one has ever worn it yet, for it would be the height of profanation, even to touch what our Lady of the Pilar has worn; but on an occasion when you, happy child! are to consecrate yourself to the service of Jesus Christ, (crossing herself) I have resolved, after taking our father Confessor's advice, that you should wear it, and I have no doubt that it will enable you to discover that the greatest good we can enjoy in this world is the spiritual grace. The other trinkets have been

* One thousand pounds.

also blessed by our pious bishop, and will likewise contribute to inspire you with the resignation which you are so much in want of."

"Alas! dear mother," said Gabriela, clasping Doña Angela's hand between both her own, "am I then really to be led to a convent? Must I lose my home, my parents, my friends, my" (a frown the mother caused her to withhold the word which so readily came to her lips,) "all, in a word?" she added. "Does not the voice of nature disapprove in that bosom from which I drew my first sustenance, the sacrifice you are on the point of making of your only child? Why bring me into the world, if you now deprive me of my liberty, and render my existence wretched? For heaven's sake, mother, have pity on me. Be moved by my tears. Hear my entreaties. Where shall I find compassion if my mother refuses it to me? For the sake of what you love most in this life, I entreat you, here at your feet, to shut me up in this apartment, and exclude from it the light of day, rather than force me into a life which I

abhor even more than death itself, and which must be the cause of my eternal despair.”

Even Doña Angela's rigidity of character was not proof against this warm and passionate appeal. She turned her head aside and raised one hand to her eyes while holding the other back she gently repelled the efforts of her daughter, who, on her knees, extended her arms towards her in an imploring attitude, her eyes streaming with tears, and her bosom heaving painfully. It is probable that the termination of this scene would have been favourable to Gabriela's wishes; but while the mother's heart wavered between feelings of compassion, and those, properly speaking, of bigotry, the father Confessor made his appearance at the door of the apartment, and one glance of displeasure from him was enough to stifle the voice of nature, and complete the triumph of fanaticism. She immediately extricated her hand from Gabriela's grasp, and rising from her chair, stood up and gazed sternly on her.—“No more words,” she said, “there is your dress, and there are

the ornaments which you are to wear with it. In an hour's time I expect to see you enter the drawing-room in your new habit, and let me see that you attend to my commands, or you shall rue your obstinacy and disobedience."

Gabriela implored her mother by all the Saints in heaven not to enforce her commands; but Father Lobo nodding to the mother, she immediately left the room. Gabriela rushed after her; but the monk arrested her steps by seizing on her arm.—“Why, lady, fly you thus from yourself?” said he, with an austere voice, “ought you not rather to be rejoiced at finding a place where you will be sheltered from the continual dangers and wicked suggestions of the world, the devil, and the flesh, than risk your eternal salvation by remaining exposed to its dangers? Ought the temporal and perishable pleasures of the world to be preferred to the good of your soul? The guilty passion you are inwardly cherishing, in spite of your excellent parents' admonitions, alone makes you look upon the religious state with horror and detestation.—But

believe me, my dear child," he added, with a softer tone of voice, "when you are once in the convent, and the grace of God begins to enlighten your heart, your sentiments will very soon alter; those sinful tears will be changed into sweet smiles; and those unworthy sighs into heavenly joy. Once the spouse of Jesus Christ, doubt it not, you will be an angel on earth."

Gabriela found it very difficult to extricate her arm from the monk's grasp; but having succeeded in it, she said in a firm and resolved manner—"Leave me, Sir, and I beg you another time not to intrude into my apartment, as you have done to-day. As for your specious reasonings, I have sense enough not to be deluded by them; I was born a woman, for my misfortune, and can never be an angel. Besides, more than one nun have confided secrets to me, which they would not disclose even to their confessors; and I have sufficient reasons to appeal to heaven against the unjust violence of my parents, and the pious bribes with which you have stifled in them the voice of parental affec-

tion. What motives have urged you to it, you yourself know best ; but He who is above knows them also, and woe to you if they sin against his laws !”

The monk made an attempt to speak ; but she, pointing to the door with a high and commanding look, turned away from him, and he left the room, casting on her a sidelong glance of resentment mixed with scorn.—“ Villain !” cried Gabriela, as he withdrew, “ I know you well ; but your wickedness shall not avail you with me, whether at home or in a convent” (here she made a pause,) “ a convent ! said I ?—alas ? must I think of it ?—Ah ! I fear there is no remedy.—Where is my father, Rosa ?”

“ He left town yesterday,” replied the maid, “ and, as he did not leave word where he was going, I suspect the design of his journey was to avoid an appeal from you, which, I am certain, he could not have withstood ; and by which he could not have failed to give offence to your mother.”

“ So then he too has forsaken his daughter,

and she has no protection left!" said Gabriela, with a deep drawn sigh; "I must leave my home for ever, and without a farewell embrace from him who gave me being!—from him, who wept with joy whenever I imprinted on his cheek the good-night kiss! . . . Alas! Rosa, I cannot bear this, my heart is bursting."

As the unfortunate girl spoke, she threw herself into Rosa's arms, whose bosom she moistened with a flood of tears; but grief, which also exhausts itself by continued exertion, was now beginning to abate, and her natural high-mindedness, firmness, and resolution soon took their place in her bosom. She raised her head from Rosa's shoulder, wiped off her tears, and sat down composedly at her toilet—"Begin the undress," she said to her maid, "and let me assume that bridal dress, or rather that shroud in which I am to be buried alive.—Dress my hair first,—though to-morrow these curling locks," added she, passing her hand on a cluster of them that fell on her heaving bosom, "of which I was so proud, will all fall to the earth. But they, like

their mistress, will no longer excite envy.—Yet stay, give me the scissors.—Which are the two handsomest ?”

“ You are not going to cut them, my dear Señorita ?” said the weeping maid, alarmed at seeing with what a bold hand she took the scissors and applied them to the locks.

“ Why not, you foolish thing ?” said Gabriela, her countenance enlivened by a soft smile—“ would you not rather have one of them, than see them all the pray of the winds, or doomed to some yet meaner destiny ?—Here put this in your bosom, and keep it as a remembrance from me. The other, give me a green ribbon to tie it with (for I will not yet give up hope) and keep it,—you know for whom. A few days ago, I would sooner have parted with the very apples of my eyes than with those two locks ; but the times are changed, and we see even the proudest things of nature fall never to rise again !”

“ Are these strings of pearls in this salver to be fixed round your tresses ? They contrast

beautifully with your ebony hair," said Rosa, holding them against her mistress's head.

"I suppose they are," said Gabriela, taking them in her hand and examining them, "pretty baubles enough, the toys of our sex, and I have heard some friends of mine say, often the pledges of the villainy and deceit of the other."

"Ah, 'tis even so," said Rosa, "for I have myself observed, that when men give us these things they think they have a claim to all they ask; but woe to her who gives them all they ask as a recompense for those gifts; she is sure to be deceived, and afterwards laughed at by the very man she listened to."

"But men are not all so, Rosa," said her mistress.

"God forbid!" exclaimed the maid, "I can say for myself, that the only man I ever loved, though he has given me many fine things,—fine for me I mean,—has never asked anything in return."

Gabriela smiled, and said, "You are fortunate in your choice, then?"

“So far,” said Rosa, “I have certainly been fortunate.”

“So far !” repeated her mistress; “why, child, you don’t mean to try another, do you?”

“Not if I can help it; but if ever he should forsake me, I promise you I will.—But will you wear this garland to-day?” said Rosa.

“Garland !” exclaimed Gabriela, “call it a crown of thorns, and you will speak more to the purpose.”

“You look well in it, though. It seems so innocent and pure, and matches so well your smooth and white forehead, that it appears as if it were a part of it.”

“You little flatterer,” said Gabriela, gently striking her cheek with one of her fingers, “you strive to make me conceited; but this same smooth forehead will be wrinkled ere many months are over.”

“Ah, do not say so,” added Rosa kissing it, “you said just now that you would not give up hope yet.”

“Well, be it so,” returned Gabriela with a sigh, “and if I said it, may God grant it.—But

hand me that white silk gown, and the other which I am to wear over it of French lace."

"Holy Virgin! what a magnificent robe!" cried Rosa, as she unfolded the lace dress, "what splendid embroidery this of the borders, and how beautifully worked it is! There never was another like this seen any where. It sets sweetly too. It makes your small waist look still smaller, and fits without forming a single wrinkle. But allow me to assist you in putting on these white satin shoes."

Gabriela now stood opposite a full-length looking-glass, and said, as she turned herself various ways with still some worldly complacency;—"The dress is well made and splendid; but I am deadly pale. I look more like the spirit of some murdered being rising from the tomb, than one who yet breathes the air of life, and feels her heart throb within her bosom.—But give me the veil, and let us complete this heart-sickening toilet. Yet too soon shall I say farewell, and for ever, to all this finery!"

The veil being now carefully pinned to her

hair, she let down her face the fore-part of it, and made one or two steps towards the door; but the agitation which she felt at this moment, and the violent throbbings of her heart overcame her for some instants, and she sat down gasping for breath, and thinking that although some degree of courage is required to form a resolution, it is chiefly at the moment of its execution that all its springs must be brought into action, or else the purpose falls to the ground. She then exerted herself to recover all her firmness, in which she succeeded, after drawing a deep sigh, which seemed considerably to relieve her, and then she stood up again breathing freely. — “Now Rosa,” she said, in a resolved tone, “my mind is made up, and let come what may I’ll not shrink again.”

Saying this she walked out of her apartment with a firm step, and passing through several rooms, she reached the ante-saloon, where the servants of the house with several others belonging to the friends of the family, who had been invited to spend the day with Gabriela, were assembled in various groups, conversing on the

approaching festival. On seeing her appear, they all drew up into two files, and bowed and God blessed her, as she passed, some whispering,—“what a pity it is, that such a beautiful creature should be lost to the world!” others, “how pale she looks, poor thing!” others again,—“she is used tyrannically, but they should drag me if I were her,”—every beholder, in a word, felt pity for this devoted victim of monkish villainy and blind bigotry.

Among this crowd of servants our faithful Roque was waiting impatiently Rosa's appearance. No sooner he observed her behind her mistress than he thrust himself forward to attract her notice, and then beckoned her to follow him. The maid, whose duty to her mistress terminated at the ante-saloon, which adjoined the drawing-room whither, according to strict etiquette she could not follow her, unless called for, left her now, and ran after Roque down a narrow staircase which led to the garden, where, after one or two minutes running, she overtook him in one of the thick leaved pavilions that looked

on the river.—“ I marvel at your impudence,” said she to him, as soon as she recovered her breath, “ who invited you here ?”

“ Your eyes, and my sovereign will, light of my heart,” said Roque, passing his hand under her chin.

“ Come, no nonsense,” said she, slapping his hand, “ I am not in a humour to listen to your extravagances now.”

“ And how am I to know when you are in humour or out of it ?” enquired Roque. “ Did’nt you tell me yesterday that you were angry with me, because I didn’t come to see you ; well ! here I am, and yet you look more peevish now than yesterday.—But I ought to know that a weather-cock is another word for woman.”

“ And fool another name for Roque,” added Rosa sharply. “ Else, why come on a day like this ? Don’t you know that my young mistress is going to-day to take leave of her friends, and to-morrow I shall lose her for ever ? Is this not enough to occupy me ? You might have chosen your time better, I think.”

“ Well, do not be angry, my jewel ; for after all I come only with a message from my master to your mistress.” He then delivered the errand with which he was entrusted, at full length, and with all the additions which he thought were wanting to obtain Rosa’s good word ; but she shook her head, and said she did not know whether her mistress would consent to it or not ; though on her part she would try, as soon as she found an opportunity, to give her the note and persuade her to grant the interview, which, however, she feared would not be so easily obtained as she would probably be watched by her mother.—“ Meantime,” she added, “ give Don Calisto this lock of my mistress’s hair, and tell him to keep up his spirits, and lose no hope ; for such are her commands. And now, for God’s sake, be off, and do not appear again here till to-night, about eight, when I will endeavour to see you.”

Saying this she tripped her way back as lightly as a deer, without paying the least attention to the earnest entreaties of Roque to

remain one minute longer.—“The jade?” cried he, “is gone without giving me a single kiss! —But, how now?” added he starting back, “are you also here?”

“Sirrah!” cried his master, emerging from behind a thick cluster of laurel bushes, “is this the way you serve me? I send you at six in the morning, and it is now near noon, and you are still here. You might have kept your love affairs for another opportunity, I should think.”

“Now, by the twelve Apostles, this is too bad!” exclaimed Roque, “how could I help it? Have I not been waiting and kicking my heels about this place till this moment, and at the risk of having my shoulders well warmed by a shower of blows? And”

“And what answer?” interrupted his master impatiently.

“You must wait till I get it, and that, if God pleases, not till eight to-night,” said Roque, “and, moreover, I advise you to make the best of your way out of this house; for, I wot, there

are now many friends of yours within, who would not wish a better sight than to see you hanging from the highest gallows in Spain.—This way, this way; for I have found the back garden door open, and I think it will admit us again to-night.”

Saying this he led, or rather dragged, his master to the little door that led out to the narrow lane above mentioned; and, carefully shutting the door after him, they both disappeared.

CHAPTER V.

Old Error thus, with shades impure,
Throws sacred Truth behind :
Yet, sometimes, through the deep obscure
She bursts upon the mind.

Sleep, and her sister, Silence, reign,
They lock the shepherd's fold,
But, hark—I hear a lamb complain,
'Tis lost upon the wold !

CUNNINGHAM.

OUR narrative, interrupted by Roque's intrusion, leads us back to the drawing-room door, where we left our young vestal on the point of appearing before a crowd of friends, or more properly speaking acquaintances, who were in momentary expectation of seeing her appear. Among such a numerous company as were there assem-

bled; it was natural that there should be some kind-hearted and friendly, others lukewarm and indifferent, and others (we trust the smallest portion,) malignant and wicked. To judge from the different expressions of their countenances, we are justified in saying, that such a division is perfectly correct; for no sooner did those to whom we have given the place of preference see Gabriela walk in with almost the paleness of death stamped on her fine countenance, than their faces changed to an expression of grief and anxiety, and their eyes were seen suddenly filling with tears. There even was a young friend of Gabriela's, who, forgetful at the moment of the place and object of her visit, sprung from her chair, and running towards her friend, threw her arms round her neck, exclaiming amidst sighs and tears, "Gabriela, my dear, you are sacrificed!"

Gabriela, who had till then kept up her resolution well, was greatly moved at this affecting proof of friendship. Her firm step began to vacillate, she trembled in all her limbs, and

was at length compelled to throw herself in a fainting state on the first chair she saw vacant, unable to reach the principal sofa in the middle of the room, where a place had been assigned to her near the greatest devotee of Logroño. This lady, who longed to have her near her, to congratulate her on the holy vocation she had so wisely adopted, and treat her with a long lecture about the most effective way of obtaining the spiritual grace, got into a great passion against the silly girl, as she called her, who had discomposed the placidity of Gabriela's mind, by yielding to such worldly impulses, as did also Doña Angela, who sat on one side of her. Meantime, the indifferent part of the company, who, wishing to be thought very much interested in Gabriela's welfare, were obliged to have recourse to appearances, added considerably to the confusion created by this little incident, by running backwards and forwards, wringing their hands, and uttering various exclamations, while the worse part of the visitors interchanged a malignant smile with each other,

when not observed by the rest, and tried to look very much concerned when they met more charitable eyes. "These are unfortunate accidents, but the fish is well hooked, it will not escape us," whispered into Father Lobo's ear his worthy nephew, who, as our readers have doubtless anticipated, was one of the company, and had not forgotten his white kerseymere pantaloons, hessian boots, trimmed with gold cord and tassels, and his best embroidered coat, with the cross of Charles III. on the left flap.

"Thanks to me, then," said the monk, with an air of complacency. "I had to grapple with more than one prejudice; but they all gave way to my superior management. Strike terror into people's souls, and you are sure to triumph over every human obstacle; that is the great secret by which I have accomplished deeds, which to the pusillanimous appeared impossible; and it is what I recommend to our friends of the capital."

"Aye, and what they follow too," my respected champion of the faith, true disciple of

Saint Dominic, and worthy successor of Torquemada," added Artimaña, with that peculiar grin of his with which he usually accompanied his own jocular observations.

While Gabriela's friends flocked around her, each to offer either consolation or elixirs, there was in a corner of the room one, who, feeling the horror of her situation more acutely than even herself, now and then cast his anxious eyes over the people's heads towards the place where she sat, and then withdrawing them slowly fixed them on the ground in silent meditation. "Can such a forced sacrifice be grateful to the Almighty?" said he to himself. "Will not the reluctant victim inwardly murmur against the violence offered to her feelings—accuse her parents of barbarity,—and even call in question the justice of heaven? And if she do so, is not her future happiness on the brink of eternal perdition? It is,—it is! And yet I, who have an influence over her parents' minds,—I who can save her, am here to witness it—to see, perhaps, the demons of hell rise and drag her

to the abodes of the guilty—there to tear asunder with their lacerating claws those delicate limbs, mangle that divine form under their cloven feet, and torment her everlastingly, now in cauldrons of sulphur and burning pitch, and now in their pits of freezing ice.* And shall I permit this? No, not while I breathe,” added the impetuous Fermin, rushing to the middle of the room, his mind so worked up by the horrors his imagination had depicted, that, unconscious of those who were around him, he vociferated with all his might, his features distorted by horror and dismay, “Doña Angela, no more of this!—I see legions of devils rising!—they come, they come!—save her, save her!—holy water, a crucifix, the gospels, the gospels!”

At these cries, the terrified company suddenly rose from their places, and the most timid, rushing towards the door, gave the impulse to the rest, who in their hurry to leave the house,

* Such is the picture of hell drawn by most Spanish preachers:

stumbled upon each other, and called upon every Saint in Paradise to assist them, as if all the inmates of hell were actually at their heels, while only a few men, and some ladies, whose stronger nerves or minds, enabled them to resist the impulse of their legs, remained behind staring at each other in mute astonishment.

Gabriela herself, roused by these cries, more than by the elixirs of her female friends, now stood in the middle of the room, immovably fixed to the spot, resembling one of those visions which the imagination sometimes pictures to itself, when at the midnight hour we see by moonlight the vapours rising from a distant hill, and forming themselves into a thousand unreal shapes—"What is the meaning of this?" enquired she in a feeble voice, seeing that no one seemed inclined to break the silence; but nobody could tell, he who might have done so having made his exit along with the others.

At last the father Confessor, who had withdrawn to a distant window, to give vent to the irresistible fit of laughter that the fanaticism of

his gulled penitent, and the ludicrous incident by which it had been accompanied, had excited, thinking this a favourable opportunity to forward his designs, advanced with that gravity which a long practice in hypocrisy enabled him to assume, and declared that this was a warning from heaven for the rebellious conduct observed by Gabriela towards her parents, and that the only way to avert God's wrath was to proceed on the afternoon of that day, instead of the next, to the convent, where she would be received with open arms by the nuns, and the usual ceremonies for her reception be performed with the pomp and solemnity befitting the occasion.

This advice was received by the mother, as everything which he suggested, with much deference and submission, and was thought by the few remaining friends of the family, very advisable and judicious; but the unfortunate Gabriela, who had reckoned on one day longer, and who experienced an undefined sentiment, which expiring hope often gives, even when no

plausible foundation exists, of being at length released from the impending misery of her situation by some unforeseen accident, could not refrain from shewing her disappointment and indignation at the shameless imposture of the monk, by reproaching him with it, and declaring, she would not go unless dragged there by force. —“ Then,” said the mother, greatly incensed at the boldness with which Gabriela had expressed herself, “ you shall go, whether you will or not.”

She then sent a footman to the convent with a note to the mother abbess, apprising her of their intention to proceed there with Gabriela on the afternoon of that day, and requesting her to issue her orders for her reception. “ We shall see whether your pleasure or mine is to be fulfilled,” said she, to her daughter, when she sent this message.

The wretched Gabriela saw well there was now no remedy left; the inflexibility of her mother’s character, which neither tears nor entreaties could soften, and the violence and

impetuosity of her passions, which seemed to gain strength by opposition, rendered useless whatever feeble efforts of her own she might be inclined to offer. Consequently she summoned all her fortitude, and even repressed that sentiment of anger, which it was impossible not to feel at the barbarous tyranny of a parent, who, having against every impulse of nature, premeditatedly determined to sacrifice her to her own bigotry and caprice, had forfeited the right to filial obedience and affection to which parents are entitled.—“Mother!” said the generous and affectionate Gabriela, with a firm yet respectful voice, “you have done everything in your power to tear asunder those sacred ties of affection, which as your daughter unite me to you;—you are, even now, on the point of leading me to a place, from which, if I am ever released, I can never hope to go but to the mansions of eternal darkness;—for never expect I can for an instant be reconciled to live as a recluse, when my heart wanders in the wide world with one to whom it was pledged, even

with your consent, nay, by your command, and in the presence of our Creator.—Yet I think of those days, when you held me to your breast with motherly fondness, and, though it would have been by far more fortunate for me had you stifled me in the cradle, the recollection of your kindness then, will ever keep alive in my heart the warmest gratitude and veneration,—nay, the sincerest filial devotion.—God forgive you, mother, as I do now, on the day when we shall all give an account of our words and actions before his almighty throne.—And now take me where you will—but remember, that with you lies the responsibility of my future perdition.”

Doña Angela listened with great impatience to this impressive discourse of Gabriela, which she delivered with an energy corresponding to the depth of her feelings, and the important nature of the subject—“Rebellious daughter,” exclaimed the mother, exasperated at the force and truth of those words, “what! the Almighty will punish me for preferring the salvation of your soul, to your own whims and wishes, will

he? and you think the nuns will not inspire you with resignation, either by force, good example, or exhortation, do you? But, oh! your heart is wandering, you'll soon recal it, I promise you; and then I shall hear no more of this, but rather thanks and congratulations."

By this time most of the guests who had been frightened out of the room, or the house, by Fermin's fit of religious enthusiasm, had returned, and were invited by Doña Angela to sit down to the sumptuous dinner that had been prepared, to celebrate an event, which, in Spain, is looked upon as similar to a wedding. We shall not attempt a description of this entertainment, the dishes being too numerous for particular notice, the wines and liqueurs, too sparingly used, notwithstanding their great variety and abundance, and the spirits of the company too much depressed with the melancholy occurrences of the morning, to afford much amusement to our readers. Consequently, we will proceed towards the carriages, which the footmen announced to be at the street door, as soon

after dinner as Father Lobo had said his *benédicite* with his usual assumed air of sanctity.

The guests having risen from table, Doña Angela waved her hand to Gabriela to lead the funeral march. She armed herself with patience and resignation, and immediately proceeded with slow but firm steps towards the door, followed by her friends, and leaning against the arm of the young lady who acted as bride's-maid; for on occasions like the present, when a female is to consecrate herself to the service of the church, everything assumes the aspect of an espousal. In passing through the anti-saloon, the servants of the family, who were assembled there to take the last farewell of their beloved Señorita, pressed around her with eyes big with tears, and poured blessings upon her with voices interrupted by the sobs that swelled their bosoms. The grief manifested by them all, but in particular by Rosa, who, being her favourite and confidante, felt her loss still more acutely than her companions, and evinced it by the most affecting demonstrations

of grief, moved Gabriela to tears, as she pressed her to her bosom. But, on observing the marks of impatience of her mother, she tore herself from her arms, and wishing them all an affectionate adieu, continued her way to the carriage. In stepping into it, she cast a last look round the patio, and heaved a farewell sigh at quitting her once happy home. The bride's-maid then followed her, as did also the old devotee, of whom we have already spoken, and the mother, the rest of the company following in other carriages.

It is the custom, when a young female is led to take the veil, that she should be taken by her friends in her way to the convent, round the different nunneries to be admired, praised, and flattered, by the recluses who inhabit them, in order to complete the pious seductions of her devout friends and confessor. Agreeable, therefore, to this custom, the unhappy Gabriela was obliged to undergo the numerous embraces of nuns she had never seen, and many of whom, though they themselves had been sacrificed to the interests or ambition of a brother or a favourite sister, and conscious of the misery of a

monastic life, seemed anxious to impress in her mind the idea that all around them breathed happiness and content, when indeed their looks and their hearts disavowed the eulogies they lavished on their wretched condition. The indifference, however, with which Gabriela listened to these praises, and the still greater apathy, which she manifested at the fulsome flattery offered to her beauty, dress, jewels, and every ornament about her, which they examined with a minuteness and eagerness, peculiar to the confined ideas of the secluded state in which they lived, each asking ten thousand questions respecting the quality of the materials, countries where they came from, persons who made them, &c. &c. proved clearly, that she too was an unwilling victim,—a discovery which some of those, whose hearts had become hardened and perverted by the miseries they had endured, and who instead of reconciling their minds to such a life, had year after year been cherishing a horror of it, made with fiend-like pleasure; while those who had at last conquered their aversion to it, and wept away the remembrance of their sorrows,

blamed her attachment to the pleasures and vanities of the world, which they declared to be incompatible with the salvation of her soul. None, indeed, but the very young nuns, who had not yet forgotten the innocent pleasures of infancy and youth, sympathised with Gabriela; though even they were obliged to disguise their compassion under the cloak of austerity, lest their superiors should find it out, and make them feel their displeasure for entertaining emotions which their condition forbade: thus her visit to these places added to, rather than diminished, the aversion she felt at becoming one of their partners.

Every step, however, brought her nearer and nearer to the convent, which Doña Angela and her Confessor had selected for her, and which, being of the order of Dominicans, was under the special spiritual directorship of this monk. In their progress to it, a multitude of idle people, who are always to be met about the streets in the towns of Spain, and artizans, who do not hesitate an instant in quitting their work to

attend a pious exhibition, or who, like the former, are always ready to go wherever pleasure or curiosity is to be gratified, collected around the carriages, and followed in the rear; some passing their heartless jokes on the unhappy and reluctant victim, and the more religiously inclined, blessing her and her friends, who had induced her to consecrate herself to God.

When the carriages came within sight of the convent, the quick and repeated peals of its bells resounded loudly and merrily through the air; but they fell on Gabriela's ear like the funeral knell on the culprit who is carried to the scaffold; she shrunk back with a chilling sentiment of horror, and her already pallid countenance assumed the look of death. Her bride's-maid observed it; but Doña Angela, who noticed it too, signed to her, to leave her undisturbed, and Gabriela soon after recovered from that momentary depression, by one powerful effort of her superior mind. At last they reached the fatal portals, that were soon for ever to be closed upon her, and the clergy-

man who was to consummate the sacrifice came forward, richly decked in his sacerdotal robes, to receive and lead the victim to the altar. He presented his hand to her, and she alighted, her own firmly grasping that of her bride's-maid's, between whom and the priest she was led thither; her friends and acquaintances following and surrounding her, and a crowd of people closing in the procession. No sooner had they entered the precincts of the temple, than the bells redoubled their peals, the organ burst forth, and a band of instrumental music, accompanied by the treble voices of the nuns, chaunting an appropriate anthem, saluted them, and resounded through the long aisles and high vaults of the church, with a vibration that thrilled every nerve in Gabriela's frame.

The high altar, which was at the opposite extremity of the choir, where the nuns were assembled, occupied the whole of that part of the church, and rose amidst gilt columns and ornaments to its very roof, whilst the light, which fell from the cupola above the altar-piece,

caused these rich gildings to shine with uncommon brilliancy, and gave to it a picturesque effect, the more novel and grand as the body of the church was thrown into obscurity, by its high windows being covered with dark-coloured thick moreen curtains. There, on the marble steps that rose to the foot of the altar, and with the monastic weeds before her eyes, knelt the unhappy Gabriela, her mind far otherwise occupied than in the pomp of the religious ceremonies which were performing in honour of her own consecration. She thought of other days, other scenes, and other objects; she could have sighed and wept at the fate that hung over her; but she suppressed her sorrow, and made an effort to fix her attention on what was going on around her.

After various hymns, chaunted by the nuns, and orisons from the priest, Father Lobo mounted the pulpit to deliver a sermon on the perfection of the life which she was about to adopt, and the efficacious means which it offers to labour in the great work of salvation,

and find the road of heaven, whilst in the world a thousand obstacles are met at every step, by those who wish to live like Christians. The text which he used upon this occasion, was couched in the following words; "*Forsake the paternal roof; tear yourself from the arms of your parents; cast off the vanities of the world; and come to the land which I will show you.*"— Thereupon, he commenced by endeavouring to prove by examples, the advantages of the monastic state, the facilities which it presents to innocent minds for spending a life of happiness, and the powerful motives which impelled so many great men to abandon the wealth and pleasures of the world, to pass the rest of their days in the solitude of the cloister, the better to enable themselves to meditate on the hour of death. Afterwards, presenting the obverse of the medal, he pictured the world as the school of pride, vanity, and deceit; the simile which he employed (in imitation of almost every preacher) being that of a tempestuous ocean, in which the vessel of virtue was combated by

the violent waves of tumultuous passions, and every moment exposed to be dashed against the rocks of pride, avarice, lust, and the rest of the capital vices—"In the world," added he, "rage dissension, fury, caprice, dissimulation, artifice, implacable hatred, ferocious jealousies, voluptuous frenzies;—in the world, ruinous gambling, loose harams, the most profane and sinful games and spectacles, sensual banquets, scandalous luxury, corruption, immorality, and libertinage are things of the first consideration,—in the world, every body runs breathless with anxiety after wealth and honours,—in the world, in fine, man devotes his whole life to whatever flatters his senses, and seldom or never to the exercises of virtue and charity. But in the cloister, the contrary of all this happens, because there all think and act with nobleness and solidity. There virtue is sought after, and practised, without fear,—there, gentle charity, unspotted candour and purity, piety without hypocrisy, and wisdom without arrogance, are found; but if their inmates sometimes undergo crosses and

mortifications, they are always very slight, salutary and consoling in their results. In a word, every good Christian ought to look upon the monastic state as the surest harbour of salvation, the centre of love and union, the school of celestial doctrine, the inexhaustible fountain of the most heroic perfection."*

Such were the sentiments delivered from the chair of the Holy Ghost by the hypocritical monk, who was heard by the audience with that kind of veneration which is usually entertained for a man eminently virtuous. Little did the majority of them know the real moral character

* The above is copied almost word for word from a sermon preached by a monk at the time when a young lady, with whom the author was acquainted, took the veil. It is very likely, that notwithstanding the beauty of that flattering picture of monastic life, and the frightful one made of the world, by that father, were the monks of our days to feed only on bread and water, fruits and herbs, as did the primitive founders of their state, and go about badly clothed, uncomfortably lodged, and obliged besides to work much and assiduously, as did their betters, it is very likely, we repeat, that society would then appear less contagious in their fastidious eyes.

of this religious instructor; for he had been always too cautious with the million, and too careful in hiding his villanies from the world to become at all notorious; but Gabriela, who had better reasons for knowing him, heard his words, if not for what they contained, at least for the hypocrisy they concealed, with the utmost scorn.—“Were this deluded audience,” she thought, “acquainted with the actions of his life, how few would listen to his discourse with that breathless attention which they now manifest! how their pious veneration would change into wrath and indignation at hearing this profane and sacrilegious wretch moralizing about that which in his heart he laughs to scorn!”

The sermon being now over, the priest blessed before her the monastic weeds, and after the usual prayers and hymns sung on such occasions, the music suddenly ceasing, the most awful silence, both in the church and in the choir, prevailed, and Gabriela was requested by the priest to rise. She obeyed with an emotion impossible to be described, and stood prominent

on the highest step at the foot of the altar, her face turned towards the choir, and her arms folded across her breast. The sun-beams falling perpendicularly over her head, her beautiful figure, clad in white, realized the idea of some heavenly apparition, resplendent in unearthly beauty and unspotted innocence, descending from the clouds amidst a volume of "light of her own making." At this moment also her mother rose and stepped forward, her arms quite extended, to give her the farewell embrace, while all the spectators kept their eyes rivetted on Gabriela. At length the mother approached, and her daughter threw her arms open, and closed her to her bosom, exclaiming—"I forgive you, mother, though you have dug a dreadful pit for me!"

At a moment like this, such awful words would have caused even the atheist to shudder with apprehension; but the bigoted Doña Angela, rejoiced at the offering she had laid at the foot of the altar, heard them without emotion, and saw her daughter pass from her arms to

those of her friends in almost a fainting state, without even shedding a tear! On Gabriela's receiving the last embrace of her friends, the lady, who acted as bride's-maid, took her by the hand, and, accompanied by the priest, and preceded by the clerks, clad in their white surplices, and bearing *ciriales*,* traversed the length of the church, on both sides of which rose small chapels, communicating with each other by low vaulted passages, and before the altars of which the feeble glimmerings of the lamps hanging from the roof just shewed the statue or picture of the Virgin or Saint to whose honour they had been raised. On one side of the grating, through which the nuns looked into the church, was a small door opening into their choir, which on the arrival of the procession was immediately thrown wide by one of the nuns, who came forward to receive Gabriela's hand from the bride's-maid. The unhappy victim shrunk back as the recluse approached, and grasped convulsively the hand of

* Large silver candlesticks borne on poles.

her friend, who in endeavouring to unclasp it, fell back half fainting into the priest's arms, while Gabriela was led into the choir. Immediately the door being shut, and the curtain of the grating drawn over, she was no longer visible to the people who were in the church, though the eyes of all were turned to the choir in momentary expectation of seeing her appear.

Suddenly, however, they were withdrawn to fix themselves on another object. A stranger, enveloped in his cloak, rushed into the church, casting wild looks around him, and gasping for breath. He stood for a moment shaking violently with agitation in the middle of the church, his eyes wandering from the altar to the choir, and then darted like an arrow towards the grating. At the moment he reached it, the organ sounded the anthem of "the children of Babylon," the curtains, which till then had kept the body of the church in darkness, were drawn aside, as was also that of the grating which hid the nuns from the people's eyes, and Gabriela was seen standing facing the altar, dressed in

the monastic garb, her face covered with the white veil of the noviciate, fixed on her head (whose curling tresses had now fallen) by a wreath of flowers, and surrounded by nuns bearing lighted tapers. At this sight, the stranger threw his cloak aside, and shrieking wildly—"God of mercy! 'tis she!—'tis she! I am too late!" fell senseless on the marble floor; and Gabriela, who instantly recognized Sandoval's voice, uttered a piercing scream, and sunk into the arms of the nuns.

All this was the work of an instant, and its effect on the astonished spectators was in proportion to the suddenness of the incident. Powerfully moved at the affecting scene, several of them hastened to Sandoval's assistance, and bore him on their shoulders out of the church, in a state of insensibility, while the nuns removed Gabriela to the farthest end of the choir. They then continued chaunting their *Laudate Dominum omnes gentes*, with which the awful drama terminated.

Doña Angela's party then returned to her

house, to take their *refresco*,* for though it is the custom on these occasions for the parents and friends of the novice to go and see her after these ceremonies from behind the iron grating of the *Locutorio*,† where a collation of ices and sweetmeats is served to them, they were all unanimous in declining this invitation, as neither their own feelings nor Gabriela's state of mind permitted it. The melancholy termination of this religious espousal had thrown a gloom on the minds of the guests, who no sooner reached Don Antonio's house than one after another left it, under some excuse or other, till at length Doña Angela found herself with only her particular friend the old devotée, Don Aniceto Artimaña, the father Confessor, and the priests who had officiated at the convent; with whom she remained very well contented; for, though few in number, they were a host in sanctity, and

* Afternoon entertainments of chocolate, sweetmeats, ices, and other beverages.

† Locutory, or visiting room.

moreover sure to agree with her in the justice, piety, and acceptability of that day's offering to the Almighty. Leaving, however, the whole benefit of their edifying conversation to themselves, we will request our readers to follow us to the place where Sandoval was safely lodged.

CHAPTER VI.

Here, too, the sick their final doom receive
Here brought, amid new scenes of grief, to grieve ;
Where the loud groan from some sad chamber flow,
Mixed with the clamours of the crowd below ;
Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man.

CRABBE.

Not very distant from the convent of which Gabriela was now an inmate, is an edifice, built in the dark ages, the front of which presents two small castellated turrets, with lattices well barred, and a door in the middle of considerable size and thickness, studded with large nails from top to bottom, and generally kept shut, both to prevent the intrusion of strangers

into this secluded place, and the egress of its inmates, for whose safety and retirement those who kept them there seemed rather anxious. To this place, Father Lobo, who had followed the men that carried Sandoval out of the church, desired them to convey him ; and the ostensible reason he gave to induce them to follow his directions, was, that as an humble servant of the church, he was bound to prevent and see duly punished every kind of scandal within the precincts of sacred ground ; and that as Sandoval had, in his opinion, entered the church of the convent with intentions more hostile than devout, he must see him lodged in a safe place, until his conduct should undergo a thorough investigation. Urged by these reasons, the men who carried Sandoval followed the monk to the gate of the above-mentioned building, and at his call, a wicket in the door was opened by a man of rather an unprepossessing appearance, who acted as porter or turnkey to that dark palace, in which he had himself been a prisoner for more than twenty years. The door opened into

a narrow vaulted passage, which led to a small court, at one extremity of which was the door of the *alcaide* or governor's apartment, whither Sandoval was carried, through a winding staircase in the form of a cork-screw. At the top of the stairs, the *alcaide* himself, a long and dry visaged personage, with a countenance as stern and sour as that of any *alcaide*'s needed to be, was waiting to receive his new guest, with that impatience which might be expected in the great lion of a menagerie towards feeding time.—“Welcome,” said he to Father Lobo, who ushered in the new visitor: “I was afraid I should see no more of you, reverend father; for here two days have elapsed without having seen your Reverence's face, and God and the Virgin know there is still many a wicked sinner at large, who might be quite as safe under my care as under that of anybody else.”

“Hold your tongue,” whispered the monk into his ear, “for this is worth all the ragamuffins I could bring you throughout a whole year. ... 'Tis the eldest son of Don Fabricio

Sandoval, of whom I have already spoken to you."

"What! Don Calisto?" enquired the delighted alcaide.

The monk nodded assent, and the other rubbed his hands.—"I have been looking for him I know not how long.—But, by Saint Peter's keys! you make me here a fine present, he is dead!" added he, as he saw the men enter with their load.

"Never mind that," whispered the monk; "for, if he were, you are entitled to his clothes, and whatever money and valuables he may have about him, with a bill upon his brother for extra expences, you know."

"True, true," said the alcaide; and then addressing the men who brought Sandoval, he added—"this way, gentlemen, this way;—for," thought he, "it won't do to give him at first the best room I have in my quarters. Let him pay first, or let him rot, as many honest fellows than himself have done before him." After this reflection, he led the way through a suite of

rooms, which became more and more unfurnished, dark, and dreary, as they were more remote from his own apartments, and the locks and bolts of their doors more complicated, huge, and clamorous, till they arrived at another staircase, as narrow and winding as the first, which, descending, brought them to a long, dark, narrow passage, having on both sides, and from space to space, doors, through the key-holes of which now and then issued a doleful cry, a groan, or the sound of a faint voice, asking for a little water. At the furthest extremity of this passage the murmur of a multitude of voices was heard, which increased gradually as the party approached, till at length it grew into a deafening din, sufficient of itself to make the stoutest heart quake. The turnkey, who preceded the party, performing his office with the ease of one who had practised it a long time, now applied a huge key to the strong lock of the door which opened into the place where the noise issued, and drawing aside the heavy bolt, flung the door open with a tremendous kick,

when such a scene presented itself as baffles all description.—First of all, a thick column of tobacco smoke, impregnated with every possible morbid emanation, rushed out of that horrid den, and nearly overpowered the whole party, who, however, entering, found themselves in a room fifty feet long by thirty wide, containing above two hundred prisoners, some loaded with chains fastened to the stone walls, others suffered to move about but fettered in couples, others disencumbered in the arms, but with heavy shackles to their ancles, others, with only a long chain round one of their legs and secured to the wall; all were, it can be scarcely said, *covered* with filthy rags, their forms were lean and withered, and their countenances emaciated and pale. There were some, indeed, who looked more like demons than human beings, with their long beards reaching to their waists, their yellow-bronzed bodies covered only by a pair of torn trowsers, and their eyes dark, scowling, and flashy; while others with haggard looks, squalid countenances, attenuated bodies, white skins,

and sparkling consumptive eyes; looked like spectres hovering about the gloom of a charnel house. In this place, men and women, young and old, innocent and guilty, were huddled together—here the man, who had grown hardened in vice and crime, was tied to the one who had only committed an error,—the exalted patriot to the remorseless assassin,—the insolvent debtor to the felon,—the lover who had incurred the displeasure of his mistress's parents, to the false coiner. All were condemned to breathe the same confined, malignant, infected air; unless, indeed, any one chose to purchase by weight of gold the privilege of being shut up in a solitary cell, from the avaricious keeper, whose ingenuity in inventing new modes of tormenting his victims, in order to extort their last real, did honor to his employers.

When our party entered this dungeon, the deafening noise of the prisoners was for a moment suspended, and many of those unfortunate beings (perchance the most innocent) no

sooner saw the alcaide appear, followed by his minions, every one of whom was armed with a pizzle, than they began to shake with terror and apprehension, while those who had become seasoned to blows, or despised them, and their gaolers too, recommenced their loud talk, their oaths, and their blasphemies, unmindful of the visitors, or of the consequences that might follow the displeasure of the frowning alcaide. Meantime, this last caused Sandoval, who continued still in a state of insensibility, to be laid in a corner of the room, on some of the rotten straw strewed all round the walls, and which served as beds for the prisoners; and then fastening on his legs a pair of heavy fetters, and pinioning his arms with an iron ring, retired with his retinue, amidst the hootings, whistlings, and yells of a large majority of the prisoners.

The immense noise thus raised, and the efforts which a crowd of the most abandoned of those wretches, who had not yet forgotten

their criminal practices, made to get possession of his clothes, roused him at last from the sort of lethargy in which he had sunk; but on opening his eyes, and seeing himself surrounded by those demon-like forms, those ghastly countenances, those tattered and disgusting objects, who seemed to vie with each other in the villainess and blasphemy of their language, and who, with segars in their mouths, and enveloped in clouds of smoke, stared at him with the grimness of fiends; on feeling every sense assailed by some unpleasant sensation, and finding his limbs pinioned to the earth, his head began to swim, his brain grew confused, and he at length imagined that he had died, and was now in the infernal abodes. For a considerable time this idea kept possession of his mind, and every time he gazed at the men by whom he was surrounded, and who took a savage pleasure in terrifying him by clanking their chains, and distorting their sufficiently horrid faces, he shrunk back and hid his face with his hands, while his teeth chattered in his head, and his

frame was convulsed with agitation. At last, like the man whose sleep is disturbed by some frightful dream, and asks himself whether it be a reality, he made a powerful effort, and became awake to his real situation. He then sat up, and shook his pinioned hands scornfully at the group of malefactors who were around him, and who burst into astounding peals of laughter at the excellent joke they had passed upon him, till at length, one after another, gradually withdrawing to other parts of the room, he was left to himself, but relieved of some of the principal articles of his dress.

He endeavoured now to compose his mind, and conceive how he had got into this infernal den ; but unable to form any satisfactory conjecture, he dropped the subject altogether, and began to look about him more leisurely. Not far from him, he saw a group of wretches, who, with one knee bent on the ground, and their bodies leaning forward, formed a circle, and were gambling among themselves for his own coat, boots, and hat at a low game called *la*

taba.* A little further on was a knot of true gamesters and sharpers, sitting squat on the damp ground, and staking at a cheating game, called *el cané*, what they had plundered from others, their withered but ferocious countenances exhibiting those boisterous passions with which the hearts of such men are usually agitated. The oath and the imprecation went loudly round, the threat was quickly followed by the blow, and this by the struggle; and while the two foes fought it out, dragging into their quarrel those who were fettered to them, the rest of their companions scrambled for whatever had been hoarded up by the disputants, and made the best of their way to another part of the room. In casting his eyes to a distant corner of it, Sandoval observed an old man in a dying state, stretched on the straw, and attended by a young woman, who with haggard looks and

* This vulgar game is played with sheep's shanks by the very lowest rabble; and, tradition says, it was the same with which the Jews gambled for the tunic of Jesus Christ.

dishevelled hair, tried to support his head on her lap, while three half-naked boys were kneeling at his feet uttering lamentable cries. He turned his head away from this heart-rending spectacle, his eyes swimming in tears ; but they alighted on a spectral figure chained to the wall, so withered and ghastly, that were it not for the rags with which he was covered, and the painful sighs which now and then swelled his bosom, he might have been mistaken for the skeleton of a man once in existence. A group were here singing obscene and profane songs, and further on another absorbed in prayer. The very walls themselves presented a frightful representation of the horrors of that abode of wretchedness and guilt. On them the bigot had drawn Virgins, saints, and crucifixes, beside the revolting obscenities sketched by the immoral and degraded beings who had spent the greatest part of their lives in this horrific abode ; here a memento of past pleasures was engraven, and beneath it one of present suffering and grief ; further on was a ridiculous epigram be-

side a melancholy epitaph. The strange confusion thus visible in this horrible dungeon, could not but furnish a reflecting mind, like that of Sandoval, with matter for grief and indignation, pity and disgust, tenderness and detestation.

He was before aware, that in most prisons, the condition of the prisoners was by no means proportionate to their crimes, but rather to the money they could afford to pay the alcaide, who, without cause or motive, inflicted on them the most brutal and disgraceful punishments, with no other object but to extort from them all the money he could. He knew also that these places were not only the receptacle for the remorseless criminals, who had outraged society by their frequent crimes, but likewise for those unfortunate individuals who had infringed the arbitrary edicts of the government; that the most effectual means were not always used to correct or reform the delinquent or the misguided man; but, on the contrary, that vengeance was often executed there in a shameless

and barbarous manner; that filth and misery fell more frequently to the lot of the unhappy inmates, than cleanliness or comfort. But how was it possible, even to imagine, that the disorder had reached such a frightful height without having thus experienced it? It was, however, evident that these places being now as much destined for victims of personal resentment, malignity, or hatred, as for men who had violated the laws, they were here to be made to suffer the insults and lashes of a gaoler and his satellites, the exquisite misery of the place itself, and if possible, to be made to undergo a moral degradation, by becoming infected with the vices of those who had been confined there for years on account of real crimes. To this may be added, that as there was no fixed occupation for the prisoners, who were, at most, taken out only from time to time, chained in pairs, to sweep the public streets, or perform some other degrading employment, the idleness in which they were kept contributed in a powerful degree to create and perpetuate among this hetero-

geneous assemblage every vice and every evil that can afflict humanity ; and as no remedy, either physical or moral, was applied to check the desolating effects of the infectious diseases by which body and mind were contaminated and destroyed, except, indeed, what the caprice or interest of the gaoler prompted ; and this, it may be supposed, was not always the most wisely or justly imagined, it is not at all surprising, that these dreadful abodes should present such scenes of horror as would not disgrace the realms of Lucifer. The effects, too, of such a cruel and impolitic system, were most pernicious to the morality and tranquillity of the country ; for those really vicious men who outlived these miseries, and returned to the bosom of society, having lost there the little remaining shame or fear, which had restrained them before, now came out determined to take deep vengeance on a world that had permitted the iniquitous treatment they had endured ; hence murders and robberies, felonies and viola-

tions were seldom more common than at that epoch.

Sandoval was engaged in these reflections, when the heavy bolts of the door creaked, and as it turned upon its hinges, half-a-dozen men, marshalled by the alcaide, and his myrmidons, entered, bearing large pails, in which there were leaves of cabbages, peas, slices of pimpkins, and melons, the remains of fowls and rabbits, bones half picked, skinny pieces of meat, bits of bread and cheese, with various other things, all swimming in a hotch-potch of broth, milk, wine, and water mixed up together,—the refuse of some of the convents and hospitals where no swine were kept, or where no money could be raised by it. At sight of this enticing meal, the prisoners seemed to have at once recovered their liberty, such was the joy manifested, in their squalid countenances. They all ran eagerly with their wooden basins, to have them filled with some of the multifarious ingredients above described, the distribution of which was made

with as much regularity as could be expected from the justice of the alcaide, and the rapacity of most of his guests; some of the boldest of whom took the liberty of helping themselves from one of the pails, which they succeeded in snatching from the men who brought it, notwithstanding the shower of lashes that fell about their backs, while engaged in the attempt. The eagerness of the rest, though quite as great as that of their bold companions, was somewhat tempered by the sight of the pizzlies, and though some of them had the address to obtain a double ration, upon the whole, the distribution was pretty equal, and made with some regularity, there being only about a dozen prisoners who went without any food, owing to the state of great weakness, and exhaustion in which they were, and which prevented them from pushing their way through the crowd.

This affair being concluded, the alcaide and his men proceeded towards the door, unaccompanied this time by the yells of the prisoners,

who were too busy in picking the bones that had fallen to the lot of each, to think of paying them those parting attentions; but Sandoval, who saw this opportunity on the point of escaping him, and afraid he should be left in that horrible place to rot, like those who were near him, called the alcaide to know whether it was possible for him to have a separate room.—“Oh, oh!” said the alcaide, with a nod and a grin, “so you don’t like your company, eh! or think you they are not gentlemanly enough for you?—But you may have a separate chamber, if,” added he in a whisper, “you are disposed to touch the palm of my hand in the way you know.”

“My weight in gold you shall have,” cried Sandoval with animation, “rather than remain another instant here.”

“’Tis well spoken,” said the alcaide; and then turning to his turnkey, he added, “holla! here man, undo the lock of these manacles and fetters, and let us take this gentleman into another

apartment; for he says, he is dying, and in truth he looks very ill. We must show the poor fellow some humanity."

These words, which he pronounced in a loud tone of voice, were heard by some of the prisoners with marked scorn; but the young woman, of whom we have already spoken, springing from her place, threw herself on her knees, and with uplifted hands, and tears in her eyes, begged the alcaide to order that her father should also be removed, as otherwise he must perish there. — "Let him," said the humane alcaide; "think you I am to be tricked by his impositions or your's? Away with you, you weeping crocodile!"

The poor woman, who probably knew but too well the brutal insensibility of this wretch, immediately got up, and went silently to sit down again beside her father's straw pillow; while Sandoval, who felt a tug at his heart-strings at leaving the poor man and his daughter there, without being able to offer them any assistance, followed the alcaide and his men out of that

place of wretchedness and guilt.—“Now,” said the alcaide, “we must shew the Captain a comfortable apartment, though by so doing I may be running a risk with the *justicia* ;* still something is owing to a gentleman.”

While he spoke thus, he walked on in an opposite direction to that they had at first entered the passage, that brought them to another staircase, which they descended groping in the dark, and which seemed as if it led to the bottomless pit, so many were the steps down which they went. Having, however, found the bottom, they entered another long passage, in which the alcaide said, there was a room where the Captain would be very comfortably lodged, only that he would expect two *pesetas*† a day, which, considering the many conveniences it offered, it was giving it for nothing. Notwithstanding this panegyric, San-

* In Spain the members composing a tribunal, from the chief judge down to the last alguacil is called La Justicia.

† A peseta is about ten-pence.

doval; who felt his feet wet by the water with which even the stone floor of the passage was filled, suspected he was not to take the gaoler's words for gospel, in which suspicion he was confirmed as soon as the door of the cell was thrown open. It was a small but deep dungeon, with a high roof, the floor of which was literally flooded with water, and the walls dripping wet, for it was considerably beneath the level of the river that washed the walls of the prison.—“And is it in this lake that I am to dwell?” enquired Sandoval in a jocular manner; for he was aware that any other tone did not suit; “now, come, my friend, as I am neither fish nor water-fowl, you must show me something else.”

“Umph! must?” said the alcaide looking fiercely.

“Nay, if you please; but this you know is always a matter of course.”

“Ay, but not with me,” said the alcaide, “But you seem to dislike this snug cell, without even noticing the conveniences which it presents. Look only at that little platform,—with its straw

mattress, and a blanket to boot, to the top of which you mount by steps, and where you might sit completely out of the damp, and of the reach of reptiles, as comfortably as a king on his throne. Then mark the convenience of the iron ring, fastened to the wall just above it, to tie the chain which would go around your neck, to prevent your falling down during your sleep! 'Tis the most comfortable cell that I could show a gentleman; but if you don't like it, I'll not force you into it, and we will even go back to the hall; for I see you like company."

Sandoval, although he felt his neck stiffen at the idea of having a chain fastened round it, would much sooner have become an inmate of that pond, and have all the fetters of the prison round his limbs than return to the place he had just left, if however there was no other alternative; but still he begged to be shewn another room less damp, pleading his subjection to rheumatic pains. The alcaide shook his head incredulously, and said—"Well, Captain, you

seem to have found out my lame leg.* Humanity, ay, a fine thing, no doubt; but a matter that has brought me into many scrapes with my superiors. Still I will risk meeting their displeasure once more to oblige you, and if three pesetas a day is not an object with you, I'll shew you something good."

So saying he led the way to the place he boasted as so good, and which was on the passage above this, at the opposite extremity of the hall; but previous to their entering it, he struck a light; for that of day had never entered that cell since it was built. On opening the door their olfactory organs were assailed by the confined and fetid air of the place, and by the putrid emanations arising from some dead rats and a cat that had been shut up in it to destroy those animals, and had himself fallen a victim to their united attacks. Besides these disgusting objects, the walls were covered with

* *De que pierna cojeo*, equivalent to the French saying, *mon côté foible*.

spiders of an uncommon size, and the ground, with beetles, grubs, and other reptiles that fed on each other, and on the unwholesome and corrupted atmosphere of the dungeon.

“Here at least,” said the alcaide, “you’ll have company without the annoyance of being subjected to their impertinent questions or remarks; and, as you appear a little moody, you’ll be able to pursue your meditations, undisturbed, either by any excess of light or of noise.”

“But,” replied Sandoval, “I might disturb my companions, and ’tis better avoided, if you can lodge me in some other place, where I may have a little more light, and less of this kind of company. I am willing to pay the usual fees for such an indulgence.”

The alcaide muttered something about his being very hard to please, and taking him back to the hall; but continued showing him other cells, certainly improving in salubrity and accommodation as they advanced, but immoderate or rather extravagant in price. At last they came to

the floor which was on a level with the alcaide's apartments, where he found a cell, which it was agreed he should occupy at the rate of three dollars a day; and *item*, one more to enjoy the pleasure of being unfettered. The furniture of the room consisted of a tolerable bed, without sheets, quilt, or pillows, a small ricketty deal table, and one chair, which had already seen its best days; the window was well barred, and the door sufficiently strong to resist any attempts from inside. Here, then, he was furnished with pen, ink and paper, that he might inform his brother of his actual situation, and request his assistance; and here too we shall leave him to go back to the nunnery, where we left the unhappy Gabriela under the care of the Dominican sisters.

We must, however, be allowed, before we dismiss altogether this chapter of human miseries, to answer a question, which doubtless will arise in the minds of most of our English readers;—viz. “can such an account of Spanish prisons as is given here be depended upon? is it not over

charged? nay, is it not a fiction of the author's brain?" To this we reply, would to God it were so! We should not then have to lament the loss of hundreds, nay thousands of innocent victims, who have perished in those dreadful places, since the restoration to the throne of his ancestors of that monster of ingratitude, who so tyrannically domineers over the thinking class of the nation. No colours of ours can be sufficiently strong to paint the horrors of those abodes, the miseries endured in them, or the inhuman and barbarous conduct of the keepers. Independent of the rigour with which the prisoners (particularly those confined on account of their political principles) were ordered to be treated by the men in power, the custom prevalent in Spain of contracting for the entire management of prisons, by auction, was of itself a measure sufficient to create all the abuses and miseries we have just glanced at; for it is natural to suppose that those who obtained the contracts, their object being to enrich themselves, had recourse to every imaginable extortion to obtain

it, and seized the readiest means in their power to wring from the unhappy sufferer his last penny ; namely, unwholesome dungeons, corporal punishments, bad food, and sometimes no food at all, fetters, chains, and degrading insults. This will suffice to show that our sketch, instead of being overcharged, must fall far behind the horrible reality.

CHAPTER VII.

Thou hast not ear nor soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery
That must be uttered to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of virginity.
And thou art worthy that thou should'st not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.

MILTON.

IN Catholic countries the females confined in nunneries may be divided into three distinct classes; namely, those who enter the convent *willingly*, those who are *seduced* into it, and those who are *unwillingly* dragged there. With respect to the willing votaresses, the following may be taken as the motives that instigate them in adopting the monastic life;—first, being aware that their stock of personal beauty, or

fortune is too slender to procure them a suitable match during their mortal career, and too proud to remain in the world, to subject themselves to that hateful appellation, the bare mention of which provokes the mirth, sneers, winks, and inuendoes, of those who, more fortunate than they, have succeeded in reaching the altar of hymen, they prefer to assume the nominal, yet sweet, title of *spouses of Jesus Christ*, to that just hinted at; secondly, that being crossed in love, tired of the world, or repenting their follies, their romantic imaginations suggest the cloister as the only place where they may forget the unworthy objects of their flame, or regain that peace of mind which they seek in the world in vain; thirdly, because there are some pious women, who really believe, that the life of the cloister is more acceptable to God, and more likely to ensure their eternal salvation than any other; and, lastly, there are others, whose means of existence being precarious, or insufficient for enjoying such comforts as they could wish, are glad to secure a permanent and com-

fortable competency, by entering into the religious state;—such are the *willing* nuns, who are certainly the happiest of recluses, or at least who look upon such a life with predilection. The second class is composed of those young and inexperienced females, who are induced to take the veil through the pious seductions of their confessors, the importunate instigation of maiden aunts, or the flattering pictures of a convent life, which they receive from the religious sisters themselves; such we term, the *seduced recluses*; and these often lead the most miserable life of all, though, indeed, some die resigned.—Thirdly, and lastly, come those unfortunate girls who are sacrificed to parental dislike, family interest, or barbarous feelings of bigotry and superstition; these are the *unwilling* victims, few of whom long survive their incarceration; but, if any one does, she lingers through the monastic life like the exotic plant of the tropics under a northern sky, which, however tended, withers, and falls at last, to rise no more!

Thus a nunnery must naturally present as gre at

a variety of characters as there are recluses ; some will be found to be all meekness, piety, and submission ; others proud, unfeeling, and fanatical ; others fretful, morose, and petulant ; others, in fine, a mixture of all that is amiable and disagreeable, good and bad, wise and foolish. But the uniformity of their manner of living, the effect produced on their minds by a similarity of pursuits and situations, and the contemplation of the same objects, operating in all alike, produce a sameness in their ideas, wishes, and expectations, which by considerably modifying the diversity of their tempers and dispositions, makes them appear like models cast in the same mould, though of different materials.

Such are in general the chief points of character in the females who compose a Spanish nunnery ; and such were those by whom Gabriela found herself surrounded, when she recovered from the swoon in which we left her. Removed by the command of the superior from the choir, four of the youngest nuns contrived to take her in a chair, through a long cloister, to the mother

abbess's apartments, which were at one of the angles of the convent, and looked into a well cultivated garden belonging to it. These apartments consisted of an elegant suite of rooms, in the first of which a multitude of flower-pots were tastefully arranged, placed in graceful stands, the balcony, in particular, exhibiting a trellis, formed with the branches of a vine, round which wound the passion flower, the indian cress, the jasmine, and the honeysuckle. The second room, larger than the first, had its walls decorated with a number of small prints and pictures of saints and virgins, medals and little relics, enclosed in tasteful frames of gilt and coloured paper, cut in the shape of flowers, which had been presented to the abbess by those nuns who possessed this amusing art, and who employed their leisure hours in it, by way of pastime. In the corners of the room were seen gilt triangular tables with marble tops, on each of which there was a glass case, or, as it is called in Spanish, an *escaparate*, containing a variety of religious curiosities and relics, en-

chased in silver and gold. The third room was still more splendid than the second, the walls being hung with good-sized pictures of the best masters in rich frames, and the middle of the room being adorned with an altar, on which the united efforts of the nuns had been exerted to render it a master-piece of its kind. The virgins and the saints, and the angels, had all been dressed by the hands of the nuns. There the Virgin Mary appeared, not in the humble apparel of a carpenter's wife, as she did in the stable of Bethlehem, but decked in a magnificent silk gown, richly embroidered, with a lace veil on her head, and a profusion of pearls about her neck and arms; the child was no longer the poor naked babe lying in a crib, as he is usually represented; here, on the contrary, he was swaddled in gauze and gold tissues, and had round his waist a silver band, from which hung a little relic, as also the gospels, like those worn by children, as an amulet against Satan and the witches. Here, also, the elegant Mary Magdalene was seen dressed in the Spanish

fashion, with a *basquiña* and a *mantilla*, a skull in one hand, and a fan in the other, doubtless to denote that hankering after the vanities of the world which our ladies feel, even after they have repented of their sins. Saint Catherine, with her wheel, and Saint Cecilia, with her monochord, were arrayed in the very pink of Parisian *bon ton*; for there was a nun among the sisterhood, who now and then received from a friend of her's the *figurines*, as they called the prints, in which the dresses of the Parisian belles are exactly sketched, and which she copied whenever she could obtain the favour from the abbess of dressing one of her saints. Various other virgins were likewise decked in weeds not holy but profane; though, indeed, the monastic garb was also observable, particularly in St. Brigida, St. Teresa, St. Clara, St. Ursula, and several other founders of religious orders. When we say that even a crucifix, which had no business there, was adorned with a beautifully embroidered petticoat, we presume we say enough to convince any reasonable person that

the most elaborate efforts had been made to render this altar the *beau idéal* of Paradise, according to a nun's ideas. The rest of the room was stored with silver cased relics, virgins, and angels in an adoring posture. Two small book-cases also decorated the side walls, full of mystic and culinary books, the gifts of the spiritual directors of the nunnery. A profusion of flowers enlivened the balconies, and spread a sweet perfume all around. The last room of all was a small closet, which contained a bed with elegant hangings, and an ivory crucifix above the pillow, with two small basins by its sides, full of holy water. A prayer desk stood on one side of the bed, and a full length looking glass on the other. The whole breathed an air of elegant refinement, neatness, and comfort, which manifested that the mother abbess was no stranger to taste, nor an enemy to the "vanities of the world."

When our heroine, Gabriela, was carefully placed on a sofa of the third room, the whole community, for whom this scene possessed a

high interest, both on account of its novelty, and because it afforded ample subject to gratify their well known propensity for prattling, commenced an animated discussion respecting the cause of her swooning. As they all spoke at the same time, it was not easy to follow up the exact thread of the arguments employed; though in justice to some we ought to remark, that, notwithstanding the din thus raised, they continued to obtain an especial hearing, as the shrill trumpet will make itself audible amidst the roaring of the artillery. There was one in particular who pitched her tones so high, as to set at defiance the tongues of all her companions; she related with surprising volubility all she had observed from the moment Gabriela entered the church till her accident; noted down every look and step she had taken, with a prolixity and a precision which would have conferred honour on a Chinese master of ceremonies, while she embellished the whole with hundreds of conjectures, hints, and reflections on the actual state of Gabriela's heart. It is not to be

taken for granted, that because she talked loudest, and faster than the rest, her companions paid any patient attention to her harangue; on the contrary, every one did her utmost to drown her clamorous tongue, by giving their own opinion on the subject in as high a voice as became the presence of the mother abbess, who, on her side, was no less obstreperous than her community, only that being somewhat older, her voice partook a little of the treble, and now and then wandered into the falsetto. In this confusion of tongues, the task of reporting their speeches would be as difficult for us as to count the stars of heaven; all we can say is, that they all agreed on the fact, that Gabriela's fit was owing to the gentleman who had rushed towards the grating with such wild looks as nearly to frighten half of them out of their senses. The sooner to obtain possession of the causes of this strange occurrence, each came forward with her smelling phial of aromatic vinegar, essences, and so forth, to contribute to the recovery of our heroine; and by

dint of applications, frictions, and washings, she at length opened her brilliant eyes, now overcast with a dimness through which every object appeared "like the fleeting vision of a dream." The sight of the mother abbess, sitting beside her, her head leaning over her, and watching every motion with the utmost intensity, brought to her mind, which was solely occupied by the sense of confinement, the image of one of those duennas of old who were entrusted with the care of spying and controuling every action, checking every thought, and contradicting every word of the unhappy maidens who were placed under their tutelage. But when her eyes wandered about, and she saw herself surrounded by all the nuns, who were eagerly gazing at her, some of the elderly ones with their forefinger on their lips, intimating silence to those who could hardly suppress their curiosity, she became gradually conscious of her situation, and gave vent to her grief by a long continued flood of tears. This excited the sympathy of most of the nuns, who wept with her;

wiped away her tears, kissed her pale cheeks, called her by a thousand endearing names, and tried to console her by every soothing discourse in their power. "My dear child," said the mother abbess, taking Gabriela's hand, and kindly pressing it in her's, "do not be so distressed. You are not here among enemies; on the contrary, we are your best friends. Do not then regret having lost the deceitful pleasures of the world, they are insufficient to produce that felicity which is only to be found in our cloisters. Fifty happy years spent in this convent, enable me to speak positively on this subject; but were your aversion for our life so insurmountable, that even after one or two years of probation it should remain unconquered; then, my dear child, you can still return to the world, to enjoy the vain pleasures you regret, though, I hope, long before that time comes, you will have been convinced, that our spiritual comforts are far preferable to those the world affords."

Gabriela shook her head sorrowfully, and heaved a deep sigh, and the abbess, who was

one of those few who had entered the cloister by an early inclination to the monastic life, and who had not been disappointed in the expectations she had formed of its being the most desirable and happiest state of all, continued enforcing in mild language the doctrine of ascetism and celibacy as the only one acceptable to God, and likely to secure the eternal joys of paradise. When she had performed the task of consolation, which she conceived to be an indispensable duty on her part, she came to another no less imperious, and of the two, perhaps, the most pleasing, both to herself and her community, who no sooner heard her put the question, than they all lengthened their necks visibly, the better to hear Gabriela's answer.—“And pray, my little dear,” asked the inquisitive nun; “did you know anything of that wild man, who shouted your name within the very church, that you should have been so much affected at it?”

Gabriela nodded, sighed, and said nothing; but one of the young nuns, who was close to the abbess, took upon herself to answer that

question for her, and she did so the more readily as she knew that whatever she said would give no offence, the mother abbess acknowledging her as her favourite—"I am certain, my beloved mother," she said, "the wicked man must have been her lover; for before she fainted away in my arms, she said, 'Heavens, 'tis my love!' which you know clearly proves it."

The mother abbess smiled, and intimated by a little inclination of the head, that she entertained the same opinion. "But," said she, observing how shocked some of the sisters appeared at this impertinent remark, "my dear, you ought not to reveal here what you heard at such a time. 'Tis not proper."

"Well, if he were," said another nun, "he is a very handsome man, and I should not have called him wicked."

"Handsome!" ejaculated the unabashed favourite, "a man with eyes starting from their sockets, pale as a plaster figure, and with hair as erect as the quills of a porcupine?"

“But,” observed another, “it was the agitation that caused him to look so. However, sister, it does not become you to talk of these things, nor ought you to interrupt our mother abbess every moment as you do. Surely you should follow the example of those who are older and wiser than yourself.”

To this last observation the young nun only laughed, remarking pertly—“Of yourself, for instance, sister, who can eke out in years what you want in wisdom.”

“My dear child,” said the indulgent mother abbess, “it is not right in you to allude to such a subject. Age, wherever it is found, ought to be respected, for it begets wisdom, and this is always a precious gift, which compensates for the loss of youth; by bringing us nearer to the gate of salvation.”

“In you, mother dear, I acknowledge, age has begot wisdom,” whispered the young nun in her ear; “but in others, you know it is followed only by dotage.” To this the mother abbess,

who by the mere fact of having a favourite, showed she was not insensible to flattery, listened with indulgence, and even complacency.

During this desultory conversation, some other nuns, whose feelings were too much interested to allow them to join in it, stood around the afflicted Gabriela, bestowing on her their consolations and advice, and now and then putting in an odd question or two, which might place them in possession of the secret they so much wished to learn.—“Worldly affection,” said one, making use of these indirect expressions to bring her to the desired point, “is never lasting; but the love we feel for our divine spouse never dies, not even when the tomb encloses our mouldering bones. Although it is natural you should now regret the loss of what you have loved well, believe me, time will efface even the remembrance of such an affection; and since your heart is susceptible of this tender passion, you shall not want worthier objects on which to fix it. The susceptibility of loving, indeed, is the first requisite for our avocation. ’Tis by

love alone we breathe in the cloister, we live and die in it; though it is a love, far more pure and delightful than that which swells the heart of a profane being. Think you, my dear sister, that there is any man, however noble and virtuous, handsome and wise, worthy to be preferred for an instant to that august spouse, you will shortly be betrothed to? Is Don what do you call him, my dear?"

"Him!" exclaimed Gabriela, "whom, Madam?"

"I am not a Madam, my dear, I am a sister," said the nun; "but I mean him whom you saw at church."

"For God's sake, Madam, do not tear my heart by such painful recollections," replied Gabriela; "what does his name avail now? Will my telling it you restore him to me, or me to him? If you have any pity in you, pray, do not question me about him or any one else. I feel a sickness at the heart, which renders it impossible for me to answer any questions. I wish to be alone; and if true charity actuates you, and

your companions, let me be carried to my cell, and be left there undisturbed, for I want repose and solitude. This is the greatest boon you can confer on a wretch like me." The mother abbess, who heard this request, and who saw by Gabriela's decided manner of speaking, that it would be more prudent to postpone her interrogatory to another opportunity, ordered she should be shewn to her cell, and desired the community to leave her there unmolested, at the same time dispensing her also from attending the devotional hours, until her mind should be more fit to fix itself on heavenly things. Gabriela was very grateful to the mother abbess for her kindness, and respectfully kissing her hand, proceeded, accompanied by two of the nuns, to the cell that had been prepared for her.

On coming to the door, the nuns dipped their fingers in a little basin of holy water that hung outside, and offered her some, which she accepted; and inside she observed another of similar size hanging about the same place. Similar basins are hung on the door of every cell, to deter the

evil spirit from entering the abode of these spouses of Jesus Christ. The cell, which was as clean and bright as a silver cup, consisted in a small room with a closet, which contained the bed, hid from the sight by a damask curtain. There were three chairs and two tables, one for common purposes, and the other to hold Gabriela's spouse, as the nuns call a carved image of the infant Jesus, that lay in a recumbent posture on a silk cushion carefully covered over with cambric sheets, and a silk quilt beautifully embroidered. Every nun has one of these images, on which she lavishes the greatest attention, and frequently her tenderest caresses, changing its linen often, and embroidering new quilts, sometimes, too, dressing it up in the gayest clothes her imagination can suggest; in a word, it is her doll, which she has the greatest pride in keeping as splendidly arrayed as all her art and ingenuity can contrive. The walls of the cell, too, were covered with little prints of saints, angels, and virgins, none of which resembled each other; a few books stood on a shelf, and lastly the two

windows of the room were decked with flower-pots well garnished with flowers.

In this cell, resembling in everything those of her companions, whose confined wants required nothing more to live comfortably, the two young nuns, having first detailed and praised everything which it contained, left Gabriela to her own meditation, which as our readers may probably guess, turned on the melancholy events of the day. As it invariably happens to those who have gone through a series of harassing incidents, which by their quick succession have constantly kept the mind on the stretch, and unfit for reflection, Gabriela now recapitulated the painful occurrences which had at last brought her there. Her filial devotion caused her to consider the sacrifice made of her by her mother in the most favourable light, attributing it rather to an excess of piety, than to the want of the natural feelings of a parent; but she lamented her father's weakness, on whom she had built a hope that he would have stood by her when things reached their last crisis. Attached as

she was to him, and conscious of being beloved by him, she could hardly reconcile to herself a conduct which partook of so great a want of feeling and energy, and which, in fact, bespoke almost a total absence of paternal affection. She, however, endeavoured to palliate it by the reflection, that situated as he was, between an imperious wife, who had always ruled over him, and ever would, and a crafty, hypocritical monk, who exerted an unbounded influence on his mind, and who would not have stopped at any villany to compel him to subscribe to his wishes, it would have been impossible for him to have long resisted the united efforts of two such powerful associates. The next subject that occurred to her mind, was of a still more painful nature than the first. Since the night Sandoval surprised her in the garden with Fermin, she had seen nothing of him, and then the injurious suspicions which that incident must have given rise to in Sandoval's mind, she feared, might have increased the torments of his already sufficiently painful situation. Her endeavours to

discover his residence having also been fruitless, she had not been able to explain the motives of such a meeting, or to remove whatever injurious impression it might have left on his mind. Thus to her other troubles had been added that of falling under his displeasure, and to this, that of being dragged to a convent, where it would be as difficult for him to see or speak to her as if she were in her grave. His sudden presence at the church, also, occurred to her memory, with all its attendant heart-sickening circumstances. The agony of Sandoval's shriek, which went to the very core of her heart, and which still rung in her ears; his pallid countenance, wild looks, and distorted features, all came to add a bitterness to her affliction, which the uncertainty of his fate was not calculated to allay.

These embittering thoughts crowded and goaded her mind almost to madness, unable to shed tears, she threw herself on her couch; but her reflections pursuing her every where, she rose again, and went to the window, the height of which she measured with a rapid glance. A

thought flashed across her mind—it was a sinful one; but it passed away as rapidly as it came, and she endeavoured instantaneously to atone for the criminal impulse by falling on her knees before the image of the infant Jesus, and, amidst a flood of repentant tears, implored the pardon of heaven. Engaged now in fervent prayer, she remained kneeling for a considerable time; after which she rose, her heart greatly lightened of the heavy weight which had oppressed it, and her mind strengthened against such rash resolves, and much more resigned to her present situation than she could ever have dared to hope; but such are the effects of *true* piety on innocent minds.

Having thus recovered some of her serenity, Gabriela approached the window, attracted by the sounds of a voice, which now was loud and hurried, and now plaintive and slow, and which seemed to issue from among a thick orange grove, that extended from beneath the window of her cell to the other extremity of the garden. In looking out, she discerned through the apertures

of the trees a nun, with wan and emaciated countenance, sitting on one of the stone benches, holding in one hand a locket that hung from her neck by a green ribbon, and striking her breast with the other hand fast clenched, while she gazed intently on the picture. She muttered something about mortal sin, and everlasting punishments, heavenly joys, and spiritual love, and then kissed the locket, wept and laughed hysterically. From her often repeated word "*escrupulos*," Gabriela judged that the melancholy figure, who now rose, and walked hurriedly and wildly to and fro, was one of those unfortunate females who are affected by a mental disease, which originates in an excessive tenderness of conscience, if we may so express ourselves, and which, combined with physical complaints, arising from perpetual confinement and a sedentary life, affect more or less the generality of nuns, among whom there are some whose fervid imaginations, dwelling constantly on scenes of future bliss, or eternal punishments, become gradually disturbed by doubts, fears, and hopes,

which causing all their powers of thought to be concentrated on the same subject, produce at last that mental aberration, so common among weak and bigotted individuals, and which, being incurable, usually terminates in an untimely death.

