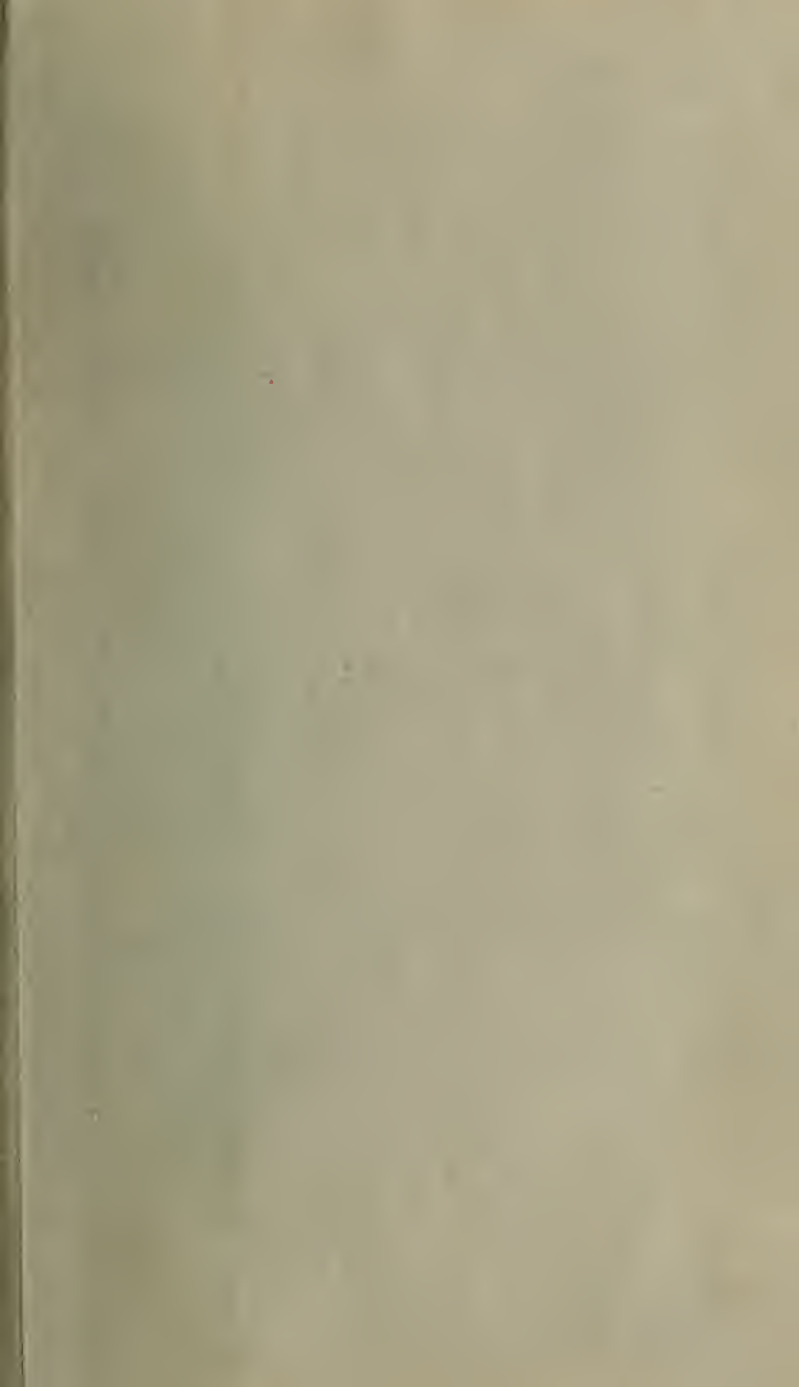
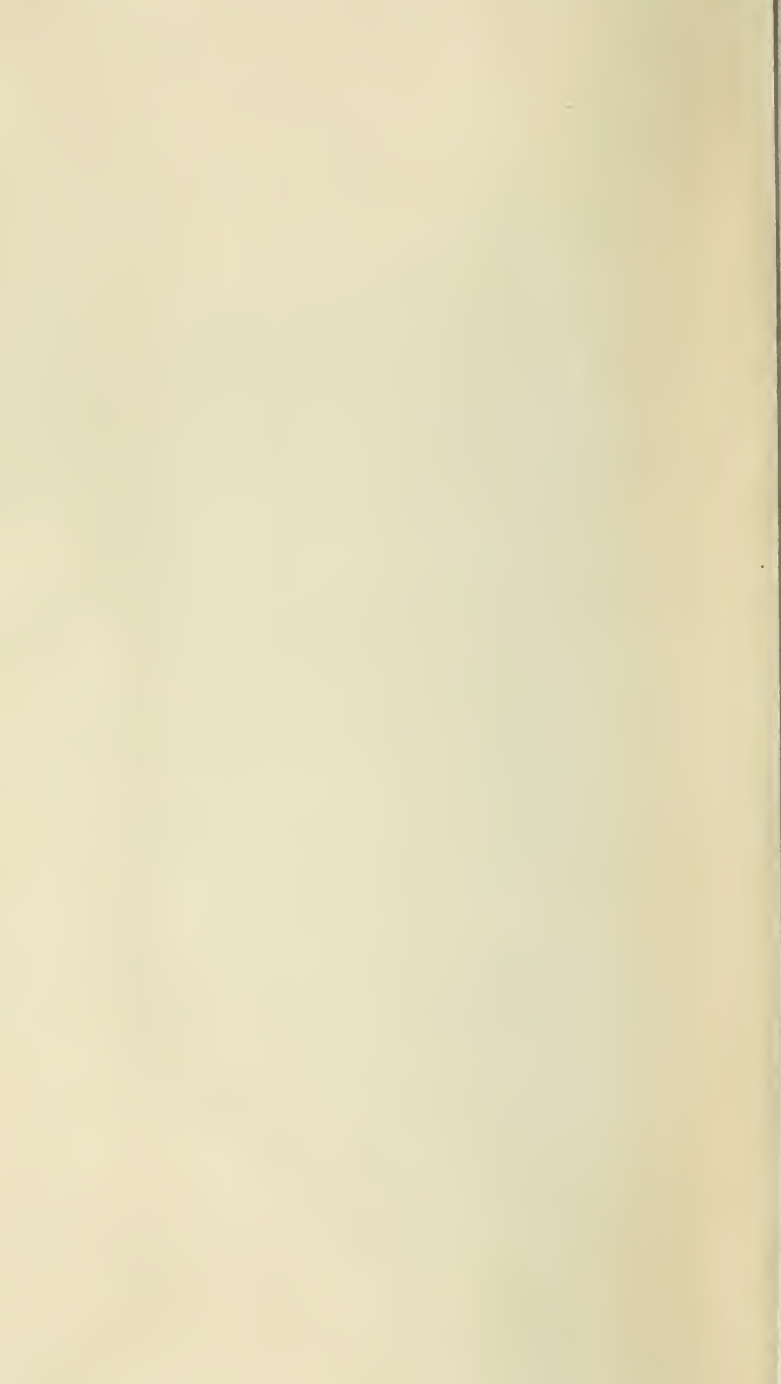


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SANDOVAL;
OR,
THE FREEMASON.

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.

SANDOVAL ;

OR,

THE FREEMASON.

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 pragmatistical 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 Ccnstitucion !* ”

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 reproved 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 Generalísimo! 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—*Más 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 capitan, 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 cloathed 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. SEWEE.

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 am 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 *bénédicite* 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 indigenious 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 sily 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.

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 bookcases, 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 alguacil'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 convocate 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 encreased 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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