Gabriela, who though aware of the existence of this dreadful malady, had never seen a person affected by it, gazed with a melancholy interest on the thin form that glided through the grove. Now with arms folded across her breast, and her head devoutly bent on her chest, now extending them and falling on her knees, the nun raised her eyes to heaven, and fervently implored God's mercy, for having, on the previous night, fallen asleep in the act of pronouncing the name of Saint Peter instead of that of Jesus.—“ Thus,” said Gabriela to herself, “ this poor unhappy being, with an imagination haunted by the horrors of a future existence, discovers in every word, in every thought, however innocent, a deadly sin, which, notwithstanding all her painful sacrifices to obtain the blessing of heaven, is to

doom her to everlasting torments! And yet, they say that it is in the cloister only that the mind enjoys an undisturbed peace, and that happiness alone is to be found! Am I to judge so from this? or am I to judge from the honeyed words of those who an hour ago surrounded me, and whose pale and discontented countenances belied their own affirmations?—Yet this is the life to which I am doomed! Here I must pine away my days and wait the hour of death, against my will, and unrelieved even by the conceit of a vocation!—But why anticipate what may not happen? Who knows if before my year of probation be over, I may not yet be released from this place? Many have returned to the bosom of their friends, who were in a situation similar to mine. Must I then lose all hope? I might as well resign my life at once. But, no, no, the day will yet come, when I shall breathe another atmosphere than that of a convent. My heart feels confident of it.”

Thus did Gabriela encourage a hope, which, her mother's character considered, was likely to

prove fallacious ; but which, nevertheless, the vicissitudes of human life rendered not impossible. Without, however, anticipating events which will appear in the sequel, we shall now leave her in a somewhat more tranquil state of mind to return to our hero.

CHAPTER VIII.

I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to e'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

SHAKESPEARE.

SANDOVAL, having written to his brother apprising him of what had happened, and requesting his assistance to bring about his liberation, (for in such an emergency, he thought there would have been more folly than dignity in not availing himself of the influence possessed by the latter,) waited till the alcaide should come to fetch his letter, as in such places of public accommodation as that where he now found himself, bells to call the servants are not in fashion. However great his patience really was, several

hours elapsed before he saw anything of the alcaide, who at last entered his prison, bringing with him Sandoval's supper, which consisted of a loaf of bread, a piece of cheese, and half a bottle of very indifferent wine, which he pronounced superior to the best Valdepeñas ; for which sumptuous meal he resolved to make him pay a price not rated from the quality of the articles, but from the conscience of a gaoler. On being left to himself, Sandoval, who had not tasted anything during the whole of that most harassing day, felt sufficiently the want of food to relish even what we have described, after which he threw himself on his bed to compose his mind a little to rest.

He had been about an hour in this recumbent posture, and his eyelids began to drop gently, when he heard some footsteps pass his door. It was the alcaide going with his men to the hall to perform his nightly task of securing all the prisoners with a long chain, which he fastened to their ancles by iron rings, and secured outside with a huge iron bar. This chain prevented

those prisoners who were loose from giving any assistance to the more desperate ones who were fettered, and rendered nugatory any attempt that might be made at escape during the night. For some time back, however, the prisoners had been plotting an escape, and at last had come to the resolution of trying their fortune on that very night. The plan was formed by only a few of the most resolute, and corresponded with the ferocity of their character. It was agreed among them, that immediately on the appearance of the gaoler and his men, they should fall on them, and with their chains beat out their brains, seize their keys, liberate every prisoner, and then set fire to that infernal edifice.

Whether the alcaide had received a hint from some of the prisoners, or whether he suspected that some such plot was in contemplation, or whether it was by mere chance, on that night, instead of entering the room as usual to see that his men performed their task properly, he contented himself with remaining at the door, and giving them his directions from thence. The

conspirators, who observed this, fearing that their plan was impracticable on that night, were on the point of relinquishing it, when one of them, who could not brook delay, suddenly snatched from one of the turnkeys his bunch of keys, and flung them with such force and good aim at the alcaide, that it struck him a blow on the head, which made him reel and fall. The rest of the conspirators no sooner observed this, than they all fell on his men, who were soon stretched lifeless on the ground, one excepted, who had the good fortune to escape their fury. Before, however, they could rush out of the room, it was absolutely necessary to break their chains and unlock their fetters, which operation gave the alcaide time to recover from the stunning blow he had received, and to run upstairs before them. Unfortunately for him, the turnkey who escaped had bolted the door at the top of the staircase, and he lost much time in forcing it open.

Sandoval, who a moment before had heard the quick footsteps of the turnkey rustle close

by his door, and who now heard the loud and repeated blows of the alcaide, followed by a distant murmur, which was increasing every instant, listened with the utmost anxiety, hoping, yet fearing, the escape of his fellow prisoners. Presently a tremendous rush in the passage below, accompanied by fearful yells, shook the very walls of the prison, and immediately after the door, which the alcaide had been endeavouring to force, fell with a tremendous crash. Sandoval now heard his rapid footsteps pass his door, pursued by the heavy and loud trampling of a multitude of people, some dragging chains along the ground, and others shouting—"Death to the alcaide!—kill him!—send him to hell!"—These words were soon after followed by blows, and some struggling, during which some one fell with a deep groan, to which a shout of triumph succeeded. Meantime the passage seemed to be every moment crowding more and more, the shouts, oaths, and imprecations became louder, and the doors of the different rooms in their way fell in before their tremendous blows. At length

they came to his door, the lock of which flew to the other extremity of the room after two or three violent strokes, and a crowd of men, with fierce looks and grim countenances, rendered still more horrid by the red glare of a single torch, entered, rifled his pockets, in which, however, they found little to gratify their rapacity, having been previously examined by themselves or their companions, and huddled him out without further ceremony.

It is impossible to describe the noise and confusion which prevailed in the passage. Unhappy wretches, whose limbs, half palsied by long confinement, just permitted them to drag themselves, implored their more able fellow sufferers to assist them in quitting that dreadful place. By some these earnest entreaties were attended to, and they dragged them by the arms or supported them on their shoulders, while those unfeeling ruffians who were only eager about securing their own freedom, pushed them aside, or trod on them, regardless of their age or helplessness. The unhappy young woman whom

Sandoval had seen in the crowded dungeon was also there, endeavouring to push her way through the multitude, and bearing her aged father in her arms, surrounded by her little brothers. Her efforts to reach the court excited the liveliest interest in Sandoval, who honoured the impulse of her filial devotion and generosity. He snatched from one of the prisoners a long iron bar with which he was armed, placed himself before the young woman, and, requesting her to follow him, endeavoured to open a way for her, and her little brothers, threatening to knock down whoever attempted to obstruct their progress. As they came to the door of the alcaide's apartments, whose last groan Sandoval had heard, they saw his mangled body lying on the ground weltering in blood, and close to it lay that of another man in the last agonies. Having passed these apartments, a rush was then made down the narrow winding staircase, leading to the court, which they no sooner reached than they all hastened towards the vaulted passage communicating with the gate.

Presently an alarm spread that some troops were close to the outer gate, and on the point of entering the prison. The cries and screams of the frightened females, and old men now became terrific ; but the most daring and desperate, who saw nothing but ruin in the failure of their attempt, rushed towards the gate to dispute the entrance with the soldiers, who were now seen firing, and driving back some of the first prisoners who had reached the gate. Sandoval pushed forward, followed by a party of resolute fellows, and with his iron bar levelled with the ground the first soldier that came in his way, in which he was imitated by those whom he now headed. Aware that they were fighting for their lives, the prisoners threw themselves on their enemies with the determined bravery of desperadoes, and succeeded in snatching from some of them their muskets. The conflict then became extremely violent, both parties standing firmly on their ground ; but the soldiers, who were not excited by the same fury that impelled their antagonists, gradually gave

way, and were at last driven back as far as the little square where the prison stood. On the prisoners clearing the outer gate, they all dispersed in every direction, the better to evade the pursuit of the military, who, having rallied again, were now returning accompanied by fresh troops, who were every instant arriving on the spot, to oppose the further progress of the fugitives.

Sandoval, seeing that his life was in imminent danger, and that there was but one way for him to make his escape, namely, to gain the city ramparts, which were not very far off, let himself down them, and swim across the river, ran with all speed towards its nearest point. Unfortunately for him, however, he had just reached the battlements, and was in the act of climbing to their top, when an officer on horseback, by whom he had been observed and followed, arrived at the foot of the wall, and struck him a sabre blow on the head, which stunned him, and made him roll to the ground, where for two or three minutes he lay senseless, stretched at the horse's feet. On recovering he made an effort to

rise, but by the moonlight that shone brightly, he observed the officer's sword pointing at his breast, and heard with a surprise mixed with joy and dismay, Fermin's voice, threatening to run him through if he attempted to stir. As the dark shade of the ramparts fell upon Calisto, and he was still in the same sort of undress in which he had been left by the prisoners, it was not easy for his brother to recognize him. Undecided whether he should make himself known to him, Calisto continued in the same posture, with his head just raised, watching Fermin's motions; until the shouts of his brother, calling upon the soldiers to hasten to the rampart, drew him from his momentary surprise, and made him start up, exclaiming—"Fermin! surely, you will not deliver up your brother to his enemies?"

The effect produced on Fermin by these words was equally sudden and overwhelming; he remained motionless as a statue, his eyes fixed with a sort of death-like gaze on his brother's countenance, and his features dis-

torted by the horror of the discovery. Gradually, however, assuming the deepest concern, he leapt from his horse, and was on the point of folding Calisto in his arms, when some of his men arrived, and proceeded to secure the fugitive. Immediately Fermin, recovering his usual presence of mind, ordered them to fall on the right and pursue the other fugitives, who, like Calisto, had directed themselves to the rampart, as he could dispense with their assistance to secure the one who was before them. The men obeyed, and Fermin approaching his brother, drew from his pocket a handkerchief, which he bound round the wound he had inflicted on his head, after which pointing silently to the battlements, aided him to mount them, and by means of his cloak, to descend to the other side of the walls.—“And now,” said he, breaking the silence for the first time, “plunge into the river, and swim across without delay; for I have given orders for boats to come around to prevent the further escape of prisoners; but for God and the Virgin’s sake,

fly this land immediately. Never more be seen here, and place me not again in the horrible alternative of being a fratricide, or violating my duty to God and my king."

Calisto, who was an excellent swimmer, did not hesitate an instant in plunging into the river, which he crossed with ease, aided by the strong current of its rapid waters, and disencumbered of most of his clothes, though not without danger; for some of the soldiers, who were now approaching in the boats, observing by the moonlight his head moving on the surface of the water, sent random shots at him, some of the balls of which, now dropped with a hissing noise into the water near him, and now passed whizzing over his head. His appearance on the opposite banks, also produced a discharge of musquetry from the nearest boats, the effects of which remained imprinted on the trunks of the trees with which the shore was there covered, and which speedily made him hasten out of sight. As he penetrated further into the thickets, the occasional plunges which

he had distinctly heard when in the water, followed by the whoops and shots of the soldiers, became gradually more faint, till at last only one or two discharges were audible, and then all was still.

Having thus cleared every danger by which he had been assailed, he began to consider whither he should direct his course; and Anselmo's hut occurred to his mind as his best asylum. He hastened to it, and arrived precisely at the moment when those friends he had met there on a previous occasion were consulting about the best means of procuring his deliverance; for his imprisonment, having become public soon after it took place, through the men who had carried him to prison, had reached their ears. Their debates, which were still held in their secluded cave, were extremely animated, opinions being considerably divided on this subject. One was of opinion, that they ought to employ the powerful agency of gold, with the alcaide, whose avaricious soul would never be able to resist a handsomely garnished purse; another thought

that to procure his escape by such means, was the most likely way to subject Sandoval to the necessity of expatriating himself, which he recommended should be avoided, as his enterprising and energetic character might be of service to the country, when his efforts should be wanted ; he was therefore of opinion that they ought to try to engage his brother to work his deliverance by his influence or by legal means. Another, a military man said, that nothing was easier than to carry their point by force, and deliver not only Sandoval, but all the unfortunate individuals who were pining in that prison ; for as it contained no other garrison than the alcaide and his men, an attack made on them, after getting admittance to the first court of the prison by some stratagem, must secure success to the enterprise, and at the same time would screen Sandoval against the consequences to which his single escape would subject him. Lastly, Anselmo thought, they were all wrong ; for in the first instance, the alcaide would take the purse, and only keep the better eye to his prisoner ; in

the second, his brother, he was sure, would not stir an inch to release him, not so much because he might be wanting in inclination, as on account of his insurmountable religious prejudices; in the third, the employing force, he thought the wildest plan of all, because even granting they succeeded in the attempt, the unfortunate men who might afterwards be taken would atone with their heads for having escaped from the prison under such circumstances. In his opinion the best and most feasible plan was that of bribing Father Lobo, who alone could procure Sandoval's liberty, and whose dissolute and extravagant habits of life, placed him too much within the influence of money to resist the means for gratifying his propensities.

Such was the state of the debate, when a loud knocking at the door made them start from their seats.—“A knock at this hour of night!” exclaimed the surprised party, “we are betrayed. To our arms, gentlemen, we must not yield without a struggle.” Saying this, they all drew out their weapons, and prepared themselves to

act on the defensive, should an attack be made against them; but Anselmo desired them not to stir from their places until he should call upon them, and to let him manage the affair. He then lifted the trap-door as silently as possible, shut it again carefully, and waited until the blows at the door were repeated, which happened almost immediately.—“Who is there?” inquired he, cautiously approaching the door, and applying his ear to the key hole, to discover whether there was any noise of arms.

“A friend,” cried Sandoval, whose voice Anselmo immediately recognized. Having ascertained that he was alone, he drew back the bars and bolts which secured the door, and welcomed him with warmth, inviting him to go down and see his friends who were assembled there for the express purpose of agitating his deliverance. The surprise of the party may be conceived when they saw Sandoval enter in the same state he had been left by the prisoners, without hat, coat, waistcoat, or boots, the rest of his clothes dripping wet, and his face covered

with the blood that flowed from the wound on his head. Their greetings, however, were as hearty and sincere as the pleasure they felt at his escape, the particulars of which they expressed themselves anxious to learn.

“I myself,” said Sandoval, “am but imperfectly acquainted with them; for I have been hurried away through such a scene of confusion and bloodshed, that I have had hardly time to enquire into their origin; but you shall have a full description of everything I witnessed, though before I commence I must request a little brandy to wash the wound on my head.”

This was immediately procured by Anselmo, who dressed the wound for him, and saw that, though severe, no danger could be apprehended from it, as it had only penetrated the skin. He also furnished him with a suit of clothes, in which he appeared as completely disguised as Anselmo himself, and afterwards brought out some refreshments, to which our hero paid ample homage, the various exertions of the night having increased rather than diminished the

natural excellence of his appetite. This duty performed, he went through a succinct narrative of his adventures since their last meeting, and concluded by asking their advice as to his future conduct.

“The news we have received from Galicia,” said Anselmo, “are such as to promise an immediate rising there. The brave Lacy, notwithstanding the failure of Mina’s attempt, still entertains the idea of asserting our rights by force of arms, and though he has been deprived of many brave officers and troops, upon whose co-operation he had reckoned, he has still with him a knot of patriots, whose number increases daily, and who, if nothing immediately intervenes to prevent it, will bring about the desired change. As for yourself, exposed as you are, in these parts of the kingdom, and little known in Galicia, I would advise your instant departure for that province, where you may yet be of service to the country, and likewise sheltered from the persecutions raised here against you. By travelling in a suitable disguise, you will be

able to reach Coruña without much impediment, and in time to participate in the glorious enterprise about to be accomplished by the brave and skilful general of whom we speak."

Nothing could accord more harmoniously with Sandoval's wishes than such a plan. The treatment he had experienced from the agents of the ruling faction, was too freshly imprinted on his memory, not to add a new impulse to his ardent wish of serving a country that groaned under every abuse which the most heartless and senseless tyranny could devise. Moreover, his imagination, always prone to create and magnify glorious deeds, pictured this new enterprize in the most fascinating colours. Conducted by so energetic, brave, intelligent and disinterested a patriot as Lacy, success must follow every stage of it. Filled with these sanguine hopes, he resolved, without a moment's hesitation, to undertake his journey early on the following morning. This determination was warmly approved of by all his friends, who to demonstrate the necessity and justice of it, gave him an ac-

count of the infamous proceedings carried on against the patriots, who had most distinguished themselves by their talents and activity during the late struggle against the French, and who were still crowding the dungeons of the Peninsula, suffering there indescribable miseries, and in hourly expectation of the sentence which was to banish them to the sultry climates of Africa; to endure for many long years the most unheard-of barbarities.

His mind wrought up to the highest pitch of indignation by the statement of those proceedings, he left Anselmo's hut, more resolved than ever to avenge the wrongs heaped on a party, which alone had aided the country when she stood in need of their efforts and sacrifices; and directing his course to Hypolito's farm, where he expected to meet his faithful servant Roque, he reached it before the dawn, while the family were still slumbering. As nothing but a latch secured the door at the back of the house, he entered it unnoticed by any person, and went directly to his room, where he found his servant

lying on the bed: enveloped in his cloak, and fast asleep. Roque, who had himself returned from town only a few hours before, and who knew his master was in a place where there was little chance of his getting out in a hurry, on being now awakened by him, and seeing him standing before him in that apparel, rubbed his eyes, and stared with such a grotesque expression of doubt and amazement, that Sandoval could not refrain from bursting out into a hearty laugh.—“Holy Virgin of the Pillar of Zaragossa!” exclaimed the servant, “what a strange dream is this!—Yet that is his look, I am sure of it.—He laughs! It must be him,—but why that dress? why”

“Rouse yourself, man,” said Sandoval, shaking him by the shoulders; “and let me repose there a couple of hours; after which call me up, and have my horse ready saddled, and your own, if you wish to follow me.”

Roque jumped out of bed.—“God of mercy!” he cried, “it is he! How came you to be here in such a strange dress, my dear, dear master?”

I had already made up my mind to see you hanged!"

"A very consoling reflection, truly," said his master. "But you shall know the whys and wherefores very shortly. Do the people here know anything of my last adventure?"

"Not through me," replied Roque, "for I arrived at the farm when they were all in bed, and I would not disturb them to tell them any such news."

"Then say not a word, and do as I have already directed; for I cannot continue in this province."

Saying this, he threw himself on the bed, and composed himself to rest, while Roque, who observed his fatigued look, checked his inclination to question him respecting his escape, and following his example, lay himself on the heap of peas in the corner of the room, and went to sleep.

Two hours after they were both on their legs, and Sandoval went down just at the moment when the honest landlord was preparing to go out with his servants to his daily labours. The

news of the occurrences of the previous day having not yet reached the farm, tio Hipolito only noticed the change of dress in Sandoval, (the wound on the head being concealed by the montera he wore) at which he expressed some surprise. Sandoval told him he intended taking a long journey, and had adopted that dress as the least likely to attract the notice of the numerous banditti who infested the country. Curiosity, however strongly cherished by the females of Castile, is not an attribute of the men, particularly if they have no reason to suspect the veracity of the person who might excite it, consequently tio Hipolito readily believed what Sandoval said, but expressed his regret at losing him so soon, for he had expected to have enjoyed his company during some months.—
“If God grant my return,” said Sandoval to him, “I give you my word tio Hipolito I shall spend many a happy day with you, not only at your farm, but at my father's country-house too. We shall then sit in our great hall, round our *brasero*, taking our cup of chocolate, happily

and in peace, my poor father relating to you what he has seen and suffered during his exile, and I, what I have accomplished in my peregrinations. You shall listen to our tales and struggles, as to those of days long gone by, and you will say in wonder and surprise—"and these things really passed in my time!"

"That is like you, Señorito," said the tio Hipolito, giving him a hearty shake by the hand, "never down-hearted; always kind and generous; brave as a lion; your head always upon your shoulders. God bless you, and may he grant that the happy day of your safe return, and your father's, may not be far distant!"

Saying this, he gave him a close embrace, and left the farm, wiping with the sleeve of his coat the big tears that rolled down his cheeks. Meantime, the tia Agustina, who had listened as devoutly to this farewell, as she could have done to a friar's discourse, arranged within her own mind the questions that were to put her in possession of his destination, and the objects of

his journey; but Sandoval, who guessed her intention by the preliminary coughings and hems, with which she usually precluded her interrogatories, spared her the trouble of beginning them, by taking his leave abruptly, and returning many thanks for her hospitality; after which he mounted his horse, and followed by Roque on his French nag, disappeared from the sight of the disappointed tia Augustina, who on re-entering, flogged all her children *pour s'endedommager*.

CHAPTER IX.

Dear nature is the kindest mother still,
Though always changing, in her aspect mild,
From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
Her never-wean'd, though not her favour'd child;
Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,
Where nothing polished dares pollute her path.

Childs Harold.

“So, *nous voilà en campagne* once more,” said Roque, who had picked up some French words, during his residence in that country, “but, if I am permitted to ask a question, in which city is the bull-fight to take place? or where is the arena in which we shall break our lances or our necks? Do you anticipate as brilliant success in this adventure as in that of Navarre? Faith!

we ought readily to volunteer our services; for we have particular reasons to feel confident of being carried to the gallows."

"Hark, sirrah!" cried his master, "if you are afraid of coming to a glorious end, the road we have travelled through is still free for your return. Go back, then, place your neck under our oppressor's yoke, and walk upon four legs: you may find that exercise congenial to your nature; but for me, if I cannot walk upright, as becomes a free-born man, the gallows shall be welcome."

After this rebuke, Roque thought it wise to drop altogether this delicate topic; but to show his disapprobation of the measure, and beguile the tediousness of their journey, he amused himself with abusing everything he saw, and more particularly those objects which his master most admired. Sandoval, who knew how to appreciate the motives that impelled him to act and speak as he did, proceeded on his journey, laughing at the numerous absurd remarks of his servant.

In order the more effectually to escape suspicion, they bartered their horses for a pair of mules, loaded them with a couple of skins full of the wine of the country, and then assumed the dress of *arrieros*,* consisting of a small crowned and large brimmed hat, with a little silver image of the Virgin Mary instead of a buckle, a tight jacket of brown cloth, a velveteen waistcoat, of a dark colour, with hanging brass buttons, and curiously shaped towards the neck, a pair of breeches of brown cloth, with a broad leathern belt round the waist, spatterdashes of leather, and a strong and thick pair of shoes well studded with hob-nails. With respect to their manner of living, they were obliged to comply in every respect with the rude habits of the class to which they wished to be thought they belonged. They always used the precaution to take up their quarters in the inferior inns; they dined and supped in the kitchen with the rest of the *arrieros*, on whatever could be procured, now

* Muleteers.

gorging themselves with broths, omelets, hashes, fricassées, and drinking like fishes, and now contenting themselves with a dish of *sopas de ajo*, a few vegetables, and a draught or two of *vinagrilla* or bad wine. Besides they were obliged to swear very loud, and with the same breath invoke every saint in Paradise; to pull their rosaries out of their pockets, and fall asleep as they began to tell their beads; kiss the ugly wenches of the inn, and chuck the hostess under the chin, sleep on their pack saddles in the stable, under the shade, or in the straw-loft, &c. &c.

It must be confessed that this mode of life had no great charms for our hero, who, had it not been for Roque's ingenuity in covering the egregious mistakes which he was apt to commit, must soon have been discovered; but he bore the whole with remarkable patience and good humour, considering the heavy load of misery that weighed on his mind, and the numerous and strong motives he had for sorrow and lamentation.

Their road, as far as the mountains of Santander, lay along the delightful banks of the Ebro, and presented a country varied by hill and dale, the fertility of which is almost proverbial; but when they commenced ascending those steep and frowning mountains that separate Castile from Biscay and Asturias, the whole aspect of nature suddenly changed, and nothing was to be seen but frightful abysses yawning fearfully below their feet, a multitude of enormous rocks unmarked by any trace of vegetation, heaped one above another till their tops lost themselves in the clouds, on the precipitous sides of which even the firm and sure footed mules could hardly keep their hoofs; deep ravines, whose sinuous windings when viewed from the summit of distant cliffs, assumed the appearance of huge snakes gliding into the recesses of the mountains; and rapid torrents, which they were often obliged to pass by bridges formed by a few thick trees just thrown across the abyss, and covered with brambles and a little earth, which vibrated to their footsteps in

such a fearful manner, that even Sandoval's stout heart beat quick with apprehension as he led his mule across. As for his less courageous fellow muleteer, his terror was ludicrous; before he attempted to go over, he stood for some minutes tearing his hair, trampling his hat, and cursing his master's folly that brought him thither; then, having made the sign of the cross half a dozen times, he trembled till his knees knocked together when he reached the middle of the chasm, and capered and laughed when he saw himself safe on the other side.

The inhabitants of these mountains resemble in every respect their native soil; their movements are as rapid and impetuous as the torrents that sweep through their valleys; in their passions they are as quick and changeable as the atmosphere of their mountains; as open and firm as the rocks on which their huts are built. The variety of scenery, and the constant exertions they are obliged to make, store their heads with a greater number of ideas, and their hearts with warmer feelings, than if they

resided in a plain, where all is sameness and uniformity. Remote from large towns, and living in primitive simplicity, their habits and morals are pure; they are given to reflection, and attentive to their duties; there is in their actions, language, mien, and manners, something unusually interesting; while the cordiality, good-will, and even affection with which they receive strangers, and the good humour and natural gaiety of their looks, render them objects of esteem and respect. There was one thing which Roque disliked in them, and that was the frugality, and even parsimony of their entertainments, which consisted chiefly of the produce of their dairies, of cakes made of maize, potatoes, chesnut puddings, honey, and brown bread made of oats.

As the two travellers proceeded on their journey, the wildness of the soil continued the same until they entered Asturias, and even then there was at first no material difference in the face of the country, though gradually the mountains began to assume a less rugged and

barren aspect, and industry was no longer confined to narrow vallies and small spots, in which the eagles only would have thought of fixing their habitations. Numerous plantations of oak, beech, chesnut, and birch trees crown the Asturian mountains, from which, in former days, gigantic trunks were felled to cover with the fleets of Spain the seas of both hemispheres. Now, however, thanks to the total extinction of her navy, and to the imbecility of her government, our travellers passed through those silent plantations undisturbed by the harsh grating of the exterminating saw, although now and then they observed one or two peasants seeking there materials to form their huts, and implements of husbandry; but as if aware of the value of those gigantic trees, they contented themselves with stealing from them a few planks. These trees then offered a phenomenon well worth remarking, and which frequently presents itself in the chesnut plantations of Asturias, where a great number of trees, from the trunks of which half their diameter have been in this manner

sawed away, remain unwithered, notwithstanding such a severe amputation, and continue year after year to yield abundance of fruit.

On the other hand, the Asturian valleys, which bear a striking resemblance to those of Switzerland, and we may add, on more than one account, the one being the cradle of Tell, and the other of Riego, are fertilized by numerous rivulets, whose pure waters intersect them in every direction. Sometimes, too, these streams, many of which have their origin in the mountains, form natural cascades, and spread afterwards through the meadows which the industrious agriculturist has prepared before hand for his flocks to feed upon. Further on are seen, artificially arranged in various grades, the *bancales*,* in which the natives sow what they call the *escanda*,† which affords them food for

* Oblong plots of ground for raising pulse, roots, fruit trees, &c.

† Spelt wheat, a sort of wheat, the husk of which adheres so tenaciously to the grain, that it is necessary to grind both together, and the flour of which makes a nutritive and savoury bread.

the whole winter, and not far from those spots are the hamlets, in which the commodious house of the curate, and the freshly white-washed church are the two most prominent buildings, though it would be unjust not to add to these the half ruined family mansion of the indolent and impoverished hidalgo, on the front of which is seen the family arms, rudely carved on stone.

As our travellers came nearer Oviedo, the capital of the principality of Asturias, the Pora de Siero, a plain of about seven leagues in length, and the only one in Asturias of this extent, offered to their view one of the most fertile, rich, and well cultivated districts of the Peninsula. The Asturians call this plain, which extends to the gates of Oviedo, the Andaluzias of Asturias; and it must be owned, that if nature has not been so prodigal there of her gifts, their own industry, which has rendered it a little Paradise, justifies the epithet they have given to it.

At length they came within sight of that city,

whose name alone awakens so many glorious and classical recollections. Oviedo was the city where Don Pelayo, and the first kings of Spain Regained, held their court. As the capital of a province, where that hero, with a few brave followers, maintained the honour of Spain, so ignobly trampled under foot by the invading Saracen at the fatal combat of Guadalete, it is an object of deep veneration and curiosity to every lover of his country. Its church obtained at that time the denomination of the Church of the Bishops, because it received into its bosom all the prelates who succeeded in escaping the scimitar of the triumphant Moor. In its university shone many learned men; and there, too, Campomanes and Jovellanos made their studies, while in its benedictine convent, wrote and died the learned and enlightened Feijoo.

The city is seated on a gentle elevation between two rivers, the Ove and the Deva, whence its name is derived. It has to the south the fertile plain above mentioned, and to the north, a high mountain. Its sky is cheerful, and its climate

temperate, though rains are frequent at certain seasons; but it is seldom visited with fogs, or falls of snow. The fruits and vegetables reared in the gardens are tender and savoury; and in the walks along the water-side grows the white buckthorn, beside the oriental plantain tree.

In this city Sandoval proposed they should remain a few days, in order to repose themselves from the fatigues of their long and sufficiently painful journey. He had brought with him letters from some of his Logroño friends to the brother of a patriot, whose name, fame, and his own valorous deeds have registered in the annals of Spanish history in indelible characters, and which is, and will ever be, dear to every man whose bosom glows with the flame of patriotism. The gentleman to whom those letters were addressed was a Canon of the Cathedral of Oviedo, and was living in all the affluence of the class to which he belonged. In justice, however, to his character, we ought to observe here that, though by no means an enemy to the good things of this world, his life

was not *wholly* spent in seeing that his *ama** and his steward were attentive to the duties of their station; the one by keeping the pantries well stored, and the other the wine cellars, and the trunks which contained his Havanna segars. Neither did our Canon attend so much to the sports of the field as to lose the whole of the day in hunting and racing, nor was he so passionately fond of the card table, that on returning from his afternoon lounge, he sat down to play till midnight or supper time; nor did he keep two pretty nieces for the innocent amusement of romping with them at those moments when the above more important duties permitted; all which serious occupations are usually deemed inseparable from a canonship. Our uncanon-like acquaintance, however, having received both from nature and education a genius turned to poetry, passed that time which was not employed in the duties of his office in sweet converse with the muses, and

* A clergyman's housekeeper.

with those, who, though themselves long dead and gone, have bequeathed to posterity their knowledge and intellect, "light and weighty thoughts, and truths immortal as the universe."

When our hero entered the comfortable dwelling of this truly estimable and enlightened Canon, he met there, besides the host, a venerable old man, whose well formed features though somewhat impaired both by age and care, preserved, nevertheless, that pleasing cast which distinguishes the man of genius and philanthropy from the common every day faces that surround us. This elderly gentleman was Don Eugenio Antonio Riego, father of the canon Don Miguel Riego, and of a military man who was then in the room, and whose countenance, though not particularly handsome, struck Sandoval as being very remarkable for the energy of expression which it displayed. There was in his high forehead, shaded as it was by the natural ringlets of ebony hair, something which indicated at first sight a mind full of intellect, candour, and enterprise; his dark

sparkling eyes, too, expressed an intensity of feeling, and the vigour of an ardent lover of truth; and his mouth a refined and delicate sense of all that is amiable and good. This was the immortal and ill-fated Don Rafael del Riego.

By these gentlemen, our hero was received with that unaffected politeness and cordial hospitality which characterized every one of them, and which are a prominent feature in the character of the Asturian gentry. No sooner had they learned that it was his intention to spend a few days in that city, than they insisted on his coming to take up his abode with them—an invitation which he accepted with double pleasure, as there was quartered in the town a regiment which had belonged to the third army, most of the officers of which knew him personally, and by whom he might have been easily recognized, had he continued at an inn.

Once settled at the canon Riego's,—an arrangement, by the bye, which did not at all displease our friend Roque, who had too correct

an idea of a Canon's pantry, to regret leaving the miserable inn where they had originally taken up their quarters,—our hero, who perceived from the first instant that he was among congenial minds, informed them of the object of his journey to Galicia, and of some of the principal events of his life, which rendered him a fugitive and a homeless wanderer. Don Rafael del Riego, then Captain of the Regiment of Asturias, who was himself on a visit to his family after the long captivity he had endured in the north of France, heaved a sigh when he heard Lacy's name mentioned.—“ My friend,” said he, “ the brave General has already been deprived of his post, most of his officers sent to other parts of the kingdom, and by this time, Lacy is at Madrid, where he has been ordered to appear before the minister of war, to give an account of his proceedings, and answer the accusations brought against him. I know positively that the idea of a rising has been given up; consequently I would advise you to proceed no farther for the present, and

wait here until those patriots, who remain still in Galicia, shall have concerted some plan in which we may have the glory to participate."

This intelligence was the most painful Sandoval could have received. His mind, which had already confidently anticipated the success of Lacy's enterprise, could not easily reconcile itself to abandon those hopes which he had so assiduously encouraged, and which now constituted the chief of his earthly enjoyments; but the fact that his regrets could not mend this disappointment, made him strive to keep up his spirits, and still look forward with hope and confidence, in which his kind friends aided him as much as lay in their power. Finding the object of his journey thus frustrated, and perceiving how unsafe it was for him to continue at Oviedo, he accepted the pressing invitation of Don Eugenio, to go down with him and his son Don Rafael to their family mansion, in the valley of Tuña, where he would run no risk of being discovered were he to remain there all his life.

As the sympathy manifested by Englishmen,

for that victim of French perfidy, General Riego, was universal in this country, when the black and sanguinary deed that closed his mortal career was perpetrated, we shall attempt to describe the romantic place of his birth, convinced that whatever relates to him and his family will be a matter of interest, to those who admiring his enthusiastic devotion to the cause of his country, his valour, generosity, disinterestedness, in a word, all his civil and military virtues, like us, now mourn his unmerited and cruel death.

CHAPTER X.

Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobled
By the great King of kings, thou art ordain'd
And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand
Of nature!

Douglas—HOME.

WHEN our party left Oviedo, it consisted of Don Eugenio, Don Rafael, Sandoval, Roque, and two more servants belonging to Don Eugenio, the Canon having remained behind to fulfil the duties of his station. The old gentleman, whose extreme simplicity of manners, cheerful and philosophical turn of mind, and excellent heart had already endeared him to our hero, and who, from his earliest infancy, had,

with no inconsiderable success, courted the muses, retained still much of his poetic fire, and displayed in his conversation a lively, rich, and vigorous imagination, which while it delighted Sandoval contributed also to add to his own stock of knowledge. Every object that presented itself, and which awakened some historical recollections, was sure to be remarked by him, and as in this province every step offers some ancient monument, and almost every stone is a record of the olden time, Don Eugenio had an ample field for the display of those historical treasures he possessed, though he was naturally too simple and modest to make a parade of his erudition.

With Don Rafael, Sandoval had now formed the closest intimacy. Indeed it was impossible that men who thought so much alike, whose qualities and dispositions assimilated in every essential respect, and whose very natures seemed to have been cast in the same mould, should remain long without feeling for each other the warmest and sincerest attachment. Both en-

thusiastic advocates of freedom and of truth, bold, frank, and manly in the expression of their opinions, and in their feelings warm-hearted, benevolent, and generous, they sought each other's society, and suffered their thoughts to mingle, as it is asserted, the scattered particles of the same nature, that swim in the vacuum, collect and become incorporated with each other.

On leaving Oviedo their road lay to the west, over a high mountain called Escampero, from the top of which a rich and highly cultivated valley, watered by the rapid Nalon, whose waters mingle with those of the river Nora, which they had previously passed by a stone bridge called de Gallegos, is seen spreading to the south, and offering a picturesque contrast to the craggy mountains by which it is surrounded. On descending to the fertile borders of that river, they followed its margin till they came to a splendid bridge of remote origin, the arches of which are supported by two projecting rocks. The name of this bridge is familiar to

every man; who has read that inimitable and entertaining novel of Le Sage, "The Adventures of Gil Blas." It bears the name of Peñafior, and is made the scene of one of the most notable adventures of the hero of that work. When Sandoval compared the scenery of the country, with the idea he had formed of it from the perusal of that book, he saw it was completely erroneous, none of its wild and rough features appearing in it, though, indeed, Le Sage does not profess to be a scene painter.

Beyond this bridge is the delightful valley of Grado; the back ground of which presents another frowning mountain, bearing the name of the Fresno, or ash-tree, probably from the abundance of these trees to be found there. Here our travellers took leave of the proud Nalon, which had till then followed their steps, with rapid and murmuring course, and which continues to flow on through the marshy valley of Candame, where the Narzea and other mountain streams bring to it the tribute of their own waters in their way to the ocean.

At the foot of the above-mentioned mountain, is another fertile dale, beyond which flows the limpid Narzea, whose delightful borders have been sung by Don Eugenio del Riego, in a poem of considerable merit, entitled "*Los Pastores del Narzea*," consisting of eclogues in various metres, in which a happy mediocrity, and the pleasures of a rural and retired life, are eulogized, in accents not unworthy of his favourite poet, Lope de Vega. There is in this poem, as indeed in all the productions of this excellent man, a strain of deep moral feeling, adorned by poetical images, full of animation, force, grace, and simplicity, which are conveyed in rich, flowing, and harmonious numbers. Some of the first literati of his time bestowed on this deserving poem their warmest eulogies, as well as on the modesty of the author, who in his retirement resembled a brilliant among the rocks, sending radiant sparkles from its recess, without the wish to deck a royal crown, or a courtly sycophant.

The valley above mentioned is called Cor-

nellana, and has a town, in which there are still some relics of the power formerly possessed by the Counts of Miranda and Valdecarzanas. There is also a rich monastery of Benedictines, which for more than two centuries gave a sterile renown to this district. It has now, however, higher claims to immortality from the successful efforts made there to impede the progress of the French eagles, which were shamefully defeated in several attempts they made to penetrate further into the country.

On traversing the valley through which the Narzea flows, and which adjoins that of Cornellana, our party began to ascend a high mountain, called Espina. From this place till they reached the heights of Berbesha, they lost sight of that river, and with it the fertility it engenders. For two leagues and a half, barren and chilling mountains, which unite themselves to those that separate Leon from Asturias, present no living object, save the wild boar, the wolf, or the bear, who with stealthy pace retired behind the precipices as they saw the party approach.

Neither the plough, nor the hand of man has yet broken this virgin land; the heath, the gorse, and the *algas** alone hold an exclusive dominion here, though, now and then, an oak tree raises its lofty head, and seems to watch over the wilderness.

On descending from the summit of the barren and elevated Berbesha, and passing by awful precipices, they left on one side the small hamlet of Bevares built among rocks, with huts which seem as if about to slide down their perpendicular sides, and little gardens formed by the industrious inhabitants, with the earth they have scraped together from the recesses and crevices of the mountains. Numerous palisades surround and support these terraces, which otherwise would roll down into the abyss below, on the first thaw of snow. Having descended to the bottom of the mountain, the road became gradually more narrow, till they arrived at the verge of a terrific precipice, from which they

* A sort of wild grain, called in Latin, *oliva*.

beheld, at an immense depth beneath their feet, a sight which made them at once forget all the fatigues of their journey.

It was a delightful and rich valley in the shape of a basket, * enclosed by two lofty mountains, the one to the south, called Fasherrua, forming part of a chain, which extends as far as Leon, and the other to the north, called Cruz de Caldera, at whose base flows the proud Narzea, whose waters are there swelled by two crystal streams coming from opposite directions, and having their source in the high mountains, from which they glide gently through the valley, and unite at the foot of the Fasherrua. From this point spreads a beautiful plain, two miles in length, terminating in a narrow ravine, which the torrents of the mountains have gradually furrowed. Towards the centre of this valley is the village of Tuña,

* This valley is appropriately called by the inhabitants Tuña, which means a long and deep basket, or pannier, made of splinters of wood, of which they make use to hold and preserve their corn, and which is generally kept in their houses.

whose neatly built houses, among which there are a few extensive mansions belonging to the gentry of the place, are all surrounded by beautiful gardens. A fine church of excellent architecture rises in the middle of it, and is shaded on every side by walnut trees. The southern acclivities of the mountains are covered from their foot to their summit with the luxuriant vine, the northern with picturesque plantations of different trees, whose leaves present a rich variety of colours; and when in the cheerful days of April and of May, Flora spreads her variegated mantle around, the whole valley shines with a thousand different odoriferous flowers, whose brilliancy of hue gives it the semblance of enamel.

In this delightful and romantic dale, then, the immortal Riego drew the first breath of life. This was his cradle, and in it is still to be seen the extensive and magnificent family mansion of the Riego's Nunez, seated on the banks of the river, and a little below the stony bridge by which it is crossed. From it have issued men, who;

though they did not shine in the highest post of a corrupt court, have distinguished themselves by the useful services they have rendered to their country, while others have left to their descendants examples of high-mindedness, rectitude, and benevolence to imitate. They, however, could boast of their ancestry, were it in the power of dignities and high rank to confer virtue on their progeny. In the time of Philip the Fifth, the third grandfather of the Asturian hero was Governor of Oviedo, and military Commander of Asturias; another of his ancestors, Don Nicholas José de Nuñez, was *Auditor de la Sacra Rota*. * Several other Riegos served with honour both in the career of arms and of letters; and were we further inclined to trace the genealogy of this family, it is certain, materials would not be wanting to establish their illustrious lineage beyond every human doubt. But, in our opinion, we have

* One of the twelve prelates who compose the Rota at Rome,—a Court which enquires into and decides appeals in ecclesiastical causes, from every kingdom where the Roman Catholic religion is professed.

already dwelt too long on the noble origin of a man, whose valorous deeds, ardent love of his country, and tragic death, would be of themselves sufficient to ennoble a plebeian. In doing this, however, we had the double object ; first, of exposing the malignant impostures of his sanguinary executioners, who caused him to be dragged in a hurdle to the scaffold, to render his execution more degrading, under the plea that he was of plebeian birth ; and, secondly, of showing that all those who, from 1812, have manifested the greatest eagerness for a political reform belonged to that privileged class, whose members, had they consulted their personal interests alone, would have been the most zealous advocates of a form of government, whose leaders are incessantly labouring to secure and enlarge their feudal privileges, and bring things back to that state in which they were in the dark ages. This undeniable fact, which confers so much honour on that patriotic and virtuous class, is of itself sufficient to explain why the Spanish revolution differed so widely from the French. Men who

have property and a name to lose, will not disgrace their actions by atrocious excesses ; it is only spoilers and assassins who wish and seek for anarchy—who erect their thrones on the bleeding bodies of virtuous citizens. This is the reason why Riego was carried to the scaffold, and hence Spain is now reeking with the blood of victims, as France was in the days of terror.

But to proceed with our party. Having stood awhile contemplating, from the top of the precipice, the beauties of the valley beneath, they hastened through a difficult and winding path to reach the bridge, and leaving the old family mansion behind, proceeded to the village, where Don Nicolas del Riego, an elder brother of Don Eugenio, usual resided. As the chief object of Don Rafael's journey to the place of his birth, was to pay this uncle a visit before his intended departure for Madrid ; and as, moreover, he had seen nothing of the old gentleman since his second departure from Asturias, which happened at the beginning of the war with Napoleon, when

chosen by General Acevedo for his *aid-de-camp*, he marched with the army of Asturias and Galicia to Guipuzcoa, to fight for the independence of his country, he was very anxious to embrace his relative.

Don Nicolas del Riego differed in character from his brother Don Eugenio inasmuch as the latter was of a contemplative turn of mind, and retired habits of life, and the former, having always pursued a more active course, and gaily mingled in the pleasures of the world, without, however, having entered into its dissipations, was of a cheerful, contented disposition, kind-hearted and convivial, with sufficient knowledge of society to laugh at its follies, though somewhat prone to indulge in its pleasures. He had, however, arrived at a good old age, was highly respected by his countrymen, to whom he had been useful in more than one way, particularly in what related to rural economy, upon which he had written some valuable tracts, and was now gliding smoothly to the grave, carrying with him the consoling reflection of having done some good

during his transit through life, and no injury to any of his fellow creatures.

When our party reached his house, they found him confined to his room by indisposition, and lying on a sofa. The room being half darkened by its drawn curtains, the good old man's face was overcast by a dubious light; but when he sat up to receive his guests, and the servant drew the curtains back, his good-natured countenance shone with an expression of half suppressed pleasure.—“Hold, hold,” said he to Don Rafael, who was hastening with his open arms to embrace him, “you are not worthy of an embrace from me. You and your companions in arms have driven liberty from our land. You have brought on our heads ruin and misery, I will never forgive you.”

A tear trickled down his cheek as he said this; but he added, throwing open his arms,—“yet I must not forget you are my nephew. Let me embrace you once more before I die. 'Tis not right I should leave this world in anger with any human being; but promise,” said he, as he

held him tight in his arms, "to do your best to recover what you have thrown away, and do justice to the country that supports you. Let me at least carry to my grave the consolation of knowing you will do your duty."

Don Rafael could hardly suppress the tears that rushed to his eyes at these words, and pledged his faith that no effort of his should be wanting to assist in re-establishing a more rational system of government;—"but," he added, "dear uncle, you are unusually severe with me. What could a single arm do, when after a painful captivity, during which my only solace was the idea that my fellow soldiers were fighting for freedom as well as independence, I succeeded in breaking the fetters * that kept me

* Riego was made a prisoner under circumstances which redound much to his credit. We have already hinted that he was at the beginning of the war with Napoleon, chosen by Acevedo for his aid-de-camp. Shortly after their arrival at Guipuzcoa, the French advanced with a numerous army towards the Ebro, and after various engagements, in which Acevedo's division maintained the honour of the Asturias, that General was severely wounded at the battle of

from my country, and hastening back through innumerable perils, on my arrival I found the

Espinosa, where he also lost his sight. General Blake, unconscious that a division of the enemy had already advanced as far as Burgos, directed that he should be taken to Aguilar de Campo, there to be cured of his wounds. Placed on a waggon, drawn by oxen, and escorted by a small party of cavalry, and some of his aid-de-camps, among whom was Riego, they commenced their march. On the following morning, as the party were descending the hill of Quintanillas, which is about three leagues distant from Espinosa, they discovered a party of French dragoons rapidly advancing upon them. Riego, who observed that the enemy's party was not superior in numbers to theirs, called upon his comrades to halt, and defend their General. His eager exhortations awoke Acevedo from the mortal lethargy in which he had been sunk during their journey. The unfortunate General raised his drooping head, and stretching out his hand, which Riego clasped in his, called upon his soldiers in a dying voice, and as if foreseeing the barbarous death that awaited him, to do their duty. A panic, however, seized the soldiers, and his other aid-de-camps, and both the poor blind General and Riego were abandoned by them all. Tears of shame and rage flowed from Riego's eyes, while he stood motionless gazing on his General; but the dragoons were advancing, and there was no time to lose. He, with his usual presence of mind, alighted from the horse he rode, and assisted Acevedo to mount it, after

whole system of liberty undermined, and my fondest hopes and expectations defeated? Does

which, giving the bridle of the horse to the boy who conducted the oxen, he ordered him to get into the wood which spread along the road side. The boy obeyed his orders quickly, and they were soon out of sight. Meantime some of the French dragoons rode down at full gallop upon the brave Riego, whose sword they demanded, enquiring, at the same time, which way the General had escaped. Riego gave up his sword, but refused to answer their questions. Two horsemen then secured him, and the rest entered the wood; but his anxiety for his beloved General made him forget his own miserable situation. What must his horror have been, however, when shortly after he beheld two of the dragoons bringing by the bridle his own horse with the sash of his murdered General soaked in blood, and fastened to the tail of the steed! Conducted to France, the generous Riego lost his liberty, and Spain his services. There he pined away for five years, till at last he made the bold attempt to escape from his depot, at Chalons sur Saône, and join the allied armies, who were then upon the Rhine. In this he succeeded, notwithstanding the vigilance of the French police, and the obstacles that an enemy's country offered. Having traversed the mountains of Switzerland, and reached the borders of the Rhine, he embarked at Holland for England, where he remained at Plymouth some months, organizing a battalion of prisoners, who, like

Not your reproach then apply better to yourselves, who saw our enemies openly labouring to overturn our free institutions, without making an effort to impede their machinations?"

"True, my dear Rafael, we are all to blame," said the good-natured old man, kindly pressing his hand in his: "you have done your duty, and I am perfectly satisfied you would have done something more, had you been present; but since events have been otherwise disposed, remember there are other deeds to be accomplished,—remember we have lost all which renders life valuable, and that it must be recovered."

Such were the words uttered by this venerable man, on the above occasion, and such the reception he gave his nephew. Little did he think that a day would come when Don Rafael would accomplish literally what he now enforced; but human events are wisely veiled from mortal

himself, had succeeded in escaping, and whose command he received from the government of this country, and then sailed for Spain, which he reached soon after Ferdinand's return.

sight, else the inhuman death with which Riego's patriotic efforts were afterwards rewarded by the united tyrants of the Continent, would have outweighed in the mind of Don Nicolas the pleasing reflection, that Providence had reserved for his nephew the glory of being the first to raise the shout which thrilled with joy the heart of every Spaniard.

After this short conversation, Don Nicolas welcomed Sandoval to his house, and prevailed on the party to remain a few days under his roof before they proceeded to Don Eugenio's house, which was in the same valley, at a short distance from the village.

The pleasures enjoyed by our hero, while he remained under the roof of this excellent and hospitable family, are of a nature which may not be described; such, doubtless, being the charms of a life spent amidst rural scenes, and in the society of people, whose innocence of mind and extreme simplicity of manners, seemed bent only in rendering every instant of their lives one of happiness and tranquillity.

The inhabitants of the valley of Tuña, most of them honest husbandmen, though certainly not wealthy are by no means needy, thanks to their own industry and economy. Their habitations, therefore, though humble, are cleanly, and present an agreeable exterior; each having a small garden adjoining it, with orchards and alleys of trees extending to the water side, and forming pleasant promenades. As the houses in which they dwell are either inherited by them from their ancestors, or purchased in freehold from the produce of their economy, which they have been able to collect at Madrid, (where they usually repair in their youth to serve during a few years, for the purpose of procuring themselves a moderate competency for the rest of their days,) they are not under any apprehension, either for themselves or their children, of being driven away from their little estate by the caprice or covetousness of some large proprietor; consequently they endeavour to improve it as much as lies in their power. Hence the remarkable

difference which is observed between their neat habitations and the wretched hovels which are seen in the mountains of Castile and Galicia, where the unhappy labourer hardly finds shelter against the inclemency of the seasons.

Among the humble dwellings that are scattered about the valley of Tuña, there are a few more capacious, high-roofed, and stonebuilt, whose escutcheons rudely cut over the principal door clearly show that their inhabitants belong to the class of *Señores*. In justice, however, to the nobles of Asturias, we ought to remark here, that the name among them does not, as in most of the other provinces in Spain, mean a *proud idler*. The Asturian nobles do not owe the consideration which they enjoy among their countrymen, either to ill-gotten riches, or to burthensome privileges, but purely to their own virtues. Having only just wherewithal to live respectably in the place of their birth, and obliged in consequence to hold a constant intercourse with their neighbours, they are strangers to that aristocratic

pride which wealth engenders, by the distance which those who possess it generally observe towards their less affluent neighbours.

But there is another circumstance which contributes powerfully to soften in that province the pride of birth; namely, that there is hardly an individual, however humble, who does not lay claim to remote ancestry and illustrious blood; thus compelling those who are called Señores to make use of some other means to distinguish themselves from the multitude, than by a vain boast of their long pedigree. Hence we see them exercising with pleasure the municipal duties, recommending themselves to their fellow citizens by their kindness and benevolence, and aspiring to the title of Patriarchs, instead of that of Bashaws.

As we have already observed, the life which our hero led in the company of such men as are here described, was one of happiness and tranquillity, so long, however, as his mind was occupied only with the objects that surrounded

him ; but when it wandered to those he had left in his native town, he stood in need of all his fortitude, to bear patiently the weight of his misfortunes. During several months which he had now spent at Tuña, for reasons which we explain below, he had received no news from Logroño respecting his Gabriela; that could sooth the grief which his heart felt on her account. All he had learned was, that she continued in the convent, so closely watched and beset by the nuns, that all the efforts of Anselmo, to whom our hero had entrusted the matter, had been unavailing to obtain a private interview with her, even in the locutory. As to the monk and his nephew, it was evident their object had now been accomplished, since the latter had been duly adopted as a son by Gabriela's parents, and was living with them as such, squandering away their property in conjunction with his uncle. Not so Fermin, whose conduct, particularly since his promotion to the higher post of commander of the province,

was a model of honour and integrity ; but who, unfortunately, continued as blind a bigot and as great a dupe to the monk as ever.

Sandoval's departure for Galicia, (where, according to the communications he had received from his friend Anselmo, there were still sufficient elements to bring about a revolution,) had been delayed principally by the return of Napoleon from Elba. This circumstance also had obliged the patriots of Galicia to suspend their labours, until the fate of the Emperor was decided, as it was likely that the ultimate results of his expedition might have considerable effect on the policy which the ruling faction would be compelled to adopt. The battle of Waterloo, and the wavering and contemptible character of the French people, who would support their great hero only so long as he was successful, soon convinced the patriots, that they must act independent of circumstances, and trust only to their own efforts and resources. Consequently they now recommenced their labours with fresh vigour, and turned their eyes to the heroic

Porlier as a chief worthy of directing their new enterprise. This General was at that moment confined in the Castle of San Anton, having been condemned by Ferdinand to four years imprisonment in that fortress, for having served his country faithfully during the late struggle, and contributed to that despot's restoration to the throne; but the patriots of Galicia, by means of their masonic friends at Madrid, obtained permission from the government for Porlier to visit a small watering place called Artejo, which is a few miles from Coruña, for the benefit of his health, which had suffered considerably both from his toils in the field, and his severe confinement.

This news raised a little the spirits of our hero, who determined, without loss of time, to proceed to Galicia, in order to assist in raising the standard of the Constitution, and proclaiming the rights of the nation. Having formed this resolution, he imparted it to his venerable friend Don Eugenio, who encouraged him in his design, and then took an affectionate

leave both of him and of his brother Don Nicholas, Don Rafael having left them to join his regiment some months previous to this period.

CHAPTER XI.

To horse ! to horse ! he quits, for ever quits
A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul.

• • • • •
Onward he flies, nor fix'd as yet the goal
Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage ;
And o'er him many changing scenes must roll
Ere toll his thirst for travel can assuage,
Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience sage.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

OUR hero, having now left behind the mansion of this kind and hospitable family, directed his course towards the enchanting strands of the Asturian Ocean. As he advanced on his journey, accompanied by his servant, his spirits became more exuberant, and the dreams with which his imagination was always filled more and

more wild and improbable, the glorious associations of those romantic mountains, contributing in no small measure to produce an extraordinary degree of excitement. "Perhaps on this very spot on which I now stand," thought he, "the valiant Pelayo once waved the Christian banner, and called around him that knot of heroes who drove the invading Infidels to one extremity of Spain. Perhaps these same rocks have more than once echoed to his voice, as with his companions he invoked the blessing of God upon their glorious undertaking.—Here, Roque! do you see that massy bank overhung by a projecting rock in the shape of a shell?"

"I do, Sir," said his servant.

"Who knows but Don Pelayo once sat there to meditate on his country's deliverance?"

"Ay, true enough, who knows? But what would you say to our going to sit there too, to disencumber my bags of some of the good things with which our friends of Tuña have crammed them, and see what they are made of?" said Roque. "You know it would strengthen our

stomachs, and give us greater courage to perform the exploits which may fall to our share, and the dance on the tight rope with which most likely they will be crowned."

"Is your soul bent solely on eating you unthinking brute?" said his master.

"A brute, as much as you please," returned Roque, "but unthinking, I defy you. For I would ask, who thinks more and better, the man who dreams of things that are for ever gone, or he who foresees and provides for future contingencies?—he who rushes with an empty stomach into a wilderness, or he who first prepares himself by a good morsel or so?"

If Roque's reasoning had no influence with his master in inducing him to go and sit down beneath the projecting rock, the idea of reposing awhile in the very spot where perhaps Pelayo had once meditated his country's deliverance was too flattering to be resisted; accordingly, he took his place on the bank, and while Roque employed himself in a manner more to the purpose, Sandoval continued recalling Pelayo's

glories, and weaving imaginary laurels for his own brows; after which they both rose and proceeded on their journey.

As they approached the sea, the high mountains that are found in every part of the Asturias became gradually less elevated, their successive summits, when seen from one of the highest, offering to the eye a succession of steps, the last of which terminated on the verge of the sea by a gentle descent, though sometimes their abrupt sides presented a kind of parapet bounding the rich valleys beneath, which skirt the coast in many places. These valleys, being open to the invading waves, are frequently inundated by them, and present a variety of wide canals some of which extend two and three leagues, and are either dried up or filled with water, according to the state of the tide. At the furthest extremity of the land are seen numberless coves, near which rise an infinity of hamlets, (some entirely agricultural, and others exclusively devoted to trade) from which the various productions of the land are exported in great quantities to the

neighbouring provinces. The sea, however, does not every where find free access to these vallies; for in many they are repulsed by high and steep rocks, whose tops are crowned by a multitude of variegated plants, and in whose fissures are found a vast number of shell-fish, polypi, and zoophites. La Gasca, the celebrated botanist, discovered in those rents more than sixty different kinds of zoophites, of which the natives make use to manure their lands when they have dried them in their yards. Along this coast are seen also a great number of islets, which add to the picturesque effect of the scene, and appear to form a line of centries along the shore. Among the shrubs with which they are covered, thousands of singing birds find an asylum against the net and gun of the sportsman, and here they chirp away their little lives in security and peace.

These valleys our travellers left to the right, as they pursued their way towards Galicia, through the romantic paths with which the Asturian mountains are embellished, and which

continue through that province as far as Betanzos. Beyond this town the country presents an aspect less wild and sublime; but it is still sufficiently diversified now by hills crowned with chesnut plantations, vineyards, and orchards, and now by dales teeming with every production of a fertile soil, and a mild and temperate climate, which render the road highly agreeable. The numerous farms embosomed among clusters of fruit trees of every kind, and surrounded by well cultivated gardens, in which the robust peasantry, both male and female, are perpetually working, render the scene full of life and animation. It is chiefly the sturdy Galician woman, however, who is seen in the most distant fields employed in rural labours, desisting only now and then to suckle her little babe, who is lying meantime under the shade of a tree, inhaling the fresh air, kicking up its little legs in the sunshine, and rolling about the ground. It is not at all improbable that the Galicians owe the great strength of frame, for which they are so noted, to this hardy manner of rearing. Be this as it may, it is certain they

are in general a tall and well made race of men, whose extraordinary strength (we do not hesitate in asserting) surpasses that of any people in Europe.

Our hero was now fast approaching the spot which the valiant Porlier had been permitted to visit for the benefit of his health, and where, as Sandoval had been informed, he was at that moment residing. The road that led to the hamlet was here and there shaded by apple trees, loaded with fruit, which became more thickly planted as the travellers proceeded. At last they entered a valley, surrounded by two lofty hills, in the middle of which is the small watering-place called Artejo, consisting of a few huts and three or four large mansions, belonging to the gentry of the place. To one of these Sandoval directed his steps, his heart throbbing at the near prospect of an interview with the hero of the Asturias, and the future liberator of his country. His expectations, however, were disappointed; for the General had left that place only the day before, for a farm,

belonging to Don Andres Rojo, in a village called Pastoriza, close to the sea-side, whither our hero immediately proceeded. The distance being very trifling, he reached this village shortly after, and went to Don Andres's house, which was guarded by a sentinel, who so far from making any difficulty about admitting him and his servant, called a comrade of his, that he might show Sandoval the General's apartment, which was on the ground floor at one of the extremities of the house.

At the moment our hero entered, Porlier was engaged in familiar conversation with his lady, and a short gentleman, the landlord and friend of the General, a merchant of La Coruña, who had embarked his whole fortune in the meditated enterprize. The appearance of Porlier bore ample testimony to the sufferings he had endured, both from his exertions in the field, and from subsequent confinement; but his spirits, of which he always possessed a great flow, were unimpaired either by ill-health, or

the unjust and barbarous treatment he had met at Ferdinand's hands.

The General having read the letter of introduction which Sandoval had brought for him, rose, and welcomed him affectionately.—“Your name,” added he, “is not altogether unknown to me. I have heard of your exertions, when you were with the army on the frontiers. That was the most favourable moment that ever presented itself, for asserting the justice of our cause; and would to God, those Generals who had such men with them, had done their duty as well as our gallant General Lacy did his! But we must not despair; the spirit of the people of this province is highly favourable to our plans, and ere many days are over, the whole of it will be up in arms to claim their rights, and compel Ferdinand to shew the gratitude he owes to the people.”

He then gave him an account of the state of things among their friends, informing him that the chiefs of the regiments of Santiago, Lugo,

Mondoñedo, and Marines, had already agreed to act in concert, and occupy the posts which were to place him in possession of La Coruña and Ferrol; that Don Jose Maria Peon, the valiant Colonel who commanded the regiment of Mondoñedo, and whose energetic character and ardent zeal for the patriotic cause, were of themselves almost sufficient to ensure its success, was to march with his regiment from Ferrol to Santiago, in which city there were elements to form the revolution, and check any efforts to arrest its progress that might be attempted by the clergy, who had a great influence there; and lastly, he congratulated Sandoval upon his timely arrival at Pastoriza, as it had been settled that he should enter Coruña on that very night at ten o'clock, which was the reason of his removal hither.

The joy manifested by Sandoval at this good news, exceeded any he had ever before felt. Even Madame Porlier could not help smiling at the fervour of his enthusiasm; which showed itself in a most extravagant manner. When the first

burst of exultation was over, he sat down again to converse further on the subject in a more composed manner, though now and then, he would give further indications of the ecstasy with which he contemplated the prospect before them.

At length the sun sunk beneath the waves of the ocean, and night and darkness came gradually on, when everything for the execution of their plan being ready, Porlier, accompanied by Sandoval, and Captain Castañeda with his small escort, proceeded towards the town-gate of Madrid in Coruña, which they reached at the appointed hour. Here a numerous party of officers and friends welcomed their leader, and conducted him to the barracks, where the troops were quartered with some of the officers. He addressed the officers and soldiers separately, declared that no injury was intended towards the person of their sovereign; and explained the motives which had induced him to come forward; exhorting them, moreover, to observe the strictest moderation and discipline;

and concluding his harangue by informing them that the plan of their rising, far from being isolated, had a thousand ramifications in every province of the kingdom.

These addresses, energetically delivered by the General, produced a great sensation among both officers and soldiers, who, however, were prevented from giving vent to their enthusiasm by the particular desire of their commander, who afterwards directed a few rounds of ball-cartridges to be distributed among the troops, and requested that two small parties should proceed to the arrest of the Corregidor, and the colonel of the regiment of Military Com-manderies; while he himself went with a company of soldiers and some officers to the Palace of the Captain General, to put him under arrest. The latter had already withdrawn to rest, and Porlier entered the palace without meeting any obstacle. He now commanded one of the officers who accompanied him to go to the Captain General's sleeping apartment, and with all possible respect to request him to dress himself,

and give up his sword in the name of the nation, while he himself would wait his return in another room, ready to give his encouragement, or his orders. On entering the room in which the Captain General was sleeping, the officer awoke him, and delivered his message with all the politeness he had been ordered to use. "Who arrests me?" enquired the Captain General; "are you not aware that I hold my post by the king's nomination, and that it is only at sight of a warrant signed by his majesty's own hand that I can give up my baton? But, I suspect General Porlier is at the bottom of this."

The officer again repeated the orders he had received, assuring him he had nothing to fear, for their object was not the gratification of private vengeance, but rather to see justice done to the nation. Upon this assurance he got up, and was conducted, together with the two other prisoners, to the Castle of San Anton.

This necessary preliminary step being happily accomplished, the rest of the night was

passed by Porlier and his friends in concerting those measures which were to insure the success of their enterprise. An officer was sent to Ferrol with orders that similar arrests should be made there, and men of liberal principles be provisionally nominated to the offices they made vacant; after which, the troops who garrisoned that port were to come to Coruña; another commission was sent to the post office to examine the packets that might be sent by the servile party to other cities; orders were issued to set at liberty all persons accused of political offences, and an embargo laid on all vessels then in port. A proclamation for the troops, and a Manifesto* to the nation were ordered to be printed; in a word, every measure required by circumstances was quickly resolved upon and adopted.

* These documents are too well known in this country to require any further mention of them. The latter, however, was a masterpiece of reasoning and eloquence. It was written, as we have been informed on good authority, by Count Toreno, who sent it over from Paris, where he was then a refugee.

These manifold occupations employed the General and his friends till seven or eight in the morning; but so great had been the tranquillity that prevailed all night, that even several of those who were in the plot, but who were unacquainted with the hour of its execution, knew nothing of what had happened till that time. Their joy, however, was not lessened by the admirable manner with which things had been managed. It offered also a wonderful contrast to the horror and dismay manifested by the king's partisans, who finding in the morning the total change that had taken place during the night, stared at each other with a ludicrous astonishment, mingled with affright, which seemed to intimate a suspicion that it must have been brought about by magic, or the devil's agency.

At ten o'clock, Captain Castañeda, in compliance with orders issued by the General, proclaimed the Constitution of 1812 throughout Coruña, at the head of some companies, or as the Spanish expression is, *por bando militar*,

with drum and fife. A multitude of people, preceded by bands of music playing patriotic airs, surrounded the troops and marched in the rear shouting *vivas* to the Constitution, to the constitutional king, and to their valiant chief. That these lively demonstrations of joy on the respectable part of the inhabitants were sincere, we have every reason to believe; but that the capricious class, usually denominated the rabble, felt an equal pleasure at this new change, we must be allowed to doubt; though, as it invariably happens, they were the most obstreperous in their vociferations of triumph. Our sanguine hero, however, who followed the military for the purpose of observing the spirit of the people, and participating in their delight, was too much blinded by his own enthusiasm to stop to make any distinction between the joy which was real and that which was feigned. *He* was sincere, and therefore all who cried *viva* appeared so to him, although Roque, who was also among the crowd, stepped out towards him and whispered, "My master, there is some sub-

ject of congratulation for you in all this, but I fear the noise is greater than the nuts."

"You bird of ill omen!" said his master, "think you that all here are as cold-hearted as yourself? See you not those rapturous looks, reflecting the delight which agitates the heart within? Hear you not those ecstatic shouts, the echoes only of those that swell the bosom?"

"Those looks and those shouts I see and hear as well as you do," said Roque; "but I have seen and heard others for which you have neither eyes nor ears, and which make me think that the tail of the beast is not yet flayed."*

"There goes the tail, then," said Sandoval, observing the members of the Criminal Tribunal, those of the municipality, and the rest of the authorities, with some of the heads of religious communities walking towards the Palace of the General, where, they had been sum-

* *Aun falta el rabo por desollar.* A Spanish proverb, said when there is still the principal difficulty to overcome in an affair.

moned to take their oath to the Constitution, "I'll go and see it flayed."

Saying this he left Roque and proceeded to the Palace, where Porlier and his friends were waiting to receive the oath of the civil authorities, who entered soon after. The countenances of these gentlemen exhibited such looks as might be expected from men who saw themselves on the eve of losing all their beloved places, offices, and benefices. They came in, casting surly, sidelong glances around them, and then stood in sullen silence before the General, who, to the great astonishment of his friends, and particularly of Sandoval, began by declaring, that as he only wished for men who were willing to act in concert with him, he would not force any to swear to the Constitution; on the contrary, he intimated that those who did not concur in his views, were at liberty to go as soon as they liked, and wherever they pleased, without the fear of incurring evil consequences. At these words the greater number scampered out of the room as swiftly as

if their feet were actually winged, while the officers remained staring at each other in mute astonishment.

Porlier, who saw his friends' displeasure, endeavoured to shew that no bad results could ensue from such a conduct; but his arguments being unsatisfactory, his friends remonstrated against such an impolitic step, which they said could not fail to bring on their conduct the accusation of weakness and folly. At length the majority insisted, that those men who had refused to take the oath, should be immediately arrested and taken to prison, to which the General was obliged to subscribe. Orders, therefore, were issued for the arrest of about thirty of them, who were conducted, some to the Castle of San Anton, and others to that of San Felipe at Ferrol.

During the whole of this day, the manifestations of joy were unequivocal, and the evening closed with brilliant illuminations, balls, and bands of music serenading in the streets. But on the following day, many of the doors of the

houses were shut, the bustle of trade was suspended, and there was evidently less enthusiasm shown by the inhabitants, the groups on the public places consisting chiefly of officers.

This sudden apathy, coupled with the fact, that when the General gave orders for the formation of a provisional junta, some of the gentlemen proposed excused themselves on frivolous prettexts, and others were no where to be found, made it appear as if this movement had been purely military, and was supported rather by force of arms than by public opinion. The lenity of the General, too, who,—on one of his aid-de-camp's surprising several of the members of the former municipality (who had been left unmolested,) drawing up a manifesto, in which the people of the province were called upon to rise in mass to exterminate the liberals, and another document, which they were on the point of sending off to Madrid—contented himself with putting them under arrest, contributed in no small degree to destroy in those

gentlemen who had taken active steps in this revolution, the confidence they had reposed in his firmness. The fourth regiment of artillery, composed of youths, natives of Coruña and its district, and who were much looked up to by the inhabitants of the town, shewed also signs of discontent arising from the same reason, and it was even rumoured that their separation was likely to be the consequence.

Porlier being informed of this, immediately requested an explanation from the colonel and officers of the regiment; but their answer was such as to increase rather than allay the suspicion entertained against them. They said, that they would be ready to act in concert with him when they saw that the nation gave less equivocal proofs of its participation in the proposed change; but that, meanwhile, they must be allowed to remain neuter. This threw a damp on the enthusiasm of many of the officers of the other corps; but Porlier still hoped to rekindle it on the arrival of the troops from

Ferrol, who had been detained there by unforeseen obstacles, but were expected on the evening of that day.

To dissipate a little the prevailing gloom, notices were posted up in various places, intimating the arrival of those troops, and requesting the inhabitants to illuminate their houses, in order to give them a suitable welcome; and the bands of the regiments were ordered out to meet them on their approach. But, though the spirit of the troops from Ferrol was as favourable to the cause they had espoused, as that of their gallant Colonel Peon, and though they entered the town singing patriotic hymns, they met with a less cordial reception from the inhabitants than they had anticipated, the *vivas* being fewer and less rapturous than on the previous day.

We ought to remark here, that no sooner was the Constitution proclaimed at Coruña, than Porlier sent an officer to the military governor of Santiago, apprizing him of the events that had taken place, and requesting that similar

operations might be there resorted to. The reception of this officer by the governor (who was an Italian of the name of Pezzi,) was by no means encouraging to the liberal party of that city. Two hours after his arrival, he was arrested at the instigation of the clergy, who placed at the governor's disposal ample means to bribe the battalion of grenadiers on garrison in that city, and induce them to assume a hostile attitude towards their fellow soldiers of Coruña, whom they branded with the epithets of traitors, enemies of God and the throne, &c. &c. By dint of gold, threats, and prayers, the clergy accomplished this object; the patriotic intentions of the soldiery were turned aside, and they were induced to take a military position to defend the city against an attack from the constitutional troops, if any such were contemplated.

This news was brought to La Coruña, by the physician of the battalion of grenadiers, who had left Santiago in disguise, to request Porlier to march immediately upon that city at the head of some troops, or send some patriotic

officer with them, to thwart the measures of the clerical faction. This duty Colonel Peon begged to be allowed to perform; and certainly, if his wishes had been granted, there is every reason to believe, the excellent spirit of his troops considered, that the success of their glorious enterprize would have been insured; but Porlier, whose greatest delight was in danger, claimed for himself the honour of leading the troops, and resolved to march upon Santiago, at the head of eight hundred men, and two pieces of artillery, on that very night.

“There was some truth in what you said the other day, Roque,” said his master, as he assisted him in packing up his own portmanteau to accompany Porlier in his expedition, “things have assumed an unfavourable aspect, and I am anxious about the final issue of our march.”

“Oh, no, Sir, I am only a bird of ill-omen. Believe nothing of what I say. You are a Solomon, and I am a jack-ass—a fool,—a most cold-hearted fellow, who neither sees nor hears,” said Roque, with a most triumphant sneer.

“To judge from the extreme humility of your language, I suspect, Roque, you now expect I shall hereafter put a blind confidence in all your anticipations,” said his master.

“About that, you may do as you please,” returned Roque, “though it is doubtful to me if you have again another opportunity of discovering the truth of any of my omens.”

“What! do you intend giving up your avocation of conjurer?”

“If, as there is every reason to suspect, you are destined to give up the ghost ere you return from this expedition, what necessity will there be for my continuing it?”

“That is spoken like a true oracle, Roque; an *if* is not amiss there,” said his master.

“May you find it so!—but at all events I recommend you to look to yourself, and you will have a better chance of proving me a false prophet.”

“There will be time enough to look to ourselves, when we have done our duty to our country; so adieu till we meet again,” said our

hero, as he mounted his horse, to join General Porlier.

The march commenced early in the morning. There was something ominous from the moment the troops started. It was observed that the enthusiasm which is generally felt by a sallying party was confined to the officers, and to a small number of the soldiery, the rest appearing, some lukewarm, and others even sullen. In this disposition of mind, they marched for the three first leagues, when some symptoms of insubordination began to manifest themselves. Some of the soldiers began to slacken their pace, and lag behind the column, others, contrary to the orders of the General, and to military discipline, entered the vineyards and gardens belonging to some of the farms that skirted the road, and committed sundry acts of depredation.—“There is no doubt,” said Sandoval to the General, as these facts came to their knowledge, “that the minds of these men have been worked upon by the *serviles*. An example or

two might be very salutary; it would restore discipline."

"Or more probably cause a mutiny," said Porlier, "we are in a delicate situation, and we must be cautious how we displease them. I will, however, enjoin the officers to exhort them to observe discipline; for we must not allow the peasantry to be disturbed; they show an excellent spirit."

Accordingly he spoke to the officers, and they to their men, who, however, minded them no more than before; notwithstanding which, the farmers showed every civility to them, and hailed the General, whenever he approached their dwellings, with every testimony of joy and good will. During the course of their march, Porlier dispatched, in every direction, letters and copies of the proclamation and manifesto already mentioned, to the authorities of the different towns, calling upon them to proclaim the Constitution. Indeed he displayed every where great presence of mind, knowledge, and activity,

though his indulgence towards the soldiery Sandoval disapproved, as he feared it might be interpreted into weakness.

The troops had now been marching the whole day, and it was eleven o'clock at night, when the General ordered them to halt, to receive their rations, and take some repose. This halt was near a village called Ordenes, distant two leagues from Santiago. The soldiers having formed bell-tents, with their muskets, the General went with some of the chiefs to an inn close by, to take some refreshments, while the rest of the officers proceeded with the same intent to another house, distant a few paces from the camp, which they visited now and then, to see that all was right. During these visits they observed nothing among the soldiery, which might indicate any extraordinary measure in contemplation. A group here sitting round a cheerful fire, and cooking their suppers, another there standing conversing noisily with each other; the sergeants and corporals messing or talking together,

or with the soldiers of their respective companies; in a word there was apparently very little discontent, and still less any symptoms of an approaching mutiny.

Meanwhile, the unsuspecting Porlier, and his officers, who had sat down to an indifferent and hastily cooked supper, were endeavouring to make up by wit and good humour for the coarseness of their fare, when loud cries of "Long live the King, our Lord!"* were heard in every direction outside the inn.—"These are the troops from Santiago," said Porlier, rising hastily from the table, "to arms, my friends, to arms!"

In a moment the swords of the officers glittered in their hands, and they rushed towards the door; but the assailants made a discharge on those who attempted a sortie, by which only the unfortunate innkeeper fell. A

* The word "absolute" was not then known, or at all events never made use of, when the loyalists shouted for the king.

violent struggle now ensued between the officers, and some of their own soldiers, headed by a serjeant of marines, of the name of Chacon, who called upon his superiors, to surrender in the name of the king. The contest was too unequal to last long, the officers surrounded by overwhelming numbers, retreated into the house, where they were disarmed and secured, while only an aid-de-camp of the General and our doughty hero succeeded in cutting their way through the assailants.

As for the unfortunate Porlier, impressed with the idea that the attack was made by the troops from Santiago, and impatient to put himself at the head of his troops, he leapt from the window in the room, and found himself surrounded by about sixty men belonging to his own troops, who immediately handcuffed him, placed him on a donkey, and, followed by the other officers, similarly secured and mounted, was led towards Santiago, amidst the bayonets of his own soldiers, who blindly obeyed the orders of their new chief, Chacon.

Early on the following day, the captives entered Santiago amidst cries of death, brutal insults, peltings, and blows, from an infuriated rabble, headed by priests and friars, who, with fiendish joy, led their unhappy victims to the dungeons of the Inquisition, where they met with the most barbarous and infamous treatment. After these arrests a solemn *Te Deum* was chaunted in the Cathedral by the whole chapter, and a sermon preached by a frantic friar, who roared out like a mad bull, and poured maledictions and anathemas on the rebels, damning them in *secula seculorum*.

CHAPTER XII.

Then speak, O Sparta, and demand my life;
My heart exulting answers to thy call,
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame
The Gods allow to many! but to die
With equal lustre, is a blessing Heaven
Selects from all the choicest-boons of fate,
And with a sparing hand on few bestows.

GLOVER'S Leonidas.

SANDOVAL, having got clear of his enemies, with only some scratches and bruises not worth mentioning, retraced his steps to Coruña, where Brigadier General Romay had remained as military commandant, and Colonel Peon as governor of the town. Their force, it is true, consisted only of about four hundred men; but Sandoval, whose imagination was apt to

magnify a few patriots into invincible hosts, thought that the General might yet be rescued, every misfortune repaired, and the cause once more redeemed. On his arrival there he found, that an attempt had been commenced on the same night of Porlier's arrest by the servile party, to surprise the posts occupied by the troops left in garrison in the town; which had it not been for the energy and activity of Colonel Peon, who, accompanied only by one officer of tried bravery, of the name of Don Cesar Turnel, went round the ramparts at midnight, and succeeded in quashing it at the very moment of its intended execution, would have left the liberal party no further hope.

This was a discouraging circumstance; for it showed that their enemies had greater strength and influence than it was generally believed; but our hero, unappalled by this intelligence, continued encouraging those officers, whose spirits had been depressed by the melancholy news which he himself had privately communicated to them. This news began soon after to

be spread about the city by some soldiers and peasants, who were now arriving from the field of action, and particularly by the *aid-de-camp* of Porlier, who had escaped from the fray, and who had the indiscretion to communicate it to the officer on guard at the town gate in a manner equally imprudent, exclaiming, within the soldiers hearing—"All is lost!—They are all a set of traitors and knaves!—Porlier and his officers have been betrayed!"

As this intelligence gained ground, the different posts occupied by the remaining troops began to be deserted; and the officers, seeing the number of their adherents diminishing every instant, assembled to consult on the measures to be adopted in this painful crisis. Their debates were long and boisterous; but nothing important was resolved upon, and they were on the point of separating without coming to any decision, when Sandoval, who had till then refrained from giving his opinion, suggested, that all the officers and soldiers who were willing to do so, should immediately proceed to the Castle of San

Anton, and defend it as long as they found it tenable.—“There,” added he, “we shall be able to defend ourselves against the attacks of our treacherous enemies. The prisoners who are in the castle shall be our hostages, should their friends attempt to take the life of Porlier. We can always obtain provisions from the serviles themselves, by threatening to set fire to their dwellings from the castle, which they are well aware may be done; and, lastly, should we be reduced to extremities, we can force any vessel lying within the fire of the castle to take us on board, and convey us to England or America; or else, at the very last, we can die gloriously, and sell our lives dear.”

This proposal was unanimously applauded, and approved of by the meeting, and an officer was immediately dispatched to seek out the *capitan de llaves*;* but all search after him was useless, the officer who filled that post and the keys having disappeared. The gates of the

* An officer intrusted with the keys of a fortress. The town major.

fortress being shut, and the measure proposed by Sandoval of battering them down with a field piece being objected to, it was finally resolved that the officers and soldiers, who wished to remain faithful to their oaths, should all assemble in the square called *Plaza de la Harina*, and there defend themselves to the last, should they be attacked by their enemies, or else march out of the town, and throw themselves into the mountains.

In order to carry this plan into execution, and assemble all their friends, it was necessary to go about the town with some force; but when they sent for a picquet of about fifty grenadiers, who had till then shown an excellent spirit, neither the men nor their captain could be any where found; they had all dispersed, and disappeared. At this moment, too, the servile party caused all the bells of the town to sound to arms, and this measure alone seemed wanting to complete the ruin of the liberals. The cowardice, however, of their enemies, who not-

withstanding the debilitated state of their antagonists, dared not come forward to attack them, gave the latter time to seek safety in flight.

The serviles, who were watching every step taken by the liberal party, no sooner observed their dispersion, than, assembling a multitude of ragamuffins in a distant part of the town, proceeded with the *capitan de llaves*, who now re-appeared, to the Castle of San Anton, to liberate the Captain-General, and the other members of the absolute government, in which they succeeded, as everything had been previously arranged between them and the officer who had been intrusted with the care of the prisoners. This done they re-entered the town shouting, "Death to the liberals!" and venting their loyalty in threats, which even then they dared not execute.

Sandoval, who heard the distant shouts waxing louder and louder, and who was still with Colonel Peon, asked him what his intentions

were.—“Follow me and you shall see,” said this brave chieftain, with a look in which undaunted courage struggled with despair.

He did so. On reaching the middle of the street, they observed a crowd of the lowest rabble hastening towards them with hostile intentions,—“Draw, Sandoval,” said the Colonel, unsheathing his sword. The rabble halted on seeing these preparations, and the two friends continued their way with a slow pace, now and then stopping and turning themselves towards the rabble, who followed them at a respectful distance, and who stood still as the two champions cast a look behind. Their steady and firm step, bold and fixed gaze, and slowly progressive movement, made them appear like two lions, followed by a pack of timorous hounds, who ready to take to their heels on the first onset, dare yet walk trembling and howling in their train.

In this way they passed through several streets unmolested, and arrived at a convent which had, during the war of independence, been turned into

barracks, and in which there were still about a hundred and twenty men belonging to the Colonel's regiment; Peon requested them to take their arms and form, and then spoke to them in these words.—“My friends! It would be no less cruel than rash in me to engage you further in the support of a cause, which has been totally ruined by masked assassins and traitors. Its principles, however, remain unchanged,—they would have constituted the happiness of the nation,—perhaps they may be secured at a future period,—I devoutly pray that it may be so. But at present, nothing more remains for us than to avoid the persecutions of our enemies.—You, however, who came here invited by me, ought not to suffer for obedience to my orders.—’Tis I alone, who being the originator of the plan, must take the consequences of this failure. Consequently, to shield yourselves from future evils, and at the same time free me from the fury of a vile rabble, let twelve of you step forward and follow me.”

Saying this he walked firmly to a corner of

the same yard where his men were formed, followed by a dozen of them, and anxiously watched by the rest. Then turning his face to them, and pointing to his breast, commanded them, with a powerful voice, to take well their aim and fire, adding, that by such an act they might be certain of a pardon, and perhaps of a recompense.

The soldiers, who had till then preserved a sullen silence, struck by the magnanimity of their chief, burst out into enthusiastic shouts of "Long live our Colonel!—Our lives sooner than his!" &c. Peon entreated them again and again; but seeing that they were resolved to defend his life, he added, that since they would preserve him, even in spite of himself, he must request them to accompany him a league beyond the town. Then placing himself at their head, and assuming a military voice, he ordered them to screw their bayonets, shoulder their muskets, and march; adding, when he came within hearing of the mob, who had assembled in front of the barracks, casting threatening looks around

—"Woe to those who shall attempt to impede our progress!"

The drums and fifes then sounded a march, and without the least insult or molestation from the mob, the party left the town, though, as the city walls vanished from their sight, they heard the triumphant shout of the rabble dying gradually away.

At about a league from Coruña, the Colonel halted his men, before whom he clothed himself in a peasant's dress, procured for him at a farm by one of the officers, and took leave of the party almost with tears in his eyes. The soldiers then proceeded to their former station of Ferrol, carrying as prisoners their own officers, who generously insisted on it that no private should at all suffer from the persecutions which undoubtedly would follow this unfortunate attempt.

As for our hero, contrary to the advice of his friend Colonel Peon, and to the suggestions of prudence, he resolved to re-enter Coruña in the dusk of evening, where, being little known, he hoped to escape the pursuit of his enemies, by

concealing himself in the house of an honest citizen, (a man whose insignificance placed him beyond suspicion, and who, he knew, would not betray him) more effectually than by rambling about the country. "Well, then," said Peon to him, unable to make him desist from his intention, "since, in spite of reason and prudence, you will run your head into the lion's mouth, farewell, and may you escape the dangers that await you. For my part, I intend immediately to proceed to Portugal, where I hope to embark on board some vessel bound for England. There at least I am certain of finding freedom and sympathy."

"Adieu," said Sandoval, embracing him warmly, "I almost envy you; but I am spell bound to our native land, and could not survive a day's banishment from it."

Saying this, the two friends parted, and Sandoval followed an irregular path leading to a small farm-house, the door of which the cautious farmer, who had heard of the failure of Porlier's attempt, shut as soon as he saw our hero approach,

saying, in the dialect of his province, to his better half, who was then employed in broiling some pilchards, with which the coast of Galicia abounds, and which constitute the principal food of this frugal class,—“ Here comes one of the runaways. We must'nt let him in, wife, lest our neighbour the beneficiate should hear of it, and deny us the use of his woods for our pigs.”

“ You are right, husband,” said the wife, who fully appreciated the argument, “ bolt the door well, for I'll wager we shall lose more than we shall gain by his coming in.”

Then approaching the door, she looked through the key-hole to gratify her natural curiosity—“ I say husband,” she said, “ he has got two of those gold things—what do they call 'em?—on his shoulders, and a cocked hat, with a loop and gold tassels. Perhaps it is the General himself. Do you remember when the French came to our country, how we used to kill them, to get such things as those from them, eh?—What if we invited him in, eh? He has

a gold chain hanging at his girdle; could we make no money out of it, eh?"

"For shame, wife! We never killed our own countrymen; and if we did, we might be hung for it."

"If he were a liberal we would'nt. Did'nt you hear the priest yesterday tell us so? Why, he said we would get more indulgences by killing these traitors, as he called 'em, than if we went on a *romeria** to our lady of Las Augustias at Betanzos, or to Santiago de Compostela. At all events, if he were the general, or some of the big ones, we might get something by taking him to Coruña, and give him up to the Captain General."

"Hark!" exclaimed the indignant husband, "if I hear you again say that, I'll break every bone in your carcass, you incarnate devil!"

"Will you?" said the wife, seizing a large spit, which she brandished over her head, "come

* A pilgrimage.

on, come on. Zounds! if I don't stick you for a goose!" added she, making a pass at him, which he adroitly turned off with a thick stick, which, like almost all his countrymen, he played with much skill.

"Are you at it?" said the incensed husband, knocking the spit from her hand, and seizing her by the throat, "by Santiago de Compostela! I'll squeeze the soul out of your throat, if you have one."

This threat, however, was not so easily executed, for besides the doubt he very justly entertained, his dutiful half fastened her claws, which were none of the shortest, round his eyes, and kicked so vigorously against his shins with her wooden shoes, that he was compelled to quit hold in tenderness for his optics. However, to show that he had not been conquered, he went to the door to let in the stranger, who on hearing the struggle, repeated his blows to prevent its becoming more serious.—"I'll even open the door, to throw you more into a rage," said he, drawing the bolt away.

The hostess, who did not choose to let the stranger know she had been quarrelling with her dear husband, kneeled on the hearth to turn the pilchards, which by this time were not only broiled, but burnt.—“Why, Paco!” said she, in a gibberish which she thought good Castilian, “while we have been dancing the *muñeira*,* the fish have burnt away, and I am afraid they are not worth the gentleman’s acceptance.”

Sandoval thanked her, and said that he had neither time nor appetite to become their guest; but wished only to know if the landlord could accommodate him with a suit of clothes, for which he would leave them his own.—“What!” cried the delighted landlady, “will your *señoría*† leave us the hat too, and those things on your shoulders?”

“Everything,” said Sandoval, “and even my sword; but this I must request you to keep, until I send for it, or fetch it myself.”

* A Galician dance.

† Your Honour.

“ Give him your old Sunday suit,” said she to her husband, in her own dialect ; “ bless me, what a nice exchange ! We shall make out of it money enough to buy you another suit, and me two complete ones. Make haste, lest he change his mind, and we lose it.”

The landlord immediately opened a large chest which contained their wardrobe, and took out a short jacket, formerly sky-blue, a red waistcoat, a pair of black velvet breeches, a pair of long gaiters of brown cloth, a shirt of coarse cloth, a low crowned wide brimmed hat, with a broad velvet band, a large steel buckle, and a cock’s feather stuck in it, and, lastly, a pair of wooden clogs ; the whole in a condition that would have puzzled a painter to have assigned names to their various colours.—“ Here,” said the host, “ is a new suit of clothes which I have worn only seven years. They will fit you well, too ; for though I am a little stouter than yourself, they are rather tight for me.”

Sandoval, whose object was to enter the town without exciting suspicion, did not much

care about their fitting tight or looking well, and therefore put them on, without making any observation on what his host said, though he could not be prevailed upon to exchange his own shirt for the farmer's, notwithstanding the cogent reasons that this last brought in support of the exchange.—“ You'll be discovered to a certainty, if you don't put on the shirt, too,” said he, “ those frills will never do. But if your Señoria thinks it too coarse for your skin, at least allow my wife to cut off the frills of your own.”

Without waiting for his answer, he called her, to perform this task, which Sandoval could not well prevent, so great was their eagerness for his safety; though he suspected from what he heard her say about caps, that the idea of having some cambric to trim them with, was foremost in her head. Aware of the cunning and interested character of this people, he gave them also a pecuniary reward, and made them understand he was going towards Betanzos, which is precisely in the contrary direction to Coruña;

and wishing them happiness and prosperity, proceeded through bye-ways to his place of destination.

In entering the house of his humble friend at Coruña, which he reached without inconvenience, he found his servant Roque engaged in making his funeral orison, and lamenting most bitterly the infatuation which urged him to enter into such mad projects as could only bring him to the gallows. He expatiated on his good parts, which, were it not for that obstinacy in following his own plans, in spite of the good advice and wise remonstrances of one, (meaning himself) who had received from heaven a greater share of foresight, would have ensured his happiness in this world, and probably in the next, to which he thought he was likely soon to migrate, having heard that he had been taken with Porlier.

This elegy Sandoval soon cut short, by his re-appearance, which, while it delighted them all, rendered them somewhat apprehensive, both for his safety and their own; for no sooner had the Captain General regained his full power, than

he issued a furious decree in which he divided the conspirators into two classes; namely, seducers and seduced, according to which classification the military commissions formed to try them were to direct their judgments. It was not difficult to guess to which of these two classes our hero belonged, nor the punishment that would be awarded to him, were he to fall into the hands of his enemies, who were making the most strict searches after the conspirators. Indeed during the whole of that day domiciliary visits were made and scores of officers and gentlemen imprisoned. The castle of San Anton, and the public prisons were scarcely sufficient to contain the victims who were taken there on mere suspicion of having aided in or approved of the measures of the rebels.

On the following day the whole garrison was changed, and the prisoners who had been conducted to Santiago were claimed, while a council of generals was immediately formed to try Porlier. Meantime, many severe measures were

adopted to prevent the escape of those whom the constituted authorities suspected were concealed in the town, which obliged our hero to keep within doors for several days together.

At length the unfortunate Porlier and his companions entered Coruña on the 25th, loaded with chains, and under a strong escort. Whether the terror spread among the respectable class of society, by the violent and numerous arrests which had taken place, had even reached the mob, or whether the fate of the prisoners really excited their sympathy, it is certain there was not a voice uplifted against them, from the city gates to the prison. There even prevailed among the crowd that accompanied them to this place a melancholy silence, which showed that even a hired mob felt the reverence due to unsuccessful patriotism.

The prison whither they were conducted is situated near the sea, and for unwholesomeness and filth, does not yield to any in the Peninsula. Here, however, a deep, dark dungeon, into which the sea water penetrates to the depth of

between two and three feet, was selected for the unhappy General, whose ill health and extreme debility rendered the gratuitous inhumanity of such confinement still more odious; but this was not all, for according to a barbarous custom practised in the dark ages, by which those accused of treason, murder, and other capital crimes, were obliged to take off their clothing from the waist downwards, Porlier was stripped of half his clothes, fettered, and loaded with a chain of excessive weight.

It is not our purpose to detail here the unjust and illegal mode adopted by his enemies in the proceedings instituted against him: they have been already accurately given in Mr. Blaquiere's interesting work, entitled "A Historical Review of the Spanish Revolution," we shall therefore refer our readers to that gentleman, and merely confine ourselves to circumstances which have not been noticed in the work alluded to, and which more peculiarly belong to our province.

When the high-minded Porlier was taken before his judges, and interrogated by them, he

declared with his wonted boldness, that he had nothing to say before a council of war, which he considered incompetent to try him ; because, an article of the ordinances forbade those who had in any way suffered, or been concerned in the charge advanced against any individual, from being at once prosecutors and judges. This made a deep impression on one of the members of the council, who, with more zeal for justice than prudential foresight, rose, and declared the culprit was in the right, and that a new council of war ought immediately to be formed to fulfil the ends of justice. No sooner was this opinion delivered, than the other members, who, understanding the nature of their functions far better than their colleague, knew they were assembled there not to try, but to assassinate their prisoner, commenced an instant attack on the subversive and revolutionary doctrines advanced by this imprudent Aristides, who, afterwards, to avoid incurring further suspicions from his colleagues, retracted what his better feelings had suggested him to declare.

The interrogatory then proceeded, but Porlier's only answer was, that if the king would grant him an interview, he would tell him what it greatly imported him to know, and he would then die with still greater pleasure; after which, rising from the wooden stool assigned to him as a culprit, he added, "Now, gentlemen, the affair is over, and I must wish you farewell."

On being reconducted to prison, the jailor led the way to his former dungeon; but Porlier seizing his arm, bid him take him to the condemned cell, "for," added he, with a smile, "I can hear the remaining formalities there quite as well as in my former dungeon, and it will save you some trouble."

The jailor, who knew his office too well to deviate from its forms, and who, moreover, feared that the vengeance of Porlier's enemies would fall on his head were he to take him to a place, which, though small and confined, was a little paradise compared to the other, pleaded his incompetency to assume a right which he did not possess, and took him back to

the well assigned for him, against the walls of which the roaring waves were heard beating furiously, every moment threatening to break through, and bury under their ruins the many unhappy inmates who pined within the gloomy building.

At last the hour arrived when the *fiscal** came to notify the sentence of the council. It is the custom in Spain for the culprits to hear it on their knees, but Porlier requested the fiscal to dispense with such idle formalities, and give him the substance of it in as brief a manner as he could. The latter, who, while he remained in Porlier's presence seemed to be under a kind of spell, read it accordingly, and the patriot chief heard it with the utmost composure, though when the fiscal came to that part of the sentence where the word "traitor" occurred, he smiled scornfully, and said, casting a look of contempt on the paper, "Traitor indeed! yet I would have defended the Constitutional King

* Answering to Attorney-General, or an officer who prosecutes criminals in the king's name.

as I did when he was a captive ; but let him know that the only way to save his life and his throne, is by fulfilling his promise to the nation."

When the fiscal had read the sentence, he began to stammer out the admonition generally used on such occasions, to remind the prisoner of his approaching end.—“Withdraw, Sir, withdraw,” said the General, “I know how to die, and am not ignorant of the duties of a Christian.”

After this, he was conducted to the condemned cell, where he found two, stout friars of a religious order, called *agonizantes*,* who had gone there with the charitable intention of embittering his last moments ; but Porlier dismissed them politely, saying that he could not avail himself of their spiritual comforts, as he had a friend who was a monk, and who

* Literally, agonizing friars, and it must be owned that the agonies they create by their excessive bellowings, are the most painful part of the sentence.

being his usual confessor, he was anxious to see. The friars, much to their disappointment, withdrew; for in these cases the culprit is allowed the option of admitting them, or naming others, hence Porlier's friend was, accordingly, requested to attend.

During the whole time he remained in this cell, he was as serene and cheerful as he used to be when sitting with his friends in his own house. He conversed with his confessor without any of that affected heroism which little men are apt to assume, when placed in similar circumstances, and which very often serves as a cloak to hide the agonizing fears by which they are tormented. He wrote letters to his wife, in which the regret of losing for ever a woman to whom he was so tenderly attached, was tempered with every consoling thought which religion and philosophy could suggest. It is impossible to read those letters, and the will and epitaph, which he dictated with the coolness of heroism, without tears. A dignified

tone of patriotic feeling, deep-felt resignation, and pure and tender affection pervade them all.*

When the final hour arrived, an adjutant, with a company of grenadiers, entered the prison, and requested Porlier to dress himself in complete uniform. This done, two soldiers took his hat and sword, and the General was

* Some of these documents were published in this country shortly after that martyr's death, and may be seen also in the work above alluded to.—How highly gifted must the soul of that man have been, who, at the twenty-seventh year of his age, could bring his mind to look calmly on death, when he had just accomplished so many glorious deeds, and attained the highest honours and reputation, the love of a truly estimable woman, the friendship of every one who knew him; in a word, when he had but just begun to taste every earthly blessing, attendant on high renown, valour, love, and friendship! Let the myrmidons of power say what they will, the man who could thus die is a hero, if any deserve the name. His political opinions, the partisans of absolute monarchies may rail at; but even they, if they have hearts to feel, cannot refuse their sympathy to one, who, during the few years he was permitted to live, always showed himself generous, brave, virtuous, patriotic, and benevolent.

then conducted to the prison's gate, where a multitude of troops were so closely formed, that they presented an impenetrable barrier to the anxious eyes of the people. No sooner he showed himself, than the two same friars above mentioned rushed towards him, each holding a crucifix in his hand, and vociferating the most stunning cries. "Hold, fathers, hold! I am provided with a confessor, and my head aches a little," said Porlier with his usual composure. The two champions were again obliged to retreat, and the mournful procession began now to move at a slow pace. Porlier walked with firm steps the whole way, from the prison to the square, holding a crucifix in one hand, and leaning on the confessor's arm. There was a calmness, a resignation, a firmness in his look and demeanor, which indicated, that even at the approach of death, his conscience approved of the past actions of his life, and enabled him to look forward with confidence to that reward which the God of justice apportions to disinterested patriotism

and exalted virtue. The people, who came out to witness this political martyrdom, followed the victim with eyes moistened with tears, every countenance manifesting the deepest affliction and sympathy. To the foot of the scaffold nothing was heard but the trampling of the feet, and now and then the voice of the monk, administering the last consolations of religion. Arrived at the place of execution, the fiscal requested the General to kneel before the unfurled standards, and the military who were formed round the scaffold, and then read in a loud voice the charge and sentence pronounced against the culprit. This done, he ordered the soldiers to put the hat on the General, and gird around him the sword, which they had brought with them from the prison, after which the drums beat a double time, and then the deepest silence reigned around.

“By the generous mercy of the king,” said the major of arms to Porlier, in a loud and distinct voice, “you were permitted to put on your hat before his royal standards, thinking

that you might, by an honourable conduct, be entitled to such a mark of distinction ; but now his justice commands, that you be deprived of it."

"Here a soldier took the hat, and threw it down, and the major ordered, that the sword should also be taken from him, adding,—
"This sword, which you girded in honour of the king, was given to you to use against his enemies, and defend his justice and authority ; but now it shall be broken, on account of your crime, to serve as an example to all, and a disgrace to yourself."

The sword was then thrown down to be broken, and the major, making a sign to the soldiers, said—"Let him be stripped of his uniform, which served to confound him with those who wear it worthily."—Then turning to the grenadiers, added,—
"Since his majesty's justice does not permit that this man's heavy crime should remain unpunished, let his body suffer the penalty of death, and may God have mercy on his soul."

This said, the tunic usually worn by malefactors, was brought to the culprit, that he might die in it; but Porlier begged to be allowed to put on instead a great coat, which a servant of his had brought there, and which he had worn during the whole of the late campaign. This request being granted, he walked with a firm step to the foot of the scaffold, where he knelt down before the monk, who covered him with his cloak, while he made his last confession, or as it is called reconciliation. It was while he was thus covered that he delivered to the monk his dying injunctions* for

* These were given in a letter, the contents of which are known only to Madame Porlier. This lady, who was passionately attached to her husband, had the firmness and resolution to spare her husband the agonizing scene of a last farewell. Aware to what extremes her affection might have carried her, she remained at home fervently praying for him; but notwithstanding her apparent resignation, when the executioners of her husband brought to her the key of the coffin, which contained his mortal remains, she tied it round her neck, and from that hour to this, she has remained in a state of insanity.

his widow, after which he rose, and, hastening to the scaffold, mounted the steps, with the courage and alacrity of one who goes to resign his life for his country. The rope being fastened round his neck, and the last prayer ended, his assassins uttered the cry of, "Long live the King!" the drum beat loudly, and the hero was precipitated from the beam to which he remained suspended.*

* The horrible manner of executing criminals in Spain by hanging, corresponds with the barbarous form of its government. The height of the scaffolding is about twenty-five feet from the ground. It consists of a beam laid over two posts, against the middle part of which are two flights of steps, one for the culprit and the other for the clergyman. When the former reaches the top, he sits two or three steps below the beam, and the executioner on the beam itself, with his legs over the shoulders of the culprit, to whose neck he fastens one end of the rope, and the other end to the beam. No sooner the usual prayer is over, than he hurls the culprit from the gallows, and throws himself after him, and mounted on his shoulders rises and falls for some instants, while his son or his apprentice pulls the legs of the convict, after which he slips down, leaving the man's face uncovered, and horribly distorted.

Thus ended this dreadful drama, worthy in every respect of the French reign of terror, and of that of Ferdinand VII.

CHAPTER XIII.

What equal torment to the griefe of minde
And pyning anguish hid in gentle heart,
That inly feeds itself with thoughts unkinde,
And nourisheth her own consuming smart ?
What medicine can any leech's art
Yield such a sore, that doth her grievance hide
And will to none her maladie impart ?

SPENSER.

IN detailing, as we have done, the last moments of Porlier, we are aware of having deviated from the common track of novel writing, in not connecting that event with the rest of our narrative, by introducing our hero, or even his servant, in some shape or other to those scenes; but the truth is, that we do not

see how this could have been effected, for the good people in whose house he had taken shelter were so anxious about his safety, that they would not allow him to stir abroad, and the better to remove all temptation, had taken the extraordinary precaution of locking him in a room, at the door of which Roque had been requested to keep sentry, and repel any effort his master might make to escape from his confinement. Thus then the one a prisoner, and the other his keeper, we must have altogether omitted those details, which we did not think it proper to do, or have committed the sin of representing facts otherwise than they really occurred, which neither our established character for veracity and accuracy, nor the strictness of our principles at all permitted. Our readers, therefore, will do us the justice to believe, that we are not ignorant of the nature of the task we have undertaken, and moreover that we will not again commit such a deviation from the established rules of this species of writing,

except when compelled to do so by extraordinary cases like the above. With this assurance, we shall now proceed with our narrative.

We hear it often asserted, that the exercise of authority is very sweet. For our part we have not had the pleasure of proving this axiom by personal experience; but if we may judge by the self-satisfied looks of our friend Roque, and the self-importance which the power of controuling his master's actions seemed to confer on him, there must be some truth in it.—“He will be far happier under my controul than under his own,” said he to himself, as he paced leisurely before the door of the room in which his master was locked. “Had I thought of bolting him into some place when we reached Logroño the first time, neither he nor I would have been incessantly wandering about the country to come to Galicia to eat pilchards, drink bad wine, and run our necks into a halter.”

“Roque,” cried his master, “for God's sake let me out of this den. My services may be

wanting somewhere else. You have now kept me here a whole week, and I know nothing of what has happened to the General since his arrival at Coruña."

"Things which you can neither controul nor mend," said Roque; "it matters little whether you know them or not. As for your services, nobody wants them, and 'tis better for you to be where you are."

"But, sirrah! I will stay here no longer," cried his master, striking the door with his foot.

"Don't you make a noise, I beg of you," said Roque, in an authoritative tone, "'tis better you should be our prisoner than the king's."

"You are an insolent rascal," said his master, "and I'll break all your bones for you, the first instant I come out."

"I'll take good care you don't come out in a hurry, though," returned Roque.

"And by what authority do you presume to keep me here, and dictate to me as you do, you scoundrel?"

“By my own sovereign will,” answered Roque, “which you must also know I can enforce.”

“Is there any wretch more unfortunate than I am? Persecuted by the whole world, must I endure also the impertinence and tyranny of a servant?—By heavens you shall rue your insolence, traitor and slave!”

“If you are persecuted it is your own fault,” said his guard. “Nobody asked you to come to Galicia to play off the champion of liberty. Had you remained in that snug place in Asturias, where you could fear neither king nor devil, it is certain you would not be in jeopardy, nor I a centinel at this door. But since you have courted danger, you must bear with the consequences.”

“Well, Roque, I will allow you would have spent a pleasanter time of it in Asturias than in Galicia, and ate and drank to your heart’s content, which is all you seem to care about,” said his master; “but, for heaven’s sake let me out, and I promise you we shall immediately set off for Tuña —Come, you need not be afraid of

my breaking your head, I give you my word for it."

This was indeed a bribe ; but whether Roque had now taken a *gusto* for playing the lord, or whether he really consulted his master's safety, both of which impulses might very well exist together, it is certain he would not listen to any proposition that might suspend his functions. Accordingly he assured his master, that the search made after him was very strict, and he must make up his mind to remain concealed till the storm had a little abated, which he hoped would be the case shortly, as the unfortunate Porlier had fallen a victim on that very day.

This melancholy intelligence, Roque endeavoured to preface in words which he meant should alleviate its bitterness ; but as he was rather unfortunate in the manner of executing his task, it produced the contrary effect. Then his account of Porlier's last moments, too, was given with all the minuteness of detail, in which he was so fond of indulging, as well as with nume-

rous reflections of his own, with which he invariably embellished his narratives, and which could not fail to render the sad news more painful to his sensitive master.

After paying an abundant tribute of tears to worth and patriotism thus sacrificed, Sandoval burst out into bitter reproaches against his host and servant, for having kept him confined, when he might have been employed in finding the means of preventing his friend's execution, which he, in his despair, thought might easily have been done, by a bold effort at a rescue, from a few brave patriots.—“Tis only you and the host who are his assassins,” said he, as he paced hurriedly the room, “my vengeance shall first fall on your heads, traitors and slaves that you are ! I'll tear your cowardly hearts from your bosoms, and cast them at the villains who have commanded that patriot's assassination ! By heavens ! let me see your mean faces once, and the world shall be rid of a couple of monsters far more hurtful than the tyrants who domineer over the land !”

Of course such an insinuating discourse as this, was not the most likely to produce his release; on the contrary, Roque, who knew his master well, was of opinion that a confinement of a few days more, during which no communication ought to be held with him, was the most effectual way to cool his anger, and bring him to his senses; "for," said he, "though they are greatly scattered, reflection will aid him in picking them up."

This regimen prescribed, it was adhered to with scrupulous steadiness, and the issue proved the physician's skill and knowledge of the disease.

A few days after, when Sandoval's anger had so materially subsided, that Roque thought proper to resign the important post he had assumed, after exacting from him a promise that he would not show himself in public during the day-time, a letter arrived for our hero from his correspondent at Logroño, the contents of which we shall lay before our readers.

“ Logroño, October 1st, 1815.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND.—Agreeably to your wish, I write again to send you all the information I have been able to collect on the subject which so deeply engages your thoughts. It would have been for me a real pleasure, had my news been of a more cheering nature; but as this is not in my power, you must be content with my sincerest sympathy, and take things as Providence ordains them.

“ Having sought an interview with Rosa, who still continues at Don Antonio’s house, I found that the poor girl had been unable to see Gabriela alone, to deliver the letter you had sent for her. Consequently, I determined to try what I myself could do to serve you. I confess I was much perplexed how to act, for I had to tread on forbidden ground. However, I went often into the church of the convent, and placed myself close by the grating, with the hope of fixing Gabriela’s attention, and by some sign intimate to her that I had something

to impart, after which, I thought I might trust to her own ingenuity to find out the means of procuring me an interview; but a difficulty arose, which rendered the experiment in some degree hazardous. In casting a rapid glance at the two files of nuns who composed the community, I was puzzled to discover the object of my quest; for I had seen her but twice or thrice previous to her entering the convent, and the uniformity of dress, together with the alteration which the attire makes in the features, rendered my imperfect knowledge still more uncertain. My eyes often fixed themselves on a young nun, who was the last but one among the novices. The air of meekness and fervent devotion that riveted her eyes to the ground, without permitting them to be lifted once during her orations, and the resignation observable in her pale countenance, seemed to indicate that it was Gabriela. Still I had my doubts, for I could hardly conceive how so gentle and pure a being should stand in need of that fervour, that intensity of devotion, that abstraction from

earthly things, in which she seemed plunged, and which more peculiarly belonged to those who had given up all thoughts of re-appearing on the stage of the world ; a resolution which, knowing her affection for you, I had some pain in believing she could have formed.

“ In rising from the ground, though the general outline of her shape was concealed by the scapulary, I thought I could see in her light and slender figure, and in her deportment full of grace and dignity, some further indications that led me to believe it could be no other than Gabriela herself. The melancholy softness of her pale countenance, that threw over her oval face and delicate features an inexpressible charm, and the brilliancy of her large dark eyes, convinced me at last of her identity. I left the church, my mind much struck with this sainted beauty, certain that it was your beloved mistress, but a little apprehensive for you, lest the nuns had actually made a proselyte of her.

“ Next day I returned, and did all I could to attract her attention ; but so completely was

she wrapt up in her meditations, that I failed in my endeavours. On the following day a fit of coughing seized me, and she looked for the first time towards the place I occupied. Immediately I seized the moment, and made a sign to her with my hand, which, however, she did not observe; but having now found the means of announcing myself, on the following morning the fit seized me, and she persisting in not looking towards me, my cough grew considerably worse, till I succeeded in giving her to understand that her eyes alone could soften its inveteracy. The first time she observed it, her pallid cheeks assumed a most vivid rose colour, and her eyes were cast down for a long half hour; but then they turned themselves towards me of their own accord. I did not neglect to shew her the letter; her cheek became more flushed than the first time, and I observed her eyes wander about in such a manner as indicated the agitation of her mind. It was impossible for her to mistake my purpose. An elderly man, dressed in a peasant's attire, could not be

himself the swain ; he must be a messenger, and his message—from whom could it come but from you ?

“ Thus, doubtless, she reasoned ; but I saw by her agitation, that she had no means in her power to procure me an interview, or even an opportunity of delivering the letter. Consequently I lost no time in seeking the means myself, and after various deliberations hit upon one which appeared to me the best, and which certainly succeeded beyond my expectations. I had observed that the apartments of the *demandadera** of the convent were so placed that one could have access to them at any time ; and besides, looked into an interior yard of the convent. As events might render it necessary for me to introduce myself into it, to explain to, and receive explanations from Gabriela, a visit to the *demandadera* was indispensable, and I went immediately to her lodging.

“ To give you an idea of what these women

* A female servant of the nunneries.

are, I shall transcribe here the little dialogue I held with her. 'Ave Maria Purissima,' exclaimed I, as I entered her abode.

" ' *Sin pecado concebida,*' was the answer.

" ' May I, sister, beg a favour of you, if it should not interfere with your duties?'

" ' Speak, brother, and I'll tell you.'

" ' I bring a letter for a young lady of the name of Doña Gabriela Lanza, which I wish should be delivered to her without the knowledge of the mother abbess, or of any one else.'

" ' And what does that letter contain which requires such extraordinary precautions as render it a sin for me to deliver it? I wager it is nothing good,' said she with a malicious smile, and then added, ' besides, it is the last person to whom I would dare to convey a message; for Father Lobo—you know Father Lobo—has forbidden it under pain of excommunication.'

" Here she gave me a detail of the steps taken by that wily monk to prevent the least communication between Gabriela and the world,

to which she added numerous anecdotes respecting him and the nuns, not very creditable to either ; and, lastly, the whole history of her life, which I do not repeat, because I have no mind to inflict penance on you ; but by which I found that an immoderate fondness for flattery, and a cupidity still more immoderate, were her ruling passions. I took care to profit by this knowledge, and gave her as much of the first as might have surfeited a mind even accustomed to the largest doses, and afterwards, pulling out my purse, and emptying its contents into my hand, I took a gold doblon and presented it to her. ‘ Here, sister,’ said I, ‘ take this, for I see you are not fed like the mother abbess, and you look to me in want of a new scapulary. At the same time, you are such a kind-hearted creature, that I know you will deliver this letter to Doña Gabriela unknown to any one, a thing as easy for you to do, as to gain one’s good opinion.’

“ ‘ Jesus ! brother,’ exclaimed she, her eyes dancing with joy at the sight of the gold, ‘ you

are such a flatterer, that there is no refusing you what you ask ; but I must know first what the letter contains.'

“ ‘ I cannot tell you, for this simple reason,—that I don't know it myself ; but be sure, that another gold doblloon awaits you if you procure me an answer to that letter.'

“ ‘ You are so pressing, that I fancy I must obey you. Well, then, return this evening, and I pledge myself you shall receive an answer, or I am not worthy of being a demandadera.'

“ ‘ I see, sister, that your prudence has been more than once put to the test, on little occasions of this kind.'

“ ‘ Bless your soul, I wish I had as many dobloons as I have taken billet-doux from the community ! Between you and me, few, except the novices and very young nuns, are without their bit of a love ; but then, it is always with their confessors, preachers, and such saintly characters, and never with gay and profane libertines. Even to-day my feet ache already

with carrying *recados** from the various nuns to the different convents, but they are unprofitable enough for me. Would you believe that none of the fathers had the common civility to say, there is a real towards buying you a scapulary? 'Tis a fact; but it is always so with those fat friars, who think of nothing but filling their bellies, and gratifying their appetites, without ever thinking, even as it were by mistake, of rewarding our services. I wish to God I had always such customers as you.'

“ ‘What! notwithstanding the excommunication?’ said I, as I wished her a good morning.

“ ‘Even so,’ she replied, looking complacently on the dobloon, ‘for I’ll take good care no one knows it, much less Father Lobo.’

“ Ah, my dear friend, what easy morality gold begets: If there were in the very bowels of the earth a dungeon, whose gates were

* Complimentary errands and love messages.

guarded by mortals, gold would soon cause them to be opened.

“ In sending your letter to Gabriela, I took care to enclose one which I had written apprising her of the friendship that unites us, and of your desire that she should grant me an interview. The answer which I received from her was couched in language which I found very difficult to understand. She talked of you as of a being who was still dear to her ; but whose caprice and injustice towards her had nearly driven her to despair, and induced her to yield at last to her mother’s wish, and take the vows that would consign her to the cloister for the remainder of her days. What that injustice was, she did not explain ; indeed there was a vagueness, nay a wildness of expression, which rendered the whole almost unintelligible. From that, and several abrupt transitions from tenderness to anger, I feared her mind had fallen a prey to some of those fatal influences with which the atmosphere of a convent is infected. After

much hesitation, however, she permitted me to find out the means of seeing her alone.

“ I went immediately to the demandadera’s, to try if I could prevail on her to allow me to draw out, during the night, the nails that fastened the small iron grate of the window of her apartments, and by means of a rope ladder make my descent into the interior yard of the convent, to which access may be had by a door adjoining the cloister.

“ The demandadera, to enhance the favour, made a great many difficulties, but they all gave way to the eloquence of gold, and I informed Gabriela of the success of my operations, entreating her, by the love you bore her, to meet me at the end of the cloister on the following night at twelve o’clock. My request was granted, and an hour before the time appointed, I took to my boat, and rowed away to that part of the town where the convent is situated.

“ Unfortunately a sentry had been posted on the quay where I intended landing, and I was

compelled to take a circuitous route, which delayed me at least half an hour. On reaching the convent, I found the demandadera true to her promise, and she admitted me into her apartment. Having fixed the ladder, I descended and walked towards the door that communicated with the cloister. I lifted the latch, and pushing the door gently, it opened. This was a proof that Gabriela had already been there. Notwithstanding the obscurity of the place, I did not hesitate to enter, and groped about in the dark, whispering her name; but no one answered. In turning one of the angles of the cloister, I perceived the glimmerings of a light at the farthest end, and directed my steps towards it in hopes of finding her there. As I passed along the colonade, feeling now on one side, and then on the other, I touched some of the statues of saints in their niches. I have never had many superstitious notions; but I confess that the gloom of the place, the deep silence that reigned around, which only the rustling of the leaves of some trees in the garden of the

cloister occasionally interrupted, and more than all, the fact of finding myself in a convent of nuns, a sacrilege to which the inquisition would award its choicest torments, filled my imagination with a thousand vague terrors. I continued, however, to advance towards the light, whose glimmerings now became more visible. It hung before a carved figure of Christ, as large as life, the eyes of which followed me whether I moved right or left, and seemed to forbid my intruding any further.

“ At this moment I heard cautious steps advancing towards the place I had reached. I stopped a while to ascertain who was coming, and heard distinctly the footsteps of two persons. I hastened to hide myself behind one of the columns adjoining the garden, and to my utter surprise and dismay, saw from thence Father Lobo, holding a lantern in one hand, and with the other leading by the arm your brother Fermin, who at every step he made, shook so violently that I thought he must have sunk to the earth. As they came opposite the crucifix,

Fermin cast his eyes on it, and exclaimed—"I can go no further, father, let me go back, for God's sake.—See, see, father, he stares at me with angry and reproachful looks!

" 'Who does, foolish youth?' enquired the monk.

" 'He who is on the cross. Ah! I hear him talk! What does he say? Tell me, father, tell me.'

" 'You are mad,' said the monk. 'I command you to tarry not an instant, but follow me.'

" 'I cannot, father, I cannot!—Hark! He says I am a monster of sin!—a fratricide!—God of mercy! he points, he points!—the gates of hell stand open, I see the torments of the damned!'

" At these words I perceived him tremble violently, heave a deep groan, and fall heavily on the stone floor. I could hardly repress the impulse of rushing to his assistance, particularly when I heard the brutal monk say, 'curse the superstitious fool!' while endeavouring to

raise his head from the ground, he let it fall again, finding he had fainted away; but the danger of my own situation flashed across my brain, and I remained in my concealment, breathing painfully.

“ Meantime the monk paced about the cloister uttering wrathful expressions against the unhappy Fermin, who lay stretched on the ground, and cursing his own folly, for having brought him there, to run the risk of having all his plans discovered. Presently, however, he took Fermin’s hat and fanned his face, till he saw him gradually recovering from his swoon. He then knelt one knee on the ground, and raising up his body supported it with the other, entreating him to collect his senses, and consider he laboured under a delusion—‘ Am I not with you,’ added he, ‘ why then should you fear the wrath of Him who directs our actions? Are they not rightful and innocent,—nay, worthy of his true servants? Believe me he approves of them. Moreover, Gabriela will listen favourably to your wishes. She begins now to see the sinfulness of her

former passion, thanks to the good nuns, who have incessantly laboured to convince her of her errors. The time of her probation will soon be over, and then you may confidently look forward to years of happiness; but, meantime, the plan agreed to is indispensable, the better to ensure her affection.'

“ ‘Your words, father, are a balm to my wounded heart,’ said Fermin faintly; ‘but my conscience disapproves the selfishness that impels me to act contrary to brotherly affection, and Christian charity. Is it right to sacrifice to my own passion that of my brother?—Is it right to seduce from him the love of a woman who was his plighted spouse?—Is it right or generous to take advantage of his misfortunes to press upon her my own suit?—My conscience whispers—no! though my heart would fain persuade me to it.’

“ ‘And is it right,’ cried the monk, to permit the pure, the innocent Gabriela, to become the prey of Satan, by encouraging her to persevere in nursing a passion pregnant with

danger to the future salvation of her soul? Do you boast of being a Christian, and yet hesitate in making a sacrifice to which the finger of God is pointing?—Shame on your weakness, worldly youth.'

" 'Alas, father, I could lay down my life without an instant's hesitation. But this seems not a sacrifice to me, it is rather the treacherous deed of a masked assassin. It is stabbing a brother to the heart, whilst he slumbers in security.'

" 'Time presses,' said the monk; 'resolve either to advance and snatch Gabriela from the grasp of Satan, or retrace your steps, and sink into irretrievable perdition.'

" Fermin sighed deeply, and then rising said,—'To our trial, then; and do thou, divine Christ,' (uplifting his joined hands to the crucifix) 'guide me through this dubious path, and enlighten my weak and fallible judgment.'

" Saying this, they both proceeded in the same direction I had just come, and I took the opportunity to regain the cloister. But whither

to direct my steps? was the first reflection I made. To go back by the same way I came was to expose myself to meet the monk and Fermin. Besides, I was not quite certain I should find the door through which I gained admittance. The wisest plan appeared to be that I should see if there were not some other door leading to the yard. I then walked forward in search of it, and in coming to another angle, observed a little door opening into a long and narrow passage, lighted by a few lamps that hung from its vaulted roof at various distances. It immediately struck me that it must be the way through which Fermin and the monk had entered, and by which I might easily leave the convent. Full of this idea I entered the passage, and reached the other end of it, when I saw another door, communicating with the lower choir of the church. In entering it, I perceived by the large lamp that burned in the middle of it, that the little door, through which the new nuns are admitted, was open. Rejoiced at

this discovery, I hastened to it, and soon after found myself in the nave of the church. I lost no time in proceeding to the principal entrance, but to my great disappointment. I found the door shut; I tried the side one; but it was only to meet a second disappointment.

“I now began for the first time to reflect on the imprudence I had committed in penetrating so far into the convent. I dared no longer retrace my steps to the cloister, for fear of meeting the monk on his return; but there was danger also in my remaining in the church. Uncertain how to act, I stood leaning against one of the pillars that support the upper choir, when I heard the light and hasty tread of some person above my head. I listened with breathless anxiety, and my ear caught the plaintive and broken sounds of a female voice. I could distinguish these words—‘Beset on every side by enemies, give me, oh divine Jesus! fortitude to bear their repeated insults. Friendless, and forsaken by all the world, be’ thou my comforter. Save

me from the snares of the wicked, and from the latent and insidious suggestions of the evil spirit, since a cloister does not suffice to shelter me from evil machinations, nor the workings of my own passions.'

“ Thus far had the recluse proceeded in her prayer, when the footsteps of more than one person fast approaching, interrupted her, and I heard the tremulous voice of Fermin saying, — ‘ Gabriela, forgive this second intrusion ; I am wretched and distracted. I hardly know what I said to you just now ; but, believe, that in thus disturbing the quiet of your retreat, I am actuated only by the purest motives. Heaven knows that your future welfare alone has urged me to do and say that which everything the world contains, its pleasures, and its joys, could not have tempted me to.’

“ ‘ Enough, enough,’ said Gabriela, ‘ I pity you, and believe you incapable of an evil thought. I wish I could say as much of others.’ (Here I heard a humph! and a stamping of the foot, which if I am not mistaken

proceeded from Father Lobo)—‘But withdraw,’ added she, ‘and presume not again to intrude into my seclusion. I must take time to reflect on what has fallen from your lips, and you shall then receive an answer.’

“‘Heaven bless you! Gabriela,” said Fermin, as he retraced his steps, accompanied by those of the monk, both of which died gradually away upon my ear. Gabriela then continued praying fervently; but the idea that the monk and Fermin were probably on their way to the church, made me take the resolution of getting into one of the side chapels, to avoid being seen, and her voice became inaudible. Presently I heard their distant footsteps gradually approaching, and the creaking noise of the doors turning on their hinges, and their locks fastening, till at last they reached the last door of the choir, which they also locked, proceeding afterwards towards the sacristy, from which I now recollected there was a door that led out; but that too was shut soon after, and I remained locked in without the possibility of escape.

“In this unpleasant situation, I had no alternative but to remain concealed where I was until morning, when the door of the church should be opened; but on hearing still Gabriela’s whispers, I thought of profiting by this opportunity to speak to her. Accordingly, leaving my retreat, I hastened to that part of the church in front of the choir, where my voice could be best heard.—‘Doña Gabriela!’ whispered I as gently as possible.

“‘Heavens!’ exclaimed she, ‘a voice calling me!’

“‘Be not startled, it is Anselmo’s.’

“‘Profane man!’ she cried, after a little pause, ‘if it be you, let me say that this is not the place to talk to me. You failed in your appointment, though I suspect you meant to add fresh insults to those of him who sent you. God knows I did not deserve it at his hands; and he, too, knows that he wrongs me by his unfounded suspicions. But since his wish is to be forgotten, tell him I’ll do my utmost to obey him, were my heart to break in the attempt,

and that it will break he may be certain. Tell him so; it will be a consolation to him. Oh, my God! could I ever have believed this of him.'

"Her sobs now mingled so much with her words that I could not catch their meaning; but when I perceived them abate a little I tried to explain the motives that had delayed my arrival, and the extraordinary mistake under which she laboured respecting your affection towards her; but no sooner had I mentioned your name, than she bid me not profane the place by uttering it again.—'I have his own words,' she added, 'and they suffice for me. I can say no more,—nay, I will say no more; and do not attempt again to disturb the little peace I enjoy, by intruding your presence or your letters upon me!'

"Saying this she left the choir, and I remained perfectly bewildered at what I had heard.

"As I do not know what you may have said in your letter to her, I cannot judge how far she is right in thus giving vent to her indigna-

tion, nor what other secret motives may urge her to express herself in terms of such deep affliction and despair. From your letters to me, I suspect there is no foundation for anything of the sort; and that some deep laid plan of the wily monk alone has produced this strange and fatal change. I'll endeavour to discover it before my departure for Madrid, which is now settled; but meanwhile keep up your spirits, and do not waste your time in useless regrets. Her affection for yōu seems to me unimpaired, whatever the monk may have done to crush it. Therefore, while this is the case, you ought not to give way to despondency; and recollect, that your father and your country, now more than ever, require your services, and the full use of your faculties.

“Your sincerely attached friend,

“ANSELMO.”

CHAPTER XIV.

Alas! 'tis morn, and here I sit alone—
Be strong my soul, and part without a groan!
Ruffians, proceed! Adala'ne'er shall swerve,
Prepare the rack, and strain each aching nerve!

The Complaint. An American Eclogue.

GREGORY.

THE perusal of the foregoing letter excited in Sandoval's breast the most anxious forebodings, respecting the final issue of the villanous machinations set on foot by that most inveterate of all his enemies, the Friar Lobo; but the most distracting thought for him was, the total impossibility of his immediate return to Logroño, to prove to Gabriela, that, since his brother's explanation, he had never harboured or uttered the least complaint against her, nor entertained the least suspicion. After torturing his mind

for hours together, to devise some plan by which he might inform Gabriela of his unaltered and unalterable attachment, he came to the resolution of writing to Fermin, and making a forcible appeal to his conscience, honour, and brotherly affection. This idea he thought a happy one, for his brother's heart was always alive to generous impulses; and his sense of justice and principle was too great to sacrifice to his own passions, the happiness of one whom he so tenderly loved; he, therefore, lost no time in writing to him a letter, in which his feelings were pathetically displayed, every energy of his soul being bent on producing the deepest impression.

Having fulfilled this task to his satisfaction, he turned in his mind what he was to do next. The execution of Porlier had been followed by numerous arrests. New searches were making every day, to discover the rest of the fugitives, and it was not improbable that he might himself fall into the hands of his enemies, were he to continue a resident in that city. To avoid this, he resolved to depart for Madrid, where he was

more likely to escape the enquiries made after him. Having formed this resolution, he liberally rewarded his patriotic and faithful host, and taking an affectionate leave of him, set off on his journey, accompanied by his trusty squire, in the same disguise as they had used on coming to Galicia.

During their long and tedious journey, nothing occurred that may deserve honourable mention in our narrative, their simple mode of travelling preventing the suspicions which they would otherwise have raised.

Having left behind them the lofty hills, and deep valleys of Galicia, the former crowned with oak, walnut, chesnut, and hazel trees, and the latter so generally well cultivated, picturesque, and beautiful, producing abundance of wheat and oats, maize, millet, flax, hemp, pulse, lemons, apples, and other fruits, and in some places vine, our two travellers entered the kingdom of Leon, more level and fruitful than Galicia, though somewhat less cultivated; but containing a great number of beautiful fields,

good pasturages, large fertile valleys, which produce a quantity of grain, wheat, barley, wine, flax, vegetables and good fruits. Its mountains are also covered with trees of different kinds, and contain mines of iron, copper, lead, mineral waters, &c. while in its meadows pasture a great number of mules, famous throughout the kingdom, as well as sheep and black cattle. On quitting this province, they entered the wide extending plains of Castile, with the agreeable feelings of those who breathe again the air of their native soil.—“Thanks to heaven,” said Roque, “that we have got clear of those eternal mountains, fit to be inhabited only by wild cats, foxes, wolves, Asturians and Galicians. We shall hear no more of their jargon, nor live upon the contents of the *pote*, nor drink execrable wine, nor eat rye bread as brown as the face of a Portuguese, nor their so much boasted Indian corn cakes, and chesnut puddings, nor their messes of boiled potatoes, beans, and lard. Give me the pure Castilian, the snowy bread, and sparkling wine of these fine plains, abundance

of savoury rashers and eggs, sausages and black puddings, a tender well-baked lamb, or a turkey, and above all, the substantial *olla podrida*, with every necessary ingredient to solace the stomach of an honest Christian, which is enjoyed by everybody here. Here, too, we may eat without being watched at every morsel we take, and without any hints about the great scarcity of those things, and the necessity of sparing them; on the contrary, we may cram our mouths, throats, and stomachs till we swell like wine skins, and still the honest folks will press us to eat on till we are fit to burst.*

These plains, however, are varied by a long chain of mountains which extends throughout Castile, and separates it from the other provinces. The celebrated Humboldt, in his Personal Narrative, says, that when he travelled through them in his way from Madrid to Coruña, he found them every way bereft of vegetation, waste, and

* It is a custom among the Castilian peasantry to gorge their guests as a proof of their hospitality and politeness.

barren ; and this too, extraordinary as it may appear to those who have visited that province, in the month of May, when even the most sterile districts present a verdant and animated sight. But we suppose, that, as is the case in more instances than one, this famous traveller, either took a long nap from the moment he entered Castile till he reached Galicia, or else he saw the country through the eyes of somebody else, which he, now and then, does not find much scruple in doing.

The high and difficult pass of Guadarrama,—a branch of the mountains that separate Old and New Castile—being now left behind by our travellers, they hailed the numberless towers and steeples and glittering crosses on their tops, that grace the capital of Spain, with almost as rapturous feelings as the companions of Columbus did the New World they were in search of, when it first burst upon their sight.

As Madrid has been too often described, we hope our readers will consider themselves under no small obligation to us, if we abstain from giving

them an exact account of the numerous churches and public places it contains, with an accurate description of the height of their columns, porticos, domes, windows, doors, and other interesting particulars, which every good traveller never fails to enumerate, and with which we might easily adorn these pages. But as our limits will not permit it, we spare our readers the infliction, and will proceed to give them an idea of the state of affairs in the society of which our hero was a worthy member.

Immediately after their arrival at Madrid, our travellers re-assumed their ordinary dress, and took up their quarters at the house of a liberal lady, an old acquaintance of Sandoval's father, who received the son with the tender solicitude of a mother, and the warmest demonstrations of unfeigned friendship and affection. Being thus happily settled, he lost not an instant in looking out for his friend Anselmo, whom he rightly supposed to be now at Madrid, and for those comrades of his, with whom he was connected by a similarity of principles and the

ties of masonic confraternity. The reception he met with from them was as cordial as the exertions he had made to ensure the success of their cause, and the warmth and sincerity of his patriotism entitled him to expect; but this satisfaction was not a little damped by the check which his sanguine expectations, respecting the progress of their association, received from the news he now heard for the first time.

The lodge, which had been established at Madrid a few months before, and which was to have been the great nucleus of Spanish Freemasonry, had received a blow, which threatened the most serious results to its ultimate success. A secular friar, who inhabited the house where the meetings were held, in the capacity of servant, having become an object of suspicion to the government, was one day pursued by some police officers into the said house, the apartments of which were carefully searched, and the existence of the lodge discovered. Fortunately the papers seized on this

occasion were too vague and unimportant to produce all the mischief which they might, had they been of a different nature; but they led to the arrest of several useful members of the association, and to that of its president, Don Domingo de la Vega, who suffered horribly in consequence of the discovery. This untoward event had alarmed the other members of the society, and paralyzed for a time the labours which had been commenced to give it force and regularity.

Things being in this state when Sandoval reached the capital, he urged its immediate reorganization with so much energy, that the measure was at last resolved upon, and he was entrusted with several important commissions, which obliged him to absent himself from the capital for weeks together. In these excursions, generally directed to those towns where it was thought proper to establish a lodge, he went always provided with good recommendations for some of the principal inhabitants, who either belonged to the society,

or were known as men of liberal principles. His duty was to feel his ground with caution and sagacity, find out persons to whom the secret might be confided, and afterwards convoke, with every imaginable precaution, some of the principal masons to a meeting, which invariably opened with the labours and formalities common to lodges of the first rank. These were followed by a discourse, more or less animated, bold or mysterious, according as he judged prudent, in which some flattering hopes for the future were held out, and which prepared the audience to take a solemn oath never to reveal the secret, that such a meeting had taken place, nor anything which had been said or might be said there, even should any member disagree about it. This oath once taken, he proceeded to give an account of the establishment of this new masonic institute, of its statutes, regulations, &c.; but taking great care never to hint the place in which it existed, or the names of those who composed it. Every man who attended the meeting was free to take

the oath of adherence, among the various clauses of which there was one that enjoined *an irreconcilable hatred to tyranny*. On the other hand the first word used in the *regularisation** was that of *Regeneration*, which was thought of itself sufficient to predispose the minds of the *elect* in favour of liberty. There was also a tendency to it in the written communications which he made, but so carefully worded, that no important inference could be drawn from it, the regulations expressly forbidding the introduction of political matters into their proceedings. The object of this prohibition, however, was rather to guard against a surprise, or the perfidy of a spy, who might get admittance into the society, than to reduce the minds of its members to the forms of a pure liturgy.

The greatest care was enjoined by the society with respect to the admission of a new mem-

* A word used by the Spanish masons to express the admission and initiation of members, their organization into lodges, &c.

ber to the participation of the secret ; and Sandoval, aware that upon this depended the fate of numerous individuals, was scrupulous to the highest degree, the precautions he observed in this respect being proportioned to the state of the nation and nature of its government. In a country where religion was made an engine of political persecution, and where its ministers held the most absolute dominion over the minds of the generality of people, the liberals could never be too cautious in the measures they adopted to increase their members, and gain the strength necessary to carry their plans into execution. It would be impossible to detail the obstacles opposed by the clergy to the efforts of their undaunted adversaries, who, notwithstanding the numerous and fatal checks they had received, continued with unabated ardour in the work of emancipation.

Some months after the dissolution of the Madrid Lodge, a patriotic individual of the name of Beramendi formed the plan of esta-

blishing at Granada a Grand Orient, in order to straiten the ties of union among the various masons of the Peninsula, and labour in concert for the completion of their great work. Several circumstances favoured the first steps towards this project. The Marquis de Tepa, a young nobleman, well known for his liberal principles, induced his brother Count Montijo, at that epoch Captain General of that province, to co-operate with him and his friends in establishing the Grand Orient in that city. For this purpose it was necessary to obtain a knowledge of all the existing lodges throughout Spain, and open a correspondence with them all, which they succeeded in doing by the readiness with which every one of them entered into the plan, so that in a few months afterwards the Grand Orient was established in due form. The principal members who composed it were Don Carlos Beramendi, the Marquis of Cam-poverde, Don Jose Gonzalez, who acted as secretary, the Count Montijo, the Marquis de Tepa, Don Facundo Infante, and several

other distinguished personages. But there was another individual, whose co-operation added greatly to the credit and strength of the party; this was Don Juan O'Donoju, who had obtained the highest degrees and reputation in this society, during the time of the Constitution, though on Ferdinand's return, he adhered to the royal party.

The formation of this society consisted in the establishment of a masonic authority purely national, with all the necessary departments and sections to direct the individual efforts of the patriots towards the same great end. It soon became a point of union with the party, who till then had been dispersed without order, regularity, strength, or confraternity. Meantime, however, those of Madrid were labouring hard to reorganize themselves, and no sooner had they succeeded in this than they spread the regularization throughout the kingdom, with astonishing rapidity. The lodge of the capital became then the centre of communication, and that of Granada remained only with the masons of the two Andaluzias.

At this epoch too an unfortunate accident happened to the latter, which nearly laid open all their projects to their enemies, and obliged them to renounce the direction of the undertaking in favour of those of Madrid. As the particulars of this affair are in a great measure connected with the future operations and history of our hero, and as, moreover, they are romantic in themselves, and will give an excellent idea of this epoch, and of the sanguinary character of Ferdinand and his friends, we will give them here in full; though, perhaps, the severer critic, who adheres to rules so firmly as some friends of ours, advocates of the old regime, to their pig-tails, may deem our manner of introducing the subject an innovation.

Colonel Don Juan Van Hallen, president of a lodge established at Murcia, under the immediate auspices of that of Granada, and a man not overstocked with prudence, though of sufficient address to fill satisfactorily the post assigned to him by the society, made a journey to Ronda, where he became acquainted with a man

of the name of Don Antonio Calvo, who represented himself as a liberal, though in fact he was only a spy. Here he left buried in the noose of another person a bundle of papers relating to the society. Calvo, though not an initiated mason, became acquainted, through Van Hallen's indiscretion, with more than it was prudent he should have known; and no sooner had the colonel returned to Murcia, than his treacherous friend disclosed to the ecclesiastical authorities of Granada everything he had learned, and whatever else his own imagination made him suspect.

The clerical party, who only wanted a pretext to gratify their views of vengeance, caught at this information with eagerness, and directed Calvo to proceed to Murcia under some pretext or other, in order to discover more of the secret, and obtain some fact or document which might enable them to increase the list of victims. This, Calvo accomplished beyond their most sanguine expectations, and the result was, that the Inquisition obtained possession of the papers left

by Van Hallen at Ronda, and of some letters given by him to Calvo on his return to Ronda, (when his commission had been terminated,) which were addressed to some of the masons of Granada.

The Inquisition now lost no time either in arresting Van Hallen, or in throwing into the dungeons of the Holy Office almost all the masons of Murcia, and those of Granada, whose names were in any way hinted at in Van Hallen's letters.

The documents seized on this occasion were of the highest importance to the society, and of an alarming nature to government, whose fears were roused still higher by some letters of General Torrijos, (which, however, bore no signature) found among other papers taken from Van Hallen. The inquisitors of Murcia now proceeded to take from the latter the declarations that were to place them in possession of the whole plot; but their prisoner, who was seldom without resources, had planned a stratagem by which he hoped to disappoint the ex-

pectations of his enemies, and refused to explain the mysterious contents of his papers, unless he was permitted to do so to the king himself. The inquisitors, unable to prevail on him, either by prayers or threats, informed Ferdinand of Van Hallen's determination, and his majesty having agreed to receive his disclosures, the prisoner was sent to Madrid under a strong escort.

On his arrival at the capital, Ferdinand immediately sent one of his confidential friends to sift to the bottom the secrets of the prisoner; but Van Hallen, who imagined it would be much easier for him to deceive Ferdinand than any of his commissioners, wrapt himself up in mystery, (which by the bye was one of his characteristics) dropped some slight indications which might excite the king's curiosity, and did not neglect to feign an unbounded affection towards the royal person. The favourite courtier, on the other hand, endeavoured with all the art of a man skilled in the cunning devices of his post, to induce him to make a full and

open declaration of all he knew, the better to ensure the clemency of his royal master; he flattered him with the hopes of future rewards, nay, of enjoying the king's friendship, and sharing the favours in which he himself participated. But for once, at least, he found his match in Van Hallen, who, as if penetrated with gratitude for the kind manner he treated him, overwhelmed him with protestations of friendship, and engaged him in a conversation of several hours, during which many apparent mutual confidences passed between them, and several little secrets of no import were disclosed, in one of which, however, the courtier assured Van Hallen that he himself had belonged to the society, and had still an uncommon fondness for them all. At last the courtier retired as wise as when he entered, but took leave of the prisoner in the most affectionate manner, offering to employ his mediation with his royal master, and leaving him an abundance of Havanna segars to smoke away the dullness of his confinement; while Van Hallen squeezed

out a few tears, and protested he was ready to throw himself at his majesty's feet, give any explanation that might be wanted, and do everything in his power to obtain the good graces of royalty.

This visit, which produced no effect whatever, was followed by others equally fruitless, Van Hallen persisting in his resolution of having a personal interview with the king, who, on his part, was very reluctant to grant it, as he laboured under the apprehension that some personal injury was meditated. His fears, however, were overcome by his favourites, who, impressed with the necessity and importance of finding the clue to this mighty conspiracy, thought they could not fail to procure it by granting Van Hallen's request. It was, therefore, agreed that he should be introduced to the king's private apartment, and that the same courtier who had held these conferences with the prisoner should be present, both to watch the motions of Van Hallen, and assist his

majesty in going through their investigation with *éclat*.

The night and hour fixed for this interview being arrived, the courtier went in his carriage to the Inquisition, and took Van Hallen to the palace. On their arrival there, the former led the way through various private passages to the king's cabinet, where they found him alone, waiting impatiently for their arrival. Dissimulation is a quality possessed by most cowards, and consequently Ferdinand received Van Hallen with every appearance of confidence and familiarity. He requested him in his usual uncouth way to sit down, and tell him openly everything he knew. Van Hallen, convinced he had to gratify the expectations raised in the king's mind, as also to respect the honour that bound him to keep the secrets of the association, employed the most ingenious stratagems, tortuous ways, and mysterious words, pronounced with emphasis, an abundance of sophisms and subterfuges ; in a word, every means

which his sagacity could suggest to bewilder the king's mind, since convincing him was out of the question. Impressed besides with the idea that Ferdinand would catch at frivolities, and be satisfied with words only, Van Hallen, who possessed astonishing volubility, poured out feely and rapidly the whole of the account which he had framed to explain the enigmas of the papers which had been seized from him, adding a circumstantial history of his own life, from his earliest infancy to the moment of his arrest, to withdraw their attention from the principal topic. This plan, with which he expected to come off triumphantly, did not at all answer. Van Hallen, then, perceiving his mistake, and having heard that Ferdinand, while luxuriating at Valençay, had been accepted a mason, expatiated on the excellence and philanthropy of freemasonry, little dreaming that his benevolent brother's sole wish was to obtain a few thousand respectable names, to have the pleasure of exterminating them all at a swoop.

Ferdinand and his confident, convinced now

that their man would not speak out what he knew, questioned and requestioned him about his accomplices, the extent of their plot, and object of their plans; but he, like the fox closely pursued by a couple of hounds, whirled about, bounced, run round and round, stopped, and bolted in every possible direction where there was a chance of escape. At last, the "twa dogs," who saw the fruitlessness of their chace, if it continued as hitherto, endeavoured to obtain by threats and terror what good words and prayers had not produced. This plan, however, was still less successful; and it was resolved between them that the prisoner should be reconducted to the Inquisition, which was no sooner said than done. The courtier, who also accompanied him back, urged him in the most pressing words to reveal the secret, and accomplices of the plot, as otherwise the most horrible fate awaited him. Van Hallen, whose mind now exhausted and bewildered with so much cavilling, wished to gain time to explore new resources, requested to be allowed to state by

writing in a more clear and orderly manner all he had wished to explain before the king. This being granted him, he was left for some days unmolested, in the gloomy repose of a dungeon; where, according to his promise, he wrote a long memoir, purporting to explain the whole conspiracy, and which in reality contained only an account of his own life, and a few pompous indications respecting the plot, which seemed rather to excite than gratify curiosity. Ferdinand, convinced now that the ordinary mild means would never induce the prisoner to disclose the secret, removed his protecting arm, and the victim remained at the complete mercy of the members of the tribunal of blood, in the prisons of which he was immersed.

Before the judges of this tribunal Van Hallen was conducted to give his declarations. The charges brought against him were of the most serious nature. The fact, however, that he belonged to the masonic society was what his judges deemed most trifling, their inquiries being chiefly directed to the formidable con-

spiracy to overturn the present order of things, to the members who constituted the Grand Orient, and to the letters of Torrijos, in which some glimpses of the storm that was gathering, and which threatened to burst, were discernible. Van Hallen's answers to these different questions did not satisfy the Inquisitors;—they wished for victims to quench their thirst for blood, and he gave them words only;—they then had recourse to remonstrances, but they remained unheeded;—they came at last to threats, and they found him equally inflexible. The countenances of the judges now assumed their most stern aspect; their language was also harsher; every look, every word, every motion of theirs, indicated that some violent measure was on the point of being adopted, and Van Hallen perceived at last, that he was amongst irreconcilable enemies. Immediately after this examination, he was sent to a different dungeon from that which he previously occupied. It was one of those subterraneous caves, where the unhappy man who is immured is almost compelled to suppose

that the order of nature has been disturbed, that its movements have suddenly ceased, that those luminaries, which spread light and splendour over the universe, have altogether disappeared from it, and that no one but himself, the judges, the executioner, and the poisonous and impure reptiles by which he is constantly tormented, have remained on the face of the earth.

Here, as he was one night reclining on his chains, pondering over the wretched situation to which he was reduced, recalling to his mind, with the minute accuracy of a prisoner, even the most insignificant remembrances of his infancy, and preparing an infinity of answers to the questions that might be put to him, previous to the tortures that were certain to follow them, the fearful and terrific creaks of huge bolts drawn aside, waxing more clamorous as the furthest doors which secure the entrance of those sepulchral abodes were left behind, fell on his startled ear, like the sounds of muffled drums on that of the unhappy soldier who has forfeited

his life to the offended laws of the field. At length, amidst the darkness which night and day reigned in his dungeon, he heard two persons approach him, and while the one held his arms fast, the other unlocked the chain that pinioned him to the wall; after which he was conducted in silence through a labyrinth of dark subterraneous passages to a room, which though still involved in obscurity, he suspected to be that in which the victims of the tribunal undergo the dreadful agonies of a cruel death. Here, however, his eyes were bound, and he was led to another room, which proved to be the chamber of torment; but the description of which he could not give, as the bandage over his eyes was never taken off. He, however, observed, that on entering it, he mounted a few steps to a platform, where he was stripped naked to the waist; after which they extended his arms, and placed under each arm-pit a sort of forked stick or crutch, lined with cloth, and thick enough to support any weight; the right arm was then bent, and fastened tightly to the crutch, and the

left, which remained horizontally extended, as well as the hand and fingers, was locked into a sort of iron case, lined inside, and not unlike the gauntlet and bracelet of the ancient armour, but fitting so close, that there was not a hair's breadth between the case and the limb. This gauntlet, doubtless formed a part of, ~~the~~ communicated with another machine, the use of which we shall shortly explain. Meantime, the platform on which the victim stood was suddenly withdrawn from under his feet, and he remained suspended by his armpits on the two crutches.

In this state he heard the voice of one of his judges, who, after a mock apology in the name of the tribunal, for the unfortunate situation to which he had brought himself, announced to him that the holy office, having till then fruitlessly employed the mild and lenient means, recommended by the most merciful of sovereigns, to induce him to confess all his crimes, were now on the point of taking the rigorous measures used with pertinacious and refractory

sinner; but that the door to clemency was still open, provided he would but abjure his former errors, make a candid avowal of all he knew, and give up the names of all his accomplices. He then entreated him to answer frankly and sincerely the following questions—whether he was a freemason—who were the heads of that sect in Spain—who was the author of the letters which had been seized upon him—what was the nature of the conspiracy against the throne and the altar, specifying with clearness everything that might give a complete idea of the objects, means, proceedings, persons, &c. &c.

Van Hallen, notwithstanding the painful and dangerous situation in which he stood, and the idea of the tortures which might follow his actual sufferings, endeavoured to accommodate his answers so that they should satisfy his judges, and compromise none of his friends. The Inquisitors, however, found them unsatisfactory, and they ordered the officer entrusted with the torture to do his duty. This con-

sisted in turning a wheel, (the movement of which must necessarily have been graduated) which communicating with the gauntlet, twisted the arm gradually round. At each of these turns the movement ceased for a little while, keeping the arm in the position to which it had been brought, and the Inquisitors insisted on having direct answers to their questions, and redoubled their threats, but always with that clerical affectation of compassion and civility, which of all the wounds inflicted on a victim, whose heart meantime is bleeding within him, is the most dreadful. His answers were now rather more firm and decisive than at the beginning, and his cruel and exasperated executioners continued ordering the wheel to be turned. Van Hallen, notwithstanding his youth, robust frame, and singular presence of mind, began to feel that his herculean strength could not bear him out through the increasing sufferings of such a dreadful trial; a copious perspiration flowed from every part of his body; the mental functions began to lose their vigour, the languor

of death overspread every limb; he sunk from one paroxysm into another; but in those intervals when the agonies of the torture were suspended, he recovered some of his strength, and burst out into bitter reproaches against such barbarous treatment. Nothing, however, could soften the brutal insensibility of those monsters, who call themselves the ministers of a God of justice; on the contrary, they ordered the executioner to reiterate the movement of the wheel. The victim then shuddered in every limb, his hair stood on end, his voice completely failed him, and all his faculties, enfeebled by each successive application, now ceased to perform their functions, while his head dropped on one side with the paleness of death stamped on his countenance, the eyes and livid lips half closed. In vain did the authors of this atrocious inquest continue to writhe and dislocate the bones of their miserable victim; he gave no signs of vitality; a cold sweat moistened his frame, and his breathing ceased altogether.

From this moment Van Hallen knew not

what became of him ; but when he returned from this mortal syncope, his disturbed and confused brain could only allow him to know that he existed, though he could not recall anything of what had happened, nor imagine where he was. But when he gradually recovered his lost reason, he could have wished he had rather lost the few signs of life that remained in him, than have seen himself reduced to the wretched situation in which he now was. A long bench, constructed of brick, served him for a bed, without either a straw mattress to lie on, or any kind of covering ; the trunk of his body, sore and exhausted, seemed to have been severed from both his arms, the right being inflamed, in a tumid and palsied state, and the left without action or vitality, disjoined from its place ; and to crown the misery of his most wretched situation, his naked waist was secured by a long and thick chain, whose angular links were the only pillow against which he might repose his shattered trunk.

In this inhuman manner he was kept during

several days ; but the weakened state of his frame, which every moment became more incapable of resistance, threatened to put at once an end to his existence, and the surgeon who attended him, though accustomed like all the other officers of the Inquisition to look with indifference on suffering humanity, seeing that if left in that lamentable state the victim must sink, reported him to the Inquisitors as in his last stage. These monsters, alarmed, not at the idea of his dying, but at the prospect of losing thereby the secrets which they had promised themselves to wring from him by dint of tortures, caused him to be removed to a place where he could have better accommodations, and ordered the chain that weighed down his body to be taken off.

CHAPTER XV.

'Twas dark and winding, and he knew not where
That passage led—nor lamp nor guard were there;
He sees a dusky glimmering—shall he seek
Or shun that ray so indistinct and weak?
Chance guides his steps—a freshness seems to bear
Full on his brow, as if from morning air.

The Corsair.

WHILE the unfortunate Van Hallen endured in the inquisition, the horrible treatment we have above attempted to describe, his masonic friends of Madrid, aware of the perilous situation in which he stood, and afraid that (his fortitude sinking under repeated tortures,) he might be induced to disclose the secrets which he possessed, thereby endangering their own safety, as well as that of hundreds of their friends, and

more particularly of the unhappy men who were already under arrest, had held repeated meetings, to concert some plan to snatch the victim from their enemies' grasp. But when they turned their thoughts to the dark and impenetrable mansion where he was pining, and to the labyrinth of subterraneous dungeons which they must traverse, ere they came to that in which he was buried, they parted without coming to any resolution, their hearts overpowered with grief and despondency.

One Sunday morning, while Sandoval was slowly pacing about his room, his head full of the subject, which since Van Hallen's arrest had almost entirely engrossed his thoughts, and his imagination bent on devising some plan to liberate their friend from the Inquisition, Roque entered, and informed him that a pretty and interesting looking damsel wished to speak two words in private with him.—“ I told her,” continued he, “ that she might freely communicate her errand to me, as I was the right ear in which you usually deposited all your secrets ;

but the little witch said more pertly than justly, — ‘If it be so, I am sorry for it, as you appear to me a chattering coxcomb, and a blockhead to boot.’ I, of course,”

“Show her in immediately,” said his master, interrupting him, “for she must be a sensible thing to see that at first sight.”

“Humph !” ejaculated Roque, as he left the room, “then I should like to know what she thinks of such a hair-brained gallant as my master ?”

The girl, who was certainly an interesting *grisette*, being ushered in, took the extraordinary precaution of locking the door of the room, and then withdrawing to a distant corner of it; beckoned Sandoval to approach.—“Doors, and even walls, have ears now-a-days,” whispered she, when the surprised Sandoval placed himself by her side, “do you know the owner of this ?” added she, as she showed him a gold watch, on which some initials were engraved.

Sandoval examined them carefully, and then fixing his penetrating eyes upon the girl with

such intensity as made her shrink back, inquired how she came by it.—“Don't look so hard, Sir, else I shall not be able to deliver my message,” said she. “I came by it in a rightful way; it was put into my hands by the colonel himself, who, poor fellow! though he be such a handsome man, has suffered enough, God knows!—But, as I was saying, he put it into my hands that you might be convinced I am to be trusted; and as a further proof of this, he desired me to say these words, which, though pure gibberish to me, he said you would understand.”

She then uttered some masonic expressions, which clearly indicated she had received them from the mouth of Van Hallen himself. However, he examined and cross-examined the girl respecting the prisoner with great prolixity, till convinced there could be no fallacy in the case, he gave her an answer for the prisoner, couched in such mysterious words as were unintelligible to her, and should convince him of her having fulfilled her commission faithfully.

Through this girl, Sandoval learned how things stood with Van Hallen, who, during the time he was undergoing a cure, had had the good luck to excite the compassion of the alcaide, and to engage him to enter, particularly at night, into familiar conversation with him,—a singular instance in the history of that tribunal. As, besides, Van Hallen had been transferred to a room not very far from the apartments of the alcaide, the delicate state of his health requiring this indulgence, the young girl just mentioned who was a relation of that man, and in whom he reposed implicit confidence, led by curiosity or compassion, gradually extended her sweeping duties as far as the door of Van Hallen's dungeon, in which there was a little trap, now and then left open for the purpose of ventilation, through which she occasionally made bold to take a peep. This did not pass unnoticed by Van Hallen, who immediately conceived the idea of profiting by the circumstance. Endowed with a peculiar faculty for exciting the sympathies of the fair sex, by degrees he suc-

ceeded in engaging her attention, and leading her to listen to his gallantries. These conversations became more and more interesting to her; till at last he prevailed on her to take the above mentioned message to Sandoval.

Through her means, and with every imaginable precaution, a correspondence was immediately established between the prisoner and his brother masons. Inconceivable efforts were also made to acquaint all those who had been imprisoned in various parts of the Peninsula, at the same time as Van Hallen, of the state of the proceedings against the latter; and though in some places the difficulties appeared insurmountable, they were nevertheless overcome. On the other hand as the Inquisitors laboured with amazing activity, it was reasonably apprehended, that torments and bribery would be employed everywhere to extort the secrets which they were so anxious to obtain; but as these proceedings were linked with and depended chiefly on those of the capital where the papers seized from Van Hallen, (who alone could ex-

plain them) were undergoing investigation, his friends resolved to make the bold attempt of liberating him from their enemies.

In the first instance, it was agreed between them and the prisoner, that he was to follow their directions implicitly, while they traced a plan to penetrate into the dungeons of the Inquisition through a subterraneous passage, which was to be opened from a cellar of a house contiguous to the prison. However gigantic and hazardous this undertaking may appear, when the many main walls which they had to penetrate are taken into consideration, it came, through the united efforts of several engineers and architects, who had a share in the business, to a degree of maturity, which seemed to ensure a favourable issue. But soon, the hopes of procuring the prisoner's escape through the principal door, induced them to give up their first plan.

Van Hallen having obtained an exact knowledge of every passage and door leading from his dungeon to the outer gate, as well as of

every other circumstance which might facilitate his flight, his friends sent him all the information which they had been able to collect, and which he was likely to want. Among other things, there was a plan in which the courts, streets, lanes, &c. in and about the Inquisition were carefully sketched ; as well as the road which he was to follow, and the different points and intervals where he would find his friends stationed, following silently the steps of each, till he should reach the house where he was to take refuge ; they named the watch-word which he was to utter, that he might be recognized by them, and the precise day and hour when he was to leave his dungeon, with a thousand other remarks and precautions which the importance of the case required.

Matters being thus disposed, Van Hallen, who to counteract the effects of the torture was following the regimen prescribed by his surgeon, was in the habit of taking, between six and seven o'clock in the evening some lemonade, which was usually brought to him by the alcaide

himself. During the few minutes this man remained with the prisoner, they carried on a conversation, which sometimes was prolonged for half an hour; in one of which, the alcaide manifested a wish to learn the French language, Van Hallen offered him his assistance with the greatest pleasure. While the pupil was occupied in saying his lesson, his master had observed that the first door of his cell was left open, and the second only bolted inside, thus offering him an opportunity to execute his plans with greater ease.

The day appointed having now arrived, and even o'clock in the evening being the hour fixed upon, his friends, all of whom were military men, well armed, and resolute, proceeded, a quarter of an hour before that time, to occupy the posts assigned to each, two of whom placed themselves close to the gate of the Inquisition. It was then about the middle of February, and was sufficiently dark to avoid being much noticed. Meantime Van Hallen, who was at that moment occupied in teaching the alcaide

how to pronounce the French vowels, using the privilege of a master, rose and commenced walking backwards and forwards, though with cautious steps. Suddenly his ear caught the sound of the clock, which was to direct his motions. It tolled the hour of his liberty, and his heart beat so violently against his bosom, that for a minute or two he remained panting for breath. But no sooner he recovered, than with the velocity of an arrow, he darted to the door, the bolt of which he drew back, then rushed to the next, locked it, and put the key in his pocket, (as a precious relic) leaving the alcaide shut up within. Once in the dark passage, he followed the intricate labyrinth with precipitate steps. The obscurity, however, and his own agitation, and more than all, the astounding cries of the new inmate of his cell, blotted out altogether from his memory the idea of the road which he was to follow. For a minute or two, he endeavoured in vain to collect his thoughts; at last he made an effort, and mentally running over the sinuosities of that cavern, rushed forward, uncertain

still whether he was right in his path. Presently he fell against some steps, and this accident reminded him that he was arrived at the staircase, which led down from the alcaide's apartments to a passage on a level with the court. He rose, and with fresh ardour descended them, and then rushed along the passage, at the end of which he perceived the glimmering of a light, which seemed to be moving towards him. Resolved to be stopped by no impediment, he rather hastened than checked his steps, and on coming near the man who carried the light, pushed him down, and treading upon him, pursued his way with increased swiftness. Indeed so great was his impetuosity, that on arriving at the door which opens into the *portal*, he unconsciously overthrew two men, one who was at the moment opening the door, and the other in the act of entering it; after which he gave a leap, which placed him at the outer gate of the Institution, which was always open. The friends stood there, who were impatiently waiting his arrival, hastened to close him in their arms; but

he, unconscious of everything around him, pursued his way mechanically and with great swiftness. In turning the corner of the first street, two more friends, who were posted there, and who saw a man coming at that rate, challenged him to stop; Van Hallen paused, and after a short interval, during which he endeavoured to recall to his disturbed mind the watch-word, gave it, and the fears of his friends vanishing from this instant, the victim remained safe in their arms.

This bold and successful blow to the power of the Inquisition, the only one of the kind which from the first moment of its establishment ever happened, threw the ruling faction into the utmost surprise and confusion. They made the most strict search after the liberated prisoner, and left no spring untouched by which they might discover his asylum. But it was all in vain; the masonic association opposed an impenetrable bulwark to their inquisitorial artifices.

A woman of manly spirit, who, during the war of independence, guided by the purest flame of patriotism, had rendered distinguished

services to the national cause, and accomplished the most perilous undertakings, many of which placed her within a hair's breadth of losing her existence, undertook to hide in her own poor garret the precious treasure, so diligently sought after. There Van Hallen found in her the tender cares of an affectionate mother, the indefatigable attentions of a vigilant nurse, and the sweet consolations of a compassionate and benevolent being. The assistance and care, too, of a surgeon of considerable skill, contributed no less in removing the alarming results of the fracture. The dislocated arm gradually recovered its lost vigour, and three months afterwards it was no longer a useless or embarrassing member. During that time information was sent to all the prisoners confined, in consequence of Van Hallen's arrest, of the occurrence at Madrid, as well as directions how they were to act, notwithstanding the colonel's liberation had taken place. The search after him, however, continued unabated. At the gates of Madrid were posted commissioners to arrest the progress of the fu-

gitive, the streets were patrolled by others, numerous spies frequented the coffee-houses, promenades, theatres, and other public places, and some even gained admittance into the tertulias of those considered to be men of liberal principles. It was, therefore, thought prudent that he should immediately depart for a foreign country, and that Sandoval, who knew the country well, should accompany him as far as the frontiers of France, through byways and mountain paths. For this purpose several passports were forged, one of which in particular was countersigned by the Minister of the Home Department, and drawn up in a manner calculated to remove all suspicion, and insure to the bearer every local assistance he should stand in need of.

Everything being now ready, Sandoval gave instructions to his servant to await his return in Madrid, which, he thought, would take place in three months time, and then hastened to join Van Hallen, who was waiting for him at the house of his nurse. After taking an affectionate

leave of this benevolent and high minded woman, the two friends, both dressed in plain clothes, left the house at about nine o'clock in the evening, to proceed to one of the suburbs, where two good horses were in readiness for them. As they passed close to a coffee-house, in which the innumerable lights with which it was hung tenfold increased by the reflection of the mirrors that embellished it, the whimsical and imprudent Van Hallen, attracted by the gay and animated scene it presented, vowed he would not go a step further until he had taken a turn round the coffee-room, and enlivened his spirits by looking at happy faces. In vain Sandoval urged a thousand reasons to dissuade him from such a step, he persisted in his intention, and walked on to indulge his whim at the risk of losing his freedom and his life.—“By Jove!” said he to Sandoval, who reluctantly kept pace with him, as they entered the saloon, “I know those ladies who are sitting at that table. They have no cavalier with them, I must go and keep them company, at least while they take their ice!”

“You are mad,” cried Sandoval in utter despair; and then added, trying to detain him, “But, by heavens! you shall nor stir an inch beyond this place.”

“Fear nothing,” said the other very coolly, “I will only go and ask them how they do, they will not betray me.”

At the same time he whirled round suddenly, and disentangling his arm from Sandoval's grasp, hastened towards the ladies, and approached them with his fore-finger on his lips. Their surprise was evident, and one even pronounced the “Van” of his name; but checked by her companions, she suppressed the remainder. Here he soon made himself at home, called to the waiter to bring ices, laughed and talked with every one of the ladies as merrily and as happily as if no danger could possibly arise from such a frolic, and invited Sandoval, who stood motionless with surprise at one end of the table, to follow his example.—“I'll tell you what,” whispered our hero into his ear, “if you don't come away immediately, by my father's name, the

moment you are discovered I blow out your brains. I will not permit the lives of thousands to hang on your fate. Rely on it."

Van Hallen burst out into a fit of laughter, which attracted the keen look of a man dressed in black, who was walking silently backwards and forwards—"Do you see that man?" said Sandoval calling his attention to him.

"I do," said Van Hallen, "and, by all the Gods, I know his ugly face, too. This won't do:—Ladies, excuse my leaving you thus early. You are probably aware it is not safe for me to be seen in this place. So, then, adieu till we meet again, and be happy and merry for your own sakes, and for mine."

Saying this, he rose, and walked away quickly, attended by Sandoval, the man in black following their steps at a short distance.—"The dog is following the track," said Van Hallen; "but I'll soon make him lose it. Let us go to the Prado; people seem to be thronging there; I long for an evening's walk among the soul-robbing Manolas, and we shall thus evade his pursuit."

Sandoval now lost all patience;—"Heaven and earth!" cried he, "the man is stark mad! —To go to the Prado to amuse himself with the Manolas!—Hark! if you think your life not worth a groat, in which you may be very right, I shall not forget that the fate of thousands depends on it;—nay, the very cause in which we have embarked, So do not flatter yourself I will permit you to trifle it away. Do you mean, or do you not mean to follow me."

"Zounds!" cried Van Hallen, "did I leave the Inquisition to be placed under your tuition? —Besides don't you see the churl following us? —What else can we do?"

"If the Inquisitors have left no sense in you," said his friend, "you must submit to be led by the judgment of others; and as for that black vulture who seems to have marked us as his prey, wait here a moment, I'll make him desist."

Saying this, he walked towards the man, and pointing a pocket pistol at his head, commanded him on his life to retrace his steps. The fellow immediately turned upon his heels, and ran as if

a legion of devils were after him.—“Now,” said Sandoval to his friend, pressing him to walk fast, “let us hasten out of Madrid. We have not an instant to lose.”

Van Hallen followed him reluctantly. He could not hear the merry songs of the young people, who sat on the balconies playing on their guitars, and enjoying the coolness of the night, without occasionally joining in those which were most familiar to him. His long confinement had rendered him anxious for social enjoyments, and he could not pass as an unconcerned spectator near the spots where the pleasures of life went merrily on; but Sandoval, whose mind was wholly bent on the higher interests of his country, could with difficulty suppress his angry feelings at the imprudent tardiness, and fearless indifference which his companion displayed on an occasion of life and death. At last, after various other teasing whims on the part of Van Hallen, they arrived at the gates of the town, where a friend of theirs was impatiently waiting their arrival, to make use of a stratagem, by which the

passports of his friends should pass the ordeal of the commissioner stationed there. On their arrival, he himself went towards the gate with a passport, which, on examination, the police officer found not in due form, and which he took immediately to the commissioner, who was in an inner room. This officer, agreeing with his dependent, that the passport was not in due form, a dispute arose between them and the bearer, who tenaciously insisted that it was right. When the discussion became so animated that it grew almost into a dispute, Sandoval and his friend arrived, and submitted their passports with every mark of politeness to the inspection of the commissioner, who, too much engrossed with the subject under discussion to attend minutely to them, just glanced his eyes over, and returned the papers with—"All right. Let the gentlemen pass."

They bowed and hastened out of Madrid, leaving their friend to effect his reconciliation with the commissioner. This first impediment thus overcome, they immediately repaired to

the place where two fine horses were in readiness for them, mounted, and set off on their journey by moonlight. On the following day they entered the Somosierra mountains, and followed the long chain which extends from within a short distance of Madrid to the confines of Navarre, through paths with which Sandoval was well acquainted, and which are as craggy, wild, and dreary as they are unfrequented. During their journey, and as far as the valley of Bastan, nothing occurred worth recording, Van Hallen throwing no longer any impediment in the way of his flight; which he now rather hastened, as he said, in order to reach some place where he might see a human face, and enjoy the pleasures of society.

In the valley of Bastan, the innkeeper, at whose house they took up their quarters for the night, and for whom they had brought a letter of recommendation, in which he was requested to procure for them a guide to cross the Pyrenees, informed them of his having received one or two days before several war-

rants, the most important and peremptory of which was one against Don Antonio Van Hallen, who had made his escape from the Inquisition, adding that similar warrants had been sent to the officers of the preventive service, who guarded the passes of the mountains. It was very doubtful, therefore, whether they would be able to elude the vigilance of those men, unless the two friends would agree to make the desperate attempt of crossing the Pyrenees through the difficult and perilous pass, called Trochas, at which an officer was seldom stationed. On an occasion of such imminent risk, the two travellers would scarcely have hesitated at making an attempt even at flying; accordingly they requested the landlord to lose no time in looking out for a guide who should be well acquainted with the road. In this, however, he was unsuccessful, as all his own people were then abroad, and he would not trust any of his acquaintances with such an important secret. On the other hand, the news that two gentlemen of distinction had arrived at the village

spread through it like wild-fire, and it was even feared that a spy of General Espeleta, Viceroy of Navarre, who was then in the village, entertained some suspicions respecting them; both which circumstances rendered a longer stay there highly imprudent. They, therefore, determined to set off early next morning (which fortunately happened to be Corpus Christi day) and make an attempt to pass the mountains through the passes of Elizondo and Amaya, the nearest and least difficult in that vicinity.

To have a better chance of success in effecting this, without being detained by the officers of the customs, who in both passes were very numerous, the two travellers rode as fast as the mountainous nature of the country permitted, in order to arrive at Elizondo about the time which people would be attending the religious festival of the day. In this they were fortunate enough; for they reached the village just at the moment when the procession was issuing out of the church, attended by every one in the village, male or female, young or

old, sound or cripple, and by all the officers of the customs, who acted the important post of pall and standard bearers, much to the sorrow of the able bodied youths, who had looked forward with anxiety to that office for months before. The band of music on this solemn occasion consisted of two bag-pipes, a kettle-drum, and a fife, who relieved each other or played together, just as the sacristan directed, the unequal and unharmonious voices of the men, women, and children, mingling with those sounds, and producing a tolerable cacophony. While the custom-house officers, and the rest of the people were thus devoutly employed, our two fugitives made the best of their way out of the village, though not unobserved by the former, who, however, did not think proper to quit the august ceremony, in which they bore so distinguished a part, in order to stop them.

In Amaya, however, they were not so fortunate. Obligated to cross a narrow defile, at the extremity of which is a small bridge, which at the time of their arrival was occupied by a

party of custom-house officers, they found themselves suddenly surrounded by those men, who seizing their horses' bridles, demanded, in their usual tone of insolent command, their passports. These they examined with the most minute prolixity, after which their chief drew from his pocket a paper, the contents of which he began to read to himself, now and then fixing his steady and penetrating eyes on Van Hallen, who seemed to show the utmost indifference and serenity, now whistling a tune, and now pointing out to Sandoval some of the wild scenery of the mountains. The principal officer having made his own comparisons, called round him some of his men, to whom he spoke in a low tone of voice; they all turned their eyes on the colonel, and then listened to the remarks of their chief, contrasting them with the countenance and person of Van Hallen. After a short conference among them, the chief requested him to alight from his horse, which he did by leaping lightly to the ground, while the officers surrounded him, and examined his

height, person, and features in such a manner as was enough of itself to disconcert and alarm the most innocent, or impudent man on earth. But Van Hallen had tasted of the Inquisitor's wheel, and had not flinched even then; moreover, he was possessed of singular presence of mind, artfulness, and powers of dissimulation, and was fully resolved not to be borne down by the inquisitive and searching looks of men whom he inwardly despised. Accordingly he appeared as unconcerned as Diogenes before Alexander. The officers then put numberless questions to him, which he answered with careless indifference, though now and then, he affected a well timed surprise at their import. In a word, he went through his part with unparalleled skill, and succeeded in foiling the suspicions of the whole set.

Their passports being then returned to them, the two friends then rode off; at first leisurely, and without once turning back their heads, but on passing the angle of a rock which screened their persons from the officers, they commenced

a sharp trot. No sooner, however, had they disappeared, than the officers' suspicions were renewed, and they resolved to take to their horses, in order to overtake the fugitives, make fresh inquiries, and, finally, bring them back, if their answers should not be satisfactory. This resolution formed, it was immediately executed; but no sooner did the two travellers hear the distant trampling of horses, which those rocky and silent defiles re-echoed tenfold, than suspecting the cause that produced them, they clapped spurs to their horses, and galloping swiftly over the remainder of the Spanish territory, reached the top of a mountain, where the stony cross and pillar that marked the limits of his Catholic Majesty's dominions, seemed to welcome them to another land, where Ferdinand's despotism ended.

On the top of this mountain the two fugitive freemasons stopped their horses to breathe awhile, and cast their looks back, and saw the pursuing party appear, halt on perceiving their prey completely out of their reach, and soon

after turn their horses, and with a slow and disappointed pace, again disappear.

A close embrace of mutual congratulation between the two friends followed the happy conclusion of this singular, and almost incredible escape.

END OF VOL. II.

Shackell, Arrowsmith, and Hodges, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street.

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SANDOVAL;

OR,

THE FREEMASON.

VOL. III.

SANDOVAL;

OR,

THE FREEMASON.

A SPANISH TALE.

THE AUTHOR OF "DON ESTEBAN."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1826.

Shackel, Arrowsmith, and Hodges, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street.

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SANDOVAL;

OR,

THE FREEMASON.

CHAPTER I.

O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
Such moment pours the grief of years—
What felt *he* then—at once oppress
By all that most distracts the breast?

The Giaour.

THE pleasure derived from the success of an enterprise in which intelligence, courage, prudence, and perseverance, have been alternately employed, is doubtless the highest and most gratifying to the heart and mind of man. It carries along with it the pleasing and lasting

reflection, that, as we owe it rather to our own efforts and resources than to fortuitous causes, we may reasonably expect to overcome other dangers or difficulties, with which we may hereafter be threatened ; thus we acquire the confidence necessary to ensure the success of our plans, and feel a flattering consciousness of possessing a power of which we had before but an imperfect idea. Impressed with this truth, Sandoval looked back to his past dangers with heartfelt satisfaction, and travelled on with his no less delighted companion, predicting new successes to the cause in which they were embarked, and forming such airy castles as even Van Hallen himself thought were likely to be swept off by the first gale.

On their arrival at Bayonne, they met our hero's friend, Anselmo, who was to proceed with Van Hallen to Paris, by way of Bordeaux, and afterwards to London, for objects which deeply concerned the masonic association, and which, perhaps, require some explanation.

From the moment the chief masonic authority was transferred to Madrid, in consequence of the unfortunate events of Granada, the labours of the association, in order to extend the sphere of their influence, had been more unremitting, and their progress through every province more rapid than before, notwithstanding the efforts made by government and the Inquisition to discover and crush the heads of this dreaded hydra. From that moment, too, the tendency and object of the association, namely, to compel Ferdinand to perform the promise he had made before the eyes of the world, and act like an honest man, (a task rather difficult) had become more evident. The society then received an almost new form. It was thought proper to divide the Peninsula into a certain number of departments, to every one of which a chapter was assigned, composed of persons scrupulously selected, and of a certain rank in the order. Those chapters or provincial governments, held a direct intercourse with that of the capital, and possessed very extensive faculties in their

respective departments. The word "conspiracy" was there used without any cloak; plans to break the chains of despotism were started and discussed, and every means of forwarding the undertaking sought out and decided on. One of the principal steps, and the most earnestly recommended, was that of endeavouring to gain over to the party military men and chiefs of reputation, courage, and enterprise, in which they had been rather fortunate, notwithstanding the wounds already inflicted on the society, and others that threatened it.

There was nevertheless a great pusillanimity shown by most of the individuals who composed the head of the association. Indeed, had it not been for our hero, and his friend Anselmo, who saw in the tardiness of their operations the elements of its destruction, and who, free from the ill dissembled fears of most of their companions, were the only persons who may be said to have impelled and directed the machinery right towards the main object, without stopping at trifles, which were unbecoming the circum-

stances of the nation, it is probable its movements would have ceased altogether. The fear entertained by the former of sharing the same lot with those who were pining in dungeons; the consciousness of their incapacity to support the heavy burden which they had taken on their shoulders; and the folly of believing it possible to bring about the desired revolution in the state, by some ministerial change, began to shake an edifice, raised with so much pains and cost, by introducing a great diversity of opinions, and, worse than all, distrust among the principal leaders.

In this state of things, the two active members above mentioned, had only one resource left to induce their companions to proceed with their labours; namely, to work upon their fears, by showing, that to retrograde at that moment, was a more dangerous experiment than following the plans already traced out, and entered upon, to say nothing of the disgrace and criminality attending such a step. This seemed to have some weight with the majority; but in

order to remove further impediments, and prevent the distrust, which began to show itself among them, from extending itself to the provinces, our two champions formed a plan by which the object of those who remained constant should be fulfilled, while at the same time it should satisfy those who wished to screen themselves from actual danger, by withdrawing their names from the head of the association. This plan consisted in making it appear, that the head of the association was to be transferred to a place whither the iron arm of tyranny could not reach,—an idea which met with the approbation of all, as it removed the obstacles which the fears of the pusillanimous started at every step,—while in reality it was to remain where it was.

It is not our object to disclose the secrets of freemasonry; but there are very few, even of the *profane* who, being acquainted with the code of that society, are ignorant that there are in the Grand-Orients several chambers, in which the different proceedings of the society are

separately transacted. This was what gave rise to the idea of establishing one of them in a foreign country, which being there sheltered from the blows of despotism, should, in cases where a weak individual might be apprehended, and his fortitude put to the trial, bear upon itself the whole criminality. It was also their opinion, that such an establishment was likely to increase the importance of their operations, as the generality of men are apt to be dazzled by causes which have a mysterious origin in a distant country. The point selected for this end was London, where at that moment there were some few patriots deserving of the confidence of the party; and the epoch of this pretended transfer of authority that at which our hero and Van Hallen made their escape. To the latter, and to Anselmo, were entrusted the especial powers given by every provincial chapter in the Peninsula for the transfer of part of the masonic authority, and nomination of the persons who were hereafter to exercise it. By this step, they also hoped to establish

a more direct intercourse with those emigrants who were both in England and in France, and by their means obtain whatever external assistance might be required.

Such was the state of affairs among the masons when our hero arrived at Bayonne, where he was compelled to remain longer than he had intended, owing to various causes connected with his patriotic duties ; but as nothing remarkable occurred during his residence there, we shall now follow him back to Spain.

Provided as he was with a passport to re-enter his native country under a feigned name, he met with no obstacle on the frontiers, the ingress proving by far an easier matter than his egress had been. No sooner did he tread his native soil, than his anxious thoughts turned themselves to an object from whom, notwithstanding his accumulated occupations, they had seldom wandered. Nearly a year and a half had now elapsed since he received Anselmo's letter, in which Gabriela's affection was represented, even then, as on the point of expiring.

The letter which he had written to his brother from Galicia had remained unanswered, as had also those which he had subsequently written, so that he was perfectly ignorant of the occurrences which had taken place since that time, and more anxious to learn them, than we can well express. His return to Madrid offering a favourable opportunity, he resolved to take Logroño on his way, in order to learn the fate of his love.

The feelings which alternately swelled his bosom as he drew nearer to the fertile banks of the Ebro, are too complicated and undefined to permit our attempting to describe them, though his resolution to visit those places in which Gabriela once dwelt was evidently the result rather of despair than hope; the desire of learning the extent of his misfortunes, being what principally urged him to proceed to his native town. Nothing seemed to him more probable than that his suit was now entirely hopeless, for even supposing she had been true to him, during the time of her noviciate, which in some instances

is extended to two years, that time being now expired, it could hardly be expected that Doña Angela should have consented to her daughter's return to the world, after having once trodden the sacred precincts of a cloister, that being looked upon by rigid devotees as downright apostacy. On the other hand, his brother's silence seemed to be a sort of tacit acknowledgment, that he was his rival, nay, almost a proof, that he was a successful one. "Yet love," thought he, "is a passion which instead of debasing exalts even the base and the selfish; then, how is it possible that the generous and disinterested Fermin should have sunk beneath the level of humanity by placing his affections on a being, a single glance of whose eye would suffice to recal every virtuous feeling to the breast even of a reprobate?—But," he added, "is love not the most selfish of all human passions? Where is the man that would sacrifice his own affection, if sincerely returned, to another's? Religion, when pure and unsullied, may, perhaps, produce this miracle; but when, as in him, it is tainted

with fanaticism and absurdity,—when, blinded by the sophisms of his confessor, he would not hesitate in sacrificing justice and humanity to what he would consider the glory of God, can I hope to find him more generous than the generality of mankind? And, alas! does not this also argue that he has met with encouragement from Gabriela herself? Artifice and calumny have been too much occupied in blackening my character for these four years past, to hope that she has escaped all their snares.”

Such were the melancholy reflections that passed through Sandoval's mind, as he journeyed on through vineyards and olive plantations towards tio Hipolito's farm, which he was in hopes of reaching before night. As the sun was now sinking behind the hills, small parties of peasants were seen here and there, returning to their homes from their daily labours, some mounted on their mules, humming, in a solemn and monotonous tune, paternosters, and ave-marias, as they told their beads over, and the younger part making the hills resound with

their rustic songs, accompanying each stave with a kind of shrill noise resembling the neighing of horses, which made Sandoval's steed prance with delight, and return the compliment in his own natural voice. Gradually, however, these sounds subsided, and then nothing was heard but the hoofs of the impatient horse, who seemed to share his master's anxiety to reach the place where they were to take their night's rest, and at which they arrived when all was involved in darkness.

The cautious Sandoval alighted at the back of the house, and leading his horse by the bridle to the stable, or rather stall, secured a place for him beside the cows, as he was not likely to relish the society of the mules, and afterwards proceeded to the house. He gently lifted the latch, paused awhile, and inclined his ear to collect and define the sounds he heard in the kitchen. It was impossible for him to mistake the thick and loud voice of the honest farmer, or the sedate and somewhat snuffing tones of tia Agustina; but as he listened longer he heard those of a

female, which he caught with pleasure. There was in them something which for a moment thrilled his heart with joy, not only on account of their fancied melody, but because he thought they were well known and dear to him. On listening more intently, however, he perceived that it was all a delusion of his excited imagination, and that he neither knew them, nor were they particularly sweet. Unwilling to intrude on the family while there was a stranger in the house, he hesitated a long time about the course which he was to adopt ; but on hearing the name of Don Antonio and that of Rosa pronounced, he could not resist the curiosity of advancing cautiously towards the kitchen door, and listening to the conversation which ran thus.—“ Well !” exclaimed the female stranger, “ to be sure, your Rosa is the luckiest girl in the whole world ! To be taken all the way in a carriage to Madrid, where all the great folks are, Dukes, Counts, Marquises, Generals, and the Infantes, with their Princesses, and the King and Queen, too, God bless her ! for I have heard say she is such

a good and beautiful lady, and so resplendent with jewels that there is no looking at her for fear of getting blind ! I should like to see the Queen ! Happy Rosa, would that I were you !”

“ And among your great folks, my dear, you forget the greatest of all, you left out the Pope !” cried tia Agustina.

“ Nonsense, wife,” said tio Hipolito ; “ his Holiness is not at Madrid, he is at Rome.”

“ Well, what of that ?—Is not Madrid farther than Rome ? Only think, it is sixty leagues from this place ! And do you believe that Doña Angela would leave Rome behind without seeing the Holy Father and kissing his great toe ?—for I have heard Father Toribio of the Capuchins say, that people never kiss his hand.”

“ Rome is not in Spain, you fool !” returned tio Hipolito, “ I wonder when you will begin to talk some sense ! But as I was saying to you, Cecilia, whom do you think Rosa has met at Madrid ? Now guess.”

“ I suppose it was Don Aniceto Artimaña, that devil incarnate, whose ugly face, like an

omelet of unsound eggs, used to turn my stomach, whenever he looked at me. But he is now a great man, I suppose."

"That he is. Rosa says he has the king's right ear, and is looked upon with great respect, even by the grandees, which is very strange; for it was more than I could well do to bring my mind to answer him civilly. But I suppose the wolf clothes himself in a sheep's skin there, or else, as the proverb says, those court gentlemen are like dogs who wag their tails, not for the sake of him who gives them bread, but for the bread itself.—But you did not guess whom I meant; it is Roque, Don Calisto Sandoval's servant."

"And Rosa's sweetheart," added the girl. "Well, it is most wonderful! I should have thought it was impossible to meet any one in such a large place. And what has become of his master? I liked him very much; he was such a handsome man; and I think he liked me, too, for he always called me *queridita*,* though I don't know that he loved me, as Rosa said he loved Doña Gabriela."

* Little dear.

“ Poor fellow !” exclaimed tio Hipolito, “ he was a kind-hearted generous youth ; but Rosa says, he will be hung one of these days.”

“ Poor fellow !” ejaculated at once both tia Agustina and the girl.

“ But I’ll read you Rosa’s letter, and you’ll know then all about it.” Here a pause ensued, and Sandoval drew a little nearer.—“ My most loved father and mother of all my heart,” read tio Hipolito, “ I am sound and well, thank God, and hope you will be so, too, when this reaches you, which, as I hope to be saved, I hope will arrive safe at your hands, and find you all in good health, for which I pray God. We are now at Madrid, in a very fine house, the curtains of which are all damask, and the tables all marble, with gilt feet, I mean in the *sala de estrado*,* though the rest of the house is also very grand and magnificent. The din about us is very great, my head goes round and round with it, and my eyes are nearly blind with the glittering dresses of the gentlemen and ladies of the court who come in their dazzling carriages

* The drawing room.

to visit us, with their servants, all so splendidly dressed ! People here are all very civil, they bow to and embrace persons whom they have never seen in all their lives ; and they look very happy ; for they are always smiling, though now and then, I have caught them frowning very black ; but it was wonderful to see how soon they smiled again, and what fine things they spoke ; I could not understand them. I wish my mother was here to see the fine churches I have seen, and the rich dresses of the priests, many of whom have carriages and servants like some of the *grandeos*. They are all very smooth-spoken gentlemen, and very different from our good curate ; they take snuff from gold boxes, with fingers full of beautiful rings, look through gold spying glasses, have diamond crosses and coloured ribbons hanging from their necks, wear silk cassocks and cloaks, and lace ruffles, and smell wonderfully of lavender water. I assure you, dear father and mother, that it is wonderful to look at them. But what will you say, when I tell you I have seen the king ?

Could you ever believe I should one day have seen the king, face to face, and no farther off than a quarter of a league? Yet with my own eyes I have seen him, and I think he has a very long nose, and a mouth like that of Monigote, our village booby, when he pouted; but of this I shall be able to tell you more when he comes to see us; for I heard Father Lobo (whom you would hardly recognize since he came here to be the king's preacher, so fine a gentleman he has grown) say to Doña Angela that his Majesty had been so much pleased with her and her daughter, that he had hinted he would soon honour them with a visit."

At these words Sandoval involuntarily started, full of surprise and consternation.—“Hark!” said tia Agustina, “didn't you hear a noise?”

Sandoval held his breath, and after a dead silence of one or two minutes, tio Hipolito observed, that doubtless the noise proceeded from some rat, and then resumed the reading of his letter. “When my lady, Doña Gabriela heard this news, she was suddenly taken ill,

and the poor young lady wept and sobbed so, when she recovered a little, that it was enough to break one's heart to see her distress. Of course Doña Angela scolded very much at what she called her foolish timidity; but Doña Gabriela said, that if she had known she was to be released from the convent only to be dragged to Madrid, and be subjected to worse tortures and persecutions, she would much rather have taken the veil, and an eternal leave of the world. This made my old mistress very angry; she wrangled as usual very loud, and for a long time; but we have not yet seen his majesty, though I burn with impatience to see him. I have often tried to find out the reason why Doña Gabriela dislikes it so much; but I cannot get out a word from her on this matter; all she says is, that she is miserable, and envies my obscure situation. Don Fermin Sandoval, who, as you know, came to Madrid a few days after our arrival, and who looks very handsome in his fine uniform of General, does all he can to sooth her mind; but she continues still very sad, and weeps very

much. I hardly know what to think of that gentleman ; he continues as devout, and looks as woe-begone as ever. I have often caught him gazing very hard at Doña Gabriela, raise his eyes to the ceiling, and lowering them full of tears, quit the room in a hurry. My young lady, too, looks at him in a very melancholy way. I suspect there is something in all this, though I can't tell what. Perhaps she thinks still of Don Calisto, though she never, even by mistake, mentions his name.

“I am sorry to say, my dear father, that Roque, whom I saw for the first time strutting in the Prado, (which is a very fine promenade, where all the great and small folks walk, the king and the queen, and the infantas, and the princesses, and dukes, and duchesses, and counts, and marquises,) assures me that his master will be hung one of these days, for he will never be guided by him, and is always getting deeper and deeper into sad messes. Besides, I heard the other day that hateful man, Don Aniceto Lanza, as they call him, and who is such a great man

that even the great people here bow to him, as if he were one of their own set, because it seems he is the king's favourite, whose taste I do not admire,—I heard him say that he suspected Don Calisto had a hand in the escape of a gentleman from the Inquisition, and that if he could discover the fact, he should then have him strung up to dry just like a bunch of grapes! But I hope he will sooner meet that fate himself, the ungrateful wretch! who since he became the adopted son of the family, gives himself such airs, that I think he'll even turn every one of us out of doors, master, mistress, and servants, old and young. You may form some judgment of his insolence when I tell you, that even my old mistress begins to grumble at it, though he is always more attentive and civil to her than to the rest, and though Father Lobo stands out for him, whenever she says anything against him. I have a great many more things to say, but as Roque, who has written this at snatches under my own words, tells me, that it is already much longer than letters commonly are, I will not

make it an out-of-the-way letter. So then my dear father and mother, you must even be content with what I have said, and I will take care to inform you of everything else that may occur; but pray let me know in return all the news of the village, and particularly if our neighbour's daughter, Cecilia, is got married, though I suspect she”

Here tio Hipolito suddenly broke off, and the strange female urged him to go on in an impatient tone.—“Well!” said the farmer, “if you will hear it, I will tell it you; but never mind what the silly wench says.—‘Though I suspect she is likely to live only to dress up the Virgin Mary.’* Ah, ah, ah.”

“Upon my faith!” exclaimed the girl, rising from her seat, apparently in high dudgeon, “I should like to know if she says that through envy or through charity. Yet there is not such a

* *Quedarse para vestir Santos*, a Spanish way of saying that a woman will live to be an old maid, the occupation of dressing saints being common among this interesting class of females.

difference in our ages, for all she may say; and as to good looks, let those who have seen us speak. But she was always a vain, envious, and malicious monkey.—Good night to you, tia Agustina, good night, tio Hipolito.”

Saying this, she hurried away muttering the words, “foolish, vain, and presumptuous,” without attending to the invitation of the good-natured farmer, who called her back to partake of their supper, in his most conciliating tone of voice. Meantime Sandoval hastened behind the door, to avoid being seen by the girl as she went out. When he heard her shut the outer door, he left his place of concealment, and entered the kitchen. The surprise of the host and hostess may be imagined. Tia Agustina seemed as if she wanted hands to cross herself with, so fast she carried them from her forehead to her chest, and from one shoulder to another, ejaculating, “Jesus, Maria, and Joseph!—Holy Virgin! Saint Peter and the twelve Apostles!” with a whole litany of saints, while tio Hipolito stood motionless muttering—“Why this man m

be a wizard." and after a little pause, added—
"Surely, you have no pact with the devil? Yet it is strange you should appear here all of a sudden, and when you were the subject of our talk."

Sandoval exhorted them to make their minds easy, as he was neither wizard, ghost, nor conjuror, and begged to know if they would accommodate him with a night's lodging.—"Ay, and twenty if you please," said the honest tio Hipolito, "for though you be outlawed in these parts, and there is the trifling penalty of hanging to those who may shelter you, still as your great enemies are now far away from this province, I think I should escape with only a fine, were they ever to discover I had given you shelter."

"And pray by whose authority am I outlawed?" enquired Sandoval, somewhat surprised.

"By the authority of those who have the power in their hands," replied the farmer; "and, faith! in this case I must say, they are not altogether without some cause. That was a bold

attempt of yours, and it cost many a poor devil his life."

"You speak riddles to me, tio Hipolito," cried Sandoval, "what is the bold attempt you mean?"

"Ay, ay, I suppose you have since got into so many other scrapes, that you forget the night when you burst from your prison, set free all the prisoners, caused the alcaide and most of his men to be slain, and then attacked the military, wounding some, and killing others. That is the attempt I mean, for which some afterwards swung by the neck," said tio Hipolito.

"And am I accused of being the author of it?" inquired our hero again.

"And clearly proved, too," replied the farmer, "at least such was the deposition of the only witness who could speak on the matter, that is, the only turnkey who escaped from your clutches; though I have heard it whispered that the fellow got, in consequence of his song, a snug place of alcaide in one of the prisons of the capital, which makes me doubtful as to the

truth of his story, though you are no less an outlaw for all that."

"I see," said Sandoval, "my enemies have not been idle, and this explains to me more than one circumstance. But speaking of something else. I have just now heard you read a letter from your daughter, by which I perceive, that not only Father Lobo and his nephew are now at Madrid, but likewise Don Antonio, his family, and my brother, too. Will you explain to me, then, what has induced them to quit their native place for the capital?"

"Why, with respect to the two first, I suppose you know already that the uncle was made the king's preacher, and the nephew chief of the police, which, of course, obliged them to reside at Madrid. As for Don Antonio Lanza, he was made a counsellor of Castile, soon after Father Lobo's arrival there, and he is gone, with his family, to fulfil his post; and as for your brother, he has followed them there, because he cannot be a moment absent from his beloved Doña Gabriela, who left the convent to be mar-

ried to him, Doña Angela seeing that, even after two years of probation, she would not take the veil."

"So then," exclaimed Sandoval with a sigh, "they are to be married at last!"

"That they are, and by her own choice, too; and they would have married before their departure for Madrid, only that Father Lobo wrote to Doña Angela, that it would be better to defer it until their arrival at the capital."

"And how long is it since they went there?" returned Sandoval thoughtfully, following up his examination, after a little pause.

"About six weeks," answered tío Hipolito.

"And after six weeks residence there, they have not yet brought the matter to a conclusion?" said Sandoval, casting his eyes on the ground, and remaining a few instants as if absorbed in his own thoughts. "What reason can you assign for that?" enquired he again of tío Hipolito.

"That, perhaps, they are not yet quite settled, and wish to do things in a grand style, as

they are all great folks, and may be the king will honour their espousals with his royal presence.”

“ Aye, true; but you think she cares no more about me, then ?”

“ Not a pinch of snuff—not she—and, in truth, why should she, when you wrote to her to forget you ; for you could never more love or esteem a woman, who had given such proofs of perfidy, in spite of the engagements she had contracted with you ? After that, as Rosa says very justly, you may throw your meat to another dog.”

“ And so I wrote such a letter as you mention, did I ?” enquired Sandoval, with a bitter tone, “ and Gabriela believed it, and my brother did not undeceive her, and they are at last to be married ? I see, I see now how things stand. I feared as much, and yet I hoped . . . but of what use was my hoping ? Why should a wretch like me, persecuted by the whole creation, hunted everywhere by blood-hounds, the butt to which perfidy and calumny are con-

stantly directing their shafts, entertain any hopes? They must all prove fallacious; I ought to have known that."

Tio Hipolito endeavoured to soothe Sandoval's grief by the expressions commonly used on such occasions, which not unfrequently aggravate more than relieve the disorder. "Come, Sir, come," said the farmer, "things that cannot be cured, must be endured. It is a wise saw, as you no doubt know. What is the use of moping and wailing about what has happened, and cannot be mended? Forget it, Sir, forget it. You'll find that the best way after all. And now, let us take our supper, for Agustina has not been idle all this while, and she is there waiting for us."

Sandoval declined taking anything, and asked to be shewn to his room, as he was more in want of repose than food. He then recommended his steed to the farmer's care, and took a final leave of him and his wife, as he intended to set off with the dawn for his place of destination. Having been left alone, he began to recapitulate

the news he had heard that evening. In the first instance, it was evident to him that the principal cause of Gabriela's infidelity was to be found in the letter ascribed to him, and to which she herself had alluded on the night when Anselmo penetrated into the convent. Although this circumstance was sufficient to acquit her of the charge of having acted towards him with treachery and duplicity, he could not but be grieved at the idea that she should have believed him capable of writing a letter which displayed such a want of all feeling, at a moment, too, when her wretched situation demanded the most tender and soothing attentions. It was, however, impossible for him to say to what extent he might have been injured in her opinion, through the deep manœuvres of the monk, to whom he did not hesitate a moment in ascribing the whole of the plot to ruin both him and her. With respect to his brother, he hardly knew what to think. It was evident he loved Gabriela, and that he had at length declared his passion to her,—at least there was

every appearance of it ; but how did it come to pass that Rosa represented him as a prey to the greatest grief and despondency, when, on the other hand, the hour of his happiness was fast approaching ? Was it remorse, or was it the consciousness, that though he might possess Gabriela's hand, her heart could never be his ? Or was it (he shuddered at the chilling thought) that he feared what he himself apprehended from the villanies of the monk and his nephew, that she was intended by them as a victim to the guilty desires of the monster of ingratitude, who swayed despotically over the land ? Horrible destiny ! But she would not have been the first thus sacrificed. " Better, far better, if she had taken an eternal leave of the world !" exclaimed Sandoval, as he paced his room hurriedly. " Would to God she were my brother's bride, or even that she were dead ! I could then mourn her loss with tears, as sweet as those a mother sheds for her guiltless infant. I could kneel beside her grave, and think of her virtues, and her misfortunes, without the painful reflec-

tion that they were ever stained by the crimes of another. But how survive her dishonour? How endure even the remotest thought of it?—She must be saved from his grasp.—I must liberate her from the monsters into whose power she has fallen, and who, to preserve their posts, would not stop at the blackest villany.”

In such agitating thoughts as these he passed the greatest part of the night, till at length his spirits exhausted, and his mind wearied out, he threw himself on his bed, to snatch a few hours of repose, and be better able to proceed next day with all speed towards Madrid.

CHAPTER II.

The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make th' impossibility they fear.

Rowe.

EARLY next day, Sandoval left the farm, even before tio Hipolito or any of his servants had awakened from their slumbers, and bent his course towards the mountains, with the intention of proceeding to the capital, through the same mountain-paths and by-ways as he had travelled on his journey to France. The desolated and uninhabited districts he crossed, offered few subjects for remark, the half-savage

shepherds, who led their merinos over those sierras, being the chief objects he met, and the only beings with whom he held any conversation. Their ideas, however, were so confined, that except on those matters which concerned their flocks, and the nature of the country, little could be got out of them, although there were some elders among them, whose minds seemed better stocked, in consequence of the greater intercourse that their office of *mayorales** obliged them to hold both with the peasantry in the course of their migrations from one province to another, and with the stewards of the gentlemen to whom the flocks belonged, in the fulfilment of their charge. In these men's temporary huts Sandoval spent some of the nights in perfect security, and was treated by them with the hospitality common to people who lead a pastoral life. It is true they had nothing very delicate to offer, but what they had, they gave

* Head shepherds.

with cordiality ; their meal generally consisting in some broiled piece of game, killed in the mountains, fresh cheese, made from the milk of their sheep, rye-bread, which had been baked two or three months before, and a roasted head of garlic, by way of dessert.

Thus our traveller met in his journey with no other inconvenience than that arising from the nature of the country, and its poor and precarious accommodations, which for a military man, who had been early accustomed to the toils and privations of war, were of trifling importance. Indeed they were the least part of his troubles, or at any rate those by which he was least affected ; there were others which kept his heart and his imagination night and day on the stretch. These, however, he expected to have the opportunity of examining more nearly on his arrival at the capital, where all he loved, and all he had reason to hate, fear, and detest were now assembled.

It was, however, ordained that he should not see this realized so soon as he expected ; for on

his arrival at Guadalaxara, to his great astonishment, he met at the house where the masons of that city usually assembled, his friend Anselmo, whom he had believed to be either in England or France ; but his surprise was soon changed into indignation, when he learned from him the cause of his sudden return. It appeared that during their absence from Madrid, their weak companions had done everything in their power to destroy even the foundations of the work they had been employed in raising. Most of them, swayed by an unconquerable fear, or perhaps by some passion less excusable, had endeavoured to disjoint the head of the revolution, and caused the labours in the lodge of the capital to be suspended, under the most frivolous and contemptible pretexts. Fortunately, whatever might be the hopes formed by them, of the success of the steps they had adopted, they were frustrated by the precautions of Anselmo, who, being the person entrusted with the correspondence, on his departure for France and England, and fearing what actually oc-

curred, delivered to his successor only by halves the clues, names, addresses, &c. of the different heads of chapters in the Peninsula, leaving to another friend, who enjoyed his full confidence, the exact names of the persons with whom he was to correspond, as well as the private means of communication, through which he might secretly inform the presidents of those chapters of whatever injurious to their cause should occur in the lodge of the capital. Thus the evil designs of the contemptible individuals who had sought the ruin of the work raised by their own hands, were averted, by the foresight of this patriotic man.

Besides this discouraging news, Sandoval learned the abortion of another attempt, which had been meditated during his absence; though this seemed to affect him less, considering the character, motives and means of the man who had originated it. It was a personage of high rank, a grandee of Spain, of very turbulent and restless spirit, possessing some courage; but no determined character in politics, although

he always made it a point to appear a liberal ; somewhat hair-brained and vain-glorious ; highly vindictive, though having the art to dissemble it ; a great spendthrift, and consequently perpetually involved in pecuniary difficulties ; always enlisted in the banners of the party opposed to the established government, no matter which ; and, lastly, dreaming eternally of his being the man *par excellence* for the head of a revolution. This man,* such as we have described him, had received from Ferdinand a personal insult, which he resolved deeply to avenge. For this purpose he conceived a plan, highly perilous, if certain circumstances should fail at the moment of its execution, but equally safe if they all concurred, its great feature being the complete destruction of the heads of the government, with all their ramifications, at one single blow. United to the liberal party

* We do not mention the name of this individual in pity to him, though he will be easily recognized by those to whom he is in any degree known.

by the rule of his conduct hinted above, this nobleman had the address to engage the masons, to whose society he belonged, in his projects, taking always great care to veil from their sight the immediate motives which urged him to step forward on this occasion, and which he rather represented as the plausible ambition of obtaining a place in the temple of fame, beside the heroes who had been saviours of their country. The execution of his plan was delayed only while he obtained certain political information from abroad, through Anselmo himself, to whom he communicated every part of his project, to the details of which not even those who held the highest rank in the lodge were privy. The information required to carry the plan into execution, agreed in every respect with the object of the projector, and nothing remained now to do, but to wait for a favourable opportunity. In order, however, to bring it sooner about, the most active steps were commenced, when a ministerial order, by which its principal

executor was suddenly removed from the intended scene of action, came most timely to prevent its explosion.

Among these various disasters Sandoval learned with delight the news with which his friend accompanied the above information, and which he had reserved as a panacea to every disappointment.—“ During my residence in London,” said Anselmo, “ I have received assurances from the patriots, who have taken refuge in England, that a rising will take place at Barcelona as soon as the day for its execution shall have been agreed upon between the leaders of that undertaking and the patriots who are in other parts of the Peninsula. I have hastened back to arrange with them this important point, in which I shall stand greatly in need of your co-operation, in order to stir up the dastardly spirits of some of our former companions, which seem to ebb and flow with every change of the moon ; but as most of our friends in the provinces are now ready to act at

an instant's notice, I hope those of the capital will enter cordially into the plan, which, the spirit of the people considered, promises the most cheering results."

Sandoval expressed his joy at this agreeable news, and his readiness to commence his efforts in bringing back those who had withdrawn themselves from the path of duty. It was agreed between them; that our hero should be the external agent in this affair, and visit some of the neighbouring cities to make arrangements with those patriots who were ready to co-operate with them, while his friend was to return to Madrid, to forward their plan with those of that city. After concerting various plans of visits, meetings, and correspondence, by which the affair was to be carried on in a manner equally bold and rapid, secret and secure, the two friends parted.

It is not our object to enter here into a detailed account of the steps taken by Sandoval and his friends to bring about their intended

plans, the immediate results of which, being thwarted by the treachery and deceit of one of the principal agents, the details of them are of course uninteresting. We shall, therefore, remark generally, that the agreeable news conveyed by Sandoval, to the patriots residing out of the capital, namely, that the evils that afflicted their country would soon terminate,—and his efforts to induce them to co-operate with their confederates, (in which he had to encounter many obstacles and dangers,) produced so great an agitation among those who were in the secret of the undertaking, that the most rapid progress was made throughout the Peninsula towards its speedy success. Unfortunately, the person commissioned by the emigrants of London and Paris to the frontiers of Cataluña, turned out to be an unprincipled impostor, and probably a spy of the government, who not only invented the story of a projected rising, but continued deceiving the emigrants for months together, till after reciprocal communications between the

masons of the capital, and those of Cataluña, who, notwithstanding their having expressed themselves ready to enter into the plot, could learn nothing of its existence in the province, it was discovered that the whole plan was an imposition.

In consequence of this untoward event, the principal agents in this affair found themselves involved in fresh difficulties, and greatly compromised. In several parts of the kingdom the plot was on the point of exploding, and it was necessary, in order to prevent the innumerable misfortunes which partial risings could not fail to produce, to arrest its progress; while they could only hope to escape the dangers of a discovery, by immediately realizing the expectations they had raised. With this object, they endeavoured to seek for a man who should be the first to raise the cry of liberty, and who should unite the established reputation of a good soldier to the character of a lover of his country. Lacy would have been the man uniting these requisites; but the unfortunate General had

just fallen a victim to his patriotism.* There were several to whom the patriots turned their eyes ; but none inspired sufficient confidence to entitle them to this distinction, or perhaps, to speak more correctly, there was none, among the superior officers who would step forward to save his country, at the risk of losing his post, and perchance his life. The patriots of Galicia offered to be the first to raise the standard of the Constitution, in the event of no one else daring to do it ; and even this condition would not have been made by them, had not the previous events of the unfortunate Porlier thrown in their way obstacles almost insurmountable.

In this emergency, a man of undaunted courage, ardent patriotism, great political know-

* The manner of General Lacy's death is too generally known, to render it necessary for us to describe it here ; besides his was an isolated attempt, unconnected with the masonic association, the progress of which we are endeavouring to trace, as was also that of the patriotic Richards, which preceded the other by a few months only. However, both Lacy and Richards were members of the association.

ledge, and military reputation; the heroic Colonel Vidal, who resided at Valencia, and who being a member of the masonic association, was in open correspondence with the patriots of Madrid, could not see patiently the anxiously expected moment of his country's deliverance put off from day to day. He, therefore, made a journey to Madrid, with the object of ascertaining more minutely the causes that opposed themselves to the success of so glorious an undertaking. Informed of every particular, and finding that the only obstacle against carrying their plans into effect, arose from the want of a chief to give the first impulse to the nation, he held conferences about the possibility of performing that office himself. It was evident that the chains of despotism once broken in some important part of Spain, a sense of the detestable conduct of the government and their chief, might then become general, and an appeal be made to the nation, calling upon every Spaniard to step forward to recover the rights of which he had

been so treacherously deprived, and to extricate himself from the degraded situation into which he was sunk. Moreover, it was no less evident, that the government could not repress the rebellion; first, because they were in total want of funds; and, secondly, because their troops were scattered about the Peninsula, and most had agreed to join the first patriots who should raise the cry of regeneration; but in particular those that belonged to the expeditionary army, which was at the moment in Estremadura. From Coruña, Vigo, Ferrol and Santoña, assurances had been received that their efforts might be relied upon. The co-operation to be expected from Navarre, was both real and powerful. There was a certainty that in Old Castile and La Mancha, parties would immediately rise to divert the attention of the government, and intercept their forces; and, lastly, the conspiracy, which was to burst at Madrid directly after, and which had numberless ramifications in other cities of the kingdom,

would complete the downfall of despotism. With such prospects as these, Vidal could not repress his vehement anxiety to see his country free, and combating the opposition he met with at Madrid from some of the masons, who were of opinion that the explosion should be delayed, he offered to remove the obstacles started by them, and earnestly entreated that he might be allowed the glory of being the first to raise the standard of liberty.

Our hero, who had been for some months engaged in the affairs just mentioned, now hastened to the capital, to be present at the conference. On his arrival there, he proceeded to the lodge where his friends were assembled. He seconded Vidal's proposal, and urged that the moment of the explosion should not be delayed an instant, as everywhere their friends seemed to expect it with anxiety, and as otherwise their ardour might cool, and fresh difficulties, which did not exist at the moment, prevent its final success at a future period. Several other gentlemen being of the same opinion as Sandoval,

the honour sought by Vidal was granted him, and it was resolved that on the following day he should set off for Valencia (which was to be made the scene of his operations) accompanied by our hero, whose services Vidal thought he should stand in need of.

It was night when this conference terminated, and our hero now proceeded without loss of time to the house of Doña Clara, where he had taken up his quarters on his arrival at the capital, and where he had left his servant, from whom he expected to learn many circumstances respecting Gabriela, into the secrets of whose present situation he doubted not Roque had been duly initiated, through Rosa's intimacy. On reaching it, he had the satisfaction to be received by the kind hostess with her accustomed affection and cordiality. His absence, and the dangers by which it had been accompanied, (of which he was compelled to give her a full and circumstantial account) seemed to enhance the pleasure she felt at sheltering him again under her roof. She loaded him with

praises on the prudent and gallant manner in which he had acquitted himself of his late commission, and exhorted him to proceed boldly with his exertions in favour of a cause sacred on so many accounts, and for the sake of which both himself and his father were such great sufferers. Having seen that he took the refreshments she had ordered for him, she at length allowed him to retire to his own apartment,—a kindness for which he felt at that moment more grateful than his good breeding allowed him to express, his impatience to learn from Roque whatever news he knew of Gabriela, having kept him, during the two long hours he had spent with his kind hostess, as uncomfortable as if he had been lying on thorns.

To his great mortification, however, he learned, on inquiring for his servant, that he had gone out to a dance, from which they did not expect he would return till three or four next morning. This was excessively provoking; but he could hardly repress his rage, when he found that none

of the servants could inform him which place he had selected for his night's revels. "It is impossible to say where you will find him," said one of the servants, "for one time he goes to one place, and at another to another."

"And which are those different places?—Curse the rascal and them, too!" cried our impatient hero.

"Why, sometimes he goes to pass an hour or so at Lavapie, to the first house where he hears any dancing going on; at other times to Besu-guillo's rooms; and of late, he has been in the habit of frequenting some of the houses of our trades' people; though I think to-night he is likely to be found at a dance of the manolos, in their ward."

"What!" exclaimed Sandoval, "does he frequent such infernal dens?"

"Now and then, for a frolic, he does," said his informant; "but you must not think the worse of him, for the poor fellow does it on your account."

“ On my account ?” repeated Sandoval.

“ Yes, Sir, on your account ; for he was so sad and melancholy, that he wanted a little dissipation to enliven his spirits.”

“ I’ll enliven them for him, I promise you,” said Sandoval, putting on his cloak and his hat to sally out in search of his servant.

“ A pretty wild-goose chase you’ll have,” said Roque’s advocate ; “ but if you wish to find him, Sir, seek him at the *churripample* dances ; you understand me, Sir, *candil** dances I mean.”

The idea of being kept in a mortal suspense during the whole night was insupportable to Sandoval ; though, in fact, it would only have added a few hours more to the many days he had passed without the information he so much wished to obtain ; but he could not brook an instant’s delay, when the means of obtaining it

* So called, because the illumination consists in a single iron lamp, hanging from a hook.

were so near at hand. He, therefore, rather than be tantalized an instant longer, chose the alternative of launching into the labyrinth of narrow, dark, and dangerous lanes with which the Lavapie is intersected, and exposing himself to be robbed, or perhaps having his throat cut.

CHAPTER III.

Lo ! rising from yon dreary tomb,
What spectre stalks across the gloom !
With haggard eyes, and visage pale,
And voice that moans with feeble wail !

Ogilvie.

HAVING ascertained from Roque's friend as nearly as he could the place in Lavapie where he was likely to meet him, Sandoval proceeded towards the spot with all possible haste, till at last he came to a lane where he heard not far off the twanging of guitars, and the sound of voices singing the lively and favourite dances of the manolas, called *manchegas*, and observed some of their women just entering the house

from which the merry sounds issued. He hastened to the place, and knocking at the door demanded admittance in the usual way. "May I crave the favour of being admitted to participate in your pleasures?"

"By all means," said an old sybil who opened the door to him, and gave him, in their common ridiculous style, some necessary directions, that he should not mistake his road. The first passage, however, was so dark, that Sandoval was obliged to grope along as if he had been blindfolded, his head now and then touching the ceiling, from which fragments of it crumbled down, and covered him all over with dust, while his feet occasionally stuck into the holes and crevices of the floor, from which, with great difficulty, he got his boots out. On reaching a small court, his way became a little more discernible, both by the twilight which lent it its dim light, and by the clamour and din that issued from the room where the dance was kept up. As he entered the second passage, he heard more distinctly the obstreperous laugh and loud

talk of the men, who graced every other word with an oath or an obscenity, and the shrill and penetrating voices of the women singing their manchegas, and cutting their jokes at each other, mingling with the confused sounds of timbrels, guitars, one or two violins, and spirited stamping of the feet. He was almost tempted to turn back ; but the hope of finding his servant there prevailed, and he proceeded towards the room in which he discerned a single lamp hanging from the ceiling, and scattering just light enough to enable them to see each other's faces. The door of this room was so small, that Sandoval was obliged to stoop till his head nearly touched his knees ; and as there was a step to be descended which he did not notice, he came into the room with that part of his body foremost, and his heels cutting a caper in the air. "*Chica*,* put out the light, for the gentleman is now a bed," said one of the manolas, suddenly turning to one of her friends.

* Corresponding in English to "I say," or "my dear."

A burst of laughter followed this sally, while the confused Sandoval endeavoured to disentangle himself from his cloak, and recover his upright position.—“ ’Tis the custom here, my darling, to pay for the bed on which we lie,” said another, approaching him with one hand fixed on her hip, and the other stretched out, and surveying him from head to foot, her head bent on one side, and nodding with a saucy, impudent look, while she beat time with her toes on the ground.

“ And pray what may your charge be ?” inquired he.

“ The more you give us the better, my beloved,” she said, “ but we’ll be reasonable, and have it in the right juice ; Valdepeñas, I trow you like. Well, then, slacken the strings of your pouch, and I’ll send for an *azumbre*.”*

Sandoval thought it prudent not to object to this, and pulled out his purse (which happened to be tolerably well furnished, and on which

* Two quarts.

more than one eager glance lighted) to take out a silver piece which he gave to the manola—"I see you love the king's face," said she, "he is a good looking man enough in the yellow ones, but d—n me if I would exchange my Pepehillo for his royal person."

Saying this, she took the piece, and beckoning to a tall *majo*, who was in earnest conversation with several others, gave him the silver, and spoke to him in a low voice, of which Sandoval only caught the two or three last words; but of which he did not know the meaning, as they were spoken in their peculiar slang. She then invited our hero, to sit down, while the wine came, on one of the wooden benches which stood against the wall, where once installed, she began to pour forth a volley of witticisms, which she occasionally seasoned with an oath to render them more expressive. Most of it, however, was lost on Sandoval, whose eyes were glancing from one corner of the room to another, endeavouring to discover, whether Roque was among the revelers.

The room, which might be about thirty feet wide by thirty-five long, was evidently too small for the company who were assembled in it, and who amounted to about sixty persons, some of whom were sitting squat on the floor, round a *lota*,* which they occasionally lifted up to their lips, and kissed with the devotional fervour peculiar to the manolos. Another group was seen sitting on a bench near a blind fiddler, whom they accompanied with their guitars, while some of the girls who stood by added their own voices and the regular sounds of their timbrels to that of the numerous castanets of the dancers, who were in the middle of the room, executing with the graceful attitudes peculiar to this kind of people, their manchegas in sets of four persons of both sexes to each, all of whom joined to really fine shapes and well formed limbs the utmost elegance in their movements, and vivacity and expression in their countenances. The dress of the women was in their usual style.—A

* A small leather bag for wine.

mantilla pinned on the large knot of hair, which they wear on one side of the head, and falling gracefully, one end of it as low as the neck, and the other over the shoulder and arm. On their head, and between the plaits of the mantilla that conceal part of their ebony hair, peeped a rose or a pink of large size. Their small waists were tightly laced, and clothed with a silk spencer, fitting close, and having a variety of silk and silver fringes, and buttons of the same colour, at the shoulders and cuffs. Their petticoats, of different colours and stuffs, reaching only about the lower part of the calves of their legs, shewed beautiful net-work stockings of exquisite whiteness; while their small feet were enclosed in very small shoes, all of coloured silk, graced with large bows, and just covering the toes. Their eyes, which they cast with such a roguish expression of conscious power as rendered them almost irresistible, were large, dark, and lively; their countenances oval and regularly formed; and their complexions, though brown, were sufficiently pleasing, and free from

that yellow tinge which bespeaks ill health, and the effects of intemperance in a southern climate. With respect to the men, their dress corresponded in every respect with that of their women. A bowl-crowned, broad brimmed hat, clapped over the right ear, with a *redecilla** underneath, enclosing the long tresses of their black hair, which they tie together in a large knot; a short velvet jacket, fitting close to the body, and trimmed with silk buttons both on the shoulders and on the sleeves; an elegant vest, adorned with several rows of hanging silver buttons; breeches, also of velvet, and similarly adorned about the knees; snow-white stockings; a pair of small shoes, decked with a magnificent bow of silver lace; and to complete the whole, a cloak lightly thrown over the left shoulder, leaving the right arm at liberty. Their countenances, equally expressive with those of their women, were covered with immense black whiskers, extending from their ears to their cheek-bones,

* A small net for the hair.

and down to the corner of their mouths, in which they held their cigars, while their large dark eyes shone now fiercely, and now amorously, according as they were agitated by love or jealousy, merriment or displeasure.

Hardly had Sandoval ended his scrutiny, when a little ragamuffin, dressed in tatters, and without shoes or stockings, came running in with a bota full of wine, which he laid at the foot of the manola, after whispering some words into her ear, to which she answered, "she would do so," and then taking the bota, added with a nod to Sandoval,—"here is to you, my darling," handing him afterwards the skin, to follow her example. Sandoval took it, but presented it to another girl who was near him, and then called to two or three more to aid in emptying it. These called their *cortejos*, and in less than two rounds the skin gave its last groan. During this time, however, a dispute commenced between two of the manolas, about who should have precedence in the next draught. The one swore she would choke the other, if she attempted to take the skin

first; and her opponent retorted by declaring, that if she had as many eyes as her spencer had buttons, she would tear them all out, rather than stand by and see her drink first. These threats were followed by sarcasms and nicknames; and these by taunts and accusations; after which they both assumed a threatening attitude. They threw back on their shoulders their mantillas, placed their knuckles on their hips, and shaking their heads, shewed their white teeth, as their mouths grew distorted with rage, and glanced their dark eyes at each other in such a manner, that they seemed to emit sparkles. At length they flew at each other like two wild cats, their shrill voices resembling the cry of those animals when engaged in a deadly conflict.

Sandoval, who had risen to quit these bacchanalians, thought he would do an act of charity, if before he left the place, he parted the two furies, whose mantillas now hung in rags about their necks, as did also the rest of their dress.—“Stand off, squire frock!” cried two or three of the bystanders, seizing him by the arms, “let

the good souls fight it out, unless you wish to know how deep our nails can go into your face."

As Sandoval knew that these ladies are never in the habit of repeating their threats, he stood still according as he was bid, looking to the issue of this quarrel, with different feelings from those of the whole set of revellers, who surrounded the combatants, now applauding their mettle, and now encouraging them to proceed. At last one of the spectators cried out—"Zounds! must you fight like common women, and can you not make short work to your broil with your knives?"

At these words one of the fighting women, recollecting she had one about her, firmly grasped the throat of her antagonist, and thrusting her hand into her pocket, in an instant she opened the knife, and made a deep gash in the neck of her enemy, who gave a shrill scream, and then fell on the floor covered with gore. At sight of this, the other darted to the door, and the cry of murder was raised. All the spectators now rushed out of the room, as if

each of them had been the perpetrator of the deed, and Sandoval followed the crowd, whose impulse it was impossible to resist. But on reaching the outside door, the same boy, who had taken in the wine skin, came running and shouting, "*La justicia, la justicia!*"*

In this emergency, Sandoval stood at the door uncertain what road to take, yet anxious to be out of the way of these gentlemen; for he well knew, that were the manolos to see him in their clutches, they would not hesitate in accusing him of the deed, in order to save one of their own people. While he was thus musing, the same manola who had been sitting with him, approached from behind, and giving him a smart tap on the shoulder,—“Have you, my darling, a mind to be hung?” cried she, as if guessing the thoughts that were crossing his brain. “If you be anxious to escape the minions,” she added, “follow me, and I’ll shelter

* The alguaciles or constables are so called, as forming a branch of that tree which in Spain often bears such bitter fruit.

you for an hour. Your liberality and genteel way of doing things must not pass unrequited."

Saying this, she took him by the arm, and with hasty steps led the way, through two or three crooked and narrow lanes, to a house of no very prepossessing appearance, though similar to those of that quarter of the town. They then mounted in the dark a flight of stairs, which was common to every inmate of that house, and the manola, opening a door at the very top of it, requested Sandoval to enter. When he had done so, she told him, she would be with him in a twinkling of the eye, for she was only going to fetch a light, and then quitted him, taking the precaution to lock the door,—a measure which he, thinking it unnecessary, did not much like. As, however, there was now no remedy, he groped about the room, till he stumbled against a wooden chair, on which he sat down to wait her return. This was not quite so speedy as she had promised; for a quarter of an hour had now elapsed, and she had not yet made her appearance. After wait-

ing half an hour longer, Sandoval began to grow impatient. He listened attentively to catch some sounds; but all was still and silent as the grave. He got up, and went to the door, which he tried to force open; but it was too well secured, and resisted both his hands and feet. He then began a cruise round the room, to discover if there were any window in it, from which he might either call out, or make his escape; and stretching out his hands towards the walls, felt as he went on here a nail, or a piece of paper hanging loosely, and further on, a chink or a hole. Presently, however, the wall seemed to vanish at once from his touch, and stumbling against a plank or a step, he fell down, his head striking against the frame-work of a bed, and his stretched hands clasping a man's leg, which jutted out from the bed, and which felt perfectly stiff and cold.

A chill came over Sandoval's frame, as he grasped this dead limb, which, he doubted not, was that of some murdered wretch, who, like himself, had been inveigled into that dark dwell-

ing, to be robbed and poignarded by some of the ruffians who inhabited that part of the town, and of whom probably the manola was an associate. During some minutes, he remained in the same posture, stretched on the ground, his forehead supported against the bed, covered with a cold sweat, and all his limbs shaking with agitation, without the power of moving from the spot where he lay. At length his natural courage gradually returning, he cast his head back, and perceived just opposite, and even with the floor, a long crevice gleaming with light, which he immediately thought must belong to a door communicating with another room. He rose hastily, and rushing towards it, gave a furious push, by which a door flew back, slapped against the wall, and rebounded upon him with such force, as nearly knocked him down. He, however, pushed it back again, eager to fly from that abode of murder; but no sooner he had entered the room where the lights were, than he remained transfixed to the spot, his eyes riveted on an object as horrible as that from which he wished to escape; namely, an immense long

coffin lying on the floor, and containing a corpse shrouded in a franciscan habit, the ghastly countenance of which was rendered more visible by two wax tapers that burned on each side of it. His horror, at sight of this object, great as it was, increased considerably, when he perceived the corpse rise slowly from his coffin, and open a pair of huge eyes, which seemed to grow larger and larger, as he rose, and which he fixed with a sort of dead-like gaze on Sandoval. When the spectre stood on his legs, he appeared of a gigantic size, his head nearly touching the ceiling of the garret, which was more than a foot above Sandoval's. He then walked with measured steps towards him, pausing awhile at every step he took, his hands thrust into the side pockets of his habit, which was tied round his waist with a thick rope. Having come up to Sandoval, he drew both his hands suddenly from the pockets, and presenting to his head two large horse pistols, said in a laconic manner, but with a deep sepulchral voice,—“Squire, your money.”

Our hero, who not to mention the surprise

caused by this strange apparition, was unarmed, felt that it would be wiser to comply with his request, without even offering any remark ; accordingly, he drew out his purse, and tendered it to him.—“ Lay it on the table,” said the ghost again, in a dry voice, adding as briefly as before—“ And now your watch.”

“ Any other trinkets ?” inquired he, when, he saw the watch on the table.—“ Turn the inside of all your pockets outwards.”

Sandoval obeyed in silence.—“ Now, you may go,” added the dead alive, pointing to a door in the same room ; “ but, mark me, I’ll dog you home, and if I find you allow your tongue to slip out a word on this adventure, be sure you shall not tell it twice.”

Saying this, he accompanied him to the door of the room, which opened on the same stairs by which he had come up to the other garret, and leaving him to descend them in the dark, locked the door inside as he heard Sandoval quit the house.

Fortunate in having escaped with his life,

which he had hardly hoped to do, our hero hastened out of those cut-throat lanes, making various reflections on the excellence of the government, which kept up a police, merely with the view of facilitating its plans of persecution and vengeance, and crowding the dungeons with virtuous and honourable citizens, for differing from them in opinion on purely abstract subjects, while those real crimes which fell more immediately under their cognizance, and by which the properties and lives of individuals were endangered, passed unheeded, and were daily permitted to increase to a frightful excess. "But," said he to himself, as he cast a cautious look around him, to avoid being surprised or knocked down by some concealed ruffian, "such a state of disorganization in the police, is with a piece with that of the other branches of government, though I ought to rejoice at it; for everything which increases disorder will contribute to hasten the downfall of this dreadful system of anarchy and oppression."

After these reflections, considering that his personal safety would be endangered, were he to lay a formal complaint before the police,—not only because of the threat held out to him by the manolo, who had lightened him of his purse and watch, and the vengeance of whose gang he was likely to draw upon him; but because by so doing, he might attract the notice of the chief of the police, whose enmity and violence he had as great reasons to fear as those of the former,—he resolved to return home, without taking any steps to recover his property, and without visiting any more *bailes de candil*. In justice, however, to the celebrated Besuguillo's dancing parties, we ought to remark here, that the evening's entertainment would not have ended quite so tragically as in that of the manolos; although it seldom terminated otherwise than by a formal cudgelling, the heterogeneous nature of the company containing in itself every element of discord and strife. There were officer tailors, and gentlemen shoemakers, who are always at open war, the former ranking in

their own conceit a step higher in the scale of society than the latter, and they scorning the pretensions of individuals, nine of whom they account are necessary to make a single man ; besides, there were also to be found those rivals in newsmongering,—barbers, and porters of public offices ; pettyfogging lawyers, and their counterpart, subaltern officers of the army ; gentlemen's valets de chambre, and their loving friends, grooms and coachmen ; and, lastly, military officers, and *guardias de corps** in disguise, who were in the habit of visiting those rooms with the laudable intention of throwing all into confusion, and making riots,—the female part of the company being very well inclined to assist in those frolics, though (were men to judge by the finery, and almost elegant simplicity of their appearance) no one would suspect them of being capable, “even of breaking a plate,” as the Spanish expression goes.

* Life guardsmen, a corps composed of sons of hidalgos, who hold the rank of officers in the other corps of the army, and who are in attendance on the king and the royal family.

CHAPTER IV.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream ;
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

SHAKSPEARE.

SANDOVAL had just extricated himself from the labyrinth of narrow lanes of Lavapie, when he heard one o'clock strike. If, as he had been informed, Roque would not be home till three, he had still two hours to wait before he could hope to see him, and he resolved to go round by the Prado, to arrange his ideas a little among its silent avenues, which the scenes of that night had greatly disturbed. In his way there, he

could not resist the temptation of passing before the garden of Don Antonio's house, which he had learned, was within a short walk of that promenade, in hopes of discovering something further of what so deeply engrossed his thoughts. He had hardly reached the walls that encompass the garden, when his ear caught the sounds of two persons, male and female, singing some of the seguidillas he had so frequently heard sung by the people of his native town. He stopped, and listened more attentively, and soon perceived that the singers were no others than Rosa and her sweetheart Roque, who, by way of accompaniment, dashed his long nails over the strings of a guitar with a quick time, causing the instrument to yield, if not its sweetest, at least its loudest tones. Suddenly, however, those sounds ceased altogether, and he heard a window thrown open, and the steps of one of them hastening towards a door, that gave into the place where he was, while a well known voice shouted from the window, "Halloo, there! who makes that noise below? If it be you, Rosa, I'll have you

turned out of the house, as sure as my name is Aniceto ; for I will not be disturbed by you or any one else."

There was a pause after these words, and the window then shut with a loud noise.—“ Rosa,” whispered Roque, who had now reached the side of the wall, followed by the light steps of Rosa, “ I see I must go, else we shall presently have that meddling scoundrel upon us ; and though perhaps he may not remember me, if he were to discover who I am, I’ll be bound, he would keep me as a hostage for my master. How I should like to send a bullet through the villain’s head.”

“ Well then he off ; but when shall I see you again ?” enquired Rosa.

“ I don’t know if I’ll be able to come to-morrow ; for I now expect my master every day,” replied he.

“ Whenever I think of him,” said Rosa, “ I cannot help pitying him. What will he do now, think you, when he learns the sad news ?”

“ ’Tis hard to say,” replied Roque, “ he may

perhaps shoot himself, or he may perhaps shoot his brother, or he may perhaps shoot Doña Gabriela, or he may perhaps shoot both, and then himself. That he will shoot somebody is beyond all doubt."

"If he were to shoot you, there would be one fool less in the world," said Rosa. "You never can give a discreet answer to a question, block-head! Why should he shoot any of the three, when none are to blame?"

"And why should a drunken man oftener attempt to stab the jolly companion he has been drinking with, or the tavernkeeper who has sold him the wine, than anybody else? Why, because, like my master, he will have lost his reason, and there is the why. Don't you know we always kill those we love best, in preference to those we despise? I may perhaps be killing you one of these days, too, if I find any quivering in your affection."

"I had much rather see you hanged, and your love too,—but, hark!—I dare say 'tis he,—now be off, for God's sake."

Here she seemed to resist some little testi-

monial of Roque's love; for there was some struggling between them, and a slap on the face was heard distinctly; after which the door opening, Roque came out rubbing his cheek, and the door shut again.

Meantime, Sandoval, who had heard the whole of this conversation, had with difficulty checked his impatience to break in upon them; but no sooner Roque appeared, than he stood before him, exclaiming, "What are your sad news? Tell them quickly—Speak,—idiot! speak!"

Roque beheld this sudden apparition with the utmost amazement; he opened both his eyes and mouth as widely as they could possibly distend, and then uttering a deep groan, ran off as if a ghost was at his heels; but seeing himself so closely pursued, that the collar of his coat more than once just escaped the grasp of the pursuer, and perceiving that his legs would not carry him any further, he at length dropped on his knees, and implored quarter in such a terrified tone of voice, and making so many

grotesque grimaces, that his master could not help bursting into a hearty laugh, and exclaiming—"Why man, don't you know your master?"

"God in heaven!" exclaimed he, panting for breath, "how should I, when your voice sounds in my ears like that of a soul in purgatory?—But if it really be yourself in person, do not kill me, for the sake of the Virgin Mary, Sir."

"And why should I, you idiot!" cried his master.

"Because I see something in your looks that forebodes no good; and, besides, there is blood on your gloves."

Sandoval looked at them, and was surprised to see indeed some drops; but as he could well account for it, by having accidentally touched the wounded manola, he assured Roque he had nothing to fear, and lending him his hand to get up, succeeded in quelling his apprehensions after a good deal of trouble.—

“And now,” said he, “tell me all you know about Gabriela and her family; but pray spare me your own reflections and comments.”

“That is in other words—leave out the cream, for your delicate stomach cannot bear it,” said Roque. “Well, the story then is short enough. It seems that Doña Gabriela, after spending two most miserable years in the convent, during which the charitable sisters told her so many good things about you, that she came to the determination of taking the veil, was suddenly surprised by learning that it was Doña Angela’s wish she should not do any such thing; but rather leave the convent immediately, which she accordingly did, and . . .”

“Why,” interrupted his master, “I have heard the contrary of that story;—that it was Doña Angela’s wish Gabriela should take the veil; but that Gabriela insisted on leaving the convent.”

“And don’t you know that it is always the way with the world to misrepresent things, saying black for white, and green for red?”

But the fact is, that Doña Angela took some pains to make it appear that it was Doña Gabriela's wish to quit the convent, instead of her own, in order to save her character for sanctity with our devout ladies of Logroño. The reason of this change of mind in Doña Angela is still involved in mystery ; but Rosa tells me that from what she has been able to collect, she suspects that Father Lobo is at the bottom of it all ; though she can't tell what Doña Angela's intentions are."

"To bring about Gabriela's union with my brother, who, doubtless, is agreed with her on the subject," cried his master, "as it appears, from what I have heard elsewhere, that they were to have been married previous to their departure from Logroño."

"I don't care what you have heard," said Roque tossing up his head, "I know better than you, and your informers, that your brother has never spoken a word of marriage to her, nor she to him. When she left the convent, it was all settled they should immediately come

to Madrid, and your brother remained behind, which is a clear proof he was not reckoned as one of the family ; and had it not been for an order that brought him to Madrid, where he was promoted to the rank of Brigade General, it is certain he would have always remained there commanding the troops of that province.”

“ And, sirrah ! do you think to impose upon me, by asserting that he is not very attentive to Gabriela, and she very kind to him ?” inquired Sandoval.

“ By the Saint of my name !” exclaimed Roque, “ ought he to be otherwise than attentive ?—and would you wish her to be unkind to your own brother ?—You come from France with very queer ideas in your head, upon my faith ! One would think you had been copying those *gabachos* ;—apparently all devotion and politeness to the ladies, and yet, in their hearts, the most uncouth brutes in the creation.—But to go on. When Don Fermin arrived at Madrid, Doña Angela intimated to him, for the first time, her desire to bring about a marriage

between him and Doña Gabriela, if, as she was informed, it were true he loved her. The answer he returned, was, that were he to consult his own happiness alone, he would not hesitate an instant in accepting her daughter's hand; but that there existed two insurmountable obstacles; first, the pledge she and her daughter had given you; and, secondly, the affection you might still entertain for each other. That is what I call handsome, and generous, and manly, more so than the prodigal fits of a gentleman I know, who would give away, even his heart, if he is vexed or disappointed."

"A truce to your moralizing, friend Roque; for, methinks, I see where you aim your shaft," said his master good humouredly.

"Well, 'tis lucky you have not left your eyes in France," said his servant. "But to proceed. As to the first insurmountable obstacle; that is, their pledge to you, Doña Angela said, it had ceased to exist from the very moment she learned that you belonged to

that society, (which, by the bye, is likely one of these days to bring your neck acquainted with a rope as thick as my thumb) every member of which the holy father has excommunicated, the pledge was dissolved; and to the second; that is your love for her, or her love for you, her only answer was, placing in his hands a letter you had written to Doña Gabriela, (I suppose in one of your lucid moments), in which you declared you would have nothing more to say to her, as you could neither love nor esteem her, and asking to be forgotten by her as the greatest favour she could confer upon you."

"By heavens!" exclaimed Sandoval, "that letter is a forgery, and whoever be the villain who passed it upon her, I'll tear his heart from his bosom."

"That is, if you should ever find him out; and even then, 'tis easier said than done," added Roque; "but to go on. Notwithstanding this clear proof of the end of your love, Don Fermin still urged he could not think of

the marriage, unless Doña Gabriela herself declared she was willing to give her hand freely; for sooner than force her inclinations, he would lay down his life. — I like your brother Don Fermin, he is a true Sandoval, bating an over great zeal for church and king, and.”

“Well, and what was Gabriela’s answer?” interrupted his master, impatient to hear what so deeply concerned him.

“That she would consider; for which purpose she begged to be allowed some days.”

“That she would consider?” repeated his master, “was there room for consideration, if she truly loved me?”

“It seems there was, since she thought proper to do so,” replied Roque—“But during that time, Father Lobo, who got wind that such a thing was really contemplated by Doña Angela, urged some reasons of his own, with which I am not acquainted, to dissuade her from bringing the matter to a conclusion; and there the matter rests.”

“And is there nothing more for me to know?” enquired his master hesitatingly, as if apprehensive of the answer which might follow such a question.

“And what more do you wish?” was the reply.

“Indeed, I wish for no more; but I fear you conceal something. Has not the king seen Gabriela, and has he not expressed a wish to become better acquainted with the family?”

“Faith! Sir, you seem to know more of the matter than I thought,” said Roque. “He indeed saw her, and expressed, as you say, a wish to know the family more intimately; but as yet he has not visited them.”

“You seem a little reserved on the subject, Roque,” cried Sandoval; “but I will know all, and you must not omit a word of it.”

“But as I am a Christian, I knew no more about it,” replied Roque. “It is indeed reported about that the king has fallen in love with Doña Gabriela; but Rosa says, that her young

mistress avoids appearing at the queen's *besamanos** as much as she can, so that his majesty will find few opportunities to see her."

His master heaved a sigh, and muttered to himself, as he entered Doña Clara's house, which they had just reached.—“Alas! how can she hope to escape unbridled power, assisted by the villany of two bold and crafty ruffians?—May providence watch over his fairest work, and may he grant success to the undertaking on which I am about to enter, that I may then be able to stand forward as her protector.”

Saying this, he threw himself on his bed, exhausted in body and mind, to repose himself a few hours from his fatigues, and be better able to perform the journey, which he was to undertake in the company of Colonel Vidal, to Valencia.

Early on the same day he mounted his horse, and accompanied by his servant, hastened out of Madrid, to join Vidal, with whom, as they tra-

* Levees.

velled on, Sandoval concerted the measures to be adopted, in order to ensure the success of their enterprise.—“ The character of the Valencians,” said Vidal, who knew them well, “ is light, inconstant, and without decision; but they are active, intrepid, and intelligent. They have strong passions, and cannot brook patiently the oppressive tyranny of the cruel and vindictive Elio, who is the terror of the province, and who, even in the interior of their homes, has contrived to introduce the yoke of his abhorred oppression. His bigotry, or rather his hypocrisy, is become insupportable to a people, who are far from being superstitious, though, like the rest of the Spaniards, they are fond of religious ceremonies, because, being addicted to pleasure, they find in them the means of gratifying that propensity. It is with detestation, therefore, that they see a man who controuls them in their amusements, who issues decrees in which he threatens with death those who omit going to mass, or confess on any day he pleases, who prys into the secrets of their families, and punishes according to the

whim of the moment the husband and wife who happen to disagree upon domestic affairs. He is, moreover, the first who broke through the oaths he had made at the altar of his country, who lent his arm to overthrow the government by which he had been raised to the post he enjoyed, who aided Ferdinand to mount the absolute throne, who introduced dissension and civil war among us, and who has deluged the province, over which he tyrannizes, with blood. This monster must fall, justice and policy demand that he should be made an example to his brother traitors. His death, which the spirit of his murdered victims loudly calls for, must precede every other step. By it, the fears of thousands will be quelled, and the success of our projects insured."

Sandoval wished that even the semblance of violence should be avoided in bringing about the desired change in the state ; but he was well aware that whilst Elio lived, the terror he inspired would be in itself sufficient to cause the failure of their undertaking. Besides, no me-

dium could be observed with so inveterate and sanguinary an enemy, who, even in his prayers, breathed extermination to the liberals, and who would not hesitate an instant to sacrifice them all on the first suspicion. It was evident, that no personal resentment or private thirst of vengeance, urged either Sandoval or Vidal to wish his death, and had it not been demanded by the cause for which they exposed their lives, the wretch might have lived on, loaded with crimes, as he was.

They nevertheless felt a repugnance to the idea of shedding the blood, even of such a criminal ; but on their arrival at Valencia, all their friends insisted on Elio's death, as the only condition on which they would lend any assistance to their efforts. All the military forces of the garrison, with the exception of a few *miñones*,* who were the safeguard of the satrap, would immediately declare themselves in their favour, if that step were taken. In Peñíscola, Denia,

* A sort of provincial militia of Valencia.

and Alicante, the troops and the people were upon the same principle, unanimous in their offers of co-operation. A multitude of farmers of the district, called the Huerta, as well as of every other place in the neighbourhood of Valencia, were equally anxious for the fall of their little tyrant, and had agreed to enter the city, upon the first signal, and unite themselves to those who were in it, in order to assist in awing those who might offer resistance. A provisional junta of government was immediately to be nominated, under the orders of which all the chiefs in the province were to place themselves, and take their oath of allegiance; so that the rebellion might at once assume a popular form, and exclude the idea, that it had been produced by a few disloyal soldiers, seduced by designing men, or bribed by gold. As a great many wealthy persons of influence and name throughout the province entered into this plot, and as the hatred for Elio was general, its success was anticipated by all who participated in the secret.

Things being in this state of forwardness, it was

necessary that no time should be lost in striking the blow with vigour and decision. Several plans had been formed to make away with Elio; but Vidal, aware that upon this step depended the success of the undertaking, and the lives of his numerous friends, would not trust it to a third person, and resolved to take its execution upon himself. This was to take place on the last night of the year (1818), that the restoration of liberty should begin its date with the commencement of the new year; and because Vidal, though a man perfectly free from vulgar prejudices, had declared, that, if it were deferred one night more, he would not answer for its success, as he had a sort of presentiment to this effect.

The last night of the year at length came, and Sandoval directed his steps to the house where his party were assembled. It was an old, half ruined, long deserted dwelling, adjoining the noble mansion of the mayordomo of the Duke of Medina Celi, (for in most cities in

Spain this nobleman has similar establishments,) and overlooking the beautiful gardens in the back of it, but it was otherwise isolated. The interior of this house presented the same scene of desolation as its exterior, there being but one long saloon fitted up, which was occasionally used as a billiard-room, and in the middle of which hung a lamp, which scattered a dubious light over the assembled conspirators, all of whom were gentlemen of the first families of Valencia, and officers of the army. Vidal, who was dressed in his colonel's uniform, was, as Sandoval entered, pacing the room, apparently a good deal disturbed. "If we must listen to timid men," he was saying, "we had better give up our undertaking altogether. To-night the blow ought to be struck, or further delay will prove fatal."

"To-night!" said a gentleman, by whom the discussion was kept up, "it cannot be. Our friends could not succeed in assembling all their men; for as it is the last day of the year, these

could not well avoid the usual invitations to pass it convivially with their friends and relations.”

“And to-morrow,” returned Vidal, with the bitterness of indignation, “it being the first of the new year, they will not be able to attend, because they must pass it away in dancing. Is this to be borne? Could not the slaves put off their dancing till they could do it without their chains? or have they been brought to such a state of degradation, that they cannot think of giving up a night’s revel for all the blessings of liberty? If they must be the slaves of pleasure, they will be the eternal slaves of their tyrants, they never *will* be free men—they never *can* be so.”

“You wrong those men,” said another gentleman; “it is true they are fond of pleasure, but they would never sacrifice their duty to it; and I am certain they would have attended, if they had been duly informed that their presence was indispensable. But those who were to have apprised them of it, feared that it would

have excited suspicions among their various friends, which might have proved fatal to our designs."

" 'Tis precisely that cautiousness, bordering on indecision, of which I disapprove," said Vidal. "Tardiness, whether caused by distrust or circumspection, is the radical defect of our national character; — 'never do to-day what may be put off till to-morrow,' is a proverb too frequently used, and the spirit of which, I fear, pervades the heart and soul of every Spaniard. This apathy, this fatal recklessness, which at all times has impeded the success of our most brilliant undertakings, and kept us dependent on the will of nations we despise, and always a century behind them in improvement, will render us slaves to the end of time."

Sandoval was perfectly of Vidal's opinion. He had himself little of the Spaniard in this respect, and would never lose his time in deliberating, when it ought to be employed in acting. "Gentlemen," said he, "can we not proceed to the execution of our plan without

further delay? If there be among our absent friends some irresolute men, the best way to impel them to action will be by shewing them the example, and forcing them into the field. Their principles are firm,—of this no one of us can entertain a doubt,—and they will not see their friends struggle without lending them their aid, to triumph over their enemies.”

To this mode of proceeding the other gentlemen objected; and the discussion being protracted till the time fixed for the execution of Vidal's plan was passed, the party broke up without coming to a decision, to the no small disappointment of the chief and of our hero. The second night passed away like the first, owing to other little impediments, which did not fail to increase Vidal's apprehensions, and Sandoval's displeasure. At last the third night arrived. On this their plans were positively to be carried into effect, as the conspirators were now unanimous about it, and our hero bent his course towards the house where they were assembled, with feelings which he could not well

define. The enthusiasm manifested by the majority of them on the previous nights, had evidently inspired him with favourable hopes of the success of their plan ; but he felt a degree of anxiety which he could hardly account for. The magnitude of the present undertaking was, however, no greater than that of those in which he had before taken an active part ; neither was the risk in this instance greater than it had then been. Why did his heart shrink with apprehension ? Vidal's omen flashed across his mind, and though he saw the silliness of believing in such predictions, he could not help thinking that many a one before Vidal had had similar warnings, which unfortunately had proved too true.

In this frame of mind he entered the house, where he found some of his friends already assembled, all well armed, and ready to proceed to the execution of their plan. As Elio was in the habit of attending the theatre, or else holding a tertulia in his own house, it was necessary to ascertain the place where he was then to be

ound, there to put an end to his existence. This done, the hour of ten was fixed for its execution, which was expected by them all with lively anxiety. Meantime, Captain Lara, who was in the secret of the plot, and whose enthusiasm for the cause they were engaged in was both ardent and sincere, came in, accompanied by a corporal of his company. Vidal no sooner saw the latter enter, than he manifested, by a glance on the captain, his displeasure at the impudence of bringing such a man to participate in their labours. He called him aside, and blamed the placing his confidence on men who knew not their own mind; but Lara assured him that the corporal's fidelity was unshaken, his courage undaunted, and, moreover, that he was under a signal obligation to himself for having defended him at a court-martial. This did not quiet Vidal's apprehensions; but as the step was now taken, he contented himself with keeping his eye on the man, and watching his slightest motions.

Presently, however, the Colonel and our hero

were called out on business connected with their plan. Their displeasure on returning may be imagined when they found that the corporal had left the house an hour ago, under the plea of going to prepare his friends for the event, and get them under arms. Vidal's anxiety, which previous delays had so greatly excited, now augmented; he doubted not that they would be betrayed, and expressed a wish to proceed immediately to Elio's house. They were all preparing themselves to depart, when a knock was heard at the door, where Captain Lara himself happened to be on watch. On answering to the knock, he heard the voice of the corporal demanding admission. Rejoiced at this circumstance, he threw aside the door, but to his great alarm, observed a group of armed men rushing towards him. He drew back to the staircase, called to his friends, and fired a pistol on the group, when a discharge of musketry from the assailing party stretched him dead on the spot.

His confederates, who heard these reports,

immediately took to their weapons. Vidal placed himself at their head, and they all rushed down stairs. Elio's men, (for such were the assailing party) were already making their way into the house, when the pistol shots of their antagonists, and the impetuosity with which they fell upon them, compelled them to make a precipitate retreat. They rallied, however, and stood firmly without, waiting for their antagonists, who immediately after appeared at the door. Vidal was the first to dart upon the group; but hearing the voice of the corporal, by whom they had been betrayed, he turned round to punish his treachery, and saw him standing beside a man muffled up in his cloak, to whom he was saying, "That is he, General, that is their chief." The Colonel made a pass at the traitor with his sword, which the other avoided by retreating. Vidal, however, pursued him hotly; but the muffled man, who was Elio himself, drew out a dagger, and following behind, stabbed him in the back. The wound

was mortal, and the Colonel fell senseless on the ground.

Meantime his friends were fighting like lions against overwhelming numbers. Theirs was the courage of principle and despair, and each performed prodigies of valour; but after struggling for more than ten minutes, during which some fell into the hands of their enemies, and others escaped, the rest retreated into the house, where they succeeded in keeping Elio's men at bay. This General, fearing that the second attack upon them would not be more successful than the first, ordered his troops to act only on the defensive, and allow none to escape; for which purpose he surrounded the house until reinforcements arrived, and daylight better enabled them to see their enemies.

Among those who had retreated into the house, after fighting so bravely, was our hero, who, determined to stand firmly by his party, and defend himself to the last, placed himself with his drawn sword near the door, ready to make a second sortie, if again attacked. Mean-

while, his friend's situation and his own became more critical, as fresh troops were every moment arriving, and numerous sentries posted round the house. Convinced now, by these precautions, that Elio's intention was to take them all alive, they held a consultation among themselves about the means to be adopted to baffle his design, and it was agreed that every one should endeavour to make his escape as well as he could. Immediately Sandoval hastened all over the house, to examine what facilities of success there offered themselves, and having observed, that its roof was on a level with that of the next house (which as we mentioned above, belonged to the Duke of Medina Celi's steward) though about six feet distant from it, he imagined that by placing a plank across, they might be able to reach it, and ultimately make their escape. This he immediately communicated to his comrades, who resolved to make the trial. Having easily procured the plank, and placed it across, he was the first to shew his friends the way; but it required no small degree of courage to go

through the attempt. The night was dark, though the atmosphere being quite clear it just allowed them to see their footing ; the height from the roof to the bottom of the house was about sixty feet, and the plank, only one end of which could be held fast, afforded but a narrow passage and an insecure footing. In order, therefore, to avoid being overturned, he was obliged to sit on the plank cross-legs, while his friends raised the end they held till it became sufficiently slanting for him to slide down to the other side. Notwithstanding the great care they took to do this gradually, the rapidity with which Sandoval slid down caused the opposite end to give way on his reaching it, and he remained suspended from the edge of the roof, in the most imminent danger of being dashed down to the ground. In this emergency, his presence of mind, and extraordinary agility alone enabled him to raise himself to the roof, where holding fast the other end of the plank, he encouraged his companions to cross over. Several of them mustered courage enough to follow his example ;

but others preferred seeking a less dangerous way to make their escape, which they afterwards had sufficient reason to repent, being unable to succeed in doing so.

Meantime Sandoval, and those by whom he had been followed, descended to the *azotea** and thence into the house; but in going down the staircase that led to the garden, the people, who attended the tertulia of Don Miguel Frances, and who had been alarmed at the report of musquetry, were bustling about the house, impressed with the idea that several thieves had penetrated into it. This obliged the fugitives to leap into the garden, from the windows of the first room they came to, which being observed by the people of the house, exposed them to the pursuit of some military men who were then at the tertulia. Fortunately the obscurity of the night, and the tall shrubs with which the garden was studded, aided the flight of the

* A sort of corridor near the roof of the house, that communicates with it.

fugitives, all of whom with the exception of young Beltran de Lis, who retreated to the azotea, where he was taken, succeeded in reaching the end of the garden, leaping unobserved over its walls, and ultimately regaining their respective houses.

CHAPTER V.

The axe ! Oh heaven ! Then must I fall so basely ?
What, shall I perish by the common hangman ?

LEE.

EARLY ON the following day, Elio's soldiers entered the house of meeting ; but they only found ten of the conspirators, and these by no means initiated into the affair, some of them being perfectly ignorant of its details. As for the unfortunate Vidal, the blood that gushed from the treacherous wound he had received from Elio, soon left him in a state of insensibility. Removed by the orders of that general to an hospital where immediate assistance was procured to bring him round that he might undergo the agonies of a more cruel death, he was left to the care of some of the *sisters of*

charity, as those are called who attend the sick in some hospitals, and with two sentries beside his bed. No sooner he recovered his senses, than bringing to mind his having left in one of the pockets of his coat a copy of the manifesto for the nation, to be issued immediately after the success of their attempt, as well as some minutes, and a proclamation to the Valencians, he spoke in a confidential manner to one of the sisters about them, requesting her as his dying prayer, to keep them concealed from his enemies. The sister promised she would do so ; but impelled by her conscience, or by her fears, she soon after delivered them to Elio himself, who caused them to be added to the summary process forming against all the prisoners.

Meantime Sandoval, and the rest of the patriots, who were still at liberty, undismayed by the fatal events just glanced at, held frequent meetings, and formed various plans, not only to liberate the intended victims, but to carry forward their original enterprise ; but

Elio's extraordinary vigilance, and the terror that seized some of their confederates, rendered useless the energetic efforts of their more valiant comrades. That General, whose thirst for blood made him tread under foot every formality of the laws, hastened the trial, and appeared at once as witness, prosecutor, accuser, party concerned, and judge. He signed the sentence of death against them all, though he was unable to ascertain what their designs were, or make any legal charge against several of them, who proved their innocence beyond the possibility of a doubt; but as his object was revenge, not justice, he dispensed with every rule that might give the prisoners any claim to mercy, and ordered them for execution on as early a day as possible.

When their friends learned the day on which it was to take place, they formed the resolution of attending the execution, disguised in the usual dress of the lower class, in order to seek an opportunity to sacrifice Elio instead, and liberate them all, or fall in the attempt. They

were to form small groups, each to be commanded by one of them, while they should all act unanimously on a given signal. But whether Elio feared or suspected some such attempt, the place of execution chosen by him was different from the usual one, and the unhappy victims, who had been confined in the citadel, were taken outside the city walls, by a secret door of this fortress, to a place close by. Vidal, who had been early that morning removed from the hospital to the citadel in a dying state, was placed in an arm-chair, his Colonel's uniform just thrown over his shoulders, his extreme weakness rendering it impossible to wear it otherwise ; and in this state he was conveyed to the scaffold. Though he was now in his last agonies, his reason occasionally returning, and seeing the military apparel around him, which too clearly indicated that his last hour was come, he manifested an imper- turbable serenity. On arriving at the foot of the scaffold, the adjutant went through the usual formalities of degradation ; but when he came

to the word, "traitor," Vidal, recovering a little from the mortal swoon into which from time to time he fell, raised his head, and fixing his dying eyes on him, said, with an expression of indignation playing on his lip,—"Traitor! no, no, I have not been a traitor,—perhaps, I have been imprudent." At last the executioner approached, and, as it is customary, made an apology for what he was about to execute. Vidal looked upon him with surprise. He had been made to understand that he would die as a soldier, and be shot,—“Do you command the picquet by whom I am to be shot?” he enquired.

“No, sir,” said the hangman, “I am the executioner, and, I am sorry to say, my duty is to hang you.”

No sooner had Vidal heard these words, than, as if he had been stabbed to the heart, he dropped his head on the back of the chair, and breathed his last sigh. Elio, who commanded in person the martial show, in order to be the better able to enjoy the triumph of revenge, ordered that Vidal's

execution should proceed, and that the corpse should be dragged up to the scaffold, and be hung according to the sentence, which was immediately done.

The remaining victims, thirteen in number, were shot in a manner equally brutal and disgusting; but they all died like true patriots, particularly the young Beltran de Lis, who had hardly reached his eighteenth year, and who was immolated chiefly on account of the hatred entertained by the sanguinary Elio towards his family. When he stood forward, a lively joy beamed in his eyes, and raising his voice to its utmost pitch,—“Countrymen!” he cried, “I have the happiness to die for the cause of liberty and my country! This is a proud day for me! I die full of joy!”

When they had all fallen, the barbarous Elio caused them to be hung up on a gibbet, some still in an expiring state, where they were to be left exposed to public view, and to be devoured by the birds of prey, while he rode on horseback along the line, and pointed them

out to the people with a savage complacency, as if he exulted in the sanguinary deed.

His subsequent efforts to penetrate into the secret of the conspiracy were unremitting. Not satisfied with the blood of the victims he had just sacrificed, he caused between two and three hundred individuals of both sexes to be arrested and thrown into dungeons. The slightest suspicion was enough for him to have a whole family buried in a dungeon, while the barbarous tribunal of the Inquisition, always the faithful instrument, and diligent executor of all those revolting atrocities of despotism, which are in the most direct opposition to the laws of God and man, immediately offered its powerful arm to aid in the work of extermination. The doors of their sepulchral caverns were thrown wide to admit the innocent victims, that even the ferocity of Elio dared not touch, and those monsters, who style themselves the ministers of a God of peace and mercy, endeavoured by dint of tortures and

exquisite sufferings to wring from them, perhaps, what had never entered their minds.

Notwithstanding his cruelty, all Elio could learn, was that Vidal's conspiracy had innumerable ramifications; and all he had accomplished by his bloody deeds, amounted to his having delayed its explosion a little longer. So convinced was he that some great revolution was on the point of bursting, that in a confidential letter he wrote at this epoch to the king, he told him, in harsh and even insolent language, that it was entirely owing to the excessive folly of his government, which had produced a general discontent throughout the country, that his most faithful servants and friends were exposed to such risks as he had miraculously escaped; that the conspiracy was wide and powerful; and that the only way to drive away the impending storm, was by adopting a different line of conduct, and fulfilling what he had promised on the 4th of May, 1814. To this extraordinary declaration were added some broad hints of having such and

such persons dismissed, and others, whom he pointed out, substituted in their place. Ferdinand, and particularly his sycophantic favourites, took these remonstrances as direct insults, which they would have punished on the spot, had they not trembled for the consequences of exciting the wrath of a man, whose revengeful spirit rendered him more dangerous than all the liberals put together. Accordingly they smothered their resentment and gave vent to their malignity, by ordering the sanguinary tribunal of the faith to reiterate their efforts to crush the heads of the hydra, one of which was no sooner cut off than another sprang up in its place, and kept them in constant terror and alarm. Hence persecution raged at this moment throughout the Peninsula to the most frightful extent. An idea of it may be formed, when we say that the horrors perpetrated by the venal, immoral, and ferocious Galinsoga, Alcalde de Casa y Corte, who had been invested by Lozano and Eguia, ministers of Ferdinand, with full powers to exterminate, without mercy or remorse, whomsoever he chose,

excited such a disgust, even among the Camarilla, that they were compelled to deprive him of his post, and send him into exile.

Undismayed by these calamitous events, and the dangers by which they were surrounded, the intrepid patriots, who had leapt into the arena to combat the monster of despotism, recommenced their attack with redoubled vigour, as soon as the first alarms and inquietudes allowed them to collect their scattered forces. Indeed, it would have been utter madness in them to have desisted from, or even delayed much longer the execution of their plans. From day to day the risks to which they were exposed increased, fresh arrests deprived them of their most useful agents, and new difficulties would arise by allowing their enemies to become too powerful and influential. It was, however, necessary to change the scene of action to another point of the Peninsula, for at Valencia their enemies were too watchful, and their own resources too much narrowed, by the numerous imprisonments that had taken place.

From the first moment the patriots formed

themselves into an association, they turned their eyes on the army destined for the colonies, as the plank which was to save the nation from sinking altogether. No sooner, therefore, had the first expedition against Caracas, under the orders of Morillo, began to assemble, than, notwithstanding the well known fact that the General was no liberal, several steps were taken by the masons to ensure their co-operation; but the infancy of the society, the want of a centre of union, from which the instructions of the corporation should unanimously proceed, and the short time employed in getting ready that expedition, rendered fruitless the isolated steps taken on that occasion.

On the assembling of the second expedition, intended for Buenos Ayres, the hopes of the patriots revived, and from the very first instant the aspect it presented was highly favourable to their designs, although there was not yet a centre of union, or any concerted plan formed. Still the slowness with which the expedition proceeded, gave the masons time to gain friends among the officers who were assembling at Cadiz and its

environs, and they succeeded in making important acquisitions to forward their future operations. The General to whom the command of this expedition was given, was the Count of Abisbal. We must be allowed here to make a few observations respecting this man. They are indispensable to our present purpose, and will render the sequel more intelligible to our readers.

From the moment Ferdinand mounted the throne of persecution, he manifested the most decided hatred towards the inhabitants of Cadiz, where the troops of his friend and ally, Napoleon, had not been able to penetrate. Resolved to draw a deep vengeance, he sent them Abisbal, as a person, who, he imagined, was likely to fulfil satisfactorily the trust of shedding the blood of the victims whom he intended to sacrifice. Instead of giving him instructions for the good government, and just administration of that deserving city, he recommended persecution and extermination. The monster himself, in a private audience, entreated Abisbal, even by the most degrading servilities, to annihilate the race

of liberals of that city, nay to exterminate the majority of the Gaditans.* No sooner did the General reach his government, than he perceived (if he had not done so before) that his conduct must be different from what Ferdinand demanded. The latter, and his ministers, cheated of their hopes, showed themselves highly offended, but it was necessary to keep on good terms with a man of whom Ferdinand has always had an intuitive awe. Yet such was the thirst for blood of this tiger, that he wrote to Abisbal autograph letters in a style of the utmost intimacy, which, after the most fulsome adulation, which not even the basest of parasites would have used with his patron, always concluded by warmly entreating him to sacrifice victims for his sake. This he did repeatedly, and each successive time more vehemently than the first; but as the satrap

* Horrible as this may appear, it is a fact publicly stated by Abisbal himself; moreover, the letters written to him with the king's own hand, which still exist, corroborate it but too forcibly. And such a monster heaven allows to live! Poor Spain, a sad fate is thine!

saw the slippery ground on which he trod, and the danger his life ran, if he were to follow his master's injunctions, he endeavoured to keep on good terms with the Gaditans, and if possible with his master also, by making some arrests, and violating the rules of good government in some few cases. This did not satisfy Ferdinand, who like Othello, though not like him having the plea of even a supposed wrong to excuse him, cried for "blood,—blood,—blood," and he resolved on the first favourable opportunity to remove him from his post. This presented itself soon after. On Napoleon's return to France from Elba, an army of observation was formed on the frontiers, the command of which Ferdinand gave to Abisbal ; but agreeably to the duplicity of his nature, he preserved for him what could only be called the nominal title of Captain General of the Andalusias, with which his duped friend remained to all appearance well satisfied. No sooner was Napoleon defeated at Waterloo, than Ferdinand, whose fear of Abisbal was now lighter, immediately bestowed the General's

lucrative and important post of Captain General of the Andalusias on a more condescending servant of his, though at the same time he still endeavoured to keep him contented, by holding out to him splendid promises. The Count, however, was not to be so easily deceived, and fired with indignation at his master's ingratitude, let out some indications, which clearly showed his displeasure at the tyrant's conduct.

At about this epoch, and while the army of observation still occupied their posts on the frontiers, the heroic Porlier hoisted the banners of the Constitution, and Abisbal received orders to march with his troops to Galicia to crush that attempt; but its unfortunate issue rendered this step useless. The sentiments which he manifested on this occasion, however, were such as to give the patriots room to hope, that the tyrant had now completely forfeited this General's adherence, and though it was one of their maxims to add to their party only men of honour and strict morality, their reduced state rendering the acquisition of any man of influence a matter

of importance, they turned their eyes on him as on one whose excited resentment might be turned to the benefit of their cause. Hence, when he received orders for the dissolution of the army he commanded, and for his immediate return to the capital, where he seemed to have been called to endure fresh mortifications, some of the masons there, profiting by these circumstances, received him into their society, though this reception was preceded by certain explanations, which proved the extraordinary change operated on the neophyte. Though he had now lost much of the influence which before he had exercised at court, he had still many friends in the *Camarilla*, and, by dint of intriguing, obtained at last the command of the above mentioned army for the expedition to Buenos Ayres.

On his arrival at Cadiz, he was received by the inhabitants with that marked contempt which the people knew so well how to manifest towards those who have been their oppressors ; but his conduct was so widely different from what it had formerly been, that, except in his

unwearied attentions to the ladies, in which he continued unchanged, people could hardly believe he was the same man. From the first instant, he called around him all those officers most remarkable for their enlightened and liberal ideas;—spoke to them of the necessity of a change in the horrible system of administration by which the nation was hourly ruined and degraded,—of the folly of an expedition to regain countries that could no longer belong to Spain,—and of the probability of a favourable change by employing wisely the means placed at his disposal, and which were intended for this expedition. He even spoke confidently of the success of a rising having its origin within the walls of a city, whose strength, and advantageous position rendered it impregnable, when the spirit of the inhabitants was taken into consideration. Towards the people he observed a conduct at once wise and equitable; he received graciously all those who came for redress, read their petitions, and decreed, without any loss of time, according to

the principles of justice. Thus he began gradually to acquire the confidence of the generality of people, and have his past deeds buried in oblivion ; till at last the patriots of Cadiz themselves, viewing his conversion as sincere, admitted him into their masonic chapter, to participate in their labours.

Such was the state of affairs in that part of the Peninsula at the epoch when Vidal's plot failed. From that moment the patriots, seeing that Abisbal had formally declared he would place himself at the head of a revolution, and that he continued steady in his praiseworthy conduct, felt their hopes revive, and fixed them more than ever on the numerous army assembled in the Andalusias. They commenced collecting the scattered threads of the conspiracy, binding them closer, and infusing new vigour into those men, who, terrified by so many and repeated misfortunes, had shrunk back from the task of regeneration. Our hero, who, notwithstanding the dangers by which he was surrounded, had been unremitting in his efforts to bring about

a plot, by which the death of the sacrificed martyrs of his cause should be avenged, and the honour of their country recovered, determined now to repair to those places where a greater probability of success offered itself, as he saw that Elio's vigilance and activity opposed an insurmountable barrier to a second attempt in that quarter. He, therefore, took leave of his friends, and disguised in a white frock, shaped like a wide doublet, a sash of red stuff wound around his waist, white and very wide breeches, not quite reaching to the knee, a pair of hempen sandals, a leathern cap slightly rounded, and a piece of thick woollen cloth, striped with various colours, about seven feet in length and two in width for a cloak, thrown over one shoulder, and hanging equally behind and before,—the usual dress worn by the husbandmen of Murcia and Valencia, set off, accompanied by Roque, similarly arrayed, to Madrid, which he hoped to reach without difficulty, see the friends he wanted, and then proceed to

Cadiz, to share in the labours, dangers and glories, of his brethren.

“How do you like me in my new dress, Roque?” enquired he of his servant, when they had safely quitted Valencia, and were advancing on their way to Madrid, through the beautiful country which spreads itself in delicious gardens to within some leagues of La Mancha.

“Am I at last permitted to speak?” replied Roque, whose countenance naturally serious, was now overspread with a dismal look of stern peevishness. “I’ll tell you what, Sir, there is a proverb that says—*‘ aunque la mona se vista de seda, mona se queda,’** and let me add, that if you assume that dress only to get into more mischief, I’ll even wish you a good bye, and you may seek another servant, who may be both blind and dumb, for then you will be sure to hear no truths told, which you seem so anxious to avoid.”

* Although a monkey may dress himself in silk, he will always remain a monkey.

“ Well, Roque, but you certainly would not deprive me of the benefit of your wisdom, though I be somewhat slow in understanding it?” said his master ;—“ for what would become of me without your counsels ?”

“ ’Tis that consideration alone that induces me to put up with such miseries as I have endured through your extreme folly. There, in that accursed city, have we been now lodging in a damp cellar, like toads in a hole, and feeding more upon vapours than substantials ; now in a dark loft, buried under straw, like a couple of rats, who, fearing the sound of human feet, dare only at night skulk out from their hiding place, and then it was to be at some mischief, which soon brought us back to our holes. More than once have I blessed my feet, to which I am more indebted for my safety than to any other limb, thanks to an empty stomach that kept them light ; for else I should have found it a hard matter to escape the pursuit of those Miñones who seem to have wings clapped on their heels, so swift the rascals

run. As for yourself you must have the devil in you ; for, hang me, if ever a man not possessed by the fiend could squeeze himself through mere crevices, leap from second floor windows, run along the edges of roofs, as swift as a cat, and without minding the shots that whistled about your ears, fight your way out with a whole company without getting hurt, and a thousand other witcheries of the kind."

"It was only a little presence of mind, Roque, that gave me all those advantages," said his master ; " but I hope you will see me do better things than those by and bye."

"The devil I will?" returned Roque.

"Yes, my good fellow. We are now going to a place where you will meet many of your old comrades ; those stout-hearted men, who fought so well for the independence of their country, and who are now ready to stand forward for liberty and their rights. If our base enemies dare show their faces before us, I promise you, we shall go to work in the right

way. No more night meetings to surprise them; but there in the broad light of day our arms shall glitter, and our unfurled banners wave in the air before their astonished eyes; and if, contrary to their custom, they should wait our attack, we will blow them all to atoms, or cut them down to a man. Rely on it, my friend, victory will follow our steps, and we shall cover ourselves with glory."

"I suppose it will be that sort of glory," said Roque, "which is painted round the heads of St. Lawrence and St. Bartholomew, as a prize for being grilled or flayed, which, I hardly hoped, we should escape without tasting at Valencia, for there was enough of that there."

"Never fear it; for there is nothing very exalted about you, that will ever entitle you to martyrdom."

"So much the better," returned Roque, "and if there were I would willingly abandon it all to you.—But I thought it was your intention to remain at Madrid?"

“Only a short time, and until I ascertain some matters which I am anxious to learn,” said his master.

“But which you will not be able to mend.”

“Be that as it may,” returned Sandoval, “you must try and see Rosa, immediately on our arrival, and learn from her how matters stand with Doña Gabriela. I am the more eager to know the result of Father Lobo’s interference in the marriage contemplated by Doña Angela between Gabriela and my brother, as I fear some deep villainy to be the cause of it.”

In such conversations as these our two travellers journeyed on towards the capital, avoiding as much as possible any conversation with those whom they met on the road, and who like themselves travelled on foot. On their arrival at La Mancha, they had the precaution to change their Valencian dress for that of this province, in order to attract less the notice of its inhabitants. As they penetrated further into La Mancha, those delightful and varied fields, which

make Valencia a vast and blooming garden, assumed a monotonous appearance, which, however, being now about the middle of spring, was a little relieved by the soft green corn grown in some, and the vines, and olives in others. Upon the whole, our travellers found the road sufficiently pleasant, and made as agreeable a journey as their mode of travelling permitted.

On their arrival at the capital, the first care of Sandoval was to send his servant in search of the information he wanted ; but desired him to say nothing of his arrival at Madrid to any human being ; while he, on his side, proceeded to the house of his friend Anselmo, to learn how affairs stood among the patriots of the capital. Here he had the mortification to learn, that most of them had remained in a state of shameful inactivity since his departure, believing that the rest of their brethren had submitted to the orders they once issued of suspending the labours in the lodges. Anselmo, aided now and then by a few, had endeavoured to keep alive the sacred fire of patriotism. He had carried on the whole

correspondence with his exiled brethren, removed the innumerable difficulties which rose at every step, and directed the whole machinery. He was, indeed, the only one who, undismayed by the severe blows struck against him and his party, appeared above the rest, like a beacon, lighting them to liberty.

We ought to remark here, that until the death of Charles IV., which happened a short time after the failure of Vidal's attempt, it had entered into the plans of the liberals to restore to that king the crown usurped by his son. It is probable he would have refused mounting the throne again; but this was thought of little importance; for while that was in agitation, Ferdinand and his brothers were to be declared unfit to reign, and a provisional government established; at the head of which (should events have compelled them to keep the Bourbon family on the throne) it was their intention to have placed the infant of Don Carlos; during whose minority all the great reforms which the circumstances of the nation so imperiously de-

manded, might have been accomplished. But Ferdinand, who suspected his mother and Godoy of some such plan, and who was confirmed in this suspicion by the documents taken from Vidal, in which his father was proclaimed king, while himself and his brother were to be brought to trial, began to consider the affair as deserving his whole attention. The sudden deaths of both father and mother, which happened successively soon after, and various other ominous incidents of the times, gave rise to certain rumours highly prejudicial to Ferdinand's filial character. How far these were to be trusted, must be left to time to discover; but meantime such unexpected events rendered it necessary for the patriots to alter their plan, respecting the government which was to be established immediately after a successful revolution. It was evident to every patriot, that the reigning tyrant had rendered himself unworthy of ascending a constitutional throne, and that both his brothers had shewn themselves no less ungrateful and unfit for the crown. Under these circumstances, it was ne-

cessary to begin the revolution by depriving the three, in a legal manner, of the power to do mischief, and leaving the rest to the course of events. To provide, however, against evil consequences, their plan now was to establish separate Juntas of Government in those points where they might be most wanted; all of which were to act under the immediate orders of that formed at the head quarters of the expeditionary army, and doubtless a supreme authority would then have been created, invested with full powers to do away with the obstacles which might oppose themselves to the establishment of freedom.

The patriots being agreed on these points, various emissaries were sent backwards and forwards from Cadiz to Madrid, to make the final arrangements for striking the blow; and as our hero reached the capital when these conferences were going on, it was agreed between him and his friend, that he should depart in a few days for Cadiz, to act as their agent on this occasion. This point settled, he went to Doña Clara's

house, where he found Roque already waiting for him.—“Well, my friend, what news?” enquired he anxiously. “Are my hopes for ever vanished? Are they married?—Speak, man, speak.”

“The truth is, Sir, that I have little to tell,” replied his servant; “however, they are not yet married; that is one fact; and as for the other affair, all I have learned is, that Doña Gabriela has managed to keep so much away from court, particularly since her majesty’s death, that the devil an opportunity the king has had to see her.—However, that will not serve her now; for only this morning she received a ticket from the Duchess of Osuna, to be present at the *dejeuné* (as they call it) which she gives every year to the king at her *Alameda*,* on the road of Alcalá, which is to take place the day after to-morrow.”

* Literally a walk of poplar trees; but those grounds which bear the name of the Alameda of the Duchess of Osuna, consist in vast and beautiful gardens, in the middle of which rises one of the finest palaces near the capital.

“ Well, and what of that ?” enquired his master eagerly.

“ Why, that his majesty has intimated, through that ugly griffin, Don Aniceto Artimaña, *alias* Lanza, that he expects she will not decline the invitation.”

“ And she means to go ?” asked his master again.

“ What else can she do ?”

“ And Doña Angela will consent to her going ?”

“ Ay, I believe so,” said Roque. “ A pretty kick up I understand there was when Doña Gabriela declared, she would not go ; the mother insisting on it, and the daughter refusing to consent ; till at last, you may well guess whether Doña Angela had her way or not.”

Sandoval was now silent : he felt no inclination to put any more queries. “ Leave me,” said he to Roque, “ and to-morrow morning call me early.”

Once alone, he gave himself up to his own reflections, which, as our readers probably sus-

pect, were none of the pleasantest. In fact, the news brought by his servant, chimed in too much with those alarming suspicions which the contents of Rosa's letter had raised in his mind; not to make every nerve in his frame thrill with horror and apprehension. He could not believe, notwithstanding the heartless conduct of Doña Angela towards Gabriela, that she could be privy to the detestable schemes of the monk and his nephew. It was impossible that a woman of virtuous principles, as doubtless Doña Angela was, and much less a mother, could consent to the ruin of her daughter, and be an agent in such infamous proceedings. However bigotted she might really be, however blind her obedience to the dictates of her confessor, surely she would hardly be so utterly devoid of the sense of right and wrong, as not to see the wickedness of such an unnatural course. It was evident to him, that she was the dupe of the perverse machinations of those two monsters in human shape, whom she so much esteemed and venerated; and such being his conviction,

he thought, that not an instant ought to be lost in warning her of the danger that threatened to stain the honour of her family. But the great difficulty was in finding an opportunity of putting her upon her guard, or of convincing her that the danger was real, both which circumstances appeared completely out of his reach; as it was evident, that even supposing he succeeding in seeing her, he would find it a difficult task to persuade her that her father confessor was a villain, and her adopted son another. To entrust the matter to a third person, he dared not venture, not even to his own brother, whose great veneration for Father Lobo was, indeed, of itself an obstacle as insurmountable as the prejudices of Doña Angela herself. After turning over in his mind these things again and again, he hit at last upon an expedient, which he thought could not fail to produce the desired effect. His acquaintance with the Prince of Anglona, a son of the Duchess of Osuna, and formerly the General in Chief of the army in which he served, rendered his admission easy to the approaching

festival given by her grace to the king, provided he assumed a different name, and a suitable disguise. Full of this idea, he resolved to go and see the Prince on the following morning at an early hour, and request the favour of being admitted to the *dejeûné*.

CHAPTER VI.

Ah ! who can e'er forget so fair a being ?
 Who can forget her half retiring sweets ?
 God ! she is like a milk-white lamb that bleats
 For man's protection. Surely the All-seeing,
 Who joys to see us with his gifts agreeing,
 Will never give him pinions, who entreats
 Such innocence to ruin, —vilely cheats
 A dove-like bosom.

JOHN KEATS.

HAVING risen betimes, in order to make his dress with the attention which he always devoted to his outward appearance, Sandoval now proceeded to La Puerta de la Vega, where the Duke of Osuna has a palace, which, like most of those belonging to the Spanish grandees, was in itself a little world. The multitude of servants, or, as it is called, the *servidumbre*, kept by them, are almost as numerous as that of the

king himself. There are chief and inferior major-domos, chaplains and tutors, pages and squires, great and small equerries with their train of coachmen and grooms, and lacqueys without number, cooks and scullions, porters, and scores of nondescript characters, besides female attendants of all ages and conditions, who, from ladies of honour down to kitchen maids, make up as great a number as that of the male servants, all of whom have apartments in these houses, as well as their families, and even schools, where their children are instructed. And yet, will it be believed, that these grandees, with their princely establishments and immense wealth, are themselves menials to the royal family, and bear the very same names as their own servants?—that they are obliged to perform the most disgraceful and degrading offices, and can hardly leave the capital without first asking leave from their royal master?—that they must hold the bridle of the horse to every member of the royal family, open and shut the carriage door, light them about the palace, attend them

in their dressing rooms and bed-chambers, &c. &c. ?—and, oh shame of heart ! think it an honour to kiss the royal feet !—But this is a digression. Let us accompany our independent hero, who would sooner have bit off his nails by the roots, than have submitted to such a degradation.

Having followed first one servant, then another, afterwards a third, and so on, through suites of magnificent rooms, he came at last to a small apartment, beautifully fitted up, where the Prince of Anglona was at his morning meal, sitting at a table covered with a multitude of dishes, and attended by a number of lacqueys. On Sandoval's entering, he rose, and at his nod, all his attendants made a profound reverence, and withdrew. He then advanced towards our hero, whom he welcomed with a polite embrace ; after which he invited him to sit down to breakfast with him, and enquired the object of his early visit ; having first obtained from him a full account of his patriotic proceedings, which Sandoval gave with his usual candour and anima-

tion—"And now, General," added he with a smile, "you see you have a dangerous character in your house. A sworn conspirator, who will sooner resign life than miss an opportunity of plotting against the ruling faction; and who, for aught he knows, may, even before the expiration of the year, lose his head on a scaffold, and be honoured with the name of traitor. But you know me already; besides, my present visit is upon matters unconnected with any treasonable practices."

He then expressed a wish to be present at the *dejeuné* given by the duchess to the king, as he wished to meet some friends of his, whom he had not seen for a length of time, and whom he could not conveniently see at their own houses. Anglona assured him, that though his mother was almost fastidious in the selection of her company, she would have been as happy in seeing him there as himself, even without a ticket; but that he would send him one that very morning.

Sandoval returned his polite acknowledgments for such a kindness; but added, that as there

would be present other people by whom he did not wish to be known, he intended going under a disguise, and with a different name--“ But,” enquired the young nobleman, “ does your disguise conceal any hostile intentions against our sovereign, or against any of the company ?— for if it does, were you my own brother, I could not allow you to be admitted.”

“ My intentions, I give you my word of honour,” said Sandoval, “ are in no way hostile to any one there; so far from that, they are pure and honourable.”

“ I believe you,” returned Anglona; “ but though you and myself might think them honourable, they might for all that be deemed treasonable by others. Will you only assure me that they have nothing to do with politics?”

“ I do most solemnly,” replied Sandoval.

“ Enough then, and you shall have a ticket under any name you please, I pledge you my word.—But, à propos, you who come from the province of Rioja, do you know anything of the family of Don Antonio Lanza?”

“I was formerly very well acquainted with them,” replied Sandoval; “but as you are aware, a difference of politics has split many an acquaintance.”

“Then you have seen Doña Gabriela, Don Antonio’s daughter, of whom they speak so highly? It is whispered that Ferdinand is deeply smitten by her beauty, which, by the bye, is the constant theme of our circles, and that she will become his principal favourite. She will be present to-morrow at our party, and I expect there will be some flirtation going on. I have heard a most strange story about her.”

“Have you?” said Sandoval, affecting a calmness which he was far from feeling.

“Yes; something of an unfortunate attachment with a man of low extraction, which obliged her to conceal her misfortunes in a convent,” said Anglona. “’Tis a pity; though that will not injure her in Ferdinand’s eyes, who, you know, is not over nice in these matters.”

“By heavens! General, ’tis false,” cried Sandoval, unable to restrain his feelings, “’tis false

and slanderous,—’tis one of the infamous slanders by which virtue and innocence are ruined in a corrupt court. She is as free from guilt as a thing of heaven.”

“I only repeat what I have heard,” said Anglona ; “it may, very likely, be one of the too many fabrications of envy or scandal:—but you seem to know her more intimately than you hinted, and take a proportionate interest in her.”

Sandoval saw now clearly he had allowed his feelings too great a latitude, and he began to haul up his sails.—“No—I assure you—there is no great intimacy between us;—but I hate to hear slanders against those I know to be innocent, were they even the most perfect strangers to me, and I cannot check my indignation on such occasions.”

“’Tis not fair, perhaps, to insist too much on these matters,” said the Prince smiling, “I will therefore attribute your warmth in this instance to your natural gallantry ; for I know you are no less a champion of the fair, than of liberty ; but before we part, allow me as a friend who esteems

and loves you, to be cautious how you cross the path between royalty and love. Remember Macanaz and Mademoiselle Petit.’*’

“General,” said Sandoval gravely, not much

* When Ferdinand returned to Spain, there came with him a young French beauty, a milliner of Paris, called Petit, who took the liberty to form an intimacy with Macanaz (a man who had lived with Ferdinand at Valengay, and who was afterwards his prime minister) without consulting her royal paramour, who having made the discovery under very peculiar circumstances, not contented with inflicting with his own hands on the offenders a severe horse-whipping, caused her speedily to quit the kingdom, obliging her first to give up every gift which his royal generosity had lavished on her; and sent Macanaz to the castle of San Anton in Coruña, where he remained a long time, till at length he obtained permission to live in his native village. Of course, the plausible motive for the minister’s disgrace, was the discovery made by the king of his practice of selling every public situation within his department; but those who knew that his majesty himself made the sale of offices a source of private revenue, soon found out the right story, and were not particular in concealing it. Macanaz afterwards insisted on an investigation of the whole business; and Ferdinand, aware he was as deeply implicated as himself, and unwilling that the whole world should know it, settled a pension on him (which even at this moment he enjoys) to hush the matter up.

pleased at the association, “I thank you: but there is a difference between a French milliner,—a strumpet in the full sense of the word, and Doña Gabriela Lanza, a lady whose high virtue will of itself suffice to shelter her from any base attempt of the kind; and who, at all events, is entitled to the protection of every honourable man, whose sword should be drawn in her service, were it even against royalty.”

Anglona, who felt not the same flame that glowed in our hero's bosom, shook his head, and said, that though there certainly was a difference, and a very material one, he feared it would render caution doubly requisite:—“for,” said he, “as it is evident that the attractions of a virtuous object always makes a deeper impression in our hearts than those of one who has only personal beauties to boast of, the king's passion for Gabriela must be in proportion to that difference. Consequently, as I really feel a great interest for you, I must persist in recommending the utmost prudence.”

Sandoval, who saw that the General's advice

proceeded from real goodness of heart, was now more cordial in his thanks; after which he took leave of him.

As the *dejeuné* of the Duchess of Osuna to the king was to take place as early as four o'clock in the morning, Sandoval rose betimes, and, assisted by his servant Roque, made his toilet, which consisted in an elderly man's wig, having the usual appendage of a silk bag tied to the queue, and the locks of which, instead of curling gracefully, as did his own black hair, were long and lank, and fell about his ears and forehead in such a manner as materially to alter the appearance of his handsome countenance, to which it gave an elderly look. He next assumed a court dress: a coat of the beautiful cloth (which is made in the royal manufactory of San Fernando) called *vigogne*, shaped in the usual fashion, straight collar, round breast, long skirts, and steel buttons; a white silk embroidered vest of decent length, cut triangularly at its lowest extremity, and with flaps on the pockets; knee-breeches, and silk stockings; shoes, with a

handsome pair of gold buckles ; a court sword, with a steel hilt highly wrought ; and a chapeau-bras. In this costume, he flung himself into Doña Clara's carriage, who lent it him with pleasure, and then proceeded, through the gate of Alcala towards the Alameda of the Duchess of Osuna.

He had not advanced very far on his way, when the rapid trampling of horses announced a body of cavalry coming on. It was a party of the king's *guardias de corps*, preceding the royal carriages, and going, as usual, at full gallop, by which habit more than one cavalier breaks his neck in the course of the year, and many horses are broken down and disabled. In the present instance only half a dozen horses took fright at our hero's carriage, and two fell down with their riders. The word, "halt," being then uttered, their companions stopped ; but on observing the royal carriages fast approaching, they set off again at a furious rate, leaving the two unfortunate cavaliers to crawl out of the road as well as they could, or be trod to death ; for such accidents as these are never noticed by the lofty

personages they serve. Sandoval caused his carriage to be drawn on one side of the road, while the king's and those of his household passed by, which they did with the rapidity of lightning; after which another party of guardias closed the rear, all in full dress.

At about a league from Madrid begins the Alameda, which is entered by a handsome gate, where our hero was politely requested to show his ticket by one of the superior servants of the duchess, who was in attendance there for the purpose of examining them. Sandoval handed him the one sent to him by Anglona—"The Señor Marques (for he had assumed the name of the Marquis de Rivas, one of his ancestors by his mother's side) is welcome to her Grace's Alameda. Drive on, coachman," said the attendant, having examined it, after which he made a profound bow, and the carriage rolled slowly on through the long and beautiful avenue which leads to the palace. On both sides of it spread groves of fruit trees, small vineyards, and elegant parterres, shining in all the verdant gaiety of the

season, their flowers and leaves, still covered with the morning dew, glittered in the beams of the rising sun, as a gentle zephyr made them vibrate on their stems, and shewed their delicate tints as yet untarnished by the mid-day sun. It was with a sensation of delight that Sandoval looked upon the varied scene which presented itself to his sight, and to which the stillness and freshness of that early hour added new charms. At every step a fresh object attracted his attention; now a rustic hut emerged from a cluster of trees, and now a hermitage perched on the acclivity of a steep mount; further on, the ruins of an old building, finely overrun with creeping plants, graced the landscape, and then a lake, in the middle of which was seen an island clothed with soft verdure, and decked with thickets and lofty trees; an Indian pagoda rose here in all its elegant symmetry, and there a wild and winding path leading to a grotto, beside which ran a small rivulet with its pleasing murmur; a finely carved statue now peeped out from behind a thicket, and now a fountain, the waters of which sported

high in the air, and fell back upon its bosom, forming a variety of fanciful images.

As the carriage rolled on, the distant sounds of music, vibrating through the trees of the avenues, became more distinct, and some shrill notes of greeting from the martial instruments of the royal military band, intimated the arrival of the king, and the royal family. At length the palace, with the buildings for the numerous attendants, rose, in an excellent style of architecture, from amidst rich, gay, and elegant parterres, and presented a scene as magnificent as it was animated. The exterior was decorated with hangings of rich coloured silks, and flowery garlands, ingenious devices, and finely painted portraits of the royal family. At the gates and places of entrance, which were transformed into triumphal arches, were seen a multitude of servants, in splendid liveries, bustling about, as they ushered in the noble visitors, who arrived in their splendid equipages, and vociferating their names with as sonorous voices as the importance of the occasion demanded, while the

bands of music, stationed in the gardens and in the interior of the palace, welcomed them with their harmonious sounds.

Our hero, having alighted from his carriage, ascended a magnificent staircase, decorated with beautiful and rare plants, flowery festoons, and costly hangings, all elegantly disposed; and afterwards, was ushered into the sumptuous apartments where the guests were assembling, the furniture of which surpassed, in grandeur and richness, even that of the royal palaces. Around these saloons were arranged sofas, ottomans, couches, and other kinds of seats, all of silks and rich stuffs, for the company; and in the furthest saloon was a magnificent throne for the royal visitor, with canopied seats beside it for the Infantes and Infantas. Every one of the company, already assembled there, displayed the utmost magnificence. The ladies, decked in their elegant ball dresses of different hues, glittered in the brilliant trinkets which adorned their persons, like flowers on which the dew drops still hang and sparkle in the sunbeams, and the

gentlemen, in their court dresses or splendid uniforms, with ribbons, crosses, and decorations, dazzled the sight by the profusion of gold and silver with which their dresses were covered. The foreign ambassadors were also present at this festival, and rivalled each other in magnificence, as well as several high prelates, dressed in all their ecclesiastical splendour ; while the handsome guardias, who had accompanied his majesty there, were also allowed to participate in the pleasures of the fête. All moved on with ease and gracefulness towards the place occupied by the sovereign, and their illustrious entertainer, to pay their respects to them, and wore a smile on their countenances, as they made profound bows to each other.

As Sandoval passed through this crowd of visitors to make his obeisance to the duchess, he cast his eyes around, in hopes of discovering the dear object of his affection ; but, notwithstanding his anxiety he could see nothing of her, nor of her family, and he almost feared they would not be of the party. Having made his

bow to the duchess, and the princesses, he walked towards the Prince of Anglona, to ascertain from him if Don Antonio's family was expected at all. The young nobleman could hardly refrain from laughing at observing the serious figure Sandoval cut in his wig and vigogne coat, but told him, that though he appeared sufficiently disguised, he could not help thinking the cheeks, and lower part of his face, as well as his handsome calves, and other beauties which his dress did not conceal, looked much too young, smooth, round, and firm, for the rest of his person.

While Anglona was making these remarks, the name of Lanza resounded through the saloons, and suddenly the loud murmur that reigned in them was changed into whispers, while many a malicious smile, and suspicious nod passed between the company. All eyes, however, were soon turned towards the door with an expression of strong curiosity, and Gabriela leaning on Fermin's arm, entered, followed by her mother and Don Antonio, the monk and his

worthy nephew bringing up the rear. Never had she appeared more beautiful in Sandoval's eyes, than she did at the present moment. Her elegant and graceful figure was arrayed with the utmost simplicity, no costly jewels or glittering diamonds disputing the palm of brilliancy with her eyes, whose timid glances heightened the sweet expression of her countenance. A single white rose, tastefully fixed on her head, set off to greater advantage her black shining tresses and falling locks, while another, of a pale red, fixed to her breast, heightened the snowy whiteness of her neck and bosom. A white gown of fine muslin, with a border tastefully embroidered, and a coloured ribbon round her waist, was the unostentatious dress she had assumed for this important occasion, in the hope that its extreme simplicity would attract less the notice of the company to her person. But in this she was greatly mistaken; for in the same manner as the finely painted drapery of a picture generally diverts the attention from the object that wears it, her modest habiliments naturally concentrated

on her individual charms, which they rendered more striking, the undivided attention of the other visitors. This she very soon perceived, as she made her way to the other end of the room, and her sweet, though still pale countenance, became, as well as her neck, suffused with blushes, whilst her large fine eyes were cast on the ground with unaffected modesty, and her timid bosom heaved with agitation.

Fermin, whose handsome uniform of Brigade General, set off to greater advantage his finely formed person, and whose striking countenance and manly look strongly expressed the delight he felt at the happiness of enjoying the presence of his sovereign, and the royal family, remarked Gabriela's agitation, and gently pressed her hand to dispel her timidity. This, though done in a manner almost imperceptible, did not escape the keen eyes of Calisto, who watched their motions and looks most intensely, and who feeling far otherwise than at ease, particularly when he heard around him a thousand eulogies on the two lovers, "who seemed made for each

other," withdrew to a recess formed by one of the balconies.

On arriving at the foot of the throne, Gabriela knelt, to kiss the Infanta Doña Maria Francisca's hand, who occupied the seat next to Ferdinand; but the latter stepping out to receive her, she started back, as if she had seen an adder, and dropping him a courtesy, walked towards the Duchess of Osuna to salute her, while Fermin bent his knee and kissed with the utmost reverence the royal hands, as did also Doña Angela, who on this occasion had exchanged her devotee's habiliments for a most sumptuously profane one, and what is still more strange, had brought her mind to commit the sacrilege of wearing that same precious family necklace, which had become a sanctified relic since it was worn by our Lady del Pilar of Zaragoza!—But she had consulted on the matter with her ghostly confessor.

On Father Lobo's approaching the king, the latter, who, though possessed of great powers of dissimulation could hardly conceal the displea-

sure he felt at Gabriela's action, took the monk aside, close to the place occupied by our hero, who heard him ask Lobo, in a severe and reproachful tone, his reason for not having performed the promise he had made him.—“Did you not say I should find Gabriela a little more tractable than the first time I saw her?—and yet, even before the eyes of this assembly, she has offered me a marked insult!—I speak in earnest, and tell you, I'll not be trifled with.”

“Sire,” said the monk in an insinuating voice, unabashed by this speech, “you must interpret her action differently. I can assure your majesty she is fully aware of the honour you do her, and feels flattered by it; but you know the little artifices and wiles of the sex. It is precisely to those whose affections they are more anxious to ensure, that they will at first show themselves indifferent; for they know too well that forwardness on their part, will oftener produce disgust than love. Did your majesty not observe the look she gave you, even when she so coquetishly retreated from you?”

“I did,” said the king, “and a cursedly forbidding one it was.”

“Ay, even so,” cried the monk, “I see your majesty is an acute observer—nothing escapes your penetration—what then could be a more evident proof of her love?”

“Why, zounds, man,” exclaimed his majesty, “what do you take me for? Am I a fool or an idiot?”

“Your majesty does me an injustice,” said the monk, “if you really believe I could ever take my sovereign for either.”

“Then how, if she dart such freezing looks, can she feel any love for me?”

“I shall answer that question with another, if it please your majesty,” returned the monk.

The king nodded, and the monk added, “Would there be any skating, if there were no ice? and would men feel any pleasure in the warmth produced by that exercise, if they were not predisposed to it by the freezing air around?—I speak somewhat metaphorically, but it is, nevertheless, as Gabriela feels, nay, as most

women of sense do. They offer forbidding looks to encourage our timidity, upon the same principle as they who wash their benumbed hands with snow, in order to restore to them warmth and animation.”

This argument, subtle as it was, had nothing to do with Ferdinand’s question ; but it puzzled him, and it was all the monk wanted. “ Well,” said the king, “ you may be very right ; but, in truth, I should prefer the genial sunbeams of spring to these freezing gales—and hark ! if the ice lasts much longer, I must have it broken ; for, by my patron saint, I am not fond of winter.”

With these words he turned round, and presenting his arm to the Duchess of Osuna, went down, preceded by the Duke de Alagon, captain of the guards, and other noblemen of his *servidumbre*, to the banquet-room, followed by the Infanta, consort of Don Carlos, who leaned on the arm of the Duke of Osuna ; and by the rest of the company, among whom, we are happy to state, no dispute for precedence arose,

though most of the proudest grandees of Spain were among the visitors. As for Sandoval, he followed in the throng, his mind engrossed with the conversation he had just overheard.

We shall not attempt a description of the sumptuous banquet with which the Duchess entertained her guests. It would indeed be an endless and tedious task, both for our readers to peruse, and ourselves to write. Enough then if we say, that every delicacy of the season that wealth could procure was there displayed in magnificent services of gold and silver, china, and glass; and that the *plateaux* vases, and other embellishments of the tables, were truly tasteful and splendid; everything, in a word, being calculated to give a correct notion of the wealth and grandeur of the princely house of Osuna.* During the *dejeuné*, the music sta-

* That the reader may form some idea of the profusion of this fête, we shall only remark, that, in the year to which the above alludes, the duchess made a present of three thousand dollars (six hundred pounds) to the cook of the pope's nuncio, resident at Madrid, who prepared the

tioned in the gardens filled the air with melodious sounds, which contributed to excite the guests of both sexes to converse without restraint.

As our hero was not known to any of the people present, under his assumed name of Marquis de Rivas, except to Anglona, he was not under the necessity of attending to any in particular ; and, therefore, he took his seat at table just opposite to Gabriela, to have the pleasure, at least, of silently gazing upon her, and catch the sweet accents of her voice. This pleasure, however, was not quite free from pain ; for he observed, that, notwithstanding the attentions shewn her by those who were around her, she ate little, and appeared absorbed in melancholy reverie, though now and then a smile played on her coral lips, and enlivened viands for the banquet ; and that, notwithstanding such an immense sum, her Grace found a balance in her favour of ten thousand dollars from what she spent in those years when the management of the table was entrusted to her own cooks.

her physiognomy; but as it was addressed to Fermin, who sat near her, its sweetness, if not absolutely gall to our hero, was far from exciting in him very pleasant sensations. Another source of misery, deeper still than this feeling of jealousy, arose from the circumstance of an attendant of his majesty bringing to her a small silver dish with some preserved fruit, which he begged her to accept in the king's name, as a token of his respect; and though she was not the only lady there who enjoyed this honour, such an attention fully confirmed all he before imagined of Ferdinand's affection for her. The manner in which she received it, however, shewed clearly how repugnant it was to her feelings. "Have the goodness, Sir, to thank his majesty for an honour of which I do not feel myself worthy," said she drily to the gentleman in waiting, as she received the present from him,—“ But which she will do her best endeavours to deserve,” added Doña Angela, with an inclination of the head to him, and a frown to Gabriela.

The gentleman made a profound bow, and

hastened back with the message, which he delivered to the Duke of Alagon, who whispered it into his majesty's ear, and Sandoval, who kept his eye on the king, observed him bite his lip, and whisper back to the Duke something, on which the latter replied by a triple shake of the head. "The good old lady," said to him in a low voice a noble courtier who sat near Sandoval, "is determined to give his majesty full play, though her daughter seems not quite so anxious to carry it on. What strange caprices women have! Here is a village damsel, without a name or reputation, disdainng the favours of a monarch, and a little while ago playing all sorts of pranks with servants and plebeians, even below herself!"

"We must not take for granted all the scandalous reports that are circulated in a court," said Sandoval, endeavouring to check his indignation. "It is enough, her beauty outshines that of all others, for envy and malice to choose her for their butt. For my part, I do not believe a word of it."

“ You are very welcome to your opinion,” cried the nobleman in his turn, casting a side-long glance at the antiquated cut of his coat, “ perhaps in *your* time such things seldom occurred, but the world is somewhat altered since.”

“ I thought there was still some virtue left, though it may not be found in Madrid,” returned Sandoval.

“ In the innocent creature opposite to us, I suppose ?” inquired the courtier sneeringly.

“ Even so, Sir,” cried Sandoval, somewhat sternly.

“ Why, yes. She seems to have already given pretty good proofs of it ; and, moreover, will perhaps honour us with further testimonies of virtue in the course of to-day, or to-night,” returned the other, in the same sneering style.

Sandoval’s blood boiled in his veins. He was not in the habit of seeing the idol of his heart made the subject of public scandal and private malice ; and though he felt that his situation prevented him from publicly repelling the ca-

lunnies thus circulated about her, he leaned his head towards the nobleman, and whispered into his ear,—“There is baseness in your language, Sir, and I shall expect you to attend me into the garden, as soon as we rise from table.”

The courtier, surprised at this discourse, turned round to reply; but on observing the stern look of the speaker, he grew suddenly confused and abashed, and could hardly muster sufficient courage even for an apology.—“I beg to retract whatever offensive words I may have uttered,” he muttered in a trembling voice, and then observed a deep silence during the remainder of the collation.

“A slanderer,” thought Sandoval, “will always prove himself a coward. Oh! were my hands not tied, I would soon silence the whole set of them!”

Immediately after the entertainment, the party left the palace to stroll about the beautiful gardens and grounds of the Alameda, and enjoy the freshness of the morning. No

etiquette whatever was observed on this occasion, every one being at liberty to select any of the numerous amusements prepared for them, and to follow the path he pleased. Swings and wooden horses were suspended from the trees, for those who liked that exercise; boats, gaily adorned, were inviting the rowers to navigate the lakes; courts for tennis, nine-pins, bar, archery, and shooting, called the amateurs of these amusements to shew their skill; and a small amphitheatre for bull-baiting with young bulls to fight, or rather to play with, invited the more adventurous of the party to exhibit their courage and address. But what in the first instance attracted the attention of the whole party, was a circus, round which seats for them all were placed, to see an exhibition, called *Parcjas*, a semblance of the ancient tournaments, which is still in use in Spain. To this place the king had directed his steps, followed by the rest of the guests, and taken his seat under a canopy of damask, with gold brocade, having his brother's Infanta on one side, and the

Duchess of Osuna on the other. When all the other seats were occupied, the circus presented a most splendid and dazzling spectacle. The thousands of rich gems that decked the ladies heads, and the glittering uniforms and crosses of the gentlemen, sparkling in the sunbeams, cast a dazzling radiance round the circus, to which the incessant motion of the fair spectators, and playing of their fans, gave the utmost animation.

At a signal given by the grand equerry of the duchess, the trumpets sounded, and about forty-eight horsemen, clothed in the genuine Spanish costume, came forward, formed into a squadron of four in front, and twelve deep, headed by two ladies, who, like the followers of each, wore different colours. On arriving at the middle of the circus, they spread into a line, facing his majesty's seat, and made their horses bend their knees in homage to sovereignty. After this, the music played a march, and the cavaliers went round the circus in single file ; when, the music changing, they

advanced again to the middle, commenced a set of figures, imitating hearts, crowns, crosses, &c., now breaking their ranks, and crossing diagonally, now forming again and galloping round the circus, each displaying the utmost skill in horsemanship. On the conclusion of these dances, the two bands formed opposite each other, and all the cavaliers receiving from the squires who served them, shields, and some balls of white clay, one of the leaders crossed at full gallop to the other side, and passed in front of the line, followed by the first cavalier of her band, who immediately pursued by his antagonist, was obliged to parry with his shield the balls which his pursuers cast at him. Behind this came another, pursued by a fourth; and when all those belonging to the first band had thus passed, they whirled their horses round, and in their turn followed their antagonists, pelting them with their balls. The rapidity of their motions, and the skill they displayed in turning the balls aside, gave in-

finite pleasure to the delighted spectators, who manifested their approbation towards those who exhibited more address, by loud clappings and *vivas*.

On this party retiring, twelve elegantly dressed grooms entered the circus, leading by the bridle as many horses, richly caparisoned, intended for those gentlemen, who from mere spectators, wished to become candidates for the rings that hung from the different wooden columns, placed round the circus for this purpose, at various distances. The twelve candidates appeared soon after, dressed all alike, in rich military coats, white pantaloons, hessian boots with silver spurs, and glittering helmets, the visors of which, being drawn over their faces, concealed their features. Each, however, had a lance, from which floated a silk pennon, bearing an appropriate device, two of which only we shall here mention, though some of the others were perhaps more ingenious.--One bore the inscription, “*Amo,*

*sufro, y callo,** written on a green surface, and the other, on blue,—“*Por demasiado fiel peno.*”†

When these gentlemen had mounted their horses, they walked them slowly round the circus, displaying their devices to the eyes of the spectators; and it was observed that both cavaliers, whose mottos we have given above, seemed to direct their attention to the same object. Their dresses being so similar, and their size and stature likewise, it was impossible for the lady who saw herself thus flattered, and who was no other than Gabriela, to distinguish which of the two was Fermin, who had left her to be a candidate; nor could she tell who the other was, though her heart fluttered with a strange feeling of pleasure mingled with apprehension. On reading the devices, she found them both so appropriate to the two brothers, that she was still more puzzled

* I love, endure, and am silent.

† I mourn for being too true.

than with their persons. Both expressed attachment, and endurance, both applied indistinctly to the situation of each. Yet which of the two had concealed his passion from her?—surely Fermin,—and who could mourn for being too true?—she hesitated to answer herself.—“ His letter to me, the only one I ever received from him,” she said at last, “ ought to convince me, that Calisto has long ago been tired of his fidelity, since he released me from those ties that bound me to him, or rather since he released himself.—But what madness to think it can be Calisto ! Is he not in France ? or, perhaps, in a still more distant country ? ”

A sigh escaped her as this last thought flashed across her brain ; perhaps, she secretly wished him nearer. However, the cavaliers had now made the tour of the circle, when a flourish of trumpets warned them to prepare for exhibiting their address in gaining the prizes. They halted, and the first in the line of formation advancing a little from his companions, made his obeisance

to the king by bending gracefully his lance ; and then, raising it on high, plied spurs to his horse, and galloped rapidly round the circus, making passes with his lance at the various rings which hung out from the columns ; but missed them all. A general laugh among the spectators was his reward. A second followed,—he lifted up his visor, and shewed a face in which effrontery blended with sottish vanity. However, from the bold manner in which he stepped forward, it was generally expected he would be more fortunate than his predecessor. But it happened otherwise ; for shattering his lance to pieces against the first column he came to, the concussion he received brought him to the ground, where he lay stunned by the blow, until the grooms removed him from the field of action. At this occurrence a lady fainted away ; but most of the spectators could hardly suppress their inclination to laugh at his awkwardness and foolish impudence, such being the mischievous spirit of human nature. A third was more cautious, and succeeded in snatching one of the

rings; but it was done in such a graceless manner, that the applause was hardly heard, and he was ashamed to offer to any one the ring he had gained. At last it was now the turn of one of the two cavaliers who had attracted Gabriela's attention, and whose lance bore the green pennon, to display his skill. He came forward and made a deep and respectful inclination of the head to the king, and another to the Infanta, while he waved his lance gracefully, but with an air of timidity, corresponding to the device he had adopted, to Gabriela, who felt a secret anxiety for his success; and then rushing forward in the most gallant style, snatched two of the rings, the ribbons of which waved lightly in the air as he held them up. A burst of applause proclaimed his triumph; and he, holding out his lance to one of the grooms, requested that one of the prizes should be laid at the Infanta's feet, as a testimony of his loyalty, and the other at those of Doña Gabriela Lanza, as a token of his (here he hesitated) "profound respect," he added,

Immediately after this cavalier, followed the other admirer of Gabriela. There was a manly loftiness about him, which at once rivetted the attention of the spectators, and as he stood facing the king's seat, he made two low bows, one to the Infanta, and the other to the Duchess of Osuna, and as if inadvertently forgetting the middle seat, turned his courser's head towards the place occupied by Gabriela, and stretching out his lance made the horse bend a knee till the flag touched the ground. This done, he backed the steed with ease and dexterity, and fixing his eyes steadily on the columns, raised his lance to the level of the rings, and making his horse dart like an arrow from the bow, snatched three of the prizes, apparently at the same time, so steadily he held his lance, and so rapid was his course. The plaudits that followed this feat were enthusiastically manifested, and made Gabriela's heart thrill with a secret delight. These prizes he caused to be laid one at the feet of the Infanta, another at the Duchess's, and the third at those of Doña Ga-

briela Lanza, “ as a proof of his unalterable devotion.”

At this last declaration, which was made loud enough for them to hear, the eyes of the majority of the spectators turned themselves slyly towards the king, who was observed to whisper something into the ear of the Duke de Alagon ; while the cavalier who had preceded him, fixed his attention on this new rival, curious to know who he was ; but this, owing to the visor he wore over his face, he could not discover. Meantime the rest of the horsemen went through their trials of skill with various success ; after which they fired with pistols at a Turk's head at full gallop. In this exercise the cavalier of the blue colours shewed himself very superior to the rest, every time he fired bringing the mark down, and thunders of applause following his new triumphs. At length they all left the circus amidst the sound of music, and plaudits from the spectators, each to rejoin his friends, as soon as he had assumed his own dress.

CHAPTER VII.

So dear to heaven is saintly Chastity
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.

MILTON.

It seems hardly requisite to inform our readers that the cavalier who had been so much applauded was no other than Sandoval, who (independent of the established usages of our predecessors, by which the hero of a story must always be the very paragon of perfection) excelled in every thing he attempted, becoming a gentleman and a soldier.

In walking towards the apartments where he was to change his dress, his brother Fermin ap-

proached him, and unconscious as yet whom he was addressing, began the conversation, by praising the great skill he had displayed at the Parejas, by which he had eclipsed all his other companions, and himself among the rest.—“If it were not,” said Calisto, in reply to his brother’s eulogies, “that a man who excels at these games, proves himself master of such exercises as, perchance, he may one day turn to greater account, the possession of any skill at such sorry representations of the glorious tournaments of our ancestors, would not give a man of sense one atom of pleasure. And yet with what anxiety did not your heart beat, and mine too—for what?—for a ribbon tied to a ring!—and how we both swelled with ideotic pride at the empty sounds of applause from fools, who had the patience to endure the sight of us! Would our ancestors have sat so patiently at such an exhibition as this? And if there were no invaders or foreign champions to combat, would they not have turned their arms against their domestic tyrants, rather than catch ribbons, and fire at a wooden head?”

Fermin was not a little surprised at such a discourse; but imagining that the speaker was a descendant of one of those families whose heirs had often figured at those bloody exhibitions alluded to by his companion, said that the best proof that they themselves were susceptible of elevated sentiments, lay in the very thing he found fault with—"for," added he, "it is evident, that the man whose heart thrills at the idea of obtaining a mere ribbon, would feel still prouder in attempting to gain a higher prize."

"Experience proves the contrary," returned Calisto hastily: "it shows that we think we have done all, when we have gained a ribbon, or knocked down a wooden head. Else, why should three centuries have elapsed without our having done little more than shew our skill in trifles, when our necks bend under the weight of chains which it would be a proper feat for men to break, and when there are other than wooden heads to bring down!"

The purport of this speech being more distinct, Fermin was still more surprised.—"If I am not

mistaken, your discourse," said he, "implies what I, as a servant of the king, cannot suffer to pass unnoticed, without becoming as criminal as yourself. Let me tell you, then, of all the places which ought to be most free from revolutionary men, that, methinks, ought to be so in which our sacred sovereign presides, and is every moment shewing his condescension by acts almost derogatory to his royal dignity; but which prove how far his subjects are from bending under the weight of the chains, which as you insinuate, he imposes on them."

"How, Sir, if his condescension extended to your mistress?" whispered Calisto in his ear.

Fermin started back, and carried his hand to his sword.—"What am I to understand by your insinuation?" he asked in an offended tone. "Know, Sir, that, though we be within a hundred paces of the royal person, if you mean to slander my sovereign, or a lady whose virtue is as untainted as the sun-beams, my sword shall punish your temerity on this very spot."

"The lady, I am persuaded, is what you

represent her," said Calisto; "I wish I could have as good an opinion of *your* sovereign. I should not have stood forward as her admirer just now, were I convinced she were unworthy of receiving the vows of a man of honour, and were I not anxious to impress on the king's mind that there is one here, who stands forth the protector of that lady's innocence."

Every new sentence Calisto uttered, surprised his brother more and more.—"And pray, Sir, who has constituted you her protector?" he asked in a commanding tone of voice.

"This," said Sandoval, placing his hand on his heart, "and herself."

"And who are you in the name of heaven?" Fermin asked again in a stern, yet anxious manner.

By this time they were in the apartment where they were to change their dress, and Sandoval motioning to his brother, to follow him into an inner room.—"You wish to know who I am? Know me then," said he, taking off the helmet, and the wig that disguised him.

Fermin's astonishment may be imagined. Impressed with the idea that his brother was in France, he could hardly credit his eyes. But there he stood in person, and there could be no deception in it.—“What imprudence is this of yours?” at length he exclaimed. “Loaded with crimes, dare you appear in a place your presence pollutes?—Before the eyes of your offended sovereign?—before those of your outraged friends?”

“And pray what are my crimes?” enquired Calisto, surprised in his turn at such an accusation.

“If, instead of aiding your escape from Logroño, I had caused you to be shot, I should have justly punished those you committed on that night, and prevented others you have since committed,” said Fermin.

“It may suit your views, Fermin, to say that, or to believe it. But heaven knows my innocence, and at the day of doom you yourself may perhaps know it.”

Fermin made an attempt to speak ; but

Calisto bid him be silent—"You have wronged me in a thousand ways," he added; "you have disregarded my entreaties a hundred times, and are even now on the point of covering yourself with infamy, and plunging me into an abyss of misery. Do not then think I will stand here listening patiently to unfounded accusations, which are only meant as a cloak to cover evil designs. If I must be deprived by you of the being, whose heart was pledged to me, before all that is sacred in heaven and earth, expect not to rob me with impunity of my good name and reputation, in order to justify your conduct. Take my happiness from me, and may you not find it bitter misery; but, by heaven! I'll not hear a word of accusation against a conduct, the propriety of which, with all your high-flown notions of honour and virtue, you are unable to understand."

Fermin felt overwhelmed by this discourse; for though he had never acted ungenerously, much less treacherously, towards his brother, his extreme delicacy of conscience touched him with

something like remorse, for harbouring a passion for a woman, who had been betrothed to Calisto—"To conceal now from you," said he, in a melancholy tone, "the passion that rages in my breast, would be disingenuous and useless. Yes! I love Gabriela, I adore her; but you know more than she does. I never breathed this before her, nor do I deserve the injustice you do me, of believing me capable of casting dark imputations on your actions, for the purpose of advancing my own suit. It would be a sinful deed, and I would not distort truth, unless to gain a good object."

"Fermin," cried his brother, "I thank you for your disinterestedness, and pity you from the bottom of my heart. Yet if such have always been your sentiments, why not answer one of the many letters I have written to you?"

"I never received any," replied he; "and to say the truth, I was grieved and surprised at your silence."

"It was even as I suspected," cried his brother; "the villains have intercepted my letters,

have forged others, and invented a thousand calumnies to lose me in your opinion and Gabriela's."

"Whom do you allude to?" inquired Fermin.

"Who else can it be, but those who even now are duping you, betraying Doña Angela, and sacrificing Gabriela; who else but the wicked monk, and his infamous nephew?—Open your eyes once, and see them in all their deformity," said Calisto, with warmth.

Fermin who still entertained the greatest respect for his father confessor, and a good opinion of the nephew, both of whom had been careful in concealing from him their villanies, defended them warmly, and assured his brother, he would sooner suspect himself of what he accused them than either. As Calisto saw, that all he could say on the subject, would never convince Fermin of those artful men's wicked designs, he gave up the point, observing only, that, perhaps, ere long, he would be enabled to offer him such proofs of their villany as would make his hair stand on end.—"And now,"

added he, " I must see Gabriela, and her mother ; I must speak to them both, and save the former from evils, which are hid only from your sight."

Fermin endeavoured to dissuade him from shewing himself to either of them, as he stood in danger of being denounced by Doña Angela to Artimaña, and meeting but an indifferent reception from Gabriela ; but unable to prevail on him, and observing that the dress he had assumed for the festival disguised him sufficiently to prevent detection, he agreed to introduce him to them as a friend of his, under the assumed name of the Marquis de Rivas. This point settled, they sallied forth in search of the party.

The company had now left the circus, and were seen wandering in different groups about the grounds of the Alameda, or engaged in the various games we have mentioned in the preceding chapter. The bands of music had transported themselves to distant and opposite parts, and the sounds of their instruments, wafted by the breeze through the woods and alleys of

the Alameda, fell on the ear with a kind of magic softness. A group of peasants, gaily adorned, was here seen performing their rustic dances to the sound of tabors and timbrels, and rending the air with their occasional shouts. Further on came another set of performers, fancifully dressed, with garlands in their hands, executing a variety of elegant figures with the airy motions of fairies. A waltz was formed in another place by some of the guests themselves, whose varied dresses, as they passed rapidly by each other, presented a thousand pleasing contrasts, and imparted additional gaiety and animation to the scene. Everywhere pleasure reigned in some new shape, and laughter followed in its train.

Fermin and his brother hastened through this varied and agreeable scene to the place where the former was to join Doña Angela and her daughter, and where they met them, surrounded by a numerous party of *elegants*, who were wearying Gabriela with their insipid compliments and tiresome attentions. No sooner, however,

did she perceive Fermin, than she hastened towards him with an eagerness which showed how welcome his presence was to her, and how anxious she was to escape the importunate attentions of those unlucky gentlemen, who on seeing her make this choice, dropped gradually off, till at last the mother and the daughter remained alone with the two brothers. Fermin then introduced Calisto as a particular friend of his, who had come from a distant province, on a short visit to his friends of the capital. The grave Marquis was, of course, received with every mark of distinction, and as Gabriela seemed not disposed to quit the hold she had of Fermin's arm, he was compelled to offer his to Doña Angela, who received it with a gracious courtesy. Fermin having been instructed by his brother to say nothing to Gabriela about him, he walked forward with her, conversing on other subjects, while Calisto endeavoured to introduce the matter that was most at his heart by remarking something about the Parejas, and the gentlemen who had most distinguished

themselves.—“Doubtless,” added he, “you are acquainted with the two cavaliers who were most successful, and who dedicated their prizes to your daughter?”

“One,” said Doña Angela in reply, “was Don Fermin, but the other I have not yet been able to discover. Do you happen to know anything of him, Señor Marques?”

“I could not exactly learn his name,” replied Sandoval; “but his object I learned from a friend of his; and I am grieved to say, Madam, that it interests the honour of your family very deeply.”

“How, Sir! can my daughter have taken any steps derogatory to our honour?” exclaimed Doña Angela, alarmed at this beginning.

“Very far from it, Madam,” interrupted the other. “Your daughter is as yet innocent; but she may not remain long so, if you do not guard against the machinations that are set on foot by very powerful enemies to rob her of her virtue, and pollute your name.”

“You alarm me exceedingly,” said Doña

Angela, “and, for the Virgin’s sake, let me know, Sir, what these machinations are.”

“It is a delicate matter to communicate to a mother; but as by giving you this pain, greater evils may be prevented, I will not hesitate in imparting to you what I myself know to be a fact; and I hope you will do me the justice to believe, that by so doing, I am actuated only by that feeling, which every honourable man ought to entertain, of saving innocence from ruin. Know, then, Madam, that you have been reposing your confidence on men utterly unworthy to possess it; that they have betrayed it; and that your daughter is their victim. The king loves Doña Gabriela—I leave you to decide whether his can be a virtuous passion,—and those who have been the principal agents in this transaction are no other than Father Lobo and his nephew Don Aniceto.”

“You surprise me!” exclaimed Doña Angela starting—“but surely,” she added reassuring herself, “there is no foundation for such an assertion. Father Lobo, the holy man!—the

director of my child's virtue and innocence,—a monster of ingratitude, and of sin? it cannot be! —Sir, you have been misinformed: trust me, I would sooner believe that light was darkness, than suspect him of such a deed. And then his gracious majesty, whose piety and exemplary life is a mirror of purity and religion, to entertain such sinful thoughts!—You have been sadly imposed upon, my dear Sir. Doubtless some pleasant wag, seeing you quite fresh from the country, thought fit to have a little amusement by making you believe absurdities.”

“ I am grieved, Madam, to tell you that what I say is but too true. I myself heard the king and Father Lobo converse on the subject together?”

“ Then permit me to say,” returned Doña Angela, in a laughing manner, “ that you must have left your ears in the country, or else you have sent them to be mended.”

“ But, Madam, I entreat you to reflect, that the fact is in every body's mouth, and that the gentleman who avowed himself Doña Gabriela's

admirer at the Parejas, came forward on that occasion at the risk of incurring his majesty's displeasure, purely with the object of impressing on his mind, that Gabriela had friends about her, who would watch his motions."

"What an obliging creature that gentleman must be!" exclaimed Doña Angela with a sneer. "Were it not that he would be apt to be rather officious, I should accept him for Gabriela's champion! There would be some pleasure in enjoying the society of this modern Quixote, who can encounter the wrath of kings in such a gallant manner, for the sake of a damsel totally unknown to him! He must be an amusing fellow! Can you not induce your friend to introduce him to us, to enjoy some laughing?"

Our hero looked somewhat blank at this unexpected discourse. He could hardly persuade himself that it was Doña Angela who spoke, though he remembered she used now and then to exercise her satirical powers with tolerable success, and, moreover, that it was perfectly in character with her profession of a devotee. But

what was he to think of her apparently indifferent manner? Could she, indeed, be privy to her daughter's dishonour? This he could not believe. It was more likely, then, that her prepossessions for the monk and his nephew, and her high opinion of the king, blinded her to facts that almost spoke for themselves. These thoughts shot rapidly through his brain, and as he wished to avoid raising her suspicions, by insisting further on his assertions, he dropped the subject, observing only, that such being his own apprehensions, he had done what an honourable man was bound to do,—to warn her of the danger that threatened her daughter—and therefore he would leave her to act as her prudence might best suggest.

By this time they arrived at the borders of a lake in the middle of which rose an island, shaded with thick leaved trees, where a concourse of ladies and gentlemen, among whom was the king, were witnessing the amusing efforts of several young men to obtain a prize fixed at the top of a high pole, which stood in the middle of

the lake, and the smooth sides of which being soaped, made them slip down into the water long before they could reach the top. A gaily ornamented boat took our party over to the island, and Sandoval, profiting by this opportunity, whispered into Fermin's ear to take charge of Doña Angela, and leave Gabriela to him. In fact no sooner they leaped out than our hero offered his arm to her, which she accepted, as she could not well refuse an offer so politely made.

The feelings by which he was assailed at holding her beautifully formed arm so near his heart, made it beat with redoubled motion. The recollection of her former passion for him, and the dangers of her present situation; his fears and hopes with respect to the actual state of her heart, and his anxiety to become acquainted with it, rendered his steps vacillating, and imparted to his manners an air of timidity ill suited to his grave exterior. Gabriela was not long in observing his agitation; but unable to account for it, she turned her fine eyes on his

countenance with a look of surprise. He fixed his own on hers, and for a long minute they both gazed intensely at each other, as if fascinated by some powerful charm. At last Gabriela raised her eyes to the greyish locks that shaded his forehead, heaved a sigh, and lowered them to the ground. She had not recognised him. Sandoval was glad of this, but still more of that sigh which he thought bespoke regret and disappointment.—“Have you seen,” said he to her, at length breaking the silence, “the small hut that stands in the middle of that thicket of trees?”

Gabriela intimated she had not, and he proposed they should go and see it, unless she preferred looking at the games that were performing on the water. On her assenting to his first proposal, they glided through an irregular path that led to it, unaccompanied by Doña Angela, who, with Fermin, remained at the borders of the lake to see the games. A short walk, during which Sandoval endeavoured to collect his scattered ideas, brought them in front of a

rustic cottage, the door of which was shut; but which he opened by lifting the latch, and then entered, leading Gabriela by the hand. An old woman with a distaff at her girdle, and in the act of spinning, was in a corner of a large hearth, sitting on a wooden chair, having a cat on her lap, both offering such excellent representations of nature, that Gabriela could hardly believe they were not real; while a deal table, with a bench in the middle of the room, a lamp hanging from a hook suspended to the chimney, a few plates neatly arranged against the wall on a kind of shelf, and a wood fire half extinguished, on which an iron pot was placed, added to the deception of this solitary cottage.

Having bestowed on everything in it that admiration which we never fail to lavish on the imitations of artists, Gabriela intimated a wish to rejoin her mother; but Sandoval, who found the silence, and retirement of this spot highly favourable to his designs, detained her under various pretexts, hesitating whether to discover himself at once, or keep his disguise.—“Madam,”

said he, at length, imagining it would be more prudent to adopt the latter precaution—"I have something important to communicate; but I hardly know how to break the matter to you, as I am ignorant whether by pleading the cause of a friend I may not incur your displeasure."

"Do not fear such injustice from me, Sir," said Gabriela in her sweetest tones. "I will always esteem a man who, to serve a friend, would even risk to meet my frowns."

"Your frowns! Doña Gabriela," exclaimed Sandoval, pressing her hand as gently as his ardour permitted, "they are sweet smiles;—but I must not lose instants that are too precious. I am the bosom friend of the unfortunate Don Calisto Sandoval, who even at this moment is suffering all the pangs, which the uncertainty of having his affection returned by you, has been heaping on him for these two last years. Aware that since you entered the convent, you have been surrounded by his enemies, he fears calumny has been too busy with him, and that you have at last listened to its in-

sidious voice,—nay, he knows you have, and that, in consequence of it, he lies under your displeasure.”

Gabriela listened to this discourse with apparent emotion.—“ I had made a vow never again to mention his name, or speak of him to any human being,” said she ; “ but the interest you seem to take in Don Calisto obliges me to say, that whatever calumnies may have been heaped upon him, they have never been listened to by me, and that my displeasure arises entirely from his own words, and his own deeds. Had he not written me a letter, every line of which breathed an insult, and dishonoured him as much as he wished to sink me beneath the most contemptible of my sex, and had he not afterwards dyed his hands so deep in blood, as to throw an indelible disgrace on the party he serves, I should have remained as unchanged as ever human being did ; but after what has passed, there can be no union of hearts between him and me.”

“ Madam !” exclaimed Sandoval, his heart

beating so high as nearly to take away his breath, “the letter you complain of is a forgery,—an infamous forgery—and those bloody deeds you mention, as base a fabrication.”

“But how am I to believe that, Sir, when the letter *is* written by his own hand?—when he mentions things in it which only he could know?—when that letter I received through his best friend? It is true there are in it erasements, which might originally have qualified some of those insults it contains; but that it is a fabrication, I no more believe than that I am not Gabriela.”

Sandoval carried his hand to his forehead, and stood awhile absorbed in thought. “I am positive, Madam,” he said at last; “Don Calisto insisted that it is a fabrication, and I would sooner doubt my own words than the truth of his,—but do you preserve that letter still?” he added.

“I do,” replied Gabriela; “I preserve it to justify whatever step against my inclination I

may be forced to take by my parents, or rather by those who rule them.”

“And would you, Madam, enter into any other engagement without having first cleared up this matter? Reflect on the misery you will entail on an innocent man,—reflect on that which remorse and despair will bring on yourself. Do not stab him to the heart who has never ceased loving you.—Let me plead my friend’s cause at your feet.—Let me implore you to suspend your final judgment on him.—He is innocent, Madam, he is innocent,—nay, he is wretched, persecuted, and calumniated. — He loves you more than he ever did.”

Sandoval had dropped on his knees, and grasped Gabriela’s hand; he now pressed it against his burning lips, and wetted it with his tears, his sighs swelling his bosom and impeding his utterance; while Gabriela, who no less moved than surprised at this singular appeal from a mere friend, gazed on him with an expression of eager curiosity; but his disguise,

joined to the alteration his features and person had undergone since the last time she saw him, prevented his absolute recognition. At length she disengaged her hand from his grasp, and then hastened out of the hut, closely pursued by her disguised lover.—“Promise not to act on the strength of that letter, until it be fully explained,” said he grasping her hand again, “and you shall no longer be importuned by me.”

“I do, I do,—though I hardly hope Calisto will ever be able to explain it,” she said, endeavouring to repress the tears that rushed to her eyes, as the noise of people approaching towards the place where they were, was heard. “There is another subject, Doña Gabriela,” said Sandoval, as they proceeded towards the water side, “upon which I would entreat a few particulars, to quiet the apprehensions of my friend. Certain rumours have reached him, as indeed they have also reached me, which are no less alarming than distressing. Is it true that the king en-

certains a passion for you?—for that is the import of those rumours.”

“ I fear it is so—but see, he is coming !— Let us hasten out of his sight,” she said with agitation. But before they could accomplish this, Ferdinand was by their side, attended by a numerous train of ladies and gentlemen.— “ Doña Gabriela,” he said to her, presenting her his arm, “ will you favour us with your company to see a pretty little hut, close by ?”

“ Sire,” said Gabriela, saluting him modestly, “ we are just come from the very spot.—But,” she added, perceiving a frown overspreading his royal forehead, “ if your majesty commands my attendance, I am ready to obey.”

“ If you have seen the hut, we will go and see the hermitage, which, perhaps, you have not seen,” he said, walking forward with her arm in his, so fast, that she could hardly keep pace with him. Sandoval now fell on the rear with the king’s retinue ; but kept his anxious eyes on Ferdinand, determined to watch every motion,

and be a sort of check upon his actions. After a short walk through a winding path, diversified by various kinds of shrubs and trees, the party came in front of a little hermitage, before which stood a stony cross, and a large walnut tree, whose wide branches extended over and shaded it with its broad leaves. Its walls outside were overrun with ivy, myrtle, and jessamine, and at the door of it lay a perfect imitation of a large dog, as if keeping watch over the sanctuary, in which his master was seen kneeling before a cross, with a large book in his hand, in his hermit's dress, bald head, and long greyish beard reaching to his middle. An iron lamp burned in the middle of the hermitage, and scattered its feeble glimmerings round the bare and gloomy walls. A truckle bed lay in a corner of it, and a wooden stall was placed before a small deal table, on which a jug of water, a few roots, and a piece of brown bread were displayed. Every little detail had been faithfully copied, and contributed to give an air of reality to the deception.

Soon after quitting this place, a large bell summoned the party to the sumptuous feast, which had been prepared for them in the palace, whither every guest repaired seemingly in good condition to do honour to it, by the acquired appetite of the morning exercises. The table groaned under the weight of rich and substantial dishes; every costly, delicate, and rare article was there collected; the most exquisite and generous wines circulated among the guests; fruits from all parts of Spain, and from the most distant countries, perfumed the hall with their delicious odours; in a word, luxury vied with profusion, and the latter with the most refined taste. A table had been set a little apart for the royal family; but it was not occupied by them, every member of it having taken his seat unceremoniously among the other guests—"Observe the king, madam," said Sandoval, who had taken his seat beside Doña Angela, and his brother: "is there not some foundation for what I hinted to you this morning?"

Ferdinand was indeed sitting near, and

shewing the most marked attentions to Gabriela, who was separated from her party by the Duke de Alagon, the confident of the king's amours, and the most accomplished courtier of that epoch.—“And what of that, Señor Marques,” said Doña Angela: “is my daughter unworthy of the attentions of his majesty?”

“Very far from it, madam,” replied he, “but when those attentions are lavished chiefly upon her, and before such a distinguished company as this, you will allow there is room for apprehension.”

“I entirely differ from you in that,” returned Doña Angela: “the open manners of his majesty show clearly that his intentions are as pure as his actions. He is incapable of deception, or he would not act in a manner that sets at defiance all suspicion. It is only the ill intentioned man who acts guardedly before others.”

“But a king, madam, often makes an exception to the rule, or at least believes himself privileged to lay aside the forms of com-

mon men. You know he is one of the Lord's anointed, and we are creatures as much beneath him, as sheep are beneath their shepherd," said Sandoval with a tincture of sarcasm ; but which Doña Angela, however, did not notice, because that being one of the tenets of her political creed, she took it for granted that every body there must hold the same doctrine. But, she answered, that even that same superiority was the best guarantee that his majesty should act more nobly than we, miserable subjects ; and Sandoval, who foresaw more danger than benefit in keeping up the argument, abandoned it in despair.

After dinner, liqueurs and coffee were served, and the company adjourned ; those who were inclined to risk a few thousands upon a card, upstairs, where various tables were prepared for their use ; those who preferred taking their accustomed *siesta*, to the chambers that had been allotted to them ; and others went out to stroll about the grounds, or take their repose beneath the shade of the grottos or thick

planted woods of the Alameda. Doña Angela requested Gabriela to follow her into a secluded room of the palace, to say their *rosario*, to which place the devout Fermin was easily admitted.

Not so the unlucky Marques de Rivas, who remained alone with his own reflections, which on this occasion were far from being agreeable. He saw that the obstinacy, prejudice, or wilfulness of Doña Angela, (for he could not tell which of them was the cause of her blindness) defeated the principal object of his visit, which, as we have already observed, was the preservation of Gabriela's innocence, and the discomfiture of the monk's machinations. He grieved at this disappointment the more, as his own observations had enabled him to discover that the danger was real. How to prevent the evil designs set on foot against Gabriela from being carried into execution, if the mother persisted in not believing them, he did not know. The only hope he could reasonably entertain was in Gabriela's firmness

and virtue; that was indeed his tower of strength, but villany, power, and deceit might undermine and lay it waste. These melancholy reflections, however, were a little soothed by the idea, that his own credit with her, if not quite re-established, was in a fair way of recovery. He saw he had shaken the injurious impression Gabriela had been made to entertain of him, and doubted not he should soon be able to prove, in an incontrovertible manner, that the letter alluded to was an infamous imposition, which once done, he had nothing more to fear on that score.

Some hours had now elapsed, and the company again assembled to a magnificent refresco of ices, sweet-meats, cakes, and chocolate, which, as usual, lasted a considerable time. Towards evening the saloons were brilliantly illuminated, as well as the exterior of the house, and the surrounding gardens. A magnificent display of fireworks then took place, in which numerous allegorical devices in honour of the royal visitors shone in lights of various hues.

Vocal and instrumental music was heard in the intervals, and when the whole of the fire-works were over, the music in the saloon invited the guests to exhibit their graceful persons in waltzes, quadrilles, and Spanish dances.

It was during one of these, that the watchful Sandoval observed Ferdinand speak aside with Artimaña, and at the same time cast his eyes on Gabriela in a manner that intimated she was the subject of their discourse. Determined to discover their object, he kept his eyes on both, and seeing Artimaña proceeding to the place occupied by Gabriela, and approach her with his usual grin, intended for a smile, he followed him near enough to hear what he had to say.—“You have been fleeting like an angel, not dancing like a human being,” said Artimaña to her, “are you not tired?”

“No, Sir,” she replied, drily enough.

“Perhaps you would like to see the illuminations in the garden. They are really splendid, and the night is so fine and serene, that you will enjoy the walk.”

Gabriela declined the pleasure; but her mother prevailed upon her to accompany Don Aniceto, and she went down with him, followed by Sandoval, who, anxious to communicate to her what he had observed, endeavoured to fix her attention, unperceived by Artimaña. The throng of people descending and mounting the stairs, however, prevented her from noticing his signs, and he determined to join her in the garden, and accompany her in the walk; but they had no sooner reached it than she was accosted by the king, who volunteered himself to show her the beauties of the illumination. Gabriela endeavoured to prevent this, by feigning chillness, and expressing a wish to return to the ball room; but Artimaña had now given up her arm to his majesty, who over-ruled her disinclination to walk by not listening to her wish, and hastening forward. The trees in the garden being splendidly illuminated by lamps of variegated colours, their light shed a splendour in the alleys, through which Ferdinand led the reluctant Gabriela, and Sandoval, who

followed at a distance, could see all their motions. Soon, however, they entered a path so thickly studded with tall shrubs, winding, and dark, that it was only by the tread of their feet that he was enabled to follow them. A glare of light, however, was discernible through the shrubs at the end of this path, and thither they seemed to direct their steps. Sandoval now observed Artimaña advance towards a pavilion, from which the stream of light issued, as if to reconnoitre, and then came back again, bowed, and stood behind Ferdinand, who for a minute or two seemed to be earnestly engaged in prevailing on Gabriela to enter the pavilion. At length taking her hand and drawing her forcibly towards it, they entered, while Artimaña retreated a little, and stood sentinel in the alley.

Sandoval's agitation was extreme. He remained rivetted to the spot, uncertain how to act in this emergency. At last he thought the best course he could adopt, was to hasten back to the ball room, inform Doña Angela of what he had

witnessed, and convince her of the justice of his fears, by bringing her to the pavilion. No sooner was this thought formed, than he flew back towards the palace; but before he quitted the dark path, he was startled by a shrill scream, proceeding from the place where Gabriela was. He stood still, shaking violently. Another scream was heard, and he was on the point of rushing back to the pavilion, when he perceived some ladies coming towards the path with hasty steps. Wild with despair, he ran to meet them, and with broken and incoherent language, requested them to hasten with him to the assistance of a lady. He then took two of them by the hand, and seemed rather to drag, than lead them to the spot, from which a third scream issued. Artimaña, who heard their footsteps approach, placed himself in the middle of the path, as if to dispute their passage; but Sandoval darted upon him and grappled him by the throat, at the same time pointing out to the ladies the illumined grotto. Artimaña, however, defended himself vigorously, and managed, during the scuffle, to knock down

Sandoval's hat, and tear off his wig from his head; but this was the whole extent of his exploits; for immediately our hero pushed him from him, with such force as to lay him stretched on his back, perfectly stunned by the blow.

He then rushed to the pavilion, which the ladies had just entered, and to his no small surprise recognised in those he had conducted there, the Infanta Doña Maria Francisca, and three of her attendants. Gabriela was at the Infanta's feet, her arms encircled round her knees, and hailing her as a deliverer. Her countenance though pale with alarm, was lighted up with a pleasing expression of gratitude, and in her brilliant eyes beamed a lively joy. There was a slight confusion about her falling tresses, and her neck was tinged with crimson; but no other alarming symptoms of disorder were perceivable. Even the rose she had on her bosom, still kept its place unharmed, as well as the lace neckerchief she had thrown over her shoulders, on feeling the cold night air. It was evident from the undisturbed appearance of her dress, that her

apprehensions, rather than any actual violence, had prompted her to give an early alarm. Still the Infanta, who had her own reasons for being offended at the king's conduct, and whose jealous temper, and strong passions, rendered her incapable of mastering the impetuosity of her wrath, loaded him with reproaches, and threatened to expose his conduct to the duchess and her guests, while Ferdinand stood abashed, and confused, with his back turned to her.

Meantime Artimaña, who had now recovered from the stunning fall, entered the pavilion, his heart swelled with spite, and a desire of vengeance, and casting his eyes on Sandoval recognized him at a first glance. He sprung upon him, like a wild cat, vociferating shrilly—"A traitor! a traitor!—help, my sovereign, help!"

Gabriela turned her head, and also recognised Sandoval. She gave a piercing cry, and fell in a fainting fit into the arms of the Infanta. Sandoval easily disengaged himself from Artimaña's grasp, and made a step towards his mistress ; but the danger of his situation flashing

through his brain, he turned round, and fled with the utmost precipitation, pursued by his enemy, who continued his cries of "help," and "stop the traitor." Amidst the labyrinths of alleys, it was easy for Sandoval to evade the immediate pursuit of Artimaña ; but having lost his wig, he could not hope to escape detection from several of the guests, who knew him personally. Instead of re-entering the palace, therefore, he hastened to one of the gates of the Alameda ; which, on giving his assumed name, opened to allow his leaving it, and, in his court dress, silk stockings, and thin shoes, bent his course towards Madrid, with as speedy steps, as the urgency of the occasion demanded.

CHAPTER VIII.

To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth.

Cymbeline.

It was Sandoval's good fortune to reach his friend's at Madrid without meeting with any obstacle; but it was not without some alarm that he looked forward to the consequences of his late adventure. Aware that Artimaña would not leave one stone unturned throughout Madrid, until he found him out, he thought that the safest plan would be to quit it as soon as possible. This resolution once formed, he hastened to impart it to Anselmo, who advised

him to lose not an instant in departing, and gave him the papers of which he was to be the bearer.

One step, previous to his leaving the capital, our hero would fain have taken; namely, to procure an interview with Gabriela, in order to have the mystery of the letter explained, and ascertain more distinctly her sentiments towards him and his brother, as well as Doña Angela's designs, and, lastly, to learn some further particulars of the transactions of the previous night, and suggest a plan to avoid the dangers that seemed to threaten Gabriela; but the imminent peril he ran by delaying his departure a single hour, obliged him to postpone to a more favourable opportunity these desirable objects. He now, therefore, mounted his steed, and, accompanied by his trusty squire, left Madrid with a passport under a feigned name, without the least opposition.

The road from Madrid to Cadiz has been so frequently described, that we must pass it over in silence, particularly as nothing very extraordinary happened to our travellers, save a few

narrow escapes from the numerous bands of robbers who at that time infested them, and who were the terror of the country. These men, however, were more intent on plundering the public treasure, and the supplies sent from Madrid to Cadiz, than the individual travellers who went backwards and forwards. Their boldness, in this respect was so great that they seldom hesitated about attacking larger parties than their own, and, when pursued, they generally succeeded in making their escape, being aided by most of the mountaineers in eluding their enemies. Besides, they were so regularly organized, and had such an excellent system of espionage, that not a man passed of whom they had not previous information. The most notorious of these robbers were those who lurked about Ecija, and who were called *Los niños de Ecija*,* either because they belonged to the place, or infested its neighbourhood, which was exceedingly well suited for being the scene of such depredations.

* The Children of Ecija.

These dangers, however, did not prevent our two travellers from admiring the beauty of the country through which they passed. Even Roque, whose partiality for the charms of his native place rendered him almost blind to those of any other province, could not help acknowledging, that Andaluzia was as fine a country as Castile, and the borders of the Guadalquivir superior even to those of the Ebro. It was, indeed, impossible for him to gaze on those rich and spacious plains, embosomed amidst lofty mountains, and covered with plantations of olive trees, groves of orange and citron, the flowers of which every where perfumed the air, luxuriant vineyards, fertile corn fields, and extensive meadows, watered by innumerable streams, without feeling the highest sentiment of delight. The mountains themselves, though craggy, and in some places bereft of vegetation, presented in most parts, forests of fruit trees, vineyards and picturesque gardens. On their summits a pure and embalmed air enlivened the spirits, charmed the senses, and invigorated the faculties, while

the transparent and serene sky above shed a lustre over these enchanting scenes.

Arrived at the place of their destination, Sandoval proceeded to the quarters of the General in Chief, Count of Abisbal, to deliver the messages with which he was entrusted, and which had reference to the manner in which the first cry of liberty, to be raised by the expeditionary army, was to be answered by the patriots of the interior. Though it was generally believed that Abisbal was sincere in his professions of patriotism, and our hero had heard the good reception he gave his masonic friends on all occasions, as well as the trouble he took in inspiring them with confidence, he could not, as he recalled to memory the former conduct of the General, help feeling somewhat reserved when he appeared before him.

The reception he met with from him, however, was calculated to remove some of the suspicions he harboured of his sincerity. No sooner Abisbal learned his name, and his business, than throwing away the stiff demeanour he had assumed first on seeing him, he welcomed

him to his quarters, and congratulated him on his timely arrival at Cadiz—"The wished-for moment of our emancipation is close at hand," he added; "I have reasons for believing that the contemptible ruling tyrant entertains suspicions of our plot, and that I am at the head of it. He but lately wished to deprive me of the command, and not having courage to do it openly, has written to me repeatedly, to repair to Madrid, in order to receive verbally from him his final orders for the sailing of the expedition; but as I know the perfidious wretch too well, and that this is but a specious pretext for tearing me from my brave companions in arms, I have refused to go; and now he contents himself with writing to me confidential letters, in which he alternately uses the most fulsome flattery, and degrading entreaties for hastening the expedition, and discovering the plot, which, he says, is already traced out, and is to burst at the moment of embarkation. Of course, I have given him every security that nothing shall occur. Whether he believes me or not, I care not a

straw. I have the power, he fears me, and he must submit. Meantime, however, prudence requires, that I should make him believe, as well as his ministers and courtiers, that I am his best friend and supporter.—It is painful for me," added he, observing that Sandoval remained silent, and probably guessing the motive of it, "to be compelled to act in a manner which may bring on me the imputation of duplicity ; but the truth is, that the peculiar situation in which I am placed renders it, as far as I am concerned, a matter of necessity. Besides, I was once deceived, and believed most sincerely that the king would have kept his promise to the nation, hence I declared for him, and I was recompensed as I ought, for reposing confidence in a tyrant. Now, however, I am determined to keep no measures with one who keeps none with the world ;—nay, I'll even be as our proverb says,—*á picaro, picaro y medio.*"*

In justice to our hero, we must say, that he

* With a rogue, be a rogue and a half.

was far from entertaining the same notions of morality as the General. An upright man, he thought, ought not to resort to treachery and deceit, to accomplish designs fraught with good to others and to his country; and moreover, that it was every man's duty to be consistent throughout in his words and actions, even if by acting up to the oaths he had taken before God and the world, he were subjected to misery and persecution. Such his own conduct had been, and he could not think well of a man, who became a patriot from feelings of resentment, or paltry views of personal interest. It was, indeed, degrading patriotism, and making of it "the last refuge of a scoundrel," as a certain periwigged doctor most wisely defines the word. However, when he considered that the Count, having imbibed his notions of morality at a corrupt court, could not be expected to act from the same pure motives that swayed him and his fellow patriots, he made no remark that might wound his pride; but as he thought there was a certain exaggeration in his language, inconsistent with sincere

patriotism, he resolved to weigh every one of his words, and watch all his actions.

After various conversations, relating to their actual plans, and state of the expedition, Sandoval rose to withdraw ; but Abisbal insisted he should remain to dine with him and several friends of his, who were in the secrets of their design. This being agreed to, our hero had soon after, the pleasure of closing in his arms his friend Don Raphael del Riego, who happened to be one of the guests, and who belonged to the expeditionary army. He was also introduced to Colonel Don Antonio Quiroga, an enthusiastic and devoted friend of his country : to Don Felipe Arco Agüero and Don Antonio Roten, both colonels and patriots ; to Commandants Miranda and the two San Miguels, no less ardent supporters of their country's rights ; and to various others, whose activity and patriotism entitle them to be numbered among the deliverers of their country.

During dinner, Sandoval had an opportunity of observing the conduct of the General-in-chief,

which was apparently calculated to inspire hope and confidence. He spoke eloquently (for he had the gift of speech) of the justice of their pretensions, drew a forcible picture of the evils of his suffering countrymen, exhibited in the most striking colours the detestable conduct of the ruling faction, laughed to scorn the weakness, perfidy and malignity of the tyrant, exclaiming in some of his transports—"The vile minikin, Ferdinand, is seated on a throne of mud; a kick from me shall bury him underneath it."—"Who," said he, at another time, "is there who will even so much as dare to look me in the face in my way to Madrid?—Will the Camarilla do it? Will they or their friends stop the progress of our arms? Contemptible wretches!—I'll make a hash of ye all!" Besides these indignant bursts, he read to them Ferdinand's letters, commented on them with keen satire, and passed his knife across those lines containing servile flattery.—"There, there," said he, "there is the value I place on thy fulsome, insipid, flat deceit, designing wretch!—and let me

once have thee, by heavens ! I'll do the same with thyself !" The toasts he gave on this occasion were not so loyal as might have been expected from one of the king's favourites—" Washington,"—" Liberty to our enslaved countrymen,"—" The ruin and fall of despotism throughout the world," and various others equally loyal. He then sung the most patriotic songs belonging to the time of the Constitution, and insisted on all present doing the same.

Though it does not follow, that a man who says and does these things may be sincere, thought Sandoval, he, at any rate, commits himself too far to be able to retrograde afterwards without danger. Indeed, he considered him as a desperado, who, having flung away the scabbard, must fight till he conquers or sinks. In this opinion he found most of the patriots present coincided. Some, indeed, thought him perfectly sincere,—not so much in point of principle, for it was doubtful whether he ever had any, but because the proud titles of *Liberator of his country*, and *destroyer of despotism*,

flattered his immoderate vanity even more than being the king's bosom friend. It was evident, however, that the idea of his being the chief and soul of the undertaking induced a great many of the officers, who wavered between the wish of serving their country, and the fear of suffering for it, to become members of the conspiracy, while it inspired those who were resolved, with the hope of seeing a more fortunate issue to this than to their former attempts.

On our hero's parting from his friends, he went to the inn where he had alighted, and where he heard a great uproar in one of the rooms adjoining the kitchen.—“You are all a set of braggadocios,” he heard Roque exclaim, in a voice of thunder, which drowned several others, “you make of a cucumber a wonder, and in your country every man is a God, and God Almighty a beggar, if he do not call himself an Andaluzian. Zounds! I'll teach you that a Castilian *does* what an Andaluzian *says*, and break every bone in your carcasses.”

“Dip into the scandalous fellow six inches of

cold steel," said one, with a voice that rattled through his throat like an iron chain dragged along a stone vaulted passage, "six inches, only six inches."

"No, no one shall hurt the poor ignorant fellow," said another, in a protecting tone: "I'll convince him that Castile is the land of beggars, and that God Almighty was born in Andalusia. Hark! young man, were you ever in the kingdom of Granada, and did you ever see the two beautiful large caves, near Antequera, known by the names of *Cueva de menga*, and *Cueva de careoma*?—and particularly that which is in the mountains of Bujo, at the Cape of Gates, and which opens into the sea by a wide and lofty aperture, which you may enter in a boat?—If you have not, go there, man, and cram your pockets with precious stones, for you may gather them there by *fanegas*,* and don't be afraid of being hung for it, though a little hanging would'nt do you much harm, for no one will

* A measure containing about an hundred weight.

mind whether you'll carry them by ship loads or not, as there are plenty of other mines; for instance, several of emeralds near Moron, in the Sierra de Leyta, as well as in other parts of Andaluzia; others of amethysts, in the Monte de las Guardas; between Montril and Almeria you'll find another of garnets; sapphires and agates, you may have loads of, in a number of places, at the Cape of Gates; white cornelians, on a rock near the country of Nesse, and a thousand others, which I need not mention, but which I have seen with these very eyes. Therefore go, and take as many as you please; and if you are afraid, I'll even go with you to protect you."

By this time, Sandoval had reached the door, and was amused at seeing Roque surrounded by a set of fellows of the lower class, dressed in their peculiar costume, with a *chupa*, or tight jacket, covered with fringes and buttons, slashed breeches, also adorned with hanging buttons, and leather gaiters, a little montera clapped on one side of the head over the ear, and a light

cloak, gracefully thrown over one shoulder. Their attitude was perfectly bullying: they had the right leg stretched out, the left a little bent, their left hand in their girdle, with the elbow turned out, and the right swinging backwards and forwards. As they were all armed with segars, they now and then involved poor Roque in smoke, and accompanied each puff with a sidelong glance, and a stream of saliva, which they squirted between their teeth, and fell about his feet. Their features were regular, and even handsome; but their complexions were dark as well as their eyes; they had large thick whiskers, extending from the cheek bone down to the corner of their mouths; but the expression of their countenances was high and menacing. This, however, Roque did not seem much to mind; on the contrary, he stood in the middle of them with his arms folded across his breast, measuring whoever spoke from head to foot, with a look of contempt, and now and then laughing scornfully.—“If there are so many precious stones”

“ Silence, you hog, silence,” said the one who had been speaking, and who was a less formidable looking fellow, and much older than his companions.

“ Silence, you hog, silence,” repeated the rest.

“ I’ll not be silent, by Saint Domingo de la Calzada !”

“ What ! some beggarly Saint of your country, I suppose ?” interrupted the first speaker. “ But if you interrupt me again, I’ll even give you up to these gentlemen, to teach you manners.”

“ Ay, six inches of cold steel will teach the scandalous fellow how to behave himself,” said one of the group, with a deep full tone of voice.

“ Now answer me,” returned the elderly man, “ did you ever see any where such mountains as those of Andaluzia ? Look at Sierra Nevada, eternally covered with snow, the most beautiful mountain ever man beheld. It is so called, because of the snow that remains on its top even in summer, man, and the mariners can see it very far out at sea ; and a glorious sight it is,

and a glad one, too, for the poor fellows who are coming to Cadiz—the land of promise—and, if you are a glutton, and one Sierra does not satisfy you, look at Sierra Vermeja, a red mountain, or at Sierra Blanquilla, a white mountain, or at Sierra Morena, a brown mountain. So you see we have mountains of all colours, and where will you find such? where, eh?”

“Why, the Pyrenees are no moun” was Roque going to answer.

“Be civil, fellow, and do not interrupt me so frequently as you do,” said the interrogator. “But what, do you mean to compare to our mountains the Pyrenees?—a few mole hills, which I could clear at a single leap, and of which nobody has ever heard, except, indeed, when in the last war, a few of our Andaluzian troops, with Abisbal at their head, took them by a single assault.—But, answer me, if you can; did you never hear of a town called Zehra, built at the foot of the mountains, half a league from Cordova, by a Moorish king, for a favourite slave of that name? I have been myself on the

spot where it stood, though, to be sure, there is now nothing to be seen; but it was a most wonderful city for all that. Limpid streams from our own mountains, meandered through the streets to render it cool, spouting fountains embellished the squares; the houses of an airy and beautiful architecture, were all regularly built, and had flat roofs, as those of Cadiz, on which were gardens and orange groves; there were twelve thousand columns of marble, all taken from our marble quarries; in the principal apartments, the walls were covered with ornaments of gold, also taken from our mines, and several animals of the same metal poured water into an alabaster bason. The pavilion, where the beautiful Zehra spent the evenings with the king, was lined with gold and steel, studded with jewels, also from our mines, and lighted by a hundred crystal lamps filled with fragrant oils, from the flowers and plants of our rich country. The whole cost above four hundred millions of reals. What do you say to that? Is there in the universe, then, such a country as

ours for wealth and splendor, fine cities and wonderful palaces? Speak, man."

"Why, the truth is, that the whole of it is a lie; for I have heard that story before, and I was told so," replied Roque, "and I think . . ."

"Must you keep on talking for ever?—and do you tell me, that it is a lie?—By our Lady of La Fuensanta!" exclaimed the speaker, "I'll give you over to these gentlemen. They'll teach you manners."

"Hark, you scandalous hog!" said one of the group, "will you dare to tell me that there is anything in Castile for which I would give a pinch of snuff?"

"Will you find there," returned again the first speaker, who was the naturalist of the party, "such fine quarries of beautiful jaspers as are to be found in the kingdoms of Granada and Seville? There you'll see jaspers of all colours; but the finest are the white jaspers veined with a beautiful red, and a blood red jasper streaked with white, very hard and handsome, of which, all the world knows, the columns of the ta-

bernacle which adorn the principal altar of the Escorial are made. As for alabasters, why, man, only go to the kingdom of Granada, and you'll see of all sorts the most beautiful and magnificent; there are some as white, brilliant and transparent, as the most beautiful white oriental cornelians, and others streaked with various colours; there is also a magnificent one of the colour of purified wax. And if we come to marbles, why, I'll defy the whole world to show such as are to be found all over Andalusia. There are mountains formed of a single enormous block, such as that of Filabre, near Macael, which is a league wide, and more than two hundred feet high, of pure white marble, and unmixed with any other sort of stone or earth. Near Antequera is another mountain, of one immense mass of flesh coloured marble. There are two other hills in that neighbourhood of beautiful black, yellow, white, red, blue, and grey marbles. The mountain of Gador is a rock of marble of prodigious height and extent, and there is a hill in Sierra Nevada that hides

itself in the heavens, entirely composed of veined marble. I ought to know these things well ; for I have worked in most of the quarries many years. So, my friend, talk no more of mountains or their productions ; for there are none to be found in the universe equal to ours ; and if you are thick-headed enough not to believe me, go to Cordova, and look at the Cathedral, and you'll see hundreds of marble columns, ornaments of jasper of rare beauty, basons of beautiful alabaster, vases of gold and silver, set with precious stones of all kinds, arches of fragrant and exquisite woods, in a word everything the world can yield in these or any other productions, all exquisitely wrought, and all from our own country, not begged. The same you'll find in the Alhambra, in the cathedral of Seville, in the palaces of Granada, in a word, all over Andalusia."

The volubility with which the speaker poured forth his words prevented Roque from thrusting in a single syllable in reply to some parts of his discourse, which seemed to require it ; but no

sooner the former stopped than he sent him, his marbles, mountains, quarries, and precious stones to the devil, declaring he would perish sooner than yield the palm to Andalusia.—“ But you shall agree to this, however,” said one of the company, “ or I’ll send you back to Castile with a kick,—that Andalusia is sufficiently rich in wine to drown the whole world; for it is covered with vineyards from one end to the other, and in the neighbourhood of Malaga, they gather grapes thrice in the year; first in the month of June, which yield a wine as thick and sweet as honey. The dry raisins you eat in your beggarly country are from these early grapes. The second gathering is at the beginning of September, and the wine of those grapes is clearer, stronger, dryer, and better than the first; and the third gathering yields the real Malaga wine, and is made three weeks after the second. What do you say to that? Is it not really wonderful.”

“ Very wonderful, to gather grapes at three different periods of their ripening! But it would

be more so if they grew thrice a year on the same tree," said Roque smiling contemptuously.

"I'll tell you what," returned the other, "Andaluzia is the cellar of Spain, for all you may say, and I ought to know these things well, for I have been a *vendimiador*."*

"And know, moreover, that Andaluzia is the granary of Spain, and produces thrice as much corn as is wanted in the whole kingdom; and if you don't believe it, I'll squeeze your neck between my finger and thumb!"

"And hark!" exclaimed a third, "the best olive oil you get in your wretched Castile, and the best pickled olives, and the best oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and fruits of every kind, and the best sugar canes, and the finest silk and cotton, and the whole snuff you take, comes from our country, and I will snuff out your life as I would a candle, if you deny it."

Notwithstanding this threat, Roque was on the point of giving a plump denial to all, when he was interrupted by a fourth, who challenged

* A grape gatherer.

him, to show him in all Castile such fine horses as are seen in the beautiful meadows of Andalusia,—“ real Arabian blood, man,—Arabian blood.”

“ Ay,” said another, “ and show me in the sea of Castile, the two kind of purple fish that are found in ours ; one a sort of small oyster, and the other a longish thing without a shell that swims at the surface of the water, and is from four to five inches long, and one broad, the body of which is divided by little rings, and contains the liquid that gives the purple, so much sought after, and which I have thousands of times gathered upon the beach. Show me that, poor ignorant booby, and thanks to your being a booby, that I don't make you a Cardinal all over !”

“ And now, by my father's *moño**,” said another stepping forward, and assuming a fierce look just as Roque was going to reply to his comrade, “ I'll just blow out your brains, if you

* A large knot of hair tied on the crown of the head, generally worn by these men.

deny that our women are the finest in the whole world—See that free air of theirs,” he added, softening his voice, as he went to the window, and pointed to some of them who were passing at the moment, “those graceful motions, that slender shape, neatness of feet, arch and pleasing smile, lively eyes, expressive looks, gestures full of grace and softness, lovely countenances, melodious voices, and elegant dresses. Sweet syrens! little witches! best jewels of my heart! Heigh-ho;—you make me sigh, juice of my life!—Hark! Mateita, my best treasure! I’ll be with thee in the twinkling of an eye, my charmer! Wait an instant for me, my love!”

Saying this he turned to Roque, and gathering under his left arm the forepart of his cloak, said,—“I’ll blow out your brains at another time—at present *Dios os guarde.*”*

“Remember, that we will hear no more of your Castilian nonsense, and that six inches of cold steel settles a man in this part of the

* God be with ye.

world," said another nodding, as he took leave of Roque. The rest also followed, and repeated the "six inches of cold steel," as a convincing argument in that part of the world.

"Ay, go, go, boasting braggadocios," Roque shouted after them, "I mind as much your threats as the swallowing of an olive."

When these men had retired, Sandoval, who had been amusing himself with observing the various ludicrous expressions of countenance assumed by Roque during the above dialogue, entered the room.—"Well, Roque, it seems you have had a lively, interesting conversation with the men who are just gone," said he.

"I have," replied his servant: "the rascally coxcombs would not let me speak, and have had it all to themselves. I was almost sick of hearing them talk about the valuable, splendid, and magnificent things of their country. Boasters, who, notwithstanding the fertility of their soil, are little better than starving! Bullies,

who fawn when they fail to inspire terror, and whose courage, if they have any but that of lying most confoundedly, evaporates into empty threats, but who are dangerous when they can strike without risk. If I had happened to have by me my sabre, or even a club, by the three Magdalenes! I would have cudgelled their brains out."

"You give the Andaluzians a fine character, friend," said his master; "but in justice to them, I must say that bating the pompous manner of their style, all they told you is true. They have, to be sure, a natural propensity to boasting, and their conversation is full of it, as well as the turn of their phrases, their air, manners, gestures, and costume, but that seems to be as much the production of their climate as the luxuriance which surrounds them, and which, doubtless, excites their fervid imaginations to magnify whatever they see, particularly if their minds are allowed to run wild for want of cultivation."

“I wish I had the cultivating of them,” said Roque, “I would furrow their brains deep enough, I promise you.”

“However,” said his master, “we must avoid hurting their pride, for it may lead to the ‘six inches of cold steel,’ and the best way to do this, is to remove our quarters to a private house of a friend of mine, where we shall also be better able to guard against any attempt that may hereafter be made against my personal liberty.”

This being resolved upon, it was immediately executed, and Sandoval took possession of the handsome apartment assigned to him by his friend.

Facing this house, was a magnificent mansion, where, as he understood, lived one of the first rate beauties of Cadiz, who had the reputation of being *la querida** of Count del Abisbal. This lady, whose personal charms attracted

* The beloved mistress.

general admiration, had, like most of her country-women, "a soul of fire," and a heart susceptible of the most sudden, and deep impressions. Like most beauties, too, her prepossessions were often in favour of those in whom she remarked most indifference, while she treated her warmest admirers with marked coldness and neglect. As it is the fashion in Spain to spend part of the summer evenings on the balconies and terraces of the houses, the better to enjoy the freshness of that hour, she observed Sandoval, more than once, sitting alone in the opposite balcony to her's, and now and then casting a sort of vacant stare towards it, intimating thereby that he did not even notice there was in it a single being worth looking at, when the noise of those who formed her party, their music, and their songs were heard to the other extremity of the street. This she thought very strange; nay, very provoking, as she was convinced she possessed some claims to attention, and moreover, he was

a very handsome young man. Her vanity thus wounded, she, like Calypso, resolved to make this rebellious Telemachus feel the power of her charms, and the better to succeed in her designs, employed every art she possessed to allure and seduce him. One evening, a few days after his residence at his friend's house, she dismissed her company early, and taking her guitar, commenced her syren songs with a voice full of sweetness and melody. The sentiments, indeed, were the growth of the country, and hence not a little *outrés*, as the two following stanzas will sufficiently show :

Sin duda que tus ojos
Tienen veneno;
Pues solo con mirarte
Me estoy muriendo.
 Mirame mucho;
Pues ya que morir tengo
Morire á gusto.*

* Doubtless thine eyes have poison in them; for by merely looking once at them, I am dying. Look fixedly at me; for since I must die, let me die with pleasure.

En tus ojos yo miro
 La Grecia armada,
 Y en mi corazon triste
 Troya abrasada.
 Griegas astucias
 Vencieron á Troyanos
 Y á mi las tuyas.*

But the music, also Andalusian, was very superior to the words. It possessed that indefinable charm peculiar to the strains of the province,—a sort of voluptuous, seducing tenderness, heedless as to consequences or duration; impetuous and ardent, yet delicate and embarrassing in its expression; lightsome and gay, yet tinged with sadness and languor; at once encouraging by its boldness and forbidding by its timidity; in a word, raising a conflict of the most opposite sentiments, though they all are captivating to an intoxicating degree.

* In thine eyes I behold Greece up in arms, and in my sad heart Troy in cinders. Grecian wiles conquered the Trojans, and thine me.

The sweetness of her voice, and the exquisite taste she displayed on her instrument, produced a momentary impression on our hero, who, always alive to the delights of music, could not help bestowing some attention on her charming melodies. This she easily perceived; but she had also the mortification to find that no sooner she ended her songs, than leaning his head again on the balcony, he seemed lost in his own reveries. Indeed, little did he think at the moment, that it was he who inspired those sweet warblings, or that he was the object to whom they were addressed, his mind being wholly absorbed in the two subjects that perpetually engrossed his thoughts; namely, his country's liberty, and his *Gabriela*. Beyond these they seldom wandered; but if they had, it would not have been to stain his affection by listening to another's passion for him. As it was, he now withdrew from the balcony, unconscious of having been such a Greek as to cause so great a conflagration in the Trojan heart of this fair nightingale, who, on seeing him retire, sent a sigh after him, and

having lingered about the balcony half an hour longer in hopes of catching another glimpse of him, she left it, to think and dream of this extraordinary man, who could be so insensible to her charms.

CHAPTER IX.

He
Beheld, unmov'd the lustre of her gaze,
Which others hail'd with real or mimic awe,
'Their hope, their doom, their punishment, their law ;
All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen^sclaims ;
And much she marvell'd that a youth so raw
Nor felt, nor feign'd at least, the oft told flames,
Which, though sometimes they frown, yet rarely anger dames.

BYRON.

As the preparations for the sailing of the expedition were now carried on vigorously, and the embarkation of some of the troops was soon to take place, the masonic chapter of Cadiz saw the necessity of hastening the moment of the rising, particularly as those whose lot it was to embark first began to murmur at the delay, afraid that, meantime, they might be compelled to sail for the American Continent, to wage an

exterminating war with the patriots of that hemisphere, which was contrary both to their principles and inclination. Consequently, it was resolved by those patriotic officers who took the lead in this affair, and who were most intimate with Abisbal, to have an interview with him, in order to fix the day for the rising.

Though the conduct of this General continued to lead to a favourable view of his sincerity, the masons still entertained suspicions, which were somewhat confirmed, when on that interview he refused to fix the day, alleging as one of the reasons, that the money destined to pay the troops of the expedition not having yet arrived, he was prevented from taking certain measures necessary to secure the success of their attempt. These symptoms of indecision, in a man by whom the cause had already been betrayed, could not fail to produce among the patriots a degree of uneasiness, which by exciting mistrust in some, were sure to lead to discord and its fatal consequences.

About this time, General Sarsfield arrived at

head-quarters, to command the second division of the army. This man enjoyed among the troops the reputation of a virtuous patriot and a valiant soldier. During the five years of misrule which had now elapsed since the entry of King Ferdinand into Spain, that General lived in a most retired manner, giving proofs only of his patriotism, and of his contempt for the honours of the court, where, notwithstanding being repeatedly invited to go by the people in power, he constantly refused to set his foot. Moreover his exertions to save the life of General Lacy, of whom he had been the intimate friend, and one of the judges in the council of war by which that General was tried, gave him claims to the gratitude of the patriots, and inspired them with hopes that he would place himself at the head of the revolution, should Abisbal disregard his promise. His arrival, therefore, was hailed with joy by them all; they saw in it their salvation, and that of the country; for if there were a man, who to the esteem and respect of his fellow soldiers joined principle, enlightened ideas, and

the firmness of character required in similar circumstances, he was that man.

It was accordingly agreed that they should immediately lay open their plans to him, and ascertain his sentiments as to his willingness to engage in the attempt. For this purpose, four individuals, among whom was our hero, were commissioned by the rest to visit him at Xerez de la Frontera, where he then happened to be. At first the reception Sarsfield gave them was cold and reserved ; he even affected not to understand the meaning of the sketch of the plan laid before him ; but, on a second explanation, he seemed to seize at once its purport, and throwing off his assumed or real reserve, manifested, even with tears in his eyes, the pleasure he felt at seeing there were men, who, notwithstanding the many repeated disappointments, still endeavoured to uphold the cause of their country, and the rights of their fellow citizens. His language throughout was that of a man convinced of the justice of their claims, and who was desirous of consecrating his services and his life to the re-establish-

ment of those institutions for which his friend, General Lacy, (whom he never mentioned without the most affecting expressions) had forfeited his life. He further declared, that he would urge Abisbal to hasten the wished-for moment of their country's deliverance, and should he find that he wavered in doing it, he would then place himself at the head of the revolution.

The joy with which such a declaration inspired the commissioners, raised their hopes still higher.—“Here is a man,” said Sandoval to his friends, on their return to Cadiz, “who deserves our deepest gratitude and veneration. How feelingly he spoke of his unfortunate friend Lacy! How his eyes swam with tears at the evils that afflict our country! How lively and sincere the joy he manifested at our glorious undertaking! Good heavens! what a difference between his expressions and those of Abisbal!—But they are the result of principle and patriotism, while those of the latter proceed only from unbounded ambition, vanity, and personal interest.”

The news of these fortunate negotiations spread a lively joy among the other adherents ; and the aspect things began to assume was cheering, and promised a most favourable result. Meantime, Abisbal took some steps which increased the suspicions already entertained against him. He refused to see some of the principal agents of the plot, observed a mysterious silence respecting some of the communications he had lately received from Madrid, and when urged by the patriots to explain his conduct, he justified it by merely remarking, that he was obliged to act so the better to veil their operations from government, with whom he must keep on good terms till the last moment. These answers, far from quieting their apprehensions, raised them still higher, and excited a general murmur against him. Some thought that his intention was to betray them, others that his real ambition was to be at the head of the revolution ; but that his project, in the event of a successful rising, was to grasp at supreme power, in which case (they were imprudent enough

to hint) it would be necessary to get rid of him immediately after their first success. Of this they made not a secret even to General Sarsfield, who seemed to take the most lively interest in their conferences, and share their inquietudes; but who, owing to his excessive modesty would not listen to the proposal made by his friends of placing himself immediately at their head, and proceeding in their object without consulting any further the General-in-Chief. On the contrary, though he blamed the indecision of Abisbal, he was of opinion that some strong motive urged him to act in that suspicious manner, and that it would be wiser to treat with him unreservedly, for which purpose he offered to be their mediator.—“I am so anxious for the success of our undertaking,” said he, with patriotic fervour, “that sooner than behold its failure, I would risk a thousand lives, if I had them. But it is Abisbal, not I, who can ensure its success. I will therefore undertake with pleasure this mediation.”

With this object, he went several times to

visit the General-in-Chief, and on his return gave the most flattering assurances of that General's good intentions towards their cause.

It may easily be imagined, that our hero was not idle during this agitating time. His visits to Abisbal were as frequent as circumstances required. It was during one of these, that the General received the news of General Alos, his mortal enemy, being just raised to the post of Minister of War. His conduct on that occasion was that of a frantic man ; he raised both his arms to heaven, called down its vengeance on Ferdinand's head, and apostrophised him and his court in the most horrid terms, adding, that in the Peninsula there were no troops but those whom he commanded ; that being in possession of Cadiz, and supported in his operations by its garrison, he did not fear the best organised army in the world, and that he would let Ferdinand know how he had offended him. He then declared he would delay the rising no longer, and added :—“ I will cause the divisions of the army to encamp at Puerto Santa Maria.

We shall then have a better opportunity of giving uniformity to the opinions of both officers and men, and a day of glory to Spain.”

In fact a few days after, he issued orders for the first division to encamp on the *Campo de la Victoria* at Puerto, where they remained during four or five days, at the end of which he received an *express* from Madrid. On the following day he refused to see any of the patriots, who in consequence held a meeting, in which they resolved to allow the General three days to fix the hour at which the project was to be carried into execution. To the message containing this *ultimatum*, Abisbal returned an answer, calculated to allay the apprehensions that were entertained of the rectitude of his intentions; but on the following day he again refused to see any of them. His conduct was afterwards still more suspicious, indeed, so much so, that the alarm became general among the troops. This was occasioned by some changes he made in the posts occupied by the different regiments, sending out of Cadiz those who were ready to act in favour of

the intended plan, and keeping in the town others whose intentions were somewhat doubtful, though they were by no means considered as enemies.

It so happened, however, that most of the troops who were ordered out, took their positions on the same encampment, by which circumstance the officers were enabled to hold conferences together, and concert plans more unanimously than it was before in their power to do. But as this advantage could not last long, some of the regiments having already received orders to march to other cantonments, the patriotic officers assembled on the night of their arrival at Puerto Santa Maria, to discuss the matter. In this meeting it was agreed, that, since Abisbal's conduct did not permit them any longer to place their confidence in him, they should send an address to Sarsfield, signed by the various chiefs of the regiments there assembled, offering him their troops and swords, and inviting him to fulfil his promise of placing himself at their head. This conference lasted till eleven at night ; but at one

o'clock in the morning, Sarsfield himself arrived at Puerto Santa Maria, and having called around him those chiefs, spoke to them in the following words:— “Gentlemen, I have but an hour ago seen the General-in-Chief, and I have the satisfaction to inform you, that his intentions are in every respect agreeable to our most ardent wishes, and that he is ready to strike the blow; but he fears the troops may break discipline, and commit some excesses. If you promise me to maintain due subordination in your respective regiments, I will answer with my head for the conduct of the General, Count of Abisbal, and for the success of the glorious undertaking in which we are about to engage. But to remove all suspicion respecting his Excellence, I bring here an order from him for all your regiments to continue occupying the same cantonments.”

The joy manifested at this news by all the chiefs was extreme. They promised to preserve the strictest discipline among their respective bodies, wait quietly for the orders of both generals, and take no step without their cog-

nizance. After this they all separated, and Sarsfield returned to his squadron at Xerez.

On the following day, our hero, who still continued at Cadiz, being now attached to Abisbal's staff, learned the news of Sarsfield's visit to Puerto Santa Maria, and also received an order from the General-in-Chief to repair to his quarters at ten o'clock at night, to consult with him on the best mode of raising the *Lapida of the Constitution* in Cadiz. Everything now announced to him, that the event which was to give freedom to his enslaved countrymen was to take place early on the following day. This, he thought, was owing principally to the active steps taken by General Sarsfield, but for whose vigilance, he feared, Abisbal might have been inclined to act over again the treacherous part he once played. His admiration of the former General led him by degrees to hope for the complete success of their undertaking, and he began enjoying by anticipation the pleasure of such an event. While he was thus agreeably engaged, the door of his apartment turned upon

its hinges, and our friend Roque came in with an air of primness stampt on his countenance, a half suppressed smile, a knowing look, and passing one hand over another, like one who has something important to communicate. He stood awhile to be asked what he had to say, and create a little anxiety ; but as his master showed no symptoms of curiosity, he opened the business at once, by saying, that some one wished to speak to him.—“Who is it?” inquired Sandoval.

“Ay, there is the query,” said Roque. “I have asked as much myself, but could get no direct answer. Nevertheless, this I discovered—that it is a lady with a pair of eyes peeping through her veil, which I took for a couple of basilisks, so devilish killing they are ; and with a shape as graceful and winding as a serpent’s. Her voice, too, is as sweet and insinuating as that of a crocodile, and she moves along as lightly and prettily as a lizard. She is, I assure you, a rare thing.”

“She must indeed be so,” said his master, “if she join the qualities of the various monsters

you have mentioned. But let me judge for myself, and show her in immediately.”

Roque then left the room, and soon after returned and ushered in a young and elegantly dressed female, wearing the Spanish costume in its newest fashion—a *basquiña* or silk petticoat of dark blue, fitting close to the body, and, consequently, displaying to advantage its form, which was round, slender, and delicate. The shortness of this gown permitted her well shaped ankles to be seen clothed in silk stockings of net work, as well as her feet, which being naturally of diminutive dimensions, appeared still more so by their being compressed into small shoes of rose colour. A silk *jupon*, or tight spencer of sky blue, over which the black lace veil, that hung from her head, fell in graceful folds, concealed a world of charms. Her hair, as seen through the veil, was of a rich brown, and dressed *à la Grecque*, though adorned with a beautiful gold comb, set with precious stones. On entering the room, and observing Roque withdraw, she raised her veil from her face with the fan she held in her

hand, and showed a countenance full of beauty and intelligence. Her dark hazel eyes, the brilliancy of which shed a lustre over a face then somewhat pale, were large, open, and expressive; and her small mouth, with lips of coral red, being purposely half closed, allowed her white and well set teeth to be seen.

No sooner had she removed her veil than Sandoval recognized in his visitor, his opposite neighbour. He was surprised at this, as he could not conceive what could urge a person, who was an utter stranger to him, to come to his house; for though he had observed her, now and then, sitting at her balcony, her eyes immovably fixed on him, he did not suspect there could be any meaning in that, particularly as he had never taken any notice of it, the important matters in which he was engaged allowing him but little leisure to think about gallantry or pleasure. However, he received her with every mark of respect, offered her a seat, and begged to know in what he could be of service to her

“Perhaps you think me very bold, Sir, to come into your house uninvited, and probably unwished for,” said the fair visitor in a timid tone, and then waited for an answer.

“Madam,” replied Sandoval, “whatever cause may have urged you to do me this honour, believe me, I prize too highly your merits to be otherwise than grateful for this visit.”

The lady cast her eyes on the ground, and played with her fan confusedly.—“You are very grateful . . . I beg pardon—kind, I meant to say—But the word *grateful* struck me as a very curious expression.”

“What other word would you have me use instead, Madam?” inquired Sandoval, somewhat surprised at her remark.

“If your own feelings do not prompt you, my doing so can be of little importance,” she said with hesitation, and then added—“But I ought to have known that long ago—and little do you deserve the service I am about to render you, notwithstanding the imminent peril I shall expose myself to by obliging you.”

“Madam, you surprise me extremely,” said Sandoval. “I certainly never did anything to deserve the smallest obligation from you; much less a sacrifice which may endanger your life; but, if I had, I am not so selfish or ungenerous as to expose any one to danger to save myself. Think better of me, Madam, and believe, that instead of exacting a sacrifice from a being so beautiful and kind as yourself; I am ready to make any, to prevent that which you contemplate.”

“That must not be,” she said hastily; “for though you may disdain to receive from me the smallest obligation,—though you may despise and hate me for my efforts to serve you,—though you be unfeeling enough to bereave me even of the hope of ever being considered by you in the light of aught but the most indifferent of mankind, I cannot see with apathy the destruction of those plans on which all *your* hopes of happiness seem to be built.”

“I am unable to account for the great interest you appear to take in my behalf,” said Sandoval,

observing the warmth with which she spoke; “but you wrong me, if you think I should ever despise, or hate you, for trying to do me good. Unconscious of having done anything to deserve it at your hands, I cannot help feeling surprised; but my gratitude.”

“Gratitude again!” interrupted the lady, with great vivacity and impatience, “I hate the word, Sir. The more a man is a fool, the more grateful he is; and, if I had that opinion of you, I should not have troubled my head about you, nor you with this visit.”

“Why, lady, surely you would not have men deprived of such an essential quality?” returned Sandoval. “A man without it would be little better than a monster.”

“Then, Sir, I love monsters; for gratitude is but a cloak to cover the most heartless indifference,” said the lady, casting on him a glance, in which wildness mingled with resentment.

Sandoval was struck with her language and manner. The idea that she might entertain for him a passion which absorbs in a higher feeling

that of gratitude, now shot through his brain for the first time. He felt embarrassed how to act; for though he resolved instantly to check its progress, he was too well aware of the violence of passion, and depth of feeling, usual to the females of that part of Spain, to hope he could conquer it.—“I am afraid,” he said, after a little pause, “you have formed a wrong estimate of my merits; for if to be grateful, is to be a fool, I am one of the greatest fools on earth;—and yet,” he added, observing the flush of indignation overspreading her cheek, “by no means indifferent.”

“Nay, Sir, go on as you began, and let not your after words belie your inward feelings,” she said with a reproving look; “though I be young and a woman, I can discern truth from falsehood. You not indifferent!—You are both indifferent, and ungrateful.—Yes, *ungrateful*—what you seem so much to dread being, you are to the highest degree. Would to God and the Virgin Mary you were not so!—I should not have endured during the last fifteen days the pangs

of uncertainty; for I could then have looked upon you with as much indifference as you do now upon me."

"But can I be taxed with being ungrateful, if I were unconscious of having merited your kindness?" inquired Sandoval.

"Yes, for even if you had been blind, you could not have helped perceiving it; but the truth is, you would not see it, and feigned yourself an idiot and a fool."

"I assure you, upon the faith of a gentleman, that I was perfectly ignorant of it," said Sandoval; "though, if I had."

"Yes, what then?" she interrupted anxiously.

"I should have thought myself highly flattered by it," he replied.

"Indeed!" she exclaimed with a contemptuous smile; "and pray what does that mean, if it mean anything?"

"To be candid, Madam,—my thoughts and feelings are so much engrossed by weighty subjects, that I feel I could not have requited a passion, of which I am totally unworthy, with

that intensity which so beauteous an object seems entitled to."

"That was for me to consider," she said haughtily, and as one who is accustomed to have her admirers regulate the intensity of their passion by her sovereign will. "However, you have said enough to prove your cruelty and ingratitude. I could punish you for both, for I have the power to do it; but I prefer saving you from the dangers that threaten you, and shewing you, that I can repay cruelty with kindness, and ingratitude with confidence. If after this you remain unmoved, you shall then have the torment of having deserved that name which you seem so much to dread, and which you yourself have given to an ungrateful man."

"Madam," said Sandoval, unwilling to lay himself under any obligations to her, "if the guerdon for the service you propose doing me, be a return of affection from me, I warn you beforehand, that it cannot be; for my heart is pledged to another."

"Pledged to another!" she repeated, starting upon her feet, and casting wildly her eyes

round the room, “ I’ll have it, Sir, in spite of her, or I’ll tear her’s with my own hand from her bosom !—Where is she ?—Let me see her.—Monster !—I will be loved, or you are undone, and all your plans of freedom !—I can save you—I can save the country ; for treason is busy at work, and before to-morrow you lie in a dungeon loaded with chains !”

Sandoval was terrified, not so much at the violence of her passion, as at the warning implied in her last words.—“ How say you—treason busy at work ?—For heaven’s sake explain what you mean,” he cried, clasping his hands, in an imploring manner.

The alarm manifested by him, produced a sudden change in her manner. She approached him tremblingly, and seizing his hands, covered them with kisses and with tears.—“ Pardon, my beloved,” she said, “ if I have given you an instant’s uneasiness. The violence of my passion for you, deprives me of my reason. I know not what I say, or what I do. See you in a dungeon !—No, no, never.—Yet it is too

true, that the issue of your plans will be otherwise than you expect, if the perverse intentions of some of the chiefs are not frustrated. I cannot tell you the details of the meditated treachery; but take these two keys, and at eight o'clock precisely, go to the house of Count Abisbal. This one will admit you by a private door into the garden; follow the wall till you come to a small door, opening into a narrow staircase, at the top of which you will find another door, which this other key opens, and which will admit you into a small cabinet, adjoining his private apartment, from which you will overhear a conversation in which every final arrangement for the overturning of your plans will be made. After that you can leave the house as you entered it, and take those steps which your own prudence will suggest. And now, my beloved, I leave you.—But remember no, I'll not impose conditions,—if you are susceptible of kindness, your own heart will dictate them to you.—Adieu.”

“Stay—one word,” said Sandoval, anxious

to impress upon her the idea that she was to entertain no hopes of his ever returning her affection ; but the fair visitor, suspecting as much, let her veil drop down her face, and breathing a kiss on her fan, waved it gracefully towards him, and withdrew.

The singularity of this adventure, and the extraordinary character of the fair visitor, together with the beauties of her person, occupied the first thoughts of Sandoval, who might have been inclined to feel for her a deeper sentiment than that of pity, notwithstanding the aversion which such direct assaults on our hearts usually produce, had there not intervened an object quite as beautiful, and certainly more gentle and amiable than the fiery damsel who had just quitted him. These thoughts, however, soon gave place to others of a more important but painful nature. The fatality that seemed to attend the plans of the patriots, and the positive warning he had thus received of the approaching ruin of that in which they were now engaged, overthrew in one instant those airy castles, which

an hour before he had so confidently raised.—
“ If this project fails,” thought he, “ how will it be possible to weave another, uniting the same advantages? Every element to work in an orderly and harmless manner a change in the nation, and restore to it its former glory and its liberty, is in our hands. An army on the war footing, amounting to 22,000 men, the majority of whom are favourable to our undertaking, the soldiery on account of their dislike to embark for the new world, and the officers on account of their liberal and patriotic ideas;—the remains of our navy assembled in a port, garrisoned by our own troops;—numerous stores and sufficient funds to defray the first expenses of the rising, without the necessity of exacting them from the people,—the possession of the Isla, strong by nature, art, and opinion;—and, lastly, the fact that our enemies have neither force to oppose to ours, money to check the progress of the insurrection by bribery, nor credit enough with the people to induce them to rise in support of their abuses. And shall all these advantages be lost

by the treachery of a man, who has been foremost in fomenting the rebellion?—No, it shall not be!—To-night he dies—to-night my sword pierces the traitor's heart!—His envied post shall be filled worthily by the virtuous Sarsfield,—by that consistent and unambitious patriot, whose upright intentions suspicion never stained.”

In such agitating thoughts as these, the time passed, till the hour for repairing to Abisbal's house came. He then armed himself with his sword, and giving some orders to his servant, relative to his future conduct, should his present errand turn out unfortunate, he bent his course towards the traitor's quarters.

The night was favourable to his designs. It was dark and overclouded; big drops of rain began to fall, and the sudden gusts of wind that blew from the sea seemed to portend a storm, and had driven people to their respective homes, or tertulias. Having penetrated into the garden, unperceived by any one, he succeeded in gaining the cabinet, from which he was to hear the treacherous plans in contemplation. He entered

with the utmost caution, notwithstanding his extreme agitation. On applying his ear to the key-hole of the glass door which opened into the next apartment, he could hear nothing that indicated any one being there. Soon after, however, he heard footsteps approaching, and the opposite door opening, two persons entered, and locked the door inside. As the curtains that adorned the glass-door outwards were drawn over, Sandoval could see nothing of their persons; but he soon recognized Abisbal's voice, inviting his companion to a seat. The latter, whose voice our hero thought he had heard somewhere, though he could not recall whose it was, inquired of the General whether he had come at last to a resolution.—“I have,” said Abisbal, “though to be candid with you, I wish matters had been otherwise arranged. For by acting in the manner proposed, I shall bring upon myself the execration of the disaffected, and I am afraid that our friends of the capital will hardly thank me for the service I shall render them.”

“Ingratitude is but too common a reward in

our age," said his confederate ; " but were we to weigh the probable results of every one of our actions, we should remain perpetually inactive. This reflection, however, will be always your's —you will have saved the king and his throne from being overturned, and punished a handful of traitors, who intended you as their first victim."

"How ! intended me as their first victim ! you say ?" repeated Abisbal with faltering voice.

"Yes, such was, or perhaps such still is their plan. I have not informed you of it before ; because I knew that your loyalty alone would be sufficient to decide your conduct on this occasion, without the spur of personal resentment."

"But can such be their intention ?" inquired Abisbal again.

"Doubt it not," said the other, "for I myself heard it from their own lips. There are, indeed, few among them who believe you sincere ; but those who do, imagine that your designs are deep and ambitious ; that it is your plan to grasp

at supreme power, and raise yourself a throne on the ruins of the monarchy.—‘But,’ said they, ‘soon this *little* Napoleon shall find that the Spanish patriots are not so tame a race as the French. Ten thousand daggers shall pierce the heart of this perjured villain, on the instant our plan succeeds.’—Such were their very words, and such, rely on it, are their intentions.”

Sandoval’s blood boiled in his veins; for though such expressions as the above had been uttered by a few of his friends, Abisbal’s death never formed a part of their projects.

“Ah,” exclaimed that General, “they said so? I’ll sweep the villains and their plans from the face of the earth!—’Tis settled then. Those troops who have shown the greatest spirit of rebellion are now out of Cadiz. There remain five battalions; one (in which I can entirely confide) I shall leave in garrison, and the other four, which are now ready to march, I shall take with me. In the Isla I shall furnish them with ammunition, and promise to the soldiery, in the name of the king, that none shall embark

for South-America, if they will aid me in suppressing a rebellion. To the officers I shall speak separately, according to their different opinions, making the liberals believe that I go to raise the cry of liberty, while to the others I shall tell the right story. As the troops encamped at Puerto Santa Maria no longer entertain any suspicion of my sincerity, my departure at the head of those troops which are at my disposal, will excite no alarm among them. Meantime, you will hasten to your quarters, and bring with you the two squadrons of cavalry under your orders, managing so that by the dawn we shall both arrive at their encampment, you by rear-guard, and I by van-guard. When they are thus surrounded, we shall both cause our troops to utter the cry of—‘Long live the King.’ This will create a surprise highly favourable to our project, and as they are unprovided with ammunition, resistance will be out of the question. Immediately after we shall proceed to the arrest of those chiefs, who are most implicated in the revolutionary project, and of a

bold and resolute character, including also others who are perfectly innocent of the existence of such a plot; as it will sound well in the ears of our Madrid friends, and will enhance our services."

"True," said his friend, "let there be no lack of victims; for examples are greatly wanted at this moment. It is necessary to strike terror into the souls of these undaunted conspirators; and now that we are on this topic, what do you mean to do with that most indefatigable and dangerous character, Sandoval? Is he to be allowed to go on plotting and conspiring with impunity and for ever against the government?"

"Oh, no. I have provided for him a secure retreat in the castle of San Sebastian. He will be here to-night at ten o'clock, and I have given orders for his arrest."

"Ay, that is well," said his companion. "And, now, is there anything else I can do previous to my departure?"

"I have a document here which I wish to read to you before you go, and then we will

proceed without further delay to the execution of our plan," said Abisbal, taking a light and going towards the cabinet where Sandoval was concealed.

This the latter perceived only when the door opened, and discovered him to the astonished eyes of his enemy. In a second Sandoval's sword glittered unsheathed in his hand, and following Abisbal into the apartment where he retreated;—"Traitor!" he exclaimed, "your hour is come. Draw But—merciful heavens!—Is this a dream?—Do my eyes not deceive me?"

At these words he started back full of surprise. Sarsfield, the patriotic, the unambitious, the sincere Sarsfield,—that exalted friend of his country,—stood before him in all the deformity, in all the blackness of perfidy unmasked,—his countenance distorted with sudden rage, and his eyes flashing fire, and expressing the malignity of a fiend! He knitted his brows, and closed his teeth firmly as he addressed Sandoval. "Your eyes do not deceive you. 'Tis Sarsfield

himself, and this steel (unsheathing his sword) will make your heart feel, that for him alone the punishment of a traitor was reserved."

So saying, he made a furious pass at Sandoval, who parried it dexterously, exclaiming, as he stood on his guard against a second attack—"Villain! if Sarsfield and thou be one, then hell in its fury never vomited a blacker fiend than thou art—and hell shall have thee back, infernal hypocrite!"

These words he accompanied with a sudden thrust, which his antagonist turned off in time. A second and a third followed, each succeeding one being more vigorously and rapidly carried than the first; but Sarsfield, who was as good a fencer as the assailant, and possessed a cold, determined courage, parried them all, and contented himself with acting on the defensive, till he should find an opportunity of carrying a mortal thrust to his enemy's heart. In this intention, however, he was thwarted by the return of Abisbal, who had left the room to call some of the soldiers on guard to aid in

securing Sandoval, who accordingly, was disarmed, though not till after a desperate defence on his part, and afterwards conveyed to the castle of San Sebastian, which stands on a rock in the middle of the sea.

CHAPTER X.

And, O ! how short are human schemes !
Here ended all our golden dreams.

SWIFT.

WHEN Sandoval was immured in one of the deepest dungeons of the castle of San Sebastian, where nothing was distinctly heard but the lashings of the waves against its walls, and the roaring of the winds as their course was interrupted by the massive structure, and now and then the monotonous cries of the mariners, who, gliding close by in their vessels, strove to keep clear of the castle, he gave himself up to the melancholy reflections which his unfortunate situation was calculated to produce. The treachery of Sarsfield was what principally occupied

his thoughts. He could hardly convince himself of its reality—it mocked all he had ever heard or read of perfidy,—it chilled his very blood, and inspired him with a sentiment of horror that excluded even indignation.—“My days,” said he to himself, as he paced about his dungeon, “are perhaps numbered ; but if by an unforeseen chance, which I neither hope nor wish, I saw myself free again, how could I place my trust in the words of men, after having witnessed such appalling villany from one who appeared the best and wisest of mankind ?—Abisbal, though he has been a traitor all his life, is a saint to him !—Elio, the cruel Elio himself, is a respectable man when compared to that villain. He at least has been consistent in his hatred to liberal men, and their ideas ; he has supported tyranny with manliness, sword in hand, in the face of the world, and from the first to the last. But Sarsfield, the treacherous Sarsfield, has feigned for years what he never felt, in order to betray more securely, and stab to the heart those whom he embraced.”

From this irritating subject, which brought to his goaded mind, nothing but the shattered fortunes of his friends, and the ruin of his most anxious hopes for the salvation of his country, he would fain seek relief in other thoughts, which, however, afforded but painful anticipations, and misery still more exquisite. Had the plans in which he had lately been engaged succeeded, it would then have been easy for him to have brought those which concerned him more immediately to a favourable issue, as he hoped to have found sufficient proofs to convince Doña Angela of the perverse intentions of his spiritual director towards her daughter, if, indeed, she were not already convinced of it. But now all those hopes vanished before the realities that surrounded him, as pleasant dreams do on the moment of awakening. The darkness and silence of his dungeon, broken only by the slow creaking of doors, and the measured steps of the surly gaoler, who came to bring his scanty and unwholesome meals, and who observed the most rigid silence, together with the consciousness

that his enemies were possessed of the facts of his having participated in most of the conspiracies formed against them, left him no hope of being spared among the victims that would be sacrificed on this occasion. The prospect of death alone being now before his eyes, all his endeavours were turned towards meeting it as became a Christian and a patriot—with firmness and resolution.

In the meantime we beg our readers to fancy themselves again at Madrid at the palace of the Duchess of Osuna, where we left Gabriela in the arms of the Infanta Doña Maria Francisca, who, with the help of her attendants, soon recalled our heroine to herself. The alarm excited by Artimaña's shouts induced most of the visitors to quit the ball room, and hasten to the assistance of their sovereign, whom they fancied in the most imminent danger of his life. The body guards who were in attendance on the royal family, as well as the other military guests, drew their weapons, and commenced an instant search over the grounds. The innumerable

lights that were seen swiftly moving in all directions, gave a tolerable representation of a night procession dispersed by a violent hail storm. For a whole hour all was confusion and uproar in the palace. The swords of the gentlemen glittering in the saloons, and clashing as they ran against one another, brought on some of the ladies fits of hysterics and faintings, while those who could prevail on themselves not to swoon, uttered from time to time the most piercing screams, which they prolonged as the hubbub grew higher, and which mixing with the lusty shouts of the servants, who took all possible pains to add to the confusion, formed a harmony beyond our powers of description.

The noise, however, began to abate as the gentlemen returned from their useless pursuit, and soon after it ceased altogether, the king having re-entered the saloon safe and sound. On his re-appearance, the courtiers thronged around him, to congratulate him on the miraculous escape he had just had, while Artimaña

showed them the wig he had snatched from the regicide, as a trophy of his own courage, and a proof of the real danger to which his majesty had been exposed. Of course, as it invariably happens in similar cases, all sorts of stories but the real one, were circulated, and his majesty's presence of mind was unanimously praised to the skies. Indeed, knowing, as he did, what had really happened, and the total want of foundation for an alarm, he showed more composure than them all, and even smiled at their fears, though he took good care not to let them into the secret. When the uproar had altogether ceased, the music again invited the guests to the dance, which lasted till four in the morning, after which they all withdrew to their respective homes, without anything more happening worth record.

On their return to Madrid, Doña Angela, who amidst the confusion that had taken place at the Alameda, had heard a garbled account of Gabriela's fainting fit from Artimaña, now

questioned her as to the particulars of the affair, as she must have witnessed the attempt made on his majesty's life, being at the moment with her adopted son. This, and the monk being then in the room, Gabriela hesitated; but on being further pressed, she said that no one was better able to explain the mystery of the whole transaction than Don Aniceto Artimaña, to whom she would, therefore, leave it. These words she accompanied with a look on him in which bitter reproach mingled with indignation.

“What is the meaning of this, Don Aniceto?” inquired, in a peremptory tone, Doña Angela, who since Artimaña had become an inmate of her house, having found him not quite so agreeable as she had supposed, was less inclined to favour him, and who now called to mind the conversation she had had with the Marquis de Rivas.

“In truth, Madam,” replied Artimaña, “I don't understand the meaning of such a look, nor the import of your daughter's words, who

seems of late to have taken an unaccountable hatred to me. But I suppose she is displeased with me on this occasion, because I prevented the traitor Sandoval, from committing the greatest crime that the mind of man is capable of conceiving."

"Sandoval!" exclaimed Doña Angela surprised, "was it he who made the attempt on the king's precious life?"

"It was himself, Madam," said Artimaña, with a triumphant look; "and my reason for not divulging his name then, was, that I may have a better chance of securing his person, and make him expiate his crime on the scaffold."

"Horrible monster!" cried the monk crossing himself. "I always said he was capable of the deepest crimes."

Gabriela could no longer restrain her feelings. —"Foul calumniator!" she exclaimed, addressing Artimaña, "dare you say before my face, that Don Calisto, the man, who you, betrayer, know was my deliverer, who saved me from the

snare you had laid against my honour, in spite of your infamous plotting, intended any harm to the king? Dare you assert that before me, I ask you?"

"And I answer," said Artimaña, unabashed by the energy with which she spoke, "that not only he intended committing regicide, but that if I had not held his arm in time, the Infanta herself would have been assassinated. The villain had a poignard concealed in his sleeve, and I saw him slip it into his hand. The blow was certain; but, thanks to me, or rather thanks to heaven, I stopped it; and the regicide then flew, conscious that a thousand lives would not have sufficed to expiate his horrible crime."

"Ay, truly, that proves his guilt clearly," said the monk; "for why should he have taken to flight, if he had felt conscious of being innocent?"

"Because innocence is in your eyes the greatest crime," said Gabriela with animation, "and he would then have seen you triumph over it. Not so now. I hope he lives to defeat

your horrid machinations, and avenge the outrage you intended to me.”

Doña Angela was struck with Gabriela's earnestness of manner, and she looked alternately at the monk, at Artimaña, and at her daughter. —“ There is some mystery in all this, and I must have it explained,” said she. “ Now, my child, conceal nothing from me. I am your mother, and I will see justice done you. I will never permit any man, no matter who he be, to offer you, or me, in your name, the slightest insult. I would sooner sacrifice my whole fortune, nay, go on foot on a pilgrimage to Rome, and ask justice of the Holy Father, than see you wronged.”

These words left the monk and his nephew transfixed to the spot. They had seldom seen Doña Angela use her own judgment in matters where they were in the least concerned, and though they knew very well that, when once roused, she had sufficient firmness of character to set any one, who was not a churchman, at defiance, they could not believe she would ever be

able to lose her bigoted reverence for the holy habit, or shake off her deep-rooted prejudices in their favour. But the effect which her discourse produced on Gabriela was very different. Transported with joy at hearing this burst of parental affection, and at seeing her roused to a sense of her own dignity, she threw herself into her mother's arms, and bathed her cheeks with the tears that flowed from her eyes,—“ Yes, you are my mother,” she exclaimed, “ and the fondest, the best of mothers. I always thought you so, notwithstanding the endeavours of these two monsters to render you otherwise. I now feel convinced you will never abandon your child to their wicked designs.”

By this time, the monk, having recovered from his first surprise, and aware that by continuing silent any longer the cause of holiness might be injured, as it was giving time to Gabriela to make a deeper impression on her mother's heart, drew himself up to his full height, and assuming that monkish dignity for which he was so famous, addressed Doña Angela in

these words—"Is it at me, Madam, that you aim your threats? Is it to a minister of our mother church,—to a servant of God,—to your confessor, that you hold such a language,—a language pregnant with injurious, sinful suspicions, which you have not the slightest motive to entertain?"

"Sir, my daughter"

"Interrupt me not, Madam," cried the monk haughtily. "Your daughter is a profane woman, and yourself no less so than she, if you believe her words sooner than those of a disciple of Saint Dominic. Have I lived in a cloister twenty years, arrived at the dignity of a master of the novices, and been nominated preacher to his sacred majesty on account of my crimes, think you? Or are your daughter's irreligious and scandalous accusations to overthrow in one instant that reputation for piety and godliness, which I have endeavoured by my Christian conduct to merit, and which has obtained the approbation of my superiors, and of those holy men who are at the head of the church?"

Doña Angela began to vacillate. Her arm, which she had put round Gabriela's waist, as they both stood opposite his reverence, began gradually to drop, and notwithstanding her daughter's still holding her fast with her own, she removed it gently at first, and then stood altogether away from her. This did not escape the quick glance of Father Lobo, who did not fail to take advantage of it in order to improve the effect produced by his discourse.—“How, or in what I have given offence to your daughter, I am unable to discover. My conscience is at peace with my actions; but if these should ever be misconstrued, I have the consolation to reflect, that it has always been the lot of the pious of all nations and ages to be calumniated; and in imitation of our divine Saviour, I will bear up with these evils, incident to human life, and forgive those whose want of Christian charity ascribe to me wicked deeds, of which I am totally innocent.”

“Father!” exclaimed Doña Angela, removing farther from Gabriela, who followed her

timidly, her eyes moistened with tears, had her hands closed in an imploring attitude, "forgive my rash words. My love for an only child, and my anxiety to preserve unsullied the name she bears, have dictated them, though still, I allow, I was wrong in uttering expressions at which you are justly offended; but I will expiate them by any penance you may be pleased to impose."—Then turning to Gabriela, she added, "and you, let me hear no more of your unfounded suspicions; for depend on it, I'll not risk my eternal salvation by listening to accusations, which go towards impeaching the conduct of this holy man."

Saying this she made a profound courtesy to his Reverence, who said, he would expect her next day at his confessional, and withdrew; while Gabriela retired to her own apartment, to weep over her sorrows in silence.

When the monk and the nephew found themselves alone, the latter congratulated his uncle on the clever manner in which he had managed the affair, which, considering what an ugly

aspect it began to wear, made him apprehensive for its results.—“However,” added he, “the storm has now blown over, and we need no longer fear its violence.”

“So you imagine in your profound wisdom,” said the monk; “but I, who have observed things more closely, fear that before many days are over, we shall repent the step we took to ingratiate ourselves with the king. Since my intercourse with him, I have remarked that the prominent features in his character are fickleness, indolence, and ingratitude. He dislikes trouble, even in what other men delight in meeting it, and, instead of gaining strength by opposition, as in the case of Gabriela anybody else would, gives way upon the first check. This is equally the effect of inconstancy, indolence, and insensibility; for were he capable of receiving deep impressions, it is certain he would then shake off that sluggishness of his, and persevere in his designs, without being so easily attracted by new objects. To this naturally succeeds ingratitude; for a man who is not accustomed to meet with any

trouble in acquiring the object of his wishes, never knows the full value of possession, nor can he appreciate the pains of those who have procured him the enjoyment. In this instance he has further motives for acting ungratefully towards us, because our object having failed, though as much through his own fault as ours, he will not consider himself under any obligation to us. His passion, or rather his whim, for Gabriela, I apprehend, will end there ; so that if, instead of raising ourselves higher than we stand, as we anticipated by the success of our plan, we preserve our places, I think, we may consider ourselves very fortunate, and thank our stars."

Artimaña looked rather blank at hearing his uncle's ominous discourse, for he feared there was in it too much truth.—“But,” said he, “do you really think he would repay our services with ingratitude? Only consider how numerous they have been, even leaving the last out of the question. Besides, I can inform you that, even this morning, a little before he

withdrew, he pressed my hand in the most affectionate manner, and said—‘My warmest thanks to you, Lanza, for the clever manner in which you extricated me from last night’s accident. I give you credit, my good fellow, for that timely alarm, which raised my presence of mind so high in the opinion of my courtiers, when no real danger existed. It was well imagined, and I give you my royal word, that it shall not go unrewarded.’”

“Did he say so?” cried the monk,—“Then your ruin is certain; and as a proof of it, you have only to look at the dismissal of almost every favourite minister of his, which was invariably preceded by some particular mark of kindness. One he invited to supper, and during the repast overwhelmed him with proofs of friendship. On withdrawing, the king himself hastened with a party of soldiers to his private apartment, and placed him under arrest. He filled the pockets of another with Havana segars, and then wrote an order for his exile. He made the warmest assurances of friendship to a third, and in the same breath whispered to the Duke de Alagon

to have him secured, and sent to the castle of Monjui. He sent a fine bunch of grapes from the royal table to another, and hardly had the minister swallowed them, when an officer of the guards showed him into a coach, and off he was marched to the dungeons of Coruña. To another.”

“Well, I know all that. Good God ! you are most intolerably ominous to-day,” interrupted Artimaña, trembling with fear and apprehension. “But let me tell you, that none of those gentlemen were such useful fellows as I am. Show me any one of them, who would, or could assume any character from that of a private favourite of his majesty to a familiar of the Inquisition, and do any work, no matter how degrading it may be reputed.”

“Well, perhaps in consideration of your ductility you may be an exception to the rule; though, believe me, there are about the court several worthy courtiers ready enough to do as much, and as sharp-witted as yourself.”

This Artimaña could hardly believe possible, and he began anticipating honours and favours

from his majesty, not only for himself, but for his uncle also, when a servant, entering the room, placed in his hand a letter, bearing the king's private seal, which he said had been brought by a gentleman of the royal household. No sooner had the servant withdrawn than Artimaña broke its seal with the utmost eagerness.—“It is his gracious majesty's own handwriting,” said he agitatedly. “How kind! how very condescending!” and then read—“To Aniceto Lanza.”

“What! not a *Don* to it?” cried the monk. “That forbodes no good, boy.”

“Not a *Don*,” replied the nephew dejectedly. “But, for God's sake, do not interrupt me.—‘It is our royal pleasure, that from the moment of your receiving this our favour,’—Artimaña's face brightened up, and looking up at his uncle, said, “this does not look bad, ‘*our favour.*’”

“Go on, go on,” said the monk, “and let me hear what that favour is.”

The nephew resumed his reading, “that from the moment of your receiving this our favour,

your functions of chief of police shall cease, and that you quit the capital in twenty-four hours, to count from twelve at noon this day ; but in consideration of your past services to us, we are pleased to appoint you agent of police at Seville, with an annual salary of five thousand reals* . . .”

A burst of laughter from the monk interrupted Artimaña, whose face, naturally horrid, was now as ridiculously distorted as that of a hungry monkey on discovering the trick of a truant boy, who has shown him a nut, and given him a pebble, which he greedily but vainly endeavours to crack.—“ By my faith !” exclaimed the uncle, after two or three horse-laughs, “ that is making good the proverb,—‘ *como subo, como subo, de pregonero á verdugo !*’ ”*

“ Stay,” said the nephew, with a sarcastic grin, “ for here is something more for you to laugh at—‘ And as your reverend uncle, Father Toribio Lobo, has had an equal share in the late affair, respecting Gabriela, it is further our

* Fifty pounds sterling.

† See how I mount from a public crier to a hangman.

royal pleasure, that he shall be replaced by another in his dignity of preacher to our royal household, commanding you to inform him of this in our name, as well as that a convent of his order will be ready to receive him in the same city to which we command you to repair, as we would by no means deprive you of the pleasure of each other's society, it being but just that the fortunes of such a worthy pair should be united.—Given at our royal palace of Madrid, and in our own hand-writing.

“I the King.”

“The devil he does!” cried the monk, snatching from Artimaña's hands the royal order, and glancing over it hastily.

“Why, you don't laugh any more; how is that?” inquired the nephew jeeringly.

“Zounds!” exclaimed the monk, “I did not expect quite as much as this. There is somebody at the bottom of it. An attempt at irony, eh? By my hood! I promise the rascal, whoever he be, such a present as he has never before had.”

He then began silently to pace about the room, now his arms folded across his breast, and now the forefinger of his right-hand placed on his forehead, as if ransacking his inmost thoughts, and calling his imaginative powers into action.—“There is no remedy,” said he, after considerable pondering, “go we must,—that is certain.—But hang me, if I will be shut up in a convent, and be kept on short commons, while I may enjoy a good table any where else.—Aniceto! hear my plan. Our life at Seville would be a rather dull one, and an uncomfortable one into the bargain, if we were to lose the table, assistance, and tertulias of Doña Angela. It is, therefore, my intention to induce her to accompany us to that city, where I’ll say I am going upon a secret mission of importance, connected with the interests of the church, which also obliges me to resign my rank as preacher to the king. As she will confess to-morrow with me, and she has the sin of suspicion to atone for, it will not be very difficult for me to make her believe, that

she cannot expiate it better than by visiting the holy sepulchre of the blessed Saint Isidoro, which is at Seville, and whose miraculous bones I shall procure her the felicity of touching. This, I know, will be a great inducement for her to come. Another will be that of continuing to enjoy my spiritual counsels, which she would lose by remaining at Madrid. Of course, I shall not fail to represent this city as the den of vice, &c., and to magnify the dangers to which her daughter would remain exposed in this corrupt court, were she to be left behind with her father only; for, in that case, it is certain Doña Angela's tertulias would not be very numerously attended, and we should have the whole of her society to ourselves, for which I have no particular anxiety. When once we have them there, it will go hard with me if I know not how to keep them with us. Thus we shall soften our disappointments by depriving the royal baboon of Gabriela, should he entertain further views upon her, and spend a more agreeable time than we owe to his royal

wishes. That something better will then turn out, I warrant you, by the mere circumstance of Gabriela being in our possession; for she is an inexhaustible mine, the more precious, as she is the more difficult to be won.—What say you to it?”

“I say, that the king does not know what he loses by his forfeiting your friendship and your services,” replied the nephew.

“Oh, hang him! He’ll know it some day, I promise you. And now pack and bundle as fast as you can, for your time is marked; and leave all the rest to me to manage.”

So saying the worthy pair separated, with an inward regret at the discomfiture of their machinations, only on account of the losses incurred thereby; but free from any feelings of remorse, and as hardened in villany as ever. So true it is, that the sting of conscience becomes blunted by frequent crime, and its voice loses its terrors with those whose minds are truly depraved.

On the following day the wily monk received

Doña Angela at the confessional, and observed with pleasure, that instead of having entered into a rigorous examination of facts and circumstances, the better to justify her suspicions, if they were well founded, or render full justice to the accused, if it were otherwise, she had excluded reflection from her mind, and given herself up to the fears of bigotry, and to the scruples of superstition. Under the influence of these feelings, it was easy for him to mould her to all his designs, and she agreed to make a journey to Seville to visit the holy shrine of the blessed St. Isidoro, and atone for her enormous sin by kissing his miraculous relics.

While kneeling before the confessional, the penitent consulted his Reverence on a worldly matter, which, she said, had frequently occupied her thoughts.—“You are aware, reverend father,” she added, “that my daughter Gabriela, is possessed of too many attractions, to hope to escape the numerous snares of this wicked world, though my confidence in her virtue is such as to tranquillize me on her account.

Her dislike for the life of a convent does not permit me to subject her to a second noviciate, and thus place her effectually beyond the reach of those snares. The only way, therefore, to avoid them, will be by entrusting her safety to a husband, who will better than either Don Antonio or myself, protect her, if any attempt (which God forbid !) should ever be made on her innocence. Don Fermin Sandoval, I know, continues to love her with a virtuous attachment ; and, though he is the son of a liberal, is himself a loyal servant of his king, a devout Christian, and a youth in every respect worthy of her hand. To him then, with your advice and permission, will I give my daughter on this very day ; and thus the plans which we have so often arranged will be realized. Does your Reverence approve of them ?”

This, as our reader is aware, did not exactly fall in with the monk's views. Accordingly, though he said, that it was his most anxious wish to see such a worthy youth united to her daughter, he thought it would be better to

give Gabriela a longer time to prepare her mind to receive his hand, should she still entertain any dislike to the match, which might also take place more conveniently on their return from their pious journey. Doña Angela found the monk's suggestions wise and reasonable; consequently, she informed Gabriela of her designs, both with respect to their journey, and her marriage with Fermin. Gabriela received the first part of this intelligence with pleasure; for she reflected that by her absence from the capital, the risks to which she had been there exposed would be at an end; but the other part seemed to afflict her deeply. The knowledge that Calisto was free, and in the same city with her; her former vows, and the assurance of his fidelity, which she had received from his own lips, no longer doubting that the Marquis de Rivas was Sandoval himself: his late important service to her, at the peril of his own life, and the conviction, that everything in the nation now announced a crisis fast approaching, which

might have favourable results for the cause in which Sandoval was engaged, crowded her mind, and made her view with peculiar dislike the match proposed by her mother. She, however, endeavoured to conceal from her the feelings by which her heart was agitated, as their expression would only have exasperated Doña Angela, and hastened what she so much dreaded. She, therefore, received her commands in silence, and gave vent to her grief by weeping in the arms of her affectionate Rosa, who endeavoured to console her, by representing Fermin as too generous and disinterested ever to press his suit further than was consistent with her own feelings, or with the affection he owed to his brother.

As Fermin's engagements in the capital prevented him from forming one of the travelling party, he remained behind with Don Antonio, who was to open to him Doña Angela's proposal, and ascertain his sentiments on the subject.

Every arrangement for the journey being now made, the modern pilgrims took leave of their

friends, and set off for Seville, in a *coche de colleras*,* drawn by six stout mules, and in the company of Father Lobo, the nephew having preceded them many days before, in obedience to the royal order.

* A travelling coach.

CHAPTER XI.

Ha! total night and horror here preside!
My stum'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide!
It is the funeral knell! and gliding near,
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!

The Shipwreck.—FALCONER.

FULL three months had Sandoval now passed in solitary confinement, every day expecting to be summoned before the criminal tribunal, to be tried on the various charges which might be brought against him, and which he was aware could be but too clearly proved, as his principal accusers might, according to the custom of the times, stand as witnesses against him, being themselves as deeply implicated as himself, particularly in the last transactions. During

the first days of his imprisonment, the idea that his earthly cares would soon be over, held such entire possession of his mind, that it excluded even that hope which is felt by the culprit who waits in the condemned cell for the fatal hour of his being led to the scaffold. But as his confinement was prolonged without any indication of a trial, the first shock which he had received from the appalling treachery of Sarsfield, and to which the extreme despondency of his mind was owing, became more faint, and the natural elasticity of his spirits began gradually to revive, while hope, which again found access to his saddened heart, inspired him with more cheering prospects. He then thought that whatever the personal feelings of hatred and revenge entertained against him by Abisbal and Sarsfield might be, these two Generals did not dare to impeach him publicly, as they were conscious he was too much in the secret of their plans, and would not hesitate in making a full *exposé* of their conduct to the world, if he were once allowed to speak in his own defence, even

though they might confine their charge to his late breach of military subordination. The only means of revenge which he thought was more within their reach, consisted in rendering his imprisonment as harsh and cruel as possible, and the perpetual silence to which he was condemned, together with the numerous privations he met with, sufficiently indicated that in this at least they had their own way.

Resolved, however, to bear with manly courage whatever treatment they chose to inflict, that they might not enjoy the triumph of seeing his high spirits borne down by suffering, the more his confinement was prolonged, the more he fortified his mind against that feeling of discomfort, which the gloom of his dungeon and the monotony that reigned around him, day after day, was calculated to produce.

In this state of mind he continued, when one night towards the close of November, at about mid-night, as he was pacing up and down his dungeon, enveloped in his cloak, to keep himself warm, and prevent the bad effects resulting from

the chillness of the night air, which in his abode was both frosty and damp, he heard the sounds of a distant creaking of doors, and the clang of chains removing, gradually approaching him. He made a sudden pause, surprised at the noise, uncommon as it was at such a late hour, and listened with that anxiety which an incident of this nature would create, even in the mind of a prisoner whose imagination was less vivid than his own, to ascertain if they were not a deception raised by his own fancy. The heavy tread, however, of at least one person approaching, the drawing aside of bolts, the shrill creaking of the lock, and the clamour of the door as it turned upon its hinges, soon convinced him of the reality. Riveted to the spot he gazed anxiously towards the door, and heard the gaoler say, in a voice less gruff than usual.—“There he is, standing as upright as a gibbet, and shrouded in his cloak. Go in, Madam, go in, and never tremble so. 'Tis not the worst place I have in the castle.”

At these words a female, dressed in black, and her head enveloped in a mantilla, showed

herself at the threshold of the door, with a small lantern in her hand, and said with a feeble and trembling voice—"Don Calisto, have the goodness to follow me," and then, as if afraid to remain any longer in that gloomy place, she turned quickly round, and hastened out of the dungeon. Sandoval did not wait for a second invitation, but darting towards the door, like an imprisoned stag who sees an opening to escape, in one second he was beside her in the passage, and followed her in silence through the maze of winding paths, all the while endeavouring to discover who his conductor was. Long before the gaoler had left the first passage, they were both in the court of the castle, and without waiting his arrival, she made a motion for Sandoval to follow her towards the wicket of the outer gate, which on their arrival was immediately opened. A boat was waiting to take them over to Cadiz, and on stepping into it, they both sat down without having spoken a word. The rowers pulled to shore with all their might, and while employed in their work,

Sandoval ventured to ask of the female whither she intended to take him; but she placed her finger on her lips, and as he leant his head to look more closely at her face, she drew over it her mantilla, and turned her head aside. This conduct appeared very mysterious to our hero; but unwilling to trespass on her commands, he made no remark, and continued silent. Unable, however, to withstand his curiosity to know what was the meaning of the slow sounds of bells, which seemed to proceed from almost every belfry in Cadiz, and to indicate the death, as he thought, of some of the royal family, he asked of one of the rowers, who had died, that the knell rung so generally at that unwonted hour.

“Who has died?” repeated the boatsman. “God in heaven! if you were to ask who *has not* died, your question would be more to the purpose, and I could answer it better.”

“What do you mean?” inquired Sandoval, looking at the fellow with surprise.

“Why, I mean what I say. There are now between seven and eight thousand people dead,

and the Lord only knows how many more will die before all is over, though people say we shall soon see an end put to it, as only ninety persons a day have, on an average, given up the ghost during this week."

Everything seemed a mystery to Sandoval on this eventful night. But the words of this man raised such a dreadful thought in his mind as made him shudder through all his limbs. Predisposed as he was to hear the most horrible deeds, after the treachery of Abisbal and his colleague, in which so many hundreds, nay thousands of his friends were involved, his mind readily admitted its possibility.—“Can it be,” said he to himself, “that the tiger who rules over us, is gorging himself with the blood of the victims he so earnestly demanded from Abisbal? Gracious heaven! if it be so, what has become of the rest of the Spaniards, that they do not avenge their murdered friends, and countrymen?”

He shrunk back as this idea flashed across his mind, and the boatsman, who observed his agita-

tion, told him not to be down-hearted;—"for," added he, "though you yourself may fall a victim, and to say the truth, I would not bet one of my buttons, that you will not be one, still we have seen narrow escapes enough where so many were probably doomed to die."

This confirmed Sandoval in his opinion, though he could not well reconcile the unguarded manner in which he was conducted before the bloody tribunal, and the agency of a female, whose mourning apparel, however, had in it something sinister, and recalled to his mind the horrible scenes of the French revolution, in which so many females took such a prominent part; though in his heart, he did not believe any of his countrywomen capable of such heartless cruelty, as some of the French manifested at that epoch. Still he began to look upon his female companion with suspicious eyes, and as confused and contradictory ideas crowded his mind, he seemed to lose sight of his real danger, if there really existed any, by occupying his

thoughts in the most wild and extravagant conjectures.

Meantime the boat was moored in silence, and his conductress requested him to follow her, which he did as mechanically as if he were some automaton moving at her will. As they entered the first street, his attention was roused, by the noise of carts moving backwards and forwards, and by the sounds of hand bells, which the drivers rang incessantly. In passing beneath the windows of the houses his ears were assailed with the most heart-rending cries, sobs, moanings, and lamentations, and he beheld, with feelings not easily to be described, the doors of several of the houses thrown wide, as some of the carts approached, and their inmates appear, surrounding the dead bodies of, doubtless, their relations, and uttering the most piercing and mournful shrieks, their bodies hardly clothed, their countenances so pale and emaciated, and their looks so dejected and sorrowful, that they themselves appeared more like spectres than

human beings. The women, in particular, seemed to know no bounds to their grief, when they beheld the corpses of their friends thrown into the carts, along with those that had been previously collected. They rent the air with expressions of agony and despair, tore their dishevelled hair, wrung their hands, as they raised them up to heaven, and could not be prevailed on to repass the thresholds of their homes, from which one of their beloved friends had been just snatched, till the noise of the carts had died away on the ear.

These dreadful scenes, as they passed before Sandoval's sight, made him doubt whether what he saw was not the vision of some painful dream. He endeavoured to collect his scattered ideas: but as he glanced over the events of the night, every one of which seemed to him more extraordinary than the other, he was more convinced than ever of their fallacy. He made a sudden pause, and reclining his head against a wall, stood as if unable to move further. The female who conducted him, hearing his steps no more,

turned back, and touching his arm with her slender fingers, said, with a voice which sounded in his ears like that of some ghostly apparition —“ You must not abide here, death hovers around you. Follow me.”

He started at her words, but obeyed instantly ; and as they proceeded through the silent and solitary streets, mournful cries of grief and despair burst here and there upon his ear, while the funeral knell, which continued tolling incessantly, added by its monotonous and soul-withering sounds, an indescribable horror to the prevailing gloom. At length the female entered the porch of a large mansion, which at that hour was involved in darkness, and turning her lantern towards the inner door, cast on it a stream of light.—“ There is your place of refuge,” she said with a faint voice, “ when I am gone, knock and you will be received into the arms of your friends. It is probable I shall never see you again ; but do not regret it ; for I am no longer worthy of being looked at.”

Saying this she turned round to go ; but

Sandoval stopped her.—“Do not leave me yet, but let me know first who my deliverer is,” said he.

“It matters not now,” she said, in a melancholy tone. “You are free, and you should have been so long ago, had my wishes been sooner granted. Adieu; for you can never love me.”

“Nay,” cried Sandoval, still detaining her, “but let me at least see your face once.”

“What! that you may hate me the more?” she cried with a sepulchral voice, and a bitter accent. “Yet, perhaps, it is better you should see it.”

Saying this, she threw back from her face her mantilla. Sandoval started back at recognizing in her now ghastly countenance, his once beautiful female neighbour, whose brilliant eyes were now sunken, yellow-tinged, and dim, and her mellow and rich complexion faded and jaundiced all over.—“You may well start,” she said, “the yellow fever has dealt roughly with me. I am no longer what I was, nor is it likely I shall ever be so; but I have saved you,

and that consolation will always remain to me. Adieu, then, and farewell for ever."

Saying this, she pulled a bell, and then quitted the house with hurried steps, leaving Sandoval fixed to the spot, lost in melancholy reflections. He had not long indulged in them before the door of the house flew open, and he was roused by a well known voice, exclaiming—"As sure as heaven is just, 'tis my master, my dear lost master!" And then placing on the ground the lamp he held in his hand, the faithful Roque hugged him in his arms.

Sandoval looked earnestly at him, and soon perceived, by his gaunt face and yellow complexion, that the fever had been also upon him. "Aye, look at me well, and thank heaven you have had such a snug time of it," said Roque. "I would much sooner have been buried in the deepest dungeon than have witnessed the miseries caused by the dreadful scourge with which it has pleased heaven to visit us. But you need not fear it now; for 'tis almost over, and we shall shortly be altogether rid of it."

He then informed him that he was in the house of his friend Don Jose Maria Montero, where he would meet, even at this hour, several of his patriotic friends. In fact, on being introduced into the apartment where they were assembled, he was welcomed by several devoted friends of their country, among whom was Don Antonio Alcala Galiano, who, notwithstanding the innumerable dangers by which he, in common with those who were then at Cadiz, was surrounded, was indefatigable in his endeavours to keep alive every where the flame of liberty, rouse the energies of his party, dismayed by the numerous calamities with which they had been assailed, and bring about some new project for the deliverance of his country. From these gentlemen, Sandoval learned the following interesting details, relative to the final execution of Abisbal's treacherous plan, and to the subsequent operations of the patriots during his confinement.

Immediately after our hero was ordered off to the Castle of San Sebastian, Abisbal parted from

Sarsfield, and both hastened to place themselves at the head of their troops, to carry into execution the project which they had been concerting together. Everything was done as had been planned by them. On the following day, at the appointed hour, the two Generals, Sarsfield with the cavalry, and Abisbal with the infantry, made their appearance by opposite directions on the Palmar, an elevated tract of level ground near Puerto Santa Maria, where the unsuspecting patriots were encamped. At the moment of their approach, the troops of the encampment were slowly filing off to occupy their ordinary posts; their officers agitated with the opposite feelings of hope and uncertainty. When Sarsfield advanced with his cavalry through the road to Xerez, Don Antonio Quiroga, Colonel of one of the regiments which had just taken their post along that road, their right supported on the river, hastened toward him to receive his orders. "Colonel," said Sarsfield sternly, "return to your regiment; you are a disloyal servant of his majesty," and, without waiting for an answer,

caused his troops to utter the cry of, "Long live the king!" which was immediately echoed by the troops of Abisbal, filling the whole camp with these ominous sounds. The surprise created by them was such as Abisbal had anticipated; the patriotic chiefs stood as if suddenly converted into statues, and deprived of the power of action. Meantime, profiting by this conjuncture, the General in Chief galloped rapidly round the encampment, making short speeches to the soldiery, and exciting them to join in the shouts of his troops, in which he but too well succeeded.

He then made the arrests he had intended, caused a ration of wine to be distributed to the soldiery, sent to different points the battalions who remained without chiefs, gave orders for the troops he had brought with him to return to Cadiz, and he himself remained at Puerto with the regiment of the princess, who were intrusted with the custody of the prisoners, until they were afterwards sent to the prisons of the various castles in Cadiz, and its vicinity.

Thus failed this apparently well conducted pro-

ject by the inexplicable treachery of two men who had been the principal agents in its formation. The conduct of Abisbal, however, inconsistent even in his perfidy, was such as to afford but a poor triumph to his royal master, for though he made a few more arrests, and sent to different places those corps and officers who were more inclined to favour the views of the liberals, with the object of preventing their plotting together, he still left on foot all the elements of the conspiracy, and apparently gained nothing by the step he had taken, but deferring its explosion. His inconsistency was particularly manifested in his treatment to the prisoners, to whom he gave time for concealing all their papers, allowing some of them to escape, and even offering to others money and means for that purpose.* This extraordinary conduct was then

* Such offers were actually made to some of the patriots, and in particular to Arco Agüero, who was one of the principal chiefs of the conspiracy, and, doubtless, the first to call in question the sincerity of Abisbal's conduct; but this deserving patriot indignantly rejected them.

variously explained by the liberals, several of whom were of opinion that he would never have betrayed their cause, had it not been for Sarsfield, of whose intentions he entertained a right estimate. But a circumstance happened at Madrid, which shews that Abisbal acted with premeditated perfidy. Precisely on the same day and hour, when his plan was executed at Cadiz, several masons of the capital were arrested, among whom was the individual who has hitherto gone under the name of Anselmo, and who besides being in direct correspondence with Abisbal, was the channel of communication with the masons of the provinces, and the principal regulator of the interior machinery. Abisbal's adhesion, however, to the interest of the ruling faction, was recompensed by the king in his usual coin. He sent him the great cross of Charles III., and requested his immediate presence at court, to receive his personal thanks, gain a correct account of the state of the army, and learn his final instructions relative to the sailing of the expedition, though the real object he had in calling him

there, was to deprive him of his chief command, and impeach his conduct before the commission established to try the patriots, if they could but implicate him in some of the prosecutions that were carrying on against the late victims, and towards whom they employed for that purpose every vile means practised by a degenerate government; namely, craftiness, deceit, seduction, threats, promises, and torture. In this the government were unsuccessful, owing to the high-minded and honourable conduct of the sufferers, who would not disclose a syllable of their plans, notwithstanding the cruelties practised against them. Those endured by Anselmo are of a nature that would make the reader shudder with horror, were we to relate them here. But though Abisbal was saved by the very men he had betrayed, he soon began to taste the bitter, though well merited, fruit of his treachery. A few days after his arrival at court, he saw himself completely despised by the king, his ministers, and his courtiers, by good, indifferent, and bad men, in a word by all

he met; unable to find amongst either his friends or enemies one who would shield him against the innumerable shafts that were aimed at him from all sides. And, that he might drain the cup of misery to its dregs, he was deprived of all command, both in the expeditionary army and elsewhere, and left unnoticed in a corner of Madrid, except indeed by the spies that were set to watch his slightest motions, and make him stumble and fall in one of the many snares set for him by the government. Thus abandoned, even by his nearest relatives, he remained chewing the cud of his own perfidy, till other events brought him again on the stage of the world, where he continued playing the part of a traitor, in which he was so eminent a proficient.

Meantime* some of the patriots of Cadiz, undismayed by the late events, assembled, only

* Among the sources from which the author has derived the following details, is a cleverly written pamphlet by Don Antonio Alcalá Galiano, who was himself one of the principal actors in the scenes he describes.

a few days after Abisbal's treachery, to remedy the evils which had thus befallen them. In this first meeting, however, the obstacles that presented themselves were too numerous and insurmountable, and the minds of the confederates were in a state of too great effervescence to allow them to do more than agree in recommencing their labours with fresh vigour, opening a correspondence with some of their brethren who had taken refuge in Gibraltar, and increasing their numbers as much as they could, particularly among the wealthy merchants of Cadiz, of whose efficient aid they would stand in need. Accordingly they commenced their labours, and made some important acquisitions, among which those of Don Juan Alvarez Mendizabal, and of his co-partner Don Vincente Beltran de Lis, both active and zealous liberals, and who could command sufficient funds for the execution of their projects, were not of the least.

Aware that the best way of insuring success was by striking a sudden and decisive blow, a second meeting took place very soon after the

first, in which, in order to give regularity to their proceedings, they elected a president in the person of Don Domingo Antonio de la Vega, a man of a well established reputation for talent and experience, who had been implicated in various plans of revolution, and who had endured with undaunted courage the persecutions of their enemies. In this meeting, it was resolved to form, in every division of the army, a revolutionary junta, which should work within its own radius, and correspond with the central one established at Cadiz. By these means they planned new and extensive ramifications to their plot, in which unanimity of action was most strictly preserved, and contributed not a little to the rapid advancement of their projects; while every individual laboured zealously towards the great end. The removal of Abisbal from the army also contributed to improve this favourable situation, as that General was too well acquainted with the conspirators, their plans, resources, and secret means of communication, to allow them to hope that they could escape his vigilance; while

General Fournas, on whom the command of the army devolved *ad interim*, was ignorant of their designs, and a man little to be dreaded on the score of talent or enterprise. Thus the conspiracy assumed new life, and the misfortunes brought on by the nefarious proceedings of Abisbal were fast mending.

Matters being in this prosperous state, it was now indispensable to elect a chief, who should direct the projected rising. Past experience had shewn, that the election ought to be made by themselves, as otherwise it would be entrusting the fortunes of their cause to a man who, influenced by personal interests, might be tempted to betray them, as Abisbal had just done. For this object the Brigade General Omlin, Commandant of the Ultramarine Depot, established at San Fernando, was thought the most fit, on account of his well-known liberal ideas and well tried courage. When commissioners were sent to him, and he heard the plans and future operations of the patriots, he agreed to place himself at the head of the army, to aid in the re-

establishment of the Constitution. All being now ready, the 24th of August was the day appointed for raising the cry of Liberty, when a sudden and fatal occurrence came to overthrow these so dearly formed plans. The yellow fever, that dreadful scourge of southern climates, made its appearance at San Fernando, and neglected, either by the stupidity or malignity of the agents of government, who branded as revolutionary whoever endeavoured to stop its progress, spread rapidly throughout that city. Suddenly, strict executive orders were issued, by which all communication with that point was cut off; the troops who were in the city were ordered to the interior, and Omlin remaining behind, with the body under his command, the project for the rising was, if not totally destroyed, at least delayed for an indefinite period.

One would think that these repeated misfortunes would have dismayed the patriots, and obliged them to abandon a cause against the establishment of which so many obstacles started up; but the souls of men imbued with a proper

abhorrence of oppression, and kindled with the sacred flame of freedom, do not flinch under any earthly calamities. To the failure of one plan the formation of another succeeded, in which courage and perseverance were to overcome the increasing dangers, and shortened means that were the consequences of fresh disappointments. The chiefs of the undertaking resolved to take a bold step, by suddenly securing the possession of Cadiz, which they conceived would give the nation an opportunity of vindicating its rights. The moment was favourable, that city being garrisoned by the regiments of Soria and Canarias, both well disposed to act in favour of a rising, and the town of San Fernando being infected, intercepted the passage of those troops who might be directed to lay siege to Cadiz. But while the patriots were employed in doing this, the epidemic made its appearance there, the garrison was ordered to quit the city, with the exception of the regiment of Soria, which remained behind, and all communication was cut off.

This dreadful calamity, however, did not prevent the patriots who remained behind, from entertaining an idea that the revolution might yet be accomplished ; but the fever, which soon after began its cruel ravages, convinced them that it would be utter madness to expect success under such circumstances, as the minds of all were struck with horror and dismay, and engrossed only with the dreadful scourge that desolated their hearths.

Meantime the military patriots, who were in the different cantonments, did not remain inactive. Frequent meetings were held, to concert the means of carrying on their plan ; in one of which it was resolved to fix the 12th of October for its explosion, and Don Miguel Lopez Baños was nominated as the chief ; but this officer declined the trust, and advised a further delay, as very powerful reasons militated against its success, were it to be then executed. Among others was undoubtedly the dislike of the soldiery to go near those posts which were to serve as points of support, and in which precisely the

fever raged most. Nor was it possible for the troops to move forward, as the peasantry were resolved not to allow their passage, because they feared the epidemic might spread among them, if they suffered those who had been in an infected place to go near them. Under these circumstances a further delay was indispensable.

The great encampment formed at Las Correderas, near Alcala de los Gazules, soon after, contributed powerfully to strengthen the patriotic party, as most of those officers who had been separated by the proceedings of Abisbal were there assembled. Then it was that the ties loosened by absence were drawn closer ; that friendship, patriotism, and duty re-assumed their powerful influence over all ; that those vows, so fervently pronounced for the liberty of their country, were renewed with fresh enthusiasm. Convinced that the salvation of their country, and that of their imprisoned friends was in their hands, they resolved to enter heart and soul into whatever enterprise might be formed to save them, and every preparatory

measure required by circumstances was accordingly taken.

Meantime the labours of the liberals of Cadiz went on but slowly. How was it possible to think of political changes amidst the desolating effects of the fever?—when those who had been fortunate enough to escape its baneful ravages, were sunk in grief for the loss of wives, children, parents, brothers, relations, or friends? Yet, though their numbers had been dreadfully thinned, and though most of the remaining patriots were in a state of convalescence, such was the sacred love of country, that they continued holding their meetings, and lost not an opportunity of forwarding their plan, and endeavouring to dispose matters so that it might be carried into effect, immediately after the cessation of the epidemic. This, however, continued to desolate the neighbouring towns as well as Cadiz. Brigadier Omlin fell a victim to it, as did also most of the officers who participated in the meditated revolution; and it was a remarkable circumstance, that precisely those

who were spared belonged to the contrary party. About this time, too, the encampment of Las Correderas was raised, and the different bodies that composed it, took their posts in towns distant from each other. By this event all intercourse among the conspirators became extremely difficult, and this was increased by the fresh impediments raised by the agents of government, who, owing to several imprudent hints inadvertently thrown out by some of the individuals initiated into the secret, entertained suspicions of the meditated enterprise, and watched with the greatest vigilance the movements of the patriots, while on the other hand the *sanitary cordons*, which ran even through the army, prevented them from communicating by means of letters or messengers. As the epidemic began to abate, they saw with alarm that the embarkation of the troops for the expedition would very soon take place, everything being nearly ready, in which case the ruin of their projects was certain, and the liberty of their country delayed, perhaps for years.

Such was the state of affairs among the patriots when our hero was liberated from the castle of San Sebastian. Though the news he thus learned were sufficiently afflicting for one who loved his country so ardently, they were by no means so bad as his imagination had pictured while its workings were under the influence of the gloom of a dungeon. He therefore, strove to inspire his friends with the same confidence of success which he felt within his own breast, though in justice to those gentlemen, it must be said that they were very far from shrinking from their enterprise.

Galiano, who, as we have already remarked, was one of the assembled patriots, volunteered to go to Alcala de los Garzules where there was a division of the army, and where Colonel Quiroga then was, to obtain every information respecting the present state of affairs, and concert, according to this knowledge, their future operations. Great obstacles opposed themselves to this measure, as he had not only to find his way

through the *sanitary cordon*,* without being observed by those who formed it, but pass unnoticed by places where he was but too well known. Besides, some of the gentlemen themselves entertained the idea that by his presence there, he might introduce the contagion into that town ; but he overruled by more sound and weighty reasons all these arguments ; and it was, therefore, agreed, that he should depart for the army, accompanied by our hero, for whose services there was ample room.

* The orders given to the military who formed this cordon, consisted in shooting whosoever attempted to cross it, when they came from an infected place.

CHAPTER XII.

Joy, joy, I see confess'd from every eye,
 Your limbs tread vig'rous, and your breasts beat high!
 Thin tho' our ranks, tho' scanty be our bands,
 Bold are our hearts, and nervous are our hands.
 With us truth, justice, fame, and freedom close,
 Each singly equal to a host of foes :
 I feel, I feel them, fill me out for fight!
 They lift my limbs as feather'd Hermes light ?

Gustavus,—Brooke.

HAVING happily accomplished their passage through the sanitary cordon, near the city of San Fernando, Galiano and Sandoval reached Alcala de los Gazules, where they took up their quarters in a convent, which was then used as a prison, and where Don Antonio Quiroga was confined.

This chief, as it has already been observed, was among the officers betrayed by Abisbal,

and one of the most decided patriots of the army.* The natural elasticity of his spirits, his firm and steady principles, and his courage and perseverance, were proof against the mis-

* The imprisonment of this chief was rendered peculiarly affecting by a little incident which occurred soon after, and which gives a fair idea of the force of principle and attachment in the Spanish women. His lady, to whom he had been just married, and who was a native of Cadiz, possessing all the attractions of her countrywomen, no sooner received the news of his arrest, than she flew, without even throwing a mantilla over her head, wild with grief and despair, to the encampment where Abisbal was surrounded by his troops. Having reached his presence, she threw herself at his feet, and, dissolved in tears, begged, not her husband's liberty, but to be allowed to share his imprisonment. The officers and soldiers were greatly moved at this spectacle; but the Count refused to grant her the favour she implored. Unchecked by this, she tried other means of attaining her object, in which, however, she was at first unsuccessful. Meantime the yellow fever broke out at Cadiz, and she was shut up in that city, like the rest of the inhabitants; but this intrepid lady several times broke through the sanitary cordon, and at last succeeded in penetrating into the prison where her husband was confined. This she accomplished during the dead of night, when she had to walk several miles for that purpose.

fortunes that had fallen to his share. Hence, far from allowing grief and despair to prey on his mind, he encouraged his companions in misfortune, and by degrees succeeded in bringing over to his party those who guarded him, and inspiring them with the same ardour which he himself felt for his country's liberty.

Thus when our two visitors arrived at Alcala, they had the pleasure of finding the best spirit pervading the troops quartered there, and Quiroga himself enjoying almost entire liberty. A meeting was immediately called, at which most of the officers attended, when Galiano endeavoured, in an eloquent address, to kindle still higher in their bosoms the sacred flame of patriotism. At the same time, an officer arrived from Medina Sidonia, bringing the agreeable intelligence, that the corps in which he served was desirous, even to a man, of being reckoned among the supporters of any plan in contemplation, as they were perfectly disgusted at the perfidy of a government, which, notwithstanding the most solemn promises, that they should never

form part of an ultramarine expedition, intended to send them among the first, and had issued orders to that effect.

Galiano, observing the excellent spirit of these troops, resolved to visit the various cantonments of the expeditionary army, to ascertain how far the other corps were inclined to act in favour of a revolution, and plead with them the cause of their country, for which his powerful eloquence was eminently suited. This plan he executed as far as the sanitary precautions, and the vigilance of the agents of government, permitted. During this mission, too, the election of a chief was discussed, and the nomination fell on Don Antonio Quiroga, who besides his past services, and his seniority among the arrested Colonels, enjoyed the regard of both officers and soldiers to an eminent degree,—which was no small recommendation, and no less indispensable, at the epoch of an insurrection, when it was of vital importance that the soldiers individually should place the utmost confidence in their chief.

After this tour, Galiano returned to Cadiz, where he found his friends alarmed by an accident, which, had the agents of government then been less supine, might have produced fatal consequences. In their endeavours to collect some funds, to defray the first expenses of the rising, they had reckoned on the aid of some patriots, who more zealous than discreet, disclosed the existence of the meditated plot, and the names of its managers. They were, however, fortunate enough in hushing up those rumours; but lost all hope of finding the necessary funds. The efforts which they made afterwards to obtain them were attended with almost insuperable difficulties, and the reader would think it impossible, that the whole sum employed in the execution of such a vast undertaking did not exceed 16,000 dollars.* This speaks volumes for the disinterested patriotism of the Spanish military of that epoch.

The month of November had already expired,

* £3,200.

and the conspirators were now more convinced than ever, that the execution of their plan ought not to be delayed much longer, as the expedition would certainly begin to sail towards the end of December, when the yellow fever would then have entirely subsided. The rising, however, presented many serious difficulties, among which may be reckoned the situation of the army, which being scattered over a large tract of country, was consequently deprived of that force, both moral and physical, which belongs exclusively to union. The difficulty of communication, which necessarily created many misunderstandings among the projectors of the plot, contributed also to retard their intended operations.

At about* this time the gallant Don Raphael del Riego, whom a severe illness had compelled, shortly after Abisbal's treachery, to retire to

* For many of the following details the author is indebted to an ably written narrative, published by Colonels Miranda and San Miguel, both eye-witnesses and actors in the scenes here described.

Bornos (a watering place,) for the re-establishment of his health, appeared on the scene, and joined the regiment of Asturias, of which he was the second in command, and of which he became the first, owing to their Colonel being in the prisons of Cadiz, whither he had been sent by Abisbal. In consequence of his illness, Riego was at that moment labouring under extreme debility; but his mind, naturally ardent, firm, active and undaunted, was not impaired by his bodily sufferings. On the contrary, the abhorrence, which he had so long been nursing, for the tyrannical proceedings of government and their agents, could hardly be contained within his bosom; and no sooner, did he see a probability of rescuing his country from the domination of despotism, than he leapt into the arena, to wrestle with the monster hand to hand, all the while endeavouring to impart some of his own unconquerable spirit to others. The greatest part of the officers of his regiment were his bosom friends, and equally determined to be the first, if called upon, to assert the

rights of the nation, and seal them with their blood. The minds of men were now in a state of extraordinary effervescence. Riego urged on his friends with his usual ardour, and they lost no opportunity of forwarding their undertaking. Individually or jointly they all laboured towards the same object. Quiroga himself, though shut up in his convent, did all that a man in his situation could possibly do. The rising was accordingly resolved upon, and the first day of the new year was fixed for uttering the first cry of Spanish regeneration.

During this busy period of our history, it may be easily believed, that our hero did not remain idle. The friendship which united him with Don Raphael del Riego urged him to place himself under his immediate orders, and his enthusiasm for the cause he served, of which none had a more exalted idea, excited him to exertions almost incredible, which left him scarcely any time for sleep or refreshment. Naturally bold, he delighted in executing those commissions, in which danger stared him every

where in the face. He broke through the sanitary cordons, and penetrated into those places from which others were driven back by the vigilance of the spies of government. The details of his journeys and visits might form an interesting memoir of those revolutionary times; but our limits do not allow us to give them here, and we must confine ourselves to those features which are of a more important and general interest.

As all the troops composing the expeditionary army were not in the secret of the plot, the operations of the patriots must naturally have been of a nature at once bold and prudent, wisely conceived and skilfully executed, else their heads would have paid the forfeit of a failure. Accordingly a plan was drawn up in which a simultaneous movement of the various regiments, which were to participate in the undertaking, was to take place, by which those troops that had no share in it were to be surprised, the Isla, and all its fortifications seized, and Cadiz occupied. The magnitude of this

undertaking is heightened by the consideration, that the force which was to execute it, hardly composed one-fourth part of the number of their antagonists, who moreover had the advantage of ground, and were equally brave and well-disciplined. But, whatever was wanting on the score of numbers or situation, was amply made up by the enthusiasm and resolution of the patriotic band, who had sworn to conquer or die in the attempt.

At length the memorable day came on which the effort was to be made. As we have already observed, our hero was then with Riego, to whom the most perilous part of the undertaking had been assigned ; namely, surprising the headquarters of the expeditionary army, and the arrest of the General-in-chief and Staff. On the night preceding, Riego and his friends held various conferences respecting the best manner of executing their plan, which, we ought here to remark, had materially varied in its object from that which the masons of Madrid had once projected, and of which we gave a slight sketch

in Chapter Vth of this book. Sandoval could have wished that the original plan had been followed up; but as the imprisonment of his masonic friends in the capital, and of Anselmo in particular, through whose agency matters were to have been managed there, had left them without resource; and as, moreover, the formation of a new channel of correspondence required too much time, and was attended by too many dangers, he was obliged to subscribe to the innovation, which afterwards brought on such fatal consequences.

The whole of that night was spent by Riego and his friends in making the necessary preparations to ensure the success of the bold operations which had been allotted to them. The obstacles by which they were surrounded were innumerable, the village of Las Cabezas being situated in the midst of three head-quarters, that of the cavalry, at Utrera, that of the 2d Division of Infantry, at Lebrija, and that of the General-in-chief, at Arcos. It was evident that the least movement made by the troops of Riego,

which consisted only of one regiment, might be observed, and crushed from the beginning; but this intrepid chief was not to be dismayed by these or greater difficulties.

Early on the following day sentries were posted round the village, with orders to allow no human being to quit it, and the rumbling sounds of drums were heard calling the military to arms. The day was overcast, and rain began to pour down in violent showers. This was an ominous sign for our friend Roque, who was almost stupified at seeing the extravagant demonstrations of joy manifested by the latter at hearing those sounds.—“Hark! Roque,” he exclaimed, leaping from the bed, where he had an instant before thrown himself to snatch an hour’s rest, “the drum beats! It calls us together to utter the cry which is to give freedom to our country!—My sword, my sword quickly.—Angels, who watch over a nation’s happiness, lend us your assistance in this glorious hour!—And thou, swift winged fame, spread out thy pinions, soar high,

sound loudly thy hundred clarions, and tell the world of our daring!—My hat, hasten with it, you droning rascal!—I shall be too late.—Let me once utter the liberating word, and then—oh! then, death shall be welcome!”

As he pronounced these words, he snatched from his servant's hands the various articles of equipment, and adjusted them with all possible haste.—“You are in a devil of a hurry,” said Roque, “though you have yet a whole hour before you, as you may see by this watch.”

The watch caught Sandoval's eye. He looked at it with an air of surprise, snatched it from Roque, and examined it again.—“How did you come by this watch?” he enquired.

“What!” exclaimed his servant, “do you stop to ask questions, when you have hardly time to girdle your sword? You will be too late, Sir, you had better go.”

“I'll break your ugly pate, you rascal, if you don't inform me immediately how you got this,” said Sandoval, kissing the watch.

“If we are come to that,” replied Roque, putting a letter into his hand, “why, then you had better read that.”

Our hero instantly broke open the letter, and read as follows.

“*Seville, Dec. 28, 1819.*”

“For God and the Virgin’s sake, my dearest Sir, pray, hasten to this city without an instant loss of time. Oh, Sir! such a misfortune has happened,—will happen, I mean if you do not come to save one who loves you more than herself, and whom you alone can save. I wish I could tell you what it is; but there is no time, and I should be afraid to trust it to paper. I do not even dare sign this; but the bearer will give you a pledge, which, I am sure, you will not mistake, and which bears the signet of her who breathes only for you.”

This note left Sandoval transfixed to the spot. How was it possible for him to resist the summons thus conveyed to him, and yet abandon, at a moment so critical, the cause in which

he was engaged? To forsake the cause in the hour of need, when he had been labouring to obtain its success by years of toils, miseries, and persecutions, he could not resolve on; and yet to leave unprotected the being whom he so tenderly loved, when danger threatened, and when he alone could save her, was equally impossible. In both cases it was betraying duties which he held as sacred;—it was deserting friends who were equally entitled to his support. Uncertain what step to take, he stood motionless, his eyes fixed on the paper he held in his hand. Suddenly, however, he drew a long sigh, and asked where the bearer of the message was.—“Far enough, I trow,” replied Roque, “if he continued his journey as when he first started, for no sooner he ascertained that I was your servant, than giving me those things he scampered off as light as a buck, and would not wait for an answer.

“Not wait for an answer?” repeated Sandoval to himself. “This conduct is mysterious. There is a stratagem in it.—What

if Fermin be at the bottom of it? His arrival at Seville to be Commandant at arms in that city, I have heard for certain. Doubtless he suspects our designs, and wishes to separate me from my party. He is again at his favourite game; but he will find it difficult to win it from me. I am no dupe, and will not desist from my undertaking.—Then Gabriela at Seville! Why should she be there?—Neither the handwriting, nor the style of the letter are her's; they appear to me Rosa's,—but the watch *is* her's.—How came Fermin by it, if he sent it?—Ah! I dare not investigate it. Six months have now elapsed since I saw her,—and who knows what may have happened in the meantime?—Yet before I give up my country's cause, I must be certain that Gabriela is at Seville, and stands in need of my assistance. I'll send Roque there, and meanwhile we may have here carried our point."

Thus Sandoval reasoned with himself, and having adopted this resolution, ordered his servant immediately to take horse, ride to Seville

with all speed, find out Gabriela or her family, learn the situation in which she stood, and join him again, wherever he should happen to be, his intention being to run the same risks as his friend Riego. Having given Roque these directions, he wished him a quick and safe return, and then hastened to join the troops, who were assembling in an open place to proclaim the Constitution.

As he traversed the streets for this purpose, he observed with delight the cheerfulness of the soldiery, and their alacrity in joining their ranks. They had just received a small ration of brandy, and some of them were still in the act of sipping it.—“Captain!” said a soldier to Sandoval, as he passed by, who held a small gourd in his hand, “you know the proverb, ‘*agua sobre agua, ni cura ni lava*,’* therefore, I’ll even drink a drop of *aqua vita* to the success of our cause, and to keep off the damp.”—

* Water upon water neither cures nor washes; meaning, too much of a good thing is good for nothing, it being then raining fast.

Saying which he lifted the gourd to his lips, and fixed steadily above his eyes, which did not wink even once, notwithstanding the rain that pelted down; after which he ran his tongue round his lips, smacked them twice, and jerking his gourd over his head, flew speedily to join his comrades. The bustle of the soldiers, and the precaution of surrounding the village, excited the surprise and curiosity of the inhabitants, who followed the former to the place of rendezvous. The chief, and the rest of the officers, were already on the ground, and the troops were forming when Sandoval arrived.—“I thought you had deserted us,” said Riego to him, smiling, “and I began to doubt my own patriotism.”

“Had there been no smile about your lips,” said Sandoval in the same manner, “I should have been tempted to try your skill at tilting.”

“You will probably see enough of that even before our glorious toils are over,” returned Riego.

The troops being drawn up, the unfurled ban-

ners of the regiment waved in the air, now rent by the sound of drums beating in quick time. When this ceased, a dead silence prevailed. Riego, then, stepped forward, and having delivered an energetic address to the military, in which the sacred duty they were now called upon to perform towards their country was expressed in vigorous language, he proclaimed the Constitution of the Spanish Monarchy, in a voice, far louder and stronger than his natural one. The most enthusiastic *vivas* then burst from every mouth, and the hats and bonnets waved on high, while the whole population of Las Cabezas, struck with wonder and admiration, stood contemplating this animated scene, with that silent astonishment which a bold and generous action usually inspires. A proclamation drawn up for the occasion was then read to them, after which the election of the civil constitutional authorities took place.

The time occupied in establishing these authorities, and procuring the necessary articles for his troops, detained Riego at Las Cabezas

till about three in the afternoon, when he at length sallied out at the head of his gallant band, to proceed to Arcos, where the General-in-chief had his quarters. Their line of march lay through cross roads, which were almost entirely broken up by the incessant rains that had fallen, and still continued to fall. Night came on apace, and darkness soon involved them in its sable mantle; but the soldiers, inspired by the example of their chief, who, notwithstanding his bodily weakness, marched the greatest part of the time on foot, proceeded steadily on, without uttering a murmur of discontent; but, on the contrary, swearing eternal obedience to their chief, and attachment to their country's cause. At three in the morning, they arrived within a short distance of Arcos, where, according to a previous arrangement, the regiment of Seville was to join them; but, owing to the ignorance of the guides, that regiment had taken a wrong direction. This was peculiarly unfortunate, as the troops quartered at Arcos were twice as numerous as those of Riego, and the blow could not be

delayed, lest they should become aware of the plan of the patriots, and fortify themselves in the town. In this emergency, Riego's presence of mind did not abandon him; he distributed his men in parties, and gave the word to advance rapidly upon the town. Fortune favoured his boldness. The Generals were arrested; the Constitution was proclaimed; new authorities nominated, and Arcos resounded with the shouts of liberty. Information of the deed which had been achieved, was immediately sent to Quiroga.

This flattering situation, however, was not without its dangers. The troops engaged in these movements consisted only of two regiments, that of Seville having now joined their companions of the regiment of Asturias; their position was by no means inaccessible; of Quiroga's movements, they were still ignorant; and they were surrounded by 12,000 men of the expeditionary army, who were ready to act against them. Some officers of the second battalion, quartered at Bornos, having assured Riego that their regiment would join them, he

resolved to march upon that town, and bring them over to him, though there existed too many reasons for believing that the superior officers were hostile. Accordingly, at three o'clock on the following morning, this indefatigable patriot selected three hundred men, and proceeded to Bornos. On arriving within musket-shot of the town, he posted his men, and advanced to the entrance with only two scouts. Here he met some of the officers who were in the secret of the plot, and concerted with them the occupation of the town. The drums then beat the *generale* ; the troops of Bornos came out to meet him, and they all re-entered the place amidst the most enthusiastic vivas of the soldiery, who with one accord proclaimed Riego their General. The civil and military authorities then took their oath to the Constitution, and thus Riego gained new defenders.

The joy which these events were calculated to produce, was somewhat embittered by the uncertainty of what might have happened to General Quiroga, of whose operations they as

yet knew nothing; but the fact was, that the incessant rains had so much swelled the rivers, that he had been unable to join Riego with his small forces. Meantime, however, the latter determined to march upon Xerez and Puerto Santa Maria, to proclaim there the Constitution, which he accordingly did.

In the latter town, they had the pleasure of being joined by the chiefs who had been confined by Abisbal's orders in the castle of San Sebastian, who had succeeded in escaping through the agency of a patriotic friend of theirs, who was also obliged to accompany them in their flight. After changing the authorities, Riego proceeded to the Isla, which the troops of Quiroga had succeeded in making themselves masters of, and joined them there, forming in all about five thousand men.

The pleasure felt by the united patriots was as sincere as it was general, and they now endeavoured to ensure the success of their cause, by adopting those measures which were most likely to produce it. After confirming the nomi-

nations previously made of Quiroga as General-in-chief, and Riego as Commandant General of the existing forces, several proclamations were issued to the army, and to the inhabitants of the Andaluzias, as well as a Manifesto to the Nation; the Constitution was solemnly proclaimed in the city of San Fernando, amidst the acclamations of the people, and operations were planned for taking possession of Cadiz. This, however, was not so easily accomplished; for though the patriots of that city did all they could to favour the movement of the "National Army," (as it was now designated) both the military and civil authorities redoubled their activity and vigilance, and frustrated their patriotic designs.

Meantime the rest of the army, whose cooperation the troops of the Isla had anticipated, and were every moment expecting, remained passive, owing, no doubt, to the circumstances by which they were surrounded, several of the battalions better disposed to favour the views of the patriots having received orders to remove to

more distant points. Don Jose O'Donnell, a royalist General, had now left Algeziras at the head of a numerous column, and issued proclamations against the patriots, while General Freire, who had at first refused the chief command, had now accepted it, and was beginning to assume a hostile attitude. These and other circumstances calculated to produce dismay in the minds of the soldiers of the National Army, did not even shake the resolution they had adopted to sacrifice their lives in support of the cause.

On the 10th of January, Riego made a sortie, at the head of a column, to favour the entrance into the Isla of a brigade of artillery, and of a regiment of infantry, who had received orders from the royalist General to enter Cadiz. At his approach the king's troops fled, and Riego, joined by the above detachments, re-entered the Isla, adding strength and spirit to their cause. They then made a successful attack upon the arsenal of La Carraca, where they found abundance of provisions and ammunition, at the same time

capturing a man of war, laden with powder for the expedition. This happy event, as important in its result as it had been bold in its execution, encouraged them to venture upon a greater undertaking. An attack on the Cortadura was resolved upon, and though it was not attended with success, owing principally to the nature of the ground, and to the incessant rains, the patriots behaved with their usual bravery, and Riego with incredible intrepidity ; for even after he had fallen from a height of nearly fifty feet, and received a serious contusion, he continued directing the assault. On their return to their quarters, this chief suffered greatly from the results of his fall, and he was obliged to keep his bed for some days.

The failure of the attack upon the Cortadura, instead of damping the spirits of the National Army only inflamed them more, and several plans were formed to renew their efforts in taking it, which, however, were not carried into effect, on account of the violent storms that occurred, and which are so frequent in that bay in the

month of January. But, in the meantime, they were not idle; on the contrary, they laboured incessantly to strengthen their position in the Isla, organize and discipline their army, and prepare their future operations.

Though hardly recovered from his contusion, Riego took charge of a sortie more perilous than any he had previously undertaken, to favour a rising which the patriots of Cadiz contemplated, by making a diversion on the Puerto de Santa Maria. The gallantry displayed by his little band, is beyond all description. They obliged the royalist troops, thrice the strength of theirs in number and arms, to retreat during the two charges they sustained from them, and entered that town amidst the most cordial acclamations on the part of the inhabitants. One of Riego's soldiers alone arrested the progress of an advanced party of ten horsemen of the royal carabineers, who were reputed the most formidable corps of the army.

On the following day, when Riego's flying column had re-entered the Isla, they received

the unwelcome news of the discomfiture of the project meditated by their friends in Cadiz, which was accompanied by those imprisonments, and other misfortunes, with which failures of this nature are usually attended. Thus their hope of succeeding in obtaining possession of Cadiz was lessened, and their situation became every day more critical. Their combinations were thwarted by the vigilance of their adversaries; of the other troops, none openly declared for the cause of their country; the people at large were seemingly passive to their movements; the army of Freire was now in motion, every where subduing the spirits of those who were better disposed; their force amounted hardly to the fourth part of that of their adversaries; and being reduced to the small circle of the Isla, they were exposed to a blockade, which might produce a fatal reaction. Such were some of the most obvious dangers and inconveniences by which the National Army was surrounded.

Riego, who during his excursions had observed the favourable agitation produced by the

presence of his troops, and by the proclamations he spread about, and who, moreover, dreaded a state of inaction, which could not fail to damp the ardour of the soldiers, presented a plan to the council of officers, in which he proposed to make an excursion at the head of a column, for the purpose of propagating the flame of patriotism, and giving the people an opportunity of freely manifesting their sentiments, now subdued by terror; as well as bringing over to their banners those troops which dared not yet declare themselves; to collect supplies, and show their enemies, that fear did not compel them to remain inactive, as they insidiously represented in their proclamations. This plan met with great opposition from several of the other chiefs, who dreaded the withdrawal of a part of their forces, and the defeat of a flying column which had to meet with almost insurmountable obstacles; but Riego promised to overcome them all by courage and perseverance; and as in their reduced circumstances, such a plan was by far the best that could be devised, it was at length

agreed to, that he should try his fortune with fifteen hundred chosen men.

As Sandoval was now attached to the staff of this General he prepared himself to accompany him in this memorable expedition.

CHAPTER XIII.

'Tis true,—they are a lawless brood,
 But rough in form, nor mild in mood ;
 And every creed, and every race,
 With them had found—may find a place ;
 • • • • •
 Friendship for each and faith to all,
 And vengeance vowed to those who fall,
 Have made them fitting instruments
 For more than even my own intents.

The Bride of Abydos.

WE must now beg our readers to follow Roque to Seville, whither, agreeable to his master's commands, he had directed his steps ; sorry, on one hand, to leave him at the moment of danger, and when he must stand greatly in need of his services during long and painful marches ; and glad, on the other, he had separated from him, because should any reverse occur,

he would still be free to do something for his liberation. In this frame of mind, he travelled on, making various conjectures as to the motives that had brought Doña Gabriela to Andaluzia, the most probable of which, he thought, was her marriage with Don Fermin, who, he had heard his master say, had been appointed Commandant at arms of Seville. But a doubt arose in his mind, namely, why, if she were living with her husband, should she stand in need of any other protector? This puzzling query made him conscious of the folly of attempting to guess at things, in which one has no fixed premises to go upon, so he dropped the subject altogether, and adopted the wiser resolution of waiting the more natural explanations which time and circumstances could not fail to offer.

It was late at night before Roque reached Seville, his journey having been considerably lengthened by the winding roads he had been obliged to take in order to avoid the sanitary precautions, which were still in force, though by no means so vigorously kept up as when the fever

was at its height. Finding on his arrival there, that the city gates were closed, he took up his quarters for the night at an inn in the suburbs, the mean appearance of which excluded all idea of comfort. Having acquitted himself of his duty towards his fatigued steed, he entered the kitchen, which, like those of most inns of this description, was paved with large round stones. Here he found assembled the various travellers it contained. As he cast his eyes round the room, he was struck with the unprepossessing look of most of the guests, who, he soon discovered, belonged to that race of villains called *gitanos* or gipsies, which still infest the southern provinces of Spain, where they follow their innate propensities to cheating and stealing, particularly horses, mules, and donkeys, which they are so expert in altering, that half an hour after they have stolen one of these animals, they bring him out into the market, and often sell him to the very man from whom they have stolen him; a discovery which the buyer makes only when the animal proves his identity by

exhibiting some of his old tricks; that is, when there is no remedy for it. Although these men no longer possess that formidable power which rendered them once so dangerous, still the kind of secret association which they form for mutually aiding each other in their plans of plunder and villany, the peculiar dialect they use, and the cunning they exhibit the better to conceal them from others, as well as the tenacity with which they keep each others secrets, not unfrequently cause them to be chosen for ministers of private revenge, and executors of dark projects.

Roque, who had a particular dislike to this unbaptized race, because he himself, being all honesty, had more than once been their dupe, could hardly conceal his displeasure at finding himself in the midst of a knot of scoundrels, who might be tempted to despoil him of the little he had about him; while they, on their side, cast on him sidelong glances, exchanged significant looks with each other, whispered mysteriously, and evinced every symptom of

considering him as an intruder. The time of night did not permit Roque to think of getting other quarters, and if it had, fatigued and wet to the skin, as he was, it is probable he would not have taken the trouble. He, therefore, sat down in a corner of the hearth, on which a cheerful fire blazed, ate a plateful of fricasee, consisting of coagulated blood and lights, which the hostess gave him for his supper, and drank some glasses of tolerable wine, which relished still better with the excellent pickled olives for which Seville is so famous. He then wrapt himself up in his cloak, and drew nearer the fire, with the intention of passing the night there, and watching the motions of the gitanos, while he pretended to compose himself to sleep.

This being observed by those men, they substituted for whispering their natural tones; but as their language was in their peculiar gibberish, Roque remained ignorant of the purport of their conference. It was only after a little while, that he heard somebody come

in, and ask, in pure Castilian, and in a voice which he thought familiar to his ear, "if they were all ready?" The answer being in the affirmative, the new comer expressed his satisfaction, and desired them to follow him. It was impossible for Roque to mistake now Artimaña's voice, for it had a peculiar disagreeable shrillness which left a lasting impression on the hearer's recollection. Perceiving that the kitchen was vacated by them all, and imagining that Artimaña's connection with those men could be for no good purpose, and might be interwoven with the object of his mission, he rose, determined to follow them, and discover their plan.

The night was dark and rainy; but the treading of their feet seemed to guide Roque, who followed them at a distance, as softly as possible, to the place whither they were going, which he, judging by the murmur of the waters becoming more audible as they advanced, imagined must lie about the banks of the Guadalquivir. In this he was not mistaken;

the rapid current of the river, swelled by the rains which had fallen, soon drowned in its noisy clamour the footsteps of the party, and he was compelled to hasten his in order not to lose their track. As they came to the borders of the river, they followed a path near its edge, which brought them to a place covered with copse-wood, where they halted, and remained apparently in consultation for about ten minutes, during which the glimmerings of a light were perceivable, gliding rapidly along the shore, and moving in the direction of the town. As it approached the place where the party stood, Roque, who was now close to them, concealed behind some tall shrubs, heard a bustle among them, as if they all were taking to their boats, and then the plashing of oars, both from their own rowers, and from those of the boat which was coming up, and which seemed to be a large and well manned barge. Cries of, "Ward off! Ship your oars!" were heard, and this was immediately obeyed by the approaching barge. Roque now drew nearer, though cautiously skreening his person behind the trunk of a large

tree within a few paces of the river, and heard a voice, which he easily recognized as that of Fermin, demanding aloud who presumed to stop them on their way; and then adding—"Row away, boatmen, and mind you obey no other commands than mine."

The rowers stood still, and he repeated his orders in a more decided tone, when the assailing party commenced an attack, apparently with bludgeons, amidst volleys of horrible oaths and threats. The report of a pistol was now heard, by the flash of which Roque caught a glimpse of Fermin's face. The lanthorn was shattered to pieces, and a severe conflict ensued, during which the utmost confusion prevailed. The darkness which involved the struggling parties prevented Roque from distinguishing anything; but amidst the blows, oaths, and uproar thus raised, he could distinctly hear the shrill screams of females, and the threats of Fermin to run any one through who should dare lay their hands on them.—"D——n him, pitch him into the water!" was the general shout, and the contest seemed to become more

animated. Presently a plunge was heard, accompanied by two or three piercing cries from the females, and for a moment a dead silence prevailed. Fresh screams, however, soon disturbed it, among which Doña Angela's voice, exclaiming—"Oh my daughter, my daughter, villains!—tear her not from me," struck Roque to the soul.

"Gag the old woman and row away with her," cried one of the group. A plunge was next heard.—"Perdition to your souls!" continued the same voice, "why let you the young one leap into the water? Pick her up! and take her to the land."

Soon after a boat came on shore, and Roque heard some men leap out, and lay on the beach a burthen, which his fears led him to suspect might be Doña Gabriela. The rest of the party landed immediately after, and the barge which had been thus attacked was ordered to proceed.—"Here is a pretty job!" said Artimaña, as if examining the body, "our prize is lifeless."

“Ay; but not dead,” said one of the men. “Let us lose no time, however, and take her to our old hag. She’ll soon bring her round, I promise you.”

This advice was immediately followed, two men taking up the inanimate body of the female, and bearing it away on their shoulders. Roque, who from the first instant saw no possibility of affording assistance to the distressed party; no human soul, save the ravishers, being heard moving about, and who imagined he might render more effectual relief to his friends by watching the motions of the assailants, determined to dog their steps, and see where Gabriela was deposited. Accordingly he proceeded, as cautiously as before, through the path which the party followed, and which lay along the ridge of a hill in an opposite direction from that of the town. In his way, he carefully noted every remarkable object he met, that on a future occasion he might be better able to discover the place. After about a quarter of an hour’s walk,

the party suddenly stopped, and one of the men giving a shrill whistle, the door of a mean hut flew open.

Anxious to ascertain if the female they brought with them was really Gabriela, Roque drew as near the cottage as possible, screening his person behind an orange tree, close by the door, and succeeded in catching a glimpse of the ill-fated girl, by the light of a lamp which an old woman held in her hand, as she stood at the entrance of the hut. The long tresses of Gabriela's black hair, still wet by the immersion she had sustained, fell lank and straight about her face, now overspread by a death-like paleness; her head hung down languidly, as well as her arms, and every article of her dress was dripping wet. Riveted to the spot, Roque gazed on the lifeless body of the idol of his master's heart with a feeling so painful and overpowering that it excluded all hope of Doña Gabriela's recovery, as well as the danger by which he himself was surrounded. Soon, however, he felt himself strongly grasped by the throat, and roused by a

voice thundering in his ears—"Who the devil are you?—Hollo there! a light!"

At these words several of the party rushed out of the hut, and surrounding the unfortunate Roque, dragged him towards the door, where the same old woman he had before seen passed her lamp across his face.—"I know nothing of him," said she, and then added a few words in their dialect.

"Ay," exclaimed they all, "that will be the safest plan."

At these words Artimaña came forward, and inquired the motive of their alarm. On Roque being pointed out, he looked earnestly at him, without giving any signs of recognition. He however put several questions to him, respecting the motives that had brought him there, which Roque answered with great presence of mind, attributing the whole to mere chance; but, unfortunately, one of the ruffians recognized him as the traveller who had alighted at the inn where they had assembled, and it was resolved on the spot "to despatch him," in order to

avoid detection.—“By my life!” cried Artimaña, fixing his eyes on Roque, “methinks, I have seen the fellow’s face somewhere, and have a vague notion of his mission. I must see into it closely.”

He then spoke aside with some of his confederates, from which it resulted, that Roque was strongly pinioned, conducted through various paths to the gates of Seville, which were opened at Artimaña’s request, and then lodged in a solitary cell of the city prison.

Here we must leave him, to return to the Isla, where we left his master preparing to depart with the flying column under the command of Riego, which, as we have already observed, consisted of fifteen hundred chosen men. As a circumstantial account of the extraordinary labours, dangers and fatigues of this column would lead us considerably beyond our limits, the reader must remain satisfied with the principal features of this truly glorious expedition.

The energetic addresses delivered by Riego to his troops raised their enthusiasm to the

highest pitch, and made them overcome obstacles apparently insurmountable. On the day they left the Isla, the royalist General-in-chief, Freire, arrived at Puerto with a considerable force, and, immediately after learning the above intelligence, dispatched in their pursuit a strong body of horse commanded by an experienced soldier, Don Jose O'Donnell, a brother of Count Abisbal. On the following day Riego, and his little army, entered Verjer amidst the sounds of bells, and the acclamations of the inhabitants, and having published here the Constitution, proceeded through the rugged mountains of Arretin and Ojen to Algeziras, which they reached after two days' painful march. The joy manifested by the inhabitants of this town was extreme, and gave the patriots the cheering hope, that the whole country around would soon rise up in mass to support their cause; but on the following day the enthusiasm shewn by the people had greatly subsided; the idea that the patriotic band was too disproportionate in strength to that of their antagonists, who were now fast approach-

ing, having taken possession of their minds. Here, however, the patriots were compelled to remain longer than it was their intention, owing to various uncontrollable circumstances. Meantime Riego, who was resolved to attack his adversaries in the field, made every necessary disposition to carry this plan into execution ; but a dispatch from General Quiroga, in which he imparted to him the distress to which they were reduced by their want of supplies, and in which he requested his immediate return, with whatever he had collected, made him give up the idea of attacking the enemy, in order to carry supplies to his friends. Accordingly the patriotic band left Algeziras in the direction of Verjer, and during the night bivouacked on the highlands of Ojen. Early the following day, the enemy made their appearance on the plains of Taibilla, their columns occupying both sides of the road, and consisting of a body of cavalry eight hundred strong, who, ready to act in that extensive plain, were strong enough to rout a band composed entirely of infantry. Unintimi-

dated by this danger, the patriots halted, and their chief, forming them into three close columns by echellons, the better to sustain the charge of the enemy, and covering the rear guard with two companies of chasseurs, ordered them to advance boldly. Suddenly the air was rent with the voices of the patriots shouting their accustomed *vivas á la Patria*, and *á la Constitution*, after which the march began slowly, but resolutely; and the following war song, so full of vigorous images and inspiring sentiments, was sung by them all:—

Coro.

*Soldados, la Patria
nos llama á la lid,
juremos por ella
vencer, ó morir.*

Serenos, alegres,
valientes, osados,
cantemos, soldados,
el himno á la lid.

Y a nuestros acentos
el orbe se admire,
y en nosotros mire
los hijos del Cid.

Soldados, &c.

Chorus.

*Up, for your native land!
Answer her cry!
Swear by her banner
To conquer or die!*

Light-hearted, confiding,
Undaunted, unshaken,
Your war hymn awaken
As onward ye speed.
Till the nations upstarting
Shall pause at the blast,
And own us at last
For the sons of the Cid.

Up, &c.

Blandames el hierro,
que el tímido esclavo
del libre, del bravo,
La faz no osa ver.

Sus huestes, enal humo,
vereis disipadas,
y a nuestras espadas
fugaces correr.

Soldados, &c.

¿El mundo vio nunca
mas noble osadia?
Lucio nunca un día
¿mas grande en valor,

Que aquel que inflamados
nos vimos del fuego
que excitara en Riego
de patria el amor?

Soldados, &c.

Honor al caudillo,
honor al primero,
que el patriota acero
oso fulminar.

La patria adigida
oyó sus acentos,
y vio sus tormentos
en gozo tornar.

Soldados, &c.

Su voz fue seguida,
su voz fue escuchada,
tubimos en nada
soldados morir;

Y osados quisimos
romper la cadena
que de afrenta llena
del bravo el vivir.

Soldados, &c.

Let the flash of your swords,
As ye brandish them high,
Be a blight to the eye

Of the coward, the slave.
Like the hill-vapours scared
By the glance of the day,
Ye shall see their array
Shen the shock of the brave.

Up, &c.

Hath the world ever looked
On a nobler assay?

Hath so brilliant a day
Graced the annals of fame,
Than when the hot zeal,
That Riego first woke,
Through each burning heart broke
Into one mighty flame?

Up, &c.

Hail, hail to the chieftain,
All honour to him
Who first in the gleam
Of that light bared the sword!
The drooping land heard him,
Forgetting her fears,
And smiled through her tears.
As she hung on his word.

Up, &c.

His call was re-echoed,
His call was obeyed,
We belted the blade,
And we fought for a fame.
We thought not of death
While we dashed from around
The chains that had bound us
To slavery and shame.

Up, &c.

Rompimosla, amigos ;
que el vil que la lleba
insano se atreva
su frente mostrar.

Nosotros, ya libres,
en hombres tornados
sabremos, soldados,
su audacia humillar.

Soldados, &c.

Al arma ya tocan,
las armas tan solo,
el crimen, el dolo
sabran abatir.

Que tiemblen, que tiemblen,
que tiemble el malvado
al ver del soldado
la lanza esgrimir.

Soldados, &c.

La trompa guerrera
sus ecos da al viento
de horrores sediento
ya muge el cañon.

Ya Marte sañudo
la audacia provoca,
y el genio se invoca
de nuestra nacion.

Soldados, &c.

Se muestran, volemós,
volemós, soldados :
¿ los veis aterrados
su frente bajar ?

Volemós, que el libre
por siempre ha sabido
del siervo vendido
su audacia humillar.

*Soldados, &c. **

Yes, comrades, we broke them,
Let those who yet wear
The vile manacles dare
Meet the glance of the brave.
We, changed unto manhood,
By liberty, now,
Shall humble the brow
Of the insolent slave.

Up, &c.

The onset hath sounded !
We grasp in each hilt
A fate for the guilt

And the falsehood of years.
They tremble ! they tremble !
The evil ones tremble,
While brightly assemble
Our glittering spears.

Up, &c.

Now shrills the loud clarion
From cloud unto cloud,
Now hungering for blood
The artillery booms.

Now strides the grim War-God
Fierce over the plain,
And the Genius of Spain
On the battle-field glooms.

Up, &c.

They come ! To the onset !
Now summon your power ;
See ye not how they cower
From the lines of the brave ?
On, soldiers ! upon them !
'Tis liberty's wont,
To dash the proud front
Of the coward and slave.

Up, &c.

* This song was written by Don Evaristo San Miguel, at Algeiras,

It was amidst these martial sounds and enthusiastic shouts that the patriot warriors traversed a plain seven miles in length, in the presence of the enemy, who, struck with awe and astonishment, observed the most profound silence, and stood immovably fixed to the spot, as if some superior beings glided before their eyes. On the column reaching the foot of the lofty mountain, called Arretin, they spread into a battle line facing the enemy, took a light ration of brandy, and uttering a triumphant shout, which the mountain re-echoed to the skies, pursued quietly their march, and reached Verjer towards evening, without the smallest opposition.

In this town, Riego concerted a plan of incursion on the Isla; but on news arriving, that six thousand men of the enemy interposed between them and their brethren, the patriots were obliged to delay this movement, and meantime employed themselves in collecting supplies.

while the column sojourned there. The music is already known in this country; and is no less martial and inspiring than the words. The author is indebted for the above translation to a friend.

Here the inhabitants gave a magnificent banquet to the soldiers of the column, in which they waited on them at table, as did also their officers, while bands of music, playing patriotic hymns, mingled their exciting sounds with the warlike songs of the military, and heightened the enthusiasm felt on this festive occasion. After dinner, Asturian dances were performed by them, in which they mingled indiscriminately with the aristocracy of the place, who on their part invited the officers to their balls, which were attended by all the beauties of the place, who inspired the young warriors with hopes of success.

On leaving this town, the patriots, who saw the total impossibility of joining General Quiroga, resolved to throw themselves into the mountains, with the view of harassing and disabling the enemy's cavalry, by leading them over a rugged and broken ground, till a favourable opportunity should offer itself to join their comrades of the Isla. Accordingly, during two days, this plan was followed; but on Riego receiving intelligence

that the patriots of Malaga would declare themselves if the flying column presented itself before that town, he resolved to march thither. The enemy, however, were close at his heels, and near Marbella an engagement took place, in which the Royalist troops were repulsed with a heavy loss on their side; but which also cost the patriots above one hundred men, though this was owing principally to the mountainous nature of the country, and obscurity in which, soon after the battle began, they were involved. Notwithstanding the fatigues of this day, the patriots took no rest at night, but pursued their way towards Malaga, over rugged and almost inaccessible mountains. The personal efforts of Riego to save and collect his scattered friends, who, misled by the darkness of this dreadful night, during which the rain fell in torrents, were at every step exposed to be dashed down the precipices, that form the principal feature of the country over which they were marching, are beyond description.

On the following day, they received news

that the governor of Malaga, was waiting for them, with the whole garrison, to give them a different reception from what they had been led to hope. A retrograde movement, however, was now impossible, as O'Donnell was close on their rear, and they resolved to enter that city, at any cost, still expecting the co-operation of the inhabitants. It was growing dark when they arrived on the banks of the river of Malaga, and though fatigued and exhausted by their long marches, these intrepid men, obeying the voice of their chief, who was the first to set them the example, did not hesitate in plunging into the river, and traversing it with the water reaching to their waists, in the face of the enemy, all the while cheerfully singing their war song. Although there still remained about three miles of road before they reached the town, the entrance of which was defended by the garrison, they hastened on, and boldly attacking those troops, whom they compelled to retreat to Velez Malaga, entered the city, which they found illuminated, although the enthusiasm

manifested by the inhabitants was by no means equal to what they had been led to expect.

On the following day, while Riego was giving directions for having an address read to the people, several columns of the enemy made their appearance coming towards the town. Unwilling to risk an attack without the city walls, he resolved to wait for them in a quarter of the town, called *Del Mundo Nuévo*. The enemy were now entering the city, and the inhabitants gave no signs of joining the ranks of the patriots. Soon nothing was heard but the reports of musketry from the advanced posts, and the sudden banging of doors and windows, all shutting at the same instant. The royalist troops penetrated into the town, and made three successive attacks on the patriots, who thrice repelled them with vigour.

A few cavalry belonging to the latter displayed an astonishing courage on this occasion; they charged the enemy sword in hand, and compelled them to retreat through several streets, notwithstanding their overwhelming numbers. The contest lasted till night, when the profound

silence that followed the military clamour was truly awful and imposing. The patriots then found themselves occupying the same posts as in the afternoon, and the royalists, whom they supposed at the entrance of the town, had retreated to some distance, in an irregular and dispersed state.

Early on the following morning the constitutional troops, convinced that they had nothing to expect from the inhabitants of Málaga, whose fears, raised by the presence of the powerful enemy before the town, had got the better of their patriotism, left the town by the road of Colmenar, without being immediately molested by the royalists, and reached Antequera towards night. Their situation was extremely critical; surrounded by numerous forces, their own was visibly diminishing, both by the losses occasioned during the repeated encounters they were constantly sustaining, and by the desertions of those who were unable to meet new toils and dangers; they were, besides, exhausted with fatigue, and worn out by watch-

ing: most of them were without shoes, and not a few with only the shirt each wore on his back; the difficulty of procuring these articles, also added considerably to their other misfortunes, as well as the treachery of their spies, who, though well paid, by false information cramped their movements, and placed them in still more imminent dangers. In this miserable condition they pursued their way to Ronda, with the object of throwing themselves into those lofty mountains, and carrying on there a sort of warfare more analogous to their reduced condition. Within a league of this town, Riego learned that the vanguard of O'Donnell, consisting of a force equal to that of his column, occupied its entrance, and that they were every moment expecting to be joined by the rest of the division. Undismayed by this news, he gave the word of attack, and succeeded in driving the enemy from the town. Here he obtained some rations for his troops, and then retired to a mountain in the neighbourhood, to pass the night. Having resumed their march

early in the morning, the column reached Grazalema, a village which, being strong by nature, sheltered them from a sudden attack, and where they sojourned a few days to repose themselves from their fatigues.

Meantime they received the flattering intelligence, that about two hundred dismounted dragoons, stationed at Moron, were ready to join their ranks, provided they would favour the operation of recruiting horses for them. This raised the spirits of the reduced patriots, who immediately marched on that town, visiting on their way Puerto Serrano, and Montellano, in the hopes of bringing over to them the regiments of Valencia and Mallorca; but in which they were unsuccessful. On reaching Moron, Riego took every measure in his power to mount and equip the dismounted dragoons; but before he could accomplish this, General O'Donnell attacked him with overwhelming forces. The patriots made a desperate defence in the town, and afterwards in the castle; but they were ultimately obliged to abandon their

position, and retreat to the mountains. The repeated attacks and charges which during this retreat they sustained from the enemy, who endeavoured to surround them and break the close mass in which the column was formed, did not prevent them from effecting it in the most orderly manner; but the incessant fire kept up, even two hours after it had grown dark, by an enemy whose guerrillas alone were superior in number to their whole force, thinned their ranks considerably. On the following day, they had the grief to find their number reduced to four hundred; but though this severe loss afflicted them, it was insufficient to conquer their spirit. Such a retreat was better than a victory: nothing but the admirable constancy, courage, and heroism they had displayed could have saved them from being broken and completely routed.

Notwithstanding their fatigues and their having been marching the whole of the previous night, on the following day the column pursued their way towards Aguilar over a broken and

mountainous country to proclaim there the Constitution, and scatter about their addresses. After one hour's rest in that town, they continued their march to Montilla, where they remained a few hours employed in kindling the flame of patriotism, after which they resolved to cross the Guadalquivir and gain the Sierra Morena. The nearest point for crossing that river was the bridge of Cordova; but the troops in garrison here were posted on the opposite banks, apparently with the intention of opposing their passage, and amounted to more than double their number. Each patriot, however, was a host in himself, and Riego gave the word to march boldly towards the bridge. At their approach the enemy formed into a close column, and took the road of Ecija, while the patriots passed the bridge unmolested, and entered the city singing their favourite hymn. This bold deed brought forth the whole population of Cordova, who crowding the streets through which the gallant band proceeded, testified their admiration by silent tears. Indeed, the

sight these soldiers presented was truly affecting. Most of them, as well as their officers, were without shoes, lame, wounded, and covered with rags; and their superior officers, who were in as bad a condition, marched on foot, their horses being used by those privates, who, unable to drag themselves further, would not yet abandon the fortunes of their comrades. But such was the enthusiasm of these heroic men, that even in this miserable condition they pursued their toils amidst warlike songs and triumphant shouts, undismayed by any misfortunes, however severe, and undaunted by the great dangers that surrounded them.

Having spent the night in Cordova, unmolested by any one, on the following day they pursued their way in the direction of the mountains, and for three successive days continued to march without hardly taking any repose. Towards the close of the third day the enemy came up with them, and attacked them in a village called Fuenteovejuna: the patriots defended themselves with their usual

bravery ; but a retreat was indispensable, and they accordingly undertook it, notwithstanding the late hour of the night, the bad state of roads, the violent rain, and the mountainous nature of the country. On the following day, on their arrival at Bienvenida, the column was reduced to only a handful of patriots, who were no longer in a state to defend themselves, much less to attack their enemies, by whom they were now completely surrounded, and whose leaders were bent on their destruction. In this reduced condition it was indispensable to adopt some final resolution, analogous to the circumstances in which they were placed. Riego called them all around him, and having heard their opinion as to their future proceedings, it was agreed that they should disperse, and meet either at the Isla or at Coruña, the intelligence of a rising in Galicia having already reached them. This resolution once taken, these heroic warriors embraced each other, and parted with tears in their eyes.

Such was the fate of this memorable column

to whose heroism language can do no justice. Thirty-four towns overrun in nearly as many days, some distant from each other twenty, thirty, and even thirty-five miles, during six hundred of which the body had pushed on by forced marches, allowing themselves scarcely a moment for repose; soaked and oppressed by the incessant rains that fell during that time; always in want of horses, mostly without shoes, sometimes without a shirt, and not unfrequently without food; now climbing mountains considered almost inaccessible; now wading through bogs, pools, and marshes; anon traversing rivers, and ravines, with water up to their waists:—here marching in dark and tempestuous nights, generally over a rugged country; there passing them on the top of a mountain, all the while unsheltered, and exposed half-naked to the frost, keen winds, and snow; pursued with the greatest rancour over five hundred miles of territory by an enemy always superior in number; now facing about, and attacking him with bravery; now repelling his charges with vigour; marching and fighting for twelve and

fourteen miles together, sometimes triumphing, frequently losing, but never yielding, never dismayed. Such were the toils of these warriors, whom their chief converted into heroes. It was Riego who kindled the love of liberty and of country in the bosoms of men who knew not what country or liberty was;—it was he who gained them over, and who, by his great affability and kindness, kept them all united. Frequently he alighted from his horse, that the sick, the wounded, or the lame might ride; and never once shewed any anxiety about his own personal comforts, or interests. He had always the greatest share in the privations, and fatigues; was ever the first to advance, the last to retreat; thus he led his brave band from toils to dangers, from dangers to glory. Sandoval, who had been constantly beside him, could not sufficiently admire a man of such a weak and sickly constitution, acting as if he were invulnerable, or a being of a superior nature to that of other men. On the dispersion of the band, he resolved to share his leader's fortunes to the last, whether

good or evil, and accordingly followed him through a mountain path in a south west direction, their intention being to proceed to Galicia, in the event of not being able to join their brethren of the Isla, who, under the orders of Quiroga, still held their positions against a much superior force of royalists, and continued displaying a gallantry and perseverance worthy of true patriots.

CHAPTER XIV.

The joy to see her and the bitter pain
 It is to see her thus, touches my soul
 With tenderness and grief that will o'erflow.

Fatal Curiosity.—LILLO.

AFTER a painful and dangerous march of several hours through a mountainous country, overrun with enemies, Sandoval, in company with Riego and another officer of his column, all disguised in plain clothes, reached a small hamlet called Contesgilmartez, a few miles distant from Badajoz. On their arrival there, the party supped with the landlord, whom they questioned about the news stirring in that city, from which he had just returned. The honest farmer seemed a good

deal puzzled how to answer the question.—“Faith! gentlemen,” he cried after repeatedly smoothing his hair, “if you had asked me how many pebbles there are at the bottom of the Guadiana, I think I could have answered your question better. Some say that Riego has been joined by all the troops that were at his heels, and is now at Madrid, where he has proclaimed the Constitution; others, that he was taken at Berlanga and shot, upon which the priests and monks sung the *de profundis*, giggled and laughed; others again, that there have been several engagements between his troops and those of the king, but that the latter seem spell-bound whenever the former appear, and allow them to pass unmolested, singing their patriotic songs, and shouting their *vivas*. His proclamations are scattered all over the country, and are by some read in public and burnt by others. It is also asserted that both the English and the Americans are for the Constitution, that Galicia is all up in arms, as well as Navarre and Aragon, and that the king has left Madrid to go to

France. At Cadiz the people are very uproarious, and the Isla holds out against the king's troops. There is a great deal of fear shewn everywhere by the serviles (for people speak now in very plain terms), though they crow and sing to hide it, and cry *extermination* to the liberals ; while these gentlemen laugh in their sleeves, wink, and say that their turn will soon come. In a word, gentlemen, they are all mad, and that is the only thing you may rely upon as certain."

As he pronounced the last words, a smart cracking of whips was heard coming in the direction of Badajoz.—“ There is more news for you,” cried the landlord ; “ I'll wager it is something important, I hear the whips of three distinct postilions, cracking smartly.”

Sandoval darted towards the door, and in a few minutes was by the road-side. The postilions were coming at a sharp canter, and their hats were decorated with green ribbons. By the noise they made as they passed some of the groups formed by the villagers, it was evident

that the landlord was right in his supposition, and Sandoval, who had now been joined by his friends, inquired the news. The postilions on seeing the gentlemen stopped their horses, and roared, each more loudly than the other, that they brought express orders from the capital for having the Constitution proclaimed throughout Estramadura, as it had been at Madrid only a few days ago. Saying which, they clapped spurs to their horses, cracked their whips, and shouted "*Viva la Constitucion!*"

The joy of Riego and his friends, who had so greatly contributed towards the triumph of constitutional liberty, by the immortal expedition they had performed, which had given the people an opportunity of expressing their wishes, and who only a moment before seemed to have no other prospect before their eyes than a scaffold if they were taken, famine, and disease if they succeeded in penetrating into the Isla, and exile if they escaped, may be more easily conceived than described. Tears of joy glistened

in their eyes as they gave each other an embrace of congratulation on the happy termination of their toils ; and it was resolved they should immediately proceed to Seville, to collect the shattered remains of their dispersed band, and be the supporters of the rights of the people, as they had been the first to assert them.

As they proceeded in their way to that city, several of the officers and soldiers of the flying column, whom the above intelligence had also reached, met them on the road, and hailed Riego with the enthusiasm that his presence and safety inspired them with in their warmth of heart. His march as far as Seville, and his entrance there, was a real triumph. The news of his approach reached it long before he made his appearance, and the concourse of people that came out to greet him was immense. Eager to see the chief of a band which had performed such heroic deeds, men and women of all conditions and ages pressed round him and disputed the honour of touching his hands, and even his dress. The

members of the despotic government themselves came out with their heralds, and a long train of alguacils to welcome the man, whom the day before, they would have found the greatest pleasure in hanging; but on whom they now lavished the titles of *hero* and *liberator*, in the hopes of preserving their places,—the sole spring of their patriotic emotions. Even the monks,—those inveterate enemies of knowledge and good government, those insatiable vampyres, caterpillars, and drones, that consume and devour unhappy Spain—were in the foremost ranks of flatterers, in hopes of turning their hypocrisy to account. But Riego, who had shown himself a model of courage and serenity amidst the most cruel blows of adversity, knew also how to resist in prosperity the influence of their insidious adulation. Modest amidst his triumphs, he recommended moderation to his friends, and proclaimed everywhere order, peace, and oblivion of the past, thus defeating the secret hopes of the enemies of their country.

As the *cortège*, by whom Riego and his com-

panions were met, approached the city of the two hundred towers,* the air was rent with the sounds of music, songs, shouts, and acclamations of the people stationed in those parts of the ramparts from which the procession was discernible, and along its line of march, their flags, handkerchiefs, mantillas, and hats adorned with ribbons, waving above each other at almost a frightful height. In the streets the crowd was, if possible, greater, every balcony, every window, every loop-hole being studded with heads, principally of fair spectators, who seemed to vie with each other in pronouncing blessings and vivas, and in waving lightly their white handkerchiefs, scarfs, and fans over the heads of the young warriors, who bore such a distinguished part in this triumphal march.

Amidst this animated scene, Sandoval, who rode beside the car which Riego had been compelled to ascend, and which was drawn by the multitude, suddenly felt one of his legs tightly

* Seville has round its ramparts about two hundred towers.

embraced. On looking down, he beheld with a pleasure not unmixed with pain, his faithful servant Roque, his dress in the most tattered condition, and his countenance pale and emaciated, unable to give expression to his feelings otherwise than by tears, and half-broken exclamations. Sandoval stopped his horse, and letting the crowd pass, shook him heartily by the hand, and expressed his anxiety to know the particulars of his journey, and by what accidents he had been reduced to such a miserable condition.

Roque, who by this time had recovered his serenity, gave him a minute account of all he had seen on the night of his arrival in town, as well as of his imprisonment. "Here," added he, "I have suffered what no man ever did, that I might be made to disclose the plans in which you were engaged; but I would not call myself the son of my father, nor the servant of a Sandoval, nor a true Castilian, had I flinched under the lashes of such villains as Artimaña, whose black

soul is now bleaching in hell, as it should have been six years ago.”

“ Is the wretch dead, then ? ” cried Sandoval.

“ Ay, as dead as a bloody wolf torn to pieces by mastiffs,” answered Roque. “ I saw him this morning, as I left the prison, endeavouring to make his escape from the city, pursued by a mob. The villain ran for his life, but he had his friends the gypsies at his heels, whose light feet would outrun the swiftest devil ; they soon grasped him by the throat, and a hundred knives were sheathed in his foul body, as the wretch sunk on his knees to implore mercy.—‘ No mercy for such a base villain as thou,’ cried they, and I joined in the shout. In an instant he fell, and the largest piece that remains of him is his scull, too hard to be broken in a hurry, the rest was thrown to the dogs, and I am sorry for it, for it was food fit only for vultures and crows. As the populace were tearing him to pieces, I observed a bundle of papers, peeping out at the side pocket of his coat, which I took the liberty

to snatch at, and which here I place in your hands, in case they should concern you, or Doña Gabriela.”

“Heaven is just!” exclaimed his master, as he took the papers: “such a life merited, indeed, such a death, though public justice has been thereby defrauded of a criminal who ought to have died on the scaffold.—But tell me,” he added, “have you learned anything further respecting Gabriela, and my unhappy brother?”

“As for your brother,” answered his servant, “I have as yet been unable to learn anything more than what I have already related, my first care, after seeing an end put to Artimaña, being to find out Doña Angela’s residence, which I did after a great deal of trouble. Here, however, it was my misfortune not to see Rosa, for she had disappeared, nobody knows where, two days before her young mistress. But I learned from another servant, whom I never saw before, that Doña Gabriela is still alive, though her residence is not known, and that her life hangs now on a thread; the ravishers, who from the following

day after their running away with her, demanded an enormous sum of money for her ransom, having threatened to put an end to her life, if the money is not paid within this month. Doña Angela, who, I am told, is inconsolable at the loss of her daughter, wrote immediately to her husband to procure the necessary sum; but as he was unable to do so otherwise than by selling the greatest part of his estates, the time has passed away, and they fear he will not arrive in time to save his daughter. This is all I have learned, for the news of Riego's arrival having reached me at that moment, I hastened to the gates in the hope of finding you with him."

Sandoval was much afflicted at this intelligence.—“Do you think,” he said after some thought, “that you could find out the place to which she was taken?”

“Even if a thousand years had gone by,” answered Roque. “I do not so easily forget places; for, thanks to you, I have exercised pretty well my talent that way while in your service.”

“Lead on, then,” said his master, “I’ll not rest an instant until I find out my unfortunate Gabriela.”

Roque obeyed, and Sandoval followed him in silence, his thoughts so much engrossed with the subject in question, that he did not even seem to notice the joy and bustle prevailing throughout the town. When they came to the open country, he pulled from his pocket the package Roque had put into his hands, and began to examine its contents. The first paper he opened was a letter addressed by Father Lobo from Madrid to Artimaña at Logroño. It ran thus:—

“My dear Aniceto,

“The portrait of Gabriela, which I obtained from her by means of my fanatic dupe, on the night I took him into the convent, begins to work such effects as I expected. I understand from Chamorro,* to whom I have entrusted the

* Chamorro is still Ferdinand’s principal favourite, and the minister of his pleasures. He is a vulgar, low bred man, a sort of jack-pudding, and a very inferior being in intellect to the fools of ancient majesty.

matter, that the king beheld it with the deepest admiration, and immediately manifested a wish to possess the original.—‘Strike the iron while it is hot,’ said I to Chamorro, ‘and give him to understand that I warrant him the original, if he but causes Don Antonio Lanza to be nominated a member of the council of Castile, it being the only way by which we can hope to induce him to come to Madrid with his family.’—This, my friend Chamorro has obtained, and you may soon expect to hear of Don A.’s nomination to the council. I hope also to obtain something for you in your favourite line,—the police,—for which you are so highly gifted. Meantime I shall write to Doña Angela to induce the good woman to bring her daughter with her, that she too may have the benefit of my *spiritual* advice, and all the rest of that trash, and I promise you, my dear boy, we shall then reap a golden harvest, and climb to those envied posts, which very few are better qualified to fulfil than you, or your loving uncle,

“TORIBIO LOBO.”

“I have him,” cried Sandoval, as he ended perusing this letter, and closing it firmly in his hand, “I have the villain now. He shall be exposed. By heavens! he shall die!”

Having carefully deposited this paper in his pocket-book, he now turned to the others, among which he found a kind of journal kept by Artimaña, for the purpose, as he himself expressed it, of keeping his uncle in check; from which we make the following extracts concerning our hero.

“October 1st, 1814. Got from an alguacil a letter, and a portrait, which he took from Don Calisto Sandoval on the day when he was brought before me. The letter is addressed to Gabriela, and is written under a strong feeling of jealousy; the portrait is there returned. I shall turn this to account.

“January 15th, 1815. Paid a hundred dollars to a turnkey of the common jail of this town, Logroño, to depose, and swear, that it was Don Calisto who excited the prisoners to revolt, and murder the Alcaide. A good way of having

Don C. strung up the first day I lay my hands on him.

“June 5th, 1818. Got into his majesty’s good graces, and received the promise of being made a member of the Camarilla, and have a handsome pension settled on me for life, if I can but procure him a tête-à-tête with Gabriela. A very good thing if he keeps his word, as I mean to keep mine.

“December 20th, 1819. Contrived a plan with my worthy uncle, and a gang of gypsies to run away with Gabriela, and demand two hundred thousand dollars ransom ; a fourth part of which is to be divided among those scoundrels, and the rest to be equally shared between my uncle and me. A wise measure, for our funds are low, and a storm is fast gathering, which portends no good to either of us.

“Dec. 30th, 1819. Our plan to be executed the day after to-morrow, when Doña Gabriela, in company with her mother, Don Fermin, and uncle, will be returning by water late at night to town from the villa they have engaged, on

the borders of the Guadalquivir, called by a hasty message, which I shall take care to send. The boatmen of their barge to belong to our gang.

“ Ibid. A most unfortunate accident. That little — Rosa, overheard a conversation between me and the chief of the gang relating to our own operations. But I shall remedy this by locking her up immediately in the house of a friend of mine, out of which she will find it difficult to get.

Jan. 2d, 1820. The plan succeeded ; though it was on a hair's breath of being discovered by the servant of the very man who last of all should get a hint of it. I have, however, secured him, and the regimen to be pursued with this stubborn fellow, to get at his master's secrets, is bread and water, a solitary cell, and a couple of dozen lashes twice a week.

“ Feb. 15th, 1820. Those scoundrels the gypsies are very impatient to get at the money, and I have this day been obliged to denounce the most troublesome of them to the police

as notorious thieves. I'll keep the rascals down."

Such were some of the contents of this precious journal, unique in its way, as it recorded nothing but crimes, though, indeed, the actor considered, it could record nothing else. For Sandoval, however, it was an important document, calculated to remove all the bad impressions that Gabriela and her mother had received from the calumnies circulated against him, and to procure him a reconciliation with them, if he dared to hope for no higher happiness.

He had just come to this conclusion, when Roque called his attention to a small hut of mean appearance, which stood in a solitary dale, at the foot of a hill, surrounded by a few orange and citron trees.—“That is the spot,” said he, “to which Doña Gabriela was carried. I remember it well, for it was behind one of those trees that one of the ruffians grasped me by the throat. But the point is whether we shall find her still here.”

Sandoval took out from his holsters two

pistols, one of which he gave to Roque, alighted and having tied his horse to one of the trees, desired his servant to follow him.—“Now,” he added, “give a shrill whistle, and let us see if any one answers our summons.”

Roque obeyed, and a minute after the door was flung open. As they were close to the hut, their appearance before the same old woman, who had opened the door on a previous occasion was equally sudden and overwhelming. She, however, endeavoured to shut it in their face.—“No resistance, woman!” cried Sandoval, pushing it back, “produce instantly the lady whom your gang ravished from her friends, or you die on the spot.”

The old woman fell on her knees, and took all the saints in paradise to witness that she knew nothing of what he meant.—“Base wretch!” cried Sandoval in an angry tone, and pointing his pistol at her head, “your hour is come, if you delay one minute to produce the lady.”

“Zounds !” exclaimed the gypsey woman getting up, and casting her terrors away. “I am not such a fool as all that neither ; for though I be old, the devil must’nt have me yet. Your honour shall have the wench if you insist on it ; but I hope you will not forget this service of mine. You know, Sir, we must all live.”

“Ay,” said Roque, “and die too. A hempen necklace, about an inch thick, won’t be such a bad recompense neither.”

“You are a scandalous fellow,” cried the old sibyl. “What matters it to you, if the General here gives me one or two hundred dollars, and a promise not to denounce me to the police ? I should like to know.”

“Hark ! old woman,” cried Sandoval sternly, “if you keep me here one instant more listening to your trash, you shall walk to Seville tied to my horse’s tail.”

The old gipsey shook her head, and muttering something about impatience, desired them

to wait an instant, and the lady would then be with them. Sandoval refused to wait at all; but, ordering Roque to keep watch at the door, followed her into an inner room, in which there was no other door to be seen but that through which they entered it. Here, however, the old woman placed a short ladder against the wall, and climbing up, opened a small trap, ingeniously concealed, and followed by Sandoval got into a sort of loft, low-roofed and dark, at one extremity of which he perceived, by the glimmerings of a lamp, a female stretched on a straw mattress, who no sooner heard their foot-steps, than she sat up, and cast an eager glance towards them, asking in a voice that thrilled with delight Sandoval's soul, as he recognized in it the beloved object of his search, "Who was there?"—" 'Tis old Clara, my dear," said the gypsey, with an insinuating voice. "I bring you good news."

"Good news!" repeated Gabriela faintly, "ah! you have too often deceived me with

your falsehoods to allow me to believe you now. But who is with you? If it be one of your ruffians, let him not approach me,—unless, alas! my last hour is come.’

Sandoval could hardly restrain his eagerness to run and clasp her in his arms, but lest his sudden appearance should produce some violent emotion, which might prove fatal in the languid state in which she appeared, he stood at a sufficient distance not to be immediately recognized by her, and in a somewhat altered voice, said, that in this instance old Clara had not deceived her.—“But you must,” he added, “show that you have as much calmness for receiving good news, as you seem to possess fortitude to endure sufferings and privations.”

“For one who like me has been so long inured to sorrow,” said Gabriela, “it is perhaps easier to show calmness under a new affliction than were I to hear that the hour of my liberty is come.—But I’ll do my best, if it has really pleased heaven to send me relief.”

“It has,” returned Sandoval, still keeping his ground, “and through one, who, perhaps, was now far from your thoughts.”

Gabriela suddenly rising from the mattress, and snatching the lamp from the hook at which it hung, exclaimed eagerly, as she made a few steps towards them—“For heaven’s sake, tell me whom you mean?”

“I fear that is not keeping your promise,” said Sandoval in his natural voice, but retreating a little.

“Ah! I know that voice—’Tis Calisto’s,—my heart tells it me,—’tis he!—Heaven be blest!”

At these words she laid the lamp on the ground, and instantly the two lovers were in each other’s arms.

We shall pass over in silence the raptures of the moment, and all those tender and impassioned discourses which accompanied the happy discovery, as the reader will readily believe, that two beings, so faithfully attached to each other, and whose hearts were so susceptible of lively emotions, felt the happiness of such a meeting

as deeply as ever heart could feel it. We shall, therefore, proceed in their company to Seville, Roque having been entrusted by his master with the care of bringing to town the old gypsey, to make whatever depositions might be required.

CHAPTER XV.

'Tis not impossible
But one, the wickedest caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, charaects, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain; trust me, royal prince,
If he be less he is nothing: but he's more,
Had I more names for badness.

SHAKESPEARE.

In their way to town, our hero gave Gabriela a brief account of the numerous adventures that had happened to him since his departure from Logroño, and showed her the documents taken from Artimaña, as irrefragable proofs of this man's villany and his uncle's, as also of his own innocence of the foul accusations which had injured him in her and her mother's opinion.

while Gabriela, in her turn, felt a pleasure in acknowledging the groundlessness of those accusations, and also narrated in a concise manner all that had happened to her since their first meeting,—events with which the reader is already acquainted. With respect to her late adventure, she informed Sandoval, that on recovering her senses, she found herself stretched on a straw mattress in the loft of the hut they had just left, attended by the old gypsy, Clara, who was the only person she had seen during her long imprisonment, and in whose heart she had vainly sought for sympathy. She had, however, been respectfully treated by her, and received sufficient food, coarse, indeed, but wholesome; the principal inconvenience she had felt, arising from the close confinement in which she had been kept, during which she had been unable to prevail on her attendant to allow her to walk out even at night. Of this her pale cheeks and languid eyes gave ample proofs. But those troubles were now over, and a more cheering prospect presented itself to her eyes. The news of the po-

litical changes which had taken place, while they delighted her, on account of the benefits which were likely to accrue to her countrymen, who had till that moment been so cruelly oppressed, gave her other hopes more immediately connected with her own happiness, and raised her dejected spirits, even above their natural elevation.

On arriving at the city gates, Sandoval procured a sedan chair for Gabriela, who gladly availed herself of it, as her dress had also suffered material injury during her imprisonment, and she wished to avoid being seen in that state on an occasion when the whole population had assumed their holiday gear, to commemorate the happy event by which they had recovered their usurped rights. Having succeeded in making their way through the crowd that filled some of the principal streets, our party arrived at Doña Angela's house, in the court of which they saw a pair of post horses, whose jaded appearance evinced their having that moment arrived, and performed a long and rapid march. Gabriela, who immediately thought of her father,

flew like a deer across the court to the inner entrance. It was open, and she mounted the stairs with alacrity, followed by Sandoval, who could hardly keep pace with her. On reaching the top of the stairs, Gabriela was greeted by every servant in the house with the most rapturous demonstrations of joy; but our heroine hastened to the drawing room, where she had the inexpressible delight of clasping in her arms her venerable father, and her dear mother, who manifested, by the tenderest embraces, exclamations and tears, the ecstasy they felt at recovering their lost and only child.

The monk, who was also present, and, who, on seeing Gabriela make her appearance, had shrunk back full of surprise and dismay, now stepped forward with a reassured countenance, and held out his hand to her in token of welcome. Gabriela drew herself up to the full height of her noble and elegant figure—"Look steadily in my face, if you can," she exclaimed fixing them keenly on him—"Ah! you flinch?—And would I, think you, disgrace myself by

touching the hand of a monster like you?—Un-deceive yourself. Your crimes and atrocities are now too well known to me, and they will shortly be made known to the whole world.”

Doña Angela heard this discourse with the utmost surprise, and looked at the monk for an explanation. The hypocrite, to hide better his confusion, cast his eyes meekly on the ground, and ejaculated humbly a short prayer, in which he had the sacrilege to compare the trial which he now underwent to that of the Divine Saviour before his accusers; but Gabriela cut it short, by requesting Sandoval, who till that moment had remained at the door, to step forward, and unmask the villain. Our hero gladly obeyed her summons; but observing the monk making a few hasty steps towards the door, he ungirdled his sword, and flinging it at Roque, who with the other servants stood at the door of the saloon, commanded him to cut the monk down if he attempted to escape.—“There is some mystery in all this,” observed father Lobo to Doña Angela, as he stepped back. “Strange

that they should have come together ! I fear me this wicked freemason was your daughter's ravisher,—ay, and who knows whether, having dishonoured her, he now comes not here to insult you and me, because he can now do it with impunity, the sacrilegious cause having triumphed ?”

“Not yet,” cried Sandoval, who overheard his insidious discourse. “My cause shall have triumphed only when I tear from you your sheep's skin, and show you the wolf you are.”

Then addressing himself to Doña Angela, who stood lost in amazement, he put into her hand the monk's letter to his nephew.—“You know the hand-writing of that paper, Madam, read, and wonder that heaven ever allowed such a monster to live !”

Father Lobo took a sly peep at the letter from behind her shoulder. He bit his lips with rage, and casting a malignant glance at Sandoval.—“'Tis a forgery of that wicked freemason, Madam,” he cried. “Do not believe a word of it, I charge you.”

Doña Angela perused the letter eagerly, and her cheeks grew paler and paler as she proceeded. A thousand circumstances rushed at once into her mind, corroborating the statements which it contained ; but the fact appeared to her so monstrous, that she paused, as if uncertain what to think of it. Sandoval then put into her hand Antimaña's private journal, and pointed out those passages which referred to her and her daughter. "That hand-writing," said he, "is also known to you ; it confirms all which his Reverence mentions in his letters, and throws some light on the late transaction."

On perusing this document the natural violence of Doña Angela's passions began to show itself. Her countenance, at one moment bloodless, assumed at the next a scarlet hue ; her eyes became inflamed with rage, and her whole body shook convulsively. She darted fiery glances at the monk, whose long practice in hypocrisy enabled him to appear, even then, a model of patience and meekness—a calumniated martyr in the cause of virtue.—“And have I

lived to see this!" cried Doña Angela, with broken accents, "could I really be the dupe of such men?" and looking at the monk, she added, "It is impossible!"

"Alas! my dear mistress, it is not only possible, but certain," cried Rosa, rushing into the room, to the no small surprise and delight of the party. "I can assure you, that I often heard his Reverence there, and his nephew (whose sins God may perhaps forgive, though not I!) plotting things together against you and my young mistress; but which I never told you of, because you would have beat me if I had. In the conspiracy for running away with Doña Gabriela, I myself heard Artimaña (for I will not call him Lanza) arrange the whole affair with a ruffian. I suffered for it, to be sure, by being locked up in a garret, and kept on short allowance, till within these two hours, when I was permitted to leave it; but having found an opportunity, before I was carried there, of writing a word to Don Calisto, whom I knew to be at Las Cabezas de San Juan, by what

Don Fermin had told us, begging him to hasten to Seville, I accordingly gave my note, and the watch of which he had made Doña Gabriela a present, to tio Periquillo, the *calesero*,* who happened then to be at home, and who promised me he would send them with a confidential man that very instant. What happened afterwards, Roque can tell better; for he saw with his own eyes the whole affair.”

It was now Roque's turn to step forward and tell his story, which he did with all the prolixity and gravity that became the occasion; after which he took his place beside Rosa, to know some particulars respecting the above mentioned *calesero*.

Doña Angela, who had heard every fresh account with the deepest feeling of indignation, could no longer doubt the monk's villany. She cast on him a look of fiery resentment, and exclaimed—“Monster of ingratitude! what

* A driver of a two wheel travelling vehicle called *calesa*.

more proofs would'st thou have of thy infamy and atrocity?"

"Madam!" cried he, assuming a haughty demeanor, "if you are short-sighted enough not to see that the whole is a base conspiracy of that wicked atheist and freemason," (pointing to Sandoval) "I cannot help it; but I am not the less innocent. You know that he was always my bitterest enemy, and that your daughter's infatuation in his favour, rendered her equally inveterate against me. Besides, their only proofs are some trumpery papers, which they have forged, and their witnesses, only their own servants, who, however, seem to have learned their lesson tolerably well. Why, if I have had so many confederates, does not even one of them step forward to substantiate the charge?"

"Why, if that be all your Reverence wants," said the old gypsey woman, coming forward, and courtseying with a burlesque air of grandeur, "here stand I, your old friend, Clara, the gipsey.—Ay! you start?—Then, why, my reverend friend, did'nt you come to us with the

bags which you promised? You would not then have seen me here, and the secret would never have passed my lips; but now, you run the chance of having the whole pack after you, and making as clever an exit from this world as your very worthy nephew."

"Base wretch!" exclaimed the indignant Doña Angela, addressing the monk, "begone from my sight!—Hence, monster! and pollute our presence no more!—Bear him away.—His breath poisons the air we breathe!"

Sandoval took the monk into another room, where he locked him up, and afterwards ordered his servant to fetch a picquet of soldiers, to have him safely conveyed to prison. He then returned to the room he had just left, where he found the sensitive Doña Angela sunk in a hysterical fit, during which her wild expressions and broken exclamations sufficiently showed, that her mind was dreadfully oppressed by the consciousness of having acted cruelly and unjustly towards her daughter and Sandoval, whose presence seemed to aggravate her sufferings.

Soon, however, she burst into a flood of tears, and seemed considerably relieved from that painful oppression of the heart so dangerous to individuals of violent tempers.—“What compensation,” she cried, grasping Sandoval’s hand, and applying it to her lips, when the first gush of tears had passed, “can I make to you that will atone for the years of sorrow and misery which my injustice has made you endure? When I consider that it is to that very affection (for the sake of which I subjected Gabriela to such severe trials, and you to so many unmerited persecutions,) that I owe the honour of my daughter, and the preservation of her name from pollution, my heart bleeds within me, and my conscience seems to whisper, that heaven itself will not extend its mercy to one whose conduct was so unfeeling and tyrannical.—But you see my tears—they are those of true repentance; and believe me, had I never known those monsters of wickedness and ingratitude, I should never have had cause for them. *I mistook for religion its mask, and refined hypocrisy for*

hallowed virtue. There lies my error,—that is the source of all your miseries.—Can I hope for your forgiveness?”

“My dear Doña Angela,” cried Sandoval, his eyes swimming with tears, and kissing her hand respectfully, “I have nothing to forgive, for I never imagined that your heart would, even for an instant, have followed such a line of conduct, had the veil, which it was the constant care of those two monsters to keep before your eyes, been once removed. You have now confirmed this, and justified yourself beyond my most sanguine expectations. Would to heaven that every Spaniard who fell into a similar mistake could, like you, see his error, even if I were to undergo six years more of bitter misery! The pleasure I should feel then, could only be compared to that which I feel at the present moment when I am thus restored to your favour.”

Doña Angela clasped him again and again in her arms, and bestowed on him every expression of tenderness and gratitude, as did also

her excellent husband, who, meantime, had been weeping with joy in the arms of his daughter, for whose ransom he had mortgaged the best part of his estates, and brought the money with him.

When these delightful greetings were over, Sandoval expressed his anxiety to proceed to his brother's quarters to give and receive the embrace of reconciliation.—“Alas!” cried Doña Angela sorrowfully, “your unfortunate brother (God's will be done) is at present under this roof, and, I fear, he has but a few days to live. The ravishers of my child, in tearing her from us, inflicted a severe wound on his head, which precipitated him into the water, from which he was drawn half drowned, principally, by my efforts. On reaching home, and learning Gabriela's fate, he was seized with delirium, and has ever since been growing worse and worse. He is now quite sensible; but so weak and reduced that he is hardly able to speak. In a word, there is no hope of his living above two days.—But 'tis the will of Heaven, and we must submit to it patiently.”

This melancholy intelligence could not but deeply afflict Calisto, and, if possible still more Gabriela, who had the additional pang of knowing, that Fermin had met with this misfortune in her defence. On entering the chamber of the dying youth, and drawing the curtains of his bed aside, they saw with poignant feelings, his once handsome and manly countenance, now ghastly and disfigured, both by the blows he had received, and by the convulsions to which he had been subject during some of his delirious fits. His eyes, however, glittered with more than usual lustre. Indeed, it seemed as if the flame of life, which formerly had diffused throughout his frame vigour and spirit, had now concentrated itself there as its last rallying place.

On Gabriela's approach, he gazed a minute on her with a sort of wild delight ; then starting, and sitting up in his bed, he clasped his fleshless hands together, and raising them up to heaven, ejaculated a fervent prayer, adding, as he concluded—"She is free, and safe ! Heaven be blest !—I can now die contented—Ah !" he exclaimed, shrinking back as he perceived him

standing on the other side of his bed, “you here too, Calisto!—Have pity on me—Do not reproach me with having loved her—I never told her so—I could not help loving her—Forgive me, Calisto—I am dying!—Let me part in peace with thee—She is thine, thine only!—She can never be mine!—May you both be as happy in this world as my heart wishes!—May we meet in another—where we may all love well—and without sinning.”

As he pronounced these words, his voice seemed to expire on his lips, and he sunk gradually on his pillow; while his brother, and those who were round his death-bed, stood dissolved in tears. Presently, however, he seemed to recover a little strength, and sitting up again in his bed—“Calisto!” said he, “crave my father’s pardon for my past disobedience—Ask his paternal blessing, in my name, for the repose of my soul. The hour when I must appear before the Eternal Judge is fast approaching—I am dying—call Father Lobo—I want the holy man’s last consolations.”

For a few minutes every one remained silent,

and looked at each other, as if consulting what to say. It would have been wise to have left Fermin ignorant of the monk's villany; but Doña Angela, whose extreme indignation did not allow her to master her feelings on this occasion, burst into bitter exclamations against Father Lobo, and related the discoveries which had been just made. Fermin panted with anxiety, as he listened to this intelligence, and gazed around with astonishment. At last he fixed his eyes on his brother, and exclaimed, in a reproachful tone—"Calisto! This is your work—you have misled Doña Angela—that is not right—you sin—may God forgive you—your brother forgives you!"

Saying this he muttered a prayer, sunk back on his pillow, and expired.

Thus died the unfortunate Fermin, whose life had been one struggle of virtuous and generous impulses against the unnatural dictates of bigotry and superstition; proving thereby, that fanaticism is no less injurious to the general

welfare of mankind, than it is destructive to the individual happiness of the fanatic himself.

Our story must now hasten to a conclusion. After Fermin's death, his brother did all he could to bring the monk to trial; but the members of the new government, who with their temporizing ideas of moderation imagined, that the best way to gain the good will of the perverse class to which the culprit belonged, was to allow their crimes to go unpunished, set him free a few months after his imprisonment. He repaid this kindness by plotting against them from the moment he was liberated. Driven then to France, he became one of the most active members of the far-famed Regency, and re-entered Spain with the "Son of St. Louis," preaching extermination to all who would not admit the maxim, that a king is God's Vice-Regent on earth, and the clergy, to whom everything here below—life, property, and volition

—ought to be submitted, the faithful executors of his will. He became afterwards a member of the Apostolic Junta, and by his outrages and violence soon obtained a bishoprick, which circumstance, when it became known to Doña Angela, brought on her a heart-burning, of which she died, her husband following her soon after.

Meantime our party returned to their native town, where Calisto had the happiness of embracing his aged and venerable father, restored by the revolution to his country and to his paternal inheritance, though so greatly altered by the sorrows incident to an exile's life, and the afflicting loss of his second son, that the pleasure of the embrace was greatly tempered with pain. When the mourning for Fermin was over, the obedient Gabriela was actually prevailed upon (we forbear to say compelled) to give her fair hand to her faithful Calisto, who, like a true knight, considered the prize far above his merits. Rosa, too, was persuaded by our grave and prudent friend, Roque, to taste the sweets of a

matrimonial life, which they have the *prudence*, now and then, to season with a due admixture of acrimony. They are at present living on a farm, adjoining that of his father-in-law, honest tio Hipolito, which Roque received from our hero as a recompense for his fidelity and attachment.

Sandoval, to whom the military government of his native town was entrusted, soon after the restoration of the Constitution, managed to keep the province of Rioja free from disturbances, and became an object of love and esteem even to the serviles. On the arrival of the French before Logroño, he, in union with the brave and renowned guerrilla chief, Don Julian, made that brilliant attack on the enemy, in which, with only a handful of men, they caused them such a severe loss, that notwithstanding the invariable French practice of announcing their defeats as triumphs, they were ashamed to do so on this occasion. In this battle, however, the unfortunate Don Julian lost his life, and our hero, whose ardour carried him into the midst of the enemy's ranks, was severely wounded, made a pri-

soner, and conducted to France, where he remained till Ferdinand's restoration to his absolute throne,—a throne which he has now raised so high on the bleeding bodies of his victims, that he is enabled to enjoy from it a full sight of the horrific scenes of slaughter which are desolating the unhappy kingdom over which he tyrannizes. Restored, then, to his liberty, our hero hastened to England, the only country in Europe where the virtuous patriot meets with sympathy and support, and where he breathes the wholesome air of freedom.

Here he was soon joined by his aged father, and by his tenderly attached wife, who, it may well be imagined, did not leave behind the two beautiful pledges of love she has bestowed on him. Thus reunited, this interesting family took their abode at a little cottage a few miles from London, which Doña Gabriela's taste for shrubs and flowers has turned into a delightful bower, where she endeavours by every tender consolation in her power, and by a conduct at once cheerful and patient, to inspire her husband

with resignation, and soothe his sorrows and disappointments. Thus they live as happily in their reduced state as is possible for those who see the endeavours of their life frustrated, and who moreover, have the mortification, whenever their native land is mentioned, to hear either the voice of pity wailing over the evils that afflict her, or that of contempt, sinking her even below the unhappy condition to which she has been reduced through the agency and intrigues of foreign despots.

THE END.

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